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1st Edition

GIBBON (EDWARD). Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esquire.
With Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself. Illustrated
from his Letters, with occasional Notes and Narrative. By John Lord
Sheffield. *Frontispiece.* 2 vols. 4to, half morocco, sprinkled edges.

London, 1796

FIRST EDITION.





See Appendix. Vol. I. Letter XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS
W O R K S
OF
EDWARD GIBBON, Esquire.
WITH
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,
COMPOSED BY HIMSELF:
ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS,
WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND NARRATIVE,
By JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR A. STRAHAN, AND T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, (SUCCESSORS TO
MR. CADELL,) IN THE STRAND.

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THE melancholy duty of examining the Papers of my deceased Friend devolved upon me at a time when I was depressed by severe afflictions.

In that state of mind, I hesitated to undertake the task of selecting and preparing his Manuscripts for the press. The warmth of my early and long attachment to Mr. Gibbon made me conscious of a partiality, which it was not proper to indulge, especially in revising many of his juvenile and unfinished compositions. I had to guard, not only against a sentiment like my own, which I found extensively diffused, but also against the eagerness occasioned by a very general curiosity to see in print every literary relick, however imperfect, of so distinguished a writer.

Being aware how disgracefully Authors of Eminence have been often treated, by an indiscreet posthumous publication of fragments and careless effusions; when I had selected those Papers which to myself appeared the fittest for the public eye, I consulted some of our common

friends, whom I knew to be equally anxious with myself for Mr. Gibbon's fame, and fully competent, from their judgment, to protect it.

Under such a sanction it is, that, no longer suspecting myself to view through too favourable a medium the compositions of my Friend, I now venture to publish them: and it may here be proper to give some information to the Reader, respecting the Contents of these Volumes.

The most important part consists of Memoirs of Mr. Gibbon's Life and Writings, a work which he seems to have projected with peculiar solicitude and attention, and of which he left Six different sketches, all in his own hand-writing. One of these sketches, the most diffuse and circumstantial, so far as it proceeds, ends at the time when he quitted Oxford. Another at the year 1764, when he travelled to Italy. A third, at his father's death, in 1770. A fourth, which he continued to a short time after his return to Lausanne in 1788, appears in the form of Annals, much less detailed than the others. The two remaining sketches are still more imperfect. It is difficult to discover the order in which these several Pieces were written, but there is reason to believe that the most copious was the last. From all these the following Memoirs have been carefully selected, and put together.

My

My hesitation in giving these Memoirs to the world arose, principally, from the circumstance of Mr. Gibbon's appearing, in some respect, not to have been satisfied with them, as he had so frequently varied their form: yet, notwithstanding this diffidence, the compositions, though unfinished, are so excellent, that they may justly entitle my Friend to appear as his own biographer, rather than to have that task undertaken by any other person less qualified for it.

This opinion has rendered me anxious to publish the present Memoirs, without any unnecessary delay; for I am persuaded, that the Author of them cannot be made to appear in a truer light than he does in the following pages. In them, and in his different Letters, which I have added, will be found a complete picture of his talents, his disposition, his studies, and his attainments.

Those slight variations of character, which naturally arose in the progress of his Life, will be unfolded in a series of Letters, selected from a Correspondence between him and myself, which continued full thirty years, and ended with his death.

It is to be lamented, that all the sketches of the Memoirs, except that composed in the form of Annals, and which seems rather designed as heads for a future Work,

cease about twenty years before Mr. Gibbon's death; and consequently, that we have the least detailed account of the most interesting part of his Life. His Correspondence during that period will, in great measure, supply the deficiency. It will be separated from the Memoirs and placed in an Appendix, that those who are not disposed to be pleased with the repetitions, familiarities, and trivial circumstances of epistolary writing, may not be embarrassed by it. By many, the Letters will be found a very interesting part of the present Publication. They will prove, how pleasant, friendly, and amiable Mr. Gibbon was in private life; and if, in publishing Letters so flattering to myself, I incur the imputation of vanity, I shall meet the charge with a frank confession, that I am indeed highly vain of having enjoyed, for so many years, the esteem, the confidence, and the affection of a man, whose social qualities endeared him to the most accomplished society, and whose talents, great as they were, must be acknowledged to have been fully equalled by the sincerity of his friendship.

Whatever censure may be pointed against the Editor, the Public will set a due value on the Letters for their intrinsic merit. I must, indeed, be blinded, either by vanity or affection, if they do not display the heart and mind of their Author, in

such a manner as justly to increase the number of his admirers.

I have not been solicitous to garble or expunge passages which, to some, may appear trifling. Such passages will often, in the opinion of the observing Reader, mark the character of the Writer, and the omission of them would materially take from the ease and familiarity of authentic letters.

Few men, I believe, have ever so fully unveiled their own character, by a minute narrative of their sentiments and pursuits, as Mr. Gibbon will here be found to have done; not with study and labour—not with an affected frankness—but with a genuine confession of his little foibles and peculiarities, and a good-humoured and natural display of his own conduct and opinions.

Mr. Gibbon began a Journal, a work distinct from the sketches already mentioned, in the early part of his Life, with the following declaration :

“ I propose from this day, August 24th 1761, to
 “ keep an exact Journal of my actions and studies, both
 “ to assist my memory, and to accustom me to set a due
 “ value on my time. I shall begin by setting down
 “ some few events of my past life, the dates of which
 “ I can remember.”

This

This industrious project he pursued occasionally in French, under various titles, and with the minuteness, fidelity, and liberality of a mind resolved to watch over and improve itself.

The Journal is continued under different titles, and is sometimes very concise, and sometimes singularly detailed. One part of it is entitled "My Journal," another "Ephemerides, or Journal of my Actions, Studies, and Opinions." The other parts are entitled, "Ephemerides, ou Journal de ma Vie, de mes Etudes, et de mes Sentimens." In this Journal, among the most trivial circumstances, are mixed very interesting observations and dissertations on a Satire of Juvenal, a Passage of Homer, or of Longinus, or of any other author whose works he happened to read in the course of the day; and he often passes from a Remark on the most common event, to a critical Disquisition of considerable learning, or an Enquiry into some abstruse point of Philosophy.

It certainly was not his intention that this private and motley Diary should be presented to the Public; nor have I thought myself at liberty to present it, in the shape in which he left it. But by reducing it to an account of *his literary occupations*, it formed so singular and so interesting a portrait of an indefatigable Student, that I persuade myself it will be regarded as a valuable

valuable acquisition by the Literary World, and as an accession of fame to the memory of my Friend. With the Extracts from Mr. Gibbon's Journal will be printed, his Dissertations entitled "Extraits raisonnés de mes Lectures:" and "Recueil de mes Observations, et Pièces détachées sur différens Sujets." A few other passages from other parts of the Journals, introduced in Notes, will make a curious addition to the Memoirs.

His First Publication, "Essai sur l'Etude de la Litterature," with corrections and additions from an interleaved copy which my Friend gave to me several years ago, is reprinted as part of these volumes.

Three more of his smaller Publications are also reprinted. 1. His masterly Criticism on the Sixth Book of Virgil, in answer to Bishop Warburton. 2. His own Vindication of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of his History, in answer to Mr. Davis and others. And 3. His "Reponse à l'Exposé de la Cour de France,"—an occasional composition, which obtained the highest applause in Foreign Courts, and of which he spoke to me with some pleasure, observing that it had been translated even into the Turkish language*.

Of these various writings the Author has spoken himself, in describing his own Life. I have yet to notice

* At Petersburg and Vienna it was currently observed by the Corps Diplomatique, that the English Ministry had published a Memorial written not only with great ability, but also in French, so correct, that they must have employed a Frenchman.

some articles not mentioned in his Memoirs, and which will be found in this Publication. 1. A juvenile sketch, entitled, "Outlines of the History of the World." 2. A Dissertation, which he had shewn to a few friends, on that curious subject, "L'Homme au Masque de Fer." 3. A more considerable work, "The Antiquities of the House of Brunswick;" an historical discourse, composed about the year 1790. In this Work he intended to appropriate separate books: 1. To the Italian descent; 2. To the Germanic reign: and, 3. To the British Succession of the House of Brunswick. The Manuscript closes in completing the Italian branch of his subject.

Among the most splendid passages of that unfinished work may be enumerated, the characters of Leibnitz and Muratori: A sketch of Albert-Azo the Second, a prince who retained his faculties and reputation beyond the age of one hundred years: An account of Padua and its university, and remarks on the epic glory of Ferrara.

The last Paper of these Volumes has the mournful attraction of being a sketch interrupted by death, and affords an honourable proof that my Friend's ardour for the promotion of historical knowledge attended him to the last. It is entitled merely, "An Address;" and expresses a wish that our Latin memorials of the middle ages, the "Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum," may be published in
England,

England, in a manner worthy of the subject, and of the country. He mentions Mr. John Pinkerton as a person well qualified for the conduct of such a national undertaking.

In the collection of writings which I am now sending to the press, there is no article that will so much engage the public attention as the Memoirs. I will therefore close all I mean to say as their Editor, by assuring the Reader, that, although I have in some measure newly arranged those interesting Papers, by forming one regular narrative from the Six different sketches, I have nevertheless adhered with scrupulous fidelity to the very words of their Author; and I use the letter S. to mark such Notes of my own, as it seemed necessary to add.

It remains only to express a wish, that in discharging this latest office of affection, my regard to the memory of my Friend may appear, as I trust it will do, proportioned to the high satisfaction which I enjoyed for many years in possessing his entire confidence, and very partial attachment.

SHEFFIELD.

SHEFFIELD-PLACE,
6th Aug. 1795.

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- Page 95. line 29. *for our read an.*
 104. — ult. note, *for Letter, No. XI. read No. XIV.*
 126. — — — — — *for No. XII. read No. XVII.*
 140. — penult. *for withdrew read drew.*
 141. — 7. *after esteem put a full stop.*
ib. — 28. *for (1772) read (1770).*
 153. — ult. note, *for No. LXVIII. LXIX. C. read LXXXII. LXXXIII. CXIV.*
 154. — penult. note, *for No. CXIX. read CXLIV.*
 154. — ult. *dele CXXIV.*
 165. — antipen. note, *for No. CXXV. CXXVI. CXXVII. CXXVIII. CXXIX. CXXX. read No. CL. CLI. CLII. CLIII. CLIV. CLVI. CLIX.*
ib. — ult. note, *for No. CL. read No. CLXXVI.*
 166. — — — — — *for No. CXLVI. read No. CLXXI. CLXXVI.*
 225. — 9. *for in private societies and in my passage read and in private societies and also in my passage.*
 228. — penult. note, *for M. de Malherbes read M. de Malzherbes.*
 239. — 21. *for M. de Germain read M. de Germany.*
 243. — 12. *for one read on.*
 258. — 22. *for designed read deigned.*
 260. — 10. *dele this.*
 299. — 12. note, *for vaginati read vaginali.*
 299. — 23. note, *for masculi read musculi.*
 326. — 4 from the bottom, *for ravished read ravaged.*
 515. — 14. *for a thousand a year read a thousand pounds.*
 642. — 5. *after had insert the.*

MEMOIRS
OF
MY LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and literary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar: but style is the image of character; and the habits of correct writing may produce, without labour or design, the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward: and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule*.

* This passage is found in one only of the six sketches, and in that which seems to have been the first written, and which was laid aside among loose papers. Mr. Gibbon, in his communications with me on the subject of his Memoirs, a subject which he had never mentioned to any other person, expressed a determination of publishing them in his lifetime; and never appears to have departed from that resolution, excepting in one of his letters annexed, in which he intimates a doubt, though rather carelessly, whether in his time, or at any time, they would meet the eye of the public.—In a conversation, however, not long before his death, it was suggested to him, that, if he should make them a full image of his mind, he would not have nerves to publish them in his lifetime, and therefore that they should be posthumous;—He answered, rather eagerly, that he was determined to publish them *in his lifetime*. S.

A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which Nature has confined us. Fifty or an hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate, than to suppress, the pride of an antient and worthy race. The satyrift may laugh, the philosopher may preach; but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits, which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line so antient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of Nature above those of Fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct

or

or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered, by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet. I have exposed my private feelings, as I shall always do, without scruple or reserve. That these sentiments are just, or at least natural, I am inclined to believe, since I do not feel myself interested in the cause; for I can derive from my ancestors neither glory nor shame.

Yet a sincere and simple narrative of my own life may amuse some of my leisure hours; but it will subject me, and perhaps with justice, to the imputation of vanity. I may judge, however, from the experience both of past and of the present times, that the public are always curious to know the men, who have left behind them any image of their minds: the most scanty accounts of such men are compiled with diligence, and perused with eagerness; and the student of every class may derive a lesson, or an example, from the lives most similar to his own. My name may hereafter be placed among the thousand articles of a *Biographia Britannica*; and I must be conscious, that no one is so well qualified, as myself, to describe the series of my thoughts and actions. The authority of my masters, of the grave Thuanus, and the philosophic Hume, might be sufficient to justify my design; but it would not be difficult to produce a long list of antients and moderns, who, in various forms, have exhibited their own portraits. Such portraits are often the most interesting, and sometimes the only interesting parts of their writings; and, if they

be sincere, we seldom complain of the minuteness or prolixity of these personal memorials. The lives of the younger Pliny, of Petrarch, and of Erasmus, are expressed in the epistles, which they themselves have given to the world. The essays of Montagne and Sir William Temple bring us home to the houses and bosoms of the authors: we smile without contempt at the headstrong passions of Benevenuto Cellini, and the gay follies of Colley Cibber. The confessions of St. Austin and Rousseau disclose the secrets of the human heart: the commentaries of the learned Huet have survived his evangelical demonstration; and the memoirs of Goldoni are more truly dramatic than his Italian comedies. The heretic and the churchman are strongly marked in the characters and fortunes of Whiston and Bishop Newton; and even the dullness of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood acquires some value from the faithful representation of men and manners. That I am equal or superior to some of these, the effects of modesty or affectation cannot force me to dissemble.

My family is originally derived from the county of Kent. The southern district, which borders on Sussex and the sea, was formerly overspread with the great forest Anderida, and even now retains the denomination of the *Weald*, or Woodland. In this district, and in the hundred and parish of Rolvenden, the Gibbons were possessed of lands in the year one thousand three hundred and twenty-six; and the elder branch of the family, without much increase or diminution of property, still adheres to its native soil. Fourteen years after the first appearance of his name, John Gibbon is recorded as the *Marmorarius* or architect of King Edward the Third: the strong and stately castle of Queensborough, which guarded the entrance of the Medway, was a monument of his skill; and the grant of an hereditary toll on the passage from Sandwich to Stonar, in the Isle of Thanet,

Thanet, is the reward of no vulgar artist. In the visitations of the heralds, the Gibbons are frequently mentioned: they held the rank of Esquire in an age, when that title was less promiscuously assumed: one of them, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was captain of the militia of Kent; and a free school, in the neighbouring town of Benenden, proclaims the charity and opulence of its founder. But time, or their own obscurity, has cast a veil of oblivion over the virtues and vices of my Kentish ancestors; their character or station confined them to the labours and pleasures of a rural life: nor is it in my power to follow the advice of the Poet, in an inquiry after a name—

“Go! search it there, where to be born, and die,

“Of rich and poor makes all the history.”

So recent is the institution of our parish registers. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, a younger branch of the Gibbons of Rolvenden migrated from the country to the city; and from this branch I do not blush to descend. The law requires some abilities; the church imposes some restraints; and before our army and navy, our civil establishments, and India empire, had opened so many paths of fortune, the mercantile profession was more frequently chosen by youths of a liberal race and education, who aspired to create their own independence. Our most respectable families have not disdained the counting-house, or even the shop; their names are enrolled in the Livery and Companies of London; and in England, as well as in the Italian commonwealths, heralds have been compelled to declare, that gentility is not degraded by the exercise of trade.

The armorial ensigns which, in the times of chivalry, adorned the crest and shield of the soldier, are now become an empty decoration, which every man, who has money to build a carriage, may paint according to his fancy on the pannels. My family arms are the same, which were borne by the Gibbons of Kent in an age, when the College of Heralds religiously guarded the distinctions of blood and
name:

name: a lion rampant gardant, between three schallop-shells Argent, on a field Azure*. I should not however have been tempted to blazon my coat of arms, were it not connected with a whimsical anecdote.—About the reign of James the First, the three harmless schallop-shells were changed by Edmund Gibbon esq. into three *Ogres*, or female cannibals, with a design of stigmatizing three ladies, his kinswomen, who had provoked him by an unjust law-suit. But this singular mode of revenge, for which he obtained the sanction of Sir William Seagar, king at arms, soon expired with its author; and, on his own monument in the Temple church, the monsters vanish, and the three schallop-shells resume their proper and hereditary place.

Our alliances by marriage it is not disgraceful to mention. The chief honour of my ancestry is James Fiens, Baron Say and Seale, and Lord High Treasurer of England, in the reign of Henry the Sixth; from whom by the Phelips, the Whetnalls, and the Cromers, I am lineally descended in the eleventh degree. His dismissal and imprisonment in the Tower were insufficient to appease the popular clamour; and the Treasurer, with his son-in-law Cromer, was beheaded (1450), after a mock trial by the Kentish insurgents. The black list of his offences, as it is exhibited in Shakespeare, displays the ignorance and envy of a plebeian tyrant. Besides the vague reproaches of selling Maine and Normandy to the Dauphin, the Treasurer is specially accused of luxury, for riding on a foot-cloth; and of treason, for speaking French, the language of our enemies: “Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm,” says Jack Cade to the unfortunate Lord, “in erecting a grammar-school;” “and whereas before our forefathers had no other books than the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and,

* The father of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke married an heiress of this family of Gibbon. The Chancellor’s escutcheon in the Temple Hall quarters the arms of Gibbon, as does also that, in Lincoln’s Inn Hall, of Charles York, Chancellor in 1770. S.

“contrary

“ contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a
“ paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men
“ about thee, who usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear.” Our dramatic poet is generally more attentive to character than to history; and I much fear that the art of printing was not introduced into England, till several years after Lord Say’s death: but of some of these meritorious crimes I should hope to find my ancestor guilty; and a man of letters may be proud of his descent from a patron and martyr of learning.

In the beginning of the last century Robert Gibbon esq. of Rolvenden in Kent, (who died in 1618,) had a son of the same name of Robert, who settled in London, and became a member of the Clothworkers’ Company. His wife was a daughter of the Edgars, who flourished about four hundred years in the county of Suffolk, and produced an eminent and wealthy serjeant-at-law, Sir Gregory Edgar, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Of the sons of Robert Gibbon, (who died in 1643,) Matthew did not aspire above the station of a linen-draper in Leadenhall-street; but John has given to the public some curious memorials of his existence, his character, and his family. He was born on the 3d of November in the year 1629; his education was liberal, at a grammar-school, and afterwards in Jesus College at Cambridge; and he celebrates the retired content which he enjoyed at Alleborough in Worcestershire, in the house of Thomas Lord Coventry, where John Gibbon was employed as a domestic tutor, the same office which Mr. Hobbes exercised in the Devonshire family. But the spirit of my kinsman soon immersed into more active life: he visited foreign countries as a soldier and a traveller, acquired the knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, passed some time in the Isle of Jersey, crossed the Atlantic, and resided upwards of a twelvemonth (1659) in the rising colony of Virginia. In this remote province, his taste, or rather passion, for heraldry found a singular
8 gratification

gratification at a war-dance of the native Indians. As they moved in measured steps, brandishing their tomahawks, his curious eye contemplated their little shields of bark, and their naked bodies, which were painted with the colours and symbols of his favourite science. "At which I exceedingly wondered; and concluded that heraldry was ingrafted *naturally* into the sense of human race. If so, it deserves a greater esteem than now-a-days is put upon it." His return to England after the Restoration was soon followed by his marriage—his settlement in a house in St. Catherine's Cloyster, near the Tower, which devolved to my grandfather—and his introduction into the Herald's College (in 1671) by the style and title of Blue-mantle Pursuivant at Arms. In this office he enjoyed near fifty years the rare felicity of uniting, in the same pursuit, his duty and inclination: his name is remembered in the College, and many of his letters are still preserved. Several of the most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Mr. Ashmole, Dr. John Betts, and Dr. Nehemiah Grew, were his friends; and in the society of such men, John Gibbon may be recorded without disgrace as the member of an astrological club. The study of hereditary honours is favourable to the Royal prerogative; and my kinsman, like most of his family, was a high Tory both in church and state. In the latter end of the reign of Charles the Second, his pen was exercised in the cause of the Duke of York: the Republican faction he most cordially detested; and as each animal is conscious of its proper arms, the heralds' revenge was emblazoned on a most diabolical escutcheon. But the triumph of the Whig government checked the preferment of Blue-mantle; and he was even suspended from his office, till his tongue could learn to pronounce the oath of abjuration. His life was prolonged to the age of ninety; and, in the expectation of the inevitable though uncertain hour, he wishes to preserve the blessings of health, competence, and virtue. In the year 1682 he published at London his *Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam*, an original attempt,

which Camden had desiderated, to define, in a Roman idiom, the terms and attributes of a Gothic institution. It is not two years since I acquired, in a foreign land, some domestic intelligence of my own family; and this intelligence was conveyed to Switzerland from the heart of Germany. I had formed an acquaintance with Mr. *Langer*, a lively and ingenious scholar, while he resided at Lausanne as preceptor to the Hereditary Prince of *Brunswick*. On his return to his proper station of Librarian to the Ducal Library of Wolfenbützel, he accidentally found among some literary rubbish a small old English volume of heraldry, inscribed with the name of *John Gibbon*. From the title only Mr. *Langer* judged that it might be an acceptable present to his friend; and he judged rightly. His manner is quaint and affected; his order is confused: but he displays some wit, more reading, and still more enthusiasm; and if an enthusiast be often absurd, he is never languid. An English text is perpetually interspersed with Latin sentences in prose and verse; but in his own poetry he claims an exemption from the laws of prosody. Amidst a profusion of genealogical knowledge, my kinsman could not be forgetful of his own name; and to him I am indebted for almost the whole of my information concerning the Gibbon family. From this small work (a duodecimo of one hundred and sixty-five pages) the author expected immortal fame: and at the conclusion of his labour he sings, in a strain of self-exultation;

“ Usque huc corrigitur Romana Blasonia per me;

“ Verborumque dehinc barbara forma cadat.

“ Hic liber, in meritum si forsitan incidet usum,

“ Testis rite meæ sedulitatis erit.

“ Quicquid agat Zoilus, ventura fatebitur ætas

“ Artis quôd fueram non Clypearis inops.”

Such are the hopes of authors! In the failure of those hopes John Gibbon has not been the first of his profession, and very possibly may not be the last of his name. His brother Matthew Gibbon, the

draper, had one daughter and two sons—my grandfather Edward, who was born in the year 1666, and Thomas, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. According to the mercantile creed, that the best book is a profitable ledger, the writings of John the herald would be much less precious, than those of his nephew Edward: but an author professes at least to write for the public benefit; and the slow balance of trade can be pleasing to those persons only, to whom it is advantageous. The successful industry of my grandfather raised him above the level of his immediate ancestors; he appears to have launched into various and extensive dealings: even his opinions were subordinate to his interest; and I find him in Flanders clothing King William's troops, while he would have contracted with more pleasure, though not perhaps at a cheaper rate, for the service of King James. During his residence abroad, his concerns at home were managed by his mother Hester, an active and notable woman. Her second husband was a widower, of the name of Acton: they united the children of their first nuptials. After his marriage with the daughter of Richard Acton, goldsmith in Leadenhall-street, he gave his own sister to Sir Whitmore Acton, of Aldenham; and I am thus connected, by a triple alliance, with that ancient and loyal family of Shropshire baronets. It consisted about that time of seven brothers, all of gigantic stature; one of whom, a pigmy of six feet two inches, confessed himself the last and least of the seven; adding, in the true spirit of party, that such men were not born since the Revolution. Under the Tory administration of the four last years of Queen Anne (1710—1714) Mr. Edward Gibbon was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Customs; he sat at that Board with Prior: but the merchant was better qualified for his station than the poet; since Lord Bolingbroke has been heard to declare, that he had never conversed with a man, who more clearly understood the commerce and finances of England. In the year 1716 he was elected one of the Directors of the South Sea Company; and his books exhibited the proof that,

before his acceptance of this fatal office, he had acquired an independent fortune of sixty thousand pounds.

But his fortune was overwhelmed in the shipwreck of the year twenty, and the labours of thirty years were blasted in a single day. Of the use or abuse of the South Sea scheme, of the guilt or innocence of my grandfather and his brother Directors, I am neither a competent nor a disinterested judge. Yet the equity of modern times must condemn the violent and arbitrary proceedings, which would have disgraced the cause of justice, and would render injustice still more odious. No sooner had the nation awakened from its golden dream, than a popular and even a parliamentary clamour demanded their victims: but it was acknowledged on all sides that the South Sea Directors, however guilty, could not be touched by any known laws of the lands. The speech of Lord Moleworth, the author of the State of Denmark, may shew the temper, or rather the intemperance, of the House of Commons. “Extraordinary crimes (exclaimed that ardent Whig) call aloud for extraordinary remedies. The Roman lawgivers had not foreseen the possible existence of a parricide: but as soon as the first monster appeared, he was sewn in a sack, and cast headlong into the river; and I shall be content to inflict the same treatment on the authors of our present ruin.” His motion was not literally adopted; but a bill of pains and penalties was introduced, a retroactive statute, to punish the offences, which did not exist at the time they were committed. Such a pernicious violation of liberty and law can be excused only by the most imperious necessity; nor could it be defended on this occasion by the plea of impending danger or useful example. The legislature restrained the persons of the Directors, imposed an exorbitant security for their appearance, and marked their characters with a previous note of ignominy: they were compelled to deliver, upon oath, the strict value of their estates; and were disabled from making any transfer or alienation of any part of their property. Against a bill of pains and penalties it is the

common right of every subject to be heard by his counsel at the bar: they prayed to be heard; their prayer was refused; and their oppressors, who required no evidence, would listen to no defence. It had been at first proposed that one-eighth of their respective estates should be allowed for the future support of the Directors; but it was speciously urged, that in the various shades of opulence and guilt such an unequal proportion would be too light for many, and for some might possibly be too heavy. The character and conduct of each man were separately weighed; but, instead of the calm solemnity of a judicial inquiry, the fortune and honour of three and thirty Englishmen were made the topic of hasty conversation, the sport of a lawless majority; and the basest member of the committee, by a malicious word or a silent vote, might indulge his general spleen or personal animosity. Injury was aggravated by insult, and insult was embittered by pleasantry. Allowances of twenty pounds, or one shilling, were facetiously moved. A vague report that a Director had formerly been concerned in *another* project, by which some unknown persons had lost their money, was admitted as a proof of his actual guilt. One man was ruined because he had dropt a foolish speech, that his horses should feed upon gold; another because he was grown so proud, that, one day at the Treasury, he had refused a civil answer to persons much above him. All were condemned, absent and unheard, in arbitrary fines and forfeitures, which swept away the greatest part of their substance. Such bold oppression can scarcely be shielded by the omnipotence of parliament: and yet it may be seriously questioned, whether the Judges of the South Sea Directors were the true and legal representatives of their country. The first parliament of George the First had been chosen (1715) for three years: the term had elapsed, their trust was expired; and the four additional years (1718—1722), during which they continued to sit, were derived not from the people, but from themselves; from the strong measure of the septennial bill, which can only be paralleled by *il serar di*

di configlio of the Venetian history. Yet candour will own that to the same parliament every Englishman is deeply indebted: the septennial act, so vicious in its origin, has been sanctioned by time, experience, and the national consent. Its first operation secured the House of Hanover on the throne; and its permanent influence maintains the peace and stability of government. As often as a repeal has been moved in the House of Commons, I have given in its defence a clear and conscientious vote.

My grandfather could not expect to be treated with more lenity than his companions. His Tory principles and connections rendered him obnoxious to the ruling powers: his name is reported in a suspicious secret; and his well-known abilities could not plead the excuse of ignorance or error. In the first proceedings against the South Sea Directors, Mr. Gibbon is one of the few who were taken into custody; and, in the final sentence, the measure of his fine proclaims him eminently guilty. The total estimate which he delivered on oath to the House of Commons amounted to one hundred and six thousand five hundred and forty-three pounds five shillings and sixpence, exclusive of antecedent settlements. Two different allowances of fifteen and of ten thousand pounds were moved for Mr. Gibbon; but, on the question being put, it was carried without a division for the smaller sum. On these ruins, with the skill and credit, of which parliament had not been able to despoil him, my grandfather at a mature age erected the edifice of a new fortune: the labours of sixteen years were amply rewarded; and I have reason to believe that the second structure was not much inferior to the first. He had realized a very considerable property in Suffex, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, and the New River Company; and had acquired a spacious house*, with gardens and lands, at Putney, in Surry, where he resided in decent hospitality. He died in December 1736,

* Since inhabited by Mr. Wood, Sir John Shelley, the Duke of Norfolk, &c. S.

at the age of seventy; and by his last will, at the expence of Edward, his only son, (with whose marriage he was not perfectly reconciled,) enriched his two daughters, Catherine and Hester. The former became the wife of Mr. Edward Elliston, an East India captain: their daughter and heiress Catherine was married in the year 1756 to Edward Eliot esq. (now Lord Eliot), of Port Eliot, in the county of Cornwall; and their three sons are my nearest male relations on the father's side. A life of devotion and celibacy was the choice of my aunt, Mrs. Hester Gibbon, who, at the age of eighty-five, still resides in a hermitage at Cliffe, in Northamptonshire; having long survived her spiritual guide and faithful companion Mr. William Law, who, at an advanced age, about the year 1761, died in her house. In our family he had left the reputation of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he professed, and practised all that he enjoined. The character of a nonjuror, which he maintained to the last, is a sufficient evidence of his principles in church and state; and the sacrifice of interest to conscience will be always respectable. His theological writings, which our domestic connection has tempted me to peruse, preserve an imperfect sort of life, and I can pronounce with more confidence and knowledge on the merits of the author. His last compositions are darkly tinctured by the incomprehensible visions of Jacob Behmen; and his discourse on the absolute unlawfulness of stage-entertainments is sometimes quoted for a ridiculous intemperance of sentiment and language.—“ The actors and spectators must
 “ all be damned: the playhouse is the porch of Hell, the place of
 “ the Devil's abode, where he holds his filthy court of evil spirits: a
 “ play is the Devil's triumph, a sacrifice performed to his glory, as much
 “ as in the heathen temples of Bacchus or Venus, &c. &c.” But these fallies of religious phrensy must not extinguish the praise, which is due to Mr. William Law as a wit and a scholar. His argument on topics of less absurdity is specious and acute, his manner is lively, his style forcible and clear; and, had not his vigorous mind been
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clouded by enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times. While the Bangorian controversy was a fashionable theme, he entered the lists on the subject of Christ's kingdom, and the authority of the priesthood : against the plain account of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper he resumed the combat with Bishop Hoadley, the object of Whig idolatry, and Tory abhorrence ; and at every weapon of attack and defence the nonjuror, on the ground which is common to both, approves himself at least equal to the prelate. On the appearance of the *Fable of the Bees*, he drew his pen against the licentious doctrine that private vices are public benefits, and morality as well as religion must join in his applause. Mr. Law's master-work, the *Serious Call*, is still read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the gospel : his satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life ; and many of his portraits are not unworthy of the pen of La Bruyere. If he finds a spark of piety in his reader's mind, he will soon kindle it to a flame ; and a philosopher must allow that he exposes, with equal severity and truth, the strange contradiction between the faith and practice of the Christian world. Under the names of Flavia and Miranda he has admirably described my two aunts—the heathen and the christian sister.

My father, Edward Gibbon, was born in October 1707 : at the age of thirteen he could scarcely feel that he was disinherited by act of parliament ; and, as he advanced towards manhood, new prospects of fortune opened to his view. A parent is most attentive to supply in his children the deficiencies, of which he is conscious in himself : my grandfather's knowledge was derived from a strong understanding, and the experience of the ways of men ; but my father enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education as a scholar and a gentleman. At Westminster School, and afterwards at Emanuel College in Cambridge, he passed through a regular course of academical discipline ;

cipline ; and the care of his learning and morals was entrusted to his private tutor, the same Mr. William Law. But the mind of a faint is above or below the present world ; and while the pupil proceeded on his travels, the tutor remained at Putney, the much-honoured friend and spiritual director of the whole family. My father resided some time at Paris to acquire the fashionable exercises ; and as his temper was warm and social, he indulged in those pleasures, for which the strictness of his former education had given him a keener relish. He afterwards visited several provinces of France ; but his excursions were neither long nor remote ; and the slender knowledge, which he had gained of the French language, was gradually obliterated. His passage through Besançon is marked by a singular consequence in the chain of human events. In a dangerous illness Mr. Gibbon was attended, at his own request, by one of his kinsmen of the name of Acton, the younger brother of a younger brother, who had applied himself to the study of physic. During the slow recovery of his patient, the physician himself was attacked by the malady of love : he married his mistress, renounced his country and religion, settled at Besançon, and became the father of three sons ; the eldest of whom, General Acton, is conspicuous in Europe as the principal Minister of the King of the Two Sicilies. By an uncle whom another stroke of fortune had transplanted to Leghorn, he was educated in the naval service of the Emperor ; and his valour and conduct in the command of the Tuscan frigates protected the retreat of the Spaniards from Algiers. On my father's return to England he was chosen, in the general election of 1734, to serve in parliament for the borough of Petersfield ; a burgage tenure, of which my grandfather possessed a weighty share, till he alienated (I know not why) such important property. In the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole and the Pelhams, prejudice and society connected his son with the Tories,—shall I say Jacobites ? or, as they were pleased to style themselves, the country gentlemen ? with them he gave many a vote ; with them he drank

many a bottle. Without acquiring the fame of an orator or a statesman, he eagerly joined in the great opposition, which, after a seven years chase, hunted down Sir Robert Walpole: and in the pursuit of an unpopular minister, he gratified a private revenge against the oppressor of his family in the South Sea persecution.

I was born at Putney, in the county of Surry, the 27th of April, O. S. in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven; the first child of the marriage of Edward Gibbon esq. and of Judith Porten *. My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune. From my birth I have enjoyed the right of primogeniture; but I was succeeded by five brothers and one sister, all of whom were snatched away in their infancy. My five brothers, whose names may be found in the parish register of Putney, I shall not pretend to lament: but from my childhood to the present hour I have deeply and sincerely regretted my sister, whose life was somewhat prolonged, and whom I remember to have seen an amiable infant. The relation of a brother and a sister, especially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship with a female, much about our own age; an affection perhaps softened by the secret influence of sex, but pure from any mixture of sensual desire, the sole species of Platonic love that can be indulged with truth, and without danger.

* The union to which I owe my birth was a marriage of inclination and esteem. Mr. James Porten, a merchant of London, resided with his family at Putney, in a house adjoining to the bridge and church-yard, where I have passed many happy hours of my childhood. He left one son (the late Sir Stanier Porten) and three daughters: Catherine, who preserved her maiden name, and of whom I shall hereafter speak; another daughter married Mr. Darrel of Richmond, and left two sons, Edward and Robert: the youngest of the three sisters was Judith, my mother.

At the general election of 1741, Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Delmé stood an expensive and successful contest at Southampton, against Mr. Dummer and Mr. Henly, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Northington. The Whig candidates had a majority of the resident voters; but the corporation was firm in the Tory interest: a sudden creation of one hundred and seventy new freemen turned the scale; and a supply was readily obtained of respectable volunteers, who flocked from all parts of England to support the cause of their political friends. The new parliament opened with the victory of an opposition, which was fortified by strong clamour and strange coalitions. From the event of the first divisions, Sir Robert Walpole perceived that he could no longer lead a majority in the House of Commons, and prudently resigned (after a dominion of one and twenty years) the guidance of the state (1742). But the fall of an unpopular minister was not succeeded, according to general expectation, by a millenium of happiness and virtue: some courtiers lost their places, some patriots lost their characters, Lord Orford's offences vanished with his power; and after a short vibration, the Pelham government was fixed on the old basis of the Whig aristocracy. In the year 1745, the throne and the constitution were attacked by a rebellion, which does not reflect much honour on the national spirit: since the English friends of the Pretender wanted courage to join his standard, and his enemies (the bulk of the people) allowed him to advance into the heart of the kingdom. Without daring, perhaps without desiring, to aid the rebels, my father invariably adhered to the Tory opposition. In the most critical season he accepted, for the service of the party, the office of alderman in the city of London: but the duties were so repugnant to his inclination and habits, that he resigned his gown at the end of a few months. The second parliament in which he sat was prematurely dissolved (1747): and as he was unable or unwilling to maintain a second contest for Southampton, the life of the senator expired in that dissolution.

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The death of a new-born child before that of its parents may seem an unnatural, but it is strictly a probable, event: since of any given number the greater part are extinguished before their ninth year, before they possess the faculties of the mind or body. Without accusing the profuse waste or imperfect workmanship of Nature, I shall only observe, that this unfavourable chance was multiplied against my infant existence. So feeble was my constitution, so precarious my life, that, in the baptism of each of my brothers, my father's prudence successively repeated my christian name of Edward, that, in case of the departure of the eldest son, this patronymick appellation might be still perpetuated in the family.

— Uno avulso non deficit alter.

To preserve and to rear so frail a being, the most tender assiduity was scarcely sufficient; and my mother's attention was somewhat diverted by her frequent pregnancies, by an exclusive passion for her husband, and by the dissipation of the world, in which his taste and authority obliged her to mingle. But the maternal office was supplied by my aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten; at whose name I feel a tear of gratitude trickling down my cheek. A life of celibacy transferred her vacant affection to her sister's first child: my weakness excited her pity; her attachment was fortified by labour and success: and if there be any, as I trust there are some, who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted. Many anxious and solitary days did she consume in the patient trial of every mode of relief and amusement. Many wakeful nights did she sit by my bed-side in trembling expectation that each hour would be my last. Of the various and frequent disorders of my childhood my own recollection is dark; nor do I wish to expatiate on so disgusting a topic. Suffice it to say, that while every practitioner, from Sloane and Ward to the Chevalier Taylor, was successively summoned to torture or relieve me, the care of my mind was too frequently neglected for that of my health: compassion always suggested

an excuse for the indulgence of the master, or the idleness of the pupil; and the chain of my education was broken, as often as I was recalled from the school of learning to the bed of sickness.

As soon as the use of speech had prepared my infant reason for the admission of knowledge, I was taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. So remote is the date, so vague is the memory of their origin in myself, that, were not the error corrected by analogy, I should be tempted to conceive them as innate. In my childhood I was praised for the readiness, with which I could multiply and divide, by memory alone, two sums of several figures: such praise encouraged my growing talent; and had I persevered in this line of application, I might have acquired some fame in mathematical studies.

After this previous institution at home, or at a day-school at Putney, I was delivered at the age of seven into the hands of Mr. John Kirkby, who exercised about eighteen months the office of my domestic tutor. His own words, which I shall here transcribe, inspire in his favour a sentiment of pity and esteem.—“ During my abode
 “ in my native county of Cumberland, in quality of an indigent
 “ curate, I used now-and-then in a Summer, when the pleasantness
 “ of the season invited, to take a solitary walk to the sea-shore, which
 “ lies about two miles from the town where I lived. Here I would
 “ amuse myself, one while in viewing at large the agreeable prospect
 “ which surrounded me, and another while (confining my sight to
 “ nearer objects) in admiring the vast variety of beautiful shells, thrown
 “ upon the beach; some of the choicest of which I always picked up,
 “ to divert my little ones upon my return. One time among the
 “ rest, taking such a journey in my head, I sat down upon the de-
 “ clivity of the beach with my face to the sea, which was now come
 “ up within a few yards of my feet; when immediately the sad
 “ thoughts of the wretched condition of my family, and the un-
 “ successfulness of all endeavours to amend it, came crowding into

“ my mind, which drove me into a deep melancholy, and ever and anon forced tears from my eyes.” Distress at last forced him to leave the country. His learning and virtue introduced him to my father; and at Putney he might have found at least a temporary shelter, had not an act of indiscretion again driven him into the world. One day reading prayers in the parish church, he most unluckily forgot the name of King George: his patron, a loyal subject, dismissed him with some reluctance, and a decent reward; and *how* the poor man ended his days I have never been able to learn. Mr. John Kirkby is the author of two small volumes; the *Life of Automathes* (London, 1745), and an *English and Latin Grammar* (London, 1746); which, as a testimony of gratitude, he dedicated (November 5th, 1745) to my father. The books are before me: from them the pupil may judge the preceptor; and, upon the whole, his judgment will not be unfavourable. The grammar is executed with accuracy and skill, and I know not whether any better existed at the time in our language: but the *life of Automathes* aspires to the honours of a philosophical fiction. It is the story of a youth, the son of a shipwrecked exile, who lives alone on a desert island from infancy to the age of manhood. A hind is his nurse; he inherits a cottage, with many useful and curious instruments; some ideas remain of the education of his two first years; some arts are borrowed from the beavers of a neighbouring lake; some truths are revealed in supernatural visions. With these helps, and his own industry, Automathes becomes a self-taught though speechless philosopher, who had investigated with success his own mind, the natural world, the abstract sciences, and the great principles of morality and religion. The author is not entitled to the merit of invention, since he has blended the English story of *Robinson Crusoe* with the Arabian romance of *Hai Ebn Yokhdan*, which he might have read in the Latin version of Pocock. In the *Automathes* I cannot praise either the depth of thought or elegance of style; but the book is not devoid
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of entertainment or instruction; and among several interesting passages, I would select the discovery of fire, which produces by accidental mischief the discovery of conscience. A man who had thought so much on the subjects of language and education was surely no ordinary preceptor: my childish years, and his hasty departure, prevented me from enjoying the full benefit of his lessons; but they enlarged my knowledge of arithmetic, and left me a clear impression of the English and Latin rudiments.

In my ninth year (January 1746), in a lucid interval of comparative health, my father adopted the convenient and customary mode of English education; and I was sent to Kingston upon Thames, to a school of about seventy boys, which was kept by Dr. Wooddeson and his assistants. Every time I have since passed over Putney Common, I have always noticed the spot where my mother, as we drove along in the coach, admonished me that I was now going into the world, and must learn to think and act for myself. The expression may appear ludicrous; yet there is not, in the course of life, a more remarkable change than the removal of a child from the luxury and freedom of a wealthy house, to the frugal diet and strict subordination of a school; from the tenderness of parents, and the obsequiousness of servants, to the rude familiarity of his equals, the insolent tyranny of his seniors, and the rod, perhaps, of a cruel and capricious pedagogue. Such hardships may steel the mind and body against the injuries of fortune; but my timid reserve was astonished by the crowd and tumult of the school; the want of strength and activity disqualified me for the sports of the play-field; nor have I forgotten how often in the year forty-six I was reviled and buffeted for the sins of my Tory ancestors. By the common methods of discipline, at the expence of many tears and some blood, I purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax: and not long since I was possessed of the dirty volumes of Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos, which I painfully construed and darkly understood. The choice of these authors

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is not injudicious. The *lives* of Cornelius Nepos, the friend of Atticus and Cicero, are composed in the style of the purest age: his simplicity is elegant, his brevity copious: he exhibits a series of men and manners; and with such illustrations, as every pedant is not indeed qualified to give, this classic biographer may initiate a young student in the history of Greece and Rome. The use of fables or apologues has been approved in every age from antient India to modern Europe. They convey in familiar images the truths of morality and prudence; and the most childish understanding (I advert to the scruples of Rousseau) will not suppose either that beasts *do* speak, or that men *may* lie. A fable represents the genuine characters of animals; and a skilful master might extract from Pliny and Buffon some pleasing lessons of natural history, a science well adapted to the taste and capacity of children. The Latinity of Phædrus is not exempt from an alloy of the silver age; but his manner is concise, terse, and sententious: the Thracian slave discreetly breathes the spirit of a freeman; and when the text is found, the style is perspicuous. But his fables, after a long oblivion, were first published by Peter Pithou, from a corrupt manuscript. The labours of fifty editors confess the defects of the copy, as well as the value of the original; and the school-boy may have been whipt for misapprehending a passage, which Bentley could not restore, and which Burman could not explain.

My studies were too frequently interrupted by sickness; and after a real or nominal residence at Kingston-school of near two years, I was finally recalled (December 1747) by my mother's death, which was occasioned, in her thirty-eighth year, by the consequences of her last labour. I was too young to feel the importance of my loss; and the image of her person and conversation is faintly imprinted in my memory. The affectionate heart of my aunt, Catherine Porten, bewailed a sister and a friend; but my poor father was inconsolable, and the transport of grief seemed to threaten his life or his reason.

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I can never forget the scene of our first interview, some weeks after the fatal event ; the awful silence, the room hung with black, the mid-day tapers, his sighs and tears ; his praises of my mother, a faint in heaven ; his solemn adjuration that I would cherish her memory and imitate her virtues ; and the fervor with which he kissed and blessed me as the sole surviving pledge of their loves. The storm of passion insensibly subsided into calmer melancholy. At a convivial meeting of his friends, Mr. Gibbon might affect or enjoy a gleam of cheerfulness ; but his plan of happiness was for ever destroyed : and after the loss of his companion he was left alone in a world, of which the business and pleasures were to him irksome or insipid. After some unsuccessful trials he renounced the tumult of London and the hospitality of Putney, and buried himself in the rural or rather rustic solitude of Buriton ; from which, during several years, he seldom emerged.

As far back as I can remember, the house, near Putney-bridge and church-yard, of my maternal grandfather appears in the light of my proper and native home. It was there that I was allowed to spend the greatest part of my time, in sickness or in health, during my school vacations and my parents' residence in London, and finally after my mother's death. Three months after that event, in the spring of 1748, the commercial ruin of her father, Mr. James Porten, was accomplished and declared. He suddenly absconded : but as his effects were not sold, nor the house evacuated, till the Christmas following, I enjoyed during the whole year the society of my aunt, without much consciousness of her impending fate. I feel a melancholy pleasure in repeating my obligations to that excellent woman, Mrs. Catherine Porten, the true mother of my mind as well as of my health. Her natural good sense was improved by the perusal of the best books in the English language ; and if her reason was sometimes clouded by prejudice, her sentiments were never disguised by hypocrisy or affectation. Her indulgent tenderness, the frankness of her

her temper, and my innate rising curiosity, soon removed all distance between us: like friends of an equal age, we freely conversed on every topic, familiar or abstruse; and it was her delight and reward to observe the first shoots of my young ideas. Pain and languor were often soothed by the voice of instruction and amusement; and to her kind lessons I ascribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India. I should perhaps be astonished, were it possible to ascertain the date, at which a favourite tale was engraved, by frequent repetition, in my memory: the Cavern of the Winds; the Palace of Felicity; and the fatal moment, at the end of three months or centuries, when Prince Adolphus is overtaken by Time, who had worn out so many pair of wings in the pursuit. Before I left Kingston school I was well acquainted with Pope's Homer and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, two books which will always please by the moving picture of human manners and specious miracles: nor was I then capable of discerning that Pope's translation is a portrait endowed with every merit, excepting that of likeness to the original. The verses of Pope accustomed my ear to the sound of poetic harmony: in the death of Hector, and the shipwreck of Ulysses, I tasted the new emotions of terror and pity; and seriously disputed with my aunt on the vices and virtues of the heroes of the Trojan war. From Pope's Homer to Dryden's Virgil was an easy transition; but I know not how, from some fault in the author, the translator, or the reader, the pious Æneas did not so forcibly seize on my imagination; and I derived more pleasure from Ovid's Metamorphoses, especially in the fall of Phaeton, and the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses. My grandfather's flight unlocked the door of a tolerable library; and I turned over many English pages of poetry and romance, of history and travels. Where a title attracted my eye, without fear or awe I snatched the volume from the shelf; and Mrs. Porten, who indulged herself in moral and religious speculations, was more prone to encourage than to check a curiosity above the

strength of a boy. This year (1748), the twelfth of my age, I shall note as the most propitious to the growth of my intellectual stature.

The relics of my grandfather's fortune afforded a bare annuity for his own maintenance ; and his daughter, my worthy aunt, who had already passed her fortieth year, was left destitute. Her noble spirit scorned a life of obligation and dependence ; and after revolving several schemes, she preferred the humble industry of keeping a boarding-house for Westminster-school *, where she laboriously earned a competence for her old age. This singular opportunity of blending the advantages of private and public education decided my father. After the Christmas holidays in January 1749, I accompanied Mrs. Porten to her new house in College-street ; and was immediately entered in the school, of which Dr. John Nicoll was at that time headmaster. At first I was alone : but my aunt's resolution was praised ; her character was esteemed ; her friends were numerous and active : in the course of some years she became the mother of forty or fifty boys, for the most part of family and fortune ; and as her primitive habitation was too narrow, she built and occupied a spacious mansion in Dean's Yard. I shall always be ready to join in the common opinion, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are the best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people. A boy of spirit may acquire a previous and practical experience of the world ; and his playfellows may be the future friends of his heart or his interest. In a free intercourse with his equals, the habits of truth, fortitude, and prudence will insensibly be matured. Birth and riches are measured by the standard of personal merit ; and the mimic scene of a rebellion has displayed, in their true colours, the ministers and patriots of the rising generation. Our seminaries of learning do not exactly correspond with the

* It is said in the family, that she was principally induced to this undertaking by her affection for her nephew, whose weak constitution required her constant and unre-mitted attention. S.

precept of a Spartan king, “ that the child should be instructed in the “ arts, which will be useful to the man ;” since a finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton, in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century. But these schools may assume the merit of teaching all that they pretend to teach, the Latin and Greek languages : they deposit in the hands of a disciple the keys of two valuable chests ; nor can he complain, if they are afterwards lost or neglected by his own fault. The necessity of leading in equal ranks so many unequal powers of capacity and application, will prolong to eight or ten years the juvenile studies, which might be dispatched in half that time by the skilful master of a single pupil. Yet even the repetition of exercise and discipline contributes to fix in a vacant mind the verbal science of grammar and prosody : and the private or voluntary student, who possesses the sense and spirit of the classics, may offend, by a false quantity, the scrupulous ear of a well-fledged critic. For myself, I must be content with a very small share of the civil and literary fruits of a public school. In the space of two years (1749, 1750), interrupted by danger and debility, I painfully climbed into the third form ; and my riper age was left to acquire the beauties of the Latin, and the rudiments of the Greek tongue. Instead of audaciously mingling in the sports, the quarrels, and the connections of our little world, I was still cherished at home under the maternal wing of my aunt ; and my removal from Westminster long preceded the approach of manhood.

The violence and variety of my complaints, which had excused my frequent absence from Westminster-school, at length engaged Mrs. Porten, with the advice of physicians, to conduct me to Bath : at the end of the Michaelmas vacation (1750) she quitted me with reluctance, and I remained several months under the care of a trusty maid-servant. A strange nervous affection, which alternately contracted my legs, and produced, without any visible symptoms, the

most excruciating pain, was ineffectually opposed by the various methods of bathing and pumping. From Bath I was transported to Winchester, to the house of a physician; and after the failure of his medical skill, we had again recourse to the virtues of the Bath waters. During the intervals of these fits, I moved with my father to Buriton and Putney; and a short unsuccessful trial was attempted to renew my attendance at Westminster-school. But my infirmities could not be reconciled with the hours and discipline of a public seminary; and instead of a domestic tutor, who might have watched the favourable moments, and gently advanced the progress of my learning, my father was too easily content with such occasional teachers, as the different places of my residence could supply. I was never forced, and seldom was I persuaded, to admit these lessons: yet I read with a clergyman at Bath some odes of Horace, and several episodes of Virgil, which gave me an imperfect and transient enjoyment of the Latin poets. It might now be apprehended that I should continue for life an illiterate cripple: but, as I approached my sixteenth year, Nature displayed in my favour her mysterious energies: my constitution was fortified and fixed; and my disorders, instead of growing with my growth and strengthening with my strength, most wonderfully vanished. I have never possessed or abused the insolence of health: but since that time few persons have been more exempt from real or imaginary ills; and, till I am admonished by the gout, the reader will no more be troubled with the history of my bodily complaints. My unexpected recovery again encouraged the hope of my education; and I was placed at Esther, in Surry, in the house of the Reverend Mr. Philip Francis, in a pleasant spot, which promised to unite the various benefits of air, exercise, and study (January 1752). The translator of Horace might have taught me to relish the Latin poets, had not my friends discovered in a few weeks, that he preferred the pleasures of London, to the instruction of his pupils. My father's perplexity at this time, rather than his prudence, was urged to embrace

brace a singular and desperate measure. Without preparation or delay he carried me to Oxford; and I was matriculated in the university as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen college, before I had accomplished the fifteenth year of my age (April 3, 1752).

The curiosity, which had been implanted in my infant mind, was still alive and active; but my reason was not sufficiently informed to understand the value, or to lament the loss, of three precious years from my entrance at Westminster to my admission at Oxford. Instead of repining at my long and frequent confinement to the chamber or the couch, I secretly rejoiced in those infirmities, which delivered me from the exercises of the school, and the society of my equals. As often as I was tolerably exempt from danger and pain, reading, free desultory reading, was the employment and comfort of my solitary hours. At Westminster, my aunt fought only to amuse and indulge me; in my stations at Bath and Winchester, at Buriton and Putney, a false compassion respected my sufferings; and I was allowed, without controul or advice, to gratify the wanderings of an unripe taste. My indiscriminate appetite subsided by degrees in the *historic* line: and since philosophy has exploded all innate ideas and natural propensities, I must ascribe this choice to the assiduous perusal of the Universal History, as the octavo volumes successively appeared. This unequal work, and a treatise of Hearne, the *Ductor historicus*, referred and introduced me to the Greek and Roman historians, to as many at least as were accessible to an English reader. All that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame Herodotus, and Spelman's valuable Xenophon, to the pompous folios of Gordon's Tacitus, and a ragged Procopius of the beginning of the last century. The cheap acquisition of so much knowledge confirmed my dislike to the study of languages; and I argued with Mrs. Porten, that, were I master of Greek and Latin, I must interpret to myself in English the thoughts of the original, and that such extemporary versions must be inferior to the elaborate translations of
professed

professed scholars ; a filly fophism, which could not easily be confuted by a person ignorant of any other language than her own. From the ancient I leaped to the modern world : many crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, &c. I devoured like so many novels ; and I swallowed with the same voracious appetite the descriptions of India and China, of Mexico and Peru.

My first introduction to the historic scenes, which have since engaged so many years of my life, must be ascribed to an accident. In the summer of 1751, I accompanied my father on a visit to Mr. Hoare's, in Wiltshire ; but I was less delighted with the beauties of Stourhead, than with discovering in the library a common book, the Continuation of Echard's Roman History, which is indeed executed with more skill and taste than the previous work. To me the reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new ; and I was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube, when the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast. This transient glance served rather to irritate than to appease my curiosity ; and as soon as I returned to Bath I procured the second and third volumes of Howel's History of the World, which exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger scale. Mahomet and his Saracens soon fixed my attention ; and some instinct of criticism directed me to the genuine sources. Simon Ockley, an original in every sense, first opened my eyes ; and I was led from one book to another, till I had ranged round the circle of Oriental history. Before I was sixteen, I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks ; and the same ardour urged me to guess at the French of D'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's Abulfaragius. Such vague and multifarious reading could not teach me to think, to write, or to act ; and the only principle, that darted a ray of light into the indigested chaos, was an early and rational application to the order
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of time and place. The maps of Cellarius and Wells imprinted in my mind the picture of ancient geography: from Stranchius I imbibed the elements of chronology: the Tables of Helvicus and Anderson, the Annals of Usher and Prideaux, distinguished the connection of events, and engraved the multitude of names and dates in a clear and indelible series. But in the discussion of the first ages I overleaped the bounds of modesty and use. In my childish balance I presumed to weigh the systems of Scaliger and Petavius, of Marsham and Newton, which I could seldom study in the originals; and my sleep has been disturbed by the difficulty of reconciling the Septuagint with the Hebrew computation. I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition, that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance, of which a school-boy would have been ashamed.

At the conclusion of this first period of my life, I am tempted to enter a protest against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years, which is echoed with so much affectation in the world. That happiness I have never known, that time I have never regretted; and were my poor aunt still alive, she would bear testimony to the early and constant uniformity of my sentiments. It will indeed be replied, that *I* am not a competent judge; that pleasure is incompatible with pain; that joy is excluded from sickness; and that the felicity of a school-boy consists in the perpetual motion of thoughtless and playful agility, in which I was never qualified to excel. My name, it is most true, could never be enrolled among the sprightly race, the idle progeny of Eton or Westminster,

“ Who foremost may delight to cleave,

“ With pliant arm, the glassy wave,

“ Or urge the flying ball.”

The poet may gaily describe the short hours of recreation; but he forgets the daily tedious labours of the school, which is approached each morning with anxious and reluctant steps.

A traveller, who visits Oxford or Cambridge, is surpris'd and edified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the seats of the English muses. In the most celebrated universities of Holland, Germany, and Italy, the students, who swarm from different countries, are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers: they dress according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *swords*, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English universities; the uniform habit of the academics, the square cap, and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical profession; and from the doctor in divinity to the under-graduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expence, or that of the founders; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular, and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices; and the principal colleges appear to be so many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of science. My own introduction to the university of Oxford forms a new æra in my life; and at the distance of forty years I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man: the persons, whom I respected as my superiors in age and academical rank, entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and silk gown, which distinguish a gentleman commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a school-boy had ever seen, was at my own disposal; and I might command, among the tradesmen of Oxford, an indefinite and dangerous latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me
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the free use of a numerous and learned library : my apartment consisted of three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College ; and the adjacent walks, had they been frequented by Plato's disciples, might have been compared to the Attic shade on the banks of the Ilissus. Such was the fair prospect of my entrance (April 3, 1752) into the university of Oxford.

A venerable prelate, whose taste and erudition must reflect honour on the society in which they were formed, has drawn a very interesting picture of his academical life.—“ I was educated (says Bishop Lowth) in the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars ; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry, and awakened genius ; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the HOOKERS, the CHILLINGWORTHS, and the LOCKES had breathed before ; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge ; who always treated their adversaries with civility and respect ; who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgment as much the rule and law as the subject of their discourse. And do you reproach me with my education in this place, and with my relation to this most respectable body, which I shall always esteem my greatest advantage and my highest honour ?” I transcribe with pleasure this eloquent passage, without examining what benefits or what rewards were derived by Hooker, or Chillingworth, or Locke, from their academical institution ; without

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inquiring, whether in this angry controversy the spirit of Lowth himself is purified from the intolerant zeal, which Warburton had ascribed to the genius of the place. It may indeed be observed, that the atmosphere of Oxford did not agree with Mr. Locke's constitution, and that the philosopher justly despised the academical bigots, who expelled his person and condemned his principles. The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure: a liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parents; and the teachers of science are the parents of the mind. I applaud the filial piety, which it is impossible for me to imitate; since I must not confess an imaginary debt, to assume the merit of a just or generous retribution. To the university of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the school and the scholar; but I cannot affect to believe that Nature had disqualified me for all literary pursuits. The specious and ready excuse of my tender age, imperfect preparation, and hasty departure, may doubtless be alleged; nor do I wish to defraud such excuses of their proper weight. Yet in my sixteenth year I was not devoid of capacity or application; even my childish reading had displayed an early though blind propensity for books; and the shallow flood might have been taught to flow in a deep channel and a clear stream. In the discipline of a well-constituted academy, under the guidance of skilful and vigilant professors, I should gradually have risen from translations to originals, from the Latin to the Greek classics, from dead languages to living science: my hours would have been occupied by useful and agreeable studies, the wanderings of fancy would have been restrained, and I should have escaped the temptations of idleness, which finally precipitated my departure from Oxford.

