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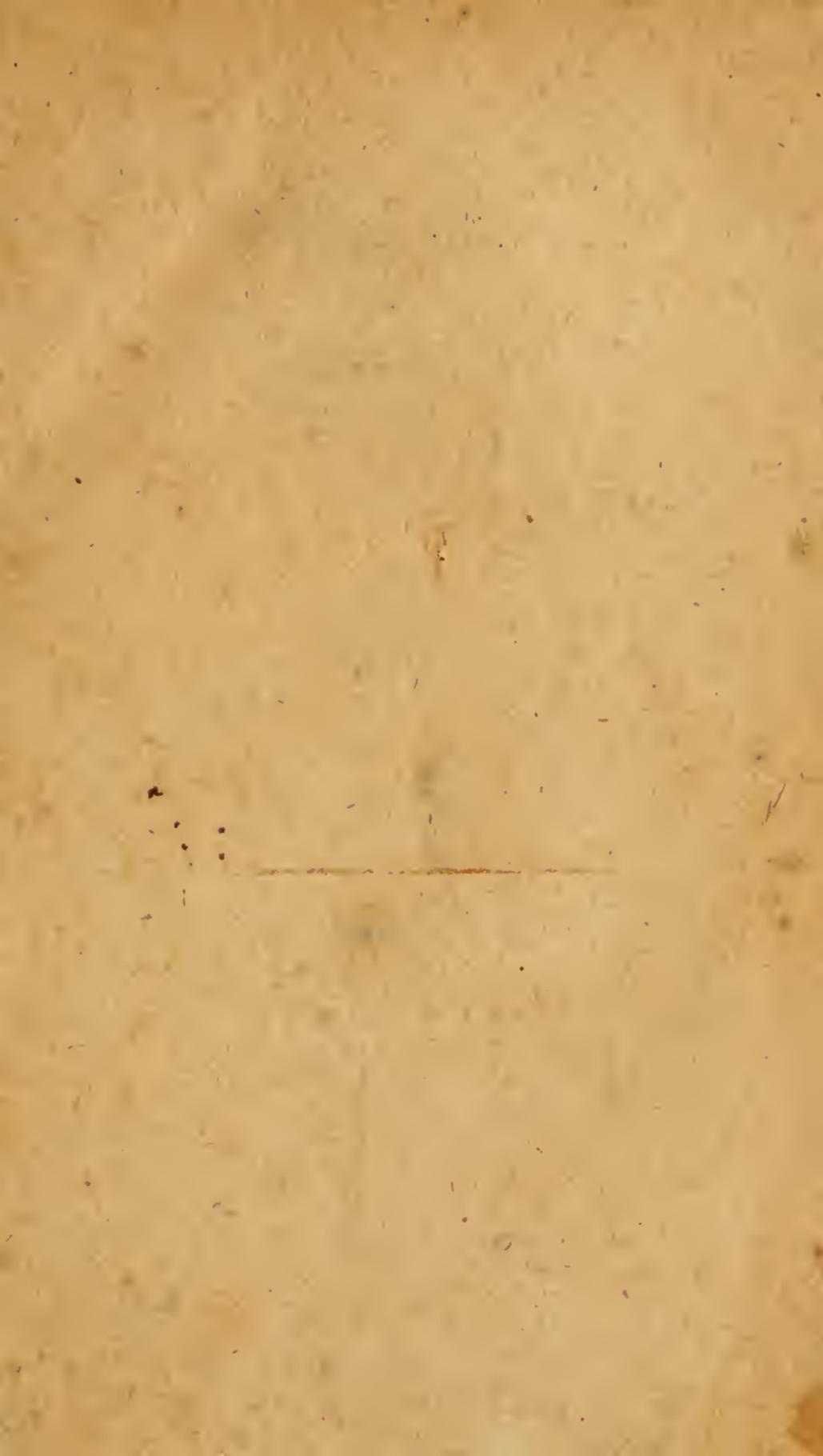
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T H E  
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G E O R G E L O R D L Y T T E L T O N ;

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V O L . I .

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D U B L I N :

Printed by G. FAULKNER, in Parliament-street,  
M.DCC.LXXIV.

sensible and pertinent remarks on the state of Europe at that period; but I shall further add, that I have stronger and more weighty reasons for their publication, not only because they are the produce of the best of *heads*, but because they are effusions from the best of *hearts*; and because they are the early and wonderful proofs of his generosity, piety, and above all his filial reverence; and may be justly deemed the first ebullitions of virtues, which, being afterwards matured by age and experience, extended their beneficent influence over mankind in general, and were more immediately felt by the inhabitants of this free country.

I must now beg leave to assure your lordship, that it is my desire that this work may not only give satisfaction to the public, but also be honoured with your lordship's particular approbation. I am proud to confess that I have ever had the highest veneration for your refined taste, sound judgment, and ripened abilities; and, at the same time, permit me to add my most ardent wishes that these great talents, which are certainly equal to those your father possessed, may, like his, be exerted with indefatigable zeal in the service of your country; and that, like him, your lordship may hereafter prove a shining ornament of the senate, and one of the firmest pillars of the constitution. — *Sed quid verbis opus est?* Your lordship has already forestalled my hopes; and my wishes, even at this early period, are nearly accomplished.

I remain,

my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Much obliged and

Most affectionate friend,

and

Obedient, humble Servant,

GEORGE EDWARD ASYCOUGH.



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OBSERVATIONS

*John*

ON THE

*Conver*

L I F E

O F

C I C E R O.

Μετὰ μέγιστοι θεῶς καὶ ἀνθρώπων τὸ πᾶν γένε· τὸ αἰεὶ ἐπιγιγνώμενον αἰετ·θε·  
ἐ γὰρ ἐν σκότῳ ὑμᾶς οἱ θεοὶ ἀποκρύπτουσι, ἀλλ' ἐμφανῆ πᾶσιν αἰάκη  
αἰεὶ ζῆν τὰ ὑμέτερα ἔργα.

ΞΕΝΟΦΩΝ.

VOL. I.

B



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**ARTHUR ONSLOW,**

SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

S I R,

**T**HE honour I do myself of addressing these remarks to you, is a proof how confident I am in the partiality of your friendship; if they have any other claim to your regard, it is only from a spirit of liberty, which, where-ever it appears, is always sure of your favour and protection. The subject of them, which is the Life of Cicero, must be doubly interesting to you, as he was the most excellent Orator of all antiquity, and bore the most eminent character in the Roman Senate, while it remained free, and was worthy of that name.

I am, with the most perfect respect, and highest sense of your favours to me,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient

humble Servant,





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

LIFE OF CICERO.

**A**MONG all the celebrated characters in the Roman History, there are none more worthy our attention, than those great men who were at the head of the Republick when she was arrived at her highest degree of power and glory, and by a natural consequence of excessive prosperity was fallen into those vices and corruptions, which soon after produced a change of government, and brought her into an infamous slavery. This revolution was either hastened or delayed according as they who had the management of affairs were more or less infected with the general depravity: some there were who preserved themselves quite untainted; who gallantly stood in the breach, and struggled hard for liberty. Such were Marcus Cato, Quintus Hortensius, Quintus Catulus, and Marcus Brutus; whose virtues were the more valuable to their country, because they were exerted at a juncture when she found herself most in need of their assistance: with these Cicero has generally been placed, and if we may take his own word, Rome had not a more unspotted patriot to boast of than himself: but I doubt, when we look strictly into his conduct, we shall often find it very different from theirs who really deserve that name; and it will appear even from the testimony of his own letters, in which he spoke more naturally

naturally and with less vanity than he does in his orations, that his publick character was far from being perfect; that he acted upon many occasions more like an ambitious orator than a philosophical republican; that his virtues were blended with many weaknesses and pernicious failings; and that, notwithstanding his exalted notions of integrity, he sometimes yielded to the corruption of the age, and sacrificed the welfare of his country to his private interests and passions. What makes him the less excusable is, that none ever understood the rules of virtue or saw the beauty of it more than he: his writings are the noblest lessons of publick honesty, disinterestedness, and the love of liberty, that are to be found in all antiquity: and it is the excellent and almost divine spirit which appears in those books, that has made the majority of readers conclude the author of them to have been in his own practice, what he takes so much pains to recommend, and inculcates with such force of eloquence. And, to do him right, in many parts of his administration he was the patriot he describes: the Commonwealth had great obligations to him; no less than its preservation at one crisis: but there wanted a steadiness and uniformity in his conduct, which alone could entitle him to the reputation he was so desirous of obtaining, and that has been given him rather by the partiality of learned men, than from the suffrage of historical justice.

I shall endeavour in the following observations to set his actions in their proper light, and, without aggravating or softening any thing, consider them as they were directed to the advantage or prejudice of his country; in doing which, I shall dwell only upon such circumstances as are important to his character, passing by a great number of other facts which have no relation to my design.

The first cause of moment that he undertook was the defence of Roscius Amerinus, in which he gained great honour by his opposition to Sylla, who was the prosecutor, and whose power had frightened every body else from appearing in his behalf: such a spirit in a young man at his first entrance into publick business was admired by all the world, and seemed to promise something very extraordinary; but though the danger of offending the tyrant could not deter him from pleading for Roscius, yet he thought it not prudent to expose himself to his resentment afterwards; but left Rome, and retired into Greece, under pretence of travelling for his health. He there applied himself to the study of eloquence; and having the advantage of the best masters in the world, he made such improvements in it, that when he came to the bar upon his return to Rome, he soon eclipsed all his competitors, even Hortensius himself, who could not see without uneasiness the superiority he was gaining over him, though they afterwards became very good friends; the conformity of their sentiments upon publick business, and the interests of the Commonwealth, having united them notwithstanding their emulation. This great ability in speaking could not fail to raise him very high in a government where every thing was disposed of by the favour of the people; and for the first proof of their good-will towards him, he was sent to Sicily in the office of quæstor, where he behaved himself with so much justice, integrity, and moderation, that his reputation as a magistrate was not inferior to that which he had obtained before as an orator. To ingratiate himself still further with the Sicilians, he engaged in the prosecution of Verres, who, during his prætorship in their island, had drawn upon himself an universal hatred by his rapaciousness, insolence, and other crimes, which were too often committed with impunity by the Roman governours:

nours: and Verres himself, infamous as he was, did not want the countenance and protection of some of the most considerable men in Rome, who endeavoured to shelter him from justice for a reason obvious enough, because they were unwilling any enquiry should be made into offences of that publick nature, in the guilt of which so many of their friends, and perhaps they themselves, were too much involved. But the eloquence and credit of Cicero condemned Verres in spite of their opposition; and the Sicilians were so pleased with the service he had done them upon that occasion, that they put themselves wholly under his protection, and continued their esteem and affection to the end of his life.

Soon after his success in this affair, which recommended him extremely to the Roman people, who were always glad to see magistrates prosecuted for male-administration, he was made edile; and having gone through that office with a deserved applause, he was unanimously chosen prætor. As that dignity was the second in the Commonwealth, the possession of it inspired him with higher thoughts and more aspiring hopes than he had entertained before: he then began to take such measures as he judged most likely to contribute to his advancement: and as Pompey was more capable than any body of assisting him in that design, he sought all means of gaining him to his interests; and with that view pronounced his famous oration *pro Lege Manilia*, in which he entirely forsook his former character of a lover of his country, and became a principal instrument of illegal and arbitrary power. As the part that Cicero acted in this affair deserves a very particular consideration, I shall set it in as full a light as possible; the more, because Plutarch takes no notice of it, which it is not very easy to account for, considering his usual impartiality.

The

The extravagant affection of the people, in committing to Pompey the command of the war against the pirates, had vested him with so exorbitant a power, that it utterly destroyed the equality essential to a Commonwealth. His commission gave him an absolute authority over the whole length of the Mediterranean as far as Hercules's pillars, and along all the coasts of it to the distance of fifty miles from the sea: he was empowered to take what money he thought fit out of the publick treasury without accounting for it, and to raise as many soldiers and mariners as he judged convenient. Besides this, he had a liberty of chusing out of the body of the senate, fifteen persons to serve him as lieutenants, to whom he assigned their provinces at his own discretion. In vain did the consuls, with most of the senators, oppose this prodigious authority, so contrary to the maxims of their government: their resistance served only to inflame the people, and occasioned them to add to their decree, that Pompey should have power to fit out five hundred sail of ships, to raise an army of an hundred and twenty six thousand men, and that he should have twenty four senators and two quæstors to obey his orders.

With this force he soon reduced the pirates; and his victory was hardly known at Rome, when Manilius, one of the tribunes of the people, to gratify his insatiable ambition, proposed the giving him the government of Lucullus, and the command of that general's army then carrying on the war with Mithridates, and that he should still retain the whole extent of that authority which had been granted him by the former decree, though the reasons for which it had been given were entirely ceased. This was nothing less than delivering to him all the forces both by sea and land, and making him absolute master of the Roman empire: what rendered the favourers of this decree more inexcusable was, that they had not the least pretence of publick necessity to justify the proposing

proposing it, as they seemed to have had in the commission they gave him against the pirates, who were at that time very formidable enemies: but Lucullus, who commanded in Asia, had overcome Mithridates in several battles, and was as capable of finishing the war as he whom they appointed to be his successor. Such an excessive power entrusted to one man, where there was so little occasion for it, appeared to the senate an utter subversion of the constitution; but such was their fear of Pompey, whose greatness was become no less terrible than that of Sylla, that except Quintus Catulus and Hortensius none durst contradict the passing of it. These two great men, one of which was beyond dispute the second orator in Rome, spoke with much warmth and force against the decree, endeavouring to persuade the people of the unreasonableness and danger of it; and perhaps they would have made some impression, if Pompey's faction, apprehending the effect their orations might have produced, had not set up an abler speaker than either of them to harangue on their side of the question. Cicero mounted the *rostrum*, and with an eloquence worthy of a better cause, most artfully reflected on Lucullus, whose reputation, as well as his authority, was to be made a sacrifice to the envy of Pompey; then he proceeded to descant upon Pompey's character, which he set off with all the ornaments of rhetoric, attributing to him the whole success not only of the African, Spanish, and Piratick wars, but even of that against the slaves, the honour of which was solely due to Crassus. Thus by cruelly injuring two of the greatest generals that were then in the Commonwealth; by a most servile flattery of the man who was manifestly overturning all its liberties: he brought the people to consent to the Manilian Law, which, had a regard to the interest of his country been his constant principle, he ought to have opposed as violently as he did afterwards

afterwards the Agrarian, or any other attempt against the safety and freedom of the state. It is certain that these extraordinary honours conferred on Pompey, as they broke the balance of the Republick, so they irritated the ambition of Cæsar, and afterwards furnished him with a pretence of demanding as great a power for himself, and seizing it by force when it was refused.

I come now to speak of his consulship, which really deserves all the praises that not only the Greek and Roman historians have bestowed upon it, but even those which he himself is so lavish of whenever he has an opportunity to mention it. His opposition to the law proposed by Rullus, which was presented to the people in a form they were always easy to be caught with, was a matter of the most delicate nature; and nothing less than his consummate address in the managing those assemblies, could possibly have hindered its being carried by the artful contrivers of it: but by shewing the people that under the notion of a popular decree they were really setting up a private tyranny, from which no advantage could arise to the poor, for whose sake alone this law was pretended to be formed, but the revenues of the publick would be dissipated and its liberty destroyed; he stopped the execution of their designs, and saved the Commonwealth from the yoke which was just ready to be imposed upon it. I believe no affair was ever managed with greater prudence, nor ever so much skill exerted in any oration as in those he made upon this occasion, which are certainly master-pieces in their kind, though others of a more pompous stile are generally more admired. His conduct in Cati-line's conspiracy is too well known to be repeated here: the vigilance, firmness, and activity, with which he discovered and prevented that design, can never be too much extolled; nor could any thing have depreciated the services he then did his country,

but

but his being so sensible of them himself. As to the charge brought against him by his enemies of having violated the Porcian law, by putting to death the chief of the conspirators without allowing them a trial, he was abundantly justified in so doing by the urgent necessity of affairs, and by the order of the senate, *That he should take care the Republick might receive no detriment.* This commission vested him with something like a dictatorial power, and the extream danger of the Commonwealth required it; for the least delay would have been fatal. But as the people were always jealous of any stretch of authority in the senate, they were more easily wrought upon to take umbrage at this extraordinary act, which Cicero himself calls in one of his letters *Invidiosa Potentia.*— After the expiration of his consulship all mens eyes were turned upon him, as one who they hoped would continue to be the chief support of those that were affectionate to the Commonwealth. What engagements he then entered into, what friendships he cultivated, what policy he observed, demands a very strict examination, though this period of his life, from the death of Catiline to his banishment by Clodius, has been passed lightly over by historians; and therefore many parts of it are only to be collected from his private letters, in which he gives a very particular account of every step he took, and of the many changes both in his sentiments and behaviour that happened during that remarkable interval. We shall find him sometimes devoted to Pompey, sometimes at variance with him; sometimes imploring his protection, sometimes despising his power; now resolved to stand or fall with the Commonwealth, now making his terms with its tyrants; almost always reasoning differently, and yet frequently reasoning better than he could prevail upon himself to act. When he was to make an oration to the people upon quitting the consulship, the secret enemies of his administration declared themselves,

selves, and Cæsar who was one of the prætors, together with Metullus and Bestia, two tribunes, would not suffer him to give an account of his conduct as was always usual, but commanded him to abjure his office, and leave the rostrum. This they grounded upon his having put to death some Roman citizens without a legal trial; and they thought it would be a great mortification to Cicero's vanity, to deprive him of so fair an opportunity of making his own panegyrick: but the readiness of his wit found a way to disappoint their malice; for he took the oath in a new-invented form, and instead of swearing that he had acted nothing contrary to the interests of the republick, he swore that he had saved the city and the whole state from ruin. As extraordinary as this oath was, all the people took it after him in the same words, and the affront that his enemies would have done him fell entirely upon themselves. The next day he complained of them in the senate, and prevailed upon that order to pass a decree, *That no prosecution should be brought against him for what he had executed by virtue of the power which they had given him.* This drove the cabal against him to propose a law for the calling home Pompey with the army under his command, to secure the liberties of the people against the pretended tyranny of Cicero: but by the invincible opposition of Cato this project failed. However, it made such an impression upon the mind of Cicero, that he resolved to neglect no methods of binding Pompey more strongly to his interest, who had already very great obligations to him, as has been shewn before. Accordingly when that general was preparing to return to Rome, he writ to him: and having complained of his want of friendship, in not congratulating him upon what he had done during his absence for the service of the state; he compares Pompey to the younger Scipio, and himself to Lelius, desiring that their union might be as strict as

was

was the famous one between those two great men. This produced an appearance of amity towards him, but he himself suspected it not to be sincere, as is evident from his 13th epistle to Atticus, in which he says of Pompey, That indeed he made great professions of esteem and consideration for him, and affected openly to support and praise him; but it was easy enough to see he envied him, though he endeavoured to conceal it. Cicero's vanity makes him call that envy, which was really ill-will, for Pompey could not be a friend to any body that had declared himself in the interests of the Republick. The character that Cicero gives of him in the same letter, is very different from that of Scipio, to whom he had compared him a little before: his words are, speaking of his conduct, *Nihil come, nihil simplex, nihil ἐν τοῖς πολιτικοῖς honestum, nihil illustre, nihil forte, nihil liberum.* And again in the 20th of the same book, *Is vir nihil habet amplum, nihil excelsum, nihil non summum & popolare.* Would one believe, that the hero of the fine oration *pro lege Manilia*, and the Pompey thus described, was the same man? Had he nothing great? nothing elevated? nothing but what was mean and vulgar? was there neither dignity, nor spirit, nor freedom, nor candour, nor honesty, nor good-nature in his whole behaviour? But to this person, such as he is here represented, Cicero earnestly laboured to recommend himself: and he had soon after more need than ever of his protection in the famous quarrel with Clodius, which he entered into more to satisfy the ill humour of his wife Terentia, who was jealous of an intrigue between him and Clodia, than out of any regard to the ceremonies of the *Bona Dea*. Had he known the parts and capacity of Clodius as well as he did afterwards when he came to feel them, in all probability he would not have exposed himself to the enmity of a man so able to do him mischief, and with whom he had always lived before

before in a degree of friendship. But besides that he thought his ruin infallible from the evidence he brought against him, the perpetual riot and debauchery in which he passed his time, made him apprehend no great consequences from his resentment: but he was soon convinced, that a turn to pleasure does not always render those that follow it unfit for business, especially when they are excited to action by any violent passion. Clodius found means to corrupt his judges, and was no sooner acquitted but he turned all his thoughts to the pursuit of his revenge upon Cicero, and kept him in continual alarms till he got an opportunity of compassing it, which obliged him to court Pompey more and more, though such a conduct was extremely inconsistent with his principles of liberty. As much distrust as he had expressed of that great man's friendship in the letter to Atticus I mentioned first, he now deceived himself into an entire dependance on it, and most of his letters were filled with boasts of his good policy in securing such a powerful protector against Clodius and all his faction. How little foundation he had for so much confidence, will appear by the sequel of that affair. In the mean time there was a business brought before the senate, which, as it very much affected one of the main points of Cicero's policy, it will be necessary to give some account of. It had always been his favourite system, through the whole course of his administration, to strengthen the power of the senate, by a close union with the equestrian order, they making a very considerable body, and carrying a great weight along with them to which ever side they inclined. He succeeded so well in this design, that during the conspiracy of Catiline they were a constant guard to the senate, and ready upon all occasions to support the resolutions of that house. This was certainly a very important service to the Commonwealth, and it was no small honour to Cicero to  
 have

have been the author of it : but most of this order being employed in collecting the taxes of the Republick, \* or in farming of its revenues, there were grievous complaints made against them from all parts of the empire for the frequent abuses of their office, in all which Cicero was forced to defend them contrary to truth and equity, for fear of alienating them from the senate. But soon after the affair of Clodius, Cato who did not understand those managements, accused the judges who absolved him of corruption, many of which were Roman knights, and obtained a decree against them. This was resented as an affront upon the whole body, and Cicero to pacify them again, was obliged to speak in the senate against the decree. But a much worse matter † that followed shortly after, involved him in a new trouble upon their account. Many of them who had farmed the Asian revenues of the censor, whose office it was to sett them, had taken them at too high a price, out of emulation to go beyond the other bidders ; and afterwards repenting of their bargain, made a most impudent request to the senate, that they might be discharged of so much of their rents as they thought would burthen them too much. It was impossible for Cato to be patient under such a demand : he opposed it with all his might, and on the other side Cicero, who knew of what consequence it was not to disoblige the order, supported them no less vigorously : the dispute between them lasted a good while, but at length Cato, who had justice and reason entirely on his side, got the better, and the petition was rejected. Experience soon shewed how much more useful it would have been for the Commonwealth to have followed Cicero's advice. The knights, exasperated at the severity of the senate, abandoned their party,

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\* L. II. Ep. i.

† Ibid.

party, and gave themselves up to Cæsar, who knew very well how to turn this division to his own advantage. It was the fault of Cato not to see that public affairs are incapable of perfection, and that it is impossible to govern a state without submitting lesser interests to greater: hence it was that with admirable intentions for the service of his country, he sometimes did a great deal of mischief, for want of distinguishing between what was good in speculation, and what in practice. This was seldom the case with Cicero: when he departed from the interests of the Republick, it was for the most part with his eyes open, and without the excuse of error. During these wrangles between him and Cato, the triumvirate was secretly forming, and Cæsar, under the specious pretence of reconciling Pompey and Crassus, was working himself into a share of power with them, which he knew better than they did how to support. Cicero perceived it, and takes notice to Atticus \* of his growing greatness. But as dangerous as this union was to the Commonwealth, he did not think fit to oppose it, or break with Pompey upon that account; though he makes the strongest declarations of his resolution not to abandon the good cause, but ever to maintain it at all events. It seems he flattered himself with an unaccountable chimæra of being able to govern them both, as he tells Atticus in the first epistle of the second book. And again, in the third of the same book, he informs his friend, that Cæsar had assured him he would do nothing but by his advice: possibly Cæsar, being sensible of his foible, might have soothed his vanity in making him believe so; but it is much more likely, that his conduct was owing to other motives which are mentioned in that letter, viz. *Reditus in gratiam cum inimicis, pax cum*

VOL. I.

C

multi-

\* L. II. Ep. i.

*multitudine, senectutis otium.* Thus he manifestly gave up the care of the Commonwealth to a precarious safety and shameful ease; but he could not help reproaching himself for it at the end of the letter, and acknowledging that this was acting very differently from the virtuous maxims of his consulship, and very much beneath his reputation.

The fifth letter of the second book is so extraordinary a confession of his weakness, not to give it a worse name, that I am surprized how it came to drop from him even to so intimate a friend as Atticus. He very ingenuously tells him, That if they whom he afterwards calls Tyrants, would have bribed him with the place of augur, they had it in their power to have gained him. *Quo quidem uno (Auguratu scil.) ego ab istis capi possum; vide levitatem meam.* But, being disappointed in the object of his ambition, he resolves, out of the abundance of his virtue, to retire from business, and philosophize: accordingly he went into the country; and in the letters he wrote from thence, treats both Clodius and Pompey with great contempt, and even threatens the last with a publick recantation of all the fine things he had said of him: While he was absent, Pompey married Cæsar's daughter; upon which, Cicero, whose penetration saw all the consequences of the fatal alliance, returned to Rome, and, joining with Curio and other opposers of Cæsar in the senate, endeavoured to obstruct his designs, though without offending Pompey, with whom he still kept up a shew of friendship. But the storm which had hung over him so long now broke upon his head: Cæsar, to be revenged, assisted Clodius, and got him to be chosen tribune of the people. No sooner was he entered upon this office, but he openly menaced Cicero with a prosecution for the death of the conspirators. This threw him into one of his usual terrors; but Pompey flattered him with repeated assurances that he would not suffer Clodius to proceed:

ceed: at first he gave credit to these promises; but finding that the design against him still went on, he began to suspect that he was betrayed. His affairs were in this disagreeable posture, when Cæsar, who desired only to draw him off from giving him trouble at Rome, offered to carry him his lieutenant into Gaul, for which province he was ready to set out. Plutarch says he solicited it himself, but the letters to Atticus expressly affirm that the proposal came from Cæsar. Be it how it will, there could nothing more advantageous have happened to Cicero at that time. The employment was very honourable, and would have effectually secured him from the malice and power of his enemies: being sensible of this himself, he was inclined to accept of it, and would have gone with Cæsar, if Clodius, perceiving that he was in danger of losing his revenge, had not very artfully changed his conduct, and, by affecting to seem moderate and void of rancour, persuaded people that he had laid aside his resentment, and was even disposed to a reconciliation if sought for. Cicero was weak enough to be duped by this behaviour, and refused the lieutenantancy of Cæsar, who thereupon insisted with Pompey upon giving him up to the fury of Clodius, and declared in an assembly of the people, that he thought Cicero had acted illegally in putting to death the accomplices of Catiline. Clodius pushed the affair so vigorously, that Cicero soon found he had undone himself in not making use of Cæsar's offer. He fell into a most unmanly dejection, changing his robe, and walking about the street in a sordid habit, to move the compassion of the people, while Clodius insulted and reviled him for his want of spirit. The senate indeed, and the whole equestrian order, gave him all the marks he could desire of affection and concern; but the faction against him was the stronger: Crassus was his enemy upon many accounts, Catulus was dead, Lucullus retired from business: Pompey was his only resource, and he still counted upon

some return for the many services he had done him in the course of his administration. But it is the just punishment of those who make themselves the tools of other men's ambition, *That whenever the interests of those they serve may happen to demand it, they are sure to be sacrificed : for no very ambitious man was ever grateful any further than it was useful to him to be so.* This Cicero most cruelly experienced, when, going to Pompey to implore his protection, he, to avoid his importunities or reproaches, refused to see him. Upon this he utterly lost all hopes, and, abandoning himself to the most abject complaints, consulted with his friends what he should do to avoid the present danger. Most of them advised him to go voluntarily into banishment, as the only means to prevent a Civil War ; which council he resolved to follow, as most conformable to his own genius and circumstances.

In how spiritless and effeminate a manner he behaved during his exile, is sufficiently known to all the world : the stain that is left upon his character was too great to be varnished over by all the glory of his triumphant return, which he chiefly owed to the imprudence of Clodius in quarrelling with Pompey, though the vigorous proceeding of his friend Milo and the firmness of the senate were of no small service to him. As soon as he was re-established in his former dignities, he linked himself more closely than ever in friendship with Pompey, making his court to Cæsar at the same time, whom he found it was not safe for him to offend. This complaisance had the effect that he proposed from it ; he obtained the place of augur which he desired so passionately, and not long after the government of Cilicia. His behaviour in the administration of this province would have done him a great deal of honour, if he could have been content with the reputation he had acquired of a wise and upright magistrate, without aiming at the glory of a soldier, to which he was  
far

far from having so good a title. Cato's answer to the letter, in which he solicits him to get a triumph decreed him by the senate, is a very handsome reproof of his vanity, and a more gentle one than one would have expected from the roughness of that great man's character. But notwithstanding all the pains he took to soften his denial, Cicero was grievously offended at it; which ill disposition of his, the enemies of Cato, \* particularly Cæsar, omitted no endeavours to confirm. Upon his return to Rome he found the Civil War just ready to break out between him and Pompey: this extremely embarrassed him, for he was very desirous to be upon good terms with both, and both equally courted him to their party. At first he attempted to bring them to some agreement, but he soon found that design impracticable; for ambition, which had formerly made them friends, now made them enemies: then he laboured to dissuade Pompey in particular from hazarding a war, by representing to him the inequality of their forces, and that it was now too late to quarrel with the man whom he himself had made so strong: these arguments, just and reasonable as they were, had no effect upon Pompey, who was infatuated with a vain conceit of his own power, and a false confidence which betrayed him to his ruin. All his efforts towards preventing a rupture meeting with no success, Cicero found himself in the greatest perplexities for which of the two factions he should declare. On one side he saw a general without authority, troops without obedience, neglect of all necessary preparation, and a continual series of mistakes; on the other an active leader, a well-disciplined army, great courage, and admirable conduct: whichever got the better, the Commonwealth

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\* L. VII. Ep. i, ii.

wealth was almost equally sure of being enslaved. That this was the case, very plainly appears from many passages in his Epistles to Atticus, where he says, That let the success of the Civil War be what it would, the consequence of it would certainly be a tyrant. I shall only cite one, which is in the 7th letter of the 7th book, *Depugna, inquis, potius quam servias: ut quid? si victus eris, proscribare; si viceris, tamen servias.* The only difference was, That the tyranny of Pompey would be established upon the authority of the senate, and Cæsar chose rather to build his upon the favour of the people. Under these difficulties Cicero remained some time, in a most uneasy situation; at last he tells Atticus the conclusion of all his reasonings in the following words: \* *Quid ergo, inquis, acturus es? Idem quod pecudes quæ depulsæ sui generis sequuntur greges: ut bos armenta, sic ego bonos viros, aut eos qui dicuntur boni, sequar, etiam si ruent.* He resolves to herd with his own kind; that is, to follow those who had the reputation of being the honest party, the majority of senators, and the men whose dignity was most eminent in the Commonwealth. But though he had taken this resolution, he delayed a good while to execute it, from the natural timidity of his temper. In the mean time, some of his friends that were in Cæsar's army, and Cæsar himself, were very earnest with him to stand neuter at least, if he would not join with them, which conduct they persuaded him would be most for his honour, as well as infinitely for his advantage. But Pompey pressed him to come immediately to his camp, and in such a manner as let him see, that he resented the uncertainty of his behaviour. This alarmed him, and he began to declare himself according to his first intention, though he every day saw

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\* L. VII. Ep. vii.

saw more reason to apprehend the ill success of their party. But what determined him at last was the severity with which Pompey threatened to proceed against all who remained unactive and neuters in the quarrel; † *Crudeliter minabitur otiosis*, says he in a letter to one of his friends. And in another to Atticus § he tells him, that the least he (Atticus) would suffer if Pompey should be victorious, was a confiscation of all his fortune; and that as many as continued in the same neutrality must expect to come off no better. He himself therefore, upon the report of some disadvantage Cæsar lay under in Spain (which, contrary to the expectation of his enemies, he soon surmounted), set sail, and joined Pompey at his camp in Greece, who received him coldly, as knowing he came thither very much against his will. He endeavoured to revenge himself by bitter raileries upon the ill management of their affairs, and so derided the weakness of the party, that it drew from Pompey this severe reproof, *Pass into Cæsar's camp, and then you will give over ridiculing us, and begin to fear us*. Cicero so far followed his advice, that he withdrew himself before the battle of Pharsalia, and immediately after that decisive action made his peace with the conqueror. From that time to the death of Cæsar, he led a most inglorious and dishonourable life, courting the usurper, whom in his heart he hated, with the most abject and servile adulations, entirely forgetting the dignity of his former character, and not even hiding the disgraceful circumstances of his present situation by a prudent and modest retreat, but exposing them to the eyes of the publick, and braving the censures of mankind. Yet in this unworthy  
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† Ad Familiares, L. IX. Ep. v.

§ Ad Varronem, L. XI. Ep. vi.

and contemptible scene of action, which brought such a cloud upon his reputation, one merit he still preserved, that in his flatteries to Cæsar he shewed a regard to the interests of his friends, and the safety of those who had faithfully served the Commonwealth. Such a conduct shews there were yet some sparks of virtue remaining in him; and though it does not atone for the mean homage which he paid to the tyrant of his country, yet it certainly lessens the guilt, and takes off from the infamy of his crime. The conspiracy against Cæsar, which was formed and executed without his participation, is a plain proof how low he was then fallen in the opinion of honest men; for who was so fit to have engaged in a design against the life of an usurper, as the destroyer of Catiline and his accomplices? from whom could the Republick so properly expect her freedom, as from him who had before defended her in so imminent a danger? But they who espoused that cause which he had deserted, saw and knew that he had no longer spirit enough for so great an undertaking; and therefore they contented themselves with requiring his approbation afterwards, which they were satisfied he would not refuse them when the blow was struck; and then indeed, as they expected he would do, he returned to the maxims of his former policy, and his character in some measure recovered its former lustre. He entered into the interests of the conspirators, and did them all the service he was able, the particular instances of which it will not be necessary to mention here. But when he found that all was going again to wreck by the cabals of Antony and other friends of Cæsar, when Brutus and the other heads of the conspiracy were obliged to yield to the violence of the conjuncture and abandon Italy, he too judged it prudent to retire, and took shipping to go into Greece; but, meeting with contrary winds, he was driven back once  
or

or twice to shore ; by which delay, time was given to his friends in Rom eto acquaint him with Antony's having made a decree, for the perpetual abolishment of the dictatorship, which Sylla and Cæsar had made so odious, and some other popular acts, that gave them hopes he would return to his duty, and no longer hinder the restoration of the Commonwealth. Being thus called back by, what he terms himself, the general voice of his country, and looking upon the accidents which had delayed his passage as miraculous declarations of the will of Providence to command his return, he made what haste he could to Rome, where he was received by the whole city with uncommon honours. But the good opinion he had conceived of Antony did not last long : some harsh words he spoke in the senate concerning him, occasioned a very sharp reply, which Antony resenting, loudly threatened him in his oration, and accused him as an accomplice of Cæsar's murder. Cicero from that moment kept no measures with him ; but, arming himself with all the thunder of his eloquence, poured forth those terrible invectives which compelled the senate to declare war upon Antony, and soon after drove him out of Italy. This was certainly a very great action, and one of the shining parts of Cicero's life ; but possibly he would have done the state more service, in the situation it then was, if his animosity against Antony had been less violent, because it precipitated the execution of those designs which ended in the ruin of the Commonwealth ; at least this was the opinion of Brutus, as appears by several passages in his letters. But there is another part of his conduct, which it will be more difficult to know how to justify. I mean his committing the safety of the Republick to an ambitious boy, who, from the near relation he bore to Cæsar, could never be a proper person to defend it in conjunction with his father's murderers. At first

indeed it might look like good policy, to make use of his credit among the friends and soldiers of Julius Cæsar, against the more formidable greatness of Mark Antony; but when he afterwards grew so powerful, it was a most inconsiderate and fatal mistake to continue him any longer in employment, and put the last stake of liberty into the hands of one who had so great temptations to betray it. It seems Octavius, unexperienced as he was, had discovered the old man's weak side, and, by flattering and persuading him that he would always act subservient to his authority, had engaged him to that excessive confidence which his friends saw the danger of, though he did not. Brutus in particular, whose eyes were ever open to all that might affect the Commonwealth, made him strong and frequent instances to have a care of setting up one tyrant while he was pulling down another: but when, without any regard to these remonstrances, he carried his fervility so far as even to supplicate Octavius for the lives of Brutus and the other conspirators, that truly great and free-spirited Roman could not help venting his indignation against him in two letters, one to Atticus\*, and the other to Cicero himself, which are at the same time the noblest monuments of the heroick virtue of him that wrote them, and the most unanswerable condemnations of that conduct which gave occasion to them. And indeed he had too much reason to say, that Cicero acted as if he was not so solicitous about securing the liberty of his country, as to chuse a master who would be favourable to himself. But what most of all exasperated Brutus was, that in the excess of his complaisance for Octavius, he had even reflected upon Casca, whose cause had been espoused by him with so much warmth,

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\* Ep. xvi, xvii. ad Brutum.

warmth, and upon whose action he had bestowed such high encomiums, while he had freedom and courage to speak his mind. Of this Brutus, whose reputation was strongly linked to that of Casca, most grievously complains to Atticus, and tells him with noble contempt, that though he and his associates, in a the generous design of delivering the whole world from slavery, did not boast so much of the *Ides of March* as Cicero of the *Nones of December* \*, yet their glory was not inferior to his, nor their characters less sacred. I must transcribe both the letters, if I were to repeat all the admirable reproofs which they contain of Cicero's baseness and indiscretion, in so meanly courting the enemy of the Commonwealth, and for having planted and supported a tyranny, whose roots were like to strike deeper, and grow more strongly, than that of Antony; which he valued himself upon having attempted to destroy. All that can be alledged in his excuse is, that he believed he should be able to deprive Octavius of the power he had given him, when the interest of the state should require it: there are some passages in the history of those times, which seem to favour this supposition, and even to assure us, that he intended doing it, when he was prevented by the sudden forming of the triumvirate. It is said that Pansa, who received a mortal wound at the battle of Modena, declared at his death, to the young Cæsar, that the senate only made use of him as an instrument of their vengeance upon Antony, and that they were determined to make him the next sacrifice to the jealousy of the republick. There was also an expression of Cicero reported to him, in which by an equivocation easily

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\* At which time Cicero quashed the conspiracy of Catiline,

easily understood, there was intimated a design to cut him off † (*laudandum juvenem ornandum tollendum*) as soon as he had served their turn; upon which, he openly declared that he would take care to put it out of their power. If this was the case, it very much takes off from the ingratitude of Octavius, in consenting to the death of his benefactor, since such double dealing could hardly deserve the name of an obligation, let the effects of it be ever so advantageous. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think, that though his behaviour in regard to Cæsar was productive of infinite mischiefs, yet he meant well in it to the Commonwealth, and that the fault was rather of his judgment than his heart: but to whatever cause it is to be ascribed, he suffered death as a punishment for it, and fell himself the earliest victim to that tyranny his mismanagement had established †. There was something mean in the circumstances that immediately preceded his murder; but at the instant of death itself he behaved with dignity, and shewed a firmness not unworthy of a Roman.

In his private character he was very amiable, only sometimes too much given to raillery, a fault which very witty men are seldom wise enough to shun. I cannot pass so severe a censure as some have done upon his grief for the death of his daughter Tullia, whose extraordinary merit is a sufficient answer to those who reproach it with the name of weakness. Great minds are most sensible of such losses; and the sentiments of humanity and affection are usually most tender, where in every other respect there is the greatest strength of reason.

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\* V. Epist. D. Bruto, lib. XL. ad Familiares, Ep. 20.

† See Plutarch.

I shall close these observations with one remark upon the works of Cicero, that they are a strong proof how essential freedom is to the excellency of writing, particularly in the two most manly kinds of it, philosophy and oratory; since, after the loss of the Roman liberties, they were so far from ever being equalled, that all attempts which were made to imitate them, served only to demonstrate that the genius and learning of Rome were sunk together with its constitution. Poetry indeed, and other parts of literature which are only for amusement, may possibly flourish under the smiles of an arbitrary Prince; but force and solidity of reasoning, or a sublime and commanding eloquence, are inconsistent with slavish restraint, or timorous dependancy.



## OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## ROMAN HISTORY.

**I**N the early part of my youth I wrote a little treatise, entitled *Observations on the Life of Cicero*, which went through two editions: the first coming out in the year 1731, the second in the year 1741. During the last of these years Dr. Middleton also published his *Life of Cicero*, in the preface to which elegant and elaborate work he did me the honour to take some notice of mine, and expressed a wish that I should re-consider the subject in a more extensive view of that great man's whole conduct. Finding my mind disengaged from other occupations, I now obey that call; and, upon examining the general state of the times in which Cicero lived, I have made some reflections, which induce me to enlarge my first design, so as to take in the whole period from the first alteration of the Roman republick into an absolute monarchy, by the short usurpation of Cornelius Sylla, to the final settlement of the *Imperial* power, another species of despotism, no less violently assumed, but more moderately exercised, and more artfully constituted, by Augustus Cæsar.

The means by which Sylla, after a dangerous contest, obtained an uncontrouled dominion over Rome, are so well set forth by Plutarch, \* that no  
comment

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\* V. Plut. Vit. Syll. & Mar.

comment upon them will be necessary here. I shall only take notice of a weighty observation, made by another historian,\* who wrote in those times, viz. that the army, which, under the command of this consul, expelled Caius Marius and all his party out of Rome, *was the first Roman army which ever had entered into that city in a hostile manner.* To this I will add, that Sylla was the first Roman general who ventured to resist a decree of the people, however ill procured, and to continue himself in the command of an army against their orders, by the aid and strength of that army. But it must be also observed, that although the dissentions preceding this event had not risen to the height of civil war, yet for some time before these legions drew their swords in their general's quarrel, the violent outrages of the tribune Sulpicius and his armed band of ruffians, which he called his Anti-senate, had, in effect, destroyed the legal government and liberty of the state. Nor was it only the fury of a popular faction which had produced these disorders. By the barbarous murder of Tiberius Gracchus the senate itself had set the example of such pernicious riots. The laws, which could not guard the sacred person of a tribune from the clubs of a mob brought against him by the nobles, became as unable to protect the nobles from the daggers of villains, banded together against them by seditious plebeians. And this anarchy soon constrained both parties to resort to a military force.

At the end of the civil war Sylla found himself master of the Roman commonwealth. Had he then sheathed the sword, without doing any injury to the freedom of his country, he would have been ranked among her greatest heroes: but, against the whole tenor of his former behaviour, he shewed himself a  
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\* App. Alexandrin. de Bello Civili, l. i.

worse tyrant than Marius had been in the utmost excesses of his despotism and cruelty, after Cinna had brought him back to Rome.

It would be out of the compass of what I propose in these remarks, were I to relate all the horrors of the bloody proscription carried on by Sylla's orders: but, concerning the magistracy, under the name of which he chose to exercise his tyranny, (I mean the dictatorship) something must be said in this place.

The institution of this office was almost coeval with the liberty of Rome. Twelve years after the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud, or, as some reckon, only eight, \* (*ita lex jubebat de dictatore creando lata*) a law was made for the creating of a dictator, with a power superior to that of all other officers, military or civil, and subject to no appeal, being only restrained by the following limitations—that it was to be exercised within the bounds of Italy, and not for more than six months. The idea of it seems to have been taken from Alba, † of which city the Romans were a colony, and may therefore have adopted, without much deliberation, what had been practised there: but the occasion of their having recourse to it was (according to Livy) the instant dread of a war, which thirty Latin cities, confederated with the Sabines, threatened to make against Rome.

Other reasons have been given, but this seems the most probable; because military operations are better carried on by a single commander, than by two equal chiefs; and the people, at a time of imminent danger, might more easily be induced to constitute such an officer for the defence of their country against foreign enemies, than if the law had been first proposed by the senate for any political purpose. Yet they should have considered, that the dictatorial power

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extended

\* Liv. l. 3. c. 18.

† Liv. ut supra.

extended over the state, as well as over the army, and that the nobles might use it as an engine against *them* upon other occasions.

The nomination of this magistrate appears to have been assigned by law to either of the two consuls; but the choice was confined to some one of those senators who had before obtained the consulship: and the usual method was, for the senate to decree, upon any great exigency, that a dictator should be made, and to direct on what person of consular dignity the nomination should fall. Yet it was in the power of either of the consuls, without any order from *them*, and without the approbation of his colleague, to name, of his own accord, any consular senator to this supreme magistracy; and their approbation, concurring with such an appointment, fully ratified and confirmed it, however disagreeable it might be to the people. A remarkable instance of this, and likewise of the use occasionally made of the dictatorial power for the purposes of the senate, occurs in the account which is given by Livy \* of the events of the year 316 from the building of Rome. He tells us, that the senate reproaching the consuls with a neglect of their duty, for not having exerted the authority of their charge to punish a conspiracy of the Roman knight, Spurius Mælius, with some tribunes of the people, against the Commonwealth, one of them said, “ The blame laid on them was unjust; for they, being subject to the controul of the laws, which had given an appeal from them to the people, wanted strength in their magistracy, more than they did in their minds, to inflict the vengeance due to a crime of this nature. (*Opus esse non forti solum viro, sed etiam libero exsolutoque legum vinculis. Itaque se dictatorem Lucium Quintium dicturum.*) That there was

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\* L. iv. c. 13, 14, 15. Ann. Urb. Condit. 316.

was need of a man, not only courageous, but more-over free, and not fettered with the restraints of the laws. He therefore would name Lucius Quintius dictator."

The whole senate approving it, Lucius Quintius was accordingly named to that office; and the next day guards of soldiers having been placed in the forum, Caius Servilius Ahala, whom he had appointed his general of the horse, cited Mælius, by his orders, to come before his tribunal, and answer there to the charge brought against him in the senate. But, he calling on the people to succour him in this danger, which, he said, was drawn upon him by his kindness to them and the malice of the senate, some of them rescued him from the hands of an officer, who was going to carry him before the dictator: whereupon Servilius, assisted by a band of young patricians, followed him into the croud, in which he had taken refuge, and killed him there with his own hand: after which, covered over with the blood he had shed, he went back to Quintius, and told him what he had done. That magistrate praised him *for having freed the republick*; and then, in an harangue which he made to the people, whom the sight of this deed had thrown into a tumult, declared, (*Mælium jure cæsum, etiam si regni crimine insons fuerit, qui vocatus a magistro equitum ad dictatorem non venisset.*) That Mælius, though he were innocent of aspiring to make himself king of Rome, with which he had been charged, was yet justly put to death, because, having been cited by the master of the horse, to come before the dictator, he did not come.

When we consider, that this man was probably guilty of no other treason, than affecting to render himself too popular, by largesses of corn to the people, in a time of great dearth; it must appear that a power, which, upon such an occasion, could so suddenly be called forth, and so violently exercised, was

not very consistent with the much-boasted liberty of the Roman republick.

The constitution of that state is praised by Polybius, \* as a happy mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, but the dictatorship brought into it a kind of domination more properly tyrannical than regal.

For, in a limited monarchy, the king is not absolute, but restrained by the laws, and his ministers are responsible to the other estates of the kingdom, or the courts of judicature therein, for any abuse of his power: but a dictator in Rome (*absolutus legum vinculus*) was absolved by his office from all restraints of the laws, and not accountable to the senate, or assembly of the people, or any other jurisdiction, for any act he had done in the exercise of his charge, however arbitrary or illegal. If it be said, that the regal power in the Roman constitution was exercised by consuls, and the dictatorship was only an extraordinary remedy, to which recourse was had in sudden emergencies, when the ordinary course of government was unable to answer the exigency of the state, or provide for its safety, I answer, that not only the consuls, or the senate, or both these powers united, but the people also, as one constitutional part of the Roman commonwealth, ought to have judged of the necessity of employing this remedy, so dangerous to their freedom, and without their consent it never should have been used. Thus, in England, where a mixed constitution of government unites the powers of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, much more happily than that of Rome ever did, even in its best state, (as I hope to shew in the course of these remarks) if extraordinary danger require that the Habeas Corpus law (the great security of our freedom)

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\* Polyb. l. vi.

freedom) should for a time be suspended, it can only be done by the joint advice and authority of the whole legislature. And if, in any case where delay would be fatal, the safety of the public apparently obliges the king, in whom alone the executive power resides, to act against this or any other law, without having been previously impowered so to do by both houses of parliament, his ministers are responsible for it to their country, and can no otherwise be secured than by a bill of indemnity, which, if the necessity pleaded for their justification is found to have been real, the lords and commons will not refuse to pass. But, in Rome, a single consul, agreeing with the senate to name a dictator, without the concurrence and against the will of the people, might subject, at any time, the liberty and the life of every Roman citizen to the arbitrary power of one man, set above all the laws, and in no way responsible, for the exercise of his sovereignty, to the justice of the state. Indeed, after the end of the second Punic war, the senate itself grew so jealous of the danger of this office, that, for 120 years before Sylla took it, no dictator was appointed. The manner in which he chose to have it conferred demands observation.

Both the consuls of the year 670, \* from the building of Rome, having perished in the war which Sylla and his friends made against them, he notified to the senate, that, agreeably to the custom of their ancestors in such cases, they should create an *interrex*, to hold the *comitia* for electing new consuls. They named to that office, the president of the senate, Lucius Valerius Flaccus, to whom Sylla wrote, and bade him report his opinion to the people, that the present state of affairs required the appointment of a dictator; not for the term of six months, but till the whole

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\* Appian. de Bello Civ. l. i.

whole commonwealth, and every part of the empire, which the civil wars had shaken, should be more firmly settled, and brought into better order; adding, at the end of his letter, that, if the senate approved it, he offered himself to do the republick this service. His offer was understood to be a command: he therefore was named dictator by the *interrex*, without any term being fixed for the expiration of his office; and thus (says Appian \*) *the dictatorship, which had before been a tyranny limited to a short time, this restraint being taken off, became a tyranny complete.*

Nor yet was the dictator content with this indefinite prolongation of his power; but caused a law to be proposed by the *interrex* to the people, which *ratified all his acts, whatever they might be; and authorized him to put to death, without a trial, any citizen of Rome, according to his pleasure.*

Cicero, speaking of this law, in one of his orations, † calls it *the most unjust and the most unlike a law, that had ever been made; and in his treatise De Legibus, considers it as null and void in itself.* Yet to such an extreme degree of servility were the people and senate reduced, that it was enacted without the least opposition; and Sylla rewarded Flaccus for having been the propounder of it, by naming him to the dignity of his general of the horse!

Having thus, under the colour of a legal authority, assumed the most absolute and enormous despotism, he made several laws for the settlement of the state, chiefly tending to raise the power of the senate. This was contrary to the policy of every other tyrant, who, either at Rome, or elsewhere, had ever enslaved

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\* Appian. de Bello Civ. l. i. † De Lege Agraria, contra Rullum, Orat. 17. De Legibus, l. i. c. 15.

ved a free country! But the spirit of party was strong in Sylla's mind; and, as all his greatest enemies had courted the people, he was led by resentment, and by every connexion he had hitherto formed, to favour the nobles. In acting on this plan his principal object was, to reduce the authority of the tribunes of the people. But, before I take notice of what he did to that purpose, some account must be given of the nature and power of the tribunial office.

About fifteen years after the expulsion of Tarquin,\* in the 260th year of Rome, the people obtained, by a treaty with the senate, that they should, for the future, have magistrates of their own, whose persons should be deemed inviolably sacred; and that no patrician should be capable of holding this magistracy, which, by what was called *intercession*, had a power to protect them against any injuries from the consuls or senate. The number of these magistrates, at their first institution, † was five, and continued so till the year of Rome 296, when it was augmented to ten, and never afterwards altered. They were annually chosen; and a law was made, in the year of Rome 282, § that the elections should be in the assembly of the people, not by centuries, but by tribes, from which the patricians were entirely excluded, and where, the lowest of the populace always making a majority, the sense of the better sort was little regarded. Soon after their first creation, the tribunes added to the power of protecting the people that of accusing the nobles and judging them by the people, and of stopping, by a negative from any one of their number, any decree of the senate! These points being gained notwithstanding all the force of a warm  
opposition

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\* Liv. l. ii. c. 33. Dionys. Halic. l. viii.

† Liv. l. iii. c. 30. § L. ii. c. 56, 57.

opposition on the part of the nobles, the tribunes in process of time extended their authority to a right of proposing any law to the people without the assent of the senate, and referring to them any business treated of in that house:

The exercise of these powers was carried on with a violence more resembling the anarchy of a state of war, than the orderly acts of regular magistrates in a well settled commonwealth. Tiberius Gracchus, in the year of Rome 619, forbade any publick business to be carried on in the city, till, notwithstanding the opposition of one of his colleagues, his Agrarian law had been proposed to the people. He also sealed up the door of the treasury, that none of the quaestors, who had the administration of the publick revenue, might enter into it; and stopped the praetors from performing the duty of their office in trying of causes, by threatening them with fines, till every obstacle to his legislation from any other magistrate should have been removed. In the year of Rome 614,\* the tribunes of the people contending for what they had no right to, that each of them should have a power to exempt from the obligation of military service ten citizens at his choice; and the consuls of that year resisting the attempt, they ordered both those supreme magistrates to be carried to prison; which was accordingly done: an act, by which the whole majesty of the consular power, which represented the regal, was violated and destroyed. If such exertions of the tribunitial power had been frequent, the government must have fallen into a mere democracy, or rather, indeed, into a tyrannical oligarchy in the persons of the tribunes; but the administration of this power being divided, at first, between five persons, and afterwards between ten, a check was usually given to the extravagances

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\* Liv. l. lv. c. 2.

vagances of it, by the opposition of some one among those magistrates to what the others proposed: and to this, on many occasions, \* the senate had recourse, particularly in their contest with Tiberius Gracchus about his Agrarian laws, the passing of which they obstructed by the intercession or negative of Marcus Octavius, one of his colleagues: nor could he any otherwise get over that obstacle, than by causing the people to depose Octavius, if he would not desist from that opposition which his magistracy gave him a right to make. This had never been done in any other instance, and was then considered by many as an odious act of violence, which, for the purposes of a factious demagogue, flagrantly violated the sanctity given by the laws to the person of a tribune, and tended to destroy the sacred power of that office by the people themselves. But Gracchus pleaded, with great force, the necessity of it, in order to prevent the betraying of the people, in points of the highest moment, by some of those very magistrates who were instituted to serve them. And it must be confessed that the blame of this irregular act ought less to fall on him than on the bad constitution of the magistracy itself. As unanimity in all those invested therewith could seldom be hoped for, the only means of giving consistency to it, and carrying things on in a quiet and orderly course, would have been the deciding of all differences among them, by a majority of votes: but, each having a power, by his single opposition, to stop any act of his colleagues, the obstinacy of one was sufficient to obstruct any business; and that impediment could not be removed by any other method than depriving him of his office.

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\* See Livy, l. ii. c. 44. l. iv. 48. l. vi. 35. 39. et al. Appian, Plutarch, Epitome libri lviii. Liv. Freinshem Supplem.

## NOTES on the preceding OBSERVATIONS.

P. 34. *And the usual method was, for the senate to decree, upon any great exigency, that a dictator should be made, and to direct on what person of consular dignity the nomination should fall.*

In relating the transactions of the year 318 from the building of Rome, Livy uses these words, "Major itaque ex civibus amissis dolor quam lætitia fuis hostibus fuit; *et senatus (ut in trepidis rebus) dictatorem dici Mamercum Æmilium jussit.*" See also other proofs of their exercising this power, which the same historian gives, l. iv. c. 46. Ann. Urb. Condit. 317. l. ix. c. 38. Ann. Urb. Condit. 444.

Yet we find that some consuls did not think themselves bound to obey such an order: for (as Livy also informs us\*) in the year of Rome 324, the senate, alarmed at the extraordinary preparations of the Æqui and Volsci against the Roman state, and still more apprehensive of bad consequences from the discord between the two consuls, who differed in all counsels the one from the other, recurred to the expedient of creating a dictator: but those magistrates, so discordant in all other points, agreed in pertinaciously refusing to name one: whereupon, as the danger, by new intelligences brought, seemed to be more and more dreadful, Quintus Servilius Priscus, who, with a great reputation, had held the highest dignities of the commonwealth, applying himself to some of the tribunes of the people, who were present in the senate-house, told them, *the senate called upon them in that extremity to compel the consuls, by their power, to name a dictator.*

There

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\* L. iv. c. 26.

There had never been a precedent, either of such a refusal on the part of the consuls, or of such an application on the part of the senate. The tribunes, glad of the opportunity to augment their power, after consulting apart with all their colleagues, declared, *It was their pleasure, that the consuls should obey the decree of the senate; and if these should persist in a longer resistance against it, they would send them to prison.* The consuls, chusing (says Livy) to be overcome by the tribunes rather than by the senate, yielded to this command; but not without a protest against the injury done to the consular power, which the senate thus betrayed. Nor yet could they agree which should name the dictator, but ended the dispute by casting lots.

In the year of Rome 347,\* when the consular office was exercised by three military tribunes, instead of two consuls, these making a resistance to a decree of the senate for creating a dictator, the tribunes of the people were again applied to by that body, for the aid of their power to force a compliance: but they, discontented at seeing the plebeians perpetually excluded, by the influence and intrigues of the patricians, from the military tribuneship, to which, by law, they might attain, though not to the consulship, sullenly refused their assistance. Yet they said, that, when all the dignities of the state should be, without distinction, communicated to the people, *they would then take good care that the decrees of the senate should not be made ineffectual by any arrogance of the magistrates.* This resource having failed, the contention was kept up between the senate and two of the military tribunes; who, thinking themselves equal to the conduct of the war, complained "that the dignity they had obtained from the people, should be thus

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\* Liv. l. iv. 58.

thus taken from them: but the third said, that hitherto he had remained silent, because he rather desired that his colleagues should yield to the authority of the senate, without any force upon them, than suffer the power of the tribunes of the people to be implored against them. That even now he would willingly give them more time to alter their opinion, if the exigency of the state could bear that delay; but, as the necessity of war would not wait for longer consultations, he would prefer the service of the publick to their good-will, and contenting himself with the sole authority of the senate (whatever opposition might be made against it) would name a dictator that night." He did so; and this shews, that any one of the consuls, or military tribunes, with consular power, might name a dictator without the consent of his colleague or colleagues: the reason of which, doubtless, was, that the natural unwillingness in the mind of such a magistrate, to make over to another the supreme command, would probably hinder its being unnecessarily or wantonly done; but on many occasions a contrary disposition might be well apprehended; and the absence of one consul, or military tribune, on the publick service abroad, might happen to disappoint the desire of the senate, if the concurrence of both consuls, or of all the military tribunes, had been necessary to this act.

In the year of Rome 542, \* the senate decreed, that the consul, before he went out of the city, *should ask the people whom they would be pleased to have him name dictator, and should name the person they ordered*; adding, that, if the consul refused to refer this matter to the people, the prætor should do it; and, if the prætor would not, it should be done by the tribunes.

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\* Livy, l. xxvii. 5.

bunes. The consul did refuse, declaring that he would not consult the people on a matter *which was in his own power*, and forbade the prætor to do it; whereupon it was done by the tribunes of the people, and the people enacted, that *Quinus Fulvius, who was then at Capua, should be named dictator*. Quum consul se populum rogaturum negasset, quod suæ potestatis esset, prætoremque vetuisset rogare; tribuni plebis rogarunt, plebesque scivit, ut *Q. Fulvius, qui tunc ad Capuam erat, dictator diceretur*.

I find no other instance in the Roman history of the senate's submitting to the will of the people the nomination of the person who should be raised to this office.

The purpose of creating a dictator at this time was only that the comitia, or assembly of the people for electing the magistrates of the ensuing year, might be held by that officer, instead of one of the consuls; it being necessary that both should be absent from Rome upon military service, in their several provinces, when the assembly was held. The cause of referring the affair to the people, in this extraordinary manner, was a difference which arose between the senate and the consul, M. Valerius Lævinus; the latter chusing to name M. Valerius Messala, who commanded the Roman fleet in Sicily, to which province he was going; and the fathers denying that a dictator could legally be named out of Italy. The dispute was ended, in consequence of the decree of the people, by the other consul, Marcellus, being sent for to Rome, and naming Quintus Fulvius, agreeably to their order.

P. 34. "He tells us, that the senate reproaching the consuls with a neglect of their duty, for not having exerted the authority of their charge, to punish a conspiracy of the Roman knight, Spurius Mælius, with some tribunes of the people, against the commonwealth,

monwealth, one of them said, *The blame laid on them was unjust: for they, being subject to the controul of the laws, which had given an appeal from them to the people, wanted strength in their magistracy, more than they did in their minds, to inflict the vengeance due to a crime of this nature. That there was need of a man, not only courageous, but moreover free, and not fettered with the restraints of the laws. He therefore would name Lucius Quintius dictator.\** The words of Livy are these: “*Tum Titus Quintius, consules immerito increpari, ait, qui constricti legibus de provocatione, ad eam rem pro atrocitate vindicandum animi haberent. Opus esse non forti solum viro, sed etiam libero exsolutoque legum vinculis. Itaque se dictatorem Lucium Quintium dicturum.*”

These words seem entirely to overturn the opinion of some learned writers on the Roman history, that the law, proposed by the consuls, Horatius and Valerius, in the year of Rome 306, established a right of appealing to the people against the acts or decrees of a dictator. For, had this been true, it would have been the grossest absurdity for Livy to make T. Quintius, no more than ten years afterwards, (ann. U. C. 316) give it as a reason for naming a dictator, that the consuls *being subject to the laws of appeal*, had not strength in their magistracy sufficient for the exigency of the state at that time. A magistrate *equally subject to the laws of appeal*, could not have supplied the defect of power in them. But the historian says expressly, that the dictator was free from that restraint, *liber exsolutusque legum vinculis*. Indeed it appears that the law of Horatius and Valerius had no reference to the dictatorial

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\* Ann. Urb. Condit. 316.

torial office, the object of it being to prevent the introduction of any new-invented magistracy, such as the decemvirate had been, without the controul of an appeal to the people. Livy \* writes of it thus : “ *Aliam deinde consularem legem de provocatione, unicum præsidium libertatis, decemvirali potestate ever- sam, non restitunt modo, sed etiam in posterum mu- niunt sanciendo novam legem, ne quis ullum magistra- tum sine provocatione crearet, qui creasset eum jus fasque esset occidi, neve ea cædes capitalis noxæ haberetur.*” The dictatorship certainly was not a magis- tracy created after this law, having been established long before, in the year of Rome 253 or 257. And what power the law *de dictatore creando* had originally given to it, the same historian informs us in the following words : “ *Creato dictatore primum Romæ, postquam præferri secures viderunt, magnus plebem metus incessit, ut intentiores essent ad dicto parendum. Neque enim, ut in consulibus, qui pari potestate erant, alterius auxilium, neque provocatio erat, nec ullum, nisi in curâ prendi, auxilium.*” It was therefore a power without appeal, either to any other magistrate or to the people ; a power against the terror of which the people had no help, but unresist- ing obedience. And this refutes the opinion of Algernon Sidney, who in his celebrated Essay on Go- vernment, † contends that when dictators are said to have been *sine provocatione*, it is only to be under- stood in relation to other magistrates, and not to the people ; which, he says, “ is clearly proved in the “ case of Quintus Fabius, whom Papius, the dicta- “ tor, would have put to death (Liv. l. iii. c. 33.) “ *Tribunos plebis appello* (says Fabius’s father) *et “ provoco ad populum, eumque tibi fugienti exercitus “ tui, fugienti senatus judicium, judicem fero, qui* “ *certè*

\* L. iii. c. 55.

† P. 118.

“ *certè unus plusquam tua dictatura potest polletque :*  
 “ *videro cessurusne sis provocationi, cui Tullus Hos-*  
 “ *tilius cessit ?*”

But, if we look to what followed (as the same historian \* relates it) we shall find that Papirius continued firm in asserting the majesty of his office ; and, though he spared the life of Fabius, at the intercession of the people, yet he took care to express, that the offender was not saved by any reversal or over-ruling of the sentence which he had past against him, nor by any right in the tribunes, or in the people, to help him, but was given to their prayers.

“ *Stupentes tribunos, et suam jam vicem magis*  
 “ *anxios, quam ejus, cui auxilium ab se petebatur,*  
 “ *liberavit onere consensus populi Romani ad preces*  
 “ *et obtestationem versus, ut sibi pœnam magistri*  
 “ *equitum dictator remitteret, tribuni quoque inclina-*  
 “ *tam rem in preces subsecuti orare dictatorem in-*  
 “ *sistunt ut veniam errori humano, veniam adolescentiæ*  
 “ *Q. Fabii daret, satis eum pœnarum dedisse. Jam*  
 “ *ipse adolescens, jam pater M. Fabius contentionis*  
 “ *obliti procumbere ad genua, et iram deprecari dic-*  
 “ *tatoris. Tum dictator, silentio facto, bene habet,*  
 “ *inquit, Quirites, vicit disciplina militaris; vicit*  
 “ *imperii majestas; quæ in discrimine fuerunt, an*  
 “ *ulla post hunc diem essent. Non noxæ eximitur*  
 “ *Q. Fabius, qui contra edictum imperatoris pug-*  
 “ *navit; sed noxæ damnatus donatur populo Ro-*  
 “ *mano, donatur tribunitiæ potestati, precarium*  
 “ *non justum auxiliûm ferenti.*”

From all this it appears, that no lawful authority in the tribunes or people of Rome delivered Q. Fabius from the sentence pronounced by the dictatorial power. He was only saved because they *supplicated* for him ; and their *supplications* themselves were a  
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\* Liv. l. viii. 34, 35.

very sufficient proof *that no appeal lay to them*. They might indeed (as the right of making laws was in them, especially with the consent of the senate) have passed a law (*plebiscitum*) to restrain the dictatorial power from acting against Fabius, as they afterwards did pass one, in favour of Minucius \*, to render the power of the master of the horse equal to that of the dictator : for laws may be made repugnant to the principles of any constitution by an abuse of the legislative authority in those to whom it is trusted : and this, it seems, was what Papirius apprehended ; but he firmly maintained the constitutional power belonging to the office, of judging in this case without the controul of any appeal to them ; and this independency, asserted by him, they in effect acknowledged, when they had recourse to entreaties against the execution of his decree, instead of reversing it, or stopping its effect, by any act of theirs.

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\* Liv. l. xxii. 25.



CONSIDERATIONS

UPON THE PRESENT

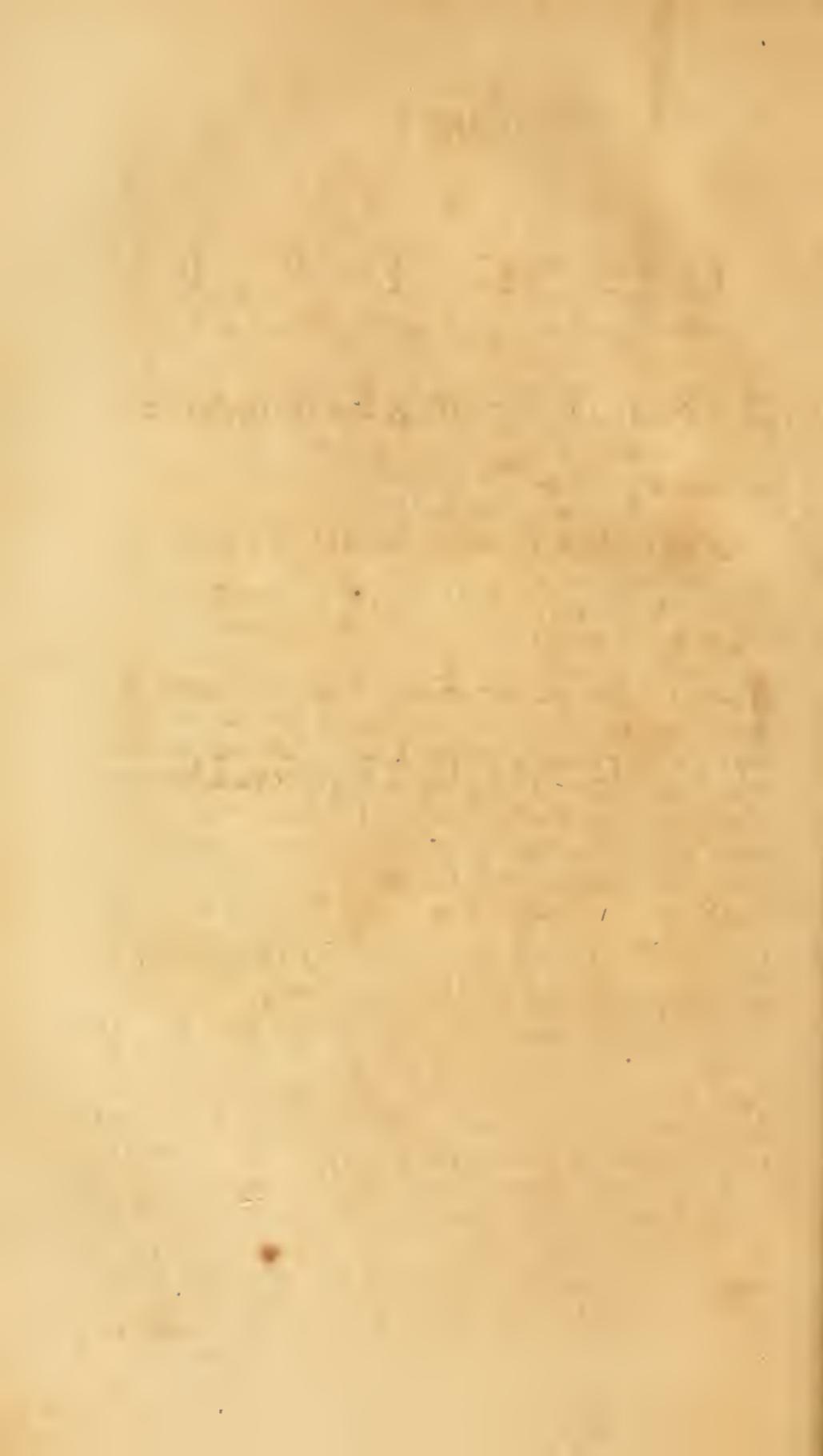
STATE OF OUR AFFAIRS,

A T

HOME AND ABROAD.

I N A

LETTER to a MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,  
From a FRIEND in the Country.



A

## L E T T E R

T O A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,

FROM A

FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

S I R,

I AM a private gentleman of some property in the county of ——— and voted for you at the election of this parliament. I voted for you neither as a whig nor as a tory; but as a gentleman, whom I believed to be in the interest of my country. For this reason only I preferred you to your competitor, and *gave* you the vote I might have *sold* to him. Since that time I have heard with pleasure of your conduct, and find no reason to repent of my choice. You serve me well in parliament, and I don't desire to be served by you *any where else*. I have never solicited, I never will solicit you, though you should come to have a better interest at court, for any of those *little places*, which seem of late to have been multiplied, only to answer the demands of men in my situation, as far as possible, upon those in yours; and which are become almost the *only subject of correspondence* between members of parliament, and their *friends in the country*. You will therefore permit me to take the liberty of corresponding with you on another foot, and after four years silence to remind

remind you a little of what I have a right to expect from you as my representative. The importance of the conjuncture will excuse my presumption. It is not difficult for us now to speak upon these matters : they are brought so home to our minds, they are made so plain to our senses, that we cannot be doubtful what opinion to form. It is hardly necessary to *reason* ; it is enough to *feel*. There is a time, when wrong and mischievous measures may be disguised ; but there is a time too, when they will discover themselves. While the evil seeds are sowing, those alone are alarmed, who have penetration enough to see things in their causes ; but when they are grown up, and the fruits appear, the gross of mankind have capacity to judge, and spirit to complain. This, Sir, is the circumstance of the people of England. They suffer too much to be amused : and if they continue to suffer, it will not be from error, or insensibility, but from such causes as I do not care to suppose. There is reason to hope that their complaints will be redressed ; and in that hope I write this letter to you. I shall propose to your consideration some particular points which, we in the country think, should make the business of this session ; and if you agree to my reasonings, I dare promise myself, you will not afterwards *differ from them in your conduct*.

Sir, we are a trading nation ; and whatever affects our trade is our nearest concern, and ought to be our principal care.

Of all the branches of our commerce, that to our own colonies is the most valuable upon many accounts. If I am rightly informed, it is by *that alone* we are enabled now to carry on the rest. And as it is the most useful to us, so for many reasons it naturally ought to be *the most secure*. Foreign markets may be lost or spoilt by various accidents : other nations may get in, and carry commodities, that may

may be preferred to ours; or, by working cheaper, may be able perhaps to undersell us *there*. And by these means I am afraid we have found our trade decline considerably in many parts of the world. But in our own plantations nothing of this can happen. The trade we have there is engrossed by ourselves; all other nations are excluded from it, and we carry it on under such regulations as are most for our advantage. In consequence of which, it is the nursery of our seamen, the support of our navigation, and the life of our manufactures.

But of late years our merchants passing to and from our colonies have been stopped, examined, plundered, and abused by the Spaniards, our ships confiscated, and our seamen enslaved, so that the navigation thither is become so dangerous, that, if an effectual stop be not soon put to these practices, this most beneficial commerce will be utterly lost. The original source of them is a right of sovereignty which the Spaniards arrogate to themselves in the American seas; a claim that has always been treated with derision and scorn by every power in Europe, and particularly by us who were really masters of those seas, from the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, down to the weak one of King Charles the Second. And this claim of Spain is still so far from being owned by us, that though it *be a secret motive*, they have not *yet* had the insolence to avow it openly as *the cause* of their proceedings. But they treat every British ship, which they are able to master, as if the sailing only in those seas was a sufficient cause of confiscation. They have seized and condemned outward-bound ships, above a hundred leagues from any shore, without any pretence at all; and where they are graciously pleased to assign pretences for their depredations, *those pretences are worse than the depredations themselves*. They pretend that every ship, which has *logwood, cocoa-nuts, or pieces of eight* aboard,

aboard, is lawful prize. Now two of these grow in our own colonies; and the South-sea company, by the Assiento contract, furnish the Spaniards with Negroes, which they pay for in pieces of eight; and as the principal market for these Negroes is Jamaica, this occasions the circulating a great deal of that specie there: so that we might with full as good reason stop the ships of Spain in their passage by Jamaica, or our other plantations, and confiscate them formally, if we find aboard of them either *logwood*, *cocoa-nuts*, or *pieces of eight*: for this will just as well prove that *they* have been trading with *our colonies*, as our having such goods aboard can prove that *we* have been trading with *theirs*. And their manner of trial is a mockery of justice, which would be highly *ridiculous*, if the effects of it were not so *terrible*. The cause is tried in their own courts in America, a Spanish advocate is to plead for our merchants, and the judges themselves almost always share in the prize. The consequence of this is, that every ship which is taken by them must be confiscated.

But supposing, for argument sake, that all those species of goods upon which sentence is past by this most righteous judicature, were undeniable proofs of an *illicit trade*, on what ground of the law of nations, or by what article of any treaty, have the Spaniards a right to *stop or search our ships at all*? Where a general trade is allowed, one species of goods may be prohibited; as, for instance, wool, or fuller's earth; and the exporting it may be highly penal: but did this country ever pretend, when her naval power was at the height, to stop ships *out at sea*, in order to search whether such commodities were aboard? would the little republick of Genoa endure our doing it? could any thing less than a conquest bring her to submit to it? But the doing it in America is much less defensible. For where no general trade is allowed, no one particular species of goods

goods can be more *prohibited* than another, and *the searching there* has no object at all, and no foundation in reason. All the rules therefore laid down in the treaty of 1667, between England and Spain, concerning the method of searching for prohibited goods, are plainly confined to Europe, where a general trade is allowed; and have no relation to America, where all trade is forbid. For in the one case they may be necessary, but in the other they must be useless. And it is much to be wished, that this most manifest distinction *had been better understood by our ministers* in their treating with Spain; and that, by insisting on articles which are not to our purpose, they had not weakened those by which our rights are secured. The ground on which those rights stand is the law of nations, which establishes a freedom of navigation to all, and considers the sea as an universal benefit, not a particular property or dominion of one: there is no nation *so powerful*, none *so proud* in the world, as directly to deny this maxim; there is none *so weak*, none *so abject*, as to give it up. We have been so far from departing from it by treaty, that in all those we have made concerning America it is expressly stipulated, and indubitably confirmed, particularly in that of 1670; which declares that *the freedom of navigation ought by no manner of means to be interrupted*, and makes no other exception to this general rule, than a reciprocal prohibition to both nations in America, to come *into* the ports and havens of the other *to trade there*; for in cases of distress, or necessity, the same treaty allows, that *they may come into them*, and ought to be kindly received. As to our sailing *near their coasts*, it is not only permitted, but it is of absolute necessity in the course of our voyage to and from our own plantations in America: *how near* we shall go to them, it is impossible to fix, because it depends upon circumstances we cannot command, as  
winds,

winds, and tides; but *very near* we must go frequently; and they reciprocally must go near to ours. No treaty therefore has ever settled any bounds, except the ports and havens of either crown in America, within which it shall not be lawful to sail; nor can they be settled, so as not to be liable to *infinite difficulties*, and *endless chicane*.

It remains then certain, that in reason, and justice, by the law of nations, and by all our treaties, the way to and from our dominions in America is as free as the passage between London and Bristol; and that Spain has no more right to stop and search our ships in the seas of America, than in the *British* channel.

Indeed this practice of *searching* is so very inexcusable, that it cannot be supported upon any notion of right. Nothing can warrant it but superior force, and the famous argument of Brennus, *Væ Victis!* All sorts of mischiefs must arise from admitting it, or from merely suffering it, as we have sadly experienced, and no one inconvenience can attend its being denied. Were our ships found trading in the *Spanish* ports and havens themselves, even in that case, though they ought to be *confiscated*, it is a great absurdity to suppose they should be *searched*. For as the ship and cargo, be it what it will, is forfeited by our being there without distress, or necessity, to what intent or purpose is *a search* to be made after any particular species we may have aboard? But upon this pretence to stop our ships on the high seas, is to *insult our understanding*, and *despise our power*, as well as to infringe our rights, and to destroy our trade.

Thus for some years things have gone on from bad to worse, England complaining and remonstrating, Spain chicaning and insulting; satisfaction sometimes refused, sometimes promised, never given: our negotiations, and our losses always continuing, and *en-*  
*creasing*

*creasing almost in the same proportion*: at last our merchants weary of these useless methods applied a *third time* to parliament, and petitioned there for redress. In the course of their examination it appeared too plain, that we had been treated by Spain with the utmost injustice, the utmost barbarity, and the utmost contempt: and that no one effectual step had been taken to procure reparation of our losses, satisfaction to our honour, or security for our trade. It appeared indeed, that as far as *writing* would go, our ministry had tried to put a stop to these insults. They had spared no pains, they had spared *no paper*. Memorials, representations to the court of Spain had been as frequent, and as little minded, as the orders and cedulae sent from thence, in behalf of our merchants, to the Spanish tribunals, and governors in America. Neither produced any effect, but to increase the depredations, augment our sufferings, and amuse the sufferers. Nay, though in consequence of a treaty with Spain, in which we served her *more perhaps than we could justify*, commissaries were appointed to adjust these differences, and obtain restitution for our losses, as a return for *favours received*, though they continued negotiating for some years in Spain, though much was promised from this commission, yet it does not appear, that any body got by it, *but the commissaries themselves*.

Upon the proof of all this it was the sense of parliament, that more effectual measures ought to be pursued. And to enable his majesty to take them, great supplies were voted, great armaments made; the whole nation expected, and desired a war, if such a peace could not be gained, as would retrieve our honour, and secure our trade. Soon after the parliament rose, the war appeared inevitable: strong fleets were fitted out, and sent to Spain, and the Indies: this could not be done without a vast expence, great  
obstruction

obstruction to our trade, and hardships on our sailors. Yet such was the spirit of the people, such their resentment at the indignities put upon the king and nation, that they came into it chearfully; and not a murmur was heard unless against the Spaniards. I believe it will be difficult to find a period in history, when this nation was so universally and so eagerly bent upon a war, as at that time. They had a just abhorrence, and a just *disdain* of the Spaniards; nor did *these*, who are known to judge the best of foreign affairs, apprehend any danger, *at that crisis*, from any *other more formidable* power; so that all concluded we should act *with vigour*, when it was more than probable we might act *with success*: and the effort we had made, the force we had raised, was very sufficient to give us a superiority in so just a quarrel; a quarrel in which all nations trading to America had an equal interest, and a *common cause* with England: it was now believed, our administration would shew, that their former remissness did not proceed from fear, or negligence; but that they curbed their spirit till *the point of time*, when they might be sure to exert it with *decisive advantages*. This their friends gave out, and candid men were willing to think; especially as it was said, that *one great person* had declared, he thought it for the interest of a minister to have war rather than peace. But in the height and warmth of these expectations, while all Europe was intent on the motions and operations of our fleets, we heard of a convention being signed, and that we might expect a speedy accommodation of our differences by a peace.

Of the terms of this convention you will, no doubt, be apprised at the meeting of the parliament; and then you will judge, whether it is proportionate to the charge we have been at, the opportunity we have neglected, the wrongs we have sustained, the satisfaction and security we have a right to expect.

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I only beg leave to mark out to you *two principal points*, upon which I think you cannot mistake in forming your judgment. If we make a peace, it ought to be such, as *will remove*, in the most effectual manner, both the *cause*, and *pretence*, of the injuries done us by the Spanish nation.

Now *the pretence* for them has been solely this, that they claim a right of stopping and searching our ships, on the high seas, or near their own coasts; which claim of theirs is unsupported by treaty, and directly repugnant to the law of nations, to the rights of our crown, and the freedom of our navigation. If therefore we clearly assert, that *they have no such right*; that where we have *no trade* with them there can be *no prohibited goods*; that we have a liberty to sail *as nigh* to their coasts as the course of our voyage, the convenience of winds and tides, and other circumstances of navigation, may require; that, in pursuing that course, our ships *are not to be searched or stopped* on any account; that, *in cases of necessity*, they may even *enter their ports*, and that only in case of *trading there* they are to be seized; if we expressly assert *all this* in our treaty of peace, it may be a secure and lasting one, and deserves well the sanction of parliament.

But if we leave this *loose*, or if we admit of *any limits*, within which *a search may be made on any pretence*, we have yielded every thing, we have no security, all will be subject to dispute and chicane; we shall have the same weary round to run, of applications to Madrid, references from thence to the West-Indies, and from the West-Indies to Madrid again; and, after the solemn hearing of our wrongs in parliament, after laying open all our wounds to the view of the world, after declarations of right, and lofty threats of resentment, after millions spent, we shall be in a worse condition, than we ever have been yet by any former treaty, or than we should  
have

have been, if we had taken no notice of the complaints of our merchants, and not moved in them at all.

As to the other point, *the cause* of all these injuries, I take it to have been the contempt this nation is fallen into, from what unhappily may have seemed to your enemies a despicable tameness and pusillanimity in our conduct. How far this has gone, I am ashamed to say. Those, who to insult us could not presume on their own strength, by long observing, or supposing they observed, a weakness in our councils, have come to suppose it in the nation itself; and on this presumption they became as arrogant, as they imagined England to be timid, and weak. They have certainly acted as if they thought we were *the meanest of nations*, or that *the meanest of ministers* had conducted our affairs. This prejudice therefore must be removed, or we shall continue to suffer, as much as we have done, and still more: for, where impunity is certain, insolence knows no bounds. If the peace we make does not retrieve our reputation, it is impossible it can last, for *it may be broke without fear*. Spain can have no reason to keep it, unless it is made on such terms, as to convince her that the temper, and spirit of our court is changed; and that we will bear no longer what we have borne so long. Should any article of it be *dishonourable* or *mean*, though all the rest were advantageous, that alone would be fatal, because it would leave us exposed to endless insults and affronts, the certain consequence of a stain imprinted on our national character. Reputation is to a people, just what credit is to a merchant. The first depends on an opinion of strength, as the latter does on an opinion of opulence. But that opinion of opulence is a real advantage, that opinion of strength is a real security. When a contrary notion prevails  
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in the case of the merchant, when his credit is hurt, there comes a run upon him suddenly, and, by being thought insufficient, he becomes so in reality. The same thing may happen to a nation from the loss of character. An opinion of its weakness may encourage enemies, may unite them against it in a sudden attack, may dishearten its friends, and leave it destitute of succour. All which might have been prevented, had due care been taken to support the opinion of its strength by a spirited conduct. I hope attention will be had to this in our peace with Spain, and that we shall on no account yield to any thing *scandalous*, but seek reparation to our honour, as well as to our merchants. And I dare answer for *them*, that, great as their losses are, they had rather endure them without any compensation, than have it made in a way, that may be disgraceful to their country. Sure I am it would be better for *them* to lose their money, or for *us* to pay it out of our own pockets, than, for the sake of retribution to them, to admit of a treaty, in which the security of our commerce is not firmly established, beyond a possibility of all future cavils, by express declarations of our right *not to be searched*. For to admit of such a treaty, would be no less an absurdity than *to be bribed with our own money to our own undoing*.

In these plain lights, Sir, I hope you will consider this convention, when it shall be laid before you in the course of the session. You will not, I dare say, suffer yourself to be amused with nice distinctions, and refinements of policy. You will remember how useless, nay, how fatal, all these subtillies have hitherto proved, and what they are like to produce. You will desire to see a treaty, which shall not be *the beginning*, but *the end of negotiation*; which shall speak so plain, that every English country-gentleman, and every Spanish governor in the Indies, shall

shall understand the sense of it, as well as the *Walpoles*, and *La Quadras*.

You will not be satisfied with a present compliance, and temporary expedients, which are only patch-work, nor refer that to commissaries, which requires instant dispatch; nor suffer that to be argued which is incontestable; but demand a solid and a durable peace, founded on real security, and express acknowledgment of all those rights that have been questioned by Spain, either with regard to our commerce, or to *our possessions*. For nothing less than this *will satisfy the nation*.

And when this is done, you will consider of the methods, how to turn this peace to the best advantage, and secure it effectually for the time to come. The only way of doing that, Sir, is, to put the nation *in a condition to be feared*; and this can only be done, by reducing its debt, and gradually lessening its taxes.

It is a melancholy thought that so much time should have been lost from this necessary work, since it has been in our power. I believe it could be proved almost to a demonstration, that ever since the peace of Utrecht, we might have attended to it constantly, without the least interruption from our neighbours abroad, who had no desire to disturb us, till within these few years past, when, notwithstanding *great compliances* on our side, the hostilities of Spain have loudly called for our resentment. In all our quarrels during the late reign, though it can no more be doubted that *the interest of England* was the only point considered, than that Bremen and Verden were *never thought of in them*, yet how far *that interest* was rightly understood by us, is not quite so clear. To some it appears we had no grounds for quarrelling, no more than we had upon other occasions for negotiating; and that we might better have been quiet, if such active abilities, as some of our ministers were  
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endowed with, could have been content to repose. But the entering lightly into wars, and alliances, in which we had no concern, or a very distant one at most, if it was the fault, was not the only fault of our government.

Those who cannot see into the depth of our policy, and the inscrutable wisdom of our councils, may be apt to think, that we have been no less faulty in our way of *managing peace*, in our neglect of using the advantages attending it, and in finding the secret by an unaccountable conduct, to make it *as expensive*, and *as ruinous* as war: that we have *purchased dishonour* at *as dear a rate*, as we did glory in some former reigns: that this hath continued, this hath fixed upon us the difficulties, which, with tolerable management, ought to have been conquered long ago: and that to this it is owing, not to King William, or Queen Anne, if we are a distressed and a declining nation. Had it not been for this, say they, we have had leisure enough to pay off great part of our debt, and to encrease the sinking fund to such an annual sum, as would enable the government to maintain our dignity, without wasting our substance. Had *that* been done, we had been now *a mighty* people, easy at home, and formidable abroad. And though we had no disputes with Spain, yet, on other accounts, it would be highly desirable for us to be *in those circumstances*, rather than in a state of indigence, which must be a state of fear. For though by reason of some lucky circumstances at this juncture we have no cause to apprehend any instant danger from France, those, who look forwards at all, have very dreadful apprehensions. The Empire is already open to her by Alsace, and Loraine, and there has been a terrible alarm, that it may soon be so by Luxembourg. The weakness of the Low Countries is apparent to every body; and God knows how soon they may be made a sacrifice either to *the*

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*friendship,*

*friendship*, or the arms of France. If the power of that crown in former times had equalled its ambition, Europe had been lost; if its ambition now shall equal its power, it will probably accomplish what it then designed. And bad is our condition, when our fate is to depend on a spirit of conquest not prevailing in that court.

They have wisely been doing what we ought to have done. They have, by œconomy, by attention to trade, by easing their people, and husbanding well the money they raise, laid such foundations for their future greatness, that if an enterprising minister should succeed to *this*, he will find advantages, which his greatest predecessors, Richlieu, Mazarin, Colbert, Louvois, never had, and will have reason to expect a much more glorious success. What may then be the circumstances of that kingdom, and *this*? On one side mortgaged revenues, credit sunk at home and abroad, an exhausted, dispirited, discontented people: on the other, a rich and popular government, strong in alliances, in reputation, in the confidence and affection of its subjects. Will the contest be equal between *these two powers*? and what an aggravation is it to the pain of this thought, to reflect how easily we might have been in a condition, to save ourselves and Europe from this danger and fear; if, for these twelve years past, (to go no higher) our debt had decreased, in proportion to the means that have been in our hands, and no greater expence had been incurred by the \* government, than

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\* *N. B.* Had the sinking fund been duly applied since the year 1727 to the payment of the national debt, at least twelve millions might have been paid off: the sinking fund would then produce at 4 *per cent.* little less than two millions, and (were interest reduced to 3 *per cent.*) considerably more. Upon such a bottom as this, we might well maintain a new French war.

than the real necessity of affairs required! We might then have spoke to France with as much authority, as becomes this nation in the common cause, especially if we had taken any care at the same time to set ourselves at the head of the Protestant interest, which is our natural post; and has on former occasions given great advantages as well as lustre to the crown of England. Had we pursued these measures, we should now have nothing to dread; by pursuing them steadily we may yet be safe, we may yet be considerable, we may yet hold the balance of Europe. But till a wiser administration shall restore our affairs, little dignity, or vigour, is to be expected in our councils. Some *appearance of vigour* may perhaps be maintained; but it will impose on nobody; no, *not on ourselves*. To think that keeping up, at a vast expence, great fleets and armies, with a resolution not to employ them, can secure our reputation, is as gross a mistake, as if, in private life, a gentleman known to be in debt, and not disposed to clear himself, should think to cheat his creditors, and support his credit, by encreasing his equipage, making sumptuous entertainments, and begging his family with new debts and mortgages.

It is scarce to be computed what it has cost this nation *in well-equipt* fleets, and *well-drest* troops, for some years past; and I should be glad to be told (bating the fineness of the show) what use they have been of to us either at home or abroad. They give, to be sure, an air of magnificence; but then it is well known, that we owe almost fifty millions, and have been forced to apply the sinking fund, not to discharge that debt, but *to furnish out these shows*.

In most parts of England gentlemens rents are so ill paid, and the weight of taxes lies so heavy upon them, that those who have nothing from the court can scarce support their families; and those in place are hardly favers on the account, if what they give

be balanced against what they receive. There are indeed some rich people who have money in the funds; and out of tenderness to *them* I suppose it was, that when interest was naturally, and apparently fallen to three *per cent.* the national debt was still continued at four, by which the publick has lost millions, and such an opportunity, as it may not again be in our power to retrieve.

Yet if peace should be settled on a durable foot, I hope *the worthy gentleman*, who, two years ago, proposed the reduction of interest, will renew his motion; and that it will not be *mended* so as to be made *less eligible*, and then objected to, and *thrown out by the amenders*. I hope too care will be taken, that, when the scheme shall have its effect, reduction of interest *and taxes* shall go hand in hand; and that the sinking fund so encreased shall not be left at the disposition of a minister, but applied in part to take off some of the duties, which are such a load on industry, and so dangerous to freedom.

All these particulars, Sir, deserve your serious attention. We expect to find we have *a peace*, not by his majesty's speech alone, and the congratulatory compliments of both houses of parliament (which during all our late sufferings, and the hostilities of Spain, have been annually made with great encomiums on his measures) but by *the fruits of peace*, a considerable lessening of our expences, and relief to the people at whose charge it was gained.

We may yet recover, low as we are, with good management. To make *a great state little*, is not so difficult indeed, as to make *a little one great*; yet it is not to be done immediately; and with all the skill *some* have shewn in endeavouring it here, it will require still more time to sink us so, as that, *with the help of friends*, we may not rise again. The natural  
strength

strength of this nation is great, its resources great, and in one respect greater than ever, because, the funds *having been tried*, and found *sufficient*, the borrowing on them again, when our debt is reduced, would be secure and easy. To reduce it therefore ought to be the principal object of all who meddle with our public affairs. We shall judge of all your other virtues now by your frugality. The best economist for the public will be the best member of parliament, the best counsellor of state, and the best minister. I do not know how it has happened, but for some time past, an ignorant country-gentleman might be almost provoked to say, that our *flegm* has shewn itself only in *bearing affronts*, and our *spirit* only in *squandering away the public money*. I suppose we shall now have no occasion to shew our fire, but we shall have great occasion for a reserved and cautious temper. Let this operate in the granting of money, in a constant refusing of new powers to the crown, and watching over the use of those already granted. Above all, beware of new additions to the civil list. It is a strange circumstance, and will not sound well to posterity, that while the publick loses in so many articles, so many gains have been of late made to the crown: that when every gentleman's estate is falling in value, the estate of the crown should be so much encreased, that if we were to purchase it back with fifty thousand pounds *per ann. more than it was given for*, we should save by the bargain. I will just take notice how great profits have accrued to the civil list upon the gin-bill only. All that had been gained by the highest amount of the duties on spirits, that is, by the highest excess of the evil designed to be reformed, was made up to his majesty out of the aggregate fund, by way of compensation for the loss he should sustain *upon saving the liv's of many thousands of his subjects*. At the same time all he might gain by the encrease of the brewery, and by that of the

the wine licence duty, (which together cannot be *less*, and ought to be reckoned at *more* than an equal proportion to the decrease on the spirits\*) is, by the bounty of this act, preserved to him entire, and without account. So that *the preventing a national mischief*, of so destructive a nature, that, rather than suffer it to continue, the legislature was forced to ruin many particulars, and grievously hurt our sugar colonies, hath (*no doubt to the comfort of the sufferers*) been so happily managed, that it may prove an advantage to the civil list of seventy thousand pounds a year, and probably more. I would only observe, that if our other popular vices could be turned as much to account as the drinking of spirits hath been, the estate of the king of England would be more a gainer *by the sins of the people*, than the exchequer of the pope.

But there is another article I must not pass over in silence, because it may probably come before the house this session; and that is, that his majesty has been, and still is, in possession of 50,000 *l. per ann.* which most people think was designed by parliament for the prince of Wales, over and above the fifty which he now enjoys. It seems evident to me by all I have heard, and read upon this subject, that the parliament which gave the civil list could not intend, that his majesty should retain for himself any part of this hundred thousand pounds a year; since supposing the prince to have *it all*, and allowing his majesty to spend one hundred thousand pounds a year extraordinary in *pensions, bounties, secret-service money, &c.* he will still have, for the support of his household, a revenue equal to that of the late king. The expence of his family has been *unhappily* lessened, since the consideration of  
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\* N. B. The share of the civil list upon foreign spirits is about  $\frac{2}{9}$ ; upon home spirits about  $\frac{1}{3}$ ; upon beer and ale about  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

this matter in parliament, by no less a saving than *the whole sum in dispute*; and as for the charge which remains, it will be abundantly supplied out of so large an income as six hundred thousand pounds a year, with the great additional profits arising from the gin bill, crown land, plantation rents, and other articles commonly known by the name of *licks*, &c. So that if the prince hath not the fifty thousand pounds *per annum*, which I apprehend he has a right to from the intention of parliament out of the seven hundred and fifty thousand enjoyed by his majesty, (exclusive of the profits on the articles above-mentioned) if, I say, this be not given to him, upon the birth of two children, and the hopes of a third, it certainly ought *to be returned to the public*. If his royal highness hath it, it will indeed be *lost to the public*; it is like to circulate freely, and the poor will have their share of it; but as I am arguing now upon a principle of *saving*, I must needs say, *the nation wants it*, and the royal family *all together has enough*. Let the wealth of our princes always encrease with that of their people: let them share the fruits of every publick blessing, of every benefit derived to us from their government: but to have *them rich*, while *we are poor*, is, methinks, both an indecency, and a weakening of one strong motive to them for governing with a constant regard to the prosperity of their subjects.

Sir, from what I have said to recommend œconomy, I would not have you imagine any argument can be drawn, to defend a bad and dishonourable peace, should it appear that such a one has been made with Spain. To make all proper savings is the duty of our ministers; but an acquiescence under wrongs and insults is not œconomy: an acquiescence that may cost us millions is not œconomy: an acquiescence that may ruin our trade, the only source of our riches, is not œconomy: it is not œconomy to neglect an opportunity of doing ourselves justice at a cheaper

cheaper rate, than we can hope to obtain it for in any future conjuncture. It can never be admitted, that because peace is *cheaper* than war, and because it is good to save money, therefore *any terms* of peace are to be gladly received rather than to make war *w<sup>th</sup> any advantages*: and I shall less admit it *here*, because we have already borne an expence, which, if rightly managed, might have been sufficient to have procured us victory, and the fruit of victory, peace.

Sir, there is another way of reasoning, similar to this, which I foresee, and which beforehand I beg leave to warn you against, That because we ought to have great apprehensions of the growing power of France, if we go on ourselves as we have done of late, and suffer *them* to go on to take advantage of our conduct, therefore we are to submit to all the injustice of Spain, and give up the rights we are most concerned to support, for fear that France should declare against us in the war.

I have said before, it seems highly improbable, *that court* should engage in such a measure, *at this time*, from the present state of their government, and the unsettled condition, which any change might put it into for some years to come. But supposing the worst that it is possible to suppose, supposing we knew that France would side against us with Spain, even in that case I think it is reasoning wrong, it is reasoning with regard to the present day alone, to make *that* an argument for accepting a peace upon disadvantageous and dishonourable terms. For if we are really fallen into such a state, that when any power in Europe shall think fit to insult and injure us, and we take up arms to defend ourselves, France will interpose, and without any regard to her alliance, and the justice of our cause, *insist on our giving up our rights*, or else declare herself *our enemy*; if this is our situation, it is *an extremity*, which we must *fight ourselves out of as well*, and *as soon as we can*. For what

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can we expect by delaying it longer, but to draw on farther insults, farther wrongs, farther contempt; to be treated on all occasions *as a province to France*: to be daily weakened more and more by the incroachments of all our neighbours upon every branch of our trade; and to be at last devoured without the means of resistance, when all our friends *are ashamed of us*, and when a long *state of dependency* shall have sunk our courage, and prepared our minds, to endure the infamy of a *foreign yoke*? But we have the strongest grounds to think that our affairs are not so desperate. France is no party concerned in this dispute with Spain; and the present genius of that court is, not to engage without necessity, in any quarrel that must cost her a war. She may perhaps desire to mediate, and to mediate partially; but it is in the power of England to refuse that mediation: she may speak in an unfriendly, or perhaps an angry style; but we have profited little by a great deal of experience, if we have not learnt, that there is a wide distance *between talking angrily, and declaring war*. It seems evident upon the whole, that what we ought to apprehend, is not an immediate, but a future danger from France; and the care of the legislature should extend to *that*, not by approving a peace which may deserve to be censured, but by attending to things, which, either in war or peace, are of extreme importance to the strength of the kingdom, and therefore demand particularly the inspection of parliament.

Such is the state of *our manufactures*, such is that of *our colonies*; both should be enquired into, that the nation may know, whether the *former* can support themselves much longer under the various pressures that affect our manufacturers; and how is it possible that *the latter* should decline, when if it had not been *for a false report of his death*, Sir O——o

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B——n might have *governed one of them*; and so many gentlemen of *no less fortune and character* have been frequently sent *to take care of the rest*?

The state of *our garrisons* abroad too may deserve to be considered, and whether the absolute power, lodged in some of *our governors there*, has been *discreetly, moderately, and humanely* exercised, to the honour of his majesty's commission, and of the English name.

Sir, what I would farther submit to your attention is, whether some *new powers* have not been assumed by the crown, or old ones *stretcht* beyond their legal bounds, by the construction of ministers, and the acquiescence, or perhaps the authority of the judges themselves. This is most likely to happen with regard to criminal prosecutions, and many instances of it have been complained of formerly, and fallen under the notice and the censure of parliament. No longer ago than last year there was a loud complaint of a power assumed and exercised by the secretaries of state against all law, and particularly against *that most sacred law* the habeas corpus act; I mean the demanding security for their good behaviour, from persons examined before them on suspicion of writing, printing, or publishing libels against the government.

This having been exercised for the most part upon low and inconsiderable people, who had neither spirit nor strength enough to support their right, it had passed unquestioned many years together, till Mr. Franklin was advised not to comply with that demand, but to insist on giving bail for his appearance only. Upon this the matter was brought by habeas corpus before my lord chief justice Raymond, who decided it *in his favour*, for he admitted him to bail without any security for his good behaviour. Notwithstanding which the same practice continued in  
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the secretary's office, and passed *sub silentio*, till last year Mr. Amhurst brought it into publick discourse.

Though the circumstances of this fact are pretty well known, yet as they are of a weighty and grievous nature, I will remind you of them by a short recital of all such particulars as are come to my knowledge. Some time after Christmas 1737, Mr. Amhurst, hearing that a warrant from the Duke of Newcastle was out against him, surrendered himself to a messenger, and was carried before his grace to be examined. The crime imputed to him was, that *he was suspected* to be author of a paper *suspected* to be a libel. As no proofs were alledged against him, no witnesses produced, an examination of this kind could not last long. As soon as it was over, he was told, that the crime beingailable, he should be bailed upon finding sufficient sureties to answer for his appearance, and trial; and gave bail for his appearance, but the other terms imposed upon him he absolutely refused. Upon that refusal he was remanded back to custody, and the next day brought his habeas corpus, and was then set at liberty by consent, till the twelve judges should determine the question, whether he was obliged to give bail for his good behaviour, as well as for his appearance, before he was entitled to his liberty.

As this determination would have been the most important to the liberty of every man in England, that perhaps the judges ever gave, it was impatiently expected, and desired by the publick. Several days were fixed for hearing counsel on both sides; but they were never heard, and the question remains still undetermined.

A question of no less consequence, than whether ignominy and punishment (for *such* the being bound to good behaviour is by the law supposed to be) shall be inflicted on a freeman *before any trial*, and *without his being charged upon oath*, even of suspicion of guilt:

guilt : a question of no less consequence, than whether any man in the kingdom, whom the court are pleased to suspect of writing a libel, shall by frequent successive commitments upon other suspicions, with no proof at all, be either constantly imprisoned, from not being able to find security for his good behaviour, so often as it is asked, which may be every week ; or be exposed to forfeit many bails at once, to the value possibly of ten thousand pounds \*, for a single breach of the peace, which in another circumstance, he could not be fined ten shillings for, by any court in England.

A question of no less consequence, than whether the habeas corpus act shall be the rule of proceedings in all casesailable ; or whether it shall be in the power of every justice of the peace to add *new terms* to it, and make *new exceptions* to the advantages given by that act to the subject ; that is, whether *they* should do what all the judges in England would deserve to be impeached for if they did, and what the parliament itself ought no more to do, than to repeal, or alter MAGNA CHARTA.

A question of no less consequence, than whether we should lose the entire benefit of the liberty of the press, which secures and strengthens all our other liberties : since upon suspicion only of a book or paper being libellous, any man suspected to be concerned in it, may be put under the load of finding security for his good behaviour, which is such a vexation, and such a distress, that it is commonly part, and a heavy part, of the sentence upon *convicted criminals*, in all but capital causes : since this is in the power of every

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\* N. B. While a man is bound to his good behaviour, if he should chance to commit any common act of natural frailty or passion, get drunk, for instance, or return a blow, he would be liable to forfeit his securities.

every justice of peace \* ; and since, by consequence, no man can be safe who publishes a book, how innocent soever it may be, without *as many licensors*, as there are *Middlesex justices*.

Why this question was not decided at that time, why it remains still undetermined, I cannot tell. If there is no intention to revive the practice which occasioned the dispute, I am surprized and sorry, that the terror of it is suffered to hang over us still, and that the opinion of all mankind concerning it has not yet received the sanction of a judicial determination, or the declaration of parliament.

From my good opinion of the present judges, I hope and believe, that if *they* decide it, we have nothing to fear. They know the danger, and detest the iniquity, of adding restrictions of their own to laws declaratory of liberty. They know that parliaments have often resented such proceedings; that they have been productive of the greatest mischiefs, the greatest disorders, and convulsions in the state: that the arbitrary interpretation of our laws in Westminster-hall has been more than once the cause of civil war, the dissolution of our government, and the destruction of our kings. They will therefore decide, not as former judges have done, who held their places at the mercy of the crown, but as men, who *deserve* the places, which, without a crime, *they cannot lose*.

Yet if this decision should be longer delayed, it will be highly proper, that the sense of parliament be taken upon it, and that we should know to what we may trust. For so long as this is in doubt, so long the noblest privileges, that Englishmen enjoy beyond all

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\* The law knows of no power in a secretary of state, in this respect, which is not equally lodged in every justice of peace.

all other nations, are left in uncertainty, and may be thought in danger.

And if the consideration of this shall come before the legislature, they will be naturally led at the same time to consider, if there are not grievous inconveniencies that attend the trial of criminal causes by *special juries*; and whether most of the provisions made by the act of 3 George II. should not be extended *to them*. By the several regulations in that act for the return and ballotting of common juries in civil causes, the property tried in small actions is pretty strongly guarded: but it is very extraordinary, that no provision of that kind has been made, when the question to be tried is of the highest consequence. It is very well known, that even in civil causes, few above the value of an hundred pounds are tried without a special jury, to which this act does not extend.

Now I can see no reason for these regulations with regard to the property tried by common juries, which does not hold much stronger for extending the care of parliament to the regulating special juries also. The small value of the causes tried by the former makes it highly improbable, that either of the parties should attempt to influence the sheriff to make a partial return, since the gain would no way equal the hazard. The same reason too will prevent an interested juryman, supposing such a one was returned; from giving a verdict contrary to evidence, and per-juring himself in the sight of his country, for so inconsiderable an advantage to the party he favours. And that crimes will be more or less frequent in proportion to the temptation to commit them, must be allowed.

In criminal cases, this is still more dangerous, because the power of the crown may be exerted in the prosecution, and the question to be tried is the imprisonment and punishment of a freeman. If the master of the crown-office, or his deputy, should be  
ever

ever under any influence, he may \* name twelve of the defendant's friends to cover his purpose, and thirty-six of those who are most prejudiced against him upon reasons of party, or other causes, if he can find so many in the county; and as the solicitor for the crown would strike off the former, the defendant must be tried from a jury among the latter. It is true that officer is *sworn*, but so is the sheriff in returning common juries, and it is just as likely that the one should *name* partially, as the other *return* partially.

But there seems to be less reason for allowing of special juries to be struck by the master of the crown-office, or by any other officer, upon informations, or indictments for crimes committed in London or Westminster (which is the case of most of the crown prosecutions upon libels, &c. for very few arise in any other county) because the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, being annual and elective officers, are less liable to suspicion of influence, and by consequence, the most impartial officers between the crown and the subject.

The usual argument in support of special juries is, that it is sometimes necessary for a cause to be considered by persons of a higher rank and better education than common freeholders, and that they are never used in a capital case.

As to the first, admitting the reason to be right, why may not special juries be ballotted for out of a number of freeholders, *possess of estates to such a value,*  
and

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\* The rule of striking special juries is, that the sheriff of the county do attend the master of the crown-office with the freeholders books, out of which he is to name forty-eight in presence of each party, who by their attornies or solicitors shall strike off twelve a-piece.

and the lifts be made in the same manner as is directed by the jury-act with regard to common juries?

And as to the second part of the argument, that special juries are not used in capital cases, that, at best, is but to say, that the practice is *not a bad one*, because *it might be worse*; and that, because the life of the subject is safe, therefore his liberty is not worth consideration. Sir, I think it is evident, this practice is such as requires a new law, no less than the abuses and corruptions, recited in the preamble to the jury-act, required the regulations there made for special juries; nay, that without they were extended to common juries, that law is of less utility, than the parliament, which made it, hoped and designed. It was certainly *well-intended*, and I presume the present parliament, when they see the defects of it, will not have less zeal for *the principle* it goes upon, than their predecessors.

But when this method of trial shall be better regulated, I hope it will be also considered by the legislature, whether it be not advisable to *take another quite away*, I mean *informations* in the king's-bench for *criminal causes*:

Because, by this method, the subject loses one great benefit, he is by law entitled to, that of a *grand jury*:

Because, though in cases between subject and subject, it is in the power of the court to refuse an information, if the defendant shew cause; yet in crown-prosecutions, of which the legislature ought to be most jealous, the attorney-general, by his own authority, files an information, which the court cannot refuse:

Because, though it comes out to be ever so groundless a charge, the crown pays no costs, and the defendant may be undone by the expence:

Because

Because the act restraining subjects from this method of prosecution, *with regard to each other*, without leave of the court after hearing both sides, and some farther cautions, is a strong proof that the parliament thought it a dangerous and oppressive course, which they ought to discourage: but between subjects and *the crown* the danger surely is much greater, there being more room for oppression, and the penalties on conviction more severe.

Because there is reason to think, that when the star chamber was abolished, the parliament meant to confirm the methods of trial used in that court, and did not imagine they would rise again in the king's bench, upon pretence, that they had been *antiently*, though *very rarely* practised *there*; and that all the powers the star chamber claimed from common law did, by the abolition of that court, devolve on the king's bench:

Because, in all cases, *criminal*, the crown has another way of proceeding *equally easy to the king*, and much more safe to the subject, *viz. the method of indictment*: and because the retaining *that*, which may be made oppressive, when *there is no occasion for it*, is no honour to the crown, and no advantage *but against the innocent*.

In answer to all this it will, I know, be said, that this is an ancient power vested by law in the crown; that it is invading the prerogative to attempt to take it away; and that we ought to preserve the constitution unchanged. To which I reply, that the antiquity of this power is no defence of it, if it be unfit to remain, since others as antient have been taken away: that the prerogative of the king is no more sacred than the liberty of the subject: that *this* has been abridged in several instances of late, particularly the riot act, on a supposition, that the restraint was necessary for the public good; and the same reasoning will hold with regard to a power in the crown,

the exercise of which is supposed to be dangerous to the publick.

As to the expediency and duty of preserving the constitution *unchanged*, it is no doubt in general a right maxim. But does not every *new power given* to the crown *change* the constitution, as much as an old power *taken away*?

In the balance of our government is the scale of the crown to be always *filling*, and that of the people always emptying?

Is there no danger to the state, but from *abuse of liberty*, which is daily the argument for *new laws*, enforced with heavy penalties, and unknown to our ancestors? May there not also be danger *from the abuse of prerogative*, especially in prosecutions carried on by the crown, where passion may mix itself, and where influence may prevail? And is it not as worthy of a parliament to provide a remedy against one of these dangers, as against the other?

We are told by a great man, by my lord Bacon, in his life of Henry VII. that when that prince had drawn great sums of money by taxes, and other impositions from his people, he used to *remunerate them* by good and wholesome laws, beneficial to liberty, and of a popular nature, which, as his lordship observes, *were evermore his retribution for treasure*. And the best retribution it was that could be made, the most effectual for relief, and the most capable of stopping complaints and healing discontents. This honour indeed did not belong to him alone; part of it ought to be imputed to his parliaments; though parliaments in those days were not so independent as, I hope, they are now, but were a good deal influenced by the power of the crown and the will of the king in directing their proceedings. But they both together had this merit to the nation, that what they took in subsidies, they paid again in laws.

It is the misfortune, (I would not say the fault) of the present times, to have laid most heavy burdens, such as were even unknown to the days of Henry the Seventh, with unintermitting severity, on the people of these kingdoms. In this parliaments and kings have long concurred, not without great discontent on the side of those at whose expence it was done, and who have not always been so much convinced of *the necessity*. But as for retribution, except that retribution which consists in *salaries* and *pensions* paid by the crown, to the happy few, who are the objects of *provident* care, I am afraid little of this will be found to have been given, in the sense the word is used by my lord Bacon, to make the people amends for the hardships they sustain. New penal laws and new powers to the crown have for these twenty years past been almost the only presents made by the legislature to us and our posterity, in return for above one hundred millions raised upon the publick, in all the various shapes from the land tax down to turnpikes.

But it is full time to think of *other retributions*: the nation requires it from your hands, requires you to strengthen, to enlarge the basis upon which their rights are fixed, and if there any rotten parts in that great fabrick, to take them away, lest they endanger the whole. Much of this was done at the renovation of our government by the late happy Revolution, but not all. Some defects were left through inattention or other causes, which it may be the glory of his majesty's reign and of this parliament by their united wisdom and goodness to remove. This will conciliate to both the affections of the people, and do more, much more, towards securing the government, than *an army could of an hundred thousand men*. We hear much of disaffection; this would crush it at once: it would unite the friends of the establishment, and confound its enemies;

it would shew the cause we support to be *the cause of liberty*.

Sir, I have now laid before you, with great plainness and sincerity, what I believe the nation asks of its representatives. I am one unpractised in writing, and that understand no rhetorick, but what owes its prevalence to the single force of truth: and least of all do I understand the method of arguing, which want of genius in writers, and meanness of spirit in their pay-masters, have made so common in political disputes, attacking *private characters*, and converting a national question into *personal* altercations and *other five lies*. I am so much unknown, that I consider myself very secure from this sort of answer being made me on account of this letter. If any other suffers in my stead (as these hired *assassins* are apt to mistake their object in the dark) I shall recommend to him, what I would practise myself in that case, *silence and contempt*. As to the facts and reasonings laid down here, if they are controverted, I am ready to support them against any attack which comes from a better hand than ordinary, and has common sense in it. I am quite a stranger to the persons of our ministers, I know them only by the effects of their conduct, and neither *they* nor *their successors* can please or offend me, but as my country gains or suffers by their power. And I pity those, if there are any such, who think *the removing an ill minister* is a point of consequence, if with them *the maxims* and *the measures* of his government, how strongly soever established, are not also *expelled*.

I shall only add to what I have said, that, unless something be done by *this parliament*, to give new vigour to our liberties, stop the torrent of corruption, and revive the principles, and the spirit of our fathers, we have less to hope, than to apprehend from *those to come*. The time, I doubt, is not far off, when by the encrease of influence, there may be such difficulties upon country gentlemen to oppose

pose the court in elections, and such a despondency, such a dispiritedness on the minds of all, except the favourites of power, that no struggle could be expected, no opposition at all to the nomination of the crown. A kind of *congé d' elire* might be sent down into the country, and directed to our trusty and well-beloved officers of the customs, excise, and army, in all the towns and boroughs of England, Scotland, Wales, and the dutchy of Cornwall. Suitable returns would be made: but, Sir, *this would not be a parliam<sup>ent</sup>*

Providence, which hath saved us so often, could not, or would not save ourselves, preserve us now! may his majesty's *gracious dispositions* operate in our favour, and remove the clouds that have been spread so thick about him, to prevent his seeing both our interest, and *his own!*

May an alteration of measures be the aim, the effect, and *the reward* of opposition! may the public good be the object, the bound, and the security of power! may the *royal family*, may all parties, may the nation unite in affection, and be divided no more! may all who obstruct this union for vile ends of their own, be *the victims of it*, and suffer what they deserve! may all who desire it, *understand, assist, and strengthen one another!*

I am, Sir, &c.

For the proof of what is advanced in the first part of this Letter, it may not be improper to recite some articles of our treaties with Spain and France, that regard America.

Imo.

The Treaty of 1667 between ENGLAND and SPAIN.

