

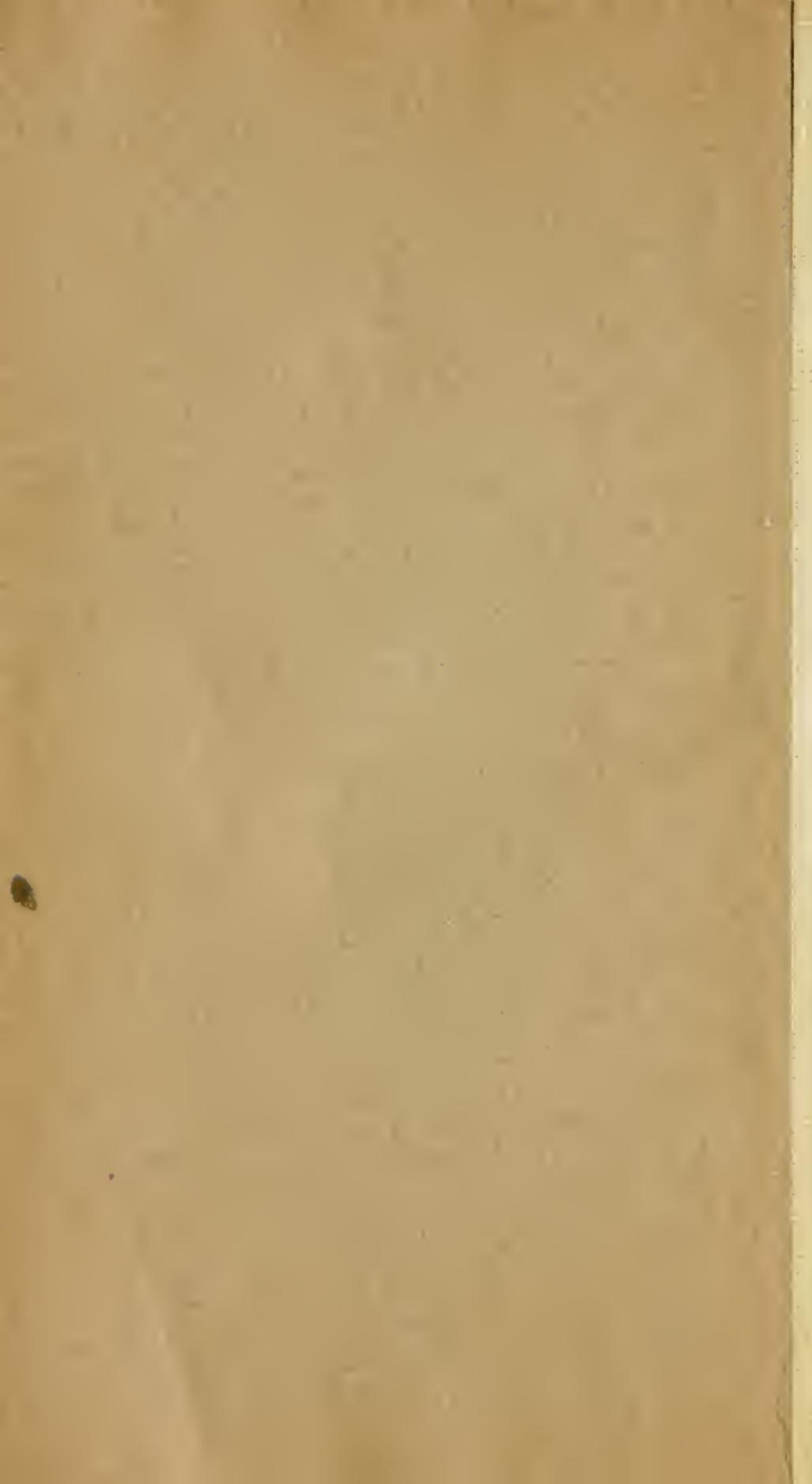
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A

Autobiography





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AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Collection

OF THE

MOST INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING

LIVES

EVER PUBLISHED,

WRITTEN BY THE PARTIES THEMSELVES.

WITH BRIEF INTRODUCTIONS, AND COMPENDIOUS SEQUELS
CARRYING ON THE COURSE OF EVENTS TO THE
DEATH OF EACH WRITER.

VOLUME II.—HUME, LILLY, VOLTAIRE.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE,

TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.







DAVID HUME .

Published by Hunt & Clarke, Tavistock Street Covent Garden.

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THE

L I F E

OF

DAVID HUME.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

LONDON:—1826.

PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE,

TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

P R E F A C E.

HOWEVER brief the account which a man of commanding genius or talent may be disposed to give of himself, it can scarcely fail of possessing a portion of the characteristic handling which forms the principal charm of Autobiography. The well-known sketch by the celebrated DAVID HUME, entitled "My own Life," is an instance of this truth; for although it exhibits no pouring out of the mind in the egotistical style of unreserve, which is not without its attraction from men of a fervid and imaginative character, it is singularly indicative of the philosophic bearing and calm temperament of the distinguished author. It also supplies a genuine outline of his literary experience; and nothing can be more interesting than authenticated facts, attendant upon the early efforts of writers of celebrity, or more instructive than a comparison of their expectations and disappointments in the first stages of their progress,

with the settled estimation and judgment of well-informed society, when they have attained the goal. Thus, in the following short narrative, we learn that no author met with more neglect than Hume in the first instance, or in due time attracted more wide and varied attention. We also acquire his only written defence of his greatest work, his "History of England," and what is best of all, his observations upon, and summary of his own character. All this would be attractive from a writer of far inferior pretensions to Mr Hume, but what ought to go farther than all the rest, simple and contracted as this account is, it may be safely asserted that, had it never been written, the world would have been much less informed than it is, in regard to some very distinguishing points in the mental and moral composition of one of the leading philosophers and historians of modern times.

MY OWN LIFE.

IT is difficult for a man to speak long of himself without vanity, therefore I shall be short. It may be thought an instance of vanity that I pretend at all to write my life; but this narrative shall contain little more than the history of my writings, as indeed almost all my life has been spent in literary pursuits and occupations. The first success of most of my writings was not such as to be an object of vanity.

I was born the twenty-sixth of April, 1711, old style, at Edinburgh. I was of a good family, both by father and mother. My father's family is a branch of the earl of Home's or Hume's; and my ancestors had been proprietors of the estate which my brother possesses for several generations. My mother was daughter of sir David Falconer, president of the college of justice: the title of lord Halkerton came by succession to her brother.

My family, however, was not rich; and, being myself a younger brother, my patrimony, according to the mode of my country, was of course very slender. My father, who passed for a man of parts, died when I was an infant, leaving me with an elder brother and sister, under the care of our mother, a woman of singular merit: who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and educating of her children. I passed through the ordinary course of education with success, and was seized very early with a passion for literature, which had been the ruling passion of my life, and the great source of my enjoyments. My studious disposition, my sobriety, and

my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me; but I found an insurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and, while they fancied I was poring over Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring.

My very slender fortune, however, being unsuitable to this plan of life, and my health being a little broken by my ardent application, I was tempted, or rather forced, to make a very feeble trial for entering into a more active scene of life. In 1734, I went to Bristol, with recommendations to eminent merchants; but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to me. I went over to France with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat; and there I laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature.

During my retreat in France, first at Rheims, but chiefly at La Fleche, in Anjou, I composed my "Treatise of Human Nature." After passing three years very agreeably in that country, I came over to London, in 1737. In the end of 1738, I published my treatise, and immediately went down to my mother and my brother, who lived at his country-house, and was employing himself very judiciously and successfully in the improvement of his fortune.

Never literary attempt was more unfortunate than my "Treatise of Human Nature." It fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots. But being naturally of a cheerful and sanguine temper, I very soon recovered the blow, and prosecuted with great ardour my studies in the country. In 1742, I printed at Edinburgh the first part of my "Essays," the work was favourably received, and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment. I continued with

my mother and brother in the country, and in that time recovered the knowledge of the Greek language, which I had too much neglected in my early youth.

In 1745, I received a letter from the marquis of Annandale, inviting me to come and live with him in England; I found also that the friends and family of that young nobleman were desirous of putting him under my care and direction, for the state of his mind and health required it. I lived with him a twelve-month. My appointments during that time made a considerable accession to my small fortune. I then received an invitation from general St Clair, to attend him as secretary to his expedition, which was at first meant against Canada, but ended in an incursion on the coast of France. Next year, to wit 1747, I received an invitation from the general, to attend him in the same station in his military embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. I then wore the uniform of an officer, and was introduced at these courts as aid-de-camp to the general, along with sir Harry Erskine, and captain Grant, now general Grant. These two years were almost the only interruptions which my studies have received during the course of my life: I passed them agreeably, and in good company; and my appointments, with my frugality, had made me reach a fortune which I called independent, though most of my friends were inclined to smile when I said so: in short, I was now master of near a thousand pounds.

I had always entertained a notion that my want of success in publishing the "Treatise of Human Nature," had proceeded more from the manner than the matter, and that I had been guilty of a very usual indiscretion, in going to the press too early. I therefore cast the first part of that work anew in the "Enquiry concerning Human Understanding," which was published while I was at Turin. But this piece was at first little more successful than the "Treatise of Human Nature." On my return from Italy, I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment, on account of Dr Mid-

dleton's "Free Enquiry," while my performance was entirely overlooked and neglected. A new edition which had been published at London of my "Essays," moral and political, met not with a much better reception.

Such is the force of natural temper, that these disappointments made little or no impression on me. I went down in 1749, and lived two years with my brother, at his country-house, for my mother was now dead. I there composed the second part of my essay, which I called "Political Discourses," and also my "Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," which is another part of my treatise that I cast anew. Meanwhile my bookseller, A. Millar, informed me that my former publications (all but the unfortunate treatise) were beginning to be the subject of conversation; that the sale of them was gradually increasing, and that new editions were demanded. Answers by reverends and right reverends came out two or three in a year; and I found, by Dr Warburton's railing, that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good company. However, I had a fixed resolution, which I inflexibly maintained, never to reply to any body; and not being very irascible in my temper, I have kept myself clear of all literary squabbles. These symptoms of a rising reputation gave me encouragement, as I was ever more disposed to see the favourable than the unfavourable side of things; a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year.

In 1751, I removed from the country to the town, the true scene for a man of letters. In 1752, were published at Edinburgh, where I then lived, my "Political Discourses," the only work of mine that was successful on the first publication. It was well received abroad and at home. In the same year was published at London, my "Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals;" which, in my opinion, (who ought not to judge on that subject,) is of all my writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world.

In 1752, the Faculty of Advocates chose me for their librarian; an office from which I received little or no emolument, but which gave me the command of a large library. I then formed the plan of writing the "History of England," but being frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of seventeen hundred years, I commenced with the accession of the house of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations began chiefly to take place. I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and, as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment: I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation: English, Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, churchman and sectary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I and the earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr Millar told me, that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it. I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book. I must only except the primate of England, Dr Herring, and the primate of Ireland, Dr Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

I was, however, I confess, discouraged; and, had not the war at that time been breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country; but as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere.

In this interval, I published at London, my "Natural History of Religion," along with some other small pieces: its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr Hurd wrote a pamphlet against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility, which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance.

In 1756, two years after the fall of the first volume, was published the second volume of my "History, containing the period from the death of Charles I till the Revolution." This performance happened to give less displeasure to the Whigs, and was better received. It not only rose itself, but helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother.

But though I had been taught by experience that the Whig party were in possession of bestowing all places, both in the state and in literature, I was so little inclined to yield to their senseless clamour, that in above a hundred alterations, which further study, reading, or recollection, engaged me to make in the reigns of the two first Stuarts, I have made all of them invariably to the Tory side. It is ridiculous to consider the English constitution before that period as a regular plan of liberty.

In 1759, I published my "History of the House of Tudor." The clamour against this performance was almost equal to that against the history of the two first Stuarts. The reign of Elizabeth was particularly obnoxious. But I was now callous against the impressions of public folly, and continued very peaceably and contentedly in my retreat at Edinburgh, to finish, in two volumes, the more early part of "The English History," which I gave to the public in 1761, with tolerable, and but tolerable, success.

But, notwithstanding this variety of winds and seasons to which my writings had been exposed, they had still been making such advances, that the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded any thing formerly known in England. I was become not only independent, but opulent, I retired to my native coun-

try of Scotland, determined never more to set my foot out of it; and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them. As I was now turned of fifty, I thought of passing all the rest of my life in this philosophical manner, when I received, in 1763, an invitation from the earl of Hertford, with whom I was not in the least acquainted, to attend him on his embassy to Paris, with a near prospect of being appointed secretary to the embassy; and, in the mean while, of performing the functions of that office. This offer, however inviting, I at first declined, both because I was reluctant to begin connections with the great, and because I was afraid that the civilities and gay company of Paris would prove disagreeable to a person of my age and humour; but on his lordship's repeating the invitation, I accepted of it. I have every reason, both of pleasure and interest, to think myself happy in my connections with that nobleman, as well as afterwards with his brother, general Conway.

Those who have not seen the strange effects of modes will never imagine the strange reception I met with at Paris, from men and women of all ranks and stations. The more I resiled from their excessive civilities, the more I was loaded with them. There is, however, a real satisfaction in living at Paris, from the great number of sensible, knowing, and polite company with which the city abounds above all places in the universe. I thought once of settling there for life.

I was appointed secretary to the embassy; and in summer 1765, lord Hertford left me, being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland. I was *chargé d'affaires* till the arrival of the duke of Richmond, towards the end of the year. In the beginning of 1776 I left Paris, and next summer went to Edinburgh, with the same view as formerly, of burying myself in a philosophical retreat. I returned to that place not richer, but with much more money, and a much larger income, by

means of lord Hertford's friendship, than I left it; and I was desirous of trying what superfluity could produce, as I had formerly made an experiment of a competency. But in 1767 I received from Mr Conway an invitation to be under-secretary; and this invitation both the character of the person, and my connections with lord Hertford, prevented me from declining. I returned to Edinburgh in 1769 very opulent, (for I possessed a revenue of one thousand pounds a year,) healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation.

In spring, 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and, what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits; insomuch that were I to name a period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider, besides, that a man at sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but very few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

To conclude historically with my own character. I am, or rather was (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments) I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments.

My company was not acceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had not reason to be displeas'd with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men, anywise eminent, have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touch'd, or even attack'd, by her baleful tooth; and though I wantonly expos'd myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seem'd to be disarm'd in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct: not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself; but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily clear'd and ascertain'd.]

April 18, 1776.

SEQUEL.

Mr Hume died on the 26th of August, 1776, about four months after concluding the foregoing brief account of his life and literary labours. Looking to the tenour of the conclusion, there is reason to believe that it was drawn up with a view of anticipating or preventing erroneous statements, to which, owing to the latitude of his religious opinions he was aware that he would be peculiarly liable. At the same time it is by no means improbable that the minute and interesting account of his deportment a few days before he died, convey'd in the following letter from Dr Adam Smith to their common friend, Mr Strahan, either directly or indirectly originated in some expressed anxiety on the part of Mr Hume, that his dying sentiments might be recorded:—

LETTER from ADAM SMITH, LL. D. to WILLIAM STRAHAN, Esq.

Kircaldy, Fifeshire,

Nov. 9, 1776.

Dear Sir,

IT is with a real, though a very melancholy pleasure, that I sit down to give you some account of the behaviour of our late excellent friend, Mr Hume, during his last illness.

Though in his own judgment his disease was mortal and incurable, yet he allowed himself to be prevailed upon, by the entreaty of his friends, to try what might be the effects of a long journey. A few days before he set out he wrote that account of his own life. which, together with his other papers, he has left to your care. My account, therefore, shall begin where his ends.

He set out for London towards the end of April, and at Morpeth met with Mr John Home and myself, who had both come down from London on purpose to see him, expecting to have found him at Edinburgh. Mr Home returned with him, and attended him, during the whole of his stay in England, with that care and attention which might be expected from a temper so perfectly friendly and affectionate. As I had written to my mother that she might expect me in Scotland, I was under the necessity of continuing my journey. His disease seemed to yield to exercise and change of air; and, when he arrived in London, he was apparently in much better health than when he left Edinburgh. He was advised to go to Bath to drink the waters, which appeared for some time to have so good an effect upon him, that even he himself began to entertain, what he was not apt to do, a better opinion of his own health. His symptoms however soon returned with their usual violence, and from that moment he gave up all thoughts of recovery, but submitted with the utmost cheerfulness and the most

perfect complacency and resignation. Upon his return to Edinburgh, though he found himself much weaker, yet his cheerfulness never abated, and he continued to divert himself, as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends; and sometimes in the evening with a party at his favourite game of whist. His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements ran so much in their usual strain, that notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. "I shall tell your friend colonel Edmondstone," said doctor Dundas to him one day, "that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery." "Doctor," said he, "as I believe you would not choose to tell any thing but the truth, you had better tell him I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best of friends could desire." Colonel Edmondstone soon afterwards came to see him, and take leave of him; and on his way home he could not forbear writing him a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him, as to a dying man, the beautiful French verses in which the abbé Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend the marquis de la Fare. Mr Hume's magnanimity and firmness were such, that his most affectionate friends knew that they hazarded nothing in talking and writing to him as to a dying man; and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by it. I happened to come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received, and which he immediately showed me. I told him, that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, "Your hopes are groundless. An habitual diarrhœa of more than

a year's standing would be a very bad disease at any age; at my age it is a mortal one. When I lie down in the evening I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning weaker than when I lay down in the evening. I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must soon die." "Well," said I, "if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity." He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead," among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him: he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. "I could not well imagine," said he, "what excuse I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do, and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them: I therefore have all reason to die contented." He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. "Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, 'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations.' But Charon would answer, 'When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest friend, please step into the boat.' But I might still urge, 'Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of the prevailing

systems of superstition.' But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. 'You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue.' "

But though Mr Hume always talked of his approaching dissolution with great cheerfulness, he never affected to make any parade of his great magnanimity. He never mentioned the subject but when the conversation naturally led to it, and never dwelt longer upon it than the course of conversation happened to require; it was a subject indeed which occurred pretty frequently, in consequence of the inquiries his friends, who came to see him, naturally made concerning the state of his health. The conversation which I mentioned above, and which passed on Thursday the 8th of August, was the last, except one, that I ever had with him. He had now become so very weak that the company of his most intimate friends fatigued him; for his cheerfulness was still so great, his complaisance and social disposition were still so entire, that when any friend was with him he could not help talking more, and with greater exertion, than suited the weakness of his body. At his own desire, therefore, I agreed to leave Edinburgh, where I was staying partly upon his account, and returned to my mother's house here at Kirkaldy, upon condition that he would send for me whenever he wished to see me; the physician who saw him most frequently, doctor Black, undertaking, in the mean time, to write me occasionally an account of the state of his health.

On the twenty-second of August, the doctor wrote me the following letter:

"Since my last Mr Hume has passed his time pretty easily, but is much weaker. He sits up, goes down stairs once a day, and amuses himself with reading, but seldom sees any body. He finds that even the conversation of his most intimate friends fatigues and

oppresses him, and it is happy that he does not need it; for he is quite free from anxiety, impatience, or low spirits, and passes his time very well with the assistance of amusing books."

I received, the day after, a letter from Mr Hume himself, of which the following is an extract :

“ Edinburgh, August 23, 1776.

“ My dearest friend,

“ I am obliged to make use of my nephew's hand in writing to you, as I do not rise to-day. * * * * *

I go very fast to decline, and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness; but unluckily, it has in a great measure gone off. I cannot submit to your coming over here on my account, as it is possible for me to see you so small a part of the day; but Dr Black can better inform you concerning the degree of strength which may from time to time remain with me. Adieu,” &c.

Three days after I received the following letter from Dr Black.

“ Edinburgh, August 26, 1776.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Yesterday, about four o'clock, afternoon, Mr Hume expired. The near approach of his death became evident in the night between Thursday and Friday, when his disease became excessive, and soon weakened him so much, that he could no longer rise out of his bed. He continued to the last perfectly sensible, and free from much pain or feelings of distress. He never dropt the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness. I thought it improper to write to bring you over, especially as I had heard that he had dictated a letter to you, desiring you not to come. When he be-

came very weak it cost him an effort to speak, and he died in such a happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it."

Thus died our most excellent, and never-to-be-forgotten friend; concerning whose philosophical opinions men will no doubt judge variously, every one approving or condemning them according as they happen to coincide, or disagree with his own; but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion. His temper, indeed, seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind, or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good-nature and good-humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his railery to mortify; and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight even those who were the objects of it. To his friends, who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime, and since his death, as approaching as nearly

to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will admit.

I am ever, dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

A document so explicit as the above calls for little in the way of additional remark. Of a nature to preclude all imagination or invention in regard to the death-bed opinions of possibly the most acute of modern sceptics, it has by no means prevented a variety of strictures upon their tendency, and in condemnation of the ease, and even gaiety, with which under such peculiar circumstances they were implied. With these it is not in the spirit of the brief sequels rendered convenient by the nature of the present republications to interfere; and such being the fact, it may be sufficient, in the way of conclusion, to observe—that whether emulative of the philosophic or of any other character, it is the lot of few mortals, in their march across what the poet Cowley calls the isthmus that divides the “two eternities,” to evince the calm propriety and graceful consistency which these brief documents record as distinctive of the life and death of DAVID HUME.

THE END.





LILLY .

WILLIAM LILLY'S

HISTORY

OF HIS

LIFE AND TIMES,

FROM

THE YEAR 1602 TO 1681.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

IN THE SIXTY-SIXTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND,

ELIAS ASHMOLE, ESQ.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

LONDON, 1715.

LONDON:—1826.

PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE,

TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

count of his Life and Times," regarded in any light, is a very extraordinary production; and as illustrative of one of the most eccentric varieties of human character, advances undeniable claims to admittance into a collection, the great object of which is to form a comprehensive record of them.

ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE LIVES OF ELIAS ASHMORE AND WILLIAM LILLY,
In 1 Vol. 8vo. 1772.

ALTHOUGH we cannot, with justice, compare Elias Ashmole to that excellent antiquary John Leland, or William Lilly to the learned and indefatigable Thomas Hearne; yet I think we may fairly rank them with such writers as honest Anthony Wood, whose "Diary" greatly resembles that of his contemporary, and intimate friend, Elias Ashmole.

Some anecdotes, connected with affairs of state; many particulars relating to illustrious persons, and ancient and noble families; several occurrences in which the public is interested, and other matters of a more private nature, can only be found in works of this kind. History cannot stoop to the meanness of examining the materials of which *Memoirs* are generally composed.

And yet the pleasure and benefit resulting from such books are manifest to every reader.

I hope the admirers of the very laborious Thomas Hearne will pardon me, if I should venture to give it as my opinion, and with much deference to their judgment, that William Lilly's "Life and Death of Charles the First," contains more useful matter of instruction, as well as more splendid and striking occurrences, than are to be found in several of those monkish volumes published by that learned Oxonian.

Lilly affords us many curious particulars relating to the life of that unfortunate prince, which are no where else to be found. In delineating the character of Charles, he seems dispassionate and impartial, and indeed it agrees perfectly with the general portraiture of him, as it is drawn by our most authentic historian.

gave this town and lordship of Diseworth unto Christ's-college in Cambridge, the master and fellows whereof have ever since, and at present, enjoy and possess it.

In the church of this town there is but one monument, and that is a white marble stone, now almost broken to pieces, which was placed there by Robert Lilly, my grandfather, in memory of Jane his wife, the daughter of Mr Poole of Dalby, in the same county, a family now quite extinguished. My grandmother's brother was Mr Henry Poole, one of the knights of Rhodes, or templars, who being a soldier at Rhodes at the taking thereof by Solyman the Magnificent, and escaping with his life, came afterwards to England, and married the lady Parron or Perham, of Oxfordshire, and was called, during his life, sir Henry Poole. William Poole the astrologer knew him very well, and remembers him to have been a very tall person, and reputed of great strength in his younger years.

The impropriation of this town of Diseworth was formerly the inheritance of three sisters, whereof two became votaries; one in the nunnery of Langly in the parish of Diseworth, valued at the suppression (I mean the whole nunnery) at thirty-two pounds per annum, and this sister's part is yet enjoyed by the family of the Grayes, who now, and for some years past, have the enjoyment and possession of all the lands formerly belonging to the nunnery in the parish of Diseworth, and are at present of the yearly value of three hundred and fifty pounds per annum. One of the sisters gave her part of the great tithes unto a religious house in Bredon-upon-the-Hill; and, as the inhabitants report, became a religious person afterwards.

The third sister married, and her part of the tithes in succeeding ages became the earl of Huntingdon's, who not many years since sold it to one of his servants.

The donation of the vicarage is in the gift of the

Graves of Langley, unto whom they pay yearly (I mean unto the vicar) as I am informed, six pounds per annum. Very lately some charitable citizens have purchased one-third portion of the tithes, and given it for a maintenance of a preaching minister, and it is now of the value of about fifty pounds per annum.

There have been two hermitages in this parish; the last hermit was well remembered by one Thomas Cooke, a very ancient inhabitant, who in my younger years acquainted me therewith.

This town of Diseworth is divided into three parishes; one part belongs under Lockington, in which part standeth my father's house, over-against the west end of the steeple, in which I was born: some other farms are in the parish of Bredon, the rest in the parish of Diseworth.

In this town, but in the parish of Lockington, was I born, the first day of May, 1602.

My father's name was William Lilly, son of Robert, the son of Robert, the son of Rowland, &c. My mother was Alice, the daughter of Edward Barham, of Fiskerton Mills, in Nottinghamshire, two miles from Newark-upon-Trent: this Edward Barham was born in Norwich, and well remembered the rebellion of Kett the tanner, in the days of Edward VI.

Our family have continued many ages in this town as yeomen; besides the farm my father and his ancestors lived in, both my father and grandfather had much free land, and many houses in the town, not belonging to the college, as the farm wherein they were all born doth, and is now at this present of the value of forty pounds per annum, and in possession of my brother's son; but the freehold land and houses, formerly purchased by my ancestors, were all sold by my grandfather and father; so that now our family depend wholly upon a college lease. Of my infancy I can speak but little, only I do remember that in the fourth year of my age I had the measles.

I was, during my minority, put to learn at such

schools, and of such masters, as the rudeness of the place and country afforded; my mother intending I should be a scholar from my infancy, seeing my father's backslidings in the world, and no hopes by plain husbandry to recruit a decayed estate; therefore upon Trinity Tuesday, 1613, my father had me to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to be instructed by one Mr John Brinsley; one, in those times, of great abilities for instruction of youth in the Latin and Greek tongues; he was very severe in his life and conversation, and did breed up many scholars for the universities: in religion he was a strict puritan, not conformable wholly to the ceremonies of the church of England. In this town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, for many years together, Mr Arthur Hildersham exercised his ministry at my being there; and all the while I continued at Ashby, he was silenced. This is that famous Hildersham, who left behind him a commentary on the fifty-first psalm; as also many sermons upon the fourth of John, both which are printed: he was an excellent textuary, of exemplary life, pleasant in discourse, a strong enemy to the Brownists, and dissented not from the church of England in any article of faith, but only about wearing the surplice, baptizing with the cross, and kneeling at the sacrament. Most of the people in town were directed by his judgment, and so continued, and yet do continue presbyterianly affected; for when the lord of Loughborough, in 1642, 1643, 1644, and 1645, had his garrison in that town, if by chance at any time any troops of horse had lodged within the town, though they came late at night to their quarters, yet would one or other of the town presently give sir John Gell of Derby notice, so that ere next morning most of his majesty's troops were seized in their lodgings, which moved the lord of Loughborough merrily to say, "there was not a fart let in Ashby, but it was presently carried to Derby."

The several authors I there learned were these, viz. "Sententiæ Pueriles," Cato, Corderius, Æsop's "Fables,"

Tully's "Offices," Ovid "de Tristibus;" lastly, Virgil, then Horace; as also Camden's "Greek Grammar," Theognis, and Homer's "Iliads:" I was only entered into Udall's "Hebrew Grammar;" he never taught logick, but often would say it was fit to be learned in the universities.

In the fourteenth year of my age, by a fellow scholar of swarth, black complexion, I had like to have my right eye beaten out as we were at play; the same year, about Michaelmas, I got a surfeit, and thereupon a fever, by eating beechnuts.

In the sixteenth year of my age I was exceedingly troubled in my dreams concerning my salvation and damnation, and also concerning the safety and destruction of the souls of my father and mother; in the nights I frequently wept, prayed, and mourned, for fear my sins might offend God.

In the seventeenth year of my age my mother died.

In the eighteenth year of my age my master Brinsley was enforced from keeping school, being persecuted by the bishop's officers; he came to London, and then lectured in London, where he afterwards died. In this year, by reason of my father's poverty, I was also enforced to leave school, and so came to my father's house, where I lived in much penury for one year, and taught school one quarter of a year, until God's providence provided better for me.

For the two last years of my being at school, I was of the highest form in the school, and chiefest of that form; I could then speak Latin as well as English; could make extempore verses upon any theme; all kinds of verses, hexameter, pentameter, phaleuciacks, iambicks, sapphicks, &c. so that if any scholars from remote schools came to dispute, I was ringleader to dispute with them; I could cap verses, &c. If any minister came to examine us, I was brought forth against him, nor would I argue with him unless in the Latin tongue, which I found few of them could well speak without breaking Priscian's head; which, if once they did, I would complain to my master, *Non bene intelligit*

linguam Latinam, nec prorsus loquitur. In the derivation of words, I found most of them defective, nor indeed were any of them good grammarians: all and every of those scholars who were of my form and standing, went to Cambridge and proved excellent divines, only poor I, William Lilly, was not so happy; fortune then frowning upon father's present condition, he not in any capacity to maintain me at the university.

OF THE MANNER HOW I CAME UNTO LONDON.

Worthy sir, I take much delight to recount unto you, even all and every circumstance of my life, whether good, moderate, or evil; *Deo gloria.*

My father had one Samuel Smatty for his attorney, unto whom I went sundry times with letters, who perceiving I was a scholar, and that I lived miserably in the country, losing my time, nor any ways likely to do better, if I continued there; pitying my condition, he sent word for me to come and speak with him, and told me that he had lately been at London, where there was a gentleman wanted a youth to attend him and his wife, who could write, &c.

I acquainted my father with it, who was very willing to be rid of me, for I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was good for nothing.

I had only twenty shillings, and no more, to buy me a new suit, hose, doublet, &c.—my doublet was fustian: I repaired to Mr Smatty, when I was accoutred, for a letter to my master, which he gave me.

Upon Monday, April 3, 1620, I departed from Diseworth and came to Leicester; but I must acquaint you, that before I came away I visited my friends, amongst whom I had given me about ten shillings, which was a great comfort unto me. On Tuesday, April the 4th, I took leave of my father, then in Leicester gaol for debt, and came along with Bradshaw the carrier, the same person with whom many of the duke of Buckingham's kindred had come up with. Hark, how the waggon crack with their rich lading! It was a very stormy

week, cold and uncomfortable: I footed it all along; we could not reach London until Palm-Sunday, the 9th of April, about half an hour after three in the afternoon, at which time we entered Smithfield. When I had gratified the carrier and his servants, I had seven shillings and sixpence left, and no more; one suit of cloaths upon my back, two shirts, three bands, one pair of shoes, and as many stockings. Upon the delivery of my letter my master entertained me, and next day bought me a new cloak, of which you may imagine (good esquire) whether I was not proud of; besides, I saw and eat good white bread, contrary to our diet in Leicestershire. My master's name was Gilbert Wright, born at Market Bosworth in Leicestershire; my mistress was born at Ashby de la Zouch, in the same county, and in the town where I had gone to school. This Gilbert Wright could neither write nor read: he lived upon his annual rents, was of no calling or profession; he had for many years been servant to the lady Pawlet in Hertfordshire; and when serjeant Puckering was made lord keeper, he made him keeper of his lodgings at Whitehall. When sir Thomas Egerton was made lord chancellor, he entertained him in the same place; and when he married a widow in Newgate Market, the lord chancellor recommended him to the company of salters, London, to admit him into their company, and so they did, and my master, in 1624, was master of that company; he was a man of excellent natural parts, and would speak publickly upon any occasion very rationally and to the purpose. I write this, that the world may know he was no taylor, or myself of that or any other calling or profession: my work was to go before my master to church; to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes; sweep the street; help to drive bucks when he washed; fetch water in a tub from the Thames: I have helped to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning; weed the garden; all manner of drudgeries I willingly performed; scraped trenchers, &c. If I had any profession, it was of this nature: I should never have

denied being a taylor, had I been one; for there is no calling so base, which by God's mercy may not afford a livelihood; and had not my master entertained me, I would have been of a very mean profession ere I would have returned into the country again; so here ends the actions of eighteen years of my life.

My master married his second wife for her estate; she was competently rich; she married him for considerations he performed not, (nocturnal society,) so that they lived very uncomfortably; she was about seventy years of age, he sixty-six or more; yet never was any woman more jealous of a husband than she; insomuch, that whensoever he went into London, she was confident of his going to women; by those means my life was the more uncomfortable, it being very difficult to please two such opposite natures: however, as to the things of this world I had enough, and endured their discontents with much sereneness. My mistress was very curious to know of such as were then called cunning or wise men, whether she should bury her husband? She frequently visited such persons, and this occasion begot in me a little desire to learn something that way, but wanting money to buy books, I laid aside these motions, and endeavoured to please both master and mistress.

OF MY MISTRESS'S DEATH, AND OCCASION THEREOF
BY MEANS OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

In 1622, she complained of a pain in her left breast, whereon there appeared at first a hard knob no bigger than a small pea; it increased in a little time very much, was very hard, and sometimes would look very red; she took advice of surgeons, had oils, sear-cloths, plates of lead, and what not: in 1623, it grew very big, and spread all over her breast; then for many weeks poultices were applied to it, which in continuance of time broke the skin, and then abundance of watery thin stuff came from it, but nothing else; at length the matter came to suppuration, but never any great store issued forth; it was exceeding noisome and painful;

from the beginning of it until she died, she would permit no surgeon to dress it but only myself; I applied every thing unto it, and her pains were so great the winter before she died, that I have been called out of my bed two or three times in one night to dress it and change plasters. In 1624, by degrees, with scissars, I cut all the whole breast away, I mean the sinews, nerves, &c. In one fortnight, or little more, it appeared, as it were, mere flesh, all raw, so that she could scarce endure any unguent to be applied. I remember there was a great cleft through the middle of the breast, which when that fully appeared she died, which was in September, 1624; my master being then in the country, his kindred in London would willingly have had mourning for her; but by advice of an especial friend of his I contradicted them; nor would I permit them to look into any chest or trunk in the house. She was decently buried, and so fond of me in the time of her sickness, she would never permit me out of her chamber, gave me five pounds in old gold, and sent me unto a private trunk of hers at a friend's house, where she had one hundred pounds in gold; she bid me bring it away and take it, but when I opened the trunk I found nothing therein; for a kinsman of hers had been there a few days before, and carried all away: she was in a great passion at my relating thereof, because she could not gratify my pains in all her sickness, advised me to help myself, when she was gone, out of my master's goods, which I never did.

Courteous esquire, be not weary of reading hereof, or what followeth.

When my mistress died, she had under her armhole a small scarlet bag full of many things, which, one that was there delivered unto me. There was in this bag several sigils, some of Jupiter in trine, others of the nature of Venus, some of iron, and one of gold, of pure angel-gold, of the bigness of a thirty-three shilling piece of king James's coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven, *Vicit Leo de tribu Judæ Tetragrammaton +*, within the middle there was engraven a holy

lamb. In the other circumference there was Amraphel and three +. In the middle, *Sanctus Petrus, Alpha* and *Omega*.

The occasion of framing this sigil was thus : her former husband travelling into Sussex, happened to lodge in an inn, and to lie in a chamber thereof; wherein, not many months before, a country grazier had lain, and in the night cut his own throat; after this night's lodging, he was perpetually, and for many years, followed by a spirit, which vocally and articulately provoked him to cut his throat : he was used frequently to say, "I defy thee, I defy thee," and to spit at the spirit; this spirit followed him many years, he not making any body acquainted with it; at last he grew melancholy and discontented; which being carefully observed by his wife, she many times hearing him pronounce, "I defy thee," &c. she desired him to acquaint her with the cause of his distemper, which he then did. Away she went to Dr Simon Forman, who lived then in Lambeth, and acquaints him with it; who having framed this sigil, and hanged it about his neck, he wearing it continually until he died, was never more molested by the spirit : I sold the sigil for thirty-two shillings, but transcribed the words *verbatim* as I have related. Sir, you shall now have a story of this Simon Forman, as his widow, whom I well knew, related it unto me. But before I relate his death, I shall acquaint you something of the man, as I have gathered them from some manuscripts of his own writing.

OF DR SIMON FORMAN.

He was a chandler's son in the city of Westminster. He travelled into Holland for a month, in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences : as also in physick, taking his degree of doctor beyond seas : being sufficiently furnished and instructed with what he desired, he returned into England, towards the latter end of the reign of queen Elizabeth, and flourished until that year of king James, wherein the countess of Essex, the earl of Somerset,

and sir Thomas Overbury's matters were questioned. He lived in Lambeth, with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was very charitable. He was a person that in horary questions (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his masterpiece. In resolving questions about marriage he had good success; in other questions very moderate. He was a person of indefatigable pains. I have seen sometimes half one sheet of paper wrote of his judgment upon one question; in writing whereof he used much tautology, as you may see yourself, (most excellent esquire,) if you read a great book of Dr Flood's, which you have, who had all that book from the manuscripts of Forman; for I have seen the same word for word in an English manuscript formerly belonging to doctor Willoughby of Gloucestershire. Had Forman lived to have methodized his own papers, I doubt not but he would have advanced the Jatro-mathematical part thereof very completely; for he was very observant, and kept notes of the success of his judgments, as in many of his figures I have observed. I very well remember to have read, in one of his manuscripts, what followeth.

“Being in bed one morning,” (says he) “I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a lord, earl, or knight, &c. whereupon I set a figure; and thereupon my judgment:” by which he concluded, that within two years' time he should be a lord or great man: “But,” says he, “before the two years were expired, the doctors put me in Newgate, and nothing came.” Not long after, he was desirous to know the same things concerning his honour or greatship. Another figure was set, and that promised him to be a great lord within one year. But he sets down, that in that year he had no preferment at all: only “I became acquainted with a merchant's wife, by whom I got well.” There is another figure concerning one sir _____ Ayre his going into Turkey, whether it would be a good voyage or not: the doctor repeats all his astro-

logical reasons and musters them together, and then gave his judgment it would be a fortunate voyage. But under this figure he concludes, "This proved not so, for he was taken prisoner by pirates ere he arrived in Turkey, and lost all." He set several questions to know if he should attain the philosopher's stone, and the figures, according to his straining, did seem to signify as much; and then he tugs upon the aspects and configurations, and elected a fit time to begin his operation; but, by and by, in conclusion, he adds, "so the work went very forward; but upon the Π of \odot the setting-glass broke, and I lost all my pains: he sets down five or six such judgments, but still complains all came to nothing upon the malignant aspects of \heartsuit and \clubsuit . Although some of his astrological judgments did fail, more particularly those concerning himself, he being no way capable of such preferment as he ambitiously desired; yet I shall repeat some other of his judgments, which did not fail, being performed by conference with spirits. My mistress went once unto him, to know when her husband, then in Cumberland, would return, he having promised to be at home near the time of the question; after some consideration, he told her to this effect: "Margery," for so her name was, "thy husband will not be at home these eighteen days; his kindred have vexed him, and he has come away from them in much anger: he is now in Carlisle, and hath but threepence in his purse." And when he came home he confessed all to be true, and that upon leaving his kindred he had but threepence in his purse. I shall relate one story more, and then his death.

One Coleman, clerk to sir Thomas Beaumont of Leicestershire, having had some liberal favours both from his lady and her daughters, bragged of it, &c. The knight brought him into the star-chamber, had his servant sentenced to be pilloried, whipped, and afterwards, during life, to be imprisoned. The sentence was executed in London, and was to be in Leicestershire: two keepers were to convey Coleman

from the Fleet to Leicester. My mistress taking consideration of Coleman, and the miseries he was to suffer, went presently to Forman, acquainted him therewith; who, after consideration, swore Coleman had lain both with mother and daughters; and besides said, that the old lady being afflicted with fits of the mother, called him into her chamber to hold down the fits with his hands: and that he holding his hands about the breast, she cried "Lower, lower," and put his hands below her belly; and then ——— He also told my mistress in what posture he lay with the young ladies, &c. and said, "They intend to whip him to death; but I assure thee, Margery, he shall never come there; yet they set forward to-morrow," says he: and so his two keepers did, Coleman's legs being locked with an iron chain under the horse's belly. In this nature they travelled the first and second day; on the third day the two keepers, seeing their prisoner's civility the two preceding days, did not lock his chain under the horse's belly as formerly, but locked it only to one side. In this posture they rode some miles beyond Northampton, when on a sudden, one of the keepers had a necessity to untruss, and so the other and Coleman stood still; by and by the other keeper desired Coleman to hold his horse, for he had occasion also: Coleman immediately took one of their swords and ran through two of the horses, killing them stark dead; gets upon the other with one of their swords: "Farewell, gentlemen," quoth he, "tell my master I have no mind to be whipped in Leicestershire," and so went his way. The two keepers in all haste went to a gentleman's house near at hand, complaining of their misfortune and desired of him to pursue their prisoner, which he with much civility granted; but ere the horses could be got ready, the mistress of the house came down, and inquiring what the matter was, went to the stable, and commanded the horses to be unsaddled, with this sharp speech,—“Let the lady Beaumont and her daughters live honestly, none of my horses shall go forth upon this occasion.”

I could relate many such stories of his performances;

as also what he wrote in a book left behind him, viz. "This I made the devil write with his own hand in Lambeth-fields 1596, in June or July, as I now remember." He professed to his wife there would be much trouble about Carr and the countess of Essex, who frequently resorted unto him, and from whose company he would sometimes lock himself in his study a whole day. Now we come to his death, which happened as follows: the Sunday night before he died his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him that she had been informed he could resolve, whether man or wife should die first; "Whether shall I" (quoth she) "bury you or no?" "Oh Trunco," for so he called her, "thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it." "Yea, but how long first?" "I shall die," said he, "ere Thursday night." Monday came, all was well. Tuesday came, he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in his teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended, he very well: he went down to the water-side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle-dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying, "An impost, an impost," and so died. A most sad storm of wind immediately following. He died worth one thousand two hundred pounds, and left only one son called Clement. All his rarities, secret manuscripts, of what quality soever, Dr Napper of Lindford in Buckinghamshire had, who had been a long time his scholar; and of whom Forman was used to say he would be a dunce; yet in continuance of time he proved a singular astrologer and physician. Sir Richard now living, I believe, has all those rarities in possession which were Forman's, being kinsman and heir unto Dr Knapper. [His son Thomas Napper, esq., most generously gave most of these manuscripts to Elias Ashmole, esq.] I hope you will pardon this digression.

After my mistress was dead, I lived most comfortably, my master having a great affection for me.

The year 1625 now comes on, and the plague ex-

ceeding violent, I will relate what I observed the spring before it broke forth. Against our corner house every night there would come down, about five or six of the clock, sometime one hundred or more boys, some playing, others as if in serious discourse, and just as it grew dark would all be gone home; many succeeding years there was no such, or any concourse, usually no more than four or five in a company. In the spring of 1625, the boys and youths of several parishes in like number appeared again, which I beholding, called Thomas Sanders, my landlord, and told him, that the youth and young boys of several parishes did in that nature assemble and play, in the beginning of the year 1625. "God bless us," quoth I, "from a plague this year;" but then there succeeded one, and the greatest that ever was in London. In 1625, the visitation increasing, and my master having a great charge of money and plate, some of his own, some other men's, left me and a fellow-servant to keep the house, and himself in June went into Leicestershire. He was in that year feoffee collector for twelve poor alms-people living in Clement Dane's churchyard; whose pensions I in his absence paid weekly, to his and the parish's great satisfaction. My master was no sooner gone down, but I bought a bas-viol, and got a master to instruct me; the intervals of time I spent in bowling in Lincoln's-inn-fields, with Wat the cobbler, Dick the blacksmith, and such like companions. We have sometimes been at our work at six in the morning, and so continued till three or four in the afternoon, many times without bread or drink all that while. Sometimes I went to church and heard funeral sermons, of which there was then great plenty. At other times I went early to St. Antholine's in London, where there was every morning a sermon. The most able people of the whole city and suburbs were out of town; if any remained, it were such as were engaged by parish-officers to remain; no habit of a gentleman or woman continued; the woful calamity of that year was grievous, people dying in the open fields and in open streets. At last, in August, the

bills of mortality so increased, that very few people had thoughts of surviving the contagion: the Sunday before the great bill came forth, which was of five thousand and odd hundreds, there was appointed a sacrament at Clement Dane's; during the distributing whereof I do very well remember we sang thirteen parts of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm. One Jacob, our minister, (for we had three that day, the communion was so great,) fell sick as he was giving the sacrament, went home, and was buried of the plague the Thursday following. Mr James, another of the ministers, fell sick ere he had quite finished, had the plague, and was thirteen weeks ere he recovered. Mr Whitacre, the last of the three, escaped not only then, but all the contagion following, without any sickness at all; though he officiated at every funeral, and buried all manner of people, whether they died of the plague or not. He was given to drink, seldom could preach more than one quarter of an hour at a time, &c. In November my master came home. My fellow-servant's and my diet came weekly to six shillings and sixpence, sometimes to seven shillings, so cheap was diet at that time.

In February of that year my master married again (one who after his death became my wife.) In the same year he settled upon me, during my life, twenty pounds per annum, which I have enjoyed ever since, even to the writing hereof.

May 22, 1627, my master died at the corner house in the Strand, where I also lived so long. He died intestate; my mistress relinquishing the administration, it came to his elder brother, who assigned the estate over to me for payment of my master's debts; which being paid, I faithfully returned the remaining part unto his administrator; nor had one penny of the estate more than twenty pounds per annum, which was allowed me by contract to undertake the payment of my master's deb's.

OF MY MARRIAGE THE FIRST TIME.

My mistress, who had been twice married to old men, was now resolved to be couzened no more; she was of a brown ruddy complexion, corpulent, of but mean stature, plain, no education, yet a very provident person, and of good condition. She had many suitors, old men, whom she declined; some gentlemen of decayed fortunes, whom she liked not, for she was covetous and sparing; by my fellow-servant she was observed frequently to say, she cared not if she married a man that would love her, so that he had never a penny; and would ordinarily talk of me when she was in bed: this servant gave me encouragement to give the onset. I was much perplexed hereat, for should I attempt her and be slighted, she would never care for me afterwards; but again, I considered that if I should attempt and fail, she would never speak of it; or would any believe I durst be so audacious as to propound such a question, the disproportion of years and fortune being so great betwixt us. However, all her talk was of husbands, and in my presence saying one day after dinner, she respected not wealth, but desired an honest man; I made answer, I thought I could fit her with such a husband; she asked me, where? I made no more ado, but presently saluted her, and told her myself was the man. She replied, I was too young; I said, nay; what I had not in wealth, I would supply in love; and saluted her frequently, which she accepted lovingly; and next day at dinner made me sit down with my hat on my head, and said, she intended to make me her husband; for which I gave her many salutes, &c.

I was very careful to keep all things secret, for I well knew, if she should take counsel of any friend, my hopes would be frustrated, therefore I suddenly procured her consent to marry, unto which she assented; so that upon the eighth day of September, 1627, at St. George's church in Southwark, I was married unto her, and for two whole years we kept it secret. When it was

divulged, and some people blamed her for it, she constantly replied, that she had no kindred; if I proved kind, and a good husband, she would make me a man; if I proved otherwise, she only undid herself. In the third and fourth years after our marriage, we had strong suits of law with her first husband's kindred, but overthrew them in the end. During all the time of her life, which was until October, 1633, we lived very lovingly, I frequenting no company at all; my exercises were sometimes angling, in which I ever delighted: my companions, two aged men. I then frequented lectures, two or three in a week; I heard Mr Sute in Lombard-street, Mr Gouge of Blackfriars, Dr Micklethwait of the Temple, Dr Oldsworth, with others, the most learned men of these times, and leaned in judgment to puritanism. In October, 1627, I was made free of the salters' company in London.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY ASTROLOGY.