Perhaps

Perhaps in a separate annotation I may coolly examine the fabulous and real antiquities of our sister universities, a question which has kindled such fierce and foolish disputes among their fanatic sons. In the mean while it will be acknowledged, that these venerable bodies are sufficiently old to partake of all the prejudices and infirmities of age. The schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science ; and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks ; and the government still remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world, and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy. The legal incorporation of these societies by the charters of popes and kings had given them a monopoly of the public instruction ; and the spirit of monopolists is narrow, lazy, and oppressive : their work is more costly and less productive than that of independent artists ; and the new improvements so eagerly grasped by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in those proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. We may scarcely hope that any reformation will be a voluntary act ; and so deeply are they rooted in law and prejudice, that even the omnipotence of parliament would shrink from an inquiry into the state and abuses of the two universities.

The use of academical degrees, as old as the thirteenth century, is visibly borrowed from the mechanic corporations ; in which an apprentice, after serving his time, obtains a testimonial of his skill, and a licence to practise his trade and mystery. It is not my design to depreciate those honours, which could never gratify or disappoint my ambition ; and I should applaud the institution, if the degrees of bachelor or licentiate were bestowed as the reward of manly and successful study : if the name and rank of doctor or master were strictly

reserved for the professors of science, who have approved their title to the public esteem.

In all the universities of Europe, excepting our own, the languages and sciences are distributed among a numerous list of effective professors : the students, according to their taste, their calling, and their diligence, apply themselves to the proper masters ; and in the annual repetition of public and private lectures, these masters are assiduously employed. Our curiosity may inquire what number of professors has been instituted at Oxford ? (for I shall now confine myself to my own university ;) by whom are they appointed, and what may be the probable chances of merit or incapacity ? how many are stationed to the three faculties, and how many are left for the liberal arts ? what is the form, and what the substance, of their lessons ? But all these questions are silenced by one short and singular answer, “ That in “ the university of Oxford, the greater part of the public professors “ have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence “ of teaching.” Incredible as the fact may appear, I must rest my belief on the positive and impartial evidence of a master of moral and political wisdom, who had himself resided at Oxford. Dr. Adam Smith assigns as the cause of their indolence, that, instead of being paid by voluntary contributions, which would urge them to increase the number, and to deserve the gratitude of their pupils, the Oxford professors are secure in the enjoyment of a fixed stipend, without the necessity of labour, or the apprehension of controul. It has indeed been observed, nor is the observation absurd, that excepting in experimental sciences, which demand a costly apparatus and a dexterous hand, the many valuable treatises, that have been published on every subject of learning, may now supersede the ancient mode of oral instruction. Were this principle true in its utmost latitude, I should only infer that the offices and salaries, which are become useless, ought without delay to be abolished. But there still remains a material
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difference between a book and a professor; the hour of the lecture enforces attendance; attention is fixed by the presence, the voice, and the occasional questions of the teacher; the most idle will carry something away; and the more diligent will compare the instructions, which they have heard in the school, with the volumes, which they peruse in their chamber. The advice of a skilful professor will adapt a course of reading to every mind and every situation; his authority will discover, admonish, and at last chastise the negligence of his disciples; and his vigilant inquiries will ascertain the steps of their literary progress. Whatever science he professes he may illustrate in a series of discourses, composed in the leisure of his closet, pronounced on public occasions, and finally delivered to the press. I observe with pleasure, that in the university of Oxford Dr. Lowth, with equal eloquence and erudition, has executed this task in his incomparable *Prælections* on the Poetry of the Hebrews.

The college of St. Mary Magdalen was founded in the fifteenth century by Wainfleet bishop of Winchester; and now consists of a president, forty fellows, and a number of inferior students. It is esteemed one of the largest and most wealthy of our academical corporations, which may be compared to the Benedictine abbeys of catholic countries; and I have loosely heard that the estates belonging to Magdalen College, which are leased by those indulgent landlords at small quit-rents and occasional fines, might be raised, in the hands of private avarice, to an annual revenue of nearly thirty thousand pounds. Our colleges are supposed to be schools of science, as well as of education; nor is it unreasonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own subsistence, and amply provided with books, should devote their leisure to the prosecution of study, and that some effects of their studies should be manifested to the world. The shelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections

of the middle ages, which have issued from the single abbey of St. Germain de Préz at Paris. A composition of genius must be the offspring of one mind; but such works of industry, as may be divided among many hands, and must be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I inquire into the manufactures of the monks of Magdalen, if I extend the inquiry to the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, a silent blush, or a scornful frown, will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my time were decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder: their days were filled by a series of uniform employments; the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman commoner, I was admitted to the society of the fellows, and fondly expected that some questions of literature would be the amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal: their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth; and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the house of Hanover. A general election was now approaching: the great Oxfordshire contest already blazed with all the malevolence of party-zeal. Magdalen College was devoutly attached to the old interest! and the names of Wenman and Dashwood were more frequently pronounced, than those of Cicero and Chrysostom. The example of the senior fellows could not inspire the under-graduates with a liberal spirit or studious emulation; and I cannot describe, as I never knew, the discipline of college. Some duties may possibly have been imposed on the poor scholars, whose ambition aspired to the peaceful honours of a fellowship (*ascribi quietis*

quietis ordinibus - - - Deorum) ; but no independent members were admitted below the rank of a gentleman commoner, and our velvet cap was the cap of liberty. A tradition prevailed that some of our predecessors had spoken Latin declamations in the hall ; but of this ancient custom no vestige remained : the obvious methods of public exercises and examinations were totally unknown ; and I have never heard that either the president or the society interfered in the private œconomy of the tutors and their pupils.

The silence of the Oxford professors, which deprives the youth of public instruction, is imperfectly supplied by the tutors, as they are styled, of the several colleges. Instead of confining themselves to a single science, which had satisfied the ambition of Burman or Bernoulli, they teach, or promise to teach, either history or mathematics, or ancient literature, or moral philosophy ; and as it is possible that they may be defective in all, it is highly probable that of some they will be ignorant. They are paid, indeed, by private contributions ; but their appointment depends on the head of the house : their diligence is voluntary, and will consequently be languid, while the pupils themselves, or their parents, are not indulged in the liberty of choice or change. The first tutor into whose hands I was resigned appears to have been one of the best of the tribe : Dr. Waldegrave was a learned and pious man, of a mild disposition, strict morals, and abstemious life, who seldom mingled in the politics or the jollity of the college. But his knowledge of the world was confined to the university ; his learning was of the last, rather than of the present age ; his temper was indolent ; his faculties, which were not of the first rate, had been relaxed by the climate, and he was satisfied, like his fellows, with the slight and superficial discharge of an important trust. As soon as my tutor had sounded the insufficiency of his disciple in school-learning, he proposed that we should read every morning from ten to eleven the comedies of Te-

rence. The sum of my improvement in the university of Oxford is confined to three or four Latin plays ; and even the study of an elegant classic, which might have been illustrated by a comparison of ancient and modern theatres, was reduced to a dry and literal interpretation of the author's text. During the first weeks I constantly attended these lessons in my tutor's room ; but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile. I repeated the offence with less ceremony ; the excuse was admitted with the same indulgence : the slightest motive of laziness or indisposition, the most trifling avocation at home or abroad, was allowed as a worthy impediment ; nor did my tutor appear conscious of my absence or neglect. Had the hour of lecture been constantly filled, a single hour was a small portion of my academic leisure. No plan of study was recommended for my use ; no exercises were prescribed for his inspection ; and, at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labour or amusement, without advice or account. I should have listened to the voice of reason and of my tutor ; his mild behaviour had gained my confidence. I preferred his society to that of the younger students ; and in our evening walks to the top of Heddington-hill, we freely conversed on a variety of subjects. Since the days of Pocock and Hyde, Oriental learning has always been the pride of Oxford, and I once expressed an inclination to study Arabic. His prudence discouraged this childish fancy ; but he neglected the fair occasion of directing the ardour of a curious mind. During my absence in the Summer vacation, Dr. Waldegrave accepted a college living at Washington in Suffex, and on my return I no longer found him at Oxford. From that time I have lost sight of my first tutor ; but at the end of thirty years (1781) he was still alive ; and the practice of exercise and temperance had entitled him to a healthy old age.

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The long recess between the Trinity and Michaelmas terms empties the colleges of Oxford, as well as the courts of Westminster. I spent, at my father's house at Buriton in Hampshire, the two months of August and September. It is whimsical enough, that as soon as I left Magdalen College, my taste for books began to revive; but it was the same blind and boyish taste for the pursuit of exotic history. Unprovided with original learning, unformed in the habits of thinking, unskilled in the arts of composition, I resolved—to write a book. The title of this first Essay, *the Age of Sesostris*, was perhaps suggested by Voltaire's Age of Lewis XIV. which was new and popular; but my sole object was to investigate the probable date of the life and reign of the conqueror of Asia. I was then enamoured of Sir John Marsham's Canon Chronicle; an elaborate work, of whose merits and defects I was not yet qualified to judge. According to his specious, though narrow plan, I settled my hero about the time of Solomon, in the tenth century before the Christian æra. It was therefore incumbent on me, unless I would adopt Sir Isaac Newton's shorter chronology, to remove a formidable objection; and my solution, for a youth of fifteen, is not devoid of ingenuity. In his version of the Sacred Books, Manetho the high priest has identified Sethosis, or Sesostris, with the elder brother of Danaus, who landed in Greece, according to the Parian Marble, fifteen hundred and ten years before Christ. But in my supposition the high priest is guilty of a voluntary error; flattery is the prolific parent of falsehood. Manetho's History of Egypt is dedicated to Ptolemy Philadelphus, who derived a fabulous or illegitimate pedigree from the Macedonian kings of the race of Hercules. Danaus is the ancestor of Hercules; and after the failure of the elder branch, his descendants, the Ptolemies, are the sole representatives of the royal family, and may claim by inheritance the kingdom which they hold by conquest. Such were my juvenile discoveries; at a riper age, I no longer presume to connect the

Greek, the Jewish, and the Egyptian antiquities, which are lost in a distant cloud. Nor is this the only instance, in which the belief and knowledge of the child are superseded by the more rational ignorance of the man. During my stay at Buriton, my infant-labour was diligently prosecuted, without much interruption from company or country diversions; and I already heard the music of public applause. The discovery of my own weakness was the first symptom of taste. On my return to Oxford, the Age of Sesostris was wisely relinquished; but the imperfect sheets remained twenty years at the bottom of a drawer, till, in a general clearance of papers, (November 1772,) they were committed to the flames.

After the departure of Dr. Waldgrave, I was transferred, with his other pupils, to his academical heir, whose literary character did not command the respect of the college. Dr. * * * * well remembered that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform. Instead of guiding the studies, and watching over the behaviour of his disciple, I was never summoned to attend even the ceremony of a lecture; and, excepting one voluntary visit to his rooms, during the eight months of his titular office, the tutor and pupil lived in the same college as strangers to each other. The want of experience, of advice, and of occupation, soon betrayed me into some improprieties of conduct, ill-chosen company, late hours, and inconsiderate expence. My growing debts might be secret; but my frequent absence was visible and scandalous: and a tour to Bath, a visit into Buckinghamshire, and four excursions to London in the same winter, were costly and dangerous frolics. They were, indeed, without a meaning, as without an excuse. The irksomeness of a cloistered life repeatedly tempted me to wander; but my chief pleasure was that of travelling; and I was too young and bashful to enjoy, like a Manly Oxonian in Town, the pleasures of London. In all these excursions I eloped from Oxford; I returned to college; in a few days I eloped again, as if I had been an independent stranger in a
hired

hired lodging, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of control. Yet my time was lost, my expences were multiplied, my behaviour abroad was unknown; folly as well as vice should have awakened the attention of my superiors, and my tender years would have justified a more than ordinary degree of restraint and discipline.

It might at least be expected, that an ecclesiastical school should inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the opposite extremes of bigotry and indifference: an heretic, or unbeliever, was a monster in her eyes; but she was always, or often, or sometimes, remiss in the spiritual education of her own children. According to the statutes of the university, every student, before he is matriculated, must subscribe his assent to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England, which are signed by more than read, and read by more than believe them. My insufficient age excused me, however, from the immediate performance of this legal ceremony; and the vice-chancellor directed me to return, as soon as I should have accomplished my fifteenth year; recommending me, in the mean while, to the instruction of my college. My college forgot to instruct: I forgot to return, and was myself forgotten by the first magistrate of the university. Without a single lecture, either public or private, either christian or protestant, without any academical subscription, without any episcopal confirmation, I was left by the dim light of my catechism to grope my way to the chapel and communion-table, where I was admitted, without a question, how far, or by what means, I might be qualified to receive the sacrament. Such almost incredible neglect was productive of the worst mischiefs. From my childhood I had been fond of religious disputation: my poor aunt has been often puzzled by the mysteries which she strove to believe; nor had the elastic spring been totally broken by the weight of the atmosphere of Oxford. The blind activity of idleness urged me to advance without armour into the dan-

gerous mazes of controversy; and at the age of sixteen, I bewildered myself in the errors of the church of Rome.

The progress of my conversion may tend to illustrate, at least, the history of my own mind. It was not long since Dr. Middleton's free inquiry had founded an alarm in the theological world: much ink and much gall had been spilt in the defence of the primitive miracles; and the two dullest of their champions were crowned with academic honours by the university of Oxford. The name of Middleton was unpopular; and his proscription very naturally led me to peruse his writings, and those of his antagonists. His bold criticism, which approaches the precipice of infidelity, produced on my mind a singular effect; and had I persevered in the communion of Rome, I should now apply to my own fortune the prediction of the Sybil,

— Via prima salutis,
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ, pandetur ab urbe.

The elegance of style and freedom of argument were repelled by a shield of prejudice. I still revered the character, or rather the names, of the saints and fathers whom Dr. Middleton exposes; nor could he destroy my implicit belief, that the gift of miraculous powers was continued in the church, during the first four or five centuries of christianity. But I was unable to resist the weight of historical evidence, that within the same period most of the leading doctrines of popery were already introduced in theory and practice: nor was my conclusion absurd, that miracles are the test of truth, and that the church must be orthodox and pure, which was so often approved by the visible interposition of the Deity. The marvellous tales which are so boldly attested by the Basils and Chrysostoms, the Austins and Jeroms, compelled me to embrace the superior merits of celibacy, the institution of the monastic life, the use of the sign of the cross, of holy oil, and even of images, the invocation of saints, the worship of relics, the rudiments of purgatory in prayers for the dead, and

the tremendous mystery of the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, which insensibly swelled into the prodigy of transubstantiation. In these dispositions, and already more than half a convert, I formed an unlucky intimacy with a young gentleman of our college, whose name I shall spare. With a character less resolute, Mr. **** had imbibed the same religious opinions; and some Popish books, I know not through what channel, were conveyed into his possession. I read, I applauded, I believed: the English translations of two famous works of Bossuet Bishop of Meaux, the Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine, and the History of the Protestant Variations, achieved my conversion, and I surely fell by a noble hand*. I have since examined the originals with a more discerning eye, and shall not hesitate to pronounce, that Bossuet is indeed a master of all the weapons of controversy. In the Exposition, a specious apology, the orator assumes, with consummate art, the tone of candour and simplicity; and the ten-horned monster is transformed, at his magic touch, into the milk-white hind, who must be loved as soon as she is seen. In the History, a bold and well-aimed attack, he displays, with a happy mixture of narrative and argument, the faults and follies, the changes and contradictions of our first reformers; whose variations (as he dexterously contends) are the mark of historical error, while the perpetual unity of the catholic church is the sign and test of infallible truth. To my present feelings it seems incredible that I should ever believe that I believed in transubstantiation. But my conqueror oppressed me with the sacramental words, "Hoc est corpus meum," and dashed against each other the figurative half-meanings of the protestant sects: every objection was resolved into omnipotence; and after repeating at St. Mary's the Atha-

* Mr. Gibbon never talked with me on the subject of his conversion to popery but once; and then, he imputed his change to the works of Parsons the jesuit, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, and who, he said, had urged all the best arguments in favour of the Roman catholic religion. S.

nasian creed, I humbly acquiesced in the mystery of the real presence.

“ To take up half on trust, and half to try,
 “ Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
 “ Both knave and fool, the merchant we may call,
 “ To pay great sums, and to compound the small,
 “ For who would break with Heaven, and would not break
 “ for all ?”

No sooner had I settled my new religion than I resolved to profess myself a catholic. Youth is sincere and impetuous ; and a momentary glow of enthusiasm had raised me above all temporal considerations*.

By the keen protestants, who would gladly retaliate the example of persecution, a clamour is raised of the increase of popery : and they are always loud to declaim against the toleration of priests and jesuits, who pervert so many of his majesty’s subjects from their religion and allegiance. On the present occasion, the fall of one or more of her sons directed this clamour against the university ; and it was confidently affirmed that popish missionaries were suffered, under various disguises, to introduce themselves into the colleges of Oxford. But justice obliges me to declare, that, as far as relates to myself, this assertion is false ; and that I never conversed with a priest, or even with a papist, till my resolution from books was absolutely fixed. In my last excursion to London, I addressed myself to Mr. Lewis, a Roman catholic bookseller in Ruffell-street, Covent Garden, who recommended me to a priest, of whose name and order I am at present ignorant. In our first interview he soon discovered that persuasion was needless. After founding the motives and merits of my

* He described the letter to his father, announcing his conversion, as written with all the pomp, the dignity, and self-satisfaction of a martyr. S.

conversion,

conversion, he consented to admit me into the pale of the church ; and at his feet, on the eighth of June 1753, I solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy. The seduction of an English youth of family and fortune was an act of as much danger as glory ; but he bravely overlooked the danger, of which I was not then sufficiently informed. “ Where a person is reconciled to the see of Rome, or “ procures others to be reconciled, the offence (says Blackstone) “ amounts to high treason.” And if the humanity of the age would prevent the execution of this sanguinary statute, there were other laws of a less odious cast, which condemned the priest to perpetual imprisonment, and transferred the proselyte’s estate to his nearest relation. An elaborate controversial epistle, approved by my director, and addressed to my father, announced and justified the step which I had taken. My father was neither a bigot nor a philosopher ; but his affection deplored the loss of an only son ; and his good sense was astonished at my strange departure from the religion of my country. In the first fally of passion he divulged a secret which prudence might have suppressed, and the gates of Magdalen College were for ever shut against my return. Many years afterwards, when the name of Gibbon was become as notorious as that of Middleton, it was industriously whispered at Oxford, that the historian had formerly “ turned “ papist :” my character stood exposed to the reproach of inconstancy ; and this invidious topic would have been handled without mercy by my opponents, could they have separated my cause from that of the university. For my own part, I am proud of an honest sacrifice of interest to conscience. I can never blush, if my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry that seduced the acute and manly understandings of CHILLINGWORTH and BAYLE, who afterwards emerged from superstition to scepticism.

While Charles the First governed England, and was himself governed by a catholic queen, it cannot be denied that the missionaries

of Rome laboured with impunity and success in the court, the country, and even the universities. One of the sheep,

—Whom the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,

is Mr. William Chillingworth, Master of Arts, and Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; who, at the ripe age of twenty-eight years, was persuaded to elope from Oxford, to the English seminary at Douay in Flanders. Some disputes with Fisher, a subtle jesuit, might first awaken him from the prejudices of education; but he yielded to his own victorious argument, “that there must be somewhere an infallible judge; and that the church of Rome is the only christian society which either does or can pretend to that character.” After a short trial of a few months, Mr. Chillingworth was again tormented by religious scruples: he returned home, resumed his studies, unravelled his mistakes, and delivered his mind from the yoke of authority and superstition. His new creed was built on the principle, that the Bible is our sole judge, and private reason our sole interpreter: and he ably maintains this principle in the Religion of a Protestant, a book which, after startling the doctors of Oxford, is still esteemed the most solid defence of the Reformation. The learning, the virtue, the recent merits of the author, entitled him to fair preferment: but the slave had now broken his fetters; and the more he weighed, the less was he disposed to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. In a private letter he declares, with all the energy of language, that he could not subscribe to them without subscribing to his own damnation; and that if ever he should depart from this immoveable resolution, he would allow his friends to think him a madman, or an atheist. As the letter is without a date, we cannot ascertain the number of weeks or months that elapsed between this passionate abhorrence and the Salisbury Register, which is still extant. “Ego Gulielmus Chillingworth, omnibus hisce articulis, et fin-
“ gulis

“ gulis in iisdem contentis volens, et ex animo subscribo, et consensum
 “ meum iisdem præbeo. 20 die Julii 1638.” But, alas! the chancellor and prebendary of Sarum soon deviated from his own subscription: as he more deeply scrutinized the article of the Trinity, neither scripture nor the primitive fathers could long uphold his orthodox belief; and he could not but confess, “ that the doctrine of Arius is
 “ either a truth, or at least no damnable heresy.” From this middle region of the air, the descent of his reason would naturally rest on the firmer ground of the Socinians: and if we may credit a doubtful story, and the popular opinion, his anxious inquiries at last subsided in philosophic indifference. So conspicuous, however, were the candour of his nature and the innocence of his heart, that this apparent levity did not affect the reputation of Chillingworth. His frequent changes proceeded from too nice an inquisition into truth. His doubts grew out of himself; he assisted them with all the strength of his reason: he was then too hard for himself; but finding as little quiet and repose in those victories, he quickly recovered, by a new appeal to his own judgment: so that in all his sallies and retreats, he was in fact his own convert.

Bayle was the son of a Calvinist minister in a remote province of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees. For the benefit of education, the protestants were tempted to risk their children in the catholic universities; and in the twenty-second year of his age, young Bayle was seduced by the arts and arguments of the jesuits of Thoulouse. He remained about seventeen months (19th March 1669—19th August 1670) in their hands, a voluntary captive; and a letter to his parents, which the new convert composed or subscribed (15th April 1670), is darkly tinged with the spirit of popery. But Nature had designed him to think as he pleased, and to speak as he thought: his piety was offended by the excessive worship of creatures; and the study of physics convinced him of the impossibility of transubstantiation, which is abundantly refuted by the testimony of our senses.

His return to the communion of a falling sect was a bold and disinterested step, that exposed him to the rigour of the laws; and a speedy flight to Geneva protected him from the resentment of his spiritual tyrants, unconscious as they were of the full value of the prize, which they had lost. Had Bayle adhered to the catholic church, had he embraced the ecclesiastical profession, the genius and favour of such a proselyte might have aspired to wealth and honours in his native country: but the hypocrite would have found less happiness in the comforts of a benefice, or the dignity of a mitre, than he enjoyed at Rotterdam in a private state of exile, indigence, and freedom. Without a country, or a patron, or a prejudice, he claimed the liberty and subsisted by the labours of his pen: the inequality of his voluminous works is explained and excused by his alternately writing for himself, for the booksellers, and for posterity; and if a severe critic would reduce him to a single folio, that relic, like the books of the Sybil, would become still more valuable. A calm and lofty spectator of the religious tempest, the philosopher of Rotterdam condemned with equal firmness the persecution of Lewis the Fourteenth, and the republican maxims of the Calvinists; their vain prophecies, and the intolerant bigotry which sometimes vexed his solitary retreat. In reviewing the controversies of the times, he turned against each other the arguments of the disputants; successively wielding the arms of the catholics and protestants, he proves that neither the way of authority, nor the way of examination can afford the multitude any test of religious truth; and dexterously concludes that custom and education must be the sole grounds of popular belief. The ancient paradox of Plutarch, that atheism is less pernicious than superstition, acquires a tenfold vigor, when it is adorned with the colours of his wit, and pointed with the acuteness of his logic. His critical dictionary is a vast repository of facts and opinions; and he balances the *false* religions in his sceptical scales, till the opposite quantities (if I may use the language of algebra) annihilate each other. The wonderful power which he

so boldly exercised, of assembling doubts and objections, had tempted him jocosely to assume the title of the νεφεληγερετα Ζευς, the cloud-compelling Jove; and in a conversation with the ingenious Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) de Polignac, he freely disclosed his universal Pyrrhonism. “I am most truly (said Bayle) a protestant; for I “protest indifferently against all systems and all sects.”

The academical resentment, which I may possibly have provoked, will prudently spare this plain narrative of my studies, or rather of my idleness; and of the unfortunate event which shortened the term of my residence at Oxford. But it may be suggested, that my father was unlucky in the choice of a society, and the chance of a tutor. It will perhaps be asserted, that in the lapse of forty years many improvements have taken place in the college and in the university. I am not unwilling to believe, that some tutors might have been found more active than Dr. Waldgrave, and less contemptible than Dr.****. About the same time, and in the same walk, a Bentham was still treading in the footsteps of a Burton, whose maxims he had adopted, and whose life he had published. The biographer indeed preferred the school-logic to the new philosophy; Burgursdicius to Locke; and the hero appears, in his own writings, a stiff and conceited pedant. Yet even these men, according to the measure of their capacity, might be diligent and useful; and it is recorded of Burton, that he taught his pupils what he knew; some Latin, some Greek, some ethics and metaphysics; referring them to proper masters for the languages and sciences of which he was ignorant. At a more recent period, many students have been attracted by the merit and reputation of Sir William Scott, then a tutor in University College, and now conspicuous in the profession of the civil law: my personal acquaintance with that gentleman has inspired me with a just esteem for his abilities and knowledge; and I am assured that his lectures on history would compose, were they given to the public, a most valuable treatise. Under the auspices of the present Archbishop of York,

Dr. Markham, himself an eminent scholar, a more regular discipline has been introduced, as I am told, at Christ Church*; a course of classical and philosophical studies is proposed, and even pursued, in that numerous seminary: learning has been made a duty, a pleasure, and even a fashion; and several young gentlemen do honour to the college in which they have been educated. According to the will of the donor, the profit of the second part of Lord Clarendon's History has been applied to the establishment of a riding-school, that the polite exercises might be taught, I know not with what success, in the university. The Vinerian professorship is of far more serious importance; the laws of his country are the first science of an Eng-

* This was written on the information Mr. Gibbon had received, and the observation he had made, previous to his late residence at Laufanne. During his last visit to England, he had an opportunity of seeing at Sheffield-place some young men of the college above alluded to; he had great satisfaction in conversing with them, made many inquiries respecting their course of study, applauded the discipline of Christ Church, and the liberal attention shewn by the Dean, to those whose only recommendation was their merit. Had Mr. Gibbon lived to revise this work, I am sure he would have mentioned the name of Dr. Jackson with the highest commendation. There are other colleges at Oxford, with whose discipline my friend was unacquainted, to which, without doubt, he would willingly have allowed their due praise, particularly Brazen Nose and Oriel Colleges; the former under the care of Dr. Cleaver, bishop of Chester, the latter under that of Dr. Eveleigh. It is still greatly to be wished that the general expence, or rather extravagance, of young men at our English universities may be more effectually restrained. The expence, in which they are permitted to indulge, is inconsistent not only with a necessary degree of study, but with those habits of morality which should be promoted, by all means possible, at an early period of life. An academical education in England is at present an object of alarm and terror to every thinking parent of moderate fortune. It is the apprehension of the expence, of the dissipation, and other evil consequences, which arise from the want of proper restraint at our own universities, that forces a number of our English youths to those of Scotland, and utterly excludes many from any sort of academical instruction. If a charge be true, which I have heard insisted on, that the heads of our colleges in Oxford and Cambridge are vain of having under their care chiefly men of opulence, who may be supposed exempt from the necessity of economical controul, they are indeed highly censurable; since the mischief of allowing early habits of expence and dissipation is great, in various respects, even to those possessed of large property; and the most serious evil from this indulgence must happen to youths of humbler fortune, who certainly form the majority of students both at Oxford and Cambridge. S.

lishman

lishman of rank and fortune, who is called to be a magistrate, and may hope to be a legislator. This judicious institution was coldly entertained by the graver doctors, who complained (I have heard the complaint) that it would take the young people from their books : but Mr. Viner's benefaction is not unprofitable, since it has at least produced the excellent commentaries of Sir William Blackstone.

After carrying me to Putney, to the house of his friend Mr. Mallet *, by whose philosophy I was rather scandalized than reclaimed, it was necessary for my father to form a new plan of education, and to devise some method which, if possible, might effect the cure of my spiritual malady. After much debate it was determined, from the advice and personal experience of Mr. Eliot (now Lord Eliot) to fix me, during some years, at Lausanne in Switzerland. Mr. Frey, a Swiss gentleman of Basil, undertook the conduct of the journey : we left London the 19th of June, crossed the sea from Dover to Calais, travelled post through several provinces of France, by the direct road of St. Quentin, Rheims, Langres, and Besançon, and arrived the 30th of June at Lausanne, where I was immediately settled under the roof and tuition of Mr. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister.

The first marks of my father's displeasure rather astonished than afflicted me : when he threatened to banish, and disown, and disinherit a rebellious son, I cherished a secret hope that he would not be able or willing to effect his menaces ; and the pride of conscience encouraged me to sustain the honourable and important part which I was now acting. My spirits were raised and kept alive by the rapid motion of my journey, the new and various scenes of the Continent, and the civility of Mr. Frey, a man of sense, who was not ignorant of books or the world. But after he had resigned me into Pavilliard's hands, and I was fixed in my new habitation, I had leisure to con-

* The author of a life of Bacon, which has been rated above its value ; of some forgotten poems and plays ; and of the pathetic ballad of William and Margaret.

template the strange and melancholy prospect before me. My first complaint arose from my ignorance of the language. In my childhood I had once studied the French grammar, and I could imperfectly understand the easy prose of a familiar subject. But when I was thus suddenly cast on a foreign land, I found myself deprived of the use of speech and of hearing; and, during some weeks, incapable not only of enjoying the pleasures of conversation, but even of asking or answering a question in the common intercourse of life. To a home-bred Englishman every object, every custom was offensive; but the native of any country might have been disgusted with the general aspect of his lodging and entertainment. I had now exchanged my elegant apartment in Magdalen College, for a narrow, gloomy street, the most unfrequented of an unhandsome town, for an old inconvenient house, and for a small chamber ill-contrived and ill-furnished, which, on the approach of Winter, instead of a companionable fire, must be warmed by the dull invisible heat of a stove. From a man I was again degraded to the dependance of a school-boy. Mr. Pavilliard managed my expences, which had been reduced to a diminutive state: I received a small monthly allowance for my pocket-money; and helpless and awkward as I have ever been, I no longer enjoyed the indispensable comfort of a servant. My condition seemed as destitute of hope, as it was devoid of pleasure: I was separated for an indefinite, which appeared an infinite term from my native country; and I had lost all connection with my catholic friends. I have since reflected with surprise, that as the Romish clergy of every part of Europe maintain a close correspondence with each other, they never attempted, by letters or messages, to rescue me from the hands of the heretics, or at least to confirm my zeal and constancy in the profession of the faith. Such was my first introduction to Laufanne; a place where I spent nearly five years with pleasure and profit, which I afterwards revisited without compulsion, and which I have finally selected as the most grateful retreat for the decline of my life.

But

But it is the peculiar felicity of youth that the most unpleasing objects and events seldom make a deep or lasting impression ; it forgets the past, enjoys the present, and anticipates the future. At the flexible age of sixteen I soon learned to endure, and gradually to adopt, the new forms of arbitrary manners : the real hardships of my situation were alienated by time. Had I been sent abroad in a more splendid style, such as the fortune and bounty of my father might have supplied, I might have returned home with the same stock of language and science, which our countrymen usually import from the Continent. An exile and a prisoner as I was, their example betrayed me into some irregularities of wine, of play, and of idle excursions : but I soon felt the impossibility of associating with them on equal terms ; and after the departure of my first acquaintance, I held a cold and civil correspondence with their successors. This seclusion from English society was attended with the most solid benefits. In the *Pays de Vaud*, the French language is used with less imperfection than in most of the distant provinces of France : in Pavilliard's family, necessity compelled me to listen and to speak ; and if I was at first disheartened by the apparent slowness, in a few months I was astonished by the rapidity of my progress. My pronunciation was formed by the constant repetition of the same sounds ; the variety of words and idioms, the rules of grammar, and distinctions of genders, were impressed in my memory : ease and freedom were obtained by practice ; correctness and elegance by labour ; and before I was recalled home, French, in which I spontaneously thought, was more familiar than English to my ear, my tongue, and my pen. The first effect of this opening knowledge was the revival of my love of reading, which had been chilled at Oxford ; and I soon turned over, without much choice, almost all the French books in my tutor's library. Even these amusements were productive of real advantage : my taste and judgment were now somewhat riper. I was introduced to a new mode of style and literature : by the comparison of manners

and opinions, my views were enlarged, my prejudices were corrected, and a copious voluntary abstract of the *Histoire de l'Eglise et de l'Empire*, by le Sueur, may be placed in a middle line between my childish and my manly studies. As soon as I was able to converse with the natives, I began to feel some satisfaction in their company: my awkward timidity was polished and emboldened; and I frequented, for the first time, assemblies of men and women. The acquaintance of the Pavilliards prepared me by degrees for more elegant society. I was received with kindness and indulgence in the best families of Lausanne; and it was in one of these that I formed an intimate and lasting connection with Mr. Deyverdun, a young man of an amiable temper and excellent understanding. In the arts of fencing and dancing, small indeed was my proficiency; and some months were idly wasted in the riding-school. My unfitness to bodily exercise reconciled me to a sedentary life, and the horse, the favourite of my countrymen, never contributed to the pleasures of my youth.

My obligations to the lessons of Mr. Pavilliard, gratitude will not suffer me to forget: he was endowed with a clear head and a warm heart; his innate benevolence had assuaged the spirit of the church; he was rational, because he was moderate: in the course of his studies he had acquired a just though superficial knowledge of most branches of literature; by long practice, he was skilled in the arts of teaching; and he laboured with assiduous patience to know the character, gain the affection, and open the mind of his English pupil *. As soon as

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* *Extract of a Letter from M. PAVILLIARD to EDWARD GIBBON esq.*

À Lausanne, ce 25 Juillet 1753.

Monsieur de Gibbon se porte très bien par la Grace de Dieu, et il me paroît qu'il ne se trouve pas mal de nôtre Maison; j'ai même lieu de penser qu'il prend de l'attachement pour moi, ce dont je suis charmé et que je travaillerai à augmenter, parce qu'il aura plus de confiance en moi, dans ce que je me propose de lui dire.

Je n'ai point encore entrepris de lui parler sur les matieres de religion, parce que je n'entens pas assez la langue Angloise pour soutenir une longue conversation en cette langue,

we began to understand each other, he gently led me, from a blind and undistinguishing love of reading, into the path of instruction. I consented with pleasure that a portion of the morning-hours should be consecrated to a plan of modern history and geography, and to the critical perusal of the French and Latin classics ; and at each step I felt myself invigorated by the habits of application and method. His prudence repressed and dissembled some youthful sallies ; and as soon as I was confirmed in the habits of industry and temperance, he gave the reins into my own hands. His favourable report of my behaviour and progress gradually obtained some latitude of action and expence ; and he wished to alleviate the hardships of my lodging and entertainment. The principles of philosophy were associated with the examples of taste ; and by a singular chance, the book, as well as the man, which contributed the most effectually to my education, has a stronger claim on my gratitude than on my admiration. Mr. De Croufaz, the adversary of Bayle and Pope, is not distinguished by lively fancy or profound reflection ; and even in his own country, at the end of a few years, his name and writings are almost obliterated. But his philosophy had been formed in the school of Locke, his di-

langue, quoique je lise les auteurs Anglois avec assez de facilité ; et Monsieur de Gibbon n'entend pas assez de François, mais il y fait beaucoup de progrès.

Je suis fort content de la politesse et de la douceur de caractère de Monsieur votre Fils, et je me flatte que je pourrai toujours vous parler de lui avec éloge ; il s'applique beaucoup à la lecture.

From the Same to the Same.

À Laufanne, ce 13 Aout 1753.

Monsieur de Gibbon se porte bien par la grace de Dieu ; je l'aime, et je me suis extrêmement attaché à lui parce qu'il est doux et tranquille. Pour ce que regard ses sentimens, quoique je ne lui aie encore rien dit là dessus, j'ai lieu d'espérer qu'il ouvrira les yeux à la vérité. Je le pense ainsi, parce qu'étant dans mon cabinet il a choisi deux livres de controverse qu'il a pris dans sa chambre et qu'il les lit. Il m'a chargé de vous offrir ses très humble respects, et de vous demander la permission de le laisser monter au manège : cet exercice pourroit contribuer à donner de la force à son corps, c'est l'idée qu'il en a.

vinity in that of Limborch and Le Clerc ; in a long and laborious life, several generations of pupils were taught to think, and even to write ; his lessons rescued the academy of Lausanne from Calvinistic prejudice ; and he had the rare merit of diffusing a more liberal spirit among the clergy and people of the Pays de Vaud. His system of logic, which in the last editions has swelled to six tedious and prolix volumes, may be praised as a clear and methodical abridgment of the art of reasoning, from our simple ideas to the most complex operations of the human understanding. This system I studied, and meditated, and abstracted, till I have obtained the free command of an universal instrument, which I soon presumed to exercise on my catholic opinions. Pavilliard was not unmindful that his first task, his most important duty, was to reclaim me from the errors of popery. The intermixture of sects has rendered the Swiss clergy acute and learned on the topics of controversy ; and I have some of his letters in which he celebrates the dexterity of his attack, and my gradual concessions, after a firm and well-managed defence *. I was willing, and I am now willing, to allow him a handsome share of the honour of my conversion : yet I must observe, that it was principally effected by my private reflections ; and I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation : *that* the text of scripture, which seems to inculcate the real presence, is attested only by a single sense—our sight ; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste. The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream ; and after a full conviction, on Christmas-day 1754, I received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. It was

* M. Pavilliard has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him : a thin little figure, with a large head, disputing and urging, with the greatest ability, all the best arguments that had ever been used in favour of popery. Mr. Gibbon many years ago became very fat and corpulent, but he had uncommonly small bones, and was very slight made. S.

here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries, which are adopted by the general consent of catholics and protestants *.

Such,

* *Letter from Mr. PAVILLIARD to EDWARD GIBBON esq.*

Monsieur,

June 26th, 1754.

J'espère que vous pardonneriez mon long silence en faveur des nouvelles que j'ai à vous apprendre. Si j'ai tant tardé, ce n'a été ni par oubli, ni par negligence, mais je croyois de semaine en semaine pouvoir vous annoncer que Monsieur votre fils avoit entierement renoncé aux fausses idées qu'il avoit embrassées; mais il a fallu disputer le terrain pié à pié, et je n'ai pas trouvé en lui un homme leger, et qui passe rapidement d'un sentiment à un autre. Souvent après avoir detruit toutes ses idées sur un article de maniere qu'il n'avoit rien à repliquer, ce qu'il avouoit sans detour, il me disoit qu'il ne croioit pas, qu'il n'y eut rien à me repondre. La dessus je n'ai pas jugé qu'il fallut le pousser à bout, et extorquer de lui un aveu que son cœur desavoueroit; je lui donnois alors du tems pour réfléchir; tous mes livres estoient à sa disposition; je revenois à la charge quand il m'avoit qu'il avoit étudié la matiere aussi bien qu'il l'avoit pu, et enfin j'établissoit une verité.

Je me persuadois, que quand j'aurois detruit les principales erreurs de l'eglise Romaine, je n'aurois qu'à faire voir que les autres sont des consequences des premières, et qu'elles ne peuvent subsister quand les fondamentales sont renversées; mais, comme je l'ai dit, je me suis trompé, il a fallu traiter chaque article dans son entier. Par la grace de Dieu, je n'ai pas perdu mon tems, et aujourd'hui, si meme il conserve quelques restes de ses pernicieuses erreurs, j'ose dire qu'il n'est plus membre de l'eglise Romaine; voici dans où nous en sommes.

J'ai renversé l'infalibilité de l'eglise; j'ai prouvé que jamais St. Pierre n'a été chef des apôtres: que quand il l'auroit été, le pape n'est point son successeur; qu'il est douteuse que St. Pierre a jamais été à Rome, mais supposé qu'il y ait été, il n'a pas été évêque de cette ville: que la transubstantiation est un invention humaine, et peu ancienne dans l'eglise; que l'adoration de l'Euchariste et le retranchement de la coupe sont contraires à la parole de Dieu: qu'il y a des saints, mais que nous ne favons pas que ils sont, et par consequent qu'on ne peut pas le prier; que le respect et le culte qu'on rend aux reliques est condamnable; qu'il n'y a point de purgatoire, et que la doctrine des indulgences est fausse: que la Careme et les jeunes du Vendredi et du Samedi sont ridicules aujourd'hui, et de la maniere que l'eglise Romaine les prescrit: que les imputations que l'eglise de Rome nous fait de varier dans notre doctrine, et d'avoir pour reformateurs des personnes dont la conduite et les mœurs ont été en scandale, sont entierement fausses.

Vous comprenez bien, Monsieur, que ces articles sont d'un longue discussion, qu'il a fallu du tems à Monsieur votre fils pour mediter mes raisons et pour y chercher des reponses. Je lui ai demandé plusieurs fois, si mes preuves et mes raisons lui paroissent

Such, from my arrival at Laufanne, during the first eighteen or twenty months (July 1753—March 1755), were my useful studies, the foundation of all my future improvements. But every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself. He will not, like the fanatics of the last age, define the moment of grace; but he cannot forget the æra of his life, in which his mind has expanded to its proper form and dimensions. My worthy tutor had the good sense and modesty to discern how far he could be useful: as soon as he felt that I advanced beyond his speed and measure, he wisely left me to my genius; and the hours of lesson

soient convaincantes; il m'a toujours assuré qu'oui, de façon que j'ose assurer, aussi comme je le lui a dit à lui même, il y a peu de tems qu'il n'étoit plus catholique Romain. Je me flatte, qu'après avoir obtenu la victoire sur ces articles, je l'aurai sur le reste avec le secours de Dieu. Tellement que je compte de vous marquer dans peu que cette ouvrage est fini, je dois vous dire encore, que quoique j'ai trouvé M^r votre fils très ferme dans ses idées, je l'ai trouvé raisonnable, qu'il s'est rendu à la lumière, et qu'il n'est pas, ce qu'on appelle, chicanier. Par raport à l'article du jeune le Vendredi et Samedi, long tems apres que je vous eus écrit qu'il n'avoit jamais marqué qu'il voulut l'observer, environ le commencement du mois de Mars je m'aperçus un Vendredi qu'il ne mangeoit point de viande; je lui parlai en particulier pour en savoir la raison, craignant que ce ne fut par indisposition; il me repondit qu'il l'avoit fait à dessein, et qu'il avoit cru être obligé de se conformer à la pratique d'un eglise dont il étoit membre: nous parlames quelques tems sur ce sujet; il m'assura qu'il n'invifageoit cela que comme une pratique bonne à la verité, et qu'il devoit suivre, quoiqu'il ne la crut pas sainte en elle même, ni d'institution divine. Je ne crus pas devoir insister pour lors, ni le forcer à agir contre ses lumières: j'ai traité cette article qu'est certainement un des moins importants, des moins fondés; et cependant il m'a fallu un tems considerable pour le detromper, et pour lui faire comprendre qu'il avoit tort de s'assujettir à la pratique d'un Eglise qu'il ne reconnoissoit plus pour infallible; que si même cette pratique avoit eu quelque utilité dans son institution, cependant elle n'en avoit aucune en elle même, puis qu'elle ne contribuoit en rien à la pureté des mœurs; qu'ainsi il n'y avoit aucune raison, ni dans l'institution de cette pratique, ni dans la pratique en elle même, que l'autorisât à s'y soumettre: qu'aujourd'hui ce n'étoit qu'une affaire d'interet, puis qu'avec de l'argent on obtenoit des dispenses pour manger gras, &c. de manier que je l'ai ramené à la liberté Chretienne avec beaucoup de peine et seulement depuis quelques semaines. Je l'ai engagé à vous écrire, pour vous manifester les sentimens où il est, et l'état de sa santé, et je crois qu'il l'a fait.

were soon lost in the voluntary labour of the whole morning, and sometimes of the whole day. The desire of prolonging my time, gradually confirmed the salutary habit of early rising; to which I have always adhered, with some regard to seasons and situations: but it is happy for my eyes and my health, that my temperate ardour has never been seduced to trespass on the hours of the night. During the last three years of my residence at Lausanne, I may assume the merit of serious and solid application; but I am tempted to distinguish the last eight months of the year 1755, as the period of the most extraordinary diligence and rapid progress*. In my French and Latin translations I adopted an excellent method, which, from my own success, I would recommend to the imitation of students. I chose some classic writer, such as Cicero and Vertot, the most approved for purity and elegance of style. I translated, for instance, an epistle of Cicero into French; and after throwing it aside, till the words and phrases were obliterated from my memory, I re-translated my French into such Latin as I could find; and then compared each sentence of my imperfect version, with the ease, the grace, the propriety of the Roman orator. A similar experiment was made on several pages of the *Revolutions* of Vertot; I turned them into Latin, returned them

* JOURNAL, December 1755.]—In finishing this year, I must remark how favourable it was to my studies. In the space of eight months, from the beginning of April, I learnt the principles of drawing; made myself complete master of the French and Latin languages, with which I was very superficially acquainted before, and wrote and translated a great deal in both; read Cicero's *Epistles ad Familiares*, his *Brutus*, all his *Orations*, his *Dialogues de Amicitia*, and *De Senectute*; Terence, twice; and Pliny's *Epistles*. In French, Giannone's *History of Naples*, and l'Abbé Bannier's *Mythology*, and M. de Bochat's *Memoirs sur la Suisse*, and wrote a very ample relation of my tour. I likewise began to study Greek, and went through the *Grammar*. I began to make very large collections of what I read. But what I esteem most of all, from the perusal and meditation of De Croufaz's *Logic*, I not only understood the principles of that science, but formed my mind to a habit of thinking and reasoning I had no idea of before.

after

after a sufficient interval into my own French, and again scrutinized the resemblance or dissimilitude of the copy and the original. By degrees I was less ashamed, by degrees I was more satisfied with myself; and I persevered in the practice of these double translations, which filled several books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at least of a correct style. This useful exercise of writing was accompanied and succeeded by the more pleasing occupation of reading the best authors. The perusal of the Roman classics was at once my exercise and reward. Dr. Middleton's History, which I then appreciated above its true value, naturally directed me to the writings of Cicero. The most perfect editions, that of Olivet, which may adorn the shelves of the rich, that of Ernesti, which should lie on the table of the learned, were not in my power. For the familiar epistles I used the text and English commentary of Bishop Ross: but my general edition was that of Verburgius, published at Amsterdam in two large volumes in folio, with an indifferent choice of various notes. I read, with application and pleasure, *all* the epistles, *all* the orations, and the most important treatises of rhetoric and philosophy; and as I read, I applauded the observation of Quintillian, that every student may judge of his own proficiency, by the satisfaction which he receives from the Roman orator. I tasted the beauties of language, I breathed the spirit of freedom, and I imbibed from his precepts and examples the public and private sense of a man. Cicero in Latin, and Xenophon in Greek, are indeed the two ancients whom I would first propose to a liberal scholar; not only for the merit of their style and sentiments, but for the admirable lessons, which may be applied almost to every situation of public and private life. Cicero's Epistles may in particular afford the models of every form of correspondence, from the careless effusions of tenderness and friendship, to the well-guarded declaration of discreet and dignified resentment. After finishing this
great

great author, a library of eloquence and reason, I formed a more extensive plan of reviewing the Latin classics *, under the four divisions of, 1. historians, 2. poets, 3. orators, and 4. philosophers, in a chronological series, from the days of Plautus and Sallust, to the decline of the language and empire of Rome: and this plan, in the last twenty-seven months of my residence at Laufanne (January 1756—April 1758), I *nearly* accomplished. Nor was this review, however rapid, either hasty or superficial. I indulged myself in a second and even a third perusal of Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, &c. and studied to imbibe the sense and spirit most congenial to my own. I never suffered a difficult or corrupt passage to escape, till I had viewed it in every light of which it was susceptible: though often disappointed, I always consulted the most learned or ingenious commentators, Torrentius and Dacier on Horace, Catrou and Servius on Virgil, Lipsius on Tacitus, Meziriac on Ovid, &c.; and in the ardour of my inquiries, I embraced a large circle of historical and critical erudition. My abstracts of each book were made in the French language: my observations often branched into particular essays; and I can still read, without contempt, a dissertation of eight folio pages on eight lines (287—294) of the fourth Georgic of Virgil. Mr. Deyverdun, my friend, whose name will be frequently repeated, had joined with equal zeal, though not with equal perseverance, in the same undertaking. To him every thought, every composition, was instantly communicated; with him I enjoyed the benefits of a free conversation on the topics of our common studies.

But it is scarcely possible for a mind endowed with any active curiosity to be long conversant with the Latin classics, without aspiring

* JOURNAL, January 1756.]—I determined to read over the Latin authors in order; and read this year, Virgil, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Quintus Curtius, Justin, Florus, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius. I also read and meditated Locke upon the Understanding.

to know the Greek originals, whom they celebrate as their masters, and of whom they so warmly recommend the study and imitation;

——Vos exemplaria Græca

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

It was now that I regretted the early years which had been wasted in sickness or idleness, or mere idle reading; that I condemned the perverse method of our schoolmasters, who, by first teaching the mother-language, might descend with so much ease and perspicuity to the origin and etymology of a derivative idiom. In the nineteenth year of my age I determined to supply this defect; and the lessons of Pavilliard again contributed to smoothe the entrance of the way, the Greek alphabet, the grammar, and the pronunciation according to the French accent. At my earnest request we presumed to open the Iliad; and I had the pleasure of beholding, though darkly and through a glass, the true image of Homer, whom I had long since admired in an English dress. After my tutor had left me to myself, I worked my way through about half the Iliad, and afterwards interpreted alone a large portion of Xenophon and Herodotus. But my ardour, destitute of aid and emulation, was gradually cooled, and, from the barren task of searching words in a lexicon, I withdrew to the free and familiar conversation of Virgil and Tacitus. Yet in my residence at Lausanne I had laid a solid foundation, which enabled me, in a more propitious season, to prosecute the study of Grecian literature.

From a blind idea of the usefulness of such abstract science, my father had been desirous, and even pressing, that I should devote some time to the mathematics *; nor could I refuse to comply with
so

* *Extract of a Letter from M. PAVILLIARD to EDWARD GIBBON esq.*

Monsieur,

January 12th, 1757.

Vous avez souhaité que Monsieur votre fils s'appliquât à l'algèbre; le gout qu'il a pour les belles lettres lui faisoit apprehendre que l'algèbre ne nuisit à ses études favorites;

so reasonable a wish. During two winters I attended the private lectures of Monsieur de Traytorrens, who explained the elements of algebra and geometry, as far as the conic sections of the Marquis de l'Hôpital, and appeared satisfied with my diligence and improvement *. But as my childish propensity for numbers and calculations

was

favorites ; je lui ai persuadé qu'il ne se faisoit pas une juste idée de cette partie des mathématiques ; l'obéissance qu'il vous doit, jointe à mes raisons, l'ont déterminé à en faire un cours. Je ne croiois pas qu'avec cette repugnance il y fit de grand progrès : je me suis trompé : il fait bien tout ce qu'il fait ; il est exact à ses leçons, il s'applique à lire avant sa leçon, et il repasse avec soin, de manière qu'il avance beaucoup, et plus que je ne me ferois attendu : il est charmé d'avoir commencé, et je pense qu'il fera un petit cours de geometrie, ce que en tout ne lui prendra que sept à huit mois. Pendant qu'il fait ses leçons, il ne s'est point relâché sur ses autres études ; il avance beaucoup dans le Grec, et il a presque lu la moitié de l'Iliade d'Homere ; je lui fait regulierement des leçons sur cet auteur : il a aussi fini les Historiens Latins ; il en est à present aux Poetes ; et il a lu entierement Plaute et Terence, et bientôt il aura fini Lucrece. Au reste, il ne lit pas ces auteurs à la legere, il veut s'eclaircir sur tout ; de façon, qu'avec le genie qu'il a, l'excellente memoire et l'application, il ira loin dans les sciences.

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous dire ci-devant, que malgré ses études il voioit compagnie ; je puis vous le dire encore aujourd'hui.

From the Same to the Same.

Monsieur,

Jan. 14th, 1758.

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous ecrire le 27 Juillet et le 26 8^{bre} passés, et je vous ai rendu compte de la santé, des études, et de la conduite de Monsieur votre fils. Je n'ai rien à ajouter à tout ce que je vous en ai dit : il se porte parfaitement bien par la grace de Dieu : il continue à etudier avec application, et je puis vous assurer qu'il fait de progrès considerable dans les études, et il se fait extrêmement estimer par tous ceux qui le connoissent, et j'espere que quand il vous montrera en detail ce qu'il fait, vous en serez très content. Les Belles Lettres que sont son étude favorite ne l'occupent pas entierement ; il continue les mathematiques, et son professeur m'assure qu'il n'a jamais vu personne avancer autant que lui, ni avoir plus d'ardeur et d'application qu'il en a. Son genie heureux et penetrant est secondé par un memoire de plus heureuse, tellement qu'il n'oublie presque rien de ce qu'il apprend. Je n'ai pas moins lieu d'être content de sa conduite ; quoiqu'il étude beaucoup, il voit cependant compagnie, mais il ne voit que des personnes dont le commerce peut lui être utile.

* JOURNAL, January 1757.]—I began to study algebra under M. de Traytorrens, went through the elements of algebra and geometry, and the three first books of

was totally extinct, I was content to receive the passive impression of my Professor's lectures, without any active exercise of my own powers. As soon as I understood the principles, I relinquished for ever the pursuit of the mathematics; nor can I lament that I desisted, before my mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must, however, determine the actions and opinions of our lives. I listened with more pleasure to the proposal of studying the law of nature and nations, which was taught in the academy of Lausanne by Mr. Vicat, a professor of some learning and reputation. But, instead of attending his public or private course, I preferred in my closet the lessons of his masters, and my own reason. Without being disgusted by Grotius or Puffendorf, I studied in their writings the duties of a man, the rights of a citizen, the theory of justice (it is, alas! a theory), and the laws of peace and war, which have had some influence on the practice of modern Europe. My fatigues were alleviated by the good sense of their commentator Barbeyrac. Locke's Treatise of Government instructed me in the knowledge of Whig principles, which are rather founded in reason than experience; but my delight was in the frequent perusal of Montesquieu, whose energy of style, and boldness of hypothesis, were powerful to awaken and stimulate the genius of the age. The logic of De Crousaz had prepared me to

the Marquis de l'Hôpital's Conic Sections. I also read Tibullus, Catullus, Propertius, Horace (with Dacier's and Torrentius's notes), Virgil, Ovid's Epistles, with Meziriac's Commentary, the *Ars Amandi*, and the Elegies; likewise the Augustus and Tiberius of Suetonius, and a Latin translation of Dion Cassius, from the death of Julius Cæsar to the death of Augustus. I also continued my correspondence begun last year with M. Allemand of Bex, and the Professor Breitingier of Zurich; and opened a new one with the Professor Gesner of Gottingen.

N. B. Last year and this, I read St. John's Gospel, with part of Xenophon's *Cyropædia*; the *Iliad*, and Herodotus: but, upon the whole, I rather neglected my Greek.

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engage with his master Locke, and his antagonist Bayle; of whom the former may be used as a bridle, and the latter applied as a spur, to the curiosity of a young philosopher. According to the nature of their respective works, the schools of argument and objection, I carefully went through the Essay on Human Understanding, and occasionally consulted the most interesting articles of the Philosophic Dictionary. In the infancy of my reason I turned over, as an idle amusement, the most serious and important treatise: in its maturity, the most trifling performance could exercise my taste or judgment; and more than once I have been led by a novel into a deep and instructive train of thinking. But I cannot forbear to mention three particular books, since they may have remotely contributed to form the historian of the Roman empire. 1. From the Provincial Letters of Pascal, which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity. 2. The Life of Julian, by the Abbé de la Bleterie, first introduced me to the man and the times; and I should be glad to recover my first essay on the truth of the miracle which stopped the rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem. 3. In Giannone's Civil History of Naples, I observed with a critical eye the progress and abuse of sacerdotal power, and the revolutions of Italy in the darker ages. This various reading, which I now conducted with discretion, was digested, according to the precept and model of Mr. Locke, into a large common-place book; a practice, however, which I do not strenuously recommend. The action of the pen will doubtless imprint an idea on the mind as well as on the paper: but I much question whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waste of time; and I must agree with Dr. Johnson, (*Idler*, No. 74.) "that what is twice read, is commonly better remembered, than what is transcribed."

During two years, if I forget some boyish excursions of a day or a week, I was fixed at Laufanne; but at the end of the third summer, my father consented that I should make the tour of Switzerland with Pavilliard: and our short absence of one month (September 21st—October 20th, 1755) was a reward and relaxation of my assiduous studies †. The fashion of climbing the mountains and

† *From EDWARD GIBBON to Mrs. PORTEN.*

* * * * *
 * * * * * Now for myself.
 As my father has given me leave to make a journey round Switzerland, we set out to-morrow. Buy a map of Switzerland, it will cost you but a shilling, and follow me. I go by Iverdun, Neufchatel, Bienne or Biel, Soleurre or Solothurn, Bale or Basil, Bade, Zurich, Lucerne, and Bern. The voyage will be of about four weeks; so that *I hope to find a letter from you waiting for me.* As my father had given me leave to learn what I had a mind, I have learned to ride, and learn actually to dance and draw. Besides that, I often give ten or twelve hours a day to my studies. I find a great many agreeable people here; see them sometimes, and can say upon the whole, without vanity, that though I am the Englishman here who spends the least money, I am he who is the most generally liked. I told you that my father had promised to send me into France and Italy. I have thanked him for it; but if he would follow my plan, he won't do it yet a while. I never liked young travellers; they go too raw to make any great remarks, and they lose a time which is (in my opinion) the most precious part of a man's life. My scheme would be, to spend this winter at Laufanne: for though it is a very good place to acquire the air of good company and the French tongue, we have no good professors. To spend (I say) the winter at Laufanne; go into England to see my friends a couple of months, and after that, finish my studies, either at Cambridge (for after what has passed one cannot think of Oxford), or at an university in Holland. If you liked the scheme, *could you not propose it to my father by Metcalf, or somebody who has a certain credit over him?* I forgot to ask you whether, in case my father writes to tell me of his marriage, would you advise me to compliment my mother-in-law? I think so. My health is so very regular, that I have nothing to say about it.

I have been the whole day writing you this letter; the preparations for our voyage gave me a thousand interruptions. Besides that, I was obliged to write in English. This last reason will seem a paradox, but I assure you the French is much more familiar to me. I am, &c.

LAUSANNE,
 Sept. 20, 1755.

E. GIBBON.

reviewing

reviewing the *Glaciers*, had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers, who seek the sublime beauties of nature. But the political face of the country is not less diversified by the forms and spirit of so many various republics, from the jealous government of the *few* to the licentious freedom of the *many*. I contemplated with pleasure the new prospects of men and manners; though my conversation with the natives would have been more free and instructive, had I possessed the German, as well as the French language. We passed through most of the principal towns of Switzerland; Neuchâtel, Bienne, Soleurre, Arau, Baden, Zurich, Basil, and Bern. In every place we visited the churches, arsenals, libraries, and all the most eminent persons; and after my return, I digested my notes in fourteen or fifteen sheets of a French journal, which I dispatched to my father, as a proof that my time and his money had not been mis-spent. Had I found this journal among his papers, I might be tempted to select some passages; but I will not transcribe the printed accounts, and it may be sufficient to notice a remarkable spot, which left a deep and lasting impression on my memory. From Zurich we proceeded to the Benedictine Abbey of Einsidlen, more commonly styled Our Lady of the Hermits. I was astonished by the profuse ostentation of riches in the poorest corner of Europe; amidst a savage scene of woods and mountains, a palace appears to have been erected by magic; and it was erected by the potent magic of religion. A crowd of palmers and votaries was prostrate before the altar. The title and worship of the Mother of God provoked my indignation; and the lively naked image of superstition suggested to me, as in the same place it had done to Zuinglius, the most pressing argument for the reformation of the church. About two years after this tour, I passed at Geneva a useful and agreeable month; but this excursion, and some short visits in the Pais de Vaud, did not materially interrupt my studious and sedentary life at Laufanne.