#### A R T. VIII.

— And for what may concern both the Indies, and any other parts whatsoever, the King of Spain doth

doth grant to the King of Great Britain and his subjects, all that is granted to the United States of the Low Countries and their subjects, in their treaty of Munster 1648, point for point, in as full and ample a manner as if the same were herein particularly inserted, the same rules being to be observed whereunto the subjects of the said United States are obliged, and mutual offices and friendship to be performed from one side to the other.

The articles referred to are

A R T. V.

La navigation et trafique des Indes Orientales & Occidentales sera maintenuë selon et en conformité des octroys sur ce donnés, ou a donner ci-aprés ; pour feureté de quoy servira le present traité et la ratification d'iceluy, qui de part et d'autre en sera procurée : et seront compris sous le dit traité tous potentats, nations et peuples, avec lesquels lesdits Seigneurs Estats, ou ceux de la societé des Indes Orientales et Occidentales en leur nom, entre les limites de leursdits octroys sont en amitié et alliance ; et un chacun, sçavoir les susdits Seigneurs Roy et Estats respectivement demeureront en possession et jouiront de telles seigneurs, villes, chasteaux, forteresses, commerce et pays en Indes Orientales & Occidentales, comme aussi au Brésil et sur les costes d'Asie, Afrique, et Amerique respectivement, que lesdits Seigneurs Roy et Estats respectivement tiennent et possèdent, en ce compris spécialement les lieux et places que les Portugais depuis l'an mil six cent quarante et un, ont pris et occupé sur lesdits Seigneurs Estats ; compris aussi les lieux et places qu'iceux Seigneurs Estats cy-aprés, sans infraction du present traité viendront a conquerir et posseder ; et les directeurs de la societé des Indes tant Orientales que Occidentales des Provinces-Unies, comme aussi les ministres, officiers hauts & bas, soldats et matelots, estans en service  
actuel

actuel de l'une ou de l'autre desdites compagnies, ou ayans esté en leur service, comme aussi ceux qui hors leur service respectivement, tant en ce pays, qu'au district desdites deux compagnies, continuent encore, ou pourront cy-après estre employés, seront et demeureront libres et sans estre molestez en tous les pays estans sous l'obeïssance dudit Seigneur Roy en l'Europe, pourront voyager, trafiquer et frequenter, comme tous autres habitans des pays desdits Seigneurs Estats. En oustre a esté conditionné et réglé, que les Espagnols retiendront leur navigem<sup>nt</sup> instit<sup>é</sup> telle maniere, qu'ils la tiennent pour souvis locis Indes Orientales, sans se pouvoir estendre p<sup>r</sup>ivilegia, comme aussi les habitans de ce Pays-Bas s'abstiendront de la frequentation des places que les Castillans ont en Indes Orientales.

## A R T. VI.

Et quant aux Indes Occidentales, les sujets et habitans des royaumes, provinces et terres desdits Seigneurs Roy et Estats respectivement s'abstiendront de naviger et trafiquer en tous les havres, lieux et places garnies de forts, loges, ou chasteaux, et toutes autres possédées par l'une ou l'autre partie; scavoir que les sujets dudit Seigneur Roy ne navigeront et trafiqueront en celles tenuës par lesdits Seigneurs Estats, ny les sujets desdits Seigneurs Estats en celles tenuës par ledit Seigneur Roy, et entre les places tenuës par lesdits Seigneurs Estats, seront comprises les places que les Portugais, depuis l'an mil six cent quarante et un ont occupé dans le Brasil sur lesdits Seigneurs Estats, comme aussi toutes autres places qu'ils possèdent à present tandis qu'elles demeureront auxdits Portugais; sans que le precedent article puisse derogier au contenu du present.

II<sup>do</sup>.

The Treaty of 1670 between ENGLAND and SPAIN,  
commonly called the American Treaty\*.

## A R T. III.

Item uti in futurum omnes inimicitiaë, hostilitates et discordiaë inter prædictos Dominos Reges, eorumque subditos, et incolas cessent, et aboleantur: et utraque pars ab omni direptione, deprædatione, læsione, injuriisque ac infestatione quâcunque tam terra quam mari, et aquis dulcibus quâcunque tam temperet prorsus, et abstineat.

## A R T. VII.

—Conventum præterea est quod serenissimus Magnæ Britanniaë Rex, heredes et successores ejus cum plenario jure summi imperii, proprietatis et possessionis, terras omnes, regiones, insulas, colonias ac dominia in Occidentali India aut quavis parte Americaë sita habebunt, tenebunt et possidebunt in perpetuum, quâcunque dictus Magnæ Britanniaë Rex, et subditi ejus impræsentiarum tenent, ac possident, ita ut eo nomine, aut quacunque sub prætensione nihil unquam amplius urgeri, nihilque controversiarum in posterum moveri possit, aut debeat.

## A R T. VIII.

Subditi, et incolæ, mercatores, navarchæ, naucleri, nautæ, regnorum, provinciarum, terrarumque utriusque Regis respectivè abstinebunt, cavebuntque sibi à commerciis, et navigatione in portus, ac loca fortalitiis, stabulis mercimoniorum, vel castellis instructa, aliaque omnia quæ ab una, vel ab altera parte occupantur in Occidentali India: nimirum  
Regis

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\* This treaty confirms by its first article that of 1667, and both are particularly confirmed by the treaty of Utrecht.

Regis Magnæ Britanniæ subditi negotiationem non dirigent, navigationem non instituent, mercaturam non facient in portibus, locisvè. quæ rex catholicus in dicta India tenet; neque vicissim Regis Hispaniarum subditi in ea loca navigationes instituent, aut commercia exercebunt, quæ ibidem à Rege Magnæ Britanniæ possidentur.

## A R T. IX.

Si verò tractu temporis visum fuerit alterutri Regum licentiam aliquam generalem, vel specialem, aut privilegia concedere alterius subditis navigationem instituendi, et commercium habendi in quibusvis locis suæ ditionis, qui dictas licentias, et privilegia concesserit, dicta navigatio, et commercium exercebuntur et manu tenebuntur juxta et secundum formam, tenorem, et affectum permissionum, aut privilegiorum, quæ indulgeri poterint, quorum securitati præsens tractatus, ejusdemque ratihabitio inserviet.

## A R T. X.

Item concordatum est, quod si alterutrius confœderatorum subditi, et incolæ cum navibus suis, sive bellicæ sint, et publicæ; sive onerariæ ac privatæ, procellis abrepti fuerint, vel persequentibus piratis inimicis ac hostibus, aut alio quovis incommodo cogantur se ad portum quærendum in alterius fœderati flumina, sinus, æstuaria, ac stationes recipere, vel ad littora quæcunque in America appellere, benignè, omnique humanitate ibidem excipiantur, amica gaudeant protectione & benevolentia tractentur. Nullo autem modo impediuntur, quò minus integrum omninò habeant reficere se, victualia etiam & omne genus comæatum, sive vitæ sustinendæ, sive navibus reparandis, & itineri faciendo necessarium, æquo & consueto pretio comparare. Nulla quoque ratione prohibeantur ex portu, & statione vicissim solvere, ac egredi, quin ipsis licitum sit, pro libito migrare loco, libereque discedere quandocunque,

que, & quocunque visum fuerit, absque ulla molestatione, aut impedimento.

## A R T. XI.

Pari ratione si naves alterutrius confœderati, ejusdemque subditorum, ac incolarum ad oras, aut in ditionibus quibuscunque alterius impegerint, jactum facerint, vel (quod Deus avertat) naufragium, aut damnum quodcunque passæ fuerint, ejectos, aut detrimenta passos, in vincula, aut servitutem abducere nefas esto, quin periclitantibus, aut naufragis benevolè, ac amicissimè subveniatur, atque auxilium feratur, literæque illis salvi conductus exhibeantur, quibus inde tutò, & absque molestia exire, & ad suam quisque patriam redire valeat.

## A R T. XII.

Quando autem alterutrius naves (uti supradictum est) maris periculo, aliave cogente ratione compulsæ, in alterius portus adigantur, si tres, quatuorve fuerint, justamque suspitionis occasionem præbere poterint adventus istiusmodi causa, gubernatori, vel primario loci magistratui, statim exponetur, nec diutius ibi mora trahetur, quam quæ illis à dicto gubernatore aut præfecto permessa, & victui comparando, navibusque tum resarciendis, tum instruendis commoda, atque æqua fuerit, cautum vero semper erit, ut onus non distrahant, neque mercium aut sarcinarum aliquid è navibus efferant, & venum exponant, nec etiam mercimonia ab altera parte it. Naves receperint, aut quicquam egerint contra hoc fœdus.

## A R T. XV.

Præsens tractatus nihil derogabit præeminentiæ, juri ac dominio cuicunque alterutrius confœderatorum in maribus Americanis, fretis, atque aquis quibuscunque, sed habeant, retineantque sibi eadem pari amplitudine, quæ illis jure competit; intellectum autem semper esto libertatem navigandi ne utquam interrumpi debere, modo nihil adversus genuinum

numinum horum articulorum sensum committatur, vel peccetur.

## III°.

The Treaty of 1686, between ENGLAND and FRANCE.

## A R T. V.

Et que pour cet effet les sujets et habitans, marchands, capitaines de vaisseaux, pilotes et matelots de royaumes, provinces et terres de chacun desdits Roys respectivement, ne feront aucun commerce ni pesche dans tous les lieux dont l'on est, ou l'on sera en possession de part et d'autre dans l'Amerique. C'est à scavoir, que les sujets de sa Majesté tres Chrétienne ne se mesleront d'aucun trafic, ne feront aucun commerce, et ne pescheront point dans les ports, rivieres, bayes, embouchures de rivieres, rades, costes, ou autres lieux qui sont ou seront ci-aprés possédez par sa Majesté Britannique en Amerique : et reciproquement les sujets de sa Majesté Britannique ne se mesleront d'aucun trafic, ne feront aucun commerce, et ne pescheront point dans les ports, rivieres, bayes, embouchures de rivieres, rades, costes ou autres lieux qui sont ou seront ci-aprés possédez par sa Majesté très Chrétienne en Amerique. Et au cas qu'aucun vaisseau, ou barque soit surpris faisant trafic, ou peschant, contre ce qui est porté par le present traité, ledit vaisseau, ou barque avec sa charge, sera confisqué, après que la preuve de la contravention aura esté legitimement faite. Il sera néanmoins permis à la partie qui se sentira gravée par la sentence de confiscation, de se pourvoir au conseil d'estat du roy, dont les gouverneurs ou juges auront rendu ladicte sentence de confiscation, et d'y porter sa plainte, sans que pour cela l'execution de la sentence soit empeschée : bien entendû néanmoins que la liberté de la navigation ne doit estre nullement empeschée,

pourveu

pourveu qu'il ne commette rien contre le veritable sens du present traité.

A R T. VI.

De plus, il a esté accordé, que si les sujets et habitans de l'un ou de l'autre desdits Roys, et leurs vaisseaux, soit de guerre et publics, soit marchands et particuliers, sont emportez par les tempestes, ou estant poursuivis par les pirates ou par les ennemis, ou presséz par quelque autre necessité, sont contrainsts pour se mettre en seureté, de se retirer dans les ports, rivieres, bayes, embouchures de rivieres, rades et costes quelconques appartenantes à l'autre Roy dans l'Amerique, ils y feront bien et amblement reçus, protegez et favorablement traitez : qu'ils pourront, sans qu'on les empêche en quelque maniere que ce soit, s'y rafraichir, et même acheter au prix ordinaire et raisonable, des vivres, et toutes sortes de provisions necessaires, ou pour la vie, ou pour radouber les vaisseaux, et pour continuër leur route : qu'on ne les empêchera non plus en aucune maniere de sortir des ports et rades, mais qu'il leur sera permis de partir, et s'en aller en toute liberté quand et où il leur plaira, sans être molestez ou empêchez : qu'on ne les obligera point à se defaire de leur charge, ou à decharger et exposer en vente leurs marchandises, ou balots : qu'aussi de leur part ils ne recevront dans leurs vaisseaux aucunes marchandises, et ne feront point de pesche, sous peine de confiscation desdits vaisseaux et marchandises, conformément à ce qui a esté convenu dans l'article precedent. De plus a esté accordé, que toutes et quantes fois que les sujets de l'un ou de l'autre desdits roys seront contrainsts, comme il a esté dit ci-dessus, d'entrer avec leurs vaisseaux dans les ports de l'autre roy, ils seront obligez, en entrant, d'arborer la banniere, ou marque de leur nation, et d'avertir de leur arrivée par trois coups de mousquet : à faute de quoi faire, et d'en-

voyer

voyer une chaloupe à terre, ils pourront être confisquez.

## A R T. VII.

Pareillement si les vaisseaux de l'un ou de l'autre desdits Roys, & de leurs sujets et habitans viennent à échouër, jetter en mer leurs marchandises, ou, ce qu'à Dieu ne plaise, faire naufrage, ou qu'il leur arrive quelque'autre malheur que ce soit, on donnera aide et secours avec bonté et charité à ceux qui seront en danger, ou auront fait naufrage : il leur sera delivré des saufs conduits, ou passeports, pour pourvoir se retirer dans leur pays en seureté, et sans être molestez.

## A R T. VIII.

Qui si les vaisseaux de l'un ou de l'autre Roy, qui seront contraints par quelque aventure ou cause que ce soit, comme il a été dit, de se retirer dans les ports de l'autre Roy, se trouvent au nombre de trois ou de quatre, & peuvent donner quelque juste cause de soupçon, ils feront aussi-tôt connoître au gouverneur ou principal magistrat du lieu, la cause de leur arrivée ; et ne demeureront qu'autant de tems, qu'ils en auront permission du dit gouverneur ou commandant, & ce qu'il sera juste et raisonnable, pour se pourvoir de vivres, et pour radouber et equiper leurs vaisseaux.

That it may appear what was the sense both Houses of Parliament had of these treaties, I have here adjoined the Resolutions, and Addresses of the Lords, and Commons, upon the petition of the merchants last year, and his Majesty's most gracious answers.

*Jovis, 30 die Martii, 1738.*

*Resolved,*

That it is the opinion of this committee, that it is the natural and undoubted right of the British subjects  
to

to sail with their ships on any part of the seas of America, to and from any part of his Majesty's dominions; and that the freedom of navigation and commerce, which the subjects of Great-Britain have an undoubted right to by the law of nations, and by virtue of the treaties subsisting between the two crowns of Great-Britain and Spain, has been greatly interrupted by the Spaniards under pretences altogether groundless and unwarrantable; that before and since the execution of the treaty of Seville, and the declaration made by the crown of Spain pursuant therunto; for the satisfaction and security of the commerce of Great-Britain, many unjust seizures and captures have been made, and great depredations committed by the Spaniards, attended with many instances of unheard-of cruelty and barbarity; that the frequent applications made to the court of Spain for procuring justice and satisfaction to his majesty's injured subjects, for bringing the offenders to condign punishment, and for preventing the like abuses for the future, have proved vain and ineffectual, and the several orders or cédulas, granted by the king of Spain for restitution and reparation of great losses sustained by the unlawful and unjustifiable seizures and captures made by the Spaniards, have been disobeyed by the Spanish governors, or totally evaded and eluded; all which violences and depredations have been carried on to the great loss and damage of the subjects of Great-Britain trading to America, and in direct violation of the treaties subsisting between the two crowns.

A motion was made, and the question being put, that the said resolution be recommitted;

It passed in the negative.

Then the said resolution being read a second time, was agreed to by the house.

Mr. Alderman Perry also acquainted the house, that he was directed by the committee to move the  
house,

house, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, humbly beseeching his Majesty, to use his royal endeavours with his Catholick Majesty, to obtain effectual relief for his injured subjects, and to convince the court of Spain, that, how desirous soever his Majesty may be to preserve a good correspondence and amity betwixt the two crowns (which can only subsist, by a strict observance of their mutual treaties, and a just regard to the rights and privileges belonging to each other) his Majesty can no longer suffer such constant and repeated insults and injuries to be carried on, to the dishonour of his crown, and to the ruin of his trading subjects; and to assure his Majesty, that in case his royal and friendly instances, for procuring justice, and *for the future security of that navigation and commerce*, which his people have an undoubted right to by treaties and the law of nations, shall not be able to procure, from the equity and friendship of the king of Spain, such satisfaction, as his Majesty may reasonably expect from a good and faithful ally, this house will effectually support his Majesty in taking such measures, as honour and justice shall make it necessary for his Majesty to pursue.

And Mr. Alderman Perry moved the house accordingly.

*Resolved,*

That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, humbly beseeching his Majesty, to use his royal endeavours with his Catholick Majesty, to obtain effectual relief for his injured subjects, and to convince the court of Spain, that, how desirous soever his Majesty may be to preserve a good correspondence and amity betwixt the two crowns (which can only subsist, by a strict observance of their mutual treaties, and a just regard to the rights and privileges belonging to each other) his Majesty can no longer

longer suffer such constant and repeated insults and injuries to be carried on, to the dishonour of his crown, and to the ruin of his trading subjects; and to assure his majesty, that, in case his royal and friendly instances, for procuring justice, and *for the future security of that navigation and commerce*, which his people have an undoubted right to by treaties and the law of nations, shall not be able to procure, from the equity and friendship of the king of Spain, such satisfaction, as his majesty may reasonably expect from a good and faithful ally, this house will effectually support his majesty in taking such measures, as honour and justice shall make it necessary for his majesty to pursue.

*Veneris, 7 die Aprilis, 1738.*

Mr. Speaker reported, that the House attended his Majesty with their Resolution and Address of the 30th day of March last, to which his Majesty was pleased to give this most gracious Answer, *viz.*

*Gentlemen,*

**I** AM fully sensible of the many and unwarrantable depredations committed by the Spaniards; and you may be assured, I will make use of the most proper and effectual means, that are in my power, to procure justice and satisfaction to my injured subjects, and *for the future security of their trade and navigation*. I can make no doubt, but you will support me, with cheerfulness; in all such measures, as, in pursuance of your advice, I may be necessitated to take, for the honour of my crown and kingdoms, and the rights of my people.

The humble ADDRESS of the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.

*Die Martis, 2 Maii, 1738.*

*Most Gracious Sovereign,*

**W**E your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, having taken into our serious consideration the many unjust violences and depredations committed by the Spaniards, upon the persons, ships, and effects of divers of your majesty's subjects in America, have come to the following resolutions, which we beg leave in the humblest manner to lay before your majesty, for your royal consideration, *viz.*

I. Resolved, That the subjects of the crown of Great-Britain have a clear and undoubted right to navigate in the American seas, to and from any part of his majesty's dominions; and for carrying on such trade and commerce as they are justly intitled unto in America; and also to carry all sorts of goods and merchandizes, or effects, from one part of his majesty's dominions to any other part thereof; and that no goods, being so carried, are by any treaty subsisting between the crowns of Great-Britain and Spain, to be deemed or taken as contraband or prohibited goods; and that the searching of such ships on the open seas, under pretence of their carrying contraband or prohibited goods, is a violation and infraction of the treaties subsisting between the two crowns.

II. Resolved, That it appears to this house, that as well before, as since the execution of the treaty of Séville, on the part of Great-Britain, divers ships

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and vessels, with their cargoes, belonging to British subjects, have been violently seized and confiscated by the Spaniards, upon pretences altogether unjust and groundless; and that many of the sailors on board such ships have been injuriously and barbarously imprisoned and ill-treated; and that thereby the liberty of navigation and commerce belonging to his majesty's subjects, by the law of nations, and by virtue of the treaties subsisting between the crowns of Great-Britain and Spain, hath been unwarrantably infringed and interrupted, to the great loss and damage of our merchants, and in direct violation of the said treaties.

III. Resolved, That it appears to this house, that frequent applications have been made, on the part of his majesty, to the court of Spain, in a manner the most agreeable to treaties, and to the peace and friendship subsisting between the two crowns, for redressing the notorious abuses and grievances before-mentioned, and preventing the like for the future, and for obtaining adequate satisfaction to his injured subjects; which, in the event, have proved entirely fruitless, and of no effect.

We think it our duty, on this important occasion, humbly to represent to your majesty, That we are most sensibly affected with the many and grievous injuries and losses sustained by your majesty's trading subjects, by means of these unwarrantable depredations and seizures; and to give your majesty the strongest and most sincere assurances, That in case your friendly and powerful instances for procuring restitution and reparation to your injured subjects, and *for the future security of their trade and navigation*, shall fail of having their due effect and influence on the court of Spain, and shall not be able to obtain that real satisfaction and security, which your majesty may in justice expect; we will zealously and cheerfully concur in all such measures as shall become

come necessary for the support of your majesty's honour, the preservation of our navigation and commerce, and the common good of these kingdoms.

His MAJESTY's most Gracious ANSWER.

*My Lords,*

I AM sensibly touched with the many hardships and injuries sustained by my trading subjects in America from the cruelties and unjust depredations of the Spaniards. You may be assured of my care to procure satisfaction and reparation for the losses they have already suffered, *and security for the freedom of navigation for the future*; and to maintain to my people the full enjoyment of all the rights to which they are entitled by treaty and the law of nations.

I doubt not but I shall have your concurrence for the support of such measures as may be necessary for that purpose.

#### P O S T S C R I P T.

SINCE I wrote my letter, news is come into the country that two or three of our ships have been very lately taken by the Spaniards, one of them by a Spanish man of war, with the king's commission, on the high seas, the captain of which is now imprisoned at Cadiz; and that two sloops belonging to the South-Sea company are detained, and a guard is set upon our factory at the Havannah. *If these are the first-fruits of our peace, what will the harvest be?*

But after all, Sir, have we any peace at all? have we any thing granted us that will even bear that

name? or have we been only amused by the Spaniards, till they could *get their money home*, (which we hear is hourly expected in two richly-laden ships,) and till the season should be past for us to act with advantage?

I would also beg leave to ask one question more. We were told some time ago that one of our men of war in the West-Indies had taken the Spanish register ship, but that, by orders of commodore Brown, it was immediately afterwards carried back to the latitude in which it was taken, and restored again. Did the captain who took it act *without*, or *against orders*? if he had orders *to cruise*, why was his capture *restored*? were these orders only given *for show*, to *amuse the merchants*, and to *look like action*? would it not have been right and prudent to have kept the money, that was aboard this ship, *as a pledge in our hands*, in case that peace should be refused us upon proper terms? We might have kept it justly, *as a security for the repayment of our losses*; whereas the act of the Spaniards, in detaining our effects at the Havannah, is in reality adding *a new robbery* to the past. Let me however observe, that, though *reparation to our merchants* is highly fit, and necessary, and what we ought to demand, *it is by far the point of least importance to the nation*. We are interested no doubt for them upon many accounts, but both we and they have a much greater interest *in the future security of commerce being firmly established*. *This* is the national concern, *this* both houses of parliament have strongly insisted on, *this* his majesty has promised to procure for us. If *this* be neglected, any *present gratification* will be of little advantage, and *should be thought of with scorn*.

LETTERS

FROM A

PERSIAN IN ENGLAND

TO HIS

FRIEND AT ISPAHAN.

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APR 17 1881

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T O T H E

## B O O K S E L L E R.

S I R,

I Need not acquaint you by what accident these Letters were put into my hands, and what pains I have taken in translating them. I will only say, that having been long a scholar to the late most learned Mr. Dadichy, Interpreter of the Oriental languages, I have acquired skill enough in the Persian tongue, to be able to give the sense of them pretty justly: though I must acknowledge my translation far inferior to the Eastern sublimity of the original, which no English expression can come up to, and which no English reader would admire.

I am aware that some people may suspect that the character of a Persian is *fictitious*, as many such counterfeits have appeared both in France and England: but whoever reads them with attention, will be convinced, that they are certainly the work of a perfect stranger. The observations are so *foreign* and *out of the way*, such *remote hints* and *imperfect notions* are taken up, *our present happy condition* is in all respects *so ill understood*, that it is hardly possible any *Englishman* should be the author.

Yet as there is a pleasure in knowing how things *here* affect a foreigner, though his conceptions of them be ever so extravagant, I think you may venture to expose them to the eyes of the world, the rather because it is plain the man who wrote them is a lover of liberty; and must be supposed more impar-

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tial than our countrymen, when they speak of their own admired customs and favourite opinions.

I have nothing further to add, but that it is a *great pity* they are not recommended to the publick by a dedication to *some great man about the court*, who would have patronized them *for the freedom with which they are writ*: but the publisher not having the honour to be acquainted with any body *there*, they must want that inestimable advantage, and trust entirely to the candour of the reader.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

L E T-

## LETTER I.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THOU knowest, my dearest Mirza, the reasons that moved me to leave my country and visit England: thou wast thyself, in a great measure, the cause of it. The relations we received from our friend Usbec, of those parts of Europe which he had seen, raised in us an ardent desire to know the rest, and particularly *this famous island*, of which, not having been there himself, he could give us but imperfect accounts.

By his persuasion we determined to travel *thither*: but when we were just ready to set out, the sublime orders of the sopher our master detained thee at the feet of his sacred throne.

Unwilling as I was to go alone, I yielded to thy importunities, and was content to live single among strangers and enemies to the faith, that I might be able to gratify thy thirst of knowledge.

My voyage was prosperous: and I find this country well worthy our curiosity. The recommendations given me by Usbec to some English he knew at Paris, are a great advantage to me: and I have taken such pains to learn the language, that I am already more capable of conversation than a great many foreigners I meet with here, who have resided much longer in this country, especially the French, who seem to value themselves upon speaking no tongue but their own.

I shall apply myself principally to study *the English government*, so different from that of Persia, and of which Usbec has conceived at a distance so great an idea.

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Whatever in the manners of this people appears to me to be *singular* and *fantastical*, I will also give thee some account of: and if I may judge by what I have seen already, this is a subject which will not easily be exhausted.

Communicate my letters to Usbec, and he will explain such difficulties to thee as may happen to occur: but if any thing should seem to you both to be *unaccountable*, do not therefore immediately conclude it *false*; for the *habits* and *reasonings* of men are so very different, that what appears the excess of *folly* in one country, may, in another, be esteemed the highest *wisdom*.

## L E T T E R II.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE first objects of a stranger's curiosity are the public spectacles. I was carried last night to one they call an opera, which is a concert of musick brought from Italy, and in every respect *foreign* to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the resplendent palace of our emperor, and as full of handsome women as his seraglio. They had no eunuchs among them; but there was one who sung upon the stage, and, by the luxurious tenderness of his airs, seemed fitter to make them wanton, than keep them chaste.

Instead of the habit proper to such creatures, he wore a suit of armour, and called himself Julius Cæsar.

I asked who Julius Cæsar was, and whether he had been famous for *singing*?

They told me, he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

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I was going to express my admiration at seeing him so properly represented, when I heard two ladies, who sat nigh me, cry out, as it were in an ecstasy; *O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him.*

At the same time I heard a gentleman say aloud, that both the musick and singers were detestable.

You must not mind him, said my friend, he is of the *other party*, and comes here only as a *spy*.

How! said I, have you parties in musick? Yes, replied he, it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our senses and understanding; but to hear, and see, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged.

I hope, said I, that a stranger may be neutral in these divisions: and to say the truth, your musick is very far from inflaming me to a spirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me asleep. Ours in Persia sets us all a dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this.

Do but *fancy it moving*, returned my friend, and you will soon be *moved* as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have most of us learnt it in our turns.

### LETTER III.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I** Was this morning present at a diversion extremely different from the opera, of which I have given thee a description, and they tell me it is peculiar to this country. The spectators were placed in galleries of an open circus: below them was an area filled, not with eunuchs and musicians, but with bulls and bears, and dogs and fighting men. The pleasure was to see the animals worry and gore one another,

ther, and the men give and receive many wounds ; which the delighted beholders rewarded with showers of money, greater or less, in proportion as the combatants were more or less hurt. I had some compassion for the poor beasts which were forcibly incensed against each other : but the *human brutes*, who, unexcited by any rage or sense of injury, could spill the blood of others, and lose their own, seemed to me to deserve no pity : however, I looked upon it as a proof of the martial genius of this people, and imagined I could discover in that ferocity a spirit of freedom. A Frenchman who sat near me, was much offended at the barbarity of the sight, and reproached my friend who brought me thither with the sanguinary disposition of the English in delighting in such spectacles. My friend agreed with him in general, and allowed that it ought not to be encouraged in a civilized state : but a gentleman who was placed just above them cast a very sour look at both, and did not seem at all of their opinion. He was dressed in a short black wig, had his boots on, and held in his hand a long whip, which, when the fellow fought stoutly, he would crack very loud by way of approbation. One would have thought by his aspect that he had fought some prizes himself, or at least that he had received a good part of his education in this place. His discourse was as rough as his figure, but did not appear to me to want sense. I suppose, Sir, said he to my friend, that you have been bred at court, and therefore I am not surprized that you do not relish the bear-garden : but let me tell you, that if more people came hither, and fewer loitered in the drawing-room, it would not be the worse for Old England. We are indeed a *civilized state*, as you are pleased to call it ; but I could wish, upon certain occasions, we were not quite so *civil*. This gentleness and effeminacy in our manners will soften

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en us by degrees into slaves, and we shall grow to hate fighting in earnest, when we do not love to see it in jest. You fine gentlemen are for the taste of modern Rome, squeaking eunuchs and corruption : but I am for that of ancient Rome, gladiators and liberty. And as for the barbarity which the foreigner there upbraids us with, I can tell him of a French King whom their nation is very proud of, that acted much more *barbarously* ; for he shed the blood of millions of his subjects out of downright wantonness, and butchered his innocent neighbours without any cause of quarrel, only to have the glory of being esteemed *the greatest prize-fighter* in Europe.

## L E T T E R IV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I**T is the law of England, that when a debtor is insolvent, his creditors may shut him up in prison, and keep him there, if they please, for all his life, unless he pays the whole of what he owes. My curiosity led me, the other day, to one of those prisons : my heart is still heavy with the remembrance of the objects I saw there. Among the various causes of their undoing, some are of so extraordinary a kind, that I cannot help relating them to thee. One of the prisoners, who carried in his looks the most settled melancholy, told me he had been master of an easy fortune, and lived very happily a good while ; till he became acquainted with a lawyer, who, in looking over some old writings of his family, unluckily discovered certain parchments that gave him a right to an estate in the possession of one of his neighbours : upon which he was persuaded to go to law ;

law; and, after prosecuting his suit for twenty years, with a vexation that had almost turned his brain, he made the lawyer's fortune, reduced his neighbour to beggary, and had no sooner gained his cause, but his creditors seized on both estates, and sent him to enjoy his victory in a jail.

A second informed me, that he was a citizen, and born to a considerable estate, but being covetous to improve it, had married a very rich heiress, who was so vastly *genteel* in her expences, and found so many ways of *doing credit* to herself and her husband, that she quickly sent him from his new house near the court, to the lodgings in which I found him. Why did not you divorce her, said I to him, when you found that her extravagance would be your ruin? Ah, Sir, replied he, I should have been a happy man, if I could have caught her with a gallant; I might then have got rid of her by law: but, to my sorrow, she was virtuous as well as ugly; her only passions were equipage and gaming.—I was infinitely surprized, that a man should wish to find his wife an adulteress, or that he should be obliged to keep her to his undoing, only because she was not one.

Another said, he was a gentleman of a good family, and having a mind to rise in the state, spent so much money to purchase a seat in parliament, that though he succeeded pretty well in his views at court, the salary did not pay the debt; and being unable to get himself chose again at the next election, he lost his place and his liberty both together.

The next that I spoke to was reputed the best scholar in Europe: he understood the Oriental languages, and talked to me in very good Arabic.

I asked how it was possible that so learned a man should be in want, and whether all the books he had read could not keep him out of jail? Sir, said he,  
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those books are the very things that brought me hither. Would to God I had been bred a cobbler. I should then have possessed some useful knowledge, and might have kept my family from starving: but the world which I read of, and that I lived in, were so very different, that I was undone by the force of speculation.

There was another who had been bred to merchandize, but being of too lively an imagination for the dulness of trade, he applied himself to poetry, and neglecting his other business, was soon reduced to the state I saw him in: but he assured me he should not be long there; for his lucky confinement having given him more leisure for study, he had quitted poetry, and taken to the mathematics, by the means of which he had found out the longitude, and expected to obtain a great reward, which the government promised to the discoverer. I perceived he was not in his perfect senses, and pitied such an odd sort of frenzy. But my compassion was infinitely greater for some unhappy people who were shut up in that miserable place, by having lost their fortunes in the public funds, or in private projects; of which this age and country have been very fruitful, and which, under the fallacious notion of great advantage, drew in the unwary to their destruction. I asked in what *dungeon* they were confined, who had been the undoers of these wretched men? but, to my great surprize, was informed, that the *contrivers* of such wicked projects had less reason than most men in England to be afraid of a jail. Good heaven! said I, can it be possible, that, in a country governed by laws, the innocent who are cheated out of all, should be put in prison, and the villains who cheat them left at liberty! With this reflection I ended my enquiries, and wished myself safe out of  
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a land where such a mockery of justice is carried on.

## LETTER V.

SELIM to MIRZA at Isfahan.

From London.

I Was the other day a in house where I saw a sight very strange to a Persian. There was a number of tables in the room, round which were placed several sets of men and women. They seemed wonderfully intent, upon some *bits of painted paper* which they held in their hands. I imagined at first that they were performing some magical ceremony, and that the figures I saw traced on the bits of paper, were a mystical talisman or charm. What more confirmed me in this belief was the grimaces and distortions of their countenances, much like those of our magicians in the act of conjuring: but enquiring of the gentleman that introduced me, I was told they were at *play*, and that *this* was the favourite diversion of both sexes.

We have quite *another* way of *diverting* ourselves with the women in Persia, answered I. But I see no signs of mirth among them: if they are merry, why do not they laugh, or sing, or jump about? If I may judge of their hearts by their looks, half of these *revellers* are ready to hang themselves! That may be, said my friend; for very likely they are losing more than they are worth.—How! said I, do you call that *play*?—Yes, replied he, they never are thoroughly pleased unless their whole fortunes are at stake. Those *cards*, you see them hold, are to decide whether he who is now *a man of quality* shall be a *beggar*; or another who is now a *beggar*, and has but just enough to furnish out one night's play, shall be *a man of quality*.

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The *last*, said I, is in the right; for he ventures nothing: but what excuse can be thought on for *the former*? Are the nobility in England so indifferent to wealth and honour, to expose them without the least necessity? I must believe that they are generally *sure of winning*, and that those *they* play with *have the odds against them*.

If the chance was only *equal*, answered he, it would be tolerable: but their adversaries engage them *at great advantage*, and are too wise to leave any thing to fortune.

This comes, said I, of your being allowed the use of wine. If these gentlemen and ladies were not quite *intoxicated* with that cursed liquor, they could not possibly act so absurdly.—But why does not the government take care of them when they are in that condition? Methinks the fellows that *rob* them in this manner should be brought to justice.

Alas! answered he, these *cheats* are an innocent sort of people. They only prey upon the *vices* and *luxury* of a few particulars: but there are *others* who raise estates by the *miseries* and *ruin* of *their country*; who *game* not with their *own* money, but with that of the *public*, and securely *play away* the substance of the *orphan* and the *widow*, of the *husbandman* and the *trader*. Till justice is done upon these, the others have a right to impunity: and it is no scandal to see *gamesters live like gentlemen*, where *stock-jobbers live like princes*.

## LETTER VI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THOU wouldst be astonished to hear some women in this country talk of love: their discourses about it are as refined as their notions of paradise, and they exclude the pleasure of the senses out of both. But however satisfied they may be in the world to come with such visionary joys, it is my opinion, that the nicest of them all, if she were to enjoy her paradise here, would make it a Mahometan one. I had lately a conversation on this subject with one of these *platonics* (for that is the title they affect). In answer to all her pretty reasonings, I told her the following tale of a fair lady, who was a *platonick* like herself.

*The Loves of Ludovico and Honoria.*

THE city of Genoa has been always famed, above any town in Europe, for the refinement of its gallantry. It is common there for a gentleman to profess himself the humble servant of a handsome woman, and wait upon her to every public place for twenty years together, without ever seeing her in private, or being entitled to any greater favours than a kind look, or a touch of her fair hand. Of all this fighting tribe, the most enamoured, the most constant, and the most respectful, was signor Ludovico.

His mistress, Honoria Grimaldi, only daughter to a senator of that name, was the greatest beauty of the age in which she lived, and, at the same time, the coyest and most reserved. So great was her nicety in the point of love, that although she could not be insensible to the addresses of signor Ludovico, yet she

she could not bring herself to think of marrying her lover; which, she said, was admitting him to freedoms entirely inconsistent with the respect that character requires. In vain did he tell her of the violence of his passion for her. She answered, that hers for him was no less violent: but it was his mind she loved, and could enjoy that without going to bed to him. Ludovico was ready to despair at these discourses of his mistress. He could not but admire such fine sentiments, yet he wished she had not been quite so perfect. He writ her a very melancholy letter: and she returned him one in verse, full of sublime expressions about love; but not a word that tended to satisfy the poor man's impatience. At last he applied himself to her father; and, to engage him to make use of his authority, offered to take Honoria without a portion. The father, who was a plain man, was mightily pleased with this proposal, and made no difficulty to promise him success. Accordingly he very roundly told his daughter, that she must be married the next day, or go to a nunnery. This dilemma startled her very much. In spite of all her repugnance to the marriage bed, she found something about her still more averse to the idea of a cloister. An absolute separation from Ludovico was what she could not bear: it was even worse than an absolute conjunction. In this distress she did not know what to do; she turned over above a hundred romances to search for precedents; and, after many struggles with herself, resolved to surrender upon terms. She therefore told her lover that she consented to be his wife, provided she might be so by degrees: and that, after the ceremony was over, he would not pretend at once to all the rights and privileges of a husband; but allow her modesty leisure to make a gradual and decent retreat. Ludovico did not like such a capitulation; but rather than not have her, he was

content to pay this last compliment to her caprice. They were married: and, at the end of the first month, he was very happy to find himself arrived at the full enjoyment of her lips.

While he was thus gaining ground, inch by inch, his father died, and left him a great estate in the island of Corfica. His presence was necessary there; but he could not think of parting from Honoria. They embarked together, and Ludovico had good hopes, that he should not only take possession of his estate, but of his wife too, at his arrival. Whether it was, that Venus, who is said to be born out of the sea, was more powerful than at land, or from the freedom which is usual aboard a ship, it is sure, that, during the voyage, he was indulged in greater liberties than ever he had presumed to take before: nay, it is confidently asserted, that they were such liberties, as have a natural and irresistible tendency to overcome all scruples whatsoever. But while he was sailing on with a fair wind, and almost *in the port*, fortune, who took a pleasure to persecute him, brought an African corsair in their way, that quickly put an end to their dalliance, by making them his slaves. <sup>A</sup>

Who can express the affliction and despair of this loving couple, at so sudden and ill-timed a captivity! Ludovico saw himself deprived of his virgin-bride on the very point of obtaining all his wishes: and Honoria had reason to apprehend, that she was fallen into rougher hands than his, and such as no considerations could restrain. But the martyrdom she looked for in that instant was unexpectedly deferred till they came to Tunis. The corsair, seeing her so beautiful, thought her a mistress worthy of his prince: and to him he presented her at their landing, in spite of her own, and her husband's tears.—O unfortunate end of all her pure and heroical sentiments! Was it  
for

for this that her favours were so long and so obstinately denied to the tender Ludovico, to have them ravished in a moment by a rude barbarian, who did not so much as thank her for them? But let us leave her in the seraglio of the *dey*, and see what became of Ludovico after this cruel separation. The corsair, finding him unfit for any labour, made use of him to teach his children music, in which he was perfectly well skilled. This service would not have been very painful, if it had not been for the remembrance of Honoria, and the thought of the brutalities she was exposed to. These were always in his head, night and day, and he imagined, that she had by this time, killed herself, rather than submit to so gross a violation. But while he was thus tormenting himself for one woman, he gave equal uneasiness to another. His master's wife saw him often from her window, and fell violently in love with him.—The African ladies are utter strangers to delicacy and refinement. She made no scruple to acquaint him with her desires, and sent her favourite slave to introduce him by night into her chamber. Ludovico would fain have been excused, being ashamed to commit such an infidelity to his dear Honoria: but the slave informed him, that if he hoped to live an hour, he must comply with her lady's inclinations; for that in Afric, refusals of that kind were always revenged with sword or poison. No constancy could be strong enough to resist so terrible a menace: he therefore went to the rendezvous at the time appointed, where he found a mistress infinitely more complying than his fantastical Italian. But in the midst of their endearments they heard the corsair at the door of his wife's apartment. Upon the alarm of his coming, the frightened lover made the best of his way out of the window; which not being very high, he had the good fortune to get off unhurt. The corsair did not see

see him; but by the confusion his wife was in, he suspected that somebody had been with her. His jealousy directed him to Ludovico: and though he had no other proof than bare suspicion, he was determined to punish him severely; and, at the same time, secure himself for the future. He therefore gave orders to his eunuchs to put him in the same condition with themselves; which inhuman command was performed with a Turkish rigour far more desperate and compleat than any such thing had been ever practised in Italy. But the change this operation wrought upon him, so improved his voice, that he became the finest singer in all Africk. His reputation was so great, that the dey of Tunis sent to beg him of his master, and preferred him to a place in his own seraglio. He had now a free access to his Honoria, and an opportunity of contriving her escape. To that end he secretly hired a ship to be ready to carry them off, and did not doubt but he should find her very willing to accompany his flight. It was not long before he saw her: and you may imagine the excess of her joy, at so strange and agreeable a surprize.

Can it be possible cried she; can it be possible that I see you in this place! O my dear Ludovico, I shall expire in the pleasure of your embraces. But by what magic could you get in, and deceive the vigilance of my tyrant and his guards?

My habit will inform you, answered he, in a softer tone of voice than she had been used to: I am now happy in the loss which I have sustained, since it furnishes me with the means of your delivery. Trust yourself to me, my dear Honoria, and I will take you out of the power of this barbarian, who has so little regard to your delicacy. You may now be happier with me than you were before, as I shall not trouble you with *those coarse solicitations* which gave

gave you so much uneasiness. We will love with the purity of angels, and leave sensual enjoyments to the vulgar, who have not a relish for higher pleasure.

How! said Honoria, are you really no man? No, replied he; but I have often heard you say, that your love was only to my mind: and that, I do assure you, is still the same. Alas! said she, I am sorry mine is altered; but since my being here, I am turned Mahometan, and my religion will not suffer me to run away with an unbeliever. My new husband has taught me certain doctrines unknown to me before; in the practice of which I am resolved to live and die. Adieu! I tell thee, my conscience will not permit me to have a longer conversation with such an infidel.

*Thus ended the Loves of Ludovico and Honoria.*

## L E T T E R VII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I Have received thy answers to my letters with a pleasure, which the distance I am at from my friends, and country, rendered greater than thou wouldst believe. I find thee very impatient to be informed of the government and policy of this country, which I promised to send thee some account of: but though I have been diligent in my enquiries, and lost no time since my arrival here, I am unable to answer the questions thou demandest of me, otherwise than by acknowledging my ignorance.

I have,

I have, for instance, been often assured that the English parliament is a check to the king's authority : and yet I am well informed, that the only way to advancement at court, is to gain a seat in parliament.

The house of commons is the representative of the nation ; nevertheless there are many great *towns* which send *no* deputies thither, and many hamlets almost uninhabited, that have a right of sending *two*. Several members have never seen their electors, and several are elected by the *parliament*, who were rejected by the *people*. All the electors swear not to *sell* their voices ; yet many of the candidates are undone by the expence of *buying them*. This whole affair is involved in deep mystery, and inexplicable difficulties.

Thou askest if *commerce* be as flourishing as formerly ? Some, whom I have consulted on that head, say, it is now in its meridian ; and there is really an appearance of its being so ; for luxury is prodigiously increased, and it is hard to imagine how it can be supported without an inexhaustible trade. But *others* pretend, that *this very luxury* is a proof of its decline : and they add, that the *frauds* and *villanies* in all the *trading* companies are so many inward poisons, which, if not speedily expelled, will destroy it intirely in a little time.

Thou wouldst know if *property* be so safely guarded as is generally believed. It is certain, that the whole power of a king of England cannot force an acre of land from the weakest of his subjects ; but a *knaveish attorney* will take away his whole estate by those very *laws* which were designed for its security. Nay, if I am not misinformed, even those who are chosen by the people to be the great guardians of property, have sometimes taken more from them in  
one

one session of parliament, for the most useless expences, than the most absolute monarch could venture to raise upon the most urgent occasions.

These, Mirza, are the *contradictions* that perplex me. My judgment is bewildered in uncertainty: I doubt my own observations, and distrust the relations of others. More time, and better information, may, perhaps, clear them up to me; till then, modesty forbids me to impose my conjecture upon thee, after the manner of Christian travellers, whose prompt decisions are the effect rather of folly than penetration.

## L E T T E R VIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

AS I now understand *English* pretty well, I went last night with some friends to see a play. The principal character was a young fellow, who, in the space of three or four hours that the action lasted, cuckolds two or three husbands, and debauches as many virgins. I had heard that the English theatre was famous for killing people upon the stage: but this author was more for *propagating than destroying*.

There were a great many ladies at the representation of this modest performance; and, though they sometimes hid their faces with their fans (I suppose for fear of shewing that they did *not* blush) yet, in general, they seemed to be much delighted with the *fine gentleman's* heroical exploits. I must confess, said I, this entertainment is far more *natural* than the opera, and I do not wonder that the ladies are *moved* at it: but if in Persia we allowed our women to be present

present at such spectacles as these, what would signify our bolts, our bars, our eunuchs? though we should double our jealousy and care, they would soon get the better of all restraint, and put in practice those lessons of the stage, which it is so much pleasanter to ACT than to BEHOLD.

### LETTER IX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

A Friend carried me lately to an assembly of the *beau monde*, which is a meeting of men and women of the first fashion. The croud was so very great, that the two sexes promiscuously pressed one another in a manner that seemed very extraordinary to Oriental eyes. I observed a young man and a beautiful young woman sitting in a window together, and whispering one another with so much earnestness, that neither the great noise in the room, nor number of passengers who rubbed by them continually, gave them the least disturbance. They looked at one another with the most animated tenderness: the lady, especially, had in her eyes such a mixture of *softness* and *desire*, that I expected every moment to see them *withdraw*; in order to satisfy their mutual impatience, in a manner, that even the *European liberty* would not admit of in so public a place. I made my friend take notice of them, and asked him *how long they had been married?* He smiled at my mistake, and told me, they were *not* married; that the *lady*, indeed, had been married about a year and half, to a man that stood at a little distance; but that the *gentleman* was an unmarried man of quality, who made it his business to corrupt other mens wives.

That

That he had begun the winter with this lady, and that this was her *first affair* of that sort; her husband and she having married *for love*.

As I had heard of many employed in the same manner, and could not perceive that they did any thing else, I asked my friend, if there was any *seminary*, any *public foundation* for educating young men of quality to this *profession*; and whether they could carry on the business without frequent interruptions from the respective husbands? I will explain the whole matter to you, says he. There is, indeed, no public foundation or academy for this purpose; but it depends upon the private care of their several parents, who, if I may use the expression, *negatively* breed them up to this business, by making them entirely unfit for *any other*: for, lest their sons should be diverted from the profession of *gallantry* by a dull application to *graver* studies, they give them a very superficial tincture of learning, but take care to instruct them thoroughly in the more shewish parts of education, such as music, dressing, dancing, &c. By which means, when they come to be men, they naturally prefer the gay and easy conversation of the fair sex; and are well received by them. As for the husbands, they are the people in the world who give them the least disturbance; but, on the contrary, generally live in the strictest intimacy with those who intend them the *favour* of *cuckoldom*. The marriage contract being here perpetual, though the causes of it are of short duration, the most sensible men are desirous of having some assistance to support the *burthensome perpetuity*. For instance, every man marries either *for money*, or *for love*—In the first case, the *money* becomes his own as soon as the wife does; so that, having *had* what *he wanted* from *her*, he is very willing she should

should *have* what *she* wanted from *any body* rather than from him. He is quiet at home, and fears no *reproaches*.

In the latter case, *the beauty* he married soon grows familiar by uninterrupted possession : his own greediness surfeited him ; he is ashamed of his disgust, or at least of his indifference, after all the transports of his first desire ; and gladly accepts terms of domestic peace through the *mediation of a lover*.

There are, indeed, some exceptions : some husbands, who, preferring an old mistaken point of honour to real peace and quiet at home, disturb their wives pleasure ; but they are very few, and are very ill looked upon.

I thanked my friend for explaining to me so extraordinary a piece of *domestic oeconomy* ; but could not help telling him, that in my mind, *our Persian method* was more reasonable, of having *several wives* under the care of one *eunuch*, rather than *one wife* under the care of *several lovers*.

## LETTER X.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

WE have often read together and admired the little history of the Troglodytes, related by our countryman Usbec \*, with a spirit peculiar to his writings. Unequal as I am to the imitation of so excellent an author, I have a mind, in a continuation of that story, to shew thee by what steps, and  
through

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\* Persian Letters from Paris, vol. I. let. xi. to xiv.

through what changes, the original good of society is overturned, and mankind become wicked and more miserable in a state of government, than they were when left in a state of nature.

*Continuation of the* HISTORY *of the*  
TROGLODYTES.

The Troglodytes were so affected with the virtue of the good old man who refused the crown which they had offered, that they determined to remain without a king. The love of the publick was so strong in every particular, that there was no need of authority to enforce obedience. The law of nature and uncorrupted reason was engraven on their hearts: by that alone they governed all their actions, and on that alone they established all their happiness. But the most perfect felicity of mortal men is subject to continual disturbance. Those *barbarians*, whom they had defeated some time before, stirred up by a desire of revenge, invaded them again with greater forces. They fell upon them unawares, carried off their flocks and herds, burnt their houses, and led their women captive: every thing was in confusion, and the want of order made them incapable of defence. They soon found the necessity of uniting under a single chief. As the danger required vigour and alacrity, they pitched upon a young man of distinguished courage, and placed him at their head. He led them on with so much spirit and good conduct, that he soon forced the enemy to retire, and recovered all the spoil.

The Troglodytes strewed flowers in his way, and, to reward the service he had done them, presented him with the most beautiful of the virgins he had delivered from captivity. But, animated by his fortune, and unwilling to part with his command,  
he

he advised them to make themselves amends for the losses they had sustained, by carrying the war into the enemy's country; which, he said, would not be able to resist their victorious arms. Desirous to punish those wicked men, they very gladly came into his proposal. But an old Troglodyte standing up in the assembly, endeavoured to persuade them to gentler councils. 'The goodness of God, said he, O my countrymen, has given us strength to repulse our enemies, and they have paid very dearly for molesting us. What more do you desire from your victory, than peace and security to yourselves, repentance and shame to your invaders? It is proposed to invade them in your turn, and you are told it will be easy to subdue them. But to what end would you subdue them, when they are no longer in a condition to hurt you? do you desire to tyrannize over them? Have a care that in learning to be *tyrants*, you do not also learn to be *slaves*. If you know how to value liberty as you ought, you will not deprive others of it, who, though unjust, are men like yourselves, and should not be oppressed.'

This wise remonstrance was not heeded in the temper the people was then in. The sight of the desolations that had been caused by the late irruption, made them resolve on a violent revenge. Besides, they were now grown fond of war, and the young men especially were eager of a new occasion to signalize their valour. Greater powers were therefore given to the general; and the event was answerable to his promises; for, in a short time, he subdued all the nations that had joined in the league against the Troglodytes. The merit of this success, so endeared him to that grateful people, that, in the heat and riot of their joy, they unanimously chose him for their king, without prescribing any bounds to his authority.

They

They were too innocent to suspect any abuse of such a generous trust, and thought that when virtue was on the throne, the most absolute government was the best.

## L E T T E R XI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE first act of the new king was to dispose of the conquered lands. One share of them, by general consent, he allotted to himself, and the rest he divided among those who were companions of his victory. Distinction of rank and inequality of condition, were then first introduced among the Troglodytes: some grew rich, and immediately comparison made others poor. From this single root sprung up a thousand mischiefs; pride, envy, avarice, discontent, deceit, and violence. Unheard-of disorders were committed; nor was any regard paid to the decisions of ancient custom, or the dictates of natural justice. Particulars could no longer be allowed to judge of right; it became necessary to determine it by stated laws. The whole nation applied to the prince, to make those laws, and take care of their execution. But the prince, unequal alone to such a difficult task, was obliged to have recourse to the oldest and wisest of his subjects for assistance. He had not yet so forgot himself, by being seated on a new-erected throne, as to imagine that he was become all-sufficient, or that he was placed there to govern by his caprice. It was therefore his greatest care, how to supply his own defects by the counsels of those who were most famed for their knowledge and abilities.

Thus

Thus a senate was formed, which, with the king, composed the legislature; and thus the people freely bound themselves, by consenting to such regulations, as the king and senate should decree.

## LETTER XII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THE institution of laws among the Troglodytes, was attended with this inevitable ill effect, that they began to think every thing right, which was not legally declared to be a crime. It seemed as if the natural obligations to virtue were destroyed, by the foreign influence of human authority, and vice was not shunned as a real evil, but grew to be thought a forbidden good.

One Troglodyte said to himself, "I have made advantage of the simplicity of my neighbour, to over-reach him in a bargain: he may reproach me, perhaps, but he cannot punish me; for the law allows me to rob him with his own consent."

Another was asked by his friend for a sum of money, which he had lent him some years before.

Have you any thing to shew for it? answered he.

A third was implored to remit part of his tenant's rent, because the man, by unavoidable misfortunes, was become very poor. Do not you see, replied he, that he has still enough to maintain his family? By starving them he may find money to pay me, and the law requires him so to do.

Thus the hearts of the Troglodytes were hardened; but a greater mischief still ensued. The laws in their first framing were few and plain, so that any

man

man could easily understand them, and plead his own cause without an advocate.

Some inconveniencies were found to flow from this. The rules were too general and loose: too much was left to the equity of the judge, and many particular cases seemed to remain undetermined and unprovided for. It was therefore proposed in the great council of the nation, to specify all those several exceptions; to tie the judges down to certain forms; to explain, correct, add to, and reserve whatsoever might seem capable of any doubtful or different interpretations. While the matter was yet in deliberation, a wise old senator spoke thus:

“ You are endeavouring, O Troglodytes, to amend  
 “ what is defective in your laws; but know, that  
 “ by multiplying laws, you will certainly multiply  
 “ defects. Every new explanation will produce a  
 “ new objection: and at last the very principles  
 “ will be lost, on which they were originally form-  
 “ ed. Mankind may be governed, and well go-  
 “ verned, under any laws that are fixed by ancient  
 “ use. Besides their being known and understood,  
 “ they have a sanctity attending them, which com-  
 “ mands obedience: but every variation, as it dis-  
 “ covers a weakness in them, so it lessens the respect,  
 “ by which alone, they can be effectually main-  
 “ tained. If subtleties and distinctions are admit-  
 “ ted to constitute right, they will equally be made  
 “ use of to evade it: and if justice is turned into a  
 “ science, injustice will soon be made a trade.”

## LETTER XIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

AS the old man foretold, it came to pass. The laws were *explained* into *contradictions*, and *digested* into *confusion*. Men could no longer tell what was their right, and what was not. A set of Troglodytes undertook to find it out for all the rest: but they were far from doing it out of pure benevolence: their opinions were sold at no little price; and how false soever they might prove, in the event of the cause, the money was never to be returned. Nay, the longer the dispute could be protracted, the more the parties concerned were to pay. This point being once well established, causes, that before were dispatched in half an hour, now lasted half a century. There were three courts placed one above another: on the door of the lowest was writ, *Law*; on that of the second, *Equity*; and on the highest, *Common Sense*. These courts had no connexion with one another, and a quite different method of proceeding. No man could go to the last, without passing through one of the former: and the journey was so tedious, that very few could support the fatigue or the expence. But there was one particular more strange than all the rest. It was very seldom that a man could read a word of the parchment by which he held his estate: and they made their wills in a language, which neither they nor their heirs could understand.

Such were the refinements of the Troglodytes, when they had quitted the simplicity of nature; and so bewildered were they in the labyrinth of their own laying out.

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## LETTER XIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE religion of the Troglodytes had been hitherto as simple as their manners. They loved God as the author of their happiness: they feared him as the avenger of injustice; and they sought to please him by doing good. But their morals being corrupted, their religion could not long continue pure: superstition found means to introduce itself, and completed their depravation. Their first king, who had been a conqueror, and a law-giver, died, after a long reign, extremely regretted and revered by his subjects. His son succeeded, not by any claim of hereditary right, but the free election of the people, who loved a family that had done them so many services. As he was sensible that he owed his crown to their veneration for the memory of his father, he endeavoured to carry that veneration as high as possible. He built a tomb for him, which he planted round with laurels, and caused verses to be solemnly recited in praise of his achievements. When he perceived that these honours were well received in the opinion of the public, he thought he might venture to go farther. He got it to be proposed in the senate, that the dead monarch should be deified, after the example of many nations round about them, who had paid the same compliment to their kings. The senators were become too good courtiers, not to give into so agreeable a piece of flattery, especially as their own honour was concerned in raising the character of their founder: and the people, seduced by their gratitude, thought that those virtues, which had rendered him the protector

and father of his country, very justly entitled him to a subordinate share of divinity.

It is not to be conceived how many evils this alteration produced.

Then first the Troglodytes were made to believe, that their God was to be gained by rich donations; or that his glory was concerned in the worldly pomp and power of his priests. A temple, said those priests, is like a court: you must gain the favour of the ministers, or your petitions will not be received. As the people remembered that their new deity had once been a king, this doctrine seemed plausible enough: and the priests grew absolute on the strength of it. They procured for themselves excessive wealth, exemptions from all public burthens, and almost a total independence upon the civil authority. That the comparison between the temple and the court might hold the better, a great number of ceremonies were invented, and a magnificence of dress was added to them as essential to holiness. The women came warmly into this, and were still more zealous than the men in their attachment to the exterior part of devotion. By degrees the *invisible God*, whom their fathers had worshipped alone, was wholly forgot: and all the vows of the people were paid to the idol, whose superstitious worship was better adapted to human passions, and to the gain of the priests. Expiations, lustrations, sacrifices, processions, and pilgrimages made up the whole of religion. Thus the piety of the Troglodytes was turned aside from reality to form: and it was no longer a consequence, that a very *religious* was a very *honest* man.

## LETTER XV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I**N my last letter I told thee how much the Troglodytes were depraved in their notions, and in their manners, from their idolatry. By the arts of the priesthood their corruption encreased every day: *virtue*, instead of being assisted, was overturned by *religion itself*. It was common for a Troglodyte to say, "I will plunder my neighbour or the public: for the anger of our God may be appeased by an offering made out of the spoil."

Another quieted his conscience in this manner: "I am, indeed, a very great villain, and have injured my benefactor: but I am a constant attender on all processions, and have crawled thrice round the temple upon my knees."

A third confessed to a priest, That he had defrauded his ward of an estate. Give half of it to our order, said the confessor, and we will freely endow you with the rest.

But the mischief did not stop even here. From sanctifying trifles, they proceeded to quarrel about them: and the peace of the society was disturbed, to know which impertinence should be preferred. This was the work of the priests, who took upon them to declare what was most agreeable to their God: and declared it differently, as it happened that their passions or interests required. But how slight soever the foundation was, a dispute of this nature never failed to be warmly carried on. Nobody concerned himself about the morals of another; but every man's opinions were enquired into with the utmost rigour: and woe to those who held any  
that

that were disliked by the ruling party; for though neither side could tell the reason why they differed, the difference was never to be forgiven. An aged Troglodyte endeavoured to put a stop to this pious fury, by representing to them, "That their ancestors, who were better men, had no disputes about religion; but served their God in the only unity required by him: a unity of affection." All the poor man got by this admonition, was to be called an atheist by all the contending sects, and after suffering a thousand persecutions, compelled to take refuge in another land.

### L E T T E R XVI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE court had a deeper interest in the establishment of the idolatrous priesthood among the Troglodytes, than was at the first attended to, or foreseen. The very nature of their office particularly attached them to the crown. They were servants of a deified king: and it was no very great stretch of their function to deify the living monarch also. Accordingly they preached to all the people with an extraordinary warmth of zeal, that the family then reigning was *divine*: that they held the crown, not by the will of the society, but by a pre-eminence of nature. That to resist their pleasure was resisting God: and that every man enjoyed his life and estate by their grace, and at their disposal. In consequence of these doctrines, his *sacred majesty* did just what he thought fit. He was of a martial genius, and had a strong ambition to enlarge his territories. To this end he raised a mighty army, and fell upon his neighbours without a quarrel.

The

The Troglodytes lost their blood, and spent their substance, to make their prince triumphant in a war which could not possibly turn to their advantage: for the power and pride of their tyrant increased with his success. His temper too became fiercer and more severe, by being accustomed to slaughter and devastation: so that his government grew odious to his subjects. Yet the dazzling glory of his victories, and the divinity they were taught to find about him, kept them in awe, and supported his authority. But Providence would not suffer him any longer to vex mankind. He perished, with a great part of his army, by the united valour of many nations who had allied themselves against his encroachments. Content with having punished the aggressor and author of the war, they immediately offered peace to the Troglodytes, upon condition, that all should be restored which had been taken from them in the former wars. That nation humbled by their defeat, very willingly parted with their conquests, to purchase their repose.

## L E T T E R XVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan

From London.

**U**NDER their third king, who succeeded to his father, upon a new notion of hereditary and divine right, the spirit of the government was wholly changed. He was young, and of a temper much addicted to ease and pleasure; yet bred up with high conceits of kingly power; and a royal disregard to his peoples good. There was a mixture of bigotry in his disposition, which gave the priests a great advantage over him; and as his predecessor had governed by them, they now governed by him.—The  
people

people too, in imitation of their prince, soon contracted another character; they began to polish and soften all their manners. The young Troglodytes were sent to travel into Persia: they came back with new dresses, new refinements, new follies, and new vices. Like a plague imported from a foreign country, luxury spread itself from these travellers over all the nation. A thousand wants were created every day, which nature neither suggested nor could supply. A thousand uneasinesses were felt, which were as unnatural as the pleasures that occasioned them. When the minds of the Troglodytes were thus relaxed, their bodies became weak. They now complained that the summer was too hot, and the winter too cold. They lost the use of their limbs, and were carried about on the shoulders of their slaves. The women brought their children with more pain, and even thought themselves too delicate to nurse them: they lost their beauty much sooner than before, and vainly strove to repair it by the help of art. Then first physicians were called in from foreign lands, to contend with a variety of new distempers which intemperance produced: they came; and the only advantage was, that those who had learned to live at a great expence, now found the secret of dying at a greater.

Such was the condition of the Troglodytes, when, by the benefit of a lasting peace, they tasted the sweets of plenty, and grew *polite*.

## LETTER XVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THE ancient Troglodytes were too busy in the duties and cares of society, to employ much of their thoughts in speculation. They were skilful in mechanics and agriculture, the only sciences for which they had any use. Experience taught them the properties of many medicinal herbs, roots, and plants, with which they cured the few ailments that they were subject to in their serene and temperate life.

At their leisure they amused themselves with music and poetry, and sung the praise of the Divine Being, the beauties of nature, the virtues of their countrymen, and their own loves. They shewed a wonderful force of imagination in a great number of fables which they invented, under most of which was concealed some moral sentiment: but for history, they contented themselves with some short accounts of public transactions, drawn from the memory of the oldest men among them, and writ without any art; having no party disputes, no seditions, no plots, no intrigues of state to record. The alteration of their government and manners produced a change also in this respect. A great many people withdrew themselves entirely from the offices of life, and became a burthen to their family and country, under a notion of study and meditation. One set of them very modestly undertook to explain all the secrets of nature, and account for her operations. Another left nature quite behind, and fell to reason about immaterial substances, and the properties of spirits. A third  
professed

professed to teach reason by a rule; and invented arguments to confute common sense \*. These philosophers (for so they stiled themselves) were to be known from all mankind by a certain air, made up of bashfulness and presumption. To distinguish themselves from the vulgar, they forgot how to say or do one common thing like other men.

This rendered their behaviour very awkward, and they were conscious of it; for which reason they came little into company: yet in private their pride swelled to such a pitch, that they imagined they were arrived at the very top of human merit, and looked down with contempt on the greatest generals and best servants of the state. Among the various speculations that this modern fashion of philosophizing produced, there were two more pernicious than the rest, and which greatly contributed to the corruption and ruin of the people. One was, that vice and virtue were in themselves indifferent things, and depended only on the laws of every country: the other, that there was neither reward nor punishment after this life.—It has already been observed how many defects the Troglodytes found in their laws, and how many quibbles were invented to elude them. But still there was some restraint upon their actions, while a sense of guilt was attended with remorse, and the apprehension of suffering in another state. But by these two doctrines men were left at perfect liberty to sin out of the reach of the law; and virtue was  
deprived

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\* This passage is not to be understood as designing any reflexion upon men of *true learning*; but as a censure of the different kinds of *false learning*; such as the subtilities of metaphysics and logic, and the natural philosophy of Descartes; and others, who presume to explain and account for all things by *systems* drawn out of their own imagination.

deprived of glory here, or the hopes of recompence hereafter. There was a third notion, less impious, indeed, but of very ill consequence to society, which placed all goodness and religion in a *recluse and contemplative way of life*.

The effect of this was, to draw off many of the best and worthiest men from the service of the public, and administration of the commonwealth, at a time when their labours were most wanted to put a stop to the general corruption—It is hard to say which was most destructive, an opinion that, like the former, emboldened vice, or such a one as rendered virtue impotent and useless to mankind—

## L E T T E R XIX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

WHILE the principles of the people were thus depraved, and their understandings taken off from their proper objects, the court became the centre of immorality and every kind of folly. Though flattery had been always busy there, yet the former kings, who were frequently at war, had been used to a certain military freedom, and there were not wanting men about them who had courage to tell them truth: but the effeminacy of the present set of courtiers took from them all spirit as well as virtue, and they were as ready to suffer the basest things, as to act the most unjust. The king, wholly devoted to his pleasures, thought it sufficient for him to wear the crown, without troubling himself with any of the cares and duties belonging to it. The whole exercise and power of the government was lodged in the hands of a grand vizir, the first of that title which the Troglodytes had ever known. It  
seemed

seemed very strange to them at the beginning, to see the royalty transferred to their fellow-subject; and many thought it was debasing it too much. The priests themselves were at a loss how to make out that this sort of monarchy was divine: however, they found at last, that the grand vizir was a god by office, though not by birth. If this distinction did not satisfy the people, the court and the priests were not much concerned about it.—But a prime minister was not the only novelty these times produced.

The Troglodytes had always been remarkable for the manner in which they used their women. They had a greater esteem for them than any other of the Eastern nations. They admitted them to a constant share in their conversation, and even entrusted them with their private affairs: but they never suspected that they had a genius for public business; and that not only their own families, but the state itself, might be governed by their direction. They were now convinced of their mistake. Several ladies appeared together at the helm: the king's mistress, the mistress of the vizir, two or three mistresses of the vizir's favourite officers, joined in a political confederacy, and managed all matters as they pleased. Their lovers gave nothing, and acted nothing, but by their recommendation and advice. Sometimes indeed they differed among themselves, which occasioned great confusion in the state. But by the pacific labours of good subjects, and the king's intercession, such unhappy divisions were composed, and business went quietly on again. If there was any defect in the politics of these female rulers, it was, that they could never comprehend any other point or purpose in the art of government but so much *profit to themselves*. The history of the Troglodytes has recorded some of their wise and witty sayings.

One of them was told, that, by the great decay of trade, the principal bank of the city would be broke. What care I? said she, I have laid my money out in land.

Another was warned, that if better measures were not taken, the Troglodytes threatened to revolt: I am glad to hear it, replied she; for if we beat them, there will some rich confiscations fall to me.

## L E T T E R XX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**P**AINFUL experience had, by this time, taught the Troglodytes what their fathers were too happy to suspect; that human nature was not perfect enough to be trusted with *unlimited* power: they saw an evident necessity of restraining that which had been given to their kings, as well for the dignity of the crown itself, as for the good of the commonwealth.

The whole nation unanimously concurred in this resolution; and that unanimity could not be resisted. They therefore considered by what means to reform their government, and did it with equal vigour and moderation. It was decreed, that the crown should be preserved to the prince then reigning, out of respect to the family he was of; but that he should wear it under certain limitations, which divided his authority with the senate.

To prevent the mischiefs that might arise from evil ministers, and the too great power of any favourite, they declared, that the ministers of the king were the servants of the people, and could not be protected by the court, if they were found disloyal to the nation.

Under

Under these wise regulations the shattered state recovered itself again: their affairs were managed with more discretion, and many public grievances were redressed. They thought, that in limiting their monarchy, they had cut the root of all their evils, and flattered themselves with a permanent felicity. But they quickly discovered that this new system was not without its inconveniencies. Very favourable opportunities were sometimes lost by the unavoidable slowness of their councils, and it was often necessary to trust more people with the secret of public business, than could be relied on with security. There were many evils which the nature of their government obliged them to connive at, and which grew, as it were, out of the very root of it. The abuse of liberty was inseparable, in many points, from liberty itself, and degenerated into a shameless licentiousness. But the principal mischief, attending on this change, was the division of the senate into parties. Different judgments, different interests and passions were perpetually clashing with one another: and by the unequal motion of its wheels, the whole machine went but heavily along.

Yet one advantage arose from this disorder, that the people were kept alert, and upon their guard. The animosities and emulation of particulars, secured the common-wealth: as in a seraglio, the honour of the husband is preserved by the malice of the eunuchs, and mutual jealousies of the women.

Upon the whole, the Troglodytes might have been happy in the liberty they had gained, if the same public spirit which established, could have continued to maintain it.

## LETTER XXI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HERE was in the senate a certain man of great natural cunning and penetration, factious, enterprising, versed in business, and above all, very knowing in the disposition of the times in which he lived. This man came secretly to the king, and entertained him with the following discourse.

‘ I perceive, Sir, you are very much cast down with the bounds that have been set to your authority: but perhaps you have not lost so much as you imagine.—The people are very proud of their own work, and look with great satisfaction on the outside of their new-erected government; but those who can see the inside too, find every thing too rotten and superficial to last very long.

‘ The two things in nature the most repugnant and inconsistent with each other, are the love of liberty, and the love of money. The last is so strong among your subjects, that it is impossible the former can subsist. I say, Sir, they are not HONEST enough to be FREE.—Look round the nation, and see whether their manners agree with their constitution. Is there a virtue which want does not disgrace, or a vice which riches cannot dignify? has not luxury infected all degrees of men amongst them? which way is that luxury to be supported? It must necessarily create a dependence, which will soon put an end to this dream of liberty. Have you a mind to fix your power on a sure and lasting basis? fix it on the vices of mankind: set up private interest against public; apply to the wants and vanities of particulars; shew those who lead the people, that they may better find

‘ find their account in betraying than defending  
 ‘ them. This, Sir, is a short plan of such a con-  
 ‘ duct as would make you really superior to all re-  
 ‘ straint, without breaking in upon those *nominal se-*  
 ‘ *curities*, which the Troglodytes are more attached  
 ‘ to a great deal than they are to the things them-  
 ‘ selves. If you please to trust the management to  
 ‘ me, I shall not be afraid of being obnoxious to the  
 ‘ *spirit of liberty*; for in a little while I will extin-  
 ‘ guish every spark of it: nor of being liable to the  
 ‘ *justice* of the nation; for my *crime* itself shall be  
 ‘ my *protection*.’

## L E T T E R    XXII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**H E R E is a very pretty, fair-complexioned girl, who lodges in a house over-against me. She was always staring at me from her window, and seemed to solicit my regards by a thousand little airs that I cannot describe, but which touched me still more than all her beauty. At last I became so enamoured of her, that I resolved to demand her in marriage. Accordingly I went to visit her in form, and was received by her mother, a widow gentlewoman, who desired very civilly to know my business.

Madam, said I, I have a garden at Ispahan adorned with the finest flowers in the East: I have the Persian jafmin, the Indian rose, the violet of Media, and the tulip of Candahar: but I have beheld an English lily more fair than all these, and far more sweet, which I desire to transplant into my garden. This lily, Madam, is now in your possession; and I come a suppliant to you that I may obtain it. The old lady, not conceiving what I meant, began to as-  
 sure

sure me very faithfully that I was mistaken, for she had neither lily nor rose belonging to her.

The lily, returned, I, is your lovely daughter, whom I come to ask of you for my wife.

What do you propose to settle on her? replied she. That is the first point to be considered.—

I will do by her very handsomely, answered I; I will settle upon her—*two black eunuchs*, an expert old midwife, and six or seven very adroit female slaves.

Two blacks, answered she, are well enough, but I should think *two French footmen* would be genteeler.

However, Sir, we will not quarrel about *her equipage*. The question is, What *provision* you think of making.—

Do not trouble yourself about that, returned I:—She shall have *meat* enough, I warrant you, plenty of *rice*, and the best *sberbet* in all *Persia*.

Do not tell me of *rice* and *sberbet*, said the old woman: I ask what *jointure* you will give her?

This word stopped me short; for I did not know what a *jointure* signified. At last she explained herself, by demanding of me, how her daughter was to live if I should die?

I have an Indian wife, answered I, that intends to *burn herself* as soon as I expire: but I would not recommend that method to your daughter.

How! said she,—you are married then already! Yes, said I, in *Persia* we are allowed to *take* as many women as we can *keep*: and some, I am sure, of the most fashionable men in *England* do the same, only leaving out *the ceremony*.

It is a very wicked practice, answered she:—but since it is your religion so to do, and that my daughter's *fortune* is too small to get a husband among Christians, I am not much averse to give her to you upon reasonable terms, because I am told you are very *rich*.

She had scarce spoke these words, when my little mistress, who had been listening to our discourse behind the screen, came out from her concealment, and told her mother, ‘ That if so many women were  
 ‘ to live together, she was sure there would be no  
 ‘ peace in the family ; and therefore she desired her  
 ‘ to insist on a good *pin-money* (that is to say, as the  
 ‘ term was explained to me, a great *independent al-*  
 ‘ *lowance*) in case her husband and she should *dis-*  
 ‘ *agree.*’

What, said I, young lady, do you think already of *separating your* interests from *mine*? and must I be obliged to pay my wife *for living ill with me*, as much as I should *for living well*?

No——by Hali——I will never wed a woman who is so determined to *rebel* against her husband, that she *articles* for it in the very contract of her marriage.

## L E T T E R    X X I I I .

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**H E R E is at London a native of Aleppo who has resided here some years as a private agent for some merchants of that city, and passes for a Jew. They call him Zabulon, but his true name is Abdallah, the son of Abderamen. He has revealed himself to me : and I have contracted a great intimacy with him. There never was an honest, more friendly, or more valuable man : but he is as much a bigot to all the Eastern notions, and as much a stranger to every thing in England, as he was the first hour of his arrival. For my part, Mirza, I set out with a resolution to give up all my hereditary prejudices, and form my mind to bear different opinions, as my body to suffer different climates. Nay,  
 if

if I may say so, I began my travels a good while before I went abroad, by reading, enquiring and reasoning, about the manners and institutions of other countries. I had lived long enough under the yoke of an arbitrary government, to see the misery of it, and value liberty. I am now come into an island where that liberty is happily established, and where I may learn to know it by its effects. This, Mirza, is the study that I pursue, and it demands the utmost attention I can give. In absolute monarchies all depends on the character of the prince, or of his ministers: and when that is known, you have little more to learn: but in mixed governments, the machine is more complex, and it requires a nicer observation to understand how the springs of it are disposed, or how they mutually cheque and assist each other.

When I talk to Abdallah on this subject, he tells me it is not worth my while to trouble myself about it: for that any form of government is good if it *be well administered*. But the question is, which is *most likely* to be *well administered*, that is, which has *best* secured itself, by wholesome provisions and restraints against the danger of a *bad administration*.

## L E T T E R XXIV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**A**S I was walking in the fields near this city the other morning, a disbanded soldier somewhat in years implored my charity, and, to excite my compassion, bared his bosom, on which were the scars of many wounds, all received in the service of his country. I gladly relieved his wants, and being desirous to inform myself of every thing, fell into discourse with him on the war in which he had served.

He told me he had been present at the taking of ten or twelve strong towns, and had a share in the danger and glory of almost as many victories. How then, said I, comes it to pass that thou art laid aside? thy strength is indeed in its decline, but not yet wasted; and I should think that experience would well supply the loss of youth. Alas! Sir, answered he, I have a good heart and tolerable limbs, but I want three inches more of stature: I am brave and able enough, thank God, but not quite handsome enough for a soldier.

How then didst thou serve so long, returned I? In Flanders, Sir, said he, there were some thousands such ill-looking fellows, who did very well in a day of battle, but would make no figure at a review.— Besides, I have no vote for any county, city, or borough in *England*; and therefore could not hope for preferment in the army, were I ever so *well made*. This last objection appeared to me very odd; but of all the novelties I have met with in Europe, none ever surprized me so much, as that a qualification for military service should be supposed to consist in smug looks, and a certain degree of tallness, more than experienced courage, and hardy strength.

If women were to raise and employ troops, I should not, indeed, much wonder at such a choice; but God grant our invincible sultan an army of veteran soldiers, though there were not a man among them above five feet high, or a face that would not frighten an enemy with the very looks of it!

## LETTER XXV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HERE is a set of people in this country, whose activity is more useless than the idleness of a monk. They are like those troublesome dreams which often agitate and perplex us in our sleep, but leave no impression behind them when we wake. I have sent thee an epitaph made for one of these *men of business*, who ended his life and labours not long ago.

*Here lies ————— who lived threescore and ten years in a continual hurry. He had the honour of sitting in six parliaments, of being chairman in twenty-five committees, and of making three hundred and fifty speeches. He attended constantly twice a week at the levies of twelve different ministers of state; and writ for and against them one thousand papers. He composed fifty new projects for the better government of the church and state. He left behind him memoirs of his own life in five volumes in folio.*

*Reader, if thou shouldst be moved to drop a tear for the loss of so CONSIDERABLE A PERSON, it will be a SINGULAR favour to the deceased; for nobody else concerns himself about it, or remembers that such a man was ever born.*

## LETTER XXVI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I**Went with my friend the other day to a great hall, where all the courts of law were sitting together. Behold, said he, the temple of *justice*, the sanctuary

sanctuary of privilege and right, which our mightiest monarchs have not been able to violate with impunity. Behold the lowest of our commons contending here with the highest of our nobles, unawed by their dignity or power. See those venerable sages on the bench, whose ears are deaf to sollicitation, and their hands untainted with corruption. See also those twelve men, whom we call the *jury*, the great bulwark of our property and freedom. But then cast your eyes on those men in black that swarm on every side. These are the priests of the temple, who, like most other priests, have turned their ministry into a trade: they have perplexed, confounded, and encumbered law, in order to make themselves more necessary, and to drain the purses of the people.—I have heard, said I, that the laws of England are wisely *framed* and impartially *administered*. The old *Gothic* pile we are now in, replied my friend, will give you a just idea of their *structure*. The foundations of it are deep and very lasting; it has stood many ages, and with good repairs may stand many more; but the architecture is loaded with a multiplicity of idle and useless parts: when you examine it critically, many faults and imperfections will appear, yet upon the whole it has a mighty awful air, and strikes you with reverence. Then as to the administration of our laws, the difference between us and other countries is little more than this, that there they sell justice *in the gross*, and here we sell it *by retail*. In Persia the *cadi* passes sentence for a round sum of money: in England the judge indeed takes nothing, but the attorney, the advocate, every officer and retainer on the court, raise treble that sum upon the client. The condition of justice is like that of many women of quality: they themselves are above being bought, but every *servant* about them must be *feed*, or there is no *getting at them*. The disinterested spirit of the lady is of

no advantage to the suitor ; he is undone by the rapine of *her dependants*.

## L E T T E R XXVII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I TOLD thee, in my last letter, a conversation I had with my friend upon the practice of law in this country. What is peculiar to us, continued he, in judicial proceedings is, that no *discretionary power* is lodged either in the judge or the jury ; but they are to direct and determine altogether by the *letter of the law*. In France, and other parts of Europe, the judge is trusted with such a power to vary from the law, in certain points, according to the dictates of his conscience, and the reason of the case : but in England, conscience, reason, right, and justice are confined to the words of the law, and the established meaning thereof. No doubt this is productive of many hardships : particulars must often suffer by it ; yet, in the main, it is a wholesome restraint, and beneficial to liberty : for it is generally found, that in other countries, where they are not so strictly tied down, the judge's conscience is apt to depend too much on the king's, and the rule of equity is a very uncertain measure, which passion, prejudice, or interest, can easily change.

These latter times have, indeed, a good deal departed from the ancient methods of judicature in matters of property, by encouraging applications to the *Chancery* ; which is a court of equity, where he, who presides in it, judges alone, without any jury, and with a much greater latitude than other courts : but whether more evil than good does not attend on this practice, may well be questioned. Thus much is certain, that causes are not *shortened* by it, though  
one

one might have expected *that advantage* from it at least. I have been told, said I, that whatever time they may take in passing through *that court*, they have often a further journey to make before they come to a final decision. It is true, replied he, they may be carried from thence by an appeal to the house of lords, who judge in the last resort. And if the constitution had not lodged there a judicature superior to that of the *chancellor*, so much of the property of the subject would entirely depend upon his opinion, that the parliament would have reason to put in again their claim to a right, which they demanded in the reign of Edward III, of *nominating this officer themselves*.

When an appeal, said I, is made to the lords, by what rules do *they* judge? If by no other than those of natural equity, I can then understand, that every Lord, who has common sense, may be supposed to be capable of such a judicature: but if they proceed by the rules of the courts below, and according to principles, usages, and determinations established *there*, that is a *science* of which few are capable; and in that sense they cannot be *judges born*. Two or three, at most, of their body would then have competent knowledge for the performing a duty, which the constitution of England expects from *all*. And when *so few* are to judge, their being too much *divided* in affection, or interest, at some junctures of time, at others their being too much *united*, might, I should think, have very bad consequences. But what if the chancellor himself should ever be *the only lord in the house* enough possessed of *that knowledge* to lead the rest? where would then be the use of appealing from his decrees? To this my friend answered nothing, and I thought that his silence wanted no explanation.

## LETTER XXVIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

A FRENCH gentleman was boasting the other day, in a company where I was, of the academies founded by the late king for the support and reward of arts and sciences.

You have a pleasant way, said he, here in England, of encouraging a man of wit. When he is dead, you build him a fine tomb, and lay him among your kings; but while he is alive, he is as ill received at court, as if he came with a petition against the ministry. Would not the money you have laid out upon the monuments of two or three of your poets, have been better bestowed in giving them bread when they were living, and wanted it? This might have been formerly the case, replied the Englishman, but it is not so now. A man of true genius is at present so much favoured by the public, which is the best of all patrons, his works are so greedily bought up, and such regard is shewn him every way, that he has no need to depend upon a court for protection, or for subsistence.

And let me add, that the honours which are paid to a deceased man of wit, have something in them more generous and disinterested, than pensions bestowed on slavish terms, and at the price of continual panegyric. We have a *very great poet* now *alive*, who may boast of one glory to which no member of the French academy can pretend, *viz.* that he never flattered any man *in power*; but has bestowed immortal praises upon *those*, whom, for fear of offending men *in power*, if they had lived in  
France,

France, under the same circumstances, no poet there would have dared to praise.

LETTER XXIX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THERE is a *Christian* doctor, who at my first arrival here, took the trouble to visit me very often, with no other view, as I could find, but merely to make a *Christian* of me; in which design he has been single hitherto, such a zeal being very much out of fashion.

But, what is most extraordinary, I was told the other day, that his *preferment in the church* had been lately *stopped* at the instance of the *musti of this city*, on a supposition of his being turned *Mahometan*, and that all the proof brought against him was the commerce he formerly had with me.

When I heard this, I waited on the *musii*, and offered to testify that the doctor was a Christian, as far as I could judge by all I saw of him, during the time of our acquaintance: but he refused to admit my testimony in this case, because, as he said, I was myself a *misbeliever*, and insisted on the doctor's supposed *apostacy*, as an undoubted fact, which *shocked* him beyond measure.

If he is a *musulman*, said I, he must be *circumcised*. There is a *visible mark* of orthodoxy in our religion; but I should be glad to know what is the *visible mark* of yours. If it be *meekness*, or *charity*, or *justice*, or *temperance*, or *piety*, all these are most *conspicuous* in the doctor: but I find that none of these can *prove* him to be a *Christian*.—*What* therefore

is the *characteristic* of his *accusers*? and *how* do they *prove* themselves to be *Christians* \*?

## LETTER XXX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THE principles and practice of toleration prevail very strongly in this country: I myself have felt the effects of it very much to my advantage. The better sort of people are no more offended at the difference of my faith from theirs, than at the difference of my dress. The mob, indeed, seem surprized at me for both, and cannot comprehend how it is possible to make such mistakes, but they rather contemn than hate me for them: and I have yet been affronted by nobody but a drunken priest, who denounced damnation against me, for refusing to pledge him, *To the prosperity of the church of England*, in a liquor forbidden by our law.

This has not always been the temper of the English. They have formerly waged war against Mahomedans, only because they were so; they have kindled fires against heretics, though what was heresy in one age has been orthodoxy in another: nay, they have involved their country in all the miseries of civil discord upon points of no greater moment, than whether a table ought to be placed in the middle of the church, or at one end of it.

I must own to thee, Mirza, there is nothing I abhor so much as persecution: it seems to me no less ridiculous in its principles, than dreadful in its effects.

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\* It is supposed this letter alludes to the objections made to the promotion of the late doctor Rundle.

fects. One would think, that the great diversity of opinions among mankind should incline men a little to suspect that their own may possibly be wrong, especially in disputes not very essential; but to pursue all others with rage and violence, instead of pity or persuasion, is such a strain of pride and folly as can scarce be accounted for from enthusiasm itself. I have read in a Spanish author of a certain madman who rambled about Spain with sword and lance, and whomsoever he met with in his way, he required to acknowledge and believe, that his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso was the handsomest woman in the world. It was in vain for the other to reply, that he had no knowledge at all of Dulcinea, or had a particular fancy to another woman; the madman made no allowances for ignorance or prejudice, but instantly knocked him down, and never left beating him till he promised to maintain the perfections of the said lady above all her rivals. Such has been the conduct of many priests and priest-ridden princes in propagating their *spiritual inclinations*: each had his several Dulcinea, and resolved that every body should admire her as much as himself; but as this was not easily brought about, the controversy was determined by force of arms. Nay, though it happened that all admired the same, they would even quarrel about the fashion of her cloaths, and most bloody battles have been fought to decide which colour became her best. Alas! Mirza, how absurd is all this! the beauty of true religion is sufficiently shewn by its proper lustre: it needs no knight-errant to combat for it; nor is any thing so contrary to the nature of affection as constraint. Whoever is compelled to profess a faith without conviction, though it was but indifferent to him before, must grow to think it odious: as men, who are forced to marry where they do not approve, soon change dislike into aversion.—I will end this subject with putting thee in mind of a ceremony which  
which

which is celebrated once a year by the common people of Persia, in honour of our prophet Ali. There are two bulls brought forth before the croud, the strongest of which is called Ali, and the weaker Omar. They are made to fight, and as Ali is very sure to get the better, the spectators go away highly satisfied with this happy decision of the dispute between us and the heretical *Turks*.

Just in this light I regard all religious wars. Whether the combatants are two bulls or two bishops, the case is exactly the same, and the determination just as absurd.

### L E T T E R XXXI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HERE is nothing more astonishing to a Musulman than many particulars relating to the state of matrimony, as it is managed in Europe: our practice of it is so totally different, that we can hardly think it possible for men to do or suffer such things as happen here every day.

The following story, which was given me for a true one, will set this in a very full light: I wish thou mayest find it as entertaining, as I am sure thou wilt find it new.—

In the reign of Charles the first, king of England, lived two gentlemen, whose true names I will conceal under the feigned ones of Acasto and Septimius. They were neighbours, their estates lay together, and they had a friendship for each other, which had grown up from their earliest youth.

Acasto had an only son, whom we will call Polydore, and Septimius an only daughter, named Emilia. Though the boy was but fourteen years old, and the girl but twelve, the parents were so desirous

of

of contracting an alliance between their families and of uniting the two bordering estates, that they married them before either was of age to consummate the marriage, or even to understand the nature of their contract. As soon as the ceremony was performed, they sent the young gentleman abroad, to finish his education.

After four years which he had spent in France and Italy, he was recalled by the news of his father's death, which made it necessary for him to return to England.

Emilia, who was now about sixteen, began to think he had been absent long enough, and received him with a great deal of satisfaction. She had heard a fine character of him, from those who knew him in his travels: and when she saw him, his person was so improved that she thought herself the happiest of women in being his wife.

But his sentiments for her were very different.

There was in his temper a spirit of contradiction, which could not bear to have a wife imposed upon him.—He complained, that his father had taken advantage of his tender age, to draw him into an engagement, in which his judgment could possibly have no part. He confessed that he had no objections to the person or character of Emilia; but insisted on a liberty of choice, and declared, that he looked upon his marriage to be forced and null. In short, he absolutely refused to consummate, in spite of all the endeavours of their friends, and the conjugal affection of the poor young lady, who did her utmost to vanquish his aversion.—When she found that all her kindness was thrown away, the natural pride of her sex made her desire to be separated from him, and she joined with him in a petition for a divorce. The first parliament of the year *forty* was then sitting: the affair was brought before them, and it was believed, that a divorce would have easily been

been obtained at their mutual demand. But the bishops opposed it with great violence, as a breach of the law of God, which they said would admit of no divorce, but in cases of adultery. They were answered, that the marriage was not *complete*; and that the ceremonious part, which was all that had past between them, might as properly be dispensed with by the legislature as any other form of law. That the young gentleman's aversion was *invincible*, and inconsistent with the obligation laid upon him: that therefore it would not well become the fathers of the church, to put him under a manifest temptation of committing adultery: and that nothing could be imagined more unjust, than to condemn the lady to perpetual virginity, under the notion of a marriage, which, it was plain, was a mere illusion.—These arguments seemed convincing to all the world, except the bishops; but they persisted in their *usual unanimity*, and were so powerful by the *favour* of the *court*, that they carried their point in the house of lords: and the unfortunate Polydore and Emilia were declared to be *one flesh*, though no union had ever been between them, either in body or in mind.—The husband immediately paid back his wife's portion to her father; and firmly resolved, that from that time forwards he would never see her more. His natural obstinacy was irritated by the constraint that was put upon him, and he took a pride to shew the world, that there was no power, ecclesiastical or civil, which could oblige him to act like a married man against his inclination. The poor lady retired to a seat of her father's in the country, and endeavoured, by long absence from her husband, to forget that he had ever pleased or offended her.—Two years afterwards the civil war broke out between the king and parliament. Polydore was so enraged against the bishops for obstructing his divorce, that it determined him in the choosing of his party, and made him

him take up arms against the king. Septimius, the father of Emilia, was as zealous a royalist, to which his hatred of Polydore contributed as much as any thing; for it was hardly possible that two such bitter enemies should be of the same side. In the course of the war, the king being worsted, the estates of many of his party were confiscated; and Septimius having been one of the most active, was also one of those that suffered most. He was compelled to retire into France with what he could save out of the wreck of his estate; and carried with him his daughter, who was quite abandoned by her husband and his family.

In the mean while, the army of the parliament began to form itself into different factions. Cromwell, at the head of the independents, acquired by degrees such an influence, that the Presbyterians were no longer a match for him: Polydore, who was devoted to that sect, threw up his commission in discontent; and happily for his reputation had no share in those violent proceedings, which ended in the destruction of the king, and the ancient constitution.

He continued quite unactive for some years; but at last growing weary of a life that agreed so ill with his vivacity, he determined to go and serve in the Low Countries under the great prince of Condé, who, in the year 1654, commanded the armies of Spain against his country.—Two reasons inclined Polydore to this party; first, the desire he had to learn his trade under a general of so great reputation: and, secondly, because Cromwell had refused to enter into an alliance with that prince, though most agreeable to the interests of England.—He found his highness employed in besieging Arras, and was received by him with high marks of esteem. During the siege he often signalized his courage, and supported the  
opinion

opinion that was spread all over Europe of the valour of the parliament officers: but the marshal Turenne, with La Ferté and Hoquincourt, having attacked the besiegers in their lines, relieved Arras, and would have destroyed the Spanish army, if the prince of Condé had not saved it by a retreat, which was one of the greatest actions of his life. In this battle Polydore was taken prisoner, and sent to Paris with many other Spanish officers, to continue there till they should be ransomed or exchanged. In the journey he contracted a great intimacy with the count de Aguilar, brigadier under the count de Fuenfaldagna, and one of the first gentlemen in Spain. As they travelled together several days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal incidents of their lives. Polydore related to Aguilar the whole story of his marriage with Emilia, and declaimed with great heat against the folly of tying two people thus together, who wished nothing so much as to be loose.

No doubt, said the count, it is most absurd; but, to say the truth, I find nothing very reasonable in the whole affair of marriage as we have made it. I do not know what it may be to other men, but to me it seems horribly unnatural to be confined to any single woman, let her be ever so agreeable.

If I had *chosen* a woman *freely*, answered Polydore, I could be always constant to her with pleasure; but to have a companion *for life forced* upon me, I had rather row in the galleys than submit to it.

You are mistaken, my dear Polydore, replied the count, in fancying it so easy to be constant even to a wife of one's own chusing. I have had some experience of that kind, and know that the first choice is only good till we have made a second.

To prove this to you, I need only give you the history of my amours.—That you may not think I am telling you a romance, I will begin where ro-

mances always end, with the article of my marriage. I was married at four and twenty to a lady, whom I chose for her beauty and good sense, without troubling myself about her fortune, which was but small. The three or four first years that we lived together was the happiest period of my life: I preserved all the ardour of a lover with the freedom and tenderness of a husband. She loved me still more fondly than I did her; and if I had not left her till she gave me occasion, I believe I should have been constant to this day.—But I was not able to hold out any longer. All her charms were become so familiar to me, that they could not make the least impression: and I went regularly to her bed as I did to supper, with an appetite quite palled by too much plenty. In this dull way I drudged on for a tedious twelve-month, till the sight of a relation of my wife's, who came opportunely to lodge in my own house, roused me out of my lethargy. She was a beautiful creature of eighteen, just taken out of a convent to be married. She knew nothing of the world, but had a natural quickness that went further than experience. However, as there was something a little awkward in her exterior carriage, the countess d'Aguiar thought it proper to keep her with her for some time before her marriage, till she had instructed her how to behave herself *in public*. I thought my instructions might be of use to her as well as my wife's, to teach her how to behave *in private*, and had the good fortune to make them more agreeable.

She liked me better and better every lesson, and in proportion, as her passion increased for me, she conceived a stronger aversion for the man who was designed to be her husband: and indeed she had no great reason to be fond of him, for he was a peevish, stupid, bigotted old fellow, who did nothing day or night but pray and scold. Her friends pressed the

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conclusion of her marriage; and, as unwilling as she was to come into it, she could not resist their importunities. Yet to comfort me, she very fairly let me know, that she would give her virginity to me in spite of all their teeth; and moreover, that I should have it on the *wedding night*. I represented to her the improbability of her performing *such* a promise at *such* a time; but she bid me trust to her management, and I should be satisfied.

The wedding night came; and when the company was retired, the bridegroom was surprized to see the bride dissolved in tears. He begged to know the cause of her affliction; but she would not tell him, except he swore, that, when he knew it, he would do his utmost to remove it.

The poor man, in the vehemence of his love, assured her that he would do any thing to make her easy, that was not contrary to the *honour of a cavalier*, or the *injunctions of our holy mother church*.

No, said she, the thing I require of you will recommend you extremely to the *church*, as it is only to give me leave to accomplish a vow I made to the Blessed Virgin, in a fit of sickness when my life was in great danger.

Heaven forbid, my pretty child, replied the don, that I should hinder you from performing a sacred vow, to the hazard of your soul.

Well then, said she, I will own to you, that in my fright I vowed, that if I could but get well again, and live to be married, I would consecrate my wedding night to the Blessed Virgin, by passing it in the bed of my waiting-woman, the virtuous Isabella. And this very morning while I slept, our Lady appeared to me in a dream, and threatened me with another fit of sickness if I did not keep my word.

If it be so, replied the husband, there is no doubt but *the Virgin* must be *served* before *me*; and so, my dear, I wish you a good night.

Now you must know that the virtuous Isabella was trusted with all the secrets of her mistress, and had gone between us through the whole course of our amour.

Accordingly madam went to bed to her waiting-woman, who had taken care to inform me of this design, and concealed me in a closet within her chamber; from whence, as soon as every body was asleep, I was admitted to the place of Isabella, and received the full acquittance of a promise I little expected to see performed.—

The singularity of this adventure so delighted me, that I could not help, in the vanity of my heart, discovering it to the duke de l'Infantada, the most intimate of my friends. He was very thankful for the confidence I reposed in him, and to reward me for it, betrayed it instantly to my wife, whom, it seems, he had long made love to without success. As he thought that the greatest obstacle to his desires was her fondness for me, he hoped to remove it by convincing her of my falseness; but though the news of it had like to have broke her heart, it was not able to change it.

She reproached me in a manner that made my fault appear much more inexcusable. I might complain, said she, of the affront you have done my honour in debauching my relation; but, alas! I am only sensible to the injury you have done my love. You are grown weary of me, and I know it is impossible to regain your heart, since the single reason of your dislike must still continue, which is, that I am your wife. If any part of my behaviour had offended you, I might have changed it to your satisfaction; but this is a fault, which, in spite of all my care, will grow worse every day.—I endeavoured to pacify her by assurances of my future fidelity; and really I was so affected by her behaviour, that I seriously

riously meant to keep my word.—But our inclinations are very little in our power: my resolution soon yielded to the charms of the countess Altamira, one of the handsomest women about the court, but the vainest, the most interested, and the most abandoned. She made it a point of honour to seduce me, out of a desire to mortify my wife, with whom she had quarrelled upon some female competition of precedence or dress.

Her avarice was equal to her pride, and she made me pay dearly for her favours, though her husband was one of the richest men in Spain. I hardly ever went to her without a present of some kind or other, and my fortune began to suffer by my expence: yet I was so bewitched to her, that though I heartily despised her, I could not help loving her to madness.

One day, when I came to see her after an absence that had raised my desires to the highest pitch, she received me with a sullenness and ill-humour that tortured me beyond expression. I conjured her to acquaint me with the cause of it, and she told me, ‘ That the last time she was at court, she had seen ‘ the countess d’Aguilar with a diamond necklace ‘ on, which I had given her the day before: that ‘ my making such presents to another woman, in ‘ the midst of our intrigue, was an insult she was ‘ determined not to bear; and that since I was ‘ grown so fond a husband, she could not but make ‘ a conscience of disturbing our conjugal felicity.’

I offered her any satisfaction she would ask: and the malicious devil had the impudence to tell me, that nothing could satisfy her, but my taking away that necklace from my wife, and giving it her.— I entreated her to accept of another of twice its value; but she replied, that her honour was concerned, and, in short, she would have that, and that alone.—Overcome with her importunities, I went home,  
and

and stole it from her ; but made her promise me solemnly to be very cautious that my wife should never see it in her possession.

About three days after, word was brought me, that the countess d'Aguilar had fainted away in the anti-chamber of the queen, and was gone home in great disorder to her mother the countess of Pacheco.

I went immediately thither in such a fright, as convinced me I loved her better than I thought I did : but imagine my confusion, when she informed me, that she had fainted at the sight of her own diamonds on the neck of the countess Altamira. She added, that it was no mystery to her, nor to any body else, how that lady came by them ; and that, to save her the mortification of any more such public affronts, she would no longer live with me as my wife, but leave me at liberty to please myself, as my licentious inclination should direct.

I used my utmost eloquence to prevail on her to come home to me again ; but she remained inflexible, and said no more to all my protestations, but, that if her past conduct had not been able to fix my heart, she despaired of doing it for the future.

After living without her half a year, I was ordered to my regiment in Flanders, and was very glad of an occasion to leave Madrid, where the regret of her separation was such a pain to me, that it entirely sunk my spirits. Since my arrival in the army, I have writ to her three or four letters, but she disdain'd to make me any answer ; and I have reason to believe, that her high spirit has, by this time, got the better of her love.

For my part, I endeavour to amuse myself the best I can with other women ; and I desire, my dear Polydore, that we may be always reciprocal confidants of every intrigue that we engage in during our stay in France.——

Polydore

Polydore thanked him, and assured him, that on his part he should meet with no reserve. When they came to Paris, his first care was to enquire what was become of Septimius and Emilia, whom he had heard no account of for many years. He was informed, that Septimius was dead, and his daughter gone from Paris. His curiosity made him write to his friends in England, to ask if she was there. They answered him, that every body believed she was dead in France, having received no news of her a great while. Polydore was mightily pleased with this account, and fancied himself very happy in being a widower, though he had given himself no trouble to support the character of a husband.—The two friends had not resided long at Paris, before they were exchanged for some French officers who were taken prisoners by the prince of Condé. They returned to the army ; but the season not permitting them to come to any action, they agreed to pass the winter at Brussels, in the court of the archduke. They had not been there above a month, before Aguilar acquainted his English friend, that he had begun an intrigue with a French lady, who lived in a very retired manner, which he believed was owing to her circumstances : that he had seen her two or three times, by means of a woman at whose house she lodged, whose good offices he had secured by a handsome bribe. He added, that he would carry Polydore to see her the next visit that he made. Accordingly they went together to Mademoiselle Dalincourt (for that was the name of Aguilar's new mistress). At their coming in, Dalincourt seemed much surprized, changed colour, and was not able to speak a word. The count, alarmed at her disorder, suspected some lover had been with her, and told her, with an air of discontent, that he was sorry he came at so wrong a time. She endeavoured to shake off her confusion, and replied, that he was  
always

always very welcome : but that the gentleman he brought with him had so much resemblance of a brother of her's who was killed in Flanders, that, at first sight she could not help being struck with it in the manner they had seen : she added, that if the gentleman was as like her brother in mind, as he was in form, she should be mightily pleased with his acquaintance. She spoke this with such an air of sincerity, that the count began to think his jealousy was without foundation.

After some general discourse, she applied to Polydore, and asked him how long he had been engaged in the Spanish service ? with many other more particular enquiries, which seemed to intimate a desire to know him better. Polydore was very glad of it, in hopes to serve his friend : and the count, who had no suspicions on that side, did his utmost to engage them in a friendship which he imagined would turn to his advantage.

At night, when the two gentlemen were at home together, Aguilar asked his companion, what he thought of Dalincourt's person and understanding ? Better of the last than the first, answered he, though both are certainly agreeable. I cannot help thinking, continued he, that her person is not quite new to me ; but I cannot recollect where I met with her, except it was at Paris, when I was there a boy.—You will do well to improve your acquaintance now, replied the count ; and, to give you an opportunity of doing it, I will send you there to-morrow to make my excuses for being obliged to hunt with the archduke, instead of waiting upon her as I intended. I know, my dear Polydore will employ all his wit and eloquence to set his friend's passion in the best light ; and while he is with her, I shall have less uneasiness in being away. Polydore promised him all the services he could do him, but he wished he had got a mistress too, to make the party even.

The next day he went to her, and said a great deal in praise of Aguilar, to discover what she thought of him. She answered him with terms of cold esteem, but nothing that gave him the least encouragement to believe she was in love. He then endeavoured to persuade her of the violence of the count's passion for her; but she assured him, that this was the only subject she did not care to hear him talk of.——He returned to his friend quite discouraged at her manner of proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hoped for. The count shewed him a letter he had just received from his confidant, the lady of the house; which advised him not to think of gaining Dalincourt by a timorous respect; but to offer her a handsome settlement, which the streightness of her fortune would make her listen to much more kindly than she did to his fine speeches.

This indeed may do something, said Polydore; for I found by her discourse, that she had been reduced, by a series of misfortunes, to a condition very much beneath her birth.——In conclusion, they agreed to make a trial whether she was to be bought or not; and Polydore was made the bearer of a letter which contained a very liberal proposal. She read it, looked at Polydore some time without saying a word, and at last burst into a flood of tears.

I thought, said she, recovering her voice, that it had not been in the power of my ill destiny to make me more unhappy: but I now find, that my misfortunes have sunk me lower than ever I was aware of, since two gentlemen, whose esteem I wished to gain, think so meanly of me, as to imagine me a proper person to receive *such a letter*. But know, Sir, that I am as much a stranger to infamy, as I am to happiness; and have a spirit superior to all the wrongs your insolent sex can put upon me. Had  
not

not you disgraced yourself by the scandalous employment of endeavouring to seduce me with a dirty bribe, I should have been happy in seeing you often here; but must now desire you to trouble me no more, and to tell your friend, as my answer to his letter, that I would sooner *give* myself to a footman, than *sell* myself to a prince.——

Polydore was infinitely struck with this reception. Every word she uttered pierced him to the heart; and he looked upon her as a miracle of virtue, such as he never had any notion of before.——He returned to the count in great confusion, and acquainted him with the ill success of his commission. Aguilar, more in love with her than ever, writ a most submissive letter to beg her pardon; but she instantly sent it back unopened. When he found all his courtship was ineffectual, he left Brussels in despair, and retired to a villa of one of his friends, where he resolved to stay till the opening of the campaign. In the mean while Polydore, who continued still at Brussels, was in a situation little easier than his friend. Mademoiselle Dalincourt took up all his thoughts: he repeated to himself a thousand times the last words he heard her speak, and admired the spirit that appeared in them to a degree of adoration.

Not being able to bear her absence any longer, he sent to beg that he might see her once again, upon a business wholly relating to himself. She admitted him, and began the conversation, by strictly forbidding him to name the count in any thing he had to say to her.——I have no inclination to name him, replied he; for I would willingly forget that I ever knew him. I am sensible that I wrong him, in declaring to you, that I love you more than life: yet, as his passion is quite destitute of hope, why should not I solicit you for a heart to which he has no pretensions? but, be my conduct right or not in regard

gard to him ; to you, madam, it shall ever be most honourable. I come to offer you my whole fortune upon such terms as your virtue need not blush at. I am a widower, and free to marry whom I please : my estate is sufficient for us both, and I am happy to think it in my power, to raise you to that rank which you were born to. This, madam, is the only reparation by which I can atone for the affront I did your character ; and, if you refuse to accept of it, my despair will be equal to my love.

The lady answered him with blushes, that she was highly sensible of the sentiments he expressed for her ; that she liked his person, and admired his understanding ; but that, to her misfortune, she was married already, and therefore could say nothing to his proposal.—Good heavens, cried Polydore, you are married ! and who then is your husband ! The most unworthy of mankind, answered she : one, who has abandoned me to the malice of my fortune, and does not know at this time what is become of me, nor trouble himself about it.—He is, indeed, unworthy, replied the lover, who is possessed of such a treasure, and can neglect it. But, madam, employ me in your revenge : command my sword to pierce the monster's heart, and tear it from his bosom.—No, said she, your safety is more dear to me than the desire of revenge. All I ask of you is, to swear that you will never be like that husband ; but continue to love me equally when you know me better : upon this condition, I will grant you all the favours which my duty will allow ; and, perhaps, your future conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all restraint.

The happy Polydore swore every thing she desired, and she permitted him to see her when he pleased ; but, being informed by him of the treachery of her friend at whose house she lodged, they agreed to make their appointments at another place.

They

They continued this commerce for some time without any interruption, till the count d'Aguilar had notice of it from his confidant, who perceived it in spite of all their caution.

Never was rage equal to his at this discovery. He writ to Polydore, reproaching him with his breach of friendship in the bitterest terms, and required him to meet him with his sword behind the walls of a nunnery that was situated about two leagues out of Brussels. Polydore accepted of the challenge, and met him at the place appointed: he attempted to justify himself, but the count had not the patience to hear him out. They fought with great fury a good while, till the fortune of Polydore prevailed, and the count fainted away with the loss of blood from two or three wounds which he had received. The other seeing him fall thought him dead, and made off with the utmost precipitation. Just at that instant came by a coach and six, which was driving towards the nunnery: a lady who was in it, seeing a gentleman lye weltering in his blood, stopped her coach, and went to try if she could assist him. At the sight of the face she fetched a scream, and fell upon the body in a swoon. Her servants, concluding it to be some one she was much concerned for, carried them both into the nunnery, where the lady soon came to herself, and the count also began to shew signs of life, his spirits being agitated by the motion. He was immediately put to bed, and a surgeon sent for, who declared his wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continued uncertain of his cure, the lady who brought him into the nunnery waited constantly, day and night, at his bedside, and nursed him with a care that would not yield to a moment of repose. As her face was also covered with a veil, he took her to be one of the nuns, and was astonished at a charity so officious. When he grew better, his curiosity en-

creased,

creased, and he ardently pressed her to let him know to whom he owed such great obligations. Are you a nun, madam? said he: I hope you are not; for it would afflict me infinitely, if I was never to see you more, after leaving a house where you have done me so many favours. — The lady for whom you fought, answered she, will make you soon forget the loss of me; and though I am not a nun, you will never see me out of the limits of these walls.

How, madam! said he, was you not *out* of them, when you found me on the ground, and saved my life?

Yes, replied she; I was returning from a visit to a convent in the town: but I will take care not to stir from hence while you are at Brussels, because you are the man in the world I would avoid.

This speech so surprized him, that for some time he was not able to make her any answer. At last he told her, that her actions and her words entirely disagreed, and that he could not think himself so hateful to her as she said, when he reflected how kindly she had used him.

These riddles shall be cleared up to you, answered she, when you are perfectly recovered: till then content yourself with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determined to avoid you, as if I could.

Thus ended a conversation which left the count in a perplexity not to be described.

He saw her no more for a few days; but when she heard that his strength was quite returned, she came to him one morning, and spoke thus:

‘ If you will know who she is that was so afflicted  
 ‘ when your life was in danger; that nursed you so  
 ‘ carefully in your illness; and is resolved to quit  
 ‘ you for ever when you are well; think of your  
 ‘ former gallantries at Madrid, of your present  
 ‘ passion for a mistress that despises you, and your  
 ‘ ingra-

‘ ingratitude to a wife that always loved you : think  
 ‘ of all this, and you will not wonder any longer at  
 ‘ my actions or my words.—Yes, Aguilar, I am that  
 ‘ wife, whose fate it is to be acquainted with all  
 ‘ your infidelities, and to smart for all your follies.’

As she said this, she lifted up her veil, and shewed the astonished count a well-known face, which he little expected to have seen in Flanders. All the passions that can agitate the heart of man, shame, remorse, love, gratitude, invaded his in that moment. He threw himself at her feet, and with many tears implored her to forgive him.

She raised him, and assured him of her pardon, nay, more, of her affection : ‘ But my person,’ said she, ‘ I am determined shall be ever separated  
 ‘ from you. I have had too many proofs of your  
 ‘ inconstancy, to hope that any obligations can engage  
 ‘ you : you will never be faithful to me alone, and I  
 ‘ disdain to share you with another. It is happiness  
 ‘ enough for me that I have been the instrument of  
 ‘ preserving your life, though you risked it for the  
 ‘ sake of another woman ; and all the return I ask  
 ‘ of you is, to think of me sometimes with kind-  
 ‘ ness, but never to attempt to see me more.’

Aguilar was on the rack to hear her talk in so resolute a stile ; but he flattered himself it was owing to her jealousy of mademoiselle Dalincourt. Being impatient to make her easy on that head, he dispatched one of his servants with a letter to acquaint that lady with his recovery. He begged her earnestly to come to him at the *nunnery*, and if possible to bring her lover along with her. Polydore had absconded a few days, till he heard that the count was out of danger, after which he continued very publicly his addressee to Dalincourt.

While the messenger was bringing them to the *nunnery*, Aguilar demanded of his wife, by what accident she came into Flanders ?

You

You know, said she, that after my discovery of your amour with the countess Altamira, I retired to my mother's house, and remained there till your departure for the army.

Soon afterwards, I had the misfortune to lose my mother; and what particularly aggravated my grief, was the knowledge that her concern at your ill usage of me had hastened her death.

These afflictions made Madrid so uneasy to me, that I could not bear to stay in it any longer. Luckily about that time I received a letter from my cousin donna Eugenia de Montalegre, a religious of this house, to inform me of her being elected abbess. It instantly occurred to me, that no place could be more proper for my retreat, than a monastery of which she was the head: so, as soon as I could settle my affairs, I left Spain, and put myself into a pension under the government of donna Eugenia; in which manner I have lived ever since.

She had scarce finished this account, when they were interrupted by the arrival of Polydore and Dalincourt. Madam d'Aguilar changed colour at the sight of her; but her husband, embracing Polydore, assured him, that he no longer looked upon him as a rival, but was glad to resign his mistress to a friend who so well deserved her. Then he related to him the manner in which his wife had tended and preserved him, and expressed so much gratitude, so much love, that if any thing could have shaken her resolution, this would certainly have done it. Mademoiselle Dalincourt seemed much affected at this relation, and told the countess, she was infinitely concerned that she had been the innocent cause of her husband's danger; but that she hoped this accident would be a means of making them happy for the future, and put an end to his infidelities and her resentment.

My

My happiness too, added she, is now at stake ; and I have need of your friendship to support me in a discovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in justice to my honour, I am obliged to delay no longer.

At these words she kneeled down, and taking hold of Polydore's hand : ' Behold,' said she, ' my dear husband, in that Dalincourt, whom you have sworn to love eternally, behold your wife Emilia, that Emilia, whom you left a bride and a virgin at sixteen ; whom you imagined dead, and who will not live a moment, if you refuse to acknowledge and receive her.—

' You cannot now complain that I am a wife imposed upon you ; you chose me freely out of pure inclination ; our parents had nothing to do in it ; love only engaged us, and from love alone I desire to possess you. This is my claim ; and if you are willing to allow it, I am blessed to the height of all my wishes.'

Polydore gazed on her with a silent admiration. He examined every feature over and over, then throwing his arms round her neck, and almost stifling her with kisses : ' Are you really Emilia (cried he), and have I confirmed my former marriage by a *new choice*, by a *choice* which I never will depart from, and which makes me the happiest of men ? O my angel, what wonders do you tell me ! how is it possible that I find you here at Brussels, when I thought you in your grave ? Explain all this to me, and let me know how much I wronged you formerly, that I may try to repair it all by my future conduct.'

Count Aguilar and his lady joining with him in a desire to know her history, she related it as follows.

T H E

## H I S T O R Y

O F

## POLYDORE AND EMILIA.

**Y**OU may remember, Polydore, that as soon as we were parted, I went to live in the country with my father, being ashamed to appear in public after the affront your capricious aversion had put upon me.

My pride was deeply wounded ; but, with shame I own it, my love was the passion that suffered most. I was bred up to consider you as my husband ; I had learned to love you from a child, and your person was so wonderfully agreeable, that I could not look upon you with indifference : nay, such was my partiality in your favour, that I could not help admiring you for your spirit in asserting the freedom of your choice, and justified you in my heart for a proceeding which openly I was obliged to disapprove. In this wretched state of mind I remained some years, till the unfortunate event of the civil war deprived my father of his estate, and drove him out to seek refuge in a foreign country. We settled at Paris, where, with three or four thousand pounds, which we found means to carry off, part in money, and the rest of it in jewels, we maintained ourselves

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well

well enough in a private way, which pleased my melancholy better than any other. In this retreat, where we saw no company, but two or three French women that lodged in the house with us, I amused myself with learning the French tongue, which I had some knowledge of before I came to France; and by speaking nothing else for three or four years, I became so very perfect in it, that it was difficult to discover by my accent that I was not born at Paris. I mention this, because it has since been of use to me, in making me pass more easily upon you for the French woman I personated.—The third year of our residence at Paris, my father became acquainted with a widow-lady, the true madam Dalincourt, whose name has since made full amends for my injuries. I have to charge her with in the sequel of my story. This woman was a native of Brabant, but married a French gentleman, who dying young left her in very narrow circumstances. She had a sister much younger than herself, but not so handsome, who lived with her at Paris.