It happened on one Sunday, 1632, as myself and a justice of peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things he chanced to say, that such a person was a great scholar, nay, so learned, that he could make an almanack, which to me then was strange: one speech begot another, till, at last, he said, he could bring me acquainted with one Evans in Gunpowder-alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the black art. The same week after we went to see Mr Evans. When we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay; he roused up himself, and, after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology; I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly: books he had not any, except Haly "de judiciis Astrorum," and Orriganus's "Ephemerides;" so that as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness. Now, something of the man: he was by birth a Welshman, a master of arts, and in sacred

orders : he had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortunes at London, being in a manner enforced to fly for some offences very scandalous, committed by him in these parts, where he had lately lived ; for he gave judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology : he was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised or since ; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat nosed, full lips, down-looked, black curling stiff hair, splay-footed ; to give him his right, he had the most piercing judgment naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal ; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments, was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or other : this is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he principally subsisted ; he understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all : he had some arts above, and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the nature of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invocating, as in the time of our familiarity he told me. Two of his actions I will relate, as to me delivered. There was in Staffordshire a young gentlewoman that had, for her preferment, married an aged rich person, who was desirous to purchase some lands for his wife's maintenance ; but this young gentlewoman, his wife, was desired to buy the land in the name of a gentleman, her very dear friend, but for her use. After the aged man was dead, the widow could by no means procure the deed of purchase from her friend ; whereupon she applies herself to Evans, who, for a sum of money, promises to have her deed safely delivered into her own hands ; the sum was forty pounds. Evans applies himself to the invocation of the angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars, read his litany in the "Common Prayer-Book" every day, at select hours, wears his surplice, lives orderly all that time ; at the fortnight's end Salmon appeared, and having received his commands

what to do, in a small time returns with the very deed desired, lays it down gently upon a table where a white cloth was spread, and then, being dismissed, vanished. The deed was, by the gentleman who formerly kept it, placed among many other of his evidences in a large wooden chest, and in a chamber at one end of the house; but upon Salmon's removing and bringing away the deed, all that bay of building was quite blown down, and all his own proper evidences torn all to pieces. The second story followeth.

Some time before I became acquainted with him, he then living in the Minories, was desired by the lord Bothwell and sir Kenelm Digby to show them a spirit. He promised so to do: the time came, and they were all in the body of the circle, when lo, upon a sudden, after some time of invocation, Evans was taken from out the room, and carried into the field near Battersea Causeway, close to the Thames. Next morning a countryman going by to his labour, and espying a man in black cloaths, came unto him and awaked him, and asked him how he came there? Evans by this understood his condition, inquired where he was, how far from London, and in what parish he was; which when he understood, he told the labourer he had been late at Battersea the night before, and by chance was left there by his friends. Sir Kenelm Digby and the lord Bothwell went home without any harm, and came next day to hear what was become of him; just as they, in the afternoon, came into the house, a messenger came from Evans to his wife, to come to him at Battersea. I inquired upon what account the spirit carried him away: who said, he had not, at the time of invocation, made any suffumigation, at which the spirits were vexed. It happened, that after I discerned what astrology was, I went weekly into Little Britain, and bought many books of astrology, not acquainting Evans therewith. Mr A. Bedwell, minister of Tottenham-high-cross near London, who had been many years chaplain to sir Henry Wotton, whilst he was ambassador at Venice, and assisted Pietro Soave Polano, in com-

posing and writing the "Council of Trent," was lately dead; and his library being sold into Little Britain, I bought amongst them my choicest books of astrology. The occasion of our falling out was thus: a woman demanded the resolution of a question, which when he had done, she went her way; I standing by all the while, and observing the figure, asked him why he gave the judgment he did, since the signification showed quite the contrary, and gave him my reasons; which when he had pondered, he called me boy, and must he be contradicted by such a novice! But when his heat was over, he said, had he not so judged to please the woman, she would have given him nothing, and he had a wife and family to provide for; upon this we never came together after. Being now very meanly introduced, I applied myself to study those books I had obtained, many times twelve, or fifteen, or eighteen hours day and night; I was curious to discover, whether there was any verity in the art or not. Astrology in this time, viz. in 1633, was very rare in London, few professing it that understood any thing thereof. Let it not repent you (O, noble esquire) if now I make a short digression of such persons as then professed astrology, that posterity may understand in what condition I found it, and in whose hands that little that remained was lodged.

There lived then in Houndsditch one Alexander Hart, who had been a soldier formerly, a comely old man, of good aspect; he professed questionnaire astrology, and a little of physic; his greatest skill was to elect young gentlemen fit times to play at dice, that they might win or get money. I went unto him for resolutions for three questions at several times, and he erred in every one. To speak soberly of him, he was but a cheat, as appeared suddenly after; for a rustical fellow of the city, desirous of knowledge, contracted with Hart to assist for a conference with a spirit, and paid him twenty pounds of thirty pounds the contract. At last, after many delays, and no spirit appearing, or money returned, the young man indicts him for a cheat

at the Old Bailey in London; the jury found the bill, and at the hearing of the cause this just happened: some of the bench inquired what Hart did? "He sat like an alderman in his gown," quoth the fellow; at which the court fell into a great laughter, most of the court being aldermen. He was to have been set upon the pillory for this cheat; but John Taylour, the water poet, being his great friend, got the lord chief justice Richardson to bail him, ere he stood upon the pillory, and so Hart fled presently into Holland, where he ended his days. It was my fortune, upon the sale of his books in 1634, to buy Argoll's "Primum Mobile," for fourteen shillings, which I only wanted.

In Lambeth Marsh at the same time lived one captain Bubb, who resolved horary questions astrologically; a proper handsome man, well spoken, but withal covetous, and of no honesty, as will appear by this story, for which he stood upon the pillory. A certain butcher was robbed, going to a fair, of forty pounds; he goes to Bubb, who, for ten pounds in hand paid, would help him to the thief; appoints the butcher such a night precisely, to watch at such a place, and the thief should come thither; commanded him by any means to stop him; the butcher attends according to direction. About twelve in the night there comes one riding very fiercely upon a full gallop, whom the butcher knocks down, and seized both upon man and horse: the butcher brings the man and horse to the next town, but then the person whom the butcher attacked was John the servant of Dr Bubb; for which the captain was indicted and suffered upon the pillory, and afterwards ended his days in great disgrace.

There was also one Jeffry Neve, at this time a student in physic and astrology; he had formerly been a merchant in Yarmouth, and mayor of the town, but failing in estate, went into the low countries, and at Franeker took the degree of doctor in physic; he had some little smattering in astrology; could resolve a question of theft, or love question, something of sickness; a very grave person, laborious and honest, of tall stature and

comely feature; he died of late years, almost in the very street near Tower-hill: he had a design of printing two hundred verified questions, and desired my approbation ere they went to press: that I first would see them, and then give testimony. When I had perused the first forty, I corrected thirty of them, would read over no more: I showed him how erroneous they were, desired his emendation of the rest, which he performed not. These were afterwards in R. Saunders's custody, bought by him either of his son or of a stationer.*

There was then William Poole, a nibbler at astrology, sometimes a gardener, an apparitor, a drawer of linen; as quoifs, handkerchiefs; a plasterer and a bricklayer; he would brag many times he had been of seventeen professions; was very good company for drolling, as you yourself very well remember (most honoured sir);† he pretended to poetry; and that posterity may have a taste of it, you shall have here inserted two verses of his own making; the occasion of making them was thus. One sir Thomas Jay, a justice of the peace in Rosemary-lane, issued out his warrant for the apprehension of Poole, upon a pretended suggestion, that he was in company with some lewd people in a tavern, where a silver cup was lost, *anglice* stolen. Poole, hearing of the warrant, packs up his little trunk of books, being all his library, and runs to Westminster; but hearing some months after that the justice was dead and buried, he came and inquired where the grave was; and after the discharge of his belly upon the grave, left these two verses upon it, which he swore he made himself:—

Here lieth buried sir Thomas Jay, knight,
Who being dead, I upon his grave did shite.

* But first offered to be sold to me for twenty shillings. When Mr Saunders died I bought them of his son for less. E. A.—.

† December 17, this William Poole was married to Alice How, at St. George's church, in Southwark. Mr Lilly gave her to him.

He died about 1651, or 1652, at St. Mary Overy's, in Southwark; and this was part of his last will.

“Item; I give to Dr Ardee all my books, and one manuscript of my own, worth one hundred of Lilly's Introduction.”

“Item; If Dr Ardee give my wife any thing that is mine, I wish the devil may fetch him body and soul.” The doctor, terrified with this curse, gave me all the books and his goods, which I presently gave to his widow.—*Interdum seria jocos.*

Now also lived this Dr Ardee, but his true name was Richard Delahay, formerly an attorney; he studied astrology and physic, being in necessity, and forced from Derbyshire, where he had lived, by the old countess of Shrewsbury; he was of moderate judgment, both in astrology and physic. He had formerly been well acquainted with Charles Sledd,* an apothecary, who used the crystal, and had a very perfect sight. This Dr Ardee hath many times affirmed unto me, (*estc fides,*) that an angel, one time, appeared unto him, and offered him a lease of his life for one thousand years; he died about the age of fourscore years; left his widow, who married into Kent,† worth two or three thousand pounds, and William Poole's estate came to four or five pounds.

In the years 1632 and 1633, John Booker became famous for a prediction of his upon a solar eclipse in the 19th degree of Aries, 1663, taken out of Leovitius “*De Magnis Conjunctionibus*” viz. *Oh Reges et Principes, &c.* Both the king of Bohemia, and Gustavus king of Sweden, dying during the effects of that eclipse.

John Booker was born in Manchester, of good parentage, in the year 1601; was in his youth well instructed in the Latin tongue, which he understood very well. He seemed from his infancy to be designed

* Of this Charles Sledd, there is mention made in Dr De-c's book of his discourse with spirits, set forth by Dr Casaubon.

† To one Moreland.

for astrology; for from the time he had any understanding, he would be always poring on, and studying almanacks. He came to London at fitting years, and served an apprenticeship to an haberdasher in Laurencelane, London; but either wanting stock to set up, or disliking the calling, he left his trade, and taught to write at Hadley in Middlesex several scholars in that school: he wrote singularly well both secretary and Roman. In process of time he served sir Christopher Clethero, knight, alderman of London, as his clerk, being a city justice of peace: he also was clerk to sir Hugh Hammersley, alderman of London, both which he served with great credit and estimation; and by that means became not only well known, but as well respected of the most eminent citizens of London, even to his dying day.

He was an excellent proficient in astrology, whose excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England: he was a very honest man, abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts, and as successful in resolving love questions: he was no mean proficient in astronomy; he understood much of physic; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; not unlearned in chymistry, which he loved well, but did not practice. He was inclined to a diabetes; and in the last three years of his life was afflicted with a dysentery, which at last consumed him to nothing: he died of good fame in 1667. Since his decease I have seen one nativity of his performance exactly directed, and judged with as much learning as from astrology can be expected.

His library of books came short of the world's approbation, and were by his widow sold to Elias Ashmole, esq. who most generously gave her* far more money than they were worth; but out of his respects

* They cost me one hundred and forty pounds

unto the deceased and his memory, he most willingly paid her the money. He left behind him two sons and two daughters. He left in writing very little but his annual prognostications. He began first to write about the year 1630; he wrote "Bellum Hibernicæ," in the time of the long parliament, a very sober and judicious book: the epistle thereunto I gave him. He wrote lately a small treatise of Easter-day, a very learned thing, wherein he showed much learning and reading. To say no more of him, he lived an honest man, his fame not questioned at his death.

In this year 1633, I became acquainted with Nicholas Fiske, licentiate in physic, who was born in Suffolk, near Framingham* Castle, of very good parentage, who educated him at country schools, until he was fit for the university; but he went not to the academy, studying at home both astrology and physic, which he afterwards practised in Colchester; and there was well acquainted with Dr Gilbert, who wrote "De Magnete." He came afterwards unto London, and exercised his faculty in several places thereof. (For in his youth he would never stay long in one house.) In 1633 he was sent for out of Suffolk by Dr Winston of Gresham college, to instruct the lord treasurer Weston's son in arithmetic, astronomy upon the globes, and their uses. He was a person very studious, laborious, of good apprehension, and had by his own industry obtained both in astrology, physic, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry and algebra, singular judgment: he would in astrology resolve horary questions very soundly; but was ever diffident of his own abilities; he was exquisitely skilful in the art of directions upon nativities, and had a good genius in performing judgment thereupon, but very unhappy he was, that he had no genius in teaching his scholars, for he never perfected any. His own son, Matthew hath often told me, that where his father did teach any scholars in his time, they would principally learn of him; he had Scorpio as-

* This must be intended for Framlingham.

ending, and was secretly envious to those he thought had more parts than himself; however, I must be ingenuous, and do affirm, that by frequent conversation with him, I came to know which were the best authors, and much to enlarge my judgment, especially in the art of directions. he visited me most days once after I became acquainted with him, and would communicate his most doubtful questions unto me, and accept of my judgment therein rather than his own: he singularly well judged and directed sir Robert Holborn's nativity, but desired me to adjudge the first house, seventh and tenth thereof, which I did, and which nativity (since sir Robert gave it me) came to your hands, and remains in your library; [oh, learned esquire!] he died about the seventy-eighth year of his age, poor.

In this year also William Breden, parson or vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, was living, a profound divine, but absolutely the most polite person for nativities in that age, strictly adhering to Ptolemy, which he well understood; he had a hand in composing sir Christopher Heydon's "Defence of Judicial Astrology," being that time his chaplain; he was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the bell-ropes and smoke them.

I come now to continue the story of my own life, but thought it not inconvenient to commit unto memory something concerning those persons who practised when first I became a student in astrology; I have wrote nothing concerning any of them, which I myself do not either know, or believe to be true.

In October, 1633, my first wife died, and left me whatever was hers: it was considerable, very near to the value of one thousand pounds.

One whole year and more I continued a widower, and followed my studies very hard; during which time a scholar pawned unto me, for forty shillings, "Ars Notoria,"* a large volume wrote in parchment, with

* Among Dr Napier's MSS. I had an "Ars Notoria," written by S. Forman in large vellum,

the names of those angels, and their pictures, which are thought and believed by wise men to teach and instruct in all the several liberal sciences, and is attained by observing elected times, and those prayers appropriated unto the several angels.

I do ingenuously acknowledge, I used those prayers according to the form and direction prescribed for some weeks, using the word *astrologia* for *astronomia*; but of this no more: that "Ars Notoria," inserted in the latter end of Cornelius Agrippa, signifieth nothing; many of the prayers being not the same, nor is the direction to these prayers any thing considerable.

In the year 1634, I taught sir George Peckham, knight, astrology, that part which concerns sickness, wherein he so profited, that in two or three months he would give a very true discovery of any disease, only by his figures. He practised in Nottingham, but unfortunately died in 1635, at St. Winifred's well in Wales; in which well he continued so long mumbling his *paternosters* and *Sancta Winifrida ora pro me*, that the cold struck into his body; and, after his coming forth of that well, never spoke more.

In this year, 1634, I purchased the moiety of thirteen houses in the Strand for five hundred and thirty pounds.

In November, the 18th day, I was again the second time married, and had five hundred pounds portion with that wife; she was of the nature of Mars.

Two accidents happened to me in that year something memorable.

Davy Ramsey, his majesty's clock-maker, had been informed, that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster-abbey; he acquaints dean Williams therewith, who was also then bishop of Lincoln; the dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsey finds out one John Scott,* who pretended the use of the

* This Scott lived in Pudding-lane, and had some time been a page (or such like) to the lord Norris.

mosaical rods, to assist him herein: I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsey, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters; we played the hazel-rod round about the cloister; upon the west side of the cloisters the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six foot deep, and then we met with a coffin; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloisters we went into the abbey church, where, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began,) so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west-end of the church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly.* John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the demons; which when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night; I could never since be induced to join with any in such-like actions.

The true miscarriage of the business, was by reason of so many people being present at the operation; for there was about thirty, some laughing, others deriding us; so that if we had not dismissed the demons, I believe most part of the abbey church had been blown down; secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work.

In 1634, or 1635, a lady living in Greenwich, who had tried all the known artists in London, but to no purpose, came weeping and lamenting her condition, which was this:—she had permitted a young lord to have the use of her body, till she was with child by him; after which time he could not or would not endure her sight, but commanded his lacquies and ser-

* Davy Ramsey brought an half quartern sack to put the treasure in.

wants to keep his doors fast shut, lest she should get into his chamber; or if they chanced to see her near his lodging to drive her away, which they several times had done. Her desire unto me was to assist her to see him, and then she should be content, whereupon I ordered, such a day, such an hour of that day, to try her fortune once more. She obeyed; and when she came to the king's-bench, where the lord there was imprisoned, the outward door stood wide open: none speaking a word unto her, she went up stairs, nobody molesting her; she found the lord's chamber door wide open; he in bed, not a servant to be heard or seen, so she was pleased. Three days after she came to acquaint me with her success, and then drew out of her pocket a paper full of ratsbane, which, had she not had admission unto him that day I appointed, she would in a pint of white wine have drank at the stair's foot where the lord lodged. The like misfortune befell her after that; when the lord was out of prison: then I ordered her such a day to go and see a play at Salisbury-court, which she did, and within one quarter of an hour the lord came into the same box wherein she was. But I grew weary of such employments, and since have burned my books which instructed these curiosities: for after that I became melancholy, very much afflicted with the hypochondriack, growing lean and spare, and every day worse; so that in the year 1635 my infirmity increasing, I resolved to live in the country, and in 1636 removed my goods unto Hershams, where I now live; and in May my person, where I continued until 1641, no notice being taken who, or what I was.

In the years 1637 and 1638, I had great lawsuits both in the exchequer and chancery, about a lease I had of the annual value of eighty pounds: I got the victory.

In the year 1640 I instructed John Humphreys, master of that art, in the study of astrology: upon this occasion, being at London, by accident in Fleet-street, I met Dr Percival Willoughby of Derby; we were of old acquaintance, and he but by great chance lately

come to town, we went to the Mitre-tavern, in Fleet-street, where I sent for Will Poole the astrologer, living then in Ram-alley: being come to us, the doctor produced a bill, set forth by a master of arts in Cambridge, intimating his abilities for resolving of all manner of questions astrologically. The bill was showed, and I wondering at it Poole made answer, he knew the man, and that he was a silly fool; "I," quoth he, "can do more than he; he sees me every day, he will be here by and by;" and indeed he came into our room presently. Poole had, just as we came to him, set a figure, and then showed it me, desiring my judgment; which I refused, but desired the master of arts to judge first; he denied, so I gave mine, to the very great liking of Humphreys, who presently inquired, if I would teach him, and for what? I told him I was willing to teach, but would have one hundred pounds. I heard Poole, whilst I was judging the figure, whisper in Humphreys' ear, and swear I was the best in England. Staying three or four days in town, at last we contracted for forty pounds, for I could never be quiet from his solicitations; he invited me to supper, and before I had showed him any thing, paid me thirty-five pounds. As we were at supper a client came to speak with him, and so up into his closet he went with his client; I called him in before he set his figure, or resolved the question, and instantly acquainted him how he should discover the moles or marks of his client: he set his figure, and presently discovers four moles the querent had; and was so overjoyed therewith, that he came tumbling down the stairs, crying, "Four by G—, four by G—, I will not take one hundred pounds for this one rule." In six weeks' time, and tarrying with him three days in a week, he became a most judicious person.

This Humphreys was a laborious person, vain-glorious, loquacious, fool-hardy, desirous of all secrets which he knew not, insomuch that he would have given me two hundred pounds to have instructed him in some curiosities he was persuaded I had knowledge of, but,

artis est celare artem, especially to those who live not in the fear of God, or can be masters of their own counsels: he was in person and condition such another as that monster of ingratitude my *quondam* tailor, John Cadbury. After my refusal of teaching him, what he was not capable of, we grew strange, though I afforded him many civilities whenever he required it; for after the siege of Colchester he wrote a book against me, called "Anti Merlinus-Anglicus," married a second wife, his first living in Cambridgeshire, then practised physick by a contrary name, having intentions to practise in Ireland; he went to Bristol, but there understanding the parliament's forces had reduced that kingdom, he came back to London, but durst not abide therein; but running from his second wife, who also had another husband, he went to sea, with intention for Barbadoes, but died by the way in his voyage. I had never seen John Booker at that time; and telling him one day I had a desire to see him, but first, ere I would speak with him, I would fit myself with my old rules, and rub up my astrology; for at that time [and this was 1640] I thought John Booker the greatest and most complete astrologer in the world. My scholar Humphreys presently made answer, "Tutor, you need not pump for any of your former knowledge, John Booker is no such pumper; we met," saith he, "the other day, and I was too hard for him myself, upon judgment of three or four questions." If all the transactions happening unto that my scholar were in one volume, they would transcend either Guzman, Don Quixote, Lazarillo de Tormes, or any other of the like nature I ever did see.

Having now in part recovered my health, being weary of the country, and perceiving there was money to be got in London, and thinking myself to be as sufficiently enabled in astrology as any I could meet with, I made it my business to repair thither; and so in September, 1641, I did; where, in the years 1642 and 1643, I had great leisure to better my former knowledge: I then read over all my books of astrology, over and over; had very little or no practice at all: and

whereas formerly I could never endure to read Valentine Naibod's "Commentary upon Alcabitius," now having seriously studied him, I found him to be the profoundest author I ever met with; him I traversed over day and night, from whom I must acknowledge to have advanced my judgment and knowledge unto that height I soon after arrived at, or unto; a most rational author, and the sharpest expositor of Ptolemy that hath yet appeared. To exercise my genius, I began to collect notes, and thought of writing some little thing upon the \odot of h_2 and U then approaching: I had not wrote above one sheet, and that very meanly, but James lord Galloway came to see me; and, by chance, casting his eyes upon that rude collection, he read it over, and so approved of it, yea, so encouraged me to proceed farther, that then, and after that time, I spent most of my time in composing thereof, and bringing it, in the end, into that method wherein it was printed 1644. I do seriously now profess, I had not the assistance of any person living, in the writing or composing thereof. Mr Fiske sent me a small manuscript, which had been sir Christopher Heydon's, who had wrote something of the conjunction of h_2 and U , 1603; out of which, to bring my method in order, I transcribed, in the beginning, five or six lines, and not any more, though that graceless fellow Gadbury wrote the contrary; but, *semel et semper nebulo et mendax*. I did formerly write one treatise, in the year 1639, upon the eclipse of the sun, in the eleventh degree of Gemini, May 22, 1639: it consisted of six sheets of paper. But that manuscript I gave unto my most munificent patron and ever bountiful friend, William Pennington, of Muncaster in Cumberland, esq., a wise and excellently learned person; who, from the year 1634, even till he died, continued unto me the most grateful person I ever was acquainted with. I became acquainted with him by means of Davy Ramsey.

Oh! most noble esquire, let me now beg your pardon, if I digress for some small time, in commemorating his

bounty unto me, and my requital of his friendship, by performing many things successfully for his advantage.

In 1639 he was made captain, and served his majesty in his then wars against the Scots; during which time a farmer's daughter being delivered of a bastard, and hearing, by report, that he was slain, fathered the child upon him. Shortly after he returned, most wofully vexed to be thus abused, when absent. The woman was countenanced by some gentlemen of Cumberland, in this her villany against him; so that, notwithstanding he had warrants to attach her body, he could never discover her: but yet, hunting her from one place to another, her friends thought it most convenient to send her to London, where she might be in most safety. She came up to the city, and immediately I had notice thereof, and the care of that matter was left unto me. I procured the lord chief justice Bramston's warrant, and had it lying dormant by me. She had not been in the city above one fortnight, but that I, going casually to the clerk of the assizes' office for Cumberland, saw there an handsome woman; and hearing of her speak the northern tone, I concluded she was the party I did so want. I rounded the clerk in his ear, and told him I would give him five shillings to hold the woman in chat till I came again, for I had a writing concerned her. I hasted for my warrant, and a constable, and returned into the office, seized her person before the clerk of the assizes, who was very angry with me: it was then sessions at Old Bailey, and neither judge nor justice to be found. At night we carried her before the recorder, Gardner. It being Saturday at night, she, having no bail, was sent to Bridewell, where she remained till Monday. On Monday morning, at the Old Bailey, she produced bail; but I desiring of the recorder some time to inquire after the bail, whether they were sufficient, returned presently, and told him one of the bail was a prisoner in Ludgate, the other a very poor man. At which he was so vexed, that he sent her to Newgate, where she lay all that week, until she

could please me with good sureties ; which then she did, and so was bound over to appear at the next assizes in Cumberland ; which she did, and was there sentenced to be whipped, and imprisoned one whole year.

This action infinitely pleased Mr Pennington, who thought I could do wonders ; and I was most thankfully requited for it. All the while of this scandalous business, do what he could, he could not discover what persons they were that supported her ; but the woman's father coming to town, I became acquainted with him, by the name of Mr Sute, merchant ; invited him to a dinner ; got George Farmer with me ; when we so plied him with wine, he could neither see nor feel. I paid the reckoning, twenty-two shillings. But next morning the poor man had never a writing or letter in his pocket. I sent them down to my friend, who thereby discovered the plots of several gentlemen in the business ; after which, Mr Sute returned to his old name again.

Mr Pennington was a true royalist, whom Charles II made one of his commissioners of array for Cumberland. Having directions from me continually how matters did and would go betwixt the king and parliament, he acted warily, and did but sign one only warrant of that nature, and then gave over. When the times of sequestrations came, one John Musgrave, the most bold and impudent fellow, and most active of all the north of England, and most malicious against my friend, had got this warrant under Mr Pennington's hand into his custody ; which affrighted my friend, and so it might, for it was cause enough of sequestration, and would have done it. Musgrave intending himself great matters out of his estate, I was made acquainted herewith. Musgrave being in London, by much ado, I got acquainted with him, pretending myself a bitter enemy against Pennington, whereat he very heartily rejoiced ; and so we appointed one night to meet at the Five Bells, to compare notes ; for I pretended much. We did meet, and he very suddenly produced upon the table all his papers, and withal, the warrant of array unto which my friend had set his hand ; which when I

saw, "I marry," said I, "this is his hand I will swear; now have at all; come, the other cup, this warrant shall pay for all." I observed where the warrant lay upon the table, and, after some time took occasion ignorantly to let the candle fall out, which whilst he went to light again at the fire, I made sure of the warrant, and put it into my boot; he never missing it of eight or ten days; about which time, I believe, it was above half-way towards Cumberland for I instantly sent it by the post, with this friendly caveat, "*Sin no more.*" Musgrave durst not challenge me in those times, and so the business was ended very satisfactory to his friend, and no less to myself.

He was, besides, extremely abused by one Isaac Antrobus, parson of Egremond, a most evil liver, bold, and very rich; at last he procured a minister of that country, in hope of the parsonage, to article against him in London, before the committee of plundered ministers. I was once more invited to solicit against Antrobus, which I did upon three or more articles.

I. That Antrobus baptized a cock, and called him Peter.

II. He had knowledge of such a woman and of her daughter, viz. of both their bodies, in as large a manner as ever of his own wife.

III. Being drunk, a woman took a cord and tied it about his privy members unto a manger in a stable.

IV. Being a continual drunkard.

V. He never preached, &c.

Antrobus was now become a great champion for the parliament; but, at the day of hearing, I had procured abundance of my friends to be there; for the godly, as they termed themselves, sided with him; the present master of the rolls was chairman that day, sir Harbottle Grimston.

Who, hearing the foulness of the cause, was very much ashamed thereof. I remember Antrobus, being there, pleaded he was in his natural condition when he acted so ungraciously.

"What condition were you in," said the chairman, "when you lay with mother and daughter?"

“There is no proof of that,” saith he.

“None but your own confession,” said the chairman, “nor could any tell so well.”

“I am not given to drunkenness,” quoth he. “He was so drunk within this fortnight,” quoth I, “he reeled from one side of the street to the other; here is the witness to prove it:” who, presently, before the committee, being sworn, made it good, and named the place and street where he was drunk. So he was adjudged scandalous, and outed of his benefice, and our minister had the parsonage.

You cannot imagine how much the routing of this drunken parson pleased Mr Pennington, who paid all charges munificently and thankfully.

But now follows the last and greatest kindness I ever did him. Notwithstanding the committee for sequestrations in Cumberland were his very good friends, yet the sub-sequestrators, of their own heads, and without order, and by strength of arms, secured his irons, his wood, and so much of his personal estate as was valued at seven thousand pounds. Now had I complaint upon complaint: would I suffer my old friend to be thus abused? it was in my power to free him from these villains.

I hereupon advised what was best to do, and was counselled to get Mr Speaker Lenthall's letter to the sub-sequestrators, and command them to be obedient to the committee of the county.

Whereupon, I framed a letter myself, unto the sub-sequestrators directed, and with it, myself and Mr Laurence Maydwell (whom yourself well knew) went to Mr Speaker, unto whom we sufficiently related the stubbornness of the officers of Cumberland; their disobedience to the committee; and then showed him the letter, which when he had read over, he most courteously signed, adding withal, that if they proceeded further in sequestering Mr Pennington, he would command a serjeant at arms to bring them up to answer their contempts: I immediately posted that letter to my friend, which when the absurd fellows received,

they delivered him possession of his goods again ; and, for my pains, when he came to London, gave me one hundred pounds ; he died in 1652, of a violent fever. I did carefully, in 1642 and 1643, take notice of every grand action which happened betwixt king and parliament, and did first then incline to believe, that as all sublunary affairs did depend upon superior causes, so there was a possibility of discovering them by the configurations of the superior bodies ; in which way making some essays in those two years, I found encouragement to proceed further, which I did ; I perused the writings of the ancients, but therein they were silent, or gave no satisfaction ; at last, I framed unto myself that method, which then and since I follow, which, I hope, in time may be more perfected by a more penetrating person than myself.

In 1643, I became familiarly known to sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, a member of the House of Commons ; he being sick, his urine was brought unto me by Mrs Lisle,* wife to John Lisle, afterwards one of the keepers of the great seal ; having set my figure, I returned answer, the sick for that time would recover, but by means of a surfeit would dangerously relapse within one month ; which he did, by eating of trouts at Mr Sand's house, near Leatherhead, in Surrey. Then I went daily to visit him, Dr Prideau despairing of his life ; but I said there was no danger thereof, and that he would be sufficiently well in five or six weeks ; and so he was.

In 1644, I published "Merlinus Anglicus Junior," about April. I had given one day the copy thereof unto the then Mr Whitlocke, who by accident was reading thereof in the House of Commons : ere the

* She was afterwards beheaded at Winchester, for harbouring one Nelthorp, a rebel in the duke of Monmouth's army, 1685. She had made herself remarkable, by saying at the martyrdom of king Charles I, 1648, "that her blood leaped within her to see the tyrant fall;" for this, when she fell into the state trap, she neither did nor could expect favour from any of that martyr's family.

speaker took the chair, one looked upon it, and so did many, and got copies thereof; which when I heard, I applied myself to John Booker to license it, for then he was licenser of all mathematical books; I had, to my knowledge, never seen him before; he wondered at the book, made many impertinent obliterations, framed many objections, swore it was not possible to distinguish betwixt king and parliament; at last licensed it according to his own fancy; I delivered it unto the printer, who being an arch presbyterian, had five of the ministry to inspect it, who could make nothing of it, but said it might be printed, for in that I meddled not with their Dagon. The first impression was sold in less than one week; when I presented some to the members of parliament, I complained of John Booker the licenser, who had defaced my book; they gave me order forthwith to reprint it as I would, and let them know if any durst resist me in the reprinting, or adding what I thought fit; so the second time it came forth as I would have it.

I must confess, I now found my scholar Humphreys's words to be true concerning John Booker, whom at that time I found but moderately versed in astrology; nor could he take the circles of position of the planets, until in that year I instructed him. After my "Introduction" in 1647 became publick, he amended beyond measure, by study partly, and partly upon emulation to keep up his fame and reputation; so that since 1647, I have seen some nativities by him very judiciously performed. When the printer presented him with an "Introduction" of mine, as soon as they were forth of the press; "I wish," saith he, "there was never another but this in England, conditionally I gave one hundred pounds for this." After that time we were very great friends to his dying day.

In June, 1644, I published "Supernatural Sight;" and, indeed, if I could have procured the dull stationer to have been at charges to have cut the icon or form of that prodigious apparition, as I had drawn it forth, it would have given great satisfaction; however, the as-

trological judgment thereupon had its full event in every particular.

That year also I published the "White King's Prophecy," of which there were sold in three days eighteen hundred, so that it was oft reprinted: I then made no commentary upon it.

In that year I printed the "Prophetical Merlin," and had eight pounds for the copy.

I had then no farther intention to trouble the press any more, but sir Richard Napper having received one of captain Wharton's almanacks for 1645, under the name of Naworth, he came unto me: "Now, Lilly, you are met withal, see here what Naworth writes." The words were, he called me "an impudent senseless fellow, and by name William Lilly."

Before that time, I was more cavalier than round-head, and so taken notice of; but after that I engaged body and soul in the cause of parliament, but still with much affection to his majesty's person and unto monarchy, which I ever loved and approved beyond any government whatsoever; and you will find in this story many passages of civility which I did, and endeavoured to do, with the hazard of my life, for his majesty: but God had ordered all his affairs and counsels to have no successes; as in the sequel will appear.

To vindicate my reputation, and to cry quittance with Naworth, against whom I was highly incensed, to work I went again for "Anglicus," 1645; which as soon as finished I got to the press, thinking every day one month till it was publick: I therein made use of the king's nativity, and finding that his ascendant was approaching to the quadrature of Mars, about June, 1645, I gave this unlucky judgment; "If now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us;" and so it did in June, 1645, at Naseby, the most fatal overthrow he ever had.

In this year, 1645, I published a treatise called the "Starry Messenger," with an interpretation of three suns seen in London, 29th of May, 1644, being Charles the Second's birth-day: in that book I also put forth an astrological judgment concerning the effects of a solar

eclipse, visible the 11th of August, 1645. Two days before its publishing, my antagonist, captain Wharton, having given his astronomical judgment upon his majesty's present march from Oxford; therein again fell foul against me and John Booker: sir Samuel Luke, governor of Newport-pagnel, had the thing came to his garrison from Oxford, which presently was presented unto my view. I had but twelve hours, or thereabout, to answer it, which I did with such success as is incredible; and the printer printed both the "March" and my answer unto it, and produced it to sight, with my "Starry Messenger," which came forth and was made publick the very day of the parliament's great victory obtained against his majesty in person at Naseby, under the conduct of the lord Thomas Fairfax.

That book no sooner appeared, but within fourteen days complaint was made to the committee of examinations, Miles Corbet then being chairman, my mortal enemy, he who after was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for being one of the king's judges; he grants his warrant, and a messenger to the serjeant-at-arms seizeth my person. As I was going to Westminster with the messenger, I met sir Philip Stapleton, sir Christopher Wray, Mr Denzil Hollis, Mr Robert Reynolds, who, by great fortune, had the "Starry Messenger" sheet by sheet from me as it came from the press. They presently fell a smiling at me; "Miles Corbet, Lilly, will punish thee soundly; but fear nothing, we will dine, and make haste to be at the committee time enough to do the business;" and so they most honourably performed; for they, as soon as they came, sat down, and put Mr Reynolds purposely into the chair, and I was called in; but Corbet being not there, they bid me withdraw until he came; which when he did, I was commanded to appear, and Corbet desired to give the cause of my being in restraint, and of the committee's order. Mr Reynolds was purposely put into the chair, and continued till my business was over.

Corbet produced my "Anglicus" of 1645, and said there were many scandalous passages therein against

the commissioners of excise in London. He produced one passage, which being openly read by himself, the whole committee adjudged it to signify the errors of sub-officers, but had no relation to the commissioners themselves, which I affirmatively maintained to be the true meaning as the committee declared.

Then Corbet found out another dangerous place, as he thought, and the words were thus in the printed book—"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will not the excise pay the soldiers?"

Corbet very ignorantly read, "will not the eclipse pay soldiers?" at which the committee fell heartily to laugh at him, and so he became silent.

There was a great many parliament men there; the chamber was full. "Have you any more against Mr Lilly?" cried the chairman.

"Yes," saith the solicitor for the excise, "since his 'Starry Messenger' came forth we had our house burnt, and the commissioners pulled by their cloaks in the Exchange." "Pray, sir, when was this," asked old sir Robert Pye, "that the house was burnt, and the aldermen abused?" "It was in such a week," saith he. "Mr. Lilly, when came the book forth?" "The very day of Naseby fight," answered Mr Reynolds, "nor needs he be ashamed of writing it: I had it daily as it came forth of the press: it was then found the house to be burnt, and the aldermen abused, twelve days before the 'Starry Messenger' came forth." "What a lying fellow art thou," saith sir Robert Pye, "to abuse us so!" This he spoke to the solicitor. Then stood up one Bassell, a merchant: he inveighed bitterly against me, being a presbyterian, and would have had my books burnt. "You smell more of a citizen than a scholar," replied Mr Francis Drake. I was ordered to withdraw: and by and by was called in, and acquainted the committee did discharge me. But I cried with a loud voice, "I was under a messenger;" whereupon the committee ordered him or the serjeant-at-arms not to take any fees; Mr Reynolds saying, "Literate men never pay any fees."

But within one week after, I was likely to have had worse success, but that the beforenamed gentlemen stoutly befriended me. In my epistle of the "Starry Messenger," I had been a little too plain with the committee of Leicestershire; who thereof made complaint unto sir Arthur Hazelrigg, knight for that county; he was a furious person, and made a motion in the house of commons against me, and the business was committed to that committee, whereof baron Rigby was chairman. A day was assigned to hear the matter; in the morning whereof, as I passed by Mr Pullen's shop in St Paul's churchyard, Pullen bad "God be with you," and named me by name. Mr Selden being there, and hearing my name, gave direction to call me unto him, where he acquaints me with Hazelrigg's humour and malice towards me, called for the "Starry Messenger," and having read over the words mentioning that committee, he asked me how I would answer them? I related what I would have said, but he contradicted me, and acquainted me what to say, and how to answer. In the afternoon I went to appear, but there was no committee set, or would sit; for both Mr Reynolds and sir Philip Stapleton, and my other friends, had fully acquainted baron Rigby with the business, and desired him not to call upon me until they appeared; for the matter and charge intended against me was very frivolous, and only presented by a choleric person to please a company of clowns, meaning the committee of Leicester. Baron Rigby said, if it were so he would not meddle with the matter, but exceedingly desired to see me. Not long after he met sir Arthur, and acquainting him what friends appeared for me, said, "I will then prosecute him no further."

All the ancient astrologers of England were much startled and confounded at my manner of writing, especially old Mr William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, and many others who understood astrology competently well, as they thought. Hodges swore I did more by astrology than he could by the crystal, and use thereof, which indeed he under-

stood as perfectly as any one in England. He was a great royalist, but could never hit any thing right for that party, though he much desired it: he resolved questions astrologically; nativities he meddled not with; in things of other nature, which required more curiosity, he repaired to the crystal: his angels were Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel: his life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should, having to deal with those holy angels. Being contemporary with me, I shall relate what my partner John Scott, the same Scott as is before-mentioned, affirmed of him. John Scott was a little skilful in surgery and physick, so was Will Hodges, and had formerly been a schoolmaster. Scott having some occasions into Staffordshire, addressed himself for a month or six weeks to Hodges, assisted him to dress his patients, let blood, &c. Being to return to London, he desired Hodges to show him the person and feature of the woman he should marry. Hodges carries him into a field not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his foot to his, and, after a while, wishes him to inspect the crystal, and observe what he saw there. "I see," saith Scott, "a ruddy complexioned wench in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer." "She must be your wife," said Hodges. "You are mistaken, sir," said Scott. "I am, so soon as I come to London, to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey." "You must marry the red waistcoat," said Hodges. Scott leaves the country, comes up to London, finds his gentlewoman married: two years after going into Dover, in his return, he refreshed himself at an inn in Canterbury, and as he came into the hall, or first room thereof, he mistook the room, and went into the butery, where he espied a maid, described by Hodges, as before said, drawing a can of beer, &c. He then more narrowly viewing her person and habit, found her, in all parts, to be the same Hodges had described; after which he became a suitor unto her, and was married unto her; which woman I have often seen. This Scott related unto me several times, being a very honest person, and made great conscience of

what he spoke. Another story of him is as followeth, which I had related from a person which well knew the truth of it.

A neighbour gentleman of Hodges lost his horse; who having Hodges's advice for recovery of him, did again obtain him. Some years after, in a frolick, he thought to abuse him, acquainting a neighbour therewith, viz. That he had formerly lost a horse, went to Hodges, recovered him again, but saith it was by chance; I might have had him without going unto him: "Come, let's go, I will now put a trick upon him; I will leave some boy or other at the town's-end with my horse, and then go to Hodges and inquire for him." He did so, gave his horse to a youth, with orders to walk him till he returned. Away he goes with his friend, salutes Mr Hodges, thanks him for his former courtesy, and now desires the like, having lost a horse very lately. Hodges, after some time of pausing, said; "Sir, your horse is lost, and never to be recovered." "I thought what skill you had," replies the gallant, "my horse is walking in a lane at the town's-end." With that Hodges swore (as he was too much given unto that vice) "Your horse is gone, and you will never have him again." The gentleman departed in great derision of Hodges, and went where he left his horse: when he came there, he found the boy fast asleep upon the ground, the horse gone, the boy's arm in the bridle.

He returns again to Hodges, desiring his aid, being sorry for his former abuse. Old Will swore like a devil, "Be gone, be gone; go look for your horse." This business ended not so; for the malicious man brought Hodges into the star-chamber, bound him over to the assizes, put Hodges to great expenses: but, by means of the lord Dudley, if I remember aright, or some other person thereabouts, he overcame the gentleman, and was acquitted.

Besides this, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance, and of credit, in Leicestershire, having lost a pillion-cloth, a very new one, went to desire his judgment. He ordered her such a day to attend at Mountsorrel in

Leicestershire, and about twelve o'clock she should see her pillion-cloth upon a horse, and a woman upon it. My friend attended the hour and place; it being told, she must needs warm herself well, and then inquired if any passengers had lately gone by the inn? Unto whom answer was made, there passed by whilst she was at the fire, about half an hour before, a man, and a woman behind him, on horseback. Inquiring of what colour the pillion-cloth was of; it was answered, directly of the colour my friend's was: they pursued, but too late.

In those times, there lived one William Marsh in Dunstable, a man of godly life and upright conversation, a recusant. By astrology he resolved thievish questions with great success; that was his utmost sole practice. He was many times in trouble; but by Dr Napper's interest with the earl of Bolingbroke, lord Wentworth, after earl of Cleveland, he still continued his practice, the said earl not permitting any justice of peace to vex him.

This man had only two books "Guido" and "Italy," bound together: he had so mumbled and tumbled the leaves of both, that half one side of every leaf was torn even to the middle. I was familiar with him for many years: he died about 1647.

A word or two of Dr Napper, who lived at Great Lindford in Buckinghamshire, was parson, and had the advowson thereof. He descended of worshipful parents, and this you must believe; for when Dr Napper's brother, sir Robert Napper, a Turkey merchant, was to be made a baronet in king James's reign, there was some dispute whether he could prove himself a gentleman for three or more descents. "By my saul," saith king James, "I will certify for Napper, that he is of above three hundred years standing in his family, all of them, by my saul, gentlemen," &c. However, their family came into England in king Henry the Eighth's time. The parson was master of arts; but whether doctorated by degree or courtesy, because of his profession, I know not. Miscarrying one day in the pulpit,

he never after used it, but all his lifetime kept in his house some excellent scholar or other to officiate for him, with allowance of a good salary: he out-went Forman in physick and holiness of life; cured the falling-sickness perfectly by constellated rings, some diseases by amulets, &c.

A maid was much afflicted with the falling sickness, whose parents applied themselves unto him for cure: he framed her a constellated ring, upon wearing whereof, she recovered perfectly. Her parents acquainted some scrupulous divines with the cure of their daughter: "The cure is done by enchantment," say they. "Cast away the ring, it's diabolical; God cannot bless you, if you do not cast the ring away." The ring was cast into the well, whereupon the maid became epileptical as formerly, and endured much misery for a long time. At last her parents cleansed the well, and recovered the ring again; the maid wore it, and her fits took her no more. In this condition she was one year or two; which the puritan ministers there adjoining hearing, never left off, till they procured her parents to cast the ring quite away; which done, the fits returned in such violence, that they were enforced to apply to the doctor again, relating at large the whole story, humbly imploring his once more assistance; but he could not be procured to do any thing, only said, those who despised God's mercies, were not capable or worthy of enjoying them.

I was with him in 1632, or 1633, upon occasion. He had me up into his library, being excellently furnished with very choice books: there he prayed almost one hour; he invocated several angels in his prayer, viz.* Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, &c. We parted.

He instructed many ministers in astrology, would lend them whole cloak-bags of books; protected them from harm and violence, by means of his power with

*The collect read on Michaelmas-day, seems to allow of praying to angels. At some times, upon great occasions, he had conference with Michael, but very rarely.

the earl of Bolingbroke.* He would confess my master Evans knew more than himself in some things: and some time before he died, he got his cousin sir Richard to set a figure to see when he should die. Being brought him; "Well," he said, "the old man will live this winter, but in the spring he will die; welcome Lord Jesus, thy will be done." He had many enemies: Cotta, doctor of physick in Northampton, wrote a sharp book of witchcraft, wherein, obliquely, he bitterly inveighed against the doctor.

In 1646, I printed a collection of prophecies, with the explanation and verification of "Aquila," or the "White King's Prophecy;" as also the natiivities of bishop Laud and Thomas earl of Strafford, and a most learned speech by him intended to have been spoke upon the scaffold. In this year 1646, after a great consideration, and many importunities, I began to fix upon thoughts of an "Introduction unto Astrology," which was very much wanting, and as earnestly longed for by many persons of quality. Something also much occasioned and hastened the impression, viz. the malevolent barking of presbyterian ministers in their weekly sermons, reviling the professors thereof, and myself particularly by name.

Secondly, I thought it a duty incumbent upon me, to satisfy the whole kingdom of the lawfulness thereof, by framing a plain and easy method for any person but of indifferent capacity to learn the art, and instruct himself therein, without any other master than my "Introduction;" by which means, when many understood it, I should have more partners and assistants to contradict all and every antagonist.

Thirdly, I found it best as unto point of time, because many of the soldiers were wholly for it, and many of the independent party; and I had abundance of worthy men in the house of commons, my assured friends, no lovers of presbytery, which then were in great esteem, and able to protect the art; for should the

* Lord Wentworth, after earl of Cleveland.

presbyterian party have prevailed, as they thought of nothing less than to be lords of all, I knew well they would have silenced my pen annually, and committed the "Introduction" unto everlasting silence.

Fourthly, I had something of conscience touched my spirit, and much elevated my conceptions, believing God had not bestowed those abilities upon me, to bury them under a bushel; for though my education was very mean, yet, by my continual industry, and God's great mercy, I found myself capable to go forward with the work, and to commit the issue thereof unto Divine Providence.

I had a hard task in hand to begin the first part hereof, and much labour I underwent to metho-dize it as it is.

I ingenuously confess unto you, (Arts' great Mæcenas, noble esquire Ashmole,) no mortal man had any share in the composition or ordering of the first part thereof, but my only self. You are a person of great reading, yet I well know you never found the least trace thereof in any author yet extant.

In composing, contriving, ordering, and framing thereof (viz. the first part) a great part of that year was spent. I again perused all, or most, authors I had, sometimes adding, at other times diminishing, until at last I thought it worthy of the press. When I came to frame the second part thereof, having formerly collected out of many manuscripts, and exchanged rules with the most able professors I had acquaintance with, in transcribing those papers for impression, I found, upon a strict inquisition, those rules were, for the most part, defective; so that once more I had now a difficult labour to correct their deficiency, to new rectify them according to art; and lastly, considering the multiplicity of daily questions propounded unto me, it was as hard a labour as might be to transcribe the papers themselves with my own hand. The desire I had to benefit posterity and my country, at last overcame all difficulties: so that what I could not do in one year, I perfected early the next

year, 1647; and then in that year, viz. 1647, I finished the third book of * nativities, † during the composing whereof, for seven whole weeks, I was shut up of the plague, burying in that time two maid-servants thereof; yet towards November that year, the "Introduction," called by the name of "Christian Astrology," was made public. There being, in those times, some smart difference between the army and the parliament, the head-quarters of the army were at Windsor, whither I was carried with a coach and four horses, and John Booker with me. We were welcome thither, and feasted in a garden where general Fairfax lodged. We were brought to the general, who bid us kindly welcome to Windsor; and, in effect, said thus much:

"That God had blessed the army with many signal victories, and yet their work was not finished. He hoped God would go along with them until his work was done. They sought not themselves, but the welfare and tranquillity of the good people and whole nation; and, for that end, were resolved to sacrifice both their lives and their own fortunes. As for the art we studied, he hoped it was lawful and agreeable to God's word: he understood it not; but doubted not but we both feared God; and therefore had a good opinion of us both." Unto his speech I presently made this reply:

"My lord, I am glad to see you here at this time.

"Certainly, both the people of God, and all others of this nation, are very sensible of God's mercy, love, and favour unto them, in directing the parliament to nominate and elect you general of their armies, a person so religious, so valiant.

"The several unexpected victories obtained under your excellency's conduct, will eternize the same unto all posterity.

* The name of the person whose nativity is directed and judged, is Mr Thompson, whose father had been some time an innkeeper at the White Hart in Newark.

† I devised the forms and fashions of the several schemes. E. A.

“ We are confident of God’s going along with you and your army, until the great work for which he ordained you both is fully perfected; which we hope will be the conquering and subversion of yours and the parliament’s enemies, and then a quiet settlement and firm peace over all the nation, unto God’s glory, and full satisfaction of tender consciences.

“ Sir, as for ourselves, we trust in God; and, as christians, believe in him. We do not study any art but what is lawful, and consonant to the scriptures, fathers, and antiquity; which we humbly desire you to believe,” &c.