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My thirst of improvement, and the languid state of science at Laufanne, soon prompted me to solicit a literary correspondence with several men of learning, whom I had not an opportunity of personally consulting. 1. In the perusal of Livy, (xxx. 44.) I had been stopped by a sentence in a speech of Hannibal, which cannot be reconciled by any torture with his character or argument. The commentators dissemble, or confess their perplexity. It occurred to me, that the change of a single letter, by substituting *otio* instead of *odio*, might restore a clear and consistent sense; but I wished to weigh my emendation in scales less partial than my own. I addressed myself to M. Crevier *, the successor of Rollin, and a professor in the university of Paris, who had published a large and valuable edition of Livy. His answer was speedy and polite; he praised my ingenuity, and adopted my conjecture. 2. I maintained a Latin correspondence, at first anonymous, and afterwards in my own name, with Professor Breitingen † of Zurich, the learned editor of a Septuagint Bible. In our frequent letters we discussed many questions of antiquity, many passages of the Latin classics. I proposed my interpretations and amendments. His censures, for he did not spare my boldness of conjecture, were sharp and strong; and I was encouraged by the consciousness of my strength, when I could stand in free debate against a critic of such eminence and erudition. 3. I corresponded on similar topics with the celebrated Professor Matthew Gesner ‡, of the university of Gottingen; and he accepted, as courteously as the two former, the invitation of an unknown youth. But his abilities might possibly be decayed; his elaborate letters were feeble and prolix; and when I asked his proper direction, the vain old man covered half a sheet of paper with the foolish enumeration of his titles and offices. 4. These Professors of Paris, Zurich, and Gottingen, were strangers, whom I presumed to

* See Appendix, Letters, N° I.

† Ditto, N° IV. and V.

‡ Ditto, N° VI. VII. and VIII.

addresses on the credit of their name ; but Mr. Allamand *, Minister at Bex, was my personal friend, with whom I maintained a more free and interesting correspondence. He was a master of language, of science, and, above all, of dispute ; and his acute and flexible logic could support, with equal address, and perhaps with equal indifference, the adverse sides of every possible question. His spirit was active, but his pen had been indolent. Mr. Allamand had exposed himself to much scandal and reproach, by an anonymous letter (1745) to the Protestants of France ; in which he labours to persuade them that *public* worship is the exclusive right and duty of the state, and that their numerous assemblies of dissenters and rebels were not authorized by the law or the gospel. His style is animated, his arguments specious ; and if the papist may seem to lurk under the mask of a protestant, the philosopher is concealed under the disguise of a papist. After some trials in France and Holland, which were defeated by his fortune or his character, a genius that might have enlightened or deluded the world, was buried in a country living, unknown to fame, and discontented with mankind. *Est sacrificulus in pago, et rusticos decipit.* As often as private or ecclesiastical business called him to Lausanne, I enjoyed the pleasure and benefit of his conversation, and we were mutually flattered by our attention to each other. Our correspondence, in his absence, chiefly turned on Locke's metaphysics, which he attacked, and I defended ; the origin of ideas, the principles of evidence, and the doctrine of liberty ;

And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

By fencing with so skilful a master, I acquired some dexterity in the use of my philosophic weapons ; but I was still the slave of education and prejudice. He had some measures to keep ; and I much

* See Appendix, Letters, N° II. and III.

suspect that he never shewed me the true colours of his secret scepticism.

Before I was recalled from Switzerland, I had the satisfaction of seeing the most extraordinary man of the age; a poet, an historian, a philosopher, who has filled thirty quartos, of prose and verse, with his various productions, often excellent, and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire? After forfeiting, by his own misconduct, the friendship of the first of kings, he retired, at the age of sixty, with a plentiful fortune, to a free and beautiful country, and resided two winters (1757 and 1758) in the town or neighbourhood of Laufanne. My desire of beholding Voltaire, whom I then rated above his real magnitude, was easily gratified. He received me with civility as an English youth; but I cannot boast of any peculiar notice or distinction, *Virgilium vidi tantum*.

The ode which he composed on his first arrival on the banks of the Lemane Lake, *O Maison d'Aristippe! O Jardin d'Epicure, &c.* had been imparted as a secret to the gentleman by whom I was introduced. He allowed me to read it twice; I knew it by heart; and as my discretion was not equal to my memory, the author was soon displeased by the circulation of a copy. In writing this trivial anecdote, I wished to observe whether my memory was impaired, and I have the comfort of finding that every line of the poem is still engraved in fresh and indelible characters. The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Laufanne, was the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country-house at the end of a suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expence of the actors; and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of Zayre, Alzire, Zulime, and his sentimental comedy of the *Enfant Prodigue*,

Prodigue, were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years, Lusignan, Alvaréz, Benaflar, Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage; and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature. My ardour, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleasure fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that taste has perhaps abated my idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakespeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman. The wit and philosophy of Voltaire, his table and theatre, refined, in a visible degree, the manners of Lausanne; and, however addicted to study, I enjoyed my share of the amusements of society. After the representation of Monrepos I sometimes supped with the actors. I was now familiar in some, and acquainted in many houses; and my evenings were generally devoted to cards and conversation, either in private parties or numerous assemblies.

I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession

of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy *. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of

* *Extracts from the Journal.*

- March 1757. I wrote some critical observations upon Plautus.
 March 8th. I wrote a long dissertation on some lines of Virgil.
 June. I saw Mademoiselle Curchod—*Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.*
 August. I went to Crassy, and staid two days.
 Sept. 15th. I went to Geneva.
 Oct. 15th. I came back to Lausanne, having passed through Crassy.
 Nov. 1st. I went to visit M. de Watteville at Loin, and saw Mademoiselle Curchod in my way through Rolle.
 Nov. 17th. I went to Crassy, and staid there six days.
 Jan. 1758. In the three first months of this year I read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, finished the conic sections with M. de Traytorrens, and went as far as the infinite series; I likewise read Sir Isaac Newton's *Chronology*, and wrote my critical observations upon it.
 Jan. 23d. I saw *Alzire* acted by the society at Monrepos. Voltaire acted *Alvares*; D'Hermanches, *Zamore*; de St. Cierge, *Gusman*; M. de Gentil, *Monteze*; and Madame Denys, *Alzire*.

youth

youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crasly and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son*; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Crasly soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him: his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy.

Whatsoever have been the fruits of my education, they must be ascribed to the fortunate banishment which placed me at Lausanne. I have sometimes applied to my own fate the verses of Pindar, which remind an Olympic champion that his victory was the consequence

* See Oeuvres de Rousseau, tom. xxxiii. p. 88, 89. octavo edition. As an author I shall not appeal from the judgment, or taste, or caprice of *Jean Jacques*: but that extraordinary man, whom I admire and pity, should have been less precipitate in condemning the moral character and conduct of a stranger.

of his exile ; and that at home, like a domestic fowl, his days might have rolled away inactive or inglorious.

. . . ἦτοι καὶ τεά κεν,
 Ἐνδομάχας ἄτ' ἀλέκτωρ,
 Συγγόνῳ παρ' ἐσθία
 Ἀκλεὲς τιμὰ κατεφυλλορόησε ποδῶν.
 Εἰ μὴ στήσας ἀνθιάνειρα
 Κνωσίας ἄμερσε πάτρας *.

Olymp. xii.

If my childish revolt against the religion of my country had not stripped me in time of my academic gown, the five important years, so liberally improved in the studies and conversation of Lausanne, would have been steeped in port and prejudice among the monks of Oxford. Had the fatigue of idleness compelled me to read, the path of learning would not have been enlightened by a ray of philosophic freedom. I should have grown to manhood ignorant of the life and language of Europe, and my knowledge of the world would have been confined to an English cloister. But my religious error fixed me at Lausanne, in a state of banishment and disgrace. The rigid course of discipline and abstinence, to which I was condemned, invigorated the constitution of my mind and body ; poverty and pride estranged me from my countrymen. One mischief, however, and in their eyes a serious and irreparable mischief, was derived from the success of my Swiss education : I had ceased to be an Englishman. At the flexible period of youth, from the age of sixteen to twenty-one, my opinions, habits, and sentiments were cast

* Thus, like the crested bird of Mars, at home
 Engag'd in foul domestic jars,
 And waded with intestine wars,
 Inglorious had'st thou spent thy vig'rous bloom ;
 Had not sedition's civil broils
 Expell'd thee from thy native *Crete*,
 And driv'n thee with more glorious toils
 Th' *Olympic* crown in *Pisa's* plain to meet.

West's Pindar.

in

in a foreign mould; the faint and distant remembrance of England was almost obliterated; my native language was grown less familiar; and I should have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence on the terms of perpetual exile. By the good sense and temper of Pavilliard my yoke was insensibly lightened: he left me master of my time and actions; but he could neither change my situation, nor increase my allowance, and with the progress of my years and reason I impatiently sighed for the moment of my deliverance. At length, in the Spring of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, my father signified his permission and his pleasure that I should immediately return home. We were then in the midst of a war: the resentment of the French at our taking their ships without a declaration, had rendered that polite nation somewhat peevish and difficult. They denied a passage to English travellers, and the road through Germany was circuitous, toilsome, and perhaps in the neighbourhood of the armies, exposed to some danger. In this perplexity, two Swiss officers of my acquaintance in the Dutch service, who were returning to their garrisons, offered to conduct me through France as one of their companions; nor did we sufficiently reflect that my borrowed name and regimentals might have been considered, in case of a discovery, in a very serious light. I took my leave of Laufanne on the 11th of April 1758, with a mixture of joy and regret, in the firm resolution of revisiting, as a man, the persons and places which had been so dear to my youth. We travelled slowly, but pleasantly, in a hired coach, over the hills of Franche-compté and the fertile province of Lorraine, and passed, without accident or inquiry, through several fortified towns of the French frontier: from thence we entered the wild Ardennes of the Austrian dutchy of Luxemburg; and after crossing the Meuse at Liege, we traversed the heaths of Brabant, and reached, on the fifteenth day, our Dutch garrison of Bois le Duc. In our passage through Nancy, my eye was gratified by the aspect of a regular and beautiful city, the work of Stanislaus, who,

who, after the storms of Polish royalty, reposed in the love and gratitude of his new subjects of Lorraine. In our halt at Maestricht I visited Mr. de Beaufort, a learned critic, who was known to me by his specious arguments against the five first centuries of the Roman History. After dropping my regimental companions, I stepped aside to visit Rotterdam and the Hague. I wished to have observed a country, the monument of freedom and industry; but my days were numbered, and a longer delay would have been ungraceful. I hastened to embark at the Brill, landed the next day at Harwich, and proceeded to London, where my father awaited my arrival. The whole term of my first absence from England was four years ten months and fifteen days.

In the prayers of the church our personal concerns are judiciously reduced to the threefold distinction of *mind*, *body*, and *estate*. The sentiments of the mind excite and exercise our social sympathy. The review of my moral and literary character is the most interesting to myself and to the public; and I may expatiate, without reproach, on my private studies; since they have produced the public writings, which can alone entitle me to the esteem and friendship of my readers. The experience of the world inculcates a discreet reserve on the subject of our person and estate, and we soon learn that a free disclosure of our riches or poverty would provoke the malice of envy, or encourage the insolence of contempt.

The only person in England whom I was impatient to see was my aunt Porten, the affectionate guardian of my tender years. I hastened to her house in College-street, Westminster; and the evening was spent in the effusions of joy and confidence. It was not without some awe and apprehension that I approached the presence of my father. My infancy, to speak the truth, had been neglected at home; the severity of his look and language at our last parting still dwelt on my memory; nor could I form any notion of his character, or my probable reception. They were both more agreeable than I could expect. The domestic discipline of our ancestors has
been

been relaxed by the philosophy and softness of the age ; and if my father remembered that he had trembled before a stern parent, it was only to adopt with his own son an opposite mode of behaviour. He received me as a man and a friend ; all constraint was banished at our first interview, and we ever afterwards continued on the same terms of easy and equal politeness. He applauded the success of my education ; every word and action was expressive of the most cordial affection ; and our lives would have passed without a cloud, if his oeconomy had been equal to his fortune, or if his fortune had been equal to his desires. During my absence he had married his second wife, Miss Dorothea Patton, who was introduced to me with the most unfavourable prejudice. I considered his second marriage as an act of displeasure, and I was disposed to hate the rival of my mother. But the injustice was in my own fancy, and the imaginary monster was an amiable and deserving woman. I could not be mistaken in the first view of her understanding, her knowledge, and the elegant spirit of her conversation : her polite welcome, and her assiduous care to study and gratify my wishes, announced at least that the surface would be smooth ; and my suspicions of art and falsehood were gradually dispelled by the full discovery of her warm and exquisite sensibility. After some reserve on my side, our minds associated in confidence and friendship ; and as Mrs. Gibbon had neither children nor the hopes of children, we more easily adopted the tender names and genuine characters of mother and of son. By the indulgence of these parents, I was left at liberty to consult my taste or reason in the choice of place, of company, and of amusements ; and my excursions were bounded only by the limits of the island, and the measure of my income. Some faint efforts were made to procure me the employment of secretary to a foreign embassy ; and I listened to a scheme which would again have transported me to the continent. Mrs. Gibbon, with seeming wisdom, exhorted me to take chambers in the Temple, and devote my leisure to the study of the law. I cannot repent of having neglected her
advice

advice. Few men, without the spur of necessity, have resolution to force their way through the thorns and thickets of that gloomy labyrinth. Nature had not endowed me with the bold and ready eloquence which makes itself heard amidst the tumult of the bar; and I should probably have been diverted from the labours of literature, without acquiring the fame or fortune of a successful pleader. I had no need to call to my aid the regular duties of a profession; every day, every hour, was agreeably filled; nor have I known, like so many of my countrymen, the tediousness of an idle life.

Of the two years (May 1758—May 1760,) between my return to England and the embodying of the Hampshire militia, I passed about nine months in London, and the remainder in the country. The metropolis affords many amusements, which are open to all. It is itself an astonishing and perpetual spectacle to the curious eye; and each taste, each sense may be gratified by the variety of objects which will occur in the long circuit of a morning walk. I assiduously frequented the theatres at a very propitious æra of the stage, when a constellation of excellent actors, both in tragedy and comedy, was eclipsed by the meridian brightness of Garrick in the maturity of his judgment, and vigour of his performance. The pleasures of a town-life are within the reach of every man who is regardless of his health, his money, and his company. By the contagion of example I was sometimes seduced; but the better habits, which I had formed at Laufanne, induced me to seek a more elegant and rational society; and if my search was less easy and successful than I might have hoped, I shall at present impute the failure to the disadvantages of my situation and character. Had the rank and fortune of my parents given them an annual establishment in London, their own house would have introduced me to a numerous and polite circle of acquaintance. But my father's taste had always preferred the highest and the lowest company, for which he was equally qualified; and after a twelve years retirement, he was no longer in the memory of the great with whom he had associated. I found myself a stranger in

the midst of a vast and unknown city ; and at my entrance into life I was reduced to some dull family parties, and some scattered connections, which were not such as I should have chosen for myself. The most useful friends of my father were the Mallets : they received me with civility and kindness at first on his account, and afterwards on my own ; and (if I may use Lord Chesterfield's words) I was soon *domesticated* in their house. Mr. Mallet, a name among the English poets, is praised by an unforgiving enemy, for the ease and elegance of his conversation, and his wife was not destitute of wit or learning. By his assistance I was introduced to lady Hervey, the mother of the present earl of Bristol. Her age and infirmities confined her at home ; her dinners were select ; in the evening her house was open to the best company of both sexes and all nations ; nor was I displeased at her preference and affectation of the manners, the language, and the literature of France. But my progress in the English world was in general left to my own efforts, and those efforts were languid and slow. I had not been endowed by art or nature with those happy gifts of confidence and address, which unlock every door and every bosom ; nor would it be reasonable to complain of the just consequences of my sickly childhood, foreign education, and reserved temper. While coaches were rattling through Bond-street, I have passed many a solitary evening in my lodging with my books. My studies were sometimes interrupted by a sigh, which I breathed towards Lausanne ; and on the approach of Spring, I withdrew without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure. In each of the twenty-five years of my acquaintance with London (1758—1783) the prospect gradually brightened ; and this unfavourable picture most properly belongs to the first period after my return from Switzerland.

My father's residence in Hampshire, where I have passed many light, and some heavy hours, was at Buriton, near Petersfield, one mile from the Portsmouth road, and at the easy distance of fifty-eight miles from London*. An old mansion, in a state of decay, had been converted into the fashion and convenience of a modern house: and if strangers had nothing to see, the inhabitants had little to desire. The spot was not happily chosen, at the end of the village and the bottom of the hill: but the aspect of the adjacent grounds was various and cheerful; the downs commanded a noble prospect, and the long hanging woods in sight of the house could not perhaps have been improved by art or expence. My father kept in his own hands the whole of the estate, and even rented some additional land; and whatsoever might be the balance of profit and loss, the farm supplied him with amusement and plenty. The produce maintained a number of men and horses, which were multiplied by the intermixture of domestic and rural servants; and in the intervals of labour the favourite team, a handsome set of bays or greys, was harnessed to the coach. The œconomy of the house was regulated by the taste and prudence of Mrs. Gibbon. She prided herself in the elegance of her occasional dinners; and from the uncleanly avarice of Madame Pavilliard, I was suddenly transported to the daily neatness and luxury of an English table. Our immediate neighbourhood was rare and rustic; but from the verge of our hills, as far as Chichester and Goodwood, the western district of Sussex was interspersed with noble seats and hospitable families, with whom we cultivated a friendly, and might have enjoyed a very frequent, intercourse. As my stay at Buriton was always voluntary, I was received and dismissed with smiles; but the comforts of my retirement did not depend on the ordinary pleasures of the country. My

* The estate and manor of Beriton, otherwise Buriton, were considerable, and were sold a few years ago to Lord Stawell. S.

father could never inspire me with his love and knowledge of farming. I never handled a gun, I seldom mounted an horse; and my philosophic walks were soon terminated by a shady bench, where I was long detained by the sedentary amusement of reading or meditation. At home I occupied a pleasant and spacious apartment; the library on the same floor was soon considered as my peculiar domain; and I might say with truth, that I was never less alone than when by myself. My sole complaint, which I piously suppressed, arose from the kind restraint imposed on the freedom of my time. By the habit of early rising I always secured a sacred portion of the day, and many scattered moments were stolen and employed by my studious industry. But the family hours of breakfast, of dinner, of tea, and of supper, were regular and long: after breakfast Mrs. Gibbon expected my company in her dressing-room; after tea my father claimed my conversation and the perusal of the newspapers; and in the midst of an interesting work I was often called down to receive the visit of some idle neighbours. Their dinners and visits required, in due season, a similar return; and I dreaded the period of the full moon, which was usually reserved for our more distant excursions. I could not refuse attending my father, in the summer of 1759, to the races at Stockbridge, Reading, and Odiam, where he had entered a horse for the hunter's plate; and I was not displeased with the sight of our Olympic games, the beauty of the spot, the fleetness of the horses, and the gay tumult of the numerous spectators. As soon as the militia business was agitated, many days were tediously consumed in meetings of deputy-lieutenants at Petersfield, Alton, and Winchester. In the close of the same year, 1759, Sir Simeon (then Mr.) Stewart attempted an unsuccessful contest for the county of Southampton, against Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer: a well-known contest, in which Lord Bute's influence was first exerted and censured. Our canvas at Portsmouth and Gosport lasted several days; but

the interruption of my studies was compensated in some degree by the spectacle of English manners, and the acquisition of some practical knowledge.

If in a more domestic or more dissipated scene my application was somewhat relaxed, the love of knowledge was inflamed and gratified by the command of books; and I compared the poverty of Laufanne with the plenty of London. My father's study at Buriton was stuffed with much trash of the last age, with much high church divinity and politics, which have long since gone to their proper place: yet it contained some valuable editions of the classics and the fathers, the choice, as it should seem, of Mr. Law; and many English publications of the times had been occasionally added. From this slender beginning I have gradually formed a numerous and select library, the foundation of my works, and the best comfort of my life, both at home and abroad. On the receipt of the first quarter, a large share of my allowance was appropriated to my literary wants. I cannot forget the joy with which I exchanged a bank-note of twenty pounds for the twenty volumes of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions*; nor would it have been easy, by any other expenditure of the same sum, to have procured so large and lasting a fund of rational amusement. At a time when I most assiduously frequented this school of ancient literature, I thus expressed my opinion of a learned and various collection, which since the year 1759 has been doubled in magnitude, though not in merit—

“ Une de ces sociétés, qui ont mieux immortalisé Louis XIV. qu’une
 “ ambition souvent pernicieuse aux hommes, commençoit déjà ces
 “ recherches qui réunissent la justesse de l’esprit, l’ameneté & l’erudi-
 “ tion: où l’on voit tant des decouvertes, et quelquefois, ce qui
 “ ne cede qu’à peine aux decouvertes, une *ignorance* modeste et
 “ *savante*.” The review of my library must be reserved for the period of its maturity; but in this place I may allow myself to observe, that I am not conscious of having ever bought a book from a
 motive

motive of ostentation, that every volume, before it was deposited on the shelf, was either read or sufficiently examined, and that I soon adopted the tolerating maxim of the elder Pliny, “ nullum esse librum tam malum ut non ex aliquâ parte prodesset.” I could not yet find leisure or courage to renew the pursuit of the Greek language, excepting by reading the lessons of the Old and New Testament every Sunday, when I attended the family to church. The series of my Latin authors was less strenuously completed; but the acquisition, by inheritance or purchase, of the best editions of Cicero, Quintilian, Livy, Tacitus, Ovid, &c. afforded a fair prospect, which I seldom neglected. I persevered in the useful method of abstracts and observations; and a single example may suffice, of a note which had almost swelled into a work. The solution of a passage of Livy (xxxviii. 38.) involved me in the dry and dark treatises of Greaves, Arbuthnot, Hooper, Bernard, Eizenschmidt, Gronovius, La Barré, Freret, &c.; and in my French essay (chap. 20.) I ridiculously send the reader to my own *manuscript* remarks on the weights, coins, and measures of the ancients, which were abruptly terminated by the militia drum.

As I am now entering on a more ample field of society and study, I can only hope to avoid a vain and prolix garrulity, by overlooking the vulgar crowd of my acquaintance, and confining myself to such intimate friends among books and men, as are best entitled to my notice by their own merit and reputation, or by the deep impression which they have left on my mind. Yet I will embrace this occasion of recommending to the young student a practice, which about this time I myself adopted. After glancing my eye over the design and order of a new book, I suspended the perusal till I had finished the task of self-examination, till I had revolved, in a solitary walk, all that I knew or believed, or had thought on the subject of the whole work, or of some particular chapter: I was then qualified to discern how much the author added to my original stock; and

I was

I was sometimes satisfied by the agreement; I was sometimes armed by the opposition, of our ideas. The favourite companions of my leisure were our English writers since the Revolution: they breathe the spirit of reason and liberty; and they most seasonably contributed to restore the purity of my own language, which had been corrupted by the long use of a foreign idiom. By the judicious advice of Mr. Mallet, I was directed to the writings of Swift and Addison; wit and simplicity are their common attributes: but the style of Swift is supported by manly original vigour; that of Addison is adorned by the female graces of elegance and mildness. The old reproach, that no British altars had been raised to the muse of history, was recently disproved by the first performances of Robertson and Hume, the histories of Scotland and of the Stuarts. I will assume the presumption of saying, that I was not unworthy to read them: nor will I disguise my different feelings in the repeated perusals. The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson, inflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footsteps: the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair.

The design of my first work, the *Essay on the Study of Literature*, was suggested by a refinement of vanity, the desire of justifying and praising the object of a favourite pursuit. In France, to which my ideas were confined, the learning and language of Greece and Rome were neglected by a philosophic age. The guardian of those studies, the Academy of Inscriptions, was degraded to the lowest rank among the three royal societies of Paris: the new appellation of *Erudits* was contemptuously applied to the successors of Lipsius and Casaubon; and I was provoked to hear (see M. d'Alembert *Discours préliminaire à l'Encyclopedie*) that the exercise of the memory, their sole merit, had been superseded by the nobler faculties of the imagination and the judgment. I was ambitious of proving by my own
example,

example, as well as by my precepts, that all the faculties of the mind may be exercised and displayed by the study of ancient literature: I began to select and adorn the various proofs and illustrations which had offered themselves in reading the classics; and the first pages or chapters of my essay were composed before my departure from Laufanne. The hurry of the journey, and of the first weeks of my English life, suspended all thoughts of serious application: but my object was ever before my eyes; and no more than ten days, from the first to the eleventh of July, were suffered to elapse after my summer establishment at Buriton. My essay was finished in about six weeks; and as soon as a fair copy had been transcribed by one of the French prisoners at Petersfield, I looked round for a critic and judge of my first performance. A writer can seldom be content with the doubtful recompence of solitary approbation; but a youth ignorant of the world, and of himself, must desire to weigh his talents in some scales less partial than his own: my conduct was natural, my motive laudable, my choice of Dr. Maty judicious and fortunate. By descent and education Dr. Maty, though born in Holland, might be considered as a Frenchman; but he was fixed in London by the practice of physic, and an office in the British Museum. His reputation was justly founded on the eighteen volumes of the *Journal Britannique*, which he had supported, almost alone, with perseverance and success. This humble though useful labour, which had once been dignified by the genius of Bayle and the learning of Le Clerc, was not disgraced by the taste, the knowledge, and the judgment of Maty: he exhibits a candid and pleasing view of the state of literature in England during a period of six years (January 1750—December 1755); and, far different from his angry son, he handles the rod of criticism with the tenderness and reluctance of a parent. The author of the *Journal Britannique* sometimes aspires to the character of a poet and philosopher: his style is pure and elegant; and in his virtues, or even in his defects, he may be ranked as one of the last disciples

disciples of the school of Fontenelle. His answer to my first letter was prompt and polite : after a careful examination he returned my manuscript, with some animadversion and much applause ; and when I visited London in the ensuing winter, we discussed the design and execution in several free and familiar conversations. In a short excursion to Buriton I reviewed my essay, according to his friendly advice ; and after suppressing a third, adding a third, and altering a third, I consummated my first labour by a short preface, which is dated February 3d, 1759. Yet I still shrunk from the press with the terrors of virgin modesty : the manuscript was safely deposited in my desk ; and as my attention was engaged by new objects, the delay might have been prolonged till I had fulfilled the precept of Horace, “ nonumque prematur in annum.” Father Sirmond, a learned jesuit, was still more rigid, since he advised a young friend to expect the mature age of fifty, before he gave himself or his writings to the public (Olivet Histoire de l’Academie Françoise, tom. ii. p. 143.). The counsel was singular ; but it is still more singular that it should have been approved by the example of the author. Sirmond was himself fifty-five years of age when he published (in 1614) his first work, an edition of Sidonius Apollinaris, with many valuable annotations : (see his life, before the great edition of his works in five volumes folio, Paris, 1696, é Typographiâ Regiâ).

Two years elapsed in silence : but in the spring of 1761 I yielded to the authority of a parent, and complied, like a pious son, with the wish of my own heart *. My private resolves were influenced by

* JOURNAL, March 8th, 1758.]—I began my *Essai sur l’Étude de la Litterature*, and wrote the 23 first chapters (excepting the following ones, 11, 12, 13. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.) before I left Switzerland.

July 11th. I again took in hand my *Essay* ; and in about six weeks finished it, from C. 23—55. (excepting 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33. and note to C. 38.) besides a number of chapters from C. 55. to the end, which are now struck out.

Feb. 11th, 1759. I wrote the chapters of my *Essay*, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. the note to C. 38. and the first part of the preface.

April 23d,

by the state of Europe. About this time the belligerent powers had made and accepted overtures of peace; our English plenipotentiaries were named to assist at the Congress of Augsbourg, which never met: I wished to attend them as a gentleman or a secretary; and my father fondly believed that the proof of some literary talents might introduce me to public notice, and second the recommendations of my friends. After a last revival I consulted with Mr. Mallet and Dr. Maty, who approved the design and promoted the execution. Mr. Mallet, after hearing me read my manuscript, received it from my hands, and delivered it into those of Becket, with whom he made an agreement in my name; an easy agreement: I required only a certain number of copies; and, without transferring my property, I devolved on the bookseller the charges and profits of the edition. Dr. Maty undertook, in my absence, to correct the sheets: he inserted, without my knowledge, an elegant and flattering epistle to the author; which is composed, however, with so much art, that, in case of a defeat, his favourable report might have been ascribed to the indulgence of a friend for the rash attempt of a *young English* gentleman. The work was printed and published, under the title of *Essai sur l'Étude de la Litterature*, à Londres, chez T. Becket et P. A. de Hondt, 1761, in a small volume in duodecimo: my dedication to my father, a

April 23d, 1761. Being at length, by my father's advice, determined to publish my Essay, I revised it with great care, made many alterations, struck out a considerable part, and wrote the chapters from 57—78, which I was obliged myself to copy out fair.

June 10th, 1761. Finding the printing of my book proceeded but slowly, I went up to town, where I found the whole was finished. I gave Becket orders for the presents: 20 for Lausanne; copies for the Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Carnarvon, Lords Waldegrave, Litchfield, Bath, Granville, Bute, Shelbourn, Chesterfield, Hardwicke, Lady Hervey, Sir Joseph Yorke, Sir Matthew Featherstone, M. M. Mallet, Maty, Scott, Wray, Lord Egremont, M. de Buffly, Mademoiselle la Duchesse d'Aguillon, and M. le Comte de Caylus:—great part of these were only my father's or Mallet's acquaintance.

proper and pious address, was composed the twenty-eighth of May: Dr. Maty's letter is dated the 16th of June; and I received the first copy (June 23d) at Alresford, two days before I marched with the Hampshire militia. Some weeks afterwards, on the same ground, I presented my book to the late Duke of York, who breakfasted in Colonel Pitt's tent. By my father's direction, and Mallet's advice, many literary gifts were distributed to several eminent characters in England and France; two books were sent to the Count de Caylus, and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, at Paris: I had reserved twenty copies for my friends at Lausanne, as the first fruits of my education, and a grateful token of my remembrance: and on all these persons I levied an unavoidable tax of civility and compliment. It is not surprising that a work, of which the style and sentiments were so totally foreign, should have been more successful abroad than at home. I was delighted by the copious extracts, the warm commendations, and the flattering predictions of the Journals of France and Holland: and the next year (1762) a new edition (I believe at Geneva) extended the fame, or at least the circulation, of the work. In England it was received with cold indifference, little read, and speedily forgotten: a small impression was slowly dispersed; the bookseller murmured, and the author (had his feelings been more exquisite) might have wept over the blunders and baldness of the English translation. The publication of my History fifteen years afterwards revived the memory of my first performance, and the Essay was eagerly sought in the shops. But I refused the permission which Becket solicited of reprinting it: the public curiosity was imperfectly satisfied by a pirated copy of the booksellers of Dublin; and when a copy of the original edition has been discovered in a sale, the primitive value of half-a-crown has risen to the fanciful price of a guinea or thirty shillings.

I have expatiated on the petty circumstances and period of my first publication, a memorable æra in the life of a student, when he ventures

ventures to reveal the measure of his mind : his hopes and fears are multiplied by the idea of self-importance, and he believes for a while that the eyes of mankind are fixed on his person and performance. Whatever may be my present reputation, it no longer rests on the merit of this first essay ; and at the end of twenty-eight years I may appreciate my juvenile work with the impartiality, and almost with the indifference, of a stranger. In his answer to Lady Hervey, the Count de Caylus admires, or affects to admire, “ les livres sans nombre que Mr. Gibbon a lus et tres bien lus *.” But, alas ! my stock of erudition at that time was scanty and superficial ; and if I allow myself the liberty of naming the Greek masters, my genuine and personal acquaintance was confined to the Latin classics. The most serious defect of my Essay is a kind of obscurity and abruptness which always fatigues, and may often elude, the attention of the reader. Instead of a precise and proper definition of the title itself, the sense of the word *Litterature* is loosely and variously applied : a number of remarks and examples, historical, critical, philosophical, are heaped on each other without method or connection ; and if we except some introductory pages, all the remaining chapters might indifferently be reversed or transposed. The obscurity of many passages is often affected, *brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio* ; the desire of expressing perhaps a common idea with sententious and oracular brevity : alas ! how fatal has been the imitation of Montesquieu ! But this obscurity sometimes proceeds from a mixture of light and darkness in the author’s mind ; from a partial ray which strikes upon an angle, instead of spreading itself over the surface of an object. After this fair confession I shall presume to say, that the Essay does credit to a young writer of two and twenty years of age, who had read with taste, who thinks with freedom, and who writes in a foreign language with spirit and elegance. The defence of the early History of Rome and the new Chronology of Sir Isaac Newton

* See Appendix, Letter, No. X.

form a specious argument. The patriotic and political design of the *Georgics* is happily conceived; and any probable conjecture, which tends to raise the dignity of the poet and the poem, deserves to be adopted, without a rigid scrutiny. Some dawnings of a philosophic spirit enlighten the general remarks on the study of history and of man. I am not displeased with the inquiry into the origin and nature of the gods of polytheism, which might deserve the illustration of a riper judgment. Upon the whole, I may apply to the first labour of my pen the speech of a far superior artist, when he surveyed the first productions of his pencil. After viewing some portraits which he had painted in his youth, my friend Sir Joshua Reynolds acknowledged to me, that he was rather humbled than flattered by the comparison with his present works; and that after so much time and study, he had conceived his improvement to be much greater than he found it to have been.

At Lausanne I composed the first chapters of my *Essay* in French, the familiar language of my conversation and studies, in which it was easier for me to write than in my mother-tongue. After my return to England I continued the same practice, without any affectation, or design of repudiating (as Dr. Bentley would say) my vernacular idiom. But I should have escaped some Anti-gallican clamour, had I been content with the more natural character of an English author. I should have been more consistent had I rejected Mallet's advice, of prefixing an English dedication to a French book; a confusion of tongues that seemed to accuse the ignorance of my patron. The use of a foreign dialect might be excused by the hope of being employed as a negociator, by the desire of being generally understood on the continent; but my true motive was doubtless the ambition of new and singular fame, an Englishman claiming a place among the writers of France. The Latin tongue had been consecrated by the service of the church, it was refined by the imitation of the ancients; and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the scholars

of

of Europe enjoyed the advantage, which they have gradually resigned, of conversing and writing in a common and learned idiom. As that idiom was no longer in any country the vulgar speech, they all stood on a level with each other; yet a citizen of old Rome might have smiled at the best Latinity of the Germans and Britons; and we may learn from the *Ciceronianus* of Erasmus, how difficult it was found to steer a middle course between pedantry and barbarism. The Romans themselves had sometimes attempted a more perilous task, of writing in a living language, and appealing to the taste and judgment of the natives. The vanity of Tully was doubly interested in the Greek memoirs of his own consulship; and if he modestly supposes that some Latinisms might be detected in his style, he is confident of his own skill in the art of Isocrates and Aristotle; and he requests his friend Atticus to disperse the copies of his work at Athens, and in the other cities of Greece, (*ad Atticum*, i. 19. ii. 1.) But it must not be forgotten, that from infancy to manhood Cicero and his contemporaries had read and declaimed, and composed with equal diligence in both languages; and that he was not allowed to frequent a Latin school till he had imbibed the lessons of the Greek grammarians and rhetoricians. In modern times, the language of France has been diffused by the merit of her writers, the social manners of the natives, the influence of the monarchy, and the exile of the protestants. Several foreigners have seized the opportunity of speaking to Europe in this common dialect, and Germany may plead the authority of Leibnitz and Frederic, of the first of her philosophers, and the greatest of her kings. The just pride and laudable prejudice of England has restrained this communication of idioms; and of all the nations on this side of the Alps, my countrymen are the least practised, and least perfect in the exercise of the French tongue. By Sir William Temple and Lord Chesterfield it was only used on occasions of civility and business, and their printed letters will not be quoted as models of composition. Lord Bolingbroke may have

have published in French a sketch of his Reflections on Exile: but his reputation now reposes on the address of Voltaire, “Docte sermões “*utriusque linguæ;*” and by his English dedication to Queen Caroline, and his Essay on Epic Poetry, it should seem that Voltaire himself wished to deserve a return of the same compliment. The exception of Count Hamilton cannot fairly be urged; though an Irishman by birth, he was educated in France from his childhood. Yet I am surprised that a long residence in England, and the habits of domestic conversation, did not affect the ease and purity of his inimitable style; and I regret the omission of his English verses, which might have afforded an amusing object of comparison. I might therefore assume the *primus ego in patriam, &c.*; but with what success I have explored this untrodden path must be left to the decision of my French readers. Dr. Maty, who might himself be questioned as a foreigner, has secured his retreat at my expence. “Je ne crois pas que vous vous piquiez d’être moins facile à reconnoître pour un Anglois que Lucullus pour un Romain.” My friends at Paris have been more indulgent, they received me as a countryman, or at least as a provincial; but they were friends and Parisians *. The defects which Maty insinuates, “Ces traits faillans, ces figures hardies, ce sacrifice de la règle au sentiment, et de la cadence à la force,” are the faults of the youth, rather than of the stranger: and after the long and laborious exercise of my own language, I am conscious that my French style has been ripened and improved.

I have already hinted, that the publication of my Essay was delayed till I had embraced the military profession. I shall now amuse myself with the recollection of an active scene, which bears no affinity to any other period of my studious and social life.

* The copious extracts which were given in the *Journal Etranger* by Mr. Suard, a judicious critic, must satisfy both the author and the public. I may here observe, that I have never seen in any literary review a tolerable account of my History. The manufacture of journals, at least on the continent, is miserably debased.

In the outset of a glorious war, the English people had been defended by the aid of German mercenaries. A national militia has been the cry of every patriot since the Revolution; and this measure, both in parliament and in the field, was supported by the country gentlemen or Tories, who insensibly transferred their loyalty to the house of Hanover: in the language of Mr. Burke, they have changed the idol, but they have preserved the idolatry. In the act of offering our names and receiving our commissions, as major and captain in the Hampshire regiment, (June 12th, 1759,) we had not supposed that we should be dragged away, my father from his farm, myself from my books, and condemned, during two years and a half, (May 10, 1760—December 23, 1762,) to a wandering life of military servitude. But a weekly or monthly exercise of thirty thousand provincials would have left them useless and ridiculous; and after the pretence of an invasion had vanished, the popularity of Mr. Pitt gave a sanction to the illegal step of keeping them till the end of the war under arms, in constant pay and duty, and at a distance from their respective homes. When the King's order for our embodying came down, it was too late to retreat, and too soon to repent. The South battalion of the Hampshire militia was a small independent corps of four hundred and seventy-six, officers and men, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Sir Thomas Worsley, who, after a prolix and passionate contest, delivered us from the tyranny of the lord lieutenant, the Duke of Bolton. My proper station, as first captain, was at the head of my own, and afterwards of the grenadier, company; but in the absence, or even in the presence, of the two field officers, I was entrusted by my friend and my father with the effective labour of dictating the orders, and exercising the battalion. With the help of our original journal, I could write the history of my bloodless and inglorious campaigns; but as these events have lost much of their importance in my own eyes, they shall be dispatched in a few words. From Winchester, the first place of assembly, (June 4, 1760,)

we were removed, at our own request, for the benefit of a foreign education. By the arbitrary, and often capricious, orders of the War-office, the battalion successively marched to the pleasant and hospitable Blandford (June 17); to Hilsea barracks, a seat of disease and discord (September 1); to Cranbrook in the weald of Kent (December 11); to the sea-coast of Dover (December 27); to Winchester camp (June 25, 1761); to the populous and disorderly town of Devizes (October 23); to Salisbury (February 28, 1762); to our beloved Blandford a second time (March 9); and finally, to the fashionable resort of Southampton (June 2); where the colours were fixed till our final dissolution (December 23). On the beach at Dover we had exercised in sight of the Gallic shores. But the most splendid and useful scene of our life was a four months encampment on Winchester Down, under the command of the Earl of Effingham. Our army consisted of the thirty-fourth regiment of foot and six militia corps. The consciousness of our defects was stimulated by friendly emulation. We improved our time and opportunities in morning and evening field-days; and in the general reviews the South Hampshire were rather a credit than a disgrace to the line. In our subsequent quarters of the Devizes and Blandford, we advanced with a quick step in our military studies; the ballot of the ensuing summer renewed our vigour and youth; and had the militia subsisted another year, we might have contested the prize with the most perfect of our brethren.

The loss of so many busy and idle hours was not compensated by any elegant pleasure; and my temper was insensibly soured by the society of our rustic officers. In every state there exists, however, a balance of good and evil. The habits of a sedentary life were usefully broken by the duties of an active profession: in the healthful exercise of the field I hunted with a battalion, instead of a pack; and at that time I was ready, at any hour of the day or night, to fly from quarters to London, from London to quarters, on the slightest

slightest call of private or regimental business. But my principal obligation to the militia, was the making me an Englishman, and a soldier. After my foreign education, with my reserved temper, I should long have continued a stranger in my native country, had I not been shaken in this various scene of new faces and new friends : had not experience forced me to feel the characters of our leading men, the state of parties, the forms of office, and the operation of our civil and military system. In this peaceful service, I imbibed the rudiments of the language, and science of tactics, which opened a new field of study and observation. I diligently read, and meditated, the *Memoires Militaires* of Quintus Icilius, (Mr. Guichardt,) the only writer who has united the merits of a professor and a veteran. The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion ; and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire.

A youth of any spirit is fired even by the play of arms, and in the first sallies of my enthusiasm I had seriously attempted to embrace the regular profession of a soldier. But this military fever was cooled by the enjoyment of our mimic Bellona, who soon unveiled to my eyes her naked deformity. How often did I sigh for my proper station in society and letters. How often (a proud comparison) did I repeat the complaint of Cicero in the command of a provincial army : “ Clitellæ bovi sunt impositæ. Est incredibile quam me
 “ negotii tædeat. Non habet satis magnum campum ille tibi non
 “ ignotus cursus animi ; et industriæ meæ præclara opera cessat.
 “ Lucem, *libros*, urbem, domum, vos desidero. Sed feram, ut
 “ potero ; sit modo annum. Si prorogatur, actum est *.” From a service without danger I might indeed have retired without disgrace ; but as often as I hinted a wish of resigning, my fetters were rivetted by the friendly intreaties of the colonel, the parental authority of the major, and my own regard for the honour and

* Epist. ad Atticum, lib. v. 15.

welfare of the battalion. When I felt that my personal escape was impracticable, I bowed my neck to the yoke: my servitude was protracted far beyond the annual patience of Cicero; and it was not till after the preliminaries of peace that I received my discharge, from the act of government which disembodied the militia*.

When

* JOURNAL, January 11th, 1761.]—In these seven or eight months of a most disagreeably active life, I have had no studies to set down; indeed, I hardly took a book in my hand the whole time. The first two months at Blandford, I might have done something; but the novelty of the thing, of which for some time I was so fond as to think of going into the army, our field-days, our dinners abroad, and the drinking and late hours we got into, prevented any serious reflections. From the day we marched from Blandford I had hardly a moment I could call my own, almost continually in motion; if I was fixed for a day, it was in the guard-room, a barrack, or an inn. Our disputes consumed the little time I had left. Every letter, every memorial relative to them fell to my share; and our evening conferences were used to hear all the morning hours strike. At last I got to Dover, and Sir Thomas left us for two months. The charm was over, I was sick of so hateful a service; I was settled in a comparatively quiet situation. Once more I began to taste the pleasure of thinking.

Recollecting some thoughts I had formerly had in relation to the system of Paganism, which I intended to make use of in my Essay, I resolved to read Tully de Naturâ Deorum, and finished it in about a month. I lost some time before I could recover my habit of application.

Oct. 23d.]—Our first design was to march through Marlborough; but finding on inquiry that it was a bad road, and a great way about, we resolved to push for the Devizes in one day, though nearly thirty miles. We accordingly arrived there about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Nov. 2d.]—I have very little to say for this and the following month. Nothing could be more uniform than the life I led there. The little civility of the neighbouring gentlemen gave us no opportunity of dining out; the time of year did not tempt us to any excursions round the country; and at first my indolence, and afterwards a violent cold, prevented my going over to Bath. I believe in the two months I never dined or lay from quarters. I can therefore only set down what I did in the literary way. Designing to recover my Greek, which I had somewhat neglected, I set myself to read Homer, and finished the four first books of the Iliad, with Pope's translation and notes; at the same time, to understand the geography of the Iliad, and particularly the catalogue, I read the 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, and 14th books of Strabo, in Casaubon's Latin translation: I likewise read Hume's History of England to the Reign of Henry the Seventh, just published, *ingenious but superficial*; and the *Journals des Sçavans* for August, September, and October 1761, with the *Bibliothèque des Sciences*, &c. from July to October: Both these Journals speak very handsomely of my book.

December

When I complain of the loss of time, justice to myself and to the militia must throw the greatest part of that reproach on the first seven

December 25th, 1761.]—When, upon finishing the year, I take a review of what I have done, I am not dissatisfied with what I did in it, upon making proper allowances. On the one hand, I could begin nothing before the middle of January. The Deal duty lost me part of February; although I was at home part of March, and all April, yet electioneering is no friend to the Muses. May, indeed, though dissipated by our sea parties, was pretty quiet; but June was absolutely lost, upon the march, at Alton, and settling ourselves in camp. The four succeeding months in camp allowed me little leisure, and less quiet. November and December were indeed as much my own as any time can be whilst I remain in the militia; but still it is, at best, not a life for a man of letters. However, in this tumultuous year, (besides smaller things which I have set down,) I read four books of Homer in Greek, six of Strabo in Latin, Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, and the great philosophical and theological work of M. de Beau-fobre: I wrote in the same time a long dissertation on the succession of Naples; reviewed, fitted for the press, and augmented above a fourth, my *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*.

In the six weeks I passed at Beriton, as I never stirred from it, every day was like the former. I had neither visits, hunting, or walking. My only resources were myself, my books, and family conversations.—But to me these were great resources.

April 24th, 1762.]—I waited upon Colonel Harvey in the morning, to get him to apply for me to be brigade major to Lord Effingham, as a post I should be very fond of, and for which I am not unfit. Harvey received me with great good-nature and candour, told me he was both willing and able to serve me; that indeed he had already applied to Lord Effingham for *****, one of his own officers, and though there would be more than one brigade major, he did not think he could properly recommend two; but that if I could get some other person to break the ice, he would second it, and believed he should succeed: should that fail, as ***** was in bad circumstances, he believed he could make a compromise with him (this was my desire) to let me do the duty without pay. I went from him to the Mallets, who promised to get Sir Charles Howard to speak to Lord Effingham.

August 22d.]—I went with Ballard to the French church, where I heard a most indifferent sermon preached by M. *****. A very bad style, a worse pronunciation and action, and a very great vacuity of ideas, composed this excellent performance. Upon the whole, which is preferable, the philosophic method of the English, or the rhetoric of the French preachers? The first (though less glorious) is certainly safer for the preacher. It is difficult for a man to make himself ridiculous, who proposes only to deliver plain sense on a subject he has thoroughly studied. But the instant he discovers the least pretensions towards the sublime, or the pathetic, there

seven or eight months, while I was obliged to learn as well as to teach. The dissipation of Blandford, and the disputes of Portsmouth, consumed

is no medium; we must either admire or laugh: and there are so many various talents requisite to form the character of an orator, that it is more than probable we shall laugh. As to the advantage of the hearer, which ought to be the great consideration, the dilemma is much greater. Excepting in some particular cases, where we are blinded by popular prejudices, we are in general so well acquainted with our duty, that it is almost superfluous to convince us of it. It is the heart, and not the head, that holds out; and it is certainly possible, by a moving eloquence, to rouse the sleeping sentiments of that heart, and incite it to acts of virtue. Unluckily it is not so much acts, as habits of virtue, we should have in view; and the preacher who is inculcating, with the eloquence of a Bourdaloue, the necessity of a virtuous life, will dismiss his assembly full of emotions, which a variety of other objects, the coldness of our northern constitutions, and no immediate opportunity of exerting their good resolutions, will dissipate in a few moments.

August 24th.]—The same reason that carried so many people to the assembly to-night, was what kept me away; I mean the dancing.

28th.]—To-day Sir Thomas came to us to dinner. The Spa has done him a great deal of good, for he looks another man. Pleased to see him, we kept bumperizing till after roll-calling; Sir Thomas assuring us, every fresh bottle, how infinitely soberer he was grown.

29th.]—I felt the usual consequences of Sir Thomas's company, and lost a morning, because I had lost the day before. However, having finished Voltaire, I returned to Le Clerc (I mean for the amusement of my leisure hours); and laid aside for some time his *Bibliothèque Universelle*, to look into the *Bibliothèque Choisie*, which is by far the better work.

September 23d.]—Colonel Wilkes, of the Buckinghamshire militia, dined with us, and renewed the acquaintance Sir Thomas and myself had begun with him at Reading. I scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge. He told us himself, that in this time of public dissension he was resolved to make his fortune. Upon this principle he has connected himself closely with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, commenced a public adversary to Lord Bute, whom he abuses weekly in the North Briton, and other political papers in which he is concerned. This proved a very debauched day: we drank a good deal both after dinner and supper; and when at last Wilkes had retired, Sir Thomas and some others (of whom I was not one) broke into his room, and made him drink a bottle of claret in bed.

October 5th.]—The review, which lasted about three hours, concluded, as usual, with marching by Lord Effingham, by grand divisions. Upon the whole, considering

consumed the hours which were not employed in the field; and amid the perpetual hurry of an inn, a barrack, or a guard-room, all literary

considering the camp had done both the Winchester and the Gosport duties all the summer, they behaved very well, and made a fine appearance. As they marched by, I had my usual curiosity to count their files. The following is my field return: I think it a curiosity; I am sure it is more exact than is commonly made to a reviewing general.

		Number of Files.		Number of Men.		Establishment.
<i>Berkshire,</i>	{ Grenadiers, 19 } 91	—	273	—	560	
	{ Battalion, 72 }					
<i>W. Essex,</i>	{ Grenadiers, 15 } 95	—	285	—	480	
	{ Battalion, 80 }					
<i>S. Gloucester,</i>	{ Grenadiers, 20 } 104	—	312	—	600	
	{ Battalion, 84 }					
<i>N. Gloucester,</i>	{ Grenadiers, 13 } 65	—	195	—	360	
	{ Battalion, 52 }					
<i>Lancashire,</i>	{ Grenadiers, 20 } 108	—	324	—	800	
	{ Battalion, 88 }					
<i>Wiltshire,</i>	{ Grenadiers, 24 } 144	—	432	—	800	
	{ Battalion, 120 }					
Total,		607	1821		3600	

N. B. The Gosport detachment from the Lancashire consisted of two hundred and fifty men. The Buckinghamshire took the Winchester duty that day.

So that this camp in England, supposed complete, with only one detachment, had under arms, on the day of the grand review, little more than half their establishment. This amazing deficiency (though exemplified in every regiment I have seen) is an extraordinary military phenomenon: what must it be upon foreign service? I doubt whether a nominal army of an hundred thousand men often brings fifty into the field.

Upon our return to Southampton in the evening, we found Sir Thomas Worsley.

October 21st.]—One of those impulses, which it is neither very easy nor very necessary to withstand, drew me from Longinus to a very different subject, the Greek Calendar. Last night, when in bed, I was thinking of a dissertation of M. de la Nauze upon the Roman calendar, which I read last year. This led me to consider what was the Greek, and finding myself very ignorant of it, I determined to read a short, but very excellent abstract of Mr. Dodwell's book de Cyclis, by the famous Dr. Halley. It is only twenty-five pages; but as I meditated it thoroughly, and verified all the calculations, it was a very good morning's work.

October

literary ideas were banished from my mind. After this long fast, the longest which I have ever known, I once more tasted at Dover
the

October 28th.]—I looked over a new Greek Lexicon which I have just received from London. It is that of Robert Constantine, Lugdun. 1637. It is a very large volume in folio, in two parts, comprising in the whole 1785 pages. After the great Thesaurus, this is esteemed the best Greek Lexicon. It seems to be so. Of a variety of words for which I looked, I always found an exact definition; the various senses well distinguished, and properly supported, by the best authorities. However, I still prefer the radical method of Scapula to this alphabetical one.

December 11th.]—I have already given an idea of the Gosport duty; I shall only add a trait which characterizes admirably our unthinking sailors. At a time when they knew that they should infallibly be discharged in a few weeks, numbers, who had considerable wages due to them, were continually jumping over the walls, and risking the losing of it for a few hours amusement at Portsmouth.

17th.]—We found old Captain Meard at Alresford, with the second division of the fourteenth. He and all his officers supped with us, and made the evening rather a drunken one.

18th.]—About the same hour our two corps paraded to march off. They, an old corps of regulars, who had been two years quiet in Dover castle. We, part of a young body of militia, two-thirds of our men recruits, of four months standing, two of which they had passed upon very disagreeable duty. Every advantage was on their side, and yet our superiority, both as to appearance and discipline, was so striking, that the most prejudiced regular could not have hesitated a moment. At the end of the town our two companies separated; my father's struck off for Petersfield, whilst I continued my rout to Alton; into which place I marched my company about noon; two years six months and fifteen days after my first leaving it. I gave the men some beer at roll-calling, which they received with great cheerfulness and decency. I dined and lay at Harrison's, where I was received with that old-fashioned breeding, which is at once so honourable and so troublesome.

23d.]—Our two companies were disembodied; mine at Alton, and my father's at Beriton. Smith marched them over from Petersfield: they fired three volleys, lodged the major's colours, delivered up their arms, received their money, partook of a dinner at the major's expence, and then separated with great cheerfulness and regularity. Thus ended the militia; I may say ended, since our annual assemblies in May are so very precarious, and can be of so little use. However, our serjeants and drums are still kept up, and quartered at the rendezvous of their company, and the adjutant remains at Southampton in full pay.

the pleasures of reading and thinking ; and the hungry appetite with which I opened a volume of Tully's philosophical works is still present to my memory. The last review of my Essay before its publication, had prompted me to investigate the *nature of the gods* ; my inquiries led me to the *Histoire Critique du Manichéisme* of Beau-

As this was an extraordinary scene of life, in which I was engaged above three years and a half from the date of my commission, and above two years and a half from the time of our embodying, I cannot take my leave of it without some few reflections. When I engaged in it, I was totally ignorant of its nature and consequences. I offered, because my father did, without ever imagining that we should be called out, till it was too late to retreat with honour. Indeed, I believe it happens throughout, that our most important actions have been often determined by chance, caprice, or some very inadequate motive. After our embodying, many things contributed to make me support it with great impatience. Our continual disputes with the duke of Bolton ; our unsettled way of life, which hardly allowed me books or leisure for study ; and more than all, the disagreeable society in which I was forced to live.

After mentioning my sufferings, I must say something of what I found agreeable. Now it is over, I can make the separation much better than I could at the time. 1. The unsettled way of life itself had its advantages. The exercise and change of air and of objects amused me, at the same time that it fortified my health. 2. A new field of knowledge and amusement opened itself to me ; that of military affairs, which, both in my studies and travels, will give me eyes for a new world of things, which before would have passed unheeded. Indeed, in that respect I can hardly help wishing our battalion had continued another year. We had got a fine set of new men, all our difficulties were over ; we were perfectly well clothed and appointed ; and, from the progress our recruits had already made, we could promise ourselves that we should be one of the best militia corps by next summer : a circumstance that would have been the more agreeable to me, as I am now established the real acting major of the battalion. But what I value most, is the knowledge it has given me of mankind in general, and of my own country in particular. The general system of our government, the methods of our several offices, the departments and powers of their respective officers, our provincial and municipal administration, the views of our several parties, the characters, connections, and influence of our principal people, have been impressed on my mind, not by vain theory, but by the indelible lessons of action and experience. I have made a number of valuable acquaintance, and am myself much better known, than (with my reserved character) I should have been in ten years, passing regularly my summers at Beriton, and my winters in London. So that the sum of all is, that I am glad the militia has been, and glad that it is no more.

fobre,

sobre, who discusses many deep questions of Pagan and Christian theology: and from this rich treasury of facts and opinions, I deduced my own consequences, beyond the holy circle of the author. After this recovery I never relapsed into indolence; and my example might prove, that in the life most averse to study, some hours may be stolen, some minutes may be snatched. Amidst the tumult of Winchester camp I sometimes thought and read in my tent; in the more settled quarters of the Devizes, Blandford, and Southampton, I always secured a separate lodging, and the necessary books; and in the summer of 1762, while the new militia was raising, I enjoyed at Beriton two or three months of literary repose*. In forming a new plan of study, I hesitated between the mathematics and the Greek language; both of which I had neglected since my return from Lausanne. I consulted a learned and friendly mathematician, Mr. George Scott, a pupil of de Moivre; and his map of a country which I have never explored, may perhaps be more serviceable to others†. As soon as I had given the preference to Greek, the example of Scaliger and my own reason determined me

* JOURNAL, May 8th, 1762.]—This was my birth-day, on which I entered into the twenty-sixth year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, and consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and disagreeable in society. These qualities I must endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather strong than pleasing. My memory both capacious and retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetration; but I want both quickness and exactness. As to my situation in life, though I may sometimes repine at it, it perhaps is the best adapted to my character. I can command all the conveniencies of life, and I can command too that independence, (that first earthly blessing,) which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk of my situation, I must exclude that temporary one, of being in the militia. Though I go through it with spirit and application, it is both unfit for, and unworthy of me.

† See Appendix, Letter, N^o XI. *excellent*, from Mr. Scott to Mr. Gibbon.

on the choice of Homer, the father of poetry, and the Bible of the ancients: but Scaliger ran through the *Iliad* in one and twenty days; and I was not dissatisfied with my own diligence for performing the same labour in an equal number of weeks. After the first difficulties were surmounted, the language of nature and harmony soon became easy and familiar, and each day I sailed upon the ocean with a brisker gale and a more steady course.

Ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆπεν μέσον ἰστίον, ἄμφι δὲ κύμα
 Στείρη πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε, νηὸς ἰουσης·
 Ἥ δ' ἔθεν κατὰ κύμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθα*. *Ilias*, A. 481.

In the study of a poet who has since become the most intimate of my friends, I successively applied many passages and fragments of Greek writers; and among these I shall notice a life of Homer, in the *Opuscula Mythologica* of Gale, several books of the geography of Strabo, and the entire treatise of Longinus, which, from the title and the style, is equally worthy of the epithet of *sublime*. My grammatical skill was improved, my vocabulary was enlarged; and in the militia I acquired a just and indelible knowledge of the first of languages. On every march, in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand: but I should not mention his two critical epistles, the amusement of a morning, had they not been accompanied by the elaborate commentary of Dr. Hurd, now Bishop of Worcester. On the interesting subjects of composition and imitation of epic and dramatic poetry, I presumed to think for myself; and thirty close-written pages in folio could scarcely comprise my full and free discussion of the sense of the master and the pedantry of the servant †.

* — Fair wind, and blowing fresh,
 Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
 Then spread th'unfulled canvas to the gale,
 And the wind fill'd it. Roar'd the sable flood
 Around the bark, that ever as she went
 Dath'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away. *COWLEY'S Homer.*

† See Vol. II. Miscellaneous Works.

After his oracle Dr. Johnson, my friend Sir Joshua Reynolds denies all original genius, any natural propensity of the mind to one art or science rather than another. Without engaging in a metaphysical or rather verbal dispute, I *know*, by experience, that from my early youth I aspired to the character of an historian. While I served in the militia, before and after the publication of my essay, this idea ripened in my mind; nor can I paint in more lively colours the feelings of the moment, than by transcribing some passages, under their respective dates, from a journal which I kept at that time.

Beriton, April 14, 1761.

(In a short excursion from Dover.)

“ Having thought of several subjects for an historical composition,
 “ I chose the expedition of Charles VIII. of France into Italy. I
 “ read two memoirs of Mr. de Foncevigne in the Academy of In-
 “ scriptions (tom. xvii. p. 539—607.), and abstracted them. I
 “ likewise finished this day a dissertation, in which I examine the
 “ right of Charles VIII. to the crown of Naples, and the rival
 “ claims of the House of Anjou and Arragon: it consists of ten folio
 “ pages, besides large notes *.”