My father was at that time near threescore, and the widow turned of forty; yet her charms were still powerful enough to engage him in a passion for her, which nothing but dotage could excuse. It went so far that she drew him in to marry her, and to settle upon her three thousand pounds, leaving me no more than the worth of my own jewels, which scarce amounted to a thousand. But her avarice was not satisfied with all this. There was a French nobleman who had long courted me for a mistress, and not finding me so complying as he wished, thought the best way was to buy me of my mother-in-law, whom he knew to be capable of such a bargain. He offered her a present of two thousand crowns to introduce him by night to my apartment. The wicked creature accepted of his bribe, and taking her opportunity

portunity when my father was gone into the country, brought him late one night into my chamber, where she imagined he would find me fast asleep. But it happened that I and mademoiselle Du Fresne, the sister of Dalincourt, had been engaged in reading a romance, which kept us up beyond our usual hour; and as her room was on the other side of the house, not to disturb the family in passing through, she went to bed with me. The romance ran so strongly in my head that I could not sleep for thinking of it; and perceiving that the moon shone very brightly, I got up, slipped on a night-gown, and went out to take a walk in a little garden that lay contiguous to my chamber. I had not been there above half an hour before I heard Du Fresne call out for help; and coming in to her assistance, saw my lover struggling with her at such advantage, that I was almost afraid I came too late. I joined my cries to hers, and the noise we made so alarmed the marquis, that he thought it best to retire as soon as possible; especially when he discovered his mistake, and that my infamous mother-in-law had put him to bed to her own ugly sister instead of me.

But, to be revenged of her for what he took to be a design of imposing upon him, he revealed to us the part she had in this affair, and bid me tell her, that he did not think the enjoyment of mademoiselle Du Fresne worth a quarter of the money he had given her.—After making this confession he went off, and was hardly got safe out of the house, when two or three of our servants came in to us to know what was the matter. The story soon reached my father's ears; and I was so angry at my step-mother for her intention against my honour, that, in the heat of my passion, I told him all that the marquis had revealed, and Du Fresne confirmed it; which imprudence we had both reason to repent of.

My father was so shocked and afflicted at it, that it threw him into a fever, which proved mortal. He was no sooner dead, but his loving widow turned her sister and me out of doors, and it was with great difficulty that I carried off my money and necessary apparel. In this distress, which was the greatest I ever knew, Du Fresne proposed to me to go with her to Brussels, where she had an old aunt whom she expected something from, and that would be willing to receive us. I gladly accepted of her proposal, my spirit being too high to return to England in the condition I was reduced to. When we came to Brussels we found that her aunt was dead, but had left her the best part of what she had, which amounted to a reasonable subsistence. We agreed that I should board with her under the name of mademoiselle Dalincourt, and pretend I was a relation of her former brother-in-law; she not caring to say any thing of the alliance, which had been attended with such ill consequences to us both. Upon this foot I lived with her very quietly, till the count d'Aguilar found me out, and, by corrupting my mercenary friend, obtained more frequent access to me than I desired.

You remember the disorder I was in when he brought you first to see me. I knew you instantly; for my love had traced your image too strongly in my mind to be effaced by any length of time; whereas your indifference quickly made you lose all memory of me, and the alteration of almost fifteen years had changed my person entirely from what it was when you saw me last.—I thought I should have died with the surprise, and was going, as soon as I could speak, to discover myself to you; but perceiving that you did not remember me, I checked myself, and invented a pretence to cover my confusion. It struck me, that I might possibly make some advantage of the disguise in which you saw me;

me : at least, I was sure of the satisfaction of conversing with you freely, and knowing what had happened to you since our parting. When you came to me again as the confidant of the count d'Aguilar, it was no small revenge and pleasure to me, to see you ignorantly helping another man to debauch your own wife ; and I could have found in my heart to have let you succeed in your friendly mediation, as a punishment for the injuries you had done me : but my virtue soon rejected that temptation, and thought of nothing but how to gain your esteem.

When you brought me the base proposal of count Aguilar, it appeared to me such a mark of your contempt, that I fully resolved not to see you any more. But when you expressed a repentance of that fault, and declared a respectful passion for me, even to the offering me marriage, I yielded to the dictates of my love, and admitted you to all freedoms but one. That I told you your future conduct might obtain ; and I believe, said she blushing, you will hardly now have the same reluctance to accept it as you had formerly. But though I had thus engaged you by your promise, and still more by your inclination, my happiness was far from being fixed. While the name of Emilia was concealed, I could not tell how the knowledge of it might affect you. It was still in your power to make me miserable, by being angry with my innocent deceit ; but since you have been so good to approve it, and acknowledge me for your wife, I shall make it my whole study and ambition to deserve that title, and never think of my past misfortunes, but to inhanse my present happiness.

Thus Emilia ended her narration, and received the compliments of Count Aguilar and his Lady, who both expressed the highest joy at her good fortune.

Polydore, on his side, endeavoured to persuade the Countess to follow the example of Emilia, and be  
reconciled

reconciled to her husband. She answered him coldly, that she had had too much experience of the temper of the count, to trust to a sudden fit of fondness, which would wear itself out in a few months: that she was neither so young, nor so handsome now, as before their separation; how then could she flatter herself, that he would like her better when she was really less amiable? that what she had done for him might secure his esteem, but she had received abundant proof that his esteem could but ill secure his love. I know, said she, the weakness of my heart: were I to live with him again, I should be jealous of him, even though he did not give me cause; and that would certainly make us both unhappy. It is better for me to leave him to his pleasures, and endeavour to secure my own tranquillity, by retiring from a world which I am unfit for.

Polydore, finding it in vain to argue with her, and admiring the greatness of her mind, took his leave of the count, and returned to Brussels, where his marriage with Emilia was *consummated almost twenty years after it was contracted.*

## LETTER XXXII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I WENT yesterday with one of my acquaintance to see a friend of his, who has a house about twenty miles from London. He had formerly been a citizen and tradesman, but growing rich on a sudden by some lucky hit in the more profitable trade of stock-jobbing, he as suddenly set up for a judge in architecture, painting, and all the arts which men of quality would be thought to understand, and built this house as a specimen of his learning. When we came in, though it was in the midst of winter, we were carried into a room without a fire-place; and which *looked*, if possible, still colder than it *felt*. I suppose, said I, this *stone-vault* that we are in, is designed to be *the burying-p'ace* of the family; but I should be glad to see the rooms in which they *live*, for the chilness of these walls is insupportable to a Persian constitution.

I see, said my companion, that you have *no taste*, or else you could not be cold in a *saloon* so *beautiful* as this.

Before I had time to make him any answer, the master of the house came in; but, instead of carrying us to a fire, as I hoped he would, he walked us about all his vast apartments, then down into the offices under ground, and last into a garden, where a north-east wind, that blew very keen from off a *beath* to which it was laid open, finished what the *saloon* had begun, and gave me a cold, which took away my voice in the very instant that I was going to complain of what he made me suffer. At length we ended our observations, and sat down to dinner, in  
a room

a room where, by good fortune, the rules of architecture allowed us to be warm : but when the meat was served, I was in great confusion not to know how to ask for any dish of all I saw before me ; for it seems the gentleman ate in the *French way*, and nothing came up to his table in its natural form. My uneasiness was still greater, when, upon tasting of five or six different compositions, I found they were all mixed with the flesh of \* hogs, which I could not touch without pollution.

After losing my dinner in this manner, I was entertained all the evening with a conversation between the gentleman of the house and another man (who, they told me, was an architect) so stuffed with hard words and terms of art, that I could not understand one part in five of it. They talked much of certain men called, *virtuosi*, whom, by the near relation their title bore to *virtue*, I took at first to be a *set of rigid moralists* : but, upon enquiry, I discovered that they were a company of *fiddlers, eunuchs, painters, builders, gardeners* ; and, above all, gentlemen that had *travelled into Italy*, who immediately came home perfect *virtuosi*, though they went out *the dullest fellows* in the world. This order of men, which is pretty numerous (as I could collect from the discourse of *these two adepts*) assume a sort of *legislative authority* over the body of their countrymen : they bid one man pull down his house, and build another, which he can neither pay for, nor inhabit ; they take a dislike to the furniture of a second, and command him to change it for a different one more expensive and less commodious ; they order a third to go and languish at an *opera*, when he had rather be hallooing in a bear-garden : it is even feared they will take  
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\* Larded.

upon them to decide what sort of woman every man shall be *in love with*, and prescribe a particular colour of eyes and hair for the only object of *universal inclination*.

I desired to be informed whether *this jurisdiction* had been *ancient* in this kingdom, having met with no traces of it in history ?

No, said he, it is so *modern*, that all the laws of it are changed once in seven years; and that which before was the *only thing right*, becomes at once a *high crime and misdemeanor*.

Upon the whole, it appears to me to be a kind of *epidemical madness*, and I am afraid to return to my own country, for fear I should carry it with me thither, as those who have been in Italy bring the infection along with them into England.

## LETTER XXXIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**H E R E is a lady's house where I often pass my time, though I have very little intimacy with her; because it is really being in a *public place*, and making a visit to half the town. The first time I went thither I congratulated her on the prodigious number of her friends, and told her, that she must certainly be possessed of most extraordinary perfections, to attract such a variety of people, and please them all alike. ——— But I soon found that, in all that croud of visitants, there was hardly one who came thither on her account, but that their reason for coming was the same as hers for receiving them, because they had nothing else to do.

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The last time I was there I met a gentleman, whose character I was still a stranger to, though I was very well acquainted with his face.

I want to know (said I to a lady who sat next me) what is the merit of that gentleman over-against us, which recommends him so much to all the world? It seems to me that he does nothing, says nothing, means nothing, and is nothing; yet I always see him in good company!

His character, said she, may be comprehended in very few words—he is a *good-natured man*.

I am mighty glad to hear it, returned I, for I want such a man very much: there is a friend of mine in great distress, and it lies in his power to do him service.

No, said she, he is of too indolent a temper, to give himself the trouble of serving any body.

Then what signifies his *good-nature*? answered I; or how do you know that he *has any*?

During this dialogue between us, the rest of the company had turned their discourse wholly upon scandal; and few reputations were spared by them, that were *good* enough to be thought *worth attacking*.

The *good-natured* man sat silently attentive, and with great humanity let them abuse his absent friends, as much as they thought fit.

When that was over, he began to entertain us with his sorrow for the death of a noble person, who, he said, had been his patron and benefactor: but methought, he talked of it mightily *at his ease*; and the lady, who had given me his character, whispered me, that, notwithstanding his obligations and love to *the deceased*, he was now making court to *his* worst enemy, as obsequiously as he ever had to *him*.

At that instant there came in a certain colonel, who, as soon as he saw my gentleman, ran up to  
him,

him, and embracing him very tenderly, my dear Jack, said he, thou shalt be *drunk* with me to-night. —

You know I have been ill, said the other genly, and *drinking* does not agree with me.

No matter for that, replied the colonel, you must positively be drunk before you sleep; for I am disappointed of my company, and will not be reduced either to drink by myself, or to go to bed sober.

The *good-natured man* could not resist such obliging solicitations: he kindly agreed to the proposal, and all the room expressed their apprehensions, that his *good-nature* would be the death of him some time or other.

#### LETTER XXXIV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I** HAD, last night, so extraordinary a dream, and it made such an impression upon my mind, that I cannot forbear writing thee an account of it.

I thought I was transported, on a sudden, to the palace of Ispahan. Our mighty lord was sitting on a throne, the splendor of which my eyes could hardly bear: at the foot of it were his *emirs*, and great officers, all prostrate on the ground in adoration, and expecting their fate from his commands. Around him stood a multitude of his guards, ready to execute any orders he should give, and striking terror into the hearts of all his subjects. My soul was awed with the majesty of the scene; and I said to myself, can a king of England compare himself to this? can he, whose authority is confined within the narrow bounds of law, pretend to an equality with a monarch, whose power has no limits but his will?

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I had scarce made this reflection, when, turning my eyes a second time towards the throne, instead of the *sopbi*, I saw an *eunuch* seated there, who seemed to govern more despotically than he. The *eunuch* was soon changed into a woman, who also took the *tiara* and the sword. To her succeeded another, and then a third: but, before she was well established in her seat, the captain of the guards that stood around us marched up to the throne and seized upon it. In that moment I looked and beheld the *sopbi* lying strangled on the floor, with his *vizir* and three of his *sultanas*. Struck with horror at this spectacle, I left the palace, and going out into the city, saw it abandoned to the fury of the soldiers, who pillaged all its riches, and cut the throats of the defenceless inhabitants. From thence I made my escape into the country, which was a waste uncultivated desert, where I found nothing but idleness and want.

O, said I, how much happier is England, and how much greater are its kings! Their throne is established upon justice, and therefore cannot be overturned. They are guarded by the affections of their people, and have no military violence to fear. They are the most to be honoured of all princes, because their government is best framed to make their subjects rich, happy, and safe.

## LETTER XXXV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I HAD some discourse to-day with an English gentleman, who has an affectation of being thought a great *philosopher*: his pretensions to it consist in nothing else but refining away all the happiness of his life. By a great force of reasoning, he is arrived at a total *disrelish* of *himself*, and as complete an *indifference* to *others*. I am quite weary of living, said he to me: I have gone through every thing that bears the name of pleasure, and am absolutely disgusted with it all. I have no taste for the common amusements of wine, women, or play, because I have experienced the folly of pursuing them: and as for business, it appears to me to be more *ridiculous* than any of the three. The bustle of the town disturbs my quiet, and in the country I am dying of the spleen. I believe I shall go with you into Persia, only to change the scene a little; and when I am tired of being there, take a dose of *opium*, and remove to the other world.

I hope, Mirza, that thou and I shall never know what it is to be *so wise*; but make the best of those comforts and delights which nature has kindly bestowed upon us, and endeavour to diffuse them as wide as possible, by the practice of those virtues from which they flow.

## LETTER XXXVI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HERE is another gentleman of my acquaintance, who is a *philosopher*, but of a species very different from him I described to thee in my last.

He is possessed of a considerable estate, which his friends are as much masters of as he. His children love him out of a principle of *gratitude*, by far more endearing than that of *duty*; and his servants consider him as a *father*, whom it would be *unnatural* for them not to *obey*.

His tenants are never hurt by drought or rain, because the goodness of their lord makes amends for the inclemency of the sky.

The whole country looks *gay* about his dwelling, and you may trace all his footsteps by his bounties.

Is it not strange (I have often heard him say) that men should be so delicate as not to bear a *disagreeable picture* in their houses, and yet force every *face* they see about them to wear a cloud of uneasiness and discontent? Is there any object so pleasing to the eye, as the sight of a man whom you have obliged, or any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor?

He has also a deep sense of religion; which is so far from casting a gloom over his mind, that it is to *that* chiefly he owes his constant serenity. Were there no reward (said he to me in our last conversation) for virtue after this life, a wise man would practise it for its own beauty and reasonableness

*here :*

*here* : yet the wisest man in that case might be unhappy from the perversity of accidents ; but he who adds to the *pleasures* of *virtue*, the *hopes* of *religion*, has no excuse for sinking under any misfortune ; and without the extravagance of philosophical pride may always find a resource in his mind as much superior to all human events, as the infinite extent of eternity is beyond the short bounds of human duration.

Such are the notions of this man concerning *happiness* ; and it is probable they are not very *wrong*, for he himself is never *out of humour*, nor is it possible to be so *in his company*.

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I** WENT last night with my friend to see a lady, whose house is the favourite resort of the most agreeable people of both sexes. The lady herself received me with a good breeding, which I found was the result of good sense : she treated me as a *stranger* that came *to see*, not like a *monster* that came to be *seen* ; and seemed more desirous to appear in a good light herself to me, though a Persian, than to set me in a ridiculous one to her company. The conversation turned upon various subjects, in all which she bore a considerable, but not a petulant or overbearing part ; and with modesty shewed herself a mistress of most of the living languages, and not unacquainted with ancient and modern history.

The rest of the company had their due share of the conversation, which was carried on with spirit and good manners. One gentleman in particular dif-

distinguished himself by the superiority of his wit, accompanied with so much delicacy and politeness, that none who heard him felt themselves hurt by that *pre-eminence*, which he alone seemed not to be conscious of.

His wit was all founded on good sense ; it was wit which a Persian could comprehend as easily as an Englishman ; whereas most that I have met with from other men, who are ambitious of being admired for that accomplishment, is confined not only to the taste of their own countrymen, but to that of their own peculiar set of friends. When this gentleman had entertained us for an hour or two, with the justest, as well as liveliest remarks, both on persons and things, that I ever heard, he went away ; and to comfort us for losing him, there came in *the man of great good-nature*, whom I described to thee in one of my former letters.

This *courteous person*, hearing all of us very warm in praise of the *other's* wit, joined in with us, but ended his panegyric, with a plain, though indirect insinuation, that there was a *satyrical turn in it*, which rendered it very *dangerous*, and that the gentleman could not possibly be so witty, but at the expence of his good-nature.

I could not help being quite angry at so impertinent and ill grounded a reflection, on a man for whom I had conceived a great esteem, and desired to know why he supposed him to be *ill natured*, only because he was not *dull*. Has he abused, said I, any worthy man ? Has he defamed any woman of good character ? If all the edge of his wit is turned on those who are justly the objects of ridicule, his wit is as great a benefit to *private life*, as the sword of the magistrate is to *the public*.

My gentleman, fearing to be drawn into a dispute, which he could not carry on without exposing the  
secret

secret envy of his heart, changed the discourse : and for the rest of his stay among us, which was not very long, kept a most strict silence, and gave no other indications of life, but that of laughing when every body laughed ; and nods and gestures of approbation to whoever spoke.

The moment he was gone, I told my friend, that I did not much wonder to see that gentlemen in *mixed company*, where it was enough that he gave no offence ; but that, in a select society as this was, he should be received only from a general notion of his *good-nature*, which was supported by no one action of his life, seemed to me entirely unaccountable : for, even allowing his pretensions to that title, I was surprized that such a character should be so *scarce*, as to make it so very valuable.

I can easily conceive, continued I, that the notorious reverse of that virtue would be a good reason *to turn a man out of company* ; but I cannot think, that the possession of that virtue, destitute of all others, is a reason for *letting him into it*.

If you will keep my secret, replied my friend, I will tell you the whole truth ; but if you discover me, I shall pass for *ill-natured* myself. You must know then, that there are about this town ten thousand such fellows as this, who, without a grain of sense or merit, make their way by reciprocally complimenting one another. Their numbers make them formidable, especially supported as they are, by the fair sex. They sneak into good company like *dogs* after some man of sense, whom they seem to belong to ; where they neither *bark* nor *bite*, but *cringe* and *fawn* : so that neither good-manners nor humanity will allow one to kick them out, till at last they acquire a sort of *right by sufferance*. They preserve their character, by having no will of their own, which in reality is owing to their having no distinguishing judgment.

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They

They are all possessed of some degree of cunning, and their passions are too low and dull to break in upon it, or hurry them into the indiscretions of men of parts. Besides, they know that they are in a constant state of probation, where the least transgression damns them: they carry no compensation about them; for *active* faults will not be borne, where there are at best but *negative* virtues. The small number of people of sense are forced to submit in this, as in many other silly customs, to a tyrannical majority, and lavish undeservedly the valuable character of good-nature, to avoid being as unjustly branded with that of ill-nature themselves.

Might not another reason be given for it? answered I. Are not *vanity* and *self-love* the great causes of not only the toleration, but the privileges these people enjoy? and does not security from censure, certainty of applause, or the discovery of an eminent superiority, prevail with those of the best parts to really like what they only pretend to suffer, the conversation of those of the worst?

Very possibly, replied my friend; at least the *vanity* of the wisest is certainly the *comfort* of the weakest, and seems to be given as an allay to superior understandings, like cares to superior stations, to preserve a certain degree of equality, that Providence intended among mankind.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I HAD yesterday the pleasure of a spectacle, than which nothing is more striking to a foreigner, because he can have a right idea of it no where else: I saw the three estates of the kingdom assembled in parliament. The king was on his throne in all his majesty; around him sat the peers in their different robes; at the bar stood the speaker of the commons, attended by the house. Accustomed as I am to the sublime court of our great emperor, I beheld this scene with much more reverence; but it was reverence mixed with love. Now, and never till now, did I see a true image of *civil government*, the support and perfection of human society. A tyrant's court is no more worthy to be compared with this assembly, than a lion's den with a temple. Here such laws, as, after mature and free deliberation, have obtained the concurrence of the *nobles* and *commons*, receive the *royal assent*; nor can any bind the people which have not the authority of that *triple sanction*. A gentleman who came with me made me observe, that when the commons sent up the subsidies granted to the king, he *thanked them* for them, as an acknowledgment, that he had no power to raise them without their consent: anciently, added he, supplies of money, and redress of grievances went together; but, such is the present happiness of

our condition, that we have *more* money than ever to bestow, and *no* grievances at all to be redressed.

I have heard, said I, that when these gifts are most liberal, they have a natural tendency, like plentiful exhalations drawn from the earth, to fall again upon the place from whence they came.

He was going to answer me, when the house rose, and put an end to my enquiries.

### L E T T E R XXXIX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HIS morning I received a visit from the gentleman under whose conduct I had been at the house of lords. After some general discourse upon that subject, he asked me what I thought of their nobility?

I am too great a stranger, answered I, to have formed a right opinion of what they are; but, if you please, I will tell you freely what I think they should be.

An English nobleman should be a strenuous assertor of the privileges of the people, because he is perpetually intrusted with the care of them; and, at the same time, desirous to preserve the just rights of the crown, because it is the source from which his honour is derived.

He should have an estate that might set him above dependance, and employ the superfluities, if such there were, not in improving luxury, but extending charity.

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He should make his dignity easy to his inferiors, by the modesty and simplicity of his behaviour; nor ever think himself too great for the lowest offices of friendship and humanity.

He should claim no *privilege* that might exempt him from the strictest rules of justice; and afford his *protection* not to men *obnoxious to the law*, but to every modest virtue and useful art.

The character you have drawn, replied my friend, though it be *rare*, yet is not *imaginary*: some there are to whom still it may belong; and it eminently exists in a young nobleman, *grandson* and *heir* to a late illustrious commander, whose *name* even in Persia is *not unknown*.

## L E T T E R XL.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THE English are blest with some privileges which no nation now in the world enjoys in so high a degree. One is, that they cannot be long deprived of their liberty upon suspicion of any crime, not even of treason itself, without being brought to a trial: another is, that they cannot be *tortured*, either to force a confession of what is laid to their charge, or a discovery of their accomplices. It is a wonderful thing that even in many free states these two essential rights of human nature have not been secured: for can any thing be more repugnant to natural justice, than to punish without proof of a crime? or is there a greater punishment than long  
imprisonment.

imprisonment, and the infliction of violent pain, either of which is worse than death to an innocent man? From both these evils the English are guarded by their excellent laws, which have also provided that none shall undergo the vexation and shame of of a trial in a criminal cause without the consent of twelve of their countrymen, who are called the *grand jury*; nor can sentence be past upon them by the unanimous voice of twelve more of their equals, with as strong provisions (in trials for treason especially) against any influence of fear or corruption, as human laws are able to frame. To these glorious privileges is added the right of being taxed by none but their representatives, of advising the king in a parliamentary manner upon all matters of government, of enquiring into the conduct of ministers, of arraigning the guilty, and taking them out of the shelter of the throne, liberty of speech in parliament, and liberty of writing and publishing with all decent freedom what every man thinks upon public affairs. When I consider all these advantages, and reflect on the state I am in when in my own country, exposed upon the lightest suspicion to be shut up in a prison, to be tortured there, and, if ever brought out from thence, to be tried by a partial judge, possibly by my accuser himself, to have my estate taken from me at the emperor's pleasure, having no means of redress against him, or his ministers, and deprived of the power even to complain; when I reflect on all this, I cannot but look upon the lowest subject of England with envy and with respect, as I should on a being of an order superior to mine. But on the other hand, were there an Englishman wicked and foolish enough to give up the least of these rights for any temptation of fortune or power, I should look down upon him, however exalted by titles or wealth,  
with

with more contempt than upon the lowest slave in my seraglio: for if *unwilling slavery* be the worst of misfortunes, *voluntary servitude* is the basest of crimes.

LETTER XLI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

ABOUT a fortnight ago I went in company with one of my acquaintance, to see a place in this city, called the *Exchange*, which is the general rendezvous of all the merchants, not only of England, but the whole trading world. I never yet came into an *assembly* with so much respect as into this. These, said I, to my friend, are the most *useful*, and therefore the most *honourable* of mankind. They are met here to carry on the common happiness; their *gains* are the advantage of the public; and their *labour* makes the *ease* of human life.

I had scarce spoke these words, when he carried me out into a *neighbouring alley*, where I also saw some busy faces, but which looked, methought, very different from the *others*. These, said he, are a sort of *traders*, whose whole business is confined within the compass of this alley, where they create a kind of ebb and flow, which they know how to turn to good account; but which is destructive to all trade, except *their own*. Nay, they have sometimes raised such violent *tempests here*, that half the wealth of the nation has been sunk by it.

They are then a sort of *magicians*, answered I.

A most

A most *diabolical* one truly, replied he; and what is most wonderful, *the masters of the art* have the secret to render themselves *invisible*. Though they are always *virtually present here*, they never appear to vulgar eyes: but some of their *imps* are frequently discovered, and by their motions, the skilful in this traffic steer their course, and regulate their ventures.

While he was saying this to me, there came up to us an ill-looking fellow, and asked if *we* had any *stock* to sell.

My friend whispered me in the ear, that this was *an imp*.—I started; called on Mahomet to protect me, and made the best of my way out of the alley.

## L E T T E R XLII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HAT Abdallah, whom I mentioned in a former letter, is gone from England; thou wilt be affected with the virtue of the man, when I tell thee the cause of his departure. He sent last week to desire I would come to him; I came, and found him oppressed with the deepest sorrow. Ah, Selim, said he to me, I must leave thee; I must go and discharge my duty to the best of fathers: I must give my all for him to whom I owe it. At these words he put a letter into my hand, which he had just received the day before: I found by it, that his father, who was a merchant, in a voyage from Grand Cairo to Aleppo, was taken by a cruizer of the isle of Malta,

Malta, and being unable himself to pay his ransom, had writ to his son to do it for him. Thou knowest, said he to me, that I am not rich : to raise the sum demanded for my father's liberty, I must sell all my effects, and leave myself without the means of a subsistence, except what my labour can procure me. But my own distress is not what concerns me most : the fear of poverty cannot fright me from my duty ; I only grieve for the fate of my poor wife, whom the ruin of my fortune will expose to indigence and shame. It is for her sake that I have sent for you ; and I conjure you by all our friendship, by the prophet and the God whom we adore, not to refuse me the first favour I ever asked.—When he had said this, he opened the door of another room, where I saw a beautiful woman in the Turkish habit, who, with a modesty peculiar to our Eastern ladies, endeavoured to conceal herself from my regards. Come hither, Zelis, said my friend, and see the man whom I have chosen to protect you : see him who must shortly be your husband in the room of the unfortunate Abdallah. Then turning to me, and weeping bitterly, This, cried he, O Selim, is the grace for which I am a suppliant : permit me to give her to a man, who I know will use her well ; I am resolved to divorce her this very instant, according to the power allowed me by our law, if you will consent to take her for your wife ; nor could the sopher himself make you a present of greater value. If the charms of her person are not sufficient to recommend her to you, know that her mind is still fair and more accomplished. I brought her with me into England three years ago, in all which time, she has hardly stirred out of my house, nor desired any company but mine. It is impossible to be happier with a wife, than I have been with her : nothing should ever have pre-  
vailed

vailed on me to part with her, but the desire to separate her from my misfortunes, and to procure her a maintenance agreeable to her birth and merit, which I am no longer able to provide for her myself.

He had scarce ended, when the lady, tearing her hair, and beating the whitest breast I ever saw, implored him not to think of a separation, more painful to her than any misery that poverty could reduce her to.

After many passionate expressions of her love, she declared, that she would accompany him to Malta, and beg her bread with him afterwards, if it was necessary, rather than stay behind in the most affluent condition. But he positively refused to let her go, and insisted upon giving her to me, as the only expedient to make him easy. To carry her with me, said he, would be exposing her to such dangers and wants, as I cannot endure even to think of. But less can I bear the thought of leaving her here, in a nation of infidels, among women *who have given up modesty*, and men who profess *to make war upon it* where-ever it is to be found. Your house is the only asylum to which her virtue can safely retire. As your wife, she will be protected from any insult, even in *this land of licentiousness*. To these words of Abdallah, Zelis replied with many *arguments*, but with more *tears*. I continued some time a silent witness of this extraordinary dispute; but at last, seeing him determined to divorce her, I told him, I would accept her as a treasure committed to my hands, not for my own use, but to secure it for my friend: that she should remain with me under the character of my wife, but I would always be a stranger to her bed, and if at his return he found himself in circumstances sufficient to maintain her,  
I would

I would restore her back again to him untouched; or in case they should mutually desire it, carry her with me to my seraglio in the East. They were both much comforted with this assurance, and Zelis consented to stay with me, since Abdallah commanded it. The poor man embarked for Malta the following week, with his whole fortune on board for his father's ransom, and left me so touched with his filial piety, that I made an offer to pay part of it myself; but he told me I had done enough for him, in taking care of what was dearest to him upon earth, and refused any further succour from me.

N. B. *This Story is resumed, in Letter LXXVIII.*

### LETTER XLIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I** Lately fell into discourse with an Englishman, who has well examined the constitution of his country: I begged him to tell me what he thought of the present state of it. Two principal evils, answered he, are making way for arbitrary power, if the court should ever be inclined to take advantage of them, viz. the abuse of our wealth, and the abuse of our eloquence. The last is, if possible, more mischievous than the first; for it seduces those whom money could not corrupt. It is the most pernicious of all our refinements, and the most to be dreaded in a free country. To speak truth, is the privilege of a free-man; to do it roundly and plainly, is his glory. Thus

Thus it was that the ancient Romans debated every thing that concerned the common-wealth, at a time when they best knew how to govern, before Greece had infected them with rhetoric: as nothing was propounded to them with disguise, they easily judged what was most for their honour and interest. But the thing called eloquence here is of another kind. It is less the talent of enforcing truth, than of imposing falsehood; it does not depend on a true knowledge of the matter in debate, for generally it aims at nothing more than a specious appearance: nor is wisdom a necessary quality in the composition of an orator; he can do without it very well, provided he has the happy facility of discoursing smoothly, and asserting boldly. I own to thee, Mirza, this account surprized me; we have no knowledge in the East of such an eloquence as this man described: it is our custom to speak naturally and pertinently, without ever imagining that there was an art in it, or that it was possible to talk finely upon a subject which we do not understand.

Pray Sir, said I, when these orators you tell me of have been caught two or three times *in a lie*, do not you treat them with the utmost contempt? Quite the contrary, answered he, the whole merit and pride of their profession is to *deceive*: they are to lay false colours upon every thing, and the greater the imposition is, the greater their reputation: the orator who can only persuade us to act against some of our lesser interests, is *but a genius of the second rate*; but he who can compel us by his eloquence to violate the most essential, is *an able man indeed*, and will certainly *rise very high*. I suppose it may be your custom in Persia to bestow employments on such persons as have particularly qualified themselves for them: you put the care of the army and the marine into the hands of soldiers and seamen; you make one  
man

man secretary of state, because he has been bred in foreign courts, and understands the interests of your neighbouring princes; to another you trust the revenue, because he is skilful in œconomy, and has proved himself above the temptation of embezzling what passes through his hands. Yes, replied I, this is surely the right method, and I conclude it must be yours. No, said he, we are above those vulgar prejudices; such qualifications are not requisite among us: to be fit for any, or all of these posts, one must be a *good speaker in parliament*. How! said I, because I make a fine harangue upon a treaty of peace, am I therefore fit to superintend an army? We think so, answered he: and if I can plausibly defend a minister of state from a reasonable charge brought against him, have I thereby a title to be taken into the administration? Beyond dispute, in this country, answered he. Why then, by Mahomet, said I, your government may well be sick: what a distempered body must that be, whose members are so monstrously out of joint, that there is no one part in its proper place! if my tongue should undertake to do the office of my head and arms, the absurdity and the impotency would be just the same.

Yet thus, said he, we go on, lamely enough, I must confess, but still admiring our own wise policy, and laughing at the rest of the world.

You may laugh, replied I, as you think fit; but if the sultan, my master, had among his counsellors such an *orator* as you describe, a fellow that would prate away truth, equity and common sense; by the tomb of our holy prophet, he would make a *mute* of him, and set him to watch over the *seraglio* instead of the *state*.

At these words, I was obliged to take my leave, and our discourse was broke off till another meeting.

## LETTER XLIV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE next day I saw my friend again, and he resumed the subject of eloquence. You cannot imagine, said he to me, of what fatal consequence this art of haranguing has been to all free states: good laws have been established by wise men, who were far from being eloquent; and eloquent men, who were far from being wise, have every where destroyed or corrupted them. Look into history, you will find, that the same period which carried eloquence to its perfection, was almost always mortal to liberty. The republics of Greece, and that of Rome, did not see their most celebrated orators, till the very moment that their constitutions were overturned. And how, indeed, should it be otherwise? When once it becomes a fashion to advance men to dignity and power, not for the good council that they give, but for an agreeable manner of recommending bad ones; it is impossible that a government so administered can long subsist. Is any thing complained of as amiss? Instead of redress, they give you an oration: have you proposed a good and needful law? In exchange for that you receive an oration. Has your natural reason determined you upon any point? Up gets an orator, and so confounds you, that you are no longer able to reason at all: is any right measure to be obstructed, or wrong one to be advanced? There is an orator always ready, and it is most charmingly

charmingly performed to the delight of all the hearers.

I do not know, said I, what pleasure you may find in being deceived; but I dare say, should these gentlemen undertake to instruct a merchant in his business, or a farmer in his work, without understanding either trade or husbandry, they would only be laughed at for their pains; and yet when they attempt to persuade a nation to commit a thousand senseless faults, they are listened to with great attention, and come off with abundance of applause. But for my part, I think they deserve nothing but hatred and contempt, for daring to play with such sacred things as truth, justice, and public good, in so wanton and dissolute a manner.

Most certainly, answered he, they are very dangerous to all society; for what is it that they profess? do not they make it their boast, that they have the power to soothe or inflame; that is, in proper terms, to make us partial, or to make us mad? are either of these tempers of the mind agreeable to the duty of a judge, or of a counsellor of state? I maintain, that it would be just as proper for us to decide a question of right or wrong, after a debauch of wine, or a dose of opium, as after being heated or cooled, to the degree we often are, by the address of one of these skilful speakers.

Wisely was it done by the Venetians, to banish a member of their senate (as I have read they did) only because they thought he had too much eloquence, and gained too great an ascendant in their councils by that bewitching talent. Without such a caution there is no safety; for we are led, when we fancy that we act most freely, and the man who can master our affections, will have but little trouble with our reason—but, to show you the power of oratory, in its strongest light, let us see what it does with religion :

ligion : in itself it is simple and beneficent, full of charity and humility ; and yet, let an eloquent jesuit get up into a pulpit, what monstrous systems will he draw out of it ! what pride, what tyranny will he make it authorize ! how much rancour and malignity will he graft upon it ! If then the laws of God may be thus corrupted by the taint of eloquence, do we wonder that the laws of men cannot escape ? No, said I, no mischiefs are to be wondered at, where the reason of mankind is so abused.

### L E T T E R. XLV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE conversation I repeated to thee in my last letter was heard by a gentleman that sat near us, who, I have been told, has found his account so much in eloquence, as to be interested in the defence of it : accordingly he attacked my friend, and told him, he was afraid he had forgot his history, or he would have recollected, that Demosthenes and Cicero, the two greatest orators that ever were, employed their rhetoric in the service of their country. I might, perhaps, answered he, make some objections to the integrity of both ; but allowing what you say, it amounts to no more than this, that eloquence may be of service to mankind in the possession of very good men ; and so may arbitrary power, of the greatest service ; but yet we say in England, that it is wiser not to trust to it ; because, as it is generally managed, it becomes a most grievous oppression. And, I am  
sure,

sure, I can shew you in history as many orators that have abused their eloquence, as kings that have abused their authority: for, besides the wickedness common to human nature, the vanity of making a bad cause appear a good one, is in itself a dangerous temptation. When a man sees he is able to impose upon the judgments of others, he must be a very honest, and very modest one: indeed, if he never does it wrongfully. Alas, Sir, returned his antagonist, the generality of men are too weak to bear truth! they must be cheated into happiness.—I am sure they are often *cheated out of it*, replied my friend: nor can I wholly agree to your proposition in the sense you understand it. It may be necessary for the government of mankind, not to tell them the *whole* truth: something may be proper to be hid behind the veil of policy; but it is seldom necessary to tell them *lies*.

These *pious frauds* are the inventions of very *impious men*; they are the tricks of those who make the public good a pretence for serving their private vices. Let us consider how mankind was governed in those ages and states, where they are known to have been the happiest. How was it in Athens while the laws of Solon preserved their forces? Was it then thought necessary to *lie* for the good of the commonwealth? No:—the people were truly informed of every thing that concerned them; and as they judged by their natural understanding, their determinations were right, and their actions glorious: but when the orators had got the dominion over them, and they were *deceived* upon the principle you established, what was the consequence? their leaders became factious and corrupt, their government venal, their public councils uncertain and fluctuating, either too *weakly fearful*, or too *rashly bold*; till, at last, from generous high-spirited freemen, they sunk into prating, contemptible

temptible slaves. In Rome the case was much the same: as long as they were a great and free people, they understood not those political refinements. All governments, in their first institution, were founded in truth and justice, and the first rulers of them were generally honest men; but, by length of time, corruption is introduced, and men come to look upon those frauds as necessary to government, which their forefathers abhorred as destructive to it. It does not, said I, belong to me to decide in this dispute; but it seems to be highly important, that *this power of deceiving for the public good* should be lodged in safe hands. And, I suppose, that such among you as are trusted with it, are very *constant* and *uniform* in their principles: though *the colours* may vary, *the ground* of their conduct is still the same. What with them is the *essential* and *fundamental* interest of the nation *now*, will certainly be so *next year*: disgrace or favour can make no difference.

## LETTER XLVI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I Was the other day in company with a clergyman, who has the education of several young noblemen committed to his care: a trust of this importance made me regard him as one of the most *considerable* men in England. This sage, said I to myself, has much to answer for: the virtue and happiness of the next age will in a great measure depend on his capacity.—I was very desirous to enter into discourse with him, that I might know if he was equal to his office, and tried all the common topics of conversation; but on none of these was I able to draw a word from him: at last, upon some point being started, which gave him occasion to quote a Latin poet, he opened all at once, and poured forth such a deluge of hard words, composed out of all the learned languages, that though I understood but little of his meaning, I could not help admiring his elocution.

As his scholars were many of them born to an hereditary share in the legislature, I concluded he must be thoroughly acquainted with the English constitution, and able to instruct them in the knowledge of it: but on asking him some questions on that subject, I found to my very great surprize, that he was more a stranger to it than myself, and had no notions of government, but what he drew from the *imaginary republic* of a Great philosopher. Well, said I, you at least instruct your scholars in Grecian and Roman

*virtue*; you light up in them a *spirit of liberty*; you exercise them in *justice* and *magnanimity*; you form them to a resemblance of the *great characters* they meet with in ancient authors. Far from it, said a gentleman in company. They are accustomed to *tremble at a rod*, to tell *lies* in excuse of trifling faults, to *betray their companions*, to be *spies and cowards*: the natural vigour of their spirits is broke, the natural ingenuity of their tempers varnished over, the natural bent of their genius curbed and thwarted. The whole purpose of their education is to acquire some Greek and Latin words; by this only they are allowed to try their parts; if they are backward in this, they are pronounced dunces, and often made so from discouragement and despair.

I should think, said I, if *words* only are to be taught them, they should learn to speak English with grace and elegance, which is particularly necessary in a government where eloquence has obtained so great a sway. That article is never thought of, answered he: I came myself from the college a perfect master of one or two dead languages, but could neither write nor speak my *own*, till it was taught me by the letters and conversation of *a lady about the court*, whom, luckily for my *education*, I fell in love with.

I have heard, said I, that it is usual for young gentlemen to finish their studies in other countries; and, indeed, it seems necessary enough by the account you have given me of them here: but if I may judge by the greatest part of those whom I have seen at their return, the *foreign masters* are no better than the English, and the *foreign mistresses* not so good. Were I to go back to Persia with an English coat, an English footman, and an English *cough*, it would amount to just the improvement made in France, by one half of the youth who travel thither. Add to these, a taste for music, replied the gentleman, with  
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two or three terms of building and of painting, and you would want but *one taste more* to be as *accomplished* as some of the finest gentlemen that Italy sends us back.

## L E T T E R XLVII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

FROM considering the education of English gentlemen, we turned our discourse to that of English ladies. I asked a married man that was in company, to instruct me a little in the course of it, being particularly curious to know the methods which could render a woman in this country so different a creature from one in Persia. Indeed, Sir, said he, you must ask *my wife*, not me, that question: these are mysteries I am not allowed to pry into. When I presume to give my advice about it, she tells me the education of a lady is above the capacity of a man, let him be ever so wise in his own affairs. I should think, said I, that as the purpose of womens breeding is nothing else, but to teach them to *please men*; a man should be a better judge of *that* than any woman in the world. But, pray, Sir, what in general have you observed of this *mysterious institution*? I do not inquire into the secrets *behind the altar*, but only the outward forms of *discipline* which are exposed to the eyes of all the world. Why, Sir, replied he, the first great point which every mother aims at, is to make her girl a *goddes* if she can.

A goddes!

A goddess! cried I, in great astonishment.—

Yes, said he; you have none of them in the East; but here we have five or six in every street: there never were more *divinities* in Ægypt, than there are at this time in the town of London. In order therefore to fit them for *that character*, they are made to *throw off human nature*, as much as possible, in their looks, gestures, words, actions, dress, &c.— But is it not apt to return again? said I.—Yes, replied he, it returns indeed again, but strangely distorted and deformed. The same thing happens to their *minds* as to their *shapes*; both are *cramp'd* by a violent confinement, which makes them swell out *in the wrong place*. You cannot conceive the wild tricks that women play from this habitual perversion of their *faculties*: there is not a single quality belonging to them, which they do not apply to other purposes than Providence designed it for. Hence it is, that they are vain of being *cowards*, and *ashamed* of being *modest*: hence they *smile* on the man whom they *dislike*, and *look cold* on him they *love*: hence they kill every sentiment of their own, and not only *act with the fashion*, but really *think with it*. All this is taught them carefully from their childhood, or else it would be impossible so to conquer their natural dispositions.

I do not know, said I, what the use is of these instructions; but it seems to me, that in a country where the women are admitted to a familiar and constant share in every active scene of life, particular care should be taken in their education, to *cultivate their reason*, and *form their hearts*, that they may be equal to the part they have to act. Where great temptations must occur, great virtues are required; and the *giddy situations* in which they are placed, or love to place themselves, demand a more than ordinary strength of brain. In Persia a woman has no occasion for any thing but beauty, because of  
the

the confinement which she lives under, and therefore that only is attended to : but *here*, methinks, good sense is so very necessary, that it is the business of a lady to improve and adorn her understanding with as much application as the other sex ; and, generally speaking, *by methods much the same*.

## L E T T E R XLVIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I WAS this morning with some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who were talking of the attempt that had been made not long ago of setting up a press at Constantinople, and the opposition it had met with from the *mufti*. They applied to me to know what I thought of it, and whether in Persia also it was our religion that deprived us of so useful an art.

I told them, that policy had more part than religion in that affair : that the press was a very dangerous engine, and the abuses of it made us justly apprehend ill consequences from it.

You are in the right, said one of the company, for this single reason, *because your government is a despotic one*. But, in a free country, the press may be very useful, as long as it is under no partial restraint : for it is of great consequence, that the people should be informed of every thing that concerns them ; and without printing, such knowledge could not circulate, either so easily or so fast. And to argue against any branch of liberty from the ill use that may be made of it, is to argue against liberty itself, since  
all

all is capable of being abused : nor can any part of freedom be more important, or better worth contending for than that by which the spirit of it is *preserved, supported, and diffused*. By this appeal to the judgment of the people, we lay some restraint upon those ministers, who may have found means to secure themselves from any other *less incorruptible tribunal*; and sure they have no reason to complain, if the public exercises a right, which cannot be denied without avowing, that their conduct will not bear enquiry. For though the best administration may be attacked by calumny, I can hardly believe it would be hurt by it, because I have known a great deal of it employed to very little purpose against gentlemen, in opposition to ministers, who had nothing to defend them but the force of truth : I do not mean by this to justify any scurrilities upon the *personal characters* either of magistrates or private men, or any *libel properly so called*. Against such abuses of the press the laws have provided a remedy ; and let the laws take their course ; it is for the interest of liberty they should do so, as well as for the security and honour of government : but let them not be strained into oppression by *forced constructions, or extraordinary acts of power*, alike repugnant to natural justice, and to the spirit of a free state. Such arbitrary practices no provocation can justify, no precedents warrant, no danger excuse.

The gentleman who spoke thus, was contradicted by another of the company, who, with great warmth, and many arguments, maintained, ‘ That the licentiousness of the press was grown, of late, to such a dangerous height as to require *extraordinary remedies* ; and that if it were put under the inspection of some discreet and judicious person, it would be far more beneficial to the public.’

I agree

I agree to it, answered he, upon one condition, *viz.* That there may be likewise *an inspector for THE PEOPLE*, as well as one for the *court*; but if *nothing* is to be licensed on one side, and *every thing* on the other, it would be vastly better for us to adopt the Eastern policy, and allow *no printing here at all*, than to leave it under *such a partial direction*.

## L E T T E R XLIX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE same gentleman, who, as I told thee in my last, argued so strongly for the liberty of the press, went on with his discourse in the following manner.

If we have so much reason to be unwilling, that what we *print* should be under the *inspection* of the court; how much more may we complain of a new power assumed within these last fifty years by all the courts of Europe, of *inspecting private letters*, and invading the *liberty of the post*? The secrecy and safety of correspondence, is a point of such consequence to mankind, that the least interruption of it would be criminal, without an evident *necessity*; but that of course, from one year to another, there should be a constant breach of it publicly avowed, is such a violation of the rights of society, as one cannot but wonder at *even in this age*.

You may well wonder, said I to him, when I myself am quite amazed to hear of such a thing; the like of which was never practised among *us*, whom you  
English

English reproach with being *slaves*. But I beg you to inform me what it was, that could induce a free people to give up all the secrets of their business and private thoughts, to the curiosity and discretion of a minister, or his inferior tools in office?

They never gave them up, answered he; but those gentlemen have exercised this power by their own authority, under pretence of discovering plots against the state.—No doubt, said one of the company, it is a great advantage and ease to the government, to be acquainted at all times with the sentiments of considerable persons, because it is possible they may have some ill intent.—It is very true, replied the other, and it might be still a *greater* ease and advantage to the government to have a *licensed spy* in every house, who should report the most private conversations, and let the minister thoroughly into the secrets of every family in the kingdom. This would effectually detect and prevent conspiracies; but would anybody come into it on that account?

Is it not making a bad compliment to a government, to suppose, that it could not be secured without such measures, as are inconsistent with the end for which it is designed?

But such, in general, is the wretched turn of modern policy: the most sacred ties of society are often infringed, to promote some present interest, without considering how fatal it may prove in its remoter consequences, and how greatly we may want those useful barriers we have so lightly broken down.

## LETTER L.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I HAD lately the pleasure of seeing a sight which filled my mind beyond all the magnificence that our Eastern monarchs can shew; I saw a British *fleet* under full sail. Nothing can be imagined more pompous, or more august! The vast size of the ships and the skill of the sailors exceed any others now in the universe; nor are they less renowned for their intrepidity. The whole spectacle gave me the highest ideas of the strength of this nation; a strength not confined to their own coasts, but equally formidable to the most distant parts of the globe.

Were I a king of England, I would never receive an Embassador with any solemnity but in the cabin of a *first rate man of war*. There is the true seat of his empire; and from *that throne* he might awe the whole world, if he understood how to exert his *maritime power* in its full strength, and was wise enough to aim at *no other*. But, by an unaccountable mistake in their policy, many kings of England have seemed to forget that their dominions had the advantage of being an *island*: they have been as deeply engaged in the affairs of the *continent*; as the most *exposed* of the states there, and neglected the sea, to give all their attention to expensive and ruinous wars undertaken at land. Nay what is strange still, they have been fond of *acquisitions* made upon the continent,

ment, not considering that all *such acquisitions*, instead of encreasing their real strength, are only so many *weak* and *vulnerable* parts, in which they are liable to be hurt by those enemies, who could not possibly hurt them in their natural state, as the sovereigns of a powerful island. Their case is the reverse of that expressed by the poets of Greece in the fable of Antæus. He was (says those poets) *the son of the earth*; and as long as he fought upon her surface, even Hercules, the strongest of heroes, could not overcome him; but being drawn from thence he was easily vanquished: the English (in the same poetical stile) are *the sons of the sea*, and while they *adhere to their mother* they are invincible; but if they can once be drawn out of that situation, their strength forsakes them, and they are not only in danger of being *crushed* by their enemies, but may be *bugged to death* even by their friends.

## LETTER LII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I AM returned to this city, from which I have made a long excursion, and am going to give thee an account how I have passed my time. A friend of mine, who lives in a part of England, distant from the capital, invited me to spend the summer at his house: my curiosity to see something new, and a natural love to fields and groves at this season of the year, made me glad to accept of his proposal.

The first thing that struck me in leaving London, was to find all the country cultivated like one great garden. This is the genuine effect of that happy liberty, which the English enjoy: where property is secure, industry will exert itself; and such is the force of industry, that without any particular advantages of soil or climate, the lands about this city are of a hundred times greater profit to their owners, than the best tempered and most fertile spots of Asia to the subjects of the sopher, or the Turk.

Another circumstance which engaged my attention throughout all my journey, was the vast number of fine seats that adorned the way as I travelled along, and seemed to express a certain *rural greatness* extremely becoming a free people. It looked to me, as if men who were possessed of such magnificent retreats, were above depending on a court, and had wisely fixed the scene of their pride and pleasure in the centre of their own estates, where they could really

really make themselves most considerable. And, indeed, this notion is true in fact; for it has always been the policy of princes that wanted to be absolute, to draw gentlemen away from their country seats, and place them about a court, as well to deprive them of the popularity which hospitality might acquire, as to render them cold to the interest of the country, and wholly devoted to themselves. Thus we have often been told by our friend Usbec, that the court and capital of France is crowded with nobility, while in the provinces there is scarce a mansion-house that is not falling to ruin; an infallible sign of the decay and downfall of the nobility itself! Those who remember what England was forty years ago, speak with much uneasiness of the change they observe in this particular; and complain, that their countrymen are making haste to copy the French, by abandoning their family seats, and living too constantly in town; but this is not yet sensible to a foreigner. Thou mayest expect the sequel of my journey in other letters.

## LETTER LIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I T happened when I fet out from London, that the parliament, who had sat seven years, was just dissolved, and elections for a new one were carrying on all over England. My first day's stage had nothing in it remarkable, more than what I observed to thee in my last. But when I came to the town where I was to lodge, I found the streets all crouded with men and women, who gave me a lively idea of what I have read of the the antient Bacchanals. Instead of ivy, they carried oaken boughs, were exceeding drunk and mutinous, but, at the same time, mighty zealous for religion. My Persian habit drew them all about me, and I found they were much puzzled what to make of me. Some said, I was a German minister, sent by the court to corrupt the electors; upon which suggestion, I had like to have been torn to pieces; others fancied me a Jesuit; but at last they agreed I was a *mountebank*; and as such conducted me to my inn with great respect. When I was safely delivered from this danger, I took a resolution to lay aside my foreign dress, that I might travel with less disturbance; and fell into discourse upon what had passed with a gentleman that accompanied me in my journey. It seemed to me very strange, that in an affair of so great importance as the choice of a guardian for their liberties, men should drink themselves out of their reason. I asked, whether

ther riots of this kind were common at these times? He answered, that the whole business of the candidates was to pervert and confound the understandings of those that chuse them, by all imaginable ways: that from the day they began to make their interest, there was nothing but idleness and debauchery among the common people: the care of their families is neglected; trades and manufactures are at a stand; and such a habit of disorder is brought upon them, that it requires the best part of *seven* years to settle them again. And yet, continued he, this evil, great as it is, may be reckoned one of the *least* attending these affairs. Could we bring our electors to content themselves with being made drunk for a year together, we might hope to preserve our constitution; but it is the *sober, considerate corruption*, the cool bargaining for a sale of their liberties, that will be the certain undoing of this nation, whenever a wicked minister shall be the purchaser.

## LETTER LIV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THE next day brought us into a country town, where the elections for the city and the shire were carrying on together. It was with some difficulty that we made our way through two or three mobs of different parties, that obliged us by turns to declare ourselves for their respective factions. Some of them wore in their hats tobacco leaves, and seemed principally concerned for the honour of that noble plant, which they said had been attacked by the ministry; and in this I heartily joined with them, being myself a great admirer of its virtues, like most of my countrymen. When we came to our inn, I entertained myself with asking my fellow traveller questions about elections. The thing was so new to me, that in many points I could not believe him. As for instance, it seems very odd, that a corporation should take such a sudden liking to a man's face, whom they never saw before, as to prefer him to a family that had served them time out of mind; yet this, I was assured, very often happened, and what was stranger still, on the recommendation of another person, who was no better known to them himself. My instructor added, That there was in England ONE MAN so extremely *popular*, though he never affected popularity, that a line from him, accompanied with two or three bits of a particular sort of paper,

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was enough to direct half the nation in the choice of their representatives.

It would be endless to repeat to thee all the tricks which he told me other gentlemen were forced to use to get themselves elected. One way of being well with a corporation (which a Persian would hardly conceive) is to *kiss* all their *wives*. My companion confessed to me, that he himself had formerly been obliged to go through this laborious sollicitation, and had met with some old women in his way, who made him pay dear for their interest. But these methods (said he), and other arts of popularity, are growing out of fashion every day. We now court our electors, as we do our mistresses, by sending a notary to them with a proposal: if they like the settlement, it is no matter how they like the man that makes it: but if we disagree about *that*, other pretensions are of very little use. And to make the comparison the juster, the members thus chosen have no more regard to their venal constituents, than husbands so married to their wives. I asked, if they had no laws against corruption. Yes, said he, very strong ones, but corruption is stronger than the laws. If the magistrates in Persia were to sell wine, it would signify very little that your law forbids the drinking it. How is it possible, said I, to bribe a whole nation to the undoing itself? It is not possible, answered he; but the misfortune of our government is, that the majority of the representative body is chosen not by the whole nation, but by a *small*, and *very mean part of it*. There are a number of boroughs which have at present no other *trade* than *sending members to parliament*, and whose inhabitants think the right of *selling themselves and their country*, the only valuable privilege of Englishmen. Time has produced this evil, which was quite unforeseen in the original frame of our constitution; and time alone can furnish occasions, and means of applying

applying an adequate remedy. Before it can be thoroughly cured, one of two very unlikely things must come to pass, either a court must be so disinterested as to exert all its power for the redressing an evil advantageous to itself; or a popular party so strong as to give laws to the court, must have virtue enough to venture *disgusting the people*, as well as *offending the crown*, for the sake of *reforming the CONSTITUTION*.

## L E T T E R LV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

ON the third day our travels were at an end, and I arrived at my friend's house with all the pleasure which we receive from retirement and repose, after a life of tumult and fatigue. I was as weary of elections, as if I had been a candidate myself, and could not help expressing my surprize, that the general disorder on these occasions, had not brought some fatal mischief upon the nation.—That we are not undone by it, replied my friend, is entirely owing to the happy circumstance of our being an island. Were we seated on the continent, every election of a new parliament would infallibly draw on an invasion.—It is not only from enemies abroad that you are in danger, answered I: one would think that the violence of domestic feuds should of itself overturn your constitution, as it has so many others; and how you have been able to escape so long, is the wonder of all who have been bred up under absolute

monarchies : for they are taught, that the superior advantage of their form of government consists in the strength of union ; and that in other states, where power is more divided, a pernicious confusion must ensue.—They argue rightly enough, said the gentleman who came along with me, but they carry the argument too far. No doubt, factions are the natural inconveniences of all free governments, as oppression is too apt to attend on arbitrary power. But the difference lies here, that in an absolute monarchy, a tyrant has nothing to restrain him ; whereas parties are not only a controul on those that govern, but on each other ; nay, they are even a controul *upon themselves*, as the leaders of them dare not give a loose to their own particular passions and designs, for fear of hurting their credit with those whom it is their interest to manage, and please. Besides, that it is easier to infect a prince with a spirit of tyranny, than a nation with a spirit of faction ; and where the discontent is not general, the mischief will be light. To engage a whole people in a revolt, the highest provocations must be given ; in such a case, the disorder is not chargeable on those that defend their liberties, but on the aggressor that invades them. Parties in society, are like tempests in the natural world ; they cause indeed, a very great disturbance, and when violent tear up every thing that opposes them ; but then they purge away many noxious qualities, and prevent a stagnation which would be fatal : all nations that live in a quiet slavery, may be properly said to stagnate ; and happy would it be for them if they were roused and put in motion by that spirit of faction they dread so much ; for, let the consequences of resistance be what they would, they can produce nothing worse than a confirmed and established servitude : but generally such a ferment in a nation throws off what is most oppressive

pressive to it, and settles by degrees, into a better and more eligible state. Of this we have received abundant proof; for there is hardly a privilege belonging to us, which has not been gained by popular discontent, and preserved by frequent opposition. I may add, that we have known many instances, where parties, though ever so inflamed against each other, have united, from a sense of common danger, and joined in securing their common happiness. And this is more easily done, when the points that were once the great subjects of heat and division, are either worn out by time, or changed by the clearer and more temperate medium through which they are seen: for in that case, parties which thought that they stood at a very great distance from one another, may find themselves brought very near, and the only *separation* remaining would be the *essential* and *everlasting* one, between *honest men* and *knaves*, *wise men* and *fools*. That this may happen experience shews, and this, I think, ought to free us from the reproach of sacrificing our country to our divisions, and make those despair of success, that *hope by dividing to destroy us*.

## LETTER LVI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

FOR the first month of my being in the country, we did nothing from morning till night, but dispute about the government. The natural beauties round about us were little attended to, so much were we taken up with our enquiries into political defects. My two companions disagreed in many points, though I am persuaded they both meant the same thing, and were almost equally good subjects, and good citizens. I sometimes fancied, that I had learnt a great deal in these debates; but when I came to put my learning together, I found myself not much wiser than before. The master of the house was inclined to the side of the court, not from any interested or ambitious views; but, as he said, from a principle of *whiggism*: this word is one of those distinctions, which, for little less than a century, have divided and perplexed this nation. The opposite party are called *tories*. They have as strong an antipathy to each other, as the followers of Hali to those of Osman. I desired my friend to give me some certain mark by which I might know one from the other. The *whigs*, said he, are they that are *now in place*, and the *tories* are they that are *out*. I understand you, returned I, the difference is only *there*; so that if they who are now *tories*, were *employed*, they instantly become *whigs*: and if the *whigs* were removed, they would be *tories*. Not, so, answered he, with some warmth: there is a great difference  
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in their princip'es and their conduct. Ay, said I, let me hear that, and then I shall be able to chuse my party. The *tories*, said he, are for *advancing* the *power* of the *crown*, and making the *clergy* the tools of their ambition. When they were in power, they *weakened* our ancient allies, *disgraced* our arms, *hurt* our trade, *lost* our honour, and were *assistant* to the greatness of France.

You surprise me! replied I; for I have heard *all this* imputed to *some*, who, you assure, are *good whigs*; nay, the very *pillars of whiggism*.

I will explain that matter to you immediately, said the gentleman that came down with me: whiggism is an *indelible character*, like *episcopacy*: for as he who has once been a *bishop*, though he no longer perform any of the offices and duties of his function, *is a bishop* nevertheless; so he who has once been a whig, let him act ever so contrary to his principles, *is, nevertheless a whig*; and as all true churchmen are obliged in conscience to *acknowledge* the first, so all true whigs are in duty bound to *support* the last.

Very well, said I; but are there none who differ from this *orthodox belief*? Yes, said he, *certain obstinate people*; but like other *dissenters*, they are punished for *their separation*, by being excluded from *all places of trust and profit*.

A heavy punishment, indeed! answered I, and more likely to *diminish the sect* than any other kind of persecution. But if you will allow a stranger to give any advice in your affairs, I think you should pull down, at once, these *ensigns of party*, which are, indeeds *false colours* hung out by *faction*, and set up, instead of them, *one national standard*, which all who leave, by whatever name they may call themselves, should be considered, and used as *deserters*.

## LETTER LVII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I Went with my country friend some days ago, to make a visit in a neighbouring county, to the prelate of that diocese. His character is so extraordinary, that not to give it to thee, would be departing from the rule I have laid down, to let nothing that is *singular* escape my notice. In the first place, he *resides* constantly on his diocese, and has done so for many years: he asks nothing of the court for himself or family: he hoards up no wealth for his relations, but lays out the revenues of his see in a decent hospitality, and a charity void of ostentation. At his first entrance into the world, he distinguished himself by a zeal for the liberty of his country, and had a considerable share in bringing on the Revolution that preserved it. His principles never altered by his preferment: he never prostituted his pen, nor debased his character by party disputes or blind compliance. Though he is warmly serious in the belief of his religion, he is moderate to all who differ from him: he knows no distinction of party, but extends his good offices alike to whig and tory; a friend to virtue under any denomination; an enemy to vice under any colours. His health and old age are the effects of a temperate life and a quiet conscience: though he is now some years above fourscore, nobody ever thought he lived too long, unless it was out of an impatience *to succeed him*.

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This excellent person entertained me with the greatest humanity, and seemed to take a particular delight in being useful and instructive to a stranger. To tell thee the truth, Mirza, I was so affected with the piety and virtue of this teacher \*; the Christian religion appeared to me so amiable in his character and manners, that if the force of education had not rooted Mahometism in my heart, he would certainly have made a convert of me.

## L E T T E R LVIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**M**Y long stay in the country gave me leisure to read a good deal; I applied myself to history, particularly that of England; for rightly to understand what a nation *is*, one should previously learn what it *has been*. If I complained of the different accounts which are given by the English of themselves in their present circumstances, I have no less reason to complain of their historians: past transactions are so variously related, and with such a mixture of prejudice on both sides, that it is as hard to know truth from their relations, as religion from the comments of divines. The great article in which they differ most, is the ancient power of the crown, and that of the parliament: according to some, the latter

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\* The translator supposes, that the author means Dr. Hough, bishop of Worcester.

latter is no more than an incroachment on the former ; but according to others, it is as old as the monarchy itself.

This point is debated with great warmth, and a multitude of proofs alledged by either party : yet the importance of the controversy is not so great as some may conceive it. For many hundred years the point is out of dispute ; but suppose it were otherwise, would it follow from thence, that the parliamentary powers are usurpations ? No, Mirza, no ; if liberty were but a year old, the English would have just as good a right to claim and to preserve it, as if it had been handed down to them from many ages : for allowing that their ancestors were slaves, through weakness or want of spirit, is *slavery so valuable an inheritance* that it never must be parted with ? is a long prescription necessary to give force to the natural rights of mankind ? if privileges of the people of England be *concessions* from the crown, is not the power of the crown itself a *concession* from the people ? however, it must be confest, that though a long possession of absolute power can give no right to continue it against the natural claim of the people in behalf of their liberties, whenever that claim shall be made ; yet a long possession of freedom serves to establish and strengthen original right, or, at least, makes it more shameful to give it up. I will therefore sketch out to thee, as short as I can in my next letters, the result of what I have read, and what I have thought on this subject, not with the minute exactness of a political critic, who, of all critics, would tire thee most, but by such a general view of the several changes this government has undergone, as may set the true state of it pretty clearly before thee. Further than this it would be almost impossible for a stranger to go upon that subject, or for one so distant as thou art, either to receive or desire information :

formation : nor, indeed, were it more feasible, should I think it of use, to engage in a much larger detail. It is with enquiries into the constitutions of nations, as with enquiries into the constitution of the universe ; those who are most nicely curious about particular and trifling parts, are often those who see least of the whole.

## L E T T E R L I X.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

**I**T has been a usual piece of vanity in the writers of every nation, to represent the original constitutions of their respective states, as founded on deep-laid systems and plans of policy, in which they imagine that they discover the utmost refinements of human wisdom ; whereas, in truth, they are often the effects of downright chance, and produced by the force of certain circumstances, or the simple dictates of nature itself, out of a regard to some present expediency, and with little providence to the future.

Such was the original of the celebrated Gothic government, that was formerly spread all over Europe. It was produced not in a cabinet, but a camp ; and owes much less to the prudence of a legislator, than to the necessity of the times, which gave it birth.

The people that introduced it into Britain, and every where else, were a multitude of soldiers, unacquainted with any thing but war : their leader, for

for the better carrying it on, was invested with a sort of regal power, and when it happened that the war continued long, he acquired a prescriptive authority over those who had been accustomed to obey his orders; but this authority was directed by the advice of the other officers, and dependant on the good-liking of the army, from which alone it was derived: in like manner, the first revenues of this leader, were nothing more than a title to a larger share in the common booty, or the voluntary contributions of the soldiers out of the wealth acquired under his command. But had he attempted to take a horse or cow, or any part of the plunder from the meanest soldier, without his free consent, a mutiny would certainly have ensued, and the violation of property been revenged. From these principles, we may naturally draw the whole form of the Saxon or Gothic government. When these invaders became masters of kingdoms, and not only ravaged them, but settled there, the general was changed into a king, the officers into nobles, the council of war into a council of state, and the body of the soldiery itself into a general assembly of all the freemen. A principal share of the conquests, as it had been of the spoils, was freely allotted to the prince, and the rest by him distributed according to rank and merit among his troops and followers, under certain conditions agreeable to the Saxon customs. Hence the different tenures, and the services founded upon them; hence the vassalage, or rather servitude of the conquered, who were obliged to till the lands which they had lost, for the conquerors who had gained them, or, at best, to hold them of those new proprietors on such hard and slavish terms as they thought fit to impose. Hence, likewise, the riches of the clergy, and their early authority in the state: for those people being ignorant and superstitious in the same degree, and heated with the zeal of a new conversion, thought they

they could not do too much for their teachers, but with a considerable share of the conquered lands, admitted them to a large participation of dominion itself.—Thus, without any settled design, or speculative skill, this constitution in a manner formed itself; and it was *the better* for that reason, as there was more of nature in it, and little of *political mystery*, which, where-ever it prevails, is the bane of public good. A government so established, could admit of no pretence of a *power* in the king *transcendant to law*, or an *unalterable right* in the succession. It could never come into the heads of such a people, that they were to submit to a *tyranny* for *conscience sake*; or, that their liberties were not every way as *sacred* as the prerogative of their prince. They could never be brought to understand, that there was such a thing as *reason of state* distinct from the common reason of mankind; much less would they allow pernicious measures to pass unquestioned or unpunished, under the ridiculous sanction of that name.

## LETTER LX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I Gave thee in my last a short account of the first rise and construction of the Saxon government, on very plain and simple foundations. It was, perhaps, the *most free* of all the limited monarchies that have been known in the world. The nobles and people had such a share in the legislature, and such a weight in the government, that the king could do nothing but with their assistance, and by their advice. He could not oppress them by force, because they were *armed*, and he *was not*, unless when they employed *their arms* in his service for the defence of the kingdom. He could not corrupt them: for all offices of power or judicature were then *elective*, the estate of the crown was held inalienable, and only sufficed to maintain the expence of the royal household, and civil government. No causes were tried but by juries, even in spiritual matters; so that the lives and properties of the people could not be touched *without their own co-operation*, either by the king, the nobles, or clergy. To all this was joined the best *police* that any nation ever enjoyed except the Chinese, among whom many of the same regulations have been established with a *conformity* very *surprising*, as it is certain that neither copied the other. Such was the Saxon constitution, when by the wisdom and virtue of two or three kings it had received its final perfection. The only essential defect of it was, the *excessive immunities* granted

granted to churchmen, which made them too independant upon the civil authority, and very burthensome to the state. This form of government continued unaltered in its principal parts, till the Norman invasion, which, like a foreign weight roughly laid upon the springs, disturbed and obstructed its proper motions: yet, by degrees, it recovered itself again; and how ill soever the Saxon *people* might be treated, under the notion of a *conquest*, the Saxon *constitution* was never wholly subdued. The new comers relished slavery no better than the old inhabitants, and gladly joined with them, upon a sense of mutual interest, to force a confirmation of their freedom and the antient laws. Indeed there was so great a conformity between the government of Normandy and that of England, the customs of both nations were so much the same, that unless the Normans by conquering this island had lost their original rights, and fought on purpose to degrade themselves and their posterity, it was impossible their kings could have a right to absolute power. So far was that nation from owning any such right, that, in conjunction with the *English*, they demanded, and obtained of their kings *charters* declaring their liberties; not as *grants* derived from the *favour*, or *innovations* forced from the *weakness*, but as *acknowledgments* due from the *justice of the crown*. As such the best and greatest princes considered those charters; as such they confirmed and observed them, and when they were disputed, or broken by others of a different character, civil wars ensued, which ended to the disadvantage of the crown; but the misfortune was, that in all the struggles, the *bishops* and *nobles* treated for the *people*, not the *people* for themselves; and therefore their interests were much neglected, and the advantages gained from the king were much more beneficial to the church and nobility than to those who  
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were under their patronage.—I will say more on this head when I write next.

## L E T T E R L X I.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HOU wilt be surpris'd to hear that the period when the English nation enjoyed the greatest happiness, after the Norman invasion, was under the influence of *a woman*. As much as we Persians should despise a female ruler, it was not till the reign of queen Elizabeth, that the government came to *an equal balance*, which is its true state of perfection.

Though the commons of England had regained, *by degrees, and in a different shape*, that share of the legislature, which was, in a great measure, lost by them under the first Norman kings, yet their power was not so great as it had been in the Saxon witenagemote, or general assembly, nor their condition so happy in many respects; for the chief strength of the government resided in the great lords, and the clergy, who supremely directed all public affairs. The proceedings of the commons could not be free in their *representative body*, while in their *collective body* they were weak and oppress'd. The laws of vassalage, the authority of the church, the poverty and dependency in which they lived, hung heavy upon them, so that they were oblig'd to act in subserviency to the nobles and bishops, even when they shew'd most vigour against the crown, following the passions of both upon many occasions in the parliament,

ment, and in the field, and making, or unmaking kings *as these their immediate masters* desired. But in return for their services they often obtained a redress of their grievances, revenged themselves upon bad ministers, and obtained good laws for the commonwealth. To whatever purposes their strength might be used, though to the purposes of faction, *by being used it increased*. The crown at last *itself* assisted the growth of it, in opposition to that of the church and the nobility. The bonds of vassalage were broke, or lightened; the barons were by different laws encouraged and enabled to part with their lands; the weight of property was transferred to the side of the people. Many accidents concurred to the same effect. A reformation in religion was begun, by which that mighty fabric of church power, erected on the ruins of public liberty, and adorned with the spoils of the crown itself, was happily attacked and overturned. A great part of the immense possessions of the clergy was taken away, and most of it sold to the commons upon easy terms. They had now a very considerable share of the lands of England, and a still greater treasure in their commerce, which they were beginning to extend and improve. Their riches secured their independancy; the clergy feared them, and the nobles could not hurt them. In this state queen Elizabeth found *the parliament*: the lords and commons were nigh upon a level, and the church in a decent subordination. She was the head of this well-proportioned body, and supremely directed all its motions. Thus, what in mixed forms of government seldom happens, there was no contest for power in the legislature; because no part was so high as to be uncontrouled, or so low as to be opprest. A reformation of religion was compleatly established by this excellent princess, which entirely rescued the nation from that *foreign*  
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*yoke*, the pope had imposed upon it for so many centuries, and from the dominion of superstition, *the worst of all slavery*. The next great benefits that she conferred upon her subjects, were the extension of commerce into all parts of the world, and the foundation of their *maritime power*, which is *their true, natural greatness*. Under her it began, and she lived to carry it to such a height, as to make them really *lords of the sea*, an empire more glorious than that of the sopher our master, and *richer* than that of the mogul. In doing this, she did more for England than her greatest predecessors had ever done, far more than those who conquered France, though they could have secured it to their posterity. These were the *arts* by which she ruled, and by these she was able to preserve her authority, nay, and to extend it further upon certain occasions than very absolute princes could do, even while she assisted her people in the corroborating and confirming their liberty. The strength of *her power* was *their satisfaction*, and every other happiness followed *that*, as every misfortune and disgrace is sure to attend on their discontent.

## LETTER LXII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I ENDED my last letter with the felicity of Elizabeth's reign : very different was that of her successor James the First : for his character and conduct were the reverse of hers. He endeavoured to break the balance of the government by her so wisely fixed, and wanted to be *greater than her*, without one quality that could render him capable of filling her place. He had neither courage, ability, nor address : he was contemned both at home and abroad ; his very favourites did not love him, though he was governed by them in every thing ; nor did they maintain their dominion by his affections so much as by his fears. Yet this *meanest of kings* made great advances towards *absolute power*, and would have compleatly obtained it, if he could have found means to have introduced the *same luxury* into the *nation*, as he did into the *court*, with the constant attendant of luxury the *same corruption*. But the virtue infused by Elizabeth into the mass of the people, and the indigence of the crown, stopt the contagion from spreading so far : the commons resisted it, though the lords and the bishops did not, and some check was given to the designs of the king, yet not enough for the securing of liberty, or preventing the evils *his conduct* prepared for the following reign. The clergy, whom he attached to his interests by favouring theirs, or what they took

to be theirs, more than a *wise* prince *would*, or a *good* prince *ought* to have done, were very assistant to him, by preaching up notions which he and they seem to have borrowed from *our religion*, of a right divine in kings, neither derived from human laws, nor to be limited by them, and other such Mahometan tenets, that had never been heard of before in this country : yet there were many who disliked these innovations, and their opposition hindered them from taking deep root in any minds but those of the royal family. These obstinate protestants and patriots were branded with the name of Puritans, and much hated by James, and Charles his son, who, upon the decease of the former, succeeded to his kingdoms, his notions, and his designs. He had many better qualifications than his father, but as wrong a judgment, and greater obstinacy. He carried his affection for the clergy, and abhorrence of the puritans, to an excess of bigotry and rage. He agreed so ill with his parliaments, that he soon grew weary of them, and resolved to be troubled with no more ; none were called for twelve years together, and all that time he governed as despotically as the sopher of Persia. The laws were either openly infringed, or explained in the manner he directed : he levied money upon his subjects against privileges expressly confirmed by himself. In short, his passion for power might have been fully gratified, if his more prevailing one of bigotry had not engaged him in a senseless undertaking, of forcing the same form of worship upon his subjects in Scotland, as he had declared himself so warmly for in England. It is safer to attack men in their civil rights, than their religious opinions : the Scots, who had acquiesced under tyranny, took up arms against persecution. Their insurrection made it necessary to call a parliament ; it met, but was instantly dissolved by the

the intemperate folly of the court. All hopes of better measures were put an end to by this last provocation. The Scots marched into England, and were received by the English, not as enemies, but as brothers and allies : the king, unable to oppose them, was compelled to ask the aid of another parliament. A parliament met, exasperated with the oppressions of fifteen years : the principal members were men of the greatest capacity, courage, and virtue, firmly united among themselves, and whom the court could neither *corrupt* nor *intimidate*. They resolved to make use of the opportunity to *redress* their *grievances*, and *secure* their *liberty* ; the king granted every thing that was necessary to either of those ends, except such *securities* as might have been turned *against himself* : but what, perhaps, was really *concession*, had the appearance of *constraint*, and therefore gained neither *gratitude* nor *confidence* : the nation could no longer trust the king ; or, if it might, *particular men* could not ; and the support of those particular men was become a *national concern* : they had exposed themselves by serving the public ; the public therefore judged that it was bound in justice to defend them. Nor indeed was it possible, when the work of reformation was begun, after so long a denial of justice, to keep a people, sore with the remembrance of injuries received, and satisfaction refused, within the bounds of a proper moderation. Such a sobriety is much easier in speculation than it ever was in practice. Thus, partly for the safety of their leaders, and partly from a jealousy of his intentions too justly conceived, the parliament drew the sword against the king : but the sword, when drawn, was no longer theirs ; it was quickly turned against them by those to whose hands they trusted it : the honestest and wisest of both parties were outwitted

witted and over-powered by villains: the king perished, and the constitution perished with him.

A private man, whose genius was called forth by the troubles of his country, and formed in the exercise of faction, usurped the government. His character was as extraordinary as his fortune: he had an air of enthusiasm which gained all those who were real enthusiasts (the number of whom was great in those days) and put him at their head. That he was one himself in some degree may be supposed, notwithstanding the prudence with which he conducted all his designs; because the same spark of enthusiasm which makes common men *mad*, may, in certain conjunctures, only capacitate others of superior abilities to undertake and perform *extraordinary things*. Whether Cromwell was one of these, or acted entirely from political cunning, the times he lived in could not discover, and much less can the present. Thus far is certain, that, by an uncommon appearance of zeal, by great address, and great valour, he first *inflamed* the spirit of liberty into *extravagance*, and afterwards *duped* and *awed* it into *submission*. He trampled on the laws of the nation, but he raised the glory of it; and it is hard to say which he deserved most, a *halter* or a *crown*.

If the enthusiasts of his own party would have permitted him to have taken the title of king as well as the power, it is probable the royalty might have been fixed in his family by a well-modelled and lasting establishment. He shewed a great desire to carry that point: and I have heard him compared in this instance to Julius Cæsar, a great Roman general, who, like him, having mastered his country by its own arms, and being possessed of more than the *power of a king*, was so fond of adding the *name* to it, that it cost him his life. But the two cases are totally different. What in the Roman was  
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a weak vanity, and below the rest of his character, was in the Englishman solid good sense. The one could not take that name without destroying *the forms of the Roman constitution*, the other could not preserve *the forms of the English constitution* without taking that name. He therefore did wisely in seeking it; but not being able to bring his own friends to consent to it, or to do it against their opposition, he could make no settlement of the government to out-last his own life: for it is hardly possible from the nature of things, that a dominion newly acquired should long be maintained in any country, if the antient forms and names are not kept up. Immediately after the death of this great man, all order was lost in the state: various tyrannies were set up, and destroyed each other; but all shewed *a republick to be impracticable*. At last the nation, growing weary of such wild confusion, agreed to recal the banished son of their murdered king, not for *his sake*, but *for the sake of the monarchy*, which all the nation desired to *restore*; and so inconsiderate was the zeal of those times, that they restored it without any limitations, or any conditions made for the public. Thus the fruits of a tedious civil war were lightly and carelessly thrown away by too hasty a passion for repose. The constitution revived indeed again, but revived *as sickly as before*: the ill humours, which ought to have been purged away by the violent remedies that had been used, continued as prevalent as ever, and naturally broke out in the same distempers. The king wanted to set himself above the law; wicked men encouraged this disposition, and many good men were weak enough to comply with it, out of aversion to those principles of resistance which they had seen so fatally abused.

## LETTER LXIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THE methods pursued by Charles the Second, in the conduct of his government, were in many respects different from his father's, though the purpose of both was much the same. The father always *bullied* his parliaments; the son endeavoured to *corrupt* them: the father obstinately refused to change his ministers, because he really esteemed them as honest men: the son very easily changed *his*, because he thought they were all *alike* dishonest, and that his designs might as well be carried on by one *knave* as by another: the father was a tool of the clergy, and a persecutor, out of zeal for his religion, the son was almost indifferent to religion, but served the passions of his clergy against the dissenters from motives of policy: the father desired to be absolute at home, but to make the nation respectable abroad: the son assisted the king of France in his invasions on the liberties of Europe, that, by his help, he might master those of England: nay, he was even a pensioner to France, and, by so vile a prostitution of his dignity, set an example to the nobility of his realm, to sell *their honour likewise* for a *pension*; an example, the ill effects of which have been felt too sensibly ever since.

Yet with all these vices and imperfections in the character of Charles the Second, there was something so bewitching in his behaviour, that the charms of it prevailed on many to connive at the faults of

his

his government : and, indeed, nothing can be so hurtful to a country, which has liberties to defend, as a prince who knows how at the same time to make himself *despotic* and *agreeable* : this was eminently the talent of Charles the Second ; and what is most surprising, he possess'd it without any great depth of understanding.

But the principal instrument of his bad intentions, was a general depravity of manners, with which he took pains to infect his court, and they the nation. All virtues, both public and private, were openly ridiculed ; and none were allowed to have any talents for wit or business, who pretended to any sense of honour, or regard to decency.

The king made great use of these new notions, and they proved very pernicious to the freedom, as well as morals of his subjects ; but an indolence, natural to his temper, was some check to his designs ; and, fond as he was of arbitrary power, he did not pursue it any further than was consistent with his *pleasure* and *reposè*.

His brother, who bore a great sway in his government, had changed his religion abroad, as the king himself had also done, but with this difference, that the latter retained almost as little of that which he embraced, as of that which he forsook ; whereas the former was a bigot to popery, and known to be such, while the change of the king was a secret to most of his subjects. The fear of a *papish successor* raised great discontent, and great disorders in the nation : the house of commons passed a bill for excluding that prince from the crown, founded undoubtedly in justice and reason ; but the firmness of the king *in that single point*, the complaisance of the lords, the jealousy the church entertained of the dissenters, the scruples of those who thought hereditary right *divine* and *indefeasible*, and, above all, the

the fear of being involved in a new civil war, which alarmed many well-meaning people from a mixture of *faction* that had discovered itself in some of *the characters*, and in some of *the measures* by which the national cause was then carried on, frustrated the attempt to *change the succession*, as the obstinacy of those engaged in that attempt did all expedients to *limit the successor*. The unhappy advantages all this gave to the king made him a great deal more absolute in the last years of his reign than in all the foregoing ones; and, upon his demise, brought his brother in *peace and triumph* to the throne. He had not been long seated there before he convinced the most attached to his party, that the apprehensions conceived of him, and the design of excluding him, had been too just. All that the spirit of bigotry could add to a temper in itself *harsh and violent*, appeared in his government: all that *a weak understanding, madly conducted*, could undertake was undertaken: arbitrary power was the means used, and the end designed was a change of religion. Happy was it for England that this end so plainly declared itself: it roused even those whom no danger to *liberty* could have ever alarmed, and taught the preachers of *non-resistance to resist*. A revolution was evidently necessary to save the whole, and that necessity produced one.——

King James the Second lost his crown, and the nation gave it to their deliverer the prince of Orange; the government was settled on a firmer foundation, agreeable to the antient Saxon principles from which it had declined; and by a *happinefs* peculiar to itself, grew *stronger* from the *shocks* it had *sustained*.

## LETTER LXIV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THE first advantage gained by the English nation in the change of their government, was the utter extinction of those vain and empty phantoms of *hereditary indefensible right*, and a power *superior to law*, which king James the First had conjured up, to the great disturbance and terror of his people. With James the Second they were expelled, nor can they ever be brought back again with any prospect of success, but by *that family* alone, which *claims from him*: for which reason it will eternally be the interest of the people of England not to suffer such a *claim* to prevail; but to maintain an establishment which is founded on the basis of their liberty, and from which their liberty cannot be separated, unless the rights of both are destroyed.

As the parliament plainly disposed of the crown in altering the succession, the princes who have reigned since that time, could pretend to none but a *parliamentary title*, and the same force as the legislature could give to that, it also gave to the privileges of the subject.

The word *loyalty*, which had long been misapplied, recovered its original and proper sense; it was now understood to mean no more than a due obedience to the authority of the king, in conformity to the laws, instead of a bigoted compliance to the will of the king, in opposition to the laws.

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How great an advantage this must be, will appear by reflecting on the mischiefs that have been brought upon *this* country in particular, from the wrong interpretation of *certain names*. But this is not the only benefit that ensued from that happy Revolution. The prerogative of the crown had been till then so ill defined, that the full extent of it was rather stopt by the degree of *prudence* in the government, or of *impatience* in the people, than by the letter of the law: nay, it seemed as if in many instances the law allowed a power to the king, entirely destructive to itself. Thus princes had been often made to believe, that what their subjects complained of as oppression, was a legal exercise of the rights of the crown: and no wonder, if, in disputable points, they decided the question in favour of their own authority.

But now the bounds of prerogative were marked out by express restrictions; the course of it became regular and fixed, and could no longer move obliquely to the danger of the general system.

Let me also observe to thee, that whereas before, *to govern by parliaments* was the policy only of good and wise princes; after this petition, it may be considered in a different light, because all expedients of *governing otherwise* are plainly impracticable, and it may not always imply *a conforming the government to the sense of the people*. I will explain this to thee more distinctly when I write again. In the mean while, let me a little recall thy thoughts from past events, and the *history of England*, to the remembrance and love of thy faithful Selim, who is not become so much an Englishman as to forget his native Persia, but perpetually sighs for his friends and country amidst all that engages his attention in a foreign land.

## LETTER LXV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

THE antient revenues of the kings of England, consisted chiefly in a large demefne of lands, and certain rights and powers reserved to them over the lands held of the crown; by means of which they supported the royal dignity without the immediate assistance of the people, except upon extraordinary occasions. But in process of time, the extravagance of princes, and the rapaciousness of favourites having wasted the best part of this estate, and their successors endeavouring to repair it by a tyrannical abuse of those rights and powers, some of them, which were found to be most grievous, were brought off by the parliament, with a fixed establishment for the maintenance of the household, composed of certain taxes yearly raised, and appropriated thereto.

But after the *expulsion of the Stuarts* the expence of the government being augmented for the defence of the succession, the crown was constrained to apply to parliament, not only for the maintenance of its household, which was settled at the beginning of every reign, and in every reign *considerably encreased*; not only for extraordinary supplies, to which end parliaments anciently were called; but for the ordinary service of the year.

Thus a continual dependance on the people became necessary to kings, and they were so truly the *servants* of the public, that they received the *wages* of  
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of it in form, and were obliged to the parliament for the means of exercising the royalty, as well as for the right they had to claim it. Nor can this salutary dependance ever cease, except the parliament itself should give it up, by impowering the king to raise money without *limiting the sum*, or *specifying the services*. Such concessions are absurd in their own nature; for if a prince is afraid to trust his people with a power of supplying his necessities upon a thorough knowledge of them, the people have no encouragement to trust their prince, or, to speak more properly, his minister, with so blind and undetermined an authority.

## L E T T E R L X V I.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**Y**OU have seen in my last, that from the time of king James's expulsion, annual meetings of parliament were become necessary to the carrying on the government. But that the representatives of the people from too long a delegation of their authority might not forget *by whom*, and *for what* it was given them; and that the people might be enabled to correct a *bad choice*, which experience should prove to be such, it was thought expedient not long after to pass a law for the chusing a *new parliament* at the end of every *three years*. This term has been since prolonged to *seven*, I think for very good reasons; because the country interest could not support the redoubled expence of contesting with court corruption

tion so much oftener than now, and there are no good grounds to suppose that the efforts on that side would be much less for a triennial than a septennial parliament, a majority in *that* being equally necessary to a court as in *this*: so that the attacks would be the same, or near the same, and the resistance much weaker on the side of the people. If then the good proposed by shortening the term be very uncertain, it must be considered that very great and certain evils attend upon frequent elections, *viz.* the inflaming of party-divisions, depraving the morals of the people, and many other inconveniencies of no little weight. However, this is a point about which I have found the best men differ, and which thou wilt therefore consider as more problematical than others I have mentioned before. I now return to my history.

Among other advantages gained to liberty at *this its happy restoration*, a free exercise of their religion was allowed to those who differ from the rites of the English church, which has been continued and secured to them ever since, with some short interruptions, which even the *party* that caused them is now *ashamed of*. Nor has any thing contributed more than this, to the peace and happiness of the government, by gaining it the affection of all its subjects, and taking from the spirit of faction a pretence, and a strength, of which it has often made a very bad use.

I must also observe to thee, that from this period a different temper has shewn itself in the *clergy* of England. They are become better friends to liberty, better subjects, better Englishmen, than they had usually been either before, or since the Reformation. Some among them have writ in defence of the religious and civil rights of mankind with as free a spirit, and as much force of learning and argument,

as any layman has ever done; a merit peculiar to themselves, and *to which no other clergy in the whole world can pretend*. The generality of them are now *very moderate, quiet, and useful members of the commonwealth*, in due submission to the civil authority, and desiring nothing but what they deserve, the *protection of government in the enjoyment of their just rights*. They who would deny them *that*, are themselves *persecutors, disturbers of government, and very bad members of the commonwealth*.

This succession was facilitated and secured by the union of Scotland with England; and Great-Britain became infinitely stronger, by being undivided, entire, and *wholly an island*.

One condition of that union, was the admitting sixteen Scotch peers, chosen by the whole body of the peerage, into the English house of lords, but upon a tenure very different from the rest, being to sit there only for the duration of the parliament, at the end of which, a new election must be made. If those elections are *free and uninfluenced*, this alteration in the English constitution, may prove very much to its advantage, because such a number of independent votes will balance *any part of the house of peers*, over which the court may have obtained too great an influence; but if they should ever be *chosen by corruption*, and have no hopes of *sitting there again*, except by an *unconstitutional dependence* on the favour of a court, then such a number added to the *others*, would grievously endanger the constitution, and the house of lords instead of being, as it ought, a *mediating power* between the crown and the people, would become a sort of *anti-chamber to the court*, a mere *office for executing and authorising* the purposes of a *minister*.

I have now, my dear Mirza, traced thee out a general plan of the English constitution, and I believe  
 thou

thou wilt agree with me upon the whole, *that a better can hardly be contrived*; the only misfortune is, *that so good a one can hardly be preserved.*

The great distinction between the ancient plan of it, and that which has taken place since the expulsion of the Stuarts is this, that the first was *less perfect*, but *better secured*, because the nobility and people *had the sword in their hands*; whereas the last is more *regular*, subject to *fewer disorders*, and in the frame of it *more free*, but *ill secured*, the sword being *only in the hands of the king*: to which is added a vast encrease of the *wealth* of the crown, and a mighty influence gained to it by the debts of the public, which have brought on new *taxes*, new *powers* for the raising those taxes, of a very dangerous nature, and a prodigious multiplication of *officers* wholly dependent upon the court; from all which the court has acquired new means of *corruption*, without any new *effectual* securities against that corruption being yet gained on the side of the people. And this sort of power is so much more to be feared than any other, as it cannot be exercised without *depraving the morals*, and *debasing the spirit* of the whole people, which in the end would not only enslave them, but render their servitude *voluntary, deserved*, and *remediless*.

## LETTER LXVII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**I**N former reigns, when parliaments were laid aside for any length of time, the whole authority of the state was lodged in a privy council, by the advice and direction of which, all affairs were carried on. But these counsellors being *chosen* by the king, and *depending* on his favour, were too apt to advise such things only, as they knew would be most agreeable; and thus the interests of the nation were often sacrificed to the profit and expectations of a few particulars. Yet still, as on extraordinary occasions the king might be forced to call a parliament, the fear of it was some check to their proceedings; and a degree of caution was natural to men who foresaw they should sooner or later be called to an account. But let us suppose, that any future prince could wholly *influence the election of a parliament*, and make the members of it *dependent on himself*, what would be the difference between *that parliament* and a privy council? would it speak the sense of the nation, or of the court? would the interest of the people be considered in it, or that of their representatives? They would only differ in this respect, that *one* having no power above it, *might be absolutely free from all restraint*, which, with the terror of a parliament hanging over it, the *other never could*.

This is the only imaginable method, by which the liberty of the English nation can be attacked with

with any success; but thou wilt ask to what end should an attack of this nature be made? Why should a king of England go about to destroy a constitution, the maintenance of which would render him both great and happy?

I reply, that a king indeed can have no reasonable inducement to make such an experiment, but a minister may find it necessary for his own support; and happy would it have been for many countries, if the *master's* interest had been considered by the *servant* half so warmly as the *servant's* by the *master*.

If a man who travels through Italy was to ask, what advantage all the wealth in religious houses, and all the idolatrous worship paid there, are to the saints they are dedicated to? The answer must be, *Of none at all*. But the priests, who are really gainers by them, know that they abuse the people to very good purpose; and make use of a *venerable name*, not from any regard they have to it, but to raise their own greatness, swell their own pride, and *cover and secure* their own extortion.

By the weakness therefore of princes, the arts of ministers, and the seduction of the people against their own interests, the constitution of England only can perish, and probably will perish at last. This will happen sooner or later, as more or less care is taken by those whose duty it is to watch over it. I am not ignorant that there are some visionary men, who dream of schemes to perpetuate it beyond all possibility of future change: but I have always thought the same of political projects to render a government, as of chemical projects to render a man *immortal*. Such a *grand elixir* cannot be found; and those who would *tamper* with states in hopes of procuring them that *immortality*, are the most unfit to prescribe to them of all men in the world. But at the same time that I know this, I also know, that

the date of a government may be *prolonged* by proper and salutary remedies, applied by those who understand its true nature, and join to speculative wisdom, *experience* and *temper*. Nor should I think it at all a better excuse for assisting to ruin the constitution of my country, that it *must come to an end*, and perhaps *begins to decay*, than for joining in the murder of my father, that he *must die at last*, and *begins to grow old*.

## LETTER LXVIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE other morning, a friend of mine came to me, and told me, with the air of one who brings an agreeable piece of news, that there was a lady who most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance, and had commissioned him to carry me to see her.—I will not deny to thee, that my vanity was a little flattered with this message: I fancied she had seen me in some public place, and taken a liking to my person; not being able to comprehend what other motive could make her send for a man she was a stranger to in so free and extraordinary a manner. I painted her in my own imagination very young, and very handsome, and set out with most pleasing expectations, to see the conquest I had made: but when I arrived at the place of assignation, I found a little old woman very dirty, encircled by four or five strange fellows, one of whom had a paper in his hand, which he was reading to her with all the emphasis of an author.

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My coming in obliged him to break off, which put him a good deal out of humour; but the lady, understanding who I was, received me with great satisfaction, and told me, she had long had a curiosity to be acquainted with a Mahometan: for you must know, said she, that I have applied myself particularly to the study of *theology*, and by profound meditation and enquiry have formed a religion of my own, much better than the *the vulgar one* in all respects. I never admit any body to my house, who is not distinguished from the *common herd of christians* by some extraordinary notion in divinity: all these gentlemen are *eminently heretical*, each in a way peculiar to himself: they are so good to do me the honour of instructing me in their several points of faith, and submit their opinions to my judgment. Thus, Sir, I have composed a private system, which must necessarily be perfecter than any, because it is collected out of all; but to compleat it, I want a little of the *Koran*, a book which I have heard spoken of mighty handsomely by many learned men of my acquaintance: and I assure you, Sir, I should have a very good opinion of Mahomet himself, if he was not a little too hard upon the ladies. Be so kind therefore to *initiate* me in *your mysteries*, and you shall find me very *docile* and very *grateful*.

Madam, replied I in great confusion, I did not come to England as a *missionary*, and was never versed in *religious disputation*. But if a Persian *tale* would entertain you, I could tell you one that the Eastern ladies are mighty fond of.

A Persian *tale!* cried she; have you the insolence to offer me a Persian *tale!* Really, Sir, I am not used to be so affronted.

At these words, she retired into her closet, with her whole train of *metaphysicians*, and left my friend and me to go away, as unworthy of any further communion with her.

## LETTER LXIX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

W Ouldest thou know, Mirza, the present state of Europe? I will give it thee in very few words.—There is *one nation* in it, which thinks of nothing but how to *prey* upon the *others*, while the others are entirely taken up with *preying* upon *themselves*. There is *one nation* where particulars take a pride in the glory of their country; while in the *others* no glory is considered, but that of raising or improving a vast estate. There is *one nation* which, though able in negotiation, puts its principal confidence in *the sword*; while *the others* trust wholly to *the pen*, though much less capable of using it with advantage. There is *one nation* which invariably pursues a *great plan of general dominion*, while *the others* are pursuing *little interests*, through a labyrinth of *changes* and *contradictions*. What, Mirza, dost thou think will be the consequence? Is it not probable that *this nation* will in the end be lord of all the rest? It certainly must—one thing only can hinder it, which is, that the fear of falling under that yoke, when the peril appears to be imminent, may raise a different spirit in *all those nations*, and work out their safety from their danger itself.

## LETTER LXX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I WAS the other day in a coffee-house, where I found a man declaiming upon the present state of Persia, and so warm for the interests of Tamas Kouli Kan, our invincible general \*, that if it had not been for his language and dress, I should have taken him for a Persian.

Sir, said I, are you acquainted with Tamas Kouli Kan, that you concern yourself thus about him? No, said he, I was never out of England; but I love the Persians, for being enemies to the Turks.

What hurt have the Turks done you, answered I, that you bear such enmity against them?

Sir, replied he, I am afraid they should hurt the emperor, whose friend I have always declared myself.

I enquired of a gentleman that fate by me, who this FRIEND OF THE EMPEROR might be? and was told that he was a *dancing-master* in St. James's-street.

For my part (said a young gentleman finely dressed, that stood sipping a dish of tea by the fire-side) I do not care if Tamas Kouli Kan, and the great Turk, and all the Persians and emperors in Europe were at the bottom of the sea, provided Farinelli be but safe.

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\* By these words it appears, that these letters were writ before Tamas Kouli Kan usurped the throne.

The indifference of this gentleman surpris'd me more than the importance of the other.

If you are concerned for Farinelli, said a third (who they told me was a chemist) persuade him to take my *drop*, and that will secure him from the humidity of the English air, which may very much prejudice his voice.

Will it not also make a *man* of him *again*, said a gentleman to the doctor? After the miracles we have been told it has performed, there is nothing more wanting but *such a cure* to compleat its reputation.

## L E T T E R LXXI.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**A** FRIEND of mine was talking to me some days ago, of the spirit of enthusiasm, which appeared so strongly in the first professors of our religion; and, as he pretended, in the prophet himself: to that chiefly he ascribed their mighty conquests, and observed, that there needed nothing more to render them invincible, such a spirit being constantly attended with a contempt of pleasure and of ease, of danger and of pain.—If, said he, the enthusiasts of this country, in the reign of Charles the First, had been united among themselves, like the Arabians under Mahomet and his successors, I make no doubt but they might have conquered all Europe: but unhappily their enthusiasm was directed to different points; some were bigots to the church of England, some to Calvin, some to particular whimsies of their own; one set of them ran mad for a re-  
public,

public, others were no less out of their wits in the love of monarchy; so that instead of making themselves formidable to their neighbours, they turned the edge of their fury against each other, and destroyed all peace and order here at home. Yet as much as our ancestors suffered then by the wrong direction of their zeal, I wish the present age may not suffer more by the *total want* of it among us. There is so cold and lifeless an unconcern to every thing but a narrow, private interest; we are so little in earnest about religion, virtue, honour, or the good of our country; that unless some spark of the ancient fire should revive, I am afraid we shall jest away our liberties, and all that is serious to our happiness. If the great Mr. Hampden had conversed with our modern race of wits, he would have been told, that it was a *ridiculous enthusiasm*, to trouble himself about a trifling sum of money, because it was raised against the privileges of the people; and that he might *get* a thousand times more than he disputed for, by a *prudent submission*.

## L E T T E R LXXII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HERE is a new science produced in Europe of late years, entirely unknown to any former age, or to any other part of the world, which is called TREATY LEARNING. I have been let into a general idea of it, by a very ingenious friend of mine, who has acquired a considerable talent in it, having served an apprenticeship of twenty years under different masters in foreign courts, and made,

in a political sense, *the tour of Europe*. He tells me, it is a very extensive study; for not only *the rights* of every prince, but *their inclinations to the rights of any other*, are therein set forth and comprehended. This has branched itself out into an infinity of *separate* and *secret articles, engagements, counter-engagements, memorials, remonstrances, declarations*; all which the learned in this science are required to know perfectly by heart, that they may be ready upon occasion to apply them, or elude their application, as the interest of their masters shall demand.

He shewed me ten or twelve volumes lately published, consisting only of the treaties which have been made since the beginning of this century, four or five of which were quite filled with those of England.

Sure, said I, this huge heap of negotiations could never have been employed about the business of this little spot of earth for so small a space of time as *thirty years*? No,—the affairs of all Europe must be settled in them, *for the next century at least*.—*For the next session of parliament*, answered he; *these political machines* are seldom mounted to go longer than *that period*, without being *taken to pieces, or new wound-up*.

But how, said I, could England, which is an island, be enough concerned in what passes on the continent, to undergo all this labour in adjusting it.

O, replied he, we grew weary of being confined *within the narrow verge of our own interests*; we thought it looked more *considerable to expatiate*, and give our talents *room to play*. But this was not the only end of our continual and restless agitation: it may frequently be the interest of a minister, if he finds things in a calm, to *trouble the waters*, and work up a storm about him; if not to perplex and confound those *above him*, yet to embarrass and intimidate the *competitors or rivals* of his power.

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Perhaps too, there might be a still deeper motive : these engagements are for the most part pretty chargeable ; and those who are obliged to make them good, complain that they are much *the poorer for them* ; but it is not sure, that *those who form them* are so too.—

As far, said I, as my little observation can enable me to judge of these affairs, the multiplicity of your treaties is as hurtful as the multiplicity of your laws. In Asia, *a few plain words* are found sufficient to settle the differences of particulars in a state, or of one state with another ; but here you run *into volumes* upon both ; and what is the effect of it ? Why after *great trouble* and *great expence*, you are as far from a *decision* as before ; nay, often more puzzled and confounded. The only distinction seems to be, that in your law-suits, perplexing as they are, there is at last, *a rule of equity* to resort to ; but in the other disputes, the last appeal is to *the iniquitous rule of force*, and princes treat by the mouths of *their great guns*, which soon demolish all the *paper* on both sides, and tear to pieces every *cobweb of negociation*.

## LETTER LXXIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I WAS lately at a tavern with a set of company very oddly put together : there was a country gentleman, a man of honest principles, but extremely a bigot to his religion, which was that of the church of Rome ; there was a lawyer, who was a very good protestant, moderate to those who differed from him in points of belief, but zealous in the cause  
of

of civil liberty; there was a courtier, who seemed not to believe any thing, and to be angry with every body that did.

This last, very rudely attacked the faith of the poor country gentleman, and laid open to him the frauds of the Roman priesthood, who, by slow, but regular degrees, had erected such a tyranny over the minds and spirits of the people, that nothing was too gross for them to impose, or too arrogant to assume. He set forth the vast difference between a *bishop* in the primitive ages of christianity, and a *pope*, with a triple crown upon his head, and half the wealth of Christendom in his treasury. He lamented the simplicity of those, who, without looking back to the *original* of things, imagine that all is *right* which they find *establisbed*; and mistake the *corruptions of a system* for the *system itself*: he inveighed against the pusillanimity of others, who though they *see* the corruptions, and *detest* them, yet suffer them to continue *unreformed*, only because they *have been tolerated so long*; as if any *evil* was *less dangerous*, by being grown *habitual*.

He concluded, by declaiming very eloquently on the use and advantage of *free-thinking*, that is, of doubting and examining every article proposed to our belief, which alone could detect these impositions, and confound the ill purposes of their authors; mixing, in the course of his talk, with these just reflexions, many licentious *witticisms* against what *all religion* and *all philosophy* have ever accounted sacred and venerable.

His antagonist had little to reply, but intrenched himself in the necessity of *submitting* to the *authority* of the *church*, and the danger of allowing private *judgment* to call in question *her* decisions.

The dispute would have been turned into a quarrel by the zeal of *one*, and the asperity of the *other*, had not the lawyer very seasonably interposed, who,  
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addressing himself to the advocate for freedom, desired to know, whether *liberty* in *temporals* was not of importance to mankind, as well as *liberty* in *spirituals*? How then comes it, that you, who are so warm for the maintenance of *the last*, are so notoriously indifferent to the first? To what shall we ascribe the mighty difference between your POLITICAL and RELIGIOUS FAITH? and whence is it that the former is so *easy*, and the latter so *intractable*? can *those* who are thus quick-sighted in the frauds of *ecclesiastical dominion*, see no juggling at all in their *civil rulers*? are the *impositions* less glaring or more tolerable, which *they* both acquiesce in and support, than those which they so violently oppose? Let us take the very instance, you have given.—Is a *pope* more *unlike* to a *christian bishop*, than a *sole minister* to an *officer of a free state*? if you *look back* to the *original* of things, what traces will you find of *such an office*? In what antient constitution can you discover the foundations of *such a power*? Is not this a most manifest corruption, growing out of ten thousand corruptions, and naturally productive of ten thousand more? If you say these are *mysteries of state*, and therefore *not to be examined*; I am sure the *mysteries* you attack have yet a better title to your respect, and less mischief will attend on their remaining not subject to *enquiry*.

Or will you borrow the arguments of your adversary, and plead the *necessity of submission*, and the *danger* of setting up *reason* against *authority*? If so, I would only put you in mind, that *all authority flows from reason*, and ought to lose its force in proportion as it deviates from its source.

It is a jest to say, that mankind cannot be governed without *these impositions*; they were governed happily before *these* were *invented*, much more happily than they have been ever since: as well may it be said, that christian piety, which was established in

in plain dealing and simplicity, must be supported by the knavery and pageantry introduced in late ages by the church of Rome. But the truth is, that most men do in the state just what you say has been done in the church; they *maintain abuses by prescription*, and make the *bad* condition things *are in*, an argument for letting them *grow worse*.

I cannot, said I, debate with the gentleman who has attacked the abuses of ecclesiastical power upon the particular facts he has asserted, nor will I wholly deny the conclusions he draws from those facts. But it seems to me that he has often confounded two things entirely different; a just regard to religion, without which no society can long subsist, and a weak attachment to what either folly or knavery may have grafted upon religion, and sanctified under that name. To distinguish these is the part of a man of sense, and a good man; but to attack both without any distinction, to attack the first because of the last, is at least as far from true wisdom as superstition itself. Can a worse corruption, or a more dreadful disorder, arise in any government than an open contempt of religion, avowed and professed? a nation where *that* prevails is on the brink of destruction. What degree of respect or submission is due to particular religious opinions, even to those that are not *essential*, I will not take upon me now to dispute; but this I am sure of, that a *blind confidence* in *temporal* affairs, agrees very ill with *doubt* in *spirituals*. A free enquirer into points of speculation should, beyond all others, be ashamed of a tame compliance in points of action.

The *unthinking* may be passive from delusion, or at least from inadvertency; but the *greatest monster* and *worst criminal* in society, is a FREE-THINKING SLAVE.

## LETTER LXXIV.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

EVERY nation has some peculiar excellence by which it is distinguished from its neighbours, and of which without vanity it may boast: thus Italy produces the finest *singers*; England the stoutest *boxers*; Germany the profoundest *theologians*; and France is incomparable for its cooks. This last advantage carries the palm from all the rest, and that nation has great reason to be proud of it, as a talent of universal currency; and for which all other countries do them homage: on this single perfection depends the pleasure, the magnificence, the pride, nay the reputation of every court in Europe; without a good French *cook* there is no ambassador can possibly do his master's business; no secretary of state can hold his office, no man of quality can support his rank and dignity. A friend of mine, who frequently has the honour to dine at the tables of *the great*, for which he pays no higher price than *his vote in parliament*, has sometimes obliged me with the bill of fare, and (as near as he could) an estimate of the charge which these genteel entertainments are attended with. I told him, that their dinners put me in mind of what I had heard about their politics: they are *artificial*, *unsubstantial*, and *unwholesome*, but at the same time most *ruinously expensive*. Sure, said I, your *great men* must have *digestions* prodigiously sharp and strong, to carry off such a load of various meats as are served up to them every day!

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they must not only be made with *heads* and *hearts*, but with *stomachs* very *different* from other people!

Not in the least, answered he — They seldom touch any of the dainties that are before them: those dainties, like the women in your seraglios, are more intended for *ornament* than *use*. There is always a plain dish set in a corner, a homely joint of English beef or mutton, on which the master of the feast makes his dinner, and two or three choice friends, who are allowed to have a cut with him out of special grace and favour, while the rest are languishing in vain for such a happiness, and piddling upon ortolans and truffles.

I have seen a poor country gentleman sit down to one of these fine dinners with an extream dislike to the French cookery; yet, for fear of being counted unpolite, not daring to refuse any thing that was offered him; but cramming and sweating with the struggle between his aversion and civility.

Why then, said I, this continual extravagance? why this number of victims daily sacrificed to the dæmon of luxury? how is it worth a man's while to undo himself, perhaps to undo his country, that his board may be graced with patés of perigord, when his guests had rather have the fowl from his barn-door? your comparison of the seraglio will not hold; for though indeed there is an unnecessary variety, yet they are not *all* served up to us *together*; we content ourselves with *one* or *two* of them at a meal, and reserve the rest for future entertainments. I concluded, with repeating to him a story, which is taken out of the annals of our kings.

Schah Abbas, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became so great a prince. One might have judged of the vastness of his empire, by the variety of dishes at his table: some were sent him from the Euphrates and Persian gulph, others from the Oxus and Caspian sea. One day when he  
gave

gave a dinner to his nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the facility of his office: but instead of falling-to, and eating heartily, as *holy men* are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and fell a weeping. Schah Abbas, surpris'd at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company: he would fain have been excus'd, but the sopher order'd him, on pain of his displeasure, to acquaint them with the cause of his disorder.

Know then, said he, O monarch of the earth, that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a vision, which was sent me from the prophets whom I serve: on the seventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when, methought, the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and in a few moments convey'd me to the lowest heaven, where the messenger of God, on whom be peace, was sitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals, of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against thee, Schah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand.

It was alledged by them, that ten or twelve of them were often murdered, to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate; some gave their tongues only, some their bowels, some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared, such constant waste was made of them, that unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The prophet hearing this, bent his brows, and order'd six vultures to fetch thee alive before him: they instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he command'd thy stomach to be open-

ed, and examined whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men : when it was found to be just of the common size, he permitted all the animals to make reprisals on the body of their destroyer ; but before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured ; so ill-proportioned was the offender to the offence.—

This story made such an impression on the sopher, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table ever after.

## L E T T E R LXXVI.

To IBRAHIM MOLLAC at Ispahan.

From London.

**Y**ES, holy Mollac, I am more and more convinced of it ; infidelity is certainly attended with a spirit of infatuation. The prophet hurts the understandings of those who refuse to receive his holy law ; he punishes the hardness of their hearts, by the depravation of their judgments. How can we otherwise account for what I have seen since my arrival among Christians ?

I have seen a people, whose very being depends on commerce, suffer *luxury* and the *heavy load of taxes* to ruin their manufactures at home, and turn the balance against them in foreign trade ! —

I have seen them glory in the greatness of their wealth, when they are reduced every year to carry on the expences of government, by robbing the very *fund* which is to ease them of a debt of *fifty millions* !

I have seen them *fit out fleets*, *augment their forces*, express continual *fears* of an *invasion*, and suffer continual

tinual depredations upon their merchants from a contemptible enemy, yet all the while hug themselves in the notion of being blest with a *profound and lasting peace!*

I have seen them wrapped up in full security, upon the flourishing state of *public credit*, only because they had a *prodigious stock of paper*, which now, indeed, they circulate as money; but which the first alarm of a calamity may, in an instant, make *meer paper* of again!

I have seen them constantly busied in *passing laws* for the better regulation of their *police*, and never taking any care of their *execution*: loudly declaring the abuses of their government, and quietly allowing them to encrease!

I have seen them distressed for *want of hands* to carry on their husbandry and manufactures, yet permitting thousands of their people to be destroyed, or rendered useless and hurtful to society, by the abominable use of *spirituous liquors!*

I have seen them make such a *provision for their poor* as would relieve all their wants, if well applied; and suffer a third part of them to *starve*, from the roguery and riot of those entrusted with the care of them!

But the *greatest* of all the *wonders* I have seen, and which most of all proves their *infatuation*, is, that *they profess* TO MAINTAIN LIBERTY BY CORRUPTION.

## LETTER LXXVII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I Felicitate thee, Mirza, on thy new dignity; I bow myself reverently before thee, not with the heart of a flatterer, but a friend: the favour of thy master shines upon thee; he has raised thee to the right hand of his throne; the treasures of Persia are committed to thy custody: if thou behavest thyself honestly and wisely, I shall think thee much *greater* from thy *advancement*; if otherwise, much *lower*, than before. Thou hast undertaken a charge very important to thy prince, and to his people; both are equally concerned in thy administration, both have equally a right to thy fidelity. If ever thou shalt separate their interests, if thou shalt set up the one against the other, know, it will end in the ruin of *both*. Do not imagine, that thy master will be richer by draining his subjects of their wealth: such *gains* are *irreparable losses*; they may serve a present sordid purpose, but dry up the sources of opulence for futurity. I would recommend to thy attention and remembrance, the saying of a famous English *treasurer* in the happy reign of queen Elizabeth. *I do not love, said that truly able minister, to see the treasury swell like a distempered spleen, when the other parts of the state are in a consumption.*—Be it thy care to prevent such a decay; and, to that end, not only save the public all unnecessary expence, but so *digest* and *order* what is needful, that *perplexity* may not serve to cover *fraud*, nor *incapacity* lurk behind *confusion*. Rather submit to any difficulty  
and

and distress in the conduct of thy ministry, than *anticipate* the revenues of the government without an absolute necessity; for such expedients are a *temporary ease*, but a *permanent destruction*.

In relieving the people from their taxes, let it also be thy glory to relieve them from the infinite number of *tax-gatherers*, which, far worse than the Turkish or Russian armies, have *barrasted* and *plundered* our poor country.

As thou art the distributor of the bounties of the crown, make them the reward of service and merit; not the hire of parasites and flatterers to thy master, or *thyself*. But, above all, as thou art now a *public person*, elevate thy mind beyond any *private view*; try to enrich the public before thyself: and think less of establishing thy family at the head of thy country, than of setting thy country at the head of Asia.

If thou canst steadily persevere in such a conduct, thy prince will want *thee* more than thou dost *him*: if thou buildest thy fortune on *any other basis*, how high soever it may rise, it will be tottering from the *weakness of its foundation*.

He alone is a *minister of state*, whose services are *necessary to the public*; the rest are *the creatures of caprice*, and feel *their slavery even in their power*.

## L E T T E R LXXVIII.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

**T**HE virtuous Abdallah is returned to England, after having been absent fourteen moons. I yesterday restored to him his lovely Zelis, the *wife* whom he had given me at his departure, and whom I had

I had treated like a *sister*. Nothing ever was so moving as the scene, when I joined their hands again after a separation which they had feared would prove eternal. The possession of the finest woman in the world could not give me so much pleasure as this act of humanity and justice : I made two people happy who deserved it ; and am secured of the affections of both to the last moment of their lives. When the transports of their joy were a little over, Abdallah gave me the following relation of all that had happened to him since he left us. —

*The HISTORY of Abdallah.*

YOU know that I sailed from England with an intent to redeem my father from captivity : as soon as I came to Malta, I went and threw myself at the feet of the grand master, beseeching him to take the ransom I had brought, and set my father free.

He answered me, that the person for whom I sued, was no longer in a condition to be ransomed, being condemned to die the next day. I was ready to die myself at this account ; and desiring to know his offence, was informed, that, being unable to redeem himself, he was put to the oar like a common slave, without any regard to his innocence or age : that during an engagement with a Turkish ship, he had persuaded the other slaves to quit their oars, and fight against the Christians ; but that, being overpowered, he was brought to Malta, and condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as an example to the other captives in the galleys : that this dreadful sentence was to be executed upon him the morning after my arrival, and no ransom could be accepted for his life.

O Heaven ! said I, did I come so far to no other purpose, but to be witness of the death of my wretched father, and a death so full of horror ?  
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Would the waves of the sea had swallowed me up, before I reached this fatal and accursed shore! O Abderamen! O my father! what avails to thee the piety of thy son? how shall I bear to take my leave of thee for ever, at our first meeting, after an absence which seemed so long? Can I stand by, and give thee up to torments, when I flattered myself that I arrived to bring thee liberty? Alas! my presence will only aggravate thy sufferings, and make the bitterness of death more insupportable.

In this extremity, I offered the grand master, not only to pay down all the ransom I had promised before, but to yield myself a voluntary slave, and serve in the galleys all my life, if Abderamen's might be spared.