This ended, we departed, and went to visit Mr Peters the minister, who lodged in the castle, whom we found reading an idle pamphlet come from London that morning. “ Lilly, thou art herein,” says he. “ Are not you there also?” I replied. “ Yes, that I am,” quoth he.—The words concerning me were these:

From th’ oracles of the sibyls so silly,
The curst predictions of William Lilly,
And Dr Sybbald’s Shoe-lane Philly,
Good Lord, deliver me.

After much conference with Hugh Peters, and some private discourse betwixt us two, not to be divulged, we parted, and so came back to London.

King Charles I, in the year 1646, April 27, went unto the Scots, then in this nation. Many desired my judgment, in time of his absence, to discover the way he might be taken: which I would never be drawn unto, or give any direction concerning his person.

There were many lewd Mercuries printed both in London and Oxford, wherein I was sufficiently abused, in this year, 1646. I had then my ascendant *ad* ♀, and ☾ *ad proprium*. The presbyterians were, in their pulpits, as merciless as the cavaliers in their pamphlets.

About this time, the most famous mathematician of all Europe,* Mr William Oughtred, parson of Aldbury in Surrey, was in danger of sequestration by the committee of or for plundered ministers; (*ambo-dexters* they were;) several inconsiderable articles were deposed and sworn against him, material enough to have sequestered him, but that, upon his day of hearing, I applied myself to sir Bolstrode Whitlock, and all my own old friends, who in such numbers appeared in his behalf, that though the chairman and many other presbyterian members were stiff against him, yet he was cleared by the major number. The truth is, he had a considerable parsonage, and that only was enough to sequester any moderate judgment: he was also well known to affect his majesty. In these times many worthy ministers lost their livings or benefices, for not complying with the "Three-penny Directory." Had you seen (O noble esquire) what pitiful ideots were preferred into sequestered church-benefices, you would have been grieved in your soul; but when they came before the classis of divines, could those simpletons but only say, they were converted by hearing such a sermon, such a lecture of that godly man Hugh Peters, Stephen Marshall, or any of that gang, he was presently admitted.

In 1647, I published the "World's Catastrophe," the "Prophecies of Ambrose Merlin," with the "Key" wherewith to unlock those obstruse prophecies; also "Trithemius of the Government of the World by the presiding Angels;" these came forth all in one book.

The two first were exquisitely translated by yourself, (most learned sir,) as I do ingenuously acknowledge in my "Epistle unto the Reader," with a true character of the worth and admirable parts, unto which I refer any that do desire to read you perfectly delineated. I was

* This gentleman I was very well acquainted with, having lived at the house over-against his, at Aldbury in Surrey, three or four years. E. A.

once resolved to have continued "Trithemius" for some succeeding years, but multiplicity of employment impeded me. The study required, in that kind of learning, must be sedentary, of great reading, sound judgment, which no man can accomplish except he wholly retire, use prayer, and accompany himself with angelical consorts.

His majesty, Charles I, having entrusted the Scots with his person, was, for money, delivered into the hands of the English parliament, and, by several removals, was had to Hampton-court, about July or August, 1647; for he was there, and at that time when my house was visited with the plague. He was desirous to escape from the soldiery, and to obscure himself for some time near London, the citizens whereof began now to be unruly, and alienated in affection from the parliament, inclining wholly to his majesty, and very averse to the army. His majesty was well informed of all this, and thought to make good use hereof; besides, the army and parliament were at some odds, who should be masters. Upon the king's intention to escape, and with his consent, madam Whorewood (whom you knew very well, worthy esquire) came to receive my judgment, viz. In what quarter of this nation he might be most safe, and not to be discovered until himself pleased?

When she came to my door, I told her I would not let her come into my house, for I buried a maid-servant of the plague very lately. "I fear not the plague, but the pox," quoth she; so up we went. After erection of my figure, I told her about twenty miles (or thereabouts) from London, and in Essex, I was certain he might continue undiscovered. She liked my judgment very well; and, being herself of a sharp judgment, remembered a place in Essex about that distance, where was an excellent house, and all conveniences for his reception. Away she went, early next morning, unto Hampton-court, to acquaint his majesty; but see the misfortune. He, either guided by his own ap-

proaching hard fate, or misguided by Ashburnham,* went away in the night-time westward, and surrendered himself to Hammond, in the Isle of Wight.

Whilst his majesty was at Hampton-court, alderman Adams sent his majesty one thousand pounds in gold, five hundred whereof he gave madam Whorewood. I believe I had twenty pieces of that very gold for my share.

I have something more to write of Charles the First's misfortunes, wherein I was concerned; the matter happened in 1648, but I thought good to insert it here, having after this no more occasion to mention him.

His majesty being in Carisbrook-castle in the Isle of Wight, the Kentish men, in great numbers, rose in arms, and joined with the lord Goring; a considerable number of the best ships revolted from the parliament; the citizens of London were forward to rise against the parliament; his majesty laid his design to escape out of prison, by sawing the iron bars of his chamber window; a small ship was provided, and anchored not far from the castle to bring him into Sussex; horses were provided ready to carry him through Sussex into Kent, so that he might be at the head of the army in Kent, and from thence to march immediately to London, where thousands then would have armed for him. The lady Whorewood came to me, acquaints me herewith. I got G. Farmer (who was a most ingenious lock-smith, and dwelt in Bow-lane) to make a saw to cut the iron bars in sunder, I mean to saw them, and aqua fortis besides. His majesty in a small time did his work; the bars gave liberty for him to go out; he was out with his body till he came to his breast; but then his heart failing, he proceeded no farther. When this was discovered, as soon after it was, he was narrowly looked after, and no opportunity after that could be devised to enlarge him. About September, the parliament sent

* This Ashburnham was turned out of the house of commons the 3d of November, 1667, for taking a bribe of five hundred pounds of the merchants. I was informed hereof 26th of November, 1667.

their commissioners with propositions unto him into the Isle of Wight, the lord William Sea being one; the lady Whorewood comes again unto me from him or by his consent, to be directed. After perusal of my figure, I told her the commissioners would be there such a day; I elected a day and hour when to receive the commissioners and propositions; and as soon as the propositions were read, to sign them, and make haste with all speed to come up with the commissioners to London. The army being then far distant from London, and the city enraged stoutly against them, he promised he would do so. That night the commissioners came, and old Sea and his majesty had private conference till one in the morning: the king acquaints Sea with his intention, who clearly dissuaded him from signing the propositions, telling him they were not fit for him to sign; that he had many friends in the house of lords, and some in the house of commons; that he would procure more, and then they would frame more easy propositions. This flattery of this unfortunate lord occasioned his majesty to wave the advice I and some others that wished his prosperity had given, in expectation of that which afterwards could never be gained. The army having some notice hereof from one of the commissioners, who had an eye upon old Sea, hastened unto London, and made the citizens very quiet; and besides, the parliament and army kept a better correspondency afterwards with each other.

Whilst the king was at Windsor-castle, once walking upon the leads there, he looked upon captain Wharton's "Almanack:" "My book," saith he, "speaks well as to the weather." One William Allen standing by; "What," saith he, "saith his antagonist, Mr Lilly?" "I do not care for Lilly," said his majesty, "he hath been always against me," and became a little bitter in his expressions. "Sir," saith Allen, "the man is an honest man, and writes but what his art informs him." "I believe it," said his majesty, "and that Lilly understands astrology as well as any man in Europe." *Exit Rex Carolus.*

In 1648, I published a "Treatise of the Three Suns," seen the winter preceding; as also an "Astrological Judgment upon a Conjunction of Saturn and Mars" 23 June, in 11 degrees 8 minutes of Gemini.

I commend unto your perusal that book, and the "Prophetical Merlin," which, seriously considered, (Oh, worthy esquire,) will more instruct your judgment (*De generalibus contingentibus mundi*) than all the authors you yet ever met with.

In this year, for very great considerations, the council of state gave me in money fifty pounds and a pension of one hundred pounds per annum, which for two years I received, but no more: upon some discontents I after would not or did require it. The cause moving them was this; they could get no intelligence out of France, although they had several agents there for that purpose. I had formerly an acquaintance with a secular priest, at this time confessor to one of the sectaries; unto him I wrote, and by that means had perfect knowledge of the chiefest concernments of France, at which they admired; but I never yet, until this day, revealed the name of the person.

One occasion why I deserted that employment was, because Scott, who had eight hundred pounds per annum for intelligence, would not contribute any occasion to gratify my friend: and another thing was, I received some affront from Gualter Frost their secretary, one that was a principal minister belonging to the council of state. Scott was ever my enemy, the other knave died of a gangrene in his arm suddenly after.

In 1648 and 1649, that I might encourage young students in astrology, I publicly read over the first part of my "Introduction," wherein there are many things contained, not easily to be understood.

And now we are entered into the year 1649: his majesty being at St. James's house, in January of that year, I begun its observations thus:

"I am serious, I beg and expect justice; either fear or shame begins to question offenders.

“The lofty cedars begin to divine a thundering hurricane is at hand; God elevates men contemptible.

“Our demigods are sensible we begin to dislike their actions very much in London, more in the country.

“Blessed be God, who encourages his servants, makes them valiant, and of undaunted spirits, to go on with his decrees: upon a sudden, great expectations arise, and men generally believe a quiet and calm time draws nigh.”

In Christmas holidays, the lord Gray of Groomby and Hugh Peters sent for me to Somerset-house, with directions to bring them two of my almanacks. I did so; Peters and he read January's observations.

“If we are not fools and knaves,” saith he, “we shall do justice;” then they whispered. I understood not their meaning till his majesty was beheaded. They applied what I wrote of justice, to be understood of his majesty, which was contrary to my intention; for Jupiter, the first day of January, became direct; and Libra is a sign signifying justice; I implored for justice generally upon such as had cheated in their places, being treasurers, and such like officers. I had not then heard the least intimation of bringing the king unto trial, and yet the first day thereof I was casually there, it being upon a Saturday; for going to Westminster every Saturday in the afternoon, in these times, at Whitehall I casually met Peters; “Come, Lilly, wilt thou go hear the king tried?” “When?” said I. “Now, just now; go with me.” I did so, and was permitted by the guard of soldiers to pass up to the king's-bench. Within one quarter of an hour came the judges, presently his majesty, who spoke excellently well, and majestically, without impediment in the least when he spoke. I saw the silver top of his staff unexpectedly fall to the ground, which was took up by Mr Rushworth: and then I heard Bradshaw the judge say to his majesty,

“Sir, instead of answering the court, you interrogate their power, which becomes not one in your condition.”

These words pierced my heart and soul, to hear a subject thus audaciously to reprehend his sovereign, who ever and anon replied with great magnanimity and prudence.

After that his majesty was beheaded, the parliament for some years effected nothing either for the publick peace or tranquillity of the nation, or settling religion as they had formerly promised. The interval of time betwixt his majesty's death and Oliver Cromwell's displacing them, was wholly consumed in voting for themselves, and bringing their own relations to be members of parliament, thinking to make a trade thereof.

The week, or three or four days before his majesty's beheading, one major Sydenham, who had commands in Scotland, came to take his leave of me, and told me the king was to be put to death, which I was not willing to believe, and said. "I could not be persuaded the parliament could find any Englishman so barbarous, that would do that foul action." "Rather," saith he, "than they should want such a man, these arms of mine should do it." He went presently after into Scotland, and upon the first engagement against them, was slain, and his body miserably cut and mangled.

In 1651, I published "Monarchy or no Monarchy," and in the latter end thereof some hieroglyphics of my own, composed, at spare time, by the occult learning, many of those types having representations of what should from thence succeed in England, and have since had verification.

I had not that learning from books, or any manuscript I ever yet met withal, it is reduced from a cabal lodging in astrology, but so mysterious and difficult to be attained, that I have not yet been acquainted with any who had that knowledge. I will say no more thereof, but that the asterisms and signs and constellations give greatest light thereunto.

During Bradshaw's being president of the council of state, it was my happiness to procure captain Wharton his liberty, which when Bradshaw understood, said, "I will be an enemy to Lilly, if ever he come before me."

Sir Bolstrode Whitlock broke the ice first of all on behalf of captain Wharton: after him the committee, unto whom his offence had been committed, spoke for him, and said he might well be bailed or enlarged: I had spoken to the committee the morning of his delivery, who thereupon were so civil unto him, especially sir William Ermin of Lincolnshire, who at first wondered I appeared not against him; but upon my humble request, my long continued antagonist was enlarged and had his liberty.

In 1651, I purchased one hundred and ten pounds per annum in fee-farm rents for one thousand and thirty pounds. I paid all in ready money; but when his majesty king Charles II, 1660, was restored, I lost it all again, and it returned to the right owner; the loss thereof never afflicted me, for I have ever reduced my mind according to my fortune. I was drawn in by several persons to make that simple purchase. The year I bought it, I had my ascendant directed into a trine of Jupiter first, and in the same year into the *cauda draconis*—my fortune into a quadrant of Mercury. When Colchester was besieged, John Booker and myself were sent for, where we encouraged the soldiers, assuring them the town would very shortly be surrendered, as indeed it was. I would willingly have obtained leave to enter the town to have informed sir Charles Lucas, whom I well knew, with the condition of affairs as they then stood, he being deluded by false intelligence; at that time my scholar Humphreys was therein, who many times deluded the governor with expectation of relief; but failing very many times with his lies, at last he had the bastinado, was put in prison, and enforced to become a soldier; and well it was he escaped so.—During my being there, the steeple of St Mary's church was much battered by two cannons purposely placed. I was there one day about three of the clock in the afternoon, talking with the cannoneer, when presently he desired us to look to ourselves, for he perceived by his perspective glass there was a piece charged in the castle against his work, and

ready to be discharged. I ran for haste under an old ash-tree, and immediately the cannon-bullet came hissing quite over us. "No danger now," saith the gunner, "but begone, for there are five more charging," which was true; for two hours after those cannons were discharged, and unluckily killed our cannoneer and matross. I came the next morning and saw the blood of the two poor men lie upon the planks: we were well entertained at the head-quarters, and after two whole days abiding there, came for London.

But we prosecute our story again, and say that in the year 1652 I purchased my house and some lands in Hershams, in the parish of Walton upon Thames, in the county of Surrey, where I now live; intending by the blessing of God, when I found it convenient, to retire into the country, there to end my days in peace and tranquillity; for in London my practice was such I had none or very little time afforded me to serve God, who had been so gracious unto me. The purchase of the house and lands, and buildings, stood me in nine hundred and fifty pounds sterling, which I have very much augmented.

The parliament now grows odious unto all good men, the members whereof became insufferable in their pride, covetousness, self-ends, laziness, minding nothing but how to enrich themselves. Much heart-burning now arose betwixt the presbyterian and independant, the latter siding with the army, betwixt whose two judgments there was no medium. Now came up, or first appeared, that monstrous people called ranters; and many other novel opinions, in themselves heretical and scandalous, were countenanced by members of parliament, many whereof were of the same judgment. Justice was neglected, vice countenanced, and all care of the common good laid aside. Every judgment almost groaned under the heavy burden they then suffered; the army neglected; the city of London scorned; the ministry, especially those who were orthodox and serious, honest or virtuous, had no countenance; my soul began to loathe the very name of a parliament, or par-

liament-men. There yet remained in the house very able, judicious, and worthy patriots; but they, by their silence, only served themselves; all was carried on by a rabble of dunces, who being the greater number, voted what seemed best to their non-intelligent fancies.

In this year I published "Annus Tenebrosus," which book I did not so entitle because of the great obscurity of the solar eclipse, by so many prattled of to no purpose, but because of those underhand and clandestine counsels held in England by the soldiery, of which I would never, but in generals, give any knowledge unto any parliament-man. I had wrote publickly in 1650, that the parliament should not continue, but a new government should arise, &c.

In my next year's "Anglicus," upon rational grounds in astrology, I was so bold as to aver therein that the parliament stood upon a tottering foundation, and that the commonalty and soldiery would join together against them.

My "Anglicus" was for a whole week every day in the parliament-house, peeped into by the presbyterians, one disliking this sentence, another finds another fault, others misliked the whole; so in the end a motion was made, that "Anglicus" should be inspected by the committee for plundered ministers; which being done, they were to return them to the house, viz. report its errors.

A messenger attached me by a warrant from that committee; I had private notice ere the messenger came, and hasted unto Mr Speaker Lenthall, ever my friend. He was exceeding glad to see me, told me what was done; called for "Anglicus," marked the passages which tormented the presbyterians so highly. I presently sent for Mr Warren the printer, an assured cavalier, obliterated what was most offensive, put in other more significant words, and desired only to have six amended against next morning, which very honestly he brought me. I told him my design was to deny the book found fault with, to own only the six books. I told him, I doubted he would be examined. "Hang them,"

said he, "they are all rogues. I'll swear myself to the devil ere they shall have an advantage against you by my oath."

The day after, I appeared before the committee, being thirty-six in number that day; whereas it was observed, at other times, it was very difficult to get five of them together. At first they showed me the true "Anglicus," and asked if I wrote and printed it. I took the book and inspected it very heedfully; and when I had done so, said thus:

"This is none of my book, some malicious presbyterian hath wrote it, who are my mortal enemies; I disown it." The committee looked upon one another like distracted men, not imagining what I presently did; for I presently pulled out of my pocket six books, and said, "These I own, the others are counterfeits, published purposely to ruin me." The committee were now more vexed than before; not one word was spoke a good while; at last, many of them, or the greatest number of them, were of opinion to imprison me. Some were for Newgate, others for the Gate-house; but then one Brown of Sussex, called the presbyterian beadle, whom the company of stationers had bribed to be my friend, by giving him a new "Book of Martyrs;" he, I say, preached unto the committee this doctrine, that neither Newgate or the Gate-house were prisons unto which at any time the parliament sent their prisoners; it was most convenient for the serjeant-at-arms to take me in custody.

Mr Strickland, who had for many years been the parliament's ambassador or agent in Holland, when he saw how they inclined, spoke thus:

"I came purposely into the committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued. I assure you his name is famous all over Europe; I come to do him justice. A book is produced by us, and said to be his; he denies it; we have not proved it, yet will commit him. Truly this is great injustice. It is likely he will write next year, and acquaint the whole world with our injustice;

and so well he may. It is my opinion, first to prove the book to be his, ere he be committed."

Another old friend of mine, Mr R. spoke thus :

"You do not know the many services this man hath done for the parliament these many years, or how many times, in our greatest distresses, we applying unto him, he hath refreshed our languishing expectations; he never failed us of comfort in our most unhappy distresses. I assure you his writings have kept up the spirits both of the soldiery, the honest people of this nation, and many of us parliament-men; and now at last, for a slip of his pen (if it were his) to be thus violent against him; I must tell you, I fear the consequence urged out of the book will prove effectually true. It is my counsel, to admonish him hereafter to be more wary, and for the present to dismiss him."

Notwithstanding any thing that was spoken on my behalf, I was ordered to stand committed to the serjeant-at-arms. The messenger attached my person, said I was his prisoner. As he was carrying me away, he was called to bring me again. Oliver Cromwell, lieutenant-general of the army, having never seen me, caused me to be produced again, where he stedfastly beheld me for a good space, and then I went with the messenger; but instantly a young clerk of that committee asks the messenger what he did with me, where's the warrant? until that is signed you cannot seize Mr Lilly, or shall. Will you have an action of false imprisonment against you? So I escaped that night, but next day obeyed the warrant. That night Oliver Cromwell went to Mr R. my friend, and said, "What never a man to take Lilly's cause in hand but yourself? None to take his part but you? He shall not be long there." Hugh Peters spoke much in my behalf to the committee; but they were resolved to lodge me in the serjeant's custody. One Millington, a drunken member, was much my enemy; and so was Cawley and Chichester, a deformed fellow, unto whom I had done several courtesies.

First thirteen days I was a prisoner; and though every day of the committee's sitting I had a petition to

deliver, yet so many churlish presbyterians still appeared, I could not get it accepted. The last day of the thirteen, Mr Joseph Ash was made chairman, unto whom my cause being related, he took my petition, and said I should be bailed in despite of them all, but desired I would procure as many friends as I could to be there. Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, and major Salloway, a person of excellent parts, appeared for me, and many now of my old friends came in. After two whole hours arguing of my cause by sir Arthur and major Salloway, and other friends, the matter came to this point; I should be bailed, and a committee nominated to examine the printer. The order of the committee being brought afterwards to him who should be chairman, he sent me word, do what I would, he would see all the knaves hanged, ere he would examine the printer. This is the truth of the story.

The 16th of February, 165 $\frac{2}{3}$, my second wife died; for whose death I shed no tears. I had five hundred pounds with her as a portion, but she and her poor relations spent me one thousand pounds. *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto: sicut erat in principio et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum*: for the 20th of April 1655, these enemies of mine, viz. parliament men, were turned out of doors by Oliver Cromwell. A German doctor of physick being then in London, sent me this paper:

*Strophe Alcaica: Generoso Domino Gulielmo Lillio
Astrologo, de dissoluto nuper Parlamento.*

Quod calculasti sydere prævio,
Miles peregit numine conscio;
Gentis videmus nunc senatum
Marte togaque gravi levatum.

In the time of my imprisonment, Mr Rushworth came to visit me, and told me, the army would do as much as I had predicted unto the parliament.

In October 1654, I married the third wife, who is signified in my nativity by *Jupiter in Libra*; and she is so totally in her conditions, to my great comfort.

In 1655, I was indicted at Hicks's-hall by a half-witted young woman. Three several sessions she was neglected, and the jury cast forth her bill; but the fourth time, they found it against me: I put in bail to traverse the indictment. The cause of the indictment was, for that I had given judgment upon stolen goods, and received two shillings and sixpence.—And this was said to be contrary unto an act in king James's time made.

This mad woman was put upon this action against me by two ministers, who had framed for her a very ingenious speech, which she could speak without book, as she did the day of hearing the traverse. She produced one woman, who told the court, a son of her's was run from her; that being in much affliction of mind for her loss, she repaired unto me to know what was become of him; that I told her he was gone for the Barbadoes, and she would hear of him within thirteen days; which, she said, she did.

A second woman made oath, that her husband being wanting two years, she repaired to me for advice; that I told her he was in Ireland, and would be at home such a time; and, said she, he did come home accordingly.

I owned the taking of half-a-crown for my judgment of the theft; but said, I gave no other judgment, but that the goods would not be recovered, being that was all which was required of me: the party, before that, having been with several astrologers, some affirming she should have her goods again, others gave contrary judgment, which made her come unto me for a final resolution.

At last my enemy began her before-made speech, and, without the least stumbling, pronounced it before the court; which ended, she had some queries put unto her, and then I spoke for myself, and produced my own "Introduction" into court, saying, that I had some years before omitted that book for the benefit of this and other nations; that it was allowed by authority, and had found good acceptance in both universities;

that the study of astrology was lawful, and not contradicted by any scripture; that I neither had, or ever did, use any charms, sorceries, or enchantments related in the bill of indictment, &c.

She then related, that she had been several times with me, and that afterwards she could not rest a-nights, but was troubled with bears, lions, and tygers, &c. My counsel was the recorder Green, who after he had answered all objections, concluded astrology was a lawful art.

“ Mistress,” said he, “ what colour was those beasts that you were so terrified with ?”

“ I never saw any,” said she.

“ How do you then know they were lions, tygers, or bears ?” replied he.—“ This is an idle person, only fit for Bedlam.” The jury, who went not from the bar, brought in, no true bill.

There were many presbyterian justices much for her, and especially one Roberts, a busy fellow for the parliament, who after his majesty came in, had like to have lost life and fortune.

I had procured justice Hooker to be there, who was the oracle of all the justices of peace in Middlesex.

There was nothing memorable after that happened unto me, until 1650, and the month of October, at what time captain Owen Cox brought me over from his majesty of Sweden, a gold chain and medal, worth about fifty pounds; the cause whereof was, that in the year 1657 and 1658, I had made honourable mention of him: the “ Anglicus” of 1658 being translated into the language spoke at Hamburgh, printed and cried about the streets, as it is in London.

The occasion of my writing so honourably of his majesty of Sweden was this; sir Bolstrode Whitlock, knight, upon the very time of Oliver's being made protector, having made very noble articles betwixt Christina then queen of Sweden, and the English nation, was in his being at Stockholm visited frequently by Charles Gustavus, unto whom Christina resigned during his abode, and used with all manner of civility by him,

insomuch as some other ambassadors took it ill, that they had not so much respect or equal : unto which he would reply, he would be kind where himself did find just cause of merit unto any. He were a great lover of our nation ; but there were some other causes also moving my pen to be so liberal, viz. The great hopes I had of his prevailing, and of taking Copenhagen and Elsinore, which, if he had lived, was hoped he might have accomplished ; and had assuredly done, if Oliver the protector had not so untimely died ere our fleet of ships returned ; for Oliver sent the fleet on purpose to fight the Dutch ; but dying, and the parliament being restored, sir Henry Vane, who afterwards was beheaded, had order from the council of state to give order to the fleet what to do now Oliver was dead, and themselves restored. Vane, out of state-policy, gave the earl of Sandwich direction not to fight the Dutch. Captain Symons, who carried those letters, swore unto me, had he known the letters he carried had contained any such prohibition, he would have sunk both ship and letters. Oliver said, when the fleet was to go forth, “ That if God blessed his majesty of Sweden with Copenhagen, the English were to have Elsinore as their share ; which if once I have,” saith Oliver, “ the English shall have the whole trade of the Baltick sea : I will make the Dutch find another passage, except they will pay such customs as I shall impose.” Considering the advantages this would have been to our English, who can blame my pen for being liberal, thereby to have encouraged our famous and noble seamen, or for writing so honourably of the Swedish nation, who had most courteously treated my best of friends, sir Bolstrode Whitlock, and by whose means, had the design taken effect, the English nation had been made happy with the most beneficial concern of all Christendom. I shall conclude about Oliver the then protector, with whom obliquely I had transactions by his son-in-law, Mr Cleypool ; and to speak truly of him, he sent one that waited upon him in his chamber, once in two or three days, to hear how it fared with me in my sessions business ; but I

never had of him, directly or indirectly, either pension, or any the least sum of money, or any gratuity during his whole protectorship; this I protest to be true, by the name and in the name of the most holy God.

In 1653, before the dissolution of the parliament, and that ere they had chosen any for their ambassador into Sweden, Mr Cleypool came unto me, demanding of me whom I thought fittest to send upon that embassy into Sweden: I nominated sir B. Whitlock, who was chosen, and two or three days after Mr Cleypool came again: "I hope, Mr Lilly, my father hath now pleased you. Your friend sir B. Whitlock is to go for Sweden." But since I have mentioned Oliver Cromwell, I will relate something of him, which perhaps no other pen can, or will mention. He was born of generous parents in Huntingdonshire, educated some time at the university of Cambridge: in his youth was wholly given to debauchery, quarrelling, drinking, &c. *quid non*; having by those means wasted his patrimony, he was enforced to bethink himself of leaving England, and go to New England: he had hired a passage in a ship, but ere she launched out for her voyage, a kinsman dieth, leaving him a considerable fortune; upon which he returns, pays his debts, became affected to religion; is elected in 1640 a member of parliament, in 1642 made a captain of horse under sir Philip Stapleton, fought at Edge-hill; after he was made a colonel, then lieutenant-general to the earl of Manchester, who was one of the three generals to fight the earl of Newcastle and prince Rupert at York: Ferdinando lord Fairfax, and earl Leven the Scot, were the other two for the parliament: the last two thinking all had been lost at Marston-moor fight, Fairfax went into Cawood castle, giving all for lost: at twelve at night there came word of the parliament's victory; Fairfax being then laid down upon a bed, there was not a candle in the castle, nor any fire: up riseth lord Fairfax, procures after some time, paper, ink, and candle, writes to Hull, and other garrisons of the parliament's, of the success, and then slept.

Leven the Scot asked the way to Tweed ; the honour of that day's fight was given to Manchester, sir Thomas Fairfax's brigade of horse, and Oliver Cromwell's iron sides ; for Cromwell's horse, in those times, usually wore head-pieces, back and breast-plates of iron. After this victory Cromwell became gracious with the house of commons, especially the zealots or presbyterians, with whom at that time he especially joined ; the name independent, at that time, viz. 1644, being not so much spoken of.

There was some animosity at or before the fight, betwixt the earl of Newcastle and prince Rupert ; for Newcastle being general of his majesty's forces in the north, a person of valour, and well esteemed in those parts, took it not well to have a competitor in his concerns ; for if the victory should fall on his majesty's side, prince Rupert's forces would attribute it unto their own general, viz. Rupert, and give him the glory thereof : but that it happened, prince Rupert, in that day's fight, engaged the parliament's forces too soon, and before the earl of Newcastle could well come out of York with his army ; by reason whereof, though Rupert had absolutely routed the Scots and the lord Fairfax's forces ; yet ere timely assistance could second his army, sir Thomas Fairfax and Cromwell had put him to flight, and not long after all Newcastle's army. A most memorable action happened on that day. There was one entire regiment of foot belonging to Newcastle, called the Lambs, because they were all new cloathed in white woollen cloth, two or three days before the fight. This sole regiment, after the day was lost, having got into a small parcel of ground ditched in, and not of easy access of horse, would take no quarter ; and by mere valour, for one whole hour, kept the troops of horse from entering among them at near push of pike. When the horse did enter, they would have no quarter, but fought it out till there was not thirty of them living ; those whose hap it was to be beaten down upon the ground as the troopers came near them, though they could not rise for their wounds, yet were so desperate as to get either a

pike or sword, or piece of them, and to gore the troopers' horses as they came over them, or passed by them. Captain Camby, then a trooper under Cromwell, and an actor, who was the third or fourth man that entered amongst them, protested, he never in all the fights he was in, met with such resolute brave fellows, or whom he pitied so much, and said, "he saved two or three against their wills."

After the fight, Manchester marched slowly southward, &c. but at last came with his army to Newbury fight; which ended, he came for London, and there he accuseth Cromwell, being his lieutenant, to the parliament, of disobedience, and not obeying his orders.

The house of commons acquaint Cromwell herewith, and charge him, as he would answer it before God, that the day following he should give them a full account of Manchester's proceedings, and the cause and occasion of their difference, and of the reasons why Manchester did not timely move westward for the relief of Essex, then in the west, who was absolutely routed, inforced to fly, all his foot taken, and all his ordnance and train of artillery, only the horse escaping.

Cromwell the next day gave this account to Mr Speaker in the house of commons—by way of recrimination.

That after God had given them a successful victory at Marston over the king's forces, and that they had well refreshed their army, Manchester, by their order, did move southward, but with such slowness, that sometimes he would not march for three days together; sometimes he would lie still one day, then two days; whereupon he said, considering the earl of Essex was in the west, with what success he then knew not, he moved Manchester several times to quicken his march to the west, for relief of Essex, if he were beaten, or to divert the king's forces from following of Essex; but he said Manchester still refused to make any haste; and that one day he said, "If any man but yourself, lieutenant, should so frequently trouble me, I would call him before a council of war. We have beaten the king's forces in

the north; if we should do so in the west, his majesty is then undone: he hath many sons living; if any of them come to the crown, as they well may, they will never forget us." This major Hammond, a man of honour, will justify as well as myself. After which he marched not at all, until he had order from the committee to hasten westward, by reason of Essex's being lost in Cornwall, which then he did; and at Newbury fight, it is true, I refused to obey his directions and order: for this it was; his majesty's horse being betwixt four and five thousand in a large common in good order, he commands me, Mr Speaker, to charge them; we having no way to come at them but through a narrow lane, where not above three horse could march abreast; whereby had I followed his order, we had been all cut off ere we could have got into any order. Mr Speaker, (and then he wept; which he could do *toties quoties*.) I considering that all the visible army you then had, was by this counsel in danger to be lost, refused thus to endanger the main strength, which now most of all consisted of those horse under my command, &c.—This his recrimination was well accepted by the house of commons, who thereupon, and from that time, thought there was none of the house of lords very fit to be entrusted with their future armies, but had then thoughts of making a commoner their general; which afterwards they did, and elected sir Thomas Fairfax their general, and Cromwell lieutenant-general; but it was next spring first. Upon Essex's being lost in Cornwall, I heard serjeant Maynard say, "If now the king haste to London we are undone, having no army to resist him."

His majesty had many misfortunes ever attending him, during his abode at Oxford; some by reason of that great animosity betwixt prince Rupert and the lord Digby, each endeavouring to cross one another; but the worst of all was by treachery of several officers under his command, and in his service; for the parliament had in continual pay one colonel of the king's council of war; one lieutenant-colonel; one captain; one ensign; one or two serjeants; several corporals, who had con-

stant pay, and duly paid them every month, according to the capacity of their officers and places, and yet none of these knew any thing of each other's being so employed. There were several well-wishers unto the parliament in Oxford, where each left his letter, putting it in at the hole of a glass window, as he made water in the street. What was put in at the window in any of those houses, was the same day conveyed two miles off by some in the habit of town-gardeners, to the side of a ditch, where one or more were ever ready to give the intelligence to the next parliament garrison: I was then familiar with all the spies that constantly went in and out to Oxford.

But once more to my own actions. I had in 1652 and 1653 and 1654, much contention with Mr Gatacre of Rotherhithe, a man endued with all kind of learning, and the ablest man of the whole synod of divines in the oriental tongues.

The synod had concluded to make an exposition upon the bible; some undertook one book, some another. Gatacre fell upon "Jeremy." Upon making his exposition on the second verse of the tenth chapter,

"Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them."

In his annotations thereupon, he makes a scandalous exposition; and in express terms, hints at me, repeating *verbatim*, ten or twelve times, an epistle of mine in one of my former "Anglicus."

The substance of my epistle was, that I did conceive the good angels of God did first reveal astrology unto mankind, &c., but he in his annotations calls me blind buzzard, &c.

Having now liberty of the press, and hearing the old man was very choleric, I thought fit to raise it up—and only wrote—I referred my discourse then in hand to the discussion and judgment of sober persons, but not unto Thomas Wiseacre, for "*senes bis pueri*." These very words begot the writing of forty-two sheets against myself and astrology. The next year I quibbled again

in three or four lines against him, then he printed twenty-two sheets against me. I was persuaded by Dr Gauden, late bishop of Exeter, to let him alone; but in my next year's "Anglicus," in August observations, I wrote, "*Hæc in tumbâ presbyter et nebulo,*" in which very month he died.

Several divines applied themselves unto me, desiring me to forbear any further vexing of Mr Gatacre; but all of them did as much condemn him of indiscretion, that in so sober a piece of work as that was, viz. in an annotation upon a sacred text of scripture to particularize me, and in that dirty language: they pitied him, that he had not better considered with himself ere he published it.

Dean Owen, of Christ's-church in Oxford, also in his sermons had sharp invectives against me and astrology; I cried quittance with him, by urging abbot Panormitan's judgment of astrology contrary to Owen's, and concluded "An abbot was an ace above a dean."

One Mr Nye of the assembly of divines, a jesuitical presbyterian, bleated forth his judgment publickly against me and astrology: to be quit with him, I urged Causinus the jesuit's approbation of astrology: and concluded, "*Sic canibus catulos,*" &c.

In some time after, the Dutch ambassador being offended with some things in "Anglicus," presented a memorial to the council of state, that "Merlinus Anglicus" might be considered, and the abuses against their nation examined; but his paper was not accepted of, or I any way molested.

In Oliver's protectorship, I wrote freely and satirical enough: he was now become independent, and all the soldiery my friends; for when he was in Scotland, the day of one of their fights, a soldier stood with "Anglicus" in his hand; and as the several troopers passed by him, "Lo, hear what Lilly saith; you are in this month promised victory; fight it out, brave boys;" and then read that month's prediction.

I had long before predicted the downfall of presbytery, as you (most honoured sir) in the figure thereof,

in my "Introduction," may observe; and it was upon this occasion. Sir Thomas Middleton of Chark castle, enemy to presbytery, seeing they much prevailed, being a member of the house, seriously demanded my judgment, if presbytery should prevail, or not, in England? The figure printed in my "Introduction," will best give you an account, long before it happened, of the sinking and failing of presbytery; so will the second page of my "Hieroglyphicks." Those men, to be serious, would preach well; but they were more lordly than bishops, and usually, in their parishes, more tyrannical than the great Turk.

OF THE YEAR 1660; THE ACTIONS WHEREOF, AS THEY WERE REMARKABLE IN ENGLAND, SO WERE THEY NO LESS MEMORABLE AS TO MY PARTICULAR FORTUNE AND PERSON.

Upon the lord general Monk's returning from Scotland with his army into England, suddenly after his coming to London, Richard Cromwell's, the then protector, authority was laid aside, and the old parliament restored; the council of state sat as formerly. The first act they put the general upon was, to take down the city gates and portcullisses, an act which, the general said, was fitter for a janizary to do than for a general; yet he effected the commands received, and then lodged in the city with his army. The citizens took this pulling down of their gates so heinously, that one night the ruder sort of them procured all the rumps of beef, and other baggage, and publickly burnt them in the streets, in derision of the then parliament, calling them that now sat, the rump. This hurly-burly was managed as well by the general's soldiers as the citizens. The king's health was publickly drank all over the city, to the confusion of the parliament. The matter continued until midnight, or longer. The council of state, sitting at White-hall, had hereof no knowledge, until sir Martin Noell, a discreet citizen, came about nine at night, and then first informed them thereof. The council could not believe it, until they had

sent some ministers of their own, who affirmed the verity thereof. They were at a stand, and could not resolve what to do; at last Nevil Smith came, being one of them, and publickly protested there was but one way to regain their authority, and to be revenged of this affront, and to overthrow the lord general Monk, whom they now perceived intended otherways than he had pretended; his council was, to take away Monk's commission, and to give a present commission to major-general Lambert to be their general; which counsel of his, if they would take and put it speedily in execution, would put an end unto all the present mischiefs. The council in general did all very well approve Nevil Smith's judgment; but presently up starts sir Arthur Hazellrigg, and makes a sharp invective against Lambert, and concluded, he would rather perish under the king of Scots' power, than that Lambert should ever any more have command under the parliament.

The lord general suddenly after brings in the long excluded members to sit in parliament, being persons of great judgment, and formerly enforced from sitting therein by the soldiery, and connivance of those who stiled themselves the godly part of the parliament. These honourable patriots presently voted his majesty's coming into England, and so he did in May 1660. But because Charles II now (1667) king of England, son of Charles I grandchild to James I king of Great Brittain, was so miraculously restored, and so many hundreds of years since prophesied of by Ambrose Merlin, it will not be impertinent to mention the prophecies themselves, the rather because we have seen their verification.

AMBROSE MERLIN'S PROPHECY WROTE ABOUT 990
YEARS SINCE.

He calls king James, the lion of righteousness; and saith, when he died, or was dead, there would reign a noble white king; this was Charles I. The prophet discovers all his troubles, his flying up and down, his imprisonment, his death; and calls him Aquila.

What concerns Charles II is the subject of our discourse : in the Latin copy it is thus :

Deinde ab austro veniet cum sole super ligneos equos, et super spumantem inundationem maris, Pullus Aquilæ navigans in Britanniam.

Et applicans statim tunc altam domum Aquilæ sitiens, et cito aliam sitiet.

Deinde Pullus Aquilæ nidificabit in summa rupe totius Britannicæ : nec juvenis occidet, nec ad senem vivet.

This, in an old copy, is Englished thus :

“ After then, shall come through the south with the sun, on horse of tree, and upon all waves of the sea, the chicken of the eagle, sailing into Britain, and arriving anon to the house of the eagle, he shall shew fellowship to them beasts.

“ After, the chicken of the eagle shall nestle in the highest rock of all Britain : nay, he shall nought be slain young ; nay, he nought come old.”

Another Latin copy renders the last verse thus :

Deindè Pullus Aquilæ nidificabit in summo rupium, nec juvenis occidetur, nec ad senium perveniet. There is after this, *percificato regno omnes occidet* ; which is intended of those persons put to death, that sat as judges upon his father's death.

THE VERIFICATION.

His majesty being in the low countries when the lord general had restored the secluded members, the parliament sent part of the royal navy to bring him for England, which they did in May 1660. Holland is east from England, so he came with the sun ; but he landed at Dover, a port in the south part of England. Wooden-horses, are the English ships.

Tunc nidificabit in summo rupium.

The lord general, and most of the gentry in England, met him in Kent, and brought him unto London, then to White-hall.

Here, by the highest rooch, (some write rock,) is intended London, being the metropolis of all England.

Since which time, unto this very day I write this

story, he hath reigned in England, and long may he do hereafter. 10th December, 1667.

Had I leisure, I might verify the whole preceding part concerning king Charles. Much of the verification thereof is mentioned in my "Collection of Prophecies," printed 1645. But his majesty being then alive, I forbore much of that subject, not willing to give offence. I dedicated that book unto him; and, in the conclusion thereof, I advised his return unto parliament, with these words, *Fac hoc et vives*.

There was also a "Prophecy" printed 1588, in Greek characters, exactly decyphering the long troubles the English nation had from 1641 until 1660; and then it ended thus:

"And after that shall come a dreadful dead man, and with him a royal g." [it is gamma in the Greek, intending C. in the Latin, being the third letter in the alphabet,] "of the best blood in the world, and he shall have the crown, and shall set England on the right way and put out all heresies."

Monkery being extinguished above eighty or ninety years, and the lord general's name being Monk, is the dead man. The royal g. or c. is Charles II who, for his extraction, may be said to be of the best blood in the world.

These two prophecies were not given vocally by the angels, but by inspection of the crystal in types and figures, or by apparition the circular way, where, at some distance, the angels appear, representing by forms, shapes, and creatures, what is demanded. It is very rare, yea, even in our days, for any operator or master to have the angels speak articulately; when they do speak, it is like the Irish, much in the throat.

What further concerns his majesty, will more fully be evident about 1672 or 1674, or, at farthest, in 1676. And now unto my own actions in 1660.

In the first place, my fee-farm rents, being of the yearly value of one hundred and twenty pounds, were all lost by his majesty's coming to his restoration; but

I do say truly, the loss thereof did never trouble me, or did I repine thereat.

In June of that year, a new parliament was called, whereunto I was unwillingly invited by two messengers of the serjeant-at-arms. The matter whereupon I was taken into custody was, to examine me concerning the person who cut off the king's head, viz. the late king's.

Sir Daniel Harvey, of Surry, got the business moved against me in great displeasure, because, at the election of new knights for Surry, I procured the whole town of Walton to stand, and give their voices for sir Richard Onslow. The committee to examine me, were Mr Prinn, one Colonel King, and Mr Richard Weston of Gray's-inn.

God's providence appeared very much for me that day, for walking in Westminster-hall, Mr Richard Pennington, son to my old friend Mr William Pennington, met me, and enquiring the cause of my being there, said no more, but walked up and down the hall, and related my kindness to his father unto very many parliament men of Cheshire and Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and those northern countries, who numerously came up into the speaker's chamber, and bade me be of good comfort: at last he meets Mr Weston, one of the three unto whom my matter was referred for examination, who told Mr Pennington that he came purposely to punish me, and would be bitter against me; but hearing it related, viz. my singular kindness and preservation of old Mr Pennington's estate to the value of six or seven thousand pounds, "I will do him all the good I can," says he. "I thought he had never done any good; let me see him, and let him stand behind me where I sit:" I did so. At my first appearance, many of the young members affronted me highly, and demanded several scurrilous questions. Mr Weston held a paper before his mouth; bade me answer nobody but Mr Prinn; I obeyed his command, and saved myself much trouble thereby; and when Mr Prinn put

any difficult or doubtful query unto me, Mr Weston prompted me with a fit answer. At last, after almost one hour's tugging, I desired to be fully heard what I could say as to the person who cut Charles I's head off. Liberty being given me to speak, I related what follows, viz.

That the next Sunday but one after Charles I was beheaded, Robert Spavin, secretary unto lieutenant-general Cromwell at that time, invited himself to dine with me, and brought Anthony Peirson, and several others, along with him to dinner: that their principal discourse all dinner-time was only, who it was that beheaded the king; one said it was the common hangman; another, Hugh Peters; others also were nominated, but none concluded. Robert Spavin, so soon as dinner was done, took me by the hand, and carried me to the south window: saith he, "These are all mistaken, they have not named the man that did the fact: it was lieutenant-colonel JOICE; I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, stood behind him when he did it; when done, went in again with him: there is no man knows this but my master, viz. Cromwell, commissary Ireton, and myself." "Doth not Mr Rushworth know it?" said I. "No, he doth not know it," saith Spavin. The same thing Spavin since had often related unto me when we were alone. Mr Prinn did, with much civility, make a report hereof in the house; yet Norfolk the serjeant, after my discharge, kept me two days longer in arrest, purposely to get money of me. He had six pounds, and his messenger forty shillings; and yet I was attached but upon Sunday, examined on Tuesday, and then discharged, though the covetous serjeant detained me until Thursday. By means of a friend, I cried quittance with Norfolk, which friend was to pay him his salary at that time, and abated Norfolk three pounds, which we spent every penny at one dinner, without inviting the wretched serjeant: but in the latter end of the year, when the king's judges were arraigned at the Old-Bailey, Norfolk warned me to attend, believing I could give informa-

tion concerning Hugh Peters. At the sessions I attended during its continuance, but was never called or examined. There I heard Harrison, Scott, Clement, Peters, Hacker, Scroop, and others of the king's judges, and Cook the solicitor, who excellently defended himself; I say, I did hear what they could say for themselves, and after heard the sentence of condemnation pronounced against them by the incomparably modest and learned judge Bridgman, now lord keeper of the great seal of England.

One would think my troubles for that year had been ended; but in January 166½, one Everard, a justice of peace in Westminster, ere I was stirring, sent a serjeant and thirty-four musqueteers for me to White-hall: he had twice that night seized about sixty persons, supposed fanaticks, very despicable persons, many whereof were aged, some were water-bearers, and had been parliament-soldiers; others, of ordinary callings: all these were guarded unto White-hall, into a large room, until day-light, and then committed to the Gate-house; I was had into the guard-room, which I thought to be hell; some therein were sleeping, others swearing, others smoaking tobacco. In the chimney of the room I believe there was two bushels of broken tobacco-pipes, almost half one load of ashes. Everard, about nine in the morning, comes, writes my mittimus for the Gate-house, then shews it me: I must be contented. I desired no other courtesy, but that I might be privately carried unto the Gate-house by two soldiers; that was denied. Among the miserable crew of people, with a whole company of soldiers, I marched to prison, and there for three hours was in the open air upon the ground, where the common house of office came down. After three hours, I was advanced from this stinking place up the stairs, where there was on one side a company of rude swearing persons: on the other side many quakers, who lovingly entertained me. As soon as I was fixed, I wrote to my old friend sir Edward Walker, garter king at arms, who presently went to Mr. Secretary Nicholas, and acquainted him with my condition,

He ordered sir Edward to write to Everard to release me, unless he had any particular information against me, which he had not. He further said, it was not his majesty's pleasure that any of his subjects should be thus had to prison without good cause shewed before. Upon receipt of sir Edward's letter, Everard discharged me, I taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. This day's work cost me thirty-seven shillings. Afterwards Everard stood to be burgess for Westminster; sent me to procure him voices. I returned answer, that of all men living he deserved no courtesy from me, nor should have any.

In this year 1660, I sued out my pardon under the broad seal of England, being so advised by good counsel, because there should be no obstruction; I passed as William Lilly, citizen and salter of London; it cost me thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence.

There happened a verification of an astrological judgment of mine in this year, 1660, which, because it was predicted sixteen years before it came to pass, and the year expressly nominated, I thought fit to mention.

In page 111 of my "Prophetical Merlin," upon three sextile aspects of Saturn and Jupiter, made in 1659 and 1660, I wrote thus—

"This their friendly salutation comforts us in England, every man now possesses his own vineyard; our young youth grow up unto man's estate, and our old men live their full years; our nobles and gentlemen root again; our yeomanry, many years disconsolated, now take pleasure in their husbandry. The merchant sends out ships, and hath prosperous returns; the mechanick hath quick trading: here is almost a new world; new laws, new lords. Now my country of England shall shed no more tears, but rejoice with and in the many blessings God gives or affords her annually."

And in the same book, page 118, over-against the year 1660, you shall find, "a bonny Scot acts his part."

The long parliament would give Charles II no other title than king of Scots.

I also wrote to sir Edward Walker, knight, garter king at arms in 1659, he then being in Holland—

Tu, Dominusque vester videbitis Angliam, infra duos annos.—For in 1662, his moon came by direction to the body of the sun.

But he came in upon the ascendant directed unto the trine of Sol and and antiscion of Jupiter.

And happy it was for the nation he did come in, and long prosperously may he reign amongst us.

In 1663 and 1664, I had a long and tedious law-suit in chancery, M. C. coming to quartile of Saturn; and the occasion of that suit, was concerning houses; and my enemy, though aged, had no beard, was really saturnine. We came unto a hearing Feb. 166 $\frac{3}{4}$, before the master of the rolls, sir Harbottle Grimston, where I had the victory, but no costs given me.

My adversary, not satisfied with that judgment, petitioned that most just and honourable man, the lord chancellor Hyde, for a re-hearing his cause before him.

It was granted, and the 13th June, 1664, my M. C. then directed to quartile of Venus and Sol. His lordship most judiciously heard it with much attention, and when my adversary's counsel had urged those depositions which they had against me, his lordship stood up, and said,

“Here is not one word against Mr Lilly.”—

I replied, “My lord, I hope I shall have costs.”

“Very good reason,” saith he; and so I had: and, at my departure out of court, put off his hat, and bid “God be with you.”