Beriton, August 4, 1761.

(In a week's excursion from Winchester camp.)

“ After having long revolved subjects for my intended historical
 “ essay, I renounced my first thought of the expedition of Charles
 “ VIII. as too remote from us, and rather an introduction to great
 “ events, than great and important in itself. I successively chose
 “ and rejected the crusade of Richard the First, the barons' wars
 “ against John and Henry the Third, the history of Edward the
 “ Black Prince, the lives and comparisons of Henry V. and the Em-
 “ peror Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and that of the Marquis
 “ of Montrose. At length I have fixed on Sir Walter Raleigh for

* See Vol. II. p. 6.

“ my

“ my hero. His eventful story is varied by the characters of the
 “ soldier and sailor, the courtier and historian ; and it may afford
 “ such a fund of materials as I desire, which have not yet been pro-
 “ perly manufactured. At present I cannot attempt the execution
 “ of this work. Free leisure, and the opportunity of consulting
 “ many books, both printed and manuscript, are as necessary as
 “ they are impossible to be attained in my present way of life.
 “ However, to acquire a general insight into my subject and re-
 “ sources, I read the life of Sir Walter Raleigh by Dr. Birch, his
 “ copious article in the General Dictionary by the same hand, and
 “ the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First in Hume’s
 “ History of England.”

Beriton, January 1762.

(In a month’s absence from the Devizes.)

“ During this interval of repose, I again turned my thoughts to
 “ Sir Walter Raleigh, and looked more closely into my materials.
 “ I read the two volumes in quarto of the Bacon Papers, published
 “ by Dr. Birch ; the *Fragmenta Regalia* of Sir Robert Naunton,
 “ Mallet’s *Life of Lord Bacon*, and the political treatises of that
 “ great man in the first volume of his works, with many of his
 “ letters in the second ; Sir William Monson’s *Naval Tracts*, and the
 “ elaborate *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, which Mr. Oldys has prefixed
 “ to the best edition of his *History of the World*. My subject opens
 “ upon me, and in general improves upon a nearer prospect.”

Beriton, July 26, 1762.

(During my summer residence.)

“ I am afraid of being reduced to drop my hero ; but my time
 “ has not, however, been lost in the research of his story, and of a
 “ memorable æra of our English annals. The *Life of Sir Walter*
 “ *Raleigh*, by Oldys, is a very poor performance ; a servile pan-
 “ gyric, or flat apology, tediously minute, and composed in a dull

“ and affected style. Yet the author was a man of diligence and
 “ learning, who had read every thing relative to his subject, and
 “ whose ample collections are arranged with perspicuity and method.
 “ Excepting some anecdotes lately revealed in the Sidney and Bacon
 “ Papers, I know not what I should be able to add. My ambition
 “ (exclusive of the uncertain merit of style and sentiment) must be
 “ confined to the hope of giving a good abridgment of Oldys. I
 “ I have even the disappointment of finding some parts of this
 “ copious work very dry and barren ; and these parts are unluckily
 “ some of the most characteristic : Raleigh’s colony of Virginia, his
 “ quarrels with Essex, the true secret of his conspiracy, and, above
 “ all, the detail of his private life, the most essential and important
 “ to a biographer. My best resource would be in the circumjacent
 “ history of the times, and perhaps in some digressions artfully in-
 “ troduced, like the fortunes of the Peripatetic philosophy in the
 “ portrait of Lord Bacon. But the reigns of Elizabeth and James
 “ the First are the periods of English history, which have been the
 “ most variously illustrated : and what new lights could I reflect on
 “ a subject, which has exercised the accurate industry of *Birch*, the
 “ lively and curious acuteness of *Walpole*, the critical spirit of *Hurd*,
 “ the vigorous sense of *Mallet* and *Robertson*, and the impartial
 “ philosophy of *Hume* ? Could I even surmount these obstacles,
 “ I should shrink with terror from the modern history of England,
 “ where every character is a problem, and every reader a friend
 “ or an enemy ; where a writer is supposed to hoist a flag of party,
 “ and is devoted to damnation by the adverse faction. Such would
 “ be *my* reception at home : and abroad, the historian of Raleigh
 “ must encounter an indifference far more bitter than censure or
 “ reproach. The events of his life are interesting ; but his cha-
 “ racter is ambiguous, his actions are obscure, his writings are
 “ English, and his fame is confined to the narrow limits of our
 “ language and our island. I must embrace a safer and more ex-
 “ tensive theme.

“ There

“ There is one which I should prefer to all others, *The History*
“ *of the Liberty of the Swiss*, of that independence which a brave
“ people rescued from the House of Austria, defended against a
“ Dauphin of France, and finally sealed with the blood of Charles
“ of Burgundy. From such a theme, so full of public spirit, of
“ military glory, of examples of virtue, of lessons of government,
“ the dullest stranger would catch fire: what might not *I* hope,
“ whose talents, whatsoever they may be, would be inflamed with
“ the zeal of patriotism. But the materials of this history are in-
“ accessible to me, fast locked in the obscurity of an old barbarous
“ German dialect, of which I am totally ignorant, and which I
“ cannot resolve to learn for this sole and peculiar purpose.

“ I have another subject in view, which is the contrast of the
“ former history: the one a poor, warlike, virtuous republic, which
“ emerges into glory and freedom; the other a commonwealth, soft,
“ opulent, and corrupt; which, by just degrees, is precipitated from
“ the abuse to the loss of her liberty: both lessons are, perhaps,
“ equally instructive. This second subject is, *The History of the*
“ *Republic of Florence, under the House of Medicis*: a period of one
“ hundred and fifty years, which rises or descends from the dregs of
“ the Florentine democracy, to the title and dominion of Cosmo de
“ Medicis in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. I might deduce a
“ chain of revolutions not unworthy of the pen of Vertot; singular
“ men, and singular events; the Medicis four times expelled, and
“ as often recalled; and the Genius of Freedom reluctantly yielding
“ to the arms of Charles V. and the policy of Cosmo. The cha-
“ racter and fate of Savanerola, and the revival of arts and letters in
“ Italy, will be essentially connected with the elevation of the family
“ and the fall of the republic. The Medicis (stirps quasi fataliter
“ nata ad instauranda vel fovenda studia (Lipsius ad Germanos et
“ Gallos, Epist. viii.) were illustrated by the patronage of learning;
“ and enthusiasm was the most formidable weapon of their adver-

“ saries.

“saries. On this splendid subject I shall most probably fix; but
 “*when*, or *where*, or *how* will it be executed? I behold in a dark
 “and doubtful perspective.”

Res altâ terrâ, et caligine merfas*.

The

* JOURNAL, July 27, 1762.]—The reflections which I was making yesterday I continued and digested to-day. I don't absolutely look on that time as lost, but that it might have been better employed than in revolving schemes, the execution of which is so far distant. I must learn to check these wanderings of my imagination:

Nov. 24.]—I dined at the Cocoa Tree with *****; who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (the Spanish Friar); and when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom, in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a Sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present, we are full of king's counsellors and lords of the bedchamber; who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language, with their modern ones.

Nov. 26.]—I went with Mallet to breakfast with Garrick; and thence to Drury-lane House, where I assisted at a very private rehearsal, in the Green-room, of a new tragedy of Mallet's, called *Elvira*. As I have since seen it acted, I shall defer my opinion of it till then; but I cannot help mentioning here the surprising versatility of Mrs. Pritchard's talents, who rehearsed, almost at the same time, the part of a furious queen in the Green-room, and that of a coquette on the stage; and passed several times from one to the other with the utmost ease and happiness.

Dec. 30.]—Before I close the year I must balance my accounts—not of money, but of time. I may divide my studies into four branches: 1. Books that I have read for themselves, classic writers, or capital treatises upon any science; such books as ought to be perused with attention, and meditated with care. Of these I read *the twenty last books of the Iliad twice, the three first books of the Odyssey, the Life of Homer, and Longinus περὶ Ὑψους*. 2. Books which I have read, or consulted, to illustrate the former. Such as this year, *Blackwall's Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, Hurd's Horace, Guichard's Memoires Militaires*, a great variety of passages of the ancients occasionally useful: large extracts from *Mezeriac, Bayle, and Potter*; and many memoirs and abstracts from the *Academy of Belles Lettres*: among these I shall only mention here two long and curious suites of dissertations—the one upon the *Temple of Delphi, the Amphictyonic Council, and the Holy Wars*, by M. M. Hardion and de Valois; the other upon the *Games of the Grecians*, by M. M. Burette, Gledyne,
 and

The youthful habits of the language and manners of France had left in my mind an ardent desire of revisiting the Continent on a larger and more liberal plan. According to the law of custom, and perhaps of reason, foreign travel completes the education of an English gentleman: my father had consented to my wish, but I was detained above four years by my rash engagement in the militia. I eagerly grasped the first moments of freedom: three or four weeks in Hampshire and London were employed in the preparations of my journey, and the farewell visits of friendship and civility: my last act in town was to applaud Mallet's new tragedy of *Elvira* †; a post-chaise

and de la Barre. 3. Books of amusement and instruction, perused at my leisure hours, without any reference to a regular plan of study. Of these, perhaps, I read too many, since I went through the *Life of Erasmus*, by Le Clerc and Burigny, many extracts from *Le Clerc's Bibliothèques*, *The Ciceronianus*, and *Colloquies of Erasmus*, *Barclay's Argenis*, *Teraillon's Sethos*, *Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XIV.* *Madame de Motteville's Mémoires*, and *Fontenelle's Works*. 4. Compositions of my own. I find hardly any, except *this Journal*, and the *Extract of Hurd's Horace*, which (like a chapter of Montaigne) contains many things very different from its title. To these four heads I must this year add a fifth. 5. Those treatises of English history which I read in January, with a view to my now abortive scheme of the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*. I ought indeed to have known my own mind better before I undertook them. Upon the whole, after making proper allowances, I am not dissatisfied with the year.

The three weeks which I passed at Beriton, at the end of this and the beginning of the ensuing year, are almost a blank. I seldom went out; and as the scheme of my travelling was at last entirely settled, the hurry of impatience, the cares of preparations, and the tenderness of friends I was going to quit, allowed me hardly any moments for study.

† JOURNAL, January 11th, 1763.]—I called upon Dr. Maty in the morning. He told me that the Duke de Nivernois desired to be acquainted with me. It was indeed with that view that I had written to Maty from Beriton to present, in my name, a copy of my book to him. Thence I went to Becket, paid him his bill, (fifty-four pounds,) and gave him back his translation. It must be printed, though very indifferent. My comfort is, that my misfortune is not an uncommon one. We dined and supped at the Mallots.

12th. I went with Maty to visit the Duke in Albemarle Street. He is a little emaciated figure, but appears to possess a good understanding, taste and know-

chaife conveyed me to Dover, the packet to Boulogne, and such was my diligence, that I reached Paris on the 28th of January 1763, only thirty-six days after the disbanding of the militia. Two or three years were loosely defined for the term of my absence; and I was left at liberty to spend that time in such places and in such a manner as was most agreeable to my taste and judgment.

ledge. He offered me very politely letters for Paris. We dined at our lodgings. I went to Covent Garden to see Woodward in *Bobadil*, and supped with the Mallets at George Scott's.

JOURNAL, Jan. 19th, 1763.]—I waited upon Lady Hervey and the Duke de Nivernois, and received my credentials. Lady Hervey's are for M. le Comte de Caylus, and Madame Geoffrin. The Duke received me civilly, but (perhaps through Maty's fault) treated me more as a man of letters than as a man of fashion. His letters are entirely in that style; for the Count de Caylus and M. M. de la Bleterie, de S^{te} Palaye, Caperonier, du Clos, de Forcemagne, and d'Alembert. I then undressed for the play. My father and I went to the Rose, in the passage of the play-house, where we found Mallet, with about thirty friends. We dined together, and went thence into the pit, where we took our places in a body, ready to silence all opposition. However, we had no occasion to exert ourselves. Notwithstanding the malice of party, Mallet's nation, connections, and, indeed, imprudence, we heard nothing but applause. I think it was deserved. The plan was borrowed from de la Motte, but the details and language have great merit. A fine vein of dramatic poetry runs through the piece. The scenes between the father and son awaken almost every sensation of the human breast; and the counsel would have equally moved, but for the inconvenience unavoidable upon all theatres, that of entrusting fine speeches to indifferent actors. The perplexity of the catastrophe is much, and I believe justly, criticised. But another defect made a stronger impression upon me. When a poet ventures upon the dreadful situation of a father who condemns his son to death, there is no medium, the father must either be a monster or a hero. His obligations of justice, of the public good, must be as binding, as apparent, as perhaps those of the first Brutus. The cruel necessity consecrates his actions, and leaves no room for repentance. The thought is shocking, if not carried into action. In the execution of Brutus's sons I am sensible of that fatal necessity. Without such an example, the unsettled liberty of Rome would have perished the instant after its birth. But Alonzo might have pardoned his son for a rash attempt, the cause of which was a private injury, and whose consequences could never have disturbed an established government. He might have pardoned such a crime in any other subject, and as the laws could exact only an equal rigour for a son, a vain appetite for glory, and a mad affectation of heroism, could alone have influenced him to exert an unequal and superior severity.

In this first visit I passed three months and a half, (January 28—May 9,) and a much longer space might have been agreeably filled, without any intercourse with the natives. At home we are content to move in the daily round of pleasure and business; and a scene which is always present is supposed to be within our knowledge, or at least within our power. But in a foreign country, curiosity is our business and our pleasure; and the traveller, conscious of his ignorance, and covetous of his time, is diligent in the search and the view of every object that can deserve his attention. I devoted many hours of the morning to the circuit of Paris and the neighbourhood, to the visit of churches and palaces conspicuous by their architecture, to the royal manufactures, collections of books and pictures, and all the various treasures of art, of learning, and of luxury. An Englishman may hear without reluctance, that in these curious and costly articles Paris is superior to London; since the opulence of the French capital arises from the defects of its government and religion. In the absence of Louis XIV. and his successors, the Louvre has been left unfinished: but the millions which have been lavished on the sands of Versailles, and the morass of Marli, could not be supplied by the legal allowance of a British king. The splendour of the French nobles is confined to their town residence; that of the English is more usefully distributed in their country seats; and we should be astonished at our own riches, if the labours of architecture, the spoils of Italy and Greece, which are now scattered from Inverary to Wilton, were accumulated in a few streets between Marybone and Westminster. All superfluous ornament is rejected by the cold frugality of the protestants; but the catholic superstition, which is always the enemy of reason, is often the parent of the arts. The wealthy communities of priests and monks expend their revenues in stately edifices; and the parish church of St. Sulpice, one of the noblest structures in Paris, was built and adorned

by the private industry of a late curé. In this outset, and still more in the sequel of my tour, my eye was amused; but the pleasing vision cannot be fixed by the pen; the particular images are darkly seen through the medium of five-and-twenty years, and the narrative of my life must not degenerate into a book of travels*.

But the principal end of my journey was to enjoy the society of a polished and amiable people, in whose favour I was strongly prejudiced, and to converse with some authors, whose conversation, as I fondly imagined, must be far more pleasing and instructive than their writings. The moment was happily chosen. At the close of a successful war the British name was respected on the continent.

Clarum et venerabile nomen

Gentibus.

Our opinions, our fashions, even our games, were adopted in France, a ray of national glory illuminated each individual, and every Englishman was supposed to be born a patriot and a philosopher. For myself, I carried a personal recommendation; my name and my Essay were already known; the compliment of having written in

* JOURNAL, 21 Fevrier 1763.]—Aujourd'hui j'ai commencé ma tournée, pour voir les endroits dignes d'attention dans la ville. D'Augny m'a accompagné. Nous sommes allés d'abord à la bibliothèque de l'Abbayé de St. Germain des Prez, où tout le monde étoit occupé à l'arrangement d'un cabinet de curiosités, et à l'hôpital des invalides, où le dôme étoit fermé à cause des réparations qu'on y faisoit. Il faut donc différer la visite et la description de ces deux endroits. De là nous sommes allés voir l'école militaire. Comme ce bâtiment s'élève à coté des Invalides, bien des gens y verroient un moyen assez facile d'apprécier les ames différentes de leurs fondateurs. Dans l'un tout est grand et fastueux, dans l'autre tout est petit et mesquin. De petits corps de logis blancs et assez propres, qui, au lieu de 500 gentilshommes, dont on a parlé, en contiennent 258, composent tout l'établissement; car le manège et les écuries ne font rien. Il est vrai qu'on dit que ces batimens ne font qu'un échaffaudage, qu'on doit ôter, pour élever le véritable ouvrage sur ces débris. Il faut bien en effet qu'on n'ait pas bâti pour l'éternité, puisque dans vingt ans la plupart des poutres se font pourries. Nous jetâmes ensuite un coup d'oeil sur l'église de St. Sulpice, dont la façade (le prétexte et le fruit de tant de lotteries) n'est point encore achevée.

the French language entitled me to some returns of civility and gratitude. I was considered as a man of letters, who wrote for amusement. Before my departure I had obtained from the Duke de Nivernois, Lady Hervey, the Mallets, Mr. Walpole, &c. many letters of recommendation to their private or literary friends. Of these epistles the reception and success were determined by the character and situation of the persons by whom and to whom they were addressed: the seed was sometimes cast on a barren rock, and it sometimes multiplied an hundred fold in the production of new shoots, spreading branches, and exquisite fruit. But upon the whole, I had reason to praise the national urbanity, which from the court has diffused its gentle influence to the shop, the cottage, and the schools. Of the men of genius of the age, Montesquieu and Fontenelle were no more; Voltaire resided on his own estate near Geneva; Rousseau in the preceding year had been driven from his hermitage of Montmorency; and I blush at my having neglected to seek, in this journey, the acquaintance of Buffon. Among the men of letters whom I saw, D'Alembert and Diderot held the foremost rank in merit, or at least in fame. I shall content myself with enumerating the well-known names of the Count de Caylus, of the Abbé de la Bleterie, Barthelemy, Reynal, Arnaud, of Messieurs de la Condamine, du Clos, de St^e Palaye, de Bougainville, Caperonnier, de Guignes, Suard, &c. without attempting to discriminate the shades of their characters, or the degrees of our connection. - Alone, in a morning visit, I commonly found the artists and authors of Paris less vain, and more reasonable, than in the circles of their equals, with whom they mingle in the houses of the rich. Four days in a week I had a place, without invitation, at the hospitable tables of Mesdames Geoffrin and du Bocage, of the celebrated Helvetius, and of the Baron d'Olbach. In these symposia the pleasures of the table were improved by lively and liberal con-

versation; the company was select, though various and voluntary *.

The society of Madame du Bocage was more soft and moderate than that of her rivals, and the evening conversations of M. de Foncemagne were supported by the good sense and learning of the principal members of the Academy of Inscriptions. The opera and the Italians I occasionally visited; but the French theatre, both in

* JOURNAL, Fevrier 23, 1763.]—Je fis une visite à l'Abbé de la Bleterie, qui veut me mener chez la Duchesse d'Aiguillon; je me fis écrire chez M. de Bougainville que j'ai grande envie de connoître, et me rendis ensuite chez le Baron d'Olbach, ami de M. Helvetius. C'étoit ma première visite, et le premier pas dans une fort bonne maison. Le Baron a de l'esprit et des connoissances, et surtout il donne souvent et fort bien à diner.

Fevrier 24.]—L'Abbé Barthelemy est fort aimable et n'a de l'antiquaire qu'une très grande érudition. Je finis la soirée par un souper très agréable chez Madame Bontems avec M. le Marquis de Mirabeau. Cet homme est singulier; il a assez d'imagination pour dix autres, et pas assez de sens raffiné pour lui seul. Je lui ai fait beaucoup de questions sur les titres de la noblesse Francoise; mais tout ce que j'en ai pu comprendre, c'est que personne n'a là dessus des idées bien nettes.

Mai 1763.]—Muni d'une double lettre de recommandation pour M. le Comte de Caylus, je m'étois imaginé que je trouverois réunis en lui l'homme de lettres et l'homme de qualité. Je le vis trois ou quatre fois, et je vis un homme simple, uni, bon, et qui me temoignoit une bonté extrême. Si je n'en ai point profité, je l'attribue moins à son caractère qu'à son genre de vie. Il se leve de grand matin, court les ateliers des artistes pendant tout le jour, et rentre chez lui à six heures du soir pour se mettre en robe de chambre, et s'enfermer dans son cabinet. Le moyen de voir ses amis?

Si ces recommandations étoient steriles, il y en eut d'autres que devinrent aussi fécondes par leurs suites, qu'elles étoient agréables en elles mêmes. Dans une capitale comme Paris, il est nécessaire, il est juste que des lettres de recommandation vous aient distingué de la foule. Mais dèsque la glace est rompue, vos connoissances se multiplient, et vos nouveaux amis se font un plaisir de vous en procurer d'autres plus nouveaux encore. Heureux effet de ce caractère léger et aimable du François, qui a établi dans Paris une douceur et une liberté dans la société, inconnues à l'antiquité, et encore ignorées des autres nations. A Londres il faut faire son chemin dans les maisons que ne s'ouvrent qu'avec peine. Là on croit vous faire plaisir en vous recevant. Ici on croit s'en faire à soi-même. Aussi je connois plus de maisons à Paris qu'à Londres: le fait n'est pas vraisemblable, mais il est vrai.

tragedy

tragedy and comedy, was my daily and favourite amusement. Two famous actresses then divided the public applause. For my own part, I preferred the consummate art of the Clairon, to the intemperate fallies of the Dumefnil, which were extolled by her admirers, as the genuine voice of nature and passion. Fourteen weeks insensibly stole away ; but had I been rich and independent, I should have prolonged, and perhaps have fixed, my residence at Paris.

Between the expensive style of Paris and of Italy it was prudent to interpose some months of tranquil simplicity ; and at the thoughts of Lausanne I again lived in the pleasures and studies of my early youth. Shaping my course through Dijon and Besançon, in the last of which places I was kindly entertained by my cousin Adon, I arrived in the month of May 1763 on the banks of the Leman Lake. It had been my intention to pass the Alps in the autumn, but such are the simple attractions of the place, that the year had almost expired before my departure from Lausanne in the ensuing spring. An absence of five years had not made much alteration in manners, or even in persons. My old friends, of both sexes, hailed my voluntary return ; the most genuine proof of my attachment. They had been flattered by the present of my book, the produce of their toil ; and the good Pavilliard shed tears of joy as he embraced a pupil, whose literary merit he might fairly impute to his own labours. To my old list I added some new acquaintance, and among the strangers I shall distinguish Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg, the brother of the reigning Duke, at whose country-house, near Lausanne, I frequently dined : a wandering meteor, and at length a falling star, his light and ambitious spirit had successively dropped from the firmament of Prussia, of France, and of Austria ; and his faults, which he stiled his misfortunes, had driven him into philosophic exile in the Pais de Vaud. He could now moralize on the vanity of the world, the equality of mankind, and the happiness of a private station. His address was affable and polite, and as he had

shone in courts and armies, his memory could supply, and his eloquence could adorn, a copious fund of interesting anecdotes. His first enthusiasm was that of charity and agriculture; but the sage gradually lapsed in the saint, and Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg is now buried in a hermitage near Mayence, in the last stage of mystic devotion. By some ecclesiastical quarrel, Voltaire had been provoked to withdraw himself from Laufanne, and retire to his castle at Ferney, where I again visited the poet and the actor, without seeking his more intimate acquaintance, to which I might now have pleaded a better title. But the theatre which he had founded, the actors whom he had formed, survived the loss of their master; and recent from Paris, I attended with pleasure at the representation of several tragedies and comedies. I shall not descend to specify particular names and characters; but I cannot forget a private institution, which will display the innocent freedom of Swiss manners. My favourite society had assumed, from the age of its members, the proud denomination of the spring (*la société du printemps*). It consisted of fifteen or twenty young unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very first families; the eldest perhaps about twenty, all agreeable, several handsome, and two or three of exquisite beauty. At each other's houses they assembled almost every day, without the controul, or even the presence, of a mother or an aunt; they were trusted to their own prudence, among a crowd of young men of every nation in Europe. They laughed, they sung, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midst of this careless gaiety, they respected themselves, and were respected by the men; the invisible line between liberty and licentiousness was never transgressed by a gesture, a word, or a look, and their virgin chastity was never sullied by the breath of scandal or suspicion. A singular institution, expressive of the innocent simplicity of Swiss manners. After having tasted the luxury of England and Paris, I could not have returned with satisfaction to the coarse and homely table of Madame

dame Pavilliard ; nor was her husband offended that I now entered myself as a *pensionnaire*, or boarder, in the elegant house of Mr. De Mesery, which may be entitled to a short remembrance, as it has stood above twenty years, perhaps, without a parallel in Europe. The house in which we lodged was spacious and convenient, in the best street, and commanding, from behind, a noble prospect over the country and the Lake. Our table was served with neatness and plenty ; the boarders were select ; we had the liberty of inviting any guests at a stated price ; and in the summer the scene was occasionally transferred to a pleasant villa, about a league from Lausanne. The characters of Master and Mistress were happily suited to each other, and to their situation. At the age of seventy-five, Madame de Mesery, who has survived her husband, is still a graceful, I had almost said a handsome woman. She was alike qualified to preside in her kitchen and her drawing-room ; and such was the equal propriety of her conduct, that of two or three hundred foreigners, none ever failed in respect, none could complain of her neglect, and none could ever boast of her favour. Mesery himself, of the noble family of De Croufaz, was a man of the world, a jovial companion, whose easy manners and natural fallies maintained the cheerfulness of his house. His wit could laugh at his own ignorance : he disguised, by an air of profusion, a strict attention to his interest ; and in this situation, he appeared like a nobleman who spent his fortune and entertained his friends. In this agreeable society I resided nearly eleven months (May 1763—April 1764) ; and in this second visit to Lausanne, among a crowd of my English companions, I knew and esteemed Mr. Holroyd (now Lord Sheffield) ; and our mutual attachment was renewed and fortified in the subsequent stages of our Italian journey. Our lives are in the power of chance, and a slight variation on either side, in time or place, might have deprived me of a friend, whose activity in the ardour of youth was always prompted

prompted by a benevolent heart, and directed by a strong understanding*.

If

* JOURNAL, Septembre 16, 1763.]—***** et ***** nous ont quitté. Le premier est une mechante bête, grossier, ignorant, et sans usage du monde. Sa violence lui a fait vingt mauvaises affaires ici. On vouloit cependant lui faire entreprendre le voyage d'Italie, mais ***** refusant de l'y accompagner, on a pris le parti de le rapeller en Angleterre en le faisant passer par Paris. ***** est philosophe, et fort instruit, mais froid et nullement homme d'esprit. Il est las de courir le monde avec des jeunes foux. Apres avoir rendu celui-ci à sa famille, il compte venir chercher le repos et la retraite dans ce pays. Qu'il a raison!

Septembre 21^{me}.]—J'ai essuyé une petite mortification au cercle. Le départ de Frey ayant fait vacquer l'emploi de directeur des etrangers, on m'avoit fait entrevoir qu'on me le destinoit, et ma franchise naturelle ne m'avoit pas permis de dissimuler que je le recevrois avec plaisir, et que je m'y attendois. Cependant le pluralité des voix l'a donné à M. Roel Hollandois. J'ai vu qu'on a saisi le premier moment que les loix permettoient de balloter, et que, si j'avois voulu rassembler mes amis, je l'aurois emporté; mais je fais en même tems que je l'aurois eu il y a trois mois, sans y songer un moment. Ma reputation baisse ici avec quelque raison, et j'ai des ennemis.

Septembre 25^{me}.]—J'ai passé l'après diner chez Madame de *****. Je ne l'avois pas vue depuis le 14 de ce mois. Elle ne m'a point parlé, ni n'a paru s'être apperçue de mon absence. Ce silence m'a fait de la peine. J'avois une très belle reputation ici pour les mœurs, mais je vois qu'on commence à me confondre avec mes compatriotes et à me regarder comme un homme qui aime le vin et le desordre.

Octobre 15^{me}.]—J'ai passé l'après midi chez Madame de Mesery. Elle vouloit me faire rencontrer avec une Demoiselle Françoisse qu'elle a prié à souper; cette Demoiselle, qui s'appelle Le Franc, a six pieds de haut. Sa taille, sa figure, son ton, sa conversation, tout annonce le grenadier le plus déterminé, mais un grenadier, qui a de l'esprit, des connoissances, et l'usage du monde. Aussi son sexe, son nom, son état, tout est mystere. Elle se dit Parisienne, fille de condition, qui s'est retirée dans ce pays pour cause de religion. Ne feroit ce pas plutôt pour une affaire d'honneur?

Laufanne, Decembre 16^{me}, 1763.]—Je me suis levé tard, et une visite fort amicale de M. de Chandieu Villars*, m'a enlevé ce qui me restoit de la matinée. M. de Chandieu a servi en France avec distinction, et s'est retiré avec le grade de maréchal de camp. C'est une homme d'une grande politesse, d'un esprit vif et facile; il feroit aujourd'hui à soixante ans, l'agrément d'une société de jeunes filles. C'est presque le seul étranger qui ait pu acquérir l'aisance des manières Françoises, sans en prendre en même tems les airs bruyans et étourdis.

* The father of Madame de Severy, whose family were Mr. Gibbon's most intimate friends, after he had settled at Laufanne in the year 1783. S.

Laufanne,

If my studies at Paris had been confined to the study of the world, three or four months would not have been unprofitably spent. My
visits,

Lausanne, Décembre 18^{me}, 1763.]—C'étoit un Dimanche de Communion. Les cérémonies religieuses sont bien entendues dans ce pays. Elles sont rares, et par là même plus respectées; les Viellards se plaignent à la vérité du refroidissement de la dévotion; cependant un jour, comme celui-ci, offre encore un spectacle très édifiant. Point d'affaires, point d'assemblée; on s'interdit jusqu'au *whist* si nécessaire à l'existence d'un Lausannois.

Décembre 31^{me}.]—Jettons un coup d'œil sur cette année 1763. Voyons comment j'ai employé cette portion de mon existence qui s'est écoulée et qui ne reviendra plus. Le mois de Janvier s'est passé dans le sein de ma famille à qui il falloit sacrifier tous mes momens, parcequ'ils étoient les derniers dans les soins d'un départ et dans l'embarras d'un voyage. Dans ce voyage cependant je trouvai moyen de lire les lettres de *Bisbequius*, Ministre Imperial à la Porte. Elles sont aussi intéressantes qu'instructives. Je restai à Paris depuis le 28 JANVIER jusqu'au 9 MAI. Pendant tout ce tems je n'étudiai point. Les amusements m'occupoient beaucoup, et l'habitude de la dissipation, qu'on prend si facilement dans les grandes villes, ne me permettoient pas de mettre à profit le tems qui me demeuroit. A la vérité, si j'ai peu feuilleté les livres, l'observation de tous les objets curieux qui se présentent dans une grande capitale, et la conversation avec les plus grands hommes du siècle, m'ont instruit de beaucoup de choses que je n'aurois point trouvé dans les livres. Les sept ou huit derniers mois de cette année ont été plus tranquilles. Dès que je me suis vu établi à Lausanne, j'ai entrepris une étude suivie sur la géographie ancienne de l'Italie. Mon ardeur s'est très bien soutenue pendant six semaines jusqu'à la fin du mois de Juin. Ce fut alors qu'un voyage de Geneve interrompit un peu mon assiduité, que le séjour de Mesery m'offrit mille distractions, et que la société de Saussure acheva de me faire perdre mon tems. Je repris mon travail avec ce Journal au milieu d'*Aout*, et depuis ce tems, jusqu'au commencement de *Novembre*, j'ai mis à profit tous mes instans; j'avoue que pendant les deux derniers mois mon ardeur s'est un peu rallantie. *Item*, Dans cette étude suivie j'ai lu : 1. Près de deux livres de la géographie de *Strabon* sur l'Italie deux fois. 2. Une partie du deuxième livre de l'histoire naturelle de *Plin*. 3. Le quatrième chapitre du deuxième livre de *Pomponius Mela*. 4. Les Itinéraires d'Antonin, et de Jérusalem pour ce qui regarde l'Italie. Je les ai lus avec les Commentaires de *Wesseling*, &c. J'en ai tiré des tables de toutes les grandes routes de l'Italie, réduisant partout les milles Romains, en milles Anglois, et en lieues de France, selon les calculs de M. d'Anville. 5. L'Histoire des Grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain, par M. Bergier, deux volumes in 4°. 5. Quelques Extraits choisis de *Cicéron*, *Tite Live*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Tacite*, et les deux *Plines*. La *Roma Vetus* de *Nardini* et plusieurs autres opuscules sur le même sujet qui composent presque tout le quatrième tome du *Tresor* des Antiquités Romaines de *Grævius*. 7. L'*Italia Antiqua* de *Cluvier*, en

visits, however superficial, to the Academy of Medals and the public libraries, opened a new field of inquiry; and the view of so many manuscripts

deux volumes in folio. 8. *L'Iter* ou le Voyage de Cl. Rutillius Numatianus dans les Gaules. 9. Les Catalogues de Virgile. 10. Celui de Silius Italicus. 11. Le Voyage d'Horace a Brundisium. N. B. J'ai lu deux fois ces trois derniers morceaux. 12. Le Traité sur les Mesures Itinéraires par M. d'Anville, et quelques Memoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres. II^{ment}, On me fit attendre Nardini de la Bibliotheque de Geneve. Je voulus remplir ce moment de vuide par la lecture de *Juvenal*, poëte qui je ne connoissois encore que de réputation. Je le lu deux fois avec plaisir et avec soin. III^{ment}, Pendant l'année j'ai lu quelques journaux, entre autres le Journal Etranger depuis son commencement, un tome des Nouvelles de Bayle, et les xxxv premiers volumes de la Bibliotheque raisonnée. IV^{ment}, J'ai beaucoup écrit de mon Recueil Géographique de l'Italie qui est déjà bien ample et assez curieux. V^{ment}, Je ne dois point oublier ce journal même qui est devenu un ouvrage; 214 pages en quatre mois et demi et des pages des mieux fournies sont un objet considerable. Aussi sans compter un grand nombre d'observations détachées, il s'y trouve des dissertations savantes et raisonnées. Celle du passage d'Annibal contient dix pages, et celle sur le guerre sociale en a douze. Mais ces morceaux sont trop étendus, et le journal même a besoin d'une reforme qui lui retranche quantité de pieces qui sont assez étrangères à son véritable plan. Après avoir un peu réfléchi là dessus, voici quelques regles que je me suis faites sur les objets qui lui conviennent. I^{ment}, Toute ma vie civile et privée, mes amusemens, mes liaisons, mes écarts même, et toutes mes réflexions qui ne roulent que sur des sujets qui me sont personnels, je conviens que tout cela n'est intéressant que pour moi, mais aussi ce n'est que pour moi que j'écris mon journal. II^{ment}, Tout ce que j'apprens par l'observation ou la conversation. A l'égard de celle-ci je ne rapporterai que ce que je tiens de personnes tout à la fois instruites et véridiques, lorsqu'il est question de faits, ou du petit nombre de ceux qui meritent le titre de grand homme, s'il s'agit de sentimens et d'opinions. III^{ment}, J'y mettrai soigneusement tout ce qu'on peut appeler la partie materielle de mes études; combien d'heures j'ai travaillé, combien de pages j'ai écrit ou lu, avec une courte notice du sujet qu'elles contenoient. IV^{ment}, Je serois fâché de lire sans réfléchir sur mes lectures, sans porter des jugemens raisonnés sur mes auteurs, et sans épilucher avec soin leurs idées et leurs expressions. Mais toute lecture ne fournit pas également. Il y a des livres qu'on parcourt, et il y en a qu'on lit; il y en a enfin qu'on doit étudier. Mes observations sur ceux de la premiere classe ne peuvent qu'être courtes et détachées. Elles conviennent au journal. Celles qui regardent la seconde classe n'y entreront qu'autant qu'elles auront le même caractère. V^{ment}, Mes réflexions sur ce petit nombre d'auteurs classiques, qu'on medite avec soin, seront naturellement plus approfondies et plus suivies. C'est pour elles, et pour des pieces plus étendues et plus originales, aux quelles la lecture ou la meditation peut donner lieu, que je ferai un recueil séparé. Je conserverai cependant sa liaison avec le journal

par

manuscripts of different ages and characters induced me to consult the two great Benedictine works, the *Diplomatica* of Mabillon, and the *Palæographia* of Montfaucon. I studied the theory without attaining the practice of the art : nor should I complain of the intricacy of

par des renvois constans qui marqueront le numero de chaque piece avec le tems et l'occasion de sa composition. Moyennant ces précautions mon journal ne peut que m'être utile. Ce compte exact de mon tems m'en fera mieux sentir le prix ; il dissipera par son detail, l'illusion qu'on se fait d'invisager seulement les années et les mois et de mepriser les heures et les jours. Je ne dis rien de l'agrément. C'en est un bien grand cependant de pouvoir repasser chaque époque de sa vie, et de se placer, dès qu'on le veut, au milieu de toutes les petites scènes qu'on a jouées, ou qu'on a vu jouer.

6 Avril 1764.]—J'ai été éveillé par Pavilliard et H**** pour arrêter une facheuse affaire qui s'étoit passée au bal après notre départ. G**** qui faisoit sa cour a Mademoiselle ***** depuis long tems, voyoit avec peine que ***** (*****) menacoit de le supplanter. Il ne répondoit jamais aux politesses de son rival, que par des brusqueries ; et a la fin a l'occasion de la main de Mademoiselle ***** il s'emporta contre lui le plus mal à propos du monde, et le traita devant tout le monde d'*impertinent*, &c. J'ai appris de Pavilliard que ***** lui avoit envoyé un cartel, et que la réponse de G**** ne l'ayant point contenté ils devoient se rencontrer à cinq heures du soir. Au désespoir de voir mon ami engagé dans une affaire qui ne pouvoit que lui faire du tort, j'ai couru chez M. de Croufaz où demouroit *****. J'ai bientôt vu qu'il ne lui falloit qu'une explication assez légère, jointe a quelque apologie de la part de G**** pour le désarmer, et je suis retourné chez lui avec H**** pour l'engager a la donner. Nous lui avons fait comprendre que l'aveu d'une véritable tort ne bleffoit jamais l'honneur, et que son insulte envers les dames aussi bien qu'envers ***** étoit sans excuse. Je lui ai dicté un billet convenable, mais sans la moindre bassesse, que j'ai porté au Hollandois. Il a rendu les armes sur le champ, lui a fait la réponse la plus polie, et m'a remercié mille fois du rôle que j'avois fait. En vérité cet homme n'est pas difficile. Après dîner j'ai vu nos dames à qui j'ai porté une lettre d'excuses. La mere n'en veut plus a G****, mais Mademoiselle ***** est desolée du tort que cette affaire peut lui faire dans le monde. Cette négociation m'a pris le jour entier ; mais peut on mieux employer un jour qu'à sauver la vie, peut-être a deux personnes, et a conserver la réputation d'un ami ? Au reste j'ai vu au fond plus d'un caractère. G**** est brave, vrai, et sensé, mais d'une impétuosité qui n'est que plus dangereuse pour être supprimée a l'ordinaire. C**** est d'une étourderie d'enfant. De S**** d'une indifférence qui vient bien plus d'un défaut de sensibilité, que d'un excès de raison. J'ai conçu une véritable amitié pour H****. Il a beaucoup de raison et des sentimens d'honneur avec un cœur des mieux placé.

Greek abbreviations and Gothic alphabets, since every day, in a familiar language, I am at a loss to decypher the hieroglyphics of a female note. In a tranquil scene, which revived the memory of my first studies, idleness would have been less pardonable: the public libraries of Lausanne and Geneva liberally supplied me with books; and if many hours were lost in dissipation, many more were employed in literary labour. In the country, Horace and Virgil, Juvenal and Ovid, were my assiduous companions: but, in town, I formed and executed a plan of study for the use of my Transalpine expedition: the topography of old Rome, the ancient geography of Italy, and the science of medals. 1. I diligently read, almost always with my pen in my hand, the elaborate treatises of Nardini, Donatus, &c. which fill the fourth volume of the Roman Antiquities of Grævius. 2. I next undertook and finished the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, a learned native of Prussia, who had measured, on foot, every spot, and has compiled and digested every passage of the ancient writers. These passages in Greek or Latin authors I perused in the text of Cluverius, in two folio volumes: but I separately read the descriptions of Italy by Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela, the Catalogues of the Epic poets, the Itineraries of Wesseling's Antoninus, and the coasting Voyage of Rutilius Numatianus; and I studied two kindred subjects in the *Mesures Itinéraires* of d'Anville, and the copious work of Bergier, *Histoire des grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain*. From these materials I formed a table of roads and distances reduced to our English measure; filled a folio common-place book with my collections and remarks on the geography of Italy; and inserted in my journal many long and learned notes on the insulæ and populousness of Rome, the social war, the passage of the Alps by Hannibal, &c. 3. After glancing my eye over Addison's agreeable dialogues, I more seriously read the great work of Ezechiel Spanheim *de Præstantiâ et Usû Numismatum*, and applied with him the medals

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of the kings and emperors, the families and colonies, to the illustration of ancient history. And thus was I armed for my Italian journey*.

I shall advance with rapid brevity in the narrative of this tour, in which somewhat more than a year (April 1764—May 1765) was agreeably employed. Content with tracing my line of march, and slightly touching on my personal feelings, I shall wave the minute investigation of the scenes which have been viewed by thousands, and described by hundreds, of our modern travellers. ROME is the

* JOURNAL, Lausanne, Avril 17, 1764.]—Guise et moi, nous avons donné un diner excellent et beaucoup de vin à Dupleix, et à beaucoup d'autres. Après diner nous nous sommes échappés pour faire quelques visites aux ***, aux ***, et aux ***. Je pars avec quelques regrets : cependant un peu de vin, et une gayeté dont je ne pouvois rendre raison, m'ont rendu d'une étourderie sans pareille, vis-a-vis de ces petites. Je leur ai dit cent folies, et nous nous sommes embrassés en riant. Mesery nous a donné un très beau souper avec une partie de la compagnie du matin, augmentée de Bourgeois et de Pavilliard. Ce souper, les adieux sur tout à Pavilliard, que j'aime véritablement, et les préparatifs du départ, m'ont occupé jusqu'à deux heures du matin.

Je quitte Lausanne avec moins de regret que la première fois. Je n'y laisse plus que des connoissances. C'étoit la maitresse et l'ami dont je pleurois la perte. D'ailleurs je voyois Lausanne avec les yeux encore novices d'un jeune homme, qui lui devoit la partie raisonnable de son existence, et qui jugeoit sans objets de comparaison. Aujourd'hui j'y vois une ville mal batie, au milieu d'un pays délicieux, qui jouit de la paix et du repos, et qui les prend pour la liberté. Un peuple nombreux et bien élevé, qui aime la société, qui y est propre, et qui admet avec plaisir les étrangers dans ses cotteries, qui seroient bien plus agréables, si la conversation n'avoit pas cédé la place au jeu. Les femmes sont jolies, et malgré leur grande liberté, elles sont très sages. Tout au plus peuvent elles être un peu complaisantes, dans l'idée honnête, mais incertaine, de prendre un étranger dans leurs filets. L'affectation est le péché originel des Lausannois. Affectation de dépense, affectation de noblesse, affectation d'esprit : les deux premières sont fort répandues, pendant que la troisième est fort rare. Comme ce vice se choque à tout instant avec celui des autres, Lausanne se trouve partagée dans un grand nombre d'états, dont les principes et le langage varient à l'infini, et qui n'ont de commun que leur mépris réciproque les uns pour les autres. Leur goût pour la dépense s'accorde mal avec celui de la noblesse. Ils périroient plutôt que de renoncer à leurs grandeurs, ou d'embrasser la seule profession qui puisse les y soutenir. La maison de M. de Mesery est charmante : le caractère franc et généreux du Mari, les agrémens de la femme, une situation délicieuse, une chère excellente, la compagnie de ses compatriotes, et une liberté parfaite, font aimer ce séjour à tout Anglois. Que je voudrois en trouver un semblable à Londres ! J'y regrette encore Holroyd, mais il nous fuit de près.

great

great object of our pilgrimage : and 1st, the journey ; 2d, the residence ; and 3d, the return ; will form the most proper and perspicuous division. 1. I climbed Mount Cenis, and descended into the plain of Piedmont, not on the back of an elephant, but on a light osier seat, in the hands of the dextrous and intrepid chairmen of the Alps. The architecture and government of Turin presented the same aspect of tame and tiresome uniformity : but the court was regulated with decent and splendid œconomy ; and I was introduced to his Sardinian majesty * Charles Emanuel, who, after the incomparable Frederic, held the second rank (*proximus longo tamen intervallo*) among the kings of Europe. The size and populousness of Milan could not surprise an inhabitant of London : but the fancy is amused by a visit to the Boromean Islands, an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies in the midst of a lake encompassed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men. I was less amused by the marble palaces of Genoa, than by the recent memorials of her deliverance (in December 1746) from the Austrian tyranny ; and I took a military survey of every scene of action within the inclosure of her double walls. My steps were detained at Parma and Modena, by the precious relics of the Farnese and Este collections : but, alas ! the far greater part had been already transported, by inheritance or purchase, to Naples and Dresden. By the road of Bologna and the Apennine I at last reached Florence, where I reposed from June to September, during the heat of the summer months. In the Gallery, and especially in the Tribune, I first acknowledged, at the feet of the Venus of Medicis, that the chissel may dispute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this side of the Alps be felt or understood. At home I had taken some lessons of Italian : on the spot I read, with a learned native, the classics of the Tuscan idiom : but the shortness of my time, and the use of the

* See Appendix, Letter, No. XII.

French language, prevented my acquiring any facility of speaking ; and I was a silent spectator in the conversations of our envoy, Sir Horace Mann, whose most serious business was that of entertaining the English at his hospitable table *. After leaving Florence, I compared the solitude of Pisa with the industry of Lucca and Leghorn, and continued my journey through Sienna to Rome, where I arrived in the beginning of October. 2. My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm ; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum ; each memorable spot where Romulus *flood*, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye ; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. My guide was Mr. Byers, a Scotch antiquary of experience and taste ; but, in the daily labour of eighteen weeks, the powers of attention were sometimes fatigued, till I was myself qualified, in a last review, to select and study the capital works of ancient and modern art. Six weeks were borrowed for my tour of Naples, the most populous of cities, relative to its size, whose luxurious inhabitants seem to dwell on the confines of paradise and hell-fire. I was presented to the boy-king by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton ; who, wisely diverting his correspondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society and British Museum, has eluci-

* JOURNAL, Florence, Aout 9^{me}, 1764.]—Cocchi à diné avec nous. Nous avons beaucoup causé, mais je ne lui trouve pas le genre qu'on lui attribue, c'est peut-être, parceque les notres ne sont pas analogues. J'entrevois de l'extravagance dans ses idées, de l'affectation dans ses manières. Il se plaint à tout moment de sa pauvreté. Il connoit peu la véritable dignité d'un homme de lettres. S'il a beaucoup de science, elle est bornée à la physique. Il m'a demandé si Lord Spenser ne pouvoit pas faire des évêques, et m'a fait un conte de Lord Lyttelton (dont il ne peut souffrir le fils) ou il étoit question des Parlemens de Campagne.

dated a country of such inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian. On my return, I fondly embraced, for the last time, the miracles of Rome ; but I departed without kissing the feet of Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), who neither possessed the wit of his predecessor Lambertini, nor the virtues of his successor Ganganelli. 3. In my pilgrimage from Rome to Loretto I again crossed the Apennine ; from the coast of the Adriatic I traversed a fruitful and populous country, which could alone disprove the paradox of Montesquieu, that modern Italy is a desert. Without adopting the exclusive prejudice of the natives, I sincerely admire the paintings of the Bologna school. I hastened to escape from the sad solitude of Ferrara, which in the age of Cæsar was still more desolate. The spectacle of Venice afforded some hours of astonishment ; the university of Padua is a dying taper : but Verona still boasts her amphitheatre, and her native Vicenza is adorned by the classic architecture of Palladio : the road of Lombardy and Piedmont (did Montesquieu find them without inhabitants ?) led me back to Milan, Turin, and the passage of Mount Cenis, where I again crossed the Alps in my way to Lyons.

The use of foreign travel has been often debated as a general question ; but the conclusion must be finally applied to the character and circumstances of each individual. With the education of boys, *where* or *how* they may pass over some juvenile years with the least mischief to themselves or others, I have no concern. But after supposing the previous and indispensable requisites of age, judgment, a competent knowledge of men and books, and a freedom from domestic prejudices, I will briefly describe the qualifications which I deem most essential to a traveller. He should be endowed with an active, indefatigable vigour of mind and body, which can seize every mode of conveyance, and support, with a careless smile, every hardship of the road, the weather, or the inn. The benefits of foreign travel will correspond with the degrees of these qualifications ; but,
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in this sketch, those to whom I am known will not accuse me of framing my own panegyric. It was at Rome, on the 15th of October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter *, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire: and, though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work.

I had not totally renounced the southern provinces of France, but the letters which I found at Lyons were expressive of some impatience. Rome and Italy had satiated my curious appetite, and I was now ready to return to the peaceful retreat of my family and books. After a happy fortnight I reluctantly left Paris, embarked at Calais, again landed at Dover, after an interval of two years and five months, and hastily drove through the summer dust and solitude of London. On the 25th of June 1765 I arrived at my father's house: and the five years and a half between my travels and my father's death (1770) are the portion of my life which I passed with the least enjoyment, and which I remember with the least satisfaction. Every spring I attended the monthly meeting and exercise of the militia at Southampton; and by the resignation of my father, and the death of Sir Thomas Worsley, I was successively promoted to the rank of major and lieutenant-colonel commandant: but I was each year more disgusted with the inn, the wine, the company, and the tiresome repetition of annual attendance and daily exercise. At home, the œconomy of the family and farm still maintained the same creditable appearance. My connection with Mrs. Gibbon was mellowed into a warm and solid attachment: my growing years abolished the distance

* Now the church of the Zoccolants, or Franciscan Friars. S.

that might yet remain between a parent and a son, and my behaviour satisfied my father, who was proud of the success, however imperfect in his own life-time, of my literary talents. Our solitude was soon and often enlivened by the visit of the friend of my youth, Mr. Deyverdun, whose absence from Lausanne I had sincerely lamented. About three years after my first departure, he had emigrated from his native lake to the banks of the Oder in Germany. The *res angusta domi*, the waste of a decent patrimony, by an improvident father, obliged him, like many of his countrymen, to confide in his own industry; and he was entrusted with the education of a young prince, the grandson of the Margrave of Schavedt, of the Royal Family of Prussia. Our friendship was never cooled, our correspondence was sometimes interrupted; but I rather wished than hoped to obtain Mr. Deyverdun for the companion of my Italian tour. An unhappy, though honourable passion, drove him from his German court; and the attractions of hope and curiosity were fortified by the expectation of my speedy return to England. During four successive summers he passed several weeks or months at Beriton, and our free conversations, on every topic that could interest the heart or understanding, would have reconciled me to a desert or a prison. In the winter months of London my sphere of knowledge and action was somewhat enlarged, by the many new acquaintance which I had contracted in the militia and abroad; and I must regret, as more than an acquaintance, Mr. Godfrey Clarke of Derbyshire, an amiable and worthy young man, who was snatched away by an untimely death. A weekly convivial meeting was established by myself and travellers, under the name of the Roman Club*.

* The members were Lord Mountstuart (now Earl of Bute), Colonel Edmonstone, Weddal, Palgrave, Lord Berkley, Godfrey Clarke, Holroyd (Lord Sheffield), Major Ridley, Sir William Guize, Sir John Aubrey, Lord Abingdon, Hon. Peregrine Bertie, Cleaver, Hon. John Damer, Hon. George Damer (Lord Milton), Sir Thomas Gascoyne, Sir John Hort, E. Gibbon.

The renewal, or perhaps the improvement, of my English life was embittered by the alteration of my own feelings. At the age of twenty-one I was, in my proper station of a youth, delivered from the yoke of education, and delighted with the comparative state of liberty and affluence. My filial obedience was natural and easy; and in the gay prospect of futurity, my ambition did not extend beyond the enjoyment of my books, my leisure, and my patrimonial estate, undisturbed by the cares of a family and the duties of a profession. But in the militia I was armed with power; in my travels, I was exempt from controul; and as I approached, as I gradually passed my thirtieth year, I began to feel the desire of being master in my own house. The most gentle authority will sometimes frown without reason, the most cheerful submission will sometimes murmur without cause; and such is the law of our imperfect nature, that we must either command or obey; that our personal liberty is supported by the obsequiousness of our own dependants. While so many of my acquaintance were married or in parliament, or advancing with a rapid step in the various roads of honour and fortune, I stood alone, immoveable and insignificant; for after the monthly meeting of 1770, I had even withdrawn myself from the militia, by the resignation of an empty and barren commission. My temper is not susceptible of envy, and the view of successful merit has always excited my warmest applause. The miseries of a vacant life were never known to a man whose hours were insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasures of study. But I lamented that at the proper age I had not embraced the lucrative pursuits of the law or of trade, the chances of civil office or India adventure, or even the fat slumbers of the church; and my repentance became more lively as the loss of time was more irretrievable. Experience shewed me the use of grafting my private consequence on the importance of a great professional body; the benefits of those firm connections which are cemented by hope and interest, by grati-

tude and emulation, by the mutual exchange of services and favours. From the emoluments of a profession I might have derived an ample fortune, or a competent income, instead of being stinted to the same narrow allowance, to be increased only by an event which I sincerely deprecated. The progress and the knowledge of our domestic disorders aggravated my anxiety, and I began to apprehend that I might be left in my old age without the fruits either of industry or inheritance.

In the first summer after my return, whilst I enjoyed at Beriton the society of my friend Deyverdun, our daily conversations expatiated over the field of antient and modern literature; and we freely discussed my studies, my first Essay, and my future projects. The Decline and Fall of Rome I still contemplated at an awful distance: but the two historical designs which had balanced my choice were submitted to his taste; and in the parallel between the Revolutions of Florence and Switzerland, our common partiality for a country which was *his* by birth, and *mine* by adoption, inclined the scale in favour of the latter. According to the plan, which was soon conceived and digested, I embraced a period of two hundred years, from the association of the three peasants of the Alps to the plenitude and prosperity of the Helvetic body in the sixteenth century. I should have described the deliverance and victory of the Swiss, who have never shed the blood of their tyrants but in a field of battle; the laws and manners of the confederate states; the splendid trophies of the Austrian, Burgundian, and Italian wars; and the wisdom of a nation, who, after some sallies of martial adventure, has been content to guard the blessings of peace with the sword of freedom.

—— Manus hæc inimica tyrannis

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

My judgment, as well as my enthusiasm, was satisfied with the glorious theme; and the assistance of Deyverdun seemed to remove

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an insuperable obstacle. The French or Latin memorials, of which I was not ignorant, are inconsiderable in number and weight ; but in the perfect acquaintance of my friend with the German language, I found the key of a more valuable collection. The most necessary books were procured ; he translated, for my use, the folio volume of Schilling, a copious and contemporary relation of the war of Burgundy ; we read and marked the most interesting parts of the great chronicle of Tschudi ; and by his labour, or that of an inferior assistant, large extracts were made from the History of Lauffer and the Dictionary of Lew : yet such was the distance and delay, that two years elapsed in these preparatory steps ; and it was late in the third summer (1767) before I entered, with these slender materials, on the more agreeable task of composition. A specimen of my History, the first book, was read the following winter in a literary society of foreigners in London ; and as the author was unknown, I listened, without observation, to the free strictures, and unfavourable sentence, of my judges *. The momentary sensation was painful ;

* Mr. Hume seems to have had a different opinion of this work.

From Mr. HUME to Mr. GIBBON.

SIR,

It is but a few days ago since M. Deyverdun put your manuscript into my hands, and I have perused it with great pleasure and satisfaction. I have only one objection, derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compose in French, and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace says with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek ? I grant that you have a like motive to those Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffused than your native tongue : but have you not remarked the fate of those two ancient languages in following ages ? The Latin, though then less celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has in some measure outlived the Greek, and is now more generally understood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the present diffusion of their tongue. Our solid and increasing establishments in America, where we need less dread the inundation of Barbarians, promise a superior stability and duration to the English language.

Your use of the French tongue has also led you into a style more poetical and figurative, and more highly coloured, than our language seems to admit of in historical

ful; but their condemnation was ratified by my cooler thoughts. I delivered my imperfect sheets to the flames †, and forever renounced a design in which some expence, much labour, and more time, had been so vainly consumed. I cannot regret the loss of a slight and superficial essay; for such the work must have been in the hands of a stranger, uninformed by the scholars and statesmen, and remote from the libraries and archives of the Swiss republics. My antient habits, and the presence of Deyverdun, encouraged me to write in French for the continent of Europe; but I was conscious myself that my style, above prose and below poetry, degenerated into a verbose and turgid declamation. Perhaps I may impute the failure to the injudicious choice of a foreign language. Perhaps I may suspect that the language itself is ill adapted to sustain the vigour and dignity of an important narrative. But if France, so rich in literary merit, had produced a great original historian, his genius would have formed and fixed the idiom to the proper tone, the peculiar mode of historical eloquence.

rical productions: for such is the practice of French writers, particularly the more recent ones, who illuminate their pictures more than custom will permit us. On the whole, your History, in my opinion, is written with spirit and judgment; and I exhort you very earnestly to continue it. The objections that occurred to me on reading it, were so frivolous, that I shall not trouble you with them, and should, I believe, have a difficulty to recollect them. I am, with great esteem,

S I R,

LONDON,
24th of Oct. 1767.

Your most obedient,
and most humble Servant,
(Signed) DAVID HUME.

† He neglected to burn them. He left at Sheffield-Place the introduction, or first book, in forty-three pages folio, written in a very small hand, besides a considerable number of notes. If Mr. Gibbon had not declared his judgment, perhaps Mr. Hume's opinion, expressed in the letter in the last note, might have justified the publication of it. S.

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It was in search of some liberal and lucrative employment that my friend Deyverdun had visited England. His remittances from home were scanty and precarious. My purse was always open, but it was often empty ; and I bitterly felt the want of riches and power, which might have enabled me to correct the errors of his fortune. His wishes and qualifications solicited the station of the travelling governor of some wealthy pupil ; but every vacancy provoked so many eager candidates, that for a long time I struggled without success ; nor was it till after much application that I could even place him as a clerk in the office of the secretary of state. In a residence of several years he never acquired the just pronunciation and familiar use of the English tongue, but he read our most difficult authors with ease and taste : his critical knowledge of our language and poetry was such as few foreigners have possessed ; and few of our countrymen could enjoy the theatre of Shakespeare and Garrick with more exquisite feeling and discernment. The consciousness of his own strength, and the assurance of my aid, emboldened him to imitate the example of Dr. Maty, whose *Journal Britannique* was esteemed and regretted ; and to improve his model, by uniting with the transactions of literature a philosophic view of the arts and manners of the British nation. Our Journal for the year 1767, under the title of *Memoires Literaires de la Grand Bretagne*, was soon finished and sent to the press. For the first article, Lord Lyttelton's History of Henry II. I must own myself responsible ; but the public has ratified my judgment of that voluminous work, in which sense and learning are not illuminated by a ray of genius. The next specimen was the choice of my friend, *the Bath Guide*, a light and whimsical performance, of local, and even verbal, pleasantries. I started at the attempt : he smiled at my fears : his courage was justified by success ; and a master of both languages will applaud the curious felicity with which he has transfused into French prose.

prose the spirit, and even the humour, of the English verse. It is not my wish to deny how deeply I was interested in these Memoirs, of which I need not surely be ashamed; but at the distance of more than twenty years, it would be impossible for me to ascertain the respective shares of the two associates. A long and intimate communication of ideas had cast our sentiments and style in the same mould. In our social labours we composed and corrected by turns; and the praise which I might honestly bestow, would fall perhaps on some article or passage most properly my own. A second volume (for the year 1768) was published of these Memoirs. I will presume to say, that their merit was superior to their reputation; but it is not less true, that they were productive of more reputation than emolument. They introduced my friend to the protection, and myself to the acquaintance, of the Earl of Chesterfield, whose age and infirmities secluded him from the world; and of Mr. David Hume, who was under-secretary to the office in which Deyverdun was more humbly employed. The former accepted a dedication, (April 12th, 1769,) and reserved the author for the future education of his successor: the latter enriched the Journal with a reply to Mr. Walpole's Historical Doubts, which he afterwards shaped into the form of a note. The materials of the third volume were almost completed, when I recommended Deyverdun as governor to Sir Richard Worsley, a youth, the son of my old Lieutenant-colonel, who was lately deceased. They set forwards on their travels; nor did they return to England till some time after my father's death.