He seemed touched with my proposal, and inclined to pity me; but was told by a jesuit, who was his confessor, that an example of severity was necessary; and that he ought to pardon my father on no terms but renouncing Mahometism, and being converted immediately to the *church of Rome*.

No, cried I, if *that* is to be the price of a few unhappy years, it is better both of us should perish than accept them.—But can you, said I to the priest, who profess an holiness superior to other men, can you obstruct the mercy of your prince, and compel him to destroy a wretched man, whose only crime was the natural love of liberty? is this your way of making converts to your faith, by the terror of racks and wheels, instead of reason?—

My reproaches signified nothing but to incense him, and I quitted the palace in despair. I was going to the prison to see my father, for the first and last time, when a Turkish slave accosted me, and bid me follow him.—I refused to do it, but he assured me it was of moment to the life of Abderamen. I followed him, and he led me by a back-way to a woman's apartment in the palace.—I continued there  
till

till past midnight without seeing any body, in agitations not to be conceived: at last there came to me a lady richly dressed in the habit of my own country. After looking at me attentively some time, O! Abdallah, said she, have you forgot Zoraide, the sister of Zelis?

These words soon brought her to my remembrance, though I had not seen her for many years: I embraced her tenderly, and desired to hear what fortune had carried her to Malta?

You know, said she, that my family is of the island of Cyprus, and that I was married young to a rich merchant of Aleppo. I had by him two children, a son and daughter; and lived very happily some years, till my husband's business carrying him to Cyprus, I persuaded him to let me go, and make a visit to my relations in that island. In our passage a violent storm arose, which drove us westward beyond the isle of Candia; and before we could put into any harbour, a Maltese pirate attacked us, killed my husband, and carried me to Malta. My beauty touched the heart of the grand master; which is the more surprizing, as I took no pains to set it off, thinking of nothing but the loss I had sustained: he bought me of the knight, whose prize I was; and I thought it some comfort in my captivity, that I was delivered from the hands that had been stained in my husband's blood. The passion of my new lord was so excessive, that he used me more like a princess than a slave. He could deny me nothing I asked him, and was so liberal, that he never approached me without a present. You see the pomp and magnificence in which I live: my wealth is great, and my power in this place superior to any-body's. Hear then, Abdallah, what my friendship has done for you, and remember the obligation you have to me. I have employed all my interest with my lover to save the life of Abderamen: he has consented to it, and  
moreover,

moreover, to set him free upon payment of the ransom you proposed. But, in recompence for the aid which I have given you, you must promise to assist me in an affair that will, probably, be attended with some danger. I assured her, there was nothing I would not risque to do the sister of Zelis any service.

You shall know, said she, what it is I require of you, when the time comes to put it in execution; till then remain at Malta, and wait my orders.

At these words she delivered to me a pardon under the seal of the grand master, and bid me carry it instantly to my father; I was so transported that I could not stay to thank her; I ran, I flew to the prison of Abderamen, and shewing the order I brought with me to his guards, was admitted to the dungeon where he lay.

The poor old man, expecting nothing but death, and believing I was the officer that came to carry him to the place of execution, fainted away before I had time to discover to him either my person or my errand. While he lay in that state of insensibility, I unbound his chains, and bore him into the open air, where, with a good deal of difficulty, he recovered. O my father! said I to him (when I perceived that his senses were returned) do you not know your son Abdallah, who is come hither to save your life, who has obtained your pardon, and redeemed you from captivity?—The surprize of joy that seized him in that instant, at my sight and words, was too sudden and violent for his age and weakness to support. He struggled some time to make an answer; but at last, straining me in his arms, and muttering some half-formed sounds, he sunk down, and expired on my bosom.—

When I saw that he was dead, I lost all patience, and covering myself with dust bewailed my folly, in not telling him my good tidings by degrees.

By

By this time it was broad day, and the whole town being informed of my affliction, was gathered about me in great crouds. The grand master himself, taking pity of me, sent to tell me, that he would permit me to bear away my father's body to Aleppo, and excuse me the ransom I had offered, since death had delivered him without it. This indulgence comforted me a little, and I would have embarked immediately for the Levant, if I had not been stopped by my promise to Zoraide. Several days passed without my hearing any news of her. I had already hired a small vessel, and put on board the remains of Abderamen, when, late one night, I was waked out of my sleep by Zoraide in the habit of a man, who told me, that she was come to claim my promise. I asked what she required me to do? To carry me to Aleppo, answered she, that I may see my dear children once again, and enrich them with the treasures which I have gained from the bounty of my lover. Those treasures are useless to me without them; in the midst of all my pomp and outward pleasure I am perpetually pining for their loss; *the mother's heart* is unsatisfied within; nor will it let me enjoy a moment's peace, till I am restored to them in my happy native land. As she said this, she shewed me some bags of gold, and a casket filled with jewels of great value. I must insist, Abdallah, continued she, that you set sail this very night, and take me along with you. The weather is tempestuous, but that circumstance will favour my escape; and I had rather venture to perish in the sea, than live any longer from my family.

The sense of the obligation I had to her made me consent to do what she desired, how perilous soever it appeared to me. As I had a permission from the grand master to go away as soon as I thought fit, I put to sea that night without any hindrance; and the wind blowing hard off the shore, in a little while

while we were out of sight of Malta. The water was so rough for two or three days, that we thought it impossible our barque could weather it out; but at length the storms abating, we pursued our voyage with a very fair wind, and arrived safe in the port of Scanderoon. Zoraide was transported with the thought of being so near Aleppo, and her children; she embraced me in the most affectionate manner, and expressed a gratitude for the service I had done her far beyond what it deserved. But how great was her disappointment and affliction, when we were told by the people of Scanderoon, that the plague was at Aleppo, and had destroyed a third part of the inhabitants!

Ah, wretched Zoraide! cried she weeping, where are now all thy hopes of being blest in the sight of thy two children? perhaps those two children are no more; or, if they still live, it is in hourly expectation of dying with the rest of their fellow citizens. Perhaps, at this moment they begin to sicken, and want the care of their mother to tend upon them, when they are abandoned by every other friend.

Thus did she torture herself with dreadful apprehensions, and often turning her eyes towards Aleppo, gave herself up to all the agonies of grief.

I said every thing I could think of to relieve her, but she would not be comforted.

The next morning the servants I had put about her, came and told me, that she was not to be found: they also brought me a letter which informed me, that not being able to endure the uncertainty she was in about her children, she had stolen away by night, and gone to Aleppo to share their danger with them. That if she and her family escaped the sickness, I should hear from her again; but that if they died, she was resolved not to survive them. She added, that she had left me a box of diamonds worth two thousand

thousand pistoles, being a fourth part of the jewels which she had brought from Malta by my assistance.

You may imagine how deeply I was affected at reading this letter. I resolved to stay at Scanderoon till I had some news of her, notwithstanding my passionate desire to return to Zelis. I had waited five weeks with great impatience, when we received accounts that the infection was ceased, and the commerce with Aleppo restored again. I immediately went to visit my native town; but, alas! I had little pleasure in the sight of it, after so dismal a calamity. My first enquiry was about Zoraide and her children. They carried me to her house, where I found her son, a youth of sixteen. When I made myself known to him, he fell a weeping, and told me his mother and sister were both dead. I very sincerely joined with him in his grief, and offered to restore to him the jewels she had given me. No, Abdallah, said he, I am rich enough in what I inherit from my father and Zoraide. But these riches cannot comfort me for her death, nor any time wear out of my remembrance the uncommon affection which occasioned it. O, Abdallah! what a mother have I lost, and what a friend are you deprived of! When she came hither, continued he, from Scanderoon, my sister and I believed we had seen a spirit: but when we found it was really Zoraide, our hearts melted with tenderness and joy. That joy was soon over; for, the third day after her arrival at Aleppo, I found myself seized with the distemper. She never quitted my bedside during my illness; and to the care she took of me I owed my life: but it proved fatal to *her* and my poor sister, who both caught the infection by nursing me; and having weaker constitutions, were not able to struggle with it so well. My sister died first, and Zoraide quickly followed: when she perceived herself just expiring, she called me to her, and bid me endeavour to find  
you

you out at Scanderoon, and let you know, that she bequeathed to you the portion she intended for my sister, amounting to five thousand pieces of gold, as to the man in the world she most esteemed: she added, that to you she recommended me with her latest breath, imploring you to take care of me for her sake, and the sake of her sister Zelis.—

The poor boy was not able to go on with his story any further. I accepted the legacy, and did my utmost to discharge worthily the trust conferred upon me: but my first care was to bury Abderamen with all the pomp that our customs will admit. After some time spent in settling the affairs of my pupil, and my own, I took a passage on board an English ship, and arrived happily in London.

I am now possess'd of a fortune that is sufficient to maintain Zelis in the manner I desire, and have nothing more to ask of Heaven but an opportunity of repaying you, O Selim, the friendship and goodness you have shewn me.

## L E T T E R LXXIX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

I AM going, in the confidence of friendship, to give thee a proof of the weakness of human nature, and the unaccountable capriciousness of our passions. Since I delivered up Zelis to her husband, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace. Her beauty, which I saw without emotion while she continued *in my power*, now she is *out of it*, has fired me to that degree that I have almost lost my reason. I cannot bear

bear to see her in the possession of the man to whom I gave her: if shame, if despair did not hinder it, I should ask him for her again. — In this uneasiness and disorder of mind, there remains but one part for me to take: I must fly from her charms and my own weakness, I must retire into Persia, and endeavour by absence, and different objects, to efface the impressions she has made. Alas! what shall I find there? a seraglio composed of beautiful *slaves*, the *mercenary prostitutes*, or *reluctant victims* to gross and tyrannical lust. What *rational commerce* can I hope with *these*, what *true affection*, what *solid peace*, what *heart-felt delight*? But were Zelis my wife, in *such a wife* I should find the most *endeared*, most *pleasing*, most *faithful friend*. All the precautions of Eastern jealousy would then be unnecessary; those wretched precautions, which, while they bar the door against dishonour, shut out esteem, the life of friendship, and confidence, the soul of love. Thou wilt be surpris'd at my talking thus; but what I feel for Zelis, and what I have seen in England, has overcome my native prejudices: I have seen here wives, over whose conduct, though perfectly free, *religion*, *honour* and *love* are stricter guards than legions of eunuchs, or walls of brass: I have seen, by consequence, *much happier husbands* than any Persian can possibly be. We will discourse on this subject more fully when I am with thee, and it will be my greatest pleasure to try to remove out of thy mind all those prepossessions of which my own has been cured by my abode in this country. If I bring thee home *truth*, I am sure thou wilt think that I have travelled to better purpose, than if I came back fraught with the gold of Peru, or the diamonds of Golconda. I have more than compleated the four years stay I propos'd making in England, and am now determin'd to pass through France as far as Marseilles, and embarque from thence for the Levant, as soon

as the business, with which I am charged on the part of some of my friends with the Turkey merchants there, will permit. It is my fixed resolution to go away, without giving Zelis the least intimation of the cause of my departure: Abdallah shall never know that I am his *rival*; it would take too much from the character of a *friend*. Thou art the only one to whom I dare confide my folly; and since it has hurt nobody but myself, I hope thou wilt rather pity than blame me for it.

## LETTER LXXX.

SELIM to MIRZA at Ispahan.

From London.

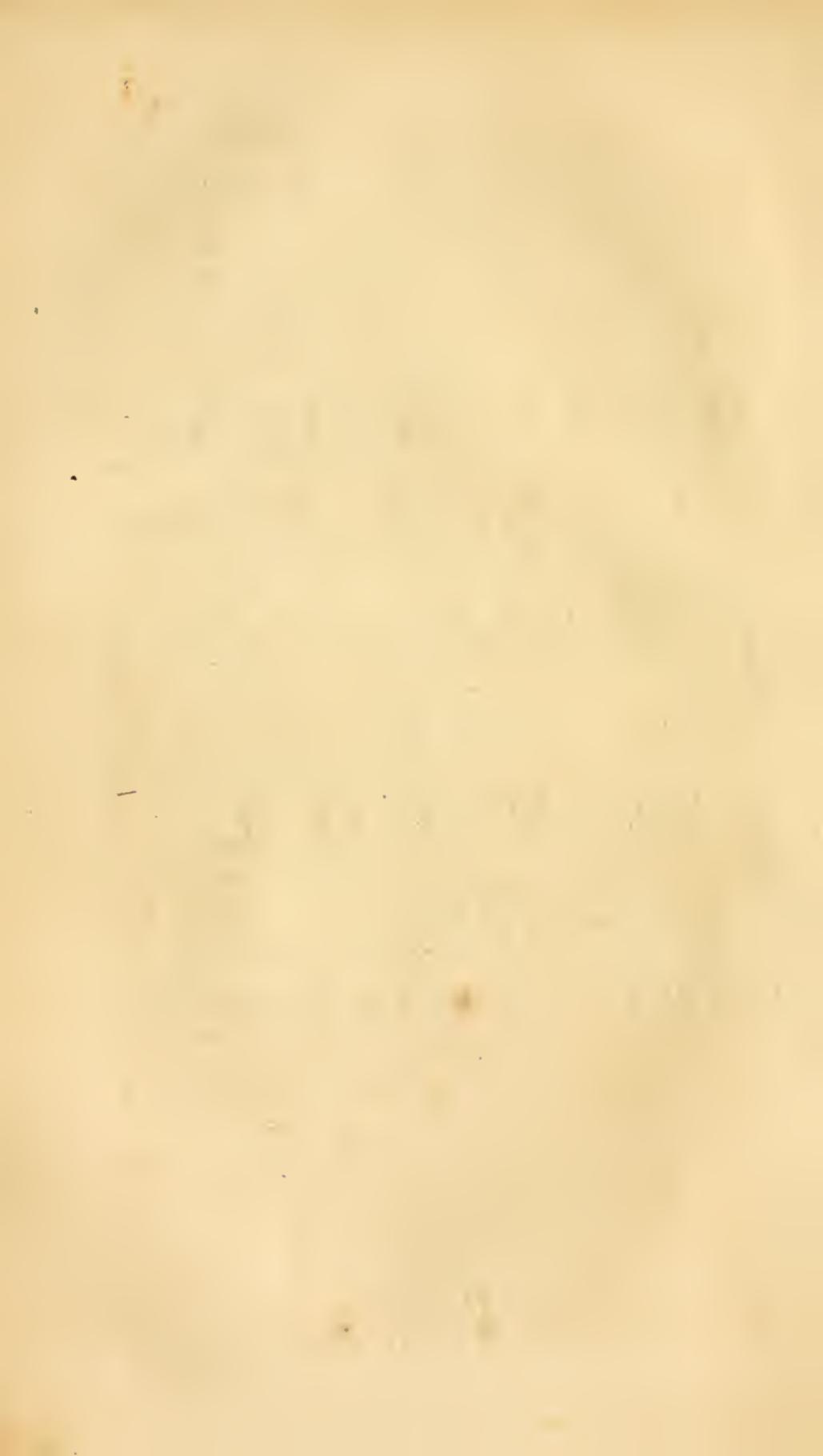
I AM just on the point of leaving England; Abdallah and Zelis have received my adieus; the combat is past; my resolutions strengthen, and thou mayest expect ere long to see thy friend with a *mind* a good deal altered by his travels, but a *heart* which to thee, to his *country*, and to his *duty*, is still the *same*.

It would be unjust and ungrateful in me to quit *this island*, without expressing a very high esteem of the *good sense*, *sincerity*, and *good-nature* I have found among the *English*: to these qualities I might also add *politeness*, which certainly they have as good a title to as *any of their neighbours*; but I am afraid that this accomplishment has been acquired too much at the expence of other virtues more solid and essential. Of their *industry*, their commerce is a proof; and for their *valour*, let their *enemies* declare it. Of their *faults* I will at present say no more, but that many of them are *newly introduced*, and so contrary to

to the genius of the people, that one would hope they might be easily rooted out. They are undoubtedly, all circumstances considered, a very *great*, a very *powerful*, and *happy* nation; but how long they shall *continue so*, depends entirely on the *preservation of their liberty*. To the *constitution* of their government alone are attached all these blessings and advantages: should *that ever be depraved or corrupted*, they must expect to become the most *contemptible* and most *unhappy* of mankind. For what can so much aggravate the wretchedness of an oppressed and ruined people, as the remembrance of former freedom and prosperity? All the images and traces of their liberty, which it is probable no change will destroy, must be a perpetual reproach and torment to them, for having so degenerately parted with *their birth-right*. And if slavery is to be endured, where is the man that would not rather chuse it under the warm sun of Agra, or Ispahan, than in the Northern climate of England?

I have therefore taken my leave of my friends here, with this affectionate, well-meant advice, That they should vigilantly *watch over their constitution*, and guard it by those strong bulwarks which alone are able to secure it, *a firm union of all honest men, justice upon public offenders, national and private frugality*.

OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE  
CONVERSION AND APOSTLESHIP  
OF  
ST. PAUL.  
IN A  
LETTER TO GILBERT WEST, Esq.



A

## L E T T E R

T O

GILBERT WEST, Esq;

S I R,

**I**N a late conversation we had together upon the subject of the Christian religion, I told you, that besides all the proofs of it which may be drawn from the prophecies of the Old Testament, from the necessary connexion it has with the whole system of the Jewish religion, from the miracles of Christ, and from the evidence given of his resurrection by all the other apostles, I thought the conversion and the apostleship of St. Paul alone, duly considered, was of itself a demonstration sufficient to prove Christianity to be a divine revelation.

As you seemed to think that so compendious a proof might be of use to convince those unbelievers that will not attend to a longer series of arguments, I have thrown together the reasons upon which I support that proposition.

In the xxvith chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, writ by a contemporary author, and a companion of St. Paul in preaching the gospel, as appears by the book itself, ch. xx. ver. 6, 13, 14. ch. xxvii. ver. 1. &c. St. Paul is said to have given himself this account of his conversion and preaching, to king Agrippa and Festus the Roman governor: ‘ My

‘ manner of life from my youth, which was, at the  
 ‘ first, among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know  
 ‘ all the Jews, which knew me from the beginning  
 ‘ (if they would testify) that after the strictest sect of  
 ‘ our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand  
 ‘ and am judged for the hope of the promise made  
 ‘ by God unto our fathers : unto which promise our  
 ‘ twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night,  
 ‘ hope to come, for which hope’ sake, king Agrippa,  
 ‘ I am accused by the Jews. Why should it be  
 ‘ thought a thing incredible with you, that God  
 ‘ should raise the dead ? I verily thought with my-  
 ‘ self, that I ought to do many things contrary to  
 ‘ the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I  
 ‘ also did in Jerusalem, and many of the saints did I  
 ‘ shut up in prison, having received authority from  
 ‘ the chief priests ; and when they were put to  
 ‘ death, I gave my voice against them. And I pu-  
 ‘ nished them oft in every synagogue, and compel-  
 ‘ led them to blaspheme, and being exceedingly mad  
 ‘ against them, I persecuted them even unto strange  
 ‘ cities. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus with  
 ‘ authority and commission from the chief priests,  
 ‘ at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from  
 ‘ heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining  
 ‘ round about me, and them which journeyed with  
 ‘ me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I  
 ‘ heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the  
 ‘ Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou  
 ‘ me ? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.  
 ‘ And I said, Who art thou, Lord ? And he said,  
 ‘ I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, stand  
 ‘ upon thy feet ; for I have appeared unto thee for  
 ‘ this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a wit-  
 ‘ ness both of those things which thou hast seen, and  
 ‘ of those things in the which I will appear unto  
 ‘ thee ; delivering thee from the people, and from  
 ‘ the

‘ the Gentiles, unto whom I now send thee, to  
 ‘ open their eyes, and to turn them from dark-  
 ‘ ness to light, and from the power of Satan unto  
 ‘ God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and  
 ‘ inheritance among them which are sanctified by  
 ‘ faith that is in me. Whereupon, O king Agrippa,  
 ‘ I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision: but  
 ‘ shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jeru-  
 ‘ salem, and throughout all the coast of Judea, and  
 ‘ to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to  
 ‘ God, and do works meet for repentance. For these  
 ‘ causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went  
 ‘ about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help  
 ‘ of God, I continue unto this day witnessing both  
 ‘ to small and great, saying none other things than  
 ‘ those which Moses and the prophets did say should  
 ‘ come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should  
 ‘ be the first that should rise from the dead, and  
 ‘ should shew light to the people, and to the Gentiles.  
 ‘ And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a  
 ‘ loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much  
 ‘ learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am  
 ‘ not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the  
 ‘ words of truth and soberness. For the king know-  
 ‘ eth of these things, before whom also I speak free-  
 ‘ ly: for I am persuaded that none of these things  
 ‘ are hidden from him; for the thing was not done  
 ‘ in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the pro-  
 ‘ phets? I know that thou believest.—Then Agrippa  
 ‘ said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a  
 ‘ Christian. And Paul said, I would to God that not  
 ‘ only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were  
 ‘ both almost and altogether such as I am, except  
 ‘ these bonds.\*’ In another chapter of the same  
 book he gives in substance the same account to the  
 Jews, adding these further particulars: ‘ And I said,  
 ‘ What

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\* Acts xxii. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

‘ What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus, and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do. And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus. And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews that dwelt there, came unto me, and stood, and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight; and the same hour I looked up upon him. And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou should’st know his will, and see that Just one, and should’st hear the voice of his mouth. For thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.’

In the ixth chapter of the same book, the author of it relates the same story, with some other circumstances not mentioned in these accounts: as, that Saul *in a vision saw Ananias before he came to him, coming in, and putting his hand upon him that he might receive his sight.* And that when Ananias had spoken to him, *immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales* \*.

And agreeably to all these accounts, St. Paul † thus speaks of himself in the epistles he wrote to the several churches he planted; the authenticity of which cannot be doubted without overturning all rules, by which the authority and genuineness of any writings can be proved, or confirmed.

To the Galatians he says: ‘ I certify you, § brethren, that the gospel which was preached by me is not after man. For I neither received of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of  
‘ Jesus

\* Acts ix. 12.  
11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

† Ver. 18.

§ Gal. i.

‘ Jesus Christ. For ye have heard of my conversion  
 ‘ in time past in the Jews religion, how that beyond  
 ‘ measure I persecuted the church of God, and  
 ‘ wasted it. And profited in the Jews religion above  
 ‘ mine equals in my own nation, being more ex-  
 ‘ ceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers.  
 ‘ But when it pleased God, who separated me from  
 ‘ my mother’s womb, and called me by his grace,  
 ‘ to reveal his son in me, that I might preach him  
 ‘ among the heathen, immediately I conferred not  
 ‘ with flesh and blood, &c.’

To the Philippians he says, ‘ If any other man  
 ‘ thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in  
 ‘ the flesh, I more: circumcised the eighth day, of  
 ‘ the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an  
 ‘ Hebrew of the Hebrews. As touching the law, a  
 ‘ Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church;  
 ‘ touching the righteousness which is in the law,  
 ‘ blameless. But what things were gain to me,  
 ‘ those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and  
 ‘ I count all things but loss for the excellency of the  
 ‘ knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I  
 ‘ have suffered the loss of all things, and do count  
 ‘ them but dung, that I may win Christ \*.’

And in his epistle to Timothy he writes thus:  
 ‘ I thank Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath enabled  
 ‘ me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me  
 ‘ into the ministry, who was before a blasphemer,  
 ‘ and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained  
 ‘ mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief †.’

In other epistles he calls himself *an apostle by the will of God, by the commandment of God our Saviour, and Lord Jesus Christ;—and an apostle, not of men, neither by men, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead* §. All which im-  
 plies

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\* Phil. iii. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. † 1 Tim. i. 12, 13.  
 § 2 Cor. i. 1. Col. i. 1. 1 Tim. i. 1. Gal. i. 1.

plies some miraculous call that made him an apostle. And to the Corinthians he says, after enumerating many appearances of Jesus after his resurrection, 'And last of all he was seen of me also as one born out of due time.' \*

Now it must of necessity be, that the person attesting these things of himself, and of whom they are related in so authentic a manner, either was an impostor, who said what he knew to be false with an intent to deceive; or he was an enthusiast, who by the force of an over-heated imagination imposed on himself; or he was deceived by the fraud of others; and all that he said must be imputed to the power of that deceit; or what he declared to have been the cause of his conversion, and to have happened in consequence of it, did all really happen, and therefore the Christian religion is a divine revelation.

Now that he was not an impostor, who said what he knew to be false with an intent to deceive, I shall endeavour to prove, by shewing that he could have no rational motives to undertake such an imposture, nor could have possibly carried it on with any success by the means we know he employed.

First then, the inducement to such an imposture must have been one of these two, either the hope of advancing himself by it in his temporal interest, credit, or power; or the gratification of some of his passions under the authority of it, and by the means it afforded.

Now these were the circumstances in which St. Paul declared his conversion to the faith of Christ Jesus. That Jesus, who called himself the Messiah, and Son of God, notwithstanding the innocence and holiness of his life, notwithstanding the miracles by which he attested his mission, had been crucified by the Jews as an impostor and blasphemer, which crucifixion

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\* 1 Cor. xv. 8.

cifixion not only must (humanly speaking) have intimidated others from not following him, or espousing his doctrines, but served to confirm the Jews in their opinion that he could not be their promised Messiah, who according to all their prejudices was not to suffer in any manner, but to reign triumphant for ever here upon earth. His apostles indeed, though at first they appeared to be terrified by the death of their master, and disappointed in all their hopes, yet had surprisingly recovered their spirits again, and publickly taught in his name, declaring him to be risen from the grave, and confirming that miracle by many they worked, or pretended to work themselves. But the chief priests and rulers among the Jews were so far from being converted either by their words or their works, that they had begun a severe persecution against them, put some to death, imprisoned others, and were going on with impracticable rage against the whole sect. In all these severities St. Paul concurred, \* being himself a Pharisee, *bred up at the feet of Gamaliel, one of the chiefs of that sect; nor was he content in the heat of his zeal with persecuting the Christians who were at Jerusalem, but breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of our Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem.* † His request was complied with, *and he went to Damascus with authority and commission from the high priest.* § At this instant of time, and under these circumstances, did he become a disciple of Christ. What could be his motives to take such a part? Was it the hope of encreasing his wealth? The certain consequence of his taking that part was not

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\* Acts vii. 9, 22, 23.

† Acts ix. 1, 2.

§ Acts xxvi. 12.

not only the loss of all that he had, but of all hopes of acquiring more. Those whom he left, were the disposers of wealth, of dignity, of power in Judæa : those whom he went to, were indigent men, oppressed and kept down from all means of improving their fortunes. They among them who had more than the rest, shared what they had with their brethren, but with this assistance the whole community was hardly supplied with the necessaries of life ; and even in churches he afterwards planted himself, which were much more wealthy than that of Jerusalem, so far was St. Paul from availing himself of their charity, or the veneration they had for him, in order to draw that wealth to himself, that he often refused to take any part of it for the common necessaries of life.

Thus he tells the Corinthians, ‘ Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place, and labour, working with our own hands \*.’

In another epistle he writes to them, ‘ Behold the third time I am ready to come to you, and I will not be burthenfome to you, for I seek not yours but you ; for the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children †.’

To the Thessalonians he says, § ‘ As we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts. For neither at any time used we flattering words, nor a cloak of covetousness, God is witness ; nor of men sought we glory, neither of you, nor yet of others, when we might have been burthenfome, as the apostles of Christ. For ye remember, brethren, our labour and travel : for labouring night and day, because we  
‘ would

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\* 1 Cor. xv. 8. † 2 Cor. xii. 14. § 1 Thess. ii. 4, 5, 6, 9.

‘ would not be chargeable to any of you, we preached unto you the gospel of God.’ And again, in another letter to them, he repeats the same testimony of his disinterestedness: ‘ Neither did we eat any man’s bread for naught, but wrought with labour and travel night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you \*.’ And when he took his farewell of the church of Ephesus, to whom he foretold that they should see him no more, he gives this testimony of himself, and appeals to them for the truth of it: ‘ I have coveted no man’s silver or gold, or apparel. Yea, you yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me †.’ It is then evident both from the state of the church when St. Paul first came into it, and from his behaviour afterwards, that he had no thoughts of increasing his wealth by becoming a Christian; whereas by continuing to be their enemy, he had almost certain hopes of making his fortune by the favour of those who were at the head of the Jewish state, to whom nothing could more recommend him than the zeal that he shewed in that persecution. As to credit or reputation, that too lay all on the side he forsook. The sect he embraced was under the greatest and most universal contempt of any in the world. The chiefs and leaders of it were men of the lowest birth, education, and rank. They had no one advantage of parts or learning, or other human endowments to recommend them. The doctrines they taught were contrary to those, which they who were accounted the wisest and the most knowing of their nation professed. The wonderful works that they did, were either imputed to magic or to imposture. The very author and head of their faith had been condemned as a criminal, and died on the cross between two thieves. Could the  
disciple

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\* 2 Theff. iii. 8.

† Acts xx. 33, 34.

disciple of Gamaliel think he should gain any credit or reputation by becoming a teacher in a college of fishermen? could he flatter himself, that either in or out of Judæa the doctrines he taught could do him any honour? No, he knew very well that the *preaching Christ crucified was a stumbling block to the Jews, and to the Greeks foolishness*. He afterwards found by experience, that in all parts of the world, contempt was the portion of whoever engaged in preaching a mystery so unpalatable to the world, to all its passions and pleasures, and so irreconcilable to the pride of human reason. *We are made* (says he to the Corinthians) *as the filth of the world, the offscouring of all things unto this day*. Yet he went on as zealously as he set out, and *was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ*. Certainly then the desire of glory, the ambition of *making to himself a great name*, was not his motive to embrace Christianity. Was it then the love of power? power! over whom? over a flock of sheep driven to the slaughter, whose shepherd himself had been murdered a little before. All he could hope from that power was to be marked out in a particular manner for the same knife, which he had teen so bloodily drawn against them. Could *he* expect more mercy from the chief priests and the rulers, than they had shewn to Jesus himself? would not their anger be probably fiercer against the *deserter* and *betrayers* of their cause, than against any other of the apostles? was power over so mean and despised a set of men worth the attempting with so much danger? But still it may be said, there are some natures so fond of power, that they will court it at any risk, and be pleased with it even over the meanest. Let us see then what power St. Paul assumed over the Christians. Did he pretend to any superiority over the other apostles? No; he declared himself *the least*  
of

of them, and less than the least of all saints \*. Even in the churches he planted himself, he never pretended to any primacy or power above the other apostles: nor would he be regarded any otherwise by them, than as the instrument to them of the grace of God, and preacher of the gospel, not as the head of a sect. To the Corinthians he writes in these words: ‘ Now this I say, that every one of you  
 ‘ faith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of  
 ‘ Cephas, and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? was  
 ‘ Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the  
 ‘ name of Paul?’ † And in another place, ‘ Who  
 ‘ then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but minist-  
 ‘ ters by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave  
 ‘ to every man? § for we preach not ourselves, but  
 ‘ Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves *your servants*  
 ‘ for Jesus sake.’ ‡

All the authority he exercised over them was purely of a spiritual nature, tending to their instruction and edification, without any mixture of that civil dominion in which alone an impostor can find his account. Such was the dominion acquired and exercised through the pretence of divine inspiration, by many ancient legislators; by Minos, Rhadamanthus, Triptolemus, Lycurgus, Numa, Zaleucus, Zoroaster, Zamolxis, nay even by Pythagoras, who joined legislation to his philosophy, and, like the others, pretended to miracles and revelations from God, to give a more venerable sanction to the laws he prescribed. Such, in later times, was attained by Odin among the Goths, by Mahomet among the Arabians; by Mango Copac among the Peruvians, by the Soffi family among the Persians, and that of the Xeriffs among the Moors. To such a dominion did also aspire the many false Messiahs among the Jews. In short,

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\* Ephes. iii. 8. 1 Cor. xv. 9. † 1 Cor. i. 12, 13.  
 § 1 Cor. iii. 5. ‡ 2 Cor. iv. 5.

short, a spiritual authority was only desired as a foundation for temporal power, or as the support of it, by all these pretenders to divine inspirations, and others whom history mentions in different ages and countries, to have used the same arts. But St. Paul innovated nothing in government or civil affairs, he meddled not with legislation, he formed no commonwealths, he raised no seditions, he affected no temporal power. Obedience to their rulers was the doctrine \* he taught to the churches he planted, and what he taught he practised himself; nor did he use any of those soothing arts by which ambitious and cunning men recommend themselves to the favour of those whom they endeavour to subject to their power. Whatever was wrong in the disciples under his care he freely reprov'd, as it became a teacher from God, of which numberless instances are to be found in all his epistles. And he was as careful of them when he had left them, as while he resided among them, which an impostor would hardly have been, whose ends were centered all in himself. This is the manner in which he writes to the Philippians; ‘Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.’ Phil. ii. 12. And a little after he adds the cause why he interested himself so much in their conduct, ‘that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain. Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all †.’ Are these the words of an impostor desiring nothing but temporal

\* Rom. xiii.

† Phil. ii. 15, 16, 17.

poral power? No, they are evidently written by one who looked beyond the bounds of this life. But it may be said, that he affected at least an absolute spiritual power over the churches he formed. I answer, *he preached Christ Jesus and not himself*. Christ was the *head*, he only the *minister*, and for such only he gave himself to them. He called those who assisted him in preaching the gospel, his *fellow-labourers* and *fellow-servants*.

So far was he from taking any advantage of a higher education, superior learning, and more use of the world, to claim to himself any supremacy above the other apostles, that he made light of all those attainments, and declared, *that he came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, but determined to know nothing among those he converted save Jesus Christ, and him crucified*. And the reason he gave for it was, *that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God*. Now this conduct put him quite on a level with the other apostles, who knew Jesus Christ as well as he, and had the power of God going along with their preaching in an equal degree of virtue and grace. But an impostor, whose aim had been power, would have acted a contrary part; he would have availed himself of all those advantages, he would have extolled them as highly as possible, he would have set up himself, by virtue of them, as head of that sect to which he acceded, or at least of the profelytes made by himself. This is no more than was done by every philosopher who formed a school; much more was it natural in one who propagated a new religion.

We see that the bishops of Rome have claimed to themselves a primacy, or rather a monarchy, over the whole Christian church. If St. Paul had been actuated by the same lust of dominion, it was much easier for him to have succeeded in such an attempt. It was much easier for him to make himself head of a few poor mechanicks and fishermen, whose

whose superior he had always been in the eyes of the world, than for the bishops of Rome to reduce those of Ravenna or Milan, and other great metropolitans, to their obedience. Besides the opposition they met with from such potent antagonists, they were obliged to support their pretensions in direct contradiction to those very scriptures which were forced to ground them upon, and to the indisputable practice of the whole Christian church for many centuries. These were such difficulties as required the utmost abilities and skill to surmount. But the first preachers of the gospel had easier means to corrupt a faith not yet fully known, and which in many places could only be known by what they severally published themselves. It was necessary indeed, while they continued together, and taught the same people, that they should agree; otherwise the credit of their sect would have been overthrown: but when they separated, and formed different churches in distant countries, the same necessity no longer remained.

It was in the power of St. Paul to model most of the churches he formed, so as to favour his own ambition: for he preached the gospel in parts of the world where no other apostles had been, *where Christ was not named* till he brought the knowledge of him, avoiding *to build upon another man's foundation* \*. Now had he been an impostor, would he have confined himself to just the same gospel as was delivered by the other apostles, where he had such a latitude to preach what he pleased without contradiction? would he not have twisted and warped the doctrines of Christ to his own ends, to the particular use and expediency of his own followers, and to the peculiar support and increase of his own power? That this was not done by St. Paul, or by any other of the apostles, in so many various parts of the world

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\* Rom. xv. 20.

as they travelled into, and in churches absolutely under their own direction; that the gospel preached by them all should be one and the same, \* the doctrines agreeing

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\* If any one imagines that he sees any difference between the doctrines of St. James and St. Paul, concerning justification by faith or by works, let him read Mr. Locke's excellent comment upon the epistles of the latter; or let him only consider these words in the first epistle to the Corinthians, c. iv. ver. 27. *But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.*

If St. Paul had believed or taught, that faith without works was sufficient to save a disciple of Christ, to what purpose did he *keep under his body*, since his salvation was not to depend upon *that* being subject to the power of his reason, but merely upon the *faith* he professed? His *faith* was firm, and so strongly founded upon the most certain conviction, that he had no reason to doubt its continuance; how could he then think it possible, that while he retained that *saving faith*, he might nevertheless *be a cast-away*? or if he had supposed that his *election* and *calling* was of such a nature, as that it *irresistibly* impelled him to good, and restrained him from evil, how could he express any fear, lest the lust of his body should prevent his salvation? can such an apprehension be made to agree with the notions of absolute predestination ascribed by some to St. Paul? He could have no doubt that the *grace of God* had been given to him in the most extraordinary manner; yet we see that he thought this *election* was not so certain, but that he might fall from it again through the natural prevalence of bodily appetites, if not duly restrained by his own voluntary care. This single passage is a full answer, out of the mouth of St. Paul himself, to all the mis-

agreeing in every particular, without any one of them attributing more to himself than he did to the others, or establishing any thing even in point of order or discipline different from the rest, or more advantageous to his own interest, credit, or power, is a most strong and convincing proof of their not being impostors, but acting entirely by divine inspiration.

If then it appears that St. Paul had nothing to gain by taking this part, let us consider on the other hand, what he gave up, and what he had reason to fear. He gave up a fortune which he was then in a fair way of advancing. He gave up that reputation which he had acquired by the labours and studies of his whole life, and by a behaviour which had been *blameless, touching the righteousness which is in the law* \*. He gave up his friends, his relations, and family, from whom he estranged and banished himself for life. He gave up that *religion which he had profited in above many of his equals in his own nation, and those traditions of his fathers, which he had been more exceedingly zealous of* †. How hard this sacrifice was to a man of his warm temper, and above all men to a Jew, is worth consideration. That nation is known to have been more tenacious of their religious opinions than any other upon the face of the earth. The strictest and proudest sect among them was that of the Pharisees, under whose discipline St. Paul was bred. The departing therefore so suddenly from their favourite tenets, renouncing their pride, and from their disciple becoming their adversary, was a most difficult effort for one to make, so nursed up in the esteem of them, and whose early prejudices were so strongly confirmed by all the power of habit,

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takes that have been made of his meaning in some obscure expressions concerning grace, election, and justification.

\* Phil. iii. 6.      † Gal. i. 14.

all the authority of example, and all the allurements of honour and interest. These were the sacrifices he had to make in becoming a Christian: let us now see what inconveniencies he had to fear: the implacable vengeance of those he deserted; that sort of contempt which is hardest to bear, the contempt of those whose good opinion he had most eagerly sought; and all those other complicated evils which he describes in his 2d epistle to the Corinthians, chap. xi. Evils, the least of which were enough to have frightened any impostor even from the most hopeful and profitable cheat. But where the advantage proposed bears no proportion to the dangers incurred, or the mischiefs endured, he must be absolutely out of his senses who will either engage in an imposture, or, being engaged, persevere.

Upon the whole then I think I have proved that the desire of wealth, of fame, or of power; could be no motive to make St. Paul a convert to Christ; but that on the contrary he must have been checked by that desire, as well as by the just apprehension of many inevitable and insupportable evils, from taking a part so contradictory to his past life, to all the principles he had imbibed, and all the habits he had contracted. It only remains to be enquired whether the gratification of any other passion under the authority of that religion, or by the means it afforded, could be his inducement.

Now that there have been some impostors who have pretended to revelations from God, merely to give a loose to irregular passions, and set themselves free from all restraints of government, law, or morality, both ancient and modern history shews. But the doctrine preached by St. Paul is absolutely contrary to all such designs\*. His writings breathe nothing but the strictest morality, obedience to magistrates, order and government, with the utmost

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\* See particularly Rom. xi. and xiii. and Col. iii.

abhorrence of all licentiousness, idleness, or loose behaviour, under the cloak of religion. We no where read in his works that saints are above moral ordinances; that dominion or property is founded in grace; that any impulses of the mind are to direct us against the light of our reason and the laws of nature; or any of those wicked tenets from which the peace of society has been disturbed, and the rules of morality have been broken, by men pretending to act under the sanction of a divine revelation. Nor does any part of his life, either before or after his conversion to Christianity, bear any mark of a libertine disposition. As among the Jews, so among the Christians, his conversation and manners were blameless. Hear the appeal he makes to the Thessalonians upon his doctrine and behaviour among them: our exhortation was ‘not of *deceit* nor of *uncleanness*, nor in *guile*: ye are witnesses, and God also, how *holily*, and *justly*, and *unblameably* we behaved ourselves ‘among you that believe.’ 1 Thess. ii. 10\*. And to the Corinthians he says, We have wronged no man, we have corrupted no man, we have defrauded no man. 2 Cor. vii. 2 †.

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\* See also 2 Cor. i. 12. and iv. 2.

† If St. Paul had held any secret doctrines, or Esoterick, (as the philosophers call them) we should have probably found them in the letters he wrote to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, his bosom-friends, and disciples. But both the theological and moral doctrines are exactly the same in *them* as those he wrote to the *churches*. A very strong presumptive proof of his being no impostor! Surely had he been one, he would have given some hints in these private letters of the cheat they were carrying on, and some secret directions to turn it to some worldly purposes of one kind or another. But no such thing is to be found in any one of them. The same disinterested, holy, and divine spirit breathes in all these, as in the other more public epistles.

It was not then the desire of gratifying any irregular passion, that could induce St. Paul to turn Christian, any more than the hope of advancing himself, either in wealth, or reputation, or power. But still it is possible some men may say (and I would leave no imaginable objection unanswered), that though St. Paul could have no selfish or interested view in undertaking such an imposture, yet for the sake of its moral doctrines he might be inclined to support the Christian faith, and make use of some pious frauds to advance a religion, which, though erroneous and false in its theological tenets, and in the facts upon which it was grounded, was in its precepts and influence beneficial to mankind.

Now it is true that some good men in the Heathen world have both pretended to divine revelations, and introduced or supported religions they knew to be false, under a notion of public utility: but besides that this practice was built upon maxims disclaimed by the Jews (who, looking upon truth, not utility, to be the basis of their religion, abhorred all such frauds, and thought them injurious to the honour of God) the circumstances they acted in were very different from those of St. Paul.

The first reformers of savage, uncivilized nations, had no other way to tame those barbarous people, and bring them to submit to order and government, but by the reverence which they acquired from this pretence. The fraud was therefore alike beneficial both to the deceiver and the deceived. And in all other instances which can be given of good men acting this part, they not only did it to serve good ends, but were secure of its doing no harm. Thus when Lycurgus persuaded the Spartans, or Numa the Romans, that the laws of the one were inspired by Apollo, or those of the other by Egeria, when they taught their people to put great faith in oracles, or in augury, no temporal mischief, either to them or their people, could attend the reception of that belief.

belief. It drew on no persecutions, no enmity with the world. But at that time when St. Paul undertook the preaching of the Gospel, to persuade any man to be a Christian, was to persuade him to expose himself to all the calumnies human nature could suffer. This St. Paul knew; this he not only expected, but warned those he taught to look for it too: 1 Theff. iii. 4. 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5. Eph. vi. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. Phil. i. 28, 29, 30. Col. i. 9, 10, 11. Rom. viii. 35, 36. The only support that he had himself, or gave to them, was, ‘ That if they *suffered* with Christ, they should be also glorified *together*.’ And that ‘ he reckoned that the ‘ sufferings of the present time were not worthy to ‘ be compared *with that glory*.’ Rom. viii. 17, 18. So likewise he writes to the Theffalonians, ‘ We ‘ ourselves glory in you, in the churches of God, ‘ for your patience and faith in all your persecuti- ‘ ons and tribulations that you endure; which is a ‘ manifest token of the righteous judgment of God, ‘ that ye may be counted worthy of the kingdom ‘ of God, *for which also ye suffer*. Seeing it is a ‘ righteous thing with God to recompense [or pay] ‘ tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you ‘ who are troubled, rest with us, *when the Lord Je- ‘ sus shall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty ‘ angels, &c.*’ 2 Theff. i. 4, 5, 6, 7. And to the Corinthians he says, ‘ *If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable.*’ How much reason he had to say this, the hatred, the contempt, the torments, the deaths endured by the Christians in that age, and long afterwards, abundantly prove. Whoever professed the gospel under these circumstances without an entire conviction of its being a divine revelation, must have been mad; and if he made others profess it by fraud or deceit, he must have been worse than mad, he must have been the most hardened wretch that ever breathed. Could any man, who had in his nature the least  
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spark of humanity, subject his fellow-creatures to so many miseries? or could one that had in his mind the least ray of reason, expose himself to share them with those he deceived, in order to advance a religion which he knew to be false, merely for the sake of its moral doctrines? Such an extravagance is too absurd to be supposed, and I dwell too long on a notion that upon a little reflexion confutes itself.

I would only add to the other proofs I have given that St. Paul could have no rational motive to become a disciple of Christ, unless he sincerely believed in him, this observation: that whereas it may be objected to the other apostles, by those who are resolved not to credit their testimony, that, having been deeply engaged with Jesus during his life, they were obliged to continue the same professions after his death, for the support of their own credit, and from having gone too far to go back, this can by no means be said of St. Paul. On the contrary, whatever force there may be in that way of reasoning, it all tends to convince us that St. Paul must naturally have continued a Jew, and an enemy of Christ Jesus. If they were engaged on one side, he was as strongly engaged on the other. If shame withheld them from changing sides, much more ought it to have stopt him, who, being of a higher education and rank in life a great deal than they, had more credit to lose, and must be supposed to have been vastly more sensible to that sort of shame. The only difference was, that they, by quitting their master after his death, might have preserved themselves; whereas he, by quitting the Jews, and taking up the cross of Christ, certainly brought on his own destruction.

As therefore no rational motive appears for St. Paul's embracing the faith of Christ, without having been really convinced of the truth of it: but on the contrary, every thing concurred to deter him from acting that part; one might very justly conclude,  
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that when a man of his understanding embraced that faith, he was in reality convinced of the truth of it, and that, by consequence, he was not an impostor, who said what he knew to be false with an intent to deceive.

But that no shadow of doubt may remain upon the impossibility of his having been such an impostor; that it may not be said, 'The minds of men are sometimes so capricious, that they will act without any rational motives, they know not why, and so perhaps might St. Paul;' I shall next endeavour to prove, that if he had been so unaccountably wild and absurd, as to undertake an imposture so unprofitable and dangerous both to himself and those he deceived by it, he could not possibly have carried it on with any success, by the means that we know he employed.

First then let me observe, that if his conversion, and the part that he acted in consequence of it, was an imposture, it was such an imposture as could not be carried on by one man alone. The faith he professed, and which he became an apostle of, was not his invention. He was not the author or beginner of it, and therefore it was not in his power to draw the doctrines of it out of his own imagination. With Jesus, who was the author and head of it, he had never had any communication before his death, nor with his apostles after his death, except as their persecutor. As he took on himself the office and character of an apostle, it was absolutely necessary for him to have a precise and perfect knowledge of all the facts contained in the gospel, several of which had only passed between Jesus himself and his twelve apostles, and others more privately still, so that they could be known but to very few, being not yet made publick by any writings; otherwise he would have exposed himself to ridicule among those who preached that gospel with more knowledge than he; and as the testimony they bore would have been different

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in point of fact, and many of their doctrines and interpretations of scripture repugnant to his, from their entire disagreement with those Jewish opinions in which he was bred up; either they must have been forced to ruin his credit, or he would have ruined theirs. Some general notices he might have gained of these matters from the Christians he persecuted, but not exact nor extensive enough to qualify him for an apostle, whom the least error in these points would have disgraced, and who must have been ruined by it in all his pretensions to that inspiration, from whence the apostolical authority was chiefly derived.

It was therefore impossible for him to act this part but in confederacy at least with the apostles. Such a confederacy was still more necessary for him, as the undertaking to preach the gospel did not only require an exact and particular knowledge of all it contained, but an apparent power of working miracles; for to such a power all the apostles appealed in proof of their mission, and of the doctrines they preached. He was therefore to learn of them by what secret arts they so imposed on the senses of men, if this power was a cheat. But how could he gain these men to become his confederates? was it by furiously persecuting them and their brethren, as we find that he did, to the very moment of his conversion? would they venture to trust their capital enemy with all the secrets of their imposture, with those upon which all their hopes and credit depended? would they put it in his power to take away not only their lives, but the honour of their sect, which they preferred to their lives, by so ill-placed a confidence? would men so secret as not to be drawn by the most severe persecutions to say one word which could convict them of being impostors, confess themselves such to their persecutor, in hopes of his being their accomplice? This is still more improbable than that he

he should attempt to engage in their fraud without their consent and assistance.

We must suppose then, that till he came to Damascus, he had no communication with the apostles, acted in no concert with them, and learnt nothing from them except the doctrines which they had publicly taught to all the world. When he came there, he told the Jews to whom he brought letters from the high-priest and the synagogue against the \* Christians, of his having seen in the way a great light from Heaven, and heard Christ Jesus reproaching him with his persecution, and commanding him to go into the city, where it should be told him what he was to do. But to account for his chusing this method of declaring himself a convert to Christ, we must suppose that all those who were with him, when he pretended he had this vision, were his accomplices. Otherwise the story he told could have gained no belief, being contradicted by them whose testimony was necessary to vouch for the truth of it. And yet, how can we suppose, that all these men should be willing to join in this imposture? They were probably officers of justice, or soldiers, who had been employed often before in executing the orders of the high-priest and the rulers against the Christians. Or if they were chosen particularly for this expedition, they must have been chosen by them as men they could trust for their zeal in that cause. What should induce them to the betraying that business they were employed in? does it even appear that they had any connexion with the man they so lied for, before or after this time, or any reward from him for it? This is therefore a difficulty, in the first outset of this imposture, not to be overcome.

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\* The disciples of Christ were not called Christians till after this time; but I use the name as most familiar to us, and to avoid circumlocutions.

But further, he was to be instructed by one at Damascus. That instructor therefore must have been his accomplice, though they appear to be absolute strangers to one another, and though he was a man of an excellent character, *who had a good report of all the Jews that dwelt at Damascus*, and so was very unlikely to have engaged in such an imposture. Notwithstanding these improbabilities, this man, I say, must have been his confident and accomplice in carrying on this wicked fraud, and the whole matter must have been previously agreed on between them. But here again the same objection occurs: how could this man venture to act such a dangerous part without the consent of the other disciples, especially of the apostles, or by what means could he obtain their consent? and how absurdly did they contrive their business, to make the conversion of Saul the effect of a miracle, which all those who were with him must certify did never happen! how much easier would it have been to have made him be present at some pretended miracle wrought by the disciples, or by Ananias himself, when none were able to discover the fraud, and have imputed his conversion to that, or to the arguments used by some of his prisoners whom he might have discoursed with, and questioned about their faith, and the grounds of it, in order to colour his intended conversion!

As this was the safest, so it was the most natural method of bringing about such a change; instead of ascribing it to an event which lay so open to detection. For (to use the words of St. Paul to Agrippa) this *thing was not done in a corner*, \* but in the eye of the world, and subject immediately to the examination of those who would be most strict in searching into the truth of it, the Jews at Damascus. Had they been able to bring any shadow of proof to convict him of fraud in this affair, his whole scheme

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\* Acts xxvi. 26.

of imposture must have been nipt in the bud. Nor were they at Jerusalem, whose commission he bore, less concerned to discover so provoking a cheat. But we find that many years afterwards, when they had all the time and means they could desire to make the strictest enquiry, he was bold enough to appeal to Agrippa in the presence of Festus, \* upon his own knowledge of the truth of his story; who did not contradict him, though he had certainly heard all that the Jews could alledge against the credit of it in any particular. A very remarkable proof both of the notoriety of the fact, and the integrity of the man, who with so fearless a confidence could call upon a *king* to give testimony for him, even while he was sitting in judgment upon him.

But to return to Ananias. Is it not strange, if this story had been an imposture, and he had been joined with Paul in carrying it on, that after their meeting at Damascus we never should hear of their consorting together, or acting in concert; or that the former drew any benefit from the friendship of the latter, when he became so considerable among the Christians? Did Ananias engage and continue in such a dangerous fraud without any hope or desire of private advantage? or was it safe for Paul to shake him off, and risk his resentment? There is, I think, no other way to get over this difficulty, but by supposing that Ananias happened to die soon after the other's conversion. Let us then take that for granted, without any authority either of history or tradition; and let us see in what manner this wondrous imposture was carried on by Paul himself. His first care ought to have been, to get himself owned, and received as an apostle by the apostles. Till this was done, the bottom he stood upon was very narrow, nor could he have any probable means of supporting himself in any esteem or credit among the disciples. Intruders into impostures run double risks; they are  
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\* Acts xxvi. 26.

in danger of being detected, not only by those upon whom they attempt to practise their cheats, but also by those whose society they force themselves into, who must always be jealous of such an intrusion, and much more from one who had always before behaved as their enemy. Therefore, to gain the apostles, and bring them to admit him into a participation of all their mysteries, all their designs, and all their authority, was absolutely necessary at this time to Paul. The least delay was of dangerous consequence, and might expose him to such inconveniences as he never afterwards could overcome. But, instead of attending to this necessity, he went into Arabia, and then returned again to Damascus; nor did he go to Jerusalem till three years were past.\*

Now this conduct may be accounted for, if it be true that (as he declares in his epistle to the Galatians) 'he neither received the gospel of any man, neither was he taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' † Under such a master, and with the assistance of his divine power, he might go on boldly without any human associates; but an impostor so left to himself, so deprived of all help, all support, all recommendation, could not have succeeded.

Further; we find that at Antioch he was not afraid to *withstand Peter to his face*, and even to *reprove him before all the disciples, because he was to be blamed*. § If he was an impostor, how could he venture to offend that apostle, whom it so highly concerned him to agree with, and please? Accomplices in a fraud are obliged to shew greater regards to each other; such freedom belongs to truth alone,

But let us consider what difficulties he had to encounter among the Gentiles themselves, in the enterprize he undertook of going to *them*, making himself *their apostle*, and converting *them* to the religion of Christ. As this undertaking was the distinguishing

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\* Gal. i. 17, 18. † Gal. i. 12. § Gal. ii. 11, 14.

ing part of his apostolical functions, that which, in the language of his epistles, he was particularly *called to*; or which, to speak like an unbeliever, he chose and assigned to himself, it deserves a particular consideration: but I shall only touch the principal points of it as concisely as I can, because you have in a great measure exhausted the subject in your late excellent book on the resurrection, where you discourse with such strength of reason and eloquence upon the difficulties that opposed the propagation of the Christian religion, in all parts of the world.

Now in this enterprize St. Paul was to contend, 1st, with the policy and power of the magistrates; 2dly, with the interest, credit, and craft of the priests; 3dly, with the prejudices and passions of the people; 4thly, with the wisdom and pride of the philosophers.

That in all heathen countries the established religion was interwoven with their civil constitution, and supported by the magistrates as an essential part of the government, whoever has any acquaintance with antiquity cannot but know. They tolerated indeed many different worships (though not with so entire a latitude as some people suppose) as they suffered men to discourse very freely concerning religion, provided they would submit to an exterior conformity with the established rites; nay, according to the genius of paganism, which allowed an intercommunity of worship, they in most places admitted, without any difficulty, new gods and new rites; but they no where endured any attempt to overturn the established religion, or any direct opposition made to it; esteeming that an unpardonable offence, not to the gods alone, but to the state. This was so universal a notion, and so constant a maxim of heathen policy, that when the Christian religion set itself up in opposition to all other religions, admitted no intercommunity with them, but declared that the gods of the Gentiles *were not to be worshipped*, nor any society suffered between them

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and the *only true God*; when this new doctrine began to be propagated, and made such a progress as to fall under the notice of the magistrate, the civil power was every where armed with all its terrors against it. When therefore St. Paul undertook the conversion of the Gentiles, he knew very well, that the most severe persecutions must be the consequence of any success in his design.

Secondly, This danger was rendered more certain by the opposition he was to expect from the interest, credit, and craft of the priests. How gainful a trade they, with all their inferior dependants, made of those superstitions which he proposed to destroy; how much credit they had with the people as well as the state by the means of them, and how much craft they employed in carrying on their impostures, all history shews. St. Paul could not doubt that all these men would exert their utmost abilities to stop the spreading of the doctrines he preached, doctrines which struck at the root of their power and gain, and were much more terrible to them than those of the most atheistical sect of philosophers, because the latter contented themselves with denying their principles, but at the same time declared for supporting their practices, as useful cheats, or at least acquiesced in them as establishments authorized by the sanction of law. Whatever therefore their cunning could do to support their own worship, whatever aid they could draw from the magistrate, whatever zeal they could raise in the people, St. Paul was to contend with, unsupported by any human assistance.

And *Thirdly*. This he was to do in direct opposition to all the prejudices and passions of the people. Now had he confined his preaching to Judæa alone, this difficulty would not have occurred in near so great a degree. The people there were so moved by the miracles the apostles had wrought, as well as by the memory of those done by Jesus, that in spite of their rulers, they began to be favourably disposed towards

wards them;\* and we even find that the high-priest and the council had more than once been withheld from treating the apostles with so much severity as they desired to do, *for fear of the people*. But in the people among the Gentiles no such dispositions could be expected: their prejudices were violent, not only in favour of their own superstitions, but in a particular manner against any doctrines taught by a Jew. As, from their aversion to all idolatry, and irreconcilable separation from all other religions, the Jews were accused of hating mankind, so were they hated by all other nations: nor were they hated alone, but despised. To what degree that contempt was carried, appears as well by the mention made of them in heathen authors, as by the complaints Josephus makes of the unreasonableness and injustice of it in his apology. What authority then could St. Paul flatter himself that his preaching would carry along with it, among people to whom he was at once both the object of national hatred and national scorn? But, besides this popular prejudice against a Jew, the doctrines he taught were such as shocked all their most ingrafted religious opinions. They agreed to no principles of which he could avail himself, to procure their assent to the other parts of the gospel he preached. To convert the Jews to Christ Jesus, he was able to argue from their own scriptures, upon the authority of books which they owned to contain divine revelations, and from which he could clearly convince them, that *Jesus was the very Christ*. But all these ideas were new to the Gentiles; † they expected no Christ, they allowed no such scriptures, they were to be taught the *Old Testament* as well as the *New*. How was this to be done by a man not even authorized by his own nation; opposed by those who were greatest, and thought wisest among them; either quite single, or only attended by one or two  
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\* Acts iv. 21. 26. † Acts ix. 22.

more under the same disadvantages, and even of less consideration than he?

The light of nature \* indeed, without express revelation, might have conducted the Gentiles to the knowledge of one God the creator of all things; and to that light St. Paul might appeal, as we find that he did. But clear as it was, they had almost put it out by their superstitions, *having changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and serving the creature more than the Creator* §. And to this idolatry they were strongly attached, not by their prejudices alone, but by their passions, which were flattered and gratified in it, as they believed that their deities would be rendered propitious, not by virtue and holiness, but by offerings, and incense, and outward rites; rites which dazzled their senses by magnificent shews, and allured them by pleasures often of a very impure and immoral nature. Instead of all this, the gospel proposed to them no other terms of acceptance with God but a worship of him *in spirit and truth*, sincere repentance, and perfect submission to the divine laws, the strictest purity of life and manners, and renouncing of all those lusts in which they had formerly walked. How unpalatable a doctrine was this to men so given up to the power of those lusts, as the whole heathen world was at that time! If their philosophers could be brought to approve it, there could be no hope that the people would relish it, or exchange the ease and indulgence which those religions they were bred up in allowed to their appetites, for one so harsh and severe. But might not St. Paul, in order to gain them, relax that severity? He might have done so, no doubt, and probably would, if he had been an impostor; but it appears by all his epistles, that he preached it as purely, and enjoined it as strongly, as Jesus himself.

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\* Acts xiv. 17. xvii. 17. 28. § Rom. i. 23. 25.

But supposing they might be persuaded to quit their habitual sensuality for the purity of the gospel, and to forsake their idolatries, which St. Paul reckons amongst *the works of the flesh* \*, for the *spiritual* worship of the *one invisible God*; how were they disposed to receive the doctrine of the salvation of man by the cross of Jesus Christ? could they who were bred in notions so contrary to that *great mystery*, to that *hidden wisdom of God*, which none of the princes of this world knew †, incline to receive it against the instructions of all their teachers, and the example of all their superiors? could they whose gods had almost all been powerful kings, and mighty conquerors, they, who at that very time paid divine honours to the emperors of Rome, whose only title to deification was the imperial power; could they, I say, reconcile their ideas to a crucified *Son of God*, to a *Redeemer of mankind* on the cross? would they look there for him *who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature: by whom and for whom were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers* §? Now, most surely, *the natural man* (to speak the words of St. Paul) *received not these things, for they were foolishness to him; neither could he know them, because they are spiritually discerned* †. I may therefore conclude, that in the enterprize of converting the Gentiles, St. Paul was to contend not only with the policy and power of the magistrates, and with the interest, credit, and craft of the priests, but also with the prejudices and passions of the people.

I am next to shew, that he was to expect no less opposition from the wisdom and pride of the philosophers. And though some may imagine, that men who pretend to be raised and refined, above vulgar prejudices and vulgar passions, would have been help-  
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\* Gal. v. 19, 20. † 1 Cor. i. 7, 8. § Coloss. 15, 16. ‡ 1 Cor. ii. 14.

ful to him in his design, it will be found upon examination, that instead of assisting or befriending the gospel, they were its worst and most irreconcilable enemies. For they had prejudices of their own still more repugnant to the doctrines of Christ than those of the vulgar, more deeply rooted, and more obstinately fixed in their minds. The wisdom upon which they valued themselves, chiefly consisted in vain metaphysical speculations, in logical subtleties, in endless disputes, in highflown conceits of the perfection and self-sufficiency of human wisdom, in dogmatical positiveness about doubtful opinions, or sceptical doubts about the most clear and certain truths. It must appear at first sight, that nothing could be more contradictory to the first principles of the Christian religion, than those of the atheistical, or sceptical sects, which at that time prevailed very much both among the Greeks and the Romans; nor shall we find that the theistical sects were much less at enmity with it, when we consider the doctrines they held upon the nature of God and the soul.

But I will not enlarge on a subject which the most learned Mr. Warburton \* has handled so well. If it were necessary to enter particularly into this argument, I could easily prove, that there was not one of all the different philosophical sects then upon earth, not even the Platonicks themselves, who are thought to favour it most, that did not maintain some opinions fundamentally contrary to those of the gospel. And in this they all agreed, to explode as most unphilosophical, and contrary to every notion that any among them maintained, that great article of the Christian religion, upon which the foundations of it are laid, and without which St. Paul declares to his profelytes,

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\* See the Divine Legation of Moses, l. iii. See also a late Pamphlet, entitled, A critical Enquiry into the Opinions and Practice of the ancient Philosophers,

profelytes, *their faith would be vain*,\* the resurrection of the dead with their bodies, of which resurrection Christ was the *first-born* §. Besides the contrariety of their tenets to those of the gospel, the pride that was common to all the philosophers, was of itself an almost invincible obstacle against the admission of the evargelical doctrines calculated to humble that pride, and teach them, that *professing themselves to be wise they became fools* †. This pride was no less intractable, no less averse to the instructions of Christ, or of his apostles, than that of the Scribes and Pharisees. St. Paul was therefore to contend in his enterprize of converting the Gentiles, with all the opposition that could be made to it by all the different sects of philosophers. And how formidable an opposition this was, let those consider who are acquainted from history with the great credit those sects had obtained at that time in the world, a credit even superior to that of the priests. Whoever pretended to learning or virtue was their disciple; the greatest magistrates, generals, kings, ranged themselves under their discipline, were trained up in their schools, and professed the opinions they taught.

All these sects made it a maxim, not to disturb the popular worship, or established religion; but under those limitations they taught very freely whatever they pleased, and no religious opinions were more warmly supported, than those they delivered were by their followers. The Christian religion at once overturned their several systems, taught a morality more perfect than theirs, and established it upon higher and much stronger foundations, mortified their pride, confounded their learning, discovered their ignorance, ruined their credit. Against such an enemy, what would they not do? would they not exert

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concerning the Nature of the Soul, and a future State.

\* 1 Cor. xv. 17. 20. § Col. i. 18. † Rom i. 22.

exert the whole power of their rhetorick, the whole art of their logick, their influence over the people, their interest with the great, to discredit a novelty so alarming to them all? If St. Paul had had nothing to trust to but his own natural faculties, his own understanding, knowledge, and eloquence, could he have hoped to be singly a match for all theirs united against him? could a teacher unheard-of before, from an obscure and unlearned part of the world, have withstood the authority of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Zeno, Arcefilaus, Carneades, and all the great names which held the first rank of human wisdom? He might as well have attempted alone, or with the help of Barnabas and Silas, of Timotheus and Titus, to have erected a monarchy upon the ruins of all the several states then in the world, as to have erected Christianity upon the destruction of all the several sects of philoosophy which reigned in the minds of the Gentiles, among whom he preached, particularly the Greeks and the Romans.

Having thus proved (as I think) that in the work of converting the Gentiles, St. Paul could have no assistance, but was sure on the contrary of the utmost repugnance and opposition to it imaginable, from the magistrates, from the priests, from the people, and from the philosophers; it necessarily follows, that to succeed in that work he must have called in some extraordinary aid, some stronger power than that of reason and argument. Accordingly we find, he tells the Corinthians, *that his speech and preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power.* 1 Cor. ii. 4. And to the Thessalonians, he says, *our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost.* 1 Theff. i. 5. It was to the efficacy of the divine power that he ascribed all his success in those countries, and wherever else he planted the gospel of Christ. If that power really  
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went with him, it would enable him to overcome all those difficulties that obstructed his enterprize, but *then he was not an impostor*: our enquiry therefore must be, whether (supposing him to have been an impostor) he could by *pretending to miracles* have overcome all those difficulties, and carried on his work with success.

Now to give miracles, falsely pretended to, any reputation, two circumstances are principally necessary, *an apt disposition* in those whom they are designed to impose upon, and a *powerful confederacy* to carry on, and abet the cheat. Both these circumstances, or at least one of them, have always accompanied all the false miracles, ancient and modern, which have obtained any credit among mankind. To both these was owing the general faith of the heathen world in oracles, auspices, auguries, and other impostures, by which the priests, combined with the magistrates, supported the national worship, and deluded a people prepossessed in their favour, and willing to be deceived. Both the same causes likewise cooperate in the belief that is given to Popish miracles among those of their own church. But neither of these assisted S. Paul. What prepossessions could there have been in the minds of the Gentiles, either in favour of him, or the doctrines he taught? or rather, what prepossessions could be stronger than those, which they undoubtedly had against both? If he had remained in Judæa, it might have been suggested by unbelievers, that the Jews were *a credulous people*, apt to seek after miracles, and to afford them an easy belief; and that the fame of those said to be done by Jesus himself, and by his apostles, before Paul declared his conversion, had predisposed their minds, and warmed their imaginations to the admission of others supposed to be wrought by the same power.

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The signal miracle of the apostles speaking with tongues on the day of *Pentecost*, \* had made three thousand converts; that of healing the lame man at the gate of the temple, five thousand more. Nay such was the faith of the multitude, that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, *that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might over-shadow some of them*, Acts x. ver. 15. Here was therefore a good foundation laid for Paul to proceed upon in pretending to similar miraculous works; though the priests and the rulers were hardened against them, the people were inclined to give credit to them, and there was reason to hope for success among *them*, both at Jerusalem, and in all the regions belonging to the Jews. But no such dispositions were to be found in the Gentiles. There was among them no matter prepared for imposture to work upon, no knowledge of Christ, no thought of his power, or of the power of those who came in his name. Thus, when at Lystra, St. Paul healed the man who was a cripple from his birth †, so far were the people there from supposing that they could be able to do such a thing *as an apostle of Christ*, or by any virtue derived from *him*, that they took Paul and Barnabas to be gods of their own, come down *in the likeness of men*, and would have *sacrificed* to them *as such*.

Now I ask, did the citizens of Lystra concur in this matter to the deceiving themselves? were their imaginations overheated with any conceits of a miraculous power belonging to Paul, which could dispose them to think he worked such a miracle when he did not? As the contrary is evident, so in all other places to which he carried the gospel, it may be proved to demonstration, that he could find no disposition, no aptness, no bias to aid his imposture, if the miracles,

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\* Acts ii. 14. iv. 4. † Acts xiv.

cles, by which he every where confirmed his preaching, had not been true.

On the other hand, let us examine whether without the advantage of such an assistance there was any *confederacy* strong enough to impose his false miracles upon the Gentiles, who were both unprepared and undisposed to receive them. The contrary is apparent. He was in no combination with their *priests* or their *magistrates*; no *sect* or *party* among them gave him any help; all eyes were open and watchful to detect his impostures, all hands ready to punish him as soon as detected. Had he remained in Judæa, he would at least have had many confederates, all the apostles, all the disciples of Christ, at that time pretty numerous; but in preaching to the Gentiles he was often alone, never with more than two or three companions or followers. Was this a confederacy powerful enough to carry on such a cheat, in so many different parts of the world, against the united opposition of the magistrates, priests, philosophers, people, all combined to detect and expose their frauds?

Let it be also considered, that those upon whom they practised these arts were not a gross or ignorant people, apt to mistake any uncommon operations of nature, or juggling tricks, for miraculous acts. The churches planted by St. Paul were in the most enlightened parts of the world, among the Greeks of Asia and Europe, among the Romans, in the midst of science, philosophy, freedom of thought, and in an age more inquisitively curious into the powers of nature, and less inclined to credit religious frauds, than any before it. Nor were they only the lowest of the people that he converted. Sergius Paulus, the proconsul of Paphos, Erastus, \* chamberlain of Corinth, and Dionysius the Areopagite were his proselytes.

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\* οἰκονόμος τῆς πόλεως, treasurer or bailiff of the city.

Upon the whole it appears beyond contradiction, that his pretension to miracles was not assisted by the *disposition* of those whom he designed to convert by those means, nor by any powerful *confederacy* to carry on, and abet the cheat; without both which concurring circumstances, or one at least, no such pretension was ever supported with any success.

Both these circumstances concurred even in the late famous miracles supposed to be done at Abbé Paris's tomb. They had not indeed the support of government, and for that reason appear to deserve more attention than other Popish miracles; but they were supported by all the Jansenists, a very powerful and numerous party in France, made up partly of wise and able men, partly of bigots and enthusiasts: All these confederated together to give credit to miracles, said to be worked in behalf of their party; and those who believed them were strongly disposed to that belief. And yet with these advantages how easily were they suppressed! only by walling up that part of the church, where the tomb of the saint, who was supposed to work them, was placed! Soon after this was done, a paper was fixed on the wall with this inscription:

*De par le roy defense à Dieu*

*De faire miracle en ce lieu,*

*By command of the king, God is forbidden to work any more miracles here.* The pasquinade was a witty one, but the event turned the point of it against the party by which it was made: for if God had really worked any miracles there, could this absurd prohibition have taken effect? would he have suffered his purpose to be defeated by building a wall? When all the apostles were shut up in prison to hinder their working of miracles, the angel of the Lord opened the prison doors, and let them out \*. But the power of the Abbé Paris could neither throw down the wall that excluded his votaries, nor operate through that impediment.

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\* Acts v. 16. — 26.

impediment. And yet his miracles are often compared with, and opposed by unbelievers to, those of Christ and his apostles, which is the reason of my having taken this particular notice of them here. But to go back to the times nearer to St. Paul's. There is in Lucian \* an account of a very extraordinary and successful imposture carried on in his days, by one Alexander of Pontus, who introduced a new god into that country, whose prophet he called himself, and in whose name he pretended to miracles, and delivered oracles, by which he acquired great wealth and power. All the arts by which this cheat was managed are laid open by Lucian, and nothing can better point out the difference between imposture and truth, than to observe the different conduct of this man and St. Paul. Alexander made no alteration in the religion established in Pontus before; he only grafted his own upon it; and spared no pains to interest in the success of it the whole *heathen* priesthood, not only in Pontus, but all over the world; † sending great numbers of those who came to consult him to other oracles that were at this time in the highest vogue; by which means he engaged them all to support the reputation of his, and abet his imposture ‡. He spoke with the greatest respect of all the sects of philosophers, except the Epicureans, who from their principles he was sure would deride and oppose his fraud; for though they presumed not to innovate, and overturn established religions, yet they very freely attacked and exposed all innovations that were introduced under the name of religion, and had not the authority of a legal establishment. To get the better of their opposition, as well as that of the Christians, he called in the aid of persecution § and force, exciting the people against them, and answering

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\* Vide the Pseudomantis of *Lucian*. † Pseudom.  
*Lucian*. Varior. 765, 766. ‡ Ibid. 763. § Ibid.  
 762, 763, 773, 774, 777.

ing objections with stones. That he might be sure to get money enough, he delivered this oracle in the name of his God, \* *I command you to grace with gifts my prophet and minister; for I have no regard for riches myself, but the greatest for my prophet.* And he shared the gains that he made, which were immense, among an infinite number of associates, and instruments, whom he employed in carrying on and supporting his fraud. When any declared themselves to be his enemies, against whom he durst not proceed by open force, he endeavoured to gain them by blandishments, and, having got them into his power, to destroy them by secret ways; † which arts he practised against Lucian himself. Others he kept in awe and dependence upon him, by detaining in his own hands the written questions they had proposed to his god upon state affairs; and as these generally came from men of the greatest power and rank, his being possessed of them was of infinite service to him, and ‡ made him master of all their credit, and of no little part of their wealth.

He obtained the protection and friendship of Rutilianus, a great Roman general, || by flattering him with promises of a very long life, and exaltation to *deity* after his death; and at last, having quite turned his head, enjoined him by an oracle to marry his daughter, whom he pretended to have had by the *moon*; which command Rutilianus obeyed, § and by his alliance secured this impostor from any danger of punishment; the Roman governor of Bithynia and Pontus excusing himself on that account from doing justice upon him, when Lucian ¶ and several others offered themselves to be his accusers.

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\* *Muneribus decorate meum vatem atque ministrum præcipio — nec opum mihi cura, at maxima vatis.*

† *Ibid.* 776, 780. 781. ‡ *Ibid.* 767. || *Ibid.* 768:

§ *Ibid.* 781. ¶ *Ibid.* 753.

He never quitted that ignorant and barbarous country, which he had made choice of at first as the fittest to play his tricks in undiscovered; but, residing himself among those superstitious and credulous people, extended his fame to a great distance by the emissaries \* which he employed all over the world, especially at Rome, who did not pretend themselves to work any miracles, but only promulgated his, and gave him intelligence of all that it was useful for him to know.

These were the methods by which this remarkable fraud was conducted, every one of which is directly opposite to all those used by St. Paul in preaching the gospel; and yet such methods alone could give success to a cheat of this kind. I will not mention the many debaucheries, and wicked enormities committed by this false prophet under the mask of religion, which is another characteristical difference between him and St. Paul; nor the ambiguous answers, cunning evasions, and juggling artifices which he made use of, in all which it is easy to see the evident marks of an imposture, as well as in the objects he plainly appears to have had in view. That which I chiefly insist upon, is the strong confederacy with which he took care to support his pretension to miraculous powers, and the apt disposition in those he imposed upon to concur and assist in deceiving themselves; advantages entirely wanting to the apostles of Christ.

From all this I think it may be concluded, that no human means employed by St. Paul, in his design of converting the Gentiles, were or could be adequate to the great difficulties he had to contend with, or to the success that we know attended his work; and we can in reason ascribe that success to no other cause, but the power of God going along with and aiding his ministry, because no other was equal to the effect.

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\* Ibid. 762, 769.

Having then shewn that St. Paul had *no rational motives* to become an apostle of Christ, without being himself convinced of the truth of that gospel he preached, and that, had he engaged in such an imposture without any rational motives, he would have had *no possible means* to carry it on with any *success*; having also brought reasons of a very strong nature, to make it appear, that the success he undoubtedly had in preaching the gospel was an effect of the divine power attending his ministry; I might rest all my proof of the Christian religion being a divine revelation upon the arguments drawn from this head alone. But, to consider this subject in all possible lights, I shall pursue the proposition which I set out with through each of its several parts: and having proved, as I hope, to the conviction of any impartial man, that St. Paul was not an impostor, who said what he knew to be false with an intent to deceive, I come next to consider whether he was an enthusiast, who by the force of an overheated imagination imposed upon himself.

Now these are the ingredients of which enthusiasm is generally composed; great heat of temper, melancholy, ignorance, credulity, and vanity or self-conceit. That the first of these qualities was in St. Paul, may be concluded from that fervour of zeal with which he acted both as a Jew and Christian, in maintaining that which he thought to be right; and hence I suppose, as well as from the impossibility of his having been an impostor; some unbelievers have chose to consider him as an enthusiast. But this quality alone will not be sufficient to prove him to have been so, in the opinion of any reasonable man. The same temper has been common to others, who undoubtedly were not enthusiasts, to the Gracchi, to Cato, to Brutus, to many more among the best and wisest of men. Nor does it appear that this disposition had such a mastery over the mind of St. Paul, that he was not able at all times to rule and controul  
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it by the dictates of reason. On the contrary he was so much the master of it, as, in matters of an indifferent nature, to *become all things to all men*, \* bending his notions and manners to theirs, so far as his duty to God would permit, with the most pliant condescension; a conduct neither compatible with the stiffness of a bigot, nor the violent impulses of fanatic delusions. His zeal was eager and warm, but tempered with prudence, and even with the civilities and decorums of life, as appears by his behaviour to Agrippa, Festus, and Felix; not the blind, inconsiderate, indecent zeal of an enthusiast.

Let us now see if any one of those other qualities which I have laid down, as disposing the mind to enthusiasm, and as being characteristical of it, belong to St. Paul. First, as to melancholy, which of all dispositions of body or mind is most prone to enthusiasm, § it neither appears by his writings, nor by any thing told of him in the Acts of the Apostles, nor by any other evidence, that St. Paul was inclined to it more than other men. Though he was full of remorse for his former ignorant persecution of the church of Christ, we read of no gloomy penances, no extravagant mortifications, such as the Bramins, the Jaugues, the monks of La Trappe, and other melancholy enthusiasts, inflict on themselves. His holiness only consisted in the simplicity of a good life, and the unwearied performance of those apostolical duties to which he was called. The sufferings he met with on that account he cheerfully bore, and even rejoiced in them for the love of Christ Jesus, but he brought none on himself; we find, on the contrary, that he pleaded the privilege of a Roman citizen, to avoid being whipped. I could mention more instances of his having used the best methods that prudence could suggest, to escape danger,

\* 1 Cor. ix. 20, 21, 22.  
Apion. l. ii. c. 37.

§ Josephus con.

and shun perfecution, whenever it could be done without betraying the duty of his office, or the honour of God \*.

Compare with this the conduct of Francis of Assisi, of Ignatius Loyola, and other enthusiasts fainted by Rome, it will be found the reverse of St. Paul's. '*He wished indeed to die, and be with Christ:*' but such a wish is no proof of melancholy, or of enthusiasm; it only proves his conviction of the divine truths he preached, and of the happiness laid up for him

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\* A remarkable instance of this appears in his conduct among the Athenians. There was at Athens a law, which made it capital to introduce or teach any new gods in their state. Therefore when Paul was preaching *Jesus and the Resurrection* to the Athenians, some of them carried him before the court of Areopagus, the ordinary judges of criminal matters, and in a particular manner entrusted with the care of religion, as having broken this law, and been a *setter forth of strange gods*. Now in this case an impostor would have retracted his doctrine to save his life, and an enthusiast would have lost his life without trying to save it by innocent means. St. Paul did neither the one nor the other; he availed himself of an altar which he had found in the city, inscribed *To the unknown God*, and pleaded that he did not propose to them the worship of any new God, but only explained to them one whom their government had already received; *Whom therefore you ignorantly worship him declare I unto you*. By this he avoided the law, and escaped being condemned by the Areopagus, without departing in the least from the truth of the gospel, or violating the honour of God. An admirable proof, in my opinion, of the good sense with which he acted, and one that shews there was no mixture of fanaticism in his religion (a).

(a) Acts xvii. and Josephus cont. Apion. l. ii. c. 37.

him in those blessed abodes which had been shewn to him even in this life. Upon the whole, neither in his actions, nor in the instructions he gave to those under his charge, is there any tincture of melancholy, which yet is so essential a characteristick of enthusiasm, that I have scarce ever heard of any enthusiast, ancient or modern, in whom some very evident marks of it did not appear.

As to ignorance, which is another ground of enthusiasm, St. Paul was so far from it, that he appears to have been master not of the Jewish learning alone, but of the Greek. And this is one reason why he is less liable to the imputation of having been an enthusiast than the other apostles, though none of them were such any more than he, as may by other arguments be invincibly proved.

I have mentioned credulity as another characteristick and cause of enthusiasm, which that it was not in St. Paul the history of his life undeniably shews. For, on the contrary, he seems to have been slow and hard of belief in the extremest degree; having paid no regard to all the miracles done by our Saviour, the fame of which he could not be a stranger to, as he lived in Jerusalem, nor to that signal one done after his resurrection, and in his name, by Peter and John, upon the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple; \* nor to the evidence given in consequence of it by Peter, in presence of the high-priest, the rulers, elders, and scribes, that Christ *was raised from the dead* †. He must also have known, that when *all the apostles had been shut up in the common prison, and the high-priest, the council, and all the senate of the children of Israel had sent their officers to bring them before them, the officers came and found them not in prison, but returned and made this report: 'The prison truly found* ' *we shut with all safety, and the keepers standing with-*

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\* Acts iii. † Acts v. 18, 21, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32.

' out before the doors, but when we had opened we found ' no man within.' And that the council was immediately told that the men they had put in prison were standing in the temple, and teaching the people. And that being brought from thence before the council, they had spoke these memorable words, *We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a prince and a saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of the things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God has given to them that obey him*\*. All this he resisted, and was consenting to the murder of Stephen, who preached the same thing, and evidenced it by miracles. So that his mind, far from being disposed to a credulous faith, or a too easy reception of any miracle worked in proof of the Christian religion, appears to have been barred against it by the most obstinate prejudices, as much as any man's could possibly be; and from hence we may fairly conclude, that nothing less than the irresistible evidence of *his own senses*, clear from all possibility of doubt, could have overcome his unbelief.

Vanity or self-conceit is another circumstance that for the most part prevails in the character of an enthusiast. It leads men of a warm temper and religious turn, to think themselves worthy of the special regard, and extraordinary favours of God; and the breath of that inspiration to which they pretend, is often no more than the wind of this vanity, which puffs them up with such extravagant imaginations. This strongly appears in the writings and lives of some enthusiastical hereticks in the mysticks both ancient and modern, in many founders of orders and saints both male and female amongst the Papists, in several Protestant sectaries of the last age, and even in

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\* Acts viii. 1.

in some of the *Methodists* now \*. All the divine communications, illuminations, and extasies, to which they have pretended, evidently sprang from much self-conceit, working together with the vapours of melancholy upon a warm imagination; and this is one reason, besides the contagious nature of melancholy, or fear, that makes enthusiasm so very catching among weak minds. Such are most strongly disposed to vanity; and, when they see others pretend to extraordinary gifts, are apt to flatter themselves that they may partake of them as well as those whose merit they think no more than their own. Vanity therefore may justly be deemed a principal source of enthusiasm. But that St. Paul was as free from it as any man, I think may be gathered from all that we see in his writings, or know of his life. Throughout his epistles there is not one word that favours of vanity, nor is any action recorded of him, in which the least mark of it appears.

In his epistle to the Ephesians he calls himself *less than the least of all saints* †. And to the Corinthians he says, *he is the least of the apostles, and not meet to be called an apostle, because he had persecuted the church of God* ‡. In his epistle to Timothy he says, ‘ This is  
 ‘ a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation,  
 ‘ That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sin-  
 ‘ ners, *of whom I am chief*. Howbeit for this cause I  
 ‘ obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might  
 ‘ shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them  
 ‘ which should hereafter believe in him to life ever-  
 ‘ lasting §.’

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\* See the account of Montanus and his followers, the writings of the counterfeit Dionysius the Areopagite, Santa Theresa, St. Catherine of Sienna, Madame Bourignon, the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, and Ignatius Loyola; see also an account of the lives of George Fox, and of Rice Evans, and Whitefield's Journal.

† Eph. iii. 8. ‡ 1 Cor. xv. 9. § 1 Tim. i. 15, 16.

It is true indeed, that in another epistle he tells the Corinthians, *That he was not a whit behind the very chiefest of the apostles*, 2 Cor. xi. 5. But the occasion which drew from him these words must be considered. A false teacher by faction and calumny had brought his apostleship to be in question among the Corinthians. Against such an attack not to have asserted his apostolical dignity would have been a betraying of the office and duty committed to him by God. He was therefore constrained to do himself justice, and not let down that character, upon the authority of which the whole success and efficacy of his ministry among them depended. But how did he do it? not with that wantonness which a vain man indulges, when he can get any opportunity of commending himself; not with a pompous detail of all the amazing miracles which he had performed in different parts of the world, though he had so fair an occasion of doing it, but with a modest and simple exposition of his abundant labours and sufferings in preaching the gospel, and barely reminding them, ‘that the signs of an apostle had been wrought *among them* in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds.’ \* Could he say less than this? is not such boasting *humility itself*? And yet for this he makes many apologies §, expressing the greatest uneasiness in being obliged to speak thus of himself, even in his own vindication. When, in the same epistle, and for the same purpose, he mentions the vision he had of Heaven, how modestly does he do it! not in his own name, but in the third person, *I knew a man in Christ, &c. caught up into the thira Heaven.* || And immediately after he adds, *but now I forbear, lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth me to be, or that he beareth of me* †. How contrary is this to a spirit of vanity! how different from the practice of

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\* 2 Cor. xii. 12.      § 2 Cor. xi. 1. 16, 17, 18, 19, 30.      || 2 Cor. xii. 2.      † 2 Cor. xii. 6.

enthusiastick pretenders to raptures and visions, who never think they can dwell long enough upon those subjects, but fill whole volumes with their accounts of them! Yet St. Paul is not satisfied with this forbearance; he adds the confession of some *infirmity*, which he tells the Corinthians was given to him as an alloy, *that he might not be above measure exalted through the abundance of his revelations* \*. I would also observe, that he says this rapture, or vision of paradise, happened to him above fourteen years before. Now, had it been the effect of a meer enthusiastical fancy, can it be supposed that in so long a period of time, he would not have had many more raptures of the same kind? would not his imagination have been perpetually carrying him to Heaven, as we find St. Theresa, St. Bridget, and St. Catherine were carried by theirs †? and if vanity had been predominant in him, would he have remained fourteen years in absolute silence upon so great a mark of the divine favour? No, we should certainly have seen his epistles filled with nothing else but long accounts of these visions, conferences with angels, with Christ, with God Almighty, mystical unions with God, and all that we read in the works of those sainted enthusiasts, whom I have mentioned before. But he only mentions this vision in answer to the false teacher who had disputed his apostolical power, and comprehends it all in three sentences, || with many excuses for being compelled to make any mention of it at all. Nor does he take any merit to himself, even from the success of those apostolical labours which he principally boasts of in this epistle. For in a former one to the same church he writes thus, ‘ Who then is Paul, ‘ and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I ‘ have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the ‘ increase.

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\* 2 Cor. xii. 7.      † See their Works and Lives.

|| 2 Cor. xii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 11.

‘ increase. So then neither is he that planteth *any thing*, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.’ And in another place of the same epistle he says, ‘ By the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.’ §

I think it needless to give more instances of the modesty of St. Paul. Certain I am, not one can be given that bears any colour of vanity, or that vanity in particular which so strongly appears in all enthusiasts, of setting their imaginary gifts above those virtues which make the essence of true religion, and the real excellency of a good man, or, in the scripture phrase, of a *saint*. In his first epistle to the Corinthians he has these words, ‘ Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing\*.’ Is this the language of enthusiasm? did ever enthusiast prefer that universal benevolence which comprehends all moral virtues, and which (as appears by the following verses) is meant by charity here; did ever enthusiast, I say, prefer that benevolence to *faith* and to *miracles*, to those religious opinions which he had embraced, and to those supernatural graces and gifts which he imagined he had acquired, nay even to the merit of martyrdom? Is it not the genius of enthusiasm to set moral virtues infinitely below the merit of faith, and of all moral virtues to value that least which

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§ 1 Cor. xv. 10.

\* 1 Cor. xiii. 2, 3, 4.

is most particularly enforced by St. Paul, a spirit of candour, moderation, and peace? Certainly neither the temper, nor the opinions of a man subject to fanatick delusions, are to be found in this passage; but it may be justly concluded, that he who could esteem the value of charity so much above miraculous gifts, could not have pretended to any such gifts if he had them not in reality.

Since then it is manifest from the foregoing examination, that in St. Paul's disposition and character, those qualities do not occur which seem to be necessary to form an enthusiast, it must be reasonable to conclude he was none. But allowing for argument's sake that all those qualities were to be found in him, or that the heat of his temper alone could be a sufficient foundation to support such a suspicion; I shall endeavour to prove, that he could not have imposed on himself by any power of enthusiasm, either in regard to the miracle that caused his conversion, or to the consequential effects of it, or to some other circumstances which he bears testimony to in his epistles.

The power of imagination in enthusiastical minds is no doubt very strong, but it always acts in conformity to the opinions imprinted upon it at the time of its working, and can no more act against them, than a rapid river can carry a boat against the current of its own stream. Now nothing can be more certain, than that when Saul set out for Damascus with an authority from the chief-priests *to bring the Christians which were here, bound to Jerusalem*\*, an authority solicited by himself, and granted to him at his own earnest desire, his mind was strongly possessed with opinions against Christ and his followers. To give those opinions a more active force his passions at that time concurred, being inflamed in the highest degree by the irritating consciousness of his past conduct towards them, the pride of supporting a part  
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\* Acts ix. 2.

he had voluntarily engaged in, and the credit he found it procured him among the chief priests and rulers, whose commission he bore.

If, in such a state and temper of mind, an enthusiastic man had imagined he saw a vision from Heaven denouncing the anger of God against the Christians, and commanding him to persecute them without any mercy, it might be accounted for by the natural power of enthusiasm. But that, in the very instant of his being engaged in the fiercest and hottest persecution against them, no circumstance having happened to change his opinions, or alter the bent of his disposition, he should at once imagine himself called by a heavenly vision to be the apostle of Christ, whom but a moment before he deemed an impostor and a blasphemer, that had been justly put to death on the cross, is in itself wholly incredible, and so far from being a probable effect of enthusiasm, that just a contrary effect must have been naturally produced by that cause. The warmth of his temper carried him violently another way; and whatever delusions his imagination could raise to impose on his reason, must have been raised at that time agreeably to the notions imprinted upon it, and by which it was heated to a degree of enthusiasm, not in direct contradiction to all those notions, while they remained in their full force.

This is so clear a proposition, that I might rest the whole argument entirely upon it: but still farther to shew that this vision could not be a phantom of St. Paul's own creating, I beg leave to observe, that he was not alone when he saw it: there were many others in company, whose minds were no better disposed than his to the Christian faith. Could it be possible that the imaginations of all these men should at the same time be so strangely affected, as to make them believe that they saw a *great light shining about them,*

*them, above the brightness of the sun at noon-day, \* and hear the sound of a voice from Heaven, though not the words which it spake, when in reality they neither saw, nor heard any such thing? could they be so infatuated with this conceit of their fancy, as to fall down from their horses together with Saul, and be speechless through fear, § when nothing had happened either to them or to him; especially considering that this apparition did not happen in the night, when the senses are more easily imposed upon, but at mid-day? If a sudden frenzy had seized upon Saul, from any distemper of body or mind, can we suppose his whole company, men of different constitutions and understandings, to have been at once affected in the same manner with him, so that not the distemper alone, but the effects of it should exactly agree? If all had gone mad together, would not the frenzy of some have taken a different turn, and presented to them different objects? This supposition is so contrary to nature and all possibility, that unbelief must find some other solution, or give up the point.*

I shall suppose then, in order to try to account for this vision without a miracle, that as Saul and his company were journeying along in their way to Damascus, an extraordinary meteor did really happen, which cast a great light, as some meteors will do, at which they being affrighted fell to the ground in the manner related. This might be possible; and fear, grounded on ignorance of such phenomena, might make them imagine it to be a vision from God. Nay even the voice or sound they heard in the air, might be an explosion attending this meteor, or at least there are those who would rather recur to such a supposition as this, however incredible, than acknowledge the miracle. But how will this account for the distinct words heard by St. Paul, to which he made answer?

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\* Acts ix. 3. xxii. 9.

§ Acts xxvi. 14. ix. 7.

answer? how will it account for what followed upon it when he came to Damascus, agreeably to the sense of those words which he heard? how came Ananias to go to him there, and say, ‘ He was chosen by God to know his will, and see that Just one, and hear the voice of his mouth \*?’ or why did he propose to him *to be baptized* †? what connexion was there between the meteor which Saul had seen, and these words of Ananias? will it be said that Ananias was skilful enough to take advantage of the fright he was in at that appearance, in order to make him a Christian? But could Ananias inspire him with a vision in which he saw him before he came? ‡ if that vision was the effect of imagination, how was it verified so exactly in fact? But allowing that he dreamt by chance of Ananias’s coming, and that Ananias came by chance too; or if you please, that, having heard of his dream, he came to take advantage of that, as well as of the meteor which Saul had seen, will this get over the difficulty? No, there was more to be done. Saul was struck blind, and had been so for three days. Now had this blindness been natural from the effects of a meteor or lightening upon him, it would not have been possible for Ananias to heal it, as we find that he did, merely by putting his hands on him and speaking a few words. This undoubtedly surpassed the power of nature; and if this was a miracle, it proves the other to have been a miracle too, and a miracle done by the same Jesus Christ. For Ananias, when he healed Saul, spoke to him thus; *Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost* §. And that he saw Christ both now and after this time, appears not only by what he relates Acts xxii. 17, 18. but by other passages in his epistles, 1 Cor. ix. 1. xvi.

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\* Acts xxii. 14. † Ver. 16. ‡ Acts ix. § Acts ix. 17, 18. xxii. 13.

xvi. 8. From *him* (as he asserts in many places of his epistles) he learned the gospel by immediate revelation, and by him he was sent to the Gentiles, Acts xxii. 31. xxiii. 11. Among those Gentiles *from Jerusalem, and round about to Illyricum*, he preached the gospel of Christ *with mighty signs and wonders wrought by the power of the spirit of God, to make them obedient to his preaching,\** as he testifies himself in his epistle to the Romans, and of which a particular account is given to us in the Acts of the Apostles; signs and wonders indeed, above any power of nature to work, or of imposture to counterfeit, or of enthusiasm to imagine. Now does not such a series of miraculous acts, all consequential to and dependent upon the first revelation, put the truth of that revelation beyond all possibility of doubt or deceit? and if he could so have imposed on himself as to think that he worked them when he did not (which supposition cannot be admitted, if he was not all that time quite out of his senses), how could so *distempered an enthusiast* make such a progress, as we know that he did, in converting the Gentile world? If the difficulties which have been shewn to have obstructed that work were such as the ablest impostor could not overcome, how much more insurmountable were they to a madman!

It is a much harder task for unbelievers to account for the success of St. Paul, in preaching the gospel, upon the supposition of his having been an enthusiast, than of his having been an impostor. Neither of these suppositions can ever account for it; but the impossibility is more glaringly strong in this case than the other. I could enter into a particular examination of all the miracles recorded in the acts to have been done by St. Paul, and shew that they were not of a nature in which enthusiasm, either in him or the persons he worked them upon, or the spectators, could

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\* Rom. xv. 19.

could have any part. I will mention only a few. When he told Elymas the sorcerer, at Paphos, before the Roman deputy, that *the hand of God was upon him, and he should be blind, not seeing the sun for a season; and immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness, and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand*;\* had enthusiasm in the doer or sufferer any share in this act? If Paul, as an enthusiast, had thrown out this menace, and the effect had not followed, instead of converting the deputy, as we are told that he did, he would have drawn on himself his rage and contempt. But the effect upon Elymas could not be caused by enthusiasm in Paul; much less can it be imputed to an enthusiastick belief in that person himself, of his being struck blind, when he was not, by those words of a man whose preaching he strenuously and bitterly opposed. Nor can we ascribe the conversion of Sergius, which happened upon it, to any enthusiasm. A Roman proconsul was not very likely to be an enthusiast; but had he been one, he must have been bigoted to his own gods, and so much the less inclined to believe any miraculous power in St. Paul. When at Troas, a young man named Eutychus *fell down from a high window, while Paul was preaching, and was taken up dead*‡, could any enthusiasm, either in Paul or the congregation there present, make them believe, that by that apostle's *falling upon him and embracing him*, he was restored to life? or could he who was so restored contribute any thing to it himself, by any power of his own imagination? When, in the isle of Melita, where St. Paul was shipwrecked, *there came a viper and fastened on his hand, which he shook off, and felt no harm*,† was that an effect of enthusiasm? An enthusiast might perhaps have been mad enough to hope for safety against the bite of a viper without any remedy being applied to it: but would that hope have

\* Acts xiii.

‡ Acts xx. 9.

† Acts xxvii.

have prevented his death? or were the barbarous islanders to whom this apostle was an absolute stranger, prepared by enthusiasm to expect and believe that any miracle would be worked to preserve him? On the contrary, when they saw the viper hang on his hand, they said among themselves, ‘No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.’ I will add no more instances: these are sufficient to shew that the miracles told of St. Paul, can no more be ascribed to enthusiasm than to imposture.

But moreover, the power of working miracles was not confined to St. Paul; it was also communicated to the churches he planted in different parts of the world. In many parts of his first epistle he tells the Corinthians, that they had among them many miraculous graces and gifts,\* and gives them directions for the more orderly use of them in their assemblies. Now I ask, whether all that he said upon that head is to be ascribed to enthusiasm? If the Corinthians knew that they had among them no such miraculous powers, they must have regarded the author of that epistle as a man out of his senses, instead of revering him as an apostle of God.

If, for instance, a Quaker should, in a meeting of his own sect, tell all the persons assembled there, that *to some among them was given the gift of healing by the spirit of God, to others the working of other miracles, to others diverse kinds of tongues*; they would undoubtedly account him a madman, because they pretended to no such gifts. If indeed they were only told by him that they were inspired by the spirit of God in a certain ineffable manner, which they alone could understand, but which did not discover itself by any outward, distinct operations, or signs, they might mistake the impulse of enthusiasm for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; but they could not believe, *against the*

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\* 1 Cor. xii. 4, 5.

*the conviction of their own minds*, that they spoke tongues they did not speak, or healed distempers they did not heal, or worked other miracles, when they worked none. If it be said, the Corinthians might pretend to these powers, though the Quakers do not; I ask, whether in that pretension they were impostors, or only enthusiasts? If they were impostors, and St. Paul was also such, how ridiculous was it for him to advise them, in an epistle writ *only to them, and for their own use*, not to value themselves too highly upon those gifts; to pray for one rather than another, and prefer charity to them all! do associates in fraud talk such a language to one another? But if we suppose their pretension to all those gifts was an effect of enthusiasm, let us consider how it was possible that he and they could be so cheated by that enthusiasm, as to imagine they had such powers when they had not.

Suppose that enthusiasm could make a man think, that he was able by a word or a touch to give sight to the blind, motion to the lame, or life to the dead: would that conceit of his make the blind see, the lame walk, or the dead revive? and if it did not, how could he persist in such an opinion, or upon his persisting escape being shut up for a madman? But such a madness could not infect so many at once, as St. Paul supposes at Corinth to have been endowed with the gift of healing, or any other miraculous powers. One of the miracles which they pretended to was the speaking of languages they never had learned. And St. Paul says, he possessed this gift *more than them all*\*. If this had been a delusion of fancy, if they had spoke only gibberish, or unmeaning sounds, it would soon have appeared when they came to make use of it where it was necessary, *viz.* in converting those who understood not any language they naturally spoke. St. Paul particularly, who travelled so far

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\* 1 Cor. xiv. 18.

far upon that design, and had such occasion to use it, must soon have discovered that this imaginary gift of the spirit was no gift at all, but a ridiculous instance of *frenzy*, which had possessed both him and them. But if those he spoke to in diverse tongues understood what he said, and were converted to Christ by that means, how could it be a delusion? Of all the miracles recorded in scripture, none are more clear from any possible imputation of being the effect of an enthusiastick imagination than this. For how could any man think that he had it, who had it not; or if he did think so, not be undeceived, when he came to put his gift to the proof? Accordingly I do not find such a power to have been ever pretended to by any enthusiast, ancient or modern.

If then St. Paul and the church of Corinth were not deceived in ascribing to themselves this miraculous power, but really had it, there is the strongest reason to think, that neither were they deceived in the other powers to which they pretended, as the same spirit which gave them that, equally could, and probably would, give them the others, to serve the same holy ends for which that was given. And by consequence St. Paul was no enthusiast in what he wrote upon that head to the Corinthians, nor in other similar instances, where he ascribes to himself, or to the churches he founded, any supernatural graces and gifts. Indeed they who would impute to imagination effects such as those St. Paul imputes to the power of God attending his mission, must ascribe to imagination the same omnipotence which he ascribes to God.

Having thus, I flatter myself, satisfactorily shewn that St. Paul could not be an enthusiast, who, by the force of an over-heated imagination, imposed on himself; I am next to enquire whether he was deceived by the fraud of others, and whether all that he said of himself can be imputed to the power of that deceit? But I need say little to shew the absurdity of this supposition. It was morally impossible for

for the disciples of Christ, to conceive such a thought as that of turning his persecutor into his apostle, and to do this by a fraud in the very instant of his greatest fury against them and their Lord. But could they have been so extravagant as to conceive such a thought, it was physically impossible for them to execute it in a manner we find his conversion to have been effected. Could they produce a light in the air which at mid-day was brighter than that of the sun? could they make Saul hear words from out of that light which were not heard by the rest of the company? \* could they make him blind for three days after that vision, and then makes scales fall from off his eyes, and restore him to his sight by a word? Beyond dispute, no fraud could do these things; but much less still could the fraud of others produce those miracles subsequent to his conversion, in which he was not passive, but active, which he did himself, and appeals to in his epistles as proofs of his divine mission. I shall then take it for granted that he was not deceived by the fraud of others, and that what he said of himself cannot be imputed to the power of that deceit, no more than to wilful imposture, or to enthusiasm; and then it follows, that what he related to have been the cause of his conversion, and to have happened in consequence of it, did all really happen, and *therefore the Christian religion is a divine revelation.*

That that conclusion is fairly and undeniably drawn from the premises, I think must be owned, unless some probable cause can be assigned, to account for those facts so authentically related in the Acts of the Apostles, and attested in his Epistles by St. Paul himself, other than any of those which I have considered; and this I am confident cannot be done. It must be therefore accounted for by the power of God. That God should work miracles for the establishment

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\* Acts xxii. 9.

blishment of a most holy religion, which from the insuperable difficulties that stood in the way of it, could not have established itself without such an assistance, is no way repugnant to human reason: but that without any miracle such things should have happened as no adequate natural causes can be assigned for, is what human reason cannot believe.

To impute them to magick, or the power of dæmons (which was the resource of the Heathens and Jews against the notoriety of the miracles performed by Christ and his disciples), is by no means agreeable to the notions of those who in this age disbelieve Christianity. It will therefore be needless to shew the weakness of that supposition: but that supposition itself is no inconsiderable argument of the truth of the facts. Next to the apostles and evangelists, the strongest witnesses of the undeniable force of that truth are Celsus and Julian, and other ancient opponents of the Christian religion, who were obliged to solve what they could not contradict, by such an irrational and absurd imagination.

The dispute was not then between faith and reason, but between religion and superstition. Superstition ascribed to cabalistical names, or magical secrets, such operations as carried along with them evident marks of the divine power: religion ascribed them to God, and reason declared itself on that side of the question. Upon what grounds then can we now overturn that decision? upon what grounds can we reject the unquestionable testimony given by St Paul, that he was called by God to be a disciple and apostle of Christ? It has been shewn that we cannot impute it either to enthusiasm or fraud; how shall we then resist the conviction of such a proof? does the doctrine he preached contain any precepts against the law of morality, that natural law written by God in the hearts of mankind? If it did, I confess that none of the arguments I have made use of could prove such a doctrine to come from *him*. But this

is so far from being the case, that even those who reject Christianity as a divine revelation, acknowledge the morals delivered by Christ and by his apostles to be worthy of God. . Is it then on account of the mysteries in the gospel that the facts are denied, though supported by evidence, which in all other cases would be allowed to contain the clearest conviction, and cannot in this be rejected without reducing the mind to a state of absolute scepticism, and overturning those rules by which we judge of all evidence, and of the truth or credibility of all other facts? But this is plainly to give up the use of our understanding where we are able to use it most properly, in order to apply it to things of which it is not a competent judge. The motives and reasons upon which divine wisdom may think proper to act, as well as the manner in which it acts, must often lie out of the reach of our understanding; but the motives and reasons of human actions, and the manner in which they are performed, are all in the sphere of human knowledge, and upon them we may judge, with a well-grounded confidence, when they are fairly proposed to our consideration.

It is incomparably more probable that a revelation from God concerning the ways of his providence, should contain in it matters above the capacity of our minds to comprehend, than that St. Paul, or indeed any of the other apostles, should have acted, as we know that they did, upon any other foundations than certain knowledge of Christ's being risen from the dead; or should have succeeded in the work they undertook, without the aid of miraculous powers. To the former of these propositions I may give my assent without any direct opposition of reason to faith; but in admitting the latter I must believe against all those probabilities that are the rational grounds of assent.

Nor do they who reject the Christian religion because of the difficulties which occur in its mysteries,

consider how far that objection will go against other systems both of religion and of philosophy, which they themselves profess to admit. There are in *deism* itself, the most simple of all religious opinions, several difficulties, for which human reason can but ill account, which may therefore be not improperly styled *articles of faith*. Such is the origin of evil under the government of an all-good and all-powerful God; a question so hard, that the inability of solving it in a satisfactory manner to their apprehensions, has driven some of the greatest philosophers into the monstrous and senseless opinions of *Manicheism* and atheism. Such is the reconciling the prescience of God with the free-will of man, which, after much thought on the subject, Mr. Locke fairly confesses\* he could not do, though he acknowledged both; and what Mr. Locke could not do, in reasoning upon subjects of a metaphysical nature, I am apt to think, few men, if any, can hope to perform.

Such is also the creation of the world at any supposed time, or the *eternal production* of it from God; it being almost equally hard, according to meer philosophical notions, either to admit that the goodness of God could remain unexerted through all eternity before the time of such a creation, let it be set back ever so far, or to conceive an *eternal production*, which words, so applied, are inconsistent and contradictory terms; the solution commonly given by a comparison to the emanation of light from the sun not being adequate to it, or just; for light is a *quality* inherent in fire, and naturally emanating from it; whereas *matter* is not a *quality* inherent or emanating from the divine essence, but of a different substance and nature, and, if not *independent* and *self-existing*, must have been *created* by a meer act of the divine will; and if *created*, then not *eternal*, the idea of *creation* implying a time *when the substance created did not exist*.

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\* See his Letter to Mr. Molyneux, p. 509, vol. III.

But if, to get rid of this difficulty, we have recourse, as many of the ancient philosophers had, to the *independent existence of matter*, then we must admit *two self-existing principles*, which is quite inconsistent with genuine theism, or natural reason. Nay, could *that* be admitted, it would not yet clear up the doubt, unless we suppose not only the eternal existence of matter, independent of God, but that it was from eternity in the *order and beauty* we see it in now, without any *agency* of the Divine power; otherwise the same difficulty will always occur, why it was not before put into that *order and state of perfection*; or how the goodness of God could so long remain in a state of inaction, *unexerted and unemployed*. For were the time of such an *exertion* of it put back ever so far, if, instead of five or six thousand years, we were to suppose millions of millions of ages to have passed since the world \* was reduced out of a *chaos* to an *harmonious and regular form*, still a whole *eternity* must have preceded that date, during which the Divine attributes did not exert themselves in *that beneficent work*, so suitable to them that the conjectures of human reason can find no cause for its being delayed.

But because of these difficulties, or any other that may occur in the system of deism, no wise man will deny the *being* of God, or his *infinite wisdom, goodness, and power*, which are proved by such evidence as carries the clearest and strongest conviction, and cannot be refused without involving the mind in *far greater difficulties*, even in downright *absurdities and impossibilities*. The only part therefore that can be taken is, to account in the best manner that our weak reason is able to do, for such seeming objections; and

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\* By the world I do not mean this earth alone, but the whole material *universe*, with all its inhabitants. Even *created spirits* fall under the same reasoning; for they must also have had a *beginning*, and before that *beginning* an eternity must have preceded.

where *that* fails, to acknowledge its weakness, and acquiesce under the certainty, that our very imperfect knowledge or judgment cannot be the measure of the Divine wisdom, or the universal standard of truth. So likewise it is with respect to the *Christian religion*. Some *difficulties* occur in that revelation, which human reason can hardly clear; but as the truth of it stands upon evidence so strong and convincing, that it cannot be denied without much *greater difficulties* than those that attend the belief of it, as I have before endeavoured to prove, we ought not to reject it upon such objections, however mortifying they may be to our pride. *That* indeed would have all things made plain to us; but God has thought proper to proportion our knowledge to our *wants*, not our *pride*. All that concerns our *duty* is clear; and as to other points either of natural or revealed religion, if he has left some obscurities in them, is that any reasonable cause of complaint? Not to rejoice in the benefit of what he has graciously allowed us to know, from a presumptuous disgust at our incapacity of knowing more, is as absurd as it would be to refuse to *walk*, because we cannot *fly*.

From the arrogant ignorance of metaphysical reasonings, aiming at matters above our knowledge, arose all the speculative impiety, and many of the worst superstitions, of the old heathen world, before the gospel was preached to bring men back again to the primitive faith; and from the same source have since flowed some of the greatest corruptions of the evangelical truth, and the most inveterate prejudices against it: an effect just as natural as for our eyes to grow weak, and even blind, by being strained to look at objects too distant, or not made for them to see.

Are then our intellectual faculties of no use in religion? Yes undoubtedly of the most necessary use, when rightly employed. The proper employment of them is, to distinguish its genuine doctrines from  
others

others erroneously or corruptly ascribed to it; to consider the importance and purport of them, with the connexion they bear to one another; but first of all to examine with the strictest attention the evidence by which religion is proved, *internal* as well as *external*. If the *external* evidence be convincingly strong, and there is no *internal* proof of its falshood, but much to support and confirm its truth, then surely no difficulties ought to prevent our giving a full assent and belief to it. It is our duty indeed to endeavour to find the best solutions we can to them; but where no satisfactory ones are to be found, it is no less our duty to acquiesce with humility, and believe that to be right which we know is above us, and belonging to a wisdom superior to ours.

Nor let it be said, that this will be an argument for the admitting all doctrines, however absurd, that may have been grafted upon the Christian faith. Those which can plainly be proved *not to belong to it*, fall not under the reasoning I have laid down (and certainly none do belong to it which contradict either our *clear, intuitive knowledge*, or the *evident principles and dictates of reason*). I speak only of difficulties which attend the belief of the Gospel in some of its pure and essential doctrines, plainly and evidently delivered there, which, being made known to us by a *revelation* supported by *proofs* that our reason *ought to admit*, and not being such things as it can *certainly know to be false*, must be received by it as *objects of faith*, though they are such as it could not have discovered by any natural means, and such as are difficult to be conceived, or satisfactorily explained, by its limited powers. If *the glorious light of the Gospel* be sometimes overcast with clouds of doubt, so is the light of our *reason* too. But shall we deprive ourselves of the advantage of *either*, because those clouds cannot perhaps be entirely removed while we remain in this mortal life? shall we obstinately and frowardly shut our eyes against *that day-spring from on high*  
*that*

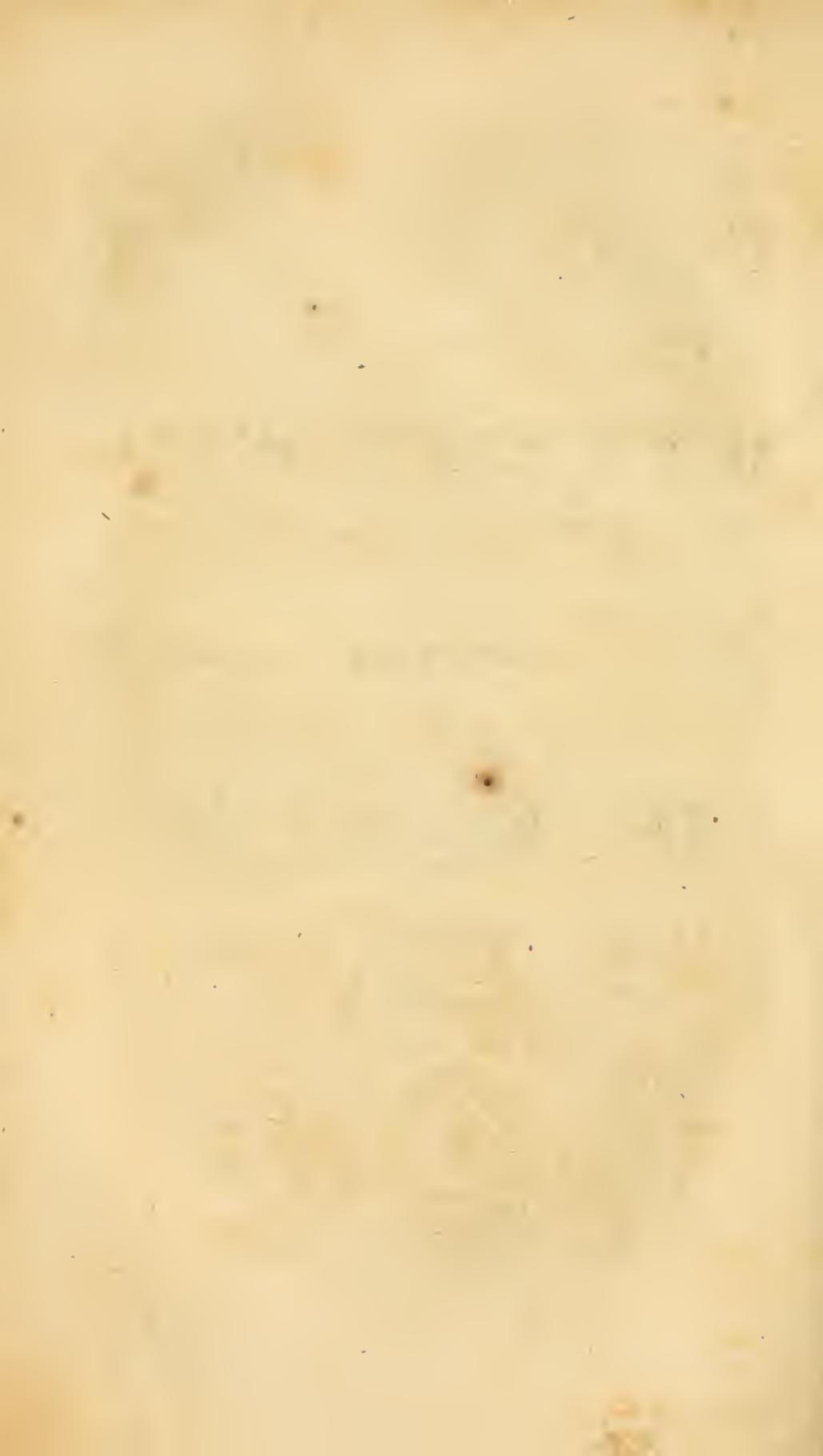
*that has visited us*, because we are not as yet able to bear the full blaze of his beams? Indeed not even in heaven itself, not in the highest state of perfection to which a finite being can ever attain, will all the counsels of Providence, all the *height* and the *depth* of the infinite wisdom of God, be ever disclosed or understood. *Faith* even then will be necessary; and there will be *mysteries* which cannot be penetrated by the most exalted archangel, and *truths* which cannot be known by him otherwise than from *revelation*, or believed upon any other ground of assent than a *submissive confidence in the Divine wisdom*. What, then, shall man presume that his weak and narrow understanding is sufficient to guide him *into all truth*, without any need of *revelation* or *faith*? shall he complain that the *ways of God are not like his ways*, and *past his finding out*? True Philosophy, as well as true Christianity, would teach us a wiser and modester part. It would teach us to be content, within those bounds which God has assigned to us, \* *casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ*.