This is the month of December, 1667, wherein, by misfortune, he is much traduced and highly persecuted by his enemies; is also retired, however not in the least questioned for any indirect judgment as chancellor, in the chancery; [but in other things he hath been very foul, as in the articles drawn up by the parliament against him, it appears. Which articles I presume you have not seen, otherwise you would have been of another mind, A W] for there was never any

person sat in that place, who executed justice with more uprightness, or judgment, or quickness for dispatch, than this very noble lord. God, I hope, in mercy will preserve his person from his enemies, and in good time restore him unto all his honours again: from my soul I wish it, and hope I shall live to see it. Amen: *Fiat oh tu Deus justitiæ.*

In 1663 and 1664, I was made churchwarden of Walton upon Thames, settling as well as I could the affairs of that distracted parish, upon my own charges; and upon my leaving the place, forgave them seven pounds odd money due unto me.

In 1664, I had another law-suit with captain Colborn, lord of the manor of Esher, concerning the rights of the parish of Walton. He had newly purchased that manor, and having one hundred and fifty acres of ground, formerly park and wood ground lying in our parish, conceived, he had right of common in our parish of Walton: thereupon he puts three hundred sheep upon the common; part whereof I impounded: he replevins them, and gave me a declaration. I answered it. The trial was to be at the assizes at Kingston in April 1664. When the day of trial came, he had not one witness in his cause, I had many; whereupon upon conference, and by mediation, he gave me eleven pounds for my charges sustained in that suit, whereof I returned him back again fifty shillings: forty shillings for himself, and ten shillings for the poor of the parish he lived in.

This I did at my own cost and charges, not one parishioner joining with me. I had M. C. under quartile of Venus and Sol—both in my second, ergo, I got money by this thing, or suit. Sir Bolstrode Whitlock gave me counsel.

Now I come unto the year 1665, wherein that horrible and devouring plague so extremely raged in the city of London. Twenty-seventh of June, 1665, I retired into the country to my wife and family, where since I have wholly continued, and so intend, by permission of God I had, before I came away, very

many people of the poorer sort frequented my lodging, many whereof were so civil, as when they brought waters, viz. urines, from infected people, they would stand purposely at a distance. I ordered those infected, and not like to die, cordials, and caused them to sweat, whereby many recovered. My landlord of the house was afraid of those poor people, I nothing at all. He was desirous I should be gone. He had four children. I took them with me into the country and provided for them. Six weeks after I departed, he, his wife, and man-servant died of the plague.

In "Monarchy or no Monarchy," printed 1651, I had framed an hieroglyphic, which you may see in page the seventh, representing a great sickness and mortality; wherein you may see the representation of people in their winding-sheets, persons digging graves and sepulchres, coffins, &c. All this was performed by the more secret "Key of Astrology, or Prophetical Astrology."

In 1666, happened that miraculous conflagration in the city of London, whereby in four days, the most part thereof was consumed by fire. In my "Monarchy or no Monarchy," the next side after the coffins and pickaxes, there is a representation of a great city all in flames of fire. The memorial whereof some parliament men remembering, thought fit to send for me before that committee which then did sit, for examination of the causes of the fire; and whether there was no treachery or design in the business, his majesty being then in war both with the French and Dutch. The summons to appear before that committee was as followeth:—

"Monday, 22d October, 1666.

"At the committee appointed to inquire after the causes of the late fires:

"Ordered,

"That Mr Lilly do attend this committee on Friday next, being the 25th of October, 1666, at two of the clock in the afternoon, in the speaker's chamber; to answer such questions as shall be then and there asked him.

"ROBERT BROOKE."

By accident I was then in London, when the summons came unto me. I was timorous of committees, being ever by some of them calumniated, upbraided, scorned, and derided. However I must and did appear; and let me never forget that great affection and care yourself (Oh, most excellent and learned esquire Ashmole) shewed unto me at that time. First, your affection in going along with me all that day; secondly, your great pains and care, in speaking unto many worthy members of that committee your acquaintance, that they should befriend me, and not permit me to be affronted, or have any disgraceful language cast upon me. I must seriously acknowledge the persuasions so prevailed with those generous souls, that I conceive there was never more civility used unto any than unto myself; and you know, there were no small number of parliament men appeared, when they heard I was to be there.

Sir Robert Brooke spoke to this purpose:—

“ Mr Lilly, this committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know, if you can say any thing as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called the rather hither, because in a book of your's, long since printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphics.” Unto which I replied,

“ May it please your honours,

“ After the beheading of the late king, considering that in the three subsequent years the parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation in peace; and seeing the generality of people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, the soldiery prone to mutiny, I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make inquiry by the art I studied, what might from that time happen unto the parliament and nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgment therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof, in forms, shapes, types, hieroglyphics, &c. without any commen-

tary, that so my judgment might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only unto the wise. I herein imitating the examples of many wise philosophers who had done the like."

"Sir Robert," saith one, "Lilly is yet *sub vestibulo*."

I proceeded further. Said I, "Having found, sir, that the city of London should be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire, I framed these two hieroglyphics as represented in the book, which in effect have proved very true."

"Did you foresee the year?" said one.

"I did not," said I, "or was desirous: of that I made no scrutiny." I proceeded:—

"Now, sir, whether there was any design of burning the city, or any employed to that purpose, I must deal ingenuously with you, that since the fire, I have taken much pains in the search thereof, but cannot or could not give myself any the least satisfaction therein. I conclude, that it was the only finger of God; but what instruments he used thereunto, I am ignorant."

The committee seemed well pleased with what I spoke, and dismissed me with great civility.

Since which time no memorable action hath happened unto me, my retirement impeding all concourse unto me.

I have many things more to communicate, which I shall do, as they offer themselves to memory.

In anno 1634, and 1635, I had much familiarity with John Hegenius, doctor of physic, a Dutchman, an excellent scholar, and an able physician, not meanly versed in astrology. Unto him, for his great civility, I communicated the art of framing sigils, lamens, &c. and the use of the mosaical rods: and we did create several sigils to very good purpose. I gave him the true key thereof, viz. instructed him of their forms, characters, words, and last of all, how to give them vivification, and what number or numbers were appropriated to every planet: *Cum multis aliis in libris veterum latentibus; aut perspicuè non intellectis.*

I was well acquainted with the speculator of John a

Windor, a scrivener, sometimes living in Newbury. This Windor was club-fisted, wrote with a pen betwixt both his hands. I have seen many bonds and bills wrote by him. He was much given to debauchery, so that at some times the demons would not appear to the speculator; he would then suffumigate: sometimes, to vex the spirits, he would curse them, fumigate with contraries. Upon his examination before sir Henry Wallop, Kt., which I have seen, he said, he once visited Dr Dee in Mortlack; and out of a book that lay in the window, he copied out that call which he used, when he invocated.

It was that—which near the beginning of it hath these words,—

*Per virtutem illorum qui invocant nomen tuum,
Hermeli—mitte nobis tres angelos, &c.*

Windor had many good parts, but was a most lewd person. My master Wright knew him well, and having dealing in those parts, made use of him as a scrivener.

Oliver Withers, servant to sir H. Wallop, brought up John a Windor's examination unto London, purposely for me to peruse. This Withers was Mr Fiske's scholar three years more or less, to learn astrology of him; but being never the wiser, Fiske brought him unto me: by showing him but how to judge one figure, his eyes were opened. He made the epistle before Dr Neve's book, now in Mr Sander's hands, was very learned in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues.

Having mentioned Dr John Dee, I hold it not impertinent to speak something of him; but more especially of Edward Kelly's speculator.

Dr Dee himself was a cambro-briton, educated in the university of Oxford, there took his degree of doctor; afterwards for many years in search of the profounder studies, travelled into foreign parts: to be serious, he was queen Elizabeth's intelligencer, and had a salary

for his maintenance from the secretaries of state. He was a ready-witted man, quick of apprehension, very learned, and of great judgment in the Latin and Greek tongues. He was a very great investigator of the more secret Hermetical learning, a perfect astronomer, a curious astrologer, a serious geometrician; to speak truth, he was excellent in all kinds of learning.

With all this, he was the most ambitious person living, and most desirous of fame and renown, and was never so well pleased as when he heard himself stiled most excellent.

He was studious in chymistry, and attained to good perfection therein; but his servant, or rather companion, Kelly, out-went him, viz. about the elixir or philosopher's stone; which neither Kelly or Dee attained by their own labour and industry. It was in this manner Kelly obtained it, as I had it related from an ancient minister, who knew the certainty thereof from an old English merchant, resident in Germany, at what time both Kelly and Dee were there.

Dee and Kelly being in the confines of the emperor's dominions, in a city where resided many English merchants, with whom they had much familiarity, there happened an old friar to come to Dr Dee's lodging. Knocking at the door, Dee peeped down stairs. "Kelly," says he, "tell the old man I am not at home." Kelly did so. The friar said, "I will take another time to wait on him." Some few days after, he came again. Dee ordered Kelly, if it were the same person, to deny him again. He did so; at which the friar was very angry. "Tell thy master I came to speak with him and to do him good, because he is a great scholar and famous; but now tell him, he put forth a book, and dedicated it to the emperor: it is called 'Monas Hieroglyphicas.' He understands it not. I wrote it myself, I came to instruct him therein, and in some other more profound things. Do thou, Kelly, come along with me, I will make thee more famous than thy master Dee."

Kelly was very apprehensive of what the friar deli-

vered, and thereupon suddenly retired from Dee, and wholly applied unto the friar; and of him either had the elixir ready made, or the perfect method of its preparation and making. The poor friar lived a very short time after: whether he died a natural death, or was otherwise poisoned or made away by Kelly, the merchant, who related this, did not certainly know.

How Kelly died afterwards at Prague, you well know: he was born at Worcester, had been an apothecary. Not above thirty years since he had a sister lived in Worcester, who had some gold made by her brother's projection.

Dr Dee died at Mortlock in Surrey, very poor, enforced many times to sell some book or other to buy his dinner with, as Dr Napier of Linford, in Buckinghamshire, oft related, who knew him very well.

I have read over his book of "Conference with Spirits," and thereby perceive many weaknesses in the manage of that way of mosaical learning: but I conceive, the reason why he had not more plain resolutions, and more to the purpose, was, because Kelly was very vicious, unto whom the angels were not obedient, or willingly did declare the questions propounded; but I could give other reasons, but those are not for paper.

I was very familiar with one Sarah Skelhorn, who had been speculatrix unto one Arthur Gauntlet about Gray's-inn-lane, a very lewd fellow, professing physick. This Sarah had a perfect sight, and indeed the best eyes for that purpose I ever yet did see. Gauntlet's books, after he was dead, were sold, after I had perused them, to my scholar Humphreys: there were rare notions in them. This Sarah lived a long time, even until her death, with one Mrs Stockman in the isle of Purbeck, and died about sixteen years since. Her mistress one time, being desirous to accompany her mother, the lady Beconsfield, unto London, who lived twelve miles from her habitation, caused Sarah to inspect her crystal, to see if she, viz. her mother, was gone, yea or not: the angels appeared, and shewed her mother opening a trunk, and taking out a red waistcoat; whereby she

perceived she was not gone. Next day she went to her mother's, and there, as she entered the chamber, she was opening a trunk, and had a red waistcoat in her hand. Sarah told me oft, the angels would for some years follow her, and appear in every room of the house until she was weary of them.

This Sarah Skelhorn, her call unto the crystal began, "Oh ye good angels, only and only," &c.

Ellen Evans, daughter of my tutor Evans, her call unto the crystal was this: "*O Micol, O tu Micol, regina pigmeorum veni,*" &c.

Since I have related of the queen of fairies, I shall acquaint you, that it is not for every one, or every person, that these angelical creatures will appear unto, though they may say over the call, over and over, or indeed is it given to very many persons to endure their glorious aspects; even very many have failed just at that present when they are ready to manifest themselves; even persons otherwise of undaunted spirits and firm resolution, are herewith astonished, and tremble; as it happened not many years since with us. A very sober discreet person, of virtuous life and conversation, was beyond measure desirous to see something in this nature. He went with a friend into my Hurstwood: the queen of fairies was invocated; a gentle murmuring wind came first; after that, amongst the hedges, a smart whirlwind; by and by a strong blast of wind blew upon the face of the friend; and the queen appearing in a most illustrious glory, "No more, I beseech you," quoth the friend: "My heart fails; I am not able to endure longer." Nor was he: his black curling hair rose up, and I believe a bullrush would have beat him to the ground: he was soundly laughed at, &c.

Sir Robert Holborn, knight, brought once unto me* Gladwell of Suffolk, who had formerly had sight and

* Mr Gilbert Wakering gave him his berril when he died; it was of the largeness of a good big orange, set in silver, with a cross on the top, and another on the handle; and round about engraved the names of these angels, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel.

conference with Uriel and Raphael, but lost them both by carelessness; so that neither of them both would but rarely appear, and then presently be gone, resolving nothing. He would have given me two hundred pounds to have assisted him for their recovery, but I am no such man. Those glorious creatures, if well commanded, and well observed, do teach the master any thing he desires; *amant secreta, fugiunt aperta*. The fairies love the southern side of hills, mountains, groves. Neatness and cleanliness in apparel, a strict diet, and upright life, fervent prayers unto God, conduce much to the assistance of those who are curious in these ways.

It hath been my happiness to meet with many rarities in my time unexpectedly. I had a sister lived in the Minorities, in that very house where formerly had lived one Evans, not my tutor, but another far exceeding him in astrology, and all other occult learning, questioned for his life about 1612. I am sure it was when the present earl of Manchester's father was lord chief justice of England. He was found guilty by a peevish jury: but petitioning king James by a Greek petition, as indeed he was an excellent Grecian; "By my saul," said king James, "this man shall not die; I think he is a better Grecian than any of my bishops:" so his life was spared, &c. My sister's master, when new modelling the house, broke up a window, under which were Evans's secret manuscripts,* and two moulds in brass; one of a man, the other of a woman. I bought the moulds and book for five shillings; the secrets were wrote in an imperfect Greek character; but after I found the vowels, all the rest were presently clear enough.

You see, most worthy sir, I write freely; it is out of the sincerity of my affection, many things wrote by me having been more fit for a sepulture than a book. But—*Quo major est virorum præstantium, tui similium inopia; eo mihi charior est, et esse debet et amicitia tua:*

* From these manuscripts he gained his first knowledge.

quam quidem omnibus officiis, et studiis, quæ a summa benevolentia possunt, perpetuò colam. However, who study the curiosities before-named, if they are not very well versed in astrology, they shall rarely attain their desired ends. There was, in the late times of troubles, one Mortlack, who pretended unto speculations, had a crystal, a call of queen Mab, one of the queen of fairies; he deluded many thereby: at last I was brought into his company; he was desired to make invocation, he did so; nothing appeared, or would: three or four times in my company he was put upon to do the work, but could not; at last he said he could do nothing as long as I was in his presence. I at last shewed him his error, but left him as I found him, a pretending ignoramus.

I may seem to some to write incredibilia; be it so; but knowing unto whom, and for whose only sake, I do write them, I am much comforted therewith, well knowing you are the most knowing man in these curiosities of any now living in England; and therefore it is my hope, these will be a present well-becoming you to accept.

Præclara omnia quam difficilia sint, his præsertim temporibus, (Celeberrime armiger) non te fugit; and therefore I will acquaint you with one memorable story related unto me by Mr John Marr, an excellent mathematician and geometrician, whom I conceive you remember: he was servant to king James and Charles I.

At first, when the lord Napier, or Marchiston, made public his logarithms, Mr Briggs, then reader of the astronomy lecture at Gresham-college in London, was so surprised with admiration of them, that he could have no quietness in himself, until he had seen that noble person the lord Marchiston, whose only invention they were: he acquaints John Marr herewith, who went into Scotland before Mr Briggs, purposely to be there when these two so learned persons should meet. Mr Briggs appoints a certain day when to meet at Edinburgh: but failing thereof, the lord Napier was doubtful he would not come. It happened one day, as John

Marr and the lord Napier were speaking of Mr Briggs; "Ah, John," saith Marchiston, "Mr Briggs will not now come:" at the very instant one knocks at the gate; John Marr hasted down, and it proved Mr Briggs, to his great contentment. He brings Mr Briggs up into my lord's chamber, where almost one quarter of an hour was spent, each beholding the other almost with admiration, before one word was spoke: at last Mr Briggs began:—

"My lord, I have undertaken this long journey purposely to see your person, and to know by what engine of wit or ingenuity you came first to think of this most excellent help unto astronomy, viz. the logarithms; but, my lord, being by you found out, I wonder nobody else found it out before, when, now known, it is so easy." He was nobly entertained by the lord Napier; and every summer after that, during the lord's being alive, this venerable man, Mr Briggs, went purposely into Scotland to visit him; *tempora nunc mutantur*.

These two persons were worthy men in their time; and yet the one, viz. lord Marchiston, was a great lover of astrology, but Briggs the most satirical man against it that hath been known: but the reason hereof I conceive was, that Briggs was a severe Presbyterian, and wholly conversant with persons of that judgment; whereas the lord Marchiston was a general scholar, and deeply read in all divine and human histories: it is the same Marchiston who made that most serious and learned exposition upon the "Revelation of St John;" which is the best that ever yet appeared in the world.

SEQUEL.

THUS far proceeded Mr William Lilly in setting down the account of his life, with some other things of note. Now shall be added something more which afterwards happened during his retirement at his house at Hershams, until his death.

He left London in the year 1665, (as he hath before noted,) and betook himself to the study of physic; in which, having arrived at a competent degree of knowledge, assisted by diligent observation and practice, he desired his old friend, Mr Ashmole, to obtain of his grace Dr Seldon, then lord archbishop of Canterbury, a license for the practice of physic; which, upon application to his grace, and producing a testimonial, (October 8, 1670,) under the hands of two physicians of the college in London, on Mr Lilly's behalf, he most readily granted in the manner following, viz.

“Gilbertus, providentia divina Cantuariensis archiepiscopus, totius Angliæ primus et metropolitanus, dilecto nobis in Christo Gulielmo Lilly, in medicinis professori, salutem, gratiam, et benedictionem. Cum ex fide digna relatione acceperimus te in arte sive facultate medicinæ per non modicum tempus versatum fuisse, multisque de salute et sanitate corporis verè desperatis (Deo Omnipotente adjuvante) subvenisse, eosque sanasse, nec non in arte predicta multorum peritorum laudabili testimonio pro experientia, fidelitate, diligentia, et industria tuis circa curas quas susceperis peragendas in hujusmodi arte medicinæ meritò commendatum esse, ad practicandum igitur et exercendum dictam artem medicinæ in et per totam provinciam nostram Cant' (civitate Lond' et

circuito septem milliarum eidem prox' adjacen' tantummodo exceptis) ex causis prædictis et aliis nos in hac per te justè moventibus, præstito prinitus per te juramento de agnoscendo regiam suprema potestatem in causis ecclesiasticis et temporalibus ac de renunciando, refutando, et recusando omni et omnimodæ jurisdictioni, potestati, authoritati, et superioritati, foraneis juxta vim, formam, et effectum statui parliamentih ujus inclyti regni Angliæ in ea parte editi et provisi, quantum nobis per statuta hujus regni Angliæ liceat, et non aliter neque alio modo, te admittimus et approbamus, tibi que licentiam et facultatem nostras in hâc parte, tenore præsentium, quamdiu te benè et laudabiliter gesseris, benignè concedimus et elargimur. In cujus rei testimonium sigillum (quo in hâc parte utimur) præsentibus apponi fecimus. Dat. undecimo die mensis Octobris, anno Domini 1670, nostræque translationis anno octavo.

Sigillum



Radulph. Snowe. }
 ET } Registrarii.
 Edm. Sherman. }

S. Rich. Lloyd, Sur.

“ Vicarii in Spiritualibus Generalis
 per Provinciam Cantuariensem.”

Hereupon he began to practise more openly, and with good success; and every Saturday rode to Kingston, where the poorer sort flocked to him from several parts, and received much benefit by his advice and prescriptions, which he gave them freely and without money. From those that were more able he now and then received a shilling, and sometimes a half-crown, if they offered it to him; otherwise he demanded nothing; and in truth his charity towards poor people was very great, no less than the care and pains he took in considering and weighing their particular cases, and

applying proper remedies to their infirmities; which gained him extraordinary credit and estimation.

He was of a strong constitution, and continued generally in good health till the 16th of August 1674, when a violent humour discovered itself in red spots all over his body, with little pushes in his head. This, in the winter [18 December] following, was seconded by a distemper whereof he fell sick, and was let blood in the left foot, a little above the ancle.

The 20th of December following, a humour descended from his head to his left side, from eight o'clock at night till the next morning; and then staying a while in the calf of his leg, at length descended towards his toes, the anguish whereof put him into a fever. This humour fixed in two places on the top of his left foot (one in that where he was let blood two days before) which (upon application of pledgets) growing ripe, they were [28 Dec.] lanced by Mr Agar of Kingston, his apothecary (and no less a skilful surgeon); after which he began to be at ease, his fever abated, and within five months the cure was perfected.

The 7th of November, 1675, he was taken with a violent fit of vomiting for some hours, to which a fever succeeded, that continued four months; this brought his body exceeding low, together with a dimness in his eyes, which after occasioned him to make use of Mr Henry Coley as his amanuensis, to transcribe (from his dictates) his astrological judgments for the year 1677; but the monthly observations for that year were written with his own hand sometime before, though by this time he was grown very dim-sighted. His judgments and observations for the succeeding years, till his death, (so also for the year 1682,) were all composed by his directions, Mr Coley coming to Hersham the beginning of every summer, and stayed there till, by conference with him, he had dispatched them for the press; to whom, at these opportunities, he communicated his way of judgment, and other astrological arcana.

In the beginning of the year 1681, he had a flux, which weakened him much; yet after some time his

strength increased; but now his sight was wholly taken from him, not having any glimmering as formerly.

He had dwelt many years at Hersham, where his charity and kindness to his poor neighbours was always great and hearty; and the 30th of May 1681, towards the evening, a dead palsy began to seize his left side. The second of June, towards evening, he took his bed, and then his tongue began to falter. The next day he became very dull and heavy; sometimes his senses began to fail him. Henceforward he took little or nothing; for his larynx swelled, and that impeded his swallowing.

The fourth of June, Mr Ashmole went to visit him, and found he knew him, but spake little, and some of that scarce intelligible; for the palsy began now to seize upon his tongue.

The eighth of June, he lay in a great agony, insomuch that the sweat followed drop after drop, which he bore with wonderful courage and patience (as indeed he did all his sickness) without any shew of trouble or pangs. Immediately before his breath went from him, he sneezed three times.

He had often, in his life-time, desired Mr Ashmole to take care of his funeral; and now his widow desired the same: whereupon Mr Ashmole obtained leave from sir Mathew Andrews (who had the parsonage of Walton) to bury him in the chancel of that church.

The 10th of June, his corse was brought thither, and received by the minister (in his surplice) at the Litch Gates; who, passing before the body into the church, read the first part of the "Office for the Burial of the Dead." In the reading desk he said all the evening service, and after performed the rest of the office (as established by law) in the chancel, at the interment, which was about eight o'clock in the evening, on the left side of the communion table, Mr. Ashmole assisting at the laying him in his grave; whereupon afterwards [9 July 1681] he placed a fair black marble stone, which cost him six pounds four shillings and six-pence, with this inscription following:

Ne Oblivione conteretur Urna
GULIELMI LILLII

ASTROLOGI PERITISSIMI,
QUI FATIS CESSIT

Quinto Idus Junii Anno Christi Juliano
MDCLXXXI.

Hoc illi posuit amoris Monumentum
ELIAS ASHMOLE,
ARMIGER.

Shortly after his death, Mr Ashmole bought his library of books of Mrs Ruth Lilly, (his widow and executrix,) for fifty pounds. He oft times, in his life-time, expressed, that if Mr Ashmole would give that sum, he should have them.

The following epitaphs (Latin and English) were made by George Smalridge, then a scholar at Westminster, afterwards student of Christ-church in Oxford.

*In mortem viri doctissimi Domini GULIELMI LILLY,
astrologi, nuper defuncti.*

Occidit atque suis annalibus addidit atram
Astrologus, quâ non tristior ulla, diem
Pone triumphales, lugubris luna, quadrigas;
Sol mæstum piceâ nube reconde caput.
Illum, qui phœbi scripsit, phœbesq; labores
Eclipsin docuit stella maligna pati.
Invidia astrorum cecidit, qui sidera rexit
Tanta erat in notas scandere cura domos.
Quod vidit, visum cupiit, potiturq; cupito
Cælo, et sidereo fulget in orbe decus.
Scilicet hoc nobis prædixit ab ane cometa,
Et fati emicuit nuncia stella tui
Fallentem vidi faciem gemuiq; videndo
Illa fuit vati mortis imago suo,
Civilis timere alii primordia belli
Jejunam metuit plebs stupefata famem
Non tantos tulerat bellumve famesve dolores:
Auspiciis essent hæc relevanda tuis.
In cautam subitus plebem nunc opprimat ensis,
Securos fati mors violenta trahat.
Nemo est qui videat moneatq; avertere fatum,
Ars jacet in Domini funera mersa sui
Solus naturæ reservare arcana solebat,
Solus et ambigui solvere jura poti.

Lustrâsti erantes benè finâ mente planeta
 Conspectum latuit stellata nulla tuum
 Defessos oculos pensârunt lumina mentis
 Firesias oculis, mentibus Argus eras.
 Cernere, firesia, poterâs ventura, sed, Arge,
 In fatum haud poterâs sat vigil esse tuum
 Sed vivit nomen semper cum sole vigebit,
 Immemor astrologi non erit ulla dies
 Sæcla canent laudes, quas si percurrere cones,
 Arte opus est, stellas quâ numerare soles
 Hæreat hoc carmen cinerum custodibus urnis
 Hospes quod spargens marmora rore legat.
 "Hic situs est, dignus nunquam cecidisse propheta;
 Fatorum interpres fata inopina subit.
 Versari æthereo dum vixit in orbe solebat :
 Nunc humilem jactat terra superba virum.
 Sed cælum metitur adhuc resupinus in urnâ
 Vertitur in solitos palpebra clausa polos.
 Huic busto invigilant solenni lampade musæ,
 Perpetuo nubes imbre sepulchra rigant.
 Ille oculis movit distantia sidera nostris,
 Illam amota oculis traxit ad astra Deus."

An Elegy upon the Death of WILLIAM LILLY, the Astrologer.

OUR prophet's gone ; no longer may our ears
 Be charm'd with musick of th' harmonious spheres.
 Let sun and moon withdraw, leave gloomy night
 To shew their NUNCIO's fate, who gave more light
 To th' erring world, than all the feeble rays
 Of sun or moon ; taught us to know those days
 Bright TITAN makes ; follow'd the hasty sun
 Through all his circuits ; knew th' unconstant moon,
 And more unconstant ebbings of the flood ;
 And what is most uncertain, th' factious brood,
 Flowing in civil broils : by the heavens could date
 The flux and reflux of our dubious state.
 He saw the eclipse of sun, and change of moon
 He saw, but seeing would not shun his own :
 Eclips'd he was, that he might shine more bright,
 And only chang'd to give a fuller light.
 He, having view'd the sky, and glorious train
 Of gilded stars, scorn'd longer to remain
 In earthly prisons. Could he a village love,
 Whom the twelve houses waited for above ?
 The grateful stars a heavenly mansion gave
 T' his heavenly soul ; nor could he live a slave

To mortal passions, whose immortal mind,
 Whilst here on earth, was not to earth confin'd.
 He must be gone, the stars had so decreed ;
 As he of them, so they of him, had need.
 This message 'twas the blazing comet brought ;
 I saw the pale-fac'd star, and seeing thought
 (For we could guess, but only LILLY knew)
 It did some glorious hero's fall foreshew ;
 A hero's fall'n, whose death, more than a war,
 Or fire, deserv'd a comet: th' obsequious star
 Could do no less than his sad fate unfold,
 Who had their risings, and their settings told.
 Some thought a plague, and some a famine near ;
 Some wars from France, some fires at home did fear :
 Nor did they fear too much ; scarce kinder fate,
 But plague of plagues befell th' unhappy state
 When LILLY died. Now swords may safely come
 From France or Rome; fanaticks plot at home ;
 Now an unseen and unexpected hand,
 By guidance of ill stars, may hurt our land ;
 Unsafe, because secure, there's none to show
 How England may avert the fatal blow.
 He's dead, whose death the weeping clouds deplore.
 I wish we did not owe him to that show'r
 Which long expected was, and might have still
 Expected been, had not our nation's ill
 Drawn from the heavens a sympathetic tear :
 England hath cause a second drought to fear.
 We have no second LILLY, who may die,
 And by his death may make the heavens cry.
 Then let your annals, COLEY, want this day ;
 Think every year leap-year ; or if't must stay,
 Cloath it in black ; let a sad note stand by,
 And stigmatize it to posterity.

Here follows the Copy of an Indictment filed against Mr Lilly ; for which see page 167 of his Life.

The Jurors for the lord protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, &c. upon their oaths do present, that William Lilly, late of the parish of St Clements Danes, in the county of Middlesex, gent., not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, the 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1654, at the parish aforesaid, in the county aforesaid,

wickedly, unlawfully, and deceitfully, did take upon him, the said William Lilly, by enchantment, charm, and sorcery, to tell and declare to one Anne East, the wife of Alexander East, where ten waistcoats, of the value of five pounds, of the goods and chattels of the said Alexander East, then lately before lost and stolen from the said Alexander East, should be found and become; and two shillings and sixpence in monies numbred, of the monies of the said Alexander, from the said Anne East, then and there unlawfully and deceitfully he, the said William Lilly, did take, receive, and had, to tell and declare to her, the said Anne, where the said goods, so lost and stolen as aforesaid, should be found and become: and also that he, the said William Lilly, on the said 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1654, and divers other days and times, as well before as afterwards, at the said parish aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, unlawfully and deceitfully did take upon him, the said William Lilly, by enchantment, charm, and sorcery, to tell and declare to divers other persons, to the said jurors yet unknown, where divers goods, chattels, and things, of the said persons yet unknown, there lately before lost and stolen from the said persons yet unknown, should be found and become; and divers sums of monies, of the said persons yet unknown, then and there unlawfully and deceitfully, he the said William Lilly did take, receive, and had, to tell and declare to the said persons yet unknown, where their goods, chattels, and things, so lost and stolen, as aforesaid, should be found and become; in contempt of the laws of England, to the great damage and deceit of the said Alexander and Anne, and of the said other persons yet unknown, to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending, against the form of the statute in this case made and provided, and against the public peace &c.

Anne East,

Katherine Roberts,

Emma Spencer,

Susannah Hulinge.

Jane Gold,

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF WILLIAM LILLY.

* * * * *

* "A cunning man, hight SIDROPHEL.
 That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the moon sells ;
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair ;
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen slinks out of the way :
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
 And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd :
 When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of physician ;
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the pip ;
 When yeast and outward means do fail,
 And have no power to work on ale ;
 When butter does refuse to come,
 And love proves cross and humoursome ;
 To him with questions and with urine,
 They for discov'ry flock, or curing.

* * * * *

He had been long t'wards mathematics,
 Optics, philosophy, and staticks,
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
 And was old dog at physiology ;
 But, as a dog that turns the spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
 To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again ;
 And still he's in the self-same place,
 Where at his setting out he was :
 So, in the circle of the arts,
 Did he advance his nat'ral parts :

* *A cunning man, hight Sidrophel.*] "William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the parliament with as much certainty as the Preachers did in their sermons; and all or most part of what is ascribed to him by the Poet, the reader will find verified in his 'Letter,' (if we may believe it) wrote by himself to Elias Ashmole Esq." For further curious information respecting William Lilly, the reader may consult "Dr Grey's Notes to Hudibras," vol. ii. page 163, &c. Edition 1819, in 3 vols. 8vo.

Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat :
 For as those fowls that live in water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter :
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear,
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted,
 * * * * *

Do not our great *reformers* use
 This SIDROPHEL to forebode news ?
 To write of victories next year,
 And castles taken yet i' th' air ?
 Of battles fought at sea and ships
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse ?
 A total o'erthrow giv'n the king
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring ?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whatsoe'er the *close committee* would ?
 Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
 The moon for *fundamental laws* ?
 The ram, the bull, the goat, declare
 Against the *Book of Common Prayer* ?
 The scorpion take the *protestation*,
 And bear engage for reformation ?
 Made all the *royal stars* recant,
 Compound, and take the covenant ?"

THE END.

LONDON .
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES,
Stamford-Street.





V O L T A I R E .

Engraving from the original portrait by Jean-Baptiste Van Loo

Engraving from the original portrait by Jean-Baptiste Van Loo

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND SEQUEL,

CONDENSED FROM THE LIFE BY CONDORCET.

LONDON:—1826.

PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE,

TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

as is the portraiture therein delineated. Too meagre, and too limited in point of time, to adequately answer to its title of "Memoirs of Voltaire," it has been deemed advisable to accompany it with an introduction and sequel from his life by the marquis de Condorcet. These are condensed, but not otherwise altered from the text of the latter, than by the omission of much which, in the way of partial and temporary criticism, may be deemed extraneous, as regarding points that have been long since settled by the verdicts of the well-informed. The biography by Condorcet has been chosen for the purpose, as being most congenial with Voltaire's own production, and with the general features of his extraordinary character. Upon that character at the present time of day it is altogether unnecessary to dilate; it has taken its imperishable station. The life and labours of Voltaire form a stage in the social progress which will ever shine a conspicuous era for the consideration of the student of general history. Opinions may widely differ as to the quality of its more prominent features, but all will allow its operation upon after-times. Such being the case, the brief "Memoirs of Voltaire" by himself, although little more than a jocose sketch of a fragment of his long life, could not be omitted in the comprehensive plan of the AUTOBIOGRAPHY; although imposing the necessity of a wider deviation from the general practice, in the supply of additional information, than is likely to be required on any future occasion.

INTRODUCTION,

(CONDENSED FROM THE LIFE BY CONDORCET.)

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET, who by assuming the name of Voltaire has rendered it so famous, was born at Chatenay, on the 20th of February 1694, and was baptized at Paris, in the church of St André-des-Arcs, on the 22d of November in the same year. His excessive weakness was the cause of this delay, which, during life, occasioned doubts concerning the place and time of his birth.

The father of M. de Voltaire exercised the office of treasurer to the chamber of accounts; his mother, Marguerite d'Aumart, was of a noble family of Poitou. Their son has been reproached for having taken the name of Voltaire: that is, for having followed a custom at that time generally practised by the rich citizens and younger sons, who, leaving the family name to the heir, assumed that of a fief, or perhaps of a country house. His birth was questioned in numerous libels. His enemies, among men of literature, seemed to fear that the fashionable world would too readily sacrifice its prejudices to the pleasure found in his society, and the admiration his talents inspired, and that a man of letters should be treated with too much equality. Such reproaches did him honour; malignity does

not attack the birth of a man of literature, but from a secret consciousness, which it cannot stifle, that it is wholly unable to diminish his personal fame.

The fortune which M. Arouet, the father, enjoyed was doubly advantageous to his son; it procured him the advantages of education, without which, genius never attains those heights to which it might otherwise arise. Nor was the advantage of being born to an independent fortune less inestimable. M. de Voltaire never felt the misery of being obliged to abandon his liberty that he might procure subsistence; to subject his genius to labour, which the necessity of living enforced; nor to flatter the prejudices, or the passions, of a patron.

The young Arouet was sent to the Jesuits-college, where the sons of the first nobility, except those of the Jansenists, received their education. The professors of rhetoric, under whom he was placed, were father Porée and father Jay: the first, being a man of understanding, and of a good heart, discovered the seeds of a future greatness in his scholar; and the latter, struck with the boldness of his opinions and the independence of his mind, predicted that he would become the apostle of deism in France; both of which prophecies were verified by time.

When he left college, he again found the abbé de Châteauneuf, his godfather and the friend of his mother, an intimate at home. The abbé was intimate with Ninon de l'Enclos, whom, for her probity, her understanding, and her freedom of thought, he long had pardoned in despite of the somewhat notorious adventures of her youth. The fashionable world were pleased that she had refused the invitation of her former friend, madame de Maintenon, who had offered to invite her to court, on condition that she would become a devotee. The abbé de Châteauneuf had presented Voltaire to Ninon. Though but a boy, he already was a poet; already began to tease his Jansenist brother by his trifling epigrams, and to please himself with reciting the "Moïsade" of Rousseau.

Ninon had taken delight in the pupil of her friend, and had left him by will two thousand livres (about eighty guineas) to purchase books. Thus was he taught, by fortunate circumstances, even in infancy, and before his understanding was formed, to regard study and labours of the mind as pleasing and honourable employments.

The abbé de Châteauneuf also introduced the young Voltaire to these societies, and particularly to the company of the duke de Sully, the marquis de la Fare, the abbé Servien, the abbé de Chaulieu, and the abbé Courtin; who were often joined by the prince de Conti, and the grand prior de Vendôme.

M. Arouet imagined his son was ruined, when he was told that he wrote poetry and frequented the society of people of fashion. He wished to make him a judge, and saw him employed on a tragedy. This family quarrel ended by sending the young Voltaire to the marquis de Châteauneuf, the French ambassador in Holland.

His exile was not of long duration. Madame du Noyer, who had fled thither with her two daughters, rather to avoid her husband than from zeal for the protestant religion, was then at the Hague, where she lived by intrigues and libels, and proved from her conduct that she did not go thither in search of liberty of conscience.

M. de Voltaire became enamoured of one of her daughters; and the mother, finding that the only advantage she could gain from his attachment was that of making it public, carried her complaints to the ambassador, who forbade his young dependent to continue his visits to mademoiselle du Noyer; and sent him back to his family for having disobeyed his orders.

Madame du Noyer failed not to print this story with the letters of the young Arouet to her daughter, hoping that this already well-known name would promote the sale of her book; and vaunted of her maternal severity and delicacy in the very libel in which she proclaimed her daughter's dishonour.

The youth, when returned to Paris, soon forgot his love ; but he had afterward the good fortune to be of service to mademoiselle du Noyer, when she had married the baron de Vinterfeld.

His father, however, finding him persist in writing poetry, and living at large, forbade him his house. The most submissive letters made no impression on him ; the son even asked permission to go to America, provided that before his departure he might but be permitted to kneel at his feet ; but there was no choice, he must determine not to depart for America, but to bind himself to an attorney. He did not here remain long ; M. de Caumartin, the friend of M. Arouet, pitied the fate of his son, and requested permission to take him to St. Ange ; where, removed from those societies which alarmed paternal affection, he might reflect on, and make choice of a profession. Here he met with Caumartin, the elder, a respectable old man, who was passionately fond of Henry IV and Sully, at that time too much forgotten by the nation. Caumartin had been intimate with the best informed men of the reign of Louis XIV and was acquainted with the most secret anecdotes, such as they really happened. These he took a pleasure to recount, and Voltaire returned from St. Ange, occupied by the project of writing an epic poem, of which Henry IV should be the hero, and ardently desirous of studying the history of France. To this journey are we indebted for the "Henriade," and the age of Louis XIV.

The death of this monarch was recent ; the people, of whom he long had been the idol, the very people who had pardoned his profusion, his wars, and his despotism, and had applauded his persecution of the protestants, insulted his memory by testifying indecent joy. A bull, obtained from Rome against a book of devotion, had occasioned the Parisians to forget that glory of which they so long had been enamoured. Satires on the memory of Louis the Great were as numerous as eulogies had been during his life. Voltaire being accused of having written one of these satires,

was sent to the Bastile. The poem ended with the following line :

*J'ai vu ces maux, et je n'ai pas vingt ans.**

Voltaire was then upwards of two and twenty, and the police took this conformity of age to be proof sufficient to deprive him of his liberty.

It was in the Bastile that the young poet sketched his poem of the "League," corrected his tragedy of "Ædipus," which he had begun long before, and wrote some merry verses on the misfortune of being there a prisoner. The regent, duke of Orleans, being informed of his innocence, restored him to freedom, and granted him a recompense.

"I thank your royal highness," said Voltaire, "for having provided me with food; but I hope you will not hereafter trouble yourself concerning my lodging."

The tragedy of "Ædipus" was performed in 1718. The author had hitherto been known only by his fugitive pieces, by some epistles which breathed the spirit of Chaulieu, but written more correctly, and by an ode which had vainly contended for the prize bestowed by the French academy; to this a ridiculous piece written by the abbé du Jarri had been preferred. The theme proposed by the academy was the decoration of the altar of Notre Dame; for Louis XIV after having reigned seventy years, recollected it was time to perform the promise of Louis XIII. Thus was the subject of the first serious poem, written by Voltaire, devotion. Possessed of native and unerring taste, he would not mingle the passion of love with a tale so horrid as that of "Ædipus;" and had been daring enough to present his piece to the theatre without having paid this tribute to custom. But it was rejected. The assembled comedians took it amiss that the author should dare to dispute their judgment. "The young man well deserves," said Dufresne, "as a punishment

* These evils have I seen, yet have not reached my twentieth year.

for his pride, that his tragedy should be played with the long vile scene which he has translated from Sophocles."

Voltaire was obliged to cede, and to insert a whole episode of love. The piece was applauded, though in despite of the episode; and the long vile scene from Sophocles ensured its success. La Motte, who was at that time the first among men of letters, said in his approbation that this tragedy gave promise of a worthy successor to Corneille and Racine; and the homage thus rendered by a rival, whose fame was established, and who had reason to fear he might see himself surpassed, must for ever do honour to the character of La Motte.

But Voltaire, proclaimed a man of genius and a philosopher to a crowd of inferior authors and fanatics of all sects, even then gained a combination of enemies, whom the rising generations of sixty years have continued to supply, and who often have molested his long and glorious career. The following celebrated lines—

*Nos prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense ;
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.**

were the first signal of a war, which not even the death of Voltaire could extinguish.

At one of the representations of "Œdipus," Voltaire appeared on the stage, bearing up the train of the high priest. The marchioness de Villars asked who was that young man who wished the piece might be condemned; she was told it was the author. This thoughtless act, which spoke a man so superior to the trifling anxieties of self-love, made the marchioness desirous of his acquaintance. Voltaire, being admitted her visitor, conceived a passion for her, the first and the most serious he ever felt. He was unsuccessful; and was for a considerable time diverted from study, which had already become necessary to his existence. He never

* Our priests are not what the foolish people suppose; their whole knowledge is derived from our credulity.

afterwards mentioned this subject but with a sensation of regret, and almost of remorse.

Having freed himself from his passion, he continued the "Henriade;" and wrote the tragedy of "Artémire." The public, who had done justice to "Œdipus," was (to say the least) severe to "Artémire." This is a common consequence of success: nor is secret aversion for acknowledged superiority the only cause, though this aversion has the art to profit by a natural feeling which renders us more difficult to be pleased in proportion as we have more to hope.

This tragedy was of no other value to Voltaire than that of obtaining permission for him to return to Paris, whence he had been banished by his intimacy with the enemies of the regent, and among others with the duke de Richelieu and the famous baron de Gortz. Thus did this ambitious man, whose vast projects included all Europe, and threatened to overturn its governments, choose a young poet for his friend and almost for his confidant. Men of genius seek for, and at once know each other; they have a common language, which they alone can speak and understand.

In 1722, Voltaire accompanied madame de Rupelmonde into Holland. He was desirous, at Brussels, of being acquainted with Jean Baptiste Rousseau, whose misfortunes he pitied, and whose poetic talent he esteemed. Voltaire consulted him on his poem on the "League;" and read his epistle to Urania to him, written for madame de Rupelmonde. This poem was the first monument of his freedom of thinking, and of his talent of treating on moral and metaphysical subjects in verse, and of rendering them popular.

Rousseau, on his part, read an "Ode addressed to Posterity," which Voltaire, as it is pretended, then told him would never arrive at the place to which it was addressed. He likewise read the "Judgment of Pluto," which was as quickly forgotten as the ode. The two poets parted irreconcilable foes. Rousseau violently attacked Voltaire, who continued patiently to suffer during fifteen years. It is astonishing to think that

the author of so many licentious epigrams, in which the clergy were continually made the subject of ridicule and opprobrium, should seriously assign the thoughtless behaviour of Voltaire during mass and his "Epistle to Urania" as the cause of his hatred. But Rousseau had assumed the mask of devotion, which was then an honourable asylum for such as had suffered in the world's opinion: a safe and commodious asylum which philosophy, among the other evils of which it is accused, has unfortunately, for hypocrites, eternally closed.

In 1724, Voltaire presented the world with "Mariamne, which was but "Artémire" under new names, but with a less complicated and less romantic fable. It was written in the very style of Racine, and was forty times performed. In his preface, the author opposed the opinion of La Motte who, possessed of much understanding and reason, but little sensible of the charms of harmony, discovered no other merit in versification than that of difficulties overcome; nor any thing more than a formal custom, in poetry, invented to ease the memory, and to which habit alone had attributed charms. In his letters, printed at the end of "Œdipus," he had before combated the opinions of the same poet, who regarded the observance of the three unities as another prejudice.

About the same time, the "Henriade" appeared under the name of the "League:" an imperfect copy, stolen from the author, was clandestinely printed, in which there were not only parts omitted, but some vacancies were supplied.

Thus France was at length possessed of an epic poem. It must be regretted, no doubt, that Voltaire, the fables of whose tragedies are so full of action, who has made the passions speak a language so natural and so true, and who could paint them so effectually as well by analyzing their sentiments as by their sudden ebullitions, should not have displayed in the "Henriade" those talents which never before were combined in the same man to so great a degree. Yet, a subject so well known and so recent gave but little room for

the imagination of the poet. The gloomy and persecuting spirit of fanaticism, exercising itself on subaltern characters, could excite little more than horror. The chiefs of the league were animated by an ambition which hypocrisy debased. The hero of the poem, gallant, brave, and humane, but continually subject to misfortune which alighted on him alone, could interest only by his courage and his clemency. Nor was it possible that the unnatural conversion of Henry IV should form an heroic catastrophe.

But though the "Henriade" in pathos, variety, and action, be inferior to those epic poems which were then in possession of universal admiration, yet by how many new beauties was this inferiority compensated? Never was philosophy, so profound and so true, embellished by verses more sublime or more affecting. What other poem presents to us characters drawn with greater strength and dignity, and without offence to historical fact? What other contains morality more pure, humanity more enlightened, or is more free from the errors of prejudice and vulgar passion? Whether the poet causes his characters to act or speak, whether he paints the crimes of fanaticism, or the charms and the dangers of love, whether he transports his hearer to the field of battle, or into that heaven which he himself created, he is every where a philosopher, and is every where deeply intent on promoting the true interests of the human race. In the very palace of fiction, we behold truth sublimely rise, and always painted in the most splendid and purest colours.

The "Henriade," "Œdipus," and "Mariamne" had placed Voltaire much above his contemporaries; and seemed to secure a life of fame, when his repose was troubled by a fatal accident. He had returned a satirical answer to some contemptuous words which had been spoken by a courtier, who revenged himself by causing Voltaire to be insulted by his servants without endangering his personal safety. The outrage was committed at the gate of the hotel de Sully, where he had dined; nor did the duke de Sully deign to show

any resentment; being, no doubt, persuaded that the descendants of the Franks had preserved the right of life and death over the Gauls. Justice remained mute; the parliament of Paris, which had caused far less misdemeanours to be punished when committed against one of its own subalterns, imagined nothing was due to an undignified citizen, although the greatest man of literature the nation possessed, and kept silence.

Voltaire was desirous of taking those means to revenge offended honour which the manners of modern nations have authorized, but which their laws have proscribed: The Bastile, and, at the end of six months, an order to quit Paris, were the punishment of his first step. The cardinal de Fleury had not so much policy as even to denote the slightest mark of dissatisfaction against the aggressor. Thus when men are unprotected by the laws, they are punished by arbitrary power for seeking that revenge, which the want of protection renders legal, and which is prescribed as necessary to the principles of honour. We venture to believe that the rights of man will be more respected in our times, that the laws will not remain impotent from any ridiculous prejudice of birth, and that when any quarrel shall happen between two citizens no minister will deprive him who received the first offence of his freedom.

Voltaire made a secret journey to Paris, but to no effect. He there met with more than one adversary, who disposed at pleasure of judicial power and ministerial authority, and who could safely effect his ruin. He buried himself in retirement, and disdained longer to seek revenge; or, rather, revenged himself by overwhelming his enemy with the weight of his increasing fame, and forcing him to hear the name which he wished to degrade, incessantly repeated with acclamation throughout all Europe.

England was his place of refuge. Newton was no more; but his spirit was infused into his countrymen, whom he had taught to trust to experiment and calculation only in the study of nature. Locke, whose death was likewise recent, had been the first to give the

theory of the human understanding founded on experience, and to show the path which may safely be followed in metaphysical pursuits.

In France, meantime, the men of most understanding were labouring to substitute the hypothesis of Des Cartes, for the absurdities of scholastic philosophy. Any thesis, in which either the system of Copernicus or that of the Vortices was maintained, was a victory over prejudice. Innate ideas, in the eyes of the devout, were become almost an article of faith; though they had at first been supposed heretical. Malebranche, whom men imagined they understood, was the philosopher in fashion. He was supposed a freethinker, who allowed himself to regard the existence of the five propositions, in the unintelligible book of "Jansenius," as a thing in which the happiness of the human race was not concerned, or who had the temerity to read "Bayle," without the permission of a doctor in divinity.