My next publication was an accidental fall of love and resentment; of my reverence for modest genius, and my aversion for insolent pedantry. The sixth book of the *Æneid* is the most pleasing and perfect composition of Latin poetry. The descent of *Æneas* and the Sybil to the infernal regions, to the world of spirits, expands

an awful and boundless prospect, from the nocturnal gloom of the Cumæan grot,

Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbram,

to the meridian brightness of the Elysian fields;

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit

Purpureo ———

from the dreams of simple Nature, to the dreams, alas! of Egyptian theology, and the philosophy of the Greeks. But the final dismissal of the hero through the ivory gate, whence

Falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes,

seems to dissolve the whole enchantment, and leaves the reader in a state of cold and anxious scepticism. This most lame and impotent conclusion has been variously imputed to the taste or irreligion of Virgil; but, according to the more elaborate interpretation of Bishop Warburton, the descent to hell is not a false, but a mimic scene; which represents the initiation of Æneas, in the character of a law-giver, to the Eleusinian mysteries. This hypothesis, a singular chapter in the Divine Legation of Moses, had been admitted by many as true; it was praised by all as ingenious; nor had it been exposed, in a space of thirty years, to a fair and critical discussion. The learning and the abilities of the author had raised him to a just eminence; but he reigned the dictator and tyrant of the world of literature. The real merit of Warburton was degraded by the pride and presumption with which he pronounced his infallible decrees; in his polemic writings he lashed his antagonists without mercy or moderation; and his servile flatterers, (see the base and malignant Essay on the *Delicacy of Friendship*,) exalting the master critic far above Aristotle and Longinus, assailed every modest dissenter who refused to consult the oracle, and to adore the idol. In a land of liberty, such despotism must provoke a general opposition,

and the zeal of opposition is seldom candid or impartial. A late professor of Oxford, (Dr. Lowth,) in a pointed and polished epistle, (August 31st, 1765,) defended himself, and attacked the Bishop; and, whatsoever might be the merits of an insignificant controversy, his victory was clearly established by the silent confusion of Warburton and his slaves. I too, without any private offence, was ambitious of breaking a lance against the giant's shield; and in the beginning of the year 1770, my Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* were sent, without my name, to the press. In this short Essay, my first English publication, I aimed my strokes against the person and the hypothesis of Bishop Warburton. I proved, at least to my own satisfaction, *that* the antient lawgivers did not invent the mysteries, and *that* *Æneas* was never invested with the office of lawgiver: *that* there is not any argument, any circumstance, which can melt a fable into allegory, or remove the scene from the Lake Avernus to the Temple of Ceres: *that* such a wild supposition is equally injurious to the poet and the man: *that* if Virgil was not initiated he could not, if he were he would not, reveal the secrets of the initiation: *that* the anathema of Horace (*vetabo qui Cereris sacrum vulgarit, &c.*) at once attests his own ignorance and the innocence of his friend. As the Bishop of Gloucester and his party maintained a discreet silence, my critical disquisition was soon lost among the pamphlets of the day; but the public coldness was overbalanced to my feelings by the weighty approbation of the last and best editor of Virgil, Professor Heyne of Gottingen, who acquiesces in my confutation, and files the unknown author, *doctus --- et elegantissimus Britannus*. But I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the favourable judgment of Mr. Hayley, himself a poet and a scholar: "An intricate hypothesis, " twisted into a long and laboured chain of quotation and argument, the Dissertation on the Sixth Book of Virgil, remained " some time unrefuted. ---- At length, a superior, but anonymous,

“mous, critic arose, who, in one of the most judicious and spirited
 “essays that our nation has produced, on a point of classical litera-
 “ture, completely overturned this ill-founded edifice, and exposed
 “the arrogance and futility of its assuming architect.” He even
 condescends to justify an acrimony of style, which had been gently
 blamed by the more unbiassed German; “*Paullo acrius quam velis*
 “---- *perstrinxit* *.” But I cannot forgive myself the contemptuous
 treatment of a man who, with all his faults, was entitled to my
 esteem †; and I can less forgive, in a personal attack, the cowardly
 concealment of my name and character.

In the fifteen years between my Essay on the Study of Literature
 and the first volume of the Decline and Fall, (1761—1776,) this
 criticism on Warburton, and some articles in the Journal, were my
 sole publications. It is more especially incumbent on me to mark
 the employment, or to confess the waste of time, from my travels
 to my father’s death, an interval in which I was not diverted by
 any professional duties from the labours and pleasures of a studious
 life. 1. As soon as I was released from the fruitless task of the
 Swiss revolutions, (1768,) I began gradually to advance from the
 wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, from the design to
 the execution, of my historical work, of whose limits and extent I
 had yet a very inadequate notion. The Classics, as low as Tacitus,
 the younger Pliny, and Juvenal, were my old and familiar com-

* The editor of the Warburtonian tracts, Dr. Parr, (p. 192.) considers the allego-
 rical interpretation “as completely refuted in a most clear, elegant, and decisive work;
 “of criticism; which could not, indeed, derive authority from the greatest name;
 “but to which the greatest name might with propriety have been affixed.”

† The Divine Legation of Moses is a monument, already crumbling in the dust,
 of the vigour and weakness of the human mind. If Warburton’s new argument
 proved any thing, it would be a demonstration against the legislator, who left his
 people without the knowledge of a future state. But some episodes of the work, on
 the Greek philosophy, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, &c. are entitled to the praise of
 learning, imagination, and discernment.

panions. I insensibly plunged into the ocean of the Augustan history; and in the descending series I investigated, with my pen almost always in my hand, the original records, both Greek and Latin, from Dion Cassius to Ammianus Marcellinus, from the reign of Trajan to the last age of the Western Cæsars. The subsidiary rays of medals, and inscriptions of geography and chronology, were thrown on their proper objects; and I applied the collections of Tillemont, whose inimitable accuracy almost assumes the character of genius, to fix and arrange within my reach the loose and scattered atoms of historical information. Through the darkness of the middle ages I explored my way in the Annals and Antiquities of Italy of the learned Muratori; and diligently compared them with the parallel or transverse lines of Sigonius and Maffei, Baronius and Pagi, till I almost grasped the ruins of Rome in the fourteenth century, without suspecting that this final chapter must be attained by the labour of six quartos and twenty years. Among the books which I purchased, the Theodocian Code, with the commentary of James Godefroy, must be gratefully remembered. I used it (and much I used it) as a work of history, rather than of jurisprudence: but in every light it may be considered as a full and capacious repository of the political state of the empire in the fourth and fifth centuries. As I believed, and as I still believe, that the propagation of the Gospel, and the triumph of the church, are inseparably connected with the decline of the Roman monarchy, I weighed the causes and effects of the revolution, and contrasted the narratives and apologies of the Christians themselves, with the glances of candour or enmity which the Pagans have cast on the rising sects. The Jewish and Heathen testimonies, as they are collected and illustrated by Dr. Lardner, directed, without superseding, my search of the originals; and in an ample dissertation on the miraculous darkness of the passion, I privately withdrew my conclusions from the silence of an unbelieving age. I have assembled the preparatory studies, directly

or

or indirectly relative to my history ; but, in strict equity, they must be spread beyond this period of my life, over the two summers (1771 and 1772) that elapsed between my father's death and my settlement in London. 2. In a free conversation with books and men, it would be endless to enumerate the names and characters of all who are introduced to our acquaintance ; but in this general acquaintance we may select the degrees of friendship and esteem, according to the wise maxim, *Multum legere potius quam multa*. I reviewed, again and again, the immortal works of the French and English, the Latin and Italian classics. My Greek studies (though less assiduous than I designed) maintained and extended my knowledge of that incomparable idiom. Homer and Xenophon were still my favourite authors ; and I had almost prepared for the press an Essay on the Cyropædia, which, in my own judgment, is not unhappily laboured. After a certain age, the new publications of merit are the sole food of the many ; and the most austere student will be often tempted to break the line, for the sake of indulging his own curiosity, and of providing the topics of fashionable currency. A more respectable motive may be assigned for the third perusal of Blackstone's Commentaries, and a copious and critical abstract of that English work was my first serious production in my native language. 3. My literary leisure was much less complete and independent than it might appear to the eye of a stranger. In the hurry of London I was destitute of books ; in the solitude of Hampshire I was not master of my time. My quiet was gradually disturbed by our domestic anxiety, and I should be ashamed of my unfeeling philosophy, had I found much time or taste for study in the last fatal summer (1772) of my father's decay and dissolution.

The disembodiment of the militia at the close of the war (1763) had restored the Major (a new Cincinnatus) to a life of agriculture. His labours were useful, his pleasures innocent, his wishes moderate ; and my father *seemed* to enjoy the state of happiness which is celebrated

celebrated by poets and philosophers, as the most agreeable to nature, and the least accessible to fortune.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
(Ut prisca gens mortalium)
Paterna rura bubus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore *.

HOR. *Epod.* ii.

But the last indispensable condition, the freedom from debt, was wanting to my father's felicity; and the vanities of his youth were severely punished by the solicitude and sorrow of his declining age. The first mortgage, on my return from Lausanne, (1758,) had afforded him a partial and transient relief. The annual demand of interest and allowance was a heavy deduction from his income; the militia was a source of expence, the farm in his hands was not a profitable adventure, he was loaded with the costs and damages of an obsolete law-suit; and each year multiplied the number, and exhausted the patience, of his creditors. Under these painful circumstances, I consented to an additional mortgage, to the sale of Putney, and to every sacrifice that could alleviate his distress. But he was no longer capable of a rational effort, and his reluctant delays postponed not the evils themselves, but the remedies of those evils (*remedia malorum potius quam mala differebat*). The pangs of shame, tenderness, and self-reproach, incessantly preyed on his vitals; his constitution was broken; he lost his strength and his sight; the rapid progress of a dropy admonished him of his end, and he sunk into the grave on the 10th of November 1770, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. A family-tradition insinuates that Mr. William Law had drawn his pupil in the light and inconstant character of

* Like the first mortals, blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.

FRANCIS.

Flatus, who is ever confident, and ever disappointed in the chace of happiness. But these constitutional failings were happily compensated by the virtues of the head and heart, by the warmest sentiments of honour and humanity. His graceful person, polite address, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulness, recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions, his liberal spirit had long since delivered him from the zeal and prejudice of a Tory education. I submitted to the order of Nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety.

As soon as I had paid the last solemn duties to my father, and obtained, from time and reason, a tolerable composure of mind, I began to form the plan of an independent life, most adapted to my circumstances and inclination. Yet so intricate was the net, my efforts were so awkward and feeble, that nearly two years (November 1770—October 1772) were suffered to elapse before I could disentangle myself from the management of the farm, and transfer my residence from Beriton to a house in London. During this interval I continued to divide my year between town and the country; but my new situation was brightened by hope; my stay in London was prolonged into the summer; and the uniformity of the summer was occasionally broken by visits and excursions at a distance from home. The gratification of my desires (they were not immoderate) has been seldom disappointed by the want of money or credit; my pride was never insulted by the visit of an importunate tradesman; and my transient anxiety for the past or future has been dispelled by the studious or social occupation of the present hour. My conscience does not accuse me of any act of extravagance or injustice, and the remnant of my estate affords an ample and honourable provision for my declining age. I shall not expatiate on my æconomical affairs, which cannot be instructive or amusing to the reader. It is a rule of prudence, as well as of politeness, to reserve such confidence for the

the ear of a private friend, without exposing our situation to the envy or pity of strangers; for envy is productive of hatred, and pity borders too nearly on contempt. Yet I may believe, and even assert, that in circumstances more indigent or more wealthy, I should never have accomplished the task, or acquired the fame, of an historian; that my spirit would have been broken by poverty and contempt, and that my industry might have been relaxed in the labour and luxury of a superfluous fortune.

I had now attained the first of earthly blessings, independence: I was the absolute master of my hours and actions: nor was I deceived in the hope that the establishment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between study and society. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books, the shops and sales of London present irresistible temptations; and the manufacture of my history required a various and growing stock of materials. The militia, my travels, the House of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections: I was chosen a member of the fashionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few persons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a stranger*. It would most assuredly be in my power to amuse the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of satire or praise. By my own choice I passed in town the greatest part of the year; but whenever I was

* From the mixed, though polite, company of Boodle's, White's, and Brooks's, I must honourably distinguish a weekly society, which was instituted in the year 1764, and which still continues to flourish, under the title of the Literary Club. (Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, p. 415. Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 97.) The names of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Colman, Sir William Jones, Dr. Percy, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Dunning, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Warton, and his brother Mr. Thomas Warton, Dr. Burney, &c. form a large and luminous constellation of British stars.

desirous

desirous of breathing the air of the country, I possessed an hospitable retreat at Sheffield-place in Suffex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whose character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has since been more conspicuous to the public.

No sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my History. At the outset all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true æra of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced by three successive revivals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed, without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned at the general election for the borough

of Leskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not, perhaps, the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by Nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice.

Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice *. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the characters, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by *Lord North*, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield, with equal dexterity, the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the Treasury-bench between his Attorney and Solicitor General, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes*; and the minister might indulge in a short slumber, whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of *Thurlow*, and the skilful eloquence of *Wedderburne*. From the adverse side of the house an ardent and powerful opposition was supported, by the lively declamation of *Barré*, the legal acuteness of *Dunning*, the profuse and philosophic fancy of *Burke*, and the argumentative vehemence of *Fox*, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire.

* A French sketch of Mr. Gibbon's Life, written by himself, probably for the use of some foreign journalist or translator, contains no fact not mentioned in his English Life. He there describes himself with his usual candour. Depuis huit ans il a assisté aux deliberations les plus importantes, mais il ne s'est jamais trouvé le courage, ni le talent, de parler dans une assemblée publique. This sketch was written before the publication of his three last volumes, as in closing it he says of his History: Cette entreprise lui demande encore plusieurs années d'une application soutenue; mais quelqu'en soit le succès, il trouve dans cette application même un plaisir toujours varié et toujours renaissant.

By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed, upon easy terms, with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revival of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the school-boy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself, that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely

adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favour of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprize of the public and their favourite is productive of those warm sensibilities, which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candour of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labour of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians.

That curious and original letter will amuse the reader, and his gratitude should shield my free communication from the reproach of vanity.

“ DEAR SIR,

EDINBURGH, 18th March 1776.

“ As I ran through your volume of history with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear discovering somewhat of the same impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable present, and expressing the satisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I consider the dignity of your style, the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem; and I own that if I had not previously had the happiness of your personal acquaintance, such a performance from an Englishman in our age would have given me some surprize. You may smile at this sentiment; but as it seems to me that your countrymen, for almost a whole generation, have given themselves up to barbarous and absurd faction, and have totally neglected all polite letters, I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them. I know it will give you pleasure (as it did me)

to

to find that all the men of letters in this place concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious desire of your continuing it.

“ When I heard of your undertaking, (which was some time ago,) I own I was a little curious to see how you would extricate yourself from the subject of your two last chapters. I think you have observed a very prudent temperament; but it was impossible to treat the subject so as not to give grounds of suspicion against you, and you may expect that a clamour will arise. This, if any thing, will retard your success with the public; for in every other respect your work is calculated to be popular. But among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of superstition in England prognosticates the fall of philosophy and decay of taste; and though nobody be more capable than you to revive them, you will probably find a struggle in your first advances.

“ I see you entertain a great doubt with regard to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian. You are certainly right in so doing. It is indeed strange that any men of sense could have imagined it possible, that above twenty thousand verses, along with numberless historical facts, could have been preserved by oral tradition during fifty generations, by the rudest, perhaps, of all the European nations, the most necessitous, the most turbulent, and the most unsettled. Where a supposition is so contrary to common sense, any positive evidence of it ought never to be regarded. Men run with great avidity to give their evidence in favour of what flatters their passions and their national prejudices. You are therefore over and above indulgent to us in speaking of the matter with hesitation.

“ I must inform you that we are all very anxious to hear that you have fully collected the materials for your second volume, and that you are even considerably advanced in the composition of it. I speak this more in the name of my friends than in my own; as I cannot
expect

expect to live so long as to see the publication of it. Your ensuing volume will be more delicate than the preceding, but I trust in your prudence for extricating you from the difficulties; and, in all events, you have courage to despise the clamour of bigots.

I am, with great regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant,

DAVID HUME."

Some weeks afterwards I had the melancholy pleasure of seeing Mr. Hume in his passage through London; his body feeble, his mind firm. On the 25th of August of the same year (1776) he died, at Edinburgh, the death of a philosopher.

My second excursion to Paris was determined by the pressing invitation of M. and Madame Necker, who had visited England in the preceding summer. On my arrival I found M. Necker Director-general of the finances, in the first bloom of power and popularity. His private fortune enabled him to support a liberal establishment; and his wife, whose talents and virtues I had long admired, was admirably qualified to preside in the conversation of her table and drawing-room. As their friend, I was introduced to the best company of both sexes; to the foreign ministers of all nations, and to the first names and characters of France; who distinguished me by such marks of civility and kindness, as gratitude will not suffer me to forget, and modesty will not allow me to enumerate. The fashionable suppers often broke into the morning hours; yet I occasionally consulted the Royal Library, and that of the Abbey of St. Germain, and in the free use of their books at home, I had always reason to praise the liberality of those institutions. The society of men of letters I neither courted nor declined; but I was
happy

happy in the acquaintance of M. de Buffon, who united with a sublime genius the most amiable simplicity of mind and manners. At the table of my old friend, M. de Foncecagne, I was involved in a dispute with the Abbé de Mably; and his jealous irascible spirit revenged itself on a work which he was incapable of reading in the original.

As I might be partial in my own cause, I shall transcribe the words of an unknown critic, observing only, that this dispute had been preceded by another on the English constitution, at the house of the Countess de Froulay, an old Jansenist lady.

“ Vous étiez chez M. de Foncecagne, mon cher Theodon, le jour
“ que M. l’Abbé de Mably et M. Gibbon y dînerent en grande com-
“ pagnie. La conversation roula presque entièrement sur l’histoire.
“ L’Abbé étant un profond politique, la tourna sur l’administration,
“ quand on fut au désert : et comme par caractère, par humeur,
“ par l’habitude d’admirer Tite Live, il ne prit que le système re-
“ publicain, il se mit à vanter l’excellence des républiques ; bien
“ persuadé que le savant Anglois l’approuveroit en tout, et admireroit
“ la profondeur de génie qui avoit fait deviner tous ces avantages à
“ un François. Mais M. Gibbon, instruit par l’expérience des in-
“ conveniens d’un gouvernement populaire, ne fut point du tout de
“ son avis, et il prit généreusement la défense du gouvernement mo-
“ narchique. L’Abbé voulut le convaincre par Tite Live, et par
“ quelques argumens tirés de Plutarque en faveur des Spartiates.
“ M. Gibbon, doué de la mémoire la plus heureuse, et ayant tous les
“ faits présents à la pensée, domina bien-tôt la conversation ; l’Abbé se
“ facha, il s’emporta, il dit des choses dures ; l’Anglois, conservant le
“ phlegme de son pays, prenoit ses avantages, et pressoit l’Abbé avec
“ d’autant plus de succès que la colère le troublait de plus en plus.
“ La conversation s’échauffoit, et M. de Foncecagne la rompit en se
“ levant de table, et en passant dans le salon, où personne ne fut tenté
“ de

“de la renouer.” *Supplément de la Manière d’écrire l’Histoire*, p. 125, &c. *

Nearly two years had elapsed between the publication of my first and the commencement of my second volume; and the causes must be assigned of this long delay. 1. After a short holiday, I indulged my curiosity in some studies of a very different nature, a course of anatomy, which was demonstrated by Doctor Hunter; and some lessons of chymistry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of these sciences, and a taste for books of natural history, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomist and chymist may sometimes track me in their own snow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controversy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were consumed in the pursuit of a phantom. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perspicuity, the various transactions of the age of Constantine; and so much was I displeased with the first essay, that I committed to the flames above fifty sheets. 4. The six months of Paris and pleasure must be deducted from the account. But when I resumed my task I felt my improvement; I was now master of my style and subject, and while the measure of my daily performance was enlarged, I dis-

* Of the voluminous writings of the Abbé de Mably, (see his *Eloge* by the Abbé Brizard,) the *Principes du droit public de l’Europe*, and the first part of the *Observations sur l’Histoire de France*, may be deservedly praised; and even the *Manière d’écrire l’Histoire* contains several useful precepts and judicious remarks. Mably was a lover of virtue and freedom; but his virtue was austere, and his freedom was impatient of an equal. Kings, magistrates, nobles, and successful writers, were the objects of his contempt, or hatred, or envy; but his illiberal abuse of Voltaire, Hume, Buffon, the Abbé Reynal, Dr. Robertson, and *tutti quanti*, can be injurious only to himself.

“Est il rien de plus fastidieux (says the polite Censor) qu’un M. Gibbon; qui dans son éternelle Histoire des Empereurs Romains, suspend à chaque instant son insipide et lente narration, pour vous expliquer la cause de faits que vous allez lire.” (*Manière d’écrire l’Histoire*, p. 184. See another passage, p. 280.) Yet I am indebted to the Abbé de Mably for two such advocates as the anonymous French Critic and my friend Mr. Hayley. (Hayley’s Works, 8vo Edit. Vol. ii. p. 261—263.)

covered

covered less reason to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to cast a long paragraph in a single mould, to try it by my ear, to deposit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I had given the last polish to my work. Shall I add, that I never found my mind more vigorous, nor my composition more happy, than in the winter hurry of society and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity; had I foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent, would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility; I might, perhaps, have softened the two invidious chapters, which would create many enemies, and conciliate few friends. But the shaft was shot, the alarm was sounded, and I could only rejoice, that if the voice of our priests was clamorous and bitter, their hands were disarmed from the powers of persecution. I adhered to the wise resolution of trusting myself and my writings to the candour of the public, till Mr. Davies of Oxford presumed to attack, not the faith, but the fidelity, of the historian. *My Vindication*, expressive of less anger than contempt, amused for a moment the busy and idle metropolis; and the most rational part of the laity, and even of the clergy, appear to have been satisfied of my innocence and accuracy. I would not print this *Vindication* in quarto, lest it should be bound and preserved with the history itself. At the distance of twelve years, I calmly affirm my judgment of Davies, Chelsum, &c. A victory over such antagonists was a sufficient humiliation. They, however, were rewarded in this world. Poor Chelsum was indeed neglected; and I dare not boast the making Dr. Watson a bishop; he is a prelate of a large mind and liberal spirit*: but I enjoyed the pleasure of giving a Royal pension to Mr. Davies, and of collating Dr. Apthorpe to an archiepiscopal living.

* See Appendix, Letters, N^o LXVIII. LXIX. and C.,

Their success encouraged the zeal of Taylor the Arian*, and Milner the Methodist †, with many others, whom it would be difficult to remember, and tedious to rehearse. The list of my adversaries, however, was graced with the more respectable names of Dr. Priestley, Sir David Dalrymple, and Dr. White; and every polemic, of either university, discharged his sermon or pamphlet against the impenetrable silence of the Roman historian. In his History of the Corruptions of Christianity, Dr. Priestley threw down his two gauntlets to Bishop Hurd and Mr. Gibbon. I declined the challenge in a letter, exhorting my opponent to enlighten the world by his philosophical discoveries, and to remember that the merit of his predecessor Servetus is now reduced to a single passage, which indicates the smaller circulation of the blood through the lungs, from and to the heart ‡. Instead of listening to this friendly advice, the dauntless philosopher of Birmingham continued to fire away his double battery against those who believed too little, and those who believed too much. *From my* replies he has nothing to hope or fear: but his Socinian shield has repeatedly been pierced by the spear of Horsley, and his trumpet of sedition may at length awaken the magistrates of a free country.

The profession and rank of Sir David Dalrymple (now a Lord of Session) has given a more decent colour to his style. But he scru-

* The stupendous title, *Thoughts on the Causes of the grand Apostacy*, at first agitated my nerves, till I discovered that it was the apostacy of the whole church, since the Council of Nice, from Mr. Taylor's private religion. His book is a thorough mixture of *high* enthusiasm and *low* buffoonery, and the Millénium is a fundamental article of his creed.

† From his grammar-school at Kingston upon Hull, Mr. Joseph Milner pronounces an anathema against all rational religion. *His* faith is a divine taste, a spiritual inspiration; *his* church is a mystic and invisible body: the *natural* Christians, such as Mr. Locke, who believe and interpret the Scriptures, are, in his judgment, no better than profane infidels.

‡ Astruc de la Structure du Cœur, tom. i. 77. 79. Appendix, Letters CXIX—CXXIV.

tinized each separate passage of the two chapters with the dry minuteness of a special pleader; and as he was always solicitous to make, he may have succeeded sometimes in finding, a flaw. In his *Annals of Scotland*, he has shewn himself a diligent collector and an accurate critic.

I have praised, and I still praise, the eloquent sermons which were preached in St. Mary's pulpit at Oxford by Dr. White. If he assaulted me with some degree of illiberal acrimony, in such a place, and before such an audience, he was obliged to speak the language of the country. I smiled at a passage in one of his private letters to Mr. Badcock; "The part where we encounter Gibbon must be "brilliant and striking."

In a sermon preached before the university of Cambridge, Dr. Edwards complimented a work, "which can only perish with the "language itself;" and esteems the author a formidable enemy. He is, indeed, astonished that more learning and ingenuity has not been shewn in the defence of Israel; that the prelates and dignitaries of the church (alas, good man!) did not vie with each other, whose stone should sink the deepest in the forehead of this Goliath.

"But the force of truth will oblige us to confess, that in the attacks which have been levelled against our sceptical historian, we "can discover but slender traces of profound and exquisite erudition, "of solid criticism and accurate investigation; but we are too frequently disgusted by vague and inconclusive reasoning; by unseasonable banter and senseless witticisms; by imbittered bigotry and "enthusiastic jargon; by futile cavils and illiberal invectives. Proud "and elated by the weakness of his antagonists, he condescends not "to handle the sword of controversy *."

Let me frankly own that I was startled at the first discharge of ecclesiastical ordnance; but as soon as I found that this empty noise was mischievous only in the intention, my fear was converted into

* Monthly Review, Oct. 1790.

indignation ; and every feeling of indignation or curiosity has long since subsided in pure and placid indifference.

The prosecution of my history was soon afterwards checked by another controversy of a very different kind. At the request of the Lord Chancellor, and of Lord Weymouth, then Secretary of State, I vindicated, against the French manifesto, the justice of the British arms. The whole correspondence of Lord Stormont, our late ambassador at Paris, was submitted to my inspection, and the *Memoire Justificatif*, which I composed in French, was first approved by the Cabinet Ministers, and then delivered as a state paper to the courts of Europe. The style and manner are praised by Beaumarchais himself, who, in his private quarrel, attempted a reply ; but he flatters me, by ascribing the memoir to Lord Stormont ; and the grossness of his invective betrays the loss of temper and of wit ; he acknowledged *, that *le style ne seroit pas sans grace, ni la logique sans justesse*, &c. if the facts were true which he undertakes to disprove. For these facts my credit is not pledged ; I spoke as a lawyer from my brief, but the veracity of Beaumarchais may be estimated from the assertion that France, by the treaty of Paris (1763), was limited to a certain number of ships of war. On the application of the Duke of Choiseul, he was obliged to retract this daring falsehood.

Among the honourable connections which I had formed, I may justly be proud of the friendship of Mr. Wedderburne, at that time Attorney General, who now illustrates the title of Lord Loughborough, and the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. By his strong recommendation, and the favourable disposition of Lord North, I was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations ; and my private income was enlarged by a clear addition of between seven and eight hundred pounds a-year. The fancy of an hostile orator may paint, in the strong colours of ridi-

* Oeuvres de Beaumarchais, tom. iii. p. 299. 355.

cule, "the perpetual virtual adjournment, and the unbroken sitting "vacation of the Board of Trade*." But it must be allowed that our duty was not intolerably severe, and that I enjoyed many days and weeks of repose, without being called away from my library to the office. My acceptance of a place provoked some of the leaders of opposition, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy; and I was most unjustly accused of deserting a party, in which I had never enlisted †.

The

* I can never forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator, Mr. Burke, was heard by all sides of the house, and even by those whose existence he proscribed. (See Mr. Burke's speech on the Bill of Reform, p. 72—80.) The Lords of Trade blushed at their insignificance, and Mr. Eden's appeal to the two thousand five hundred volumes of our Reports, served only to excite a general laugh. I take this opportunity of certifying the correctness of Mr. Burke's printed speeches, which I have heard and read.

† *From* EDWARD GIBBON *esq. to* ——— *esq.*

DEAR SIR,

2d July 1779.

Yesterday I received a very interesting communication from my friend, whose kind and honourable behaviour towards me I must always remember with the highest gratitude. He informed me that, in consequence of an arrangement, a place at the Board of Trade was reserved for me, and that as soon as I signified my acceptance of it, he was satisfied no farther difficulties would arise. My answer to him was sincere and explicit. I told him that I was far from approving all the past measures of the administration, even some of those in which I myself had silently concurred; that I saw, with the rest of the world, many capital defects in the characters of some of the present ministers, and was sorry that in so alarming a situation of public affairs, the country had not the assistance of several able and honest men who are now in opposition. But that I had not formed with any of those persons in opposition any engagements or connections which could in the least restrain or affect my parliamentary conduct; that I could not discover among them such superior advantages, either of measures or of abilities, as could make me consider it as a duty to attach myself to their cause; and that I clearly understood, from the public and private language of ———, one of their leaders, that in the actual state of the country, he himself was seriously of opinion that opposition could not tend to any good purpose, and might be productive of much mischief; that, for those reasons, I saw no objections which could prevent me from accepting an office under the present government, and that I was ready to take a step which I found to be consistent both with my interest and my honour.

It

The aspect of the next session of parliament was stormy and perilous; county meetings, petitions, and committees of correspondence, announced the public discontent; and instead of voting with a triumphant majority, the friends of government were often exposed to a struggle, and sometimes to a defeat. The House of Commons adopted Mr. Dunning's motion, "That the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished:" and Mr. Burke's bill of reform was framed with skill, introduced with eloquence, and supported by numbers. Our late president, the American Secretary of State, very narrowly escaped the sentence of proscription; but the unfortunate Board of Trade was abolished in the committee by a small majority (207 to 199) of eight votes. The storm, however, blew over for a time; a large defection of country gentlemen eluded the sanguine hopes of the patriots: the Lords of Trade were revived; administration recovered their strength and spirit; and the flames of London, which were kindled by a mischievous madman, admonished all thinking men of the danger of an appeal to the people. In the premature dissolution which followed this session of parliament I lost my seat. Mr. Elliot was now deeply engaged in the measures of opposition, and the electors of Liskeard* are commonly of the same opinion as Mr. Elliot.

It must now be decided, whether I may continue to live in England, or whether I must soon withdraw myself into a kind of philosophical exile in Switzerland. My father left his affairs in a state of embarrassment, and even of distress. My attempts to dispose of a part of my landed property have hitherto been disappointed, and are not likely at present to be more successful: and my plan of expence, though moderate in itself, deserves the name of extravagance, since it exceeds my real income. The addition of the salary which is now offered will make my situation perfectly easy; but I hope you will do me the justice to believe that my mind could not be so, unless I were satisfied of the rectitude of my own conduct.

* The borough which Mr. Gibbon had represented in parliament.

In

In this interval of my senatorial life, I published the second and third volumes of the Decline and Fall. My ecclesiastical history still breathed the same spirit of freedom; but protestant zeal is more indifferent to the characters and controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries. My obstinate silence had damped the ardour of the polemics. Dr. Watson, the most candid of my adversaries, assured me that he had no thoughts of renewing the attack, and my impartial balance of the virtues and vices of Julian was generally praised. This truce was interrupted only by some animadversions of the Catholics of Italy, and by some angry letters from Mr. Travis, who made me personally responsible for condemning, with the best critics, the spurious text of the three heavenly witnesses.

The piety or prudence of my Italian translator has provided an antidote against the poison of his original. The 5th and 7th volumes are armed with five letters from an anonymous divine to his friends, Foothed and Kirk, two English students at Rome; and this meritorious service is commended by Monsignor Stonor, a prelate of the same nation, who discovers much venom in the *fluid* and nervous style of Gibbon. The critical essay at the end of the third volume was furnished by the Abbate Nicola Spedalieri, whose zeal has gradually swelled to a more solid confutation in two quarto volumes.— Shall I be excused for not having read them?

The brutal insolence of Mr. Travis's challenge can only be excused by the absence of learning, judgment, and humanity; and to that excuse he has the fairest or foulest pretension. Compared with Archdeacon Travis, Chelsum and Davies assume the title of respectable enemies.

The bigotted advocate of popes and monks may be turned over even to the bigots of Oxford; and the wretched Travis still smart's under the lash of the merciless Porson. I consider Mr. Porson's answer to Archdeacon Travis as the most acute and accurate piece of criticism which has appeared since the days of Bentley. His stric-

tures are founded in argument, enriched with learning, and enlivened with wit; and his adversary neither deserves nor finds any quarter at his hands. The evidence of the three heavenly witnesses would now be rejected in any court of justice: but prejudice is blind, authority is deaf, and our vulgar bibles will ever be polluted by this spurious text, "*sedet æternumque sedebit.*" The more learned ecclesiastics will indeed have the secret satisfaction of reprobating in the closet what they read in the church.

I perceived, and without surprise, the coldness and even prejudice of the town; nor could a whisper escape my ear, that, in the judgment of many readers, my continuation was much inferior to the original attempts. An author who cannot ascend will always appear to sink: envy was now prepared for my reception, and the zeal of my religious, was fortified by the motive of my political, enemies. Bishop Newton, in writing his own life, was at full liberty to declare how much he himself and two eminent brethren were disgusted by Mr. G.'s prolixity, tediousness, and affectation. But the old man should not have indulged his zeal in a false and feeble charge against the historian *, who had faithfully and even cautiously rendered Dr. Burnet's

* *Extract from Mr. GIBBON's Common Place Book.*

Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of St. Paul's, was born at Litchfield on the 21st of December 1703, O. S. (1st January 1704, N. S.), and died the 14th of February 1782, in the 79th year of his age. A few days before his death he finished the memoirs of his own life, which have been prefixed to an edition of his posthumous works, first published in quarto, and since (1787) re-published in six volumes octavo.

P. 173, 174. Some books were published in 1781, which employed some of the Bishop's leisure hours, and during his illness. Mr. Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* he read throughout, but it by no means answered his expectation; for he found it rather a prolix and tedious performance, his matter uninteresting, and his style affected; his testimonies not to be depended upon, and his frequent scoffs at religion offensive to every sober mind. He had before been convicted of making false quotations, which should have taught him more prudence and caution. But, without examining his authorities, there is one which must necessarily strike every man who

Burnet's meaning by the alternative of sleep or repose. That philosophic divine supposes, that, in the period between death and the resurrection, human souls exist without a body, endowed with internal consciousness, but destitute of all active or passive connection with the external world. "Secundum communem dictionem sacræ scripturæ, mors dicitur somnus, et morientes dicuntur *abdormire*,

who has read Dr. Burnet's *Treatise de Statu Mortuorum*. In vol. iii. p. 99. Mr. G. has the following note:—"Burnet (*de S. M.* p. 56—84.) collects the opinions of the "Fathers, as far as they assert the sleep or repose of human souls till the day of judgment. He afterwards exposes (p. 91.) the inconveniences which must arise if they "possessed a more active and sensible existence. Who would not from hence infer "that Dr. B. was an advocate for the sleep or insensible existence of the soul after "death? whereas his doctrine is directly the contrary. He has employed some chapters in treating of the state of human souls in the interval between death and the "resurrection; and after various proofs from reason, from scripture, and the Fathers, "his conclusions are, that human souls exist after their separation from the body, that "they are in a good or evil state according to their good or ill behaviour, but that "neither their happiness nor their misery will be complete or perfect before the day "of judgment. His argumentation is thus summed up at the end of the 4th chapter—"Ex quibus constat primo, animas supereffe extincto corpore; secundo, bonas bene, malas male "se habituras; tertio, nec illis summam felicitatem, nec his summam miseriam, accessuram "esse ante diem judicii." (The Bishop's reading the whole was a greater compliment to the work than was paid to it by two of the most eminent of his brethren for their learning and station. The one entered upon it, but was soon wearied, and laid it aside in disgust: the other returned it upon the bookseller's hands; and it is said that Mr. G. himself happened unluckily to be in the shop at the same time.)

Does the Bishop comply with his own precept in the next page? (p. 175.) "Old "age should lenify, should soften men's manners, and make them more mild and "gentle; but often has the contrary effect, hardens their hearts, and makes them "more sour and crabbed."—He is speaking of Dr. Johnson.

Have I ever insinuated that preferment-hunting is the great occupation of an ecclesiastical life? (*Memoirs passim*); that a minister's influence and a bishop's patronage are sometimes pledged eleven deep? (p. 151.) that a prebendary considers the audit week as the better part of the year? (p. 127.) or that the most eminent of priests, the pope himself, would change their religion, if any thing better could be offered them? (p. 56.) Such things are more than insinuated in the Bishop's Life, which afforded some scandal to the church, and some diversion to the profane laity.

“ quod innuere mihi videtur statum mortis esse statum quietis, silentii,
 “ et αεργασίας.” (*De Statu Mortuorum*, ch. v. p. 98.)

I was however encouraged by some domestic and foreign testimonies of applause; and the second and third volumes insensibly rose in sale and reputation to a level with the first. But the public is seldom wrong; and I am inclined to believe that, especially in the beginning, they are more prolix and less entertaining than the first: my efforts had not been relaxed by success, and I had rather deviated into the opposite fault of minute and superfluous diligence. On the Continent, my name and writings were slowly diffused: a French translation of the first volume had disappointed the booksellers of Paris; and a passage in the third was construed as a personal reflection on the reigning monarch*.

Before I could apply for a seat at the general election the list was already full; but Lord North's promise was sincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was soon chosen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington, in Hampshire. In the first session of the new parliament, administration stood their ground; their final overthrow was reserved for the second. The American war had once been the favourite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the resistance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamour into the most vigorous and coercive measures. But the length of a fruitless contest, the loss of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hostile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indisposed the public to the American war, and the

* It may not be generally known that Louis the Sixteenth is a great reader, and a reader of English books. On perusing a passage of my History which seems to compare him to Arcadius or Honorius, he expressed his resentment to the Prince of B****, from whom the intelligence was conveyed to me. I shall neither disclaim the allusion, nor examine the likeness; but the situation of the late King of France excludes all suspicion of flattery; and I am ready to declare that the concluding observations of my third volume were written before his accession to the throne.

persons by whom it was conducted ; the representatives of the people, followed, at a slow distance, the changes of their opinion ; and the ministers who refused to bend, were broken by the tempest. As soon as Lord North had lost, or was about to lose, a majority in the House of Commons, he surrendered his office, and retired to a private station, with the tranquil assurance of a clear conscience and a cheerful temper : the old fabric was dissolved, and the posts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of opposition. The lords of trade were not immediately dismissed, but the board itself was abolished by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive ; and I was stripped of a convenient salary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my History, that the final æra might be fixed at my own choice ; and I long hesitated whether I should be content with the three volumes, the fall of the Western empire, which fulfilled my first engagement with the public. In this interval of suspense, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned by a natural impulse to the Greek authors of antiquity ; I read with new pleasure the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theatre of Athens, and many interesting dialogues of the Socratic school. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wish for the daily task, the active pursuit, which gave a value to every book, and an object to every inquiry : the preface of a new edition announced my design, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Justinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias supplied the events and even the characters of his reign : but a laborious winter was devoted to the Codes, the Pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I presumed to form an abstract of the civil law. My skill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loss of office ; and, excepting the last chapter, I had finished the

fourth volume before I sought a retreat on the banks of the Lemane Lake.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to expatiate on the public or secret history of the times: the schism which followed the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, the appointment of the Earl of Shelburne, the resignation of Mr. Fox, and his famous coalition with Lord North. But I may assert, with some degree of assurance, that in their political conflict those great antagonists had never felt any personal animosity to each other, that their reconciliation was easy and sincere, and that their friendship has never been clouded by the shadow of suspicion or jealousy. The most violent or venal of their respective followers embraced this fair occasion of revolt, but their alliance still commanded a majority in the House of Commons; the peace was censured, Lord Shelburne resigned, and the two friends knelt on the same cushion to take the oath of secretary of state. From a principle of gratitude I adhered to the coalition: my vote was counted in the day of battle, but I was overlooked in the division of the spoil. There were many claimants more deserving and importunate than myself: the board of trade could not be restored; and, while the list of places was curtailed, the number of candidates was doubled. An easy dismissal to a secure seat at the board of customs or excise was promised on the first vacancy: but the chance was distant and doubtful; nor could I solicit with much ardour an ignoble servitude, which would have robbed me of the most valuable of my studious hours: at the same time the tumult of London, and the attendance on parliament, were grown more irksome; and, without some additional income, I could not long or prudently maintain the stile of expence to which I was accustomed.

From my early acquaintance with Laufanne I had always cherished a secret wish, that the school of my youth might become the retreat of my declining age. A moderate fortune would secure the blessings

of ease, leisure, and independence: the country, the people, the manners, the language, were congenial to my taste; and I might indulge the hope of passing some years in the domestic society of a friend. After travelling with several English*, Mr. Deyverdun was now settled at home, in a pleasant habitation, the gift of his deceased aunt: we had long been separated, we had long been silent; yet in my first letter I exposed, with the most perfect confidence, my situation, my sentiments, and my designs. His immediate answer was a warm and joyful acceptance: the picture of our future life provoked my impatience; and the terms of arrangement were short and simple, as he possessed the property, and I undertook the expense of our common house†. Before I could break my English chain, it was incumbent on me to struggle with the feelings of my heart, the indolence of my temper, and the opinion of the world, which unanimously condemned this voluntary banishment. In the disposal of my effects, the library, a sacred deposit, was alone excepted: as my post-chaise moved over Westminster-bridge I bid a long farewell to the “*funum et opes strepitumq; Romæ.*” My journey by the direct road through France was not attended with any accident, and I arrived at Lausanne nearly twenty years after my second departure. Within less than three months the coalition struck on some hidden rocks: had I remained on board, I should have perished in the general shipwreck‡.

Since my establishment at Lausanne, more than seven years have elapsed; and if every day has not been equally soft and serene, not a day, not a moment, has occurred in which I have repented of my choice. During my absence, a long portion of human life, many changes had happened: my elder acquaintance had left the stage;

* Sir Richard Worsley, Lord Chesterfield, Broderick Lord Middleton, and Mr. Hume, brother to Sir Abraham.

† See Appendix, Letters, No. CXXV. CXXVI. CXXVII. CXXVIII. CXXIX. CXXX.

‡ See Appendix, Letter, No. CL.

virgins were ripened into matrons, and children were grown to the age of manhood. But the same manners were transmitted from one generation to another: my friend alone was an inestimable treasure; my name was not totally forgotten, and all were ambitious to welcome the arrival of a stranger and the return of a fellow-citizen. The first winter was given to a general embrace, without any nice discrimination of persons and characters. After a more regular settlement, a more accurate survey, I discovered three solid and permanent benefits of my new situation. 1. My personal freedom had been somewhat impaired by the House of Commons and the Board of Trade; but I was now delivered from the chain of duty and dependence, from the hopes and fears of political adventure: my sober mind was no longer intoxicated by the fumes of party, and I rejoiced in my escape, as often as I read of the midnight debates which preceded the dissolution of parliament *. 2. My English œconomy had been that of a solitary bachelor, who might afford some occasional dinners. In Switzerland I enjoyed at every meal, at every hour, the free and pleasant conversation of the friend of my youth; and my daily table was always provided for the reception of one or two extraordinary guests. Our importance in society is less a positive than a relative weight: in London I was lost in the crowd; I ranked with the first families of Laufanne, and my style of prudent expence enabled me to maintain a fair balance of reciprocal civilities. 3. Instead of a small house between a street and a stable-yard, I began to occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of Mr. Deyverdun: from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Lemán Lake, and the prospect far beyond the Lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintance had been first united in London; but this happy posi-

* See Appendix, Letter, No. CXLVI.

tion of my library in town and country was finally reserved for Laufanne. Possessed of every comfort in this triple alliance, I could not be tempted to change my habitation with the changes of the seasons.

My friends had been kindly apprehensive that I should not be able to exist in a Swiss town at the foot of the Alps, after having so long conversed with the first men of the first cities of the world. Such lofty connections may attract the curious, and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my own value by that of my associates; and whatsoever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has shewn me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life. By many, conversation is esteemed as a theatre or a school: but, after the morning has been occupied by the labours of the library, I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind; and in the interval between tea and supper I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards. Laufanne is peopled by a numerous gentry, whose companionable idleness is seldom disturbed by the pursuits of avarice or ambition: the women, though confined to a domestic education, are endowed for the most part with more taste and knowledge than their husbands and brothers: but the decent freedom of both sexes is equally remote from the extremes of simplicity and refinement. I shall add as a misfortune rather than a merit, that the situation and beauty of the Pays de Vaud, the long habits of the English, the medical reputation of Dr. Tissot, and the fashion of viewing the mountains and *Glaciers*, have opened us on all sides to the incursions of foreigners. The visits of Mr. and Madame Necker, of Prince Henry of Prussia, and of Mr. Fox, may form some pleasing exceptions; but, in general, Laufanne has appeared most agreeable in my eyes, when we have been abandoned to our own society. I had frequently seen Mr. Necker, in the summer of 1784, at a country house near Laufanne, where he composed his

Treatise on the Administration of the Finances. I have since, in October 1790, visited him in his present residence, the castle and barony of Copet, near Geneva. Of the merits and measures of that statesman various opinions may be entertained; but all impartial men must agree in their esteem of his integrity and patriotism.

In the month of August 1784, Prince Henry of Prussia, in his way to Paris, passed three days at Lausanne. His military conduct has been praised by professional men; his character has been vilified by the wit and malice of a *dæmon**; but I was flattered by his affability, and entertained by his conversation.

In his tour of Switzerland (September 1788) Mr. Fox gave me two days of free and private society†. He seemed to feel, and even to envy, the happiness of my situation; while I admired the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character with the softness and simplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falsehood.

My transmigration from London to Lausanne could not be effected without interrupting the course of my historical labours. The hurry of my departure, the joy of my arrival, the delay of my tools, suspended their progress; and a full twelvemonth was lost before I could resume the thread of regular and daily industry. A number of books most requisite and least common had been previously selected; the academical library of Lausanne, which I could use as my own, contained at least the fathers and councils; and I have derived some occasional succour from the public collections of Berne and Geneva. The fourth volume was soon terminated, by an abstract of the controversies of the Incarnation, which the learned Dr. Prideaux was apprehensive of exposing to profane eyes. It had been the original design of the learned Dean Prideaux to write the

* *Memoire Secret de la Cour de Berlin.*

† See Letter in the Continuation, October 1, 1788.

history of the ruin of the Eastern Church. In this work it would have been necessary, not only to unravel all those controversies which the Christians made about the hypostatical union, but also to unfold all the niceties and subtle notions which each sect entertained concerning it. The pious historian was apprehensive of exposing that incomprehensible mystery to the cavils and objections of unbelievers; and he durst not, “feeling the nature of this book, venture “it abroad in so wanton and lewd an age*.”

In the fifth and sixth volumes the revolutions of the empire and the world are most rapid, various, and instructive; and the Greek or Roman historians are checked by the hostile narratives of the barbarians of the East and the West †.

It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctness, and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long, but temperate, labour has been accomplished, without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many even-

* See preface to the Life of Mahomet, p. 10, 11.

† I have followed the judicious precept of the Abbé de Mably, (*Manière d'écrire l'Histoire*, p. 110.) who advises the historian not to dwell too minutely on the decay of the eastern empire; but to consider the barbarian conquerors as a more worthy subject of his narrative. “*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*”

ings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Laufanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revival.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five, quartos. 1. My first rough manuscript; without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are exclusively my own*.

I cannot help recollecting a much more extraordinary fact, which is affirmed of himself by Retif de la Bretonne, a voluminous and original writer of French novels. He laboured, and may still labour,

* *Extract from Mr. GIBBON's Common-place Book.*

The IVth Volume of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,	}	begun March 1st, 1782—ended June 1784.
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The Vth Volume,	- - -	begun July 1784—ended May 1st, 1786.
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The VIth Volume,	- - -	begun May 18th, 1786—ended June 27th, 1787.
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These three volumes were sent to press August 15th, 1787, and the whole impression was concluded April following.

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in the humble office of corrector to a printing-house; but this office enabled him to transport an entire volume from his mind to the press; and his work was given to the public without ever having been written with a pen.

After a quiet residence of four years, during which I had never moved ten miles from Lausanne, it was not without some reluctance and terror that I undertook, in a journey of two hundred leagues, to cross the mountains and the sea. Yet this formidable adventure was achieved without danger or fatigue; and at the end of a fortnight I found myself in Lord Sheffield's house and library, safe, happy, and at home. The character of my friend (Mr. Holroyd) had recommended him to a seat in parliament for Coventry, the command of a regiment of light dragoons, and an Irish peerage. The sense and spirit of his political writings have decided the public opinion on the great questions of our commercial interest with America and Ireland *.

The sale of his *Observations on the American States* was diffusive, their effect beneficial; the Navigation Act, the palladium of Britain, was defended, and perhaps saved, by his pen; and he proves, by the weight of fact and argument, that the mother-country may survive and flourish after the loss of America. My friend has never cultivated the arts of composition; but his materials are copious and correct, and he leaves on his paper the clear impression of an active and vigorous mind. His "*Observations on the Trade, Manufactures, and present State of Ireland*," were intended to guide the industry, to correct the prejudices, and to assuage the passions of a country which seemed to forget that she could be free and prosperous only by a friendly connection with Great Britain. The concluding observations are written with so much ease and spirit, that they may be read by those who are the least interested in the subject.

* *Observations on the Commerce of the American States*, by John Lord Sheffield, the 6th edition, London, 1784, in octavo.

He fell (in 1784) with the unpopular coalition ; but his merit has been acknowledged at the last general election, 1790, by the honourable invitation and free choice of the city of Bristol. During the whole time of my residence in England I was entertained at Sheffield-Place and in Downing-Street by his hospitable kindness ; and the most pleasant period was that which I passed in the domestic society of the family. In the larger circle of the metropolis I observed the country and the inhabitants with the knowledge, and without the prejudices, of an Englishman ; but I rejoiced in the apparent increase of wealth and prosperity, which might be fairly divided between the spirit of the nation and the wisdom of the minister. All party-resentment was now lost in oblivion : since I was no man's rival, no man was my enemy. I felt the dignity of independence, and as I asked no more, I was satisfied with the general civilities of the world. The house in London which I frequented with most pleasure and assiduity was that of Lord North. After the loss of power and of sight, he was still happy in himself and his friends ; and my public tribute of gratitude and esteem could no longer be suspected of any interested motive. Before my departure from England, I was present at the august spectacle of Mr. Hastings's trial in Westminster Hall. It is not my province to absolve or condemn the Governor of India ; but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence demanded my applause ; nor could I hear without emotion the personal compliment which he paid me in the presence of the British nation *.

From this display of genius, which blazed four successive days, I shall stoop to a very mechanical circumstance. As I was waiting in the managers' box, I had the curiosity to inquire of the short-

* He said the facts that made up the volume of narrative were unparalleled in atrociousness, and that nothing equal in criminality was to be traced, either in ancient or modern history, in the correct periods of Tacitus or the luminous page of Gibbon, *Morning Chronicle*, June 14, 1788.

hand writer, how many words a ready and rapid orator might pronounce in an hour? From 7000 to 7500 was his answer. The medium of 7200 will afford 120 words in a minute, and two words in each second. But this computation will only apply to the English language.

As the publication of my three last volumes was the principal object, so it was the first care of my English journey. The previous arrangements with the bookseller and the printer were settled in my passage through London, and the proofs, which I returned more correct, were transmitted every post from the press to Sheffield-Place. The length of the operation, and the leisure of the country, allowed some time to review my manuscript. Several rare and useful books, the *Affises de Jerusalem*, *Ramusius de Bello C. P^{ar}o*, the Greek Acts of the Synod of Florence, the *Statuta Urbis Romæ*, &c. were procured, and introduced in their proper places the supplements which they afforded. The impression of the fourth volume had consumed three months. Our common interest required that we should move with a quicker pace; and Mr. Strahan fulfilled his engagement, which few printers could sustain, of delivering every week three thousand copies of nine sheets. The day of publication was, however, delayed, that it might coincide with the fifty-first anniversary of my own birth-day; the double festival was celebrated by a cheerful literary dinner at Mr. Cadell's house; and I seemed to blush while they read an elegant compliment from Mr. Hayley *, whose poetical talents

* OCCASIONAL STANZAS, by MR. HAYLEY, read after the Dinner at Mr. CADELL's, May 3, 1783; being the Day of the Publication of the Three Last Volumes of Mr. GIBBON's *History*, and his Birth-day.

GENII of ENGLAND, and of ROME!
In mutual triumph here assume
The honors each may claim!
This social scene with smiles survey!
And consecrate the festive day
To Friendship and to Fame!

Enough,

talents had more than once been employed in the praise of his friend. Before Mr. Hayley inscribed with my name his epistles on history, I was not acquainted with that amiable man and elegant poet. He

Enough, by Desolation's tide,
 With anguish, and indignant pride,
 Has ROME bewail'd her fate ;
 And mourn'd that Time, in Havoc's hour,
 Defac'd each monument, of power
 To speak her truly great :

O'er maim'd POLYBIUS, just and sage,
 O'er LIVY's mutilated page,
 How deep was her regret !
 Touch'd by this Queen, in ruin grand,
 See ! Glory, by an English hand,
 Now pays a mighty debt :

Lo ! sacred to the ROMAN Name,
 And rais'd, like ROME's immortal Fame,
 By Genius and by Toil,
 The splendid Work is crown'd to-day,
 On which Oblivion ne'er shall prey,
 Nor Envy make her spoil !

ENGLAND, exult ! and view not now
 With jealous glance each nation's brow,
 Where Hist'ry's palm has spread !
 In every path of liberal art,
 Thy Sons to prime distinction start,
 And no superior dread.

Science for Thee a NEWTON rais'd ;
 For thy renown a SHAKESPEARE blaz'd,
 Lord of the drama's sphere !
 In different fields to equal praise
 See Hist'ry now thy GIBBON raise
 To shine without a peer !

Eager to honor living worth,
 And blest to-day the double birth,
 That proudest joy may claim,
 Let artless Truth this homage pay,
 And consecrate the festive day
 To Friendship and to Fame !

afterwards

afterwards thanked me in verse for my second and third volumes †; and in the summer of 1781, the Roman Eagle ‡ (a proud title) accepted

† SONNET to EDWARD GIBBON esq.

On the Publication of his Second and Third Volumes, 1781.

WITH proud delight th' imperial founder gaz'd
On the new beauty of his second Rome,
When on his eager eye rich temples blaz'd,
And his fair city rose in youthful bloom:
A pride more noble may thy heart assume,
O GIBBON! gazing on thy growing work,
In which, constructed for a happier doom,
No hasty marks of vain ambition lurk:
Thou may'st deride both Time's destructive sway,
And baser Envy's beauty-mangling dirk;
Thy gorgeous fabric, plann'd with wise delay,
Shall baffle foes more savage than the Turk;
As ages multiply, its fame shall rise,
And earth must perish ere its splendor dies.

HAYLEY's *Works*, 8vo edit. vol. i. p. 162.

‡ A CARD of INVITATION to Mr. GIBBON at *Brightelmystone*, 1781.

AN English sparrow, pert and free,
Who chirps beneath his native tree,
Hearing the Roman eagle's near,
And feeling more respect than fear,
Thus, with united love and awe,
Invites him to his shed of straw.
Tho' he is but a twittering sparrow,
The field he hops in rather narrow,
When nobler plumes attract his view
He ever pays them homage due,
He looks with reverential wonder
On him, whose talons bear the thunder;
Nor could the Jackdaws e'er inveigle
His voice to vilify the eagle,
Tho' issuing from the holy tow'rs,
In which they build their warmest bow'rs,
Their sovereign's haunt they flyly search,
In hopes to catch him on his perch,
(For Pindar says, beside his God
The thunder-bearing bird will nod,)

cepted the invitation of the English Sparrow, who chirped in the groves of Eartham, near Chichester. As most of the former purchasers were naturally desirous of completing their sets, the sale of the quarto edition was quick and easy; and an octavo size was printed, to satisfy at a cheaper rate the public demand. The conclusion of my work was generally read, and variously judged. The style has been exposed to much academical criticism; a religious clamour was revived, and the reproach of indecency has been loudly echoed by the rigid censors of morals. I never could understand the clamour that has been raised against the indecency of my three last volumes. 1. An equal degree of freedom in the former part, especially in the first volume, had passed without reproach. 2. I am justified in painting the manners of the times; the vices of Theodora form an essential feature in the reign and character of Justinian. 3. My English text is chaste, and all licentious passages are left in the obscurity of a learned language. *Le Latin dans ses mots brave l'honnêteté*, says the correct Boileau, in a country and idiom more scrupulous than our own. Yet, upon the whole, the History of the Decline and Fall seems to have struck root, both at home and abroad, and may, perhaps, a hundred years hence still continue to

Then, peeping round his still retreat,
 They pick from underneath his feet
 Some molted feather he lets fall,
 And swear he cannot fly at all.—
 Lord of the sky! whose pounce can tear
 These croakers, that infest the air,
 Trust him! the sparrow loves to sing
 The praise of thy imperial wing!
 He thinks thou'lt deem him, on his word,
 An honest, though familiar bird;
 And hopes thou soon wilt condescend
 To look upon thy little friend;
 That he may boast around his grove
 A visit from the bird of Jove.

HAYLEY'S *Works*, vol. i. p. 189.

be abused. I am less flattered by Mr. Porson's high encomium on the style and spirit of my history, than I am satisfied with his honourable testimony to my attention, diligence, and accuracy; those humble virtues, which religious zeal had most audaciously denied. The sweetness of his praise is tempered by a reasonable mixture of acid *. As the book may not be common in England, I shall transcribe my own character from the Bibliotheca Historica of Meuselius †, a learned and laborious German. "Summis ævi nostri
 " historicis Gibbonus sine dubio adnumerandus est. Inter capitoli
 " ruinas stans primum hujus operis scribendi consilium cepit. Flo
 " rentissimos vitæ annos colligendo et laborando eidem impendit.
 " Enatum inde monumentum ære perennius, licet passim appareant
 " sinistrè dicta, minus perfecta, veritati non satis consentanea. Vi
 " demus quidem ubique fere studium scrutandi veritatemque scri
 " bendi maximum: tamen sine Tillemontio duce ubi scilicet hujus
 " historia finitur sæpius noster titubat atque hallucinatur. Quod vel
 " maxime fit, ubi de rebus Ecclesiasticis vel de juris prudentiâ Romanâ
 " (tom. iv.) tradit, et in aliis locis. Attamen nævi hujus generis
 " haud impediunt quo minus operis summam et *οικονομίαν* præclare
 " dispositam, delectum rerum sapientissimum, argutum quoque inter
 " dum, dictionemque seu stylum historico æque ac philosopho dig
 " nissimum, et vix a quoque alio Anglo, Humio ac Robertsono haud
 " exceptis (*præceptum?*) vehementer laudemus, atque sæculo nostro
 " de hujusmodi historiâ gratulemur Gibbonus adversarios cum
 " in tum extra patriam nactus est, quia propagationem religionis
 " Christianæ, non, ut vulgo, fieri solet, aut more Theologorum, sed
 " ut Historicum et Philosophum decet, exposuerat."