\* 2 Cor. x, 5.

D I A L O G U E S

OF THE

D E A D.



T H E

W O R K S

*John — — — O F — — — Common*

GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON;

Formerly printed separately, and now first collected  
together:

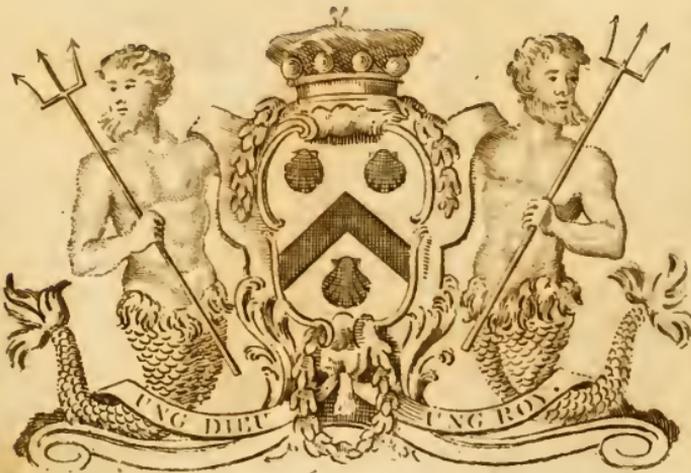
With some other PIECES, never before printed.

Published by GEORGE EDWARD AYSCOUGH, Esq.

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V O L. II.

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D U B L I N :

Printed by G. FAULKNER, in Parliament-street,

M. DCC. LXXIV.

T H E

W O R K S

OF  
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON;

Formerly printed separately, and now all collected  
together:

With four of his Letters to the Hon. Mr. Pitt, and  
his Speeches in the House of Commons, and in the  
House of Lords.

L O N D O N



## P R E F A C E

T O T H E

## F O U R T H E D I T I O N .

**L**UCIAN among the ancients, and among the moderns Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, and Monsieur Fontenelle, have written *Dialogues of the Dead* with a general applause. The plan they have traced out is so extensive, that the matter which lies within the compass of it can scarce be exhausted. It sets before us the history of all times and all nations, presents to the choice of a writer all characters of remarkable persons, which may best be opposed to, or compared with, each other; and is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable methods, that can be employed of conveying to the mind any critical, moral, or political observations; because the *Dramatic* spirit, which may be thrown into them, gives them more life, than they could have in dissertations, however well written. And sometimes *a new dress* may render *an old truth* more pleasing to those whom the mere love of novelty betrays into error, as it very frequently does not only the *wits*, but the *sages* of these days. Indeed one of the best services, that could now be done to mankind by any good writer, would be the bringing them back to *common sense*, from which the desire of shining by extraordinary notions has seduced great numbers, to the no small detriment of morality, and of all real knowledge.

It may be proper to observe, that in all works of this nature, the dead are often supposed, by a necessary

fary fiction, to be thoroughly informed of many particulars, which happened in times posterior to their own; and in all parts of the world, as well as in the countries to which they belonged. Thus, in Fénélon's dialogue between Gelon and Dion, the former finds fault with the conduct of the latter; and in another between Solon and the emperor Justinian, the Athenian censures the government of the Roman Legislator, and talks of the History of Procopius, as if he had read it. I have also taken the liberty that others have used, to date the several dialogues, as best suited with the purposes to which they were written, supposing some of them to have past immediately after the decease of one or more of the speakers, and others at a very great distance of time from that in which they lived. But I have not in this edition made any alteration in the dates of the former. Elysium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, being necessary allegories in this way of writing, are occasionally used here, as they have been by Fontenelle and the archbishop of Cambray: which (if it offended any critical or pious ears) I would justify by the declaration gravely annexed to the works of all Italian writers, wherein they use such expressions: "*Se havessi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Destino, Elyfio, Stige, &c. sono scherzi di penna poetica, non sentimenti di animo Catolico* \*."

Three of these dialogues were written by a different hand; as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the reader, without my having told it: If the friend who favoured me with them should ever write any more, I shall think that the public owes me a great obligation, for having excited a genius so capable of uniting delight with instruction, and giving to virtue and knowledge those graces, which the wit  
of

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\* If I have named *Fate, Fortune, Destiny, Elysium, Styx, &c.* they are only the sports of a poetical pen, not the sentiments of a Catholic mind.

of the age has too often, and too successfully, employed all its skill to bestow on vice and folly.

Besides many corrections which the reader will find in this edition, four new dialogues are added, in order to complete one chief design of the work, I mean the illustrating of certain *principles* and certain *characters* of importance, by bringing in persons who have acted upon different systems, to defend their own conduct, or to explain their own notions, by free discourse with each other, and in a manner conformable to the turn of their minds, as they have been represented to us by the best authors.

The seeing this done in the compass of a small volume, may possibly induce our young gentry (for whose service it is more particularly intended) to meditate on the subjects treated of in this work: and, if they make a proper use of the lights given to them, the public, I hope, will derive some benefit from the book, when the writer is no more.

## D I A L O G U E S

O F T H E

## D E A D.

## D I A L O G U E I.

LORD FALKLAND.—MR. HAMPDEN.

*L. Falk.* **A**RE not you surprized to see me in Elysium, Mr. Hampden?

*Mr. Hampd.* I was going to put the same question to your lordship; for doubtless, you thought me a rebel.

*L. Falkl.* And certainly you thought me an apostate from the commonwealth, and a supporter of tyranny.

*Mr. Hampd.* I own I did, and I don't wonder at the severity of your thoughts about me. The heat of the times deprived us both of our natural candour. Yet I will confess to you here, that, before I died, I began to see in our party enough to justify your apprehensions, that the civil war, which we had entered into from generous motives, from a laudable desire to preserve our free constitution, would end very unhappily, and perhaps, in the issue, destroy that constitution, even by the arms of those who pretended to be most zealous for it.

*L. Falkl.* And I will as frankly own to you, \* that  
I saw

\* See the Letters, in the Sidney Collection, from the earl of Sunderland to his lady.

I saw, in the court and camp of the king, so much to alarm me for the liberty of my country, if our arms were successful, that I dreaded a victory little less than I did a defeat, and had nothing in my mouth but the word *peace*, which I constantly repeated with passionate fondness, in every council at which I was called to assist.

*Mr. Hampd.* I wished for peace too, as ardently as your lordship. But I saw no hopes of it. The insincerity of the king and the influence of the queen made it impossible to trust to his promises or declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reasonably have upon *laws* designed to limit and restrain the power of the crown, after he had violated *the bill of rights*, obtained with such difficulty, and containing so clear an assertion of the privileges which had been in dispute? If his conscience would allow him to break an act of parliament *made to determine the bounds of the royal prerogative*, because he thought *that the royal prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal ties could bind a conscience so prejudiced? or what effectual security could his people obtain against the obstinate malignity of such an opinion, but entirely taking from him *the power of the sword*, and enabling *themselves* to defend the laws he had past?

*L. Falkl.* There is evidently too much truth in what you have said. But, by taking from the king *the power of the sword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the government into a *democracy*; and if he had submitted to it, he would only have preserved the name of a king. The sceptre would have been held by those who had the sword; or we must have lived in a state of perpetual anarchy, without any force, or balance in the government: a state which could not have lasted long, but would have ended in a republic or in absolute dominion.

*Mr. Hampd.* Your reasoning seems unanswerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud and those other court-divines, who directed the king's conscience,  
and

and fixed in it such principles, as made him unfit to govern a limited monarchy, though with many good qualities, and some great ones; let them, I say, answer for all the mischiefs they brought upon him and the nation.

*L. Falkl.* They were indeed much to blame: but those principles had gained ground before their times, and seemed the principles of our church, in opposition to the Jesuits, who had certainly gone too far in the other extrem.

*Mr. Hampd.* It is a disgrace to our church to have taken up such opinions; and I will venture to prophesy, that our clergy, in future times, must renounce them, or they will be turned against them by those who mean their destruction. Suppose a Popish king on the throne. Will the clergy adhere to passive obedience and non-resistance? If they do, they deliver up their religion to Rome; if they do not, their practice will confute their own doctrines.

*L. Falkl.* Nature, Sir, will in the end be sure to set right whatever opinion contradicts her great laws, let who will be the teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on those miserable times in which we both lived, the more I esteem it a favour of Providence to us that we were cut off so soon. *The most grievous misfortune that can befall a virtuous man, is to be in such a state, that he can hardly so act as to approve his own conduct.* We could not easily make a step, either forward or backward, without great hazard of guilt, or at least of dishonour. We were unhappily entangled in connections with men who did not mean so well as ourselves, or did not judge so rightly. If we endeavoured to stop them, they thought us false to the cause: if we went on with them, we ran directly upon rocks, which we saw, but could not avoid. Nor could we take shelter in a philosophical retreat from business. Inaction would have been in us cowardice and desertion. To compleat the public calamities, a religious fury, on both sides, mingled itself with the  
rage

rage of our civil diffentions, more frantic than that, more implacable, more averſe to all healing meaſures. The moſt intemperate counſels were thought the moſt *pious*; and a regard to the laws, if they oppoſed the ſuggeſtions of theſe fiery zealots, was accounted *irreligion*. This added new difficulties to what was before but too difficult in itſelf, the ſettling of a nation which no longer could put any confidence in its ſovereign, nor lay more reſtraints on the royal authority without deſtroying the balance of the whole conſtitution. In theſe circumſtances, the balls, that pierced our hearts, were directed thither by the hands of our guardian angels, to deliver us from horrors we could not ſupport, and perhaps from a guilt our ſouls abhorred.

*Mr. Hampd.* Indeed things were brought to ſo deplorable a ſtate, that, if either of us had ſeen his party triumphant, he muſt have lamented that triumph as the ruin of his country. Were I to return into life, the experience I have had would make me very cautious, how I kindled the ſparks of civil war in England: for I have ſeen, that, when once that devouring fire is lighted, it is not in the power of the head of a party to ſay to the conflagration, *Thus far ſhalt thou go, and here ſhall thy violence ſtop.*

*L. Falkl.* The converſation we have had, as well as the reflexions of my own mind on paſt events, would, if I were condemned to my body again, teach me great moderation in my judgments of perſons, who might happen to differ from me in difficult ſcenes of public action: they would entirely cure me of the *ſpirit of party*, and make me think, that, as in the church, ſo alſo in the ſtate, no evil is more to be feared than a rancorous and enthuſiaſtical zeal.

## DIALOGUE. II.

LOUIS LE GRAND.—PETER THE GREAT.

*Louis.* **W**H O, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the trade of a shipwright in the dock-yards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I had done, the surname of Great ?

*Peter.* Which of us best deserved that title, posterity will decide. But my greatness appeared sufficiently in that very act which seemed to you a debasement.

*Louis.* The dignity of a king does not stoop to such mean employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the eyes of my subjects or foreigners, but in all the splendor and majesty of royal power.

*Peter.* Had I remained on the throne of Russia, as my ancestors did, environed with all the pomp of barbarous greatness, I should have been idolized by my people, as much, at least, as you ever were by the French. My despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their evil customs; have taught them arts, civility, navigation, and war; have exalted them from brutes in human shapes into men. In this was seen the extraordinary force of genius beyond any comparison with all other kings, that I thought it no degradation, or diminution of my greatness, to descend from my throne, and go and work in the dock-yards of a foreign republic; to serve as a private sailor in my own fleets, and as a common soldier in my own army; till I had raised myself by my merit in all the several steps and degrees of promotion, up to the highest command, and had thus induced my nobility to submit to a regular subordination in the sea and land-service, by a lesson hard to  
their

their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other master, or by any other method of instruction.

*Louis.* I am forced to acknowledge, that it was a great act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgment was perverted by the prejudices arising from my own education, and the ridicule thrown upon it by some of my courtiers, whose minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the greatness of your's in that situation.

*Peter.* It was an act of more heroism than any ever done by Alexander or Cæsar. Nor would I consent to exchange my glory with their's. They both did great things; but they were at the head of great nations, far superior in valour and military skill to those with whom they contended. I was the king of an ignorant, undisciplined, barbarous people. My enemies were at first so superior to my subjects, that ten thousand of them could beat a hundred thousand Russians. They had formidable navies: I had not a ship. The king of Sweden was a prince of the most intrepid courage, assisted by generals of consummate knowledge in war, and served by soldiers so disciplined, that they were become the admiration and terror of Europe. Yet I vanquished these soldiers; I drove that prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at sea, as well as land; I *new-created* my people; I gave them arts, science, policy; I enabled them to keep all the powers of the North in awe and dependence, to give kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman emperors, to mix with great weight in the affairs of all Europe. What other man has ever done such wonders as these? Read all the records of antient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in comparison with me!

*Louis.* Your glory would indeed have been supreme and unequalled, if, in civilizing your subjects, you had reformed the brutality of your own manners, and the barbarous vices of your nature. But, alas! the

legislator and reformer of the Muscovites was drunken and cruel.

*Peter.* My drunkenness I confess: nor will I plead, to excuse it, the example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious passions of anger, and produced actions, of which our reason, when sober, was ashamed. But the cruelty you upbraid me with may in some degree be excused, as necessary to the work I had to perform. Fear of punishment was in the hearts of my barbarous subjects the only principle of obedience. To make them respect the royal authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the terrors of rage. You had a more pliant people to govern, a people whose minds could be ruled like a fine managed horse, with an easy and gentle rein. The fear of shame did more with them than the fear of the *knout* could do with the Russians. The humanity of your character and the ferocity of mine were equally suitable to the nations over which we reigned. But what excuse can you find for the cruel violence you employed against your Protestant subjects? They desired nothing but to live under the protection of laws you yourself had confirmed; and they repaid that protection by the most hearty zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either to quit the religion in which they were bred, and which their consciences still retained, or to leave their native land, and endure all the woes of a perpetual exile. If the rules of policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your kingdom, and transferring to foreign countries its manufactures and commerce, I am surprised that your heart itself did not stop you. It makes one shudder to think, that such orders should be sent from the most polished court in Europe, as the most savage Tartars could hardly have executed without remorse and compassion.

*Louis.* It was not my heart, but my religion, that dictated these severities. My confessor told me, they alone would atone for all my sins.

*Peter.*

*Peter.* Had I believed in my patriarch, as you believed in your priest, I should not have been the great monarch that I was. — But I mean not to detract from the merit of a prince whose memory is dear to his subjects. They are proud of having obeyed you, which is certainly the highest praise to a king. My people also date their glory from the æra of my reign. But there is this capital distinction between us. The pomp and pageantry of state were necessary to your greatness: I was great in myself, great in the energy and powers of my mind, great in the superiority and *sovereignty* of my soul over all other men.

## D I A L O G U E III.

PLATO. — FENELON.

*Plato.* **W**ELCAME to Elysium, O thou, the most pure, the most gentle, the most refined disciple of philosophy that the world, in modern times, has produced! Sage Fenelon, welcome! — I need not name myself to you. Our souls by sympathy must know one another.

*Fen.* I know you to be Plato the most amiable of all the disciples of Socrates, and the philosopher of all antiquity whom I most desired to resemble.

*Plato.* Homer and Orpheus are impatient to see you in that region of these happy fields, which their shades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great poet, though you have written no verses. And they are now busy in composing for you unfading wreaths of all the finest and sweetest Elysian flowers. But I will lead you from them to the sacred grove of philosophy, on the highest hill of Elysium, where the air is most pure and most serene. I will conduct you to the fountain of wisdom, in which you will see, as in your own writings, the fair image

of Virtue perpetually reflected. It will raise in you more love than was felt by Narcissus, when he contemplated the beauty of his own face in the unruffled spring. But you shall not pine, as he did, for a shadow. The goddess herself will affectionately meet your embraces and mingle with your soul.

*Fen.* I find you retain the allegorical and poetical style, of which you were so fond in many of your writings. Mine also ran sometimes into poetry, particularly in my *Telemachus*, which I meant to make a kind of epic composition. But I dare not rank myself among the great poets, nor pretend to any equality in oratory with you, the most eloquent of philosophers, on whose lips the Attic bees distilled all their honey.

*Plato.* The French language is not so harmonious as the Greek: yet you have given a sweetness to it, which equally charms the ear and heart. When one reads your compositions, one thinks that one hears Apollo's lyre, strung by the hands of the Graces, and tuned by the muses. The idea of a *perfect king*, which you have exhibited in your *Telemachus*, far excels, in my own judgment, my imaginary *republic*. Your *Dialogues* breathe the pure spirit of virtue, of unaffected good sense, of just criticism, of fine taste. They are in general as superior to your countryman Fontenelle's, as reason is to false wit, or truth to affectation. The greatest fault of them, I think, is that some are too short.

*Fen.* It has been objected to them, and I am sensible of it myself, that most of them are too full of *common-place morals*. But I wrote them for the instruction of a young prince: and one cannot too forcibly imprint on the minds of those who are born to empire the most simple truths: because, as they grow up the flattery of a court will try to disguise and conceal from them those truths, and to eradicate from their hearts the love of their duty, if it has not taken there a very deep root.

*Plato.*

*Plato.* It is indeed the peculiar misfortune of princes, that they are often instructed with great care in the refinements of policy, and not taught the first principles of moral obligations, or taught so superficially, that the virtuous man is soon lost in the corrupt politician. But the lessons of virtue you gave your royal pupil are so graced by the charms of your eloquence, that the oldest and wisest men may attend to them with pleasure. All your writings are embellished with a sublime and agreeable imagination, which gives elegance to simplicity, and dignity to the most vulgar and obvious truths. I have heard, indeed, that your countrymen are less sensible of the beauty of your genius and style than any of their neighbours. What hath so much depraved their taste?

*Fen.* That which depraved the taste of the Romans after the age of Augustus; an immoderate love of *wit*, of *paradox*, of *refinement*. The works of their writers, like the faces of their women, must be painted and adorned with artificial embellishments to attract their regards. And thus the natural beauty of both is lost. But it is no wonder if few of them esteem my Telemachus; as the maxims I have principally inculcated there are thought by many inconsistent with the grandeur of their monarchy, and with the splendor of a refined and opulent nation. They seem generally to be falling into opinions, that the chief end of society is to procure the pleasures of luxury; that a nice and elegant taste of voluptuous enjoyments is the perfection of merit; and that a king, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine palace, who furnishes it well with good statues and pictures, who encourages the fine arts, and makes them subservient to every modish vice, who has a restless ambition, a perfidious policy, and a spirit of conquest, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas to check the excesses of luxury, those excesses I mean which enfeeble the spirit of a nation; to ease the people, as much as is possible,

possible, of the burthen of taxes; to give them the blessings of peace and tranquillity, when they can be obtained without injury or dishonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and masculine in the temper of their bodies and minds, that they may be the fitter for war whenever it does come upon them; but above all to watch diligently over their morals, and discourage whatever may defile or corrupt them, is the great business of government, and ought to be in all circumstances the principal object of a wise legislature. Unquestionably *that is the happiest country which has most virtue in it*: and to the eye of sober reason the poorest Swiss canton is a much nobler state than the kingdom of France, if it has more liberty, better morals, a more settled tranquillity, more moderation in prosperity, and more firmness in danger.

*Plato.* Your notions are just; and if your country rejects them, she will not long hold the rank of the first nation in Europe. Her declension is begun, her ruin approaches. For, omitting all other arguments, can a state be well served, when the raising of an opulent fortune in its service, and making a splendid use of that fortune, is a distinction more envied than any which arises from integrity in office, or public spirit in government? can that spirit, which is the parent of national greatness, continue vigorous and diffusive, where the desire of wealth, for the sake of a luxury which wealth alone can support, and an ambition aspiring, not to glory, but to profit, are the predominant passions? If it exists in a king, or a minister of state, how will either of them find, among a people so disposed, the necessary instruments to execute his great designs; or rather, what obstruction will he not find from the continual opposition of private interest to public? But if, on the contrary, a court inclines to tyranny, what a facility will be given by these dispositions to that evil purpose! how will men, with minds relaxed by the enervating ease and softness

softness of luxury, have vigour to oppose it! will not most of them lean to servitude, *as their natural state*, as that in which the extravagant and insatiable cravings of their artificial wants may best be gratified at the charge of a bountiful master, or by the spoils of an enslaved and ruined people? when all sense of public virtue is thus destroyed, will not fraud, corruption, and avarice, or the opposite workings of court-factions to bring disgrace on each other, ruin armies and fleets without the help of an enemy, and give up the independence of the nation to foreigners, after having betrayed its liberties to a king? All these mischiefs you saw attendant on that luxury, which some modern philosophers account (as I am informed) the highest good to a state. Time will shew that their doctrines are pernicious to society, pernicious to government; and that your's, tempered and moderated, so as to render them more practicable in the present circumstances of your country, are wise, salutary, and deserving of the general thanks of mankind. But, lest you should think, from the praise I have given you, that flattery can find a place in Elysium, allow me to lament, with the tender sorrow of a friend, that a man so superior to all other follies could give into the *reveries* of a madame Guyon, a distracted enthusiast, How strange was it to see *the two great lights of France*, you and the bishop of Meaux, engaged in a controversy, whether a *mad-woman* was a *heretic* or a *saint*!

*Fen.* I confess my own weakness, and the ridiculousness of the dispute. But did not your warm imagination carry you also into some *reveries* about *divine love*, in which you talked unintelligibly, even to yourself?

*Plato.* I felt something more than I was able to express.

*Fen.* I had my *feelings* too, as fine and as lively as your's. But we should both have done better to have avoided

avoided those subjects, in which *sentiment* took the place of *reason*.

## D I A L O G U E IV.

Mr. ADDISON.—Dr. SWIFT.

*Swift.* SURELY, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly inclined to play the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a *minister of state*, and me a *divine*!

*Addis.* I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you don't mean to insinuate, that all would have been right, if our destinies had been reversed?

*Swift.* Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent bishop; and I should have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

*Addis.* You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never understood that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are very different things.

*Swift.* Ay; so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by seasonably putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times, when the nation itself is a mob, and ought to be treated as such by a skilful observer.

*Addis.* I don't deny the truth of your proposition. But is there no danger, that, from the natural vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

*Swift.* Sometimes there may: but I risked it; and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me, instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority? And if I could make myself so considerable,  
when

when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done, if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation that would have enabled me to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

*Addis.* You would undoubtedly have done very marvellous acts! Perhaps you might then have been as zealous a whig as my lord Wharton himself. Or, if the whigs had unhappily offended *the statesman*, as they did *the doctor*, who knows whether you might not have brought in the pretender? Pray let me ask you one question between you and me. If your great talents had raised you to the office of first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

*Swift.* Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he, or his master, could make you as great in wit, as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must be given *from above*. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And, though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my good friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough in your nature, to pretend to a competition in that point with me.

*Addis.* I have been told by my friends that I was rather too modest. So I will not determine this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the God of wit, who fortunately happens to be coming this way, with a soul he has brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! a question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

MERCURY. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you—How does my old lad? how does honest Lemuel Gulliver? have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the *flying island*,

or

or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray when did you *eat a crust with lord Peter*? is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear that, since you published the history of his case, the poor fellow, by more gentle usage, is almost got well. If he had but more food, he would be as much in his senses as *brother Martin* himself. But Martin, they tell me, has lately spawned a strange brood of Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than ever Jack was in his worst days. It is a great pity you are not alive again, to make a new edition of your *Tale of the Tub* for the use of these fellows.—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of my old friend the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

*Swift.* Addison, I think our dispute is decided, before the judge has heard the cause.

*Addis.* I own it is, in your favour;—but—

MERCURY. Don't be discouraged, friend Addison: Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the *Freeholder*, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of unaffected wit and humour in your admirable writings, have obtained for you a high place in the class of *my authors*, though not quite so high a one as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have got before him, if the decency of your nature and the cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But, allowing, that in the force and spirit of his wit he has really the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in shewing the mild lights and shades of a character; in distinctly

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ly marking each line, and every soft gradation of tints, which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade. even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*, even while we are *laughing*! Swift was able to do nothing that approaches to this. — He could draw an ill face, or caricature a good one, with a masterly hand: but there was all his power: and, if I am to speak as a *god*, a worthless power it is. Your's is divine. It tends to exalt human nature.

*Swift*. Pray, good MERCURY, (if I may have liberty to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was not highly beneficial to *correct* human nature? is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

MERCURY. Men are generally not so patient of whipping as boys: and *a rough satirist* is seldom known to mend them. Satire, like antimony, if it be used as a medicine, must be rendered less corrosive. Your's is often rank poison. But I will allow that you have done some good in your way, though not half so much as Addison did in his.

*Addis*. Mercury, I am satisfied. It matters little what rank you assign me as a wit, if you give me the precedence as a friend and benefactor to mankind.

MERCURY. I pass sentence on the *writers*, not the *men*. And my decree is this. When any hero is brought hither, who wants to be humbled, let the task of lowering his arrogance be assigned to Swift. The same good office may be done to a philosopher vain of his wisdom and virtue, or to a bigot puffed up with spiritual pride. The doctor's discipline will soon convince the first, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a *yaboo*; and the latter, that to be *holy* he must necessarily be *humble*. I would also have him apply his *anticosmetic wash* to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant

tulant wit. But Addison should be employed to comfort those, whose delicate minds are dejected with too painful a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them he should hold his fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight their hidden excellencies, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium. — Adieu: continue to esteem and love each other as you did in the other world, though you were of opposite parties, and (what is still more wonderful) *rival wits*. This alone is sufficient to entitle you both to Elysium.

## DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES.—CIRCE. *In CIRCE'S Island\*.*

*Circe.* YOU will go then, Ulysses; but tell me without reserve — What carries you from me?

*Ulyss.* Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will sigh for my country. It is an attachment which all my admiration of you cannot entirely overcome.

*Circe.* This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what, Ulysses, do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

*Ulyss.* It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the tenderness of love, or in her mind the fear of shame. But you, Circe, are above those vulgar sensations.

*Circe.* I understand your caution; it belongs to your character:

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\* N. B. This cannot be properly called a Dialogue of the Dead; but we have one of the same kind among Cambray's Dialogues, between Ulysses and his companion Grillus, when turned to a boar by the enchantments of Circe; and two or three others, that are supposed to have past between living persons.

character: and therefore, to remove all diffidence from you, I swear by Styx, I will do no manner of harm, either to you, or your friends, for any thing which you say, however offensive it may be to my love or my pride; but will send you away from my island with all marks of my friendship. Tell me now truly, what pleasures you hope to enjoy in the barren rock of Ithaca, which can compensate for those you leave in this paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

*Ulyss.* The pleasures of virtue; the supreme happiness of doing good. Here I do nothing. My mind is in a palsy: all its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action, that I may worthily employ those talents, which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me. They are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than these vacant groves. There I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid, like a coward, from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of *my former self* haunts and seems to upbraid me, wheresoever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every shade: it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess, unless you have power to lay that spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

*Circe.* May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, be permitted to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

*Ulyss.* No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses. Here I am deprived of that sacred society. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, or think, while such a number of beasts (and the worst beasts are men turned

ed into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting all about me?

*Circe.* There may be something in this: but this, I know, is not all. You suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of *your former self*, which appears to you in this island; which follows your walks; which more particularly interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms. It is Penelope, Ulysses, I know it is. — Don't pretend to deny it. You sigh for Penelope in my bosom itself. — And yet she is not an immortal. — She is not, as I am, endowed by nature with the gift of unfading youth. Several years have passed since her's has been faded. I might say without vanity that in her best days she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

*Ulyss.* You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired about her, that she is faithful to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as at the time when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of youth and beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood? shall I forget my Penelope, who can't forget me; who has no pleasure so dear to her as my remembrance?

*Circe.* Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her. Let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode with me, that you have fixed it for ever. Let her know that she is free to dispose as she pleases of her heart and her hand. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face. — If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelve-month, I understand nothing of womankind.

*Ulyss.* O cruel goddess! why will you force me to tell you truths I desire to conceal? If by such unmerited,

merited, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I be able to endure the torment of thinking, that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amends for her being no longer mine, for her being another's? Don't frown, Circe; I must own, (since you will have me speak) I must own *you* could not. — With all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not so powerful a charmer as she. You feel *desire*, and you give it: but you have never felt *love*, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero. Her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself. She bid me expose myself there to all the perils of war among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart sunk and trembled at every thought of those perils, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! When Minerva was teaching me the lessons of wisdom, she delighted to be present; she heard, she retained, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus and Linus, with what taste did she discern every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the Gods. How beneficent was she, how tender to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in all the finer elegant arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and aged; to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants, to  
mediate

mediate for those who were objects of mercy, to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown: And shall I banish myself for ever from such a consort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and godlike powers? Oh Circe, it is impossible; I can't bear the thought.

*Circe.* Be gone — don't imagine that I ask you to stay. *The daughter of the sun* is not so mean-spirited, as to solicit a mortal to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity and despise you. All you have said seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitter for a silly woman than a great man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my island. You shall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every storm, that Neptune can raise, pursue and overwhelm you! — Be gone, I say, quit my sight.

*Ulyss.* Great goddess, I obey — but remember your oath. —

## DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY.—AN ENGLISH DUELLIST.—A NORTH-AMERICAN SAVAGE.

*Duell.* **M**ERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that species. He looks very grim. — Pray, sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

*Sav.* Yes, I learnt it in my childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New York. But, before I was a man, I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villainously

ously cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the late war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my brethren were victorious; and, before I was shot, I had gloriously scalped seven men, and five women and children. In a former war I had performed still greater exploits. My name is *the Bloody Bear*: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

*Duell. Bloody Bear*, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat; but don't understand cutting the throats of women and children.

*Sav.* Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its customs. But, by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

*Duell.* Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a sum of money. After two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park. The fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroitest swordsman in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance: and he will follow me soon; for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said,

that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling-hospital.

*Sav.* Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman: he has murdered his friend: I say positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

*Merc.* Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

*Sav.* Don't tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject, in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know indeed, that the English are a *barbarous nation*; but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

*Merc.* You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradle?

*Sav.* I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend:—Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am determined to swim over the water.

*Merc.* By this touch of my wand I deprive thee of all thy strength.—Swim now if thou canst.

*Sav.* This is a potent enchanter.—Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

*Merc.* I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: otherwise worse will befall you.

*Duell.* Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

*Sav.* I know thou art a scoundrel. — Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

*Merc.* Stop. — I command thee. No violence. — Talk to him calmly.

*Sav.* I must obey thee. — Well, sir, let me know what merit you had, to introduce you into good company? what could you do?

*Duell.* Sir, I gamed, as I told you. — Besides, I kept a good table. I *eat* as well as any man either in England or France.

*Sav.* *Eat!* did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder! There is *fine eating!* I have eat twenty. — My table was always *well served*. My wife was esteemed the best cook for the dressing of man's flesh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your *eating* with mine?

*Duell.* I danced very finely.

*Sav.* I'll dance with thee for thy ears. — I can dance all day long. I can dance the *war-dance* with more spirit than any man of my nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learnt. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging *rascal*?

*Duell.* O heavens! must I bear this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword, nor pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

*Merc.* You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths, which you must necessarily hear when you come before Rha-

damanthus. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

*Duell.* I sung very agreeably.

*Sav.* Let me hear you sing your *death* song, or the *war whoop*. I challenge you to sing. — Come, begin. — The fellow is mute. — Mercury, this is a *liar*. — He has told us nothing but *lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

*Duell.* *The lie given me!* — and alas! I dare not resent it. What an indelible disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This indeed is *Damnation*.

*Mer.* Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of *honour*; it is the spirit of the Furies, and to them he must go.

*Sav.* If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this *kick on your breech*.

*Duell.* Oh my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

## DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER. — PLINY THE YOUNGER.

*E. Pliny.* **T**HE account that you give me\*, nephew, of your behaviour, amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than of true magnanimity. Nothing is  
great

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\* V. C. Plinii Epist. l. vi. ep. 20.

great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth was shaking beneath you, when the whole heaven was darkened with sulphureous clouds; when all nature seemed falling into its final destruction, to be *reading Livy*, and *making extracts*, was an absurd affectation. To meet danger with courage is manly; but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility, where it cannot be supposed, is ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that tremendous scene, by shewing yourself undismayed. But the real merit and glory of this part of your behaviour is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

*Y. Pliny.* That vulgar minds should consider my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture as unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder. But that you would blame it as such, I did not apprehend; you, whom no business could separate from the Muses; you, who approached nearer to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

*E. Pliny.* I died in doing my duty\*. Let me recall to your remembrance all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your behaviour and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet which then lay at Misenum. On the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out, to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phænomenon, and endeavour to discover its nature and cause. This I did, as a philosopher; and it was a curiosity proper and natural to an inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have gone; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent.

When

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\* V. Epist. 16. l. vi.

When I came out from my house, I found all the inhabitants of Misenum flying to the sea. That I might assist them, and all others, who dwelt on the coast, I immediately commanded the whole fleet to put out, and sailed with it all round the bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the affrighted people were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I happily preserved some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with an unshaken composure and freedom of mind, the several phænomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, our gallees were covered with ashes, the showers of which grew continually hotter and hotter; then pumice stones, and burnt and broken *pyrites*, began to fall on our heads; and we were stopt by the obstacles which the ruins of the vulcano had suddenly formed, by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up, on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he was desirous to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. The family watched, and I slept; till the heaps of pumice stones, which incessantly fell from the clouds, that had by this time been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that, if I had staid any longer, I could not have got out; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house. We therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads, as well as we were able, with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing contrary, and the sea very rough, we all remained on the shore, till the descent of a sulphureous and fiery vapour suddenly oppressed my weak lungs, and put

put an end to my life. In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your conduct, I must say, my dear nephew, there was a mixture of vanity blended with your virtue, which impaired and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men whom Rome has ever produced: for none excelled you in sincere integrity of heart and greatness of sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory, by seeking the shadow? — Your eloquence had, I think, the same fault as your manners: it was generally too *affected*. You professed to make Cicero your guide and pattern. But when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and your's upon Trajan; the first seems the genuine language of truth and nature, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime oratory: the latter appears the harangue of a florid *rhetorician*, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own wit, than to extol the great man whose virtues he was praising.

*E. Pliny.* I will not question your judgment either of my life or my writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. It is perhaps some excuse for the affectation of my style, that it was the fashion of the age in which I wrote. Even the eloquence of Tacitus, however nervous and sublime, was not unaffected. Mine indeed was more diffuse, and the ornaments of it were more tawdry; but his laboured conciseness, the constant *glow* of his diction, and pointed *brilliancy* of his sentences, were no less unnatural. One principal cause of this I suppose to have been, that as we despaired of excelling the two great masters of oratory, Cicero and Livy, in their own manner, we took up another, which, to many, appeared more shining, and gave our compositions a more original air. But it is mortifying to me to say much on this subject.

Permit

Permit me therefore to resume the contemplation of that on which our conversation turned before. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have been describing! Don't you remember the beauty of that fine coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was torn with the violence of those internal fires, that forced their way through its surface. The foot of it was covered with corn fields and rich meadows, interspersed with splendid villas, and magnificent towns: the sides of it were cloathed with the best vines in Italy. How quick, how unexpected, how terrible was the change! All was at once overwhelmed, with ashes, cinders, broken rocks, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and desolation!

*E. Pliny.* You paint it very truly. — But has it never occurred to your philosophical mind, that this change is a striking emblem of that which must happen, by the natural course of things, to every rich, luxurious state! While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they imagine that no evil, no danger is nigh, the latent seeds of destruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a sudden, they lay waste all their opulence, all their boasted delights; and leave them a sad monument of the fatal effects of internal tempests and convulsions.

## DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ. — WILLIAM PENN.

*Cortez.* **I**S it possible, William Penn, that you should seriously compare your glory with mine! the planter of a small colony in North-America presume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican empire!

*Penn.* Friend, I pretend to no glory, — the LORD preserve me from it! — All glory is *his*; — but this I say,

say, that I was *his instrument* in a more glorious work than that performed by thee: incomparably more glorious.

*Cortez.* Dost thou not know, William Penn, that with less than six hundred Spanish foot, eighteen horse, and a few small pieces of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men, dethroned an emperor who had been raised to the throne by his valour, and excelled all his countrymen in the science of war, as much as they excelled all the rest of the West Indian nations? that I made him my prisoner in his own capital; and, after he had been deposed and slain by his subjects, vanquished and took Guatimozin, his successor, and accomplished my conquest of the whole empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spanish crown? Dost thou not know, that, in doing these wonderful acts, I shewed as much courage as Alexander the Great, as much prudence as Cæsar? that, by my policy, I ranged under my banners the powerful commonwealth of Tlascala, and brought them to assist me in subduing the Mexicans, though with the loss of their own beloved independence? and that, to consummate my glory, when the governor of Cuba, Velasquez, would have taken my command from me, and sacrificed me to his envy and jealousy, I drew from him all his forces, and joined them to my own, shewing myself as superior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

*Penn.* I know very well that thou wast as fierce as a lion, and as subtle as a serpent. The devil, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black list of heroes* as Alexander or Cæsar. It is not my business to interfere with him in settling thy rank. But hark thee, friend Cortez — What right hadst thou, or had the king of Spain himself, to the Mexican empire? Answer me that, if thou canst.

*Cortez.* The pope gave it to my master.

*Penn.* The devil offered to give our LORD all the kingdoms

kingdoms of the earth; and I suppose the pope, as *his vicar*, gave thy master this: in return for which he *fell down and worshipped him*, like an idolater as he was. But suppose the high priest of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to Montezuma, would his grant have been good?

*Cortez.* These are questions of casuistry, which it is not the business of a soldier to decide. We leave that to gownsmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what right had you to the province you settled.

*Penn.* An honest right of fair purchase. We gave the native savages some things they wanted, and they in return gave us lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood shed to stain our acquisition.

*Cortez.* I am afraid there was a little *fraud* in the purchase. Thy followers, William Penn, are said to think cheating in a quiet and sober way no mortal sin.

*Penn.* The saints are always calumniated by the ungodly. But it was a sight which an angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the colony I settled! to see us living with the Indians like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of their barbarous manners by the gentleness of ours! to see the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderness, rendered as fertile and fair as the garden of God! O Fernando Cortez, Fernando Cortez! didst thou leave the great empire of Mexico in that state? No, thou hadst turned those delightful and populous regions into a desert, a desert flooded with blood. Dost thou not remember that most infernal scene, when the noble emperor Guatimozin was stretched out by thy soldiers upon hot burning coals, to make him discover into what part of the lake of Mexico he had thrown the royal treasures? are not his groans ever sounding in the ears of thy conscience? do not they rend thy hard heart, and strike thee with more horror than the yells of the Furies?

*Cortez.*

*Cortez.* Alas! I was not present when that dire act was done. Had I been there, I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

*Penn.* Thou wast the captain of that band of robbers, who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counsels and conduct enabled them to commit it: and thy skill saved them afterwards from the vengeance that was due to so enormous a crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly punished them for it, if they had not had thee for their general, thou *lieutenant of Satan*.

*Cortez.* The *saints* I find can *rail*, William Penn. But how do you hope to preserve this *admirable* colony which you have settled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent lambs*. Are there no *wolves* in North America to devour those *lambs*? But if the Americans should continue in perpetual peace with all your successors there, the French will not. Are the inhabitants of Pennsylvania to make war against *them* with prayers and preaching? If so, that garden of GOD, which you say you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey, and they will take from you your property, your laws, and your religion.

*Penn.* The LORD's will be done! The LORD will defend us, against the rage of our enemies, if it be his good pleasure.

*Cortez.* Is this the wisdom of a great legislator? I have heard some of your countrymen compare you to Solon! did Solon, think you, give laws to a people, and leave those laws and that people at the mercy of every invader? The first business of legislature is, to provide a military strength that may defend the whole system. If a house is built in a land of robbers, without a gate to shut, or a bolt or bar to secure it, what avails it how well proportioned, or how commodious, the architecture of it may be? Is it richly furnished within? the more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to seize its wealth. The world, William Penn, is all a land of robbers. Any state or  
commonwealth

commonwealth erected therein must be well fenced and secured by good military institutions; or, the happier it is in all other respects, the greater will be its danger, the more speedy its destruction. Perhaps the neighbouring English colonies may for a while protect your's: but that precarious security cannot always preserve you. Your plan of government must be changed, or your colony will be lost. What I have said is also applicable to Great Britain itself. If an increase of its wealth be not accompanied with an increase of its force, that wealth will become the prey of some of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial spirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praise may be due to its civil institutions, if they are not guarded by a wise system of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own dissolution.

*Penn.* These are suggestions of human wisdom. The doctrines I held were *inspired*: they came from above.

*Cortez.* It is blasphemy to say, *that any folly could come from the Fountain of Wisdom.* Whatever is inconsistent with the great laws of nature, and with the necessary state of human society, cannot possibly have been inspired by God. Self-defence is as necessary to nations as to men. And shall particulars have a right which nations have not? True religion, William Penn, is the perfection of reason. Fanaticism is the disgrace, the destruction of reason.

*Penn.* Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A *Papist* talk of *reason!* Go to the Inquisition, and tell *them of reason!* and *the great laws of nature.* They will broil thee, as thy soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why dost thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquisition, or Guatimozin, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched man! who madest thyself a voluntary instrument to carry into the new-discovered world that hellish tribunal! Tremble and shake when thou think-  
est,

est, that every murder the inquisitors have committed, every torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou must answer to God for all their inhumanity, for all their injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the renown of thy conquest, and to have a conscience as pure and undisturbed as mine?

*Cortez.* I feel the force of thy words. They pierce me like daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the ills I have caused.—Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the glory of God, and propagate in the remotest parts of the earth his holy Religion. He will be merciful to well-designing and pious error. Thou also wilt have need of that gracious indulgence; though not, I own, so much as I.

*Penn.* Ask thy heart, whether ambition was not thy real motive, and zeal the pretence?

*Cortez.* Ask thine, whether thy zeal had no worldly views, and whether thou didst believe all the nonsense of the sect, at the head of which thou wast pleased to become a legislator. Adieu! — Self-examination requires retirement.

## DIALOGUE IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO. — MESSALLA CORVINUS.

*Cato.* **O**H Messalla! — is it then possible that what some of our countrymen tell me should be true? Is it possible that you could live the courtier of Octavius, that you could accept of employments and honours from him, from the tyrant of your country; you, the brave, the noble-minded, the virtuous Messalla; you, whom, I remember, my son-in-law Brutus has frequently extolled, as the most promising youth in Rome, tutored by philosophy,  
trained

trained up in arms, scorning all those soft, effeminate pleasures, that reconcile men to an easy and indolent servitude, fit for all the roughest tasks of honour and virtue, fit to live or to *die* a freeman?

*Mess.* Marcus Cato, I revere both your life and your death: but the last, permit me to tell you did no good to your country; and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the sternness of your virtue, I will not say of your pride. For my own part, I adhered with constant integrity and unwearied zeal to the republic, while the republic existed. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for her, not for himself. When he was dead, I saw that nothing remained to my country but *the choice of a master*. I chose *the best*.

*Cato.* The best! — What! a man who had broken all laws, who had violated all trusts, who had led the armies of the commonwealth against Antony, and then joined with him and that sottish traitor Lepidus, who set up a Triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; who shed the best blood in Rome by an inhuman proscription; murdered even his own guardian; murdered Cicero, to whose confidence, too improvidently given, he owed all his power! Was this the master you chose? could you bring your tongue to give him the name of *Augustus*? could you stoop to beg consulships and triumphs from him? O shame to virtue! O degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her sons, her noblest sons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the wound that I died of: it stabs my soul.

*Mess.* Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your indignation. There has always been too much passion mixed with your virtue. The enthusiasm you are possessed with is a noble one; but it disturbs your judgment. Hear me with patience, and with the tranquillity that becomes a philosopher. It is true, that Octavius had done all you have said: but it is no less

less true, that in our circumstances he was the best master Rome could chuse. His mind was fitted by nature for empire. His understanding was clear, and strong. His passions were cool, and under the absolute command of his reason. His name gave him an authority over the troops and the people, which no other Roman could possess in an equal degree. He used that authority to restrain the excesses of both, which it was no longer in the power of the senate to repress, nor of any other general, or magistrate in the state. He restored discipline in our armies, the first means of salvation, without which no legal government could have been formed or supported. He avoided all odious and invidious names. He maintained and respected those which time and long habits had endeared to the Roman people. He permitted a generous liberty of speech. He treated the nobles of Pompey's party as well as those of his father's, if they did not themselves, for factious purposes, keep up the distinction. He formed a plan of government, moderate, decent, respectable, which left the senate its majesty, and some of its power. He restored vigour and spirit to the laws; he made new and good ones for the reformation of manners; he enforced their execution; he governed the empire with lenity, justice, and glory: he humbled the pride of the Parthians; he broke the fierceness of the barbarous nations: he gave to his country, exhausted and languishing with the great loss of blood, which she had sustained in the course of so many civil wars, the blessing of peace; a blessing which was become so necessary for her, that without it she could enjoy no other. In doing these things, I acknowledge, he had my assistance. I am prouder of it, and I think I can justify myself more effectually to my country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, Cato, it is better *to do some good than to project a great deal.* A little practicable virtue is of more use

to society than the most sublime theory, or the best principles of government ill applied.

*Cato.* Yet I must think it was beneath the character of Messalla to join in supporting a government, which, though coloured and mitigated, was still a tyranny. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary exile, where you would not have seen the face of the tyrant, and where you might have quietly practised those private virtues, which are all the gods require from good men in certain situations?

*Mess.* No: — I did much more good by continuing at Rome. Had Augustus required of me any thing, base, any thing servile, I would have gone into exile, I would have died, rather than do it. — But he respected my virtue, he respected my dignity; he treated me as well as Agrippa, or as Mæcenas, with this distinction alone, that he never employed my sword but against foreign nations, or the old enemies of the republic.

*Cato.* It must, I own, have been a pleasure to be employed against Antony, that monster of vice, who plotted the ruin of liberty, and the raising of himself to sovereign power, amidst the riot of Bacchanals, and in the embraces of harlots: who, when he had attained to that power, delivered it up to a lascivious queen, and would have made an Egyptian strumpet the mistress of Rome, if the battle of Actium had not saved us from *that last of misfortunes*.

*Mess.* In that battle I had a considerable share. So I had in encouraging the liberal arts and sciences, which Augustus protected. Under his judicious patronage the Muses made Rome their capital seat. It would have pleased you to have known Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Livy, and many more, whose names will be illustrious to all generations.

*Cato.* I understand you, Messalla. Your Augustus and you, after the ruin of our liberty, made Rome a Greek city, an academy of fine wits, another Athens under the government of Demetrius Phalareus.

reus. I had much rather have seen her under Fabricius and Curius, and her other honest old consuls, who could not read.

*Mess.* Yet to these writers she will owe as much of her glory as she did to those heroes. I could say more, a great deal more, on the happiness of the mild dominion of Augustus. I might even add, that the vast extent of the empire, the factions of the nobility, and the corruption of the people, which no laws under the ordinary magistrates of the state were able to restrain, seemed necessarily to require some change in the government: that Cato himself, had he remained upon earth, could have done us no good, unless he would have yielded to become *our prince*. But I see you consider me as a deserter from the republic, and an apologist for a tyrant. I therefore leave you to the company of those ancient Romans, for whose society you were always much fitter than for that of your contemporaries. Cato should have lived with Fabricius and Curius, not with Pompey and Cæsar.

## DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden.  
Chancellor OXENSTIERN.

*Christ.* YOU seem to avoid me, Oxenstiern; and now we are met, you don't pay me the reverence that is due to your queen! Have you forgotten that I was your sovereign?

*Oxensf.* I am not your subject here, madam; but have you forgotten, that you yourself broke that bond, and freed me from my allegiance, many years before you died, by abdicating the crown, against my advice and the inclination of your people? Reverence here is paid only to virtue.

*Christ.* I see you would mortify me, if it were in your power, for acting against your advice. But my

fame does not depend upon your judgment. All Europe admired the greatness of my mind in resigning a crown, to dedicate myself entirely to the love of the sciences and the fine arts: things of which you had no taste in barbarous Sweden, the realm of Goths and Vandals.

*Oxens.* There is hardly any mind *too great* for a crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you sure, madam, it was magnanimity, that caused you to fly from the government of a kingdom, which your ancestors, and particularly your heroic father, Gustavus, had ruled with so much glory?

*Christ.* Am I sure of it? Yes: — and to confirm my own judgment, I have that of many learned men and *beaux esprits* of all countries, who have celebrated my action as the perfection of heroism.

*Oxens.* Those *beaux esprits* judged according to their predominant passion. I have heard young ladies express their admiration of Mark Antony for heroically leaving his fleet at the battle of Actium, to follow his mistress. Your passion for literature had the same effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a manner more becoming your birth and rank? why did not you bring the Muses to Sweden, instead of deserting that kingdom to seek them in Rome? For a prince to encourage and protect arts and sciences, and more especially to instruct an illiterate people, and inspire them with knowledge, politeness, and fine taste, is indeed an act of true greatness.

*Christ.* The Swedes were too gross to be refined by any culture, which I could have given to their dull, their half-frozen souls. Wit and genius require the influence of a more Southern climate.

*Oxens.* The Swedes too gross! No, madam: not even the Russians are too gross to be refined, if they had a prince to instruct them.

*Christ.* It was too tedious a work for the vivacity of my temper to polish bears into men: I should have died of the spleen before I had made any proficiency in

in it. My desire was to shine among those who were qualified to judge of my talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the glory of shewing the French and Italian wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They beheld me with wonder. The homage I had received in my palace at Stockholm was paid to my dignity: that which I drew from the French and Roman academies was paid to my talents. How much more glorious, how much more delightful to an elegant and rational mind, was the latter than the former! Could you once have felt the joy; the transport of my heart, when I saw the greatest authors, and all the celebrated artists, in the most learned and civilized countries of Europe, bringing their works to me, and submitting the merit of them to my decisions; when I saw the philosophers, the rhetoricians, the poets, making my judgment the standard of their reputation; you would not wonder that I preferred the empire of wit to any other empire.

*Oxenf.* O great Gustavus! my ever honoured, my adored master! O greatest of kings, greatest in valour, in virtue, in wisdom, with what indignation must thy soul, enthroned in heaven, have looked down on thy unworthy, thy degenerate daughter! With what shame must thou have seen her rambling about from court to court, deprived of her royal dignity, debased into a pedant, a witling, a smatterer in sculpture and painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy rhetorician, or hireling poet! I weep to think on this stain, this dishonourable stain, to thy illustrious blood! And yet — would to GOD! would to GOD! this was all the pollution it has suffered!

*Christ.* Darest thou, Oxenstiern, impute any blemish to my honour?

*Oxenf.* Madam, the world will scarce respect the frailties of queens when they are on their thrones; much less when they have voluntarily degraded themselves to the level of the vulgar. And if scandalous tongues have unjustly aspersed their fame, the way to clear it is not by an *assassination*.

*Christ.* Oh! that I were alive again, and restored to my throne, that I might punish the insolence of this hoary traitor! — But, see! he leaves me, he turns his back upon me with cool contempt! — Alas! do I not deserve this scorn? In spite of myself I must confess that I do — O vanity, how short-lived are the pleasures thou bestowest! I was thy votary: thou wast the god for whom I changed my religion. For thee I forsook my country and my throne. What compensation have I gained for all these sacrifices, so lavishly, so imprudently made? Some puffs of incense from authors, who thought their flattery due to the rank I had held, or hoped to advance themselves by my recommendation, or, at best, over-rated my passion for literature, and praised me to raise the value of those talents with which they were endowed. But in the esteem of *wise men* I stand very low; and *their esteem alone is the true measure of glory*. Nothing, I perceive, can give the mind a lasting joy, but the consciousness of having performed our duty in that station, which it has pleased the divine Providence to assign to us. The glory of virtue is solid and eternal: all other will fade away like a thin vapoury cloud, on which the casual glance of some faint beams of light has superficially imprinted their weak and transient colours.

## DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

*Titus.* **N**O — Scipio, I can't give place to you in this. — In other respects I acknowledge myself your inferior, though I was emperor of Rome, and you only her consul. I think your triumph over Carthage more glorious than mine over Judæa: but in that I gained over love I must esteem myself superior

rior to you, though your generosity with regard to the fair Celtiberian your captive has been celebrated so highly.

*Scip.* Fame has been then unjust to your merit: for little is said of the *contenance* of Titus: but mine has been the favourite topic of eloquence in every age and country.

*Titus.* It has: — and in particular your great historian Livy has poured forth all the ornaments of his admirable rhetoric to embellish and dignify that part of your story. I had a great historian too, Cornelius Tacitus: but either from the brevity which he affected in writing, or from the severity of his nature, which, never having felt the passion of love, thought the subduing of it too easy a victory to deserve great encomiums, he has bestowed but three lines upon my parting with Berenicé, which cost me more pain, and greater efforts of mind, than the conquest of Jerusalem.

*Scip.* I wish to hear from yourself the history of that parting, and what could make it so hard and painful to you.

*Titus.* While I served in Palestine under the auspices of my father Vespasian, I became acquainted with Berenice, sister to king Agrippa, and who was herself a queen in one of those Eastern countries. She was the most beautiful woman in Asia; but she had graces more irresistible still than her beauty. She had all the insinuation and wit of Cleopatra, without her coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: she loved my person, not my greatness. Her tenderness, her fidelity, so enflamed my passion for her, that I gave her a promise of marriage.

*Scip.* What do I hear? A Roman senator promise to marry a queen!

*Titus.* I expected, Scipio, that your ears would be offended with the sound of such a match. But consider that Rome was very different in my time from Rome in your's. The ferocious pride of our ancient republican

republican senators had bent itself to the obsequious complaisance of a court. Berenicé made no doubt, and I flattered myself that it would not be inflexible in this point alone. But we thought it necessary to defer the completion of our wishes till the death of my father. On that event the Roman empire, and (what I knew she valued more) *my hand*, became due to her, according to my engagements.

*Scipio.* The Roman empire due to a Syrian queen! Oh Rome, how art thou fallen! Accursed be the memory of Octavius Cæsar, who, by oppressing its liberty, so lowered the majesty of the republic, that a brave and virtuous Roman, in whom was vested all the power of that mighty state, could entertain such a thought! But did you find the senate and people so servile, so lost to all sense of their honour and dignity, as to affront the great genius of imperial Rome, and the eyes of her tutelary gods, the eyes of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the sight of a queen, an Asiatic queen, on the throne of the Cæsars?

*Titus.* I did not; — they judged of it as you, Scipio, judge; they detested, they disdained it. In vain did I urge to some particular friends, who represented to me the sense of the senate and people, that a Messalina, a Poppæa, were a much greater dishonour to the throne of the Cæsars than a virtuous foreign princess\*. Their prejudices were unconquerable; I saw it would be impossible for me to remove them. But I might have used my authority to silence their murmurs. A liberal donative to the soldiers, by whom I was fondly beloved, would have secured their fidelity, and consequently would have forced the senate and people to yield to my inclination. Berenicé knew this, and with tears implored me not to sacrifice her happiness and my own to an unjust prepossession.

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\* The Character of Berenicé in this dialogue is conformable to the idea given of her by Racine, not by Josephus.

prepossession. Shall I own it to you, Publius? My heart not only pitied her, but acknowledged the truth and solidity of her reasons. Yet so much did I abhor the idea of tyranny, so much respect did I pay to the sentiments of my subjects, that I determined to separate myself from her for ever, rather than force either the laws or the prejudices of Rome to submit to my will.

*Scipio.* Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou wast worthy of the empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy virtue.

*Titus.* My virtue can have no greater reward from the approbation of man. But, O Scipio, think what anguish my heart must have felt, when I took that resolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy Berenicé. You saw the struggle of Masinissa, when you forced him to give up his beloved Sophonisba. Mine was a harder conflict. She had abandoned him to marry the king of Numidia. He knew that her ruling passion was ambition, not love. He could not rationally esteem her, when she quitted a husband, whom she had ruined, who had lost his crown and his liberty in the cause of her country, and for her sake, to give her person to him, the capital foe of that unfortunate husband. He must, in spite of his passion, have thought her a perfidious, a detestable woman. But I esteemed Berenicé: she deserved my esteem. I was certain she would not have accepted the empire from any other hand: and had I been a private man, she would have raised me to her throne. Yet I had the fortitude, I ought, perhaps, to say, the *hardness of heart*, to bid her depart from my sight; depart for ever! What, O Publius, was your conquest over yourself, in giving back to her betrothed lover the Celtiberian captive, compared to this? Indeed *that* was no conquest. I will not so dishonour the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, engaged by  
affection

affection as well as vows. let her have been ever so beautiful, could raise in your heart no sentiments but compassion and friendship. To have violated her, would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband, would have been cruel. But where love is mutual, where the object beloved suffers more in the separation than you do yourself, to part with *her* is indeed a struggle! It is the hardest sacrifice a good heart can make to its duty.

*Scipio.* I acknowledge that it is, and yield you the palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the tenderness you describe. Hannibal, Carthage, Rome, the saving of my country, the subduing of its rival, these filled my thoughts, and left no room there for those effeminate passions. I do not blame your sensibility: but, when I went to the capitol *to talk with JOVE*, I never consulted him about *love affairs*.

*Titus.* If my soul had been possessed by ambition alone, I might possibly have been a greater man than I was; but I should not have been more virtuous, nor have gained the title I preferred to that of Conqueror of Judæa and emperor of Rome, in being called *the Delight of Humankind*.

## DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY Duke of GUISE. — MACHIAVEL.

*Guise.* **A**VAUNT! thou fiend — I abhor thy sight — I look upon thee as the original cause of my death, and of all the calamities brought upon the French nation, in my father's time and my own.

*Machia.* I the cause of your death! You surprize me!

*Guise.*

*Guise.* Yes:—Your pernicious maxims of policy, imported from Florence with Catherine of Medicis, your wicked disciple, produced in France such a government, such dissimulation, such perfidy, such violent, ruthless counsels, as threw that whole kingdom into the utmost confusion, and ended my life, even in the palace of my sovereign, by the swords of assassins.

*Machia.* Whoever may have a right to complain of my policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your greatness to it, and your deviating from it was the real cause of your death. If it had not been for the assassination of admiral Coligni and the massacre of the Huguenots, the strength and power which the conduct of so able a chief would have given to that party, after the death of your father, its most dangerous enemy, would have been fatal to your house: nor could you, even with all the advantage you drew from that *great stroke of Royal policy*, have acquired the authority you afterwards rose to in the kingdom of France, but by pursuing my maxims; by availing yourself of the specious name of religion, to serve the secret purposes of your ambition; and by suffering no restraint of fear or conscience, not even the guilt of exciting a civil war, to check the necessary progress of your well-concerted designs. But on the day of the *barricades* you most imprudently let the king escape out of Paris, when you might have slain or deposed him. This was directly against the great rule of my politics, *not to stop short in rebellion or treason till the work is fully compleated.* And you were justly censured for it by Pope Sixtus Quintus, a more consummate politician, who said, *you ought to have known, that when a subject draws his sword against his king, he should throw away the scabbard.* You likewise deviated from my counsels, by putting yourself in the power of a sovereign you had so much offended. Why would you, against all the cautions I had given, expose your life in a royal castle to the mercy  
of

of that prince? You trusted to his fear; but fear, insulted and desperate, is often cruel. Impute therefore your death, not to any fault in my maxims, but to your own folly in not having sufficiently observed them.

*Guise.* If neither I, nor that prince, had ever practised your maxims in any part of our conduct, he would have reigned many years with honour and peace, and I should have risen by my courage and talents to as high a pitch of greatness, as it consisted with the duty of a subject to desire. But your instructions led us on into those crooked paths, out of which there was no retreat without great danger, nor a possibility of advancing without being detested by all mankind; and *whoever is so has every thing to fear from that detestation.* I will give you a proof of this in the fate of a prince, who ought to have been your hero, instead of Cæsar Borgia, because he was incomparably a greater man, and, of all who ever lived, seems to have acted most steadily according to the rules laid down by you\*; I mean Richard III, king of England. He stopped at no crime that could be profitable to him: he was a dissembler, a hypocrite, a murderer in cool blood: after the death of his brother he gained the crown, by cutting off, without pity, all who stood in his way. He trusted no man any further than helped his own purposes, and consisted with his own safety. He liberally rewarded all services done him, but would not let the remembrance of them atone for offences, or save any man from destruction who obstructed his views. Nevertheless, though his nature shrunk from no wickedness which could serve his ambition, he possessed and exercised all those virtues, which you recommend to the practice of *your prince.* He was bold and prudent in war, just and strict in the general administration of his government, and particularly careful, by a vigorous execution

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\* See Machiavel's Prince.

tion of the laws, to protect the people against injuries or oppressions from the great. In all his actions and words there constantly appeared the highest concern for the honour of the nation. He was neither greedy of wealth that belonged to other men, nor profuse of his own: but knew how to give, and where to save. He professed a most edifying sense of religion, pretended great zeal for the reformation of manners, and was really an example of sobriety, chastity, and temperance, in the whole course of his life. Nor did he shed any blood, but of those who were such obstacles in his way to dominion, as could not possibly be removed by any other means. This was a prince *after your heart*: yet, mark his end. The horror his crimes had excited in the minds of his subjects, and the detestation it produced, were so pernicious to him, that they enabled an *exile*, who had no right to the crown, and whose abilities were much inferior to his, to invade his realm and destroy him.

*Machia.* This example, I own, may seem to be of some weight against the truth of my system. But at the same time it demonstrates, that there was nothing so new in the doctrines I published, as to make it reasonable to charge me with the disorders and mischiefs, which, since my time, any kingdom may have happened to suffer from the ambition of a subject, or the tyranny of a prince. Human nature wants no teaching, to render it wicked. In courts more especially there has been, from the first institutions of monarchies, a policy practised, not less repugnant than mine to the narrow and vulgar laws of humanity and religion. Why should I be singled out as worse than other statesmen?

*Guise.* There have been, it must be owned, in all ages and all states, many wicked politicians. But thou art the first that ever *taught the science of tyranny*, reduced it to rules, and instructed his disciples how to acquire and secure it, by treachery, perjuries, assassinations, proscriptions; and with a particular caution,

not

not to be stopped in the progress of their crimes by any check of the conscience or feeling of the heart; but to push them as far as they shall judge to be necessary to their greatness and safety. It is this which has given thee a pre-eminence in guilt over all other statesmen.

*Machia.* If you had read my book with candour, you would have perceived, that I did not desire to render men either tyrants or rebels, but only shewed, if they were so, what conduct, in such circumstances, it would be rational and expedient for them to observe.

*Guise.* When you were a minister of state in Florence, if any chemist, or physician, had published a treatise, to instruct his countrymen in the art of poisoning, and how to do it with the most certain destruction to others and security to themselves, would you have allowed him to plead in his justification, that he did not desire men to poison their neighbours; but, if they would use such evil means of mending their fortunes, there could surely be no harm in letting them know, what were the most effectual poisons, and by what methods they might give them without being discovered? Would you have thought it a sufficient apology for him, that he had dropped in his preface, or here and there in his book, a sober exhortation against the committing of murder? Without all doubt, as a magistrate concerned for the safety of the people of Florence, you would have punished the wretch with the utmost severity, and taken great care to destroy every copy of so pernicious a book. Yet your own admired work contains a more baneful and more infernal art. It poisons states and kingdoms, and spreads its malignity, like a general pestilence, over the whole world.

*Machia.* You must acknowledge at least, that my discourse on Livy is full of wise and virtuous maxims and precepts of government.

*Guise.* This, I think, rather aggravates than alleviates

ates your guilt. How could you study and comment upon Livy with so acute and profound an understanding, and afterwards write a book so absolutely repugnant to all the lessons of policy taught by that sage and moral historian? how could you, who had seen the picture of virtue so amiably drawn by his hand, and who seemed yourself to be sensible of all its charms, fall in love with a *fury*, and set up her dreadful image, as an object of worship to princes?

*Machia.* I was seduced by vanity. — My heart was formed to love virtue. But I wanted to be thought a greater genius in politics than Aristotle or Plato. Vanity, sir, is a passion as strong in authors as ambition in princes, or rather it is the same passion exerting itself differently. I was a *duke of Guise* in the republic of letters.

*Guise.* The bad influences of your guilt have reached further than mine, and been more lasting. But, Heaven be praised, your credit is at present much declining in Europe. I have been told by some shades who are lately arrived here, that the ablest statesman of his time, a king, with whose fame the world is filled, has answered your book, and confuted all the principles of it, with a noble scorn and abhorrence. I am also assured, that in England there is a great and good king, whose whole life has been a continued opposition to your evil system; who has hated all cruelty, all fraud, all falshens; whose word has been sacred, whose honour inviolate; who has made the laws of his kingdom the rules of his government, and good faith and a regard for the liberty of mankind the principles of his conduct with respect to foreign powers; who reigns more absolutely now in the hearts of his people, and does greater things by the confidence they place in him, and by the efforts they make from the generous zeal of affection, than any monarch ever did, or ever will do, by all the arts of iniquity which you recommended.

## DIALOGUE XIII.

VIRGIL. — HORACE. — MERCURY. — SCALIGER  
THE ELDER.

*Virg.* **M**Y dear Horace, your company is my greatest delight, even in the Elysian fields. No wonder it was so when we lived together in Rome. Never had man so genteel, so agreeable, so easy a wit, or a temper so pliant to the inclinations of others in the intercourse of society. And then such integrity, such fidelity, such generosity in your nature! A soul so free from all envy, so benevolent, so sincere, so placable in its anger, so warm and constant in its affections! You were as necessary to Mæcenas, as he to Augustus. Your conversation sweetened to him all the cares of his ministry: your gaiety cheered his drooping spirits; and your counsels assisted him when he wanted advice. For you were capable, my dear Horace, of counselling statesmen. Your sagacity, your discretion, your secrecy, your clear judgment in all affairs, recommended you to the confidence, not of Mæcenas alone, but of Augustus himself; which you nobly made use of to serve your old friends of the republican party, and to confirm both the minister and the prince in their love of mild and moderate measures, yet with a severe restraint of licentiousness, the most dangerous enemy to the whole commonwealth under any form of government.

*Hor.* To be so praised by Virgil, would have put me in Elysium while I was alive. — But I know your modesty will not suffer me, in return for these encomiums, to speak of your character. Supposing it as perfect as your poems, you would think, as you did of them, that it wanted correction.

*Virg.* Don't talk of my modesty. — How much greater was your's, when you disclaimed the name of a poet, you whose odes are so noble, so harmonious, so sublime!

*Hor.*

*Hor.* I felt myself too inferior to the dignity of that name.

*Virg.* I think you did like Augustus, when he refused to accept the title of king, but kept all the power with which it was ever attended. Even in your epistles and satires, where the poet was concealed, as much as he could be, you may properly be compared to a prince in disguise, or in his hours of familiarity with his intimate friends: the pomp and majesty were let drop, but the greatness remained.

*Hor.* Well:—I will not contradict you; and (to say the truth) I should do it with no very good grace, because in some of my odes I have not spoken so modestly of my own poetry, as in my epistles. But to make you know your pre-eminence over me and all writers of Latin verse, I will carry you to Quintilian, the best of all Roman critics, who will tell you in what rank you ought to be placed.

*Virg.* I fear his judgment of me was biased by your commendation. — But who is this shade that Mercury is conducting? I never saw one that stalked with so much pride, or had such ridiculous arrogance expressed in his looks!

*Hor.* They come towards us:—Hail, Mercury! What is this stranger with you?

*Merc.* His name is Julius Cæsar Scaliger, and he is by profession a critic.

*Hor.* Julius Cæsar Scaliger! He was, I presume, a dictator in criticism.

*Merc.* Yes, and he has exercised his sovereign power over you.

*Hor.* I will not presume to oppose it. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi.

*Merc.* Talk to him a little:—He'll amuse you. I brought him to you on purpose.

*Hor.* Virgil, do you accost him:—I can't do it with proper gravity: I shall laugh in his face.

*Virg.* Sir, may I ask for what reason you cast your eyes so superciliously upon Horace and me? I don't  
remember

remember that Augustus ever looked down upon us with such an air of superiority, when we were his subjects.

*Scal.* He was only a sovereign over your bodies, and owed his power to violence and usurpation. But I have from nature an absolute dominion over the wit of all authors, who are subjected to me as the greatest of critics or *hypercritics*.

*Virg.* Your jurisdiction, great sir, is very extensive: — and what judgments have you been pleased to pass upon us?

*Scal.* Is it possible you should be ignorant of my decrees? I have placed you, Virgil, above Homer; whom I have shewn to be —

*Virg.* Hold, sir, — no blasphemy against my master.

*Hor.* But what have you said of me?

*Scal.* I have said, *that I had rather have written the little Dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been made king of Arragon.*

*Hor.* If we were in the other world, you should give me the kingdom, and take both the ode and the lady in return. But did you always pronounce so favourably for us?

*Scal.* Send for my works and read them. — Mercury will bring them to you with the first learned ghost that arrives here from Europe. There is instruction for you in them: I tell you of your faults. — But it was my whim to commend that little ode; and I never do things by halves. When I give praise, I give it liberally, to shew my royal bounty. But I generally blame, to exert all the vigour of my censorian power, and keep my subjects in awe.

*Hor.* You did not confine your sovereignty to poets; you exercised it, no doubt, over all other writers.

*Scal.* I was a poet, a philosopher, a statesman, an orator, an historian, a divine, without doing the drudgery of any of these, but only censuring those who did, and shewing thereby the superiority of my genius over them all.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* A short way indeed to universal fame! And I suppose you were very peremptory in your decisions.

*Scal.* Peremptory! ay. — If any man dared to contradict my opinions, I called him a dunce, a rascal, a villain, and frightened him out of his wits.

*Virg.* But what said others to this method of disputation?

*Scal.* They generally believed me because of the confidence of my assertions; and thought I could not be so insolent, or so angry, if I was not absolutely sure of being in the right. Besides, in my controversies, I had a great help from the language in which I wrote: for one can scold and call names with a much better grace in Latin than in French, or any tame, modern tongue.

*Hor.* Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your descent from the princes of Verona?

*Scal.* Pretended! do you presume to deny it?

*Hor.* Not I indeed: — Genealogy is not my science. If you should claim to descend in a direct line from king Midas, I would not dispute it.

*Virg.* I wonder, Scaliger, that you stooped to so low an ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnassus than over a petty state in Italy?

*Scal.* You say well. — I was too condescending to the prejudices of vulgar opinion. The ignorant multitude imagine that a prince is a greater man than a critic. Their folly made me desire to claim kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

*Hor.* Pray, Mercury, how do you intend to dispose of this august person? You can't think it proper to let him remain with us. — He must be placed with the demigods; he must go to Olympus.

*Merc.* Be not afraid. — He shall not trouble you long. I brought him hither to divert you with the sight of an animal you never had seen, and myself with your surprize. He is the chief of all the modern critics, the most renowned captain of that numerous and dreadful band. Whatever you may think of him,

I can seriously assure you, that, before he went mad, he had good parts, and great learning. But I will now explain to you the original cause of the absurdities he has uttered. His mind was formed in such a manner, that, like some perspective glasses, it either diminished or magnified all objects too much; but above all others it magnified the good man to himself. This made him so proud that it turned his brain. Now I have had my sport with him, I think it will be charity to restore him to his senses; or rather to bestow what nature denied him, a sound judgment. Come hither, Scaliger.—By this touch of my caduceus I give thee power to see things as they are, and among others thyself.—Look, gentlemen, how his countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he says:—He is talking to himself.

*Scal.* Bless me! with what persons have I been discouraging! with Virgil and Horace! How could I venture to open my lips in their presence? Good Mercury, I beseech you, let me retire from a company for which I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepest shade of that grove which I see in the valley. After I have performed a penance there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of those illustrious shades, and beg them to see me burn my impertinent books of criticism, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own hands.

*Merc.* They will both receive thee into favour. This mortification of truly knowing thyself is a sufficient atonement for thy former presumption.

## DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU. — — POPE.

*Boil.* **M**R. Pope, you have done me great honour. I am told, that you made me your model in poetry, and walked on Parnassus in the same paths which I had trod.

*Pope.*

*Pope.* We both followed Horace: but in our manner of imitation, and in the turn of our natural genius, there was, I believe, much resemblance. We both were too irritable, and too easily hurt by offences, even from the lowest of men. The keen edge of our wit was frequently turned against those whom it was more a shame to contend with than an honour to vanquish.

*Boil.* Yes: — But in general we were the champions of good morals, good sense, and good learning. If our love of these was sometimes heated into anger against those who offended them no less than us, is that anger to be blamed?

*Pope.* It would have been nobler, if we had not been parties in the quarrel. Our enemies observe, that neither our censure, nor our praise, was always impartial.

*Boil.* It might perhaps have been better if in some instances we had not praised or blamed so much. But in panegyric and satire moderation is insipid.

*Pope.* Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* virtue. Mere historical truth is better written in prose. And therefore I think you did judiciously, when you threw into the fire your history of Louis le Grand, and trusted his fame to your poems.

*Boil.* When those poems were published, that monarch was the idol of the French nation. If you and I had not known, in our occasional compositions, how to speak to the passions, as well as to the sober reason of mankind, we should not have acquired that despotic authority in the empire of wit, which made us so formidable to all the inferior tribe of poets in England and France. Besides, sharp satirists want great patrons.

*Pope.* All the praise which my friends received from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at least, I may boast a superiority over the *pensioned Boileau*.

*Boil.* A *pension* in France was an honourable distinction. Had you been a Frenchman, you would have ambitiously sought it; had I been an Englishman, I should have proudly declined it. If our merit in

other respects be not unequal, this difference will not set me much below you in the temple of virtue or of fame.

*Pope.* It is not for me to draw a comparison between our works. But, if I may believe the best critics who have talked to me on the subject, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticism* may well be compared with your *Art of Poetry*: my *Ethic Epistles* are esteemed at least equal to your's, and my *Satires* much better.

*Boil.* Hold, Mr. Pope. ——— If there is really such a sympathy in our natures as you have supposed, there may be reason to fear, that, if we go on in this manner comparing our works, we shall not part in good friendship.

*Pope.* No, no: — the mild air of the Elysian fields has mitigated my temper, as I presume it has your's. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a level. Our writings are admired, almost equally (as I hear) for *energy and justness of thought*. We both of us carried the beauty of our *diction*, and the harmony of our *numbers*, to the highest perfection that our languages would admit. Our poems were polished to the utmost degree of correctness, yet without losing their fire, or the agreeable appearance of freedom and ease. We borrowed much from the ancients, though you, I believe, more than I: but our imitations (to use an expression of your own) *had still an original air*. \*

*Boil.* I will confess, sir, (to shew you that the Elysian climate has its effects upon me) I will fairly confess, without the least ill humour, that in your *Elvira to Abelard*, your *Verses to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*, and some others you wrote in your youth, there is more fire of poetry, than in any of mine. You excelled in *the pathetic*, which I never approached. I will also allow, that you hit the *manner* of Horace, and *the sty delicacy* of his wit, more exactly than  
I, or

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\* See Boileau's epigram on himself.

I, or than any other man who has written since his time. Nor could I, nor did even Lucretius himself, make *philosophy* so *poetical*, and embellish it with such charms as you have given to that of Plato, or (to speak more properly) of some of his modern disciples, in your celebrated *Essay on man*.

*Pope*. What do you think of my *Homer*?

*Boil*. Your *Homer* is the most spirited, the most poetical, the most elegant, and the most pleasing translation, that ever was made of any ancient poem; though not so much in the *manner* of the original, or so exactly agreeable to the *sense* in all places, as might perhaps be desired. But when I consider the years you spent in this work, and how many excellent original poems you might, with less difficulty, have produced in that time, I can't but regret that your talents were thus employed. A great poet, so tied down to a tedious translation, is *a Columbus chained to an oar*. What new regions of fancy, full of treasures yet untouched, might you have explored, if you had been at liberty to have boldly expanded your sails, and steered your own course, under the conduct and direction of your own genius! — But I am still more angry with you for your edition of Shakespear. The office of an *editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the drudgery it requires. Would any body think of employing a Raphael to clean an old picture?

*Pope*. The principal cause of my undertaking that task was zeal for the honour of Shakespear: and, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not wonder at this zeal. No other author had ever so copious, so bold, so *creative* an imagination, with so perfect a knowledge of the passions, the humours, and sentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from kings down to peasants, with equal truth and equal force. If human nature were destroyed, and no monument were left of it except his works,  
other

other beings might know *what man was* from those writings.

*Boil.* You say he painted all characters, from kings down to peasants, with equal truth and equal force. I can't deny that he did so; but I wish he had not jumbled those characters together, in the composition of his pictures, as he has frequently done.

*Pope.* The strange mixture of tragedy, comedy, and farce, in the same play, nay sometimes in the same scene, I acknowledge to be quite inexcusable. But this was the taste of the times when Shakespear wrote.

*Boil.* A great genius ought to guide, not fervilely follow, the taste of his contemporaries.

*Pope.* Consider from how thick a darkness of barbarism the genius of Shakespear broke forth! What were the English, and what (let me ask you) were the French dramatic performances, in the age when he flourished? The advances he made towards the highest perfection both of tragedy and comedy are amazing! In the principal points, in the power of exciting terror and pity, or raising laughter in an audience, none yet has excelled him, and very few have equalled.

*Boil.* Do you think that he was equal in comedy to Moliere?

*Pope.* In *comic force* I do: but in the fine and delicate strokes of satire, and what is called *genteel comedy*, he was greatly inferior to that admirable writer. There is nothing in him to compare with the *Misanthrope*, the *Ecole des Femmes*, or *Tartuffe*.

*Boil.* This, Mr. Pope, is a great deal for an Englishman to acknowledge. A veneration for Shakespear seems to be a part of your national religion, and the only part in which even your men of sense are fanatics.

*Pope.* He who can read Shakespear, and be cool enough for all the accuracy of sober criticism, has more of reason than taste.

*Boil.*

*Boil.* I join with you in admiring him as a prodigy of genius, though I find the most shocking absurdities in his plays; absurdities which no critic of my nation can pardon.

*Pope.* We will be satisfied with your feeling the excellence of his beauties. But you would admire him still more, if you could see the chief characters in all his best tragedies represented by an actor, who appeared on the stage a little before I left the world. He has shewn the English nation more excellencies in Shakespear, than the quickest wits could discern, and has imprinted them on the heart with a livelier feeling than the most sensible natures had ever experienced without his help.

*Boil.* The variety, spirit, and force of Mr. Garrick's action have been much praised to me by many of his countrymen, whose shades I converse with, and who agree in speaking of him as we do of *Baron*, our most natural and most admired actor. I have also heard of another, who has now quitted the stage, but who had filled, with great dignity, force, and elevation, some tragic parts; and excelled so much in the comic, that none ever has deserved a higher applause.

*Pope.* Mr. Quin was indeed a most perfect comedian. In the part of *Falstaff* particularly, wherein the utmost force of Shakespear's *humour* appears, he attained to such perfection, that he was not an actor; he was the man described by Shakespear; he was *Falstaff* himself! When I saw him do it, the pleasantry of the *fat knight* appeared to me so bewitching, all his vices were so mirthful, that I could not much wonder at his having seduced a young prince even to *rob* in his company.

*Boil.* That character is not well understood by the French. They suppose it belongs, not to comedy, but to farce: whereas the English see in it the finest and highest strokes of wit and humour. Perhaps these different judgments may be accounted for, in  
some

some measure, by the diversity of manners in different countries. But don't you allow, Mr. Pope, that our writers, both of tragedy and comedy, are, upon the whole, more perfect masters of their art than your's? If you deny it, I will appeal to the Athenians, the only judges qualified to decide the dispute. I will refer it to Euripides, Sophocles, and Menander.

*Pope.* I am afraid of those judges: for I see them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the most friendly conversation with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our dramatic writers seem, in general, not so fond of their company: they sometimes shove rudely by them, and give themselves airs of superiority. They slight their reprimands, and laugh at their precepts. In short, they will be tried by *their country* alone; and that judicature is partial.

*Boil.* I will press this question no farther. — But let me ask you, to which of our rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, do you give the preference?

*Pope.* The sublimest plays of Corneille are, in my judgment, equalled by the *Athalia* of Racine; and the tender passions are certainly touched by that elegant and most pathetic writer, with a much finer hand. I need not add that he is infinitely more correct than Corneille, and more harmonious and noble in his versification. Corneille formed himself entirely upon Lucan; but the master of Racine was Virgil. How much better a taste had the latter than the former in chusing his model!

*Boil.* My friendship with Racine, and my partiality for his writings, make me hear with great pleasure the preference given to him above Corneille by so judicious a critic.

*Pope.* That he excelled his competitor in the particulars I have mentioned, can't I think be denied. But yet the spirit and the majesty of ancient Rome were never so well expressed as by Corneille. Nor has any other French dramatic writer, in the general character

character of his works, shewn such a masculine strength and greatness of thought. — Racine is the swan described by ancient poets, which rises to the clouds on downy wings, and sings a sweet, but a gentle and plaintive note. Corneille is the eagle, which soars to the skies on bold and sounding pinions, and fears not to perch on the sceptre of Jupiter, or to bear in his pounces the lightning of the God.

*Boil.* I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that in praising Corneille you run into poetry, which is not the language of *sober criticism*, though sometimes used by Longinus.

*Pope.* I caught the fire from the idea of Corneille.

*Boil.* He has bright flashes; yet I think that in *his thunder* there is often more *noise* than *fire*. Don't you find him too declamatory, too turgid, too unnatural, even in his best tragedies?

*Pope.* I own I do—Yet the greatness and elevation of his sentiments, and the nervous vigour of his sense, atone, in my opinion, for all his faults. But let me now, in my turn, desire your opinion of our epic poet, Milton.

*Boil.* Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other writers: for he surpasses even Homer in the *sublime*. But other critics, who require variety, and agreeableness, and a correct regularity of thought and judgment in an epic poem; who can endure no absurdities, no extravagant fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

*Pope.* His genius was indeed so vast and sublime, that his poem seems beyond the limits of criticism; as his subject is beyond the limits of nature. The bright and excessive blaze of poetical fire, which shines in so many parts of the *Paradise Lost*, will hardly permit the dazzled eye to see its faults.

*Boil.* The taste of your countrymen is much changed since the days of Charles II, when Dryden was thought a greater poet than Milton!

*Pope.*

*Pope.* The politics of Milton at that time brought his poetry into disgrace: for it is a rule with the English; they see no good in a man whose politics they dislike. But, as their notions of government are apt to change, men of parts, whom they have slighted, become their favourite authors, and others, who have possessed their warmest admiration, are in their turn under-valued. This revolution of favour was experienced by Dryden as well as Milton. He lived to see his writings, together with his politics, quite out of fashion. But even in the days of his highest prosperity, when the generality of the people admired his *Almanzor*, and thought his Indian Emperor the perfection of tragedy, the duke of Buckingham, and lord Rochester, the two wittiest noblemen our country has produced, attacked his fame, and turned the rants of his heroes, the jargon of his spirits, and the absurdity of his plots into just ridicule.

*Boil.* You have made him good amends by the praise you have given him in some of your writings.

*Pope.* I owed him that praise, as my master in the art of versification. Yet I subscribe to the censures which have been passed by other writers on many of his works. They are good critics, but he is still a great poet. You, Sir, I am sure, must particularly admire him as an excellent satirist. His *Abfalom and Achitophel* is a master-piece in that way of writing, and his *Mac Fleckno* is, I think, inferior to it in nothing, but the meanness of the subject.

*Boil.* Did not you take the model of your *Dunciad* from the latter of those very ingenious satires?

*Pope.* I did — but my work is more extensive than his, and my imagination has taken in it a greater scope.

*Boil.* Some critics may doubt whether the length of your poem was so properly suited to the meanness of the subject as the brevity of his. Three cantos to expose a dunce crowned with laurel! I have not given above three lines to the author of the *Pucelle*.

*Pope.*

*Pope.* My intention was to expose, not one author alone, but all the dulness and false taste of the English nation in my times. Could such a design be contracted into a narrower compass?

*Boil.* We will not dispute on this point, nor whether the hero of your *Dunciad* was really a dunce. But has not Dryden been accused of immorality and prophaneness in some of his writings?

*Pope.* He has, with too much reason: and I am sorry to say, that all our best comic writers, after Shakespear and Jonson, except Addison and Steele, are as liable as he to that heavy charge. Fletcher is shocking. Etheridge, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, have painted the manners of the times in which they wrote with a masterly hand; but they are too often such manners, that a virtuous man, and much more a virtuous woman, must be greatly offended at the representation.

*Boil.* In this respect our stage is far preferable to your's. It is a school of morality. Vice is exposed to contempt and to hatred. No false colours are laid on to conceal its deformity; but those with which it paints itself are there taken off.

*Pope.* It is a wonderful thing, that in France the *Comic Muse* should be *the gravest lady in the nation*. Of late she is so grave, that one might almost mistake her for her sister Melpomene. Moliere made her indeed a good moral philosopher; but then she philosophized, like Democritus, with a merry laughing face. Now she weeps over vice, instead of shewing it to mankind, as I think she generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights.

*Boil.* Her business is more with folly than with vice; and when she attacks the latter, it should be rather with ridicule than invective. But sometimes she may be allowed to raise her voice, and change her usual smile into a frown of just indignation.

*Pope.* I like her best when she smiles. But did you never reprove your witty friend La Fontaine for the  
vicious

vicious levity that appears in many of his Tales? He was as guilty of the crime of *debauching the Muses*, as any of our comic poets.

*Boil.* I own he was; and bewail the prostitution of his genius, as I should that of an innocent and beautiful country girl. He was all nature, all simplicity! yet in that simplicity there was a grace, and unaffected vivacity, with a justness of thought and easy elegance of expression, that can hardly be found in any other writer. His *manner* is quite original, and peculiar to himself, though all the *matter* of his writings is borrowed from others.

*Pope.* In that *manner* he has been imitated by my friend Mr. Prior.

*Boil.* He has very successfully. Some of Prior's tales have the spirit of La Fontaine's with more judgment, but not, I think, with such an amiable and graceful simplicity.

*Pope.* Prior's harp had more strings than La Fontaine's. He was a fine poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one. And, though in some of his tales he imitated that author, his *Alma* was an original, and of singular beauty.

*Boil.* There is a writer of *heroic poetry*, who lived before Milton, and whom some of your countrymen place in the highest class of your poets, though he is little known in France. I see him sometimes in company with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante.

*Pope.* I understand you mean *Spenser*. There is a force and beauty in some of his *images* and *descriptions*, equal to any in those writers you have seen him converse with. But he had not the art of properly *shading* his pictures. He brings the minute and disagreeable parts too much into sight; and mingles too frequently vulgar and mean ideas with noble and sublime. Had he chosen a subject proper for *epic poetry*, he seems to have had a sufficient elevation and strength

in his genius to make him *a great epic poet*: but the allegory, which is continued throughout the whole work, fatigues the mind, and cannot interest the heart so much as those poems, the chief actors in which are supposed to have really existed. The Syrens and Circe in the *Odyssy* are allegorical persons; but Ulysses, the hero of the poem, was a man renowned in Greece, which makes the account of his adventures affecting and delightful. To be now and then in Fairy-land, among imaginary beings, is a pleasing variety, and helps to distinguish the poet from the orator or historian: but to be always there, is irksome.

*Boil.* Is not Spenser likewise blameable for confounding the Christian with the Pagan theology, in some parts of his poem?

*Pope.* Yes; he had that fault in common with Dante, with Ariosto, and with Camoens.

*Boil.* Who is the poet that arrived soon after you in Elysium, whom I saw Spenser lead in and present to Virgil, as the author of a poem resembling the *Georgics*? On his head was a garland of the several kinds of flowers that blow in each season, with evergreens intermixed.

*Pope.* Your description points out *Thomson*. He painted nature exactly, and with great strength of pencil. His imagination was rich, extensive, and sublime: his diction bold and glowing, but sometimes *obscure* and *affected*. Nor did he always know when to *stop*, or what to *reject*.

*Boil.* I should suppose that he wrote tragedies upon the *Greek model*. For he is often admitted into the grove of Euripides.

*Pope.* He enjoys that distinction both as a *tragedian* and as a *moralist*. For, not only in his plays, but all his other works, there is the purest *morality* animated by *piety*, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate sentiments of a most *tender* and *benevolent* heart.

*Boil.*

*Boil.* St. Evremont has brought me acquainted with Waller. — I was surprized to find in his writings a politeness and *gallantry* which the French suppose to be appropriated only to their's. His genius was a composition, which is seldom to be met with, of the *sublime* and the *agreeable*. In his comparison between himself and Apollo, as the lover of Daphne, and in that between Amoret and Sacharissa, there is a *finesse* and delicacy of wit, which the most elegant of our writers have never exceeded. Nor had Sarrazin or Voiture the art of praising more *genteely* the ladies they admired. But his epistle to Cromwell, and his poem on the death of that extraordinary man, are written with a force and greatness of manner, which give him rank among the poets of the first class.

*Pope.* Mr. Waller was unquestionably a very fine writer. His muse was as well qualified as the Graces themselves to dress out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a conqueror with fragrant and beautiful wreaths. But he had some puerile and low thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like school-boys or mob admitted into a palace. There was also an intemperance and a luxuriance in his wit, which he did not enough restrain. He wrote little to the understanding, and less to the heart; but he frequently delights the imagination, and sometimes strikes it with flashes of the highest *sublime*. — We had another poet of the age of Charles the First, extremely admired by all his contemporaries, in whose works there is still more affectation of wit, a greater redundancy of imagination, a worse taste, and less judgment: but he touched the heart more, and had finer feelings than Waller. — I mean Cowley.

*Boil.* I have been often solicited to admire his writings by his learned friend Dr. Spratt. He seems to me a great wit, and a very amiable man, but not a good poet.

*Pope.*

*Pope.* The *spirit* of poetry is strong in some of his odes; but in the *art* of poetry he is always extremely deficient.

*Boil.* I hear that of late his reputation is much lowered in the opinion of the English. Yet I cannot but think, that if a moderate portion of the superfluities of his wit were given by Apollo to some of their modern bards, who write common-place morals in very smooth verse, without any absurdity, but without a single new thought, or one enlivening spark of imagination, it would be a great favour to them, and do them more service, than all the rules laid down in my *Art of Poetry*, and your's of *Criticism*.

*Pope.* I am much of your mind. — But I left in England some poets, whom you, I know, will admire, not only for the harmony, and correctness of style, but the spirit, and genius, you will find in their writings.

*Boil.* France too has produced some very excellent writers, since the time of my death. — Of one particularly I hear wonders. Fame to him is as kind as if he had been dead a thousand years. She brings his praises to me from all parts of Europe. — You know I speak of Voltaire.

*Pope.* I do: the English nation yields to none in admiration of his extensive genius. Other writers excel in some one particular branch of wit or science; but when the king of Prussia drew Voltaire from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of *Belles Lettres* in *him* alone.

*Boil.* That prince himself has such talents for poetry as no other monarch, in any age or country, has ever possessed. What an astonishing compass must there be in his mind, what an heroic tranquillity and firmness in his heart, that he can, in the evening, compose an ode or epistle in the most elegant verse, and the next morning fight a battle with the conduct of Cæsar, or Gustavus Adolphus!

*Pope.*

*Pope.* I envy Voltaire so noble a subject both for his verse and his prose. But if that prince will write his own *Commentaries*, he will want no historian. I hope that in writing them, he will not restrain his pen, as Cæsar has done, to a mere account of his wars, but let us see the politician, and the benignant protector of arts and sciences, as well as the warrior, in that picture of himself. Voltaire has shewn us, that the events of battles and sieges are not the most interesting parts of good history, but that all the improvements and embellishments of human society ought to be carefully and particularly recorded there.

*Boil.* The progress of arts and knowledge, and the great changes that have happened in the manners of mankind, are objects far more worthy of a reader's attention than the revolutions of fortune. And it is chiefly to Voltaire that we owe this instructive species of history.

*Pope.* He has not only been the father of it among the moderns, but has carried it himself to its utmost perfection.

*Boil.* Is he not too *universal*? Can any writer be *exact*, who is so comprehensive?

*Pope.* A traveller round the world cannot inspect every region with such an accurate care, as exactly to describe each single part. If the outlines are well marked, and the observations on the principal points are judicious, it is all that can be required.

*Boil.* I would however advise and exhort the French and English youth, to take a fuller survey of some particular provinces, and to remember, that although, in travels of this sort, a lively imagination is a very agreeable companion, it is not the best guide. To speak without a metaphor, the study of history both sacred and profane, requires a critical and laborious investigation. The composer of a set of lively and witty remarks on facts ill examined, or incorrectly delivered, is not an historian.

*Pope.*

*Pope.* We cannot, I think, deny that name to the author of the Life of Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden.

*Boil.* No, certainly. — I esteem it the very best history that this age has produced. As full of spirit as the hero whose actions it relates, it is nevertheless most exact in all matters of importance. The style of it is elegant, perspicuous, unaffected; the disposition and method are excellent, the judgments given by the writer acute and just.

*Pope.* Are you not pleased with that philosophical freedom of thought, which discovers itself in all the works of Voltaire, but more particularly in those of an historical nature?

*Boil.* If it were properly regulated, I should reckon it among their highest perfections. Superstition, and bigotry, and party spirit, are as great enemies to the truth and candour of history, as malice or adulation. To think freely, is therefore a most necessary quality in a perfect historian. But all liberty has its bounds, which, in some of his writings, Voltaire, I fear, has not observed. Would to heaven he would reflect, while it is yet in his power to correct what is faulty, that all his works will outlive him; that many nations will read them; and that the judgment pronounced here upon the writer himself will be according to the scope and tendency of them, and to the extent of their good or evil effects on the great society of mankind!

*Pope.* It would be well for all Europe, if some wits of your country, who give the tone to this age in all polite literature, had the same serious thoughts you recommend to Voltaire. Witty writings, when directed to serve the good ends of virtue and religion, are like the lights hung out in a *pharos*, to guide the mariners safe through dangerous seas: but the brightness of those, that are impious or immoral, shines only to betray, and lead men to destruction.

*Boil.* Has England been free from all seductions of this nature?

*Pope.* No. — But the French have the art of rendering vice and impiety more agreeable than the English.

*Boil.* I am not very proud of this superiority in the talents of my countrymen. But, as I am told that the *good sense* of the English is now admired in France, I hope it will soon convince both nations, *that true wisdom is virtue, and true virtue is religion.*

*Pope.* I think it also to be wished, that a taste for *the frivolous* may not continue too prevalent among the French. There is a great difference between gathering flowers at the foot of Parnassus, and ascending the arduous heights of the mountain. The palms and laurels grow there; and if any of your countrymen aspire to gain them, they must no longer enervate all the vigour of their minds by this habit of trifling. I would have them be perpetual competitors with the English in manly wit and substantial learning. But let the competition be friendly. There is nothing which so contracts and debases the mind as national envy. True wit, like true virtue, naturally loves its own image, in whatever place it is found.

## DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA. — PORTIA. — ARRIA.

*Port.* **H**OW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have a higher rank than you in the temple of Fame, should have a lower here in Elysium? We are told, that the virtues, you exerted as a wife, were greater than our's. Be so good as to explain to us what were those virtues. It is the privilege of this place, that one can bear superiority without mortification. The jealousy of precedence died with the rest of our mortal frailties. Tell us then

then your own story. We will sit down under the shade of this myrtle grove, and listen to it with pleasure.

*Octav.* Noble ladies, the glory of our sex and of Rome, I will not refuse to comply with your desire, though it recalls to my mind some scenes, my heart would wish to forget. There can be only one reason why Minos should have given to my conjugal virtues a preference above your's; which is, that the trial assigned to them was harder.

*Arria.* How! madam; harder than *to die* for your husband! We *died* for ours.

*Octav.* You did, for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages they lived in; who trusted you with their lives, their fame, their honour. To *outlive* such husbands is, in my judgment, a harder effort of virtue, than to *die for them*, or *with them*. But Mark Antony, to whom my brother Octavius, for reasons of state, gave my hand, was indifferent to me, and loved another. Yet he has told me himself, I was handsomer than his mistress Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and to men *that* is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been loved by Marcellus. Antony said he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget an old attachment. He was but too amiable.—His very vices had charms beyond other mens virtues. Such vivacity! such fire! such a towering pride! He seemed made by nature to command; to govern the world; to govern it with such ease, that the business of it did not rob him of an hour of pleasure! Nevertheless, while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high spirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with the necessary respect, was to me as submissive, as obedient to every wish of my heart, as the humblest lover that ever

sighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my affection from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himself. He fixed it, ladies, (I own it with some confusion) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done so, he scorned me, he forsook me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was:—the sister of Cæsar, sacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the disgrace of her sex! Every outrage was added that could incense me still more. He gave her, at sundry times, as public marks of his love, many provinces of the empire of Rome in the East. He read her love-letters openly, in his tribunal itself; even while he was hearing and judging the causes of kings\*. Nay he left his tribunal, and one of the best Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which she happened to be passing by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all these demonstrations of his extravagant passion for that infamous woman, he had the assurance, in a letter to my brother, to call her *his wife* †. Which of you, ladies, could have patiently borne this treatment?

*Arria.* Not I, madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own bosom, to shew my dear Pætus *how easy it was to die*, that dagger should I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and a due respect to the purity of my own soul had not stopped my hand. But, I verily believe, I should have killed myself; not, as I did, out of affection to my husband, but of shame and indignation at the wrongs I endured.

*Port.* I must own, Octavia, that to bear such usage was harder to a woman than *to swallow fire*.

*Octav.* Yet I did bear it, madam, without even a complaint, which could hurt or offend my husband.

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\* See Plutarch's Life of Antony.  
 † See Suetonium in Augusto Cæsar.

† V. Suetonium in Augusto Cæsar.

band \*. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long absence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me rich presents of clothes and money for his troops, a great number of horses, and two thousand chosen soldiers, equipped and armed like my brother's prætorian bands. He sent to stop me at Athens, because his mistress was then with him. I obeyed his orders: but I wrote to him, by one of his most faithful friends, a letter full of resignation, and such a tenderness for him as I imagined might have power to touch his heart. My envoy served me so well, he set my fidelity in so fair a light, and gave such reasons to Antony, why he ought to see and receive me with kindness, that Cleopatra was alarmed. All her arts were employed to prevent him from seeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt †. — Those arts prevailed. He sent me back into Italy, and gave himself up more absolutely than ever to the witchcraft of that *Circe*. He added Africa to the states he had bestowed on her before; and declared Cæsario, her spurious son by Julius Cæsar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia, and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy his second son by her; and at the same time declared his eldest son by her, whom he had espoused to the princess of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian empire, which he meant to conquer for *him*. The children I had brought him he entirely neglected, as if they had been bastards. — I wept. I lamented the wretched captivity he was in; — but I never reproached him. My brother exasperated at so many indignities, commanded me to quit the house of my husband at Rome, and come into his. — I refused to obey him. — I remained in Antony's house, I persisted to take care of his

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\* See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

† Ibid.

his children by Fulvia, the same tender care, as of my own. I gave my protection to all his friends at Rome. I implored my brother not to make my jealousy or my wrongs the cause of a civil war. But the injuries done to Rome by Antony's conduct could not possibly be forgiven. When he found he should draw the Roman arms on himself, he sent orders to me to leave his house. I did so, but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own.

*Arria.* Is it possible, madam? the children of Cleopatra?

*Octav.* Yes, the children of my rival. I married her daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, the most accomplished, and the handsomest prince in the world.

*Arria.* Tell me, Octavia, did not your pride and resentment entirely cure you of your passion for Antony, as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? and was not your whole conduct afterward the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous and tortured love?

*Octav.* You probe my heart very deeply. That I had some help from resentment and the natural pride of my sex, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my husband. I loved the Antony who had been my lover, more than I was angry with the Antony who forsook me, and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra, and returned to me again with all his former affection, I really believe I should have loved him as well as before.

*Arria.* If the merit of a wife is to be measured by her sufferings, your heart was unquestionably the most perfect model of conjugal virtue. The wound I gave mine was but a scratch in comparison to many you felt. Yet I don't know, whether it would be any benefit to the world, that there should be in it  
many

many Octavias. *Too good subjects are apt to make bad kings.*

*Port.* True, Arria; the wives of Brutus and Ciccina Pætus may be allowed to have spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was educated in the court of her brother. Subjection and Patience were much better taught there than in our houses, where the Roman liberty made its last abode: and though I will not dispute the judgment of Minos, I can't help thinking that the affection of a wife to her husband is more or less respectable in proportion to the character of that husband. If I could have had for Antony the same friendship as I had for Brutus, I should have despised myself.

*Octav.* My fondness for Antony was ill placed; but my perseverance in the performance of all the duties of a wife, notwithstanding his ill usage, a perseverance made more difficult by the very excess of my love, appeared to Minos the highest and most meritorious effort of female resolution, 'against the seductions of the most dangerous enemy to our virtue, *offended pride.*

## DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, Princess of Orange.

FRANCES WALSINGHAM, Countess of Effex and of Clanrickard; before Lady SIDNEY.

*P. Orange.* **O**UR destinies, madam, had a great and surprising conformity. I was the daughter of admiral Coligni, you of secretary Walsingham, two persons who were the most consummate statesmen and ablest supports of the Protestant religion, in France and in England. I was married to Coligni; the finest gentlemen of our party, the most admired for his valour, his virtue, and his learning: you to Sir Philip Sidney, who enjoyed the same pre-eminence

pre-eminence among the English. Both these husbands were cut off, in the flower of their youth and of glory, by violent deaths, and we both married again with still greater men; I with William Prince of Orange,\* the founder of the Dutch Commonwealth; you with Devereux earl of Essex,† the favourite of Elizabeth, and of the whole English nation. But, alas! to compleat the resemblance of our fates, we both saw those second husbands, who had raised us so high, destroyed in the full meridian of their glory and greatness; mine by the pistol of an assassin; your's still more unhappily, by the axe, as a traitor.

*C. Clanr.* There was indeed in some principal events of our lives the conformity you observe. But your destiny, though it raised you higher than me, was more unhappy than mine. For my father lived honourably, and died in peace: your's was assassinated in his old age. How, madam, did you support or recover your spirits under so many misfortunes?

*P. Orange.* The prince of Orange left an infant son to my care. The educating of him to be worthy of so illustrious a father, to be the heir of his virtue as well as of his greatness, and the affairs of the commonwealth, in which I interested myself for his sake, so filled my mind, that they in some measure took from me the sense of my grief, which nothing but such a great and important scene of business, such a necessary task of private and public duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire in my turn: how did your heart find a balm to alleviate the anguish of the wounds it had suffered? what employed your widowed hours after the death of your Essex?

*C. Clanr.* Madam, I did not long continue a widow: I married again.

*P. Orange.*

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\* See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, from p. 177 to 190.

† Biographia Britannica. ESSEX.

*P. Orange.* Married again! With what prince, what king did you marry? The widow of sir Philip Sidney and of my lord Essex could not descend from them to a subject of less illustrious fame; and where could you find one that was comparable to either?

*C. Clanr.* I did not seek for one, madam: the heroism of the former, and the ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I desired a quiet life and the joys of wedded love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterprising husband. All this I found in the earl of Clanrickard: and, believe me, madam, I enjoyed more solid felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had possessed with my two former husbands, in the pride of their glory, when England and all Europe resounded with their praise.

*P. Orange.* Can it be possible, that the daughter of Walsingham, and the wife of Sidney and Essex, should have sentiments so inferior to the minds from which she sprang, and to which she was matched! Believe me, madam, there was no hour of the many years I lived after the death of the prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the pride and joy, I continually had in hearing his praise, and seeing the monuments of his glory in the free commonwealth his wisdom had founded, for any other delights the world could give. The cares that I shared with him, while he remained upon earth, were a happiness to my mind, because they exalted its powers. The remembrance of them was dear to me after I had lost him. I thought his great soul, though removed to a higher sphere, would look down upon mine with some tenderness of affection, as its fellow-labourer in the heroic and divine work of delivering and freeing his country. But to be divorced from that soul! to be no longer his wife! to be the consort of an inferior, inglorious husband! I had much rather have died a thousand deaths, than that my heart should one moment have conceived such a thing.

*C. Clanr.*

*C. Clair.* Your highness must not judge of all hearts by your own. The ruling passion of *that* was apparently ambition. My inclinations were not so noble as your's, but better suited, perhaps, to the nature of woman. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the earl of Essex, rather as amiable men than as heroes and statesmen. They were so taken up with their wars and state-affairs, that my tenderness for them was too often neglected. The earl of Clanrickard was constantly and wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *spirit of chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was absolutely possessed. He had, in a high degree, the esteem of Elizabeth, but did not aspire to her *love*; nor did he wish to be the rival of Carr or of Villers in the affection of James. Such, madam, was the man on whom my last choice bestowed my hand, and whose kindness compensated for all my misfortunes! Providence has assigned to different tempers different comforts. To you it gave the education of a prince, the government of a state, the pride of being called the wife of a hero; to me a *good living husband*, quiet, opulence, nobility, and a fair reputation, though not in a degree so exalted as your's. If our whole sex were to chuse between your consolations and mine, your highness, I think, would find very few of your taste. But I respect the sublimity of your ideas. Now that we have no bodies, they appear less unnatural than I should have thought them in the other world.

*P. Orange.* Adieu, madam; our souls are of a different order, and were not made to sympathize or converse with each other.

## DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS — POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

*Brut.* **W**ELL, Atticus, I find, that, notwithstanding your friendship for Cicero and for me, you survived us both many years, with  
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the same chearful spirit you had always possessed, and, by prudently wedding your daughter to Agrippa, secured the favour of Octavius Cæsar, and even contracted a close alliance with him by your grand-daughter's marriage with Tiberius Nero.

*Attic.* You know, Brutus, my philosophy was the Epicurean. I loved my friends, and I served them in their wants and distresses with great generosity; but I did not think myself obliged to die when they died, or not to make others, as occasions should offer.

*Brut.* You did, I acknowledge, *serve* your friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourself, on their account, into any great danger or disturbance of mind: but that you *loved* them, I much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? if you loved me, how could you love Octavius? if you loved Octavius, how could you avoid taking part against Antony in their last civil war? Affection cannot be so strangely divided, and with so much equality, among men of such opposite characters, and who were such irreconcilable enemies to each other.

*Attic.* From my earliest youth I possessed the singular talent of ingratiating myself with the heads of different parties, and yet not engaging with any of them, so far as to disturb my own quiet. My family was connected with the Marian party; and though I retired to Athens, that I might not be unwillingly involved in the troubles, which that turbulent faction had begun to excite, yet, when young Marius was declared an enemy by the senate, I sent him a sum of money, to support him in his exile. Nor did this hinder me from making my court so well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the highest marks of his favour. Nevertheless, when he pressed me to go with him to Rome\*, I declined it, being as unwilling to fight for him against the Mar-  
rian

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\* Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vita Attici.

rian party, as for them against him. He admired my conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the presents made to him during his abode in that city, to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to shew that moderation in all contentions of this kind had been always my principle; and that in the instances you mentioned I did not act from any levity or inconstancy in my nature, but from a regular consistent plan of conduct, which my reason convinced me was the wisest I could follow.

*Brut.* I remember indeed that you observed the same neutrality between Pompey and Julius Cæsar.

*Attic.* I did so—and that I might be able to do it with dignity, and without the reproach of ingratitude, I never would accept any office or honour from either of those great men; nor from Cicero, though my sister had married his brother; nor from you, Marcus Brutus, whose friendship I thought the greatest honour of my life.

*Brut.* Are there no obligations to a good heart, Pomponius, but honours and offices? or could you, by refusing to encumber yourself with these, dissolve all other ties? But, setting aside any considerations of private affection or esteem, how were you able to reconcile your conduct with that which is the ruling principle in the heart of every virtuous man, and more especially a virtuous Roman, *the love of the Public?*

*Attic.* The times I lived in were so bad, and the conflict of parties had so little to do in reality with *the love of the public*, that I thought my virtue much safer and purer by avoiding, than mixing in the fray.

*Brut.* Possibly, in the dispute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæsar, a virtuous man might see so much to blame on both sides, and so much to fear, whichever faction should overcome the other, as to be justified in not engaging with either. But let me say, without vanity, in the war which I waged against Antony and Octavius,

you

you could have nothing to blame: for I know you approved the principle upon which I killed Julius Cæsar. Nor had you any thing to fear if our arms had succeeded; for you knew that my intentions were upright and pure; nor was it doubtful that Cassius was as much determined as I to restore the Republic. How could you then, with any sense of virtue in your heart, maintain an indifference and neutrality between the *deliverers* and the *tyrants* of your country?

*Attic.* My answer to this will necessarily require explanations, which my respect to the *names* of Brutus makes me wish to avoid.

*Brut.* In the other world I loved truth, and was desirous that all might speak it with freedom: but here even the tender ears of a tyrant are compelled to endure it. If I committed any faults, or erred in my judgment, the calamities I have suffered are a punishment for it. Tell me then truly, and without fear of offending, what you think were my failings.

*Attic.* You said that the principle upon which you killed Julius Cæsar had my approbation. This I do not deny:—but did I ever declare or give you reason to believe, that I thought it a *prudent* or *well-timed* act? I had quite other thoughts. Nothing ever seemed to me *worse judged* or *worse timed*: and these, Brutus, were my reasons. Cæsar was just setting out to make war on the Parthians. This was an enterprise of no little difficulty, and no little danger. But his unbounded ambition, and that restless spirit, which never would suffer him to take any repose, did not intend to stop there\*. You know very well, (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vast plan, of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian empire, along the coast of the Caspian sea and the sides of Mount Caucasus, into Scythia, in order to subdue all the countries that border on Germany, and Germany itself; from whence he proposed to return to Rome by Gaul. Consider now,  
I beseech

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\* V. Plutarch. in Vita Jul. Cæsar.

I beseech you, how much time the execution of this project required. In some of his battles with so many fierce and warlike nations, the bravest of all the barbarians, he might have been slain: but if he had not, disease, or age itself, might have ended his life, before he could have completed such an immense undertaking. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-sixth year, and of an infirm constitution. Except his bastard by Cleopatra, he had no son: nor was his power so absolute, or so quietly settled, that he could have a thought of bequeathing the empire, like a private inheritance, to his sister's grandson, Octavius. While he was absent, there was no reason to fear any violence, or male-administration in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief authority in the senate. The prætorship of the city had been conferred upon you by the favour of Cæsar; and your known credit with him, added to the high reputation of your virtues and abilities, gave you a weight in all business, which none of his party, left behind him in Italy, would have been able to oppose. What a fair prospect was here of good order, peace, and liberty at home, while abroad the Roman name would have been rendered more glorious, the disgrace of Crassus revenged, and the empire extended beyond the utmost ambition of our forefathers, by the greatest general that ever led the armies of Rome, or, perhaps, of any other nation! What did it signify, whether in Asia, and among the barbarians, that general bore the name of king, or dictator? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your friends, than to start so much at the proposition of his taking that name in Italy itself, when you had suffered him to enjoy all the power of royalty, and much more than any king of Rome had possessed from Romulus down to Tarquin.

*Brut.* We considered that name as the last insult offered to our liberty and our laws. It was an ensign of tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant purpose

pose of rendering the servitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to punish the tyrant, and restore our country to freedom.

*Attic.* You punished the tyrant, but you did not restore your country to freedom. By sparing Antony against the opinion of Cassius, you suffered the tyranny to remain. He was consul, and, from the moment that Cæsar was dead, the chief power of the state was in his hands. The soldiers adored him for his liberality, valour, and military frankness. His eloquence was more persuasive from appearing unstudied. The nobility of his house, which descended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his heart with ambition. The whole course of his life had evidently shewn, that his thoughts were high and aspiring, and that he had little respect for the liberty of his country. He had been the second man in Cæsar's party: by saving him you gave a 'new head to that party, which could no longer subsist without your ruin. Many, who would have wished the restoration of liberty, if Cæsar had died a natural death, were so incensed at his murder, that merely for the sake of punishing *that*, they were willing to confer all power upon Antony, and make him absolute master of the republic. This was particularly true with respect to the veterans who had served under Cæsar: and he saw it so plainly, that he presently availed himself of their dispositions. You and Cassius were obliged to fly out of Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the same part, could find no expedient to save himself and the senate, but the wretched one of supporting and raising very high another Cæsar, the adopted son and heir of him you had slain, to oppose Antony, and to divide the Cæsarean party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that party, and made them his enemies, by harangues in the senate, which breathed the very spirit of the old Pompeian faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the friends of the dead dictator, no less guilty of his death, than those

those who had killed him. What could this end in, but that which you and your friends had most to fear, a reunion of the whole Cæsarean party, and of their principal leaders, however discordant the one with the other, to destroy the Pompeians? For my own part, I foresaw it long before the event, and therefore kept myself wholly clear of those proceedings.—You think I ought to have joined you and Cassius at Philippi, because I knew your good intentions, and that if you succeeded, you designed to restore the commonwealth. I am persuaded you did both agree in that point; but you differed in so many others, there was such a dissimilitude in your tempers and characters, that the union between you could not have lasted long; and your dissention would have had most fatal effects, with regard both to the settlement and to the administration of the republic. Besides, the whole mass of it was in such a fermentation, and so corrupted, that I am convinced new disorders would soon have arisen. If you had applied gentle remedies, to which your nature inclined, those remedies would have failed: if Cassius had induced you to act with severity, your government would have been stigmatized with the name of a tyranny more detestable than that against which you conspired; and Cæsar's clemency would have been the perpetual topic of every factious oration to the people, and of every seditious discourse to the soldiers. Thus you would have soon been plunged in the miseries of another civil war, or perhaps assassinated in the senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman empire a lasting tranquillity, but such a prudent plan of a *mitigated imperial power*, as was afterwards formed by Octavius, when he had ably and happily delivered himself from all opposition and partnership in the government. Those quiet times I lived to see: and I must say, they were the best I ever had seen, far better than those under the turbulent aristocracy for which you contended. And let me boast a little of my own  
prudence,

prudence, which, through so many storms, could steer me safe into that port. Had it only given me safety without reputation, I should not think that I ought to value myself upon it. But in all these revolutions my honour remained as unimpaired as my fortune. I so conducted myself, that I lost no esteem, in being Antony's friend, after having been Cicero's; or in my alliance with Agrippa and Augustus Cæsar, after my friendship with you. Nor did either Cæsar or Antony blame my inaction in the quarrels between them; but, on the contrary, they both seemed to respect me the more for the neutrality I observed. My obligations to the one, and alliance with the other, made it improper for me to act against either: and my constant tenour of life had procured me an exemption from all civil wars by a kind of *prescription*.

*Brut.* If man were born to no higher purpose, than to wear out a long life in ease and prosperity, with the general esteem of the world, your wisdom was evidently as much superior to mine, as my life was shorter and more unhappy than your's. Nay, I verily believe, it exceeded the prudence of any other man that ever existed, considering in what difficult circumstances you were placed, and with how many violent shocks and sudden changes of fortune you were obliged to contend. But *here* the most *virtuous* and *public-spirited* conduct is found to have been the most *prudent*. The motive of our actions, not the success, gives us *here* renown. And, could I return to that life from whence I am escaped, I would not change my character to imitate your's: I would again be Brutus rather than Atticus. Even without the sweet hope of an eternal reward in a more perfect state, which is the strongest and most immovable support to the good under every misfortune, I swear by the gods, I would not give up *the noble feelings of my heart*, that elevation of mind that accompanies active and suffering virtue, for your seventy-seven years of constant tranquillity, with all the praise you obtained

from the learned men whom you patronized, or the great men whom you courted.

## DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, King of England.  
JOHN DE WITT, Pensionary of Holland.

*Will.* **T**HOUGH I had no cause to love you, yet, believe me, I sincerely lament your fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the most popular minister that ever served a commonwealth, should fall a sacrifice to popular fury! Such admirable talents, such virtues, as you were endowed with, so clear, so cool, so comprehensive a head, a heart so untainted with any kind of vice, despising money, despising pleasure, despising the vain ostentation of greatness, such application to business, such ability in it, such courage, such firmness, and so perfect a knowledge of the nation you governed, seemed to assure you of a fixed and stable support in the public affection. But nothing can be durable that depends on the passions of the people.