This contrast could not but excite the enthusiasm of a man, who, like Voltaire, had from his infancy shaken off prejudice, and from this moment he felt himself called to be the destroyer of prejudice of every kind, of which his country was the slave.

The tragedy of "Brutus" was the first fruits of his journey to England.

The French theatre had not, since Cinna, breathed the haughty accents of freedom; and they had, there, been smothered by those of revenge. In "Brutus," the strength of Corneille was discovered with additional pomp and splendour, combined with that simplicity which Corneille wanted, and the uniform elegance of Racine. Never were the rights of an oppressed people displayed with greater power, eloquence, and even precision, than in the second scene of "Brutus." The fifth act is equally remarkable for its pathos. The poet has been reproached for having made love a part of a subject so awful and terrible, and particularly love, which is deficient in interest; but, had the motive of Titus been any other than love, he would have been debased, the severity of Brutus would not then have

rent the hearts of the spectators; and, had love been rendered too pathetic, it would have been to be feared that love would have destroyed the cause of liberty. It was after this piece had been acted that Fontenelle told Voltaire, "He did not think his genius proper for tragedy, and that his style was too boid, pompous, and splendid."—"If so," replied Voltaire, "I will go and read your pastorals."

He supposed, at this time, he might aspire to a place in the French academy; and he might well have been thought modest to have waited so long. But he had not so much as the honour of dividing the votes of the academicians. The fat De Bose pronounced in a dictatorial tone, that Voltaire should never be one of their dignified members.

This De Bose, whose name is now forgotten, was one of these men, who, with little mind, and not too much knowledge, obtain admission among men of rank and power, and succeed precisely because they neither have the wit to inspire fear, nor to humble the self-love of those who seek the reputation of patronizing men of letters. De Bose was become a person of importance. He exercised the office of inspector of new publications; which is a usurpation on the part of the magistrate over men of letters, to whom the avidity of the rich and the powerful have left no employments, but those whose execution requires the exertion of knowledge and talents.

After "Brutus," Voltaire wrote the "Death of Cæsar;" a subject which had previously been chosen by Shakespeare, some scenes of whom he imitated and embellished. The tragedy was not played till several years had elapsed, and then in a college; he durst not risk a piece on the stage, destitute of love and of women, and which was likewise a tragedy in three acts: for it is not the most trifling innovations which excite the least clamour among the enemies of novelty; little things necessarily impress themselves on little minds. Still, however, a bold, noble, and figurative, yet natural, style, sentiments worthy of the conqueror of the freest

people on earth, and that force and grandeur of character and deep thought, which pervade the language of these last Romans, could not but be felt by spectators capable of discovering such merit, and men whose hearts and minds were related to these great personages, as well as by those who might love history, and such young minds as in the course of education had lately been occupied by similar objects.

The "Death of Cæsar" was not allowed to be printed : the republican sentiments it contained were attributed as crimes to the author. This was a ridiculous imputation ; each character spoke his own language ; and Brutus was not more the hero than Cæsar ; the poet, treating an historical subject, drew his portraits after history, with strict impartiality. But, under the government of the cardinal de Fleury, which was at once tyrannical and pusillanimous, the language of slavery alone could appear to be innocent.

Who could, at present, suppose that the eulogy on the death of mademoiselle le Couvreur could have been made a subject of serious persecution, and have obliged Voltaire to quit the metropolis, where he knew that absence would fortunately cause all things to be forgotten, and even the frenzy of persecution ? It is a singular fatality that in a country in which the dramatic art has been carried to the highest degree of perfection, the actors, to whom the public are indebted for the noblest of their pleasures, should be condemned by religion, and shunned from the most ridiculous of prejudices.

These prejudices Voltaire strongly opposed. Indignant to behold an actress, who had long been the object of enthusiastic applause, after being carried off by a sudden and cruel death, deprived of the rites of burial, because in a state of excommunication, he loudly reproached a frivolous nation which with cowardice bent the neck under so shameful a yoke, and the pusillanimity of those people in power who peaceably suffered the memory of her, whom they had so much admired, to be thus insulted. Though nations are slow to

correct themselves, they still suffer themselves to be told of their faults with patience. But the priests, whom the parliaments would suffer to excommunicate none but wizards and players, were irritated to see a poet dare to dispute the half of their empire, and the people in power could not pardon him for having proclaimed their unworthy cowardice.

Voltaire felt that some great theatrical success could alone secure him the hearts of the public, and shield him from the attacks of fanaticism. In a country in which no popular power exists, each class has some point at which to rally, and forms itself into a species of power. A dramatic author is under the protection of those societies who resort to the theatre for amusement. The public, by applauding allusions, flatter or offend the vanity of men in office, discourage or reanimate their opponents, and cannot for this reason be openly defied. Voltaire, therefore, presented his "Eriphile," which did not effect his purpose; but, far from being discouraged by want of success, and delighted with the subject of Zaïre, he finished that tragedy in eighteen days, and it made its appearance on the stage four months after "Eriphile."

Its success surpassed his hopes. This was the first piece in which, forsaking the track of Corneille and Racine, he discovered art, style, and talents entirely his own. Never did love more true or more impassioned draw tears more sweet; never did poet before so depict the fury of jealousy in a mind so simple, so affectionate, and so generous. We love Orosmanes at the very moment he makes us shudder. With what art has the poet painted the christians whose interference disturb so sweet a union, a feeling and pious woman who has sacrificed her life and her love to her God, while the man who believes not in christianity weeps for Zaïre, whose mind is distracted by filial affection, and who is the willing victim of a superstitious prejudice which forbids her to love a man of a different sect. This is the masterpiece of art. Whoever does not believe in the Old Testament, discovers in Athalia

nothing but the school of bigotry, falsehood, and murder; but to all sects, and in all countries, "Zaïre" is the tragedy of the feeling and the innocent heart.

This tragedy was followed by that of "Adelaide de Gueschlin," which had likewise love for its subject, and in which, as in "Zaïre," French heroes and French history were recited in beautiful poetry, so as to increase the interest. But it was the patriotism of a citizen who delighted in the recollection of respected names and great events, and not the patriotism of the antechamber which has since been so applauded on the French theatre.

It is said that the success of "Adelaide" was injured by the "Temple of Taste," in which charming work Voltaire had passed sentence on the writers of the past age, and even on some of his contemporaries. Time has confirmed all his decisions, which each then appeared sacrilegious. In observing such literary intolerance, the necessity, under which every writer labours who wishes to live in peace, of respecting opinions already formed of the merit of an orator or a poet, and the fury with which the public pursues those who dare even on the most indifferent subjects to think differently from themselves, we should be tempted to imagine that man is intolerant by nature. Wit, reason, and genius cannot always guard us against this misfortune. There are few men who have not some secret idols, the worship of which they cannot calmly see destroyed.

Voltaire had, in his retirement, conceived the happy plan of bringing his nation acquainted with the philosophy, the literature, the opinions, and the sects of England; to effect which, he wrote his "Letters on the English Nation." Fontenelle was the first who made reason and philosophy speak an agreeable and inviting language: he had the art to mingle reflections, sage, delicate, and frequently profound, with the sciences. In the "Letters of Voltaire" we discover the merit of Fontenelle with more taste, simplicity, boldness, and gaiety. No rooted attachment to the errors of Des Cartes interfered to spread a shade over, and to dis-

figure, truth. He possessed the logic and pleasantry of the "Lettres Provinciales,"* but exercised them on greater subjects; nor were they injured by a varnish of monkish devotion.

This work was the era of a revolution in France; it gave rise to a taste for philosophy, and English literature; it interested us in the manners, policy, and commercial knowledge of that nation; and it brought us acquainted with the English language.

The publication of these letters excited persecution, the bitterness of which, to read them at present, could scarcely be conceived: but innate ideas were opposed in them, and our doctors of that day believed, if there were no innate ideas, there would be no sufficiently marked characters to distinguish between the souls of men and of brutes. Beside it was there maintained, after Locke, that there was no strict proof that God had not the power, if he had the will, to impart to matter the faculty of thinking. This was to infringe on the privilege of the divines, who pretended to know accurately and exactly, they and they alone, all that God has thought, and all that he could do, or has done, since, and even before, the beginning of the world.

In fine, Voltaire criticised some passages of the "Thoughts of Pascal:" a work which the Jesuits, in their own despite, were obliged to respect as much as the works of St. Augustin. It gave scandalous offence to see a poet, nay more a layman, dare to sit in judgment on Pascal. It appeared to be an attack on the only defender of the christian religion, who, among the fashionable world, had the reputation of being a great man. It was to attack religion itself: and how much would the proofs of religion be weakened, should the mathematician, Pascal, who had openly devoted himself to its defence, be convicted of having often reasoned ill.

The clergy demanded that the "Letters on the English Nation" should be suppressed; and they were so, by an

* By Pascal.

arret of council. These arrets were given, without examination, as a kind of retribution, for the subsidy which government obtained from the assemblies of the clergy: and as a reward for the facility with which they were granted, the parliament burnt the book, according to a custom formerly invented by Tiberius, and rendered ridiculous since the invention of printing. But there are certain people for whom the experience of three ages are necessary, before they can begin to perceive absurdity.

So much persecution, exercised at the very time when the miracles of the abbé Paris and those of father Girard were acting, loaded the two persecuting parties with ridicule and opprobrium. It was natural that they should unite against a man who daringly preached reason; and they went so far as to order informations to be issued against the author of the "Letters." The keeper of the seals banished Voltaire, who, being at that time absent, received early information, and avoided the people sent to conduct him to the place of his exile; rather choosing to combat at a distance, and where he could be in safety. His friends proved that he had not forfeited his promise, not to publish his "Letters" in France; and that they had made their appearance from the treachery of a book-binder. Fortunately, the keeper of the seals had more zeal for his authority than for religion, and was much more of a minister than of a devotee. The storm was hushed, and Voltaire had permission to return to Paris.

This calm was but of momentary duration. The epistle to Urania, which, till then, had been kept in secret, was printed; and Voltaire, to escape a new persecution, was obliged to disavow and attribute it to the abbé de Chaulieu, who had been dead several years. The imputation did the abbé honour as a poet, without injuring his fame as a christian.

The necessity of falsehood, in disavowing a work, is an act of extremity, alike repugnant to conscience and to dignity of character; but the crime is in the injus-

tice of those men who render such a disavowal necessary for the safety of the author.

We do not, however, disculpate Voltaire, for having attributed his work to the abbé de Chaulieu, but such an imputation is in itself indifferent, and a mere act of pleasantry; it is affording an excuse to people in power who are disposed to be indulgent without daring to confess themselves so, by the aid of which they may repel such persecutors as are over-serious in their zeal.

The indiscretion with which some of the friends of Voltaire repeated fragments from his "Maid of Orleans" was the cause of a new persecution. The keeper of the seals threatened to confine the poet in the worst and deepest of dungeons, if any part of the poem made its appearance. Remembering the long space of time during which such subaltern tyrants, inflated by momentary power, have dared to hold similar language to men who have been the glory of their country and their age, the sensations of contempt rise in us and smother those of indignation. The oppressor and the oppressed are now both in the grave; but the name of the oppressed will be borne, on the wings of fame, to future ages, and singly preserved from oblivion; while eternal shame will pursue the memory of his cowardly persecutors.

At a time when there was much conversation concerning a man who had been arrested by a supposed forged *lettre de cachet*, Voltaire asked the lieutenant of the police, Herault, what punishment would be inflicted on those who should fabricate false *lettres de cachet*.—"They will be hanged."—"That will be but doing right: let us hope the time will come when those who sign the true will be served in the same way."

Wearied by so much persecution, Voltaire thought it necessary to change his mode of life, to effect which, fortune secured him the means. The fortune which descended to him from his father and his brother was ample, and had been increased by the London edition

of the "Henriade," and fortunate speculations in the public funds. Thus, to the advantage of possessing wealth, which ascertained independence, he added that of being indebted for it to himself. The use he made of riches might prevail on envy itself to pardon him their acquirement.

Much of his wealth was expended in aiding men of letters, and in encouraging such youth as he thought discovered the seeds of genius. This, in particular, was the application he made of the trifling profits he derived from his works and his theatrical productions, when he did not make a free gift of the latter to the comedians. Yet never was author more cruelly accused of injuries done to his booksellers; but the whole swarm of literary insects were at their command, and were themselves anxious to decry the conduct of a man whose works they were conscious they could not bring into disrepute. But proofs of the falsehood of these imputations, as well as the favours heaped by Voltaire on some of his detractors, still subsist; nor can we remember these proofs without a sigh, at the misfortune of genius thus condemned to suffer, and at that shameful facility men have to credit whatever can relieve them from the necessity of admiring. Such sighs are the melancholy retribution of fame.

Having no more need, for the security of his fortune, to court patronage, solicit places, or to traffic with booksellers, Voltaire renounced all residence at the capital. Previously to the administration of cardinal de Fleury, and his journey to England, his intercourse had been among people of the first fashion. Princes and nobles, those who were at the head of affairs, people of fashion and women most in vogue, were courted by him and were equally desirous of his company. He was every where received with pleasure and welcome, but he every where inspired envy and fear. Superior, in genius, he was even more so in the wit of conversation, into which he infused whatever can render frivolity amiable, and at the same time interspersed traits of a more elevated nature. Born with the talent of humour,

his repartees were often repeated; nor was there any want of an application of the word malignant to what was no more than the decision of the understanding rendered acute by native wit.

On his return from England, he felt that in society, where men assemble from motives of vanity and self-love, he should meet but with few friends. He therefore, though he did not quarrel with such societies, frequented them less. The taste he had acquired for magnificence, grandeur, and whatever is uncommon and splendid had become habitual, and he preserved it even in retirement. By this taste his works were often embellished, and it occasionally influenced his judgment. On his return to his country, he confined himself to live familiarly with only a few friends. He had lost M. de Génonville and M. de Maisons, but he still possessed M. d'Argental, who, during his long life, preserved sensations of affection and admiration for Voltaire, and who was rewarded by his friendship and his confidence. Madame Forment and madame Cideville were likewise his friends, and the confidants of his works and his projects.

But about the time when he suffered such various persecution, friendship, still more tender, afforded him consolation and increased his love of retirement. The marchioness de Châtelet was, like him, passionately enamoured of study and fame, as well as of philosophy; but it was of that kind of philosophy which springs up in the strong and free mind. She had studied metaphysics and geometry sufficiently to analyze Leibnitz, and translate Newton. She cultivated the arts; but not undistinguishingly, not so as to prefer them to the knowledge of nature and man. Superior to prejudice, as well from strength of character as from reason, she had not the weakness to conceal how much prejudice was despised by her. Indulging in the trifling amusements of her sex, rank, and age, she yet could contemn and abandon them without regret in favour of retirement, labour, and friendship. Her superiority excited the jealousy of women and even of most of the men,

with whom she necessarily associated. Yet she could pardon their envy without an effort. Such was the friend that Voltaire selected with whom to pass his days; which were ever consecrated to works of genius, and embellished by mutual friendship.

MEMOIRS OF VOLTAIRE.

PART I.

I WAS tired of the lazy and turbulent life led at Paris, of the multitude of petit-maitres, of bad books printed with the approbation of censors and the privilege of the king, of the cabals and parties among the learned ; and of the mean arts, plagiarism, and book-making which dishonour literature. In the year 1733, I met with a young lady who happened to think nearly as I did, and who took a resolution to go with me and spend several years in the country, there to cultivate her understanding, far from the hurry and tumult of the world.

This lady was no other than the marchioness de Châtelet, who, of all the women in France, had a mind the most capable of the various branches of science. Her father, the baron de Breteuil, had taught her Latin, which she understood as perfectly as madame Dacier. She knew by rote the most beautiful passages in "Horace," "Virgil," and "Lucretius," and all the philosophical works of Cicero were familiar to her. Her inclinations were more strongly bent towards the mathematics and metaphysics than any other studies, and seldom has there been united in the same person so much

justness of discernment, and elegance of taste, with so ardent a desire of information.

Yet, notwithstanding her love of literature, she was not the less attached of the world, and those amusements which were adapted to her sex and age; she, however, determined to quit them all, and go and bury herself in an old ruinous chateau, upon the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, and situated in a barren and unhealthy soil. This old chateau she ornamented and embellished with tolerably pretty gardens; I built a gallery, and formed a very good collection of natural history: add to which, we had a library not badly furnished.

We were visited by several of the learned, who came to philosophize in our retreat: among others we had the celebrated Kœnig for two entire years, who has since died professor at the Hague, and librarian to her highness the princess of Orange. Maupertuis came also, with John Bernouilli; and there it was that Maupertuis, who was born the most jealous of all human beings, made me the object of a passion which has ever been to him exceedingly dear.

I taught English to madame de Châtelet, who, in about three months, understood it as well as I did, and read Newton, Locke, and Pope, with equal ease. She learnt Italian likewise as soon. We read all the works of Tasso and Ariosto together, so that when Algarotti came to Cirey, where he finished his "*Neutonianismo per le Dame*," (the ladies Newton,) he found her sufficiently skilful in his own language to give him some very excellent information by which he profited. Algarotti was a Venetian, the son of a very rich tradesman, and very amiable; he had travelled all over Europe, he knew a little of every thing, and gave to every thing a grace.

In this our delightful retreat we sought only instruction, and troubled not ourselves concerning what passed in the rest of the world. We long employed all our attention and powers upon Leibnitz and Newton: madame de Châtelet attached herself first to Leibnitz, and

explained one part of his system, in a book exceedingly well written, entitled "Institutions de Physique." She did not seek to decorate philosophy with ornaments to which philosophy is a stranger; such affectation never was part of her character, which was masculine and just. The properties of her style were clearness, precision, and elegance. If it be ever possible to give the semblance of truth to the ideas of Leibnitz, it will be found in that book: but at present few people trouble themselves to know how or what Leibnitz thought.

Born with a love of truth, she soon abandoned system, and applied herself to the discoveries of the great Newton; she translated his whole book on the principles of the mathematics into French; and when she had afterwards enlarged her knowledge, she added to this book, which so few people understood, an "Algebraical Commentary," which likewise is not to be understood by common readers. M. Clairaut, one of our best geometricians, has carefully reviewed this "Commentary," an edition of it was begun, and it is not to the honour of the age, that it was never finished.

At Cirey we cultivated all the arts; it was there I composed "Alzire," "Mérope," "l'Enfant Prodigue," and "Mahomet." For her use I wrote an "Essay on Universal History," from the age of Charlemagne to the present. I chose the epocha of Charlemagne, because it was the point of time at which Bossuet stopped, and because I durst not again treat a subject already handled by so great a master.

Madame de Châtelet, however, was far from satisfied with the universal history of this prelate; she thought it eloquent only, and was provoked to find that the labours of Bossuet were all wasted upon a nation so despicable as the Jewish.

After having spent six years in this retreat, in the midst of the arts and sciences, we were obliged to go to Brussels, where the family of de Châtelet had long been embroiled in a lawsuit with the family of Honsbrouk.

Here I had the good fortune to meet with a grandson

of the illustrious and unfortunate grand pensioner De Wit, who was first president of the chamber of accounts, and had one of the finest libraries in Europe, which was of great use to me in writing my "Universal History."

But I had a still superior happiness at Brussels, and which gave me infinite pleasure. I terminated the lawsuit, by an accommodation, in which the two families had been ruining each other with expenses for near sixty years, and gained two hundred and twenty thousand livres paid in ready money to the marquis de Châtelet.

While I remained at Brussels, and in the year 1740, the unpolished king of Prussia, Frederick-William, the most intolerant of all kings, and beyond contradiction the most frugal, and the richest in ready money, died at Berlin. His son, who has since gained so singular a kind of reputation, had then held a tolerably regular correspondence with me for above four years. The world never perhaps beheld a father and son who less resembled each other than these two monarchs.

The father was an absolute vandal, who thought of no other thing, during his whole reign, than amassing money, and maintaining, at the least possible expense, the finest soldiers in Europe. Never were subjects poorer, or king more rich. He bought up at a despicable price the estates of a great part of the nobility, who soon devoured the little money they got for them, above half of which returned to the royal coffers by means of the duties upon consumption. All the king's lands were farmed out to tax-gatherers, who held the double office of exciseman and judge; insomuch, that if a landed tenant did not pay this collector upon the very day appointed, he put on his judge's robe, and condemned the delinquent in double the sum. It must be observed, that if this same exciseman and judge did not pay the king by the last day of the month, the day following he was himself obliged to pay double to the king.

Did a man kill a hare or lop a tree any where near the royal domains, or commit any other peccadillo?

he was instantly condemned to pay a fine. Was a poor girl found guilty of being with child? the father or the mother, or some other of the girl's relations, were obliged to pay his majesty for the fashion.

The baroness of Kniphaussen, who at that time was the richest widow in Berlin, that is to say, she had between three and four hundred a year, was accused of having brought one of the king's subjects clandestinely into the world in the second year of her widowhood. His majesty thereupon wrote her a letter, with his own hand, wherein he informed her it was necessary, if she meant to save her honour, and preserve her character, she must immediately send him thirty thousand livres (1250*l.*) This sum she was obliged to borrow, and was ruined.

He had an ambassador at the Hague, whose name was Luisius; and certainly of all the ambassadors that appertained to royalty, he was paid the worst. This poor man, that he might be able to keep a fire, had cut down some trees in the garden of Hous-lardick, which then appertained to the royal-house of Prussia. His next despatches brought him word that the king, his gracious sovereign, had stopped, on this account, a year's salary to defray his damages, and Luisius, in a fit of despair, cut his throat with the only razor he had. An old valet, happening to come in, called assistance, and unhappily for him saved his life. I afterwards met with his excellency at the Hague, and gave him alms at a gate of the palace, which is called the Old Court, and which belonged to the king of Prussia, where this poor ambassador had lived twelve years.

Turkey, it must be confessed, is a republic, when compared to the despotism exercised by this Frederic-William.

It was by such means, only, that he could, in a reign of twenty-eight years, load the cellars of his palace at Berlin with a hundred and twenty millions of crowns (fifteen millions sterling,) all well casked up in barrels hooped with iron.

He took great pleasure in furnishing the grand apart-

ment of the palace with heavy articles of massy silver, in which the worth of the workman surpassed not the sterling of nature. He gave to the queen his wife, in charge, that is, a cabinet, the contents of which, even to the coffee-pot, were all gold.

The monarch used to walk from his palace clothed in an old blue coat, with copper buttons, half way down his thighs, and when he bought a new one, these buttons were made to serve again. It was in this dress that his majesty, armed with a huge serjeant's cane, marched forth every day to review his regiment of giants. These giants were his greatest delight, and the things for which he went to the heaviest expense.

The men who stood in the first rank of this regiment were none of them less than seven feet high, and he sent to purchase them from the farther parts of Europe to the borders of Asia. I have seen some of them since his death.

The king, his son, who loved handsome, and not gigantic men, had given those I saw to the queen, his wife, to serve in quality of Heiduques. I remember that they accompanied the old state coach, which preceded the marquis de Beauvau, who came to compliment the new king in the month of November, 1740. The late king Frederic-William, who had formerly sold all the magnificent furniture left by his father, never could find a purchaser for that enormous ungilded coach. The Heiduques, who walked on each side to support it, in case it should fall, shook hands with each other over the roof.

After Frederic-William had reviewed his giants, he used to walk through the town, and every body fled before him full speed. If he happened to meet a woman, he would demand why she stood idling her time in the streets, and exclaim, "Go—get home with you, you lazy hussy; an honest woman has no business over the threshold of her own door;" which remonstrance he would accompany with a hearty box on the ear, a kick in the groin, or a few well applied strokes on the shoulders with his cane.

The holy ministers of the gospel were treated also in exactly the same style, if they happened to take a fancy to come upon the parade.

We may easily imagine, what would be the astonishment and vexation of a vandal, like this, to find he had a son endowed with wit, grace, and good breeding; who delighted to please, was eager in the acquisition of knowledge, and who made verses, and afterwards set them to music. If he caught him with a book in his hand, he threw it into the fire; or playing on the flute, he broke his instrument; and sometimes treated his royal highness, as he treated the ladies and the preachers when he met with them on the parade.

The prince, weary of the attentions of so kind a father, determined one fine morning, in 1730, to elope, without well knowing whether he would fly to France or England. Paternal economy had deprived him of the power of travelling in the style of son and heir to a farmer-general, or even an English tradesman, and he was obliged to borrow a few hundred ducats.

Two young gentlemen, both very amiable, one named Kat, the other Keit, were to accompany him. Kat was the only son of a brave general officer, and Keit had married the daughter of the same baroness of Kniphaussen, who had paid the ten thousand crowns about the child-bearing business before mentioned. The day and hour were appointed; the father was informed of the whole affair, and the prince and his two travelling companions were all three put under an arrest.

The king believed at first, that the princess Wilhelmina, his daughter, who was afterwards married to the prince Margrave of Bareith, was concerned in the plot: and as he was remarkable for despatch in the executive branch of justice, he proceeded to kick her out of a large window, which opened from the floor to the ceiling. The queen-mother, who was present at this exploit, with great difficulty saved her, by catching hold of her petticoats at the moment she was making her leap. The princess received a contusion on her left breast, which remained with her during life, as a mark

of paternal affection, and which she did me the honour to show me.

The prince had a sort of mistress, the daughter of a schoolmaster, of the town of Brandebourg, who had settled at Potzdam. This girl played tolerably ill upon the harpsichord, and the prince accompanied her with his flute. He really imagined himself in love, but in this he was deceived; his avocation was not with the fair sex. However, as he had pretended a kind of passion, the king, his father, thought proper that the damsel should make the tour of Potzdam, conducted by the hangman, and ordered her to be whipped in presence of his son.

After he had regaled him with this diverting spectacle, he made a transfer of him to the citadel of Custring, which was situated in the midst of a marsh. Here he was shut up, without a single servant, for the space of six months, in a sort of dungeon, at the end of which time he was allowed a soldier as an attendant.

This soldier, who was young, well made, handsome, and played upon the flute, had more ways than one of amusing the royal prisoner. So many fine qualities have made his fortune; and I have since known him, at once valet de chambre and first minister, with all the insolence which two such posts may be supposed to inspire.

The prince had been some weeks in his palace at Custring, when one day an old officer, followed by four grenadiers, entered his chamber, weeping. Frederic had no doubt he was going to be made a head shorter; but the officer still in tears, ordered the grenadiers to take him to the window, and hold his head out of it, that he might be obliged to look on the execution of his friend Kat, upon a scaffold expressly built there for that purpose. He saw, stretched out his hand, and fainted. The father was present at this exhibition, as he had been at that of the girl's whipping-bout.

Keit, the other confidant, had fled into Holland, whither the king despatched his military messengers to

seize him. He escaped merely by a minute, embarked for Portugal, and there remained till the death of the most clement Frederic-William.

It was not the king's intention to have stopped there; his design was to have beheaded the prince. He considered that he had three other sons, not one of whom wrote verses, and that they were sufficient to sustain the Prussian grandeur. Measures had been already concerted to make him suffer, as the Czarovitz, eldest son to Peter the Great, had suffered before.

It is not exceedingly clear, from any known laws, human or divine, that a young man should have his head struck off because he had a wish to travel. But his majesty had found judges in Prussia, equally as learned and equitable as the Russian expounders of law. Besides that his own paternal authority, in a case of need, would at any time suffice.

The emperor Charles VI, however, pretended that the prince royal, as a prince of the empire, could not suffer condemnation but in a full diet; and sent the count de Sekendorf to the father, in order to make very serious remonstrances on that subject.

The count de Sekendorf, whom I have since known in Saxony, where he lives retired, has declared to me, it was with very great difficulty indeed, that he could prevail with the king not to behead the prince. This is the same Sekendorf who has commanded the armies of Bavaria, and of whom the prince, when he came to the throne, drew a hideous portrait, in the history of his father, which he inserted in some thirty copies of his "*Memoires de Brandenburg.*"* Who would not, after this, serve princes, and prevent tyrants from cutting off their heads?

After eighteen months' imprisonment, the solicitations of the emperor, and the tears of the queen, obtained the prince his liberty; and he immediately began to make verses, and write music more than ever. He

* I gave the Elector Palatine the copy of this work, which the king of Prussia presented to me.

read Leibnitz, and even Wolf, whom he called a compiler of trash, and devoted himself to the whole circle of sciences at once.

As the king, his father, suffered him to have very little to do with the national affairs, or as there rather, indeed, were no such affairs in a government the whole business of which was reviews, he employed his leisure in writing to those men of letters in France, who were something known in the world. These letters were some in verse, and others were treatises of metaphysics, history, and politics. He treated me as a something divine, and I him as a Solomon. Epithets cost us nothing. They have printed some of these ridiculous things in a collection of my works, and happily they have not printed the thirtieth part of them. I took the liberty to send him an exceedingly beautiful ink-stand; he had the bounty to present me with a few gew-gaws of amber, and all the wits of the Parisian coffee-houses imagined with horror that my fortune was made.

A young Courlander, named Keizerling, who was likewise a rhymer, and of course a favourite with Frederic, was despatched from the frontiers of Pomerania to us at Cirey. We prepared a feast for him, and I made a fine illumination, the lights of which composed the cipher, and the name of the prince royal, with this device, *l'Espérance du genre humain* :—"The hope of all nations."

For my own part, had I been inclined to indulge personal hopes, I had great reason so to do; for my prince always called me his dear friend, in his letters, and spoke frequently of the solid marks of friendship which he designed for me as soon as he should mount the throne.

The throne at last was mounted, while I was at Brussels, and he began his reign by sending an ambassador extraordinary to France; one Camas, who had lost an arm, formerly a French refugee, and then an officer in the Prussian army. He said that, as there was a minister from the French court at Berlin, who

had but one hand, that he might acquit himself of all obligation towards the most christian king, he had sent him an ambassador with only one arm.

Camas, as soon as he arrived safely at his inn, despatched a lad to me, whom he had created his page, to tell me that he was too much fatigued to come to my house, and therefore begged I would come to him instantly, he having the finest, greatest, and most magnificent present that ever was presented, to make me on the part of the king his master. Run—run as fast as you can, said madame de Châtelet, he has assuredly sent you the diamonds of the crown.

Away I ran, and found my ambassador, whose only baggage was a small keg of wine, tied behind his chaise, sent from the cellar of the late king by the reigning monarch, with a royal command for me to drink. I emptied myself in protestations of astonishment and gratitude for these liquid marks of his majesty's bounty, instead of the solid ones I had been taught to expect, and divided my keg with Camas.

My Solomon was then at Strasbourg; the whim had taken him while he was visiting his long and narrow land, which extends from Guelders to the Baltic ocean, that he would come incognito to view the frontiers and troops of France. This pleasure he enjoyed at Strasbourg, where he went by the name of Count du Four, a lord of Bohemia. His brother, the prince royal, who was with him, had also his travelling title; and Algarotti, who already had attached himself to him, was the only one who went unmasked.

His majesty sent me a history of his journey to Brussels, half verse, half prose, written in a taste something similar to that of Bachaumont and Chapelle; that is to say, as similar as a king of Prussia's could be supposed to be. The following are extracts from his letter.

“After these abominable roads, we were obliged to put up at still more abominable inns.

“Hungry and cold, and late at night,
Each thievish host beheld our plight;

And each, with more than frugal fist,
 (Stew'd first in most infernal mist)
 Would poison us, and after rob us,
 Happy to think how they could fob us.
 Oh times! when robbing is so common!
 Oh age! how wide from age of Roman!

“ Roads frightful, food bad, drink worse. This was not all; we met with many accidents; and to be sure our equipage must have something very odd about it, for every place we passed through they took us for outlandish animals.

“ One stares, and monarchs us believes,
 Others suspect we're civil thieves;
 Some think us late let loose from college,
 And eager all of farther knowledge,
 They croud and squint, and wish to smoke us,
 As cockneys gape at hocus-pocus.

“ The master of the post-house at Kell having assured us there was no safety without passports, and seeing we were driven to an absolute necessity of making them for ourselves, or of not entering Strasbourg, we were e'en forced to this shift, in the execution of which, the Prussian arms, which I had upon my seal, were marvellously useful. We arrived at Strasbourg, and the *Corsaire de la douane* and the *Visiteur* seemed satisfied with our proofs.

“ The rascals found themselves in clover,
 With one eye read our passports over,
 And fix'd the other on our purse,
 Determin'd we should reimburse
 Their pains, with guineas good and many;
 Thus gold, with which Jove bought Miss Danaë,
 Thus gold, with which your mighty Cæsar
 Govern'd the world with wond'rous ease, sir;
 Gold, greater far than all the noddies,
 Ycleped or either God or Goddess,
 Soon brought the scoundrels to adore us,
 And ope the gates of Strasbourg for us.”*

* Perhaps it is impossible to render the true spirit of these extracts, and others inserted in these memoirs, without appearing either stupid or extravagant; though liberties have been taken in the style, which would scarcely be justifiable in other parts of the work. T.

We may see by this letter, that he was not yet become the best of all possible poets, and that his philosophy did not look with total indifference on the metal of which his father had made such ample provision.

From Strasbourg he went to visit his territories in the Lower Germany, and sent me word he would come *incognito* to see me at Brussels. We prepared elegant apartments for him in the little chateau de Meuse, two leagues from Cleves. He informed me, he expected I should make the first advances, and accordingly I went to pay him my most profound respects.

Maupertuis, who had already formed his plan, having the mania upon him of becoming president of an academy, had presented himself, and was lodged with Algarotti and Keizerling in one of the garrets of this palace. One soldier was the only guard I found. The privy-counsellor and minister of state, Rambonet, was walking in the court-yard, blowing his fingers. He had on a pair of large, dirty, coarse ruffles, a hat all in holes, and an old judge's wig, one side of which hung into his pocket, and the other scarcely touched his shoulder. They informed me, this man was charged with a state affair of great importance, and so indeed he was.

I was conducted into his majesty's apartment, in which I found nothing but four bare walls. By the light of a wax candle, I perceived a small truckle bed, two feet and a half wide, in a closet, upon which lay a little man, wrapped up in a morning gown of blue cloth. It was his majesty, who lay sweating and shaking, beneath a beggarly coverlet, in a violent ague fit. I made my bow, and began my acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his first physician. The fit left him, and he rose, dressed himself, and sat down to table with Algarotti, Keizerling, Maupertuis, the ambassador to the states-general, and myself; where, at supper, we treated most profoundly on the immortality of the soul, natural liberty, and the "Androgynes" of Plato.

While we were thus philosophizing upon freedom, the privy-counsellor Rambonet was mounted upon a

post-horse, and riding all night towards Liege, at the gates of which he arrived the next day, where he proclaimed, with sound of trumpet, the name of the king his master, while two thousand soldiers from Vesel were laying the city of Liege under contribution. The pretext for this fine expedition was certain rights, which his majesty pretended to have over a part of the suburbs. It was to me he committed the task of drawing up the manifesto, which I performed as well as the nature of the case would let me; never suspecting that a king, with whom I supped, and who called me his friend, could possibly be in the wrong. The affair was soon brought to a conclusion, by the payment of a million of livres, which he exacted in good hard ducats; and which served to defray the expenses of his tour to Strasbourg, concerning which he complained so loudly in his poetic prose epistle.

I soon felt myself attached to him, for he had wit, an agreeable manner, and was moreover, a king; which is a circumstance of seduction hardly to be vanquished by human weakness. Generally speaking, it is the employment of men of letters to flatter kings; but in this instance, I was praised by a king, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, at the same time that I was libelled, at least once a week, by the abbé Des-Fontaines, and other doggrel poets of Paris.

Some time before the death of his father, the king of Prussia thought proper to write against the principles of Machiavel. Had Machiavel had a prince for a pupil, the very first thing he would have advised him to do, would have been so to write. The prince royal, however, was not master of so much finesse; he really meant what he wrote; but it was before he was a king, and while his father gave him no great reason to fall in love with despotic power. He praised moderation and justice with his whole soul; and in the ardour of his enthusiasm, looked upon all usurpation as an absolute crime.

This manuscript he had sent to me at Brussels, to have it corrected and printed; and I had already made

a present of it to a Dutch bookseller, one Venduren, one of the greatest knaves of his profession. I could not help feeling some remorse, at being concerned in printing this anti-Machiavellian book, at the very moment the king of Prussia, who had a hundred millions in his coffers, was robbing the poor people at Liege of another, by the hands of the privy-counsellor Rambonet.

I imagined my Solomon would not stop there. His father had left him sixty-six thousand four hundred men, all complete, and excellent troops. He was busily augmenting them, and appeared to have a vast inclination to give them employment the very first opportunity.

I represented to him, that perhaps it was not altogether prudent to print his book just at the time the world might reproach him with having violated the principles he taught; and he permitted me to stop the impression. I accordingly took a journey into Holland, purposely to do him this trifling service; but the bookseller demanded so much money, that his majesty, who was not, in the bottom of his heart, vexed to see himself in print, was better pleased to be so for nothing, than to pay for not being so.

While I was in Holland, occupied in this business, Charles VI died, in the month of October, 1740, of an indigestion, occasioned by eating champignons, which brought on an apoplexy, and this plate of champignons changed the destiny of Europe. It was presently evident, that Frederic III, king of Prussia, was not so great an enemy to Machiavel as the prince royal appeared to have been.

Although he had then conceived the project of his invasion of Silesia, he did not the less neglect to invite me to his court; but I had before given him to understand I could not come to stay with him; that I deemed it a duty to prefer friendship to ambition; that I was attached to madame de Châtelet; and that, between philosophers, I loved a lady better than a king. He approved of the liberty I took, though for his own part he did not love the ladies. I went to pay him a visit in October; and the cardinal de Fleury wrote me a

long letter, full of praises of the anti-Machiavel, and of the author, which I did not forget to let him see.

He had already assembled his troops, yet not one of his generals or ministers could penetrate into his designs. The marquis de Beauveau, who was sent to compliment him on his accession, believed he meant to declare against France, in favour of Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and daughter of Charles VI; and to support the election of Francis of Lorraine, grand duke of Tuscany, and husband of that queen, to the empire, supposing he might thence derive great advantages.

I had more reason than any person to suppose the new-crowned king of Prussia meant to espouse this party; for three months before he had sent me a political dissertation, after his manner, wherein he considered France as the natural enemy and depredator of Germany. But it was constitutional with him to do the direct contrary of what he said or wrote; not from dissimulation, but because he spoke and wrote with one kind of enthusiasm, and afterwards acted with another.

He departed on the fifteenth of December, with the quartan ague, for the conquest of Silesia, at the head of thirty thousand combatants, well disciplined, and well accoutred. As he mounted his horse, he said to the marquis de Beauveau, Maria Theresa's minister, "I am going to play your game; should the trumps fall into our hands, we will divide the winnings."

He has since that written the history of that conquest, and he showed me the whole of it. Here follows one of the curious paragraphs in the introduction to these annals, which I, in preference, carefully transcribed, as a thing unique in its kind:—

"Add to the foregoing considerations, I had troops entirely prepared to act; this, the fulness of my treasury, and the vivacity of my character, were the reasons why I made war upon Maria Theresa, queen of Bohemia and Hungary."

And a few lines after, he has these very words:—

“Ambition, interest, and a desire to make the world speak of me, vanquished all, and war was determined on.”

From the time that conquerors, or fiery spirits that would be conquerors, first were, to the present hour, I believe he is the only one who has ever done himself thus much justice. Never man, perhaps, felt reason more forcibly, or listened more attentively to his passions; but this mixture of a philosophic mind and a disorderly imagination, have ever composed his character.

It is much to be regretted that I prevailed on him to omit these passages, when I afterwards corrected his works; a confession so uncommon, should have passed down to posterity, and have served to show upon what motives the generality of wars are founded. We authors, poets, historians, and academicians declaimers, celebrate these fine exploits; but here is a monarch who performs and condemns them.

His troops had already entered Silesia, when his minister at Vienna, the baron de Gotter, made the very impolite proposal to Maria Theresa, of ceding, with a good grace, to the elector and king his master, three-fourths of that province; for which his Prussian majesty would lend her three millions of crowns, and make her husband emperor.

Maria Theresa, who at that time had neither troops, money, nor credit, was notwithstanding inflexible; she rather chose to risk the loss of all, than crouch to a prince whom she looked upon as the vassal of her ancestors, and whose life the emperor, her father, had saved. Her generals could scarcely muster twenty thousand men. Marshal Neuperg, who commanded them, forced the king of Prussia to give battle under the walls of Neisse. The Prussian cavalry was at first put to the rout by the Austrian; and the king, who was not accustomed to stand fire, fled at the first shock as far as Opelheim, twelve long leagues from the field of battle.

Maupertuis, who hoped to make his fortune in a

hurry, was in the suite of the monarch this campaign, imagining that the king would at least find him a horse; but this was not the royal custom. Maupertuis bought an ass for two ducats, on the day of battle, and fled with all his might after his majesty on ass-back. This steed, however, was presently distanced, and Maupertuis was taken and stripped by the Austrian hussars.

Frederic passed the night on a truckle-bed, in a village alehouse near Ratibor, on the confines of Poland, whence he was preparing to enter the northern part of his own dominions, when one of his horsemen arrived from the camp at Molwitz, and informed him he had gained the victory. This news was confirmed a quarter of an hour after by an aide-de-camp, and was true enough.

If the Prussian cavalry was bad, the infantry was the best in Europe; it had been under the discipline of the old prince of Anhalt for thirty years. Marshal Schwerin, who commanded, was a pupil of Charles XII. He turned the fate of the day as soon as the king was fled. The next day his majesty came back to his army, and the conquering general was very near being disgraced.

I returned to philosophize in my retreat at Cirey, and passed the winter at Paris, where I had a multitude of enemies; for, having long before written the history of Charles XII, presented several successful pieces to the theatre, and composed an epic poem, I had, of course, all those who wrote either in verse or prose as persecutors; and as I had the audacity to write likewise on philosophical subjects, according to ancient usage, I was necessarily treated as an atheist by all those who are called devotees.

I was the first who had dared to unfold to my countrymen, in an intelligible style, the discoveries of the great Newton. The Cartesian prejudices, which had taken place of the prejudices of the peripatetics, were at that time so rooted in the minds of the French, that the chancellor d'Aguesseau regarded any man

whatever who should adopt discoveries made in England, as an enemy to reason and the state. He never would grant a privilege that I might have my "Elements of the Newtonian Philosophy" printed.

I was likewise a vast admirer of Locke; I considered him as the sole reasonable metaphysician. Above all, I praised that moderation so new, so prudent, and at the same time so daring, where he says, we have not sufficient knowledge to determine or affirm, by the light of reason, that God could not grant the gifts of thought and sensation to a being which we call material.

The obstinate malignity and intrepidity of ignorance, with which they attacked me on this article, cannot be conceived. The principles of Locke had never occasioned any disputes in France before, because the doctors read St. Thomas Aquinas and Quênél, and the rest of the world read romances. As soon as I had praised this author, they began to cry out against both him and me. The poor creatures, who were hottest in this dispute, certainly knew very little of either matter or spirit. The fact is, we none of us know what or how we are, except that we are convinced we have motion, life, sensation, and thought, but without having the least conception of how we came by them. The very elements of matter are as much hidden from us as the rest. We are blind creatures, that walk on, groping and reasoning in the dark; and Locke was exceedingly right when he asserted, it was not for us to determine what the Almighty could or could not do.

All this, added to the success of my theatrical productions, drew a whole library of pamphlets down upon me, in which they proved I was a bad poet, an atheist, and the son of a peasant.

A history of my life was printed, in which this genealogy was inserted.—An industrious German took care to collect all the tales of that kind, which had been crammed into the libels they had published against me. They imputed adventures to me with persons I never knew, and with others that never

existed. I have found, while writing this, a letter from the marshal de Richelieu, which informed me of an impudent lampoon, in which it was proved his wife had given me an elegant coach, with something else, at a time when he had no wife.

At first I took some pleasure in making a collection of these calumnies, but they multiplied to such a degree I was obliged to leave off. Such were the fruits I gathered from my labours: I, however, easily consoled myself; sometimes in my retreat at Cirey, and at others in mixing with the best company.

While the refuse of literature were thus making war upon me, France was doing the same upon the queen of Hungary; and it must be owned, this war was equally unjust; for after having solemnly stipulated, guaranteed, and sworn to the pragmatic sanction of the emperor Charles VI and the succession of Maria Theresa to the inheritance of her father, and after having received Lorraine as the purchase of these promises, it does not appear very consistent with the rights of nations to break an engagement so sacred. The cardinal de Fleury was persuaded out of his pacific measures; he could not say, like the king of Prussia, it was the vivacity of his temper which occasioned him to take arms. This fortunate prelate reigned when he was eighty-six years of age, but held the reins of government with a very feeble hand.

France was in alliance with the king of Prussia when he seized upon Silesia. Two armies were sent into Germany at a time when Maria Theresa had none. One of these armies had penetrated to within five leagues of Vienna, without meeting a single opponent. Bohemia was given to the elector of Bavaria, who was elected emperor also, after having been created lieutenant-general of the armies of the king of France. They soon, however, committed all the faults necessary to lose the advantages they had gained.

The king of Prussia, in the mean time, having matured his courage, and gained several victories, concluded a peace with the Austrians. Maria Theresa, to

her infinite regret, gave him up the county of Glatz with Silesia. Having, without ceremony, broke off his alliance with France on these conditions, in the month of June, 1742, he wrote me word he had put himself under a proper regimen, and should advise the other invalids to do the like.

This prince was then at the height of his power, having one hundred and thirty thousand men under his command accustomed to victory, and the cavalry of which he himself had formed. He drew twice as much from Silesia as it produced to the house of Austria, saw himself firmly seated in his new conquest, and was happy, while all the other contending powers were suffering the miseries of depredation. Princes in these times ruin themselves by war—he enriched himself.

He now turned his attention to the embellishment of the city of Berlin, where he built one of the finest operahouses in Europe, and whither he invited artists of all denominations. He wished to acquire glory of every kind, and to acquire it in the cheapest manner possible.

His father had resided at Potzdam in a vile old house; he turned it into a palace. Potzdam became a pleasant town; Berlin grew daily more extensive; and the Prussians began to taste the comforts of life, which the late king had entirely neglected. Several people had furniture in their houses, and a majority even wore shirts, while in the former reign such things were but little known. They then wore sleeves and fore-bodies only, tied on with packthread, and the reigning monarch had been so attired.

The scene changed as it were by magic; Lacedæmon became Athens; deserts were peopled; and one hundred and three villages were formed from marshes cleared and drained. Nor did he neglect to make verses, and write music: I therefore was not so exceedingly wrong in calling him the Solomon of the North. I gave him this nickname in my letters, and he continued long to bear it.

PART. II.

CARDINAL de Fleury died the 29th of February 1743, at the age of ninety. Never did man come to be prime-minister later in life, and never did prime-minister keep his place so long. He began his career of good fortune at the age of seventy-three, by being king of France; and so he continued indisputably, to the day of his death, always affecting the greatest modesty, never amassing riches, and without pomp, forming himself only to reign. He left the reputation of an artful and amiable person, rather than that of a man of genius, and was said to have known the intrigues of a court better than the affairs of Europe.

I have often seen him at the house of madame de Villeroi, when he was only the ancient bishop of the little paltry town of Frejus, of which he was always called bishop *by divine indignation*, as may be seen in some of his letters. Madame de Villeroi was an exceedingly ugly woman, whom he *repudiated* as soon as ever it was convenient. The marshal de Villeroi, her husband, who knew not the bishop had long been the lover of his lady, prevailed on Louis XIV to name him preceptor to Louis XV. From preceptor he became prime-minister, and was not backward in contributing to the exile of his benefactor. Ingratitude excepted, he was a tolerably good man; but, as he had no talents himself, he took care to drive away all those who had, of whatever kind they were.

Several of the academicians were desirous I should supply his place in the French academy. It was asked at the king's supper, who should pronounce the cardinal's funeral oration at the academy? His majesty replied, it should be I; the dutchess of Chateauroux, his mistress, would have it so; but the count de Maurepas, secretary of state, would not. He was seized with a foolish rage of quarrelling with all the mistresses of his master, and experienced the effects of his malady.

An old idiot, who was preceptor to the dauphin, formerly a Theatine monk, and afterwards bishop of Mirepoix, named Boyer, undertook, for conscience sake, to second the caprice of M. de Maurepas. This Boyer having the disposal of the church livings, the king left all the affairs of the clergy to his management. This, in his opinion, came under the head of ecclesiastical matters; and he remonstrated that it would be an offence against God, should a profane person, like me, succeed a cardinal.

I knew that M. de Maurepas instigated him to act thus; I therefore went to this minister, and told him, that though the honour of being an academician was not a very important dignity, yet, after having been appointed, it was a disagreeable thing to be excluded. You are upon ill terms with the dutchess de Chateauroux, with whom his majesty is in love, and likewise with the duke de Richelieu, by whom she is governed; but pray, my lord, what connection is there between these disputes of yours and a poor seat in the French academy? I conjure you to tell me sincerely, in case madame de Chateauroux can vanquish the bishop de Mirepoix in this contest, will you remain neuter?—He seemed to collect himself for a moment, and then replied, “No; I will crush you.”

The priest at length conquered the mistress, and I lost my seat in the academy, which did not give me much vexation; but I love to recollect this adventure; it depicts so truly the little arts of those whom we call the *great*, and shows how mere trifles are often considered by them as very important matters.