The French, Italian, and German translations have been executed with various success; but, instead of patronizing, I should willingly

* See his preface, page 28. 32.

† Vol. iv. part 1. page 342. 344.

suppress such imperfect copies, which injure the character, while they propagate the name of the author. The first volume had been feebly, though faithfully, translated into French by M. Le Clerc de Septchenes, a young gentleman of a studious character and liberal fortune. After his decease the work was continued by two manufacturers of Paris, M. M. Desmuniers and Cantwell: but the former is now an active member in the national assembly, and the undertaking languishes in the hands of his associate. The superior merit of the interpreter, or his language, inclines me to prefer the Italian version: but I wish that it were in my power to read the German, which is praised by the best judges. The Irish pirates are at once my friends and my enemies. But I cannot be displeased with the two numerous and correct impressions which have been published for the use of the continent at Basil in Switzerland*. The conquests of our language and literature are not confined to Europe alone, and a writer who succeeds in London, is speedily read on the banks of the Delaware and the Ganges.

In the preface of the fourth volume, while I gloried in the name of an Englishman, I announced my approaching return to the neighbourhood of the Lake of Lausanne. This last trial confirmed my assurance that I had wisely chosen for my own happiness; nor did I once, in a year's visit, entertain a wish of settling in my native country. Britain is the free and fortunate island; but where is the spot in which I could unite the comforts and beauties of my establishment at Lausanne? The tumult of London astonished my eyes and ears; the amusements of public places were no longer adequate to the trouble; the clubs and assemblies were filled with new faces and young men; and our best society, our long and late dinners, would

* Of their fourteen octavo volumes the two last include the whole body of the notes. The public importunity had forced me to remove them from the end of the volume to the bottom of the page; but I have often repented of my compliance.

soon have been prejudicial to my health. Without any share in the political wheel, I must be idle and insignificant : yet the most splendid temptations would not have enticed me to engage a second time in the servitude of parliament or office. At Tunbridge, some weeks after the publication of my History, I reluctantly quitted Lord and Lady Sheffield, and, with a young Swift friend *, whom I had introduced to the English world, I pursued the road of Dover and Lausanne. My habitation was embellished in my absence, and the last division of books, which followed my steps, increased my chosen library to the number of between six and seven thousand volumes. My seraglio was ample, my choice was free, my appetite was keen. After a full repast on Homer and Aristophanes, I involved myself in the philosophic maze of the writings of Plato, of which the dramatic is, perhaps, more interesting than the argumentative part : but I stepped aside into every path of inquiry which reading or reflection accidentally opened.

Alas ! the joy of my return, and my studious ardour, were soon damped by the melancholy state of my friend Mr. Deyverdun. His health and spirits had long suffered a gradual decline, a succession of apoplectic fits announced his dissolution ; and before he expired, those who loved him could not wish for the continuance of his life. The voice of reason might congratulate his deliverance, but the feelings of nature and friendship could be subdued only by time : his amiable character was still alive in my remembrance ; each room, each walk, was imprinted with our common footsteps ; and I should blush at my own philosophy, if a long interval of study had not preceded and followed the death of my friend. By his last will he left to me the option of purchasing his house and garden, or of possessing them during my life, on the payment either of a stipulated price, or of

* M. Wilhelm. de Severy.

an easy retribution to his kinsman and heir. I should probably have been tempted by the dæmon of property, if some legal difficulties had not been started against my title: a contest would have been vexatious, doubtful, and invidious; and the heir most gratefully subscribed an agreement, which rendered my life-possession more perfect, and his future condition more advantageous. Yet I had often revolved the judicious lines in which Pope answers the objections of his long-fighted friend:

Pity to build without or child or wife;
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life:
 Well, if the use be mine, does it concern one,
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

The certainty of my tenure has allowed me to lay out a considerable sum in improvements and alterations: they have been executed with skill and taste; and few men of letters, perhaps, in Europe, are so desirably lodged as myself. But I feel, and with the decline of years I shall more painfully feel, that I am alone in paradise. Among the circle of my acquaintance at Lausanne, I have gradually acquired the solid and tender friendship of a respectable family*: the four persons of whom it is composed are all endowed with the virtues best adapted to their age and situation; and I am encouraged to love the parents as a brother, and the children as a father. Every day we seek and find the opportunities of meeting: yet even this valuable connection cannot supply the loss of domestic society.

Within the last two or three years our tranquillity has been clouded by the disorders of France: many families at Lausanne were alarmed and affected by the terrors of an impending bankruptcy; but the revolution, or rather the dissolution of the kingdom has been heard and felt in the adjacent lands.

* The family of de Severy.

I beg leave to subscribe my assent to Mr. Burke's creed on the revolution of France. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can almost excuse his reverence for church establishments. I have sometimes thought of writing a dialogue of the dead, in which Lucian, Erasmus, and Voltaire should mutually acknowledge the danger of exposing an old superstition to the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude.

A swarm of emigrants of both sexes, who escaped from the public ruin, has been attracted by the vicinity, the manners, and the language of Lausanne; and our narrow habitations in town and country are now occupied by the first names and titles of the departed monarchy. These noble fugitives are entitled to our pity; they may claim our esteem, but they cannot, in their present state of mind and fortune, much contribute to our amusement. Instead of looking down as calm and idle spectators on the theatre of Europe, our domestic harmony is somewhat embittered by the infusion of party spirit: our ladies and gentlemen assume the character of self-taught politicians; and the sober dictates of wisdom and experience are silenced by the clamour of the triumphant *democrates*. The fanatic missionaries of sedition have scattered the seeds of discontent in our cities and villages, which had flourished above two hundred and fifty years without fearing the approach of war, or feeling the weight of government. Many individuals, and some communities, appear to be infested with the Gallic phrenzy, the wild theories of equal and boundless freedom; but I trust that the body of the people will be faithful to their sovereign and to themselves; and I am satisfied that the failure or success of a revolt would equally terminate in the ruin of the country. While the aristocracy of Bern protects the happiness, it is superfluous to enquire whether it be founded in the rights of man: the œconomy of the state is liberally supplied without the aid of taxes; and the magistrates *must* reign with prudence and equity, since they are unarmed in the midst of an armed nation.

The revenue of Bern, excepting some small duties, is derived from church lands, tithes, feudal rights, and interest of money. The republic has nearly 500,000*l.* sterling in the English funds, and the amount of their treasure is unknown to the citizens themselves. For myself (may the omen be averted) I can only declare, that the first stroke of a rebel drum would be the signal of my immediate departure.

When I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. The far greater part of the globe is overspread with barbarism or slavery: in the civilized world, the most numerous class is condemned to ignorance and poverty; and the double fortune of my birth in a free and enlightened country, in an honourable and wealthy family, is the lucky chance of an unit against millions. The general probability is about three to one, that a new-born infant will not live to complete his fiftieth year*. I have now passed that age, and may fairly estimate the present value of my existence in the three-fold division of mind, body, and estate.

1. The first and indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience, unfulfilled by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

— Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

I am endowed with a cheerful temper, a moderate sensibility, and a natural disposition to repose rather than to activity: some mischievous appetites and habits have perhaps been corrected by philosophy or time. The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure; and I am not sensible

* See Buffon, *Supplement à l'Histoire naturelle*, tom. vii. page 158—164. of a given number of new-born infants, one half, by the fault of nature or man, is extinguished before the age of puberty and reason.—A melancholy calculation!

of any decay of the mental faculties. The original soil has been highly improved by cultivation ; but it may be questioned, whether some flowers of fancy, some grateful errors, have not been eradicated with the weeds of prejudice. 2. Since I have escaped from the long perils of my childhood, the serious advice of a physician has seldom been requisite. “ The madness of superfluous health ” I have never known ; but my tender constitution has been fortified by time, and the inestimable gift of the sound and peaceful slumbers of infancy may be imputed both to the mind and body. 3. I have already described the merits of my society and situation ; but these enjoyments would be tasteless or bitter if their possession were not assured by an annual and adequate supply. According to the scale of Switzerland, I am a rich man ; and I am indeed rich, since my income is superior to my expence, and my expence is equal to my wishes. My friend Lord Sheffield has kindly relieved me from the cares to which my taste and temper are most adverse : shall I add, that since the failure of my first wishes, I have never entertained any serious thoughts of a matrimonial connection ?

I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow ; and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution *. My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson : twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my History ; and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world, to which I should not otherwise have been entitled. The freedom of my writings has indeed provoked an implacable tribe ; but, as I

* Mr. d'Alembert relates, that as he was walking in the gardens of Sans Souci with the King of Prussia, Frederic said to him, “ Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, “ asleep on that sunny bank ? she is probably a more happy being than either of us.” The king and the philosopher may speak for themselves ; for my part I do not envy the old woman.

was safe from the stings, I was soon accustomed to the buzzing of the hornets: my nerves are not tremblingly alive, and my literary temper is so happily framed, that I am less sensible of pain than of pleasure. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague indiscriminate praise; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his moral sympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the present hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land: that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of those who are yet unborn*. I cannot boast of the friendship or favour of princes; the patronage of English literature has long since been devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application.

The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may *possibly* be my last: but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years†. I shall soon enter into
the

* In the first of antient or modern romances (Tom Jones), this proud sentiment, this feast of fancy, is enjoyed by the genius of Fielding.—“Come, bright love of fame, &c. fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretell me that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee but to enjoy, nay even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by the solemn assurance, that, when the little parlour in which I sit at this moment shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.” Book xiii. ch. 1.

† Mr. Buffon, from our disregard of the possibility of death within the four and twenty hours, concludes that a chance, which falls below or rises above ten thousand to one, will never affect the hopes or fears of a reasonable man.

the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis *. In private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or body; but I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.

The fact is true, but our courage is the effect of thoughtlessness, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were inscribed on one of the ten thousand tickets, should we be perfectly easy?

* See Buffon.



WHEN I first undertook to prepare Mr. Gibbon's Memoirs for the press, I supposed that it would be necessary to introduce some continuation of them, from the time when they cease, namely, soon after his return to Switzerland in the year 1788 ; but the examination of his correspondence with me suggested, that the best continuation would be the publication of his letters from that time to his death. I shall thus give more satisfaction, by employing the language of Mr. Gibbon, instead of my own ; and the public will see him in a new and (I think) an admirable light, as a writer of letters. By the insertion of a few occasional sentences, I shall obviate the disadvantages that are apt to arise from an interrupted narration. A prejudiced or a fastidious critic may condemn, perhaps, some parts of the letters as trivial ; but many readers, I flatter myself, will be gratified by discovering even in these my friend's affectionate feelings, and his character in familiar life. His letters in general bear a strong resemblance to the style and turn of his conversation ; the characteristics of which were vivacity, elegance, and precision, with knowledge astonishingly extensive and correct. He never ceased to be instructive and entertaining ; and in general there was a vein of pleasantry in his conversation which prevented its becoming languid, even during a residence of many months with a family in the country.

It has been supposed that he always arranged what he intended to say, before he spoke ; his quickness in conversation contradicts this

notion: but it is very true, that before he sat down to write a note or letter, he completely arranged in his mind what he meant to express. He pursued the same method in respect to other composition; and he occasionally would walk several times about his apartment before he had rounded a period to his taste. He has pleasantly remarked to me, that it sometimes cost him many a turn before he could throw a sentiment into a form that gratified his own criticism. His systematic habit of arrangement in point of style, assisted, in his instance, by an excellent memory and correct judgment, is much to be recommended to those who aspire to any perfection in writing.

Although the Memoirs extend beyond the time of Mr. Gibbon's return to Lausanne, I shall insert a few Letters, written immediately after his arrival there, and combine them so far as to include even the last note which he wrote a few days previously to his death. Some of them contain few incidents; but they connect and carry on the account either of his opinions or of his employment.

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LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON Esq.

TO THE

Right Hon. *LORD SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, July 30, 1788.—Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

I HAVE but a moment to say, before the departure of the post, that after a very pleasant journey I arrived here about half an hour ago ; that I am as well arranged, as if I had never stirred from this place ; and that dinner on the table is just announced. Severy I dropt at his country-house about two leagues off. I just saluted the family, who dine with me the day after to-morrow, and return to town for some days, I hope weeks, on my account. The son is an amiable and grateful youth ; and even this journey has taught me to know and to love him still better. My satisfaction would be complete, had I not found a sad and serious alteration in poor Deyverdun : but thus our joys are chequered ! I embrace all ; and at this moment feel the last pang of our parting at Tunbridge. Convey this letter or information, without delay, from Sheffield-Place to Bath. In a few days I shall write more amply to both places.

I

AFTER

October 1, 1788.

AFTER such an act of vigor as my first letter, composed, finished, and dispatched within half an hour after my landing, while the dinner was smoaking on the table, your knowledge of the animal must have taught you to expect a proportionable degree of relaxation; and you will be satisfied to hear, that, for many Wednesdays and Saturdays, I have consumed more time than would have sufficed for the epistle, in devising reasons for procrastinating it to the next post. At this very moment I begin so very late, as I am just going to dress, and dine in the country, that I can take only the benefit of the date, October the first, and must be content to seal and send my letter next Saturday.

October the 4th.

SATURDAY is now arrived, and I much doubt whether I shall have time to finish. I rose, as usual, about seven; but as I knew I should have so much time, you know it would have been ridiculous to begin any thing before breakfast. When I returned from my breakfast-room to the library, unluckily I found on the table some new and interesting books, which instantly caught my attention; and without injuring my correspondent, I could safely bestow a single hour to gratify my curiosity. Some things which I found in them insensibly led me to other books, and other enquiries; the morning has stolen away, and I shall be soon summoned to dress and dine with the two Severys, father and son, who are returned from the country on a disagreeable errand, an illness of Madame, from which she is however recovering. Such is the faithful picture of my mind and manners, and from a single day *disce omnes*. After having been so long chained to the oar, in a splendid galley indeed, I freely and fairly enjoy my liberty as I promised in my preface; range without

control over the wide expanse of my library ; converse, as my fancy prompts me, with poets and historians, philosophers and orators, of every age and language ; and often indulge my meditations in the invention and arrangement of mighty works, which I shall probably never find time or application to execute. My garden, berceau, and pavilion often varied the scene of my studies ; the beautiful weather which we have enjoyed exhilarated my spirits, and I again tasted the wisdom and happiness of my retirement, till that happiness was interrupted by a very serious calamity, which took from me for above a fortnight all thoughts of study, of amusement, and even of correspondence. I mentioned in my first letter the uneasiness I felt at poor Deyverdun's declining health, how much the pleasure of my life was embittered by the sight of a suffering and languid friend. The joy of our meeting appeared at first to revive him ; and, though not satisfied, I began to think, at least to hope, that he was every day gaining ground ; when, alas ! one morning I was suddenly recalled from my berceau to the house, with the dreadful intelligence of an apoplectic stroke ; I found him senseless : the best assistance was instantly collected ; and he had the aid of the genius and experience of Mr. Tissot, and of the assiduous care of another physician, who for some time scarcely quitted his bedside either night or day. While I was in momentary dread of a relapse, with a confession from his physicians that such a relapse must be fatal, you will feel that I was much more to be pitied than my friend. At length, art or nature triumphed over the enemy of life. I was soon assured that all immediate danger was past ; and now for many days I have had the satisfaction of seeing him recover, though by slow degrees, his health and strength, his sleep and appetite. He now walks about the garden, and receives his particular friends, but has not yet gone abroad. His future health will depend very much upon his own prudence : but, at all events, this has been a very serious warning ; and the slightest indisposition will hereafter assume a very formidable aspect. But let us
turn

turn from this melancholy subject.—The Man of the People escaped from the tumult, the bloody tumult of the Westminster election, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and I was informed that he was arrived at the Lyon d'Or. I sent a compliment; he answered it in person, and settled at my house for the remainder of the day. I have eat and drank, and conversed and sat up all night with Fox in England; but it never has happened, perhaps it never can happen again, that I should enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night. Poor Deyverdun, before his accident, wanted spirits to appear, and has regretted it since. Our conversation never flagged a moment; and he seemed thoroughly pleased with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, such a character of Pitt, as one great man should give of another his rival: much of books, from my own, on which he flattered me very pleasantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights: much about the country, my garden (which he understands far better than I do), and, upon the whole, I think he envies me, and would do so were he minister. The next morning I gave him a guide to walk him about the town and country, and invited some company to meet him at dinner. The following day he continued his journey to Bern and Zurich, and I have heard of him by various means. The people gaze on him as a prodigy, but he shews little inclination to converse with them, &c. &c. &c. Our friend *Douglas* has been curious, attentive, agreeable; and in every place where he has resided some days, he has left acquaintance who esteem and regret him: I never knew so clear and general an impression.

After this long letter I have yet many things to say, though none of any pressing consequence. I hope you are not idle in the deliverance of Beriton, though the late events and edicts in France begin to reconcile me to the possession of dirty acres. What think you of Necker and the States Generales? Are not the public expectations

too

too sanguine? Adieu. I will write soon to my lady separately, though I have not any particular subject for her ear. Ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Nov. 29, 1788.

As I have no correspondents but yourself, I should have been reduced to the stale and stupid communications of the newspapers, if you had not dispatched me an excellent sketch of the extraordinary state of things. In so new a case the *salus populi* must be the first law; and any extraordinary acts of the two remaining branches of the legislature must be excused by necessity, and ratified by general consent. * * * * *
* *. Till things are settled, I expect a regular journal.

From kingdoms I descend to farms. * * * * *
* * * * *. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 13, 1788.

* * * * *
* * * * *. Of public affairs I can only hear with curiosity and wonder: careless as you may think me, I feel myself deeply interested. You must now write often; make Miss Firth copy any curious fragments; and stir up any of my well-informed acquaintance, Batt, Douglas, Adam, perhaps Lord Loughborough, to correspond with me; I *will* answer them.

We are now cold and gay at Lausanne. The Severys came to town yesterday. I saw a good deal of Lords Malmesbury and Beauchamp, and their ladies; Ellis, of the *Rolliad*, was with them; I like him much: I gave them a dinner.

Adieu for the present. Deyverdun is not worse.

LAUSANNE, April 25, 1789.

BEFORE your letter, which I received yesterday, I was in the anxious situation of a king, who hourly expects a courier from his general, with the news of a decisive engagement. I had abstained from writing, for fear of dropping a word, or betraying a feeling, which might render you too cautious or too bold. On the famous 8th of April, between twelve and two, I reflected that the business was determined; and each succeeding day I computed the speedy approach of your messenger, with favourable or melancholy tidings. When I broke the seal, I expected to read, "What a damned unlucky fellow you are! Nothing tolerable was offered, and I indignantly withdrew the estate." I *did* remember the fate of poor Lenborough, and I was afraid of your magnanimity, &c. It is whimsical enough, but it is human nature, that I now begin to think of the deep-rooted foundations of land, and the airy fabric of the funds. I not only consent, but even wish, to have eight or ten thousand pounds on a good mortgage. The pipe of wine you sent to me was seized, and would have been confiscated, if the government of Berne had not treated me with the most flattering and distinguished civility: they not only released the wine, but they paid out of their own pocket the shares to which the bailiff and the informer were entitled by law. I should not forget that the bailiff refused to accept of his part. Poor Deyverdun's constitution is quite broken; he has had two or three attacks, not so violent as the first: every time the door is hastily opened, I expect to hear of some fatal accident: the best or worst hopes of the physicians are only that he may linger some time longer; but, if he lives till the summer, they propose sending him to some mineral waters at Aix, in Savoy. You will be glad to hear that I am now assured of possessing, during my life, this delightful house and garden. The act has been lately executed in the best form, and the handsomest manner. I know not what to say of your
miracles

miracles at home : we rejoice in the king's recovery, and its ministerial consequences ; and I cannot be insensible to the hope, at least the chance, of seeing in this country a first lord of trade, or secretary at war. In your answer, which I shall impatiently expect, you will give me a full and true account of your designs, which by this time must have dropt, or be determined at least, for the present year. If you come, it is high time that we should look out for a house—a task much less easy than you may possibly imagine. Among new books, I recommend to you the Count de Mirabeau's great work, “ Sur la Monarchie Prussienne ;” it is in your own way, and gives a very just and complete idea of that wonderful machine. His “ Correspondence Secrette” is diabolically good. Adieu. Ever yours.

LAUSANNE, June 13, 1789.

You are in truth a wise, active, indefatigable, and inestimable friend ; and as our virtues are often connected with our faults, if you were more tame and placid, you would be perhaps of less use and value. A very important and difficult transaction seems to be nearly terminated with success and mutual satisfaction : we seem to run before the wind with a prosperous gale ; and, unless we should strike on some secret rocks which I do not foresee, shall, on or before the 31st July, enter the harbour of Content ; though I cannot pursue the metaphor by adding we shall *land*, since our operation is of a very opposite tendency. I could not easily forgive myself for shutting you up in a dark room with parchments and attornies, did I not reflect that this probably is the last material trouble that you will ever have on my account ; and that after the labours and delays of twenty years, I shall at last attain what I have always sighed for, a clear and competent income, above my wants, and equal to my wishes. In this contemplation you will be sufficiently rewarded. I hope ***** will be content with our title-deeds, for I cannot furnish

another shred of parchment. Mrs. Gibbon's jointure is secured on the Beriton estate, and her legal consent is requisite for the sale. Again and again I must repeat my hope that she is perfectly satisfied, and that the close of her life may not be embittered by suspicion, or fear, or discontent. What new security does she prefer,—the funds, the mortgage, or your land? At all events she must be made easy. I wrote to her again some time ago, and begged that if she were too weak to write, she would desire Mrs. Gould or Mrs. Holroyd to give me a line concerning her state of health. To this no answer; I am afraid she is displeased.

Now for the disposal of the money: I approve of the 8000l. mortgage on Beriton; and honour your prudence in not shewing, by the comparison of the rent and interest, how foolish it is to purchase land. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 There is a chance of my drawing a considerable sum into this country, for an arrangement which you yourself must approve, but which I have not time to explain at present. For the sake of dispatching, by this evening's post, an answer to your letter which arrived this morning, I confine myself to the *needful*, but in the course of a few days I will send a more familiar epistle. Adieu. Ever yours.

LAUSANNE, July 14, 1789:

POOR Deyverdun is no more: he expired Saturday the 4th instant; and in his unfortunate situation, death could only be viewed by himself, and by his friends, in the light of a consummation devoutly to be wished. Since September he has had a dozen apoplectic strokes, more or less violent: in the intervals between them his strength gradually decayed; every principle of life was exhausted; and had he continued to drag a miserable existence, he must probably have survived the loss of his faculties. Of all misfortunes this was what he
 himself

himself most apprehended: but his reason was clear and calm to the last; he beheld his approaching dissolution with the firmness of a philosopher. I fancied that time and reflection had prepared me for the event; but the habits of three-and-thirty years friendship are not so easily broken. The first days, and more especially the first nights, were indeed painful. Last Wednesday and Saturday it would not have been in my power to write. I must now recollect myself, since it is necessary for me not only to impart the news, but to ask your opinion in a very serious and doubtful question, which must be decided without loss of time. I shall state the facts, but as I am on the spot, and as new lights may occur, I do not promise implicit obedience.

Had my poor friend died without a will, a female *first* cousin settled somewhere in the north of Germany, and whom I believe he had never seen, would have been his heir at law. In the next degree he had several cousins; and one of these, an old companion, by name Mr. de Montagny, he has chosen for his heir. As this house and garden was the best and clearest part of poor Deyverdun's fortune; as there is a heavy duty or fine (what they call *lods*) on every change of property out of the legal descent; as Montagny has a small estate and a large family, it was necessary to make some provision in his favour. The will therefore leaves me the option of enjoying this place during my life, on paying the sum of 250 l. (I reckon in English money) at present, and an annual rent of 30 l.; or else, of purchasing the house and garden for a sum which, including the duty, will amount to 2500 l. If I value the rent of 30 l. at twelve years purchase, I may acquire my enjoyment for life at about the rate of 600 l.; and the remaining 1900 l. will be the difference between that tenure and absolute perpetual property. As you have never accused me of too much zeal for the interest of posterity, you will easily guess which scale at first preponderated. I deeply felt the advantage of acquiring, for the smaller sum, every possible enjoyment,

ment, as long as I myself should be capable of enjoying : I rejected, with scorn, the idea of giving 1900 l. for ideal posthumous property ; and I deemed it of little moment whose name, after my death, should be inscribed on my house and garden at Lausanne. How often did I repeat to myself the philosophical lines of Pope, which seem to determine the question :

Pray Heaven, cries Swift, it last as you go on ;
 I wish to God this house had been your own.
 Pity to build without or son or wife :
 Why, you'll enjoy it *only* all your life.
 Well, if the use be mine, does it concern one,
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

In this state of self-satisfaction I was not much disturbed by all my real or nominal friends, who exhort me to prefer the right of purchase : among such friends, some are careless and some are ignorant ; and the judgment of those, who are able and willing to form an opinion, is often biased by some selfish or social affection, by some visible or invisible interest. But my own reflections have gradually and forcibly driven me from my first propensity ; and these reflections I will now proceed to enumerate :

1. I can make this purchase with ease and prudence. As I have had the pleasure of *not* hearing from you very lately, I flatter myself that you advance on a carpet road, and that almost by the receipt of this letter (July 31st) the acres of Beriton will be transmuted into sixteen thousand pounds : if the payment be not absolutely completed by that day, ***** will not scruple, I suppose, depositing the 2600 l. at Gosling's, to meet my draught. Should he hesitate, I can desire Darrel to sell *quantum sufficit* of my short annuities. As soon as the new settlement of my affairs is made, I shall be able, after deducting this sum, to square my expence to my income, &c.

2. On mature consideration, I am perhaps less selfish and less philosophical than I appear at first sight : indeed, were I not so, it would

would now be in my power to turn my fortune into life-annuities, and let the Devil take the hindmost. I feel, (perhaps it is foolish,) but I feel that this little paradise will please me still more when it is absolutely my own; and that I shall be encouraged in every improvement of use or beauty, by the prospect that, after my departure, it will be enjoyed by some person of my own choice. I sometimes reflect with pleasure that my writings will survive me; and that idea is at least as vain and chimerical.

3. The heir, Mr. de Montagny, is an old acquaintance. My situation of a life-holder is rather new and singular in this country: the laws have not provided for many nice cases which may arise between the landlord and tenant: some I can foresee, others have been suggested, many more I might feel when it would be too late. His right of property might plague and confine me; he might forbid my lending to a friend, inspect my conduct, check my improvements, call for securities, repairs, &c. But if I purchase, I walk on my own terrace fierce and erect, the free master of one of the most delicious spots on the globe.

Should I ever migrate homewards, (you stare, but such an event is less improbable than I could have thought it two years ago,) this place would be disputed by strangers and natives.

Weigh these reasons, and send me without delay a rational explicit opinion, to which I shall pay such regard as the nature of circumstances will allow. But, alas! when all is determined, I shall possess this house, by whatsoever tenure, without friendship or domestic society. I did not imagine, six years ago, that a plan of life so congenial to my wishes, would so speedily vanish. I cannot write upon any other subject. Adieu, your's ever.

LAUSANNE, August 1789.

AFTER receiving and dispatching the power of attorney, last Wednesday, I opened, with some palpitation, the unexpected missive
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which arrived this morning. The perusal of the contents spoiled my breakfast. They are disagreeable in themselves, alarming in their consequences, and peculiarly unpleasant at the present moment, when I hoped to have formed and secured the arrangements of my future life. I do not perfectly understand what are these deeds which are so inflexibly required; the wills and marriage-settlements I have sufficiently answered. But your arguments do not convince ****, and I have very little hope from the Lenborough search. What will be the event? If his objections are only the result of legal scrupulosity, surely they might be removed, and every chink might be filled, by a general bond of indemnity, in which I boldly ask you to join, as it will be a substantial important act of friendship, without any possible risk to yourself or your successors. Should he still remain obdurate, I must believe what I already suspect, that **** repents of his purchase, and wishes to elude the conclusion. Our case would be then hopeless, *ibi omnis effusus labor*, and the estate would be returned on our hands with the taint of a bad title. The refusal of mortgage does not please me; but surely our offer shews some confidence in the goodness of my title. If he will not take eight thousand pounds at *four per cent.* we must look out elsewhere; new doubts and delays will arise, and I am persuaded that you will not place an implicit confidence in any attorney. I know not as yet your opinion about my Lausanne purchase. If you are against it, the present position of affairs gives you great advantage, &c. &c. The Severys are all well; an uncommon circumstance for the four persons of the family at once. They are now at Mex, a country-house six miles from hence, which I visit to-morrow for two or three days. They often come to town, and we shall contrive to pass a part of the autumn together at Roile. I want to change the scene; and beautiful as the garden and prospect must appear to every eye, I feel that the state of my own mind casts a gloom over them; every spot, every walk, every bench, recalls the memory of

those hours, of those conversations, which will return no more. But I tear myself from the subject. I could not help writing to-day, though I do not find I have said any thing very material. As you must be conscious that you have agitated me, you will not postpone any agreeable, or even *decisive* intelligence. I almost hesitate, whether I shall run over to England, to consult with you on the spot, and to fly from poor Deyverdun's shade, which meets me at every turn. I did not expect to have felt his loss so sharply. But six hundred miles! Why are we so far off?

Once more, What is the difficulty of the title? Will men of sense, in a sensible country, never get rid of the tyranny of lawyers? more oppressive and ridiculous than even the old yoke of the clergy. Is not a term of seventy or eighty years, nearly twenty in my own person, sufficient to prove our legal possession? Will not the records of fines and recoveries attest that I am free from any bar of entails and settlements? Consult some sage of the law, whether their present demand be necessary and legal. If your ground be firm, force them to execute the agreement or forfeit the deposit. But if, as I much fear, they have a right, and a wish, to elude the consummation, would it not be better to release them at once, than to be hung up for five years, as in the case of Lovegrove, which cost me in the end four or five thousand pounds? You are bold, you are wise; consult, resolve, act. In my penultimate letter I dropped a strange hint, that a migration homeward was not impossible. I know not what to say; my mind is all afloat; yet you will not reproach me with caprice or inconstancy. How many years did you damn my scheme of retiring to Lausanne! I executed that plan; I found as much happiness as is compatible with human nature, and during four years (1783—1787) I never breathed a sigh of repentance. On my return from England the scene was changed: I found only a faint semblance of Deyverdun, and that semblance was each day fading from my sight. I have passed an anxious year, but my

anxiety is now at an end, and the prospect before me is a melancholy solitude. I am still deeply rooted in this country; the possession of this paradise, the friendship of the Severys, a mode of society suited to my taste, and the enormous trouble and *expence* of a migration. Yet in England (when the present clouds are dispelled) I could form a very comfortable establishment in London, or rather at Bath; and I have a very noble country-seat at about ten miles from East Grinstead in Sussex *. That spot is dearer to me than the rest of the three kingdoms; and I have sometimes wondered how two men, so opposite in their tempers and pursuits, should have imbibed so long and lively a propensity for each other. Sir Stanier Porten is just dead. He has left his widow with a moderate pension, and two children, my nearest relations: the eldest, Charlotte, is about Louisa's age, and also a most amiable sensible young creature. I have conceived a romantic idea of educating and adopting her; as we descend into the vale of years our infirmities require some domestic female society: Charlotte would be the comfort of my age, and I could reward her care and tenderness with a decent fortune. A thousand difficulties oppose the execution of the plan, which I have never opened but to you; yet it would be less impracticable in England than in Switzerland. Adieu. I am wounded; pour some oil into my wounds: yet I am less unhappy since I have thrown my mind upon paper.

Are you not amazed at the French revolution? They have the power, will they have the moderation, to establish a good constitution? Adieu, ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Sept. 9, 1789.

WITHIN an hour after the reception of your last, I drew my pen for the purpose of a reply, and my exordium ran in the following words: "I find by experience, that it is much more rational, as well

* Alluding to Sheffield-Place.

“ as easy, to answer a letter of real business by the return of the “ post.” This important truth is again verified by my own example. After writing three pages I was called away by a very rational motive, and the post departed before I could return to the conclusion. A second delay was coloured by some decent pretence. Three weeks have slipped away, and I now force myself on a task, which I should have dispatched without an effort on the first summons. My only excuse is, that I had little to write about English business, and that I could write nothing definitive about my Swiss affairs. And first, as Aristotle says of the first,

1. I was indeed in low spirits when I sent what you so justly stile my dismal letter ; but I do assure you, that my own feelings contributed much more to sink me, than any events or terrors relative to the sale of Beriton. But I again hope and trust, from your consolatory epistle, that, &c. &c.

2. My Swiss transaction has suffered a great alteration. I shall not become the proprietor of my house and garden at Lausanne, and I relinquish the phantom with more regret than you could easily imagine. But I have been determined by a difficulty, which at first appeared of little moment, but which has gradually swelled to an alarming magnitude. There is a law in this country, as well as in some provinces of France, which is styled *le droit de retrait, le retrait lignager*, (Lord Loughborough must have heard of it,) by which the relations of the deceased are entitled to redeem a house or estate at the price for which it has been sold ; and as the sum fixed by poor Deyverdun is much below its known value, a crowd of competitors are beginning to start. The best opinions (for they are divided) are in my favour, that I am not subject to *le droit de retrait*, since I take not as a purchaser, but as a legatee. But the words of the will are somewhat ambiguous, the event of law is always uncertain, the administration of justice at Bern (the last appeal) depends too much on favour and intrigue ; and it is very doubtful whether I could revert to the life-holding, after having chosen and lost the

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property.

property. These considerations engaged me to open a negociation with Mr. de Montagny, through the medium of my friend the judge; and as he most ardently wishes to keep the house, he consented, though with some reluctance, to my proposals. Yesterday he signed a covenant in the most regular and binding form, by which he allows my power of transferring my interest, interprets in the most ample sense my right of making alterations, and expressly renounces all claim, as landlord, of visiting or inspecting the premises. I have promised to lend him twelve thousand livres, (between seven and eight hundred pounds,) secured on the house and land. The mortgage is four times its value; the interest of four pounds *per cent.* will be annually discharged by the rent of thirty guineas. So that I am now tranquil on that score for the remainder of my days. I hope that time will gradually reconcile me to the place which I have inhabited with my poor friend; for in spite of the *cream* of London, I am still persuaded that no other place is so well adapted to my taste and habits of studious and social life.

Far from delighting in the whirl of a metropolis, my only complaint against Lausanne is the great number of strangers, always of English, and now of French, by whom we are infested in summer. Yet we have escaped the *damned* great ones, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, &c. who slip by us to Turin. What a scene is France! While the assembly is voting abstract propositions, Paris is an independent republic; the provinces have neither authority nor freedom, and poor Necker declares that credit is no more, and that the people refuse to pay taxes. Yet I think you must be seduced by the abolition of tithes. If Eden goes to Paris you may have some curious information. Give me some account of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Do they live with Lord North? I hope they do. When will parliament be dissolved? Are you still Coventry-mad? I embrace my Lady, the sprightly Maria, and the smiling Louisa. Alas! alas! you will never come to Switzerland. Adieu, ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Sept. 25th, 1789.

Alas ! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron.

ALAS ! what delays and difficulties do attend the man who meddles with legal and landed business ! Yet if it be only to disappoint your expectation, I am not so very nervous at this new provoking obstacle. I had totally forgotten the deed in question, which was contrived in the last year of my father's life, to tie his hands and regulate the disorder of his affairs ; and which might have been so easily cancelled by Sir Stanier, who had not the smallest interest in it, either for himself or his family. The amicable suit, which is now become necessary, must, I think, be short and unambiguous, yet I cannot help dreading the crotchets, that lurk under the chancellor's great wig ; and, at all events, I foresee some additional delay and expence. The golden pill of the two thousand eight hundred pounds has soothed my discontent ; and if it be safely lodged with the Goslings, I agree with you, in considering it as an unequivocal pledge of a fair and willing purchaser. It is indeed chiefly in that light I now rejoice in so large a deposit, which is no longer necessary in its full extent. You are apprised by my last letter that I have reduced myself to the life-enjoyment of the house and garden. And, in spite of my feelings, I am every day more convinced that I have chosen the safer side. I believe my cause to have been good, but it was doubtful. Law in this country is not so expensive as in England, but it is more troublesome ; I must have gone to Bern, have solicited my judges in person ; a vile custom ! the event was uncertain ; and during at least two years, I should have been in a state of suspense and anxiety ; till the conclusion of which it would have been madness to have attempted any alteration or improvement. According to my present arrangement I shall want no more than eleven hundred pounds of the two thousand, and I suppose you will direct

direct Gosling to lay out the remainder in India bonds, that it may not lie quite dead, while I am accountable to * * * * for the interest. The elderly lady in a male habit, who informed me that Yorkshire is a register county, is a certain judge, one Sir William Blackstone, whose name you may possibly have heard. After stating the danger of purchasers and creditors, with regard to the title of estates on which they lay out or lend their money, he thus continues: "In Scotland every act and event regarding the transmission of property is regularly entered on record; and some of our own provincial divisions, particularly the extended county of York and the populous county of Middlesex, have prevailed with the legislature to erect such registers in their respective districts." (Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. ii. p. 343, edition of 1774, in quarto.) If I am mistaken, it is in pretty good company; but I suspect that we are all right, and that the register is confined to one or two ridings. As we have, alas! two or three months before us, I should hope that your prudent sagacity will discover some sound land, in case you should not have time to arrange another mortgage. I now write in a hurry, as I am just setting out for Rolle, where I shall be settled with cook and servants in a pleasant apartment, till the middle of November. The Severys have a house there, where they pass the autumn. I am not sorry to vary the scene for a few weeks, and I wish to be absent while some alterations are making in my house at Lausanne. I wish the change of air may be of service to Severy the father, but we do not at all like his present state of health. How completely, alas, how completely! could I now lodge you: but your firm resolve of making me a visit seems to have vanished like a dream. Next summer you will not find five hundred pounds for a rational friendly expedition; and should parliament be dissolved, you will perhaps find five thousand for ———. I cannot think of it with patience. Pray take serious strenuous measures for sending me a pipe of excellent Madeira in cask, with some dozens of

of Malmsey Madeira. It should be consigned to Messrs. Romberg Voituriers at Ostend, and I must have timely notice of its march. We have so much to say about France, that I suppose we shall never say any thing. That country is now in a state of dissolution. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, December 15th, 1789.

YOU have often reason to accuse my strange silence and neglect in the most important of *my own* affairs ; for I will presume to assert, that in a business of yours of equal consequence, you should not find me cold or careless. But on the present occasion my silence is, perhaps, the highest compliment I ever paid you. You remember the answer of Philip of Macedon : “ Philip may sleep, while he “ knows that Parmenio is awake.” I expected, and, to say the truth, I wished that my Parmenio would have decided and acted, without expecting my dilatory answer, and in his decision I should have acquiesced with implicit confidence. But since you will have my opinion, let us consider the present state of my affairs. In the course of my life I have often known, and sometimes felt, the difficulty of getting money, but I now find myself involved in a more singular distress, the difficulty of placing it, and if it continues much longer, I shall almost wish for my land again.

I perfectly agree with you, that it is bad management to purchase in the funds when they do not yield four pounds *per cent.* * * *

* * * * *

Some of this money I can place safely, by means of my banker here ; and I shall possess, what I have always desired, a command of cash, which I cannot abuse to my prejudice, since I have it in my power to supply with my pen any extraordinary or fanciful indulgence of expence. And so much, much indeed, for pecuniary matters. What would you have me say of the affairs of France ? We are too near, and too remote, to form an accurate judgment of that wonderful scene. The abuses of the court and government

called aloud for reformation ; and it has happened, as it will always happen, that an innocent well-disposed Prince has paid the forfeit of the sins of his predecessors ; of the ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth, of the profusion of Lewis the Fifteenth. The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abused, and may lose their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy of a great country. How different is the prospect ! Their King brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been stained with the blood of his guards ; the nobles in exile ; the clergy plundered in a way which strikes at the root of all property ; the capital an independent republic ; the union of the provinces dissolved ; the flames of discord kindled by the worst of men ; (in that light I consider Mirabeau ;) and the honestest of the assembly, a set of wild visionaries, (like our Dr. Price,) who gravely debate, and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five-and-twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reasoning, to an equal partition of lands and money. How many years must elapse before France can recover any vigour, or resume her station among the Powers of Europe ! As yet, there is no symptom of a great man, a Richlieu or a Cromwell, arising, either to restore the monarchy, or to lead the commonwealth. The weight of Paris, more deeply engaged in the funds than *all* the rest of the kingdom, will long delay a bankruptcy ; and if it should happen, it will be, both in the cause and the effect, a measure of weakness, rather than of strength. You send me to Chamberry, to see a Prince and an Archbishop. Alas ! we have exiles enough here, with the Marshal de Castries and the Duke de Guignes at their head ; and this inundation of strangers, which used to be confined to the summer, will now stagnate all the

winter. The only ones whom I have seen with pleasure are Mr. Mounier, the late president of the national assembly, and the Count de Lally; they have both dined with me. Mounier, who is a serious dry politician, is returned to Dauphine. Lally is an amiable man of the world, and a poet: he passes the winter here. You know how much I prefer a quiet select society to a crowd of names and titles, and that I always seek conversation with a view to amusement, rather than information. What happy countries are England and Switzerland, if they know and preserve their happiness.

I have a thousand things to say to my Lady, Maria, and Louisa, but I can add only a short postscript about the Madeira. Good Madeira is now become essential to my health and reputation. May your hoghead prove as good as the last; may it not be intercepted by the rebels or the Austrians. What a scene again in that country! Happy England! Happy Switzerland! I again repeat, adieu.

LAUSANNE, January 27th, 1790.

YOUR two last epistles, of the 7th and 11th instant, were somewhat delayed on the road; they arrived within two days of each other, the last this morning (the 27th); so that I answer by the first, or at least by the second post. Upon the whole, your French method, though sometimes more rapid, appears to me less sure and steady than the old German highway, &c. &c.

* * * * *

But enough of this. A new and brighter prospect seems to be breaking upon us, and few events of *that kind* have ever given me more pleasure than your successful negociation and * * * *'s satisfactory answer. The agreement is, indeed, equally convenient for both parties: no time or expence will be wasted in scrutinizing the title of the estate; the interest will be secured by the clause of five *per cent.* and I lament with you, that no larger sum than eight thousand

pounds can be placed on Beriton, without asking (what might be somewhat impudent) a collateral security, &c. &c. * * *

* * * * *

But I wish you to choose and execute one or the other of these arrangements with sage discretion and absolute power. I shorten my letter, that I may dispatch it by this post. I see the time, and I shall rejoice to see it at the end of twenty years, when my cares will be at an end, and our friendly pages will be no longer sullied with the repetition of dirty land and vile money; when we may expatiate on the politics of the world and our personal sentiments. Without expecting your answer of business, I mean to write soon in a purer style, and I wish to lay open to my friend the state of my mind, which (exclusive of all worldly concerns) is not perfectly at ease. In the mean while, I must add two or three short articles. 1. I am astonished at Elmsley's silence, and the immobility of your picture, Mine should have departed long since, could I have found a sure opportunity, &c. &c. Adieu, yours.

LAUSANNE, May 15th, 1790.

SINCE the first origin (*ab ovo*) of our connection and correspondence, so long an interval of silence has not intervened, as far as I remember, between us, &c. &c.

From my silence you conclude that the moral complaint, which I had insinuated in my last, is either insignificant or fanciful. The conclusion is rash. But the complaint in question is of the nature of a slow lingering disease, which is not attended with any immediate danger. As I have not leisure to expatiate, take the idea in three words: "Since
 " the loss of poor Deyverdun, I am *alone*; and even in Paradise, so-
 " litude is painful to a social mind. When I was a dozen years
 " younger, I *scarcely* felt the weight of a single existence amidst the
 " crowds of London, of parliament, of clubs; but it will press more
 " heavily

“ heavily upon me in this tranquil land, in the decline of life, and
 “ with the increase of infirmities. Some expedient, even the most
 “ desperate, must be embraced, to secure the domestic society of a
 “ male or female companion. But I am not in a hurry; there is
 “ time for reflection and advice.” During this winter such finer
 feelings have been suspended by the grosser evil of bodily pain. On
 the ninth of February I was seized by such a fit of the gout as I had
 never known, though I must be thankful that its dire effects have
 been confined to the feet and knees, without ascending to the more
 noble parts. With some vicissitudes of better and worse, I have
 groaned between two and three months; the debility has survived
 the pain, and though now easy, I am carried about in my chair,
 without any power, and with a very distant chance, of supporting
 myself, from the extreme weakness and contraction of the joints of
 my knees. Yet I am happy in a skilful physician, and kind assidu-
 ous friends: every evening, during more than three months, has
 been enlivened (excepting when I have been forced to refuse them) by
 some cheerful visits, and very often by a chosen party of both sexes.
 How different is such society from the solitary evenings which I
 have passed in the tumult of London! It is not worth while fighting
 about a shadow, but should I ever return to England, Bath, not the
 metropolis, would be my last retreat.

Your portrait is at last arrived in perfect condition, and now oc-
 cupies a conspicuous place over the chimney-glass in my library. It
 is the object of general admiration; good judges (the few) applaud
 the work; the name of Reynolds opens the eyes and mouths of the
 many; and were not I afraid of making you vain, I would inform
 you that the original is not allowed to be more than five-and-thirty.
 In spite of private reluctance and public discontent, I have honour-
 ably dismissed *myself**. I shall arrive at Sir Joshua's before the end
 of the month; he will give me a look, and perhaps a touch; and

* His portrait.

you will be indebted to the president one guinea for the carriage. Do not be nervous, I am not rolled up; had I been so, you might have gazed on my charms four months ago. I want some account of yourself, of my Lady, (shall we never directly correspond?) of Louisa, and of Maria. How has the latter since her launch supported a quiet winter in Suffex? I so much rejoice in your divorce from that b—— Kitty Coventry, that I care not what marriage you contract. A great city would suit your dignity, and the duties which would kill me in the first session, would supply your activity with a constant fund of amusement. But tread softly and surely; the ice is deceitful, the water is deep, and you may be soufed over head and ears before you are aware. Why did not you or Elmsley send me the African pamphlet* by the post? it would not have cost much. You have such a knack of turning a nation, that I am afraid you will triumph (perhaps by the force of argument) over justice and humanity. But do you not expect to work at Belzebub's sugar plantations in the infernal regions, under the tender government of a negro-driver? I should suppose both my Lady and Miss Firth very angry with you.

As to the bill for prints, which has been too long neglected, why will you not exercise the power, which I have never revoked, over all my cash at the Goslings? The Severy family has passed a very favourable winter; the young man is impatient to hear from a family which he places above all others: yet he will generously write next week, and send you a drawing of the alterations in the house. Do not raise your ideas; you know I am satisfied with convenience in architecture, and some elegance in furniture. I admire the coolness with which you ask me to epistolize Reynell and Elmsley, as if a letter were so easy and pleasant a task; it appears less so to me every day.

* Observations on the Project for abolishing the Slave Trade, by Lord Sheffield.

YOUR

1790.

YOUR indignation will melt into pity, when you hear that for several weeks past I have been again confined to my chamber and my chair. Yet I must hasten, generously hasten, to exculpate the gout, my old enemy, from the curses which you already pour on his head. He is not the cause of this disorder, although the consequences have been somewhat similar. I am satisfied that this effort of nature has saved me from a very dangerous, perhaps a fatal, crisis; and I listen to the flattering hope that it may tend to keep the gout at a more respectful distance, &c. &c. &c.

The whole sheet has been filled with dry selfish business; but I must and will reserve some lines of the cover for a little friendly conversation. I passed four days at the castle of Copet with Necker; and could have wished to have shewn him, as a warning to any aspiring youth possessed with the dæmon of ambition. With all the means of private happiness in his power, he is the most miserable of human beings: the past, the present, and the future are equally odious to him. When I suggested some domestic amusements of books, building, &c. he answered, with a deep tone of despair, “ Dans l'état où je suis, je ne puis sentir que le coup de vent qui m'a abbatû.” How different from the careless cheerfulness with which our poor friend Lord North supported his fall! Madame Necker maintains more external composure, *mais le Diable n'y perd rien*. It is true that Necker wished to be carried into the closet, like old Pitt, on the shoulders of the people; and that he has been ruined by the democracy which he had raised. I believe him to be an able financier, and know him to be an honest man; too honest, perhaps, for a minister. His rival Calonne has passed through Lausanne, in his way from Turin; and was soon followed by the Prince of Condé, with his son and grandson; but I was too much indisposed to see them. They have, or have had, some wild projects of a counter-revolution: horses have been bought, men levied: such foolish attempts must
end

end in the ruin of the party. Burke's book is a most admirable medicine against the French disease, which has made too much progress even in this happy country. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can forgive even his superstition. The primitive church, which I have treated with some freedom, was itself at that time an innovation, and I was attached to the old Pagan establishment. The French spread so many lies about the sentiments of the English nation, that I wish the most considerable men of all parties and descriptions would join in some public act, declaring themselves satisfied and resolved to support our present constitution. Such a declaration would have a wonderful effect in Europe; and, were I thought worthy, I myself would be proud to subscribe it. I have a great mind to send you something of a sketch, such as all thinking men might adopt.

I have intelligence of the approach of my Madeira. I accept with equal pleasure the second pipe, now in the Torrid Zone. Send me some pleasant details of your domestic state, of Maria, &c. If my Lady thinks that my silence is a mark of indifference, my Lady is a goose. I *must* have you all at Lausanne next summer.

LAUSANNE, August 7, 1790.

I ANSWER at once your two letters; and I should probably have taken earlier notice of the first, had I not been in daily expectation of the second. I must begin on the subject of what really interests me the most, your glorious election for Bristol. Most sincerely do I congratulate your exchange of a cursed expensive jilt, who deserted you for a rich Jew, for an honourable connection with a chaste and virtuous matron, who will probably be as constant as she is disinterested. In the whole range of election from Caithness to St. Ives, I much doubt whether there be a single choice so truly honourable to the member and the constituents. The second commercial city invites, from a distant province, an independent gentleman, known
only

only by his active spirit, and his writings on the subject of trade; and names him, without intrigue or expence, for her representative: even the voice of party is silenced, while factions strive which shall applaud the most.

You are now sure, for seven years to come, of never wanting food; I mean business: what a crowd of suitors or complainants will besiege your door! what a load of letters and memorials will be heaped on your table! I much question whether even you will not sometimes exclaim, *Obe! jam satis est!* but that is your affair. Of the excursion to Coventry I cannot decide, but I hear it is pretty generally blamed: but, however, I love gratitude to an old friend; and shall not be very angry if you damned them with a farewell to all eternity. But I cannot repress my indignation at the use of those foolish, obsolete, odious words, Whig and Tory. In the American war they might have some meaning; and then your Lordship was a Tory, although you supposed yourself a Whig: since the coalition, all general principles have been confounded; and if there ever was an opposition to men, not measures, it is the present. Luckily both the leaders are great men; and, whatever happens, the country must fall upon its legs. What a strange mist of peace and war seems to hang over the ocean! We can perceive nothing but secrecy and vigor; but those are excellent qualities to perceive in a minister. From yourself and politics I now return to my private concerns, which I shall methodically consider under the three great articles of mind, body, and estate.

1. I am not absolutely displeased at your firing so hastily at the hint, a tremendous hint, in my last letter. But the danger is not so serious or imminent as you seem to suspect; and I give you my word, that, before I take the slightest step which can bind me either in law, conscience, or honour, I will faithfully communicate, and we will freely discuss, the whole state of the business. But at present there is not any thing to communicate or discuss; I do assure you that

that I have not any particular object in view : I am not in love with any of the hyænas of Laufanne, though there are some who keep their claws tolerably well pared. Sometimes, in a solitary mood, I have fancied myself married to one or another of those whose society and conversation are the most pleasing to me ; but when I have painted in my fancy all the probable consequences of such an union, I have started from my dream, rejoiced in my escape, and ejaculated a thanksgiving that I was still in possession of my natural freedom. Yet I feel, and shall continue to feel, that domestic solitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by study, and even by friendship, is a comfortless state, which will grow more painful as I descend in the vale of years. At present my situation is very tolerable ; and if at dinner-time, or at my return home in the evening, I sometimes sigh for a companion, there are many hours, and many occasions, in which I enjoy the superior blessing of being sole master of my own house. But your plan, though less dangerous, is still more absurd than mine : such a couple as you describe could not be found ; and, if found, would not answer my purpose ; their rank and position would be awkward and ambiguous to myself and my acquaintance ; and the agreement of three persons of three characters would be still more impracticable. My plan of Charlotte Porten is undoubtedly the most desirable ; and she might either remain a spinster (the case is not without example), or marry some Swift of my choice, who would increase and enliven our society ; and both would have the strongest motives for kind and dutiful behaviour. But the mother has been indirectly founded, and will not hear of such a proposal for some years. On my side, I would not take her, but as a piece of soft wax which I could model to the language and manners of the country : I must therefore be patient.

Young Severy's letter, which may be now in your hands, and which, for these three or four last posts, has furnished my indolence with a new pretence for delay, has already informed you of the

means and circumstances of my resurrection. Tedious indeed was my confinement, since I was not able to move from my house or chair, from the ninth of February to the first of July, very nearly five months. The first weeks were accompanied with more pain than I have ever known in the gout, with anxious days and sleepless nights; and when that pain subsided, it left a weakness in my knees which seemed to have no end. My confinement was however softened by books, by the possession of every comfort and convenience, by a succession each evening of agreeable company, and by a flow of equal spirits and general good health. During the last weeks I descended to the ground floor, poor Deyverdun's apartment, and constructed a chair like Merlin's, in which I could wheel myself in the house and on the terrace. My patience has been universally admired; yet how many thousands have passed those five months less easily than myself. I remember making a remark perfectly simple, and perfectly true: "At present, (I said to Madame de Severy,) I am not positively miserable, and I may reasonably hope a daily or weekly improvement, till sooner or later in the summer I shall recover new limbs, and new pleasures, which I do not now possess: have any of you such a prospect?" The prediction has been accomplished, and I have arrived to my present condition of strength, or rather of feebleness: I now can walk with tolerable ease in my garden and smooth places; but on the rough pavement of the town I use, and perhaps shall use, a sedan chair. The Pyrmont waters have performed wonders; and my physician (not Tissot, but a very sensible man) allows me to hope, that the term of the interval will be in proportion to that of the fit.

Have you read in the English papers, that the government of Berne is overturned, and that we are divided into three democratical leagues? true as what I have read in the French papers, that the English have cut off Pitt's head, and abolished the House of Lords. The people of this country are happy; and in spite of some mis-

creants, and more foreign emissaries, they are sensible of their happiness.

Finally—Inform my Lady, that I am indignant at a false and heretical assertion in her last letter to Severy, “ that friends at a distance “ cannot love each other, if they do not write.” I love her better than any woman in the world ; indeed I do ; and yet I do not write. And she herself—but I am calm. We have now nearly one hundred French exiles, some of them worth being acquainted with ; particularly a Count de Schomberg, who is become almost my friend ; he is a man of the world, of letters, and of sufficient age, since in 1753 he succeeded to Marshal Saxe’s regiment of dragoons. As to the rest, I entertain them, and they flatter me : but I wish we were reduced to our Lausanne society. Poor France ! the state is dissolved, the nation is mad ! Adieu.

LAUSANNE, April 9, 1791.

FIRST, of my health : it is now tolerably restored, my legs are still weak, but the animal in general is in a sound and lively condition ; and we have great hopes from the fine weather and the Pyrmont waters. I most sincerely wished for the presence of Maria, to embellish a ball which I gave the 29th of last month to all the best company, natives and foreigners, of Lausanne, with the aid of the Severys, especially of the mother and son, who directed the œconomy, and performed the honours of the *fête*. It opened about seven in the evening ; the assembly of men and women was pleased and pleasing, the music good, the illumination splendid, the refreshments profuse : at twelve, one hundred and thirty persons sat down to a very good supper : at two, I stole away to bed, in a snug corner ; and I was informed at breakfast, that the remains of the veteran and young troops, with Severy and his sister at their head, had concluded the last dance about a quarter before seven. This magnificent entertainment has gained me great credit ; and the expence was more reasonable than you can easily imagine.

This

This was an extraordinary event, but I give frequent dinners; and in the summer I have an assembly every Sunday evening. What a wicked wretch! says my Lady.

I cannot pity you for the accumulation of business, as you ought not to pity *me*, if I complained of the tranquillity of Lausanne; we suffer or enjoy the effects of our own choice. Perhaps you will mutter something, of our not being born for ourselves, of public spirit (I have formerly read of such a thing), of private friendship, for which I give you full and ample credit, &c. But your parliamentary operations, at least, will probably expire in the month of June; and I shall refuse to sign the Newhaven conveyance, unless I am satisfied that you will execute the Lausanne visit this summer. On the 15th of June, suppose Lord, Lady, Maria, and maid, (poor Louisa!) in a post coach, with Elienne on horseback, set out from Downing-Street, or Sheffield-Place, cross the channel from Brighton to Dieppe, visit the National Assembly, buy caps at Paris, examine the ruins of Versailles, and arrive at Lausanne, without danger or fatigue, the second week in July; you will be lodged pleasantly and comfortably, and will not perhaps despise my situation. A couple of months will roll, alas! too hastily away: you will all be amused by new scenes, new people; and whenever Maria and you, with Severy, mount on horseback to visit the country, the glaciers, &c. my Lady and myself shall form a very quiet tête-à-tête at home. In September, if you are tired, you may return by a direct or indirect way; but I only desire that you will not make the plan impracticable, by grasping at too much. In return, I promise you a visit of three or four months in the autumn of ninety-two: you and my bookfellers are now my principal attractions in England. You had some right to growl at hearing of my supplement in the papers: but Cadell's indiscretion was founded on a hint which I had thrown out in a letter, and which in all probability will never be executed. Yet I am not totally idle. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, May 18, 1791.

I WRITE a short letter, on small paper, to inform you, that the various deeds, which arrived safe and in good condition, have this morning been sealed, signed, and delivered, in the presence of respectable and well-known English witnesses. To have read the aforesaid acts, would have been difficult; to have understood them, impracticable. I therefore signed them with my eyes shut, and in that implicit confidence, which we freemen and Britons are humbly content to yield to our lawyers and ministers. I hope however, most seriously hope, that every thing has been carefully examined, and that I am not totally ruined. It is not without much impatience that I expect an account of the payment and investment of the purchase-money. It was my intention to have added a new edition of my will; but I have an unexpected call to go to Geneva tomorrow with the Severys, and must defer that business a few days till after my return. On my return I may possibly find a letter from you, and will write more fully in answer: my posthumous work, contained in a single sheet, will not ruin you in postage. In the mean while let me desire you either never to talk of Lausanne, or to execute the journey this summer; after the dispatch of public and *private* business, there can be no real obstacle but in yourself. Pray do not go to war with Russia; it is very foolish. I am quite angry with Pitt. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, May 31, 1791.