*De Witt.* It is very generous in your majesty, not only to compassionate the fate of a man, whose political principles made him an enemy to your greatness, but ascribe it to the caprice and inconstancy of the people; as if there had been nothing very blameable in his conduct. I feel the magnanimity of this discourse from your majesty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my death. But I must frankly confess, that, although the rage of the populace was carried much too far, when they tore me and my unfortunate brother to pieces, yet I certainly had deserved to lose their affection, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous friendship of France, and by weakening the military strength of the state, to serve little purposes of my

own power, and secure to myself the interested affection of the burgomasters, or others, who had credit and weight in the faction, the favour of which I courted. This had almost subjected my country to France, if you, great prince, had not been set at the head of the falling republic, and had not exerted such extraordinary virtues and abilities, to raise and support it, as surpassed even the heroism and prudence of William, our first stadtholder, and equalled you to the most illustrious patriots of Greece or Rome.

*Will.* This praise from your mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can so much exalt the character of a prince, as to have his actions approved of by a zealous republican, and the enemy of his house!

*De Witt.* If I did not approve them, I should shew myself the enemy of the republic. You never fought to tyrannize over it; you loved, you defended, you preserved its freedom. Thebes was not more indebted to Epaminondas, or Pelopidas, for its independance and glory, than the United Provinces were to you. How wonderful was it to see a youth, who had scarce attained to the twenty-second year of his age, whose spirit had been depressed and kept down by a jealous and hostile faction, rising at once to the conduct of a most arduous and perilous war, stopping an enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the heart of his country; driving him back, and recovering from him all he had conquered: to see this done with an army, in which, a little before, there was neither discipline, courage, nor sense of honour! Ancient history has no exploit superior to it; and it will ennoble the modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch shall arise, to do justice to it, and set the hero who performed it in a true light.

*Will.* Say, rather, when time shall have worn out that malignity and rancour of party, which in free states is so apt to oppose itself to the sentiments of gratitude and esteem for their servants and benefactors.

*De Witt.* How magnanimous was your reply, how much in the spirit of true *ancient virtue*, when being asked in the greatest extremity of our danger, “*How you intended to live after Holland was lost?*” You said, “*You would live on the lands you had left in Germany, and had rather pass your life in hunting there, than sell your country or liberty to France at any rate\*!*” How nobly did you think, when, being offered your patrimonial lordships and lands in the county of Burgundy, or the full value of them from France, by the mediation of England, in the treaty of peace, your answer was, “*That, to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders, you would be content to lose them all!*” No wonder, after this, that you were able to combine all Europe in a league against the power of France; that you were the centre of union, and the directing soul of that wise, that generous confederacy, formed by your labours; that you could steadily support and keep it together, in spite of repeated misfortunes; that even after defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other generals after victories; and that in the end you became the deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

*Will.* I had in truth no other object, no other passion at heart, throughout my whole life, but to maintain the independance and freedom of Europe, against the ambition of France. It was this desire which formed the whole plan of my policy, which animated all my counsels, both as prince of Orange and king of England.

*De Witt.* This desire was the most noble (I speak it with shame) that could warm the heart of a prince, whose ancestors had opposed, and in a great measure destroyed, the power of Spain, when that nation aspired to the monarchy of Europe. France, sir, in  
your

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\* See Temple's Memoirs from the year 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 320, 321.

your days, had an equal ambition and more strength to support her vast designs, than Spain under the government of Philip the Second. That ambition you refrained, that strength you resisted. I, alas! was seduced by her perfidious court, and by the necessity of affairs in that system of policy which I had adopted, to ask her assistance, to rely on her favour, and to make the commonwealth, whose counsels I directed, subservient to her greatness. — Permit me, sir, to explain to you the motives of my conduct. If all the princes of Orange had acted like you, I should never have been the enemy of your house. But prince Maurice of Nassau desired to oppress the liberty of that state, which his virtuous father had freed at the expence of his life, and which he himself had defended, against the arms of the house of Austria, with the highest reputation of military abilities. Under a pretence of religion (the most execrable cover of a wicked design) he put to death, as a criminal, that upright minister, Barnevelt, his father's best friend, because he refused to concur with him in treason against the state. He likewise imprisoned several other good men and lovers of their country, confiscated their estates, and ruined their families. Yet, after he had done these cruel acts of injustice, with a view to make himself sovereign of the Dutch commonwealth, he found they had drawn such a general odium upon him, that, not daring to accomplish his iniquitous purpose, he stopped short of the tyranny to which he had sacrificed his honour and virtue: a disappointment so mortifying, and so painful to his mind, that it probably hastened his death.

*Will.* Would to heaven he had died before the meeting of that infamous synod of Dort, by which he not only dishonoured himself and his family, but the Protestant religion itself! Forgive this interruption — my grief forced me to it — I desire you to proceed.

*De Witt.* The brother of Maurice, prince Henry, who succeeded to his dignities in the republic, acted  
with

with more moderation. But the son of that good prince, your majesty's father, (I am sorry to speak what I know you hear with pain) resumed, in the pride and fire of his youth, the ambitious designs of his uncle. He failed in his undertaking, and soon afterwards died, but left in the hearts of the whole republican party an incurable jealousy and dread of his family. Full of these prejudices, and zealous for liberty, I thought it my duty, as pensionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could, your restoration to the power your ancestors had enjoyed, which I sincerely believed would be inconsistent with the safety and freedom of my country.

*Will.* Let me stop you a moment here. — When my great-grand-father formed the plan of the Dutch commonwealth, he made the power of a stadtholder one of the principal springs in his system of government. How could you imagine that it would ever go well when deprived of this spring, so necessary to adjust and balance its motions? A constitution originally formed with no mixture of regal power may long be maintained in all its vigour and energy, without such a power; but, if any degree of monarchy was mixed from the beginning in the principles of it, the forcing *that* out must necessarily disorder and weaken the whole fabric. This was particularly the case in our republic. The negative voice of every small town in the provincial states, the tedious slowness of our forms and deliberations, the facility with which foreign ministers may seduce or purchase the opinions of so many persons as have a right to concur in all our resolutions, make it impossible for the government, even in the quietest times, to be well carried on, without the authority and influence of a stadtholder, which are the only remedy our constitution has provided for those evils.

*De Witt.* I acknowledge they are. — But I and my party thought no evil so great as that remedy; and therefore we sought for other more pleasing resources.

One of these, upon which we most confidently depended, was the friendship of France. I flattered myself that the interest of the French would secure to me their favour; as your relation to the crown of England might naturally raise in them a jealousy of your power. I hoped they would encourage the trade and commerce of the Dutch, in opposition to the English, the ancient enemies of their crown, and let us enjoy all the benefits of a perpetual peace, unless we made war upon England, or England upon us; in either of which cases it was reasonable to presume we should have their assistance. The French minister at the Hague, who served his court but too well, so confirmed me in these notions, that I had no apprehensions of the *mine* which was forming under my feet.

*Will.* You found your authority strengthened by a plan so agreeable to your party; and this contributed more to deceive your sagacity than all the art of D'Estades,

*De Witt.* My policy seemed to me entirely suitable to the lasting security of my own power, of the liberty of my country, and of its maritime greatness. For I made it my care to keep up a very powerful navy, well commanded and officered, for the defence of all these against the English; but, as I feared nothing from France, or any power on the continent, I neglected the army; or rather I destroyed it, by enervating all its strength, by disbanding old troops and veteran officers, attached to the house of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading militia*, commanded by officers who had neither experience nor courage, and who owed their promotions to no other merit, but their relation to or interest with some leading men in the several *oligarchies*, of which the government in all the Dutch towns is composed. Nevertheless, on the invasion of Flanders by the French, I was forced to depart from my close connection with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in  
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the triple alliance, which Sir William Temple proposed, in order to check her ambition : but as I entered into that measure from necessity, not from choice, I did not pursue it. I neglected to improve our union with England, or to secure that with Sweden ; I avoided any conjunction of counsels with Spain ; I formed no alliance with the Emperor or the Germans ; I corrupted our army more and more ; till a sudden, unnatural confederacy, struck up against all the maxims of policy, by the court of England with France, for the conquest of the Seven Provinces, brought these at once to the very brink of destruction, and made me a victim to the fury of a populace too justly provoked.

*Will.* I must say, that your plan was in reality nothing more than to procure for the Dutch a *licence to trade, under the good pleasure and gracious protection of France.* But any state that so entirely depends on another, is only a *province*, and its *liberty* is a *servitude* graced with a sweet but empty name. You should have reflected, that to a monarch so ambitious and so vain as *Louis le Grand*, the idea of a conquest, which seemed almost certain, and the desire of humbling a haughty republic, were temptations irresistible. His bigotry likewise would concur in recommending to him an enterprise, which he might think would put heresy under his feet. And if you knew either the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his government, you ought not to have supposed his union with France for the ruin of Holland an impossible, or even improbable event. It is hardly excusable in a statesman to be greatly surprized, that the inclinations of princes should prevail upon them to act, in many particulars, without any regard to the political maxims and interest of their kingdoms.

*De Witt.* I am ashamed of my error ; but the chief cause of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite so ill of Charles the Second and his ministry

ministry as they deserved\*. I imagined too that his parliament would restrain him from engaging in such a war, or compel him to engage in our defence, if France should attack us. These, I acknowledge, are *excuses*, not *justifications*. When the French marched into Holland, and found it in a condition so unable to resist them, my fame as a minister irrecoverably sunk. For, not to appear a *traitor*, I was obliged to confess myself a *dupe*. But what praise is sufficient for the wisdom and virtue you shewed, in so firmly rejecting the offers, which I have been informed were made to you, both by England and France, when first you appeared in arms at the head of your country, to give you *the sovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, by the assistance, and under the protection, of the two crowns! Believe me, great prince, had I been living in those times, and had known the generous answers you made to those offers, which were repeated more than once during the course of the war; not the most ancient and devoted servant to your family would have been more your friend than I. But who could reasonably hope for such moderation, and such a right sense of glory, in the mind of a young man, descended from *kings*, whose mother was daughter to Charles the First, and whose father had left him the seducing example of a very different conduct? Happy indeed was the English nation to have such a prince so nearly allied to their crown both in blood and by marriage, whom they might call to be their deliverer, when bigotry and despotism, the two greatest enemies to human society, had almost overthrown their whole constitution in church and state!

*Will.* They might have been happy; but were not. — As soon as I had accomplished their deliverance for them, many of them became my most implacable enemies, and even wished to restore the un-  
giving

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\* See Temple's Memoirs from the year 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 299.

giving prince, whom they had so unanimously and so justly expelled from his kingdom. — Such levity seems incredible. I could not myself have imagined it possible, in a nation famed for *good sense*, if I had not had proofs of it beyond contradiction. They seemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as *that they had called me over*. The security of their religion, the maintenance of their liberty, were no longer their care. All was to yield to the incomprehensible doctrine of *right divine* and *passive obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both that doctrine and James, by their opposition to him, by the invitation of me, and by every act of the parliament which gave me the crown. — But the most troublesome of my enemies were a set of Republicans, who violently opposed all my measures, and joined with the Jacobites in disturbing my government, only because it was not a commonwealth.

*De Witt*. They who were republicans under your government in the kingdom of England did not love liberty, but aspired to dominion, and wished to throw the nation into a total confusion, that it might give them a chance of working out from that anarchy a better state for themselves.

*Will*. Your observation is just. A proud man thinks himself a lover of liberty, when he is only impatient of a power in government above his own, and, were he a king, or the first minister of a king, would be a tyrant. Nevertheless I will own to you, with the candour which becomes a virtuous prince, that there were in England some whigs, and even some of the most sober and moderate Tories, who, with very honest intentions, and sometimes with good judgments, proposed new securities to the liberty of the nation, against the prerogative and influence of the crown, and the corruption of ministers in future times. To some of these I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I resisted, for fear of weakening too much the royal authority, and breaking that *balance*, in which consists the perfection of a  
mixed

mixed form of government. I should not, perhaps, have resisted so many, if I had not seen in the house of commons a disposition to rise in their demands on the crown, had they found it more yielding. The difficulties of my government upon the whole, were so great, that I once had determined, from mere disgust and resentment, to give back to the nation, assembled in parliament, the crown they had placed on my head, and retire to Holland, where I found more affection and gratitude in the people. But I was stopped by the earnest supplications of my friends, and by an unwillingness to undo the great work I had done: especially as I knew, that if England should return into the hands of king James, it would be impossible, in that crisis, to preserve the rest of Europe from the dominion of France.

*De Witt.* Heaven be praised that your majesty did not persevere in so fatal a resolution! The United Provinces would have been ruined by it together with England. But I cannot enough express my astonishment, that you should have met with such treatment as could suggest such a thought! The English must sure be a people incapable either of liberty or subjection!

*Will.* There were, I must acknowledge, some faults in my temper, and some in my government, which are an excuse for my subjects with regard to the uneasiness and disquiet they gave me. My taciturnity, which suited the genius of the Dutch, offended theirs. They love an affable prince: it was chiefly his affability that made them so fond of Charles the Second. Their frankness and good-humour could not brook the reserve and coldness of my nature! Then the excess of my favour to some of the Dutch, whom I had brought over with me, excited a national jealousy in the English, and hurt their pride. My government also appeared, at last, too unsteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories, which almost deprived me of the confidence and affection of both parties. I trusted too much to the integrity and  
the

the purity of my intentions, without using those arts that are necessary to allay the ferment of factions, and allure men to their duty by soothing their passions. Upon the whole, I am sensible that I better understood how to govern the Dutch than the English or the Scotch, and should probably have been thought a greater man, if I had not been king of Great Britain.

*De Witt.* It is a shame to the English, that gratitude, and affection for such merit as yours, were not able to overcome any little disgusts arising from your temper, and enthrone their deliverer in the hearts of his people. But will your majesty give me leave to ask you one question? Is it true, as I have heard, that many of them disliked your alliances on the continent, and spoke of your war with France as a *Dutch measure*, in which you sacrificed England to Holland?

*Will.* The cry of the nation at first was strong for the war: but before the end of it the Tories began publickly to talk the language you mention. And no wonder they did;—for, as they then had a desire to set up again the maxims of government which had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but represent opposition to France, and vigorous measures taken to restrain her ambition, as unnecessary for England: because they well knew that the counsels of that king had been utterly averse to such measures; that his whole policy made him a friend to France; that he was governed by a French mistress, and even bribed by French money, to give that court his assistance, or at least his acquiescence, in all their designs.

*De Witt.* A king of England, whose cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile pensioner to a French king, degrades himself from his royalty, and ought to be considered as an enemy to the nation. Indeed the whole policy of Charles the Second, when he was not forced off from his natural bias, by the necessity he lay under of soothing his parliament, was a constant, designed, systematical opposition

position to the interest of his people. His brother, though more sensible to the honour of England, was, by his Popery and desire of arbitrary power, constrained to lean upon France, and do nothing to obstruct her designs on the continent, or lessen her greatness. It was therefore necessary to place the British crown on your head, not only with a view to preserve the religious and civil rights of the people from internal oppressions, but to rescue the whole state from that servile dependence on its natural enemy, which must unquestionably have ended in its destruction. What folly was it to revile your measures abroad, as sacrificing the interest of your British dominions to connexions with the continent, and principally with Holland! had Great Britain no interest to hinder the French from being masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces, her strongest barrier on the continent against the power of that nation, to submit with the rest to their yoke? would her trade, would her coasts, would her capital itself, have been safe, after so mighty an encrease of shipping and sailors, as France would have gained by those conquests? and what could have prevented them, but the war which you waged, and the alliances which you formed? could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by Great Britain, have attempted to make head against a power, which even with her assistance, strong and spirited as it was, they could hardly resist? And after the check which had been given to the encroachments of France, by the efforts of the *first grand alliance*, did not a new and greater danger make it necessary to recur to another such league? was not the union of France and Spain under one monarch, or even under one family, the most alarming contingency that ever had threatened the liberty of Europe?

*Will.* I thought so; and I am sure I did not err in my judgment. But folly is blind; and faction wilfully shuts her eyes against the most evident truths that

that crosses her designs; as she believes any lies, however palpable and absurd, that she thinks will assist them.

*De Witt.* The only objection which seems to have any real weight against your system of policy, with regard to the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, is the enormous expence that must necessarily attend it; an expence which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without extreme inconvenience.

*Will.* I will answer that objection by asking a question. If, when you were pensionary of Holland, intelligence had been brought, that the dykes were ready to break, and the sea was coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have said to one of the deputies, who, when you were proposing the proper repairs to stop the inundation, should have objected to the charge, as too heavy on the province? This was the case in a political sense with both England and Holland. The fences raised to keep out superstition and tyranny were all giving way: those dreadful evils were threatening, with their whole accumulated force, to break in upon us, and overwhelm our ecclesiastical and civil constitution. In such circumstances to object to a necessary expence is folly and madness.

*De Witt.* It is certain, Sir, that the utmost abilities of a nation can never be so well employed, as in the unwearied, pertinacious defence of their religion and freedom. When *these* are lost, there remains nothing that is worth the concern of a good or wise man. Nor do I think it consistent with the prudence of government not to guard against future dangers, as well as present; which precaution must be often in some degree expensive. I acknowledge too, that the resources of a commercial country, which supports its trade, even in war, by invincible fleets, and takes care not to hurt it in the methods of imposing or collecting its taxes, are immense, and inconceivable till the

the trial is made; especially where the government which demands the supplies, is agreeable to the people. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* expence will in the end be destructive. What matters it whether a state is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign enemy, or dies by a consumption of its own vital strength? Such a consumption will come upon Holland sooner than upon England, because the latter has a greater radical force: but, great as it is, that force at last will be so diminished and exhausted by perpetual drains, that it may fail all at once, and those efforts, which may seem most surprisngly vigorous, will be in reality *the convulsions of death*. I don't apply this to your majesty's government; but I speak with a view to what may happen hereafter from the extensive ideas of negociation and war which you have established. They have been salutary to your kingdom; but they will, I fear, be pernicious in future times, if, in pursuing great plans, great ministers do not act with a sobriety, prudence, and attention to frugality, which very seldom are joined with an extraordinary vigour and boldness of counsels.

## DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS.—DARTENEUF.

*Dart.* ALAS! poor Apicius!—I pity thee from my heart, for not having lived in my age and in my country. How many good dishes, unknown at Rome in thy days, have I feasted upon in England!

*Apic.* Keep your pity for yourself.—How many good dishes have I feasted upon in Rome, which England does not produce, or of which the knowledge has been lost, with other treasures of antiquity, in these degenerate days! The fat paps of a sow, the livers of fœari, the brains of phœnicopters, and the *tripotanium*, which

which consisted of three excellent sorts of fish, for which you English have no names, the *lupus marinus*, the *myxo*, and the *muræna*.

*Dart.* I thought the *muræna* had been our lamprey. We have delicate ones in the Severn!

*Apic.* No:—the *muræna*, so respected by the ancient Roman senators, was a salt water fish, and kept by our nobles in ponds, into which the sea was admitted.

*Dart.* Why then I dare say our Severn lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them stewed or potted?

*Apic.* I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

*Dart.* I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters\*.

*Apic.* Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time †.

*Dart.* They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there.—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! Did not Leander swim over the Hellespont in a tempest, to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of exquisite oysters?

*Apic.* Nay—I am sure you can't blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I sailed to the coast of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned immediately, without even deigning to land †.

*Dart.* There was some sense in that: but why did not you also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you once tasted those oysters in their highest perfection,  
you

\* See St. Evremond's Letters. † See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on ancient Coins, c. 5. Pars 2. ‡ See Athenæus, and Bayle in his Notes to the article Apicius.

you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

*Apic.* I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, at Rome, because I found, upon the balance of my accounts, I had only the pitiful sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving\*.

*Dart.* A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! Would I had had it! I should have been twenty years in spending it, with the best table in London.

*Apic.* Alas poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807,291 l. 13 s. 4 d. †

*Dart.* I don't believe a word of it: there is certainly an error in the account.

*Apic.* Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every supper he sat down to in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614 l. 11 s. 8 d. †

*Dart.* Would I had supped with him there! But are you sure there is no blunder in these calculations?

*Apic.* Ask your learned men that.—I reckon as they tell me.—But you may think that these feasts were made only by great men, by triumphant generals, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia, to help him in his housekeeping. What will you say, when I tell you that the player Æsopus had one dish that cost him six thousand sesteria, that is, four thousand eight hundred and forty-three pounds ten shillings English? ||

*Dart.* What will I say? why, that I pity my worthy

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\* See Senec. de Consol. ad Helviam. Martial. Epig. 22. l. iii. Bayle, Apicius. See Arbuthnot, p. 116.  
 † See Arbuthnot, p. 116. - ‡ See Arbuthnot, p. 133. || Arbuthnot, p. 133. Plin. l. x. c. 60.

thy friend, Mr. Cibber; and that, if I had known this, when alive, I should have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

*Apic.* Well you might, well you might.— You don't know what *eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man of taste to keep a good table. Our players were infinitely richer than your princes.

*Dart.* Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

*Apic.* Ay, there you touch me.— I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age in which I lived\*. Vitellius spent in feasting within the compass of one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds †. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the two others you mentioned did not fall very short of his royal magnificence.

*Dart.* These indeed were great princes. But what most affects me is the luxury of that upstart fellow Æsopus. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish, he paid so much for, consist?

*Apic.* Chiefly of *singing birds* †. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

*Dart.* Of *singing birds*! choak him.— I never eat but *one*, which I stole out of its cage from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar, as if I had stolen and roasted an only child. But, upon recollection, I doubt whether I have really so much cause to envy Æsopus. For the *singing bird* which I eat was not so good as a wheat-ear or *becafigue*. And therefore

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\* See Bayle. Apicius. Athenæus. l. 1. p. 7.

† Arbuthnot, c. 5. ‡ Arbuthnot, p. 133.

therefore I suspect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity. It was like the foolish extravagance of the son of Æsopus, who dissolved pearls in vinegar and drank them at supper \*. I will stake my credit, that a haunch of good buck venison, and my favourite *ham pye*, were much better dishes than any at the table of Vitellius himself. It does not appear that you ancients ever had any good soups, without which a man of taste cannot possibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are detestable: but what is better than *the wing* of one of our English *wild rabbits*? I have been told you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is ill-flavoured. And as for your boars *roasted whole*, they were only fit to be served up at a corporation feast or election dinner. A small *barbecued hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good collar of Canterbury or Shrewsbury brawn is a much better dish.

*Apic.* If you had some meats that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to your's: Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hog's flesh the taste of all other meats. †

*Dart.* I should never have endured their imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good *connoisseur* in painting the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats, and even to some kinds of fish, a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. It does not appear to me that *essence of hams* was ever known to the ancients. We have a hundred *ragouts*, the composition of which surpasses all description. Had your's been as good, you could not have lain indolently loling upon couches, while you were eating. They would have made you sit up and mind your business. Then you had a strange custom of hearing things

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\* Pope's Imit. of Hor. Sat. I. l. 46. † See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

*read to you* while you were at supper. This demonstrates that you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. When I was at table, I neither heard, nor saw, nor spoke: I only tasted. But the worst of all is, that, in the utmost perfection of your luxury, you had no wine to be named with claret, burgundy, champagne, old hock, or tokay. You boasted much of your *Falernum*: but I have tasted the *Lachrymæ Christi*, and other wines of that coast, not one of which would I have drank above a glass or two of, if you would have given me the kingdom of Naples. I have read that you boiled your wines, and mixed water with them; which is sufficient evidence that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

*Apic.* I am afraid you do really excel us in wines; not to mention your beer, your cyder, and your perry, of all which I have heard great fame from your countrymen; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also said to me of an English liquor called punch.

*Dart.* Ay — to have died without tasting *that* is miserable indeed! There is rum punch, and arrack punch! It is difficult to say which is best; but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

*Apic.* The thought of them puts me into a fever with thirst.

*Dart.* These incomparable liquors are brought to us from the East and West Indies, of the first of which you knew little, and of the latter nothing. This alone is sufficient to determine the dispute. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of *that*, and despair.

*Apic.* I cannot indeed but exceedingly lament my ill fate, that America was not discovered, before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine apples, and a number of other fine fruits, or delicious meats, produced there, which I have never tasted.

*Dart.*

*Dart.* The single advantage of having sugar, to sweeten every thing with, instead of honey, which you, for want of the other, were obliged to make use of, is inestimable.

*Apic.* I confess your superiority in that important article. But what grieves me most is, that I never eat a turtle. They tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods!

*Dart.* Yes, I have heard the Americans say so: — but I never eat any: for in my time they were not brought over to England.

*Apic.* Never eat any turtle! How could'st thou dare to accuse me of not going to Sandwich, to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America, to riot on turtles? But know, wretched man, I am credibly informed, that they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeons. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just received this information from a fat alderman, who died in London last week, of a surfeit he got at a turtle feast in that city.

*Dart.* What does he say? does he affirm to you that turtle is better than venison?

*Apic.* He says, there was a haunch of the fattest venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle alone.

*Dart.* Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when *the noble science of eating* was supposed to have been carried to its highest perfection in England and France. And yet a *turtle feast* is a novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day to my own table at London, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity of it I would eat before the next morning.

*Apic.* You have forgot you have no *body*: that which you had has long been rotten: and you can never return to the earth with another, unless Pythagoras should send you thither to animate a hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have eaten dainties  
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which I never tasted, so the next age will eat some unknown to this. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. — But see; who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

MERCURY. Gentlemen, I must tell you, that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which, you know, we deities use as often as we please. Attend therefore to what I shall communicate to you, relating to the subject upon which you have been talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, who had much more pleasure in eating than either of you, through the whole course of your lives.

*Apic.* One of these happy epicures, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West Indies.

MERCURY. No: one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer. — I see you both look astonished. But what I tell you is truth. Labour and hunger gave a relish to the *black broth* of the former, and the *salt beef* of the latter, beyond what you ever found in the *tripotaniums* or *ham pyes*, that vainly stimulated your forced and languid appetites, which perpetual indolence weakened, and constant luxury overcharged.

*Dart.* This, Apicius, is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast.

*Apic.* I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your *art of cookery* in my life-time: but it is a sad thing not to know what *good living* is till after one is *dead*.

## DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

*Alexa.* **Y**OUR majesty seems in great wrath!  
Who has offended you?

*Charles.* The offence is to you as much as me.

Here

Here is a fellow admitted into Elyſium, who has affronted us both: an Engliſh poet, one Pope. He has called us *two madmen!*\*

*Alexa.* I have been unlucky in poets. No prince ever was fonder of the Muſes than I, or has received from them a more ungrateful return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, becauſe he had a Homer to celebrate his exploits; and I moſt bountifully rewarded Chœrilus, a pretender to poetry, for writing verſes on mine: but my liberality, inſtead of doing me honour, has ſince drawn upon me the ridicule of Horace, a witty Roman poet; and Lucan, another verſifier of the ſame nation, has loaded my memory with the harſheſt invectives.

*Charles.* I know nothing of theſe; but I know that in my time, a pert French ſatiriſt, one Boileau, made ſo free with your character, that I tore his book for having abuſed my favourite hero †. And now this faucy Engliſhman has libelled us both. — But I have a propoſal to make to you for the reparation of our honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all theſe insolent ſcriblers out of Elyſium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in ſpite of Pluto and all his guards.

*Alexa.* This is juſt ſuch a ſcheme as that you formed at Bender, to maintain yourſelf there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, againſt the whole force of the Ottoman empire. And I muſt ſay, that ſuch follies gave the Engliſh poet too much cauſe to call you a madman.

*Charles.* If my heroiſm was madneſs, your's, I preſume, was not wiſdom.

*Alexa.* There was a vaſt difference between your conduct and mine. Let poets or declaimers ſay what they will, hiſtory ſhews, that I was not only the braveſt

\* Pope's Eſſay on Man, ep. iv. l. 219, 20.

† See Porriatowski's remarks on Voltaire's Hiſtory of Charles XII.

bravest soldier, but one of the ablest commanders the world has ever seen. Whereas you, by imprudently leading your army into vast and barren deserts, at the approach of winter, exposed it to perish in its march for want of subsistence, lost your artillery, lost a great number of your soldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muscovites under such disadvantages, as made it almost impossible for you to conquer.

*Charles.* I will not dispute your superiority as a general. It is not for me, a mere mortal, to contend with the *son of Jupiter Ammon.*

*Alexa.* I suppose you think my pretending that *Jupiter* was my father as much entitles me to the name of a madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly mistaken. It was not my vanity, but my policy, which set up that pretension. When I proposed to undertake the conquest of Asia, it was necessary for me to appear to the people something more than a man. They had been used to the idea of *demigod heroes.* I therefore claimed an equal descent with Osiris and Sesostris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former conquerors of the East. The opinion of my divinity assisted my arms, and subdued all nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I called myself *the son of Jupiter*, and kept up the veneration that name inspired, by a courage which seemed more than human, and by the sublime magnanimity of all my behaviour, I did not forget that I was *the son of Philip.* I used the policy of my father, and the wise lessons of Aristotle, whom he had made my preceptor, in the conduct of all my great designs. It was *the son of Philip* who planted Greek colonies in Asia, as far as the Indies; who formed projects of trade more extensive than his empire itself; who laid the foundations of them in the midst of his wars; who built Alexandria, to be the centre and staple of commerce between Europe, Asia, and Africk; who sent

Nearchus

Nearchus to navigate the unknown Indian seas, and intended to have gone himself from those seas to the pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explored the passage round Africk, the discovery of which has since been so glorious to Vasco de Gama. It was *the son of Philip*, who, after subduing the Persians, governed them with such lenity, such justice and such wisdom, that they loved him even more than ever they had loved their natural kings;\* and who, by intermarriages, and all methods that could best establish a coalition between the conquerors and the conquered, united them into one people. But what, sir, did you do, to advance the trade of your subjects, to procure any benefit to those you had vanquished, or to convert any enemy into a friend?

*Charles.* I might easily have made myself king of Poland, and was advised to do so, by count Piper, my favourite minister; I generously gave that kingdom to Stanislaus, as you had given a great part of your conquest in India to Porus, besides his own dominions, which you restored to him entire, after you had beaten his army and taken him captive.

*Alexa.* I gave him the government of those countries under me, and as my lieutenant; which was the best method of preserving my power in conquests, where I could not leave garrisons sufficient to maintain them. The same policy was afterwards practised by the Romans, who of all conquerors, except me, were the greatest politicians. But neither was I, nor were they, so extravagant, as to conquer only for others, or dethrone kings with no view, but merely to have the pleasure of bestowing their crowns on some of their subjects, without any advantage to ourselves. Nevertheless, I will own, that my expedition to India was an exploit of *the son of Jupiter*, not of *the son of Philip*. I had done better if I had staid to give more consistency to my Persian and Grecian empires,

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\* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

pires, instead of attempting new conquests, and at such a distance, so soon. Yet even this war was of use to hinder my troops from being corrupted by the effeminacy of Asia, and to keep up that universal awe of my name, which in those countries was the great support of my power.

*Charles.* In the unwearied activity with which I proceeded from one enterprize to another, I dare call myself your equal. Nay, I may pretend to higher glory than you, because you only went on from victory to victory; but the greatest losses were not able to diminish my ardour, or stop the efforts of my daring and invincible spirit.

*Alexa.* You shewed in adversity much more magnanimity than you did in prosperity. How unworthy of a prince who imitated me was your behaviour to the king your arms had vanquished! The compelling Augustus to write himself a letter of congratulation to one of his vassals, \* whom you had placed on his throne, was the very reverse of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous insult upon his ill fortune! It was the triumph of a little and a low mind! The visit you made him immediately after that insult was a farther contempt, offensive to him, and both useless and dangerous to yourself.

*Charles.* I feared no danger from it. — I knew he durst not use the power I gave him to hurt me.

*Alexa.* If his resentment, in that instant, had prevailed over his fear, as it was likely to do, you would have perished deservedly by your insolence and presumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all dangers which I thought it was necessary or proper for me to meet, I never put myself one moment in the power of an enemy whom I had offended. But you had the rashness of *folly* as well as of *heroism*. A false opinion conceived of your enemy's weakness proved at last your undoing. When, in answer to some rea-  
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\* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

sonable propositions of peace, sent to you by the czar, you said, "*You would come and treat with him at Moscow*;" he replied very justly, "*That you affected to act like Alexander, but should not find in him a Darius\*.*" And, doubtless, you ought to have been better acquainted with the character of that prince. Had Persia been governed by a *Peter Alexorowitz* when I made war against it, I should have acted more cautiously, and not have counted so much on the superiority of my troops, in valour and discipline, over an army commanded by a king, who was so capable of instructing them in all they wanted.

*Charles.* The battle of Narva, won by eight thousand Swedes against fourscore thousand Muscovites, seemed to authorize my contempt of the nation and their prince.

*Alexa.* It happened that their prince was not present in that battle. But he had not as yet had the time, which was necessary to instruct his barbarous soldiers. You gave him that time, and he made so good a use of it, that you found at Pultowa the Muscovites become a different nation. If you had followed the blow you gave them at Narva, and marched directly to Moscow, you might have destroyed their Hercules in his cradle. But you suffered him to grow, till his strength was mature, and then acted as if he had been still in his childhood.

*Charles.* I must confess you excelled me in conduct, in policy, and in true magnanimity. But my liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither you nor any mortal ever surpassed me in the enthusiasm of courage. I was also free from those vices which sullied your character. I never was drunk; I killed no friend in the riot of a feast; I fired no palace at the instigation of a harlot.

*Alexa.* It may perhaps be admitted as some excuse for my drunkenness, that the Persians esteemed it an excellence

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\* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

excellence in their kings to be able to drink a great quantity of wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a dishonour\*. But you were as frantic, and as cruel, when sober, as I was, when drunk †. You were sober when you resolved to continue in Turkey against the will of your host, the *grand signor*. You were sober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whose only crime was his having maintained the liberties of his country, and who bore the sacred character of an ambassador, to be broken alive on the wheel, against the laws of nations, and those of humanity, more inviolable still to a generous mind. You were likewise sober when you wrote to the senate of Sweden, who, upon a report of your death, endeavoured to take some care of your kingdom, *That you would send them one of your boots, and from that they should receive their orders, if they pretended to meddle in government*: an insult much worse than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was most heated with wine and with adulation! As for my chastity, it was not so perfect as your's, though on some occasions I obtained great praise for my continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite so insensible to the charms of the fair sex, it would have mitigated and softened the fierceness, the pride, and the obstinacy of your nature.

*Charles*. It would have softened me into a woman, or, what I think still more contemptible, the slave of a woman. But you seem to insinuate that you never were cruel or frantic unless when you were drunk. This I absolutely deny. — You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæstion's physician, for not curing a man who killed himself by his intemperance in his sickness †; nor when you sacrificed to the manes of that favourite officer the whole nation of Cusseans, men,

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\* See Plutarch's *Morals* and Xenophon. † See Voltaire's *Charles XII*. ‡ See Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*,

men, women, and children, who were entirely innocent of his death; because you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated some Trojan captives on the tomb of Patroclus. I could mention other proofs that your passions inflamed you as much as wine: but these are sufficient.

*Alexa.* I can't deny that my passions were sometimes so violent as to deprive me for a while of the use of my reason; especially when the pride of such amazing successes, the servitude of the Persians, and barbarian flattery, had intoxicated my mind. To bear, at my age, with continual moderation, such fortune as mine, was hardly in human nature. As for you, there was an excess and intemperance in your virtues, which turned them all into vices. And one virtue you wanted, which in a prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the public, I mean the love of science and of the elegant arts. Under my care and patronage they were carried in Greece to their utmost perfection. Aristotle, Apelles, and Lyfippus, were among the glories of my reign: your's was illustrated only by battles. — Upon the whole, though, from some resemblance between us, I should naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I must give the priority in renown to your enemy, Peter Alexowitz. That great monarch *raised* his country; You *ruined* your's. He was a *legislator*; you were a *tyrant*.

## DIALOGUE XXI.

Cardinal XIMENES. — Cardinal WOLSEY.

*Wolf.* **Y**OU seem to look on me, Ximenes, with an air of superiority, as if I was not your equal. Have you forgotten that I was the favourite and first minister of a great king of England? that I was at once lord high chancellor, bishop of Durham, bishop

bishop of Winchester, archbishop of York, and cardinal legate? On what other subject were ever accumulated so many dignities, such honours, such power?

*Ximen.* In order to prove yourself my equal, you are pleased to tell me what you *had*, not what you *did*. But it is not the having great offices; it is the doing great things, that makes a great minister. I know that for some years you governed the mind of king Henry the Eighth, and consequently his kingdom, with the most absolute sway. Let me ask you then, what were *the acts of your reign*?

*Wolf.* My *acts* were those of a very skilful courtier and able politician. I managed a temper, which nature had made the most difficult to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever existed, with such consummate address, that all its passions were rendered entirely subservient to my inclinations. In foreign affairs I turned the arms of my master, or disposed of his friendship, which ever way my own interest happened to direct. It was not with *him*, but with *me*, that treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded, during my ministry, that did not contain some article in my favour, besides secret assurances of aiding my ambition or resentment, which were the real springs of all my negotiations. At home I brought the pride of English nobility, which had resisted the greatest of the *Plantagenets*, to bow submissively to the son of a *butcher of Ipswich*. And, as my power was royal, my state and magnificence were suitable to it: my buildings, my furniture, my household, my equipage, my liberality, and my charities, were above the rank of a subject.

*Ximen.* From all you have said I understand that you gained great advantages *for yourself* in the course of your ministry, too great indeed for a good man to desire, or a wise man to accept. But what did you do for your sovereign, and for the state?—You make me no answer.—What I did is well known. I was not content with forcing the arrogance of the Spanish

Spanish nobility to stoop to my power, but used that power to free the people from their oppressions \*. In you they respected the royal authority; I made them respect the majesty of the laws. I also relieved my countrymen, the commons of Castile, from a most grievous burthen, by an alteration in the method of collecting their taxes. After the death of Isabella I preserved the tranquillity of Arragon and Castile, by procuring the regency of the latter for Ferdinand, a wise and valiant prince, though he had not been my friend during the life of the queen. And when, after his decease, I was raised to the regency by the general esteem and affection of the Castilians, I administered the government with great courage, firmness, and prudence; with the most perfect disinterestedness in regard to myself, and most zealous concern for the public. I suppressed all the factions which threatened to disturb the peace of that kingdom in the minority and absence of the young king; and prevented the discontents of the commons of Castile, too justly incensed against the Flemish ministers, who governed their prince and rapaciously pillaged their country, from breaking out, during my life, into open rebellion, as they did most unhappily, soon after my death: These were my civil acts: but to complete the renown of my administration, I added to it the palm of military glory. At my own charges, and myself commanding the army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it, with its territory, to the Spanish dominions.

*Wolf.* My soul was as elevated and noble as your's; my understanding as strong, and more refined. But the difference of our conduct arose from the difference of our objects. To raise your reputation, and secure your power in Castile, by making that kingdom as happy, and as great as you could, was your object. Mine was to procure *the triple crown* for myself by the assistance

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\* See Marfolier, Vie de Ximesne.

sistance of my sovereign, and of the greatest foreign powers. Each of us took the means that were evidently most proper to the accomplishment of his ends.

*Ximen.* Can you confess such a principle of your conduct without a blush? But you will at least be ashamed, that you failed in your purpose, and were the dupe of the powers with whom you negotiated; after having dishonoured the character of your master, in order to serve your own ambition. I accomplished my desire, with glory to my sovereign, and advantage to my country. Besides this difference, there was a great one in the methods by which we acquired our power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of princes; but I gained Isabella's by the opinion she had of my piety and integrity: you gained Henry's by a complaisance and course of life, which were a reproach to your character and sacred orders.

*Wolf.* I did not, as you, Ximenes, did, carry with me to court the austerity of a monk; nor, if I had done so, could I possibly have gained any influence there. Isabella and Henry were different characters, and their favour was to be sought in different ways. By making myself agreeable to the latter, I so governed his passions, unruly as they were, that, while I lived, they did not produce any of those dreadful effects, which after my death were caused by them in his family and kingdom.

*Ximen.* If Henry the Eighth, your master, had been king of Castile, I would never have been drawn by him out of my cloister. A man of virtue and spirit will not be prevailed with to go into a court, where he cannot rise without baseness.

*Wolf.* The inflexibility of your mind had like to have ruined you in some of your measures: and the bigotry, which you had derived from your long abode in a cloister, and retained when a minister, was very near depriving the crown of Castile of the new-conquered kingdom of Granada, by the revolt of the Moors in that city, whom you had prematurely forced to  
change

change their religion \*. Do you not remember how angry king Ferdinand was with you on that account ?

*Ximen.* I do, and must acknowledge that my zeal was too intemperate in all that proceeding.

*Wolf.* My worst complaisances to king Henry the Eighth were far less hurtful to England, than the unjust and inhuman court of inquisition, which you established in Granada, to watch over the faith of your unwilling converts, has been to Spain.

*Ximen.* I only revived and settled in Granada an ancient tribunal, instituted first by one of our saints against the Albigenes, and gave it greater powers. The mischiefs which have attended it cannot be denied. But if any force may be used for the maintenance of religion (and the church of Rome has, you know, declared authoritatively that it may) none could be so effectual to answer the purpose.

*Wolf.* This is an argument rather against the opinion of the church, than for the inquisition. I will only say, I think myself very happy, that my administration was stained with no action of cruelty, not even cruelty *sanctified by the name of religion*. My temper indeed, which influenced my conduct more than my principles, was much milder than your's. To the proud I was proud ; but to my friends and inferiors benevolent and humane. Had I succeeded in the great object of my ambition, had I acquired the popedom, I should have governed the church with more moderation, and better sense, than, probably, you would have done, if you had exchanged the see of Toledo for that of Rome. My good-nature, my policy, my taste for magnificence, my love of the fine arts, of wit, and of learning, would have made me the delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greatest princes. Whereas in you, the sour bigot and rigid Monk would too much have prevailed over the prince and the statesman.

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*Ximen.*

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\* See Marfolier, Vie de Ximesne.

*Ximen.* What either of us would have been in that situation does not appear. But if you are compared to me *as a minister*, you are vastly inferior. The only circumstance in which you can justly pretend to an equality is the encouragement you gave to learning, and your munificence in promoting it, which was indeed very great. Your two colleges founded at Ipswich and Oxford may vie with my university at Alcala de Henara. But in our generosity there was this difference: all my revenues were spent in well-placed liberalities, in acts of charity, piety, and virtue: whereas a great part of your enormous wealth was squandered away in luxury and vain ostentation. With regard to all other points my superiority is apparent. You were only a favourite: I was the friend and the father of the people. You served yourself: I served the state. The conclusion of our lives was also much more honourable to me than you.

*Wolf.* Did not you die, as I did, in disgrace with your master?

*Ximen.* That disgrace was brought upon me by a faction of foreigners, to whose power, as a good Spaniard, I would not submit. A minister who falls a victim to such an opposition, rises by his fall. Your's was not graced by any public cause, any merit to the nation. Your spirit therefore sunk under it; you bore it with meanness. Mine was unbroken, superior to my enemies, superior to fortune; and I died, as I had lived, with undiminished dignity and greatness of mind.

## DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN.—RABELAIS.

*Luc.* **F**RRIEND Rabelais, well met.—Our souls are very good company for one another. We both were great wits, and most audacious freethinkers. We laughed often at Folly, and sometimes at Wisdom.

dom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my style: but then, in return, you had a greater fertility of imagination. My *True History* is much inferior, in fancy and invention, in force of wit and keenness of satire, to your *History of the Acts of Gargantua and Pantagruel*.

*Rabel.* You do me great honour: but I may say, without vanity, that both these compositions entitle the authors of them to a very distinguished place, among memoir-writers, travellers, and even historians ancient and modern.

*Luc.* Doubtless they do. But will you pardon me if I ask you one question? Why did you chuse to write such absolute *nonsense*, as you have in some places of your illustrious work?

*Rabel.* I was forced to compound my physic for the mind with a large dose of nonsense, in order to make it go down. To own the truth to you, if I had not so frequently put on *the fool's cap*, the freedoms I took, in other places, with *cowls*, with *red hats*, and *the triple crown itself*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my book, but I myself, should, in all probability have been condemned to the flames: and martyrdom was an honour to which I never aspired. I therefore counterfeited folly, like Junius Brutus, from the wisest of all principles, that of self-preservation. You, Lucian, had no need to use so much caution. Your heathen priests desired only a sacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a mark of *conformity*; and kindly allowed him to make as free as he pleased, in conversation or writings, with the whole tribe of gods and goddesses, from the thundering Jupiter and the scolding Juno, down to *the dog Anubis* and the fragrant dame *Cloacina*.

*Luc.* Say rather that our government allowed us that liberty! for I assure you our priests were by no means pleased with it; at least they were not in my time.

*Rabel.* The wiser men they! for in spite of the conformity required by the laws, and enforced by the magistrate, that ridicule brought the system of pagan theology into contempt, not only with the philosophical part of mankind, but even with the vulgar.

*Luc.* It did so; and the ablest defenders of paganism were forced to give up the poetical fables, and *allegorize the whole.*

*Rabel.* An excellent way of drawing sense out of absurdity, and grave instructions from lewdness! There is a great modern wit, Sir Francis Bacon, lord Verulam, who, in his treatise entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own priests!

*Luc.* He has indeed shewn himself an admirable chemist, and made a fine transmutation of folly into wisdom. But all the latter Platonists took the same method of defending our faith, when it was attacked by the Christians: and certainly a more judicious one could not be found. Our fables say, that, in one of their wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themselves into *beasts*, in order to escape from the conquerors. Just the reverse happened here:—for, by this happy art, our *beastly divinities* were turned again into rational beings.

*Rabel.* Give me a good commentator, with a subtle, refining, philosophical head; and you shall have the edification of seeing him draw *the most sublime allegories*, and the most venerable *mystic truths*, from my history of *the noble Garagantua and Pantagrue!* I don't despair of being proved, to the entire satisfaction of some future age, to have been, without exception, the profoundest *divine* and *metaphysician* that ever yet held a pen.

*Luc.* I shall rejoice to see you advanced to that honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to consider you as one of our class. There you sit very high.

*Rabel.*

*Rabel.* I am afraid there is another, and a modern author too, whom you would bid to sit above me, and but just below yourself: I mean Dr. Swift.

*Luc.* It was necessary for him to throw so much nonsense into his history of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two illustrious heroes; and his style is far more correct than your's. His wit never descended (as your's frequently did) into the lowest of taverns, nor ever wore the meanest garb of the vulgar.

*Rabel.* If the garb, which it wore, was not as *mean*, I am certain it was sometimes as *dirty* as mine.

*Luc.* It was not always nicely clean. Yet in comparison with you he was decent and elegant. But whether there was not in your compositions more *fire*, and a more *comic spirit*, I will not determine.

*Rabel.* If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a matter in dispute, as I have left the great question, *Whether Panurge should marry or not?* I would as soon undertake to measure the difference between the height and bulk of the giant Garagantua and his Brobdignagian majesty, as the difference of merit between my writings and Swift's. If any man takes a fancy to like my book, let him freely enjoy the entertainment it gives him, and drink to my memory in a bumper. If another likes Gulliver, let him toast Dr. Swift. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a bumper, *supposing the wine to be good*. If a third likes neither of us, let him silently pass the bottle, and be quiet.

*Luc.* But what if he will not be quiet? A critic is an unquiet creature.

*Rabel.* Why then he will disturb himself, not me.

*Luc.* You are a greater philosopher than I thought you! I knew you paid no respect to popes, or kings; but to pay none to critics, is, in an author, a magnanimity beyond all example.

*Rabel.* My life was a farce: my death was a farce: and would you have me make my book a serious affair?

fair? As for you, though in general you are only a joker, yet sometimes you must be ranked among grave authors. You have written sage and learned dissertations on history, and other weighty matters. The critics have therefore an undoubted right to maul you, if they find you in their province. But if any of them dare to come into mine, I will order Garagantua to swallow them up, as he did the six pilgrims, in the next fallad he eats\*.

*Luc.* Have I not heard that you wrote a very good serious book on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates?

*Rabel.* Upon my faith, I had forgot it. I am so used to my *fool's coat*, that I don't know myself in my solemn *doctor's gown*. But your information was right: that book was indeed a very respectable work. Yet nobody reads it; and if I had writ nothing else, I should have been reckoned, at best, *a lacquey to Hippocrates*: whereas the historian of *Panurge* is *an eminent writer*. Plain good sense, like a dish of solid beef or mutton, is proper only for peasants; but *a ragout of folly*, well dressed with *a sharp sauce of wit*, is fit to be served up at an emperor's table.

*Luc.* You are an admirable pleasant fellow! let me embrace you. — How Apollo and the Muses may rank you on Parnassus, I am not very certain: but, if I were master of the ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you should be placed, with a full bowl of nectar before you, at the right hand of Momus.

*Rabel.* I wish you were—but I fear the inhabitants of those sublime regions will like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himself could get a seat at that table, I can't well comprehend! It has been usual, I confess, in some of our courts upon earth, to have a privileged jester, called *the king's fool*. But in the court of Heaven one should not have supposed such an officer, as *Jupiter's fool*. Your allegorical theology in this point is very abstruse.

*Luc.*

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\* See Rabelais, l. i. c. 38.

*Luc.* I think our priests admitted Momus into our heaven, as the Indians are said to worship the devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him.—For, we may talk of the *giants* as much as we please; but to *our gods* there is no enemy so formidable as he. *Ridicule* is the terror of all *false religion*. Nothing but *truth* can stand its lash.

*Rabel.* Truth, advantageously set in a good and fair light, can stand any attacks: but those of ridicule are so teasing and so fallacious, that I have seen them put her ladyship very much out of humour.

*Luc.* Ay, friend Rabelais: and sometimes out of countenance too. But *truth* and *wit* in confederacy will strike Momus dumb. United they are invincible: and such a union is necessary upon certain occasions. *False reasoning* is most effectually exposed by *plain sense*; but *wit* is the best opponent to *false ridicule*; as *just ridicule* is to all the *absurdities*, which dare to assume the venerable names of *Philosophy*, or *Religion*. Had we made such a proper use of our agreeable talents, had we employed our ridicule to strip the foolish faces of superstition, fanaticism, and dogmatical pride, of the serious and solemn masks with which they are covered; at the same time exerting all the sharpness of our wit, to combat the flippancy and pertness of those, who argue only by jests against reason and evidence, in points of the highest and most serious concern; we should have much better merited the esteem of mankind.

## DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES.

COSMO DE MEDICIS, the first of that name

*Peric.* **I**N what I have heard of your character and your fortune, illustrious Cosmo, I find a most remarkable resemblance with mine. We both lived in republics where the sovereign power was in  
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the people; and, by mere civil arts, but more especially by our eloquence, attained, without any force, to such a degree of authority, that we ruled those tumultuous and stormy democracies with an absolute sway\*, turned the tempests which agitated them upon the heads of our enemies, and after having long and prosperously conducted the greatest affairs, in war and peace, died revered and lamented by all our fellow-citizens.

*Cosmo.* We have indeed an equal right to value ourselves on *that noblest of empires*, the empire we gained over *the minds* of our countrymen.—*Force or caprice* may give *power*, but nothing can give a *lasting authority*, except *wisdom and virtue*. By these we obtained, by these we preserved, in our respective countries, a dominion unstained by usurpation or blood, a dominion conferred on us by the public esteem and the public affection. We were in reality sovereigns, while we lived with the simplicity of private men: and Athens and Florence believed themselves to be free, though they obeyed all our dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæsar. It is the perfection of policy to tame the fierce spirit of popular liberty, not by blows or by chains, but by soothing it into a voluntary obedience, and bringing it to lick the hand that restrains it.

*Peric.* The task can never be easy; but the difficulty was still greater to me than to you. For I had a lion to tame, from whose intractable fury the greatest men of my country, and of the whole world, with all their wisdom and virtue, could not save themselves. Themistocles and Aristides were examples of terror that might well have deterred me from the administration of public affairs at Athens. Another impediment in my way was the power of Cimon, who, for his goodness, his liberality, and the lustre of his victories

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\* See Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii. See also Machiavel's History of Florence, from the fourth book to the eighth.

tories over the Persians, was much beloved by the people; and, at the same time, by being thought to favour aristocracy, had all the noble and rich citizens devoted to his party. It seemed impossible to shake so well established a greatness. Yet, by the charms and force of my eloquence, which exceeded that of all orators contemporary with me, by the integrity of my life, my moderation, and my prudence, but, above all, by my artful management of the people, whose power I increased, that I might render it the basis and support of my own, I gained such an ascendant over all my opponents, that, having first procured the banishment of Cimon by ostracism, and then of Thucydides, another formidable antagonist, set up by the nobles against my authority, I became the unrivalled chief, or rather the monarch of the Athenian republic, without ever putting to death, in above forty years that my administration continued, one of my fellow-citizens: a circumstance, which I declared, when I lay on my death-bed, to be in my own judgment, more honourable to me, than all my prosperity in the government of the state, or the nine trophies, erected for so many victories obtained by my conduct.

*Cosmo.* I had also the same happiness to boast of at my death: and some additions were made to the territories of Florence under my government: but I myself was no soldier, and the commonwealth I directed was never either so warlike or so powerful as Athens. I must, therefore, not pretend to vie with you in the lustre of military glory: and I will moreover acknowledge, that to govern a people, whose spirit and pride were exalted by the wonderful victories of Marathon, Mycalé, Salamis, and Platæa, was much more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuscans. The liberty of the Athenians was in your time more imperious, more haughty, more insolent, than the despotism of the king of Persia. How great then must have been your ability and address, that could so absolutely reduce it under your power! yet the temper  
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of my countrymen was not easy to govern: for it was exceedingly factious. The history of Florence is little else, for several ages, than an account of conspiracies against the state. In my youth I myself suffered much by the dissensions which then embroiled the republic. I was imprisoned, and banished; but, after the course of some years, my enemies, in their turn, were driven into exile. I was brought back in triumph; and from that time till my death, which was above thirty years, I governed the Florentines, not by arms, or evil arts of tyrannical power, but with a legal authority; which I exercised so discreetly, as to gain the esteem of all the neighbouring potentates, and such a constant affection of all my fellow-citizens, that an inscription, which gave me the title of *Father of my Country*, was engraved on my monument, by an unanimous decree of the whole commonwealth.

*Peric.* Your end was incomparably more happy than mine. For you died, rather of age than any violent illness, and left the Florentines in a state of peace and prosperity procured for them by your counsels. But I died of the plague, after having seen it almost depopulate Athens; and left my country engaged in a most dangerous war, to which my advice, and the power of my eloquence, had excited the people. The misfortune of the pestilence, with the inconveniencies they suffered on account of the war, so irritated their minds, that, not long before my death, they condemned me to a fine.

*Cosmo.* It is wonderful, that, when once their anger was raised, it went no further against you! A favourite of the people, when disgraced, is in still greater danger than a favourite of a king.

*Peric.* Your surprise will encrease at hearing, that very soon afterwards they chose me their general, and conferred on me again the principal direction of all their affairs. Had I lived, I should have so conducted the war, as to have ended it with advantage and honour to my country. For, having secured to her the sovereignty of the sea, by the defeat of the Samians,

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ans, before I let her engage with the power of Sparta, I knew that our enemies would be at length wearied out and compelled to sue for a peace; because the city, from the strength of its fortifications, and the great army within it, being on the landside impregnable to the Spartans, and drawing continual supplies from the sea, suffered not much by the ravages of the country about it, from whence I had before removed all the inhabitants: whereas their allies were undone by the descents we made on their coasts.

*Cosmo.* You seem to have understood beyond all other men what advantages are to be drawn from a *maritime power*, and how to make it the surest foundation of *empire*.

*Peric.* I followed the plan traced out by Themistocles, the ablest politician that Greece had ever produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponnesian war (as some have supposed) only to make myself necessary, and stop an enquiry into my public accounts\*. I really thought, that the republic of Athens could no longer defer a contest with Sparta, without giving up to that state the precedence in the direction of Greece, and her own independence. To keep off for some time even a necessary war, with a probable hope of making it more advantageously, at a favourable opportunity, is an act of true wisdom: but not to make it, when you see that your enemy will be strengthened and your own advantages lost, or considerably lessened, by the delay, is a most pernicious imprudence. With relation to my accounts, I had nothing to fear. I had not embezzled one *drachma* of public money, nor added one to my own paternal estate; and the people had placed so entire a confidence in me, that they had allowed me, against the usual forms of their government, to dispose of large sums for *secret service*, without account†. When therefore I advised the Peloponnesian war, I neither acted from private views,  
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\* See Thucydides, l. ii. † See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Diodorus Siculus.

nor with the inconsiderate temerity of a restless ambition \*; but as became a wise statesman, who having weighed all the dangers that may attend a great enterprise, and seeing a reasonable hope of good success, makes it his option to fight for dominion and glory, rather than sacrifice both to the uncertain possession of an insecure peace.

*Cosmo.* How were you sure of inducing so volatile a people to persevere in so steady a system of conduct as that which you had laid down; a system attended with much inconvenience and loss to particulars, while it presented but little to strike or inflame the imagination of the public? Bold and arduous enterprises, great battles, much bloodshed, and a speedy decision, are what the multitude desire in every war: but your plan of operation was the reverse of all this; and the execution of it required the temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

*Peric.* I found indeed many symptoms of their impatience; but I was able to restrain it, by the authority I had gained. For, during my whole ministry, I never had stooped to court their favour by any unworthy means; never flattered them in their follies, nor complied with their passions against their true interests and my own better judgment; but used the power of my eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wise moderation, to raise their spirits when too low, and shew them their danger when they grew too presumptuous; the good effects of which conduct they had happily experienced in all their affairs. Whereas those who succeeded to me in the government, by their incapacity, their corruption, and their servile complaisance to the humour of the people, presently lost all the fruits of my virtue and prudence. Xerxes himself, I am convinced, did not suffer more by the flattery of his courtiers, than the Athenians,

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\* Thucydides, l. ii.

Athenians, after my decease, by that of their orators and ministers of state.

*Cosmo.* Those orators could not gain the favour of the people by any other methods. Your arts were more noble: they were the arts of a statesman and of a prince. Your magnificent buildings, which in beauty of architecture surpassed any the world had ever seen, the statues of Phidias, the paintings of Xeuxis, the protection you gave to knowledge, genius, and abilities of every kind, added as much to the glory of Athens as to your popularity. And in this I may boast of an equal merit to Florence. For I embellished that city and the whole country about it, with excellent buildings\*; I protected all arts; and, though I was not myself so eloquent, or so learned as you, I no less encouraged those who were eminent, in my time, for their eloquence or their learning. Marcilius Ficinus, *the second father of the Platonic philosophy*, lived in my house, and conversed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras with you. Nor did I ever forget and suffer him so to want the necessaries of life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had like to have perished by that unfriendly neglect †; but, to secure him, at all times, from any distress in his circumstances, and enable him to pursue his sublime speculations unmolested by low cares, I gave him an estate adjacent to one of my favourite villas. I also drew to Florence, Argiropolo, the most learned Greek of those times; that, under my patronage, he might teach the Florentine youth the language and sciences of his country. But with regard to our buildings, there is this remarkable difference: your's were all raised at the expence of the public, mine at my own.

*Peric.* My estate would bear no profuseness, nor allow me to exert the generosity of my nature. Your  
wealth

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\* See Machiavel's History of Florence, l. vii.

† See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

wealth exceeded that of any particular, or indeed of any prince, who lived in your days. The vast commerce, which, after the example of your ancestors, you continued to carry on in all parts of the world, even while you presided at the helm of the state, enabled you to do those splendid acts, which rendered your name so illustrious. But I was constrained to make the public treasure the fund of my bounties; and I thought I could not possibly dispose of it better, in time of peace, than in finding employment for that part of the people which must else have been idle, and useless to the community \*, introducing into Greece all the elegant arts, and adorning my country with works that are an honour to human nature. For, while I attended the most to these civil and peaceful occupations, I did not neglect to provide, with timely care, against war; nor suffer the nation to sink into luxury and effeminate softness. I kept our fleets in continual exercise, maintained a great number of seamen in constant pay, and disciplined well our land-forces. Nor did I ever cease to recommend to all the Athenians, both by precepts and example, frugality, temperance, magnanimity, fortitude, and whatever could most effectually contribute to strengthen their bodies and minds.

*Cosmo.* Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the people less sober and modest, by giving them a share of the conquered lands, and paying them wages for their necessary attendance in the public assemblies and other civil functions; but more especially for the vast and superfluous expence, you entailed on the state in the theatrical spectacles, with which you entertained them at the cost of the public.

*Peric.* Perhaps I may have been too lavish in some of those bounties. — Yet, in a popular state, it is necessary, that the people should be amused, and should  
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\* See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii.

so far partake of the opulence of the public, as not to suffer any want, which would render their minds too low and fordid for their political duties. In my time the revenues of Athens were sufficient to bear this charge: but afterwards, when we had lost the greatest part of our empire, it became, I must confess, too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one cause of our ruin.

*Cosmo.* It is a most dangerous thing to load the state with largesses of that nature, or indeed with any unnecessary, but popular charges; because to reduce them is almost impossible, though the circumstances of the public should necessarily demand a reduction. But did not you likewise, in order to advance your own greatness, throw into the hands of the people of Athens more power, than the institutions of Solon had entrusted them with, and more than was consistent with the good of the state?

*Peric.* We are now in the regions where truth pre- sides, and I dare not offend her by playing the orator in defence of my conduct. I must therefore acknowledge, that, by weakening the power of the court of Areopagus\*, I tore up that anchor, which Solon had wisely fixed, to keep his republic firm against the storms and fluctuations of popular factions. This alteration, which fundamentally injured the whole state, I made, with a view to serve my own ambition, the only passion in my nature which I could not contain within the limits of virtue. For, I knew that my eloquence would subject the people to me, and make them the willing instruments of all my desires; whereas the Areopagus had in it an authority and a dignity which I could not controul. Thus, by diminishing the counterpoise our constitution had settled to moderate the excess of popular power, I augmented my own. But since my death I have been often

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\* See Plutarch in the lives of Solon and of Pericles.

often reproached by the shades of some of the most virtuous and wisest Athenians, who have fallen victims to the caprice or fury of the people, with having been the first cause of the injustice they suffered, and of all the mischiefs perpetually brought on my country, by rash undertakings, bad conduct, and fluctuating councils. They say I delivered up the state to the government of indiscreet or venal orators, and to the passions of a misguided, infatuated multitude, who thought their freedom consisted in encouraging calumnies against the best servants of the commonwealth, and conferring power upon those who had no other merit than falling in with and soothing a popular folly. It is useless for me to plead, that during my life none of these mischiefs were felt; that I employed my rhetoric to promote none but good and wise measures; that I was as free from any taint of avarice or corruption as Aristides himself\*. They reply, that I am answerable for all the great evils, occasioned afterwards by the want of that salutary restraint on the natural levity and extravagance of a democracy, which I had taken away. Socrates calls me the patron of Anytus: and Solon himself frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

*Cosmo.* Solon has reason to do so; — for tell me, Pericles, what opinion would you have of the architect you employed in your buildings, if he had made them to last no longer than during the term of your life?

*Peric.* The answer to your question will turn to your condemnation. Your excessive liberalities to the indigent citizens, and the great sums you lent to all the noble families, did in reality *buy* the republic of Florence; and gave your family such a power as enabled them to convert it from a popular state into an absolute monarchy §.

*Cosmo.*

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\* See Thucydides, l. ii.  
History of Florence l. vii.

§ See Machiavel's

injure society, as *that Gospel* they so much affect to despise.

*Bayle.* Mankind is so made, that, when they have been *over-beated*, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been *over-cooled*. *My scepticism* might be necessary, to abate the *fever* and *phrenzy* of false religion.

*Locke.* A wise prescription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* state of the mind, (for such a scepticism as your's is a *palsy*, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers) in order to take off a *fever*, which *temperance*, and *the milk of the evangelical doctrines*, would probably cure?

*Bayle.* I acknowledge that those medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous *nostrums* of their own.

*Locke.* What you now say is too true: — God has given us a most excellent physic for the soul, in all its diseases; but bad and interested physicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, administer it so ill to the rest of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily lost.

## DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, earl of DOUGLAS, duke of Touraine.  
JOHN duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH, field  
marshal of his Britannic majesty's forces.

*Arg.* **Y**ES, noble Douglas, it grieves me that you, and your son, together with the brave earl of Buchan, should have employed so much valour, and have thrown away your lives, in fighting the battles of that state, which, from its situation and interests, is the perpetual and most dangerous enemy to  
Great-

Great-Britain \*. A British nobleman serving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper sphere, as a Grecian commander, engaged in the service of Persia, would have appeared to Aristides or Agesilaus.

*Doug.* In serving France, I served Scotland. The French were the natural allies to the Scotch; and, by supporting their crown, I enabled my countrymen to maintain their independence against the English.

*Arg.* The French indeed, from the unhappy state of our country, were *ancient allies* to the Scotch; but that they ever were our *natural allies*, I deny. Their alliance was proper and necessary for us, because we were then in an *unnatural* state, disunited from England. While that disunion continued, our monarchy was compelled to lean upon France for assistance and support. The French power and policy kept us, I acknowledge independent on the English, but dependent on them; and this dependence exposed us to many grievous calamities, by drawing on our country the formidable arms of the English, whenever it happened that the French and they had a quarrel. The succours they afforded us were distant and uncertain. Our enemy was at hand, superior to us in strength, though not in valour. Our borders were ravaged; our kings were slain, or led captive; we lost all the advantage of being the inhabitants of a great island; we had no commerce, no peace, no security, no degree of maritime power. Scotland was a back-door, through which the French, with our help, made their inroads into England: if they conquered, we obtained little benefit from it; but if they were defeated, we were always the devoted victims, on whom the conquerors severely wreaked their resentment.

*Doug.*

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\* See Buchan. Rerum Scoticarum, l. x. p. 338. A. D. 1424.

*Doug.* The English suffered as much in those wars as we. How terribly were their borders laid waste and depopulated by our sharp incursions! how often have the swords of my ancestors been stained with the best blood of that nation! were not our victories at Bannocbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious as any, that, with all the advantage of numbers, they have ever obtained over us?

*Arg.* They were: but yet they did us no lasting good. They left us still dependent on the protection of France: they left us a poor, a feeble, a distressed, though a most valiant nation. They irritated England, but could not subdue it, nor hinder our feeling such effects of its enmity, as gave us no reason to rejoice in our triumphs. — How much more happily, in the auspicious reign of that queen who formed the Union, was my sword employed in humbling the foes of Great Britain! with how superior a dignity did I appear in the combined British senate, maintaining the interests of the whole united people of England and Scotland, against all foreign powers, who attempted to disturb our general happiness, or to invade our common rights!

*Doug.* Your eloquence and your valour had unquestionably a much nobler and more spacious field, to exercise themselves in, than any of those who defended the interests of only a part of the island.

*Arg.* Whenever I read any account of the wars between the Scotch and the English, I think I am reading a melancholy history of civil dissensions. Which-ever side is defeated, their loss appears to me a loss to the whole, and an advantage to some foreign enemy of Great Britain. But the strength of that island is made compleat by the Union; and what a great English poet has justly said in one instance, is now true in all:

“ The Hotspur and the Douglas both together

“ Are confident against the world in arms.”\*

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\* See Shakespear's Hen. IV. Par. 1.

Who can resist the English and Scotch valour combined? When separated, and opposed, they balanced each other: united, they will hold the balance of Europe. If all the Scotch blood, that has been shed for the French in unnatural wars against England, had been poured out, to oppose the ambition of France, in conjunction with the English: if all the English blood, that has been spilt as unfortunately in useless wars against Scotland, had been preserved, France would long ago have been rendered incapable of disturbing our peace, and Great-Britain would have been the most powerful of nations.

*Doug.* There is truth in all you have said. — But yet, when I reflect on the insidious ambition of king Edward the First, on the ungenerous arts he so treacherously employed, to gain, or rather to steal, the sovereignty of our kingdom, and the detestable cruelty he shewed to Wallace, our brave champion and martyr; my soul is up in arms against the insolence of the English, and I adore the memory of those patriots, who died in asserting the independence of our crown and the liberty of our nation.

*Arg.* Had I lived in those days, I should have joined with those patriots, and been the foremost to maintain so noble a cause. The Scotch were not made to be subject to the English: Their souls are too great for such a timid submission. But they may unite and incorporate with a nation they would not obey. Their scorn of a foreign yoke, their strong and generous love of independence and freedom, make their union with England more natural and more proper. Had the spirit of the Scotch been servile or base, it could never have coalesced with that of the English.

*Doug.* It is true that the minds of both nations are congenial, and filled with the same noble virtues, the same impatience of servitude, the same magnanimity, courage, and prudence, the same genius for policy, for navigation and commerce, for sciences and arts.

Yet,

Yet, notwithstanding this happy conformity, when I consider how long they were enemies to each other; what an hereditary hatred and jealousy had subsisted, for many ages, between them; what private passions, what prejudices, what contrary interests, must have necessarily obstructed every step of the treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the strong opposition of national pride; I stand astonished that it was possible to unite the two kingdoms upon any conditions; and much more that it could be done with such equal regard and amicable fairness to both!

*Arg.* It was indeed a most arduous, and difficult undertaking! The success of it must, I think, be thankfully ascribed, not only to the great firmness and prudence of those who had the management of it, but to the gracious assistance of Providence, for the preservation of the Reformed religion amongst us, which, in that conjuncture, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland, and much endangered in England. The same good Providence has watched over and protected it since, in a most signal manner, against the attempts of an infatuated party in Scotland, and the arts of France, who by her emissaries laboured to destroy it, as soon as formed; \* because she justly foresaw that the continuance of it would be destructive to all her vast designs against the liberty of Europe. I myself had the honour to have a principal share in subduing one rebellion designed to subvert it; and, since my death, it has been, I hope, established for ever, not only by the defeat of another rebellion, which came upon us in the midst of a dangerous war with France, but by measures prudently taken in order to prevent such disturbances for the future. The ministers of the crown have proposed, and the British legislature has enacted, a wise system of laws, the object of which is to reform and to civilize the Highlands of Scotland;

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\* See Hooke's Letters, and Lockhart's Memoirs.

land; to deliver the people there from the arbitrary power and oppression of their chieftains; to carry the royal justice and royal protection into the wildest parts of their mountains; to hinder their natural valour from being abused and perverted to the detriment of their country; and to introduce among them arts, agriculture, commerce, tranquillity, with all the improvements of social and polished life.

*Doug.* By what you now tell me you give me the highest idea of the great prince, your master; who, after having been provoked by such a wicked rebellion, instead of enslaving the people of the Highlands, or laying the hand of power more heavy upon them (which is the usual consequence of unsuccessful revolts), has conferred on them the inestimable blessings of liberty, justice, and good order. To act thus is indeed *to perfect the Union*, and make all the inhabitants of Great-Britain acknowledge, with gratitude and with joy, that they are subjects of the same well-regulated kingdom, and governed with the same impartial affection, by the sovereign and father of the whole commonwealth.

*Arg.* The laws I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent policy of his majesty's government, have already produced very salutary effects in that part of the kingdom; and, if steadily pursued, will produce many more. But no words can recount to you the infinite benefits, which have attended the Union, in the northern counties of England and the southern of Scotland.

*Doug.* The fruits of it must be, doubtless, most sensible there, where the perpetual enmity between the two nations had occasioned the greatest disorder and desolation.

*Arg.* Oh Douglas — could you revive and return into Scotland, what a delightful alteration would you see in that country! All those great tracts of land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the inroads of the bordering English, or the feuds and discords

cords that raged, with perpetual violence, within our own distracted kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and smiling with plenty. Instead of the castles, which every baron was compelled to erect for the defence of his family, and where he lived in the barbarism of Gothic pride, among miserable vassals oppressed by the abuse of his feudal powers, your eyes would be charmed with elegant country-houses, adorned with fine plantations and beautiful gardens; while happy villages or gay towns are rising about them, and enlivening the prospect with every image of rural wealth! On our coasts trading cities, full of new manufactures, and continually encreasing the extent of their commerce! In our ports and harbours innumerable merchant ships richly loaded, and protected from all enemies by the matchless fleet of Great Britain! But of all improvements the greatest is in the minds of the Scotch. These have profited, even more than their lands, by the culture, which the settled peace and tranquillity, produced by the Union, have happily given to them: and they have discovered such talents in all branches of literature, as might render the English jealous of being excelled by their genius, if there could remain a competition, when there remains no distinction between the two nations.

*Doug.* There may be emulation without jealousy; and the efforts, which that emulation will excite, may render our island superior in the fame of wit and good learning to Italy or to Greece; a superiority, which I have learned in the Elysian fields to prefer even to that which is acquired by arms. — But one doubt still remains with me concerning the Union. I have been informed that no more than sixteen of our peers, except those who have English peerages (which some of the noblest have not), now sit in the house of lords, as representatives of the rest. Does not this in a great measure diminish those peers who are not elected? and have you not found the election of the sixteen too dependent on the favour of a court?

*Arg.*

*Arg.* It was impossible that the English could ever consent, in the treaty of Union, to admit a greater number to have places and votes in the upper house of parliament: but all the Scotch peerage is virtually there, by representation\*. And those who are not elected have every dignity and right of the peerage, except the privilege of sitting in the house of lords, and some others depending thereon.

*Doug.* They have so:—but when parliaments enjoy such a share in the government of a country, as our's do at this time, to be *personally* there is a privilege and a dignity of the highest importance.

*Arg.* I wish it had been possible to impart it to all. But your reason will tell you it was not.—And consider, my lord, that, till the Revolution in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the power vested by our government in *the lords of the Articles* had made our parliaments much more subject to the influence of the crown than our elections are now. As, by the manner in which they were constituted, those lords were no less devoted to the king than his own privy council †; and as no proposition could then be presented in parliament, if rejected by them, they gave him a negative before debate. This indeed was abolished upon the accession of king William the Third, with many other oppressive and despotical powers, which had rendered our nobles abject slaves to the crown, while they were allowed to be tyrants over the people. But if king James, or his son, had been restored, the government he had exercised would have been re-established: and nothing but the Union of the two kingdoms could have effectually prevented that restoration. We likewise owe to the Union the subsequent abolition of the Scotch privy council, which had been the most grievous engine of tyranny; and that salutary law, which declared that no crimes should be high treason

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\* See the act of Union, art. 23. † See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. i. p. 69—72.

*Cosmo.* The Florentines were so infested with discord and faction, and their commonwealth was so void of military virtue, that they could not have long been exempt from a more ignominious subjection to some *foreign power*, if those internal dissentions, with the confusion and anarchy they produced, had continued \*. But the Athenians had performed very glorious exploits, had obtained a great empire; and were become one of the noblest states in the world, before you altered the balance of their government. And after that alteration they declined very fast, till they lost all their greatness.

*Peric.* Their constitution had originally a foul blemish in it, I mean the *ban of ostracism*, which alone would have been sufficient to undo any state. For there is nothing of such important use to a nation, as that men who most excel in wisdom and virtue should be encouraged to undertake the business of government. But this detestable custom deterred such men from serving the public, or, if they ventured to do so, turned even their own wisdom and virtue against them; so that in Athens it was safer to be infamous than renowned. We are told indeed, by the advocates for this strange institution, that it was not a *punishment*, but meant as a *guard to the equality and liberty of the state*: for which reason they deem it an *honour* done to the persons, against whom it was used: as if words could change the real nature of things, and make a banishment of ten years, inflicted on a good citizen by the suffrages of his countrymen, no evil to him, or no offence against justice and the natural right every freeman may claim, that he shall not be expelled from any society, of which he is a member, without having first been proved guilty of some criminal action.

*Cosmo.* The ostracism was indeed a most unpardonable fault in the Athenian constitution. It placed

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\* See Machiavel's History of Florence.

envy in the seat of justice, and gave to private malice and public ingratitude a legal right to do wrong. Other nations are blamed for tolerating vice; but the Athenians alone would not tolerate virtue.

*Peric.* The friends to the ostracism say, that too eminent virtue destroys that equality, which is the safeguard of freedom.

*Cosmo.* No state is well modelled, if it cannot preserve itself from the danger of tyranny without a grievous violation of natural justice: nor would a friend to *true freedom*, which consists in being governed, not by men, but by laws, desire to live in a country, where a Cleon bore rule, and where an Aristides was not suffered to remain. But, instead of remedying this evil, you made it worse. You rendered the people more intractable, more adverse to virtue, less subject to the laws, and more to impressions from mischievous demagogues, than they had been before your time.

*Peric.* In truth, I did so; — and therefore my place in Elysium, notwithstanding the integrity of my whole public conduct, and the great virtues I exerted, is much below the rank of those who have governed commonwealths, or limited monarchies, not merely with a concern for their present advantage, but also with a prudent regard to that *balance of power*, on which their permanent happiness must necessarily depend.

## DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE. — BAYLE.

*Bayle.* YES; we both were philosophers; but my philosophy was the deepest. You *dogmatized*: I *doubted*.

*Locke.* Do you make *doubting* a proof of *depth* in philosophy?

philosophy? It may be a good *beginning* of it, but it is a bad *end*.

*Bayle*. No: — the more profound our searches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we shall find; and the most subtle minds see objections and difficulties in every system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary understandings.

*Locke*. It would be better then to be no philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something*. I find that the eyes which nature has given me see many things very clearly, though some are out of their reach, or discerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a physician, who should offer me an eye-water, the use of which would at first so sharpen my sight, as to carry it farther than ordinary vision; but would in the end put them out? Your philosophy, Monsieur Bayle, is to the eyes of the mind what I have supposed the doctor's *nostrum* to be to those of the body. It actually brought your own excellent understanding, which was by nature quick-sighted, and rendered more so by art and a subtilty of logic peculiar to yourself — it brought, I say, your very acute understanding to see nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great truths of reason and religion in mists of doubt.

*Bayle*. I own it did; — but your comparison is not just. I did not see well, before I used my philosophic eye-water: I only supposed I saw well; but I was in an error with all the rest of mankind. The blindness was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myself first of those false imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men.

*Locke*. A great cure indeed! and don't you think, that, in return for the service you did them, they ought to erect you a statue?

*Bayle*. Yes; it is good for human nature to know its own weakness. When we arrogantly presume on

a strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves, or, at least, of deserving ridicule and contempt by vain and idle efforts.

*Locke.* I agree with you, that human nature should know its own weakness; but it should also feel its strength, and try to improve it. This was my employment, as a philosopher. I endeavoured to discover the real powers of the mind, to see what it could do; and what it could not; to restrain it from efforts beyond its ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmost exertion and most proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vast ocean of philosophy I had the line and the plummet always in my hands. Many of its depths I found myself unable to fathom; but, by caution in sounding, and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage, I found out some truths of so much use to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

*Bayle.* Their ignorance makes them think so. Some other philosopher will come hereafter, and shew those truths to be falsehoods. He will pretend to discover other truths of equal importance. A later sage will arise, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whose sagacious discoveries will discredit the opinions of his admired predecessor. In philosophy, as in nature, all changes its form, and one thing exists by the destruction of another.

*Locke.* Opinions taken up without a patient investigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phænomena of nature built on suppositions instead of experiments, must perpetually change and destroy one another. But some opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common sense of mankind, which the mind has received on such rational grounds of assent, that they are as immovable as the pillars of heaven, or (to speak philosophically)

cally) as the great laws of nature, by which, under God, the universe is sustained. Can you seriously think, that because the hypothesis of your countryman, Descartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance, has been lately exploded; the system of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two most certain methods of discovering truth, will ever fail: or that, because the whims of fanaticks and the divinity of the school-men cannot now be supported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthusiasm and false reasoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be shaken?

*Bayle.* If you had asked Descartes, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his system would be ever confuted by any other philosopher's, as that of Aristotle had been by his, what answer do you suppose he would have returned?

*Locke.* Come, come, monsieur Bayle, you yourself know the difference between the foundations, on which the credit of those systems and that of Newton is placed. Your scepticism is more affected than real. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation, (the only wish of your heart) to object, than to defend, to pull down, than to set up. And your talents, were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together in a Critical Dictionary, a pleasant tale, or obscene jest, and a grave argument against the Christian religion, a witty confutation of some absurd author, and an artful sophism to impeach some respectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young smarts and smatterers in free-thinking. But what mischief have you not done to human society? You have endeavoured, and with some degree of success, to shake those foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of social happiness, entirely rest. How could you, as a philosopher, in the sober hours of reflexion, answer for this to your conscience,

conscience, even supposing you had doubts of the truth of a system, which gives to virtue its sweetest hopes, to impenitent vice its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; which restrains even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the Stoic pride denied to it, but which its real imperfection and the goodness of its infinitely benevolent Creator, so evidently require?

*Bayle.* The mind is free; and it loves to exert its freedom. Any restraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny, against which it has a right to rebel.

*Locke.* The mind, though free, has a governor within itself, which may and ought to limit the exercise of its freedom. That governor is Reason.

*Bayle.* Yes:—but Reason, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice than upon any fixed laws. And if that reason which rules my mind, or your's, has happened to set up a favourite notion, it not only submits implicitly to it, but desires that the same respect should be paid to it by all the rest of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppose this desire in another, and that, if he is wise, he will do his utmost endeavours to check it in himself.

*Locke.* Is there not also a weakness, of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? do we not often take a pleasure to shew our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading notions set up by other men, and generally respected?

*Bayle.* I believe we do; and by this means it often happens, that if one man builds and consecrates a temple to folly, another pulls it down.

*Locke.* Do you think it beneficial to human society, to have all temples pulled down?

*Bayle.* I cannot say that I do.

*Locke.* Yet I find not in your writings any mark of distinction, to shew us which you mean to save.

*Bayle.*

*Bayle.* A true philosopher, like an impartial historian, must be of no sect.

*Locke.* Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a sectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

*Bayle.* With regard to morality, I was not indifferent.

*Locke.* How could you then be indifferent with regard to the sanctions religion gives to morality? how could you publish what tends so directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of those sanctions? was not this sacrificing the great interests of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

*Bayle.* A man may act indiscreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full discussion of the question, he sincerely thinks to be true.

*Locke.* An enthusiast, who advances doctrines prejudicial to society, or opposes any that are useful to it, has the strength of opinion and the heat of a disturbed imagination to plead, in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and sound judgment, can have no such excuse. I know very well there are passages in all your works, and those not a few, where you talk like a rigid moralist. I have also heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the most laboured parts of your writings, you sap the surest foundations of all moral duties, what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you have appeared to respect them? how many who have stronger passions than you had, and are desirous to get rid of the curb that restrains them, will lay hold of your scepticism, to set themselves loose from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune is it to have made such a use of such talents! It would have been better for you, and for mankind, if you had been one of the dullest of Dutch theologians, or the most credulous monk in a Portuguese convent. The riches of the mind, like those of fortune, may be employed so perversely, as to become a nuisance and pest, instead of an ornament and support to society.

*Bayle.*

*Bayle.* You are very severe upon me. — But do you count it no merit, no service to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of priestcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticism, and from the terrors and follies of superstition? Consider how much mischief these have done to the world! Even in the last age what massacres, what civil wars, what convulsions of government, what confusion in society, did they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not see them occasion a violent persecution in my own country? and can you blame me for striking at the root of these evils?

*Locke.* The root of these evils, you well know, was *false religion*; but you struck at the *true*. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the system of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you speak. Why would you so fallaciously confound them together in some of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to separate them again, and to make the proper distinctions? This indeed is the great art of the most celebrated free-thinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous minds by lively strokes of wit, and by arguments really strong, against superstition, enthusiasm, and priestcraft. But at the same time, they insidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair face of true religion, and dress her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or despicable to those, who have not penetration enough to discern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived *themselves*, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the most acute of these gentlemen, is so repugnant to priestcraft, to spiritual tyranny, to all absurd superstitions, to all that can tend to disturb or injure.

treason or misprision of treason in Scotland, but such as were so in England\*; and gave us the English methods of trial in cases of that nature: whereas, before, there were so many species of treasons, the construction of them was so uncertain, and the trials were so arbitrary, that no man could be safe from suffering as a traitor. By the same act of parliament we also received a communication of that noble privilege of the English, exemption from torture †; a privilege, which, though essential both to humanity and to justice, no other nation in Europe, not even the freest republicks, can boast of possessing. Shall we then take offence at some inevitable circumstances, which may be objected to, on our part, in the treaty of Union, when it has delivered us from slavery, and all the worst evils that a state can suffer ‡? It might be easily shewn, that, in his political and civil condition, every baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more independent, than the highest was under that constitution of government which continued in Scotland even after the expulsion of king James the Second. The greatest enemies to the Union are the friends of that king, in whose reign, and in his brother's the kingdom of Scotland was subjected to a despotism as arbitrary as that of France, and more tyrannically administered.

*Doug.* All I have heard of those reigns makes me blush with indignation at the servility of our nobles, who could endure them so long. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch spirit, which had dared to resist the Plantagenets in the height of their

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\* See act for rendering the Union of the two kingdoms more entire and complete, anno sexto Annæ reginæ.

† See act for improving the Union of the two kingdoms, anno septimo Annæ reginæ.

‡ See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. viii. and Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

power and pride? could the descendants of those, who had disdained to be subjects of Edward the First, submit to be slaves of Charles the Second, or James?

*Arg.* They seemed in general to have lost every characteristic of their natural temper, except a desire to abuse the royal authority, for the gratification of their private resentments in family quarrels.

*Doug.* Your grandfather, my lord, has the glory of not deserving this censure.

*Arg.* I am proud that his spirit, and the principles he professed, drew upon him the injustice and fury of those times. But there needs no other proof than the nature and the manner of his condemnation,\* to shew what a wretched state our nobility then were in, and what an inestimable advantage it is to them, that they are now to be tried as peers of Great-Britain, and have the benefit of those laws† which imparted to us the equity and the freedom of the English constitution.

Upon the whole, as much as wealth is preferable to poverty, liberty to oppression, and national strength to national weakness, so much has Scotland incontestably gained by the Union. England too has secured by it every public blessing which was before enjoyed by her, and has greatly augmented her strength. The martial spirit of the Scotch, their hardy bodies, their acute and vigorous minds, their industry, their activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole island. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Englishman, and he is a bad Englishman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual intercourse, mutual interests, mutual benefits, must naturally be productive of mutual affection. And when that is established, when our hearts are sincerely united, many great things, which some remains of jealousy and distrust, or narrow, local partialities, may hitherto

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\* See Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7.

† See the act of Union, art. 23.

to have obstructed, will be done for the good of the whole united kingdom. How much may the revenues of Great-Britain be encreased by the further encrease of population, of industry, and of commerce in Scotland! what a mighty addition to the stock of national wealth will arise from the improvement of our most northern counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The briars and thorns are in a great measure grubbed up: the flowers and fruits may be soon planted. And what more pleasing, or what more glorious employment, can any government have, than to attend to the cultivating of such a plantation?

*Doug.* The prospect you open to me of happiness to my country appears so fair, that it makes me amend for the pain, with which I reflect on the times wherein I lived, and indeed on our whole history for several ages.

*Arg.* That history does, in truth, present to the mind a long series of the most direful objects, assassinations, rebellions, anarchy, tyranny, and religion itself, either cruel, or gloomy and unsocial. An historian, who would paint it in its true colours, must take the pencil of Guercinó or Salvator Rosa. But the most agreeable imagination can hardly figure to itself a more pleasing scene of private and public felicity, than will naturally result from the Union, if all the prejudices against it, and all distinctions that may tend, on either side, to keep up an idea of separate interests, or to revive a sharp remembrance of national animosities, can be removed.

*Doug.* If they can be removed! I think it impossible they can be retained. To resist the Union is indeed to rebel against nature. — She has joined the two countries, has fenced them both with the sea, against the invasion of all other nations; but has laid them entirely open the one to the other. Accursed be he who endeavours to divide them. — *What God has joined, let no man put asunder.*

The three following DIALOGUES are by another hand.

## DIALOGUE XXVI.

CADMUS.—HERCULES.

*Herc.* **D**O you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stympthalian birds? did you destroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

*Cadm.* It is not on account of the serpent I boast myself a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility rather than their eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their precision and permanency. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents, and, what is more, to bind in laws and wholesome regulations the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species, arises from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression. But wisdom is the associate of justice; it assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants; but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression.

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The operations of policy far surpass the labours of Hercules, preventing many evils which valour and might cannot even redress. You heroes consider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conquests which raise your fame are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valour, not by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

*Herc.* I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous life in the man who taught his countrymen to sit still and read, and to lose the hours of youth and action in idle speculation and the sport of words.

*Cadm.* An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame is the Eurystheus which imposes heroic labours on mankind. The Muses incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repose; and I think you should honour them for presenting to heroes such a noble recreation, as may prevent their taking up *the distaff*, when they lay down the club.

*Herc.* Wits as well as heroes can take up *the distaff*. What think you of their thin-spun systems of philosophy, or lascivious poems, or Milesian fables? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that blaspheme the gods, and perplex the natural sense of right and wrong? I believe, if Eurystheus was to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed; he would make me read through a great library; and I would serve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the library, than on cleansing the Augean stables.

*Cadm.* It is in those libraries only that the memory of your labours exists. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylæ, owe their immortality to me. All the wise institutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of sages, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them. Oh Hercules!

cules! it is not for the man who preferred virtue to pleasure to be an enemy to the Muses. Let Sardapalus, and the filken sons of luxury, who have wasted life in inglorious ease, despise the records of action, which bear no honourable testimony to their lives. But true merit, heroic virtue, each genuine offspring of immortal Jove, should honour the sacred source of lasting fame.

*Herc.* Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be said in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? can it signify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

*Cadm.* Yes it may. The most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions by the severest drudgery could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry likewise is of excellent use, to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few letters, science has spread its branches over all nature, and raised its head to the heavens. Some philosophers have entered so far into the counsels of Divine Wisdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending

comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connection and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems the utmost exertion of Omnipotence to have established? What a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology, do these discoveries open to us! While some superior geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the most minute works of the infinite Artificer: the same care, the same providence, is exerted thro' the whole, and we should learn from it that true wisdom, utility and fitness appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

*Herc.* I approve of science as far as it is assistant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery of the greater part of the globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to bustle in.

*Cadm.* There spoke the soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The study of history will teach the warrior and the legislator by what means armies have been victorious, and states have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of sages point out a private path of virtue, and shew that the best empire is self-government, and subduing our passions the noblest of conquests.

*Herc.* The true spirit of heroism acts by a sort of inspiration, and wants neither the experience of history, nor the doctrines of philosophers, to direct it. But do not arts and sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive; and can you deny that wit and learning are often made subservient to very bad purposes?

*Cadm.* I will own that there are some natures so happily formed, they hardly want the assistance of a master,

master, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But these heaven-inspired geniuses are few. As learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist, in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up among the flowers of art; but the spontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched. Every gift of the gods is sometimes abused; but wit and fine talents by a natural law gravitate towards virtue: accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but such accidents are a sort of prodigies, and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if virtue cannot keep to her allegiance those men, who in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend? May such geniuses never descend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the service of virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of those, who, like you, preferred her to pleasure!

## DIALOGUE XXVII.

MERCURY. — And a modern fine LADY.

*Mrs. Modish.* **I**NDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

*Merc.* I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the  
grim

grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

*Mrs. Mod.* I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card-assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer-season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full season.

*Merc.* Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

*Mrs. Mod.* Diversion was indeed the business of my life, but as to pleasure I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

*Merc.* If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious.

*Mrs. Mod.* I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was  
good

good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* \*.

*Merc.* *Bon ton!* what is that, Madam? Pray define it.

*Mrs. Mod.* Oh Sir, excuse me, it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton*, never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is — I can never tell you what it is! but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation, it is not wit; in manners, it is not politeness: in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedence dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

*Merc.* Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*.

*Mrs. Mod.* What would you have had me do?

*Merc.* I will follow your mode of instructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties, to fashion and folly. I would  
not

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\* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

*Mrs. Mod.* As to the education of my daughters, I spared no expence; they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master; and a French governess, to teach them behaviour and the French language.

*Merc.* So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other; keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

## DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH. — CHARON. — And a modern BOOKSELLER.

*Char.* **H**ERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our territories. He says he is rich, has a great deal of business in the other world, and must needs return to it: he is so troublesome and obstreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good Plutarch; you will easily awe him into order and decency by the superiority an author has over a bookseller.

*Books.*

*Bookf.* Am I got into a world so absolutely the reverse of that I left, that here *authors* domineer over *booksellers*? Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my passage. But, if I must stay, leave me not with any of those who are stiled *classical authors*. As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animosity against you, for having almost occasioned my ruin. When I first set up shop, understanding but little of business, I unadvisedly bought an edition of your *lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which cost me a great sum of money. I could never get off above twenty sets of them. I sold a few to the Universities, and some to Eaton and Westminster; for it is reckoned a pretty book for boys and under-graduates; but, unless a man has the luck to light on a pedant, he shall not sell a set of them in twenty years.

*Plut.* From the merit of the subjects, I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed, that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumstance, nor do I give so exact and circumstantial a detail of the actions of my heroes, as may be expected from a biographer who has confined himself to one or two characters. A zeal to preserve the memory of great men, and to extend the influence of such noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accomplish in the first degree of perfection: but surely the characters of my illustrious men are not so imperfectly sketched, that they will not stand forth to all ages as patterns of virtue, and incitements to glory. My reflections are allowed to be deep and sagacious; and what can be more useful to a reader than a wise man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my writings you will find no rash censures, no undeserved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain ostentation of critical skill, nor any affected *finesse*. In my parallels, which used to be admired as pieces of excellent judgment, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another,

another, and each with the rule of justice. If indeed latter ages have produced greater men and better writers, my heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the advantage of much better rules of morality than the unassisted reason of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder, that those vices, which appeared to us as mere blemishes in great characters, should seem most horrid deformities in the purer eyes of the present age: a delicacy I do not blame, but admire and commend. And I must censure you for endeavouring, if you could publish better examples, to obtrude on your countrymen such as were defective. I rejoice at the preference which they give to perfect and unallayed virtue; and as I shall ever retain an high veneration for the illustrious men of every age, I should be glad you would give me some account of those persons, who, in wisdom, justice, valour, patriotism, have eclipsed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, and other boasts of Greece or Rome.

*Bookf.* Why, master Plutarch, you are talking Greek indeed. That work which repaired the loss I sustained by the costly edition of your books, was, *The lives of the Highwaymen*: but I should never have grown rich, if it had not been by publishing *the lives of men that never lived*. You must know, that though in all times it was possible to have a great deal of learning and very little wisdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his life and have no learning or knowledge at all, which begins to be an advantage of the greatest importance. There is as natural a war between your men of science and fools, as between the cranes and the pigmies of old. Most of our young men having deserted to the fools, the party of the learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their forts and fastnesses at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them stay and study old musty moralists, till one falls in  
love

love with the Greek, another with the Roman virtue : but our men of the world should read our new books, which teach them to have no virtue at all. No book is fit for a gentleman's reading, which is not void of facts and of doctrines, that he may not grow a pedant in his morals or conversation. I look upon history (I mean real history) to be one of the worst kinds of study. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well bred-man may unwarily mention a parallel instance he had met with in history, and be betrayed into the awkwardness of introducing into his discourse a Greek, a Roman, or even a Gothic name. But when a gentleman has spent his time in reading adventures that never occurred, exploits that never were atchieved, and events that not only never did, but never can, happen, it is impossible that in life or in discourse he should ever apply them. *A secret history*, in which there is *no secret* and *no history*, cannot tempt indiscretion to blab, or vanity to quote; and by this means modern conversation flows gentle and easy, unincumbered with matter, and unburthened of instruction. As the present studies throw no weight or gravity into discourse and manners, the women are not afraid to read our books, which not only dispose to gallantry and coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæsar's Commentaries, and the account of Xenophon's expedition, are not more studied by military commanders, than our novels are by the fair: to a different purpose indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, our's to yield; those inflame the vain and idle love of glory, these inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers, than the men. By the commerce of the world, men might learn much of what they get from books; but the poor women, who in their early youth are confined and restrained, if it were not for the friendly assistance of books, would remain long in an insipid purity of mind, with a discouraging reserve of behaviour.

*Plut.* As to your men who have quitted the study of virtue for the study of vice, useful truth for absurd fancy, and real history for monstrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compassion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into these dangerous studies; and I wish for their sakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia and some other heroines,

*Bookf.* I tell you, our women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *billet-doux* was found in her cabinet after her death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really saw her in the arms of a slave, and that she killed herself, not to suffer the shame of a discovery, such anecdotes would sell very well. Or if even by tradition, but better still, if by *papers in the Portian family*, you could shew some probability that Portia died of *dram-drinking*; you would oblige the world very much; for you must know, that next to new-invented characters, we are fond of new lights upon ancient characters; I mean such lights as shew a reputed honest man to have been a concealed knave; an illustrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are so fond of these kinds of information, as to be pleased sometimes to see a character cleared from a vice or crime it has been charged with, provided the person concerned be actually dead. But in this case the evidence must be authentic, and amount to a demonstration; in the other a detection is not necessary; a slight suspicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great character.

*Plut.* I am the more surpris'd at what you say of the taste of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who assured me that less than a century ago he had written a much admired life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he ascribed to him far greater actions than those recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great heroes of history had been treated in the same manner;

manner; that empires were gained and battles decided by the valour of a single man, imagination bestowing what nature has denied, and the system of human affairs rendered impossible.

*Books.* I assure you these books were very useful to the authors and their booksellers: and for whose benefit besides should a man write? These romances were very fashionable, and had a great sale: they fell in luckily with the humour of the age.

*Plut.* Monsieur Scuderi tells me they were written in the times of vigour and spirit, in the evening of the gallant days of chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of men a warm glow of courage and heroism; and they were to be called to books, as to battle, by the sound of the trumpet: he says too, that, if writers had not accommodated themselves to the prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and desperate encounters, their works would have been esteemed too effeminate an amusement for gentlemen. Histories of chivalry, instead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raise human nature above the condition which is naturally prescribed to it; but as strict justice, patriot motives, prudent counsels, and a dispassionate choice of what upon the whole is fittest and best, do not direct these heroes of romance, they cannot serve for instruction and example, like the great characters of true history. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and steady light of truth can guide men to virtue, and that the lesson which is *impracticable* must be *unuseful*. Whoever shall design to regulate his conduct by these visionary characters will be in the condition of superstitious people, who chuse rather to act by intimations they receive in the dreams of the night, than by the sober counsels of morning meditation. Yet I confess it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the deeds of *fabulous heroes*; but surely it is the custom only of your's to incite them to

*vice*

*vice* by the history of *fabulous scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have soared into the regions of fancy to bring back *Astrea*: you go thither in search of *Pandora*; oh disgrace to letters! O shame to the *Muses*!

*Bookf.* You express great indignation at our present race of writers; but believe me the fault lies chiefly on the side of the readers. As *Monfieur Scuderi* observed to you, authors must comply with the manners and disposition of those who are to read them. There must be a certain sympathy between the book and the reader, to create a good liking. Would you present a modern fine gentleman who is negligently lolling in an easy chair, with the *labours of Hercules* for his recreation? or make him climb the Alps with *Hannibal*, when he is expiring with the fatigue of last night's ball? Our readers must be amused, flattered, soothed; such adventures must be offered to them as they would like to have a share in.

*Plut.* It should be the first object of writers, to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your love of fictitious characters might be turned to good purpose, if those presented to the public were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It must be confessed, that history, being employed only about illustrious persons, public events, and celebrated actions, does not supply us with such instances of domestic merit as one could wish: our heroes are great in the field and the senate, and act well in great scenes on the theatre of the world: but the idea of a man, who in the silent retired path of life never deviates into vice, who considers no spectator but *the omniscient Being*, and solicits no applause but *his* approbation, is the noblest model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the most general use. Examples of domestic virtue would be more particularly useful to women than those of great heroines. The virtues of women are blasted by the breath of

public fame, as flowers that grow on an eminence are faded by the sun and wind, which expand them. But true female praise, like the music of the spheres, arises from a gentle, a constant, and an equal progress in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the gross ear of mortals, but is reserved for the delight of higher beings, by whose wise laws they were ordained to give a silent light, and shed a mild benignant influence on the world.

*Bookf.* We have had some English and French writers who aimed at what you suggest. In the supposed character of Clarissa, (said a clergyman to me a few days before I left the world) one finds the dignity of heroism tempered by the meekness and humility of religion, a perfect purity of mind and sanctity of manners: in that of Sir Charles Grandison, a noble pattern of every private virtue, with sentiments so exalted as to render him equal to every public duty.

*Plut.* Are both these characters by the same author?

*Bookf.* Ay, master Plutarch; and what will surprize you more, this author has *printed* for me.

*Plut.* By what you say, it is pity he should *print* any work but *his own*. Are there no other authors who write in this manner?

*Bookf.* Yes, we have another writer of these imaginary histories; one who has not long since descended to these regions: his name is Fielding; and his works, as I have heard the best judges say, have a true spirit of comedy, and an exact representation of nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given lessons of pure and consummate virtue, but he has exposed vice and meanness with all the powers of ridicule; and we have some other good wits who have exerted their talents to the purposes you approve. Monsieur de Marivaux, and some other French writers, have also proceeded much upon the same plan, with a spirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *belles lettres*. I will own that,  
when

when there is wit and entertainment enough in a book to make it sell, it is not the worse for good morals.

*Char.* I think, Plutarch, you have made this gentleman a little more humble, and now I will carry him the rest of his journey. But he is too frivolous an animal to present to wise Minos. I wish Mercury were here; he would damn him for his dulness. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their vessels, which, like his late readers, are destined to eternal emptiness. Or shall I chain him to the rock, side to side by Prometheus, not for having attempted to steal celestial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguish that which Jupiter had imparted? or shall we constitute him *frisieur* to Tisiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his satires and libels?

*Plut.* Minos does not esteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind; he punishes authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy vengeance for the injuries which virtue or the virtuous have suffered in consequence of their writings.

The Four following DIALOGUES, not printed in the three first Editions, are by the Author of the first Twenty-five.

## DIALOGUE XXIX.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Scip.* **A**LAS, Cæsar! how unhappily did you end a life made illustrious by the greatest exploits in war, and most various civil talents!

*Cæs.* Can Scipio wonder at the ingratitude of Rome to her generals? did not he reproach her with

it in the epitaph he ordered to be inscribed upon his tomb at Liternum, that mean village in Campania, to which she had driven the conqueror of Hannibal and of Carthage? I also, after subduing her most dangerous enemies, the Helvetians, the Gauls, and the Germans, after raising her name to the highest pitch of glory, should have been deprived of my province, reduced to live as a private man, under the power of my enemies and the enviers of my greatness; nay, brought to a trial, and condemned by the judgment of a faction, if I had not led my victorious troops to Rome, and by their assistance, after all my offers of peace had been iniquitously rejected, made myself master of a state, which knew so ill how to recompense superior merit. Resentment of this, together with the secret machinations of envy, produced not long afterwards a conspiracy of senators, and even of some whom I had most obliged and loved, against my life, which they basely took away by assassination.

*Scip.* You say you led your victorious troops to Rome—How were they *your* troops? I thought the Roman armies had belonged to the republic, not to their generals.

*Cæs.* They did so in your time. But before I came to command them, Marius and Sylla had taught them, that they belonged to their generals. And I taught the senate, that a veteran army, affectionately attached to its leader, could give him all the treasures and honours of the state without asking their leave.

*Scip.* Just gods! Did I then deliver my country from the invading Carthaginian, did I exalt it by victories above all other nations, that it might become a richer prey to its own rebel soldiers, and their ambitious commanders?

*Cæs.* How could it be otherwise? was it possible that the conquerors of Europe, Asia, and Africk, could tamely submit to descend from their triumphal chariots, and become subject to the authority of prætors and consuls, elected by a populace corrupted by bribes,

bribes, or enslaved to a confederacy of factious nobles, who, without regard to merit, considered all the offices and dignities of the state as hereditary possessions belonging to their families?

*Scip.* If I thought it no dishonour, after triumphing over Hannibal to lay down my fasces, and obey, as all my ancestors had done before me, the magistrates of the republic; such a conduct would not have dishonoured either Marius, or Sylla, or Cæsar. But you all dishonoured yourselves, when, instead of virtuous Romans, superior to your fellow-citizens in merit and glory, but equal to them in a due subjection to the laws, you became the enemies, the invaders, and the tyrants of your country.

*Cæs.* Was I the *enemy* of my country, in giving it a ruler fit to support all the majesty and weight of its empire? did I *invade* it, when I marched to deliver the people from the usurped dominion and insolence of a few senators? was I a *tyrant*, because I would not crouch under Pompey, and let him be thought my *superior*, when I felt he was not my *equal*?

*Scip.* Pompey had given you a noble example of moderation, in twice dismissing the armies, at the head of which he had performed such illustrious actions, and returning, a private citizen, into the bosom of his country.

*Cæs.* His moderation was a cheat. He believed that the authority his victories had gained him would make him effectually master of the commonwealth, without the help of those armies. But finding it difficult to subdue the united opposition of Crassus and me, he leagued himself with us; and, in consequence of that league, we three governed the empire. But, after the death of Crassus, my glorious achievements in subduing the Gauls raised such a jealousy in him, that he could no longer endure me as a partner in his power, nor could I submit to degrade myself into his subject.

*Scip.* Am I then to understand, that the civil war  
you

you engaged in was really a mere contest, whether you or Pompey should remain *sole lord of Rome*?

*Cæs.* Not so — for I offered, in my letters to the senate, to lay down my arms, if Pompey at the same time would lay down his, and leave the republic in freedom \*. Nor did I resolve to draw the sword, till not only the senate, overpowered by the fear of Pompey and his troops, had rejected these offers, but two tribunes of the people, for legally and justly interposing their authority in my behalf, had been forced to fly from Rome, disguised in the habit of slaves, and take refuge in my camp, for the safety of their persons. My camp was therefore the asylum of persecuted liberty; and my army fought to avenge the violation of the rights and majesty of the people, as much as to defend the dignity of their general unjustly oppressed.

*Scip.* You would therefore have me think, that you contended for the equality and liberty of the Romans, against the tyranny of Pompey and his lawless adherents. In such a war I myself, if I had lived in your times, would have willingly been your lieutenant. Tell me then, on the issue of this honourable enterprise, when you had subdued all your foes, and had no opposition remaining to obstruct your intentions, did you establish that liberty for which you fought? did you restore the republic to what it was in my time?

*Cæs.* I took the necessary measures to secure to myself the fruits of my victories; and gave a head to the empire, which could neither subsist without one, nor find another so well suited to the greatness of the body.

*Scip.* There the true character of Cæsar was seen unmasked.—You had managed so skilfully in the measures which preceded the civil war, your offers were so specious, and there appeared so much violence in the conduct of your enemies, that if you had fallen in

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\* See Plutarch and Suetonius in Vit. Cæsaris. Cæsar Comment. de Bello Civili, l. i.

in that war, posterity might have doubted, whether you were not a victim to the interests of your country. But your success, and the despotism you afterwards exercised, took off those disguises, and shewed clearly, that the aim of all your actions was tyranny.

*Cæs.* Let us not deceive ourselves with *sounds* and *names*.—That great minds should aspire to sovereign power, is a fixed law of nature. It is an injury to mankind, if the highest abilities are not placed in the highest stations. Had you, Scipio, been kept down by the republican jealousy of Cato the censor, Hannibal would have never been recalled out of Italy, nor defeated in Africk. And if I had not been treacherously murdered by the daggers of Brutus and Cassius, my sword would have avenged the defeat of Crassus, and added the empire of Parthia to that of Rome. Nor was my government tyrannical. It was mild, humane, and bounteous. The world would have been happy under it, and wished its continuance: but my death broke the pillars of the public tranquillity, and brought upon the whole empire a direful scene of calamity and confusion.

*Scip.* You say that great minds will naturally aspire to sovereign power. But, if they are *good*, as well as *great*, they will regulate their ambition by the laws of their country. The laws of Rome permitted me to aspire to the conduct of the war against Carthage; but they did not permit you to turn her arms against herself, and subject her to your will. The breach of one law of liberty is a greater evil to a nation than the loss of a province; and, in my opinion, the conquest of the whole world would not be enough to compensate for the total loss of their freedom.

*Cæs.* You talk finely, Africanus—but ask yourself, whether the height and dignity of your mind, that noble pride which accompanies the magnanimity of a hero, could always stoop to a nice conformity with the laws of your country? is there a law of liberty more essential, more sacred, than that which obliges every member of a free community to submit

mit himself to a trial, upon a legal charge brought against him for a public misdemeanour? in what manner did you answer a regular accusation from a tribune of the people, who charged you with embezzling the money of the state? You told your judges, that *on that day you had vanquished Hannibal and Carthage*, and bade them *follow you to the temples to give thanks to the gods*. Nor could you ever be brought to stand a legal trial, or justify those accounts, which you had torn in the senate, when they were questioned there by two magistrates in the name of the Roman people. Was this acting like the subject of a free state? Had your victory procured you an exemption from justice? had it given into your hands the money of the republic without account? If it had, you were *king of Rome*. Pharfalia, Thapsus, and Munda, could do no more for me.

*Scip.* I did not question the right of bringing me to a trial, but I disdained to plead in vindication of a character so unspotted as mine. My whole life had been an answer to that infamous charge.

*Cæs.* It may be so: and, for my part, I admire the magnanimity of your behaviour. But I should condemn it as repugnant and destructive to liberty, if I did not pay more respect to the dignity of a great general, than to the forms of a democracy, or the rights of a tribune.

*Scip.* You are endeavouring to confound my cause with your's; but they are exceedingly different. You apprehended a sentence of condemnation against you for some part of your conduct \*, and, to prevent it, made an impious war on your country, and reduced her to servitude. I trusted the justification of my affronted innocence to the opinion of my judges, scorning to plead for myself against a charge unsupported by any other proof than bare suspicions and surmises. But I made no resistance: I kindled no civil war: I

to the left

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\* Suetonius in Cæsare.

left Rome undisturbed in the enjoyment of her liberty. Had the malice of my accusers been ever so violent, had it threatened my destruction, I should have chosen much rather to turn my sword against my own bosom, than against that of my country.

*Cæs.* You beg the question in supposing that I really hurt my country by giving her a master. When Cato advised the senate to make Pompey *sole consul* \*, he did it upon this principle, *that any kind of government is preferable to anarchy*. The truth of this, I presume, no man of sense will contest; and the anarchy, which that zealous defender of liberty so much apprehended, would have continued in Rome, if that power, which the urgent necessity of the state conferred upon me, had not removed it.

*Scip.* Pompey and you had brought that anarchy on the state, in order to serve your own ends. It was owing to the corruption, the factions, and the violence, which you had encouraged, from an opinion that the senate would be forced to submit to an absolute power in your hands, as a remedy against those intolerable evils. But Cato judged well in thinking it eligible to make Pompey *sole consul* rather than you *dictator*; because experience had shewn, that Pompey respected the forms of the Roman constitution, and, though he fought, by bad means as well as good, to obtain the highest magistracies, and the most honourable commands, yet he laid them down again, and contented himself with remaining superior in credit to any other citizen.

*Cæs.* If all the difference between my ambition and Pompey's was only, as you represent it, in a greater or less respect for *the forms of the constitution*, I think it was hardly becoming such a patriot as Cato to take part in our quarrel, much less to kill himself rather than yield to my power.

*Scip.*

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\* See Plutarch, Life of Cæsar.

*Scip.* It is easier to revive *the spirit of liberty* in a government where the *forms* of it remain unchanged, than where they have been totally disregarded and abolished. But I readily own, that the balance of the Roman constitution had been destroyed by the excessive and illegal authority, which the people were induced to confer upon Pompey, before any extraordinary honours or commands had been demanded by you. And that is, I think, your best excuse.

*Cæs.* Yes surely. — The favourers of the *Manilian law* had an ill grace in desiring to limit the commissions I obtained from the people, according to the rigour of certain obsolete republican laws, no more regarded in my time than the Sybilline oracles, or the pious institutions of Numa.

*Scip.* It was the misfortune of your time that they were not regarded. A virtuous man would not take from a deluded people such favours as they ought not to bestow. I have a right to say this, because I chid the Roman people, when, over-heated by gratitude for the services I had done them, they desired to make me *perpetual consul* and *dictator* \*. Hear this, and blush. — What I refused to accept, you snatched by force.

*Cæs.* Tiberius Gracchus reproached you with the inconsistency of your conduct, when, after refusing these offers, you so little respected the Tribunitian authority. But thus it must happen. We are naturally fond of the idea of liberty, till we come to suffer by it, or find it an impediment to some predominant passion; and then we wish to controul it, as you did most despotically, by refusing to submit to the justice of the state.

*Scipio.* I have answered before to that charge. Tiberius Gracchus himself, though my personal enemy, thought it became him to stop the proceedings against me: not for my sake, but for the honour of my country,

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\* Livius, l. lxxxviii. Sect. 56.

try, whose dignity suffered with mine. Nevertheless I acknowledge, my conduct in that business was not absolutely blameless. The generous pride of virtue was too strong in my mind. It made me forget I was creating a dangerous precedent, in declining to plead to a legal accusation, brought against me by a magistrate invested with the majesty of the whole Roman people. It made me unjustly accuse my country of ingratitude, when she had shewn herself grateful even beyond the true bounds of policy and justice, by not inflicting upon me any penalty for so irregular a proceeding. But, at the same time, what a proof did I give of moderation, and respect for her liberty, when my utmost resentment could impel me to nothing more violent than a voluntary retreat, and quiet banishment of myself from the city of Rome! Scipio Africanus offended, and living a private man, in a country-house at Liternum, was an example of more use to secure the equality of the Roman commonwealth, than all the power of its tribunes.

*Cæs.* I had rather have been thrown down the Tarpeian rock, than have retired, as you did, to the obscurity of a village, after acting the first part on the greatest theatre of the world.

*Scip.* An usurper exalted on the highest throne of the universe is not so glorious as I was in that obscure retirement. I hear indeed, that you, Cæsar, have been *deified* by the flattery of some of your successors. But the impartial judgment of history has consecrated my name, and ranks me in the first class of heroes and patriots: whereas the highest praise her records, even under the dominion usurped by your family, have given to you, is, that your courage and talents were equal to the object your ambition aspired to, the empire of the world; and that you exercised a sovereignty unjustly acquired with a magnanimous clemency. But it would have been better for your country, and better for mankind, if you had never existed.

## DIALOGUE XXX.

PLATO. — DIOGENES.

*Diog.* **P**LATO, stand off. — A true philosopher, as I was, is no company for a courtier of the tyrant of Syracuse. I would avoid you, as one infected with the most noisome of plagues, the plague of slavery.

*Plato.* He, who can mistake a brutal pride and savage indecency of manners for freedom, may naturally think that the being in a court (however virtuous one's conduct, however free one's language there) is slavery. But I was taught by my great master, the incomparable Socrates, that the business of true philosophy is to consult and promote the happiness of society. She must not therefore be confined to a *tub* or a *cell*. Her sphere is in senates, or the cabinets of kings. While your sect is employed in snarling at the great, or buffooning with the vulgar, she is counselling those who govern nations, infusing into their minds humanity, justice, temperance, and the love of true glory, resisting their passions, when they transport them beyond the bounds of virtue, and fortifying their reason by the antidotes she administers against the poison of flattery.

*Diog.* You mean to have me understand, that you went to the court of the Younger Dionysius, to give him antidotes against the poison of flattery. But I say he sent for you only to sweeten the cup, by mixing it more agreeably, and rendering the flavour more delicate. His vanity was too nice for the nauseous common draught; but your seasoning gave it a relish, which made it go down most delightfully, and intoxicated him more than ever. Oh! there is no flatterer half so dangerous to a prince as a fawning philosopher!

*Plato.* If you call it fawning, that I did not treat him

him with such unmannerly rudeness as you did Alexander the Great, when he visited you at Athens, I have nothing to say. But, in truth, I made my company agreeable to him, not for any mean ends which regarded only myself, but that I might be useful both to him and to his people. I endeavoured to give a right turn to his vanity; and know, Diogenes, that whoever will serve mankind, but more especially princes, must compound with their weaknesses, and take as much pains to gain them over to virtue, by an honest and prudent complaisance, as others do to seduce them from it, by a criminal adulation.