Public affairs, however, went on no better, since the death of the cardinal, than they had done during the two last years of his life. The house of Austria rose from its ashes into new life; France was pressed hard by her and by England; and we had no resource left but in the king of Prussia, who had led us into this war, and who abandoned us in our necessity. They conceived the design of sending secretly to sound the intentions of this monarch, and try if he was not in a

humour to prevent the storm, which, soon or late, must gather at Vienna, and fall upon him, after having visited us; to see therefore if he would not lend us a hundred thousand men on this occasion, and thus fix himself more firmly in the Silesian conquest.

The duke de Richelieu, and the dutchess de Chateauroux first imagined this scheme, the king adopted it, and M. Amelot, minister for foreign affairs, but in a very subaltern situation, was singly charged to hasten my departure. A pretext was wanted, and I seized that of my dispute with the old bishop of Mirepoix, which met with his majesty's approbation. I wrote to the king of Prussia, that I could no longer endure the persecutions of this Theatine monk; and that I must take refuge with a king, who was a philosopher, to escape the snare of a bishop, who was a bigot. This prelate always signed himself *l'anc*, instead of *l'ancien*, [the ancient,] bishop of Mirepoix; and his writing being very bad, we used continually to read and call him the ass of Mirepoix. It was a subject of pleasantry, and never was negotiation more gay.

The king of Prussia, who struck not with a palsied hand, when the blow was intended for the cheek of a monk, or a prelate become courtier, replied with a deluge of sarcasms upon the ass of Mirepoix, and pressed me to come.

I took great care, that both my letters and these answers should be read. It soon came to the bishop's ears, and he went to complain to his majesty, that he was laughed at for a fool in a foreign court.

The king replied that it was a settled matter, and he must let it pass without notice.

This answer has very little of the character of Louis XV in it; and, as coming from him, always appeared to me extraordinary. Thus I had, at once, the pleasure of revenging myself upon a bishop, who had excluded me from the academy, of taking a very agreeable journey, and of having an opportunity to exert myself in the service of the king and state. Even the count de Maurepas entered into this project with warmth, because

at that time he governed M. Amelot, and considered himself, in fact, as the minister for foreign affairs.

The most singular part of this business was, that we were obliged to let madame de Châtelet into the secret. There was not, in her opinion, any thing in the world so unmanly, or so abominable, as for a man to leave a woman to go and live with a king; and she would have made a most dreadful tumult, had they not agreed that, to appease her, she should be informed of the reason, and that the letters should all pass through her hands.

Whatever money I wanted for my journey was given, upon my mere receipt, by M. de Monmartel, which power I took care not to abuse. I stayed some time in Holland, while the king of Prussia was galloping from one end of his territories to the other, to be present at reviews, and my stay at the Hague was not useless. I had apartments in the palace *de la vieille cour*, which belonged at that time to the king of Prussia, in participation with the house of Orange. His envoy, the young count de Padvitz, loved, and was beloved by the lady of one of the principal persons among their high mightinesses; and he obtained from her copies of all their secret resolutions, which, at that time, were very prejudicial to the interests of France. These copies I sent to our court, and my service was found very acceptable.

When I came to Berlin, his majesty would lodge me in the palace, as he had done on my former visits. He led, at Potzdam, the life he had always led since his advancement to the throne: the manner of it deserves a description.

He rose at five in summer, and six in winter. If you wish to know the royal ceremonies, what they were on great, and what on common occasions, the functions of his high almoner, his great chamberlain, the first gentleman of his bedchamber, and his gentlemen ushers, I answer, a single lackey came to light his fire, dress, and shave him, though he partly dressed himself alone. His chamber was rather beautiful; a rich balustrade of silver, ornamented with little loves, of exceedingly good sculpture, seemed to form the alcove of the state-bed,

the curtains of which were seen ; but behind these curtains, instead of a bed there was a library ; and as to the royal bed, it was composed of a stump bedstead without sacking, but cross corded, and a slight mattress, the whole concealed by a screen. Marcus Aurelius and Julian, the two greatest men among the Roman emperors, and apostles of the stoics, lay not on a harder couch.

As soon as his majesty was dressed and booted, stoicism, for a few moments, gave place to epicurism. Two or three of his favourites entered: these were either lieutenants, ensigns, pages, heiduques, or young cadets. Coffee was brought in, and he to whom the handkerchief was thrown, remained ten minutes tête-à-tête with his majesty. Things were not carried to the last extremity, because, while prince, in his father's lifetime, he had been very ill treated for, and effectually cured of love, in his amours *de passade*.

These schoolboy sports being over, the state affairs next were considered, and his first minister came with a large bundle of papers under his arm. This first minister was a clerk, who lodged up two pair of stairs in the house of Fridesdorff, and was the soldier, now valet de chambre and favourite, who had formerly served the king at Custrin. The secretaries of state sent all the despatches to the king's clerk, who brought extracts to his majesty, and the king wrote his answer in the margin in two words. The whole affairs of the kingdom were thus expedited in an hour ; and seldom did the secretaries of state, or the ministers in office, come into his presence ; nay, there were some to whom even he had never spoken. The king, his father, had put the finances under such exact regulations, all was executed in such a military manner, and obedience was so blind, that four hundred leagues were governed with as much ease as a manor.

About eleven o'clock, the king, booted, reviewed in his garden his regiment of guards ; and at the same hour all the colonels did the like throughout the provinces, in the interval of parade and dinner-time. Tho

princes his brothers, the general officers, and one or two of his chamberlains, ate at his table, which was as well furnished as could be expected in a country where they had neither game, tolerable butcher's meat, nor poultry, and where they got all their wheat from Magdebourg.

When dinner was over he retired to his cabinet, and composed verses till five or six o'clock; a young man of the name of Darget, formerly secretary to M. de Valory, the French envoy, then came and read to him. At seven he had a little concert, at which he played the flute, and as well as the best performers. His own compositions were often among the pieces played, for there was no art he did not cultivate; and had he lived among the Greeks, he would not, like Epaminondas, have had the mortification to confess he did not understand music.

They supped in a little hall, the most singular ornament of which was a picture, the design of which he himself gave to Pene, his painter, and one of our best colourists. The subject was totally Priapian. Turtles billing, young men in the embraces of young women, nymphs beneath satyrs, cupids at lascivious sports, people fainting with desire at beholding them, and rams and goats at similar pastimes. The supper was frequently seasoned with the same kind of philosophy; and any person who had heard the discourse, and looked at this picture, would have supposed they had caught the seven sages of Greece in a brothel.

Never was there a place in the world where liberty of speech was so fully indulged, or where the various superstitions of men, were treated with so great a degree of pleasantry and contempt. God was respected, but those who in his name had imposed upon credulity, were not spared. Neither women nor priests ever entered the palace; and, in a word, Frederic lived without religion, without a council, and without a court.

Some of the provincial judges were about to burn a poor devil of a peasant, accused of an intrigue of a

shocking nature. No person, however, is executed in the Prussian dominions, till Frederic has confirmed the sentence; a most humane law, practised likewise in England, and other countries. The king wrote at the bottom of the sentence, that free liberty of opinion, and of * * * * *, were allowed throughout his territories.

A minister, near Stettin, thought this indulgence exceedingly scandalous, and let fall some expressions, in a sermon upon Herod, which glanced at the king; he was therefore summoned to appear before the consistory at Potzdam, though, in fact, there was no more a consistory at court than there was a mass. The poor man came. The king put on a band and surplice. M. d'Argens, author of the Jewish letters, and one baron de Polnitz, who had changed his religion three or four times, dressed themselves up in the same manner. A folio volume of Bayle's "Dictionary" was placed upon the table by way of a Bible, and the culprit was introduced by two grenadiers, and set before these three ministers of the gospel.

"My brother," said the king, "I demand, in the name of the most high God, who the Herod was, concerning whom you preached?" "He who slew the children," replied the simple priest. "But was this Herod the first?" said the king; "for you ought to know there have been several Herods." The priest was silent; he could not answer the question. "How!" continued the king, "have you dared to preach about Herod, and are ignorant both of him and his family? You are unworthy of the holy ministry. We shall pardon you for this time, but know we shall excommunicate you if ever you dare hereafter preach against any one whom you do not know."

They then delivered his sentence and pardon to him, signed by three ridiculous names invented on purpose. "We shall go to-morrow to Berlin," added the king, "and we will demand forgiveness for you of our brotherhood. Do not fail to come and find us out." Accordingly the priest went, and inquired for these three labourers in the gospel vineyard all over Berlin,

where he was laughed at; but the king, who had more humour than liberality, forgot to reimburse him for the expenses of his journey.

Frederic governed the church with as much despotism as the state. He pronounced the divorces himself when husband and wife wanted to pair themselves differently. A minister one day cited the Old Testament on the subject of divorces, and the king told him, "Moses managed the Jews just as he pleased; as for me, I must govern my Prussians to the best of my abilities."

This singularity of government, these manners still more singular, this contrast of stoicism and epicurianism, of severity in military discipline, and effeminacy in the interior of the palace, of pages with whom he amused himself in his closet, and of soldiers who ran the gauntlet six-and-thirty times, while the monarch beheld them through his window, under which the punishment was inflicted, of reasoning on ethics, and of unbridled licentiousness, formed, altogether, a heterogeneous picture, which, till then, few had known, and which has since spread through Europe.

The greatest economy of every kind was observed at Potzdam; the king's table, and that of his officers and domestics, were regulated at thirty-three crowns (about four guineas) a day, exclusive of wine. Instead of the officers of the crown taking charge of this expense, as at other courts, it was his valet-de-chambre Fridesdorff, who was at once his high steward, great cup-bearer, and first pantler.

Whether it was from policy or economy, I know not, but he never granted the least kindness to any of his former favourites, especially to those who had risked their lives for him when he was prince royal. He did not even pay the money he borrowed at that time. As Louis XII would not revenge the affronts of the duke d'Orleans, neither would the king of Prussia remember the debts of the prince royal.

His poor mistress, who had suffered whipping for his sake by the hands of the common hangman, was mar-

ried at Berlin to the clerk of the hackney-coach-office, for they had eighteen hackney-coaches at Berlin; and her royal lover allowed her a pension of seventy crowns (eight pounds fifteen shillings) a year. She called herself mademoiselle Saumers, and was a tall, meagre figure, very like one of the sybils, without the least appearance of meriting to be publicly whipped for a prince.

When, however, he was at Berlin, he made a great display of magnificence on public days. It was a superb spectacle for the vain, that is to say, for almost all mankind, to see him at table, surrounded with twenty princes of the empire, served in vessels of gold, the richest in Europe, by two-and-thirty pages, and as many young heiduques, all splendidly clothed, and bearing dishes of massy gold. The state officers were also employed on these occasions, though unknown at any other time.

After dinner they went to the opera at the large theatre, three hundred feet long, which had been built without an architect by one of his chamberlains, whose name was Knoberstoff. The finest voices and best dancers were engaged in his service. Barberini at that time danced at this theatre, the same who has since been married to the son of his chancellor. The king had her carried off by his soldiers from Venice, and brought even through Vienna as far as Berlin. He was a little in love with her, because she had legs like a man; but the thing most of all incomprehensible was, that he gave her a salary of thirty-two thousand livres, (above thirteen hundred pounds.) His Italian poet, who was obliged to put the operas into verse, of which the king himself gave the plan, had little more than a thirtieth part of this sum; but it ought to be remembered, he was very ugly, and could not dance. In a word, Barberini touched for her share more than any three of his ministers of state together.

As for the Italian poet, he one day took care to pay himself with his own hands, for he stript off the gold from the ornaments in an old chapel of the first king of

Prussia's; on which occasion Frederic remarked, that as he never went to the chapel he had lost nothing. Besides, he had lately written a dissertation in favour of thieves, which is printed in the collections of his academy; and he did not think proper this time to contradict his writings by his actions.

This indulgence was not extended to any military being. There was an old gentleman of Franche Comté, confined in the prison of Spandau, who was six feet high, and whom the late king for that reason had inveigled into Prussia. They promised him the place of chamberlain, and gave him that of foot soldier. This poor man soon after deserted with one of his comrades, but was taken and brought before the late king. He had the simplicity to tell him, he repented of nothing but that he had not stabbed such a tyrant; and for this answer he had his nose and ears cut off, ran the gauntlet six-and-thirty times, and was afterwards sent to wheel the barrow at Spandau. He continued this employment to the very time that M. de Valory, our envoy, pressed me to beg remission for him of the most *clement* son of the most iron-hearted Frederic-William.

His majesty had been pleased to say, it was to oblige me that he had got up an opera, full of poetical beauties, and written by the celebrated Metastasio, called "La Clemenza di Tito." The king, with the assistance of his composer, had set it to music himself. I took this opportunity to recommend the poor old Frenchman, without nose and ears, to his bounty, which I did in certain admonitory verses. The request was something daring, but one may say what one will poetically. His majesty promised remission, and some months after even had the bounty to send the poor gentleman in question to the hospital, at threepence a day, which favour he had refused to the queen, his mother; but she, in all probability, had asked only in prose.

In the midst of all these feasts, operas, and suppers, my secret negotiation went forward; the king was will-

ing I should speak on every thing, and I frequently took occasion to intermix questions concerning France and Austria with the Eneid and Roman History. The conversation was sometimes animated; the king became warm, and would tell me, that while our court was knocking at every door to procure peace, he should not think it advisable to go to war in our defence. I sent my reflections upon paper, left half blank, from my apartment to his; and he answered my daring remarks in the margin. I have this paper still, in which I have said,

Can it be doubted that the house of Austria will seize the very first opportunity to redemand Silesia? To which he answered in the margin

Ils seront reçus, biribi,
A la façon de Barbari,
Mon ami.

Then they received, my friend, shall be
After the mode of Barbary.

This new kind of negotiation finished by a discourse, in which, in one of his moments of vivacity, he made me against the king of England, his dear uncle. These two kings did not love one another. My Prussian monarch told me, "George was the uncle of Frederic, but not of the king of Prussia;" and he ended by saying, "Let France declare war against England, and I will march."

This was all I wanted. I returned instantly to France, and gave an account of my journey; with such hopes to the French ministry as had been given me at Berlin. Neither were they false, for the spring following the king of Prussia concluded a new treaty with France, and advanced into Bohemia with a hundred thousand men, while the Austrians were in Alsatia.

Had I related my adventure to any good Parisian, with the service I had done the state, he would not have made the least doubt of my having been promised an excellent place. I will tell you what was my recompense. The dutchess de Chateauroux was vexed

the negotiation had not been brought about entirely by her means ; she had likewise an inclination to have M. Amelot turned out because he stuttered, which trifling defect she found offensive, and she farther hated him because he was governed by M. de Maurepas ; he was accordingly dismissed eight days after, and I was included in his disgrace.

It happened some time after this, that Louis XV fell extremely ill at the city of Metz. This was the time for M. de Maurepas and his cabal to ruin the dutchess de Chateauroux. The bishop of Soissons, Fitz-James, son of the bastard of James II, who was thought a saint, would, in quality of grand almoner, convert the king ; and declared he would neither grant him absolution, nor suffer him to communicate, if he did not drive his mistress, with her sister the dutchess of Lauragais and their friends, from court ; and the two sisters in consequence departed, with the execrations of the people of Metz.

This action of Louis XV was the occasion that the Parisians, equally stupid with the good folks of Metz, gave him the surname of BIEN-AIME, *Well-beloved*. A fellow named Vadé first invented this title, which all the almanacs echoed. As soon as the prince recovered, he desired only to be the well-beloved of his mistress, for whom he found his affection increase ; and she was again going to undertake her ministry, when she died suddenly, in consequence of the passions into which she had been thrown by her dismissal. She was presently forgotten.

A mistress was now wanted, and the choice fell upon the demoiselle Poisson. She was the daughter of a kept woman and a countryman, who lived at La Ferté-sous-Jouare, and who had amassed some money by selling wheat to the cornfactors. This poor man at that time had absconded, having been condemned for malversation, and they had married his daughter to the under farmer-general Le Normand, lord of Etiole, and nephew of the farmer-general Le Normand, of Tourneham, who kept her mother. The daughter had been

well educated, was prudent, amiable, very graceful, had great talents, a fine understanding, and a good heart.

I was tolerably intimate with her, and was even the confidant of her amours. She confessed to me, she had always a secret fore-thought that the king would fall in love with her, and that she had always ardently wished he might, without making her wishes too apparent. This idea, which seems so chimerical for a person in her station, originated from her having been often taken to the royal hunt in the forest of Senar. Tourneham, her mother's lover, had a country-house near there, and used to take her out to air in a neat calash. His majesty had observed her, and had often sent her venison. Her mother never ceased telling her she was handsomer than madame de Chateauroux, and the good man Tourneham confirmed it in raptures. It must be owned, the daughter of madame Poisson was a morsel for majesty. After she was certain of her royal lover, she told me she was firmly persuaded of the doctrine of predestination, and she had some cause so to be. I passed several months with her at Etiole, while the king made the campaign of 1746.

I hence obtained rewards which had never been granted to my works or services. I was deemed worthy to be one of the *useless* members of the academy, was appointed historiographer of France, and created by the king one of the gentlemen in ordinary of his chamber. From this I concluded it was better, in order to make the most trifling fortune, to speak four words to a king's mistress, than to write a hundred volumes.

As soon as I had the appearance of a fortunate man, the whole brotherhood of the beaux-esprits of Paris was let loose upon me, with all the inveterate animosity which might be expected from them, against a person who obtained those benefactions which they imagined only due to their own merits.

My connection with madame de Châtelet was never interrupted; our friendship, and our love of literature, were unalterable; we lived together both in town and out of town. Cirey is situated upon the borders of

Lorraine, and king Stanislaus at that time kept his little agreeable court at Luneville. Old and fanatic as he was, he yet had a friendship with a lady who was neither. His affections were divided between madame la marquise de Boufflers, and a jesuit, whose name was Menou; a priest the most daring, the most intriguing I have ever known.

This man had drawn from king Stanislaus, by means of his queen, whom he had governed, about a million of livres, near forty-two thousand pounds, part of which were employed in building a magnificent house for himself and some jesuits of Nancy. This house was endowed with twenty-four thousand livres, or a thousand pounds a year; half of which supplied his table, and the other half was to give away to whom he pleased. The king's mistress* was not by any means so well treated; she scarcely could get from his Polish majesty wherewith to buy her petticoats; and yet the jesuit envied what she had, and was violently jealous of her power. They were at open war,† and the poor king had enough to do every day when he came from mass to reconcile his mistress and his confessor. Our jesuit at last having heard of madame de Châtelet, who was exceedingly well shaped, and still tolerably hand-

* Omit the word mistress, it is false, and insert friend. The marchioness de Boufflers was a most disinterested friend, and seldom used her interest but in the service of her friends; and the expression, *wherewith to buy her petticoats*, is not at all applicable.

† Madame de Boufflers never was at variance with father Menou, who, all-intriguing as he was, never thought of given Stanislaus madame de Châtelet for a mistress. That lady, and M. de Voltaire, never were at Luneville, except when invited by M. de B***, whom they often visited, and found very amiable; they never went as to the king of Poland. If Menou really proposed the journey to Voltaire and madame de Châtelet, it was when he was informed they were coming, and to make a merit of it with the king.

The two last notes are by M. de St. Lambert, author of a poem on the seasons.

some, conceived the project of substituting her for madame de Boufflers.

Stanislaus amused himself sometimes in writing little works, which were bad enough, and Menou imagined an authoress would succeed with him as a mistress better than any other. With this fine trick in his head he came to Cirey, cajoled madame de Châtelet, and told us how delighted king Stanislaus would be in our company. He then returned to the king, and informed him how ardently we desired to come and pay our court to his majesty. Stanislaus asked madame de Boufflers to bring us ; and we went to pass the whole year at Lunville. But the projects of the holy jesuit did not succeed ; the very reverse took place ; we were devoted to madame de Boufflers, and he had two women to combat instead of one.

The life led at the court of Lorraine was tolerably agreeable ; though there, as in other courts, there were plenty of intrigues and artifice.

Towards the end of the year, Poncet, bishop of Troyes, who was overwhelmed with debts, and whose reputation was lost, wished to come and augment our intrigues and artifice.

When I say he had lost his reputation, I mean also the reputation of his sermons and funeral orations. He obtained, through the interest of our two ladies, the place of grand-almoner to the king, who was flattered by having a bishop in his pay, and at very small wages too. This prelate did not come till 1750 : he began his career by intriguing against madame de Boufflers, his benefactress, and was dismissed. His anger alighted on Lewis XV, the son-in-law of Stanislaus : being returned to Troyes, he would needs play a part in the ridiculous farce of the confessional billets, invented by Beaumont, archbishop of Paris : he made head against the parliament, and braved the king. This was not the way to pay his debts, but to get himself imprisoned. Louis sent him into Alsace and had him shut up in a convent of fat German friars.

But I must return to what concerns myself, Ma-

dame de Châtelet died in the palace of Stanislaus, after two days' illness; and we were so affected, that not one of us ever remembered to send for priest, jesuit, or any of the seven sacraments. It was we, and not madame de Châtelet, who felt the horrors of death. The good king Stanislaus came to my chamber, and mixed his tears with mine: few of his brethren would have done so much on a like occasion. He wished me to stay at Luneville, but I could no longer support the place, and returned to Paris.

It was my destiny to run from king to king, although I loved liberty even to idolatry. The king of Prussia, whom I had frequently given to understand I would never quit madame de Châtelet for him, would absolutely entrap me, now he was rid of his rival. He enjoyed at that time a peace, which he had purchased with victory; and his leisure hours were always devoted to making verses, or writing the history of his country and campaigns. He was well convinced, that in reality his verse and prose too, were superior to my verse and prose, as to their essence; though as to the form, he thought there was a certain something, a turn, that I, in quality of academician, might give to his writings; and there was no kind of flattery, no seduction, he did not employ to engage me to come.

Who might resist a monarch, a hero, a poet, a musician, a philosopher, who pretended too to love me, and whom I thought I also loved. I set out once more for Potzdam, in the month of June 1750. Astolpho did not meet a kinder reception in the palace of Alcina. To be lodged in the same apartments that marshal Saxe had occupied; to have the royal cooks at my command, when I chose to dine alone; and the royal coachmen when I had an inclination to ride, were trifling favours.

Our suppers were very agreeable. I know not if I am deceived, but I think we had a deal of wit. The king was witty, and gave occasion to wit in others; and what is still more extraordinary, I never found myself so much at my ease. I worked two hours a

day with his majesty, corrected his works, and never failed highly to praise whatever was worthy of praise, although I rejected the dross. I gave him details of all that was necessary in rhetoric and criticism, for his use; he profited by my advice, and his genius assisted him more effectually than my lessons.

I had no court to make, no visits to pay, no duty to fulfil; I led the life of liberty, and had no conception of any thing more happy than my then situation. My Frederic-Alcina, who saw my brain was already a little disordered, redoubled the potions that I might be totally inebriated. The last seduction was a letter he wrote, and sent from his apartments to mine. A mistress could not have written more tenderly; he laboured in his epistle to dissipate the fear which his rank and character had inspired: it contained these remarkable words:

“How is it possible I should bring unhappiness on the man I esteem, who has sacrificed his country, and all that humanity holds dear, to me? I respect you as my master, and love you as my friend. What slavery, what misfortune, what change can be feared, in a place where you are esteemed as much as in your own country, and with a friend who has a grateful heart? I respected the friendship that endeared you to madame de Châtelet, but after her I am one of your oldest friends. I give you my promise you shall be happy here as long as I live.”

Here is a letter, such as few of *their majesties* write: it was the finishing glass to complete my intoxication. His wordy protestations were still stronger than his written ones. He was accustomed to very singular demonstrations of tenderness to younger favourites than I, and forgetting for a moment I was not of their age, and had not a fine hand, he seized it and imprinted a kiss; I took his, returned his salute, and signed myself his slave.

It was necessary I should get permission from the king of France to belong to two masters: the king of Prussia took charge of every thing, and wrote to ask

me of Louis. I never imagined they were shocked at Versailles, that a gentleman in ordinary of the chamber, one of the most useless beings of a court, should become a useless chamberlain at Berlin. They granted me full permission, but were highly piqued, and did not pardon me. I greatly displeased the king of France without pleasing the king of Prussia, who laughed at me in the bottom of his heart.

Behold me then with a silver key gilt with gold hanging at my button-hole, a cross round my neck, and twenty thousand livres, or eight hundred guineas a year. Maupertuis fell sick, and yet I did not perceive the occasion.

At that time there was a physician at Berlin, one La Metrie, who was the most frank and declared atheist of all the medical people of Europe. He was a gay, pleasant, thoughtless fellow, who knew the theory of physic as well as the best of his brethren, but without contradiction the worst practitioner upon earth, for which reason he had left the profession. He ridiculed the whole faculty of Paris, and had even written many personalities against individuals, which they could not pardon; and they obtained a decree against him, by which a reward was offered for his apprehension.

La Metrie had, in consequence, fled to Berlin, where he amused himself sufficiently by his gaiety, and likewise by writing and printing all that can be imagined most impudent upon manners; his books pleased the king, who made him, not his physician, but, his reader:

One day after the lecture, La Metrie, who spoke whatever came uppermost, told his majesty there were persons exceedingly jealous of my favour and fortune.—“Be quiet awhile,” said Frederic, “we squeeze the orange, and throw it away when we have swallowed the juice.”—La Metrie did not forget to repeat to me this fine apophthegm, worthy Dionysius of Syracuse. From that time I determined to take all possible care of the orange-peel. I had about twelve thousand guineas to place out at interest, but was determined it should not be in the territories of my Alcina. I found an advan-

tageous opportunity of lending them upon the estates which the duke of Wurtemberg possessed in France.

The king, who opened all my letters, did not doubt of my intention to quit his court. The furor of rhyming, however, still possessing him, as it did Dionysius. I was obliged continually to pore, and again revise his "History of Brandenburg," and all the rest of his works.

La Metrie died from having eaten a pasty stuffed with truffles, after a very hearty dinner at the table of lord Tyrconnel, envoy from England. It was pretended he had been confessed before his death. The king was exceedingly vexed at this, and took care to be exactly informed concerning the truth of the assertion; they assured him it was an atrocious calumny, for La Metrie had died as he lived, abjuring God and physicians. His majesty was convinced, and immediately composed his funeral oration, which was read, in his name, at a public sitting of the academy, by Darget his secretary. He settled five-and-twenty pounds a year likewise upon a girl of the town, whom La Metrie had brought from Paris, where he had left his wife and children.

Maupertuis, who knew the anecdote of the orange-peel, took an opportunity to spread a report that I had said the place of king's atheist was vacant. This calumny did not succeed; but he afterwards added, I had also said the king's poetry was bad; and this answered his purpose.

From this time forward I found the king's suppers were no longer so merry, I had fewer verses to correct, and my disgrace was complete.

Algarotti, Darget, and a Frenchman, whose name was Chasol, one of the king's best officers, left him all at once. I was preparing to do the same, but I wished, before I went, to enjoy the pleasure of laughing at a book Maupertuis had just printed. It was the best of opportunities, for never had any thing appeared so ridiculous or absurd. The good man seriously proposed to travel directly to the two poles; to dissect the heads of giants, and discover the nature of the soul by the

texture of the brain ; to build a city, and make the inhabitants all speak Latin ; to sink a pit to the centre of the earth ; to cure the sick, by plastering them over with gum-resin ; and, finally, to prophesy, by enthusiastically inflating the fancy.

The king laughed, I laughed, every body laughed at his book ; but there was a scene acting at that time of a far more serious nature, concerning I know not what mathematical nonsense that Maupertuis wanted to establish as discoveries. A more learned mathematician, Koëning, librarian to the princess of Orange at the Hague, showed him his mistake, and that Leibnitz, who had formerly examined that old idea, had demonstrated its falsity in several of his letters, copies of which he sent Maupertuis.

Maupertuis, president of the academy at Berlin, enraged that an associate and a stranger should prove his blunders, took care first to persuade the king that Koëning, being settled in Holland, was of course his enemy ; and next, that he had said many disrespectful things of his majesty's verse and prose to the princess of Orange.

This precaution taken, he suborned some few poor pensioners of the academy, his dependents, had Koëning condemned as a forger, and his name erased from the number of academicians. Here, however, he was anticipated, for Koëning had sent back his patent-academician-dignity to Berlin.

All the men of letters in Europe were as full of indignation at the manœuvres of Maupertuis as they were weary of his book, and he obtained the contempt and hatred even of those who did not understand the dispute. They were obliged to content themselves at Berlin with a mere shrug of the shoulders ; for the king having taken a part in this unfortunate affair, no person dared to give an opinion. I was the only one who spoke out. Koëning was my friend ; and I had at once the satisfaction to defend the liberty of the learned, the cause of a friend, and of mortifying an enemy, who was as much the enemy of moderation as of myself,

I had no intention to stay at Berlin; I had always preferred liberty to every thing; few men of letters have a proper sense of it; most of them are poor; poverty enervates, and even philosophers, at court, become as truly slaves as the first officer of the crown. I felt how displeasing my free spirit must be to a king more absolute than the grand Turk. He was a pleasant monarch, in the recesses of his palace, we must confess: he protected Maupertuis, and laughed at him more than any one. He wrote against him, and sent his manuscript to my chamber by one Marvitz, a minister of his secret pleasures; he turned to ridicule the pit to the centre of the earth, the method of cure with plaster of gum-resin, the voyage to the south pole, the latin city, and the cowardice of the academy, in having suffered the tyranny exercised upon poor Koënic. But his motto was, "No clamour when I am silent;" and he had every thing burnt that had been written upon the controversy, except his own work.

I sent him back his order, his chamberlain's key, and his pension; he then did every thing in his power to make me stay, and I every thing in my power to depart. He again gave me his cross and his key, and would have me to sup with him; I therefore once more supped like Damocles, after which I parted with a promise to return, but with a firm design never to see him more.

Thus there were four of us who had escaped in a short time, Chasol, Darget, Algarotti, and myself; in fact, there was no such thing as staying. It is well known how much must be borne from kings, but Frederic was too free in the abuse of his prerogative. All society has its laws, except the society of the lion and the lamb. Frederic continually failed in the first of these laws; which is, to say nothing disobliging of any of the company. He often used to ask his chamberlain Polnitz, if he would not willingly change his religion a fourth time, and offer to pay a hundred crowns down for his conversion. "Good God, my dear Polnitz, he would say, I have forgotten the name of that person at the Hague, whom you cheated by selling him base for pure

silver; let me beg of you to assist my memory a little." He treated poor d'Argens in much the same way; and yet these two victims remained. Polnitz having wasted his fortune, was obliged to swallow serpents for bread, and had no other food; and d'Argens had no property in the world, but his Jewish letters, and his wife, called Cochois, a bad provincial actress, and so ugly that she could get no employment at any trade, though she practised several. As for Maupertuis, who had been silly enough to place out his money at Berlin, and not thinking a hundred pistoles better in a free country than a thousand in a despotic one, he had no choice but to wear the fetters which himself had forged.

PART III.

LEAVING my palace of Alcina, I went to pass a month with the dutchess of Saxe-Gotha, the best of princesses, full of gentleness, discretion, and equanimity, and who, God be thanked, did not make verses. After that, I spent a few days at the country-house of the landgrave of Hesse, who was still a remove farther from poetry than the princess of Gotha. Thus I took breath, and thence continued, by short journies, my route to Franckfort, where a very odd kind of destiny was in reserve for me.

I fell ill at Franckfort, and one of my nieces, the widow of a captain who had belonged to the regiment of Champagne, a most amiable woman, with excellent talents, and who, moreover, was esteemed at Paris as belonging to the order of good company, had the courage to quit that city, and come to me on the Maine, where she found me a prisoner of war.

This fine adventure happened thus: one Freitag, who had been banished Dresden, after having been put in chains and condemned to the wheel-barrow, became afterwards an agent to the king of Prussia, who was glad to be served by such ministers, because they

asked no wages but what they could steal from travellers.

This ambassador, and one Schmitt, a tradesman, formerly condemned and punished for coining, signified to me, on the part of his majesty the king of Prussia, that I must not depart from Franckfort till I had given back the precious effects I had carried off from his majesty. "My very good messieurs," said I, "I have brought nothing out of that country, I can assure you, not even the least regret; what, then, are these famous jewels of the crown of Brandenburg, that you thus demand?"—"Dat it be, Montseer," answered Freitag, "*ouf dey vurks ouf poesy ouf de King mine master.*"—"Oh!" answered I, "with all my heart; he shall have his works in verse and prose, though I have more titles to them than one, for he made me a present of a fine copy, printed at his own expense; but unfortunately for me, this printed copy is at Leipsic, with my other effects."

Freitag then proposed that I should stay at Franckfort till this treasure arrived from Leipsic, and signed the following curious quittance:

Montseer, so soon as shawl dey great pack come ouf Leipsic, mit de vurks ouf poesy be given mit me, you shawl go ouf vere you do please. Given at Franckfort de vurst of June, 1753.—Freitag, Resident ouf de King mine master.

At the bottom of which I signed,—*Good, vor dey vurks ouf poesy ouf de King your master*:—With which the resident was well satisfied.

On the 12th of June the great pack of poesy came, and I faithfully remitted the sacred deposit, imagining I might then depart, without offence to any crowned head; but at the very instant when we were setting off, I, my secretary, my servants, and even my niece, were arrested. Four soldiers dragged us through the midst of the dirt, before M. Schmitt, who had I know not what right of privy-counsellor to the king of Prussia. This Franckfort trader thought himself at that moment a Prussian general; he commanded twelve

of the town guards, with all the importance and grandeur an affair of such consequence required. My niece had a passport from the king of France; and, moreover, never had corrected the king of Prussia's verses. Women are usually respected amidst the horrors of war, but the counsellor Schmitt, and the resident Freitag, endeavoured to pay their court to Frederic, by hauling one of the fair sex through the mire. They shut us up in a kind of inn, at the door of which the twelve soldiers were posted. Four others were placed in my chamber, four in the garret, where they had conducted my niece, and four in a still more wretched garret, where my secretary was laid upon straw. My niece, 'tis true, was allowed a small bed, but four soldiers, with fixed bayonets, served her instead of curtains and chamber-maids.

In vain we urged we had been invited to the court the emperor had elected at Franckfort; that my secretary was a Florentine, and a subject of his imperial majesty; that I and my niece were subjects of the most christian king; and that there was no difference between us and the margrave of Brandenburg. They informed us, that the margrave had more power at Franckfort than the emperor.

Twelve days were we held prisoners of war, for which we paid a hundred and forty crowns, or seventeen pounds ten shillings a day. The merchant Schmitt had seized on all my effects, which were given back one half lighter: one need not wish to pay dearer for the poesy of the king of Prussia. I lost about as much as it had cost him to send for me and take lessons, and we were quits at parting.

To complete the adventure, one Venduren, a bookseller at the Hague, knave by profession, and bankrupt by habit, was then retired to Franckfort. This was the man to whom I had made a present thirteen years before of Frederic's manuscript of the anti-Machiavel. One finds friends where one least expects them. He pretended that his majesty owed him some twenty ducats, for which I was responsible; he reckoned the

interest, and the interest of the interest. The sieur Frioliard, a burgomaster of Franckfort, in the then year of his reign, said, he, as a burgomaster, found the account exceedingly correct; he likewise found the means to make me disburse thirty ducats, six and twenty of which he took to himself, and gave the remaining four to the honest bookseller.

These Ostrogothian and Vandalian affairs being all thus satisfactorily ended, I embraced my hosts, thanked them for their kind reception, and departed.

Some time after I went to drink the waters of Plombieres, and with them drank heartily of the waters of Lethe, from a thorough persuasion, that misfortunes of all kinds are good for nothing but to be forgotten. My niece, madame Denis, who was the consolation of my life, attached to me by her taste for letters, and the tenderest friendship, accompanied me from Plombieres to Lyons. Here I was received by the acclamations of the whole city, and tolerably ill too by the cardinal de Tencin, archbishop of Lyons, so well known by the manner in which he had made his fortune; that is, in making the famous law, author of the system that ruined France, a catholic. His council of Embrun finished the fortune his conversion of law had begun. This system made him rich enough to purchase a cardinal's hat. He was a minister of state, and told me in confidence, that he durst not give me a public dinner because the king of France was vexed that I had quitted him for the king of Prussia. To this I answered, I never dined, and as to kings or cardinals, I was the man, perhaps of any in the world, who was soonest determined how to act.

I had been advised to drink the waters of Aix, in Savoy, and though this place was under the dominion of a king, I proceeded to take the journey. I necessarily passed through Geneva, where the famous physician Tronchin was just established, and who declared the waters of Aix would kill, but that he would cure me, and I followed his advice. No catholic is permitted to settle at Geneva, nor yet in the Swiss protest-

ant cantons; and it was to me a subject of pleasantry, to acquire domains in the only country upon earth where it was forbidden I should have any.

I bought, by a very singular kind of contract, of which there was no example in that country, a small estate of about sixty acres, which they sold me for about twice as much as it would have cost me at Paris; but pleasure is never too dear. The house was pretty and commodious, and the prospect charming; it astonishes without tiring: on one side is the lake of Geneva, and the city on the other. The Rhone rushes from the former with vast impetuosity, forming a canal at the bottom of my garden, whence is seen the Arve descending from the Savoy mountains, and precipitating itself into the Rhone, and farther still another river. A hundred country-seats, a hundred delightful gardens, ornament the borders of the lakes and rivers. The Alps at a great distance rise and terminate the horizon, and among their prodigious precipices, twenty leagues extent of mountain are beheld covered with eternal snows.

I had another good house, with a more extensive view, at Lausanne; but a seat near Geneva is much more agreeable. In these two habitations I enjoyed what kings do not give, or rather what they take away, liberty and ease. I likewise had what they sometimes do give, and what I had not received from them. Here then I put my own precepts in practice.

How happy did I live in this iron age! Every convenience of life and good cheer were found in my two houses. An affable and intelligent society, filled up the moments which study and the care of my health left vacant. My prosperity was sufficient to make my dear fellow-labourers in literature burst with envy. I was not however born rich, and it may be asked by what art I could acquire wealth enough to live like a farmer-general: to which I answer, and I would have others make me their example, I had seen so many men of letters poor and despised, that I had long determined not to augment the number.

In France, every man must be either the hammer or the anvil, and I was born the latter. A small patrimony daily becomes less, because the price of every thing gradually increases, and because government often has both rent and crop.

It is necessary to be attentive to every alteration which ministry, ever in want and ever inconstant, make in the finances. There always are occasional opportunities by which an individual may profit without obligation to any one, and nothing is so agreeable as to be oneself the founder of one's fortune. The first efforts are a little painful, the following are pleasant; and he who is an economist in his youth, will be surprised in old age at his own wealth, which is the time when fortune is most necessary. It was then I enjoyed fortune: it was then that, after having lived with kings, I became a king myself.

And now, while living in this peaceable opulence, and the most rigid independence, the king of Prussia thought proper to be appeased: in 1755 he sent me an opera he had made from my tragedy of "Merope," which was, without dispute, the worst thing he ever wrote. From that time he continued to write to me: I always had held a correspondence with his sister, the margravine of Bareith, whose good-will towards me was unalterable.

Thus while I, in my retreat, enjoyed the most pleasant life imaginable, I had the philosophic satisfaction of seeing, that the kings of Europe tasted not of my tranquillity; and of thence inferring, that the situation of an individual is often preferable to that of the greatest kings, as will presently be seen.

In 1756, England made a piratical war upon France for some acres of snow; at the same time that the empress queen of Hungary appeared very desirous to recover her dear Silesia, of which she had been pillaged by his majesty of Prussia. For this purpose she negotiated with the empress of Russia and the king of Poland, that is, in quality of elector of Saxony, for nobody negotiates with the Poles. On the other hand,

the king of France wished to revenge himself upon Hanover for the mischief which the elector of Hanover, the king of England, had done him at sea. Frederic, who at that time was in alliance with France, and who held our government in the most profound contempt, preferred an alliance with England; he therefore united himself with the house of Hanover, imagining he could keep the Russians out of Prussia with one hand, and the French out of Germany with the other. He was mistaken in both these imaginings; but there was a third in which he was not mistaken; this was, to invade Saxony under pretext of friendship, and make war upon the empress queen of Hungary with the money of which he should rob the Saxons. The marquis of Brandenburg, by this remarkable manœuvre, singly changed the whole system of Europe. The king of France, desirous of retaining him in his alliance, sent the duke de Nivernois, a man of wit, and who made very pretty verses, into Prussia. The embassy of a duke, a peer, and a poet, seemed likely to flatter the vanity and taste of Frederic; but he laughed at the king of France, and signed his treaty with England, the very day the ambassador arrived. He played off the duke and the peer very happily, and made an epigram upon the poet.

It happened at that time to be the privilege of poetry to govern kingdoms. There was another poet at Paris also, a man of rank, very poor, but very amiable; in a word, the abbé de Bernis, since cardinal. He began by writing verses against me; he afterwards was my friend, though that was of little service to him; but he likewise became the friend of madame de Pompadour, and she served him effectually. He had been sent from Parnassus on an embassy to Venice; and he was then returned to Paris, and in great credit.

The king of Prussia had glided a verse in his poor book of poesy, which that Freitag had redemanded so earnestly at Franckfort, against the abbé de Bernis—

“Avoid the steril abundance of Bernis.”

I do not believe either the book or the verse ever reached the abbé; but as God is just, God made him an instrument to avenge France of Frederic. The abbé concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with M. de Staremberg, the Austrian ambassador, in despite of Rouillé, then minister for foreign affairs. Madame de Pompadour presided at that negotiation; and Rouillé was obliged to sign the treaty, in conjunction with the abbé de Bernis, which was a precedent without example. Rouillé, it must be owned, was the most useless secretary of state the king ever had; and moreover, the most ignorant the long robe ever knew. He asked one day if Weteravia was in Italy. While there was nothing difficult to transact, he was tolerated; but as soon as great objects came on the tapis, his insufficiency was felt, and the abbé de Bernis supplied his place.

Mademoiselle Poisson, the wife of Le Normand, and marchioness de Pompadour, was in reality first minister of state. Certain outrageous terms let slip against her by Frederic, who neither spared women nor poets, had wounded the marchioness to the heart, and contributed not a little to that revolution in affairs, which, in a moment, reunited the French and Austrians, after more than two hundred years of a hatred supposed to be immortal. The court of France, that pretended to crush Austria in 1741, supported her in 1756; and in conclusion, France, Sweden, Russia, Hungary, the half of Germany, and the Fiscal of the Empire, all declared against the single margrave of Brandenburg. This prince, whose grandfather could scarcely maintain twenty thousand men, had an army of a hundred thousand foot, and forty thousand horse, well provided, well selected, and better disciplined; but there were four hundred thousand men in arms to oppose them. It happened in that war, that each party seized upon what was next at hand. Frederic took Saxony; France took the territories of Frederic, from the town of Guelders to Minden upon the Weser, and for a while possessed all the electorate of Hanover and

Hesse, the allies of Frederic; while the empress of Russia took the whole of Prussia. The king of Prussia, beaten at first by the Russians, beat the Austrians, and was afterwards beaten by them in Bohemia the 18th of June, 1757.

The loss of one battle ought apparently to have crushed this monarch; pressed on all sides by the Russians, French, and Austrians, he himself gave all for lost. Marshal de Richelieu had just concluded a treaty near Stade with the Hanoverians and Hessians, which greatly resembled that of the Caudine Forks. Their army was no longer allowed to serve, and the marshal was ready to enter Saxony with sixty thousand men: the prince de Soubise prepared to penetrate it on another side with thirty thousand, and was to be seconded by the arms of the circles of the empire, whence they were to march to Berlin. The Austrians had gained a second victory, and were already in possession of Breslau; and one of their generals had even pushed to Berlin, and laid it under contribution. The treasury of the king of Prussia was nearly exhausted, and in all appearance he would not long have a single village left. They were going to put him under the ban of the empire; his process was begun; he was declared a rebel, and had he been taken, in all probability would have been condemned to lose his head.

In this extremity he took a fancy to kill himself. He wrote to his sister, the margravine of Bareith, that he was going to terminate his life; but he could not conclude the play without rhyming. His passion for poetry was still stronger than his hatred of life; he therefore wrote the marquis d'Argens a long epistle in verse, wherein he informed him of his resolution, and bade him adieu.

However singular this epistle may be, from the subject, the person by whom it was written, and the person to whom it was addressed, it cannot be transcribed entirely, because of the many repetitions; but

there are passages, which I will insert, tolerably well turned for a northern king.

Yes, D'Argens, yes ; the die, my friend, is cast ;
 Sick of the present, weary of the past,
 To bear misfortune's yoke no longer prone,
 Henceforth or pains or pleasures I disown ;
 Nor thus in mis'ry will I deign to live,
 The lengthen'd day, which nature meant to give ;
 With heart well fortify'd, with eye as firm,
 Undaunted I approach the happy term,
 When night eternal shall my foes confound,
 And fate no more shall have the power to wound.
 Grandeurs adieu !—adieu chimeras all !
 No more your flashes dazzle or appal ;
 Though on my morn of life you falsely smil'd,
 And, prone to vain desires, my soul beguil'd ;
 Long since have vanish'd all desires so vain,
 And truth and stern philosophy remain.
 How frivolous you were by Zeno taught,
 Your errors are no longer worth a thought.
 Adieu, ye gentle pleasures and delights,
 Seductive nymphs, whose flowery yoke unites
 The sweets of smiling gaiety and ease,
 And all the idle arts by which you please.
 But oh ! shall I, misfortune's bondman, speak
 Of pleasures and delights, where sorrows shriek !
 Can plaintive nightingale, or turtle-dove,
 When vultures tear them, sing or coo of love ?
 Long has the star of day but lighted me
 To new-born ills, increase of misery ;
 His poppies Morpheus has disdain'd to shed
 Near the dank turf where I have laid my head.
 Each morn I cry, and still the tear o'erflows ;
 Behold another day, and other woes.
 When night appears, night cannot give relief ;
 Each moment adds eternity to grief.
 Heroes of liberty, whom I revere,
 Brutus and Cato, ye of soul sincere,
 Your deaths, illustrious, dissipate my gloom,
 Your funeral flambeaux light me to my tomb ;
 Your antique virtue fear and death controuls,
 And points a road unknown to vulgar souls.
 Vanish, ye pompous phantoms of romance,
 Ingend'ring superstitious ignorance :
 Religious aid I seek not when I'd know
 Or what we are, or whence we come or go ;

Epicurus has taught how I'm annoy'd,
 My body by injurious time destroy'd ;
 And for the quick'ning fire, the spark, the breath,
 Mortal like me, it perishes in death :
 Part of a being organiz'd 'tis born,
 Grows with the child, and doth the man adorn ;
 Suffers when I'm in pain, pleas'd when I'm pleas'd,
 Is old when I am, ill when I'm diseas'd ;
 And when eternal night shall life invest,
 Will sink, like me, to everlasting rest.
 A vanquish'd fugitive, by friends betray'd,
 I suffer torments more than e'er were laid
 (As those fictitious lying fables tell)
 On poor Prometheus in the depths of hell :
 Therefore, as wretches who in dungeons deep,
 Weary of thus existing but to weep,
 Deceive their butchers, snap their strongest chains,
 And end at once their being and their pains ;
 So, with one noble effort, will I rend
 The web of life, and all my mis'ries end.
 This dreary picture will inform thee why
 I thus, my friend, have been induc'd to die :
 Nor hence conclude I vainly seek to claim,
 From the dark senseless grave, the bubble fame :
 But yet remember me when fruitful earth
 Gives odoriferous shrubs and myrtles birth ;
 Each spring, when flowers adorn the youthful year,
 Drop o'er my tomb a rose-bud and a tear.

He sent me this epistle written with his own hand. Several lines are pillaged from the abbé de Chaulieu and myself. The ideas are often incoherent, and the verses in general unmusical ; but there are some good ; and it was a great thing for a king to write two hundred bad verses in the state he then was. He was desirous it should be said he preserved all his presence of mind and liberty of thinking, at a moment when they are usually lost to others.

The letter he wrote me testified the same sentiments, but there were less of *eternal night, myrtles and roses, flambeaux, chimeras, and shrieking sorrows*. I combated in prose the resolution he had taken to die, and had not much trouble in persuading him to live. I advised him to imitate the duke of Cumberland, and set a negotiation on foot with marshal de Richelieu ;

in short, I took all the liberties one could take with a despairing poet, and who was not likely much longer to be a king. He wrote to marshal de Richelieu, but not receiving any answer he determined to beat us, and sent me word he was going to attack marshal de Soubise. His letter finished with verses, worthy of his situation, his dignity, his courage, and his wit.

When shipwreck stares us in the face,
Daring let us death embrace,
And live and die a king.

As he marched towards the French and Imperialists, he wrote to the margravine his sister, that he should kill himself; but he was happier than he said or hoped. He waited on the 5th of November, 1757, for the French and imperial army, in a tolerably advantageous post, at Rosbach, on the frontiers of Saxony; and as he had been continually talking of killing himself, he was willing his brother, prince Henry, should perform this promise for him, at the head of five Prussian battalions, which were to sustain the first shock of the enemy, while his artillery thundered upon them, and his cavalry attacked theirs.