AT length I see a ray of sunshine breaking from a dark cloud. Your epistle of the 13th arrived this morning, the 25th instant, the day after my return from Geneva; it has been communicated to Severy. We now believe that you intend a visit to Lausanne this summer, and we hope that you will execute that intention. If you are a man of honour, you shall find me one; and, on the day of
your

your arrival at Laufanne, I will ratify my engagement of visiting the British isle before the end of the year 1792, excepting only the fair and foul exception of the gout. You rejoice me, by proposing the addition of dear Louisa; it was not without a bitter pang that I threw her overboard, to lighten the vessel and secure the voyage: I was fearful of the governess, a second carriage, and a long train of difficulty and expence, which might have ended in blowing up the whole scheme. But if you can bodkin the sweet creature into the coach, she will find an easy welcome at Laufanne. The first arrangements which I must make before your arrival, may be altered by your own taste, on a survey of the premises, and you will all be commodiously and pleasantly lodged. You have heard a great deal of the beauty of my house, garden, and situation; but such are their intrinsic value, that, unless I am much deceived, they will bear the test even of exaggerated praise. From my knowledge of your Lordship, I have always entertained some doubt how you would get through the society of a Laufanne winter: but I am satisfied that, exclusive of friendship, your summer visits to the banks of the Lemane Lake will long be remembered as one of the most agreeable periods of your life; and that you will scarcely regret the amusement of a Suffex Committee of Navigation in the dog days. You ask for details: what details? a map of France and a post-book are easy and infallible guides. If the ladies are not afraid of the ocean, you are not ignorant of the passage from Brighton to Dieppe: Paris will then be in your direct road; and even allowing you to look at the Pandæmonium, the ruins of Versailles, &c. a fortnight diligently employed will clear you from Sheffield Place to Gibbon Castle. What can I say more?

As little have I to say on the subject of my worldly matters, which seem now, Jupiter be praised, to be drawing towards a final conclusion; since when people part with their money, they are indeed serious. I do not perfectly understand the ratio of the precise sum

which you have poured into Gosling's reservoir, but suppose it will be explained in a general account.

You have been very dutiful in sending me, what I have always desired, a cut Woodfall on a remarkable debate; a debate, indeed, most remarkable! Poor ***** is the most eloquent and rational mad-man that I ever knew. I love ***'s feelings, but I detest the political principles of the man, and of the party. Formerly, you detested them more strongly during the American war, than myself. I am half afraid that you are corrupted by your unfortunate connections. Should you admire the National Assembly, we shall have many an altercation, for I am as high an aristocrat as Burke himself; and he has truly observed, that it is impossible to debate with temper on the subject of that cursed revolution. In my last excursion to Geneva I frequently saw the Neckers, who by this time are returned to their summer residence at Copet. He is much restored in health and spirits, especially since the publication of his last book, which has probably reached England. Both parties, who agree in abusing him, agree likewise that he is a man of virtue and genius; but I much fear that the purest intentions have been productive of the most baneful consequences. Our military men, I mean the French, are leaving us every day for the camp of the Princes at Worms, and support what is called representation. Their hopes are sanguine; I will not answer for their being well grounded: it is *certain*, however, that the emperor had an interview the 19th instant with the Count of Artois at Mantua; and the aristocrats talk in mysterious language of Spain, Sardinia, the Empire, four or five armies, &c. They will doubtless strike a blow this summer: may it not recoil on their own heads! Adieu. Embrace our female travellers. A short delay!

LAUSANNE, June 12, 1791.

I NOW begin to see you all in real motion, swimming from Brighton to Dieppe, according to my scheme, and afterwards treading the direct road, which you cannot well avoid, to the turbulent capital of the late kingdom of France. I know not what more to say, or what further instructions to send; they would indeed be useless, as you are travelling through a country which has been sometimes visited by Englishmen: only this let me say, that in the midst of anarchy the roads were never more secure than at present. As you will wish to assist at the national assembly, you will act prudently in obtaining from the French in London a good recommendation to some leading member; Cazales, for instance, or the Abbé Maury. I soon expect from Elmsley a cargo of books; but you may bring me any new pamphlet of exquisite flavour, particularly the last works of John Lord Sheffield, which the dog has always neglected to send. You will have time to write once more, and you must endeavour, as nearly as possible, to mark the day of your arrival. You may come either by Lyons and Geneva, by Dijon and les Rouffes, or by Dole and Pontarlier. The post will fail you on the edge of Switzerland, and must be supplied by hired horses. I wish you to make your last day's journey easy, so as to dine upon the road, and arrive by tea-time. The pulse of the counter-revolution beats high, but I cannot send you any certain facts. Adieu. I want to *hear* my Lady abusing me for never writing. *All* the Severys are very impatient.

Notwithstanding the high premium, I do not absolutely wish you drowned. Besides all other cares, I must marry and propagate, which would give me a great deal of trouble.

LAUSANNE, July 1st, 1791.

IN obedience to your orders I direct a flying shot to Paris, though I have not any thing particular to add, excepting that our impatience is increased in the *inverse ratio* of time and space. Yet I almost doubt whether you have passed the sea. The news of the King of France's escape must have reached you before the 28th, the day of your departure, and the prospect of strange unknown disorder may well have suspended your firmest resolves. The royal animal is again caught, and all may probably be quiet. I was just going to exhort you to pass through Brussels and the confines of Germany; a fair Irishism, since if you read this, you are already at Paris. The only reasonable advice which now remains, is to obtain, by means of Lord Gower, a sufficiency, or even superfluity, of forcible passports, such as leave no room for cavil on a jealous frontier. The frequent intercourse with Paris has proved that the best and shortest road, instead of Besançon, is by Dijon, Dole, Les Rousses, and Nyon. Adieu. I warmly embrace the Ladies. It would be idle now to talk of business.

IT has appeared from the foregoing Letters, that a visit from myself and my family, to Mr. Gibbon at Laufanne, had been for some time in agitation. This long-promised excursion took place in the month of June 1791, and occasioned a considerable cessation of our correspondence. I landed at Dieppe immediately after the flight from, and return to, Paris of the unfortunate Lewis XVI. During my stay in that capital, I had an opportunity of seeing the extraordinary ferment of men's minds, both in the national assembly, in private societies, and in my passage through France to Laufanne, where I recalled to my memory the interesting scenes I had witnessed, by frequent conversations with my deceased friend. I might have wished to record his opinions on the subject of the French revolution, if he had not expressed them so well in the annexed Letters. He seemed to suppose, as some of his Letters hint, that I had a tendency to the new French opinions. Never indeed, I can with truth aver, was suspicion more unfounded; nor could it have been admitted into Mr. Gibbon's mind, but that his extreme friendship for me, and his utter abhorrence of these notions, made him anxious and jealous, even to an excess, that I should not entertain them. He was, however, soon undeceived; he found that I was full as averse to them as himself. I had from the first expressed an opinion, that such a change as was aimed at in France, must derange all the regular governments in Europe, hazard the internal quiet and dearest interests of this country, and probably end in bringing on mankind a much greater portion of misery, than the most sanguine reformer

had ever promised to himself or others to produce of benefit, by the visionary schemes of liberty and equality, with which the ignorant and vulgar were misled and abused.

Mr. Gibbon at first, like many others, seemed pleased with the prospect of the reform of inveterate abuses ; but he very soon discovered the mischief which was intended, the imbecility with which concessions were made, and the ruin that must arise, from the want of resolution or conduct, in the administration of France. He lived to reprobate, in the strongest terms possible, the folly of the first reformers, and the something worse than extravagance and ferocity of their successors. He saw the wild and mischievous tendency of those pretended reformers, which, while they professed nothing but amendment, really meant destruction to all social order ; and so strongly was his opinion fixed, as to the danger of hasty innovation, that he became a warm and zealous advocate for every sort of old establishment, which he marked in various ways, sometimes rather ludicrously ; and I recollect, in a circle where French affairs were the topic, and some Portuguese present, he, seemingly with seriousness, argued in favour of the inquisition at Lisbon, and said he would not, at the present moment, give up even that old establishment.

It may, perhaps, not be quite uninteresting to the readers of these Memoirs, to know, that I found Mr. Gibbon at Lausanne in possession of an excellent house ; the view from which, and from the terrace, was so uncommonly beautiful, that even his own pen would with difficulty describe the scene which it commanded. This prospect comprehended every thing grand and magnificent, which could be furnished by the finest mountains among the Alps, the most extensive view of the Lake of Geneva, with a beautifully varied and cultivated country, adorned by numerous villas, and picturesque buildings, intermixed with beautiful masses of stately trees. Here my friend received us with an hospitality and kindness which I can never
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forget.

forget. The best apartments of the house were appropriated to our use; the choicest society of the place was sought for, to enliven our visit, and render every day of it cheerful and agreeable. It was impossible for any man to be more esteemed and admired than Mr. Gibbon was at Lausanne. The preference he had given to that place, in adopting it for a residence, rather than his own country, was felt and acknowledged by all the inhabitants; and he may have been said almost to have given the law to a set of as willing subjects as any man ever presided over. In return for the deference shewn to him, he mixed, without any affectation, in all the society, I mean all the best society, that Lausanne afforded; he could indeed command it, and was, perhaps, for that reason the more partial to it; for he often declared that he liked society more as a relaxation from study, than as expecting to derive from it amusement or instruction; that to books he looked for improvement, not to living persons. But this I considered partly as an answer to my expressions of wonder, that a man who might choose the most various and most generally improved society in the world, namely, in England, that he should prefer the very limited circle of Lausanne, which he never deserted, but for an occasional visit to M. and Madame Necker. It must not, however, be understood, that in choosing Lausanne for his home, he was insensible to the merits of a residence in England: he was not in possession of an income which corresponded with his notions of ease and comfort in his own country. In Switzerland, his fortune was ample. To this consideration of fortune may be added another, which also had its weight; from early youth Mr. Gibbon had contracted a partiality for foreign taste and foreign habits of life, which made him less a stranger abroad than he was, in some respects, in his native country. This arose, perhaps, from having been out of England from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year; yet, when I came to Lausanne, I found him apparently without relish for French society. During the

stay I made with him he renewed his intercourse with the principal French who were at Lausanne; of whom there happened to be a considerable number, distinguished for rank or talents; many indeed respectable for both *. During my stay in Switzerland I was not absent from my friend's house, except during a short excursion that we made together to Mr. Necker's at Copet, and a tour to Geneva, Chamouny, over the Col de Balme, to Martigny, St. Maurice, and round the Lake by Vevey to Lausanne. In the social and singularly pleasant months that I passed with Mr. Gibbon, he enjoyed his usual cheerfulness, with good health. Since he left England, in 1788, he had had a severe attack, mentioned in one of the foregoing letters, of an Erysipelas, which at last settled in one of his legs, and left something of a dropical tendency; for at this time I first perceived a considerable degree of swelling about the ankle.

In the beginning of October I left this delightful residence; and some time after my return to England, our correspondence recommenced.

* Marshal de Castries and several branches of his family, Duc de Guignes and daughters, Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Madame de Grammont, Princess d'Henin, Princess de Bouillon, Duchesse de Biron, Prince de Salms, Comte de Schomberg, M. Lally Tolendal, M. de Mounier, Madame d'Aguesseau and family, M. de Malherbes, &c. &c.

LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON Esq.

TO

LORD SHEFFIELD, and Others.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Hon. Miss* HOLROYD.

LAUSANNE, 9th Nov. 1791.

GULLIVER is made to say, in presenting his interpreter, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend." Allow me to say, with proper expressions and excuses, "My pen is in the hand of my friend;" and the aforesaid friend begs leave thus to continue*.

I remember to have read somewhere in Rousseau, of a lover quitting very often his mistress, to have the pleasure of corresponding with her. Though not absolutely your lover, I am very much your admirer, and should be extremely tempted to follow the same example. The spirit and reason which prevail in your conversation, appear to great advantage in your letters. The three which I have

* The remainder of the letter was dictated by Mr. Gibbon, and written by M. Wilh. de Severy. S.

received from Berne, Coblentz, and Brussels have given me much real pleasure ; first, as a proof that you are often thinking of me ; secondly, as an evidence that you are capable of keeping a resolution ; and thirdly, from their own intrinsic merit and entertainment. The style, without any allowance for haste or hurry, is perfectly correct ; the manner is neither too light, nor too grave ; the dimensions neither too long, nor too short : they are such, in a word, as I should like to receive from the daughter of my best friend. I attend your lively journal, through bad roads, and worse inns. Your description of men and manners conveys very satisfactory information ; and I am particularly delighted with your remark concerning the irregular behaviour of the Rhine. But the Rhine, alas ! after some temporary wanderings, will be content to flow in his old channel, while man—man is the greatest fool of the whole creation.

I direct this letter to Sheffield-Place, where I suppose you arrived in health and safety. I congratulate my Lady on her quiet establishment by her fireside ; and hope you will be able, after all your excursions, to support the climate and manners of Old England. Before this epistle reaches you, I hope to have received the two promised letters from Dover and Sheffield-Place. If they should not meet with a proper return, you will pity and forgive me. I have not yet heard from Lord Sheffield, who seems to have devolved on his daughter, the task which she has so gloriously executed. I shall probably not write to him, till I have received his first letter of business from England ; but with regard to my Lady, I have most excellent intentions.

I never could understand how two persons of such superior merit, as Miss Holroyd and Miss Lausanne, could have so little relish for one another, as they appeared to have in the beginning ; and it was with great pleasure that I observed the degrees of their growing intimacy, and the mutual regret of their separation. Whatever you may imagine, your friends at Lausanne have been thinking as frequently

quently of yourself and company, as you could possibly think of them ; and you will be very ungrateful, if you do not seriously resolve to make them a second visit, under such name and title as you may judge most agreeable. None of the Severy family, except perhaps my secretary, are inclined to forget you ; and I am continually asked for some account of your health, motions, and amusements. Since your departure, no great events have occurred. I have made a short excursion to Geneva and Copet, and found Mr. Necker in much better spirits than when you saw him. They pressed me to pass some weeks this winter in their house at Geneva ; and I may possibly comply, at least, in part, with their invitation. The aspect of Lausanne is peaceful and placid ; and you have no hopes of a revolution driving me out of this country. We hear nothing of the proceedings of the commission *, except by playing at cards every evening with Monsieur Fischer, who often speaks of Lord Sheffield with esteem and respect. There is no appearance of Roffet and La Motte being brought to a speedy trial, and they still remain in the castle of Chillon, which (according to the geography of the National Assembly) is washed by the sea. Our winter begins with great severity ; and we shall not probably have many balls, which, as you may imagine, I lament much. Angletine does not consider two French words as a letter. Montrond sighs and blushes whenever Louisa's name is mentioned : Philippine wishes to converse with her on men

* A commission, at the head of which was Monsieur Fischer, one of the principal members of the government of Berne, a very active and intelligent man, who would have distinguished himself in the administration of any country. This commission, which was accompanied by two or three thousand of the best of the German militia of the Canton of Berne, was sent for the purpose of examining into some attempts to introduce the French revolutionary principles into the Pays de Vaud. Several persons were seized ; the greater part were released ; the examination was secret, but Roffet and La Motte were confined in the castle of Chillon ; and being afterwards condemned, for correspondence with the French, to a long imprisonment, were transferred to the castle of Arbourg. S.

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and manners. The French ladies are settled in town for the winter, and they form, with Mrs. Trevor, a very agreeable addition to our society. It is now enlivened by a visit of the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the most accomplished men in the *ci devant* kingdom of France.

As Mrs. Wood *, who has miscarried, is about to leave us, I must either cure or die ; and, upon the whole, I believe the former will be most expedient. You will see her in London, with dear Corea, next winter. My rival magnificently presents me with an hoghead of Madeira ; so that in honour I could not supplant him : yet I do assure you, from my heart, that another departure is much more painful to me. The apartment below † is shut up, and I know not when I shall again visit it with pleasure. Adieu. Believe me, one and all, most affectionately yours.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, December 28, 1791.

ALAS ! alas ! the dæmon of procrastination has again possessed me. Three months have nearly rolled away since your departure ; and seven letters, five from the most valuable Maria, and two from yourself ; have extorted from me only a single epistle, which perhaps would never have been written, had I not used the permission of employing my own tongue and the hand of a secretary. Shall I tell you, that, for these last six weeks, the eve of every day has witnessed a *firm* resolution, and the day itself has furnished some ingenious delay ? This morning, for instance, I determined to invade you as soon as the breakfast things should be removed : they were removed ; but I had something to read, to write, to meditate, and there was time

* Madame de Silva.

† The apartment principally inhabited during the residence of my family at Lausanne. S.

enough

enough before me. Hour after hour has stolen away, and I finally begin my letter at two o'clock, evidently too late for the post, as I must dress, dine, go abroad, &c. A foundation, however, *shall be* laid, which will stare me in the face ; and next Saturday I shall probably be roused by the awful reflection that it is the last day in the year.

After realizing this summer an event which I had long considered as a dream of fancy, I know not whether I should rejoice or grieve at your visit to Lausanne. While I possessed the family, the sentiment of pleasure highly predominated ; when, just as we had subsided in a regular, easy, comfortable plan of life, the last trump sounded, and, without speaking of the pang of separation, you left me to one of the most gloomy, solitary months of October which I have ever passed. For yourself and daughters, however, you have contrived to snatch some of the most interesting scenes of this world. Paris, at such a moment, Switzerland, and the Rhine, Strasburg, Coblenz, have suggested a train of lively images and useful ideas, which will not be speedily erased. The mind of the young damsel, more especially, will be enlarged and enlightened in every sense. In four months she has lived many years ; and she will much deceive and displease me, if she does not review and methodize her journal, in such a manner as she is capable of performing, for the amusement of her particular friends. Another benefit which will redound from your recent view is, that every place, person, and object, about Lausanne, are now become familiar and interesting to you. In our future correspondence (do I dare pronounce the word correspondence ?) I can talk to you as freely of every circumstance as if it were actually before your eyes. And first, of my own improvements.—All those venerable piles of ancient verdure which you *admired* have been eradicated in one fatal day. Your faithful substitutes, William de Severy and Levade, have never ceased to persecute me, till I signed their death warrant. Their place is now supplied

by a number of picturesque naked poles, the foster-fathers of as many twigs of Platanus, which may afford a grateful but distant shade to the founder, or to his *seris Nepotibus*. In the mean while I must confess that the terrace appears broader, and that I discover a much larger quantity of snow than I should otherwise do. The workmen admire your ingenious plan for cutting out a new bed-chamber and book-room; but, on mature consideration, we all unanimously prefer the old scheme of adding a third room on the terrace beyond the library, with two spacious windows, and a fire-place between. It will be larger (28 feet by 21), and pleasanter, and warmer: the difference of expence will be much less considerable than I imagined: the door of communication with the library will be artfully buried in the wainscot; and, unless it be opened by my own choice, may always remain a profound secret. Such is the design; but, as it will not be executed before next summer, you have time and liberty to state your objections. I am much colder about the staircase, but it may be finished, according to your idea, for thirty pounds; and I feel they will persuade me. Am I not a very rich man? When these alterations are completed, few authors of six volumes in quarto will be more agreeably lodged than myself. Lausanne is now full and lively; all our native families are returned from the country; and, praised be the Lord! we are infested with few foreigners, either French or English. Even our democrats are more reasonable or more discreet; it is agreed, to wave the subject of politics, and all seem happy and cordial. I have a grand dinner this week, a supper of thirty or forty people on Twelfth-day, &c.; some concerts have taken place, some balls are talked of; and even Maria would allow (yet it is ungenerous to say even Maria) that the winter scene at Lausanne is tolerably gay and active. I say nothing of the Severys, as Angletine has epistolized Maria last post. She has probably hinted that her brother meditates a

short

short excursion to Turin: that worthy fellow Trevor has given him a pressing invitation to his own house. In the beginning of February I propose going to Geneva for three or four weeks. I shall lodge and eat with the Neckers; my mornings will be my own, and I shall spend my evenings in the society of the place, where I have many acquaintance. This short absence will agitate my stagnant life, and restore me with fresh appetite to my house, my library, and my friends. Before that time (the end of February) what events may happen, or be ready to happen! The National Assembly (compared to which the former was a senate of heroes and demi-gods) seem resolved to attack Germany *avec quatre millions de bayonnettes libres*; the army of the princes must soon either fight, or starve, or conquer. Will Sweden draw his sword? will Russia draw her purse? an empty purse! All is darkness and anarchy: neither party is strong enough to oppose a settlement; and I cannot see a possibility of an amicable arrangement, where there are no heads (in any sense of the word) who can answer for the multitude. Send me your ideas, and those of Lord Guildford, Lord Loughborough, Fox, &c.

Before I conclude, a word of my vexatious affairs.—Shall I never fail on the smooth stream of good security and half-yearly interest? will every body refuse my money? I had already written to Darrel and Gosling to obey your commands, and was in hopes that you had already made large and salutary evacuations. During your absence I never expected much effect from the cold indifference of agents; but you are now in England—you will be speedily in London: set all your setting-dogs to beat the field, hunt, enquire, why should you not advertise? Yet I am almost ashamed to complain of some stagnation of interest, when I am witness to the natural and acquired philosophy of so many French, who are reduced from riches, not to indigence, but to absolute want and beggary. A Count Argout has just left us, who possessed ten thousand a-year in

the island of St. Domingo; he is utterly burnt and ruined; and a brother, whom he tenderly loved, has been murdered by the negroes. These are real misfortunes. I have much revolved the plan of the Memoirs I once mentioned; and, as you do not think it ridiculous, I believe I shall make an attempt: if I can please myself, I am confident of not displeasing; but let this be a profound secret between us: people must not be prepared to laugh; they must be taken by surprise. Have you looked over your, or rather my, letters? Surely, in the course of the year, you may find a safe and cheap occasion of sending me a parcel; they may assist me. Adieu. I embrace my Lady: send me a favourable account of her health. I kiss the Marmaille. By an amazing push of remorse and diligence I have finished my letter (three pages and a half) this same day since dinner; but I have not time to read it. Ever yours.

Half past Six.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, December 31, 1791.

To-morrow a new year, *multos et felices!*

I NOW most sincerely repent of my late repentance, and do almost swear never to renounce the amiable and useful practice of procrastination. Had I delayed, as I was strongly tempted, another post, your missive of the 13th, which did not reach me till this morning (three mails were due), would have arrived in time, and I might have avoided this second Herculean labour. It will be, however, no more than an infant Hercules. The topics of conversation have been fully discussed, and I shall now confine myself to the needful of the new business. *Felix faustumque sit!* may no untoward accident disarrange your Yorkshire mortgage; the conclusion of which will place me in a clear and easy state, such as I have never known since the first hour of property. * * * *

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The three per cents are so high, and the country is in such a damned state of prosperity under that fellow Pitt, that it goes against me to purchase at such low interest. In my visit to England next autumn, or in the spring following, (alas! you *must* acquiesce in the alternative,) I hope to be armed with sufficient materials to draw a sum, which may be employed as taste or fancy shall dictate, in the improvement of my library, a service of plate, &c. I am not very sanguine, but surely this is no uncomfortable prospect. This pecuniary detail, which has not indeed been so unpleasant as it used formerly to be, has carried me farther than I expected. Let us now drink and be merry. I flatter myself that your Madeira, improved by its travels, will set forwards for Messrs. Romberg, at Ostend, early in the spring; and I should be very well pleased if you could add a hogshhead of excellent Claret, for which we should be entitled to the drawback: they must halt at Basle, and send notice to me for a safe-conduct. Have you had any intelligence from Lord Auckland about the wine which he was to order from Bourdeaux, by Marseilles and the Rhone? The one need not impede the other; I wish to have a large stock. Corea has promised me a hogshhead of his native Madeira, for which I am to give him an order on Cadell for a copy of the Decline and Fall: he vanished without notice, and is now at Paris. Could you not fish out his direction by Mrs. Wood, who by this time is in England? I rejoice in Lally's prosperity. Have you reconsidered my proposal of a declaration of constitutional principles from the heads of the party? I think a foolish address from a body of Whigs to the National Assembly renders it still more incumbent on you. Atchieve my worldly concerns, *et eris mihi magnus Apollo*. Adieu, ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, April 4th, 1792.

FOR fear you should abuse me, as usual, I will begin the attack, and scold at you, for not having yet sent me the long-expected intelligence of the completion of my mortgage. You had positively assured me that the second of February would terminate my worldly cares, by a consummation so devoutly to be wished. The news, therefore, might reach me about the eighteenth; and I argued with the gentle logic of laziness, that it was perfectly idle to answer your letter, till I could chaunt a thanksgiving song of gratitude and praise. As every post disappointed my hopes, the same argument was repeated for the next; and twenty empty-handed postilions have blown their insignificant horns, till I am provoked at last to write by sheer impatience and vexation. *Facit indignatio versum. Cospetto di Baccho*; for I must ease myself by swearing a little. What is the cause, the meaning, the pretence, of this delay? Are the Yorkshire mortgagers inconstant in their wishes? Are the London lawyers constant in their procrastination? Is a letter on the road, to inform me that all is concluded, or to tell me that all is broken to pieces? Had the money been placed in the three per cents last May; besides the annual interest, it would have gained by the rise of stock nearly twenty *per cent.* Your Lordship is a wise man, a successful writer, and an useful senator; you understand America and Ireland, corn and slaves, but your prejudice against the funds*, in which I am often tempted to join, makes you a little blind to their increasing value in the hands of our virtuous and excellent minister. But our regret is vain; one pull more and we reach the shore; and our future correspondence will be no longer tainted with business. Shall I then be more diligent and regular? I hope and believe so; for now that I have got over this article of worldly interest, my letter

* It would be more correct if he had said, my preference of land. S.

seems

seems to be almost finished. *A propos* of letters, am I not a sad dog to forget my Lady and Maria? Alas! the dual number has been prejudicial to both. How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away. I am like the ass of famous memory; I cannot tell which way to turn first, and there I stand mute and immoveable. The Baronial and maternal dignity of my Lady, supported by twenty years friendship, may claim the preference. But the five incomparable letters of Maria!—Next week, however.—Am I not ashamed to talk of next week?

I have most successfully, and most agreeably, executed my plan of spending the month of March at Geneva, in the Necker-house, and every circumstance that I had arranged turned out beyond my expectation; the freedom of the morning, the society of the table and drawing-room, from half an hour past two till six or seven; an evening assembly and card-party, in a round of the best company, and, excepting one day in the week, a private supper of free and friendly conversation. You would like Geneva better than Lausanne; there is much more information to be got among the men; but though I found some agreeable women, their manners and stile of life are, upon the whole, less easy and pleasant than our own. I was much pleased with Necker's brother Mr. De Germain, a good-humoured, polite, sensible man, without the genius and fame of the statesman, but much more adapted for private and ordinary happiness. Madame de Stael is expected in a few weeks at Copet, where they receive her, and where, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," she will have leisure to regret "the pleasing anxious being," which she enjoyed amidst the storms of Paris. But what can the poor creature do? her husband is in Sweden, her lover is no longer secretary at war, and her father's house is the only place where she can reside with the least degree of prudence and decency. Of that father I have really a much higher idea than I ever had before; in our domestic intimacy he cast away his gloom and reserve; I saw a great deal of his mind,

and all that I saw is fair and worthy. He was overwhelmed by the hurricane, he mistook his way in the fog, but in such a perilous situation, I much doubt whether any mortal could have seen or stood. In the meanwhile, he is abused by all parties, and none of the French in Geneva will set their foot in his house. He remembers Lord Sheffield with esteem; his health is good, and he would be tranquil in his private life, were not his spirits continually wounded by the arrival of every letter and every newspaper. His sympathy is deeply interested by the fatal consequences of a revolution, in which he had acted so leading a part; and he feels as a friend for the danger of M. de Lessart, who may be guilty in the eyes of the Jacobins, or even of his judges, by those very actions and dispatches which would be most approved by all the lovers of his country. What a momentous event is the Emperor's death! In the forms of a new reign, and of the Imperial election, the democrats have at least gained time, if they knew how to use it. But the new monarch, though of a weak complexion, is of a martial temper; he loves the soldiers, and is beloved by them; and the slow fluctuating politics of his uncle may be succeeded by a direct line of march to the gates of Strasbourg and Paris. It is the opinion of the master movers in France, (I know it most certainly,) that their troops will not fight, that the people have lost all sense of patriotism, and that on the first discharge of an Austrian cannon the game is up. But what occasion for Austrians or Spaniards? the French are themselves their greatest enemies; four thousand Marseillois are marched against Arles and Avignon, the *troupes de ligne* are divided between the two parties, and the flame of civil war will soon extend over the southern provinces. You have heard of the unworthy treatment of the Swiss regiment of Ernst. The canton of Berne has bravely recalled them, with a stout letter to the King of France, which must be inserted in all the papers. I now come to the most unpleasant article, our home politics. Boffet and La Motte are condemned to

fine and twenty years imprisonment in the fortress of Arbourg. We have not yet received their official sentence, nor is it believed that the proofs and proceedings against them will be published; an awkward circumstance, which it does not seem easy to justify. Some (though none of note) are taken up, several are fled, many more are suspected and suspicious. All are silent, but it is the silence of fear and discontent; and the secret hatred which rankled against government begins to point against the few who are known to be well-affected. I never knew any place so much changed as Lausanne, even since last year; and though you will not be much obliged to me for the motive, I begin very seriously to think of visiting Sheffield-Place by the month of September next. Yet here again I am frightened, by the dangers of a French, and the difficulties of a German, route. You must send me an account of the passage from Dieppe to Brighton, with an itinerary of the Rhine, distances, expences, &c. As usual, I just save the post, nor have I time to read my letter, which, after wasting the morning in deliberation, has been struck off in a heat since dinner. No news of the Madeira. Your views of S. P. are just received; they are admired, and shall be framed. Severy has spent the carnival at Turin. Trevor is only the best man in the world.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, May 30th, 1792.

AFTER the receipt of your *penultimate*, eight days ago, I expected, with much impatience, the arrival of your next-promised epistle. It arrived this morning, but has not completely answered my expectations. I wanted, and I hoped for a full and fair picture of the present and probable aspect of your political world, with which, at this distance, I seem every day less satisfied. In the slave question you triumphed last session, in this you have been defeated. What

is the cause of this alteration? If it proceeded only from an impulse of humanity, I cannot be displeased, even with an error; since it is very likely that my own vote (had I possessed one) would have been added to the majority. But in this rage against slavery, in the numerous petitions against the slave trade, was there no leaven of new democratical principles? no wild ideas of the rights and natural equality of man? It is these, I fear. Some articles in newspapers, some pamphlets of the year, the Jockey Club, have fallen into my hands. I do not infer much from such publications; yet I have never known them of so black and malignant a cast. I shuddered at Grey's motion; disliked the half-support of Fox, admired the firmness of Pitt's declaration, and excused the usual intemperance of Burke. Surely such men as ****, *****, *****, have talents for mischief. I see a club of reform which contains some respectable names. Inform me of the professions, the principles, the plans, the resources, of these reformers. Will they heat the minds of the people? Does the French democracy gain no ground? Will the bulk of your party stand firm to their own interest, and that of their country? Will you not take some active measures to declare your sound opinions, and separate yourselves from your rotten members? If you allow them to perplex government, if you trifle with this solemn business, if you do not resist the spirit of innovation in the first attempt, if you admit the smallest and most specious change in our parliamentary system, you are lost. You will be driven from one step to another; from principles just in theory, to consequences most pernicious in practice; and your first concessions will be productive of every subsequent mischief, for which you will be answerable to your country and to posterity. Do not suffer yourselves to be lulled into a false security; remember the proud fabric of the French monarchy. Not four years ago it stood founded, as it might seem, on the rock of time, force, and opinion, supported by the triple aristocracy of the church, the nobility, and the parliaments. They are crumbled into dust;

dust; they are vanished from the earth. If this tremendous warning has no effect on the men of property in England; if it does not open every eye, and raise every arm, you will deserve your fate. If I am too precipitate, enlighten; if I am too desponding, encourage me.

My pen has run into this argument; for, as much a foreigner as you think me, on this momentous subject, I feel myself an Englishman.

The pleasure of residing at Sheffield-Place is, after all, the first and the ultimate object of my visit to my native country. But when or how will that visit be effected? Clouds and whirlwinds, Austrian Croats and Gallic cannibals, seem one very side to impede my passage. You seem to apprehend the perils or difficulties of the German road, and French peace is more sanguinary than civilized war. I must pass through, perhaps, a thousand republics or municipalities, which neither obey nor are obeyed. The strictness of passports, and the popular ferment, are much increased since last summer: aristocrate is in every mouth, lanterns hang in every street, and an hasty word, or a casual resemblance, may be fatal. Yet, on the other hand, it is probable that many English, men, women, and children, will traverse the country without any accident before next September; and I am sensible that many things appear more formidable at a distance than on a nearer approach. Without any absolute determination, we must see what the events of the next three or four months will produce. In the mean while, I shall expect with impatience your next letter: let it be speedy; my answer shall be prompt.

You will be glad, or sorry, to learn that my gloomy apprehensions are much abated, and that my departure, whenever it takes place, will be an act of choice, rather than of necessity. I do not pretend to affirm, that secret discontent, dark suspicion, private animosity, are very materially assuaged; but we have not experienced, nor do we now apprehend, any dangerous acts of violence, which may

compel me to seek a refuge among the friendly Bears*, and to abandon my library to the mercy of the democrats. The firmness and vigour of government have crushed, at least for a time, the spirit of innovation; and I do not believe that the body of the people, especially the peasants, are disposed for a revolution. From France, praised be the demon of anarchy! the insurgents of the Pays de Vaud could not at present have much to hope; and should the *gardes nationales*, of which there is little appearance, attempt an incursion, the country is armed and prepared, and they would be resisted with equal numbers and superior discipline. The Gallic wolves that prowled round Geneva are drawn away, some to the south and some to the north, and the late events in Flanders seem to have diffused a general contempt, as well as abhorrence, for the lawless savages, who fly before the enemy, hang their prisoners, and murder their officers. The brave and patient regiment of Ernest is expected home every day, and as Berne will take them into present pay, that veteran and regular corps will add to the security of our frontier.

I rejoice that we have so little to say on the subject of worldly affairs. * * * * This summer we are threatened with an inundation, besides many nameless English and Irish; but I am anxious for the Dukes of Devonshire and the Lady Elizabeth Foster, who are on their march. Lord Malmesbury, the *audacieux* Harris, will inform you that he has seen me: *him* I would have consented to keep.

One word more before we part; call upon Mr. John Nicholls, bookfeller and printer, at Cicero's Head, Red-Lion-Passage, Fleet-Street, and ask him whether he did not, about the beginning of March, receive a very polite letter from Mr. Gibbon of Lausanne? To which, either as a man of business or a civil gentleman, he should have returned an answer. My application related to a domestic article in the Gentleman's Magazine of August 1788,

* Berne.

(p. 698,) which had lately fallen into my hands, and concerning which I requested some farther lights. Mrs. Mofs delivered the letters * into my hands, but I doubt whether they will be of much service to me; the work appears far more difficult in the execution than in the idea, and as I am now taking my leave for some time of the library, I shall not make much progress in the memoirs of P. P. till I am on English ground. But is it indeed true, that I shall eat any Suffex pheasants this autumn? The event is in the book of Fate, and I cannot unroll the leaves of September and October. Should I reach Sheffield-Place, I hope to find the whole family in a perfect state of existence, except a certain Maria Holroyd, my fair and *generous* correspondent, whose annihilation on proper terms I most fervently desire. I must receive a copious answer before the end of next month, June, and again call upon you for a map of your political world. The chancellor roars; does he break his chain? *Vale.*

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, August 23d, 1792.

WHEN I inform you, that the design of my English expedition is at last postponed till another year, you will not be much surpris'd. The public obstacles; the danger of one road, and the difficulties of another, would alone be sufficient to arrest so unwieldy and inactive a being; and these obstacles, on the side of France, are growing every day more insuperable. On the other hand, the terrors which might have driven me from hence have, in a great measure, subsided; our state-prisoners are forgotten: the country begins to recover its old good humour and unsuspecting confidence, and the last revolution

* His letters to me for a certain period, which he desired me to send, to assist him in writing his Memoirs. S.

of Paris appears to have convinced almost every body of the fatal consequences of democratical principles, which lead by a path of flowers into the abyss of hell. I may therefore wait with patience and tranquillity till the Duke of Brunswick shall have opened the French road. But if I am not driven from Laufanne, you will ask, I hope with some indignation, whether I am not drawn to England, and more especially to Sheffield-Place? The desire of embracing you and yours is now the strongest, and must gradually become the sole, inducement that can force me from my library and garden, over seas and mountains. The English world will forget and be forgotten, and every year will deprive me of some acquaintance, who by courtesy are styled friends: Lord Guildford and Sir Joshua Reynolds! two of the men, and two of the houses in London, on whom I the most relied for the comforts of society.

September 12th, 1792.

THUS far had I written in the full confidence of finishing and sending my letter the next post; but six post-days have unaccountably slipped away, and were you not accustomed to my silence, you would almost begin to think me on the road. How dreadfully, since my last date, has the French road been polluted with blood! and what horrid scenes may be acting at this moment, and may still be aggravated, till the Duke of Brunswick is master of Paris! On every rational principle of calculation he must succeed; yet sometimes, when my spirits are low, I dread the blind efforts of mad and desperate multitudes fighting on their own ground. A few days or weeks must decide the military operations of this year, and perhaps for ever; but on the fairest supposition, I cannot look forwards to any firm settlement, either of a legal or an absolute government. I cannot pretend to give you any Paris news. Should I inform you, as we believe, that *Lally is still among the cannibals*, you would possibly

sibly answer, that he is now sitting in the library at Sheffield. Madame de Stael, after miraculously escaping through pikes and poignards, has reached the castle of Copet, where I shall see her before the end of the week. If any thing can provoke the King of Sardinia and the Swiss, it must be the foul destruction of *his* cousin Madame de Lamballe, and of *their* regiment of guards. An extraordinary council is summoned at Berne, *but resentment may be checked by prudence*. In spite of Maria's laughter, I applaud your moderation, and sigh for a hearty union of all the sense and property of the country. The times require it; but your last political letter was a cordial to my spirits. The Duchesse of D. rather dislikes a coalition: amiable creature! The Eliza (we call her Bess) is furious against you for not writing. We shall lose them in a few days; but the motions of Bess and the Duchesse for Italy or England, are doubtful. Ladies Spencer and Duncannon certainly pass the Alps. I live with them. Adieu. Since I do not appear in person, I feel the absolute propriety of writing to my Lady and Maria; but there is far from the knowledge to the performance of a duty. Ever your's.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, October 5th, 1792.

As our English newspapers must have informed you of the invasion of Savoy by the French, and as it is possible that you may have some trifling apprehensions of my *being killed and eaten by those cannibals*, it has appeared to me that a short extraordinary dispatch might not be unacceptable on this occasion. It is indeed true, that about ten days ago the French army of the South, under the command of M. de Montesquieu, (if any French army can be said to be under any command,) has entered Savoy, and possessed themselves of Chamberry, Montmelian, and several other places. It has always been the practice of the King of Sardinia to abandon his transalpine dominions;

dominions ; but on this occasion the court of Turin appears to have been surpris'd by the strange excentric motions of a democracy, which always acts from the passion of the moment ; and their inferior troops have retreated, with some loss and disgrace, into the passes of the Alps. Mount Cenis is now impervious, and our English travellers who are bound for Italy, the Dukes of Devonshire, Ancaster, &c. will be forced to explore a long circuitous road through the Tirol. But the Chablais is yet intact, nor can our telescopes discover the tricolor banners on the other side of the lake. Our accounts of the French numbers seem to vary from fifteen to thirty thousand men ; the regulars are few, but they are followed by a rabble rout, which must soon, however, melt away, as they will find no plunder, and scanty subsistence, in the poverty and barrenness of Savoy. *N. B.* I have just seen a letter from Mr. de Montesquieu, who boasts that at his first entrance into Savoy he had only twelve battalions. Our intelligence is far from correct.

The magistrates of Geneva were alarmed by this dangerous neighbourhood, and more especially by the well-known animosity of an exiled citizen, Claviere, who is one of the six ministers of the French republic. It was carried by a small majority in the General Council, to call in the succour of three thousand Swiss, which is stipulated by antient treaty. The strongest reason or pretence of the minority, was founded on the danger of provoking the French, and they seem to have been justified by the event ; since the complaint of the French resident amounts to a declaration of war. The fortifications of Geneva are not contemptible, especially on the side of Savoy ; and it is much doubted whether Mr. de Montesquieu is prepared for a regular siege ; but the malecontents are numerous within the walls, and I question whether the spirit of the citizens will hold out against a bombardment. In the mean while the diet has declared that the first cannon fired against Geneva will be considered as an act of hostility against the whole Helvetic body. Berne, as the nearest and most powerful canton, has taken the lead with great vigour and
I
vigilance,

vigilance; the road is filled with the perpetual succession of troops and artillery; and, if some disaffection lurks in the towns, the peasants, especially the Germans, are inflamed with a strong desire of encountering the murderers of their countrymen. Mr. de Watteville, with whom you dined at my house last year, refused to accept the command of the Swiss succour of Geneva, till it was made his first instruction that he should never, in any case, surrender himself prisoner of war.

In this situation, you may suppose that we have some fears. I have great dependence, however, on the many chances in our favour, the valour of the Swiss, the return of the Piedmontese with their Austrian allies, eight or ten thousand men from the Milanese, a diversion from Spain, the great events (how slowly they proceed) on the side of Paris, the inconstancy and want of discipline of the French, and the near approach of the winter season. I am not nervous, but I will not be rash. It will be painful to abandon my house and library; but, if the danger should approach, I will retreat before it, first to Berne, and gradually to the North. Should I even be forced to take refuge in England (a violent measure so late in the year), you would perhaps receive me as kindly as you do the French priests—a noble act of hospitality! Could I have foreseen this storm, I would have been there six weeks ago; but who can foresee the wild measures of the savages of Gaul? We thought ourselves perfectly out of the hurricane latitudes. Adieu. I am going to bed, and must rise early to visit the Neckers at Rolle, whither they have retired, from the frontier situation of Copet. Severy is on horseback, with his dragoons: his poor father is dangerously ill. It will be shocking if it should be found necessary to remove him. While we are in this very awkward crisis, I will write at least every week. Ever yours. Write instantly, and remember all my commissions.

To the Same.

I WILL keep my promise of sending you a weekly journal of our troubles, that, when the piping times of peace are restored, I may sleep in long and irreproachable silence: but I shall use a smaller paper, as our military exploits will seldom be sufficient to fill the ample size of our English quarto.

October 13, 1792:

Since my last of the 6th, our attack is not more eminent, and our defence is most assuredly stronger, two very important circumstances, at a time when every day is leading us, though not so fast as our impatience could wish, towards the unwarlike month of November; and we observe with pleasure that the troops of Mr. de Montesquieu, which are chiefly from the Southern Provinces, will not cheerfully entertain the rigor of an Alpine winter. The 7th instant, Mr. de Chateauneuf, the French resident, took his leave with an haughty mandate, commanding the Genevois, as they valued their safety and the friendship of the republic, to dismiss their Swiss allies, and to punish the magistrates, who had traiterously proposed the calling in these foreign troops. It is precisely the fable of the wolves, who offered to make peace with the sheep, provided they would send away their dogs. You know what became of the sheep. This demand appears to have kindled a just and general indignation, since it announced an edict of proscription; and must lead to a democratical revolution, which would probably renew the horrid scenes of Paris and Avignon. A general assembly of the citizens was convened, the message was read, speeches were made, oaths were taken, and it was resolved (with only three dissentient voices) to live and die in the defence of their country. The Genevois muster above three thousand well-armed citizens; and the Swiss, who may easily be increased (in a few hours) to an equal number, add spirit to the timo-

rous, and confidence to the well-affected : their arsenals are filled with arms, their magazines with ammunition, and their granaries with corn. But their fortifications are extensive and imperfect, they are commanded from two adjacent hills ; a French faction lurks in the city, the character of the Genevois is rather commercial than military, and their behaviour, lofty promise, and base surrender, in the year 1782, is fresh in our memories. In the mean while, 4000 French at the most are arrived in the neighbouring camp, nor is there yet any appearance of mortars or heavy artillery. Perhaps an haughty menace may be repelled by a firm countenance. If it were worth while talking of justice, what a shameful attack of a feeble, unoffending state ! On the news of their danger, all Switzerland, from Schaffouse to the Pays de Vaud, has risen in arms ; and a French resident, who has passed through the country, in his way from Ratisbon, declares his intention of informing and admonishing the National Convention. About eleven thousand Bernois are already posted in the neighbourhood of Copet and Nyon ; and new reinforcements of men, artillery, &c. arrive every day. Another army is drawn together to oppose Mr. de Ferrieres, on the side of Bienne and the bishopric of Basle ; and the Austrians in Swabia would be easily persuaded to cross the Rhine in our defence. But we are yet ignorant whether our sovereigns mean to wage an offensive or defensive war. If the latter, which is more likely, will the French begin the attack ? Should Genoa yield to fear or force, this country is open to an invasion ; and though our men are brave, we want generals ; and I despise the French much less than I did two months ago. It should seem that our hopes from the King of Sardinia and the Austrians of Milan are faint and distant ; Spain sleeps ; and the Duke of Brunswick (amazement !) seems to have failed in his great project. For my part, till Geneva falls, I do not think of a retreat ; but, at all events, I am provided with two strong horses, and an hundred Louis in gold. Zurich would be probably my winter quar-

ters, and the society of the Neckers would make any place agreeable. Their situation is worse than mine: I have no daughter ready to lie in; nor do I fear the French aristocrats on the road. Adieu. Keep my letters; excuse contradictions and repetitions. The Duchess of Devonshire leaves us next week. Lady Elizabeth abhors you. Ever yours.

To the Same.

October 20, 1792.

SINCE my last, our affairs take a more pacific turn; but I will not venture to affirm that our peace will be either safe or honourable. Mr. de Montesquieu and three commissioners of the Convention, who are at Carrouge, have had frequent conferences with the magistrates of Geneva; several expresses have been dispatched to and from Paris, and every step of the negotiation is communicated to the deputies of Berne and Zurich. The French troops observe a very tolerable degree of order and discipline; and no act of hostility has yet been committed on the territory of Geneva.

October 27.

My usual temper very readily admitted the excuse, that it would be better to wait another week, till the final settlement of our affairs. The treaty is signed between France and Geneva; and the ratification of the Convention is looked upon as assured, if any thing can be assured in that wild democracy. On condition that the Swiss garrison, with the approbation of Berne and Zurich, be recalled before the first of December, it is stipulated that the independence of Geneva shall be preserved inviolate; that Mr. de Montesquieu shall immediately send away his heavy artillery; and that no French troops shall approach within ten leagues of the city. As the Swiss have acted only as auxiliaries, they have no occasion for a direct treaty; but they cannot prudently disarm, till they are satisfied of the pacific intentions

intentions of France ; and no such satisfaction can be given till they have acknowledged the new republic, which they will probably do in a few days, with a deep groan of indignation and sorrow ; it has been cemented with the blood of their countrymen ! But when the Emperor, the King of Prussia, the first general, and the first army in Europe have failed, less powerful states may acquiesce, without dishonour, in the determination of fortune. Do you understand this most unexpected failure ? I will allow an ample share to the badness of the roads and the weather, to famine and disease, to the skill of Dumourier, a heaven-born general ! and to the enthusiastic ardour of the new Romans ; but still, still there must be some secret and shameful cause at the bottom of this strange retreat. We are now delivered from the impending terrors of siege and invasion. The Geneva *émigrés*, particularly the Neckers, are hastening to their homes ; and I shall not be reduced to the hard necessity of seeking a winter asylum at Zurich or Constance : but I am not pleased with our future prospects. It is much to be feared that the present government of Geneva will be soon modelled after the French fashion ; the new republic of Savoy is forming on the opposite bank of the Lake ; the Jacobin missionaries are powerful and zealous ; and the malecontents of this country, who begin again to rear their heads, will be surrounded with temptations, and examples, and allies. I know not whether the Pays de Vaud will long adhere to the dominion of Berne ; or whether I shall be permitted to end my days in this little paradise, which I have so happily suited to my taste and circumstances.

Last Monday only I received your letter, which had strangely loitered on the road since its date of the 29th of September. There must surely be some disorder in the posts, since the Eliza departed indignant at never having heard from you.

The case of my wine I think peculiarly hard : to lose my Madeira, and to be scolded for losing it. I am much indebted to Mr. Nichols for

his genealogical communications, which I am impatient to receive ; but I do not understand why so civil a gentleman could not favour me, in six months, with an answer by the post : since he entrusts me with these valuable papers, you have not, I presume, informed him of my negligence and awkwardness in regard to manuscripts. Your reproach rather surprises me, as I suppose I am much the same as I have been for these last twenty years. Should you hold your resolution of writing only such things as may be published at Charing-Cross, our future correspondence would not be very interesting. But I expect and require, at this important crisis, a full and confidential account of your views concerning England, Ireland, and France. You have a strong and clear eye ; and your pen is, perhaps, the most useful quill that ever has been plucked from a goose. Your protection of the French refugees is highly applauded. Rossel and La Motte have escaped from Arbourg, perhaps with connivance to avoid disagreeable demands from the republic. Adieu. Ever yours.

To the Same.

November 10, 1792.

RECEIVED this day, November 9th, a most amiable dispatch from the too humble secretary* of the family of Espee †, dated October 24th, which I answer the same day. It will be acknowledged, that I have fulfilled my engagements with as much accuracy as our uncertain state and the fragility of human nature would allow. I resume my narrative. At the time when we imagined that all was settled, by an equal treaty between two such unequal powers, as the Geneva Flea and the Leviathan France, we were thunderstruck with the intelligence that the ministers of the republic refused to ratify the conditions ; and they were indignant, with some colour of reason, at

* Miss Holroyd.

† Meaning Sheffield-Place.

the hard obligation of withdrawing their troops to the distance of ten leagues, and of consequently leaving the Pays de Gez naked, and exposed to the Swifs, who had assembled 15,000 men on the frontier, and with whom they had not made any agreement. The messenger who was sent last Sunday from Geneva is not yet returned; and many persons are afraid of some design and danger in this delay. Montesquieu has acted with politeness, moderation, and apparent sincerity; but he may resign, he may be superseded, his place may be occupied by an *enragé*, by Servan, or Prince Charles of Hesse, who would aspire to imitate the predatory fame of Custine in Germany. In the mean while, the General holds a wolf by the ears; an officer who has seen his troops, about 18,000 men (with a tremendous train of artillery), represents them as a black, daring, desperate crew of buccaneers, rather shocking than contemptible; the officers (scarcely a gentleman among them), without servants, or horses, or baggage, lying *biggledy piggleddy* on the ground with the common men, yet maintaining a rough kind of discipline over them. They already begin to accuse and even to suspect their general, and call aloud for blood and plunder: could they have an opportunity of squeezing some of the rich citizens, Geneva would cut up as fat as most towns in Europe. During this suspension of hostilities they are permitted to visit the city without arms, sometimes three or four hundred at a time; and the magistrates, as well as the Swifs commander, are by no means pleased with this dangerous intercourse, which they dare not prohibit. Such are our fears: yet it should seem on the other side, that the French affect a kind of magnanimous justice towards their little neighbour, and that they are not ambitious of an unprofitable contest with the poor and hardy Swifs. The Swifs are not equal to a long and expensive war; and as most of our militia have families and trades, the country already sighs for their return. Whatever can be yielded, without absolute danger or disgrace, will doubtless

doubtless be granted ; and the business will probably end in our owning the sovereignty, and trusting to the good faith of the republic of France : how that word would have sounded four years ago ! The measure is humiliating ; but after the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, and the failure of the Austrians, the smaller powers may acquiesce without dishonour. Every dog has his day ; and these Gallic dogs have their day, at least, of most insolent prosperity. After forcing or tempting the Prussians to evacuate their country, they conquer Savoy, pillage Germany, threaten Spain : the Low Countries are ere now invaded ; Rome and Italy tremble ; they scour the Mediterranean, and talk of sending a squadron into the South Sea. The whole horizon is so black, that I begin to feel some anxiety for England, the last refuge of liberty and law ; and the more so, as I perceive from Lord Sheffield's last epistle that his firm nerves are a little shaken : but of this more in my next, for I want to unburthen my conscience. If England, with the experience of our happiness and French calamities, should now be seduced to eat the apple of false freedom, we should indeed deserve to be driven from the paradise which we enjoy. I turn aside from the horrid and improbable (yet not impossible) supposition, that, in three or four years' time, myself and my best friends may be reduced to the deplorable state of the French emigrants : they thought it as impossible three or four years ago. Never did a revolution affect, to such a degree, the private existence of such numbers of the first people of a great country : your examples of misery I could easily match with similar examples in this country and the neighbourhood ; and our sympathy is the deeper, as we do not possess, like you, the means of alleviating, in some degree, the misfortunes of the fugitives. But I must have, from the very excellent pen of the Maria, the tragedy of the Archbishop of Arles ; and the longer the better. Madame de Biron has probably been tempted by some faint and (I fear) fallacious promises of clemency

mency to the women, and which have likewise engaged Madame d'Agueffeau and her two daughters to revisit France. Madame de Bouillon stands her ground, and her situation as a foreign princess is less exposed. As Lord S. has assumed the glorious character of protector of the distressed, his name is pronounced with gratitude and respect. The D. of Richmond is praised, on Madame de Biron's account. To the Princess d'Henin, and Lally, I wish to be remembered. The Neckers cannot venture into Geneva, and Madame de Stael will probably lie in at Rolle. He is printing a defence of the King, &c. against their republican Judges; but the name of Necker is unpopular to all parties, and I much fear that the guillotine will be more speedy than the press. It will, however, be an eloquent performance; and, if I find an opportunity, I am to send you one, to you Lord S. by his particular desire: he wishes likewise to convey some copies with speed to our principal people, Pitt, Fox, Lord Stormont, &c. But such is the rapid succession of events, that it will appear like the *Pouvoir Executif*, his best work, after the whole scene has been totally changed. Ever yours.

P.S. The revolution of France, and my triple dispatch by the same post to Sheffield-Place, are, in my opinion, the two most singular events in the eighteenth century. I found the task so easy and pleasant, that I had some thoughts of adding a letter to the gentle Louisa. I am this moment informed, that our troops on the frontier are beginning to move, on their return home; yet we hear nothing of the treaty's being concluded.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Hon. Miss HOLROYD.*

LAUSANNE, NOV. 10, 1792.

IN dispatching the weekly political journal to Lord S. my conscience (for I have some remains of conscience) most powerfully urges me to salute, with some lines of friendship and gratitude, the amiable secretary, who might save herself the trouble of a modest apology. I have not yet forgotten our different behaviour after the much lamented *separation* of October the 4th, 1791, your meritorious punctuality, and my unworthy silence. I have still before me that entertaining narrative, which would have interested me, not only in the progress of the *carissima familia*, but in the motions of a Tartar camp, or the march of a caravan of Arabs; the mixture of just observation and lively imagery, the strong sense of a man, expressed with the easy elegance of a female. I still recollect with pleasure the happy comparison of the Rhine, who had heard so much of liberty on both his banks, that he wandered with mischievous licentiousness over all the adjacent meadows*. The inundation, alas! has now spread much wider; and it is sadly to be feared that the Elbe, the Po, and the Danube, may imitate the vile example of the Rhine: I shall be content, however, if our own Thames still preserves his fair character, of

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

These agreeable epistles of Maria produced only some dumb intentions, and some barren remorse; nor have I designed, except by a brief missive from my chancellor, to express how much I loved the author, and how much I was pleased with the composition. That amiable author I have known and loved from the first dawning of her life and *coquetry*, to the present maturity of her talents; and as

* Mr. Gibbon alludes to letters written to him by Miss Holroyd, when she was returning from Switzerland, along the Rhine, to England. S.

long

long as I remain on this planet, I shall pursue, with the same tender and even anxious concern, the future steps of her establishment and life. That establishment must be splendid ; that life must be happy. She is endowed with every gift of nature and fortune ; but the advantage which she will derive from them, depends almost entirely on herself. You must not, you shall not, think yourself unworthy to write to any man : there is none whom your correspondence would not amuse and satisfy. I will not undertake a task, which my taste would adopt, and my indolence would too soon relinquish ; but I am really curious, from the best motives, to have a particular account of your own studies and daily occupation. What books do you read ? and how do you employ your time and your pen ? Except some professed scholars, I have often observed that women in general read much more than men ; but, for want of a plan, a method, a fixed object, their reading is of little benefit to themselves, or others. If you will inform me of the species of reading to which you have the most propensity, I shall be happy to contribute my share of advice or assistance. I lament that you have not left me some monument of your pencil. Lady Elizabeth Foster has executed a very pretty drawing, taken from the door of the green-house where we dined last summer, and including the poor Acacia (now recovered from the cruel sheers of the gardener), the end of the terrace, the front of the Pavilion, and a distant view of the country, lake, and mountains. I am almost reconciled to d'Apples' house, which is nearly finished. Instead of the monsters which Lord Hercules Sheffield extirpated, the terrace is already shaded with the new acacias and plantanes ; and although the uncertainty of possession restrains me from building, I myself have planted a bosquet at the bottom of the garden, with such admirable skill that it affords shade without intercepting prospect. The society of the aforesaid Eliza, commonly called Bess, of the Duchesse of D. &c. has been very interesting ; but they are now flown beyond the Alps, and pass the winter at Pisa. The Legards, who

have long since left this place, should be at present in Italy; but I believe Mrs. Grimstone and her daughter returned to England. The Levades are highly flattered by your remembrance. Since you still retain some attachment to this delightful country, and it is indeed delightful, why should you despair of seeing it once more? The happy peer or commoner, whose name you may assume, is still concealed in the book of fate; but, whosoever he may be, he will cheerfully obey your commands, of leading you from ———— Castle to Lausanne, and from Lausanne to Rome and Naples. Before that this event takes place, I may possibly see you in Sussex; and, whether as a visitor or a fugitive, I hope to be welcomed with a friendly embrace. The delay of this year was truly painful, but it was inevitable; and individuals must submit to those storms which have overturned the thrones of the earth. The tragic story of the Archbishop of Arles I have now somewhat a better right to require at your hands. I wish to have it in all its horrid details*; and as you are

* The Answer to Mr. Gibbon's Letter is annexed, as giving the best account I have seen of the barbarous transaction alluded to. S.

SHEFFIELD-PLACE, November 1791.

“ YOUR three letters received yesterday caused the most sincere pleasure to each individual of this family; to none more than myself. Praise, (I fear, beyond my deserts,) from one whose opinion I so highly value, and whose esteem I so much wish to preserve, is more pleasing than I can describe. I had not neglected to make the collection of facts which you recommend, and which the great variety of unfortunate persons whom we see, or with whom we correspond, enables me to make.