*Diog.* A little of my sagacity would have shewn you, that, if this was your purpose, your labour was lost in that court. Why did you not go and preach chastity to Lais? A philosopher in a brothel, reading lectures on the beauty of continence and decency, is not a more ridiculous animal, than a philosopher in the cabinet, or at the table of a tyrant, descanting on liberty and public spirit! What effect had the lessons of your famous disciple Aristotle upon Alexander the Great, a prince far more capable of receiving instruction than the Younger Dionysius? did they hinder him from killing his best friend, Clitus, for speaking to him with freedom; or from fancying himself a god, because he was adored by the wretched slaves he had vanquished? When I desired him *not to stand between me and the sun*, I humbled his pride more, and consequently did him more good, than Aristotle had done by all his formal precepts.

*Plato.* Yet he owed to those precepts, that, notwithstanding his excesses, he appeared not unworthy of the empire of the world. Had the tutor of his youth gone with him into Asia, and continued always at his ear, the authority of that wise and virtuous man might have been able to stop him, even in the riot of conquest, from giving way to those passions which dishonoured his character.

*Diog.* If he had gone into Asia, and had not flattered

tered the king as obsequiously as Hæphestion, he would, like Callisthenes, whom he sent thither as his deputy, have been put to death for high treason. The man who will not flatter, must live independent, as I did, and prefer a tub to a palace.

*Plato.* Do you pretend, Diogenes, that, because you were never in a court, you never flattered? How did you gain the affection of the people of Athens, but by soothing their ruling passion, the desire of hearing their superiors abused? Your cynic railing was to them the most acceptable flattery. This you well understood, and made your court to the vulgar, always envious and malignant, by trying to lower all dignity and confound all order: you made your court, I say, as servilely, and with as much offence to virtue, as the basest flatterer ever did to the most corrupted prince. But true philosophy will disdain to act either of these parts. Neither in the assemblies of the people, nor in the cabinets of kings, will she obtain favour by fomenting any bad dispositions. If her endeavours to do good prove unsuccessful, she will retire with honour, as an honest physician departs from the house of a patient, whose distemper he finds incurable, or who refuses to take the remedies he prescribes. But if she succeeds; if, like the music of Orpheus, her sweet persuasions can mitigate the ferocity of the multitude, and tame their minds to a due obedience of laws and reverence of magistrates; or if she can form a Timoleon, or a Numa Pompilius, to the government of a state, how meritorious is the work! One king, nay one minister, or counsellor of state, imbued with her precepts, is of more value than all the speculative, retired philosophers, or cynical revilers of princes and magistrates, that ever lived upon earth.

*Diog.* Don't tell me of the music of Orpheus, and of his taming wild beasts. A wild beast brought to *crouch and lick the hand of a master*, is a much viler animal than he was in his natural state of ferocity.

You

You seem to think, that the business of philosophy is to *polish men into slaves*; but I say, it is to teach them to assert, with an untamed and generous spirit, their independence and freedom. You profess to instruct those who want to *ride* their fellow-creatures, how to do it with an easy and gentle rein; but I would have them thrown off, and trampled under the feet of all their deluded or insulted equals, on whose backs they have mounted. Which of us two is the truest friend to mankind?

*Plato.* According to your notions, all government is destructive to liberty; but I think that no liberty can subsist without government. A state of society is the *natural* state of mankind. They are impelled to it by their wants, their infirmities, their affections. The laws of society are rules of life and action necessary to secure their happiness in that state. Government is the due enforcing of those laws. That government is the best, which does this most effectually, and most equally; and that people is the freest, which is most submissively obedient to such a government.

*Diog.* Shew me the government which makes no other use of its power than duly to enforce the laws of society, and I will own it is intitled to the most absolute submission from all its subjects.

*Plato.* I cannot shew you perfection in human institutions. It is far more easy to blame them than it is to amend them: much may be wrong in the best: but a good man respects the laws and the magistrates of his country.

*Diog.* As for the laws of my country, I did so far respect them, as not to philosophise to the prejudice of the first and greatest principle of nature and of wisdom, self-preservation. Though I loved to prate about high matters as well as Socrates, I did not chuse to drink hemlock after his example. But you might as well have bid me *love* an ugly woman, because she was drest up in the gown of *Lais*, as *respect* a fool or a knave,

a knave, because he was attired in the robe of a magistrate.

*Plato.* All I desired of you was, not to amuse yourself and the populace by throwing dirt upon the robe of a magistrate, merely because he wore that robe, and you did not.

*Diog.* A philosopher cannot better display his wisdom, than by throwing contempt on that pageantry, which the ignorant multitude gaze at with a senseless veneration.

*Plato.* He who tries to make the multitude *venerate nothing*, is more senseless than they. Wise men have endeavoured to excite an awful reverence in the minds of the vulgar for external ceremonies and forms, in order to secure their obedience to religion and government, of which these are the symbols. Can a philosopher desire to defeat that good purpose?

*Diog.* Yes, if he sees it abused to support the evil purposes of superstition and tyranny.

*Plato.* May not the abuse be corrected without losing the benefit? is there no difference between *reformation* and *destruction*?

*Diog.* *Half-measures* do nothing. He who desires to *reform* must not be afraid to *pull down*.

*Plato.* I know that you and your sect *are for pulling down every thing that is above your own level*. Pride and envy are the motives that set you all to work. Nor can one wonder that passions, the influence of which is so general, should give you many disciples and many admirers.

*Diog.* When you have established *your republic*, if you will admit me into it, I promise you to be *there* a most *respectful* subject.

*Plato.* I am conscious, Diogenes, that *my republic* was imaginary, and could never be established. But they shew as little knowledge of what is practicable in politics, as I did in that book, who suppose that the liberty of any civil society can be maintained by the destruction of order and decency, or promoted by the petulance of unbridled defamation.

*Diog.*

*Diog.* I never knew any government angry at defamation, when it fell on those who disliked or obstructed its measures. But I well remember, that the thirty tyrants at Athens called opposition to them *the destruction of order and decency.*

*Plato.* Things are not altered by names.

*Diog.* No—but names have a strange power to impose on weak understandings. If, when you were in Egypt, you had laughed at the worship of an onion, the priests would have called you an atheist, and the people would have stoned you. But I presume, that, to have the honour of being initiated into the mysteries of that reverend hierarchy, you bowed as low to it as any of their devout disciples. Unfortunately my neck was not so pliant, and therefore I was never initiated into the mysteries either of religion or government, but was feared or hated by all who thought it their interest to make them be respected.

*Plato.* Your vanity found its account in that fear and that hatred. The high priest of a deity, or the ruler of a state, is much less distinguished from the vulgar herd of mankind, than the scoffer at all religion, and the despiser of all dominion.—But let us end our dispute. I feel my folly in continuing to argue with one, who in reasoning does not seek to come at truth, but merely to shew his wit. Adieu, Diogenes; I am going to converse with the shades of Pythagoras, Solon, and Bias.—You may jest with Aristophanes, or rail with Ther sites.

## DIALOGUE XXXI.

ARISTIDES.—PHOCION.—DEMOSTHENES.

*Arist.* **H**OW could it happen, that Athens, after having recovered an equality with Sparta, should be forced to submit to the dominion of Macedonia,

cedon, when she had two such great men as Phocion and Demosthenes at the head of her state?

*Phoc.* It happened because our opinions of her interests in foreign affairs were totally different; which made us act with a constant and pernicious opposition, the one to the other.

*Arist.* I wish to hear from you both (if you will indulge my curiosity) on what principles you could form such contrary judgments concerning points of such moment to the safety of your country, which you equally loved.

*Demost.* My principles were the same with your's, Aristides. I laboured to maintain the independence of Athens against the incroaching ambition of Macedon, as you had maintained it against that of Persia. I saw that our own strength was unequal to the enterprize: but what we could not do alone, I thought might be done by a union of the principal states of Greece; such a union as had been formed by you and Themistocles, in opposition to the Persians. To effect this, was the great, the constant aim of my policy; and, though traversed in it by many whom the gold of Macedon had corrupted, and by Phocion, whom alone, of all the enemies to my system, I must acquit of corruption, I so far succeeded, that I brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to Philip's. The event was unfortunate; but Aristides will not judge of the merits of a statesman by the accidents of war.

*Phoc.* Do not imagine, Aristides, that I was less desirous than Demosthenes to preserve the independence and liberty of my country. But, before I engaged the Athenians in a war *not absolutely necessary*, I thought it proper to consider what the event of a battle would probably be. That which I feared, came to pass: the Macedonians were victorious, and Athens was ruined.

*Demost.* Would Athens not have been ruined if no battle had been fought? Could you, Phocion, think it

it safety, to have our freedom depend on the moderation of Philip? and what had we else to protect us, if no confederacy had been formed to resist his ambition?

*Phoc.* I saw no wisdom in accelerating the downfall of my country, by a rash activity in provoking the resentment of an enemy, whose arms, I foretold, would in the issue prove superior, not only to ours, but to those of any confederacy we were able to form. My maxim was, that a state, which cannot make itself stronger than any of its neighbours, should live in friendship with that power which is the strongest. But, the more apparent it was, that our strength was inferior to that of Macedon, the more you laboured to induce us, by all the vehemence of your oratory, to take such measures as tended to render Philip our enemy, and exasperate him more against us than any other nation. This I thought a rash conduct. It was not by orations that the dangerous war you had kindled could finally be determined: nor did your triumphs over me in an assembly of the people intimidate any Macedonian in the field of Chæronea, or stop you yourself from flying out of that field.

*Demost.* My flight from thence, I must own, was ignominious to me; but it affects not the question we are agitating now, whether the counsels I gave to the people of Athens, as a statesman and a public minister, were right or wrong. When first I excited them to make war against Philip, the victories gained by Chabrias, in which you, Phocion, had a share, particularly that of Naxos, which completely restored to us the empire of the sea, had enabled us to maintain, not only our own liberty, but that of all Greece, in the defence, of which we had formerly acquired so much glory, and which our ancestors thought so important to the safety and independence of Athens. Philip's power was but beginning, and supported itself more by craft than force. I saw, and I warned my countrymen, in due time, how impolitic it would

be to suffer his machinations to be carried on with success, and his strength to increase by continual acquisitions, without resistance. I exposed the weakness of that narrow, that short-sighted policy, which looked no further than to our own immediate borders, and imagined, that whatsoever lay out of those bounds was foreign to our interests, and unworthy of our care. The force of my remonstrances roused the Athenians to a more vigilant conduct. Then it was, that the orators whom Philip had corrupted loudly inveighed against me, as alarming the people with imaginary dangers, and drawing them into quarrels, in which they had really no concern. This language, and the fair professions of Philip, who was perfectly skilled in *the royal art of dissembling*, were often so prevalent, that many favourable opportunities of defeating his designs were unhappily lost. Yet sometimes, by the spirit, with which I animated the Athenians and other neighbouring states, I stopt the progress of his arms, and opposed to him such obstacles, as cost him much time and much labour to remove. You yourself, Phocion, at the head of fleets and armies sent against him by decrees which I had proposed, vanquished his troops in Eubœa, and saved from him Byzantium, with other cities of our allies on the coasts of the Hellespont, from which you drove him with shame.

*Phoc.* The proper use of those advantages was to secure a peace to Athens, which they inclined him to keep. His ambition was checked; but his forces were not so much diminished, as to render it safe to provoke him to further hostilities.

*Demost.* His courage and policy were indeed so superior to our's, that, notwithstanding his defeats, he was soon in a condition to pursue the great plan of conquest and dominion, which he had formed long before, and from which he never desisted. Thus, through indolence on our side, and activity on his, things were brought to such a crisis, that I saw no  
hope

hope of delivering all Greece from his yoke, but by confederating against him the Athenians and the Thebans ; which league I effected. Was it not better to fight for the independence of our country in conjunction with Thebes than alone ? Would a battle lost in Bœotia be so fatal to Athens, as one lost in our own territory, and under our own walls ?

*Phoc.* You may remember, that, when you were eagerly urging this argument, I desired you to consider, not where we should fight, but how we should be conquerors : for, if we were vanquished, all sorts of evils and dangers would be instantly at our gates.

*Arist.* Did not you tell me, Demosthenes, when you began to speak upon this subject, that you brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to Philip's ?

*Demost.* I did, and believe that Phocion will not contradict me.

*Arist.* But though equal in number, it was, perhaps, much inferior to the Macedonians in valour and military discipline.

*Demost.* The courage shewn by our army excited the admiration of Philip himself, and their discipline was inferior to none in Greece.

*Arist.* What then occasioned their defeat ?

*Demost.* The bad conduct of their generals.

*Arist.* Why was the command not given to Phocion, whose abilities had been proved on so many other occasions ? was it offered to him, and did he refuse to accept it ? You are silent, Demosthenes. I understand your silence. You are unwilling to tell me, that, having the power, by your influence over the people, to confer the command on what Athenian you pleased, you were induced, by the spirit of party, to lay aside a great general, who had been always successful, who had the chief confidence of your troops and of your allies, in order to give it to men, zealous indeed for your measures, and full of military ardour, but of little capacity or experience in the  
conduct

conduct of a war. You cannot plead, that, if Phocion had led your troops against Philip, there was any danger of his basely betraying his trust. Phocion could not be a traitor. You had seen him serve the republic, and conquer for it in wars, the undertaking of which he had strenuously opposed, in wars with Philip. How could you then be so negligent of the safety of your country, as not to employ him in this, the most dangerous of all she ever had waged? If Chares and Lycicles, the two generals you chose to conduct it, had commanded the Grecian forces at Marathon and Plataea, we should have lost those battles. All the men whom you sent to fight the Macedonians under such leaders, were victims to the animosity between you and Phocion, which made you deprive them of the necessary benefit of his wise direction. This I think the worst blemish of your administration. In other parts of your conduct I not only acquit, but greatly applaud and admire you. With the sagacity of a most consummate statesman, you penetrated the deepest designs of Philip; you saw all the dangers which threatened Greece from that quarter, while they were yet at a distance; you exhorted your countrymen to make a timely provision for their future security; you spread the alarm through all the neighbouring states; you combined the most powerful in a confederacy with Athens; you carried the war *out of Attica*, which (let Phocion say what he will) was safer than meeting it *there*; you brought it, after all that had been done by the enemy to strengthen himself and weaken us, after the loss of Amphipolis, Olynthus, and Potidæa, the outguards of Athens; you brought it, I say, to the decision of a battle with equal forces. When this could be effected, there was evidently nothing so desperate in our circumstances, as to justify an inaction, which might probably make them worse, but could not make them better. Phocion thinks that a state, which cannot itself be the strongest, should live in friendship with that

that power which is the strongest. But in my opinion *such friendship* is no better than *servitude*. It is more adviseable to endeavour to supply what is wanting in our own strength by a conjunction with others who are equally in danger. This method of preventing the ruin of our country was tried by Demosthenes. Nor yet did he neglect, by all practicable means, to augment, at the same time, our internal resources. I have heard, that when he found the public treasure exhausted, he replenished it, with very great peril to himself, by bringing into it money appropriated before to the entertainment of the people, against the express prohibition of a popular law, which made it death to propose the application thereof to any other use. This was virtue, this was *true and genuine patriotism*. He owed all his importance and power in the state to the favour of the people: yet, in order to serve the state, he did not fear, at the evident hazard of his life, to offend their darling passion, and appeal against it to their reason.

*Phoc.* For this action I praise him. It was indeed far more dangerous for a minister at Athens to violate that absurd and extravagant law than any of those of Solon. But, though he restored our finances, he could not restore our lost virtue; he could not give that firm health, that vigour to the state, which is the result of pure morals, of strict order and civil discipline, of integrity in the old, and obedience in the young. I therefore dreaded a conflict with the solid strength of Macedon, where corruption had yet made but a very small progress, and was happy that Demosthenes did not oblige me, against my own inclination, to be the general of such a people in such war.

*Arist.* I fear that your just contempt of the greater number of those who composed the democracy, so disgusted you with this mode and form of government, that you were as averse to serve under it, as others, with less ability and virtue than you, were  
desirous

desirous of obtruding themselves into its service. But, though such a reluctance proceeds from a very noble cause, and seems agreeable to the dignity of a great mind in bad times, yet it is a fault against the highest of moral obligations, the love of our country. For, how unworthy soever individuals may be, the public is always respectable, always dear to the virtuous.

*Phoc.* True: but no obligation can lie upon a citizen to seek a public charge, when he foresees that his obtaining of it will be useless to his country. Would you have had me solicit the command of an army which I believed would be beaten?

*Arist.* It is not permitted to a state to despair of its safety, till its utmost efforts have been made without success. If you had commanded the army at Chæroneæ, you might possibly have changed the event of the day: but, if you had not, you would have died more honourably there, than in a prison at Athens, betrayed by a vain confidence in the insecure friendship of a perfidious Macedonian.

## DIALOGUE XXXII.

MARCUS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS.—SERVIUS TULLIUS.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

**Y**ES, Marcus, though I own you to have been the first of mankind in virtue and goodness, though, while you governed, philosophy sat on the throne, and diffused the benign influences of her administration over the whole Roman empire, yet, as a king, I might, perhaps, pretend to a merit even superior to your's.

*Marcus Aure.* That philosophy you ascribe to me has taught me to feel my own defects, and to venerate

rate the virtues of other men. Tell me therefore, in what consisted the superiority of your merit *as a king*.

*Servius Tul.* It consisted in this, *that I gave my people freedom*. I diminished, I limited the kingly power, when it was placed in my hands. I need not tell you, that the plan of government instituted by me was adopted by the Romans, when they had driven out Tarquin, the destroyer of their liberty; and gave its form to that republic, composed of a due mixture of the regal, aristocratical, and democratical powers, the strength and wisdom of which subdued the world. Thus all the glory of that great people, who for many ages excelled the rest of mankind in the arts of war and of policy, belongs originally to me.

*Marcus Aure.* There is much truth in what you say. But would not the Romans have done better, if, after the expulsion of Tarquin, they had vested the regal power in *a limited monarch*, instead of placing it in two annual elective magistrates, with the title of consuls? This was a great deviation from your plan of government, and, I think, an unwise one. For a *divided royalty* is a solecism, an absurdity in politics. Nor was the regal power, committed to the administration of consuls, continued in their hands long enough, to enable them to finish any difficult war, or other act of great moment. From hence arose a necessity of prolonging their commands beyond the legal term; of shortening the interval prescribed by the laws between the elections to those offices; and of granting extraordinary commissions and powers, by all which the republic was in the end destroyed.

*Servius Tul.* The Revolution which ensued upon the death of Lucretia was made with so much anger, that it is no wonder the Romans abolished in their fury the name of king, and desired to weaken a power, the exercise of which had been so grievous; though,

though the doing this was attended with all the inconveniencies you have justly observed. But, if anger acted too violently in reforming abuses, philosophy might have wisely corrected that error. Marcus Aurelius might have new-modeled the constitution of Rome. He might have made it *a limited monarchy*, leaving to the emperors all the power that was necessary to govern a wide-extended empire, and to the senate and people all the liberty that could be consistent with order and obedience to government; a liberty purged of faction and guarded against anarchy.

*Marcus Aure.* I should have been happy indeed, if it had been in my power to do such good to my country. But the gods themselves cannot force their blessings on men, who by their vices are become incapable to receive them. Liberty, like power, is only good for those who possess it, when it is under the constant direction of virtue. No laws can have force enough to hinder it from degenerating into faction and anarchy, where the morals of a nation are depraved: and continued habits of vice will eradicate the very love of it out of the hearts of a people. A Marcus Brutus, in my time, could not have drawn to his standard a single legion of Romans. But further, it is certain that *the spirit of liberty* is absolutely incompatible with *the spirit of conquest*. To keep *great conquered nations* in subjection and obedience, *great standing armies* are necessary. The generals of those armies will not long remain subjects; and whoever acquires dominion by the sword, must rule by the sword. If he does not destroy liberty, liberty will destroy him.

*Servius Tul.* Do you then justify Augustus for the change he made in the Roman government?

*Marcus Aure.* I do not—for Augustus had no lawful authority to make that change. His power was usurpation and breach of trust. But the government, which he seized with a violent

violent hand, came to me by a *lawful* and *established* rule of succession.

*Servius Tul.* Can any length of *establishment* make despotism *lawful*? is not liberty an inherent, inalienable right of mankind?

*Marcus Aure.* They have an inherent right to be governed by laws, not by arbitrary will. But forms of government may, and must, be occasionally changed, with the consent of the people. When I reigned over them, the Romans were governed by laws.

*Servius Tul.* Yes, because your moderation, and the precepts of that philosophy in which your youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the laws the rules of your government and the bounds of your power. But, if you had desired to govern otherwise, had they power to restrain you?

*Marcus Aure.* They had not.—The imperial authority in my time had no limitations.

*Servius Tul.* Rome therefore was in reality as much enslaved under you as under your son; and you left him the power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary right.

*Marcus Aure.* I did—and the conclusion of that tyranny was his murder.

*Servius Tul.* Unhappy father! unhappy king! what a detestable thing is absolute monarchy, when even the virtues of Marcus Aurelius could not hinder it from being destructive to his family, and pernicious to his country, any longer than the period of his own life. But how happy is that kingdom, in which a *limited monarch* presides over a state *so justly poised*, that it guards itself from such evils, and has no need to take refuge in arbitrary power against the dangers of anarchy, which is almost as bad a resource, as it would be for a ship to run itself on a rock, in order to escape from the agitation of a tempest!



F O U R

S P E E C H E S

I N

P A R L I A M E N T.

Printed from Manuscripts of the late Lord LYTTLETON, communicated by WILLIAM HENRY LYTTLETON, Esq;

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Mr. LYTTLETON's Speech upon the Scotch Bill,  
Anno 1747.

Mr. SPEAKER,

**I**F it could ever be probable that any Bill of great national consequence, especially one, in which not only the national interest, but many particular interests are also concerned, should pass through the house without a debate, I should have thought this would have done so; because none was ever more universally called for by the voice of the nation, none has ever undergone a longer and deeper consideration, before it came into the house, or been considered by abler men, or with a more attentive and candid regard  
to

to any material objections. However, Sir, notwithstanding these circumstances, I did expect that in the committee some difference of opinion would happen about particular parts of it, and indeed I rather wished that there might, because an affair of so serious a nature cannot be too carefully and strictly examined; and because, if there are any faults in the bill, I sincerely desire they may be mended; but, Sir, I did not expect, I am extremely surprized, that it should be opposed upon the *Principle*; that it should be opposed as a breach of the Union; and my concern is equal to my surprize. Next to the breaking the Union, I hardly know a greater misfortune that can befall the united kingdom, than to have it suggested that it is broke, and to have that suggestion prevail in the minds of the people of Scotland. It is a suggestion in which the enemies of Scotland and England will find their account, the friends cannot; and, as I think it intirely groundless, I do most heartily grieve and lament, that it has ever received any countenance here. God be thanked, they who are at the head of the law in Scotland have other notions upon this matter.

In the return made by the court of session to the house of lords concerning the heretable jurisdictions, this is the manner in which they express their sense upon that point: "These jurisdictions, by the treaty of Union, are secured to the proprietors as rights of property, and therefore cannot, *without due satisfaction made to the owners*, be taken from them." If therefore due satisfaction be made to the owners, it is the opinion of the lords of the session, that these jurisdictions may be taken away, without any infringement of the treaty of Union; and that is the principle upon which this bill intirely proceeds: no jurisdictions are taken away by it, without due satisfaction made to the owners; where then is the wrong? where is the violation of the *pacta conventa* between the two nations? Sir, I have considered the treaty of  
 Union

Union with all the attention and care that I possibly could, startled by the objections made by some persons, for whose judgment and love to their country, I have the highest regard and respect: but I protest, that, after the strictest examination, there does not remain in my mind the least apprehension, or shadow of doubt, that it can be infringed by our passing this bill. The eighteenth and twentieth article are all that relate to the matter before you; by the eighteenth a distinction is made between the laws that concern public right, policy, and civil government, and those that concern private rights: the first are declared to be alterable by parliament, the latter not, except it be for the evident utility of the people of Scotland. Now, Sir, not to insist on any difference between the laws that concern private rights and private rights, but allowing this article extends alike to the securing of both from being altered by parliament; yet still the exception contained in the same article, "that it may be done for the evident utility of the subjects in Scotland," is fully sufficient, according to my understanding, to vindicate this alteration from being an infringement of the treaty of Union. Nor can any distinction be made between this sort of property, and any other existing in Scotland, but that the public is more affected by this, than by any other. As to the twentieth article, the intention and purport of it appears to me to be plainly this, "that whereas these jurisdictions and superiorities are of a mixed nature, and might well be supposed to *concern policy and civil government*, and so to be alterable by parliament, even without compensation made to the owners, they were declared by this article to be *rights of property*, in order to put them upon the same foot with other *private rights*; and to secure an equivalent to the proprietors, in case they should be afterwards taken away by the wisdom of parliament; a case that was easy to be foreseen, because the inconvenience and evil arising from these jurisdictions, had been pointed out

more

more than once, even by parliament, before the Union; and because till this is done, I will venture to say, the scheme of the Union, in all the beneficial purposes of it, will not be intirely and fully completed. In the very words of this article a power of making this alteration is clearly implied. *The heretable jurisdictions and superiorities are there reserved to the owners thereof, as rights of property; but, in what manner? Why in the same manner as they were then enjoyed by the laws of Scotland.* Now, Sir, by the laws of Scotland, could not the Scotch parliament, before the Union, have altered this property, as well as all other property, upon due compensation made to the owners, for the good of the public? They certainly could; and therefore subject to the same power of alteration, by parliament, they are declared to be now held and enjoyed. If the treaty of Union had established a property that could not be subject to such alteration upon such grounds, it must at the same time have established a maxim fundamentally contrary to the first principle of all civil society, and intirely destructive to it; this most preposterous maxim, *that the good of the public ought to give way to private advantage.* But such an absurdity cannot be charged upon the legislators of two such wise nations as England and Scotland. Indeed, Sir, in no state upon the face of the earth, ever was there a property, or ever can there be any, which may not be altered or taken away, upon proper amends made to the proprietors, for the good of the whole. Even the property of our kings themselves has not been exempt from this general rule. The wardship of those who held of the crown, that is, of all the nobility and gentry of England, was a property fixed in our kings, even from the time of William the Conqueror; it was an hereditary, lucrative right of the crown; and yet for the good of the people, because it was thought to be hurtful to them, the parliament took it away upon an equivalent paid to the crown. Did any man  
 ever

ever suppose that this act of parliament was an injustice, or any breach of the original compact between the king and the people, a compact as binding and inviolable as the *pacta conventa*, of the Union itself? Was it ever considered, I say, as a violation of that, or as any affront to the royal dignity? No, it was never so thought of by the most zealous assertor of the rights of the crown. What! then, is the property of the barons of Scotland of a more sacred nature, or is their honour more tender, than that of the king? Give me leave to observe to you, that this right of wardship was taken away in the very first year of king Charles the Second's government, before he had made any ill use of those powers: but, as the powers themselves were judged to be hurtful, it was not considered in whose hands they were lodged, nor what use was made of them at that particular time. The wisdom of parliament looked to futurity, and thought it expedient to buy off, and to abrogate this ancient, undoubted, hereditary right of the crown, not from any complaint of a present abuse of it, but because it had been abused in former times, and might be again. Sir, it is said these jurisdictions were not any cause of the late rebellion in Scotland, for that the proprietors of them were all firm and loyal on the side of the government: that is a fact which I believe may be controverted; but I will not dispute it, because, if it be not universally true, it is certainly so with regard to the far greater part; the far greater part were, without question, firmly and zealously attached to the government, and I think they deserve the highest returns of honour and gratitude from their king and their country. No man can detest more than I do the false, seditious, and scandalous libels, breathed from the malignant spirit of Jacobitism, under the mask of zeal for the government, which have imputed to them, or to the Scotch nation in general, any disloyalty or disaffection. Certain I am, that nothing can be further from the true intent

and meaning of this bill, than to throw any colour of blame on their conduct. It is a bill of prevention, and not of punishment; a bill of general policy, that does not aim at particular persons, but considers the whole, considers past times, and future, as well as the present. Sir, if I am rightly informed, in the year 1715, all these jurisdictions were not on the side of the government, the weight of many of them was felt very dangerously on the side of rebellion; I admit that, in general, it was otherwise now: but to argue from thence against this bill, would be to reason upon very short views. If there be in the nature of these jurisdictions, as I am strongly convinced that there are, any such powers as are inconsistent with the good order of government, inconsistent with that sound policy which carries the majesty and justice of the crown into every part of the state, and presents to the eye of the subject no other object for his obedience, no other executive power, no other fountain of justice, except the king; if there be any thing in these regalities, superiorities, and jurisdictions, or in the authority usurped and exercised in imitation of these by the chiefs of the clans, which contradicts this great principle of that constitution under which we are so happy to live, which in any degree interposes itself between the crown and the people, between the head of the commonwealth and the members, however the influence of such irregular powers may have been used on the present occasion, there is in the powers themselves a root of danger, which it becomes the prudence and foresight of a wise legislature not to allow to remain: Sir, it should be plucked up, not with a violent hand, but with a firm and a determined one. Of this I am sure, that it is more for the honour of government, more for the welfare and safety of the people, to see effects in their causes, and to destroy the seeds of future commotions, than to wait till they come to that fatal maturity, which at the same time that it renders the evil more  
plain

plain and apparent, may wholly disable you from effecting the cure. I remember a fine panegyric made by my lord Bacon, upon the laws of Henry the Seventh. "His laws (says he) were deep and not vulgar, not made upon the spur of a present expediency, but with providence for the future." All these admirable words may with great justice and truth be applied to the bill, now under your consideration. It is a law that is *deep* and not *vulgar*: it is not made upon the meer *spur of a present expediency*, on account of the late rebellion alone, or for the purposes of this present year, but *with providence for the future*. I may also add, as my lord Bacon does, *after the example of ancient times*. It was the policy of king Henry the Seventh, one of the ablest princes that ever sat on the English throne, to break the power of the barons, and free the people from the yoke of it as much as he possibly could: to the consequential effects of that policy rightly pursued by his successors, upon the foundations which he had laid, is owing the trade, the wealth, and the liberty that the English nation enjoys at this day. Sir, I have heard with no little wonder an imagination thrown out by some honourable gentlemen zealous for liberty, as if the purchasing these jurisdictions and superiorities out of the hands of the present possessors, and the restoring them back again to the crown, would be detrimental to public freedom. Sir, I have thought, and read, a good deal upon the nature of government; and, from the result of that application, I think I may venture to lay it down as a maxim, that in every kingdom, where any great powers, especially of judicature, are lodged in particular subjects, independently of the crown, it is for the good of the people that they should be taken out of those hands and lodged in the crown. The contest in that case is not, as these honourable persons seem to apprehend, between the crown on the one side, and the people on the other, but between the crown and the people

united together in one common cause against the interest of those, in whom such powers are vested, which is an interest distinct from both, and hurtful to both: in other words, it is not a dispute between liberty and prerogative, but between oppression and government. This is so true, that in no one of the many Gothic constitutions established in Europe, did ever the people attain to any considerable share, either of wealth, or power, or freedom, till they were emancipated from such jurisdictions, and till all the powers of the great feudal lords, those petty tyrants, too potent for subjects, too weak for sovereigns; who were strong enough to oppress, but not strong enough to protect; till all their powers were entirely absorbed in the more beneficial and salutary power of the crown. Indeed, Sir, in every limited monarchy, that is, in a free government which has a king at the head of it, the power of the crown, when acting properly within its due bounds, restrained and confined by law and by parliament, is the power of the whole commonwealth.—It is not an interest set up in the king in contradiction to that of his people; no, the power of the crown is only a name for the executive part of the government; it is the *vigour and energy* of the whole state that acts in these cases, though, in the style and language of the law, it be called the act of the crown. This is particularly true in matters of judicature, and the administration of justice: *That* is a power, which it is so much the interest of the whole commonwealth to place in the crown, that when a king divests himself of it, or gives up any part of it, he so far withdraws the protection he owes to his subjects, and loosens the bond of their allegiance. *Will you not bear my cause?* (said a suitor for justice to Philip of Macedon) *why then you are not my king.* Philip allowed the force of his reasoning, and confirmed him his subject by hearing his cause. If he had referred him to a great lord, to an hereditary judge, the man would have taken that lord for his king.

king.—It is in the dispensing of justice, in the protecting of right, and redressing of wrongs, that the royal authority best appears to the subject. It is in that view of it, that it excites his veneration and love; and when any part of the people do not see their sovereign in that awful character, they are apt to forget him and turn their eyes another way. Therefore the wisdom of our constitution has made all jurisdiction immediately flow from the crown: Sir, extend that wisdom to Scotland; let none be exercised in the most distant corner of these regal dominions, at least in matters of any important regard and concernment, and where unsurmountable difficulties do not prevent an alteration; let no jurisdiction, I say, be exercised, otherwise than in the name of the king, and by virtue of his commission alone. This is an eternal maxim of policy: it is not taken up from any sudden heat or resentment, but upon cool and mature deliberation.

—I hope it will not be laid down, because of any sudden heat or resentment arising against it, without a just or reasonable cause. Such resentment cannot be lasting: time and experience will overcome it; but the great benefits, that will arise from this bill, if it shall pass into a law, the good influence that it will have over the whole British state, will last, I hope, to the latest posterity. Can there be any thing more advantageous to the subject in Scotland, can there be a better or happier fruit of the Union, than an entire communication of the generous, free, and noble plan of the law of England, in the room of those servile tenures and customs, which deform the system of government there; and, by the effects that they have over that part of the people which is least civilized and most prone to disorder, disturb the peace, and endanger the safety of the whole constitution? When this is done, when these thorns are once rooted up, the way will be open to many other improvements, to the introduction of arts, of manufactures, of industry, of all the virtues and sweets of civil life,  
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even in the wildest parts of that country. But all these blessings must be the gifts of good government: before you can hope to make those people good subjects or useful to you in any respect, you must first shew them whose subjects they are; before they can be mended by the instructions of government, they must be protected by the power and care of it; authority and justice must take the lead in this great work of reformation; discipline, peace, and civility, will follow after.

Sir, the matter before you is of so very extensive a nature, it might be shewn to you in so many lights of general policy, so many authorities might be alledged in support of it, out of all histories, ancient and modern, and from the best and most famous writers upon the laws of nature and nations, that I should weary your patience, which has already indulged me too long, if I were to say half that occurs to me upon this subject. I have purposely avoided the considering any objections made to particular parts of the bill; that will be better done in the Committee; it is not proper to do it here. I hope that it will not be necessary to say any thing more, in order to shew what this bill is not; that it is not a breach of the Union, that it is not an act of injustice, that it is not an infliction of penalties on the innocent and well-deserving. Allow me just to sum up, in a very few words, what I think that it is. It is a bill to secure and perfect the Union; to carry the justice of the king into every part of the united kingdom, and, together with that royal justice, a more settled peace, a more regular order, a surer protection, a closer and stronger bond of allegiance; to put an end to all those dependencies that combine men together, not as the subjects of the same king, or fellow citizens of the same state, but as the followers of particular lords, and which create an awe, and an influence, alike incompatible either with liberty or government: this, I apprehend, will be done

done by this bill; and when you do this, you do at the same time by a necessary consequence strengthen the whole constitution, strengthen the crown on his majesty's head, strengthen the establishment in his royal family, and make the cause of the pretender more desperate. For this is most certain, that all irregularities and disorders in government, all deviations from the rule of true policy, and from the true genius of the constitution, naturally tend to disturbances, naturally tend to a change of the government, and will sooner or later produce or assist one, if they are not prevented by timely precaution.

This is the object, this is the sole intent of a bill, against which such unfortunate, and let me say such unreasonable, prejudices have been conceived. I cannot better commend the policy of it, than in the words of a great lawyer, and a great statesman, Sir John Davies, in his excellent book upon the State of the Kingdom of Ireland, a book that has been lately reprinted, and well deserves to be read and considered by every gentleman here upon this occasion: his words are these: "There can never be concord or unity in any one kingdom, but where there is but one king, one allegiance, and one law."

Speech

Speech on the MUTINY Bill, and more particularly on the Clause concerning Half-Pay Officers, Anno Domini 1751.

Mr. SPEAKER,

**T**HIS bill has been considered, and I am glad that it has, with all the attention, that a house of parliament ought to give to so important a subject. Some material alterations have been made in it, material at least to prevent misconstructions; and I see with concern how necessary that caution is now become. Misconstructions, Mr. Speaker, and misrepresentations, are epidemical in this country. What the consequence of them might be to our future tranquillity I should tremble to think, if I did not rely on a maxim, which I hold equally certain in publick or private life, that *truth is great, and will prevail*.

But, Sir, after so much has been done in the committee to mend this bill, I should not have expected a debate on the report two days together, especially upon a point so thoroughly canvast as the half-pay has been, and which apparently lies in a very narrow compass! But there is so fruitful a genius in the honourable gentlemen on the other side of the house, that nothing can exhaust it; not to mention another quality in some of those gentlemen, which is of no less use to the purpose of prolonging debates, a certain happy forgetfulness of what has been said in answer to arguments maintained by them, and a delightful inward conviction, which I very much envy, that whatever they say is (to use the expression of a noble lord on the floor) *undeniable irresistible truth*, and that all who differ from them *are sunk in a stupid insensibility*, out of which it is necessary to draw them, if possible, by frequent repetitions.

One observation has struck me through the whole course of these debates, that the more candour has  
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been shewn in amending the bill, the more unexceptionable it has been made—the higher the spirit of opposition against it has seemed to rise. What one should naturally infer from thence; how far such a conduct can be supposed to proceed from the genuine spirit of liberty, clear of all other motives less respectable and less pure, the house will judge: I shall only say, that, I believe, an opposition so carried on cannot have any great weight, either within the walls, or without.

The great point, which has been the subject of so much eager altercation, this terrible clause, about which such alarms have been given; alarms that have spread from the army to the navy, as if it threatened no less than the enslaving of both; is in truth no more than saying, that an officer is an officer, and not a meer civil man; that he who receives the king's pay, cannot be supposed to be out of his service; and that he who is in the king's service, may be commanded to serve him when occasion requires, and cannot be wholly exempt from that military discipline, which the necessity of the service demands. These are all the propositions contained in this clause; and which of these can be denied? It is supposing a government to be out of its senses, to suppose it could give half-pay to officers in the manner we give it, if you do not consider it as a retainer, and as an obligation to serve: for had it been given purely and simply as a reward for past services, it would then have been given only to veterans, or such officers as had eminent merit to plead. Is this the case? We know the contrary: we know it is given to many, who, in the meritorious sense of the word, have not *served* at all. It must be therefore considered as an *obligation to serve*, not an *exemption from service*, in the general purpose and view with which it was given. But, if it be not *a total exemption from service*; then allow me to say, there can be nothing more absurd, than to suppose  
there

there is *a total exemption from discipline*, where there is not *a total exemption from service*.

Indeed, Sir, there are some parts of military discipline, from which an officer, when in half-pay, will be exempt, not by any discharge from the service, but by his situation. They cannot have the same operation upon one living retired at his own house in the country, as upon one doing duty in a camp, or a garrison; nor would they have it any more, though he were in full pay, so long as he remained in that retreat: but, so far as discipline can operate upon him in such a situation, it certainly does; because he is an officer, because he still retains his commission, by which he was first subjected to discipline, and not only receives the wages of the government, not only retains the rank he had, but may be promoted from the degree of a colonel to that of a field-marshal. While he has all these emoluments derived from the service, is it not reasonable, is it not fitting, that he should be bound by its laws? where is the hardship of this, where is the injustice, where is the servitude? It is to me unaccountable, that an officer should complain of the loss of freedom, of being reduced to the condition of a slave and a janissary; because, while he receives but half-pay, he still continues subject to the same law, acting upon him in a much less degree; to the same law, I say, which he is willing to live under, in its utmost extent, when he is in full-pay. Is not this in effect to declare, that the difference between freedom and slavery may be made up and compensated to him by the difference between full-pay and half-pay? But the officers of our army have more generous sentiments. Though this induction be fairly and necessarily drawn from this way of talking, it is a consequence they do not attend to when they so talk. If the military law of this country be such a tyranny, as some honourable gentlemen, in the hyperboles of their eloquence, and flame of their zeal, against this bill, have represented it here, no

man who values his liberty would ever submit to it for the sake of full-pay, any more than of half-pay; no, not for a day, or an hour. But, if it be really as consistent with freedom, as the nature of things can admit; as consistent with freedom, as the military law of the freest Commonwealths has ever been; if it be such, that men of the highest spirit and noblest minds, such as the officers of our army now are, need not be afraid, or ashamed, to live under it when in full-pay; how the same law should make them slaves, merely because they are reduced to half-pay, I do not comprehend. We may therefore conclude, that half-pay or full-pay can create no distinction in relation to discipline, and to the obedience that an officer indispensably owes to *lawful* commands. As to any vexatious, injurious, or grievous commands, I do not understand that an officer in half-pay is not as well guarded against the danger of those, as one in full-pay. It is the constant inspection and superintendency of parliament over every branch of the administration, that is the great guard and security to every man in this kingdom against any grievous abuse of the execution of power, either in civil or military affairs. If this security fails, if we no longer trust to it, we are undone.

All power may be abused: but does it follow from thence, that any *necessary* power must be taken away? If that reasoning holds, it is not the perfection, but the dissolution, of government, it is not freedom, but anarchy, which must be the end of our debates.

Sir, permit me to say, it is wisdom in a government not to tie itself down from the occasional exercise of certain powers, which yet it will not desire, or think proper to use, except in very extraordinary cases, such as, probably, may never happen so long as the apprehension of those powers remains, but might become frequent, and dangerous to the state, if that apprehension were removed.

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Many imaginary cases of a hard and unwarrantable use of such powers, very affecting indeed, but very improbable, have been suggested as arguments against this bill; and they may do very well to fill up a pamphlet, and inflame a coffee-house: but, in a house of parliament, among wise and considerate men, they can make no great impression; because, in reality, they prove nothing, or prove too much: for either the army itself will not be in a temper to do and suffer such things, or, unquestionably, any legal restraints to prevent them will be ineffectual and vain.

Sir, I entirely agree with the honourable gentlemen over the way in a maxim they have laid down, and insisted upon much, through the whole course of these debates, that, if our army should be under bad government, our civil constitution would be in a very precarious and dangerous state. I think it would, and for that very reason I am a friend to this bill. But I can by no means allow, either that officers in half-pay are no part of the army, or that the army is under bad government; because the law by which it is governed, and must be governed, or cease to be an army, is not, contrary to the nature and reason of things, so *mild* a law, or quite so well guarded, in every respect, against the danger of abuse, as our civil constitution. It is sufficient if you bring it as near as you can to the model of *that*, and take care (as you have done) to prevent it from acting in opposition to *that*, by declaring the obedience, which it requires from those who are under its authority, not to be due to any other than *lawful* commands. Nor do I in the least apprehend, that the system of discipline established in this bill should frighten any one gentleman of virtue and spirit out of the service, when I consider *who* and *what* the officers are, that have given their opinions in support of it, during the time it has been so deliberately and carefully discuss'd in this house. I cannot desire a more sufficient security against any  
fears

fears of that kind, on which so much stress has been laid by the honourable gentleman who began this debate, and by the noble lord who spoke last.

As to any ministerial influence over the officers of our army to be derived from this bill, though we have heard so much talk of it upon this occasion, I protest to you, Sir, I cannot see the least reason, or colour of reason, to suspect any such thing. Ministerial influence over the army can only arise from powers lodged in the crown, with which it is evident this bill has nothing to do, the power of promoting officers, and the power of cashiering them at the pleasure of the king, without any form of trial. The interposition of a court martial, as regulated by this bill, is an impediment thrown in the way of a minister, who should desire to make an ill use of the latter of these powers; and must therefore be regarded as a further security given to the officers against any such influence, so far as the operation of this bill can extend.

Sir, these are the lights in which the question now before you appears to me, stript of all those disguises in which false apprehensions have dressed it up; false apprehensions that have unaccountably been carried so far, as to suppose this most necessary bill, without which a standing army could not be restrained from destroying itself, or every thing else, calculated to serve bad designs (I know not what, nor of whom) against the liberty of this country. Sir, permit me to say, it is by relaxing discipline, not by enforcing it, that those who have bad designs to carry on by an army must always proceed. When they desire to leap over the fences of law, they must throw the reins loose upon the horses neck, instead of checking or curbing him with a stricter hand. Liberty and discipline, liberty and government, are much nearer allied, and much more compatible the one with the other (whatever some may think) than liberty and licentiousness. Look in history, and you will find it  
universally

universally true, that the freest states have been strictest in their military discipline; and the best men in those states have always exacted it with the greatest severity.

Good laws, says Machiavel, must be maintained by good arms, and good arms by good discipline. It is a very just maxim, which no government should forget. Late experience has shewn us, that, if we had not had good arms and good discipline, our good laws would have been lost. A very different system of laws, both civil and military, would have been dictated to us by *Highland legislators*, and renegado Englishmen, *drest in their liveries* \*. It is to this army, it is to this discipline, of which such terrors are conceived, that we owe our deliverance from slavery in its most abject and loathsome form. Therefore, the maintaining this discipline, the not suffering it to be relaxed and corrupted in time of peace, is essentially necessary to the safety of the whole constitution; and they who are friends to the one, will be friends to the other.

The noble lord who spoke last has made mention of *the peace*, and supposed the goodness of it to be an argument against the necessity of many parts of this bill. Sir, no man rejoices more than I do in the peace—I think it has snatched us from the brink of a precipice, which was just ready to sink under our feet. But, that it has freed us from all danger I cannot flatter myself, I will not flatter any body else, so much as to say. It has removed danger to some distance: but there is still in our whole political state, with respect to foreign powers, great cause for apprehension. We must not fall asleep under the shade of this peace: if we do, that sleep may end in death.

*In*

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\* This alludes to the fashion, taken up at this time by all the Jacobites in England, of wearing Scotch plaids for their wastecoats, as a party distinction.

*In pace, ut sapiens, aptabit idonea bello* is a very excellent rule, to which our government has not always enough attended. I hope we shall not be negligent of it now, more especially with regard to the discipline of our army, which must be preserved in its vigour, if we desire that the army should be able to serve us against our foreign enemies, or would not have it become itself the most dangerous enemy to our domestic peace and tranquillity.

Speech on the Repeal of the Act called the JEW Bill, in the Year 1753.

Mr. SPEAKER,

**I** See no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we pass'd the last session for the naturalization of Jews; because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take any benefit of that act; and therefore, the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion, is indeed of the highest and most serious importance. God forbid we should be ever indifferent about *that!* but, I thought *this* had no more to do with religion than any turnpike act we pass'd in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and, there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration,

administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom on some occasions must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively, as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government a prudent and honest ministry will indulge *a small folly*, and will resist *a great one*. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance of human nature : not to resist the latter at all times, would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing;) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from any angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the gospel,  
and

and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called *holy wars*. He, who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself *not a Christian*. Christianity, Sir, breathes *love, and peace, and good will to man*. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing of Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Something that fell from my honourable friend who spoke last, makes it proper for me to add one argument more in order to shew the expediency of passing this bill.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governours of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe, that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy, which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church), for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly imports the whole community, that they should not lose that respect, which is so justly

due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this, would be dangerous weakness in government. It might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorise it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a character of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessings of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

The bill before us, I am sure, is not persecution. It only puts every body in that situation where every body was easy. It is a gentle, a prudent, and a moderate measure; tending to quiet and settle the minds  
of

of men, which have been unhappily disturbed, without any necessity; and therefore, I give it my most hearty concurrence.

N. B. The act for naturalizing Jews gave no greater privileges to any Jew settling here, than are at present enjoyed by the son of a Jew, *born in England*; and much less than have been given to them, *since the dispersion*, by many other nations.

Speech in the House of Lords, concerning Privilege of Parliament, in the year 1763.

“ Resolved by the commons in parliament, that  
 “ privilege of parliament does not extend to the  
 “ case of writing and publishing seditious libels,  
 “ nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the or-  
 “ dinary course of the laws in the speedy and  
 “ effectual prosecution of so heinous and dan-  
 “ gerous an offence.”

MY LORDS,

AFTER what has been said, with so much weight and authority, by a noble and learned lord, who presides in the highest court of judicature in this kingdom, with such distinguished abilities, it would be impertinent and vain for me, in speaking upon this question, to argue from precedents or constructions of law, and to tell your lordships that *publick and seditious libels are breaches of the peace, and much higher breaches of it, in the eye of the law, than forcible entries or forcible detainers*; in which cases the house of commons has declared, by a resolution in the year 1697, *that no member of that house hath any privilege*. Nor need I observe to your Lordships, that the standing order of this house, made in the

year 1624, has not been and cannot possibly be understood by your lordships, *as a compleat definition of all exceptions to privilege*; because, since the making of that order, and before the statute by which forgery was declared to be felony, this house ordered Mr. John Ward to be prosecuted for forgery, without any regard to his privilege, though they knew him to be a member of the lower house of parliament; and because a subsequent standing order, of the 8th of June, 1757, specifies another exception, not expressed in the former. Both these instances are decisive of the opinion of this house on the question now before you, with regard to the law and usage of parliament: but I shall only beg leave to trouble your lordships with a few observations on the consequences of such an extensive construction of privilege, as is contended for by some lords, from whom I am extremely sorry to differ, but from whom I must differ on this occasion, or from all the notions I have formed of that constitution, which I am bound to maintain.

My lords, all privileges are subordinate to the great laws of society, to the good order, the peace, and the safety of the state. The noble duke who spoke last has told your lordships very truly, that this, which is now under your consideration, was not given as a favour to the members of parliament, for their own sakes; but as a guard, which the constitution has set over their persons and necessary attendance, for the security of that duty they owe to the publick. From the intention and end of this privilege, the nature and limitations of it may be reasonably inferred. It must not be exercised to the grievous inconvenience and detriment of the publick: it must not obstruct the publick justice: it must not endanger the publick safety. Anarchy, my lords, is not liberty, no more than despotism is government: but true liberty and legal government are inseparably connected: what is adverse to the one, is adverse to the other. The  
 legal

legal power of government in a well-constituted state, is the guardian of all privileges, charters, and rights: but this guardian must be unable to execute its great trust, if it is not itself supported by that respect and that reverence which is due to it from those to whom it gives protection. What respect, my lords, or what reverence, can be preserved to any government, where sedition may plead privilege to stop the hands of publick justice; and where crimes of the most malignant and dangerous nature, crimes which shake the very foundations of the publick tranquillity, may claim the protection of a house of parliament, to let them go on unrestrained? can it be possible that a parliamentary sanction and authority should ever be given to a notion so repugnant to the purpose for which parliaments were established, to the *salus populi*, the supreme object and end of all government?

The many evils that must attend such a construction of privilege are apparent and dreadful! What is the remedy for those evils? The remedy, we are told, may be properly and safely obtained from either House of parliament, the privilege of which is a bar to all other relief: the justice of the kingdom will be only stopt till the next meeting of parliament (perhaps for six or seven months). As soon as ever it meets, complaint may be made to your lordships, or to the House of commons; and then right will be done. How, my lords, will right be done? It is the doctrine of the commons, *that no member can be compelled to wave his privilege*:—what, if he will not wave it? what if, conscious of guilt and apprehensive of punishment, he skulks behind his privilege, and holds it up as a shield between him and justice? Why then he may be expelled; and after such expulsion he may be prosecuted by the king, without offence to the liberty and independence of parliament.

Is not this, my lords, to declare, that every member of parliament, *while he continues a member*, though he be guilty of perjury, of misprision of felony, of misprision of treason, though he spreads sedition from one end of the kingdom to the other, is absolutely exempt from the justice of the crown? Such an exemption is most abhorrent from the whole spirit and genius of our constitution. It is the worst solecism in politicks: it is setting up a kingdom within a kingdom. Something like it I remember to have been claimed by the clergy in the darkeſt ages of ignorance and Popiſh ſuperſtition. They ſaid, their perſons were privileged: no proceſs from the king's courts ought to go out againſt them: but if any clergyman was accused of any heinous miſde-meanour, application might be made to the ſpiritual court; *there* the cauſe might be tried; and, if that court found him guilty, he would be deprived of his orders; after which, being no member of their ſacred body, the juſtice of the kingdom might take hold of him; but not before.

This propoſition appeared ſo monſtrous, that even thoſe times would not bear it; and yet, my lords, it may perhaps be thought more excuſeable to ſuffer a number of criminals to be out of the reach of public juſtice, from falſe notions of piety and a reſpect for religion in the perſons of its miniſters, than where it might be imagined that a partiality for ourſelves occaſioned the exemption.

I will not repeat to your lordſhips the black catalogue of crimes, and the great multitude of criminals, that you have been told by a noble and learned lord would be comprehended within this conſtruction of privilege, if it ſhould be eſtabliſhed. With regard to all theſe the king would in effect be dethroned: he would *bear the ſword in vain*; he would be *no terror to evil-doers*; his hands would be tied, till your lordſhips, or the lower houſe of parliament, or the convocation, if the offender ſhould belong to  
their

their body, would be pleased to unbind them. Is this, my lords, the law and constitution of England, the first maxim of which is, *that all justice flows from the crown?* The king is sworn to do justice, impartial and equal justice. He is the vicegerent of that God *to whom vengeance belongs.* What power upon earth can intercept or delay that righteous vengeance? what power upon earth can have any right, any privilege, to interpose itself between him and the performance of his oath, which is an essential part of the duty he owes to his people? By the constitution of England, *allegiance is tied to protection:* if you deprive the subjects of the benefit of the *royal protection,* you *dissolve their allegiance.*

With respect to that particular species of crimes which is immediately under your consideration, I will venture to say, that felony itself is in no degree so alarming, so pernicious to the publick, as some *seditions libels.* They respect nothing; they spare nothing: the crown, the legislature, public order, morality, the Divine Majesty itself, is not exempt from their insults. Permit me, my lords, to paint to you in a very few words the present condition of this country, with relation to what is called *the liberty of the press.* If a foreigner were to take his ideas of England from the printed libels on both sides, he would think we had no government, no law, no God. I will spare your lordships the contemplation of so frightful a picture in its full length and dimensions, and confine myself to two points, which I think more especially demand your attention.

There are two advantages upon which our publick welfare and strength particularly depend; both of which these wicked libellers have most diligently and maliciously endeavoured to destroy: I mean the Union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland; and that extinction of party spirit, the bane of all publick spirit, I say, my lords, that extinction of party spirit, which crowned with happiness and with  
glory

glory the latter years of our late most gracious sovereign, and the beginning of his present majesty's most auspicious, most benignant, and most prosperous reign. Of these inestimable blessings these execrable writings have attempted to deprive us: they have breathed a spirit of discord, which, if great care be not taken to stop the further progress of it, will avenge the enemies of this country of all the evils they have suffered from that invincible force and energy, which a very different spirit, a spirit of union and concord, enabled us to exert. What can be imagined more injurious, more fatal to our happiness, than weekly and daily libels, sent all over the kingdom, which have a strong and manifest tendency to break those ties of mutual interest and mutual affection, which bind and knit us together; and to raise animosities, jealousies, deadly feuds, civil wars, between the two nations? If the detected authors of such writings, by being members of parliament, (a circumstance which in reality much enhances their guilt,) may go on with full security, in open defiance of all law and legal authority, to inflame the wounds they have made, to infuse into them new venom, till they are rendered incurable; if this indeed be *English liberty*, then, I am sure, our constitution will be *felo de se*, and wants no enemy but itself to bring it to destruction.

But we ought to be very careful of the privileges of parliament.—Alas, my lords, in that total anarchy, in that dissolution of all government, which this unbounded licentiousness must necessarily produce, will parliament be secure? When a city is set on fire, if nothing is done to extinguish, or stop the conflagration, will the flames respect the senate-house any more than the palace? Great apprehensions are conceived, if your lordships should agree to this resolution, of a terrible abuse of their power in the ministers of the crown, by wantonly and maliciously imprisoning members of either houses of parliament, for  
innocent

innocent writings. Many answers may be given to those apprehensions: I shall only insist upon one.—The administration of justice, and the execution of laws, are, by the constitution of our government, entrusted to the crown and its officers; but entrusted under checks beneficial to liberty, beneficial to justice. Of all those checks, the most effectual is the superintendance of parliament, which is as formidable to the highest magistrate, as it is to the lowest; to the secretary of state, as to the justice of peace. And the terror of this must operate in a particular manner, where the privileges of the parliament itself are concerned. In a bailable case, as this is, the confinement must be presently ended; at the first sitting of the parliament, the house must know and judge of the reasons of the commitment: if they are not sufficient, immediate vengeance will fall on the head of the minister, who has injured the house in the person of its member. Thus, my lords, both the government and our liberty are as safe as the imperfection of human policy will allow them to be. But if you change this wise system; if you take the executive power from the crown, and place it in either house of parliament; what check, what controul, will then remain?—An arbitrary power will be *there*, which is no where else in our government; an arbitrary power without appeal.

I therefore hope, that your lordships will not differ from the commons in this resolution: but, at the same time, I respect and venerate the principle, upon which the opposition to it is founded; a principle of jealous caution not to do any thing that may hurt the independence of parliament, which is so important to the security of the whole commonwealth. Such a caution is very commendable, and the zeal excited by it meritorious, even where it is mistaken. I congratulate your lordships, I congratulate the whole nation, on that zeal being so warm in the breasts of young noblemen, who have spoken so ably and so eloquently  
in

in this debate. But, in order to preserve the independence of parliament against any future violations on the part of the crown, it will be necessary to preserve the reputation of parliament in the minds of the people, and the love of it in their hearts. How, my lords, can this be done, if they find it an obstacle to that equal justice, which is their birth-right and their safety?

Upon the whole, I am confident, your lordships will on no account depart from that maxim, which is the corner-stone of all government; *that justice should have its course without stop, or impediment. Jus, fas, lex potentissima sint*: This, my lords, is the very soul and essence of freedom. Obstruct this, and you immediately open a door to all violence and confusion, to all the iniquity and all the cruelties of private revenge, to the destruction of private peace, the dissolution of publick order, and in the end to an unlimited and despotic authority, which we must be forced to submit to, as a remedy against such intolerable evils. *The dominion of law is the dominion of liberty.* Privilege against law, in matters of high concernment to the public, is oppression, is tyranny, wheresoever it exists.

P O E M S.

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T H E  
P R O G R E S S O F L O V E.

I N  
F O U R E C L O G U E S.

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| I. UNCERTAINTY.<br>To Mr. POPE.                        |  | III. JEALOUSY.<br>To ED. WALPOLE,<br>Esq.                      |
| II. HOPE.<br>To the Hon. GEORGE<br>DODDINGTON,<br>Esq. |  | IV. POSSESSION.<br>To the Right Hon. the<br>Lord Visc. COBHAM. |

U N C E R T A I N T Y. E C L O G U E I.

To Mr. P O P E.

**P**OPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,  
 The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid ;  
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,  
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays ;  
 Though now sublimely borne on Homer's wing,  
 Of glorious wars, and godlike chiefs she sing :  
 Wilt thou with me re-visit once again  
 The crystal fountain, and the flow'ry plain ?

Wilt

Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate  
 The various changes of a lover's state ;  
 And while each turn of passion I pursue,  
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true ?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,  
 Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,  
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,  
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid :  
 His flock far off, unfed, untended lay,  
 To every savage a defenceless prey ;  
 No sense of int'rest could their master move,  
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.  
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,  
 But though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd ;  
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,  
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

Ye nymphs, he cry'd, ye Dryads, who so long  
 Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;  
 For whom retir'd, I shun the gay resorts  
 Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts ;  
 In vain I bid the restless world adieu,  
 To seek tranquillity and peace with you.  
 Though wild ambition, and destructive rage,  
 No factions here can form, no wars can wage :  
 Though envy frowns not on your humble shades,  
 Nor calumny your innocence invades :  
 Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,  
 Too often violates your boasted rest ;  
 With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,  
 And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

Ah luckless day ! when first with fond surprize  
 On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes ;  
 Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,  
 Then reason, liberty, at once were lost :  
 And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,  
 But what my heart employ'd on her alone.  
 Then too she smil'd : can smiles our peace destroy,  
 Those lovely children of Content and Joy ?

How

How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe,  
From the same spring at the same moment flow?  
Unhappy boy, these vain enquiries cease,  
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace:  
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,  
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.  
Come, flatt'ring memory, and tell my heart  
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art  
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,  
Confirm her pow'r, and faster bind my chain.  
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,  
To me alone she gave her willing hand;  
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,  
Still in my song found something to admire.  
By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,  
By none but her my brows with ivy bound:  
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,  
The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.  
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire  
In words as soft as passion could inspire,  
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,  
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.  
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn  
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,  
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,  
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.  
Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,  
To have my faithful service thus repay'd?  
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,  
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?  
Or did you only nurse my growing love,  
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?  
Sure guilty treachery no place could find  
In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind:  
A maid brought up the woods and wilds among,  
Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:  
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,  
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;

'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,  
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy  
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy ;  
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,  
When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd,  
Blue vapours rosè along the mazy rills,  
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

H O P E. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

**H**EAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing  
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.  
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds :  
From love alone their melody proceeds.  
From love Theocritus, on Enna's plains,  
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.  
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,  
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart :  
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine,  
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join \*.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,  
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,  
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,  
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,  
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r ;  
Then gloomy discontent and pining care  
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there ;  
Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,  
Delightful languors, and transporting fires.

Where

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\* N. B. Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses, which have never been published.

Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,  
 These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;  
 There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,  
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:  
 She led the dance—heav'ns! with what grace she  
 mov'd!

Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?  
 I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,  
 But glory'd in a happy captive's name;  
 Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,  
 But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?  
 Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?  
 Has treacherous love no torment yet in store?  
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r?  
 Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?  
 Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?  
 Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear  
 The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?  
 From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,  
 Delia, who now compassionates my woes,  
 Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word  
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;  
 A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;  
 A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,  
 Giv'n with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content:  
 No laureat wreaths I ask to bind my brows,  
 Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows;  
 Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;  
 I from her lips my recompence require.

Why stays my Delia in her secret bow'r?  
 Light gales have chas'd the late impending show'r;  
 Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends:  
 Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!  
 Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:  
 The birds renew their songs on every spray!  
 Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:  
 All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown?

Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,  
 While every flow'r of every sweet they drain:  
 See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,  
 The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep:  
 Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,  
 If with my fond desires my love comply;  
 From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,  
 And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?  
 What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?  
 A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,  
 Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;  
 From distant isles the lovely stranger came,  
 And bears the fortunate Canaries name;  
 In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,  
 Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.  
 Accept of this; and could I add beside,  
 What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;  
 If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,  
 On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine.  
 But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,  
 Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;  
 The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,  
 Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain.  
 For him each blue ey'd Naiad of the flood,  
 For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,  
 Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray  
 His music calls to dance the night away.  
 And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,  
 With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,  
 I beg you recommend my faithful flame,  
 And let her often hear her shepherd's name:  
 Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,  
 And shew my merits in the fairest light;  
 My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,  
 And every friend shall claim a diff'rent lay.

But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair  
 Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—

Ah,

Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet ;  
 Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—  
 O may I find her as we parted last,  
 And may each future hour be like the past!  
 So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,  
 Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.

J E A L O U S Y. E C L O G U E III.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

**T**HE gods, O Walpole, give no blifs sincere ;  
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and pow'r by fear :  
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,  
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find ;  
 Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,  
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.  
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart  
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart !  
 For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,  
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,  
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head  
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)  
 Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd ;  
 Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—  
 The vale beneath, a pleasing prospect yields,  
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields ;  
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,  
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood ;  
 Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,  
 A castle there the opening plain commands,  
 Beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,  
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound :  
 So charming was the scene, a while the swain  
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain ;

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart,  
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart :  
 His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,  
 The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,  
 Then cry'd ; " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,  
 Like these neglected roses, droop and fade !  
 May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace,  
 That triumphs now in that deluding face !  
 Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,  
 And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I !

" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,  
 To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?  
 Tell me what charms you in my rival find,  
 Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind ?  
 Has he, like me, with long obedience strove  
 To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?  
 Has he with transport every smile ador'd,  
 And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word ?  
 Ah no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;  
 He pleas'd you, by not studying to please :  
 His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;  
 And had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

" O pain to think ! another shall possess  
 Those balmy lips which I was wont to press :  
 Another on her panting breast shall lie,  
 And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—  
 I saw their friendly flocks together feed,  
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead :  
 Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,  
 Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !  
 Where-e'er they pass'd, be blasted every flow'r,  
 And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—  
 Ah wretched swain, could no examples move  
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ?  
 Hast thou not heard how poor \* Menalcas dy'd  
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride ?

Dear

---

\* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,  
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain :  
 Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,  
 And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.  
 Would I could die like him, and be at peace !  
 These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;  
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,  
 And rest as if my Delia still were kind.  
 No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid :  
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—  
 Alas ! what aid, fond swain, would'st thou receive ?  
 Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?  
 Protect her, heav'n ! and let her never know  
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe :  
 I ask no vengeance from the pow'rs above ;  
 All I implore is, never more to love.—  
 Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,  
 Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.  
 Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast ;  
 Wearied, at length I seek thy downy rest :  
 No turbulence of passion shall destroy  
 My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.  
 Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye sylvans, hear,  
 What by your guardian deities I swear ;  
 No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,  
 No more I'll court the trait'refs to my arms ;  
 Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,  
 And she shall find that reason conquers love''-----

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below  
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ;  
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,  
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)  
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew ;  
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

## POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,  
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;  
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,  
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains;  
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,  
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;  
 Recall those years which time has thrown behind,  
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:  
 When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight  
 Delighted less than one successful night.  
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,  
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;  
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,  
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,  
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood,  
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,  
 In friendly league, to favour human-kind.  
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade,  
 The gentle virtues, and mild Wisdom play'd.  
 Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,  
 Lurkt sick Disgust, or late repenting Pain,  
 Nor Force, nor Int'rest, join'd unwilling hands,  
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.  
 Thither with glad devotion Damon came,  
 To thank the pow'rs who bless'd his faithful flame;  
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,  
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:  
 Hail, bounteous god, before whose hallow'd shrine  
 My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,

While

While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,  
 Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove!  
 And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!  
 Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,  
 Since Delia now can all its warmth return,  
 As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

O the dear gloom of last propitious night!  
 O shade more charming than the fairest light!  
 Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,  
 Then all my pains one moment overpaid;  
 Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,  
 Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.  
 Thou too, bright goddess, once in Ida's grove,  
 Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;  
 With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,  
 Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:  
 Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,  
 And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

What are you now, my once most valued joys?  
 Insipid trifles all, and childish toys——  
 Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,  
 Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kisses.

Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,  
 Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;  
 Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,  
 And crown her with the pride of all the spring;  
 On all her days let health and peace attend;  
 May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend!  
 May some new pleasure every hour employ!  
 But let her Damon be her highest joy.

With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,  
 All night carefs thee, and admire all day;  
 In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,  
 To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,  
 Together will we share the harvest toils,  
 Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.  
 Delightful state, where peace and love combine,  
 To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!

Here

Here limpid fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,  
 Here rising forests lift their verdant heads ;  
 Here let me wear my careless life away,  
 And in thy arms insensibly decay.

When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,  
 And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;  
 When time no longer will thy beauties spare,  
 And only Damon's eyes shall think thee fair ;  
 Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,  
 At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath !  
 May we beneath one common stone be laid,  
 And the same cypress both our ashes shade !  
 Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,  
 Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,  
 And future ages, with just envy mov'd,  
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

SOLILOQUY of a BEAUTY in the  
 COUNTRY.

Written at Eton School.

**T**WAS night ; and Flavia to her room retir'd,  
 With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd ;  
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,  
 She meditates on the forsaken town :  
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,  
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said :

“ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair :

“ To move with negligence, to dress with care ?

“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,

“ If all in envious solitude are lost ?

“ Where none admire, 'tis usefess to excel ;

“ Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle :

“ Beauty, like Wit, to judges should be shewn ;

“ Both most are valu'd, where they best are known.

“ With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art,

“ We cannot break one stubborn country heart :

“ The

“ The brutes, insensible, our pow’r defy :  
 “ To love, exceeds a squire’s capacity.  
 “ The town, the court, is Beauty’s proper sphere ;  
 “ That is our heav’n, and we are angels there :  
 “ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,  
 “ The court of Britain is the court of Love.  
 “ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow’d,  
 “ How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew’d,  
 “ At each distinguish’d birth-night ball, to see  
 “ The homage due to Empire, paid to me !  
 “ When ev’ry eye was fix’d on me alone,  
 “ And dreaded mine more than the Monarch’s frown ;  
 “ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,  
 “ Less jealous in their pow’r, than in their love.  
 “ Chang’d is the scene ; and all my glories die,  
 “ Like flow’rs transplanted to a colder sky :  
 “ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,  
 “ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.  
 “ In stupid indolence my life is spent,  
 “ Supinely calm, and dully innocent :  
 “ Unblest I wear my useles time away ;  
 “ Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all day ;  
 “ Go at set hours to dinner and to pray’r ;  
 “ For dulness ever must be regular.  
 “ Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;  
 “ Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;  
 “ Or in the garden breathe the country air,  
 “ Secure from meeting any tempter there :  
 “ From books to work, from work to books I rove,  
 “ And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !—  
 “ Is this the life a beauty ought to lead ?  
 “ Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?  
 “ These fingers, at whose touch ev’n age would glow,  
 “ Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?  
 “ Sure erring nature never could design,  
 “ To form a hufwife in a mould like mine !  
 “ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,  
 “ Attend propitious to thy vot’ry’s pray’r :

“ Let

“ Let me re-viſit the dear town again :  
 “ Let me be ſeen!——could I that wiſh obtain,  
 “ All other wiſhes my own power would gain.” }

## B L E N H E I M.

Written at the Univerſity of Oxford in the year 1727.

**P**ARENT of arts, whoſe ſkilful hand firſt taught  
 The tow’ring pile to riſe, and form’d the plan  
 With fair proportion ; architect divine,  
 Minerva ; thee to my advent’rous lyre  
 Aſſiſtant I invoke, that means to ſing  
 Blenheim, proud monument of Britiſh fame,  
 Thy glorious work ! for thou the lofty tow’rs  
 Didſt to his virtue raiſe, whom oft thy ſhield  
 In peril guarded, and thy wiſdom ſteer’d  
 Through all the ſtorms of war.——Thee too I call,  
 Thalia, ſylvan Muſe, who lov’ſt to rove  
 Along the ſhady paths and verdant bow’rs  
 Of Woodſtock’s happy grove : there tuning ſweet  
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train  
 Attentive liſten ; let thy warbling ſong  
 Paint with melodious praiſe the pleaſing ſcene,  
 And equal theſe to Pindus’ honour’d ſhades.

When Europe freed, confeſs’d the ſaving pow’r  
 Of Marlborough’s hand ; Britain, who ſent him forth  
 Chief of confederate hoſts, to fight the cauſe  
 Of Liberty and Juſtice, grateful rais’d  
 This palace, ſacred to her leader’s fame :  
 A trophy of ſucceſs ; with ſpoils adorn’d  
 Of conquer’d towns, and glorying in the name  
 Of that auspicious field, where Churchill’s ſword  
 Vanquiſh’d the might of Gallia, and chaſtiſ’d  
 Rebel Bavar.——Majettic in its ſtrength  
 Stands the proud dome, and ſpeaks its great deſign.

Hail,

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve  
 Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,  
 Who paidst his service with so rich a meed!  
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,  
 The Hero or the people? Honour doubts,  
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.  
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncanceled debt  
 Of gratitude to us.—Blush Cæsar, blush,  
 When thou behold'st these tow'rs; ingrate, to thee  
 A monument of shame! Canst thou forget  
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm  
 Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain  
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.  
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense  
 Of obligation infinite, and know,  
 Britain, like heav'n, protects a thankless world  
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse  
 Pursues untir'd, and through the Palace roves  
 With ever-new-delight. The tap'stry rich  
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint  
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,  
 Attracts her curious eye: Here Ister rolls  
 His purple wave; and there the Granic flood  
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul  
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece  
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,  
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame  
 With glorious competition; equal both  
 In valour and in fortune: but their praise  
 Be different, for with different views they fought;  
 This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,  
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks  
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale  
 Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove  
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom  
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood

The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair,  
 Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount  
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs  
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face  
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits  
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms  
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.  
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,  
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls  
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,  
 Through which the Danube might collected pour  
 His spacious urn! Silent a while, and smooth  
 The current glides, till with an headlong force  
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls  
 In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam  
 Glitters relucient in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul  
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,  
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy  
 Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome  
 Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd  
 The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts  
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.  
 So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,  
 Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war  
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind  
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils  
 Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,  
 And in magnificent retirement past  
 The evening of his life.—But not alone,  
 In the calm shades of honourable ease,  
 Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent heav'n  
 Gave a companion to his softer hours,  
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change  
 Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind  
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd

Himself

Himself in her. — Thus each by each admir'd,  
 In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:  
 Like two fair stars with intermingled light,  
 In friendly union they together shone,  
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud  
 Of night eternal quench'd the beam of one.  
 Thee, Churchill, first, the ruthless hand of death  
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence  
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love;  
 Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,  
 Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects  
 The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe  
 With pious honours to thy sacred name  
 Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the height  
 Of yon ærial pillar proudly stands  
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,  
 And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,  
 The German eagles spread their wings, his hand  
 Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow  
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul  
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought  
 A refuge from thy sword. — There, where the field  
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,  
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd  
 A meaner trophy, by th' imperial hand;  
 Extorted gratitude; which now the rage  
 Of malice impotent, beseeming ill  
 A regal breast, has level'd to the ground:  
 Mean insult! this with better auspices  
 Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world  
 How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how re-  
 pay'd  
 His services. Nor shall the constant love  
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost  
 In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme  
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn,  
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves  
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd  
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be  
 Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng

Of travellers approaching, shall not pass  
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail  
 With rev'rence due. Such honour does the Muse  
 Obtain her favourites. — But the noble pile  
 (My theme) demands my voice. — O shade ador'd,  
 Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere  
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n, enthron'd  
 Among the Demi-gods, deign to defend  
 This thy abode, while present here below,  
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,  
 With tutelary care. Preserve it safe  
 From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke  
 Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.  
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,  
 When honour calls them to the field of war,  
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd ;  
 The proud reward of thy successful toils  
 For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame :  
 That, fir'd with gen'rous envy, they may dare  
 To emulate thy deeds. — So shall thy name  
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons  
 With martial virtue ; and to high attempts  
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,  
 And nations sav'd, new monuments require,  
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

To the Reverend Dr. AYSCOUGH, at Oxford.

Written from Paris, in the year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?  
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?  
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore  
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,  
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,  
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?

How

How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,  
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart ;  
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,  
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !  
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see  
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty ;  
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul,  
 Their empire stretch from Atlas to the Pole ;  
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd  
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?  
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,  
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire ;  
 Yet in her troubled states see all the woes,  
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows ;  
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,  
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold ;  
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,  
 The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome ?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,  
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart ?  
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end  
 To which alone the wise their studies bend ;  
 For which alone by nature were design'd  
 The pow'rs of thought——to benefit mankind ?  
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and doze,  
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose ;  
 But reason's influence to diffuse ; to clear  
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear ;  
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind  
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.  
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !  
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;  
 Nor vext with pangs that busier bosoms tear,  
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care ;  
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain  
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent ;  
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content ;

So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,  
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good \* Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,  
Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;  
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,  
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,  
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest  
guide. }

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!  
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:  
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;  
Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;  
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,  
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:  
To error mild, to vice alone severe,  
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.  
The priest, who plagues the world can never mend.  
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend:  
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,  
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,  
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;  
In various knowledge to improve my youth,  
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;  
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,  
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;  
The useful science of the world to know,  
Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.

A nation here I pity, and admire,  
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,  
Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,  
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:  
Whose nobles, born to cringe, and to command,  
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;  
From each low tool of pow'r, content receive  
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.

Whose

Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,  
 Though plunder'd, gay ; industrious, though oppress'd ;  
 With happy follies rise above their fate,  
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport  
 In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court :  
 Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,  
 Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ :  
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,  
 By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame.  
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd  
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;  
 By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,  
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.  
 Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire  
 Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire ;  
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move  
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey  
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;  
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects store,  
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor ;  
 Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,  
 And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT\*,  
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,  
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew† :  
 Where, sick of glory, faction, pow'r, and pride  
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd,)  
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,  
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see  
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury § ;  
 Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,  
 In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r ;

Where

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\* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

§ St. Cloud.

608 TO THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH.

Where feverish debauch and impious love  
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,  
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;  
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind  
From present joys to dearer left behind !

O native isle, fair freedom's happiest seat !  
At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat ;  
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,  
And all my country on my soul returns.  
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain  
No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain ?  
When kifs with pious love the sacred earth,  
That gave a Burleigh, or a Ruffel birth ?  
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood  
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,  
Of fearless independence wisely vain,  
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice  
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;  
Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,  
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;  
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see ;  
And tells me, These, like England, once were Free !

To Mr. POYNTZ,

Ambassador at the Congress of Soissons, in the Year  
1728.

Written at Paris.

**O** THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,  
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts  
guide ;

Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,  
Is but a larger power of doing good ;  
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,  
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat ?

Doft

Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)  
 Thy busy life at length might be thy own ;  
 That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,  
 No care might ruffle thy unbended mind ?  
 Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,  
 To favour'd man by smiling heav'n decreed,  
 Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,  
 And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who from the world retir'd,  
 By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,  
 On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,  
 And gently bids his active pow'rs decay ;  
 Who tears bright Glory's awful face to see,  
 And shuns renown as much as infamy.  
 But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,  
 To private leisure public virtue bears ;  
 Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,  
 And decks repose with trophies Labour won.  
 Him Honour follows to the sacred shade,  
 And crowns propitious his declining head ;  
 In his retreats their harps the Muses string,  
 For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing ;  
 Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,  
 Pleas'd with retirement better than with state ;  
 And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies,  
 Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand  
 The needful aid of thy sustaining hand ;  
 When peace restor'd shall on her downy wing  
 Secure repose and careless leisure bring ;  
 Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,  
 The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,  
 Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess  
 Contemplative and quiet happiness :  
 Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,  
 And painful merit paid with sweet content.  
 Yet tho' thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,  
 Tho' wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul ;

One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,  
That only can improve and crown the rest.——

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,  
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell ;  
The point to which our sweetest passions move,  
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.  
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,  
Friend of our health, and author of our rest ;  
Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing passion fly,  
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.  
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires  
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires ;  
Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,  
And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.  
Dull is the privilege of living free ;  
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty :  
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,  
Can best defend them from consuming care.  
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,  
And nature in her rural works admire ;  
Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm ;  
They may delight us, but can never warm.  
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire  
With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire ;  
And teach thee that soft science, which alone  
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known !  
Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,  
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd ;  
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast  
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.  
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,  
For heav'n shall ratify what they reveal :

A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,  
With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;  
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,  
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :  
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share,  
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;

Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,  
 And add new pleasure to renown and praise;  
 Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,  
 That happiness is near ally'd to love.

VERSES to be written under a Picture of Mr.  
 POYNTZ.

**S**UCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find  
 A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?  
 A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,  
 In a false world that dares to be sincere;  
 Wise without art; without ambition great;  
 Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;  
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,  
 Yet better still by native prudence taught;  
 That, fond the griefs of the distressed to heal,  
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;  
 That, when misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know  
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;  
 That, fixt on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,  
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause;  
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,  
 Would for another think this praise design'd.

An Epistle to Mr. POPE, from Rome, 1730.

**I**MMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has  
 wove  
 The fairest garlands of the Aonian grove;  
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,  
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;  
 After so many stars extinct in night,  
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!  
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,  
 Inspir'd by memory of antient wit;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,  
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;  
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,  
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty :  
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,  
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove ;  
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,  
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.  
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays  
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,  
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain  
 Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign,  
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,  
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state  
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :  
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,  
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;  
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,  
 Her cities desert, and her fields unfown ;  
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,  
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,  
 That there the source of science flows no more,  
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shin'd,  
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind ;  
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,  
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !  
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,  
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;  
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,  
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;  
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see  
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,  
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,  
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes  
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise ;

Stranger,

Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid  
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,  
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,  
 To Pope this message from his master bear :

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,  
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,  
 If high exalted on the throne of wit,  
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,  
 No more let meaner satire dim the rays  
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;  
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,  
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;  
 Nor when each soft engaging Muse is thine,  
 Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise  
 A lasting column to thy country's praise ;  
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast  
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;  
 Where science in the arms of peace is laid,  
 And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.  
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,  
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;  
 Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,  
 With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;  
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,  
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,  
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;  
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire ;  
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;  
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,  
 And join the patriot's to the poet's praise,

To

## To my LORD HERVEY.

In the Year 1730. From Worcestershire.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque  
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;  
Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HORACE.

**F**AV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,  
Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,  
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend  
To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;  
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,  
Return'd at length to his own native shore,  
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,  
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat  
Has found that happiness he sought in vain  
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,  
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile :  
At soft Italian sounds to melt away ;  
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray ;  
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,  
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.  
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies  
Still open, and still flowing to the wise ;  
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire  
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,  
But in its proper channels gliding fair ;  
A common benefit, which all may share.  
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,  
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ;  
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is  
vain.

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,  
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds,  
Through

Through various toils to seek Content we roam,  
 Which with but *thinking right* were our's at home.  
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place  
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,  
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air  
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.  
 The wretch, by wild impatience driv'n to rove,  
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,  
 From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,  
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears ;  
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,  
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, that from our passions flow,  
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Ruffia's snow ?  
 Or how can aught but pow'rful Reason cure,  
 What from unthinking Folly we endure ?  
 Happy is he, and he alone, who knows  
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;  
 In gen'rous love of others' good to find  
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;  
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere ;  
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear :  
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,  
 This was the sov'reign good they justly sought ;  
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,  
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny  
 The useful practice of Philosophy :  
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,  
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,  
 But in the palace of Augustus knew  
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,  
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade  
 His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,  
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought ;  
 Undazzled every glit'ring folly see,  
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free ;

## 616    A D V I C E   T O   A   L A D Y .

In its own center keep your steady mind ;  
 Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind ;  
 In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,  
 But be a country gentleman at heart !

## A D V I C E   t o   a   L A D Y .   1731 .

**T**H E counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,  
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,  
 Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,  
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men.  
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show  
 What female vanity might fear to know :  
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,  
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;  
 Women, like princes, find few real friends :  
 All who approach them their own ends pursue :  
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true.  
 Hence, oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,  
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays :  
 Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,  
 When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,  
 Your heart's supreme ambition ? to be fair :  
 For this the toilet every thought employs,  
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :  
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,  
 And each instructed feature has its rule :  
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,  
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n !  
 How few with all their pride of form can move !  
 How few are lovely, that were made for love !  
 Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess  
 An elegance of mind as well as dress ;

Be that your ornament, and know to please  
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,  
But wisely rest content with modest Sense ;  
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,  
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain ;  
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,  
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,  
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts ;  
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :  
*A cunning woman is a knavish fool.*

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame  
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.  
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace  
At ministers, because they wish their place.  
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene  
Without, all beauty, and all peace within :  
The honour of a prude is rage and stern,  
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.  
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,  
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great :  
A woman's noblest station is retreat ;  
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,  
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign :  
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,  
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,  
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.  
One only care your gentle breasts should move,  
Th' important business of your life is love ;  
To this great point direct your constant aim,  
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd :  
With caution chuse ; but then be fondly kind.  
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,  
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;

Here

## 618    ADVICE TO A LADY.

Here sweet extreams alone can truly blefs :  
The virtue of a lover is excefs.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;  
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,  
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain ;  
Short is the period of insulting pow'r,  
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,  
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,  
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,  
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess't,  
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,  
And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most :  
Her's is the blis in just return to prove  
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;  
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,  
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,  
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,  
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,  
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd,  
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,  
If angry Fortune on their union frown :  
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of blis be o'er,  
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.  
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,  
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;  
And that fond love, which should afford relief,  
Does but encrease the anguish of their grief :  
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,  
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,  
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;  
Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,  
For the vain glare of uselefs wealth or state.  
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,  
Who not to love, but av'rice, fall a prey :

Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife* ;  
 A maid so wedded, is *a whore for life*.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n  
 Has equal love. and easy fortune giv'n,  
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done :  
 The prize of happiness must still be won ;  
 And oft, the careless find it to their cost,  
 The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost :  
 The *graces* might alone his heart allure ;  
*They* and the *virtues meeting* must secure.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress  
 Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.  
 From kind concern about his weal, or woe,  
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow ;  
 The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,  
 Make it your pride his *servant* to appear :  
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,  
 The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife* ;  
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,  
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :  
 Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,  
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,  
 And form your heart to all the arts of love.  
 The task were harder to secure my own  
 Against the pow'r of those already known ;  
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind  
 With gentle force the captivated mind,  
 Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,  
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy ;  
 I own your genius, and from you receive  
 The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G. Written in the Year 1732.

I.

**W**HEN Delia on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice but her's can hear,  
No other wit but her's approve ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

III.

If she some other youth commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

V.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

S O N G. Written in the Year 1733.

I.

**T**HE heavy hours are almost past  
That part my love and me,  
My longing eyes may hope at last  
Their only wish to see.

II. But

## II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet  
 The man you've lost so long?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat  
 And tremble on your tongue?

## III.

Will you in ev'ry look declare  
 Your heart is still the same;  
 And heal each idly-anxious care  
 Our fears in absence frame?

## IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
 When shortly we shall meet,  
 And try what yet remains between  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

## V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love:

## VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,  
 To die, and think you mine,

## D A M O N and D E L I A.

In imitation of H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

Written in the year 1732:

## D A M O N.

**T**ELL me, my Delia, tell me why  
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly:  
 What means this cloud upon your brow?  
 Have I offended? tell me how?—

Some

Some change has happen'd in your heart,  
 Some rival there has stol'n a part ;  
 Reason these fears may disapprove :  
 But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day  
 At Belvidera's feet you lay ?  
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,  
 And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,  
 As if you meant to let me see  
 Your flatt'ry is not all for me ?  
 Alas ! too well your sex I knew,  
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid,  
 When your own orders I obey'd ;  
 You bid me try by this deceit  
 The notice of the world to cheat,  
 And hide beneath another name  
 The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,  
 But let me wish it had been less ;  
 Too well the lover's part you play'd,  
 With too much art your court you made ;  
 Had it been only art, your eyes  
 Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah, cease thus idly to molest,  
 With groundless fears thy virgin breast.  
 While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,  
 To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,  
 My foolish heart believes you just ;  
 Reason this faith may disapprove ;  
 But I believe, because I love.

O D E.

In imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

(*O primavera gioventu del anno.*)

Written Abroad, in 1729,

I.

**P**ARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,  
Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,  
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,  
The am'rous Nightingale and Poet sing.

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee  
Return the smiling hours I once possést ;  
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me  
The sad remembrance, that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatcht away,  
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine ;  
But ah ! no more shall hapless I be gay,  
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,  
Tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear,  
Harsh is the musick, joyless is the scene,  
The odour faint ; for Delia is not there.

V.

Chearless and cold I feel the genial sun,  
From thee while absent I in exile rove ;  
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone  
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

## Parts of an ELEGY of TIBULLUS Translated.

*(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.)*

1729-30.

**L**ET others heap of wealth a shining store,  
 And much possessing labour still for more ;  
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,  
 Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms :  
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,  
 Humbly secure and indolently blest ;  
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,  
 I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth ;  
 In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,  
 In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,  
 And oft to Delia in my bosom bear  
 Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care :  
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,  
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay,  
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,  
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow'r.  
 At night, how soothing would it be to hear,  
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near,  
 Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,  
 Slumber assisted by the beating show'r !  
 Ah ! how much happier, than the fool who braves,  
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves !  
 While I, contented with my little store,  
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,  
 But idly lolling on some shady seat,  
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat :  
 For what reward so rich could fortune give  
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve ?  
 Let great Messalla shine in martial toils,  
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils ;

Me

Me Beauty holds in strong, tho' gentle chains,  
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.

With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,  
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!  
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke  
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!

On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,  
How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side,  
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,  
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,  
Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.  
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave  
For all the honours prosp'rous war can give;  
Tho' through the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,  
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;  
Tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,  
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.  
No pomps like these my humble vows require;  
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.  
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!  
Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!  
Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,  
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;  
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,  
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.

But ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare  
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:  
Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast  
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death, nor parting, should employ  
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:  
We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove  
All care, all bus'ness, but delightful Love.  
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,  
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;  
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,  
'This hour is Love's——be Fortune's all the rest.

SONG. Written in the year 1732.

## I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love  
A stranger to that mind,  
Which pity and esteem can move;  
Which can be just and kind?

## II.

Is it, because you fear to share  
The ills that Love molest;  
The jealous doubt, the tender care,  
That rack the am'rous breast?

## III.

Alas! by some degree of woe  
We ev'ry bliss must gain:  
The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
That never feels a pain.

Written at Mr. POPE'S House at Twickenham,  
which he had lent to Mrs. G——lle. In August  
1735.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,  
Not all its wealth or pride  
Could tempt me from the charms that crown  
Thy rural flow'ry side:

## II.

Thy flow'ry side, where Pope has plac'd  
The Muses' green retreat,  
With ev'ry smile of nature grac'd,  
With ev'ry art compleat.

III. But

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heav'nly song  
 Enchants us here no more;  
 Their darling glory lost too long  
 Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still for beauteous G——lle's sake,  
 The Muses here remain;  
 G——lle, whose eyes have power to make  
 A Pope of ev'ry swain.

E P I G R A M.

**N**ONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,  
 But love can hope where reason would despair.

To Mr. WEST, at Wickham. Written in the Year  
 1740.

**F**AIR nature's sweet simplicity  
 With elegance refin'd,  
 Well in thy feat, my friend, I see,  
 But better in thy mind.  
 To both from courts and all their state  
 Eager I fly, to prove  
 Joys far above a courtier's fate,  
 Tranquillity and love.

To Miss LUCY F——.

**O**NCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,  
 I sung my am'rous strains:  
 No serious love my bosom fir'd;  
 Yet every tender maid deceiv'd  
 The idly mournful tale believ'd,  
 And wept my fanci'd pains.

But Venus now, to punish me,  
 For having feign'd so well,  
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,  
 That not the whole Aonian quire  
 Can accents soft enough inspire,  
 Its real flame to tell.

To the Same, with HAMMOND's Elegies.

**A**LL that of love can be express'd  
 In these soft numbers see ;  
 But, Lucy, would you know the rest,  
 It must be read in me.

To the Same.

**T**O him who in an hour must die,  
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,  
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,  
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give  
 Another day or year to live ;  
 Than I to shorten what remains  
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,  
 Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,  
 At once to justify and pay  
 The pain I feel from this delay.

To the Same.

I.

**T**O ease my troubled mind of anxious care,  
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd ;  
 Where all the letters of my absent fair,  
 (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd :

II.

In every word a magic spell I found  
 Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,  
 Though every word increas'd the tender wound  
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,  
 And loses every sorrow at the sight ;  
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels  
 Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,  
 Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,  
 Fearnot thy letters should the change upbraid :  
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign :

V.

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain  
 A painful witness of reproach to thee ;  
 And lest my heart should still their sense retain,  
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A Prayer to VENUS in her Temple at STOWE.

To the Same.

I.

**F**AIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys  
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,  
 These humble off'rings, which thy servant pays,  
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II. If

## II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,  
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,  
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,  
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

## III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,  
 No other wish, nor other object knows,  
 Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,  
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

## IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,  
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;  
 Place her but once within my circling arms,  
*Love's surest fort*, and I will doubt no more.

## To the Same.

On her pleading want of TIME.

## I.

**O**N Thames's bank, a gentle youth  
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,  
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;  
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,  
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd  
 But that she had not time.

## II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet  
 In secret shades his fair to meet  
 Beneath th' accustom'd lyme;  
 She would have fondly met him there,  
 And heal'd with love each tender care,  
 But that she had not time.

III. " If

III.

“ It was not thus, inconstant maid  
 “ You acted once (the shepherd said)  
 “ When love was in its prime :”  
 She griev’d to hear him thus complain,  
 And would have writ to ease his pain,  
 But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part ?  
 No crime of mine has chang’d your heart,  
 If love be not a crime.—  
 We soon must part for months, for years—  
 She would have answer’d with her tears,  
 But that she had not time.

To the Same.

**Y**OUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the  
 same,  
 Still the bright object of my constant flame ;  
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole,  
 With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul ?  
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,  
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires.  
 These, these are lost ; and I behold no more  
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.  
 Yet still unchang’d, still doating to excess  
 I ought, but dare not, try to love you less ;  
 Weakly I grieve, unpity’d I complain :  
 But not unpunish’d shall your change remain ;  
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,  
 Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

To the Same.

I.

**W**HEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no  
 more,  
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before ;  
 I say to my heart, “ Be at rest, and believe  
 “ That whom once she has chosen she never will  
 leave.”

II.

But ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace  
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,  
 My heart beats again ; I again apprehend  
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,  
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love ;  
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;  
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

To the Same, with a NEW WATCH.

**W**ITH me, while present, may thy lovely eyes  
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :  
 Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,  
 And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.  
 But when the cares that interrupt our bliss  
 To me not always will thy sight allow,  
 Then oft with kind impatience look on this,  
 Then every minute count—as I do now.

An Irregular ODE, written at Wickham in 1746.

To the Same.

I.

YE silvan scenes, with artless beauty gay,  
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,  
 What is the charm that each successive year,  
 Which sees me with my Lucy here,  
 Can thus to my transported heart,  
 A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad summer's balmy breath that blows  
 From the fair jasmine, and the blushing rose?  
 Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store  
 Of rural bliss was here before:  
 Oft have I met her on the verdant side  
 Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,  
 Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,  
 Array'd in all her flow'ry pride.  
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,  
 No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?  
 Four times has the revolving sun  
 His annual circle through the zodiac run;  
 Since all that Love's indulgent pow'r  
 On favour'd mortals can bestow,  
 Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bow'r.

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,  
 Was yielded to my longing arms;  
 And round our nuptial bed,  
 Hov'ring with purple wings, th' Idalian boy  
 Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires  
 Of innocent desires,  
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.

Whence

634 To the MEMORY of the same L A D Y.

Whence then this strange encrease of joy?  
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,  
(If such another happy man there be)  
Has by his own experience try'd  
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

To the MEMORY of the same L A D Y.

A M O N O D Y. A. D. 1747.

*Ipsæ cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,  
Te dulcis, conjux, te solo in littore secum,  
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

I.

**A**T length escap'd from every human eye,  
From every duty, every care,  
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a  
share,  
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,  
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,  
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,  
Inow may give my burden'd heart relief,  
And pour forth all my stores of grief,  
Of grief surpassing every other woe,  
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love  
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,  
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move  
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,  
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,  
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,  
Oft have you my Lucy seen!  
But never shall you now behold her more:  
Nor will she now with fond delight  
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.  
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,  
Those

Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine  
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

## III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice  
To hear her heav'nly voice,  
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,  
The sweetest songsters of the spring :  
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;  
The nightingale was mute,  
And every shepherd's flute  
Was cast in silent scorn away,  
While all attended to her sweeter lay.  
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song ;  
And thou, melodious Philomel,  
Again thy plaintive story tell,  
For Death has stop'd that tuneful tongue,  
Whose music could alone your warbling notes  
excel.

## IV.

In vain I look around  
O'er all the well-known ground,  
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;  
Where oft we us'd to walk,  
Where oft in tender talk  
We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;  
Nor by yon fountain's side,  
Nor where its waters glide  
Along the valley, can she now be found :  
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound  
No more my mournful eye  
Can aught of her espy,  
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

## V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?  
Your bright inhabitant is lost.  
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts  
Where female vanity might wish to shine,  
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.  
Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye :

To your sequester'd dales  
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales  
 From an admiring world she chose to fly ;  
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,  
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,  
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,  
 But those, the gentlest and the best,  
 Whose holy flames with energy divine  
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,  
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

## VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,  
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns  
 By your delighted mother's side,  
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?  
 Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care  
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,  
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth ?  
 O loss beyond repair !  
 O wretched father ! left alone,  
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !  
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,  
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,  
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,  
 Now she, alas ! is gone,  
 From folly and from vice, their helpless age to save ?

## VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate  
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,  
 From these fond arms that vainly strove  
 With hapless ineffectual love  
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow ?  
 Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian maids,  
 Could not, alas ! your pow'r prolong her date,  
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,  
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,  
 You open'd all your sacred store,  
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,  
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,  
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow ?

## VIII. Nor

## VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,  
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,  
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play ;  
 Nor then on \* Mincio's bank  
 Befet with osiers dank,  
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,  
 Nor where, through hanging woods,  
 Steep § Anio pours his floods,  
 Nor yet where || Meles, or ¶ Iliffus stray.  
 Ill does it now beseem,  
 That, of your guardian care bereft,  
 To dire difease and death your darling should be left.

## IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,  
 When light fantaftic toys  
 Are all her sex's joys,  
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome ?  
 And all that in her latter days  
 To emulate her ancient praise  
 Italia's happy genius could produce ;  
 Or what the Gallic fire  
 Bright-sparkling could inspire,  
 By all the graces temper'd and refin'd ;  
 Or what in Britain's ifle,  
 Most favour'd with your fmile,  
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd

To

---

\* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.

§ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melifigenes.

¶ The Iliffus is a river at Athens.

To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?  
 Ah ! what is now the use  
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,  
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd ?

## X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name  
 'Tis yours from death to save,  
 And in the temple of immortal Fame  
 With golden characters her worth engrave.  
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,  
 And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb.  
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,  
 With accents sweet and sad,  
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn  
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,  
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay  
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

## XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face  
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace !  
 How eloquent in every look  
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !  
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd  
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,  
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree  
 With candid Truth's simplicity,  
 And uncorrupted innocence !  
 Tell how to more than manly sense  
 She join'd the soft'ning influence  
 Of more than female tenderness :  
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,  
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,  
 Her kindly-melting heart,  
 To every want and every woe,  
 To Guilt itself when in distress,  
 The balm of pity would impart,  
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !

Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life  
 Beneath the bloody knife,  
 Her gentle tears would fall,  
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

## XII.

Not only good and kind,  
 But strong and elevated was her mind:  
 A spirit that with noble pride  
 Could look superior down  
 On Fortune's smile, or frown;  
 That could without regret or pain  
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice  
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;  
 That, injur'd or offended, never try'd  
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,  
 But by magnanimous disdain.  
 A wit that, temperately bright,  
 With inoffensive light  
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past  
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,  
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,  
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.  
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,  
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,  
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,  
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.  
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,  
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,  
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom  
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

## XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,  
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,  
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,  
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,  
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:

From

From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,  
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;  
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,  
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen :  
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride  
 A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,  
     Cold with perpetual snows :  
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and  
     dies.

## XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bow'rs,  
     With never-fading myrtles twin'd,  
     And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,  
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;  
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,  
     Tun'd by thy skilful hand,  
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,  
     With which o'er many a land  
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;  
     To me resign the vocal shell,  
     And teach my sorrows to relate  
     Their melancholy tale so well,  
     As may ev'n things inanimate,  
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

## XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?  
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band  
     Of Hymen never gave her hand ;  
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.  
     In thy domestic care  
     She never bore a share,  
     Nor with endearing art  
     Would heal thy wounded heart  
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :  
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed  
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head  
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,  
     And charm away the sense of pain :  
     Nor did she crown your mutual flame  
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI. O best

## XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me  
 Than when thy virgin charms  
 Were yielded to my arms,  
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?  
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,  
 Abandon'd, and alone,  
 Without my sweet companion can I live?  
 Without thy lovely smile,  
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,  
 What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?  
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,  
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could  
 raise.

## XVII.

For my distracted mind  
 What succour can I find?  
 On whom for consolation shall I call?  
 Support me, every friend,  
 Your kind assistance lend  
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.  
 Alas! each friend of mine,  
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,  
 That none has any comfort to bestow.  
 My books, the best relief  
 In every other grief,  
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:  
 Each fav'rite author we together read  
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

## XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind!  
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,  
 And back return'd again;  
 Another and another smiling came,  
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain;  
 Still in her golden chain  
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:  
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,  
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd  
 Of rare felicity,  
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,  
 And every scheme of blifs our hearts had form'd  
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,  
 In one sad moment broke !  
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,  
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,  
 Or against His supreme decree  
 With impious grief complain.  
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,  
 Was His most righteous will, and be that will obey'd !

## XIX.

Would thy fond love His grace to her controul,  
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain  
 Her pure, exalted soul  
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?  
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise  
 Up to that unclouded blaze,  
 That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,  
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees  
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,  
 Is every mortal blifs ;  
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees  
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,  
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,  
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.  
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,  
 And seek those regions of serene delight,  
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate  
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.  
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,  
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

VERSES, making part of an EPITAPH

On the same L A D Y.

**M**ADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;  
 Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wise ;  
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;  
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;  
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,  
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.  
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,  
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;  
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her Song,  
 Soft as her heart, and as her Reason strong ;  
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,  
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

H O R A C E.

Book IV. Ode iv.

*(Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.)*

Written at Oxford 1725 \*.

I.

**A**S the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,  
 To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,  
 Faithful † assistant of his master's love,  
 King of the wand'ring nations of the air,

T t 2

II. When

\* First printed in Mr. WEST'S PINDAR.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

## II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,  
 On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,  
 In slight essays his growing force to try,  
 While inborn courage fir'd his gen'rous breast ;

## III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,  
 The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe ;  
 Now his ripe valour to perfection grown  
 The scaly snake and crested dragon know :

## IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,  
 Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,  
 The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,  
 Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :

## V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,  
 The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight ;  
 So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd ;  
 So sunk their haughty spirit at the fight.

## VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find  
 How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,  
 And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind  
 Each gen'rous Nero forms to early fame !

## VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire :  
 Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove ;  
 Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire  
 Degenerate to form the tim'rous dove.

## VIII.

But education can the genius raise,  
 And wise instructions native virtue aid ;  
 Nobility without them is disgrace,  
 And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

## IX.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,  
 Let mighty Asdrubal subdu'd confess  
 How much of empire and of fame is ow'd  
 By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,  
 Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,  
 First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,  
 And chear'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire  
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,  
 As through the pine trees flies the raging fire,  
 Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this prosp'rous field,  
 The Roman glory dates her rising pow'r;  
 From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring sword to wield,  
 Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:  
 " Like stags to rav'nous wolves an easy prey,  
 " Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,  
 " Whom to elude and 'scape were victory;

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,  
 " Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore  
 " Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,  
 " Thro' angry seas and adverse tempests bore.

XV.

" As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,  
 " Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,  
 " Improves by loss, and thriving with the stroke,  
 " Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head  
 " So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules,  
 " Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred.  
 " Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,  
 " Brighter she rises from the depths below:  
 " To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,  
 " Recruits her strength, and foils the wond'ring foe.

XVIII. " No

## XVIII.

- “ No more of victory the joyful fame,  
 “ Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;  
 “ Lost, lost are all the glories of her name !  
 “ With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die !

## XIX.

- “ What shall the Claudian valour not perform,  
 “ Which Pow’r Divine guards with propitious care,  
 “ Which Wisdom steers through all the dang’rous  
     “ storm,  
 “ Thro’ all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war ?”

## V I R T U E   A N D   F A M E .

To the COUNTESS of EGREMONT.

**V**IRTUE and Fame, the other day,  
 Happen’d to cross each other’s way ;  
 Said Virtue ! Hark ye, madam Fame,  
 Your ladyship is much to blame ;  
 Jove bids you always wait on me,  
 And yet your face I seldom see :  
 The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,  
 And bids it praise some handsome strumpet ;  
 Or, thund’ring thro’ the ranks of war,  
 Ambition ties you to her car.

Saith Fame, “ Dear madam, I protest  
 I never find myself so blest  
 As when I humbly wait behind you ;  
 But ’tis so mighty hard to find you !  
 In such obscure retreats you lurk !  
 To seek you is an endless work.”

“ Well, answered Virtue, I allow  
 Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.  
 I know (without offence to others)  
 I know the best of wives and mothers ;  
 Who never pass’d an useless day  
 In scandal, gossiping, or play :

Whose

Whose modest wit, chafis'd by sense,  
 Is lively chearful innocence ;  
 Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,  
 Whose duty is her sole delight ;  
 Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,  
 Her parent's joy, her husband's passion."

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, " On my life,  
 This is some country parson's wife,  
 Who never saw the court nor town,  
 Whose face is homely as her gown ;  
 Who banquets upon eggs and bacon"—  
 " No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—  
 I beg you'll let me set you right—  
 'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright ;  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art  
 That rank or fortune can impart ;  
 'Tis the most celebrated toast  
 That Britain's spacious isle can boast ;  
 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame ;  
 'Tis EGREMONT—Go,—tell it, Fame!"

Addition extempore, by Earl HARDWICKE.

**F**AME heard with pleasure—strait reply'd,  
 " First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride :  
 My trumpet oft I've rais'd to sound  
 Her modest praise the world around ;  
 But notes were wanting—Can'st thou find  
 A Muse to sing her face, her mind ?  
 Believe me, I can name but one,  
 A friend of your's—'tis LYTTTELTON."

Letter to Earl HARDWICKE, occasioned by the foregoing Verses.

MY LORD,

**A** Thousand thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,  
 With countenance serene and sweet,  
 The Muse, who in my youthful days  
 Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.  
 She smil'd, and said, "Once more I see  
 My fugitive returns to me ;  
 Long had I lost you from my bower,  
 You scorn'd to own my gentle power ;  
 With me no more your genius sported,  
 The grave Historic Muse you courted ;  
 Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,  
 Pursu'd Urania through the skies ;  
 But now, to my forsaken track,  
 Fair EGREMONT has brought you back ;  
 Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,  
 That soft, that pleasing path to tread ;  
 For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,  
 Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.  
 Lo ! to my flow'ry groves and springs  
 Her fav'rite son the goddess brings,  
 The council's and the senate's guide,  
 Law's oracle, the nation's pride :  
 He comes, he joys with thee to join,  
 In singing WYNDHAM's charms divine.  
 To thine he adds his nobler lays,  
 E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.

Enjoy

Enjoy that praise, nor envy PITT  
 His fame with burgeses or with cit ;  
 For sure one line from such a bard,  
 Virtue would think her best reward.”

On reading Miss CARTER's Poems in MS.

**S**UCH were the notes that struck the wond'ring  
 ear  
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks  
 Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,  
 According to seraphic voices, sung  
*Glory to God on high, and on the earth*  
*Peace and good-will to men!*—Resume the lyre,  
 Chauntrefs divine, and ev'ry Briton call  
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,  
 More pow'rful than the song of Orpheus, tame  
 The savage heart of brutal vice, and bend  
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees  
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more  
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,  
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd  
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head  
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine  
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove  
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand  
 Of——to fix it on her brows.

## MOUNT EDGE CUMBE.

**T**HE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,  
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,  
 All on Mount Edgcumbe turn'd their eyes ;  
 “ That place is mine, great Neptune cries :  
 Behold ! how proud o'er all the main  
 Those stately turrets seem to reign !  
 No views so grand on earth you see !  
 The master too belongs to me ;

I grant him my domain to share,  
 I bid his hand my trident bear."  
 "The sea is your's, but mine the land,  
 Pallas replies; by me were plann'd  
 Those tow'rs, that hospital, those docks,  
 That fort, which crowns those island rocks:  
 The lady too is of my choir,  
 I taught her hand to touch the lyre;  
 With ev'ry charm her mind I grac'd,  
 I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."——

"Hold, madam, interrupted Venus,  
 The lady must be shar'd between us:  
 And surely mine is yonder grove,  
 So fine, so dark, so fit for love;  
 Trees, such as in th' Idalian glade,  
 Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads came,  
 Each nymph alledg'd her lawful claim;  
 But Jove, to finish the debate,  
 'Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:  
 "Nor god, nor goddess, great or small,  
 That dwelling his or hers may call,  
 I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

## I N V I T A T I O N

To the DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

**W**HEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,  
 To France and England Friendship bring,  
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive  
 That homage we delight to give  
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,  
 To worth which Envy's self disarms  
 Of jealous hatred: Come, and love  
 That nation which you now approve,  
 So shall by France amends be made  
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)

For

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD. 651

For having with seducing art  
From Britain stol'n her H—v—y's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

**D**Rumgold, whose ancestors from Albion's shore  
Their conq'ring standards to Hibernia bore,  
Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,  
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,  
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame——  
From British fires deriv'd thy genius came :  
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,  
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd :  
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,  
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.  
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire  
To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,  
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek  
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.  
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :  
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,  
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase  
To cloath the spirit of the British lays.  
Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry Muse's hand  
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,  
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,  
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.  
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,  
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound  
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise  
The grateful song to his immortal praise.  
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,  
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.  
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,  
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;  
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;  
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;

By

652 ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE, &c.

By pride unfullied, genuine dignity ;  
A noble and sublime simplicity.  
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn,  
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,  
And Albion fighting bid her sons aspire  
To imitate the merit they admire,

On GOOD HUMOUR. Written at Eton-  
School, 1729.

**T**ELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this  
Which all admire, but few, too few possess?  
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,  
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.  
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,  
Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.  
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,  
What is the thing in which you most excel?  
Hard is the question, for in all you please,  
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;  
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,  
For none can envy him, whom all must love.  
This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please,  
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,  
And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.



Some additional Stanzas to ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO  
THE MOON, in ARIOSTO.

I.

**W**HEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,  
Orlando's wits had safely brought away ;  
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,  
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II. Of

II.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,  
 Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see :  
 Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,  
 To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

“ A wond'rous thing it is, the Saint reply'd,  
 Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight ;  
 An airy essence, not to be descry'd,  
 Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

From earth each day in troops they hither come,  
 And fill each hole and corner of the Moon ;  
 For they are never easy while at home,  
 Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V.

When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,  
 For fear they should evaporate again ;  
 And hard it is, a prison to invent,  
 So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

Those that to young and wanton girls belong  
 Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the  
 glafs ;  
 But those that have below been kept too long  
 Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas !”

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,  
 As of each vessel he th' inscription read ;  
 For various secrets there were brought to light,  
 Of which Report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought  
 In t'other world, he found above the sky ;  
 His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,  
 Which made him swear, tho' good St. John was  
 by.

IX. But

## IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espy'd  
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear :  
 " Ah false and treach'rous fugitive ! he cry'd,  
 Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here !

## X.

Did not thy owner, when we parted last,  
 Promise to keep thee safe for me alone ?  
 Scarce of our absence three short months are past,  
 And thou already from thy post art flown !"

## XI.

" Be not enrag'd, reply'd th' Apostle kind——  
 Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,  
 Take it away ; and, when thou hast a mind,  
 Carry it *thither*, whence it took its flight."

## XII.

" Thanks, Holy Father ! quoth the joyous Knight,  
 The Moon shall be no loser by your grace :  
 Let me but have the use on't for a night,  
 And I'll restore it to its present place."

To a young LADY, with the Tragedy of Venice Preserv'd.

**I**N tender Otway's moving scenes we find  
 What pow'r the gods have to your sex assign'd :  
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate  
 A woman had not propt her sinking state :  
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,  
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its pow'r ;  
 But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,  
 Still o'er the subject main her tow'rs she rears,  
 And stands a great example to mankind,  
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,  
 Skillful the worst, or noblest ends, to serve,  
 And strong alike, to ruin, or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier we with pity view  
 A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,

In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,  
 Yet saving innocence, tho' fame was lost ;  
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend----  
 His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she who urg'd him to that pious deed,  
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,  
 Whose conqu'ring love her country's safety won,  
 Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

\* " Hence we may learn what Passion fain would  
 " hide,

" That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.

" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,

" If angry Fortune on their union frown :

" Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of joy be o'er,

" And cloy'd imagination cheat no more ;

" Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,

" With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain,

" And that fond love, which should afford relief,

" Does but augment the anguish of their grief :

" While both could easier their own sorrows bear,

" Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's pow'r  
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour !  
 On each glad day may Plenty show'r delight,  
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night !  
 May Heav'n, that gave you Belvidera's charms,  
 Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,  
 Whose blifs misfortune never may allay,  
 Whose fondness never may through care decay ;  
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,  
 And force each modest beauty into sight !  
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,  
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy ;

But

---

\* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 613 ; but, as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more proper to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

But all your hours in one gay circle move,  
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

## E L E G Y.

**T**ELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless  
love,  
And doom'd its woes without its joys to prove,  
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase  
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face,  
Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,  
To place some meaner idol in her shrine?  
O task, for feeble Reason too severe!  
O lesson, nought could teach me but Despair!  
Must I forbid my eyes that heav'nly sight,  
They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?  
Must my ears shun that voice whose charming sound  
Seem'd to relieve while it increas'd my wound?  
O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre  
To the soft notes of elegant desire;  
'Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,  
'Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,  
Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine—  
'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

Inscription for a Bust of Lady SUFFOLK; designed to  
be set up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732.

**H**ER wit and beauty for a court were made,  
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS. 657

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS, in her Sickness. From  
TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast  
Feel the same fev'rish heats that mine molest?  
Alas! I only wish for health again,  
Because I think my lover shares my pain:  
For what would health avail to wretched me,  
If you could unconcern'd my illness see?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;  
Myself I torture while the world I cheat;  
Tho' Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,  
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;  
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,  
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:  
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;  
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S Speech to LABIENUS, in the Ninth Book  
of LUCAN.

(*Quid quæri, Labieni, jubes, &c.*)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire  
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?  
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom  
Or basely live, and see a king in Rome?  
If life be nothing more than death's delay?  
If impious force can honest minds dismay,

658 CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain?  
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,  
 And right, dependant on itself alone,  
 Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:  
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,  
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel  
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will;  
 This is his voice, be this our oracle. }  
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd  
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.  
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind  
 Has truth to Lybia's desert sands confin'd,  
 There, known to few, obscur'd and lost to lie—  
 Is there a temple of the Deity,  
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;  
 And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?  
 Where e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,  
 This wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.  
 Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,  
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;  
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—  
 Death is the only certain oracle:  
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—  
 This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

To Mr. GLOVER, on his Poem of LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

**G**O on, my friend, the noble task pursue,  
 And think thy genius is thy country's due:  
 To vulgar wits inferiour themes belong,  
 But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.  
 Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,  
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;  
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise  
 By great examples, drawn from better days:

No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,  
 What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire ;  
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend  
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end :  
 No gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,  
 No social care, no labour for mankind,  
 Where mean self interest every action guides,  
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides ;  
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,  
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise  
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,  
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,  
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey !

O people far unlike the Grecian race,  
 That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,  
 That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,  
 In council insolent, in action tame !  
 Say, what is now th' ambition of the great ?  
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state ;  
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,  
 Her trade to guard, her harra's'd poor to spare ?  
 Is it, like honest Sommers, to inspire  
 The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire ?  
 Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain  
 The balanc'd world, and boundless pow'r restrain ?  
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,  
 Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil,  
 On each relation, friend, dependant pour  
 With partial wantonness the golden show'r,  
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise  
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries ?

Rouse, Britons, rouse ; if sense of shame be weak,  
 Let the loud voice of threat'ning danger speak.  
 Lo ! France, as Persia once, o'er every land  
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand ;  
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,  
 A calm spectatress of the gen'ral fate,

Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose  
 Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?  
 O let us seize the moment in our pow'r,  
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;  
 No later term the angry gods ordain;  
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet. in whose nervous lines  
 The native majesty of freedom shines,  
 Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove  
 My heart not wholly void of public love;  
 Though not like thee I strike the sounding string  
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,  
 But idly sporting in the secret shade  
 With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, Esq; on his losing his Com-  
 mission, in the Year 1736.

**L**ONG had thy virtues markt thee out for fame,  
 Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;  
 This gen'rous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find  
 So mean a post disgrace that noble mind;  
 The servile standard from thy freeborn hand  
 He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

## L E T T E R S

T O

SIR THOMAS LYTTLETON,

From the YEAR 1728, to the YEAR 1747.

## L E T T E R I.

To Sir THOMAS LYTTLETON, at Hagley.

London, Feb. 4, 1728:

DEAR SIR,

I AM mighty glad you have made choice of so agreeable a place as Lorrain to send me to; I shall be impatient to hear that you have got a servant for me, that my stay here may be the shorter: in the mean while, you may be sure, I shall not neglect to make the best use of my time.