Prince Henry was, in fact, slightly wounded in the neck by a musket-ball, and I believe was the only Prussian hurt on that day. The French and Austrians fled at the first discharge, and the rout was the most unheard of and complete that history can afford. The battle of Rosbach will long be celebrated. Thirty thousand French, and twenty thousand Imperialists, were seen flying, shamefully and precipitately, before five battalions and some squadrons. The defeats of Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers, were not more humiliating. The discipline and military evolutions which the father had begun, and the son made perfect, were the true cause of this strange victory. The Prussian exercise had been fifty years in bringing to perfection. They wished to imitate them in France as well as in other countries; but they could not effect that with the French, naturally averse to discipline, in four years, which the

Prussians had been fifty about. They had even changed their manœuvres in France at each review, so that the officers and soldiers, not half perfect in each new one, and the evolutions being all different from one another, had in reality learnt nothing, but were actually without any kind of discipline. All was in disorder at the very sight of the Prussians; and fortune, in one quarter of an hour, snatched Frederic from the depth of despair to seat him on the heights of happiness and glory.

He was, however, very fearful that this good fortune was merely temporary; he dreaded to support the whole weight of the French, Russian, and Austrian powers, and was desirous of detaching Louis XV from Maria Theresa.

The fatal affair at Rosbach occasioned all France to murmur at the treaty of the abbé de Bernis with the court of Vienna. The cardinal de Tencin, archbishop of Lyons, had always maintained his rank of minister of state, and a private correspondence with the king of France, and he was, more than any one, averse to the Austrian alliance. He had given me a reception at Lyons, which he had a right to believe was not very satisfactory; the itch of intriguing, however, which followed him in his retreat, and which, it is said, never leaves men in place, made him desirous of leaguings with me to engage the margravine of Bareith to treat with him, and put the interests of her brother in his hands. He would reconcile the king of Prussia to the king of France, and hoped to procure a peace. It was not difficult to persuade madame de Bareith, and the king her brother, to this negotiation; and I undertook it with the greater alacrity, because I foresaw it could not succeed. The margravine wrote to Frederic, and the letters between her and the cardinal passed through my hands. I had the secret satisfaction of being the mediator in that grand affair; and perhaps a still farther pleasure, that of foreseeing the cardinal was preparing for himself a subject of great disappointment. He wrote to the king of France, and enclosed the letter of the margravine, but how utter was his astonishment

at receiving a laconic answer from the king, by which he learnt, that the secretary for foreign affairs would inform him what was his majesty's pleasure. The abbé de Bernis dictated the answer which the cardinal was obliged to send to Frederic; which answer was an entire refusal to negotiate. He was forced to sign a copy of this letter, by which every thing was ended, and died of chagrin in about a fortnight afterwards.

I never could thoroughly understand this kind of death, or how ministers of state, and old cardinals with hardened souls, should have a sufficient degree of sensibility to die through some trifling disgust. My design was only to laugh at him; to mortify, and not to kill.

There was a kind of greatness in the ministry refusing thus to treat of peace with the king of Prussia, after having been beaten by him, and humbled; there was also great fidelity and good-nature in sacrificing themselves for the house of Austria; but these virtues were long ill recompensed by fortune. The Hanoverians, Hessians, and Brunswickians, were less observant of public faith, but more successful. They had stipulated with the marshal de Richelieu not to bear arms against us, but to repass the Elbe, beyond which they had been sent; they, however, broke their bargain of the Caudine Forks, as soon as they knew we had been beaten at Rosbach. Desertion, the want of discipline, and disease, destroyed our armies; and the result of all our operations, in the spring of 1758, was, that we had lost twelve millions and a half sterling, and fifty thousand men in Germany, in support of Maria Theresa, as we had done in 1741 with fighting against her.

The king of Prussia, who had beaten our army at Rosbach, in Thuringia, went next to fight the Austrian army at sixty leagues distance. The French then might still have entered Saxony; the victors were gone, there was nothing to oppose them; but they had thrown away their arms, lost their cannon, ammunition, provisions, and especially their understanding. They were dispersed, and their remains were with difficulty collected. A month afterwards, and on the same day,

Frederic gained a still more signal and better fought victory over the Austrians near Breslau. He retook Breslau with fifteen thousand prisoners, and the rest of Silesia was soon subdued. Gustavus Adolphus never performed such acts; we must therefore pardon him his poetry, his pleasantries, his little malice, and even his feminine sins. The defects of the man vanish before the glory of the hero.

I left writing memoirs of myself on the 6th of November, 1759, thinking them as useless as Bayle's letters to his mother; the life of St. Evremont, written by Desmaiseaux, or of the abbé Mongon, written by himself. But many things, either new or laughable, have again induced me to the ridicule of speaking of myself.* I behold from my windows the city where John Chauvin, the picard, called Calvin, reigned; and the place where he burnt Servetus for the good of his soul. Almost all the priests of this country think at present like Servetus; nay they even go farther. They do not believe that Jesus Christ was God; and these messieurs, who formerly gave no quarter to purgatory, are now so far humanized, as to find favour for souls in hell. They pretend their torments shall not be eternal; that Theseus shall not always sit upon his stony chair, nor Sisyphus continue everlastingly to roll his rock. Thus they have turned their hell, in which they no longer believe, into purgatory, in which also they do not believe. This is rather a pleasant revolution in the history of the human mind, and might furnish disputes enough for the cutting of throats, making of bonfires, and acting St. Bartholomew's day once more. And yet they do not even call names, and reproach one another, so much are manners changed. I must indeed except myself, whom one of their preachers attacked for having dared to assert that Calvin, the picard, was of a cruel nature, and had burnt

* From this passage, and others, it is evident, these memoirs were addressed to some individual, a lady, by Voltaire.

Servetus without cause. Only observe the contradictions of this world; here are people almost avowedly sectaries of Servetus, who, yet, abuse me because I found Calvin wrong for burning him at a slow fire of green faggots.

They would prove to me in form, that Calvin was a good christian, and petitioned the council of Geneva to communicate the papers used on the trial of Servetus; but the council was more prudent; the papers were refused, and they were forbidden to write against me in Geneva. I look upon this little triumph, as one of the strongest proofs of the progress of reason in our age.

Philosophy enjoyed a still more signal victory over its enemies at Lausanne. Some gospel ministers of that country thought proper to compile, I know not what bad book against me, for the honour, as they called it, of christianity; and I, with little difficulty, was empowered to seize and suppress the impression by authority of the magistrates. This was, perhaps, the first time theologians have been obliged to be silent, and respect a philosopher. Judge then if I ought not passionately to love this country. Yes, thinking beings, I assert it is exceedingly agreeable to live in a republic where you may say to its chiefs,—Come to-morrow and dine with me.

I do not, however, yet think myself perfectly free; and as I held this a subject worthy attention, that I might become so, I purchased some adjoining lands in France. There were two estates, about a league from Geneva, which had formerly enjoyed all the privileges of that city; and I had the good fortune to obtain a brevet from the king, by which those privileges were continued to me. At last I so managed my destiny, that I was independent in Switzerland, in the territories of Geneva, and in France. I have heard much of liberty, but do not believe there is an individual in Europe who had wrought his own freedom like me. Let those who will, follow my example; or, rather, those who can.

I certainly could not have chosen a better time than

this, to enjoy repose far from Paris. They were then as mad and inveterate about their private disputes as in the days of the Fronde, except having actually a civil war. But as they had neither a monarch of the market-place, like the duke de Beaufort, nor a coadjutor, granting benedictions with a dagger, they proceeded only to wordy wars. They began by forging bank bills for the other world, invented as I have already said by Beaumont, archbishop of Paris, an obstinate man, who did evil with all his heart, and from an excess of zeal. He was a serious fool, something in the style of St. Thomas à Becket. The quarrel grew more violent concerning an office in the hospital, the appointment to which the parliament pretended was in them; and the archbishop holding it to be a sacred place, said it depended totally on the church. Paris was all divided into parties, and the trifling factions of Jansenists and Molinists did not spare each other. The king thought proper to treat them as they sometimes serve fools who fight in the street, over whom they throw buckets of water to part them: he very rightly said they were both wrong; but they remained not the less envenomed. He exiled the archbishop and the parliament; but a master should not turn off his servants, till he is certain of finding others to supply their places. The court was obliged to recall the parliament, because a chamber, called royal, composed of counsellors of state, and masters of requests, and erected to determine lawsuits, had lost its practice. The Parisians had taken a fancy not to plead before any court of justice, except that called the parliament. All the members therefore were recalled, and imagined they had gained a signal victory over the king. They paternally advised him in their remonstrances no more to banish his parliament, because, said they, "that is giving a very bad example." They proceeded to such lengths at last, that the king resolved to abolish one of their chambers, and diminish the others; and, soon after, these messieurs all had their dismissal, except those of the great chamber. Loud murmurs now went abroad; they publicly

declaimed against the king, and the fire which came out of their mouth unhappily caught the brain of a lackey, named Damiens, who often frequented the great hall. It is proved, by the process, that this fanatic of the long robe never intended to kill the king, but only to inflict a gentle correction. There is nothing so absurd which may not enter the head of man. This poor wretch had been usher to the Jesuits' college, where I have sometimes seen the scholars give slight stabs with their penknives, and the ushers return them. Damiens, therefore, went to Versailles with this resolution, and there, in the midst of his courtiers and guards, wounded the king with a small penknife.

They did not fail during the first horror of the accident, to impute the blow to the arm of the jesuits, to whom, said they, it belonged according to ancient usage. I have read a letter from one father Griffet, in which he says, "It was not we this time; it is at present the turn of messieurs." It was of course the office of the grand prevot of the court to judge the assassin, because the crime had been committed within the precincts of the palace. The culprit began by accusing seven members of the court *des Enquêtes*, and they wished nothing better than to leave this accusation upon record, and execute the criminal. Thus the king rendered the parliament odious, and obtained an advantage which will endure as long as the monarchy.



PART IV.

It was thought, that M. d'Argenson advised the king to grant the parliament permission to judge the foregoing affair, and he was well rewarded; for eight days after he lost his place, and was exiled. The king had the weakness to grant large pensions to the counsellors who conducted the trial of Damiens, as if they had rendered him some signal and difficult service; which conduct inspired them with new confidence. They again imagined themselves important personages, and

their chimeras of representing the nation, and being tutors to kings, were once more awakened.

This scene over, and having nothing else to do, they amused themselves with persecuting the philosophers. Omer Joli de Fleury, advocate-general of the parliament of Paris, displayed a triumph the most complete, that ignorance, deceit, and hypocrisy ever obtained. Several men of letters, most estimable from their learning and deportment, formed an association to compose an immense dictionary of whatever could enlighten the human mind, and it became an object of commerce with the booksellers. The chancellor, the ministry, all encouraged an enterprise so noble; seven volumes had already appeared, and were translated into English, Italian, German, and Dutch. This treasure, opened by the French to all nations, might be considered as what did us at that time the most honour; so much were the excellent articles in the "Encyclopedia" superior to the bad, which were also tolerably numerous. They had little to complain of in the work, except too many puerile declamations unfortunately adopted by the authors of the collection, who seized whatever came to hand to swell the book; but all which those authors themselves wrote was good.

Omer Joli de Fleury, however, on the 23d of February, 1759, accused these poor philosophers of being atheists, deists, corrupters of youth, rebels to the king, &c. &c. &c. and to prove his accusation, cited St Paul, and the trials of Theophilus and Abraham Chaumaix.* He wanted nothing but to have read the book against which he exclaimed; for if he had read it, he was a strange imbecile being. He demanded justice of the court against the article "soul," which, according to him, was pure materialism.

Pray remark, that the article "soul," one of the worst in the work, was written by a poor doctor of the

* Abraham Chaumaix, formerly ***, since jansenist and convulsionary, was then the oracle of the parliament of Paris. Omer Joli de Fleury cited him as a father of the church; he has since been a schoolmaster at Moscow.

Sorbonne, who killed himself with declaiming, right or wrong, against materialism.

The whole discourse of this Omer Joli de Fleury was a string of similar blunders. He informed against a book he had either not read, or not understood; and the entire parliament, at the requisition of Omer, condemned the work, not only without examining, but even without reading a single page. This manner of doing justice, is very much beneath the custom of Bridoye, for there they may chance to be right.

The editors had procured the king's privilege, and the parliament certainly had no right to revoke a privilege granted by his majesty. It appertains not to them either to judge of an *arrêt du conseil*, or of any thing confirmed in chancery: they however assumed the power to condemn what the chancellor had approved, and appointed lawyers to decide upon the subjects of geometry and metaphysics contained in the "Encyclopedia." A chancellor of the least fortitude would have annulled the arret of parliament as incompetent: the chancellor Lamoignon satisfied himself with revoking the privilege, that he might not undergo the shame of seeing what he had stamped with the seal of supreme authority judged and condemned.

One would imagine this adventure had happened in the days of father Garasse, and that these were arrets against taking emetics; but on the contrary, it was in the most enlightened age France had ever seen. So true it is, that *one fool is enough to dishonour a nation*.

No one will scruple to confess, that under such circumstances, Paris was no resting-place for a philosopher, and that Aristotle was very prudent in retiring to Chalcis when fanaticism reigned at Athens. Besides, the condition of a man of letters, at Paris, is but one step above a mountebank.

The place of gentleman in ordinary to his majesty, which the king had given me, was no great thing. Men are very silly; for my part, I think it much better to build a fine mansion, as I did, have a theatre, and keep a good table, than to be hunted at Paris like Helvetius,

by people holding the court of parliament, or by other people holding the stables of the Sorbonne. As I was certain I could neither make men more reasonable, the parliament less pedantic, nor the theologians less ridiculous, I continued to be happy far from their follies.

And yet, while I contemplate the storm, I am almost ashamed of my own tranquillity. I behold Germany dyed in blood; France utterly ruined; our fleets and armies beaten; our ministers dismissed, one after another, without any prospect of better success; and the king of Portugal assassinated, not by a lackey, but by the nobility of the kingdom. Neither can the jesuits this time say, "It was not us:" they have carefully preserved their rights; it has been sufficiently proved that these good fathers had given the sanctified knife to the parricides. They state as a reason, their sovereignty of Paraguay, and say they have treated with the king of Portugal as between crown and crown.

I shall now relate a trifling, but as singular an adventure as ever happened since kings and poets first were seen on earth. Frederic, having passed some time guarding the frontiers of Silesia in an impenetrable camp, began to be tired of inactivity; and, therefore, to pass time away, composed an ode, and signed it Frederic; this he put at the head of an enormous bundle of verse and prose, which he sent to me. I opened the package, and found I had not been the first who had performed that operation; it was evident the seals had been broken, and I was terrified at reading the following verses:—

Oh, trifling nation, light and vain!
 Are these the warriors whom Turenne
 And Luxembourg with laurels bound,
 Whom fame's immortal honours crown'd;
 Who, as we're told in ancient story,
 Danger and death despis'd for glory?
 Lo the vile rout! behold each slave
 Fearful in fight, in pillage brave!

Behold their feeble monarch move,
 The tool of Pompadour and love!

To love opprobrious as to fame,
 Unworthy he the monarch's name :
 At random see he flings the reins,
 Detesting empire's anxious pains ;
 His land and people in distress,
 He revels on in lewd excess ;
 Himself a slave, when pride inflates,
 Would dictate laws to kings and states.

I trembled as I read the poem, some lines of which are excellent, or may pass for such. I had unfortunately acquired, and deserved, the reputation of having been the continual corrector of the king of Prussia's poetry. The packet had been opened ; the verses read, might perhaps be published ; the king of France would attribute them to me ; and I should become not only guilty of high treason against the king, but—what was still worse—against madame de Pompadour.

In this perplexity, I desired the French resident at Geneva to come to my house, and showed him the packet. He agreed it had been opened before it arrived, and thought there was no other way of acting in a case where the safety of my head was concerned, but sending it as it was to the duke de Choiseul, minister of state. In any situation but this I should not have followed his advice ; but it was necessary to prevent my own ruin ; and I acquainted the court with the true character of its enemy. I knew the duke de Choiseul would not betray me, but content himself with persuading his majesty that Frederic was an enemy whom, if they could, they ought to crush.

The duke did not stop here : he was a man of wit, wrote verses, and had friends who wrote also : he paid the king of Prussia in his own coin, and sent me a satire against Frederic, as biting and unmerciful as his own. The following lines are extracts from this poem :*—

No longer he the man, by whom
 The arts from black oblivion's tomb
 Were call'd, and o'er Germania spread :

* I have been assured by M. the P. F. of S. that this ode was written by S. Palinot de Montenoy.

A husband, brother, son of guilt,
 His sire in justice would have spilt
 The blood which so much blood has shed.

Yet he, audacious, durst aspire
 To touch Apollo's sacred lyre ;
 The rhyming king of poet-tasters :
 His Mars and Phœbus are the same,
 Alike in war and verse his fame,
 Zoilus and Mævius are his masters.

Behold, in spite of all his guards,
 Where Nero meets the due rewards
 Of all his hideous provocations ;
 The tyrant see of Syracuse
 Now prostitute a barren muse,
 Despis'd while he insults the nations.

And wherefore, savage censor, say,
 Would'st thou impede their harmless play,
 When love, with nature, smiling comes ?
 Shalt thou pretend to judge their rites,
 Who ne'er could'st taste but those delights
 Imparted by thy noisy drums ?

The duke de Choiseul assured me, when he sent this answer, that he would print the satire, if the king of Prussia published his ; and added, they would beat him as heartily with the pen, as they hoped to do with the sword. Had I been inclined so to amuse myself, it depended only on me to set the king of France and the king of Prussia to war in rhyme, which would have been a farce of novelty upon earth. But I enjoyed another pleasure ; that of being more prudent than Frederic. I wrote him word his ode was beautiful, but that he ought not to publish it ; he had glory enough without that, and should not shut every door of reconciliation with the king of France, aggravate him beyond bearing, and force him to some desperate effort to obtain a just revenge. I added, my niece had burnt his ode, in mortal fear of its being imputed to me. He believed me, and returned me thanks, but not without a few reproaches, for having burnt the best verses he had ever written. The duke de Choiseul kept his word, and was discreet.

To make the pleasantry complete, I thought it possible to lay the foundation of the peace of Europe on these poetical pieces, which might have continued the war to the destruction of Frederic. My correspondence with the duke de Choiseul gave birth to that idea; and it appeared so ridiculous, so worthy the transactions of the times, that I indulged it, and had myself the satisfaction of proving on what weak and invisible pivots the destinies of nations turn. The duke wrote me several ostensible letters, conceived in such terms that the king of Prussia might venture to make overtures of peace without danger of Austria taking umbrage at France; and Frederic returned answers in a similar way, with little risk of displeasing the English court. This ticklish treaty is still in agitation, and resembles the sports of cats, which give a pat with one paw and a scratch with the other. The king of Prussia, driven out of Dresden, and beaten by the Russians, is in want of peace; and France, beaten at sea by the English, and on shore by the Hanoverians, with an ill-timed loss of men and money, is obliged to finish this ruinous war.

And this, beautiful Emily, is the point at which, for the present, we stop.

December 27, 1759.

I continue to write, and on singular events. The king of Prussia ended a letter to me on the 17th of November thus: "I shall write more fully from Dresden, where I shall be in three days;" and the third day he was beaten by marshal Daun, with the loss of ten thousand men. It seems to me, every thing I behold is the fable of the girl and her milk. Our great seapolician, Berrier, formerly lieutenant de police at Paris, and who, from that post, became secretary of state and minister of the marine, without ever having seen a vessel larger than the ferry-boat of St Cloud, or the barge of Auxerre; this Berrier, I say, took a fancy to fit out a fine fleet, and make a descent on England; but scarcely had the fleet peeped out of Brest, before it was beaten by the English, wrecked upon the rocks, destroyed by the winds, or swallowed up by the sea.

We have seen one Silhouette made comptroller-general of the finances, of whom no man knew any thing except that he had translated some of Pope's poetry into prose. He was said to be an eagle; but in less than a month the eagle was metamorphosed to an owl. He found the secret of annihilating public credit to that degree, that the state all at once wanted money to pay the troops. The king was obliged to send his plate to the mint; and a great part of the kingdom followed his example.

January 1, 1760.

Frederic must be perfidious; he has sent my confidential letters to London, and has endeavoured to sow dissention betwixt us and our allies. All kind of perfidies, permitted to a grand king of Prussia, has he acted; even to the making of verses—for those he must ever make. I sent them to Versailles, doubting they would be accepted. He will cede nothing; and proposes, in order to indemnify the elector of Saxony, that they shall give him Erford, which belongs to the elector of Mentz. He always must rob somebody—it is his way. We shall see the result of all this, and of the campaign they are going to make.

As this great and horrid tragedy has ever had a mixture of the comic, so they have lately printed at Paris, "Des Poesies ouf da King mine Master," as Freitag says; in which there is an epistle to marshal Keith, where he ridicules Christianity, and mocks at the immortality of the soul. The devotees are displeased; the Calvinist clergy murmur. These pedants looked upon him as a support to the good cause. When he threw the magistrates of Leipsic into dungeons, and sold their beds to get their money, he had the admiration of such priests; but when he amuses himself by translating passages from Seneca, Lucretius, and Cicero, they look upon him as a monster.

Priests would canonize Cartouche or Jonathan Wild, were they devotees.

SEQUEL,

CONDENSED FROM CONDORCET.

IN his present retirement of Ferney, removed from illusion, and whatever could excite momentary, or personal passion, we shall see him yield entirely to his prevailing and incessant love of fame, to the still more potent necessity his mind felt of being productive, and to his zeal for the destruction of prejudice, which was indeed the most powerful and active of all the sensations he felt. This peaceful life, seldom disturbed, and then by the threats of persecution, rather than persecution itself, we shall see adorned not only, like his youth, by the exercise of private benevolence, a quality common to all men whose hearts have not been hardened and minds corrupted by misfortune or vanity, but by those acts of enlightened and bold benevolence, which, while they relieve the sufferings of certain individuals, are of service to the whole human race.

The first work he sent from his retreat was the "Orphan of China," a tragedy written during his residence in Alsatia, at a time when he hoped he might have been allowed to live at Paris, and was desirous of theatrical success to secure his friends and impose silence on his foes.

This play is the triumph of virtue over power, and of the laws over arms. Till then, Mahomet excepted, no poet had successfully made one of these men, whose fame appears awful, and whose characters present the picture of extraordinary strength of soul, in love without degradation. Voltaire a second time conquered this difficulty; the love of Gengis Khan is interesting in despite of the violence and ferocity of his character, because it is true and impassioned, because it wrests

from him a confession of the vacancy his heart felt amid all his power, and because he at last sacrifices his love to fame, and his thirst of conquest to the charms, before unknown to him, of pacific virtues.

The repose of Voltaire was soon disturbed by the publication of the "Maid of Orleans." This poem, in which licentiousness and philosophy are combined, and truth assumes the mask of satiric and voluptuous humour, was begun about the year 1730, but had never been finished. The author had intrusted what he had written of it only to a few of his friends, and to some princes. The rumour of its existence had brought down menaces on him; and, by not finishing it, he took the surest means to avoid the dangerous temptation of making it public. Copies unfortunately got abroad, one of which fell into inimical and selfish hands, and the work appeared not only with such defects as the author had left, but with lines added by the editors full of grossness and ill taste, and with satiric traits which might endanger the safety of Voltaire. The desire of gain, the pleasure of attributing their own wretched verses to a great poet, and the more malignant pleasure of exposing him to persecution, were the motives of this act of infidelity, the honour of which was divided between La Beaumelle and the ex-capuchin Maubert.

They succeeded only so far as to trouble that repose for a moment which they wished to destroy. His friends evaded the persecution, by proving the work to be spurious, and the hatred of the editors served him whom it meant to wound.

This, however, obliged Voltaire to finish the poem, and present a work to the world, at which the author of Mahomet and the age of Louis XIV need not blush. The work excited lively feelings of enthusiasm in a numerous class of readers, while the foes of Voltaire affected to decry it as unworthy of a philosopher, and almost as a blemish on the writings and the life of a poet.

But, if it be useful to render superstition ridiculous in the eyes of men addicted to voluptuousness, and by the very weakness which hurries them into dissipation

destined some time to become the unfortunate victims or the dangerous tools of this vile tyrant of men, if affectation of austerity in manners, if the excessive value attached to their purity, be serviceable only to hypocrites who, wearing the mask of chastity, may neglect every other virtue, and cast a sacred veil over the most pernicious vices of society, such as intolerance and persecution, we shall then only behold in the author of the "Maid of Orleans" the foe of hypocrisy and superstition.

Two works very different in themselves appeared at the same epoch : the poem on "Natural Law," and the poem of the "Destruction of Lisbon." To display morals, the principles of which reason teaches all men, which are sanctioned by their hearts, and which remorse informs them it is their duty to practise ; to show that these are the principles which God, the common father of men, alone could impart, since they alone are uniform ; to prove that the duty of individuals is mutually to pardon their mistakes, and that of sovereigns to prevent the pernicious tendency of those vain opinions which fanaticism and hypocrisy support, by wisely treating them all with indifference ; such is the purport of the poem on "Natural Law."

This work, the finest which man ever consecrated to the Deity, excited the anger of the devotees, who called it the poem of natural religion ; though religion is only mentioned in order to oppose intolerance. It was burnt by the parliament of Paris, which began to be terrified, as well at the progress of reason as at that of Molnism. Under the conduct, at this period, of men who were either blinded by pride or false policy, it imagined it would be more easy to impede the advancement of knowledge than to merit the applause of the enlightened. It felt not the want itself had of the good opinion of the public ; it misconstrued those who were to be its guides, and declared itself the enemy of men of letters, at that precise moment when the suffrage of these men in France, and even over all Europe, began to acquire influence.

However the poem of Voltaire, which has since been commented on in various celebrated books, is still that in which the connection between morality and the being of a God is most clearly demonstrated. Thirty years later, and the book which was burnt as impious would almost have appeared a work of religion.

In the poem on the "Destruction of Lisbon," Voltaire indulged those sentiments of terror and melancholy which this dreadful accident inspired. He led the tranquil sect of optimists amid these fearful ruins, combated their cold and puerile doctrine with the indignation of a philosopher deeply sensible of the sufferings of mankind, exposed the difficulties on the origin of evil in their full force, and avowed it is impossible for them to be solved by man.

This poem, in which at the age of more than sixty the mind of Voltaire, warmed by a love of humanity, displays all the strength and fire of youth, was not the only work in which he opposed optimism. He published "Candide," the first of philosophic romances; which species of writing he brought from England, and added to its perfection. It is a kind of composition which appears easy of execution, but it requires an uncommon talent; that of expressing by a jest, a flight of the fancy, or by the incidents of the romance, the result of profound philosophy, without ceasing to be natural, pleasing, and accurate. Hence it is necessary to select such effects as need neither developement nor proof, and at once to avoid commonplace unworthy of repetition, and abstraction which is too deep or too new, and which is not adapted to the multitude: that is, it is necessary to be, without appearing to be, a philosopher.

"Candide" was soon followed by a free translation of the book of "Ecclesiastes," and a part of the "Song of Solomon."

Madame de Pompadour had been persuaded that it would be profoundly politic for her to assume the mask of devotion, by which she might shield herself from the scruples and inconstancy of the king, and at the same

time calm the hatred of the people. She wished to make Voltaire an actor in this farce. The duke de la Valiere proposed to him to translate the "Psalms," the book of "Proverbs," "Solomon's Song," and the "Ecclesiastes." The edition was to have been printed at the Louvre, and the author to have returned to Paris under the protection of the religious favourite. But Voltaire could not act the hypocrite, not even to be made a cardinal, some hopes of which were given him about this time. Such proposals generally come too late; and were they made in time the policy of them would not be very certain. He who must be a dangerous enemy, might become a still more dangerous ally. Let us suppose Calvin or Luther called to the purple, when they might have accepted the dignity without disgrace, and let us imagine what would have been the consequence. The baubles of vanity do not satiate souls impelled by the ambition of reigning over the minds of men; they do but supply new arms.

Voltaire, however, was tempted to make essays in translation; not to recover his religious repute, but to exercise himself in another species of composition. When they appeared, the devout imagined he only had intended to parody that which he had translated, and exclaimed it was shameful. They did not imagine that Voltaire had softened and purified the text; that his "Ecclesiastes" had less of the doctrine of materialism than the original; and that his "Song of Songs" was less indecent than the sacred text. These works were therefore once more burnt, for which Voltaire avenged himself by a satiric and humorous letter, in which he mocked at the hypocrisy of morals, the peculiar vice of the modern nations of Europe, which has contributed more than is imagined to destroy that energy of character by which the ancients were distinguished.

In 1757, the first edition of his works, actually made under his own inspection, was printed. He revised it with rigorous attention, selected some of his numerous fugitive pieces with severity, but with judgment, and

added his immortal "Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations."

Voltaire had long complained that among the moderns, especially, the history of a country was that of its kings, or its chiefs; that it spoke only of wars, treaties, and civil commotions; and that the history of morals, arts, sciences, legislation, and political government, had been almost forgotten. Those very ancients in whose writings we find most of morals, and internal politics, have only in general added, to the history of wars, that of popular factions. We imagine, while we read such historians, that the human race was created only to exhibit the political or military talents of a few individuals; and that the object of society is not the happiness of the species, but the pleasure of having revolutions to read, or to relate.

Voltaire formed the plan of a history which should contain all that was most important for men to know: such as the effects produced on the peace and happiness of nations, their prejudices, knowledge, virtues, and vices, and the customs and the arts of different ages.

He chose the period from Charlemagne to the present century; but, not confining himself solely to European nations, he interested and instructed the reader by an abridged retrospect of the state of the other parts of the globe; the revolutions they had undergone, and the opinions by which they had been governed.

It was to reconcile madame du Châtelet to the study of history, that he undertook this immense labour, which obliged him to read books of erudition, such as would have been supposed incompatible with the liveliness of his fancy, and the activity of his mind. The supposition that he should serve the human race supported him, and erudition was not dull to a man, who having the sagacity to detect and amuse himself with the ridiculous, found an inexhaustible source of this in the speculative or practical doctrines of our ancestors; and in the follies of those who have transmitted or

commented on them, while admiring them either with sincerity or hypocrisy equally laughable.

Such a work could please none but philosophers. It was accused of being frivolous, because it was clear, and read without labour; and of being inaccurate, because there are some errors of names and dates discoverable in it, which in themselves are things absolutely indifferent. Yet it has been proved, by the very reproaches of his bitterest critics, that, in a history so extensive, no writer was ever more exact. He was often taxed with partiality, because he exclaimed against those prejudices which pusillanimity or meanness had too long respected; and it is easy to show that, far from exaggerating the crimes of sacerdotal despotism, he has rather diminished their number, and softened their atrocity. In fine, it was taken amiss that, in a picture of the wickedness and folly of man, he has sometimes indulged in strokes of pleasantry; and that he has not always spoken seriously of human extravagance; as if that which is often dangerous, ceased therefore to be absurd.

This work placed Voltaire in the class of original historians; and he has the honour of having effected a revolution in the manner of writing history, by which England indeed has hitherto only profited. Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Watson, may, in some respects, be considered as his scholars. The history of Voltaire has another advantage: which is, that it may be taught in England as well as in Russia, and in Virginia as consistently as at Bern or Venice. He has inserted none but such truths as every species of government may adopt. He only requires that human reason should have the right of improving itself; that the citizen should enjoy his natural freedom; and that the laws should be mild and the religion tolerant. He addresses himself to all mankind, and says nothing which may not enlighten them all, without offence to any of those opinions which are so connected with the constitution and individual interest of a country as not to yield to reason, till such time as the destruction of

more general error shall have rendered the approach of truth less difficult.

Voltaire was still at Berlin when Diderot and d'Alembert formed the design of writing the "Encyclopedia," and published the first volume of it. A work whose object it was to include the truths of all the sciences, and to trace the lines of communication between them, undertaken by two men who joined much wit and a free daring philosophy to extensive and profound knowledge, appeared to the penetrating eye of Voltaire the most formidable stroke that could be aimed at ignorance and prejudice. The "Encyclopedia" became the book of all men who wished to instruct themselves, but particularly of those who, without being habitually employed in cultivating their minds, yet are desirous of the power of acquiring a ready information on every object which excites in them either a transient or durable interest. It was a mass to which those, who had not time to form ideas for themselves, might have recourse for the ideas of the most enlightened and celebrated writers; in which, in short, the errors, that are respected by prejudice, would either be betrayed by the weakness of their proofs, or shaken by the near neighbourhood of truths which sap their foundations.

Voltaire, having retired to Ferney, gave a small number of literary articles to the "Encyclopedia;" he prepared some of those on philosophic subjects, but with less zeal, because he felt that the editors had less need of his assistance there, and because that, in general, though his great works in verse had been formed to constitute his glory, he had scarcely ever written in prose but with views of universal utility. Meanwhile, the same reasons which interested Voltaire for the progress of the "Encyclopedia," raised to that work innumerable enemies. Composed or applauded by the greatest men of the nation, it became a species of line which separated the most distinguished literati, and those who had the honour of being their disciples or their friends, from that crowd of obscure and jealous writers,

who, in the sorrowful incapacity of giving either new truths or new pleasures to the world, hate and calumniate men to whom nature has been more bountiful.

A work in which it was necessary to treat freely and boldly of divinity, of morality, of jurisprudence, of legislation, and of public economy, could not but terrify all religious or political parties, and all the subordinate powers which feared to see their pretensions and utility discussed. The insurrection was general. The "Journal of Trévoux," the "Ecclesiastic Gazette," the "Satiric Journals," the jesuists and the jansenists, the clergy, the parliaments, all, without ceasing to hate or oppose each other, united against the "Encyclopedia," and it fell. The editors were obliged to finish and to print in secret this work, to whose perfection liberty and publicity were so essential; and one of the noblest undertakings which the human mind has ever conceived, would have remained unfinished but for the courage of Diderot, and the zeal of a great number of men of distinguished learning, whom persecution could not deter.

Happily, the honour of having given the "Encyclopedia" to Europe, compensated France for the shame of having opposed its progress. It was, with justice, regarded as the work of the nation, and its persecution as that of a policy and jealousy equally despicable.

But the contests which the "Encyclopedia" had occasioned, did not cease with the proscription of that work. Its principal authors and their friends, marked by the name of philosophers and encyclopedists, which was designed as an opprobrium by the enemies of reason, were compelled to unite even by this very persecution, and Voltaire naturally became their leader by his age, his celebrity, his zeal, and his genius. He had long before enjoyed some friends and a great number of admirers; at that period, he had a party. The persecution rallied under his standard all the men of merit, whom, perhaps, his superiority would have kept at a distance from him, as it had banished their prede-

cessors; and enthusiasm took the place of former injustice.

It was in the year 1760 that this literary war was most violent. Le Franc de Pompignan, an estimable man of letters but an indifferent poet, of whose works there remain a fine stanza, and a feeble tragedy in which the combined genius of Virgil and Metastasio could not yield him sufficient support, was elected one of the French academy. Clothed with the honours of magistracy, he thought that his dignity, as well as his works, exempted him from all gratitude; in the discourse, which he delivered at his admission, he permitted himself to insult the men whose names did the greatest honour to the society that condescended to receive him; and, clearly pointing out Voltaire, accused him of infidelity and falsehood. Soon after, Palissot, the venal instrument of the rancour of a woman, exhibited the philosophers on the stage. The laws, which prohibit the ridiculing individuals at the theatre, were silent. The journals repeated the insults of the theatre. Still Voltaire combated all. The "Poor Devil," the "Russian at Paris," "Vanity," a crowd of humorous pieces in prose succeeded each other with astonishing rapidity.

Le Franc de Pompignan complained to the king, and to the academy, and beheld, with an impotent grief, that his own name was obscured by the splendour of that of Voltaire. Each step he took did but increase the satire, which every tongue repeated, and the verses in which he is consigned to eternal ridicule. And he retired to bury his humbled pride and deceived ambition in the country: a fearful, but salutary, example of the power of genius, and the dangers of literary hypocrisy.

Fréron, an ex-jesuit as well as Desfontaines, had succeeded the latter in the trade of flattering, by periodical satires, the jealousy of the enemies of virtue, of reason, and of talents. He distinguished himself in the war against the philosophers. Voltaire, who had long supported his outrages, at length did justice, and

avenged his friends. In the comedy of "l'Écossaise" (the Scotchwoman), he introduced a depraved journalist, whose character was formed of venality and rancour. The pit, in the character, recognised Fréron, who, delivered over to public disdain in a piece which could not fail to be preserved to the theatre by interesting scenes, and the original and forcible character of the worthy blunt Freeport, was condemned to bear, during the remainder of his life, a ridiculous and disgraced name. Fréron, in applauding the insult offered to the philosophers, had forfeited his right of complaining; and his protectors chose rather to abandon him than to avow a partiality which might have involved their own discredit.

Other enemies, less virulent, had been either corrected or punished; and Voltaire, triumphing in the midst of these victims sacrificed to reason and to his glory, sent to the theatre, at the age of sixty-six, the chef-d'œuvre of "Tancred." That tragedy was dedicated to the marchioness de Pompadour. It was the fruit of the address with which Voltaire could, without wounding the duke de Choiseul, support the cause of the philosophers, whose adversaries had obtained a slight protection from that minister. This dedication taught his enemies that their calumnies were not more injurious to his security than their criticisms to his fame: it completed his vengeance.

In this same year he learned that a young niece of Corneille languished in a condition unworthy of his name; "It is the duty of a soldier," he cried, to succour the niece of his general." Mademoiselle Corneille was invited to Ferney; and she there received an education suitable to the rank that her birth had marked for her in society. Voltaire even carried his delicacy so far as not to suffer the establishment of mademoiselle Corneille to appear as his benefaction. He wished that she should owe that to the works of her uncle, and he undertook to publish an edition of them with notes. The creator of the French theatre commented on by the writer who had conducted that theatre to its perfection,

a man of genius, born at a time when taste was not yet formed, judged by a rival who joined to genius the gift, almost as rare, of a taste that was penetrating without severity, delicate without timidity, and enlightened by a long and happy experience of the art: these are the beauties presented in that work. Voltaire speaks in it of Corneille's defects with frankness, of his beauties with enthusiasm. Never has Corneille been examined with such rigour, never has he been praised with a feeling more profound and true. Resolved to instruct both the French youth and the youth of other countries who cultivate the French literature, he did not pardon the vices of language, the extravagance, nor the offences committed against delicacy and good taste, which are found in Corneille; but, at the same time, he taught them to know the progress which the art owes to that writer, the uncommon elevation of his mind, the almost inimitable beauty of his poetry in the passages dictated by his genius, and those vast, sublime words which spring suddenly from the necessity of the occasion, and paint great characters with a single stroke.

The herd of writers reproached him, nevertheless, with a design of degrading Corneille, from motives of mean jealousy; whereas, throughout the whole of his commentary, he seizes, he even seems to seek, occasion to proclaim his admiration of Racine; a more dangerous rival, whom he has surpassed only in some parts of the tragic art, and whose prodigious excellence he might well envy in the height of his glory.

Voltaire, tranquil in his retreat, employed in continuing the happy war which he had declared against prejudice, saw the arrival of an unfortunate family, the father of which had been conducted to the wheel by fanatic judges; the instruments of the ferocious passions of a superstitious people. He learnt that Calas, an infirm old man, had been accused of having hanged his young and vigorous son, in the midst of his family, and in the presence of a catholic servant; that he had been urged to commit this crime by the fear of seeing this son embrace the catholic religion, this son who spent

his life in dissipation, and of whom no one in the midst of the universal effervescence could ever cite a single word, or point to a single action which announced such a design, while another son of Calas already converted to the catholic faith enjoyed a pension from the bounty of this father, who was far from possessing affluence. Never, in an event of such a nature, had circumstances so concurred to banish the suspicion of a crime in the father, or to strengthen the reasons to ascribe suicide to the son. The young man's conduct, his character, the kind of reading in which he indulged, all confirmed this idea. Yet a magistrate, whose weak mind was intoxicated with superstition, and whose hatred to the protestants did not hesitate to impute crimes to them, caused the whole family to be imprisoned. The catholic populace became inflamed, and the young man was declared a martyr. The fraternity of the penitents, which, to the disgrace of the nation, still exists at Toulouse, performed a solemn mass for him, during which they bore his effigies, holding the palm of martyrdom in one hand, and in the other the pen with which he was to have signed his abjuration.

It was soon reported that the protestant religion commanded fathers to assassinate their children, when they designed to abjure it; and that, for greater security, they elected, in their secret assemblies, the butcher of the sect. The inferior tribunal, led by the furious M. David, pronounced the unfortunate Calas guilty; and the parliament confirmed the sentence by that very small majority which is unhappily regarded as sufficient by our absurd jurisprudence. Condemned to the torture and the wheel, this miserable father died protesting his innocence; and the judges absolved his family, the necessary accomplices of the guilt, or the innocence of its head.

This family, ruined and stained by prejudice, went to seek, among men of their own persuasion, a retreat, assistance, but, above all, consolation. They took up their residence near Geneva. Voltaire, whose compassion was moved, and whose indignation was roused,

informed himself of the horrible particulars; and, assured of the innocence of the unfortunate Calas, he dared to conceive the hope of obtaining justice. The zeal of the advocates was excited, and their courage sustained by his letters. He interested, in the cause of humanity, the naturally susceptible mind of the duke de Choiseul. The reputation of Tronchin had brought to Geneva the duchess d'Enville, the great granddaughter of the author of the "Maxims." Superior to superstition, both by her native feelings and by her acquired knowledge, informed how to produce the welfare of mankind by equal activity and courage, and embellishing by a genuine modesty the energy of her virtues, her hatred of fanaticism and oppression ensured to Calas a protectress, whose zeal could not be abated by obstacles or delays. The investigation was commenced. To the memorials of the advocates, too profuse and declamatory, Voltaire added more nervous writings, the style of which was seductive, and calculated in some places to excite pity, and in others to awaken the public indignation, so prone to sleep among a people, at that time, too much a stranger to their own interests. Pleading for Calas, he supported the cause of toleration, which word it was then boldness to pronounce, and which is even now rejected with contempt by men who recognise the right of enslaving thought and conscience. Letters, abounding with that subtle praise which he could distribute with such delicacy, animated the zeal of the defenders of the cause, of its protectors, and of the judges. It was, while he promised immortality, that he demanded justice.

The sentence of Thoulouse was annulled. The duke de Choiseul had the wisdom and the courage to order a tribunal of masters of requests to revise this cause, in defending which the parliaments were all interested, whose prejudices and spirit of mutual defence left little hope of an equitable decision. In fine, Calas was declared innocent; dishonour was removed from his memory; and a generous minister caused the public treasury to repair the wrongs that the injustice of the judges

had done to the fortune of this family, which was as respectable as it was unhappy. But he did not proceed so far as to compel the parliament of Languedoc to acknowledge the decision which overturned an act of its injustice. That tribunal preferred the miserable vanity of persevering in its error, to the honour of lamenting, and repairing, the injury.

Meanwhile, the applauses of France and of Europe were heard at Thoulouse, and the unhappy M. David, sinking beneath the weight of remorse and of shame, soon lost his reason and his life. This affair, so great in itself, so important in its consequences, since it turned the attention not only of France but of other nations to the crimes of intolerance and the necessity of preventing them, this affair occupied the soul of Voltaire during more than three years.—“In all this time,” said he, “a smile has not escaped me, for which I have not reproached myself, as for a crime.” His name, which had long been dear to the enlightened friends of humanity as that of its most zealous, most indefatigable defender, this name was then blest by that multitude of citizens who, devoted to persecution during eighty years, at length heard a voice raised in their defence. Having returned to Paris in 1778, one day that the people surrounded him on the Pont Royal, a poor woman was asked who that man was who thus drew the crowd after him—“Know you not,” said she, “that he is the saviour of Calas?” He was informed of this answer, and, surrounded as he was by the marks of admiration which were lavished on him, it was this by which he was most sensibly affected.

Shortly after the unfortunate death of Calas, a young woman of the same province, who, according to a barbarous custom, had been taken from her parents and shut up in a convent with a design of aiding saving grace by human means, wearied of the ill treatment that she had endured, escaped, and her body was discovered in a well. The priest who had solicited the *lettre de cachet*, the sisterhood who had used with barbarity the power which it gave them over this unfortu-

tunate young woman, doubtless merited punishment; but it was on the family of this victim that fanaticism wished punishment to fall. The injurious reproach which had conducted Calas to the wheel was revived with a new fury. Sirven, fortunately, had time to fly; and, condemned to death for contumacy, he sought an asylum with the protector of Calas. But his wife, who accompanied him, fell a prey to her grief and to the fatigue of a journey, undertaken on foot, over tracts of snow.

Judicial forms required Sirven to present himself before the same parliament who had shed the blood of Calas. Voltaire endeavoured to obtain other judges. The duke de Choiseul at that time thought it necessary to respect the opinion of the parliament, who, after the decay of his influence over the marchioness de Pompadour, and again after her death, were become useful to him, at times to free him from an enemy, and at others to afford the means of rendering himself necessary by the art with which he could appease their commotions, which he himself frequently excited.

Sirven then was compelled to yield to necessity, and to appear before the tribunal of Thoulouse; but Voltaire knew how to provide for his security, and to prepare for his success. He had disciples in the parliament; some able advocates of Thoulouse wished to partake of the glory which those of Paris had acquired by defending Calas; the friends of toleration were become powerful even in this very city: within a few years Voltaire's works had changed the minds of men; they had only pitied Calas with a silent horror, Sirven found declared protectors, for which he was indebted to the eloquence of Voltaire, to the talent of opportunely infusing truth, mingled with approbation, into the feelings of those whom he designed to work his purposes. The friends of truth triumphed over the abettors of the penitents, and Sirven was saved.

The jesuits had usurped the possessions of a well descended family, who, by their poverty, were prevented from recovering their rights. Voltaire gave

them the means of accomplishing that; and oppressors of every kind, who, long had feared his writings, now learnt to dread his activity, his generosity, and his courage.

This last event almost immediately preceded the destruction of the jesuits. Voltaire, educated among them, had maintained a correspondence with his former masters. While they were living they restrained the fury of the fraternity from any open attack, and Voltaire was respectful to the jesuits, both in deference to the connections of his youth, and also to preserve allies in the party which at that time governed the devotees. But, after the death of these friends, wearied by the clamours of the "Journal de Trévoux," which, by unceasing accusations of impiety seemed to call down persecutions on his head, he no longer preserved the same respect for the jesuits, nor did his zeal for the defence of the oppressed extend to them, when they, in their turn, became oppressed.

He exulted in the destruction of an order, the friend of letters but the enemy of reason, which was desirous of destroying all talents or of drawing them into its bosom, to corrupt them, by employing them to serve its designs, and to hold the human race in infancy, in order to govern them. Yet he pitied individuals treated with barbarity by the hatred of the jansenists; and he gave an asylum, in his own house, to a jesuit, to point out to the devotees that true humanity knows only misfortune and forgets opinions. Father Adam, to whom a sort of celebrity was given by his abode at Ferney, was not absolutely useless to his host. He played with him at chess, and he played the game with sufficient address sometimes to conceal his superiority. He also spared Voltaire labour in his learned researches; he even served him as an almoner, for Voltaire wished to oppose his fidelity in fulfilling the exterior duties of the Romish religion to the accusations which were brought against him of impiety.

At this period a great revolution was engendering in the human mind. Since the revival of philosophy,

religion, exclusively established throughout Europe, had been attacked only in England. Leibnitz, Fontenelle, and other less celebrated philosophers, accused of free-thinking, had respected religion in their writings. Bayle, himself, by a precaution that was necessary to his safety, while he indulged himself in all objections, assumed the air of wishing to prove that revelation alone could resolve them, and of having formed the project of exalting faith by humiliating reason. In England, these attacks had little success or effect. In France, there had appeared some bold writers, but the blows which they aimed were still indirect. Even the work of Helvetius "De l'Esprit" (on the understanding) was only an attack on religious principles in general; it questioned the foundations of all religions, and left the reader to draw consequences and make applications. "Emilius" appeared; the savoyard vicar's profession of faith contained nothing relative to the utility, toward morals, of the belief of a God, and the inutility of revelation, which is not to be found in the poem of "Natural Law;" but the attack was open, and the persons attacked were brought upon the stage under their proper name and character, and not under that of the priests of India or Thibet. This boldness astonished Voltaire and excited his emulation. The success of "Emilius" encouraged him, nor was he terrified by the fear of persecution. Rousseau had not been persecuted at Paris had he not put his name to the work, nor at Geneva had he not maintained in another part of "Emilius" that the people possessed not the power of renouncing the right of reforming a depraved government. This doctrine authorized the citizens of that republic to overthrow the aristocracy which its magistrates had established, and which secured an hereditary authority to certain rich families.

Voltaire believed that he could securely shun persecution by concealing his name; and a multiplicity of works, in which he successively employed argument and humour, were dispersed throughout Europe, under the various forms which could be invented by the

necessity of veiling truth, or of rendering it engaging. An examination of works, which christians regarded as proceeding from inspiration, the analization of dogmas, which have been successively introduced since the origin of that religion, the history of the ridiculous or bloody quarrels which have been excited by those, the miracles, prophecies, tales scattered through legends and ecclesiastical histories, the religious wars, the massacres ordained in the name of God, the butchers and scaffolds which, at the voice of priests, covered Europe, the blood of kings flowing from the steel of assassins, and the fanaticism which unpeopled America, all these were incessantly repeated in his works under a thousand varied forms. He excited indignation, he wrung tears from the heart, he exhausted the springs of ridicule. Men trembled at an atrocious action, they laughed at an absurdity. Voltaire did not fear frequently to place the same objects before his readers, to urge the same reasonings to them.—“They tell me that I repeat the same things,” he said in one of his writings, “true: I shall repeat them till I see men reformed.”

The works, rigorously prohibited in France, in Italy, at Vienna, in Portugal, and in Spain, could not be speedily circulated; all of them could not reach every reader; but there was not an obscure corner in the provinces, there was not any nation in foreign countries suffering under the yoke of intolerance, which did not feel the influence of some of these writings.

The zeal of Voltaire created him enemies in all those who had obtained, and all who expected to obtain, affluence or even subsistence from religion. Yet that party no longer possessed such men as Bossuet, Arnaud, and Nicole; those who replaced them by their talents and their acquaintance with philosophy and letters, had ranged themselves with the contrary party; and the members of the clergy who approached nearest to them in ability, yielding to the desire of not debasing themselves in the opinion of enlightened men, stood aloof, or contented themselves with maintaining the political use of a belief which they would have

blushed to have partaken with the people, and substituted for the credulous superstition of their predecessors, a species of religious Machiavelism.

Defamatory writings and attacks sprang up profusely; but Voltaire, by answering alone, preserved the name of these works, which were read by none but those to whom they were useless, and who were unwilling or unable to understand either the objections or the answers.

To the clamours of fanaticism, Voltaire opposed the protection of monarchs. The empress of Russia, the kings of Poland, Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, interested themselves in his labours, perused his works, sought to deserve his approbation, and sometimes seconded his zeal for the welfare of mankind. In every country the powerful, and such ministers as sought reputation and were intent on spreading their fame through Europe, were ambitious to enjoy the suffrage of the philosopher of Ferney, confided to him their hopes and fears for the progress of reason, and their projects for the increase of knowledge and the ruin of fanaticism. He had formed a league which included all the great men of Europe, of which he was the soul, and whose cry was, "Reason and toleration." Did any striking injustice arise in a nation, did Voltaire hear of any act of bigotry, any insult offered to human nature, his pen exposed the guilty to Europe; and who knows how often the fear of this sure and terrible vengeance has withheld the oppressor's arm?

But it was in France, more especially, that he exercised this dominion of reason. Since the affair of Calas, every victim, unjustly sacrificed or pursued by the sword of the law, found in him a protector, or an avenger.

The execution of the count de Lally excited his indignation. The lawyers of Paris, sitting in judgment on the conduct of a general in India, a sentence of death passed without proof of a single determinate crime, nay, mere suspicion produced as the gravest accusation, a judgment pronounced on the testimony of

declared enemies, on the memorial of a jesuit who had composed two of them contradictory to each other, uncertain whether he should accuse the general or his enemies, not knowing which he hated most or which it would be most convenient to ruin; such proceedings and such a sentence could not but rouse the feelings of every friend of justice, although the calumnies heaped on the head of the unfortunate general and the horrid barbarity of dragging him to death with a gag in his mouth, should not have shaken every fibre in every heart which the habit of disposing of the lives of men had not turned to stone.

Yet, Voltaire during a long time spoke singly against this enormity. The vast number of persons employed by the East India Company who were interested in throwing the fatal consequences of their conduct on a man who no longer existed, the powerful tribunal which had condemned the general, all those whom that body included in its suite whose voice was sold to it, the other corps, who, united with that by the same name, by common functions and like interests, regarded its cause as their own: in fine, the administration, ashamed of the weakness or the cruel policy which sacrificed the count de Lally to the hope of concealing in his tomb the faults which had lost India, all seemed to oppose a tardy justice. But Voltaire, by reiterated attacks on the same object, triumphed over prejudice and the interests of such as are attentive to preserve and extend its empire. Just minds needed only to be informed of the circumstances; others, he hurried along with him; and when the son of the count de Lally, since so celebrated by his eloquence and courage, had attained an age at which he could demand justice, the minds of men were prepared to applaud the attempt and to solicit its execution. Voltaire was dying, when, twelve years afterwards, this unjust sentence was reversed; he heard the intelligence; his powers sprang back to life, and he wrote—"I die content; I see the king loves justice." The last words which were traced by

that hand which had so long maintained the cause of humanity and justice.

In the same year, 1766, another arret astonished Europe; which, while it read the works of our philosophers, concluded that knowledge was disseminated through France, or at least through those classes of society whose particular duty it was to inform themselves; and thought that, after a period of more than fifteen years, the brethren of Montesquieu might have had time to comprehend his principles.

The crucifix of wood, placed on the bridge of Abbeville, was insulted during the night. The indignation of the people was heightened and kept in action by the ridiculous ceremony of doing penance. The bishop of Amiens, governed in his old age by fanatics, and no longer capable of foreseeing the consequences of this religious farce, added to its solemnity by his presence. Meantime, the malice of a townsman of Abbeville directed the suspicions of the people to the chevalier de la Barre, a young officer whose relations were of the long robe and members of the chief magistracy, and who at that time lived with his kinswoman the abbess de Villancourt, near the gates of Abbeville. A trial was commenced, and the judges of Abbeville condemned to tortures, whose horror would dismay the imagination of a cannibal, the chevalier de la Barre and d'Etallonde his friend, who had taken the precaution to fly. The chevalier de la Barre had awaited the issue of the trial; he had more to lose than the other by quitting France; and relied on the protection of his relations who filled the first employments in the parliaments and in the council. His hopes were deceived; the family feared to attract the notice of the public toward this prosecution, instead of endeavouring to seek support from the general opinion; and, at the age of nearly seventeen, the chevalier de la Barre was condemned, by a majority of two votes, to be beheaded, after having had his tongue cut out, and having undergone the torture.

This horrible sentence was executed; and yet the accusations were as ridiculous as the punishment was atrocious. He was only vehemently suspected to have taken a part in the adventure of the crucifix; but he was declared to be convicted of having sung, in parties of conviviality, some of those songs which are half obscene, half religious, and which notwithstanding their grossness, amuse the imagination in the first years of youth, by the contrast which they form with the scrupulous respect which education inspires toward the same objects; of having recited an ode whose author was perfectly known, and at that time enjoyed a pension from the king's privy purse; of having made some genuflexions to certain libertine works which were written to the taste of a time in which men, led astray by religious austerity, could not distinguish between pleasure and debauchery; and, in fine, he was reproached with having spoken in a language worthy of those songs and those books.

These accusations were all supported by the testimony of low people who had served these young men in their parties of pleasure, and by the *tourrières** of convents, who easily find cause of offence.

This sentence revolted the minds of all men; no law existed which ordained sentence of death either for the breaking of images, or for that species of blasphemy of which the chevalier de la Barre had been accused; thus, the judges had exceeded even the penalties decreed by laws, which no enlightened man can still see sully our criminal code without horror. There was no father of a family who had not reason to tremble, since there are few young men who escape similar indiscretions; and the judges had condemned the unfortunate victim to a cruel death for language, in which the greatest part of them had indulged, in their youth, in which, perhaps, they still indulged, and whose children were as culpable as he whom they had condemned.

While Voltaire's indignation was roused, his appre-

* Old women, who are intrusted to be door-keepers.

hensions were strongly excited. The "Philosophical Dictionary" had been artfully placed among the number of books before which it was said the chevalier de la Barre had prostrated himself. His enemies wished it to be understood that the reading of Voltaire's works had been the cause of these indiscretions, which had been construed into acts of impiety. Still the danger did not prevent Voltaire from undertaking the defence of these victims of fanaticism. D'Etallonde, then a refugee at Wezel, obtained, through his recommendation, a commission in a Prussian regiment. The circumstances of the affair of Abbeville were unfolded to Europe in several publications; and the judges trembled, on their very seats, at the terrible judgment which they had passed, and which dragged them from their obscurity to devote them to a disgraceful immortality.

The reporting judge of count de Lally's trial, accused of having contributed to the death of the chevalier de la Barre, compelled to acknowledge the influence of that power which is independent of rank or situation, and which nature has given to genius for the consolation and defence of the human race, wrote a letter in which, actuated alternately by shame and pride, he attempted to excuse himself, and suffered menaces to escape him. Voltaire replied by the following historical trait:—"I forbid you," said an emperor of China to the chief mandarin of the historians, "to mention me, henceforward, in your works." The mandarin, on this, took up his pen. "What do you now?" said the emperor: "I write the order which your majesty has just given me."

During twelve years, that Voltaire survived this act of injustice, he never lost sight of the hope of obtaining reparation for it, but he had not the consolation of success. The fear of offending the parliament of Paris still bore down the love of justice; and, at a time when the leaders of administration had a contrary interest, they were restrained by the fear of displeasing the clergy. Governments do not sufficiently know how much real importance they acquire, both with the people whom they govern and with foreign nations, by such illus-

trious acts of individual justice, and how much more sure the support of public opinion is, than the deference paid them by certain bodies of men, rarely capable of gratitude, and part of whose authority over the vulgar mind, it would be more politic to take away by these great examples, than to augment, by proving, in the respect which they themselves pay to them, the fears which such bodies inspire.

† Voltaire did not, meantime, neglect the means of avoiding the storm; he diminished his domestic establishment; and secured some property which he could dispose of at pleasure, with which he might procure a new place of refuge. Such had ever been his secret design, in all the arrangements which he had made of his fortune, and it would have required a league among the powers of Europe, to have deprived him of independence, and to have reduced him to want. Princes and nobles were among his debtors, who do not indeed pay with much punctuality, but he had calculated the degrees of human corruption, and he knew that these same men, though they act with little delicacy in such affairs, would find means to reimburse him during the moment of persecution, when their negligence would otherwise render them the objects of the horror and disdain of Europe, indignant to behold such a man oppressed.

This persecution appeared for a time ready to burst forth. Ferney is situated in the diocese of Geneva, the titular bishop of which resides in the small town of Annecy. François de Salles, who has been raised to the rank of saints, having formerly been the bishop, in order that the heretics might not find cause of scandal in their own metropolis, it had been thought most proper to confide this see to none but a man who would not incur the reproach of pride, luxury, and effeminacy, of which the catholic prelates are accused by the protestants.

But it had long been difficult to discover saints, who, possessing understanding or birth, would condescend to accept so small a diocese. He who filled the see of

Anneey, in 1767, was a man of low extraction, educated in a seminary at Paris, where he was no otherwise distinguished than by austere manners, trifling devotion, and ignorant fanaticism. He wrote to the count de St Florentine, to induce him to banish Voltaire out of his diocese, and consequently out of the kingdom, though the poet had then built a church at his own expense, and spread abundance through a country which the persecutions against the protestants had laid waste. But the bishop pretended that the lord of Ferney had given a moral exhortation against theft in the church after mass, and that the workmen who were employed by him in erecting this church, had not removed an old cross with sufficient veneration; these indeed were grave inducements to drive from his country an old man who was the glory of that country, and to rob him of an asylum to which the kingdoms of Europe hastened to bear him the tribute of admiration. The minister, had it been only from motives of policy, could not be tempted to gratify the bishop; he therefore advised Voltaire to guard against these accusations, which the union of the bishop of Annecy with the French prelates who possessed more influence might render dangerous.

It was at this time that he conceived the idea of solemnly receiving the sacrament, which was followed by a public declaration of his respect for the church, and his disdain of his detractors; a fruitless step, which spoke weakness rather than policy, and which the pleasure of compelling his pastor to administer the communion through fear of the secular judges, and of legally insulting the bishop of Annecy, could not excuse in the eyes of the free and intrepid man who appreciates coolly the rights of truth, and perceives that which prudence requires when laws contrary to natural justice render truth dangerous and prudence necessary.

The priests suffered the small advantage to escape which they might have drawn from this singular scene, by falsifying the declaration which Voltaire had made.

He had no longer a retreat near Geneva. He had connected himself, on his arrival there, with the families

whose education, opinions, inclinations, and fortune, were most congenial to his own; and these families had at that time formed the design of establishing a species of aristocracy. In a city which possessed no territory, where the strength of the citizens could be united with as much facility and promptitude as that of the government, such a project would have been absurd had not the rich citizens entertained the hope of engaging a foreign influence in their favour.

The cabinets of Versailles and Turin were easily seduced. The senate of Bern, whose interest it was to banish the picture of republican equality from the eyes of their subjects, made it their constant policy to protect every enterprising aristocracy around them; and, throughout the whole of Switzerland, such magistrates as became tyrants, were sure of finding at Bern an ardent and faithful protector. Thus the wretched pride of obtaining an odious authority in a small city, and of being hated without being respected, deprived the citizens of Geneva of their liberty, and the republic of its independence. The chiefs of the popular party employed the weapons of fanaticism, for they had read enough to know the influence which religion had formerly obtained in political dissentions, but they did not sufficiently understand the spirit of their own age to feel how much reason, aided by ridicule, had weakened this formerly so dangerous weapon.

It was proposed, therefore, to put in force the laws which prohibited catholics from possessing property in the territory of Geneva. The magistrates were censured for their connections with Voltaire, who had dared to raise his voice against the barbarous assassination of Servetus, which had been commanded by Calvin in the name of God to the cowardly and superstitious senators of Geneva. Voltaire was obliged to abandon his house of the Delices.

Soon after, Rousseau advanced, in his "Emilius," principles which developed to the citizens of Geneva all the extent of their rights, and which founded these rights on simple truths that all men could feel, and all must

council of Artois, by which she had been condemned, declared her innocent; and, more noble or less presumptuous than the parliament of Thoulouse, they lamented the irreparable misfortune of having caused an innocent person to perish, and they imposed on themselves the duty of providing for the remaining days of the unfortunate woman whose happiness they had destroyed.

Had Voltaire expressed his zeal against such acts of injustice only as were connected with public events or the cause of toleration, he might have been accused of vanity; but this zeal was equally ardent in that obscure cause, to which his name alone has given celebrity.

A new occasion of avenging insulted humanity was presented to Voltaire. Vassalage solemnly abolished in France by Louis Hutin (the boisterous,) again existed under Louis XV in many provinces. In vain had a project of abolishing it been more than once formed. Avarice and pride had silenced justice, by a resistance which had fatigued the indolence of government; and the superior tribunals, composed of nobles, had favoured the pretensions of the proprietors of these seigniories.

This enormity tyrannized over Franche Comté, and particularly over the territory of St Claude, the secular monks of which, in 1742, owed the greatest part of their lands, held in mortmain, to nothing better than false titles; and exercised their rights with a rigour which reduced to misery an uninformed but good and industrious people. At the death of each possessor, if his children had not constantly inhabited the paternal house, the fruit of his labours appertained to the monks; the widow and her offspring, without furniture, without clothes, and without dwelling, passed from the competence procured by labour to all the horrors of want. Should a stranger die after having dwelt a year on this species of land, stricken with the feudal anathema, his property also became that of the monks; nor did a son succeed to the inheritance of his father, if it could be proved that he had passed the night of his nuptials out of the paternal house.

These people suffered without daring to complain,

and beheld, with mute grief, the fruits of their economy, which should have furnished useful capitals to industry and the culture of the land, become the prey of the monks. Happily, the construction of a great road opened a communication between them and the neighbouring cantons. They learnt that, at the foot of mount Jura, there existed a man whose intrepid voice had more than once caused the very palaces of kings to resound with the complaints of the oppressed, and at whose name sacerdotal tyranny turned pale. To him they related their griefs, and in him they found a protector.

These usurpations, this inexorable cruelty of hypocritical priests, who dared to call themselves the disciples of an humble master, yet wished to hold men in slavery, were proclaimed not only to France but to all Europe. Yet, after soliciting relief for many years, nothing could be obtained from the timid successor of M. de Maupeou, except an arret of council, which forbade this base violation of the rights of mankind. His fear of disobliging the parliament of Besançon would not permit him to withdraw from its jurisdiction, a cause which could not be regarded as an ordinary suit without shamefully acknowledging the legitimacy of the feudal slavery. The vassals of St Claude were sent back to a tribunal, whose members, the lords of the lands, subject to this tyranny, took a barbarous pleasure in rivetting the chains of those poor people; who still continue enslaved.

All they have obtained was the liberty, granted them in 1778, of abandoning their home and their country, to escape from the dominion of the monks; but another article of that same law more than balanced this benefaction, so ineffectual to unfortunate men, whom poverty rather than the law has confined to the spot of their birth. In this very edict the sovereign has, for the first time, given the name and sacred character of property to the detestable rights which, even in the midst of the ignorance and barbarity of the thirteenth century, were considered as usurpations which neither

time nor titles can render legitimate; and a hypocritical minister has made the liberty of the peasant depend, not on the justice of laws, but on the will of his tyrants.

Who that reads these details would suppose that he reads the life of a great poet, of a prolific and indefatigable writer? We forget his literary fame, as he himself lost sight of it. He seemed no longer to pursue any object of fame, but that of avenging the human race, and of snatching victims from oppression.

His genius, however, incapable of inactivity, cultivated every species of literature on which it had ever exercised its powers, and even dared to essay new subjects. He published some tragedies, which we may doubtless reproach with feebleness, and which could no longer force the applauses of an audience whom he himself had rendered difficult, but in which the man of letters may gratify his taste by beautiful verses, and his judgment by profound, enlightened ideas; he wrote tales, in which that species of composition, till then employed only to reflect pleasing and voluptuous images, which amuse the imagination or awaken gaiety, assumed a more philosophic character, and became, like the apologue, a school of morality and reason; he wrote epistles, which, if compared with his first works, will be found less correct, less uniformly animated, and less poetical; but, in return, possessed of more simplicity and variety, a more general and free spirit of philosophy, and a greater number of those acute and deep remarks which are the product of experience. To these he added satires, in which prejudice and its patrons are ridiculed under a thousand varying forms.

About the same time, in his "Philosophy of History," he gave lessons to historians, while he provoked the enmity of pedants, by unveiling their dulness, credulity, and invidious admiration of antiquity; he finished his "Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations," his "Age of Louis XIV," to which he added the "Age of Louis XV," an incomplete but faithful history, the only one by which we can form an adequate idea of the

events of that reign, and in which we find all the truth that can be expected in a contemporary history, which is neither a libel nor an eulogium.

New romances, works sometimes serious and sometimes humorous, and dictated by circumstances, did not add to his reputation, but they continued to render it ever present with the public, to sustain the interests of his partisans, and to humiliate that herd of secret enemies, who assumed the mask of austerity, that they might withhold that admiration which the example of Europe commanded them to give.

In fine, he undertook to assemble, in the form of a dictionary, all the ideas which presented themselves to his mind on the various objects of his reflections; that is to say, on almost all that is comprised in the circle of human knowledge. In this collection, modestly entitled "Questions to the Lovers of Science respecting the Encyclopedia," he treats successively of theology, grammar, natural philosophy, and literature. At one time, he discusses the subjects of antiquity; at others, questions of policy, legislation, and public economy. His style, ever animated and seductive, clothed these various objects with a charm hitherto known to himself only; and which chiefly springs from the license with which, yielding to his successive emotions, adapting his style less to his subject than to the momentary disposition of his mind; sometimes he spreads ridicule on objects which seem capable of inspiring only horror, and, almost instantaneously hurried away by the energy and sensibility of his soul, he vehemently and eloquently exclaims against abuses which he had just before treated with mockery. His anger is excited by false taste; he quickly perceives that his indignation ought to be reserved for interests which are more important; and he finishes by laughing in his usual way. Sometimes he abruptly leaves a moral or political discussion for a literary criticism; and, in the midst of a lesson on taste, he pronounces abstract maxims of the profoundest philosophy, or makes a sudden and terrible attack on fanaticism and tyranny.

The constant interest which Voltaire took in the success of Russia against the Turks deserves to be noticed. Highly distinguished by the favours of the empress, doubtless gratitude animated his zeal; but we should be deceived did we imagine his zeal had no other cause. Superior to those politics of the counting-house, which take the interest of merchants known to financiers for the interests of commerce, and the interests of commerce for that of the human race; not less superior to those vain ideas of the balance of Europe so valuable to political compilers, he beheld, in the destruction of the Ottoman empire, millions of men at least assured of shunning under the despotism of a sovereign the intolerable despotism of a whole people; he hoped to see the imperious manners of the East, which condemn women to a disgraceful slavery, banished into the unhappy climates that gave them birth. Immense countries situated under a propitious climate, destined by nature to be clothed with all the productions most useful to mankind, would have been restored to the industry of their inhabitants; these countries, the first in which man discovered genius, would have beheld, again springing up in their bosom, the arts of which they gave the most perfect models, and the sciences, whose foundations were laid by them.

The usual speculations of some merchants would without doubt have been deranged, and their profits diminished; but the real welfare of the people would have been augmented, because it is not possible to extend the space on the globe in which agriculture flourishes, commerce is secure, and industry active, without increasing for the use of all men the mass of enjoyments and resources. Can it be desirable that a philosopher should prefer the riches of some nations to the liberty of an entire people, and the commerce of a few cities to the progress of agriculture and of the arts in a great empire? Far from us be those despicable reasoners who would still hold Greece in Turkish chains, in order that they may seize on the persons of men, sell them as herds of cattle, compel them, by the dread of

punishment, to furnish food for their insatiable avarice; and who gravely calculate the pretended wealth which is produced, by these outrages on nature.

That men should everywhere be free, and that each country should enjoy the advantages given it by nature, would be the common interests of all people, as well of those who have reassumed their rights, as of those in which certain individuals, and not the community, have been benefited by the distress of others. Opposed to objects so grand, and to that eternal good which would arise out of a revolution so vast, of what importance would the ruin of a few avaricious men be; and of men too, whose wealth originated in the tears and the blood of their fellow-citizens?*

Thus thought M. Turgot; and thus Voltaire could not but think.

Louis XV died, and the new reign soon presented to Voltaire hopes which he had not dared to form. M. Turgot was called to the administration. Voltaire knew him to be a man of profound genius, who in every species of science had created sure and determinate principles on which he had founded all his opinions, and according to which he directed the whole of his conduct; a glory that no other statesman has been worthy of partaking with him. He knew that, to a soul zealous for the truth and for the happiness of man, M. Turgot united fortitude that was above all fear, and grandeur of character superior to all dissimulation; that in his eyes the most important situation was but the means of executing his salutary views, and appeared to him no more than a vile slavery when that hope should be lost. In fine, Voltaire knew that, free from all prejudices, and detesting in those prejudices the most dangerous enemies of the human race, M. Turgot regarded the liberty of thought and of the press as the right of each citizen, and the right of whole

* How strikingly do the last few animated passages apply to the great Grecian cause at the present moment.
—ED.

nations, whose happiness the progress of reason alone can establish on an immovable basis.

In the nomination of M. Turgot, Voltaire saw the dawn of the reign of reason; so long disavowed and much longer persecuted; he dared to look for the rapid fall of prejudices, and for the destruction of that cowardly and tyrannic policy which, to flatter the pride or indolence of men in place, had condemned the people to humiliation and misery.

Yet his attempts in favour of the vassals of Mount Jura were ineffectual; and in vain he endeavoured to obtain for d'Etallonde, and for the memory of the chevalier de la Barre, that distinguished justice which humanity and the national honour equally required. These objects were foreign to the department of the finances; and that superiority of information, of character, and of virtue, which M. Turgot could not conceal, had created him, in the other ministers and in the intriguing subalterns of office, too many enemies; who, finding neither ambition nor personal projects to oppose in him, bent themselves against all that they believed consonant with his just and beneficent designs.

Hence the only advantage which Voltaire could obtain, from the administration of M. Turgot, was to withdraw the little country of Gex from the tyranny of the farms. Separated from France by mountains, having an easy communication with Geneva and Switzerland, this unfortunate country could not be subjected to the revenue laws, without becoming the theatre of perpetual war between the servants of the revenue and the inhabitants, nor without paying expenses for the collection still more burthensome than the imposts themselves. The little importance of this regulation should have rendered it easy; yet, it was long solicited, in vain, by M. de Voltaire.

Voltaire's respect for M. Turgot would have been augmented by the edicts of 1776, had he not already known that minister's genius, and comprehended his views. This great statesman had perceived that, placed at the head of the finances at a moment in which he

was embarrassed by the mass of the public debt, and by obstacles which the courtiers and the first minister opposed to every great reform in administration and to all important economy, he could not diminish the imposts; but he wished, at least, to give some consolation to the people, and some indemnity to the proprietors of lands, by restoring to them rights of which they had been deprived by oppressive regulations.

The remains of feudal slavery, which spread desolation through the country, which compelled the poor to labour without hire, and deprived agriculture of the husbandman's cattle, were changed into an impost, paid only by the proprietors of land. Through all the cities, ridiculous corporations obliged a part of the inhabitants to purchase the right of labouring; those who subsisted by commerce or their own industry were compelled to live under the vassalage of a certain number of privileged people, or to pay a tribute to these bodies; this absurd institution disappeared, and the right of freely employing their time and strength was restored to the citizens.

The proprietors of grain and of wine, the first harassed by popular prejudices, the other by despotic privileges, which had been extorted by particular cities, were relieved from those oppressions; and these wise laws could not fail to accelerate the progress of agriculture, and multiply the national wealth, by ensuring the subsistence of the people.

But these beneficent edicts were the signal of that minister's fall who had the boldness to conceive them. They excited the opposition of the parliaments who were interested in supporting the Jurandes,* the fertile source of lucrative lawsuits, who were not less attached to the old regulations which furnished them with the means of acting on the minds of the people, who were irritated to see the burden of making roads laid on the opulent owners of land, and were without any hope

* The wardenship of the different companies of tradesmen.

that an unworthy condescension would continue to lighten the weight of their individual taxes, but who were more particularly alarmed at the influence which seemed to be acquired by a minister, whose benevolent spirit menaced the overthrow of their power.

The intrigues of the enemies of M. Turgot were strengthened by this league of the parliaments; and it was then perceived how serviceable to their secret and pernicious designs was the manner in which the tribunals had been reestablished; it was then seen how dangerous it is to a minister to design the welfare of the people; and, perhaps, were we to mount up to the cause of events, we should find that the fall even of vicious ministers has originated in the good which they wished to do, and not in the evil which they have produced.*

In the calamities of France, Voltaire beheld the destruction of hopes which he had entertained for the advancement of the human mind. He had imagined that intolerance, superstition, and the monstrous prejudices which infected every branch of legislation, every department of power, and all conditions of society, would have fled before a minister who was the friend of justice, of liberty, and reason. Such as have accused Voltaire of base adulation, such as have bitterly reproached him with the use which he made of praise, perhaps too frequently, to influence the minds of powerful men, and to compel them to be just and humane, may compare those praises to his eulogy of M. Turgot, and to his "Epistle to a Man" which he addressed to that minister at the moment of his disgrace. They will then distinguish the admiration which is the result of feeling, from a compliment; and the esteem which arises in the soul, from the play of imagination; and they will perceive that Voltaire committed no other crime than that of treating courtiers as women.

* Mr Canning might well compare the contemptible, ignorant, and interested faction opposed to all amelioration in this country, as men who would have persecuted TURGOT.—Ed.

During his visit to Paris his admiration of M. Turgot was infused through all his discourse. M. Turgot was the man whom he opposed to all who complained of the depravity of our age; and to him his mind gave its entire approbation. He has been seen to take his hands, bathe them with his tears, kiss them, in despite of M. Turgot's resistance, and cry with a voice interrupted by sobs: "Let me kiss the hand which would seal the happiness of the people."

Voltaire had long desired to revisit his country, and to enjoy his reputation in the midst of the same people who had been the witness of his first success and too often the accomplice of his enemies. M. de Villette had lately, at Ferney, espoused mademoiselle de Varicour, a lady descended from a noble family in the country of Gex, whom her relations had confided to the care of madame Denis. Voltaire accompanied them to Paris, partly led by the desire of seeing the representation of the tragedy of "Irene," which he had shortly before finished. It had been kept a profound secret; and malice had not time to prepare her poison, nor would the public enthusiasm have permitted its operation. A crowd of men and women of every rank and condition, from whom his verses had drawn the tears of humanity, who had so frequently admired his genius at the theatre and in reading his works, were eager to behold him. This enthusiasm was even spread through the common ranks of the people; they crowded round his windows, and passed whole hours there with the hope of seeing him for one moment. His carriage, which could scarcely proceed along the streets, was surrounded by a numerous multitude, who blessed him and celebrated his works.

The French academy, which had not adopted him till the age of fifty-two, lavished honours on him, and received him rather as sovereign of the empire of letters than as an equal. The children of those haughty courtiers, whose pride had been wounded to see him live in their society without meanness, and who had wished to humiliate in his person the superiority of genius and

talents, contended for the honour of being presented to him, and of an opportunity to boast that they had seen Voltaire.

But it was at the theatre, where he had so long reigned, that he had the greatest honours to expect. He went to the third representation of "Irene;" which was, indeed, but a feeble tragedy; which, however, possessed many beauties, and in which the wrinkles of age could not conceal the sacred impression of genius. He alone drew the attention of a people, eager to distinguish his features, to observe his gestures, to pursue the direction of his eyes. His bust was crowned on the stage in the midst of applause, cries of joy, and tears of enthusiasm. To quit the theatre he must pass through the multitude that crowded round him; feeble, scarce able to support himself, the guards, which were designed to protect him from the eagerness of zeal, became useless; at his approach, each retired with a respectful attention, or disputed the honour of supporting him a moment on the stairs; each step offered him new aid, nor was any one permitted to arrogate too long the right of giving him assistance.

The spectators followed him to his apartment, and the air was filled with the cries of long live Voltaire! long live the Henriade! long live Mahomet; numbers fell at his feet, and numbers kissed his garment. Never has man been received with more interesting marks of admiration and of public affection, nor ever has genius been honoured by a more flattering homage: "They wish me to die of pleasure," he said; but it was the voice of sensibility, and not the artifice of self-love. In the midst of the honours paid him by the French academy, he was particularly struck by the possibility of introducing into that place a more daring philosophy: "They treat me with more attention than I merit," he said to me, one day; "do you know that I do not despair of causing the eulogium of Coligny to be spoken there?"

During the run of "Irene," he was employed in revising his essay on the "Manners and the Spirit of Na-

tions ;” and to give, in that work, some new wounds to fanaticism. He had with secret pleasure observed, at the theatre, that the lines which were received with the greatest acclamations, were those in which he attacked superstition and the names she had long rendered sacred ; and it was to this object he ascribed all the glory he had acquired. He beheld, in that general admiration, the empire which he had exercised over the mind, and the destruction of prejudices which he had accomplished.

At this same time, Paris boasted, also, the presence of the celebrated Franklin, who, in another hemisphere, had been the apostle of philosophy and toleration. Like Voltaire, he had often employed the weapon of humour which corrects the absurdities of men, and had displayed their perverseness as a folly more fatal, but also worthy of pity. He had joined to the science of metaphysics the genius of practical philosophy ; as Voltaire, that of poetry. Franklin was eager to see a man whose reputation had long been spread over both worlds ; Voltaire, although he had lost the habit of speaking English, endeavoured to support the conversation in that language ; and, afterwards reassuming the French, he said : “ Je n’ai pu résister au désir de parler un moment la langue de M. Franklin.”*

The American philosopher presented his grandson to Voltaire, with a request that he would give him his benediction. “ God and liberty !” said Voltaire : “ it is the only benediction which can be given to the grandson of Franklin.” They went together to a public assembly of the academy of sciences, and the public at the same time beheld with emotion these two men, born in different quarters of the globe, respectable by their years, their glory, the employment of their life, and both enjoying the influence which they had exercised over the age in which they lived. They embraced each other in the midst of public acclamations, and it was said to be Solon who embraced Sophocles.

* I could not resist the desire of speaking the language of Mr Franklin for a moment.

Age had not enfeebled the activity of Voltaire, and the transports with which he was received by his fellow-citizens seemed to renew his vigour. He formed the design of refuting whatever the duke de St Simon in his memoirs, then unpublished, had written under the influence of hatred and prejudice, lest these memoirs, which might derive some authority from the known probity of the author and from his rank and title of contemporary, should appear at a time in which men would be too far removed from the events of which he speaks, to detect error and defend the truth.

He had also induced the French academy to adopt the design of forming its dictionary on a new plan. They were to have deduced the history of each word from the period in which it had appeared in the language, to give the various meanings which it assumed in different ages, and the various acceptations it had received, and to employ, in order to display these varied shades, not capricious phrases, but examples selected from authors of the greatest authority. Then would have been seen the true literary and grammatical dictionary of the language, and not only foreigners but even Frenchmen might, in that work, have acquired a knowledge of all its delicacy.

This dictionary would have presented instructive pages to men of letters, would have contributed to form the national taste, and arrested the progress of corruption. Each academician was to have explained a letter of the alphabet: Voltaire undertook the letter A; and, to excite the industry of his brethren, and to banish the difficulty of executing this plan, he was desirous to finish, within a few months, that part of the work which he had assumed.

His strength was wasted by such excessive application; and he had been much reduced by a spitting of blood, caused by his efforts during the representation of "Irene." Yet, the activity of his mind subdued all, and concealed from him the real weakness of his constitution. At length, deprived of sleep by an irritation produced by too intense labour, he wished to procure some

hours' repose, that he might be in a condition to lead the academy irrevocably to engage in the new dictionary, against which some objections had arisen; and he resolved to take opium. His imagination possessed all its vivacity, his soul was equally restless and impetuous, his character abated not of its gaiety and its vigour, when he took the opiate which he judged to be necessary. During the same evening, his friends had heard him express his detestation of prejudices with his usual eloquence; and soon after beheld him viewing them only on the ridiculous side, and deriding them with that peculiar grace and aptness which characterised his sallies of wit. But he took the opiate at several doses, and was deceived as to the quantity, probably in the species of intoxication which the first had produced. The same accident happened to him about thirty years before, and then placed his life in danger. Unhappily, this time, his wasted powers were unable to contend with the poison. He had long been subject to a complaint in the bladder, and in the general decay of his organs, that soon contracted an incurable disease.

Scarcely could he, during the long interval between this fatal accident and his death, preserve his recollection for a few successive moments, or disengage himself from the lethargy in which he was plunged. To the young count de Lalli, however, who was even then celebrated for his courage, and who has since deserved celebrity by his eloquence and patriotism, he wrote, in one of these intervals, those lines, the last which were traced by his hand, in which he applauds the royal authority whose justice had lately annulled one of the atrocious acts of parliamentary despotism. At length, he expired on the 30th of May, 1778.

The arrival of Voltaire at Paris had rekindled the fury of the fanatics, and wounded the pride of the chiefs of the hierarchy; but it had also inspired some priests with an idea of building their reputation and their fortune on the conversion of this illustrious enemy. Certainly, they could not flatter themselves with the hope of subduing him, but they did not despair of inducing

him to dissemble. Voltaire, who wished to remain at Paris without being tormented by sacerdotal accusations, and who, from a habit acquired in his youth, thought it beneficial to the interest even of the friends of reason, that certain scenes of intolerance should not succeed his last moments, had sent in the beginning of his malady for an almoner of the incurables, and who had boasted of having restored to the bosom of the church the abbé de l'Attaignant, known by offences of another kind.

The abbé Gauthier confessed Voltaire, and received a profession of faith from him, by which he declared that he died in the catholic religion, in which he was born.

When this circumstance was known, which offended enlightened men rather more than it edified the devotees, the curate of St Sulpice ran to his parishioner, who received him with politeness, and gave him according to usage a handsome offering for his poor people. But, mortified that the abbé Gauthier had anticipated him, he discovered that the almoner of the incurables had been too easily satisfied with his penitent, and that he ought to have required a more particular profession of faith, and an express disavowal of all the doctrines, contrary to orthodoxy, which Voltaire had been accused of maintaining. The abbé Gauthier pretended that, by requiring every thing, all would have been lost. During this dispute, Voltaire recovered, "Irene" was played, and the conversion was forgotten. But, in the moment of the relapse, the curate returned to Voltaire, absolutely resolved not to inter him, if he could not obtain the desired recantation of his errors.

This curate was among those men who are a mixture of hypocrisy and imbecility; he spoke with the obstinate persuasion of a maniac, and acted with the flexibility of a jesuit; he was humble in his manners even to baseness, arrogant in his sacerdotal pretensions, fawning with the great, and charitable to the populace who are governed by the priests that distribute alms to them, and in fine, he harassed the simple citizens by his imperious fanaticism. He earnestly wished to compel Voltaire at least to acknowledge the divine nature of

Jesus Christ; to which he was more attached than to any other dogma. He one day drew Voltaire from his lethargy, by shouting in his ear: "Do you believe the divinity of Jesus Christ?"—"In the name of God, sir," replied Voltaire, "speak to me no more of that man; but let me die in peace."

The priest then declared that he was compelled to refuse him burial; but he was not authorized in this refusal; for, according to the laws, it ought to have been preceded by a sentence of excommunication, or a secular judgment; and even an appeal might have been made against an excommunication, as a matter of abuse. Voltaire's family, by complaining to the parliament, would have obtained justice; but they feared the fanaticism of that body and the hatred of its members to Voltaire, who had so often combated its pretensions, and exerted his powers against its injustice. They did not perceive that the parliament could not, without disgrace to itself, depart from the principles on which it had acted in favour of the jansenists; they did not know that a great number of the young magistrates waited only for an occasion of effacing, by some splendid act, the reproach of fanaticism by which they were degraded, of dignifying themselves, by ordaining a mark of respect to the memory of a man of genius whom they had been unfortunate enough to number among their enemies, and of showing that they chose rather to atone for their injustice, than to yield to any incitements of vengeance. The friends of Voltaire did not observe how much power they had acquired by that enthusiasm which his name had excited; an enthusiasm which had gained every class in the nation, and which no authority would venture openly to insult.

They chose rather to negotiate with government. Daring neither to offend public opinion by gratifying the vengeance of the clergy, nor to displease the priests by compelling them to obey the laws; fearing to mortify sacerdotal pride should they erect a public monument to a great man whose ashes were basely disturbed by priests; or should they indemnify his memory for the

loss of ecclesiastic honours, to which he had so little claim, by civic honours due to his genius and the services he had done the nation, ministers approved a proposal which was made of removing Voltaire's body to the church of a monastery, of which his nephew was abbé. It was accordingly conducted to Scellières, and the priests agreed not to interrupt the execution of this design. However, two ladies, of distinguished rank and very great devotees, wrote to the bishop of Troyes to engage him, in quality of diocesan bishop, to oppose the burial. But, fortunately for the honour of the bishop, these letters arrived too late, and Voltaire was interred.

The French academy had observed a custom of saying mass at the church of the Cordeliers for each of their deceased members. The archbishop of Paris, Beaumont, so well known by his ignorance and fanaticism, prohibited the performance of the ceremony. The Cordeliers obeyed with regret, for they knew that the confessors of the archbishop would pardon his spirit of revenge, and would forbear to recommend justice to him. The academy, therefore, resolved to suspend the practice of this ceremony till the insult offered to the most illustrious of its members should be repaired. Thus Beaumont became, in despite of himself, the instrument of destroying a ridiculous superstition.

Meanwhile the king of Prussia commanded a solemn mass to be said for Voltaire in the catholic church of Berlin; and the academy of Prussia was invited to attend. But that which was more glorious to Voltaire, was, that the king in the field of battle, where at the head of a hundred and fifty thousand men he defended the rights of the princes of the empire and imposed laws on the Austrian power, wrote the eulogium of that illustrious man, whose disciple and friend he had been, and who perhaps had never pardoned him the unworthy and disgraceful violence which he had endured at Frankfort, but towards whom the monarch was incessantly and involuntarily led by his natural taste and his admiration of genius.

Government, in some degree ashamed of its feeble conduct, hoped to escape public contempt by prohibiting the naming of Voltaire in any writings, or in those places where the police was accustomed to violate the freedom of speech, under the pretence of preserving order, which it too often confounded with a respect paid to established and protected follies.

The public papers were forbidden to speak of his death; and the comedians had orders to perform none of his pieces. Ministers did not discover that means like these, of preventing the anger of the nation against their weakness, would only serve more fully to provoke it; and to demonstrate that they had neither courage to merit the approbation, nor to support the blame of the public.

This simple recital of the incidents of the life of Voltaire has sufficiently developed his character and his mind; the principal features of which were benevolence, indulgence for human foibles, and a hatred of injustice and oppression. He may be numbered among the very few men in whom the love of humanity was a real passion; which, the noblest of all passions, was known only to modern times, and took rise from the progress of knowledge. Its very existence is sufficient to confound the blind partisans of antiquity, and those who calumniate philosophy.

But the happy qualities of Voltaire were often perverted by his natural restlessness, which the writing of tragedy had but increased. In an instant he would change from anger to affection, from indignation to a jest. Born with violent passions, they often hurried him too far; and his restlessness deprived him of the advantages which usually accompany such minds; particularly of that fortitude to which fear is no obstacle, when action becomes a duty, and which is not shaken by the presence of danger foreseen. Often would Voltaire expose himself to the storm with rashness, but rarely did he brave it with constancy; and these intervals, of temerity and weakness, have frequently afflicted

his friends, and afforded unworthy cause of triumph to his cowardly foes.

His affections were permanent, and his friendship for Génonville, the president de Maisons, Formont, Cideville, the marchioness du Châtelet, d'Argental, and d'Alembert, seldom obscured by passing clouds, ended only with his life. From his works we discover that few men of feeling have so long preserved the remembrance of friends lost in early youth.

He has been reproached with his numerous disputes, but in none of these was he the aggressor. His enemies, those at least to whom he was irreconcilable, and whom he devoted to the world's contempt, did not confine themselves to personal attacks; they were his accusers to the fanatics, and wished to bring down the sword of persecution on his head. It is no doubt afflicting to be obliged to place in this list men of real merit; men like the poet Rousseau, the two Pompignans, Larcher, and even Rousseau of Geneva. But is it not more excusable to carry vengeance too far, in self-defence, and to be unjust in the indulgence of anger, the first motive of which is founded in rectitude, than to violate the rights of man by endangering the freedom and safety of a citizen, to gratify pride, the aims of hypocrisy, or an obstinate attachment to opinions?

Voltaire has been censured for his attacks on Mau-pertuis; but were not these attacks confined to the mere act of rendering a man eternally ridiculous, who, by base intrigues, had endeavoured to dishonour and ruin him; and who, to revenge some jests, had called the power of a king, irritated by his insinuous arts, to his aid?

Voltaire, it is said, was envious; which has been answered by the following line from Tancred:

*De qui dans l'univers peut-il être jalouse? **

* Does the world contain a man whom he might envy?

Yes, he was envious of Buffon. What! could the man whose mighty arm had shaken the antique pillars of the temple of superstition, and who aspired to metamorphose the vile herd which so long had groaned under the sacerdotal rod into men, could he be envious of the lucky and splendid description of the manners of a few animals; or the more or less fortunate combination of some system, the falsity of which is proved by facts?

He was envious of J. J. Rousseau. The boldness of Rousseau did indeed excite that of Voltaire: but was the philosopher who beheld the progress of knowledge, polishing, emancipating, and perfecting the human species, and who enjoyed the revolution as his proper work, was he jealous of the eloquent writer who wished to condemn the mind of man to eternal ignorance?

Voltaire did not do justice to the genius of Rousseau, because his mind being equitable, and void of affectation, felt an involuntary repugnance to exaggeration; because a tone of austerity presented to his fancy a tincture of hypocrisy, the smallest shade of which could not but disgust his frank and independent soul; and because, being himself accustomed to treat all subjects with humour, gravity in the little details of passion, or of human life, always appeared to him to partake of the ridiculous. He was unjust, because Rousseau had angered him, by returning injury to offers of service; had accused him of persecution, when he was employed in his defence, and had himself directed the hand of persecution toward Voltaire.

He was jealous of Montesquieu. He had cause to complain of the author of the "Spirit of Laws," who affected to treat him with indifference, and almost with contempt; partly from foolish pride, and partly from timid policy. Yet the celebrated saying of Voltaire, that "Humanity had lost its claims, and that Montesquieu found and restored them," is the best eulogium ever pronounced on the "Spirit of Laws," and even exceeds the limits of justice. It is only true relatively to France

since, without mentioning the works of Althusius* and some others, the rights of man were reclaimed with more energy and candour in the works of Locke and Sidney, than in those of Montesquieu.

The fashion of taxing Voltaire with envy was so prevalent, that to this passion have been attributed his sage observations on the work of Helvetius; which, from respect to a persecuted philosopher, he had the delicacy not to publish during the life of that writer. Nay, his very anger at the short-lived success of some ill-written tragedies was called envy; as if anger could not be felt, except relatively to self, at seeing fame usurped, which is so often fatal to the progress of philosophy and the arts. How much has the praise so prodigally bestowed on Richelieu, Colbert, and other ministers, impeded the advancement of reason, in the science of politics!

While we read the works of Voltaire, we perceive that no man perhaps ever possessed accuracy of understanding in a superior degree. This he preserved in the enthusiasm of poetry, as well as in the exuberance of humour; this was ever the guide of his taste and of his opinions, and is one of the principal reasons of the inexpressible charms which are discovered in the perusal of his works. No mind perhaps ever combined more ideas at a time, decided with more rapid sagacity, or displayed more depth, in whatever required a laborious analysis or continued meditation. The strength of his eagle-eye often has astonished even those who were indebted to similar means for ideas the most profound, and combinations the most extensive and precise. In conversation he has often been known to select the best of a multitude of ideas, to arrange them in the most perspicacious and effectual manner, and to clothe them in the most happy and brilliant language.

* A German lawyer, of the sixteenth century, who maintained at that time that all power originated in the people.

If we consider him as a poet, we shall find that, of the various species which he attempted, the ode and comedy were the only ones in which he did not deserve the highest rank. He failed in comedy because, as it has previously been remarked, he had the gift of seizing the ridiculous of opinion, but not of character, such as could be put in action, and which alone is proper for comedy. Not that, in a country where the mind of man should have freed itself from all its bonds, and in which philosophy should have become popular, absurd and dangerous opinions might not be successfully exhibited on the stage: but this kind of freedom is at present nowhere to be found.

We cannot read his theatrical writings, without observing that, to him the tragic art is indebted for the whole progress which it has made since Racine: nor can even those who refuse him superiority, or equality of poetical talents, without stupidity or injustice, deny this progress. His latter tragedies prove, that he was far from supposing he had carried this so difficult art to its utmost extent: he was sensible that tragedy might still approach more nearly to nature, without being deprived of its pomp and dignity; that it still addicted itself too much to local manners; that the love of women was a too frequent subject; that their passions ought to be represented on the stage as they exist in life; and their affection first discovered only by the efforts made to conceal it, and not publicly avowed, unless in those moments when excess of danger, or of misfortune, no longer admit of disguise. He thought too, that characters void of affectation, great by nature, and strangers to interest and ambition, might afford a source of new beauties, and impart to tragedy more variety and truth. But he became too feeble to execute his own conceptions; and, if we except the father of Irene, we shall find his latter tragedies rather lessons than models.

If, therefore, especially in the arts, the man of genius be he, who, by enriching them has most extended their limits, who has merited this title more than Vol-

taire? Yet has it been refused him by writers, most of whom were, indeed, too destitute of genius themselves, to feel its true characteristics.

To Voltaire we are indebted for having taken a more extensive and useful view of history than the ancients. It has in his writings become, not a narrative of events, not the picture of the revolutions of a nation, but that of human nature, painted from the life, and the philosophic result of the experience of all people, and of all ages. He first introduced true criticism into history; first showed that the natural probability of accidents ought to be admitted, as proofs for, or against historical authenticity; and that the philosophic historian ought not only to reject miracles, but scrupulously to examine the motives for crediting those facts which depart from the common order of nature.

As a philosopher, he was the first to afford an example of a private citizen, who, by his wishes and his endeavours, embraced the general history of man in every country and in every age, opposing error and oppression of every kind, and defending and promulgating every useful truth.

The history of whatever has been done in Europe, in favour of reason and humanity, is the history of his labours and beneficent acts. If the absurd and dangerous custom of interring the dead within the walls of cities, and even in churches, have been abolished in some countries; if, on the continent of Europe, men, by means of inoculation, have, in part, escaped a disease which threatened life, and often was destructive of happiness; if the catholic clergy have lost their dangerous power, and will soon be deprived of their scandalous wealth; if the liberty of the press be increased; if Sweden, Russia, Poland, Prussia, and the dominions of the house of Austria have beheld the tyranny of intolerance vanish; if even in France, and some of the provinces of Italy, it have suffered attacks; if the shameful remains of feudal vassalage have been shaken in Russia, Denmark, Bohemia, and France; if Poland now feel its injustice and danger; if absurd and bar-

barous laws have been generally abolished, or are threatened with approaching destruction; if the necessity of reforming the administration of public justice be every where felt; if the continent of Europe have been taught that men possess a right to the use of reason; if religious prejudices have been eradicated from the higher classes of society, and in part effaced from the hearts of the common people; if their defenders have been reduced to the shameful necessity of maintaining their political utility; if the love of humanity be now the common language of all governments; if wars should become less frequent, and if the pride of kings or claims which the rust of time has concealed, be no longer alleged as the pretence for their commencement; if we have beheld the mask stripped from the face of religious sectaries, who were privileged in imposing on the world! and if reason, for the first time, have begun to shed its clear and uniform light over all Europe; we shall every where discover, in the history of the changes that have been effected, the name of Voltaire.

THE END.

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