I am proud that the D—— approves my verses; for her judgment does great honour to those that please her. The subject is Blenheim-castle: I would have sent you a copy of them, but have not yet had time to transcribe them: you shall therefore receive them enclosed in my next letter.

The news you tell me of —— does not a little please me: whatever does him honour in your opinion is of advantage to me, as it will render the friendship that is between us more agreeable to you; for my satisfaction in his acquaintance has been always checked, by observing you had not that esteem for him

him as I could wish you might have for all my friends: but I hope he will deserve it better every day, and confirm himself in my good opinion by gaining yours.

I am glad that you are pleased with my Persian Letters, and Criticism upon Voltaire; but, with submission to your judgment, I do not see how what I have said of Milton can destroy all poetical licence. That term has indeed been so much abused, and the liberty it allows has been pleaded in defence of such extravagant fictions, that one would almost wish there were no such words. But yet this is no reason why good authors may not rise and animate their works with flights and sallies of imagination, provided they are cautious of restraining them within the bounds of justness and propriety; for nothing can licence a poet to offend against Truth and Reason, which are as much the rules of the sublime as less exalted poetry. We meet with a thousand instances of the true nobleness of thought in Milton, where the liberty you contend for is made use of, and yet nature very strictly observed. It would be endless to point out the beauties of this kind in the *Paradise Lost*, where the boldness of his genius appears without shocking us with the least impropriety: we are surprized, we are warmed, we are transported; but we are not hurried out of our senses, or forced to believe impossibilities. The sixth book is, I fear, in many places, an exception to this rule; the *poetica licentia* is stretched too far, and *the just* is sacrificed to *the wonderful*; (you will pardon me, if I talk too much in the language of the schools.) To set this point in a clearer light, let us compare the fiction in *los Lusíadas*, of the giant that appears to the Portuguese, and the battle of the angels in Milton. The storms, the thunders and the lightnings that hang about him, are proper and natural to that mountain he represents; we are pleased with seeing him thus armed, because there is nothing in the  
description

description that is not founded upon truth : but how do swords, and coats of mail, and cannons, agree with angels? Such a fiction can never be beautiful, because it wants probability to support it. We can easily imagine the Cape, extending its arms over the sea, and guarding it from invaders; the tempests that mariners always meet with upon that coast, render such a supposition very just; but with what grounds of reason can we suppose, that the angels, to defend the throne of God, threw mountains upon the heads of the rebel army?

“ Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,

“ *Numen* egit.”

The liberty in one fable is restrained to nature and good sense; in the other it is wild and unbounded, so as frequently to lose sight of both.—Pardon the freedom I have taken, to contradict your opinion, and defend my own; for I shall be very ready to give it up to you, if after this you continue to think me in the wrong. It is prudent to argue with those who have such regard to our judgment as to correct it.

You ended a letter of good news very ill, in telling me that you had got the head-ach; I can have but very little pleasure in any thing, though it be ever so agreeable, when I know that you are ill. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

Calais, April 29.

DEAR SIR,

**B**EHOLD the promised poem!

PARENT of arts, &amp;c. \*

I cannot recollect the tenderness you shewed to me at parting, without the warmest sentiments of gratitude and duty to you. In reply to our long discourse, I only beg leave to say, that there is a certain degree of folly excusable in youth, which I have never yet exceeded, and beyond which I desire no pardon. I hope my dear mother has dried her tears; my duty to her. I will write to you both when I come to Luneville. I am

Your very dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

## LETTER III.

Luneville, May 13:

DEAR SIR,

**T**HE inclosed is in answer to Sir Robert Walpole from Monsieur le Prince de Craon, who has shewn me all the favour and civility that I might expect from so powerful a recommendation. The duke himself was pleased to tell me, that he would endeavour to render my stay here as agreeable to me as possible. You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter; and do justice to  
Prince

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\* This Poem is omitted here; it being already printed, p. 600.

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Prince Craon, who has exprest his regard to it in the strongest manner, and by a kindness which I cannot enough acknowledge. I hope every thing goes on to your satisfaction in the affair I left you engaged in. It will be the greatest happiness to me to hear that you are pleased and in good health. I am, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

“ To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Luneville, May 13.

“ MONSIEUR,

“ J’ay reçu par Monsieur Lyttleton la lettre dont  
“ vous m’honorez. Je tâcheray de répondre à ce que  
“ vous souhaitez de moi, en lui procurant ici, auprès  
“ de son Altesse Royale, les agréments dûs à sa naissance et à votre recommandation ; et je m’en report  
“ au fidel compte, qu’il vous et rendra. Rien n’est  
“ plus flatteur pour moi, Monsieur, que le souvenir de  
“ Milord Walpole. Je n’ay perdu aucune occasion  
“ de me renouveler dans les bonnes graces depuis  
“ son retour en Angleterre ; et j’ay chargé tous mes  
“ amis qui y ont passé de me ménager une amitié qui  
“ m’est si précieuse. Accordez la vôtre, Monsieur,  
“ au desir que j’ay de la mériter, et à l’attachement  
“ avec le quel j’ai l’honneur d’être,

“ Vôtre très humble et très

“ Obéissant serviteur,

“ Le Prince CRAON.”

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

Luneville, June 8, 1728.

DEAR SIR,

**I** HEARTILY congratulate you upon my sister's marriage, and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P—— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M——! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. —— upon the abrupt departure of her intended husband: to be sure, she takes it much to heart; for the loss of an only lover, when a lady is past three and twenty, is as afflicting as the loss of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother desires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the sage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for so great a work; my genius is light and superficial, and lets slip a thousand observations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much industry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houses there are in Paris; how many vestments in a procession; how many saints in the Romish Calendar, and how many miracles to each saint: and yet to such a pitch of exactness the curious traveller must arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he must be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully transcribing the inscriptions, though they had no better author than the sexton or curate of the parish. For my part, I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses

SIR THOMAS LYTTLETON. 667

crosses there are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay I did not so much as take an inventory of the relicks of the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spend upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her a short particular of what rarities I have seen; but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, rarée-shows, and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R V.

Luneville, July 21,

DEAR SIR,

I Thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs: but, I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D—— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain, that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorraine. The spirit of quadrille has possess'd the land from morning to midnight; there is nothing else in every house in town.

This Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the maids of honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, shew judgment at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because  
there

there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the duke hunts; but my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin author; and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord —— is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles, as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason.

My only improvement here is in the company of the duke and prince Craon, and in the exercise of the academy; I have been absent from the last near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

## L E T T E R VI.

Luneville, August 18.

DEAR SIR,

I Wrote to you last post, and have since received yours of the 20th: your complaints pierce my heart. Alas, Sir, what pain must it give me to think that my improvement puts you to any degree of inconvenience; and perhaps, after all, I may return and not answer your expectations. This thought gives me so much uneasiness, that I am ready to wish you would recall me, and save the charge of travelling: but, no; the world would judge perversely, and blame you for it: I must go on, and you must support me like your son.

I have observed with extreme affliction how much your temper is altered of late, and your cheerfulness of mind impaired. My heart has ached within me, when I have seen you giving yourself up to a melancholy diffidence, which makes you fear the worst in every thing, and seldom indulge those pleasing hopes which support and nourish us. O, my dear Sir, how happy shall I be, if I am able to restore you to your former gaiety! People that knew you some years ago say, that you was the most cheerful man alive. How much beyond the possession of any mistress will be the pleasure I shall experience, if, by marrying well, I can make you such once more! This is my wish, my ambition, the prayer I make to heaven as often as I think on my future life. But, alas! I hope for it in vain if you suffer your cares and inquietudes to destroy your health: what will avail my good intentions, if they are frustrated by your death? You will leave this world without ever knowing whether the promises of your son were the language

guage of a grateful heart, or the lying protestations of a hypocrite: God in heaven forbid it should be so! may he preserve your health, and prolong your days, to receive a thousand proofs of the lasting love and duty of the most obliged of children! We are all bound to you, Sir, and will, I trust, repay it in love and honour of you. Let this support and comfort you, that you are the father of ten children, among whom there seems to be but one soul of love and obedience to you. This is a solid, real good, which you will feel and enjoy when other pleasures have lost their taste: your heart will be warmed by it in old age, and you will find yourself richer in these treasures than in the possession of all you have spent upon us. I talk, Sir, from the fullness of my heart, and it is not the style of a dissembler. Do not, my dear Sir, suffer melancholy to gain too far upon you: think less of those circumstances which disquiet you, and rejoice in the many others which ought to gladden you: consider the reputation you have acquired, the glorious reputation of integrity, so uncommon in this age! imagine that your posterity will look upon it as the noblest fortune you can leave them, and that your children's children will be incited to virtue by your example. I don't know, Sir, whether you feel this; I am sure I do, and glory in it. Are you not happy in my dear mother? was ever wife so virtuous, so dutiful, so fond? There is no satisfaction beyond this, and I know you have a perfect sense of it. All these advantages, well weigh'd, will make your misfortunes light; and, I hope, the pleasure arising from them will dispel that cloud which hangs upon you and sinks your spirits. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

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L E T T E R VII.

Luneville, Sept. 18.

DEAR SIR,

I Thank you for giving me leave to go to Soissons ; it is true, I have a great mind to the journey ; and as to my health, I have always found, that whatever pleases me does me good. You will laugh at the regimen, but I appeal to Miss P — whether the sight of Stowe gardens had not a better effect upon her than all the drugs in Burges's shop. My spirits were very low when I writ you my last letter, and I had not judgment enough to consider that the way to relieve your melancholy was to appear cheerful myself ; however, I beg you to believe that what I said was the language of my heart, though it needed not have been said with so much warmth. I most sincerely love you, and cannot help being deeply affected at your least complaint. But don't let this deprive me of your confidence, for I have no greater pleasure in life than seeing myself honoured with it.

I am frightened at the sickness in Worcestershire ; pray God preserve you and your whole family ! Such is the prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

L E T T E R

## LETTER VIII.

Soissons, Oct. 28.

I Thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations, as to let me stay some time at Soissons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for further orders. One of my chief reasons for disliking Luneville, was the multitude of English there, who most of them were such worthless fellows, that they were a dishonour to the name and nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time.

You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible; but, *malgré moi*, I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law amongst themselves not to admit any foreigner into their company; so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse for the most part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject; but give me leave to say, that, however capricious I may have been in other things, my sentiments in this particular are the surest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly. Mr. Stanhope is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz to Paris for four days, when the colonel was there to meet him: he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to keep strict guard over the cardinal, for fear the German ministers should take him from us: they pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whose arms to throw himself.

Ripperda's escape to England will very much embroil affairs, which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the devil is not very much wanting to his own interests in this business, 'tis impossible that the good work of peace should go on much longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party, and wish he may bring matters to a war; for they make but ill ministers at a congress, but would make good soldiers in a campaign.

No news from ——— and her beloved husband: their unreasonable fondness for each other can never last; they will soon grow as cold to one another as the town to the Beggar's Opera. Pray Heaven I may prove a false prophet! but married love and English musick, are too domestick to continue long in favour.

My duty to my dear mother; I am glad she has no complaint. You say nothing relating to your own health, which makes me hope you are well. I as fondly love my brothers and sisters as if I was their parent.

There is no need of my concluding with a handsome period; you are above forced efforts of the head. I shall therefore end this letter with a plain truth of the heart, that I am,

Your most affectionate, and dutiful son,

G. L.

## LETTER IX.

Soissons, November 20.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HIS is one of the agreeablest towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging to strangers. We are of all their parties, and perpetually share with them in their pleasures. I have learnt more French since I came here, than I should have picked up in a twelvemonth at Lorrain. The desire of a further progress and improvement in that tongue, has led me into some thoughts relating to the continuation of my travels, which I beg leave to lay before you.

If you send me to Italy next spring, as you once designed to do, one great inconvenience will arise, viz. that before I am perfect in speaking French, I must apply myself to Italian, from which it may probably come to pass that I shall not know much of either. I should, therefore, think it more for my advantage to make the tour of France, before I set out for Italy, than after I come back.

There is another reason, which at least will weigh with my dear mother; that is, that after the month of May, when the violent heats begin, Rome (where it will be necessary to settle first, upon account of the purity of the language which is spoke corruptly in other places) is so unwholsome as to endanger the life of any foreigner unaccustomed to that air; and therefore most travellers go thither about September, and leave it towards April. I fancy these two objections to the foregoing scheme will incline you rather to give into mine, which is as follows: suppose I stay here till after February, I may in March, April, May, and June, see Orleans, Lions, and Bourdeaux, and pass July, August, and September, in the southern provinces. The air of those countries is so pure,  
that

that the greatest heats do nobody any harm. From Provence to Genoa is the shortest road I can take for Italy, and so through Tuscany to Rome, where I shall arrive about December, having seen what is curious in my way.

I may pass two months at Rome, and go from thence to Naples, the most delightful part of Italy, and the finest air; allowing me three months in that country, I may take a little voyage to Messina, and from thence to Malta, which lies just by. From Naples I may travel along the coasts of the Adriatick sea, by Ancona and Loretto, to Venice, where, if I stay but to the end of July, I shall have August, September, and October to see Padua, Verona, Milan, and the other parts of Italy that lie N. W. of the Venetian gulph. In the winter I may settle at Sienna, where there is a good academy, and where they are not troubled with any English. From thence I may go to Turin, if you please, and stay there till April. After which, to avoid returning through Provence a second time, I may go by Lauzanne and Berne to Franche Compté, and so by Dijon to Paris. When I am there, it will be wholly in your breast how long you would have me stay abroad, and whether I should come home the shortest way, or have the pleasure of seeing Holland. This, Sir, is the plan that I offer to you, which I hope you will approve of in the main, and agree to for me. I do not pretend to have laid it so exact as never to depart from it; but am persuaded that, generally speaking, I shall find it agreeable and commodious. I have not brought Lorraine into it, because it lies quite out of the way, and because (to say the truth) I am unwilling to go thither. I know, my dear Sir, I should acquaint you with my reasons for the dislike I have expressed against that place. This is not so easy an *eclaircissement* as you may think it. Our notions of places and of persons depend upon a combination of circumstances, many of which

are in themselves minute, but have weight from their assemblage with the rest. Our minds are like our bodies; they owe their pain or pleasure to the good or ill assortment of a thousand causes, each of which is a trifle by itself. How small and imperceptible are the qualities in the air, or soil, or climate, where we live; and yet how sensible are the impressions they make upon us, and the delights or uneasiness they create! So it is with our minds, from the little accidents that concur to sooth or to disorder them. But in both, the impressions are more strong as the frames which they act upon are more delicate and refined. I must therefore impute many of my complaints to the natural delicacy of my temper, and I flatter myself you will not think that reason the worst I could have given you. But there are others more gross and evident, which I shall here set forth more at large.

It is natural for us to hate the school in which we take the first lessons of any art. The reason is, that the awkwardness we have shewn in such beginnings, lessens us in the eyes of people there, and the disadvantageous prejudice it has given of us is never quite to be got over.

Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to *quelques bévues d'écolier*, as the *politesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and has a good deal peculiar to itself.

The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps in others, hangs upon my mind when I am there, and depresses my spirits to such a degree, that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company, where one fears too much to be disapproved; and the very notion of being ill received, has as bad an effect upon our gaiety as the thing itself. This is the first and strongest reason, why I despair of being happy in Lorrain. I have already complained of the foppish ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught to  
value,

value, that is so fashionable there. You have heard me describe the greater part of the English I knew there, in colours that ought to make you fear the infection of such company for your son.

But supposing no danger in this brutal unimproving society, it is no little grievance; for to what barbarous insults does it expose our morals and understanding? A fool, with a majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world. Don't imagine, dear Sir, that I am setting up for a reformer of mankind, because I express some impatience at the folly and immorality of my acquaintance. I am far from expecting they should all be wits, much less philosophers. My own weaknesses are too well known to me, not to prejudice me in favour of other people's, when they go but to a certain point. There are extravagances that have always an excuse, sometimes a grace, attending them. Youth is agreeable in its sallies, and would lose its beauty if it looked too grave; but a reasonable head, and an honest heart, are never to be dispensed with. Not that I am so severe upon Lunville, and my English friends, as to pretend there are not men of merit and good sense among them. There are some undoubtedly; but all I know are uneasy at finding themselves in such ill company. I shall trouble you no farther upon this head; if you enter into my way of thinking, what I have said will be enough: if you don't, all I can say will have no effect. I should not have engaged in this long detail, but that I love to open my heart to you, and make you the confident of all my thoughts. Till I have the honour and happiness of conversing with you in a nearer manner, indulge me, dear Sir, in this distant way of conveying my notions to you; and let me talk to you as I would to my dearest friend, without awe, correctness, or reserve. Though I have taken up so much of your time before, I cannot help giving myself the pleasure of acquainting you of the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz. He has in a manner taken

me into his family. I have the honour of his conversation at all hours, and he delights to turn it to my improvement. He was so good as to desire me to ask your leave to pass the winter with him, and, to encourage me to do it, promised me that I should not be without my share of public business. The first packet that comes from Fontainbleau I expect to be employed, which is no small pleasure to me, and will, I hope, be of service.

Don't you think, Sir, it would be proper for you to write to Mr. Poyntz, to thank him for the honours he has done me, and desire him to excuse it, if his civilities make me troublesome to him longer than you designed? You know so well how to do those things, that I am persuaded it would have a good effect.

The only news I have to tell you, is a secret intelligence from Vienna, that count Zinzendorff is going out of favour; this is of consequence to the negotiations, but you must not mention it: while I am not trusted with affairs, you shall know all I hear, but afterwards *nil patri quidem*. I was saying to Mr. Poyntz, that Ripperda was undoubtedly very happy to come out of prison into the land of liberty; he replied, that whatever the duke might think, he was in danger of going to prison again.

This was said some time ago, and things may have altered since. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER

## L E T T E R X.

Soissons, December 20.

D E A R S I R,

A Sudden order to Mr. Poyntz has broke all my measures. He goes to-morrow to Paris, to stay there in the room of Messrs. Stanhope and Walpole, who are on their return for England. His Excellency is so kind and good as to desire me to accompany him to Paris, and live there *en famille*, at least till I hear from you. As the expence will not be great, having the convenience of his table; and as a winter journey to Lorraine is impracticable, I have ventured to take this step without your orders. It is with me as it is with embassadors, who, though ever so desirous of keeping close to the letter of their instructions, are sometimes obliged to act without them, and follow their own judgment without consulting their superiors. The proposal of being let into business, and the advantage of Mr. Poyntz's conversation, makes me very unwilling to quit him now, when I begin to know him more intimately, and to gain his confidence. I have already copied some papers for him, and don't doubt but he will continue to employ me.

I have troubled you so often with Ripperda, that I am almost ashamed to mention him again; but the conclusive answer of Mr. Stanhope to the duke of Ormond, and the other Spanish ministers, was, that when Spain would give up the English rebels, England would send back Ripperda.

Prince Frederick's journey was very secret; Mr. Poyntz did not hear of it till Friday last; at least he had no public notice of it. There will be fine struggling for places. I hope my brother will come in for one. Adieu, Sir. Believe me always

Your dutiful son, &amp;c.

G. L.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XI.

Paris, January 29, 1729.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE so much to thank you for, that I have not words to do it; so kind a compliance with all my wishes surpasses my acknowledgment. Your two letters to Mr. Poyntz had their effect, and were answered with a profusion of civilities, and marks of friendship and esteem; but the inclosed will instruct you better in the obligations I have to you and him. How happy I am in your permission to quit Lorraine, you may judge by my letter on that head. I think you have mistaken my sense in some arguments made use of there, but it is needless to set you right. Your kindness and indulgence to my desires, is an argument more persuasive than all the rest, and in which only I confide.

I have lately, Sir, spent more than I could wish, and the necessity of doing it gives me no small uneasiness; but it is an undoubted fact, that without shew abroad there is no improvement. You yourself confess it, when you say, the French are only fond of strangers who have money to pay them for their compliments. You express a great uneasiness for fear I should grow fond of games of chance. I have sometimes risqued a little at them, but without any passion or delight. Gaming is too unreasonable and dishonest for a gentleman, who has either sense or honour, to addict himself to it; but, to set you quite easy in that point, I give you my word and honour, and desire no pardon if I recede from it, that I never will addict myself to this destructive passion, which is such a whirlpool, that it absorbs all others. It is true I have been a sufferer at quadrille, and must even suffer on, for *point de société sans cela; c'est un article préliminaire à tous*

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*à tout commerce avec le beau monde.* I may venture to assure you, that all thoughts of peace are not laid aside, as you apprehend.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R XII.

Paris, January 22, 1729.

“ S I R,

**I** H A V E received your two kind letters, in which you are pleased very much to over-value the small civilities it has lain in my power to shew Mr. Lyttleton. I have more reason to thank you, Sir, for giving me so convincing a mark of your regard, as to interrupt the course of his travels on my account, which will lay me under a double obligation to do all I can towards making his stay agreeable and useful to him; though I shall still remain the greater gainer by the pleasure of his company, which no services of mine can sufficiently requite. He is now in the same house with me, and by that means more constantly under my eye than even at Soissons; but I should be very unjust to him, if I left you under the imagination, that his inclinations stand in the least need of any such ungenerous restraint. Depend upon it, Sir, from the observation of one who would abhor to deceive a father in so tender a point, that he retains the same virtuous and studious dispositions, which nature and your care planted in him, only strengthened and improved by age and experience; so that, I dare promise you, the bad examples of Paris, or any other place, will never have any other effect upon him, but to confirm him in the right choice he has made. Under these

these happy circumstances he can have little occasion for any other advice, but that of sustaining the character he has so early got, and of supporting the hopes he has raised. I wish it were in my power to do him any part of the service you suppose me capable of. I shall not be wanting, to employ him, as occasion offers, and to assist him with my advice where it may be necessary, though your cares (which he ever mentions with the greatest gratitude) have made this task very easy. He cannot fail of making you and himself happy, and of being a great ornament to our country, if, with that refined taste and delicacy of genius, he can but recall his mind, at a proper age, from the pleasures of learning, and gay scenes of imagination, to the dull road and fatigue of business. This I have sometimes taken the liberty to hint to him, though his own good judgment made it very unnecessary.

Though I have only the happiness of knowing you, Sir, by your reputation, and by this common object of our friendship and affections, your son; I beg you would be persuaded that I am, with the most particular respect, Sir,

Your most humble,

and obedient servant,

S. POYNTZ."

LETTER

## L E T T E R XIII.

Paris, February, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

**I** MADE your compliments to Mr. Poyntz as handsomely as I could, and read him that part of your letter, where you leave it to his determination, how long I shall stay with him, provided it be no ways inconvenient. He assured me, with the same obliging air of sincerity and goodness as you are charmed with in his letter, that it was not in the least so; and that my company again at Soissons would be the greatest relief and pleasure to him; with many other kind expressions, which you would be glad to hear, but which I can't repeat. I have a thousand thanks to pay you, Sir, for so kindly preventing my desires, and continuing me in the possession of a happiness which I was afraid was almost at an end. The time I spend with Mr. Poyntz is certainly the most agreeable, as well as the most improving, part of my life. He is a second father to me, and it is in his society that I am least sensible of the want of yours.

I find you are uneasy at the situation the king's speech has left us in; but depend upon it, notwithstanding the little triumph that the enemies of government may shew upon the present seeming uncertainty of affairs, they will be concluded to their confusion, and to the honour of the councils they oppose. The greatest mischief that has been done us, and which perhaps you are not sensible of, was by the number of disaffected papers, full of false and malicious insinuations, which, being translated and shewn to foreign ministers, unacquainted with the lenity of our constitution, and the liberty of scandal it allows, made them think that the nation would disavow the measures

tures taken by the court, and were the principal cause of the delays and difficulties that retard the public peace. The vigorous resolutions of both houses, to support his majesty in his councils, will, no doubt, undeceive them, and contribute very much to bring affairs to that decision we desire. Adieu, my dear Sir; and believe me to be

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R    X I V .

Paris, March 11.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HE affair of the Gosport man of war has raised a most extravagant spirit of resentment in the French. They talk of nothing less than hanging their own officer, and seem to expect that ours should come off as ill. I have talked to his excellency about it: he says, he has had no account of it from England; but desires me to tell you, that he is in hopes the French officer has made a false report; and that, if nothing very extraordinary has been done, as the case must have happened frequently, he should think it very proper that as many precedents as can be found should be collected and sent him over. He apprehends as much as you a popular declamation from the Craftsman on this unlucky subject. The embarkation you speak of is uncertain (as far as I can know from him), and intended only to reinforce our garrisons; perhaps there may be more in it, which he does not think fit to trust me with, though I hardly imagine so; because I have such marks of his confidence, as convince me he does not doubt of my discretion.

Love to my brother —; I dare say he will be a gainer in the end by this warm action, though it happened to be ill-timed. I am glad the young fellow has

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has so much of the martial spirit in him. What you tell me of — amazes me. I shall obey your advice, in being cautious how I think any man my friend too soon; since he, whose affection I was so sure of, has so injuriously convinced me of my mistake. I confess I thought malice or ill-nature as great strangers to him as to poor —: but what are the judgments of young men? Indeed, my dear Sir, we are very silly fellows.

I can't help transcribing a few lines of my sister's letter, of the 10th, to shew you, that your goodness to your children meets at least with a grateful return:

“ We should pass our time but ill, if the good-hu-  
 “ mour of my mother did not make us all chearful,  
 “ and make amends for the loss of those diversions  
 “ which London would afford us. The oftener I  
 “ converse with her, the more I love her; and every  
 “ one of her actions shews me a virtue I wish to imi-  
 “ tate. This you must be sensible of, as well as I;  
 “ but there is such a pleasure in praising those we  
 “ love, that I must dwell a little upon the subject,  
 “ which, I dare say, will be as grateful to you as it  
 “ is to me. How happy are we with such parents!  
 “ When I see my father almost spent with the cares  
 “ of his family; my dear mother confined here for  
 “ the good of her children; I'm overpowered with  
 “ gratitude and love! May you and they continue  
 “ well! and I want nothing else to compleat my hap-  
 “ piness.” This, Sir, is a faithful extract, and  
 speaks the language of all our hearts. Adieu, dear  
 Sir.

I remain, &c.

G. L.

## LETTER XV.

Hautè Fontaine, near Soissons, May 27.

DEAR SIR,

**I** HAVE letters from my lord — and his governor, in which they both express the highest sense of the friendship you have shewn them, and acknowledge the advantages they owe to it; my lord, particularly, is charmed with the good-natured service you did his relation, and speaks of it as the greatest obligation. My friend Aylcough too boasts of your protection, and professes that veneration for your character, that it makes me proud of being your son. It is now my duty to return you thanks for all these favours, bestowed on others, and meant to me; and I do it with all the pleasure of a grateful mind, which finds itself honoured in the obligation. I believe there is no young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself; being blest with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and an easy fortune: but of all my advantages, there is none of which I have so deep a sense, as the trust and amiable harmony between the best of fathers and myself.

This is so much the dearer to me, as indeed it is the source of all the rest, and as it is not to be lost by misfortune, but dependant upon my own behaviour, and annexed to virtue, honour, and reputation. I am persuaded that no weaknesses or failings, which do not injure them, will occasion the withdrawing of it from me; and therefore I consider it as secure, because I have used my mind to look upon dishonesty and shame as strangers it can never be acquainted with: such an opinion is not vanity, but it is setting those two things at a necessary distance from us; for

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it is certain, that the allowing a possibility of our acting wickedly or meanly, is really making the first step towards it. I have received many civilities from Mr. Stanhope, who is here with Mr. Poyntz. Mr. Walpole has invited me to Compiègne, where I am going for two or three days. Affairs are now almost at a crisis, and there is great reason to expect they will take a happy turn. Mr. W—— has a surprising influence over the c——, so that, whether peace or war ensue, we may depend upon our ally. In truth, it is the interest of the French court to be faithful to their engagements, though it may not entirely be the nation's. Emulation of trade might incline the people to wish the bond that ties them to us were broke; but the mercantile interest has at no time been much considered by this court. If you reflect upon the apprehensions of the government from the side of Spain, and their very reasonable jealousy of the emperor, you will not wonder at their managing the friendship and adhering to the alliance of Great Britain. The supposition, that present advantage is the basis and end of state engagements, and that they are only to be measured by that rule, is the foundation of all our suspicions against the firmness of our French ally. But the maxim is not just. Much is given to future hopes, much obtained by future fears; and security is, upon many occasions, sought preferably to gain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L!

LETTER

## LETTER XVI.

Hauté Fontaine, near Soissons, July 6.

DEAR SIR,

THE kind answer you made to my last was as great an addition to my happiness as any I could possibly receive. You seem very uneasy as to public affairs: and indeed, considering the many inward and domestic calamities we are afflicted with, I cannot say but you have reason. I hope, however, to be able very shortly to send you some news, that will raise your spirits; for every thing is brought to a crisis; and, without some unforeseen accident, we may expect a happy conclusion. And now, Sir, as far as I dare, I will tell you the reasons for the confidence which I have express'd. Out of two and twenty millions of piastres, that the galleons brought home, the king of Spain's share is but six, allowing him all pretensions to *dîmes*, *droits d'entrêe*, &c. and a moderate *indulto*. By the treaty of the Prado, and other conventions, the indult is fixed to five *per cent.* in time of war, as well as peace; but, as he has been at extraordinary charges in bringing of them home this year, the negociants are willing to allow him thirteen or fourteen *per cent.* in consideration of it. If he arbitrarily resolves to take more, besides ruining his trade, which entirely stands upon the faith of those conventions, he so far exasperates France, that he may depend upon their entering vigorously into a war against him; and even with that, he will not have half enough to make good his engagements to the emperor; no, not even to pay his arrears.

It is, then, probable, that he will either break those engagements, and sign a peace with us, or seize upon the whole freight of the galleons; in which case France would find itself so concerned as to be compelled

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pelled to right itself by arms, as principal in the quarrel, not as ally.

But as such a violence, so contrary to treaties and to the interests of Spain, would render the queen odious to the nation, even though the war should be carried on with success, there is great reason to think she will not venture it, considering the king's passion for abdication, and the uncertainty her authority is in. I have still a farther reason to hope we shall have peace, but it is not proper to mention it. I shall only say, that, as the queen's ambition for the establishment of her family was the foundation of the Vienna treaty, a just sense of the difficulty, perhaps impossibility, of obtaining it upon that plan, and a more easy and reasonable one offered to her, may reconcile her to the provisional treaty. After all, my dear Sir, I make no doubt but, let things come out ever so well, people will not want objections and complaints. Perfection is so impossible to be attained, and we are so apt to expect it, that it is in vain to hope any measures can be taken, that will meet with a general approbation. The badness of the weather, scarcity of corn, and even the sickliness of the times, are laid to the ministry's charge; and so they would, if, instead of making alliance with France, we were now quarrelling with it to gratify the emperor. But you, I am sure, will be satisfied, if by the negotiations here our trade and honour are secured; and so they will be, or we shall adjourn to Flanders. His excellency desires his humble service to you. I hope my beloved mother is well. Pray my humble duty to her. And I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

The courier from Madrid is expected in five or six days.

## LETTER XVII.

Paris, August 13.

DEAR SIR,

AS the courier brings you this, and there is no danger of its being opened, I make no scruple to acquaint you with all I know of the negociations; but only must beg you to take no notice of it to any body.

The queen of Spain has, as well from her own experience as the skilful representation from Mr. Keene, been made so sensible of the insincerity of the emperor in the promises he has made her, and the little she could rely upon them, that she is willing to throw herself, and all her interests, into the hands of England, provided that we, together with France and Holland, would engage to secure the succession of Tuscany and Parma to don Carlos, by Spanish garrisons to be placed in them, or at least Swiss troops in the Spanish pay. This last condition is contrary to the quadruple alliance, which provides for the succession of don Carlos to those dutchies; but stipulates that they shall be held by neutral garrisons. However, the allies of Hanover have thought fit to grant it upon better terms, and to guarantee the disposition they have made against any power who shall oppose or trouble it. It is the interest of all Europe, that the succession of those countries should be secured to Spain. The emperor is too powerful already, and may become master of the liberties of Italy, if he has not a neighbour in those states who will be strong enough to check him. The face of affairs in Europe is much changed since the quadruple alliance, which was formed to prevent the mischiefs which might have ensued from the difference of the imperial court with that of Spain; whereas the treaty of Soissons has no other end than

to prevent the much greater ones that would arise from their too close union. I shall not enquire whether, in the former treaty, we did not compliment the emperor too far, nor take notice how ill we have been requited; but I am sure we shall gain more by obliging Spain, and make the balance more even. The only difficulty to be considered is, whether this ought to have been done without the emperor's participation, or whether we can make good such a disposition without endangering the peace. In regard to the first, it is certain, the imperial court has no reason to expect any confidence from the allies of Hanover, after the many instances of insincerity and *mauvaise foi* they have given us during the whole course of the negotiations.

We have very sure grounds to think, they have made the same proposals to the queen of Spain, for other purposes, without communicating it to us; but is it likely she would accept it from their hands, rather than from ours, whose sincerity she has experienced, and who have power and means to make good our engagements? Had we acquainted the emperor with our project, and sued him to come in to it, it would have been making him master of the negotiations, and thereby hazarded their being prolonged to what length he pleased, which, considering the just impatience of the English nation, would have been worse than concluding them by a war with Spain. One with the emperor is little to be feared, considering the formidable strength of the alliance, and the difficulties that prince lies under from the unsettled state of the succession. It is more probable he will come into peaceful measures, as more conformable to his situation and the humour of his ministers, who are all of them averse to war. But it is undoubted, that our refusing the queen of Spain her demands for don Carlos, would have forced her desperately to close with the emperor's proposal, and enter into any engagements for the interests of her son, to which (as

she told Mr. Keene) she had still more left to sacrifice. If we had provoked her to a war, we must have spent millions to obtain by force what this treaty gives us upon a condition, which it is our interest to grant. We expect a courier in a day or two from Mr. Keene, who will inform us more certainly than Banniers has, what to expect both from Spain and the emperor. Mr. Poyntz says, the effects of the galleons will not be delivered quite so soon as you expect, but that he hopes it will not be long first. It is very probable the article I have mentioned, as the fundamental one, in the treaty of Soissons, will be a secret one, and signed separately by the English, Spanish, French, and Dutch. The infinite variety of interests which have assembled so many powers will, I hope, be speedily adjusted; though you will own it is a work of time, and not so suddenly to be brought about, as some politicians in England seem to think. The affair of Mecklenburgh is the most troublesome, and one of the most important. H. B. M. is strenuous in opposing the Aulick council; and it is happy for the states of the empire, that they have so powerful a protector of their rights and liberties. As soon as our dispatches arrive from Spain, you shall hear the result of all I have acquainted you with in this.

I am very proud of the honour you did me, in approving of the reasoning in my last; it was founded upon Mr. Poyntz's discourse, and the papers he had the goodness to let me see, which I made the best use of I could. I am obliged to Mr. Pope for enquiring after me, and beg you would return my compliments.

Nobody can have a higher opinion of his poetry than I have; but I am sorry he wrote the Dunciad.

I most heartily rejoice that you enjoy your health, and pray God to continue it. His excellency is well, and desires his compliments.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your dutiful son,

G. L.  
LETTER

## L E T T E R XVIII.

Paris, August 25th.

D E A R S I R,

I Am glad you find the news I sent you so generally confirmed, but must beg pardon for an incorrect expression that escaped me in my last ; having said that As. of H. guaranteed the succession to D. C. which I believe is true only of England, France, and Holland.

Pour ce que regarde M. Keene, je puis seulement vous dire qu'il me semble que nos ministres ont toujours fait beaucoup de cas de son habilité, et qu'ils ont beaucoup deféré a ses conseils en tout ce que regarde la cour d'Espagne. Je sçais aussi que son sentiment a toujours été d'employer jamais les menaces en traitant avec cette cour ; parceque, connoissant la fierté Espagnole, il croyoit qu'on ne pourroit rien gagner d'eux par ces moyens : c'est pourquoi il etoit d'avis, ou de venir à une guerre ouverte, sans nous arrêter a faire des menaces, ou de proceder par des voyes de douceur comme nous avons fait jusqu'ici. Voila son systême ; et on s'est bien trouvé de l'avoir suivi. Il me paroît d'autant plus raisonnable que je ne croy pas qu'on auroit jamais pû intimider la reine d'Espagne, qui, de l'humeur dont elle est, ne seroit pas mise en peine de voir le royaume de son mari plongé dans tous les maux de la guerre, pourvu que cela n'eut pas empeché ses desseins en faveur de son fils. Elle se regarde comme une estrangère, et ne s'attend pas à rester deux jours en Espagne, si le roi venoit a mourir ou à abdiquer la couronne. Mais enfin je ne pretens pas justifier tous les pas de M. Keene, dont quelques'uns peuvent avoir été trop peu respectueux aux ordres qu'il a reçus. Vous dites que l'article de la garantie pourroit bien etre contesté en d'autres endroits que à Vienne.

ne. Je le crois ; car il y a un certain parti chez nous, qui est fort dans les intérêts de l'empereur, et qui sera sans doute fort fâché de voir le peu de soins que nous en prenons. Mais laissons murmurer ces messieurs-là ; et faisons toujours une bonne paix, sans nous soucier de leur mécontentement. Je ne puis pas vous répondre décisivement sur le dédommagement des portes de nos marchands : c'est une chose à souhaiter, mais je doute de son exécution. Ce qu'il y a d'assuré c'est qu'on réparera les torts de notre commerce, et qu'on le mettra en sûreté pour l'avenir.

Dieu sçait si ce que je vous écrit est bon François, car je n'ay pas assez de tems pour l'étudier, ni pour en corriger le moindre mot.

G. L.

L E T T E R XIX.

Paris, August 30.

MONSIEUR,

**N**OUS avons reçu des nouvelles fort extraordinaires d'Hannovre ; sçavoir, que le roi se voit sur le point d'être attaqué dans ses états par son voisin le roi de Prusse. Ce prince a une si forte inclination pour les grands hommes, qu'il les prend par tout où il les trouve ; et il vient nouvellement de faire enlever par ses officiers plusieurs sujets d'Hannovre, qui avoient le malheur d'être destinés par leur taille à entrer dans ses troupes, sans demander leur consentement, ou celui du roi leur maître. S. M. se croyant obligé à faire des reprisailles, arrêta tous les Prussiens qui se trouvoient alors dans ses états ; mais il promit, en même tems, au roi de Prusse, de les mettre tous en liberté, aussitôt que lui de son côté auroit congédié les Hannoveriens. Le procédé étoit fort équitable ; mais Frederic déclara, que si le roi ne lui envoyoit pas une autre réponse plus satisfaisante avant un jour qu'il lui marqua, il viendra s'en faire raison à la tête du quatre vingt mille hommes.

Comme

Comme le roi ne se mit pas en peine de ses menaces, et laissa passer le tems prescrit, S. M. P. donne ordres à cinquante mille hommes de ses troupes, de marcher en diligence aux frontieres : et pour faire voir qu'il estoit bien serieux, il deboursa une grosse somme, pour les entretenir. De façon que nous sommes a la veille d'une guerre au milieu de nos negociations pour la paix, et pour une sujet qui n'a aucun raport aux difference que nous travaillons à terminer, nous ne doutons pas que l'empereur ne fomente sous main la querelle, et qu'il ne tache d'allumer un feu de cette étincelle qui embraseroit toute l'Allemagne. On travaille pourtant à l'etouffer avant qu'il eclate ; mais on a tout à craindre de la folie du roi de Prusse, et des artifices de la cour imperiale. Comme ce roi a une armée sur pied beaucoup plus forte que celle de S. M. B. et que le pays d'Hannovre est tout ouverte ; il est a craindre que l'ennemi n'y fasse de grands progrès avant que le roi pourra se mettre en etat de l'empêcher.

Les suites d'une pareille entreprise seroient assurément funestes à l'agresseur ; mais les commencement pourroient bien etre facheux pour sa majesté. Ce n'est pas le premiere extravagance de cette nature que le roi de Prusse a faite ; il a autrefois élevé un marchand Suedois, qui voyagoit dans le voisinage de ses etats, et plusieurs Saxons, pour les forcer de servir dans ses troupes ; et on a eu beaucoup de peine à lui persuader de les rendre aux instances et aux menaces des puissances interessées. Je croy que de toutes les tetes couronnés de l'univers ce'st la plus insensée. Il se peut bien que vous avez deja entendu cette nouvelle ; mais comme je la tiens de son excellence, j'ay cru qu'il ne seroit pas mal à propos de vous la mander. Il me flatte que si la guerre se faisoit tout de bon, vous m'envoyerez à Hannovre, pour ne pas manquer à une si belle occasion de me signaler au service et à la vice du Roi. C'est une grace que je attends de votre bonté, et du regard que vous m'avez toujours temoigné pour mon honneur et une reputation. Mais en trois semaines

maines d'icy nous en parlerons plus certainement ; et alors je prendrai le parti que vous jugerez le plus convenable. Son excellence à été fort indisposé, mais il commence à se retablir. J'espere que vous vous portez bien, et que Madame est arrivée sans accident à Hagley.

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R XX.

Paris, Sept. 8.

DEAR SIR,

**S**UNDAY by four o'clock we had the good news of a dauphin, and since that time I have thought myself in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is so improved on this occasion, that they are all stark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and sing about the streets by hundreds, and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable: one fellow gives notice to the public, that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf *gratis*. The king is as proud of what he has done, as if he had gained a kingdom; and tells every body that he sees, *qu'il sçaura bien faire des fils tant qu'il voudra*. We are to have a fine fire-work to-morrow, his majesty being to sup in town.

The duke of Orleans was sincerely, and without any affectation, transported at the birth of the dauphin.

The succession was a burthen too heavy for his indolence to support, and he piously sings halleluja for his happy delivery from it. The good old cardinal cried for joy. It is very late, and I have not slept this three nights for the squibs and crackers, and other noises

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noises that the people make in the streets; so must beg leave to conclude, with assuring that I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R XXI.

Paris, September 16.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HE difference with Prussia is nearly composed; that king being intimidated with the firmness he found in his majesty's allies to stand by him in case of a rupture, which he flattered himself they would not have done, especially the French. On the other side, Sickendorf the imperial minister (who had intimated, in private discourse with the Danish secretary, that if the king of G. B. called in any of his allies to his assistance against Prussia, his master would think himself obliged to assist that kingdom with his forces) being asked in council, "whether the king of Prussia might depend upon succours from his imperial majesty;" replied, "that he had no orders to promise any." I suppose, you have a more ample account of this affair from Mr. West, so shall say no more of it. Mr. Poyntz has been very ill; but, I thank God, is on the mending hand.

We are now in the middle of September; and though the thoughts of leaving so kind a friend are very unpleasing to me, yet as I am now at the latest term I ever proposed, and as a further delay would make my journey to Italy impracticable, I am obliged to mention it to you, and to desire immediate leave to set out that way.

His

His excellency himself advises me not to defer it any longer, the winter being the proper season for seeing Rome; and this we are now in, for passing the Alps.

It is probable he will not be long in France; and therefore it is not worth my while, for a month or two longer, to lose the opportunity of my travelling as I always designed.

I hope I have given you no reasons to alter your first intentions of sending me to Italy, a country I long to see, and where I may expect to improve myself considerably.

You will undoubtedly thank Mr. Poyntz, upon my taking leave of him, for the many, and indeed infinite, obligations I have to him, which do me so much honour, and of which I have so deep a sense. I protest to you, my dear Sir, that as you are the only person in the world to whom I am more indebted than to him, so, after you, there is nobody whom I more love and honour, and to serve whom I would sacrifice life and fortune so willingly as Mr. Poyntz. Were he a private man, and divested of that lustre which great abilities and employments give him, his virtues only would gain him the veneration and love of all the world. My nearness to him has given me opportunity to study his character, and I have found it more beautiful and perfect the closer I looked into and examined it. I propose to myself a great deal of pleasure in telling you some particulars of his conduct, which his modesty concealed from eyes that were less intent upon him than mine.

You need not give yourself the trouble of looking out for recommendations for me to any of the Italian courts, I being acquainted with their ministers here, and not doubting but I shall have as many as I want.

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The tumult of the people for the dauphin is a little over, and the nation are returning to their senses.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, September 27.

DEAR SIR,

**M**R. Stanhope is on his way to Spain. The caprice and stubbornness of the king of Spain (which is not always to be governed even by his wife) made it necessary to send a minister to that court, of too much weight and authority to be trifled with. It is a melancholy reflection, that the wisest councils and best measures for the public good are sometimes to be frustrated by the folly and incapacity of *one* man!

How low is the servitude of human kind, when they are reduced to respect the extravagance, and court the pride, of a senseless creature, who has no other character of royalty, than power to do mischief!

However, I hope all will turn out well, and that his Catholic majesty will behave himself a little like a king, since the queen will have him be one in spite of his teeth. About three months ago, she caught him going down stairs at midnight, to abdicate, in his night-gown. He was so incensed at the surprize and disappointment, that he beat her cruelly, and would have strangled her if she had not called for help.

This attempt of his alarmed her terribly, and put her upon carrying him about Spain, to amuse him with seeing fights, in order to keep St. Ildefonso out of his

his

his head. The journey has cost immense sums, so that the indult and treasure they expect from Lima, is already mortgaged, and the king more in debt than ever.

I have a word or two to add to my French letter, upon the succession of don Carlos. There is a secret article in the quadruple alliance, not much attended to, which says, that in case the Dutch should be unwilling to pay their share of the neutral garrisons, the king of Spain should, if he pleased, take upon himself to furnish their quota for them (that is, two thousand men.)

ARTICLE SEPARÉ.

“ Que si les Seigneurs Etats Generaux des Provinces  
 “ Unies des Pais Bas trouvoient qu’il leur fut trop a  
 “ chargé de fournir leur quote part des subsides qui  
 “ seront payez aux Cantons Suisses, pour les garrisons  
 “ de Livourne, Porto Feraio, de Parme, et de Plai-  
 “ sance, selon la teneur du traité d’alliance conclue ce  
 “ jourd’huy ; il a été déclaré expressement par cet  
 “ article separé, et convenu entre les quatre parties  
 “ contractantes, que dans ce cas le roi Catholique  
 “ pourra se charger de la portion qu’auroient à payer  
 “ les Seigneurs Etats Generaux.”

By which it is plain, that the fifth article was not designed to be strictly understood ; but that, notwithstanding the prohibition there expressed, a proportion of troops, in Spanish pay, might be admitted into Italy. But, what is of much greater importance, there is a private article in the Vienna treaty, by which the emperor is allowed expressly to send a body of 8,000 imperialists into Tuscany and Parma, upon the death of the present possessors. This is so certain, that upon the illness of the grand duke, which was apprehended to be mortal, the imperial minister actually wrote to hasten the march of the troops that way.

way. This point the emperor obtained without our knowledge or consent, in contradiction to the terms of a treaty which we made in favour of his interests, and in prejudice to our own. And yet he and his friends complain of us, for securing ourselves against his breach of treaty, by giving up an article we are no ways concerned in, and which he had made so light of himself.

One would be astonished how Spain could be prevailed upon to yield him such a point; but the whole Vienna treaty is perfect infatuation on that side, where every real advantage is given up to the chimerical marriage with the arch-dutchess.

Mr. Poyntz is better; but the deep concern he takes in every incident that affects the negotiation, much retards his recovery. Never did man love his country better, or was more active in its service. I have been much out of order, with a distemper that has been universal at Paris, and is probably owing to the Seine water; but I am very well again.

I am troubled and uneasy at my expences here, though you are so good and generous not to mention them in any of your letters. I am guilty of no extravagance; but do not know how to save, as some people do. This is the time of my life in which money will be ill saved, and your goodness is lavish of it to me I think without offending your prudence. My dear Sir, I know no happiness but in your kindness; and if ever I lose that, I am the worst of wretches.

I remain, Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

## LETTER XXIII.

Paris, Oct. 6.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the greatest thanks to return you for the many proofs of confidence and affection you gave me in your last, and shall labour to deserve that goodness which is so kind and complaisant to my desires. I shall, in obedience to your orders, set out for Italy to morrow, where I hope to make such improvements as will answer the expence of the journey. But whatever advantage or pleasure I may propose, I cannot, without a sensible affliction, take leave of my dear friend Mr. Poyntz, of whose favours to me I have so deep a sense, that I cannot too often express my acknowledgments. The time I have enjoyed his company has been spent so happily, and so much to my honour and advantage, that I do not know how to reconcile my thoughts to a period of it. It is not so much the liveliness of his wit, and uncommon strength of his judgment, that charm me in his conversation, as those great and noble sentiments, which would have been admired by ancient Rome, and have done honour to the most virtuous ages.

He is going to his country-seat, where I hope the air, and a little repose from the fatigue of business, will entirely restore his health. I shall observe your cautions against grapes, new wine, and pretty women, though they are all very tempting, but dangerous things.

I have time for no more now, but to assure you of my duty and affection. I have wrote to my lord Cobham upon my going to Italy. His excellency thanks you for your letter, and will write to you as soon as he gets to Haute Fontaine. I have the pleasure of being able to assure you, that the final project of a  
treaty

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 703

treaty sent to Spain, is entirely satisfactory and honourable, and that it contains a full redress and reparation for all abuses, grievances, and wrongs.

I am, dear Sir, with due respect,  
Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Haute Fontaine, Oct. 18.

DEAR SIR,

**M**R. Lyttelton will have acquainted you with my removing to this place, the day before he left Paris, for the benefit of the air, and exercise of the country, which has almost restored me to health. The first use I made of it, Sir, is to return you my sincere thanks, for making me so long happy in his good company, which, I may with great truth say, has contributed more than any thing else, to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impressions which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind. I wish it had been in my power to make equal returns: his good-nature disposes him to over-value them, such as they were; but I can only hope, that our future acquaintance may afford me opportunity of discharging some part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued uniformly the same as I described it last winter, and I am morally sure will never alter, in any country, or any part of life, for the worse. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They seem to proceed chiefly from an ill digestion, which, I believe, may sometimes be occasioned by the vivacity of his imagination's pursuing some agreeable thought too intensely, and diverting the spirits from their proper function, even at meals;  
for

for we have often been obliged at that time to recall him from *reveries* that made him almost absent to his company, though without the least tincture of melancholy.

I mention this last circumstance as a peculiar felicity of his temper; melancholy and spleen being the rock on which minds of so delicate a texture as his are most in danger of splitting. I have seen two or three instances of it myself in young gentlemen of the greatest hopes; and the epistles wrote by Languett, to Sir Philip Sydney, upon an acquaintance contracted like ours abroad, bring his particular case to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promised more; but returning to England, conscious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendship, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom business must be transacted, he conceived a total disgust for the world: and, retiring into the country, sat down with patience to consume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can with pleasure assure you, that I see no symptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttelton; his mind is ever cheerful and active, and full of such a benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind, and an ill state of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points most necessary to guard against, in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to ask pardon, for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the best of fathers; though this very circumstance makes all my care superfluous; but the friendship your son has expressed for me ever since his being here, and more particularly in my late illness, and at parting, is too strong upon my mind,

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 705

to suffer me to suppress any hint that may be of the most distant use to him, or may convince you of the sincerity of that respect, with which I am, Sir,

Your most humble, and obedient servant,  
S. POYNTZ."

L E T T E R XXV.

Lions, Oct. 16:

DEAR SIR,

I CAME well to Lions last Friday, after a very pleasant journey, if the roads had been a little better. I am mightily pleased with this fine city, and could be willing to stay longer in it; but it begins to rain, and I must make haste to pass the Alps.

I cannot take leave of France, without sending you a few observations upon the present state of it; but I do it upon condition, that you shall shew them to nobody, though they should have the good fortune to please you.

The present king is so little known, either to his subjects or foreigners, that the first have not much to say in his praise, and the latter are at full liberty to suppose what they please to his disadvantage. For this reason, and perhaps from a little pleasure we take in mortifying the French, we have generally a worse notion of him than he really deserves. We represent him as ill-natured, brutal, and incapable of business; but this character does not justly belong to him in any one particular.

I have enquired into the truth of the stories we are told of his barbarity, and find them entirely false. He has shewn great marks of good-nature, particularly to the queen, in being the only man in France that did not hate her for not bringing him a son. His behaviour to those about him is perfectly affable and easy; I think more so than is consistent with majesty.

There is no one act of violence or injustice that can be laid to his charge; nothing vicious or irregular in his conduct. As to his incapacity for business, they are much mistaken who suppose that he does nothing but hunt and sleep. I know for certain, that there is no affair of moment, either foreign or domestick, that the cardinal does not communicate to him. I believe, indeed, he always acquiesces in his minister's opinion; but he is constantly consulted and let into all the secret of affairs before any body else is trusted with it, even the *garde des sceaux* himself. Nor is this confidence ever prejudicial; for he is master of an impenetrable secrecy, which is a good deal owing to the natural phlegm and reservedness of his temper. It is hard to say whether he has courage or not; but the cardinal thinks he has, and dreads to engage him in a war for fear he should grow too fond of it. He is cold, unactive, and insensible to all kind of pleasures; his very hunting does not delight him; and this is what the French are angry at: they love that their monarch should be gallant, magnificent, and ambitious, and do not care what price they pay for it, provided there be great news from Flanders, and fine entertainments at Versailles.

Lewis the Fourteenth understood their genius, and humoured it, in his war and in his amours; but the frugality of the present court, and the dulness of a continued peace, are things they cannot relish.

In truth, his majesty's worst fault is a kind of bashful timidity, which makes him shun all occasions for shewing himself, and has very much the air of heaviness. He is devout, which may degenerate into bigotry, as it did in his grandfather. It is to be feared, from the eagerness he expresses of winning money at play, that he may grow avaricious; but that is not always a certain sign: his virtues and vices will probably remain as much concealed as they are now, during the life of the cardinal; but at his death, flattery

tery and love may give him a new turn ; or his disposition, being no longer under any check, may exert itself more conspicuously. Upon the whole, there appears nothing shining, nothing elevated or commanding, in his character, but such a mediocrity as may make his people easy, and very capable of governing a kingdom, where there are no factions to contend with, and no disaffection to overcome. His first minister is the most absolute that ever exercised that authority in France, not excepting even Richelieu.

There is not one man in the whole nation dares speak of any business to the king besides himself, and those immediately under his direction. The parliament is hardly the shadow of what it was. The princes of the blood, and the nobility, are all pensioners and dependants of the court, from the dukes and marshals of France to the lowest officer in the service ; their interest, once so formidable to the power of the ministry, is reduced to such a degree of weakness, that not one of them, if he had courage to rebel, is able to raise fifty soldiers against the king. And, what is of no less moment, the women are quite out of play, and are obliged to content themselves with love-intrigues, instead of cabals against the ministry, to which they have a more violent inclination. So that the authority of the cardinal is without bounds ; the disposal of all dignities and employments is solely in his hands ; and all business both at home and abroad is managed by his ministry and orders. The use he has made of this authority has been so just and beneficial to the state, that, except the Jansenists, whom he treats with too much rigour, the nation is generally satisfied with his administration. He found the people almost ruined by the fatal *systeme* of the Mississippi ; the king's finances ill directed, and his treasures wasted in needless pensions and profuse expences. The principle of his conduct therefore was, to ease the people, to restore their decaying trade, to save the king

all the money he was able, and to retrench all superfluous goings-out. But, in order to do this, he was convinced of the necessity of maintaining peace by all the means that were consistent with the safety and honour of the state. This has always been his intention in all treaties and alliances with foreign powers, particularly Great Britain, with whom he has cultivated the strictest friendship, because he is sensible that we have the same views as he has for the preservation of the public tranquillity. On the contrary, Spain and the emperor, by a turbulent and ambitious conduct, have alarmed and put him upon his guard, and he has given his allies the strongest proofs of being determined to bring them to reason. At home he has constantly pursued his plan of saving the public money; and it is thought, if he lives five years longer, and the peace continues, the king's revenues will be upon a better footing, and his treasury fuller, than they have been under any minister this fifty years. He is himself a great despiser of wealth, and consequently uncorrupt, living modestly, and without any affectation of pomp or grandeur.

The greatest complaint against him is the persecution of the Jansenists, to whom he is a bitter enemy; not, however, out of love to the Jesuits, but because it is a maxim of his policy, not to suffer any difference of opinions, but to oblige every body to hold one faith, that he may the easier keep them under one master. As for the Jesuits, they gain no advantage by the severities against their antagonists, except the pleasure of revenge; for their ambition is very much restrained; and, though one of them be confessor to the king, the cardinal has denied him the privilege of nominating to benefices, which used to attend that place, and contributed more than any thing to raise the power and credit of the order.

Neither does he suffer them to meddle at all in politics; it being another of his maxims, not to permit the members of any sect or order whatever to have

have any thing to do with state affairs, because it is to be feared that such persons, having a separate interest from the state, will prefer the advantage of their particular body to the general, upon all occasions where they interfere. And of the truth of this there are many instances. He is the very reverse of Mazarin, both in his temper and administration; naturally honest and sincere, he hates all artifice in business, and is therefore very much disgusted with the imperial ministers, who affect finess and tricking in their negotiations more than any other court. Nobody has more sweetness and humanity in his disposition.

His conversation is free and agreeable, without descending from his dignity; his behaviour very moral and religious, though in his younger days he was suspected of a little gallantry. There is something very insinuating in his wit, and very proper for a courtier; but no extraordinary talents. Had he come a little earlier to the ministry, he would have been more knowing, and have made a greater figure. He has a paternal affection for the king's person, and an ardent zeal for his service; and it is believed, that were his majesty to die, the old gentleman would retire wholly from business, and take care of nothing but his salvation. You see by the account I have given you, that he is not the crooked politician we take him for in England, nor yet so weak as some here are apt to think him; but a man of plain sense, that lays down a reasonable scheme, and pursues it constantly and fairly.

I come now to say something of the people; but their character is so well known in England, that it would be very impertinent to talk about it. I shall only observe, that if the king had died before the birth of a dauphin, the same reason which renders them submissive to the present government, would have made them all rebels to the duke of Orleans; I mean the principle of divine, unalterable, hereditary right. The clergy, who enjoy a third of the lands in  
France,

France, and who in all nations are preachers of the *jus divinum*, because they pretend to it themselves, would no doubt have been very zealous for the king of Spain; but at present they are very good subjects, only a little refractory against the constitution *Unigenitus*. The duke of Berwick, who is at the head of the army, is strongly for the English alliance; and so is Marshal Villars.

It remains to give some account of the trading part, which, to the great misfortune of this nation, is the least considerable of the three. When cardinal Richelieu came first to the ministry, the naval power of France was in so low and despicable condition, that a nation, formidable by land to all its neighbours, was liable to be insulted at sea by every little corsair and privateer. In the space of a few years, that great man so improved their shipping, that they began to be able to make head against the strongest maritime powers. Afterwards his disciple, M. Colbert, upon the plan his master had traced him out, carried their commerce to such a point, that it alarmed the jealousy of the English and Dutch as much as their acquisitions on the continent. They gained great establishments in America; they set up various manufactures; they got all the treasures of the flota and galleons into their hands; they became the chief traders in the Levant. I need not tell you how much the indolence of Charles the Second, and the weakness of his brother, contributed to this increase of the French trade: even our partial histories confess it. But the wars that succeeded the Revolution, the neglect of the following ministers, the *systeme*\*, and other ruinous enterprizes, have since reduced them very much; and, though they are at present protected by good fleets, and much encouraged by the court, they are still very full of complaints: they are terribly exasperated against the

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\* Mississippi.

court of Spain, for their frequent infractions of treaties of commerce, in detaining the effects of the galleons, and demanding extravagant indults of the proprietors; besides many particular grievances and wrongs, of which it is not proper to enter into a detail. The English Assiento contract, and the favourable privileges granted to them by the succeeding conventions, are great mortifications to the merchants here; not only as they were in possession of that trade themselves during all the war, but as they are in great need of it, to furnish themselves with piastres to carry on their commerce to the Levant. They pretend we are guilty of many abuses in the exercise of our privileges, and that we find means to elude the restraints they have left us under. They are also exceedingly alarmed at our new linen manufacture in Ireland; which, they imagine, will be greatly detrimental to the trade of Bretagne and Normandy; no doubt, with very good reason. There are several late advantages we have gained over them in the Levant, in Barbary, and the West Indies, at which they are very uneasy, but it is likely to be to little purpose. The government is made guarantee by several treaties, particularly that of Hanover, to all the branches and privileges of our trade, as we now enjoy them; and therefore they can neither complain of us, nor look for any satisfaction while those treaties subsist, which are in no danger of being broke. After all, their country is so situated for commerce, so fruitful in productions which others want, and the people are so industrious, that one would imagine, with proper encouragement, they could not fail of gaining the superiority over all their neighbours. But, notwithstanding all these natural advantages, the abject slavery they are in, the number of hands that are employed in the military service, the swarms of idle ecclesiasticks, and, above all, the chimerical distinction between a gentleman and a merchant, will always keep their traffic low; and the coun-

try will continue in the poverty I see it now, which is more miserable than I could ever have imagined.

I shall conclude my remarks by observing, that the roguery and rapine of the intendants of towns and balliages, and the partial execution of their power of levying taxes, is a greater cause of the ruin of the provinces than the severity of the government.

It is indeed the curie of arbitrary states, that the inferior officers are worse tyrants than those they serve, and revenge their own slavery upon the wretches who are still lower than themselves, by a more grievous insolence and extortion. This, and the corruption of their courts of justice, where favour and solicitation have more weight than right or equity, are the constitutional maladies of the nation, and grown so habitual to it that they are hardly to be removed. Thank God, we know neither in England; but are blest in an impartial administration of the wisest laws, and secured from concussions and other violences, by the noble privilege we enjoy of being taxed by none but our representatives.

I am more strongly attached to my own country by what I see of the miseries abroad, and find the spirit of Whiggism grows upon me under the influence of arbitrary power: it will still encrease when I come into Italy, where the oppression is more sensible in its effects, and where the finest country in the world is quite depopulated by it.

I set out to-morrow for Geneva, in company with Sir William Wyndham's son, and shall go from thence to Turin. I have sufficiently tired you with so long a letter, so shall end with assuring you of the respect and affection with which

I am, dear Sir, your dutiful son,

G. L.

## L E T T E R    XXVI.

Geneve, Oct. 26.

MON CHER PERE,

**I**L y a trois jours que je suis a Geneve; et je vous assure que j'en suis tout à fiat charmé. Le lac, les montagnes, et les promenades, qui sont autour de cette belle ville, présentent la vue la plus riante et la plus agreable qu'on puisse voir; et la societé en dedans est aussi polie et aussi sçavante que dans aucun endroit de l'Europe. Il me paroît qu'on auroit beaucoup de peine à trouver ailleurs une si jolie retrait pour l'exercise et pour l'etude. En venant de Lions icy, je me suis un peu detourné de ma route, pour voir le grand couvent des Chartreux, qui est situé dans un desert affreux, parmi des rochers et des precipices presque inaccessibles, où de tout coté on voit tomber des torrents du plus haut sommet des montagnes, pour former une petite riviere, qui remplit la profondeur du vallon, et coule avec beaucoup de rapidité entre des bois et des forets sauvages dont tout le pais est couvert. Jamais situation n'a été plus conforme au genie des Chartreux que celle cy que choisit leur fondateur pour y batir leur couvent, ni plus propre à leur faire oublier le monde par l'eloignement de toute societé humaine, et de toute ce qui peut reveiller leur desirs. La maison est batie simplement, et ne consiste que dans un long arrangement de cloîtres et de cellules separées les unes des autres, avec une eglise, et une salle à manger. Vous sçavez qu'ils ne parlent que les dimanches et les jours de fête, et qu'ils mangent maigre toute l'année. Une solitude et une discipline si rigoureuse les rend sans doute très miserables; ils vivent pourtant longtems, et jouissent d'une tranquillité apparente. Leur temperance conserve leur santé; et ils s'amusent dans leur cellules à des occupations

pations mechaniques et laborieuses, qui servent a vaincre l'ennui de leur prison. Il y en a cependant quelques uns, qui, n'etant pas propres au travail, languissent dans une oisivité penible, et se tuent à force de rever.

Il nous ont reçu M. Windham et moi avec beaucoup de politesse; et nous ont fait les honneurs de leur maison, en nous donnant un bon souper en maigre, et des lits assez commodes dans leur cellules. Leur Ordre est riche, quoiqu'il ne paroît pas dans leur maniere de vivre; le couvent, où j'ay été, possède tous les bois et toutes les montagnes qui l'entourent par l'espace de trois ou quatre lieux. Je souhaitois que le recit que je viens de faire pourroit vous donner quelque idée du plaisir que j'ay éprouvé en voyant une solitude plus sauvage et plus rude qu'aucune de celles qu'on nous depeint dans les romances, et où Don Quixote n'auroit pas manqué de trouver des geans et des enchanteurs. La hauteur prodigieuse des rochers, le bruit des eaux qui en tombent, l'ombre des bois dont ils sont ornés, et la riviere qui en arrose les pieds, forment une scene si nouvelle et si étonnante, que le plus habile pinçeau ne viendra jamais à bout d'en peindre la bizarrerie et la beauté.

Je partirai en deux jours pour Turin, où je ferai un séjour de deux ou trois semaines. Je m'attends à trouver beaucoup d'incommodité en passant les Alpes, parceque les nieges commencent déjà à tomber. J'espere de recevoir bientôt de vos nouvelles, et de pouvoir me rejouir de la certitude qu'elles me donneront de votre santé, et de celle de ma chere mere, et de mes freres et sœurs. Adieu.

G. L.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVII.

Turin, November 16.

MON CHER PERE,

**I**L y a dix ou douze jours que je suis icy, ou j'ay trouvé une reception fort honnête, dont je suis redevable aux recommandations de monsieur le marquis de Santacru, ambassadeur d'Espagne au congrès, qui a demeuré long tems à cette cour, et y est fort considéré. Si la paix se fait, il ira en Angleterre, où je vous prie, Monsieur, de vouloir bien le remercier pour moi des civilités qu'il m'a fait. J'ay eu un assez rude passage sur le Mont Cenis; la neige tombant avec beaucoup de violence; et le vent de bize, qui nous donna dans le visage, nous causant un froid epouventable. Danzel en a eu le plus grand mal; car une grosse fièvre l'a pris, et il reste toujours fort malade. Nous montâmes sur des mulets; mais, pour descendre, il nous fallut des chaises à porteurs, à cause des precipices que la neige rendoit plus glissantes, et qui veritablement faisoient peur. Les brouillards estoient si epais, qu'ils nous empechoient de voir les autres Alpes qui nous environnoient, et qui sont beaucoup plus hautes que le Mont Cenis, quoique celui cy a trois lieües de hauteur. Ce qui nous faisoit le plus de plaisir estoit un torrent, qui peut s'appeller une riviere, qui tomboit de la çime de la montagne, et formoit des magnifiques cascades entre les rochers qui s'opposent à sa chute. La plaine de Piedmont est belle, et fort bien cultivée; ce qui nous a charmé d'autant plus que nous sortimes du pays le plus deforme, et le plus desert du monde. Je ne vous ferai pas la description de Turin; c'est une ville assez connue. Le Roi nous a reçu fort gracieusement Monsieur Wyndham et moi. Il est toujours à sa maison de campagne, dont nous sommes très fachés parceque nous souhaiterions de luy faire notré cour.

He

He has his eyes very intent upon what we are doing on the side of Tuscany, and would be glad to give us some disturbance. The Milanese is the object of his ambition; and as a peace would be an obstacle to any new acquisitions, he is very much out of humour with the thoughts of it. They would not let him send a minister to the congress, because they knew the part he would have acted there would not be very favourable to the repose of Europe. He is a great general, and has a fine army, and never lost by a war.

Je conte de rester icy sept ou huit jours encore; ensuite j'iray à Genes et de la à Milan. J'ay par tout des bonnes recommandations, qui sont des choses fort necessaires pour les voyageurs. Je suis dans la dernière impatience de recevoir de vos nouvelles, et d'apprendre que ma chere mere se porte bien, et que ma sœur est heureusement accouchée. Monsieur Wyndham voyage toujours avec moi, ce qui me fait beaucoup de plaisir, comme ce jeune seigneur a infiniment d'esprit, et du sçavoir vivre, et qu'il est bien reçu de tout la monde. Vous aurez de mes nouvelles aussitot que j'arriverai a Milan, si je ne vous écris pas de Genes.

We have but one great enemy in the army, the marshal d'Uxelles; but that is of no consequence to our affairs. I long to hear of Mr. Stanhope's success at the court of Spain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful, &c.

G. L.

LETTER

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 717

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Genoa, November 30.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been at Genoa four days, and shall set out to-morrow for Milan. I am extremely pleased with the magnificence and beauty of this town, which is one of the finest in Italy. Nothing can be more noble than its situation, which rises in an amphitheatre from the sea, and has a spacious port before it, that is defended with a tolerable fortification, and is generally well filled with merchants ships.

Its palaces are fit to lodge kings; but I shall reserve the description of them to entertain you with at Hagley fire-side. The form of its government is so well known, and so nearly resembles that of Venice, that I need say nothing to you about it. The low state of its commerce, and the weakness of its once-powerful fleet, which is now reduced to five gallies, have been observed by every traveller these thirty years. But what the republic suffers most in, is the decline of genius and spirit in their governors. The great families of Doria, Spinola, and Grimaldi, which are famous over all Europe for having produced so many illustrious generals, cannot now boast of one soldier in all their branches; the modern nobility are all sunk in ease and sloth, without courage or ability to act either for their own honour or their country's. So that the state must necessarily languish, and would fall into the hands of some powerful neighbour, if the jealousy of other princes did not hinder it, which is at present its best security. They are in great apprehensions of the king of Sardinia, who is continually undertaking something to their prejudice, and demanding concessions from them, which they ought not to grant, but are not able to refuse. The greater part  
of

of the nobility are slaves to the interests of the emperor, from the estates they possess in the Milanese, and kingdom of Naples, which render them obnoxious to that prince's power, and destroy the liberty of the state. He often extorts sums of money from them, greater or less, as he finds occasion, besides taxing them higher than his other subjects in those countries. The present doge is a Grimaldi, but his dignity is almost expired. I must just take notice of some little arts that they practise here in their elections and resolutions of state, to let you see that the method of voting by ballot may be abused as well as any other. The box is divided into two partitions, one white, the other red; to each member of the council they give a ball, which thrown into the white consents, into the red denies: after all have put in, they count the balls on either side, and so decide the question by the majority. But it often happens, that some person has address enough to convey in two balls instead of one; so that, when they come to reckon, they find a vote too much, which renders the election void, and obliges them to begin again, or put off the affair till another day, which is generally the case. This gains time to the losing party for new *brigues*, and frequently changes the event. There are more tricks that they play of the same nature, as stopping up the hole by paper thrust about half way in; but the first is most successful. I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 719

L E T T E R XXIX.

Venice, December 30.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER seeing abundance of things well worthy of observation, and suffering a great many fatigues, I am got through the worst roads in Europe as far as Venice. My pleasure at coming to this town would have been much greater, if I had found any letters here from you and my other friends, as I had reason to expect; but whether it is my banker's negligence, or some disorder in the post, I have not received a line from any body, which makes me very uneasy, and gives me a thousand fears. The public papers bring good news; the peace is signed with Spain, of which I wish you joy, and hope it will soon lead us to a general one. They tell us here, that the emperor is extremely dissatisfied, and determined to oppose our new engagements. I believe they are not thoroughly informed; but if it be true, I am sure he complains without any just cause. If he was sincere in the quadruple alliance, he cannot be averse to the establishment of Don Carlos in Italy: why then should he be so angry at what is done for the better securing that establishment? If he is not sincere, how can we be blamed for taking our precautions against him? But it seems he is jealous of a Spanish power getting foot in Italy. Would not the quadruple alliance have brought in one, after the death of the present duke? and what else does this treaty do, but a little advance the same design? The introducing Spanish garrisons into Tuscany during the late duke's life is thought a hardship; but would it not have been an equal grievance to have imposed neutral ones upon them?

them? Are Swiss troops more immediately under his dependance than Spanish ones will be? or are not all foreign forces equally offensive to a prince in his own dominions? It is indeed a hardship, but a necessary one for the peace of Europe, and not at all greater than it would have been by the former treaty. I hear Mr. Stanhope is made a peer, and they say that Mr. Walpole will be secretary of state; but nothing is talked of for Mr. Poyntz. I hope his modesty will not be made a reason for leaving his other virtues unrewarded: I am sure he had as great a share in the merit of the present treaty as either of his colleagues. You will pardon me, if I give you no account of my journey from Genoa hither; the number of things that pleased me are too great, and must be reserved for conversation. Venice is the place in the world, that a traveller sees with most surprize. We have a very fine opera; Colzoni and Farinelli sing; the last is a prodigy, and even beyond Senesino. I beg my duty to my dear mother; and I remain, dear Sir,

Your ever dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R XXX.

Venice, June 13th, 1730.

DEAR SIR,

**L**AST post brought me two of yours, dated October 20th, and November the 3d, which were extremely welcome. I writ to you from Turin and from Genoa, and last post from Venice, to let you know I was got well hither. Mr. W—— came with me all the way, and I assure you is a very good Whig, as well as a very pretty gentleman. How far his father's authority may force him to change his sentiments

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 721

ments when he comes to England, I cannot tell; but they are now entirely agreeable to the excellent understanding he is master of. I receive your lesson of œconomy as a great and important truth, which I cannot too often set before me, and which I have too much neglected. I know that extravagance and ill management have made as many rogues as avarice; and that liberty is inconsistent with the dependance which a broken fortune subjects every man to.

I shall go from hence to Rome in about fifteen days. The caution you give me in relation to the gentlemen of the Pretender's party, whom I may chance to meet with there, is what I constantly observed towards some of the same persuasion whom I knew at Paris.

I hope you will have an easy session of parliament; for surely the peace with Spain is a very popular one, and I am every day more convinced that the emperor's opposition will come to nothing.

The subject of part of this letter will not let me conclude it, without assuring you what a grateful sense I have of your generosity and goodness to me, which are infinitely beyond my deserts, and demand such returns as I can never make, though my life be spent in obeying you, as I fully resolve it shall be. Adieu, my dear Sir; let me know often that you are well, and that you continue to love me. I hope it is needless to say, that I honour, esteem, and love you more than any person or being upon earth, and that I remain

Your ever dutiful son,

G. L.

## LETTER XXXI.

Venice, February the 11th.

DEAR SIR,

I Have yours of the 24th of December, with the duplicate. I answered that the post before last, and inclosed a copy of the former one, which I hope you received. I am glad to hear the land tax is diminished; it is no wonder the city is discontented, for, if I do not mistake, it is at present governed by Tory magistrates; and they are not of a humour to be pleased with any good success to court measures. You have by this time, no doubt, been publickly acquainted with all the terms of the Spanish treaty, and I am persuaded that you have found them honourable and advantageous. I cannot be of your opinion, that the congress will last much longer, or terminate in a war. The emperor has little to gain in Italy, and much to lose; neither has he other reason of complaint, except that he did not give the law to Europe, as he would have done. I know that he is marching troops (I think they say 40,000 men) into his dominions here; but I shall not believe the rest of Italy in any danger, until I see him send 100,000, which he is not in a condition to do; and even if he did make his utmost efforts, I should doubt of his power to oppose so formidable a confederacy: but it is the opinion of this republick, which is a very good judge of politicks, that all these menaces will end in smoke; and that he is only doing as he has done at almost every treaty that has been signed these thirty years, delaying his acquiescence or accession, in order to be courted a little, and save his honour. I have more particular reasons for thinking so, but they are such as I cannot trust to the common post.

I staid

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 723

I staid here a fortnight longer than I designed, in hopes of going to Rome with Mr. Walpole; but an unforeseen accident having fixed him here, I shall set out to-morrow quite alone, which will be very melancholy. I beg my dearest father to believe, that no son ever loved a parent with more tenderness, or felt his obligations to him with more gratitude, than his ever obliged and obedient son,

G. L.

P. S. When you see my lord H—, I beg you would make him my compliments upon his negotiation, and the reward of it.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Rome, April 12.

DEAR SIR,

**I**T is impossible to tell you how sincerely I am afflicted at your complaints about your head; I would willingly suffer any share of them, if it was possible to ease you by it. It is so natural to give advice upon these occasions to those for whom we are much concerned, that I cannot help saying you would do mighty well to try a journey to Spa, if it was only for exercise and change of air; I have known great cures performed that way upon people in your case, and it is a remedy you have not yet experienced. I writ to you about ten days ago, to tell you that I was pleased with Rome, and that I had seen Mr. —, who is in good health, though a little upon the decline. I am going to Naples to-morrow; to stay about eight days, and so come back hither, where I propose to settle till the beginning of June; after that time, there is no stirring out of Rome till the end of September, on account of the infectious air in the

Campagna; so that, as unwilling as I am to leave a place so agreeable to me, I am obliged to it, for fear of being a prisoner. I propose to pass the great heats at Milan; though I cannot say I have any fixed design, because my stay in any place will depend upon my liking the company, and above all upon the will of my dearest father.

I believe you will have a mind to see me next summer in England, so shall endeavour to get out of Italy by the end of autumn. I have received a most kind letter from Mr. Poyntz, in which he gives me very strong assurances of a general peace, and that I may pursue my travels through Italy without impediment. Speaking of the manner of the treaty of Seville's being received in England, he says, "the satisfaction that it gives will much encrease, when it comes to be known and felt, that, far from having made a *paix platrée*, we are really upon better terms with Spain than ever, and have the predilection over all the powers of Europe in her friendship; which, I may venture to assure you in confidence, is really the case."

I here send you the verses which I wrote to his excellency, and I hope you will not deem them a tedious postscript to my letter\*.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

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\* These verses are already printed amongst the Poems, p. 608.

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 725

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Rome, May 7.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR commands shall always be received with an implicit obedience by me, however contrary they may be to my inclinations; or, to speak more justly, I have no inclination so strong as that of doing all I can to convince you of my love and duty to the best of fathers. I have been at Naples since my last; which I am very glad of, because it lies quite out of my present road, and I must have left it unseen. I shall go from Rome with a strong imperfect knowledge of the great variety of fine antiquities that are in it; more time than I have passed here being requisite to see them as one should do. I shall pass through Florence and Bologna, which are the most considerable places where I have not been; and embark at Genoa, for Marseilles. I shall expect to find a letter from you at Paris, where I hope to arrive in about six weeks, if no accident prevents. I should be insensible of praise to a fault, if I were not proud of the honour her majesty does me, so much beyond any thing I could flatter myself with the hopes of; but I cannot help being very apprehensive that I shall not answer the advantageous opinion she has been pleased to entertain of me, from the partial report of my friends. Your ill state of health makes me so uneasy, that it will not let me take much pleasure in any thing. If you like the inclosed verses, I desire you would give them to Mr. Pope, to whom I have taken the liberty to address them\*. They contain a good piece of advice; and I hope it is

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\* These verses are printed above, p. 611.

given in a manner that will make it acceptable. In speaking of Italy, I have confined myself to the decay of learning there, because Mr. Addison has written so very finely upon every other point, in his verses to lord Halifax, that I durst not think of attempting them after him. With great impatience to see you,

I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXXIV.

Admiralty, Nov. 18, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

I DEFERRED the pleasure of writing to you so long, that I might be able to give you a more certain account of the peace, which has been so variously reported, that I could form no judgment on the truth, nor am I now at all satisfied with what I hear of it, as I suspect there is something more at bottom; but what is generally said, from the best authority, to be contained in the preliminaries, is as follows:

First, The emperor to have Parma and Placentia, with all the Milanese, except the Novarois, and a small district adjoining to it of little value, which is to be given to the king of Sardinia, *pour tout potage*.

The duke of Lorrain to marry the eldest archduchess, to be immediately declared king of the Romans, and to have Tuscany at the death of the present duke thereof. His brother to marry the second daughter. Don Carlos to be king of the two Sicilies, with the emperor's consent. Stanislaus to renounce the crown of Poland; but to be put into the immediate

diate

diate possession of the dutchy of Bar, with the name of king, and to have Lorrain at the death of the duke of Tuscany. France to acknowledge king Augustus; and, after the death of Stanislaus, to reunite Lorrain and Bar to itself for ever.

You see at the first view of these articles, that France has acted in manifest contradiction to all their pretences and declarations in the beginning of the war. They declared, they entered into it with no other view than to support the claim of Stanislaus to the crown of Poland and their own honour, which was concerned in that election: they also protested, that they would not gain a foot of ground by any success they might meet with in it, but consider only the interest of their allies. Instead of this, they acknowledge king Augustus, make a peace prejudicial to their allies, and receive no other advantage or compensation, but an encrease of territory after the death of Stanislaus.

On the other side, the emperor is established more advantageously in Italy than before. The present dominions of don Carlos are taken from him, his reversion of Tuscany also disposed of in favour of the house of Austria, and the new conquests he has made left much exposed; so that Spain has great cause to be dissatisfied, as it is said they are, even to the refusing being included in the peace. Yet it is believed they must come in at last, not being able to carry on the war without France.

You will ask, therefore, if there are no secret articles, what could induce the French to such a treaty, which disoblige their friends, to gain their enemies, at a time when they were superior in the field, and in a condition to insist on better terms? I can account for it but one way, which is this; that they saw, if they pressed harder on the emperor, he would be driven, though contrary to his inclinations, to marry his daughter to don Carlos, by which alliance all the dominions

of the house of Austria would come to be united in his person, and perhaps annexed to the crown of Spain, which would be the erecting of a new barrier against France, more strong and more able to oppose them than any the house of Lorraine can ever constitute. They therefore chose rather to make their peace, which gives the two archduchesses to those princes, and to themselves no inconsiderable enlargement of their territory and revenue, than to hazard the forming of a power, which would restore that balance again in Europe which they have been so long labouring to break : and when once the archduchesses are married, and there is no danger on that side, they may safely join with don Carlos a second time, to recover his right in Tuscany, and drive the emperor once more out of Italy. This seems to me no improbable conjecture, supposing there are no secret articles, either relating to Flanders, or the commerce of England and Holland ; but there is room to suspect some such thing, if not a worse and more dangerous design, since it is certain that, in contempt of our mediation, neither we nor the Dutch were consulted in this treaty ; but all the contending powers agreed together (as far as they are agreed) to make up their quarrels without our help, and even without our participation, which gives us a melancholy prospect of their future intentions towards us, if not of some present secret purpose, which perhaps is the spring of their extraordinary proceeding. However, we must satisfy ourselves, and rejoice that a peace is got, whoever made it ; for nothing was so dangerous to the ministry, as the continuance of a war, which they could neither have well engaged in, nor kept out of, had it lasted a little longer. I am apt to think Spain will come in before next spring, that is, before they can make a new campaign ; and possibly the good offices of France for the restitution of Gibraltar may be made the price of their acceptance. They say the Dutch express the utmost  
anger

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 729

anger at having been treated so contemptuously on this occasion. I do not give you this news as absolutely to be depended upon, but as the best I can collect from those on both sides who are supposed to be the best informed. The reasonings upon it you may adopt or reject, as you think fit; for I am far from being clear in any part of them. They are probable speculations, and no more.

May you be always as well convinced of my love and duty towards you, as I am of your affection and regard to, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R XXXV.

Stowe, September 11.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I came to lord B——'s, I found that Pope had excused himself from his visit there, as well as at Hagley; so was obliged to keep the horses to carry me to Stowe. Lord B——'s seat is a vast design; and when it has time to grow and form itself, there will be nothing in England equal to it, in the great French manner of long lines, extensive woods, noble downs, dry soil, and immensity of command. But at present it is only a fine sketch, and most of its beauties are in idea.

I cannot say it made me amends for the loss of Hagley, which indeed I never left with more regret. The desire of being with you would be enough to make me uneasy at parting from you; but my concern and apprehensions for your health add a good deal to that uneasiness. I am, with the truest respect, and much more affection than I know how to express, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXVI.

August 11, 1737.

DEAR SIR,

THE pleasure we felt at the birth of the young p—efs has been clouded since, by a message from the k—, expressing the highest resentment against his R. H. for carrying the princess to lie in at St. James's, though it was donē at her own earnest desire; and when the danger she was in of wanting all necessary help where she was (there being neither midwife, nurse, nor any thing there) gave the p—ce no time for deliberation. All these reasons and more were modestly urged by his R. H. to justify his conduct, and to appease the anger of the k— in a letter he wrote in answer to the message; but not meeting with the success which he hoped from it, and being still forbid to wait on his m—, he wrote a second, in which, waving all apologies, he asked pardon in the most submissive manner, and express the greatest affliction at lying under his m—'s displeasure. To which no answer was given, but "that this letter being the same in substance with the former, the k—" would make no other answer to it." Upon this foot it remains; but we have the solid satisfaction of seeing the p—cess and child both in good health, and likely to continue so. I am, with the most grateful affection, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 731

L E T T E R   XXXVII.

August 18.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL make no excuse for not writing to you sooner, but that which I dare say you have made for me in your own thoughts, a very great and continual hurry of business. I am much obliged to you for wishing me at Hagley, and can truly assure you my wishes are there too; but it is quite impossible to think of it this year; however, do not be in pain for fear I should be ill; for, though the town is sickly, by great temperance and constant riding about, I have made shift to escape this epidemical fever, and am every way better in my health than when you left me. The situation the p—— is in does, I dare say, give you great concern, as well as me. No submission on his side has been wanting, to obtain a pardon for the fault laid to his charge, and avoid a rupture of which that could be the cause; but those submissions have not been able to prevent one, and a door is shut to all further application, by his m—— having forbid him to reply. Another subsequent order has occasioned some of his servants laying down their offices; and last Tuesday morning Mr. P—l—m, contrary to the talk of the court, and I believe to the expectation of the p——e, resigned the seals, which his R. H. unsolicited by me, and without my expecting it, immediately gave to me.

I need not tell you, that while my being in his service would have brought any difficulty upon his conduct or mine, no considerations should have induced me to accept of this, or any employment in his family; but those doubts no longer subsisting, I could not decline, with any respect to him or credit to myself,

self, the honour of serving him in the way that he desired.

I am with the greatest respect and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient son,  
G. L.

L E T T E R    X X X V I I I .

Cliffden, Oct. 22.

DEAR SIR,

I CAME here yesterday, to thank his R. H. for having augmented my salary £. 240 a year, by putting it upon the same foot with that of Mr. M—y—x under the k— when he was p—.

Besides the convenience this will be to me at this time especially, I am pleased with it as a mark of my royal master's regard to me in the present conjuncture.

I suppose, by this time, you have heard that all the thoughts of a winter's campaign in old France are quite laid aside; and I congratulate you upon their being so, as we both judged alike of those designs.

There is very good news arrived from Germany; Prince Charles has entirely cut off all possibility of marshal Mallebois joining, either Broglio or the comte de Saxe; upon which the former is gone back to Prague, where he probably must soon perish, or surrender at discretion. The latter is so disgusted, that it is said he will lay down his command; and Mallebois is preparing to march back into France, or at least to the French frontier, having declared to the emperor, that he can do him no further service this year in Germany. The elector of Saxony has refused to let him have the provisions he had depended upon  
being

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being supplied with out of his territories, and it is talked as if the English army would march to intercept his retreat; but that I very much doubt. Belleisle is absolutely disgraced, and the German war appears to be quite given up by the French. I believe you may depend upon these accounts being true, as they come from the best authority; but if all is not true, so much at least is certain, that the court is extremely elate upon it. I wish things looked as well at home; but they bear a very gloomy face; the discontent of mankind in general being higher than ever, and a very troublesome session expected.—I can most truly say, that nobody can feel for you with more affection than, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

P. S. There are letters to-night, confirming what I have told you of the state of the French in Germany, and which further add, that Bencuelan, the Austrian general in Bavaria, has received a strong reinforcement.

L E T T E R . XXXIX.

Argyle-street, Feb. 22, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

**W**E have just saved the sugar colonies from a scheme that would I believe, have been very hurtful to them; and, instead of it, agreed to-day to the taking the surplus arising from the late duty upon malt spirits, which will give us a fund to borrow the rest of the money we want, at 3 per cent. A little time will, I suppose, clear up the mystery of what France designs; as yet it seems very unaccountable, if they have not a greater force in the Mediterranean than

than the government here has any reason to think that they have. The Brest fleet might have gone thither three weeks ago, without our being able to hinder, or follow them. Why they did not, I have not yet heard any satisfactory cause assigned; perhaps a few days more will enable us to form a true judgment, whether they have acted wisely or played the fool.

We have sad intelligence; but from such as we have, we learned to-day, that four or five of their men of war are in a part of the Flemish road, which they call the Graveline pits, where it is hoped Sir John Norris may meet with them, and give a good account of them. What is become of the rest of their fleet, nobody knows. You will think that very strange, but we are so used to it here, nobody wonders at it; such a state of ignorance being at present the natural state of our government. I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R XL.

May 5, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

**M**R. West comes with us to Hagley, and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too. His Seasons will be published in about a week's time and a most noble work they will be.

I have no public news to tell you, which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in private letters from Germany of the king of Prussia's having drank himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time. Those letters say, that, at a review, he  
caused

caused two men to be taken out of the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, his m——y drew his sword, and would have killed the officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the k—, who was immediately shut up, and the q—n, his mother, has taken the regency upon herself till his recovery. I do not give you this news for certain, but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, he is only thought to be *mad* in Germany, because he has *more wit* than other Germans.

The king of Sardinia's retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that town, certainly bear a very ill aspect; but it is not considered as any decisive advantage gained by the enemy, because the passes that still remain, are much stronger than those they have forced. We expect, with impatience, to know what will be the effect of the Dutch ambassador to Paris.

I pray God the summer may be happy to us, by being more easy than usual to you. It is the only thing wanting, to make Hagley park a paradise.

Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death; his case is a dropy, and he wants strength of nature to bear the necessary evacuations for the cure of that distemper. I feel his loss very sensibly; for, besides the public marks he has given me of his esteem, he has lately expressed the most tender friendship for me, both to myself and others, which, at such a time, affects one more than any compliment paid while he was in health.

I am, with the truest respect and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

## LETTER XLI.

Jan. 17, 1747.

DEAR SIR,

**I**T is a most sensible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being so bad with the stone; and, loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was so much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneasiness for you kept me awake great part of the night, and in the morning I found she had been much worse again, so that our alarm was as great as ever: she has since mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard last post; only that such frequent relapses give one more cause to fear that the good symptoms, which sometimes appear, will not be lasting. On the other hand, by her struggling so long, and her pulse recovering itself so well as it does after such violent flurries, and such great sinkings, one would hope that nature is strong in her, and will be able, at last, to conquer her illness.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now inclined to trust to *that*, and to trouble her with no more physic; upon which condition alone she has been persuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her case is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing positively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as severe a trial as it can well sustain; more indeed, than I thought it could have borne; and you may depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will make use of all the supports

ports that religion or reason can give me, to save me from sinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health; and I know it is my duty to try not to add to your other pains, that of my loss, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty supports me above my own strength, for the sake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the resignation with which I endeavour to submit to his will. If it please him, in his infinite mercy, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall most thankfully acknowledge his goodness; if not, I shall most humbly endure his chastisement, which I have too much deserved.

These are the sentiments with which my mind is replete: but as it is still a most bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it must not pass from me, it is impossible for me to foretell: but I hope the best. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful distemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert W— would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not so ill. However, his mind leans always to hope, which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be sure, we ought not yet to despair; but there is much to fear, and a most melancholy interval to be supported, before any certainty comes—God send it may come well at last!

I am, dear Sir,

Your most afflicted, but most affectionate son,

G. L.

## LETTER XLII.

April 25, 1747.

DEAR SIR,

**W**HATEVER compliments have been made me about my last speech (which have indeed been more than I ever received upon any other occasion), I can very truly assure you, they did not give me one thousandth part of the pleasure which I feel from the satisfaction that you express on that account. To have you pleased with my conduct, and to contribute in any manner to your happiness, is the supreme joy of my heart, and the best object of my ambition. Your affectionate prayers for me will, I do not doubt, draw down the divine favour upon me, and bring consolation to me in that affliction which still hangs heavy upon me, though I do my utmost to bear up against it. I pray God to enable me to deserve your blessing, and consider both the good and the evil of this world as of no very great moment, except in the use that we make of both.

The last mail from Holland brings an account, that the prince of Orange was on Wednesday last declared in full form stadtholder of the Seven Provinces. Besides the present effects of this great revolution, which I hope will be good and beneficial to us if a right use be made of it, the solid and permanent union, that in all probability will be established by it between us and the Dutch, must be a great future advantage. The duke is at the head of a brave army of 110,000 men, within six miles of Antwerp; he cannot stay there two days, for want of forage and other necessaries, without either taking the town, or beating the French.

To do the first, he must begin by doing the last (as I heard general Huske say to-day) and it will be no easy

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 739

easy matter ; because they are posted upon very strong ground.

Possibly he may contrive by marches and counter-marches to get beyond them ; but it appears a difficult work. If a battle is fought where they are now, it will be a bloody one. I wait with anxious impatience for the event.

There has been a smart skirmish between one part of our army, and a detachment of theirs, to our advantage ; 1,000 French being killed, with no considerable loss on our side. This will help to put spirit into our troops, who are already in very good heart. We hear that Medley has picked up a whole Spanish regiment going to Genoa (I wish it had been a French one) and 200 French. I forgot to mention that Sas Van Ghent is said to be taken, but Hulst still holds out. These however are petty events, compared to the great one in view. If one could credit a report that is come of Genoa's being taken, that would be something. But the post is going out ; so I can add no more, but that I am, most affectionately,

Dear Sir, your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R XLIII.

London, April 26, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

I Most heartily wish you joy of the happy and amazing event of the preliminaries being signed, at a time when even the most sanguine among us expected nothing but ruin from the continuance of the war, and almost despaired of a peace ; in a month's time or less, not only Maestricht would have been taken, but Holland invaded ; and the d— of C—, to oppose that invasion, had scarce a third part of the enemy's force. Orders had also been given to blow up and demolish all the fortifications of Tournay, Ypres, Namur, and Bergenopzoom.

Yet the peace we have obtained is upon the whole a better for England, than that which was offered last year by count Saxe. Neither the distresses of France with regard to her commerce and her finances, though very great, nor any other apparent cause, can sufficiently account for her granting such a peace, and stopping short in the midst of such a career. It must be the work of a faction in her court, which our ministers have had the good sense to avail themselves of; and it has drawn us out of greater distresses and difficulties than can be conceived by those who do not know the interior of our affairs. Had we been in the situation of France, and France in ours, I will venture to say, no English minister would have dared to sign such a peace, not even those ministers who signed the peace of Utrecht. In short, *it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.* The court of Vienna is angry at present, but she must come to reason soon; and had we stayed to make peace till she was pleased, we must have stayed till our utter destruction. The king of Sardinia has not yet signed; but his language is much more moderate than hers, and no doubt he will soon come in. His minister here says, had he been at Aix, he would not have hesitated to sign one moment. There can be no doubt of the acquiescence of Spain to what France has stipulated for her, though the Spanish minister has not yet set his hand to it.

Adieu, dear Sir! May the good news revive your spirits, and be a consolation to you for my poor mother's death! Kiss my son for me; give him my blessing; and tell him, I now hope he will inherit Hagley, instead of some French marquis, or Highland laird, who I was afraid would have got it if the war had continued. I am, dear Sir, with the utmost affection, your most dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

N. B. Maestricht is given up to France, to be re-delivered to us again.

An

AN ACCOUNT of a  
 JOURNEY into WALES,  
 IN TWO LETTERS  
 TO  
 MR. BOWER.

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L E T T E R I.

Brynker, in Carnarvonshire, July 6, 1756.

**I** WRITE this from the foot of Snowdon, which I proposed to ascend this afternoon; but, alas! the top of it, and all the fine prospects which I hoped to see from thence, are covered with rain: I therefore sit down to write you an account of my travels thus far, as I promised when I left you, and to satisfy your desire of seeing North Wales in description at least, since you are not at leisure to accompany me thither.

I set out from Bewdley, with Mr. D—— and Mr. P——, on Tuesday last. In our way thence to Ludlow, we saw Sir E. B——'s, in a charming situation for the beauty of the prospects, but too much exposed, and in a dirty country. The house is spoiled by too large and too fine a stair case and hall, to which the other rooms are by no means proportioned. Some of them are wainscotted and inlaid very finely. There is a park, which would be more beautiful, if the master of it had a little more taste. I hear his son has a  
 good

good one; but the baronet himself hath not much more than his ancestor, who was killed by E. Douglas, at the battle of Shrewsbury. From this place we proceeded to the Clee Hill, a mountain you have often seen from my park; it affords a lovely prospect on every side, but it is more difficult to pass over than any in Wales, that I have yet seen; being covered all over with loose stones, or rather with pieces of rocks. However, we passed it without any hurt to ourselves or horses.

Ludlow is a fine, handsome town, and has an old castle, now in a neglected and ruinous state; but which, by its remains, appears to have been once a very strong fortress, and an habitation very suitable to the power and dignity of the lord president of Wales, who resided there. Not far from this town is Okely Park, belonging to lord Powis, and part of that forest which Milton, in his masque, supposes to have been inhabited by Comus and his rout. The god is now vanquished: but, at the revolution of every seven years, his rout does not fail to keep up orgies there, and in the neighbouring town; as lord Powis knows to his cost, for he has spent twenty or thirty thousand pounds in entertaining them at these seasons; which is the reason that he has no house at this place fit for him to live in. He talks of building one in the park, and the situation deserves it; for there are many scenes, which not only Comus, but the lady of Milton's masque, would have taken delight in, if they had received the improvements they are capable of, from a man of good taste; but they are as yet very rude and neglected. In our way from hence to Montgomery, we passed through a country very romantic and pleasant, in many spots: in which we saw farms so well situated, that they appeared to us more delightful situations than Clermont or Burleigh. At last we came by a gentleman's house, on the side of a hill opening to a sweet valley; which seemed to be built in a taste much superior to that of a mere country

try esquire. We therefore stopt, and desired to see it, which curiosity was well paid for: we found it the neatest and best house, of a moderate size, that ever we saw. The master, it seems, was bred to the law, but quitted the profession about fifteen years ago, and retired into the country, upon an estate of £. 500 *per annum*, with a wife and four children; notwithstanding which incumbrances, he found means to fit up the house in the manner we saw it, with remarkable elegance, and to plant all the hill about him with groves and clumps of trees, that, together with an admirable prospect seen from it, render it a place which a monarch might envy. But, to let you see how vulgar minds value such improvements, I must tell you an answer made by our guide, who was servant to lord Powis's steward, and spoke, I presume, the sense of his master, upon our expressing some wonder that this gentleman had been able to do so much with so small a fortune; "I do not, said he, know how it is, but he is always doing some nonsense or other." I apprehend, most of my neighbours would give the same account of my improvements at Hagley.

Montgomery town is no better than a village; and all that remains of an old castle there, is about a third part of a ruinous tower: but nothing can be finer than the situation of it and the prospect. It must have been exceeding strong in ancient times, and able to resist all the forces of the Welsh; to bridle them, it was built in the reign of William Rufus; three sides of it are a precipice quite inaccessible, guarded with a deep and broad ditch. I was sorry that more of so noble a castle did not remain, but glad to think, that, by our incorporating union with the Welsh, this and many others, which have been erected to secure the neighbouring counties of England against their incursions, or to maintain our sovereignty over that fierce and warlike people, are now become useless.

From

From hence we travelled, with infinite pleasure (through the most charming country, my eyes ever beheld, or my imagination can paint) to Powis Castle, part of which was burnt down about thirty years ago; but there are still remains of a great house, situated so finely, and so nobly, that, were I in the place of lord Powis, I should forsake Okely Park, with all its beauties, and fix my seat as near there, as the most eligible in every respect. About £. 3000 laid out upon it, would make it the most august place in the kingdom. It stands upon the side of a very high hill; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, the town of Welsh-Pool, terminated with high mountains. The opposite side is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whose summits are rocky, and of grotesque shapes, that give variety and spirit to the prospect. Above the castle is a long ridge of hills finely shaded, part of which is the park; and still higher is a terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence you have a view that exceeds all description. The county of Montgomery, which lies all within this view, is to my eyes the most beautiful in South Britain; and though I have not been in Scotland, I cannot believe I shall find any place there superior, or equal, to it; because the highlands are all uncultivated, and the lowlands want wood; whereas this country is admirably shaded with hedge-rows. It has a lovely mixture of corn-fields and meadows, though more of the latter. The vales and bottoms are large, and the mountains, that rise like a rampart all around, add a magnificence and grandeur to the scene, without giving you any horror or dreadful ideas, because at Powis Castle they appear at such a distance as not to destroy the beauty and softness of the country between them. There are indeed some high hills within that inclosure, but, being woody and green, they make a more pleasing variety, and take off nothing from

from the prospect. The castle has an old-fashioned garden just under it, which a few alterations might make very pretty; for there is a command of water and wood in it, which may be so managed as to produce all the beauties that art can add to what liberal nature has so lavishly done for this place. We went from thence to see Pestill Rhaidr, a famous cascade; but it did not quite answer my expectations, for though the fall is so high, the stream is but narrow, and it wants the complement of wood, the water falling like a spout on an even descent, down the middle of a wide naked rock, without any breaks to scatter the water. Upon the whole, it gave me but little pleasure.

After having seen the Velino, we lay that night at the house of a gentleman who had the care of lord Powis's lead mines; it stands in a valley, which seems the abode of quiet and security, surrounded with very high mountains on all sides; but in itself airy, soft, and agreeable. If a man was disposed to forget the world, and be forgotten by it, he could not find a more proper place. In some of those mountains are veins of lead ore, which have been so rich as to produce in time past £. 20,000 *per annum*, to the old duke of Powis, but they are not near so valuable now. Perhaps, *holy father*, you will object, that the idea of wealth dug up in this place does not consist with that of retirement. I agree it does not; but, all the wealth being hid under ground, the eye sees nothing there but peace and tranquillity.

The next morning we ascended the mountain of Berwin, one of the highest in Wales; and when we came to the top of it, a prospect opened to us, which struck the mind with awful astonishment. Nature is in all her majesty there; but it is the majesty of a tyrant, frowning over the ruins and desolation of a country. The enormous mountains, or rather rocks, of Merionethshire inclosed us all around. There is

not upon these mountains a tree or shrub, or a blade of grass; nor did we see any marks of habitations or culture in the whole space. Between them is a solitude fit for Despair to inhabit; whereas all we had seen before in Wales seemed formed to inspire the meditations of Love. We were some hours in crossing this desert, and then had the view of a fine woody vale, but narrow and deep, through which a rivulet ran as clear and rapid as your Scotch burns, winding in very agreeable forms, with a very pretty cascade. On the edge of this valley we travelled on foot, for the steepness of the road would not allow us to ride without some danger; and in about half an hour we came to a more open country, though still inclosed with hills, in which we saw the town of Bala with its beautiful lake. The town is small and ill built; but the lake is a fine object: it is about three miles in length, and one in breadth, the water of it is clear, and of a bright silver colour. The river Dee runs through very rich meadows; at the other end are towering high mountains; on the sides are grassy hills, but not so well wooded as I could wish them to be: there is also a bridge of stone built over the river, and a gentleman's house which embellishes the prospect. But what Bala is most famous for is the beauty of its women, and indeed I there saw some of the prettiest girls I ever beheld. The lake produces very fine trout, and a fish called *whiting*, peculiar to itself, and of so delicate a taste, that I believe you would prefer the flavour of it to the lips of the fair maids at Bala.

After we left the banks of the lake, where we had an agreeable day, we got again into the desert; but less horrid than I have already described, the vale being more fertile, and feeding some cattle. Nothing remarkable occurred in our ride, until we came to Festiniog, a village in Merionethshire, the vale before which is the most perfectly beautiful of all we had seen. From the height of this village you have  
 a view

a view of the sea. The hills are green, and well shaded with wood. There is a lovely rivulet, which winds through the bottom; on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields along the sides of the hills; at each end are high mountains, which seemed placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invaders. With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one might pass an age there, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age; by his first wife he had 30 children, 10 by his second, 4 by his third, and 7 by two concubines; his youngest son was 81 years younger than his eldest, and 800 persons descended from his body attended his funeral. When we had skirted this happy vale an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the sea, which is dry at low water. As we passed over the sands, we were surprized to see that all the cattle preferred that barren place to the meadows. The guide said, it was to avoid a fly, which in the heat of the day came out of the woods, and infested them in the valleys. The view of the said sands are terrible, as they are hemmed in on each side with very high hills, but broken into a thousand irregular shapes. At one end is the ocean, at the other the formidable mountains of Snowdon, black and naked rocks, which seemed to be piled one above the other. The summits of some of them are covered with clouds, and cannot be ascended. They do altogether strongly excite the idea of Burnet, of their being the fragment of a demolished world. The rain which was falling when I began to write this letter did not last long; it cleared up after dinner, and gave us a fine evening, which employed us in riding along the sea coast, which is here very cold.

The grandeur of the ocean, corresponding with that of the mountain, formed a majestic and solemn scene; ideas of immensity swelled and exalted our minds at the sight; all lesser objects appeared mean and trifling, so that we could hardly do justice to the ruins of an old castle, situated upon the top of a conical hill, the foot of which is washed by the sea, and which has every feature that can give a romantic appearance.

This morning (July 7) being fair, we ventured to climb up to the top of a mountain, not indeed so high as Snowdon, which is here called Moel Guidon, *i. e.* the nest of the eagle; but one degree lower than that called Moel Haprock, the nest of the hawk; from whence we saw a phænomenon, new to our eyes, but common in Wales; on the one side was midnight, on the other bright day; the whole extent of the mountain of Snowdon, on our left hand, was wrapped in clouds, from top to bottom; but on the right the sun shone most gloriously over the sea-coast of Carnarvon. The hill we stood upon was perfectly clear, the way we came up a pretty easy ascent; but before us was a precipice of many hundred yards, and below, a vale, which though not cultivated, has much savage beauty; the sides were steep, and fringed with low wood.

There were two little lakes, or rather large pools, that stood in the bottom, from which issued a rivulet, that serpented in view for two or three miles, and was a pleasing relief to the eyes.

But the mountains of Snowdon, covered with darkness and thick clouds, called to my memory the fall of Mount Sinai, with the laws delivered from it, and filled my mind with religious awe.

This afternoon we propose going to Carnarvon, and you may expect a continuation of my travels from Shrewsbury, which is our last stage. Through the whole round of them we heartily wished for you, and your friend Browne, and your  
friend

friend Mrs. S——, who is a passionate admirer of prospects; and that you could have borrowed the chariot of some gracious fairy, or courteous enchanter, and flown through the air with us. You know I always admired Mrs S—— for the greatness of her taste, and sublime love of nature, as well as for all her other perfections. Adieu, my dear Bower. I am perfectly well, *eat like a horse*, and *sleep like a monk*; so that I may, by this ramble, preserve a stock of health, that may last all winter, and carry me through my parliamentary campaign. If you write to the \* Madona, do not fail to assure her of my truest devotion. The most zealous Welsh catholick does not honour St. Winnifred more than I do her. I wish you may not be tired with my travels; but you know I am performing my promise.

I remain yours, &c.

LYTTLETON.

L E T T E R II.

Shrewsbury, July 14, 1756.

DEAR BOWER,

**M**Y last letter ended in setting out for Carnarvon, where I arrived that afternoon. I had a very fine view of the sea, and one of the finest towns I had seen in England or Wales; the old walls of which, with their towers and bulwarks, are almost entire; they are high and strongly built. The towers are round, and rather more of the Roman than Gothic

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\* A lady, to whom her friends gave that appellation.

form of architecture. At one end they join to the wall of the castle, which is a vast and noble building, of which the outside is likewise well preserved, but the inside is demolished. The people here shew the remains of a chamber, where king Edward the Second was born, and received the submission of all the nobility in Wales in his cradle. The castle itself was built by his father, and is indeed a noble work.

As we rode from Carnarvon, the country about was softened into a scene of the most pleasing kind, and was rendered more so by the contrast with that from which we came. We travelled along the shore of Menai, an arm of the sea, as broad as the Thames, over-against lord Duncannon's. Our road led us over fine shady lawns, perfumed so with honey-suckles, that they were a *paradisetto*. Over gentle hills, from whence we had a lovely view of the Menai and the isle of Anglesea, which lies on the opposite side of it, and then lost them again in agreeable valleys, like those of Reading, or the Hertfordshire vales. We enjoyed these scenes for some miles, till we came into a ferry, by which we passed into Anglesea, and landed at the seat of Sir Nicholas Bayley, which is the pleasantest spot in the island. He has Gothicized an old house with good judgment and taste. The view from it is charming; he sees the sweet country, through which we had travelled, from Carnarvon to Snowdon above it, which ennobles the prospect; the Menai winds, in a most beautiful manner, just under his windows; his woods shade the banks of it on each side of it, quite down to the water; above which, intermixed with them, are ever-green lawns, which, if helped with a very little art, would, together with his wood, make a garden, or park, of the most perfect beauty; but all is yet in a rude and neglected state. From thence we went to Baron-hill, the seat of lord Bulkeley, above the town of Beaumaris, in the same island;

island; it has a view of the sea, and coast of Carnarvon, which is indeed very fine; but I think inferior to that of lord Edgecombe's, with which I have heard it compared. The house is a bad one; the gardens are made in a very fine taste; but upon the whole, I like it much less than Sir N. Bayley's, though the reputation of the former is greater in Wales.

All the rest of the isle of Anglesea is a naked and unpleasant country, without a tree or hedge to be seen in it, uncultivated still, from the obstinacy of the people, in adhering to the ignorance of their forefathers; so that I am told it does not produce the tenth part of what the land is capable of, if improved by the agriculture of England. From Beaumaris we rode over the sands, at low water, to Penman Mawr, a high and rocky mountain, the passage over which must have been very frightful, before they built a wall along the edge of the road, which secures you from the danger of falling down the precipice that is below it into the sea; but with this guard it is very agreeable, the prospect of the sea and country being very fine.

I never saw any thing that struck me more than the first view of Conway castle, to which we soon came after passing this mountain; it was built by Edward the First, in much the same style with that of Carnarvon; but stronger and more regular. The situation is noble, and it stands upon a rock of considerable height; instead of a ditch three sides of it are defended by an arm of the sea, and four turrets that rise above the towers, besides two others at one end, standing below the others, about the middle of the rock, that over-hangs the sea. The walls between are battlements, and look very strong; they are, in some places, fourteen or fifteen feet thick, in none less than twelve. The whole together hath the grandest appearance of any building I ever beheld, especially as the walls of the town, which are built like those of Carnarvon, but with bolder and handsomer towers, appear

appear right in one view to the eye with the castle, when first you approach it. All the outside remains, except one tower, as in the time of Edward the First; and that was not demolished either with battering engines or with cannons, but by the people of the place taking stones from the foundation, for their own use, whenever they pleased; the consequence of which was, the greatest part of the tower fell into the sea: but the upper part more surprizingly continues still firm in the form of an arch; and lord Hertford, the present proprietor, hath forbid any dilapidation for the future. We were told, his grandfather would have lived in this castle, could he have purchased any lands in the country about; but finding none to be sold, he dropt the design.

I wish he had pursued it, for then we might have seen the inside entire; a sight which would have given me a great deal of pleasure. But now the floors, ceilings, and roofs, are all taken away, so that we can hardly guess at its ancient magnificence. The hall must have been a noble room; it is 100 feet long; 30 wide, and 30 high; the roof was supported by very beautiful arches, which still remain. There are two chimneys in it, and it was well lighted. The stone-work of the windows is exceeding handsome. Had our friend Millar (the builder of Hagley-house) been with us, he would have fallen down and adored the architect. The eight towers seem to have contained three very good bed-chambers each, placed one above another, besides some upper rooms. The chambers are 18 feet diameter, except one called the king's chamber, which has a bow window, gained out of the thickness of the wall, and the room is by that means extended above 30 feet; over the arch of that window, are the arms of Edward the First.

This and all the other chambers appear to the eye 12 or 13 feet high; but I am promised an accurate plan of the whole by one of the country. It certainly merits

merits very particular examination ; but I should have been more curious about it, had it been built in *Henry the Second's time*. From Conway castle, we travelled half a day's journey through a very romantick country, to Rudland, or rather Land-castle, the remains of which are less perfect than Carnarvon or Conway ; nor was it ever equal to them, either in extent or beauty, which I am sorry for, as *it was* built by *Henry the Second*. Not far from hence, at a place called Bodrudan, we passed a rainy day in a very comfortable manner, with an old acquaintance of mine, who is the lady of the castle, and hath forbid all depredations, which the people of the neighbourhood used to make, by taking it down to build and repair their houses and pigsties, which would have demolished it like the tower of Conway. The next morning we went to the tops of the hill, from whence we had a view of the whole vale of Clwydd, from one end to the other, which is equalled by none in England for fertility and beauty. There is neither mountain or rock to be seen in any part of it : after you turn your back upon Rudland, the hills on one side of it rise very gradually by gentle ascents : most of them are cultivated quite to their summits, others half way up ; and when the tops are not enclosed, they are a fine grassy down, like Clent-hill, and shaded and enlivened with wood, like the slopes in my park ; but yet I prefer the scenes in Montgomeryshire to this lively vale : there is a great beauty in this, but there is no majesty ; whereas there, as in the mind of our friend the *madona*, the soft and the agreeable is mixed with the noble, the great, and the sublime. About the middle of this vale, upon the brow of a hill, stands Denbigh castle, a very fine ruin ; it encloses as much ground as Conway or Carnarvon, but hath not so much building. The towers of it are standing at a very considerable distance from one another, being fewer in number ; but they are in the same style of architecture, having been built in the reign of the same

king, who by these strong fortresses secured to himself and his posterity the dominion of North Wales. The hall is still pretty entire, and rivals that of Conway, except that the roof doth not appear to have been arched.

The towers are all in a ruinous state; I think it a pity and shame to the owner, that more care is not taken to preserve such respectable remains of antiquity. When we left the vale of Clwydd, we went into a barren and mountainous country, which continued from Rythin as far as Wrexham.

The church of the latter is called one of the wonders of Wales; it does indeed equal, if not exceed, any in England. I have not described to you the cathedral of Bangor or St. Asaph; the first I did not see, and I was told it was worth the seeing; the latter hath nothing in it to deserve description: nevertheless I should be glad to see the dean of E — well seated in either of them, or rather at St. Asaph. From Wrexham we went to Winstay, the seat of Sir Watkins William Wynn. Part of the house is old; but he had begun building a new one before his death, in a very good taste. One wing is finished, and that alone makes a very agreeable house. The view from it is the most cheerful I ever beheld; it stands in the middle of a very pretty park, and looks over that to a most delightful country; but if the park was extended a little farther, it would take in a hill, with the view of a valley, most beautifully wooded; and the river Dee winding in so romantic and charming a manner, that of Festiniog, or any confined prospect I ever beheld: among other objects that embellish the scene, there is a fine bridge of stone. Tell Mrs. C — S —, I would have her leave Clermont, and the banks of the Thames, and build a house in this lovely spot. I will visit her every year; she will not be at any expence in making a garden, for nature has made one to her hands, infinitely better than that of S —. Upon one of the neighbouring hills,

A JOURNEY INTO WALES. 755

hills, which hath the same prospect as this, one Mr. Yorke has a seat, which I only saw at a distance; and which, I am told by a lady at Shrewsbury of a good taste, excels any in Wales for natural beauty.

Indeed the country, for five or six miles, is of another temper, exceeding fertile and very romantic. While I was looking at it, I asked Mr. P—, “whether he thought it possible for the eye to behold a more pleasing sight?” He said, “Yes; the sight of a woman one loves.” My answer was, “When I was in love, I thought so.”

Our last visit to Wales was to Chirk-castle; it was destroyed in the civil wars, and hath been rebuilt; it is a bad imitation of an old castle, the most disagreeable dwelling-house I ever saw; nor is there any magnificence to make amends for the want of convenience; the rooms are large indeed in one part, but much too low; and the ceilings are so heavy with clumsy fret-work, that they seem ready to fall upon one's head; it has a fine extensive prospect, but no other beauty of any kind, nor is the prospect to be compared with some we have seen at the other castles in Wales.

I am, &c.

LYTTELTON 2.10

F I N I S.

Theological Seminary  
Princeton.  
New Jersey

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Seminary  
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