“ As to that part of your letter which respects *my studies*, I can only say, the slightest hint on that subject is always received with the greatest gratitude, and attended to with the utmost punctuality; but I must decline that topic for the present, to obey your commands, which require from me the horrid account of the *massacre aux Carmes*.—Eight respectable ecclesiastics landed, about the beginning of October, from an open boat at Seaford, wet as the waves. The natives of the coast were endeavouring to get from them what they had not, (*viz.*) money, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood came to their protection; and, finding they had nothing, shewed his good sense, by dispatching them to Milord Sheffield: they had been

“ pillaged,

are now so much mingled with the French exiles, I am of opinion, that were you to keep a journal of all the authentic facts which they relate,

“ pillaged, and with great difficulty had escaped from Paris. The reception they met
 “ with at this house, seemed to make the greatest impression on them; they were
 “ in extacy on finding M. de Lally living: they gradually became cheerful, and en-
 “ joyed their dinner: they were greatly affected as they recollected themselves, and
 “ found us attending on them. Having dined, and drank a glass of wine, they began
 “ to discover the beauties of the dining-room, and of the chateau: as they walked
 “ about, they were overheard to express their admiration at the treatment they met,
 “ and from *Protestants*. We then assembled in the library, formed half a circle round
 “ the fire, M. de Lally and Milord occupying the hearth à l'*Angloise*, and questioning
 “ the priests concerning their escape. Thus we discovered, that two of these unfor-
 “ tunate men were in the Carmelite Convent at the time of the massacre of the one
 “ hundred and twenty priests, and had most miraculously escaped, by climbing trees
 “ in the garden, and from thence over the tops of the buildings. One of them, a
 “ man of superior appearance, described, in the most pathetic manner, the death of
 “ the Archbishop of Arles, (and with such simplicity and feeling, as to leave no doubt
 “ of the truth of all that he said,) to the following purport.—On the second of Sep-
 “ tember, about five o'clock in the evening, at the time they were permitted to walk
 “ in the garden, expecting every hour to be released, they expressed their surprize at
 “ seeing several large pits, which had been digging for two days past: they said, the
 “ day is almost spent; and yet Manuel told a person who interceded for us last Thurs-
 “ day, that on the Sunday following not one should remain in captivity: we are still
 “ prisoners: soon after, they heard shouts, and some musquet-shots. An ensign of
 “ the national guard, some commissaries of the sections, and some Marseillois rushed
 “ in: the miserable victims, who were dispersed in the garden, assembled under the
 “ walls of the church, not daring to go in, lest it should be polluted with blood.
 “ One man, who was behind the rest, was shot. ‘*Point de coup de fusils,*’ cried one of
 “ the chiefs of the assassins, thinking that kind of death too easy. These well-trained
 “ fusileers went to the rear; les piques, les haches, les poignards came forward.
 “ They demanded the Archbishop of Arles; he was immediately surrounded by all
 “ the priests. The worthy prelate said to his friends, ‘Let me pass; if my blood
 “ will appease them, what signifies it, if I die? Is it not my duty to preserve your
 “ lives at the expence of my own?’ He asked the eldest of the priests to give him
 “ absolution: he knelt to receive it; and when he arose, forced himself from them,
 “ advanced slowly, and with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his eyes raised to
 “ heaven, said to the assassins, ‘*Je suis celui que vous cherchez.*’ His appearance was so
 “ dignified and noble, that, during ten minutes, not one of these wretches had cou-
 “ rage

relate, it would be an agreeable exercise at present, and a future source of entertainment and instruction.

I should be obliged to you, if you would make, or find, some excuse for my not answering a letter from your aunt, which was presented to me by Mr. Fowler. I shewed him some civilities, but he is now a poor invalid, confined to his room. By her channel and yours I should be glad to have some information of the health, spirits, and situation of Mrs. Gibbon of Bath, whose alarms (if she has any) you may dispel. She is in my debt. Adieu; most truly yours.

“ rage to lift his hand against him: they upbraided each other with cowardice, and
 “ advanced; one look from this venerable man struck them with awe, and they re-
 “ tired. At last, one of the miscreants struck off the cap of the Archbishop with a
 “ pike; respect once violated, their fury returned, and another from behind cut him
 “ through the skull with a sabre. He raised his right hand to his eyes; with another
 “ stroke they cut off his hand. The Archbishop said, *O! mon Dieu!* and raised the
 “ other: a third stroke across the face left him sitting; the fourth extended him life-
 “ less on the ground; and then all pressed forward, and buried their pikes and
 “ poignards in the body. The priests all agreed, that he had been one of the most
 “ amiable men in France; and that his only *crime* was, having, since the revolution,
 “ expended his private fortune, to support the necessitous clergy of his diocese.
 “ The second victim was the General des Benedictins. Then the national guards
 “ obliged the priests to go into the church, telling them, they should appear, one after
 “ another, before the Commissaires du section. They had hardly entered, before the
 “ people impatiently called for them; upon which, all kneeling before the altar, the
 “ Bishop of Beauvais gave them absolution: they were then obliged to go out, two
 “ by two; they passed before a commissaire, who did not question, but only counted,
 “ his victims; they had in their sight the heaps of dead, to which they were going to
 “ add. Among the one hundred and twenty priests thus sacrificed, were the Bishops
 “ of Zaintes and Beauvais (both of the Rochefoucauld family). I should not omit to
 “ remark, that one of the priests observed they were assassinated, because they would
 “ not swear to a constitution which their murderers had destroyed. We had (to
 “ comfort us for this melancholy story) the most grateful expressions of gratitude to-
 “ wards the English nation, from whom they did not do us the justice to expect such
 “ a reception.

“ There can be no doubt that the whole business of the massacres was concerted at
 “ a meeting at the Duke of Orleans’s house. I shall make you as dismal as myself by
 “ this narration. I must change the style.” * * * * *

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, November 10th, 1792.

I COULD never forgive myself, were I capable of writing by the same post, a political epistle to the father, and a friendly letter to the daughter, without sending any token of remembrance to the respectable matron, my dearest my Lady, whom I have now loved as a sister for something better or worse than twenty years. No, indeed, the historian may be careless, he may be indolent, he may always intend and never execute, but he is neither a monster nor a statue; he has a memory, a conscience, a heart, and that heart is sincerely devoted to Lady S——. He must even acknowledge the fallacy of a sophism which he has sometimes used, and she has always and most truly denied; that, where the persons of a family are strictly united, the writing to one is in fact writing to all; and that consequently all his numerous letters to the husband, may be considered as equally addressed to his wife. He feels, on the contrary, that separate minds have their distinct ideas and sentiments, and that each character, either in speaking or writing, has its peculiar tone of conversation. He agrees with the maxim of Rousseau, that three friends who wish to disclose a common secret, will impart it only *deux à deux*; and he is satisfied that, on the present memorable occasion, each of the persons of the Sheffield family will claim a peculiar share in this triple missive, which will communicate, however, a triple satisfaction. The experience of what may be effected by vigorous resolution, encourages the historian to hope that he shall cast the skin of the old serpent, and hereafter shew himself as a new creature.

I lament, on all our accounts, that the last year's expedition to Laufanne did not take place in a golden period, of health and spirits. But we must reflect, that human felicity is seldom without alloy; and if we cannot indulge the hope of your making a second visit to Laufanne, we must look forwards to my residence next summer at Sheffield-Place, where I must find you in the full bloom of health, spirits, and beauty. I can perceive, by all public and private intelligence, that your house has been the open hospitable asylum of French fugitives; and it is a sufficient proof of the firmness of your nerves, that you have not been overwhelmed or agitated by such a concourse of strangers. Curiosity and compassion may, in some degree, have supported you. Every day has presented to your view some new scene of that strange tragical romance, which occupies all Europe so infinitely beyond any event that has happened in our time, and you have the satisfaction of not being a mere spectator of the distress of so many victims of false liberty. The benevolent fame of Lord S. is widely diffused.

From Angletine's last letter to Maria, you have already some idea of the melancholy state of her poor father. As long as Mr. de Severy allowed our hopes and fears to fluctuate with the changes of his disorder, I was unwilling to say any thing on so painful a subject; and it is with the deepest concern that I now confess our absolute despair of his recovery. All his particular complaints are now lost in a general dissolution of the whole frame; every principle of life is exhausted, and as often as I am admitted to his bed-side, though he still looks and smiles with the patience of an angel, I have the heart-felt grief of seeing him each day drawing nearer to the term of his existence. A few weeks, possibly a few days, will deprive me of a most excellent friend, and break for ever the most perfect system of domestic happiness, in which I had so large and intimate a share. Wilhelm (who has obtained leave of ab-

fence from his military duty) and his sister behave and feel like tender and dutiful children ; but they have a long gay prospect of life, and new connections, new families will make them forget, in due time, the common lot of mortality. - But it is Madame de Severy whom I truly pity ; I dread the effects of the first shock, and I dread still more the deep perpetual consuming affliction for a loss which can never be retrieved. You will not wonder that such reflections sadden my own mind, nor can I forget how much my situation is altered since I retired, nine years ago, to the banks of the Lemane Lake. The death of poor Deyverdun first deprived me of a domestic companion, who can never be supplied ; and your visit has only served to remind me that man, however amused and occupied in his closet, was not made to live alone. Severy will soon be no more ; his widow for a long time, perhaps for ever, will be lost to herself and her friends, the son will travel, and I shall be left a stranger in the insipid circle of mere common acquaintance. The revolution of France, which first embittered and divided the society of Lausanne, has opposed a barrier to my Swiss visit, and may finally expel me from the paradise which I inhabit. Even that paradise, the expensive and delightful establishment of my house, library, and garden, almost becomes an incumbrance, by rendering it more difficult for me to relinquish my hold, or to form a new system of life in my native country, for which my income, though improved and improving, would be probably insufficient. But every complaint should be silenced by the contemplation of the French ; compared with whose cruel fate, all misery is relative happiness. I perfectly concur in your partiality for Lally ; though Nature might forget some meaner ingredients, of prudence, œconomy, &c. she never formed a purer heart, or a brighter imagination. If he be with you, I beg my kindest salutations to him. I am every day more closely united with the Neckers. Should France break, and this country

be over-run, they would be reduced, in very humble circumstances, to seek a refuge; and where but in England? Adieu, dear Madam, there is, indeed, much pleasure in discharging one's heart to a real friend. Ever yours.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord SHEFFIELD.*

[Send me a List of these Letters, with their respective dates.]

LAUSANNE, Nov. 25th, 1792.

AFTER the triple labour of my last dispatch, your experience of the creature might tempt you to suspect that it would again relapse into a long slumber. But, partly from the spirit of contradiction, (though I am not a lady,) and partly from the ease and pleasure which I now find in the task, you see me again alive, awake, and almost faithful to my hebdomadal promise. The last week has not, however, afforded any events deserving the notice of an historian. Our affairs are still floating on the waves of the convention, and the ratification of a corrected treaty, which had been fixed for the twentieth, is not yet arrived; but the report of the diplomatic committee has been favourable, and it is generally understood that the leaders of the French republic do not wish to quarrel with the Swiss. We are gradually withdrawing and disbanding our militia. Geneva will be left to sink or swim, according to the humour of the people; and our last hope appears to be, that by submission and good behaviour we shall avert for some time the impending storm. A few days ago an odd accident happened in the French army; the desertion of the general. As the Neckers were sitting, about eight o'clock in the evening, in their drawing-room at Rolle *, the door flew open, and they

* A considerable town between Lausanne and Geneva.

were astounded by their servant's announcing *Monfieur le General de Montesquieu*? On the receipt of fome secret intelligence of a *decret d'accufation*, and an order to arreft him, he had only time to get on horfeback, to gallop through Geneva, to take boat for Copet, and to efcape from his purfuers, who were ordered to feize him alive or dead. He left the Neckers after fupper, paffed through Laufanne in the night, and proceeded to Berne and Bafle, whence he intended to wind his way through Germany, amidft enemies of every defcription, and to feek a refuge in England, America, or the moon. He told Necker, that the fole remnant of his fortune confifted in a wretched fum of twenty thoufand livres; but the public report, or fufpicion, befpeaks him in much better circumftances. Befides the reproach of a&ing with too much tamenefs and delay, he is accufed of making very foul and exorbitant contracts; and it is certain that new Sparta is infected with this vice, beyond the example of the moft corrupt monarchy. Kellerman is arrived, to take the command; and it is apprehended that on the firft of December, after the departure of the Swifs, the French may *request* the permiffion of uſing Geneva, a friendly city, for their winter quarters. In that caſe, the democratical revolution, which we all foreſee, will be very ſpeedily effected.

I would aſk you, whether you apprehend there was any treaſon in the Duke of Brunſwick's retreat, and whether you have totally withdrawn your confidence and eſteem from that once-famed general? Will it be poſſible for England to preferve her neutrality with any honour or ſafety? We are bound, as I underſtand, by treaty, to guarantee the dominions of the King of Sardinia and the Auſtrian provinces of the Netherlands. Theſe countries are now invaded and over-run by the French. Can we reſuſe to fulfil our engagements, without expoſing ourſelves to all Europe as a perfidious or puſillanimous nation? Yet, on the other hand, can we aſſiſt thoſe allies, without plunging headlong into an abyſs, whoſe

bottom no man can discover? But my chief anxiety is for our domestic tranquillity; for I must find a retreat in England, should I be driven from Laufanne. The idea of firm and honourable union of parties pleases me much; but you must frankly unfold what are the great difficulties that may impede so salutary a measure: you write to a man discreet in speech, and now careful of papers. Yet what can such a coalition avail? Where is the champion of the constitution? Alas, Lord Guildford! I am much pleased with the Manchester Ass. The asses or wolves who sacrificed him have cast off the mask too soon; and such a nonsensical act must open the eyes of many simple patriots, who might have been led astray by the specious name of reform. It should be made as notorious as possible. Next winter may be the crisis of our fate, and if you begin to improve the constitution, you may be driven step by step from the disfranchisement of old Sarum to the King in Newgate, the Lords voted useless, the Bishops abolished, and a House of Commons without articles (*sans cu-lottes*). Necker has ordered you a copy of his royal defence, which has met with, and deserved, universal success. The pathetic and argumentative parts are, in my opinion, equally good, and his mild eloquence may persuade without irritating. I have applied to this gentler tone some verses of Ovid, (Metamorph. l. iii. 302, &c. *) which you may read. Madame de Stael has produced a second son. She talks wildly enough of visiting England this winter. She is a pleasant little woman. Poor Severy's condition is hopeless. Should he drag through the winter, Madame de S. would scarcely survive

* Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen; cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ, flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ:
Tela secunda vocant Superi.

him. She kills herself with grief and fatigue. What a difference in Lausanne! I hope triple answers are on the road. I must write soon; the *times* will not allow me to read or think. Ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 14th, 1792.

OUR little storm has now completely subsided, and we are again spectators, though anxious spectators, of the general tempest that invades or threatens almost every country of Europe. Our troops are every day disbanding and returning home, and the greatest part of the French have evacuated the neighbourhood of Geneva. Monsieur Barthelemy, whom you have seen secretary in London, is most courteously entertained, as ambassador, by the Helvetic body. He is now at Berne, where a diet will speedily be convened; the language on both sides is now pacific, and even friendly, and some hopes are given of a provision for the officers of the Swiss guards who have survived the massacres of Paris.

January 1st, 1793.

WITH the return of peace I have relapsed into my former indolence; but now awakening, after a fortnight's slumber, I have little or nothing to add, with regard to the internal state of this country, only the revolution of Geneva has already taken place, as I announced, but sooner than I expected. The Swiss troops had no sooner evacuated the place, than the *Egaliseurs*, as they are called, assembled in arms; and as no resistance was made, no blood was shed on the occasion. They seized the gates, disarmed the garrison, imprisoned the magistrates, imparted the rights of citizens to all the rabble of the town and country, and proclaimed a *National Convention*,

tion, which has not yet met. They are all for a pure and absolute democracy; but some wish to remain a small independent state, whilst others aspire to become a part of the republic of France; and as the latter, though less numerous, are more violent and absurd than their adversaries, it is highly probable that they will succeed. The citizens of the best families and fortunes have retired from Geneva into the Pays de Vaud; but the French methods of recalling or proscribing emigrants, will soon be adopted. You must have observed, that Savoy is now become *le department du Mont Blanc*. I cannot satisfy myself, whether the mass of the people is pleased or displeased with the change; but my noble scenery is clouded by the democratical aspect of twelve leagues of the opposite coast, which every morning obtrude themselves on my view. I here conclude the first part of the history of our Alpine troubles, and now consider myself as disengaged from all promises of periodical writing. Upon the whole, I kept it beyond our expectation; nor do I think that you have been sufficiently astonished by the wonderful effort of the triple dispatch.

You must now succeed to my task, and I shall expect, during the winter, a regular political journal of the events of your greater world. You are on the theatre, and may often be behind the scenes. You can always see, and may sometimes foresee. My own choice has indeed transported me into a foreign land; but I am truly attached, from interest and inclination, to my native country; and even as a citizen of the world, I wish the stability of England, the sole great refuge of mankind, against the opposite mischiefs of despotism and democracy. I was indeed alarmed, and the more so, as I saw that you were not without apprehension; but I now glory in the triumph of reason and genuine patriotism, which seems to pervade the country; nor do I dislike some mixture of popular enthusiasm, which may be requisite to encounter our mad or wicked enemies with equal

arms. The behaviour of Fox does not surprise me. You may remember what I told you last year at Lausanne, when you attempted his defence, that * * * * *
 * * * * *
 You have now crushed the daring subverters of the constitution; but I now fear the moderate well-meaners, reformers. Do not, I beseech you, tamper with parliamentary representation. The present house of commons forms, in *practice*, a body of gentlemen, who must always sympathize with the interests and opinions of the people; and the slightest innovation launches you, without rudder or compass, on a dark and dangerous ocean of theoretical experiment. On this subject I am indeed serious.

Upon the whole, I like the beginning of ninety-three better than the end of ninety-two. The illusion seems to break away throughout Europe. I think England and Switzerland are safe. Brabant adheres to its old constitution. The Germans are disgusted with the rapine and insolence of their deliverers. The Pope is resolved to head his armies, and the Lazzaroni of Naples have presented St. Januarius with a gold fuzee, to fire on the Brigands François. So much for politics, which till now never had such possession of my mind. Next post I will write about myself and my own designs. Alas, your poor eyes! make the Maria write; I will speedily answer her. My Lady is still dumb. The German posts are now slow and irregular. You had better write by the way of France, under cover. Direct to *Le Citoien Rebours à Pontalier, France*. Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, January 6th, 1793.

THERE was formerly a time when our correspondence was a painful discussion of my private affairs; a vexatious repetition of losses, of disappointments, of sales, &c. These affairs are decently arranged: but public cares have now succeeded to private anxiety, and our whole attention is lately turned from Lenborough and Beriton, to the political state of France and of Europe. From these politics, however, one letter shall be free, while I talk of myself and of my own plans; a subject most interesting to a friend, and only to a friend.

I know not whether I am sorry or glad that my expedition has been postponed to the present year. It is true, that I now wish myself in England, and almost repent that I did not grasp the opportunity when the obstacles were comparatively smaller than they are now likely to prove. Yet had I reached you last summer before the month of August, a considerable portion of my time would be now elapsed, and I should already begin to think of my departure. If the gout should spare me this winter, (and as yet I have not felt any symptom,) and if the spring should make a soft and early appearance, it is my intention to be with you in Downing-street before the end of April, and thus to enjoy six weeks or two months of the most agreeable season of London and the neighbourhood, after the hurry of parliament is subsided, and before the great rural dispersion. As the banks of the Rhine and the Belgic provinces are completely overspread with anarchy and war, I have made up my mind to pass through the territories of the French republic. From the best and most recent information, I am satisfied that there is little or no real danger in the journey; and I must arm myself with patience to support

port the vexatious insolence of democratical tyranny. I have even a sort of curiosity to spend some days at Paris, to assist at the debates of the Pandæmonium, to seek an introduction to the principal devils, and to contemplate a new form of public and private life, which never existed before, and which I devoutly hope will not long continue to exist. Should the obstacles of health or weather confine me at Lausanne till the month of May, I shall scarcely be able to resist the temptation of passing some part at least of the summer in my own little paradise. But all these schemes must ultimately depend on the great question of peace and war, which will indeed be speedily determined. Should France become impervious to an English traveller, what must I do? I shall not easily resolve to explore my way through the unknown language and abominable roads of the interior parts of Germany, to embark in Holland, or perhaps at Hamburgh, and to be finally intercepted by a French privateer. My stay in England appears not less doubtful than the means of transporting myself. Should I arrive in the spring, it is possible, and barely possible, that I should return here in the autumn: it is much more probable that I shall pass the winter, and there may be even a chance of my giving my own country a longer trial. In my letter to my Lady I fairly exposed the decline of Lausanne; but such an establishment as mine must not be lightly abandoned; nor can I discover what adequate mode of life my private circumstances, easy as they now are, could afford me in England. London and Bath have doubtless their respective merits, and I could wish to reside within a day's journey of Sheffield-Place. But a state of perfect happiness is not to be found here below; and in the possession of my library, house, and garden, with the relics of our society, and a frequent intercourse with the Neckers, I may still be tolerably content. Among the disastrous changes of Lausanne, I must principally reckon the approaching dissolution of poor Severy and his family. He is still alive, but in such a hopeless and painful decay, that we

no longer conceal our wishes for his speedy release. I never loved nor esteemed him so much as in this last mortal disease, which he supports with a degree of energy, patience, and even cheerfulness, beyond all belief. His wife, whose whole time and soul are devoted to him, is almost sinking under her long anxiety. The children are most amiably assiduous to both their parents, and, at all events, his filial duties and worldly cares must detain the son some time at home.

And now approach, and let me drop into your most private ear a literary secret. Of the Memoirs little has been done, and with that little I am not satisfied. They must be postponed till a mature season; and I much doubt whether the book and the Author can ever see the light at the same time. But I have long revolved in my mind another scheme of biographical writing: the Lives, or rather the Characters, of the most eminent Persons in Arts and Arms, in Church and State, who have flourished in Britain from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present age. This work, extensive as it may be, would be an amusement, rather than a toil: the materials are accessible in our own language, and, for the most part, ready to my hands: but the subject, which would afford a rich display of human nature and domestic history, would powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman. The taste or fashion of the times seems to delight in picturesque decorations; and this series of British portraits might aptly be accompanied by the respective heads, taken from originals, and engraved by the best masters. Alderman Boydell, and his son-in-law, Mr. George Nicol, bookseller in Pall-mall, are the great undertakers in this line. On my arrival in England I shall be free to consider, whether it may suit me to proceed in a mere literary work without any other decorations than those which it may derive from the pen of the Author. It is a serious truth, that I am no longer ambitious of fame or money; that my
habits

habits of industry are much impaired, and that I have reduced my studies, to be the loose amusement of my morning hours, the repetition of which will insensibly lead me to the last term of existence. And for this very reason I shall not be sorry to bind myself by a liberal engagement, from which I may not with honour recede.

Before I conclude, we must say a word or two of parliamentary and pecuniary concerns. 1. We all admire the generous spirit with which you damned the assassins * *. I hope that * * * * * The opinion of parliament in favour of Louis was declared in a manner worthy of the representatives of a great and a wise nation. It will certainly have a powerful effect; and if the poor King be not already murdered, I am satisfied that his life is in safety: but is such a life worth his care? Our debates will now become every day more interesting; and as I expect from you only opinions and anecdotes, I most earnestly conjure you to send me Woodfall's Register as often (and that must be very often) as the occasion deserves it. I now spare no expence for news.

I want some account of Mrs. G.'s health. Will my Lady never write? How can people be so indolent! I suppose this will find you at Sheffield-Place during the recess, and that the heavy baggage will not move till after the birth-day. Shall I be with you by the first of May? The Gods only know. I almost wish that I had accompanied Madame de Stael. Ever yours.

To the Same.

Begun Feb. 9,—ended Feb. 18, 1793.

THE struggle is at length over, and poor de Severy is no more! He expired about ten days ago, after every vital principle had been exhausted by a complication of disorders, which had lasted above five months: and a mortification in one of his legs, that gradually rose to the more noble parts, was the immediate cause of his death. His patience and even cheerfulness supported him to the fatal moment; and he enjoyed every comfort that could alleviate his situation, the skill of his physicians, the assiduous tenderness of his family, and the kind sympathy not only of his particular friends, but even of common acquaintance, and generally of the whole town. The stroke has been severely felt: yet I have the satisfaction to perceive that Madame de Severy's health is not affected; and we may hope that in time she will recover a tolerable share of composure and happiness. Her firmness has checked the violent sallies of grief; her gentleness has preserved her from the worst of symptoms, a dry, silent despair. She loves to talk of her irreparable loss, she descants with pleasure on his virtues; her words are interrupted with tears, but those tears are her best relief; and her tender feelings will insensibly subside into an affectionate remembrance. Wilhelm is much more deeply wounded than I could imagine, or than he expected himself: nor have I ever seen the affliction of a son more lively and sincere. Severy was indeed a very valuable man: without any shining qualifications, he was endowed in a high degree with good sense, honour, and benevolence; and few men have filled with more propriety their circle in private life. For myself, I have had the misfortune of knowing him too late, and of losing him too soon.—But enough of this melancholy subject.

The

The affairs of this theatre, which must always be minute, are now grown so tame and tranquil, that they no longer deserve the historian's pen. The new constitution of Geneva is slowly forming, without much noise or any bloodshed; and the patriots, who have staid in hopes of guiding and restraining the multitude, flatter themselves that they shall be able at least to prevent their mad countrymen from giving themselves to the French, the only mischief that would be absolutely irretrievable. The revolution of Geneva is of less consequence to us, however, than that of Savoy; but our fate will depend on the general event, rather than on these particular causes. In the mean while we hope to be quiet spectators of the struggle of this year; and we seem to have assurances that both the Emperor and the French will compound for the neutrality of the Swiss. The Helvetic body does not acknowledge the republic of France; but Barthélemy, their ambassador, resides at Baden, and steals, like Chauvelin, into a kind of extra-official negotiation. All spirit of opposition is quelled in the Canton of Berne, and the perpetual banishment of the ***** family has scarcely excited a murmur. It will probably be followed by that of *****: the crime alleged in their sentence is the having assisted at the federation-dinner at Rolle two years ago; and as they are absent, I could almost wish that they had been summoned to appear, and heard in their own defence. To the general supineness of the inhabitants of Lausanne I must ascribe, that the death of Louis the Sixteenth has been received with less horror and indignation than I could have wished. I was much tempted to go into mourning, and probably should, had the Dukes been still here; but, as the only Englishman of any mark, I was afraid of being singular; more especially as our French emigrants, either from prudence or poverty, do not wear black, nor do even the Neckers. Have you read his discourse for the King? It might indeed supersede the necessity of mourning. I should judge from your last letter, and from the Diary, that the French declaration of

war

war must have rather surpris'd you. I wish, although I know not how it could have been avoided, that we might still have continued to enjoy our safe and prosperous neutrality. You will not doubt my best wishes for the destruction of the miscreants; but I love England still more than I hate France. All reasonable chances are in favour of a confederacy, such as was never oppos'd to the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth; but, after the experience of last year, I distrust reason, and confess myself fearful for the event. The French are strong in numbers, activity, enthusiasm; they are rich in rapine; and, although their strength may be only that of a phrenzy fever, they may do infinite mischief to their neighbours before they can be reduced to a strait waistcoat. I dread the effects that may be produced on the minds of the people by the increase of debt and taxes, probable losses, and possible mismanagement. Our trade must suffer; and though projects of invasion have been always abortive, I cannot forget that the fleets and armies of Europe have failed before the towns in America, which have been taken and plundered by a handful of Buccaneers. I know nothing of Pitt as a war minister; but it affords me much satisfaction that the intrepid wisdom of the new chancellor * is introduced into the cabinet. I wish, not merely on your own account, that you were placed in an active, useful station in government. I should not dislike you secretary at war.

I have little more to say of myself, or of my journey to England: you know my intentions, and the great events of Europe must determine whether they can be carried into execution this summer. If ***** has warmly adopted *your* idea, I shall speedily hear from him; but, in truth, I know not what will be my answer: I see difficulties which at first did not occur: I doubt my own perseverance, and my fancy begins to wander into new paths. The amusement of reading and thinking may perhaps satisfy a man who has paid his debt to the public; and there is more pleasure in building castles in the air than

* Lord Loughborough.

on the ground. I shall contrive some small assistance for your correspondent, though I cannot learn any thing that distinguishes him from many of his countrymen; we have had our full share of poor emigrants: but if you wish that any thing extraordinary should be done for this man, you must send me a measure. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria, as also Louisa, if with you. Perhaps I may soon write, without expecting an answer. Ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, April 27, 1793.

MY dearest Friend, for such you most truly are, nor does there exist a person who obtains, or shall ever obtain, a superior place in my esteem and affection.

After too long a silence I was sitting down to write, when, only yesterday morning (such is now the irregular slowness of the English post), I was suddenly struck, indeed struck to the heart, by the fatal intelligence* from Sir Henry Clinton and Mr. de Lally. Alas! what is life, and what are our hopes and projects! When I embraced her at your deparure from Lausanne, could I imagine that it was for the last time? when I postponed to another summer my journey to England, could I apprehend that I never, never should see her again? I always hoped that she would spin her feeble thread to a long duration, and that her delicate frame would survive (as is often the case) many constitutions of a stouter appearance. In four days! in your absence, in that of her children! But she is now at rest; and if there be a future life, her mild virtues have surely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity. It is for you that I feel, and I can judge of your sentiments by comparing them with my own. I have lost, it is true, an amiable and affectionate friend, whom I had known and loved above

* The death of Lady Sheffield.

three-and-twenty years, and whom I often styled by the endearing name of sister. But you are deprived of the companion of your life, the wife of your choice, and the mother of your children; poor children! the liveliness of Maria, and the softness of Louisa, render them almost equally the objects of my tenderest compassion. I do not wish to aggravate your grief; but, in the sincerity of friendship, I cannot hold a different language. I know the impotence of reason, and I much fear that the strength of your character will serve to make a sharper and more lasting impression.

The only consolation in these melancholy trials to which human life is exposed, the only one at least in which I have any confidence, is the presence of a real friend; and of that, as far as it depends on myself, you shall not be destitute. I regret the few days that must be lost in some necessary preparations; but I trust that to-morrow se'nnight (May the fifth) I shall be able to set forwards on my journey to England; and when this letter reaches you, I shall be considerably advanced on my way. As it is yet prudent to keep at a respectful distance from the banks of the French Rhine, I shall incline a little to the right, and proceed by Schaffouse and Stutgard to Frankfort and Cologne: the Austrian Netherlands are now open and safe, and I am sure of being able at least to pass from Ostend to Dover; whence, without passing through London, I shall pursue the direct road to Sheffield-Place. Unless I should meet with some unforeseen accidents and delays, I hope, before the end of the month to share your solitude, and sympathize with your grief. All the difficulties of the journey, which my indolence had probably magnified, have now disappeared before a stronger passion; and you will not be sorry to hear, that, as far as Frankfort to Cologne, I shall enjoy the advantage of the society, the conversation, the German language, and the active assistance of Severy. His attachment to me is the sole motive which prompts him to undertake this troublesome journey; and as soon as he has seen me over the roughest ground,

he will immediately return to Lausanne. The poor young man loved Lady S. as a mother, and the whole family is deeply affected by an event which reminds them too painfully of their own misfortune. Adieu. I could write volumes, and shall therefore break off abruptly. I shall write on the road, and hope to find a few lines *à poste restante* at Frankfort and Brussels. Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAUSANNE, May 1793.

I MUST write a few lines before my departure, though indeed I scarcely know what to say. Nearly a fortnight has now elapsed since the first melancholy tidings, without my having received the slightest subsequent accounts of your health and situation. Your own silence announces too forcibly how much you are involved in your feelings; and I can but too easily conceive that a letter to me would be more painful than to an indifferent person. But that amiable man Count Lally might surely have written a second time; but your sister, who is probably with you; but Maria,—alas! poor Maria! I am left in a state of darkness to the workings of my own fancy, which imagines every thing that is sad and shocking. What can I think of for your relief and comfort? I will not expatiate on those common-place topics, which have never dried a single tear; but let me advise, let me urge you to force yourself into business, as I would try to force myself into study. The mind must not be idle; if it be not exercised on external objects, it will prey on its own vitals. A thousand little arrangements, which must precede a long journey, have postponed my departure three or four days beyond the term which I had first appointed; but all is now in order, and I set off to-morrow, the ninth instant, with my *valet de chambre*, a courier on horseback, and Severy, with his servant, as far as Frankfort. I

calculate my arrival at Sheffield-Place (how I dread and desire to see that mansion!) for the first week in June, soon after this letter; but I will try to send you some later intelligence. I never found myself stronger, or in better health. The German road is now cleared, both of enemies and allies, and though I must expect fatigue, I have not any apprehensions of danger. It is scarcely possible that you should meet me at Frankfort, but I shall be much disappointed at not finding a line at Brussels or Ostend. Adieu. If there be any invisible guardians, may they watch over you and yours! Adieu.

To the Same.

FRANKFORT, May 19th, 1793.

AND here I am in good health and spirits, after one of the easiest, safest, and pleafantest journies which I ever performed in my whole life; not the appearance of an enemy, and hardly the appearance of a war. Yet I hear, as I am writing, the cannon of the siege of Mayence, at the distance of twenty miles; and long, very long, will it be heard. It is confessed on all sides, that the French fight with a courage worthy of a better cause. The town of Mayence is strong, their artillery admirable; they are already reduced to horse-flesh, but they have still the resource of eating the inhabitants, and at last of eating one another; and, if that repast could be extended to Paris and the whole country, it might essentially contribute to the relief of mankind. Our operations are carried on with more than German slowness, and when the besieged are quiet, the besiegers are perfectly satisfied with their progress. A spirit of division undoubtedly prevails; and the character of the Prussians for courage and discipline is sunk lower than you can possibly imagine. Their glory has expired with Frederick. I am sorry to have missed Lord Elgin, who is beyond the Rhine with the King

of Prussia. As I am impatient, I propose setting forwards to-morrow afternoon, and shall reach Ostend in less than eight days. The passage must depend on winds and packets; and I hope to find at Brussels or Dover a letter which will direct me to Sheffield-Place or Downing-Street. Severy goes back from hence. Adieu: I embrace the dear girls. Ever yours.

From the Same.

BRUSSELS, May 27th, 1793.

THIS day, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I am arrived at this place in excellent preservation. My expedition, which is now drawing to a close, has been a journey of perseverance rather than speed, of some labour since Frankfort, but without the smallest degree of difficulty or danger. As I have every morning been seated in the chaise soon after sun-rise, I propose indulging to-morrow till eleven o'clock, and going that day no farther than Ghent. On Wednesday the 29th instant I shall reach Ostend in good time, just eight days, according to my former reckoning, from Frankfort. Beyond that I can say nothing positive; but should the winds be propitious, it is possible that I may appear next Saturday, June first, in Downing-Street. After that earliest date, you will expect me day by day till I arrive. Adieu. I embrace the dear girls, and salute Mrs. Holroyd. I rejoice that you have anticipated my advice by plunging into business; but I should now be sorry if that business, however important, detained us long in town. I do not wish to make a public exhibition, and only sigh to enjoy you and the precious remnant in the solitude of Sheffield-Place. Ever yours.

If I am successful I may outstrip or accompany this letter. Your's and Maria's waited for me here, and over-paid the journey.

THE preceding Letters intimate that, in return for my visit to Lausanne in 1791, Mr. Gibbon engaged to pass a year with me in England; that the war having rendered travelling exceedingly inconvenient, especially to a person who, from his bodily infirmities, required every accommodation, prevented his undertaking so formidable a journey at the time he proposed.

The call of friendship, however, was sufficient to make him overlook every personal consideration, when he thought his presence might prove a consolation. I must ever regard it as the most endearing proof of his sensibility, and of his possessing the true spirit of friendship, that after having relinquished the thought of his intended visit, he hastened to England, in spite of encreasing impediments, to soothe me by the most generous sympathy, and to alleviate my domestic affliction; neither his great corpulency, nor his extraordinary bodily infirmities, nor any other consideration, could prevent him a moment from resolving on an undertaking that might have deterred the most active young man. He, almost immediately, with alertness by no means natural to him, undertook a great circuitous journey, along the frontiers of an enemy, worse than savage, within the sound of their cannon, within the range of the light troops of the different armies, and through roads ruined by the enormous machinery of war.

The readiness with which he engaged in this kind office of friendship, at a time when a selfish spirit might have pleaded a thousand reasons for declining so hazardous a journey, conspired, with the pe-

culiar charms of his society to render his arrival a cordial to my mind. I had the satisfaction of finding that his own delicate and precarious health had not suffered in the service of his friend, a service in which he disregarded his own personal infirmities. He arrived in the beginning of June at my house in Downing-Street, safe and in good health; and after we had passed about a month together in London, we settled at Sheffield-Place for the summer; where his wit, learning, and cheerful politeness delighted a great variety of characters.

Although he was inclined to represent his health as better than it really was, his habitual dislike to motion appeared to increase; his inaptness to exercise confined him to the library and dining-room, and there he joined my friend Mr. Frederick North, in pleasant arguments against exercise in general. He ridiculed the unsettled and restless disposition that summer, the most uncomfortable, as he said, of all seasons, generally gives to those who have the free use of their limbs. Such arguments were little required to keep society within doors, when his company was only there to be enjoyed; for neither the fineness of the season, nor the most promising parties of pleasure, could tempt the company of either sex to desert him.

Those who have enjoyed the society of Mr. Gibbon will agree with me, that his conversation was still more captivating than his writings. Perhaps no man ever divided time more fairly between literary labour and social enjoyment; and hence, probably, he derived his peculiar excellence of making his very extensive knowledge contribute, in the highest degree, to the use or pleasure of those with whom he conversed. He united, in the happiest manner imaginable, two characters which are not often found in the same person, the profound scholar and the fascinating companion.

It would be superfluous to attempt a very minute delineation of a character which is so distinctly marked in the Memoirs and Letters.

He

He has described himself without reserve, and with perfect sincerity. The Letters, and especially the extracts from the Journal, which could not have been written with any purpose of being seen, will make the reader perfectly acquainted with the man.

Excepting a visit to Lord Egremont and Mr. Hayley, whom he very particularly esteemed, Mr. Gibbon was not absent from Sheffield-Place till the beginning of October, when we were reluctantly obliged to part with him, that he might perform his engagement to Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, the widow of his father, who had early deserved, and invariably retained, his affection. From Bath he proceeded to Lord Spenser's at Althorp, a family which he always met with uncommon satisfaction. He continued in good health during the whole summer, and in excellent spirits (I never knew him enjoy better); and when he went from Sheffield-Place, little did I imagine it would be the last time I should have the inexpressible pleasure of seeing him there in full possession of health.

The few following short letters, though not important in themselves, will fill up this part of the narrative better, and more agreeably, than any thing I can substitute in their place.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord SHEFFIELD.*

October 2d, 1793.

THE Cork-Street hotel has answered its recommendation; it is clean, convenient, and quiet. My first evening was passed at home in a very agreeable *tête-à-tête* with my friend Elmsley. Yesterday I dined at Craufurd's with an excellent set, in which were Pelham and Lord Egremont. I dine to-day with my Portuguese friend, Madame de Sylva, at Grenier's; most probably with Lady Webster, whom I met last night at Devonshire-House; a constant, though late, resort of society. The Duchefs is as good, and Lady Elizabeth as seducing, as ever. No news whatsoever. You will see in the papers Lord Harvey's memorial. I love vigour, but it is surely a strong measure to tell a gentleman you have *resolved* to pass the winter in his house. London is not disagreeable; yet I shall probably leave it Saturday. If any thing should occur, I will write. Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

SUNDAY afternoon I left London and lay at Reading, and Monday in very good time I reached this place, after a very pleasant airing; and am always so much delighted and improved, with this union of ease and motion, that, were not the expence enormous, I would travel every year some hundred miles, more especially in England. I passed the day with Mrs. G. yesterday. In mind and conversation.

conversation she is just the same as twenty years ago. She has spirits, appetite, legs, and eyes, and talks of living till ninety *. I can say from my heart, Amen. We dine at two, and remain together till nine; but, although we have much to say, I am not sorry that she talks of introducing a third or fourth actor. Lord Spenser expects me about the 20th; but if I can do it without offence, I shall steal away two or three days sooner, and you shall have advice of my motions. The troubles of Bristol have been serious and bloody. I know not who was in fault; but I do not like appeasing the mob by the extinction of the toll, and the removal of the Hereford militia, who had done their duty. Adieu. The girls must dance at Tunbridge. What would dear little aunt say if I was to answer her letter? Ever yours, &c.

YORK-HOUSE, BATH,
October 9th, 1793.

I still follow the old stile, though the Convention has abolished the Christian æra, with months, weeks, days, &c.

To the Same.

YORK-HOUSE, BATH, October 13th, 1793.

I AM as ignorant of Bath in general as if I were still at Sheffield. My impatience to get away makes me think it better to devote my whole time to Mrs. G.; and dear little aunt, whom I tenderly salute, will excuse me to her two friends, Mrs. Hartley and Preston, if I make little or no use of her kind introduction. A *tête-à-tête* of eight or nine hours every day is rather difficult to support; yet I do assure you, that our conversation flows with more ease and spirit when we are alone, than when any auxiliaries are summoned to our aid. She is indeed a wonderful woman, and I think all her faculties

* She was then in her eightieth year. S.

of the mind stronger, and more active, than I have ever known them. I have settled, that ten full days may be sufficient for all the purposes of our interview. I should therefore depart next Friday, the eighteenth instant, and am indeed expected at Althorpe on the twentieth; but I may possibly reckon without my host, as I have not yet apprised Mrs. G. of the term of my visit; and will certainly not quarrel with her for a short delay. Adieu. I must have some political speculations. The campaign, at least on our side, seems to be at an end. Ever yours.

To the Same.

ALTHORP LIBRARY, Tuesday, four o'clock.

WE have so completely exhausted this morning among the first editions of Cicero, that I can mention only my departure hence to-morrow, the sixth instant. I shall lie quietly at Woburn, and reach London in good time Thursday. By the following post I will write somewhat more largely. My stay in London will depend, partly on my amusement, and your being fixed at Sheffield-Place; unless you think I can be comfortably arranged for a week or two with you at Brighton. The military remarks seem good; but now to what purpose? Adieu. I embrace and much rejoice in Louisa's improvement. Lord Ossory was from home at Farning-Woods.

To the Same.

LONDON, Friday, Nov. 8th, four o'clock.

WALPOLE has just delivered yours, and I hasten the direction, that you may not be at a loss. I will write to-morrow, but I am now fatigued, and rather unwell. Adieu. I have not seen a soul except Elmsley.

To the Same.

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, Nov. 9th, 1793.

As I dropt yesterday the word *unwell*, I flatter myself that the family would have been a little alarmed by my silence to-day. I am still awkward, though without any suspicions of gout, and have some idea of having recourse to medical advice. Yet I creep out to-day in a chair, to dine with Lord Lucan. But as it will be literally my first going down stairs, and as scarcely any one is apprized of my arrival, I know nothing, I have heard nothing, I have nothing to say. My present lodging, a house of Elmsley's, is cheerful, convenient, somewhat dear, but not so much as a hotel, a species of habitation for which I have not conceived any great affection. Had you been stationary at Sheffield, you would have seen me before the twentieth; for I am tired of rambling, and pant for my home; that is to say, for your house. But whether I shall have courage to brave * * * * and a bleak down, time only can discover. Adieu. I wish you back to Sheffield-Place. The health of dear Louisa is doubtless the first object; but I did not expect Brighton after Tunbridge. Whenever dear little aunt is separate from you, I shall certainly write to her; but at present how is it possible? Ever yours.

To the Same, at Brightonstone.

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, Nov. 11th, 1793.

I MUST at length withdraw the veil before my state of health, though the naked truth may alarm you more than a fit of the gout. Have you never observed, through my inexpressibles, a large prominency *circa genitalia*, which, as it was not at all painful, and very little troublesome, I had strangely neglected for many years? But since my departure from Sheffield-Place it has increased,

increased, (most stupendously,) is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Yesterday I sent for Farquhar, who is allowed to be a very skilful surgeon. After viewing and palping, he very seriously desired to call in assistance, and has examined it again to-day with Mr. Cline, a surgeon, as he says, of the first eminence. They both pronounce it a *hydrocele*, (a collection of water,) which must be let out by the operation of tapping; but, from its magnitude and long neglect, they think it a most extraordinary case, and wish to have another surgeon, Dr. Bayley, present. If the business should go off smoothly, I shall be delivered from my burthen, (it is almost as big as a small child,) and walk about in four or five days with a truss. But the medical gentlemen, who never speak quite plain, insinuate to me the possibility of an inflammation, of fever, &c. I am not appalled at the thoughts of the operation, which is fixed for Wednesday next, twelve o'clock; but it has occurred to me, that you might wish to be present, before and afterwards, till the crisis was past; and to give you that opportunity, I shall solicit a delay till Thursday, or even Friday. In the mean while, I crawl about with some labour, and much indecency, to Devonshire-House (where I left all the fine Ladies making flannel waistcoats); Lady Lucan's, &c. Adieu. Varnish the business for the Ladies; yet I am afraid it will be public; —the advantage of being notorious. Ever yours.

IMMEDIATELY on receiving the last letter, I went the same day from Brighthelmston to London, and was agreeably surpris'd to find that Mr. Gibbon had dined at Lord Lucan's, and did not return to his lodgings, where I waited for him, till eleven o'clock at night. Those who have seen him within the last eight or ten years, must be surpris'd to hear, that he could doubt, whether his disorder was apparent. When he returned to England in 1787, I was greatly alarmed by a prodigious increase, which I always conceived to proceed from a rupture. I did not understand why he, who had talked with me on every other subject relative to himself and his affairs without reserve, should never in any shape hint at a malady so troublesome; but on speaking to his valet de chambre, he told me, Mr. Gibbon could not bear the least allusion to that subject, and never would suffer him to notice it. I consulted some medical persons, who with me supposing it to be a rupture, were of opinion that nothing could be done, and said that he surely must have had advice, and of course had taken all necessary precautions. He now talked freely with me about his disorder; which, he said, began in the year 1761; that he then consulted Mr. Hawkins the surgeon, who did not decide whether it was the beginning of a rupture, or an hydrocele; but he desired to see Mr. Gibbon again when he came to town. Mr. Gibbon not feeling any pain, nor suffering any inconvenience, as he said, never returned to Mr. Hawkins; and although the disorder continued to increase gradually, and of late years very much indeed, he never mentioned it to any person, however incredible it may appear, from 1761 to November 1793. I told him, that I had always supposed there was no doubt of its being a rupture; his answer was, that he never thought so, and that he, and the surgeons who attended him,

were of opinion that it was an hydrocele. It is now certain that it was originally a rupture, and that an hydrocele had lately taken place in the same part; and it is remarkable, that his legs, which had been swelled about the ankle, particularly one of them, since he had the erisipelas in 1790, recovered their former shape as soon as the water appeared in another part, which did not happen till between the time he left Sheffield-Place, in the beginning of October, and his arrival at Althorpe, towards the latter end of that month. On the Thursday following the date of his last letter, Mr. Gibbon was tapped for the first time; four quarts of a transparent watery fluid were discharged by that operation. Neither inflammation nor fever ensued; the tumour was diminished to nearly half its size; the remaining part was a soft irregular mass. I had been with him two days before, and I continued with him above a week after the first tapping, during which time he enjoyed his usual spirits; and the three medical gentlemen who attended him will recollect his pleasantry, even during the operation. He was abroad again in a few days, but the water evidently collecting very fast, it was agreed that a second puncture should be made a fortnight after the first. Knowing that I should be wanted at a meeting in the country, he pressed me to attend it, and promised that soon after the second operation was performed he would follow me to Sheffield-Place; but before he arrived I received the two following Letters:

Mr. GIBBON to Lord SHEFFIELD, at Brighton.

ST. JAMES'S STREET, NOV. 25th, 1793.

THOUGH Farquhar has promised to write you a line, I conceive you may not be sorry to hear directly from me. The operation of yesterday was much longer, more searching, and more painful than the former; but it has eased and lightened me to a much greater

greater degree *. No inflammation, no fever, a delicious night, leave to go abroad to-morrow, and to go out of town when I please, *en attendant* the future measures of a radical cure. If you hold your intention of returning next Saturday to Sheffield-Place, I shall probably join you about the Tuesday following, after having passed two nights at Beckenham †. The Devons are going to Bath, and the hospitable Craufurd follows them. I passed a delightful day with Burke; an odd one with Monsignore Erskine, the Pope's Nuncio. Of public news, you and the papers know more than I do. We seem to have strong sea and land hopes; nor do I dislike the Royalists having beaten the Sans Culottes, and taken Dol. How many minutes will it take to guillotine the seventy-three new members of the convention, who are now arrested? Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, Nov. 30th, 1793.

IT will not be in my power to reach Sheffield-Place quite so soon as I wished and expected. Lord Auckland informs me, that he shall be at Lambeth next week, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. I have therefore agreed to dine at Beckenham on Friday. Saturday will be spent there, and unless some extraordinary temptation should detain me another day, you will see me by four o'clock Sunday the ninth of December. I dine to-morrow with the Chancellor at Hampstead, and, what I do not like at this time of the year, without a proposal to stay all night. Yet I would not refuse, more especially as I had denied him on a former day. My health is good; but I shall have a final interview with Farquhar before I leave town. We are still in darkness about Lord Howe and the French ships, but hope seems to preponderate. Adieu. Nothing that relates to Louisa can be forgotten. Ever yours.

* Three quarts of the same fluid as before were discharged.

† Eden-Farm.

Mr. Gibbon generally took the opportunity of passing a night or two with his friend Lord Auckland, at Eden-Farm, (ten miles from London,) on his passage to Sheffield-Place; and notwithstanding his indisposition, he had lately made an excursion thither from London; when he was much pleased by meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom he expressed an high opinion. He returned to London, to dine with Lord Loughborough, to meet Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, and particularly Mr. Pitt, with whom he was not acquainted; and in his last journey to Suffex, he revisited Eden-Farm, and was much gratified by the opportunity of again seeing, during a whole day, Mr. Pitt, who passed the night there. From Lord Auckland's, Mr. Gibbon proceeded to Sheffield-Place; and his discourse was never more brilliant, nor more entertaining, than on his arrival. The parallels he drew, and the comparisons he made, between the leading men of this country, were sketched in his best manner, and were infinitely interesting. However, this last visit to Sheffield-Place became far different from any he had ever made before. That ready, cheerful, various, and illuminating conversation, which we had before admired in him, was not now always to be found in the library or the dining-room. He moved with difficulty, and retired from company sooner than he had been used to do. On the twenty-third of December, his appetite began to fail him. He observed to me, that it was a very bad sign *with him* when he could not eat his breakfast, which he had done at all times very heartily; and this seems to have been the strongest expression of apprehension that he was ever observed to utter. A considerable degree of fever now made its appearance. Inflammation arose, from the weight and the bulk of the tumour. Water again collected very fast, and when the fever went off, he never entirely recovered his appetite

petite even for breakfast. I became very uneasy indeed at his situation towards the end of the month, and thought it necessary to advise him to set out for London. He had before settled his plan to arrive there about the middle of January. I had company in the house, and we expected one of his particular friends; but he was obliged to sacrifice all social pleasure to the immediate attention which his health required. He went to London on the seventh of January, and the next day I received the following billet; the last he ever wrote :

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to Lord SHEFFIELD.*

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, four o'clock, Tuesday.

“ THIS date says every thing. I was almost killed between Sheffield-Place and East-Grinstead, by hard, frozen, long, and cross
“ ruts, that would disgrace the approach of an Indian wig-wam.
“ The rest was something less painful; and I reached this place half-
“ dead, but not seriously feverish, or ill. I found a dinner invitation
“ from Lord Lucan; but what are dinners to me? I wish they did
“ not know of my departure. I catch the flying post. What
“ an effort! Adieu, till Thursday or Friday.”

By his own desire, I did not follow him till Thursday the ninth. I then found him far from well. The tumour more distended than before, inflamed, and ulcerated in several places. Remedies were applied to abate the inflammation; but it was not thought proper to puncture the tumour for the third time, till Monday the 13th of January, when no less than six quarts of fluid were discharged. He seemed much relieved by the evacuation. His spirits continued good. He talked, as usual, of passing his time at houses which he
had

had often frequented with great pleasure, the Duke of Devonshire's, Mr. Craufurd's, Lord Spenfer's, Lord Lucan's, Sir Ralph Payne's, and Mr. Batt's; and when I told him that I should not return to the country, as I had intended, he pressed me to go; knowing I had an engagement there on public business, he said, "you may be back on Saturday, and I intend to go on Thursday to Devonshire-House." I had not any apprehension that his life was in danger, although I began to fear that he might not be restored to a comfortable state, and that motion would be very troublesome to him; but he talked of a radical cure. He said, that it was fortunate the disorder had shewn itself while he was in England, where he might procure the best assistance; and if a radical cure could not be obtained before his return to Lausanne, there was an able surgeon at Geneva, who could come to tap him when it should be necessary.

On Tuesday the fourteenth, when the risk of inflammation and fever from the last operation was supposed to be over, as the medical gentlemen who attended him expressed no fears for his life, I went that afternoon part of the way to Sussex, and the following day reached Sheffield-Place. The next morning, the sixteenth, I received by the post a good account of Mr. Gibbon, which mentioned also that he hourly gained strength. In the evening came a letter by express, dated noon that day, which acquainted me that Mr. Gibbon had had a violent attack the preceding night, and that it was not probable he should live till I could come to him. I reached his lodgings in St. James's-street about midnight, and learned that my friend had expired a quarter before one o'clock that day, the sixteenth of January 1794.

After I left him on Tuesday afternoon the fourteenth, he saw some company, Lady Lucan and Lady Spenfer, and thought himself well enough at night to omit the opium draught, which he had been used to take for some time. He slept very indifferently; before nine the

next morning he rose, but could not eat his breakfast. However, he appeared tolerably well, yet complained at times of a pain in his stomach. At one o'clock he received a visit of an hour from Madame de Sylva, and at three, his friend, Mr. Craufurd, of Auchinames, (whom he always mentioned with particular regard,) called, and stayed with him till past five o'clock. They talked, as usual, on various subjects; and twenty hours before his death, Mr. Gibbon happened to fall into a conversation, not uncommon with him, on the probable duration of his life. He said, that he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years. About six, he ate the wing of a chicken, and drank three glasses of Madeira. After dinner he became very uneasy and impatient; complained a good deal, and appeared so weak, that his servant was alarmed. Mr. Gibbon had sent to his friend and relation, Mr. Robert Darell, whose house was not far distant, desiring to see him, and adding, that he had something particular to say. But, unfortunately, this desired interview never took place.

During the evening he complained much of his stomach, and of a disposition to vomit. Soon after nine, he took his opium draught, and went to bed. About ten, he complained of much pain, and desired that warm napkins might be applied to his stomach. He almost incessantly expressed a sense of pain till about four o'clock in the morning, when he said he found his stomach much easier. About seven, the servant asked, whether he should send for Mr. Farquhar? he answered, no; that he was as well as he had been the day before. At about half past eight, he got out of bed, and said he was "*plus adroit*" than he had been for three months past, and got into bed again, without assistance, better than usual. About nine, he said that he would rise. The servant, however, persuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, should come. Till about that hour he spoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar

came at the time appointed, and he was then visibly dying. When the *valet de chambre* returned, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, Mr. Gibbon said, "*Pourquoi est ce que vous me quittez?*" This was about half past eleven. At twelve, he drank some brandy and water from a tea-pot, and desired his favourite servant to stay with him. These were the last words he pronounced articulately. To the last he preserved his senses; and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question, he made a sign, to shew that he understood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not stir; his eyes half-shut. About a quarter before one, he ceased to breathe*.

* The body was not opened till the fifth day after his death. It was then found, except that a degree of mortification, not very considerable, had taken place on a part of the *colon*; which, with the whole of the *omentum*, of a very enlarged size, had descended into the *scrotum*, forming a bag that hung down nearly as low as the knee. Since that part had been inflamed and ulcerated, Mr. Gibbon could not bear a truss; and when the last six quarts of fluid were discharged, the *colon* and *omentum* descending lower, they, by their weight, drew the lower mouth of the stomach downwards to the *os pubis*, and this probably was the immediate cause of his death.

The following is the account of the appearance of the body, given by an eminent surgeon who opened it:

"Aperto tumore, qui ab inguine usque ad genu se extenderat, observatum est partem ejus inferiorem constare ex tunica vaginati testis continenti duas quasi libras liquoris serosi tincti sanguine. Ea autem fuit sacci illius amplitudo ut portioni liquoris longè majori capiendæ sufficeret. In posteriori parte hujus sacci testis situs fuit. Hunc omninò sanum invenimus.

"Partem tumoris superiorem occupaverant integrum ferè omentum et major pars intestini coli. Hæ partes, sacco sibi proprio inclusæ, sibi invicem et sacco suo adèdè arctè adhæserunt ut coivissè viderentur in massam unam solidam et irregularem; cujus a tergo chorda spermatica sedem suam obtinuerat.

"In omento et in intestino colo haud dubia recentis inflammationis signa vidimus, necnon maculas nonnullas lividi coloris hinc inde sparsas.

"Aperto abdomine, ventriculus invenimus a naturali suo situ detractum usque ad annulum masculi obliqui externi. Pylorum retrorsum et quasi sursum a duodeno retractum. In hepate ingentem numerum parvorum tuberculorum. Vesicæ felleam bile admodum distentam. In cæteris visceribus, examini anatomico subiectis, nulla morbi vestigia extiterunt."

The *valet de chambre* observed, that Mr. Gibbon did not, at any time, shew the least sign of alarm, or apprehension of death; and it does not appear that he ever thought himself in danger, unless his desire to speak to Mr. Darell may be considered in that light.

Perhaps I dwell too long on these minute and melancholy circumstances. Yet the close of such a life can hardly fail to interest every reader; and I know that the public has received a different and erroneous account of my friend's last hours.

I can never cease to feel regret that I was not by his side at this awful period: a regret so strong, that I can express it only by borrowing (as the eloquent Mr. Mason has done on a similar occasion) the forcible language of Tacitus: *Mibi præter acerbitalam amici erepti, auget mæstitalam quod assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu non contigit.* It is some consolation to me, that I have not, like Tacitus, by a long absence, anticipated the loss of my friend several years before his decease. Although I had not the mournful gratification of being near him on the day he expired, yet during his illness I had not failed to attend him with that assiduity which his genius, his virtues, and, above all, our long, uninterrupted, and happy friendship demanded.

P O S T S C R I P T.

M^{R.} Gibbon's Will is dated the 1st of October 1791, just before I left Laufanne; he distinguishes me, as usual, in the most flattering manner:

“ I constitute and appoint the Right Honourable John Lord Sheffield, Edward Darell Esquire, and John Thomas Batt Esquire, to be the Executors of this my last Will and Testament; and as the execution of this trust will not be attended with much difficulty or trouble, I shall indulge these gentlemen, in the pleasure of this last disinterested service, without wronging my feelings, or oppressing my heir, by too light or too weighty a testimony of my gratitude. My obligations to the long and active friendship of Lord Sheffield, I could never sufficiently repay.”

He then observes, that the Right Hon. Lady Eliot, of Port-Eliot, is his nearest relation on the father's side; but that her three sons are in such prosperous circumstances, that he may well be excused for making the two children of his late uncle, Sir Stanier Porten, his heirs; they being in a very different situation. He bequeaths annuities to two old servants, three thousand pounds, and his furniture, plate, &c. at Laufanne, to Mr. Wilhelme de Severy; one hundred guineas to the poor of Laufanne, and fifty guineas each to the following persons: Lady Sheffield and daughters, Maria and Louisa, Madame and Mademoiselle de Severy, the Count de Schomberg, Mademoiselle la Chanoinesse de Polier, and M. le Ministre Le Wade, for the purchase of some token which may remind them of a sincere friend. The remains of Mr. Gibbon were deposited in Lord Sheffield's family burial-place in Sussex.

A P P E N D I X.

THE Letters of Mr. Gibbon, from the time of his return to Switzerland in 1788, are annexed to his Memoirs, as the best continuation of them. Among his Letters of an earlier date, I find several which he has alluded to, and others which will illustrate the account he has given of himself. These, I flatter myself, will please the generality of readers; since, when he touches on matters of private business, even subjects of the driest nature become interesting, from his mode of treating them. Many Letters from distinguished persons to him will be introduced, and some that he received at a very early period of life. Although we have not all his own Letters to which these were answers, yet we have enough to testify his ambition, even in youth, to be distinguished as a scholar.

It has been sometimes thought necessary to offer to the Public an apology for the publication of private Letters. I have no scruple to say, that I publish these, because I think they place my friend in an advantageous point of view. He might not, perhaps, have expected that all his Letters should be printed; but I have no reason to believe that he would have been averse to the publication of any. If I had, they never would have been made public, however highly I might have conceived of their excellence.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire.

N° I.

M. CREVIER à M. GIBBON.

MONSIEUR,

PARIS, 7 Aout 1756.

JE ne puis qu'être très sensible aux témoignages d'estime dont vous voulez bien me combler, quoique je sois fort éloigné de les prendre à la lettre, et de me regarder comme un oracle. Mais je suis homme vrai, et par la même qui aime à profiter des lumières que l'on a la bonté de me communiquer. Ainsi, Monsieur, je reçois avec toute la satisfaction possible l'ingénieuse conjecture que vous proposez, pour
l'éclair-

[TRANSLATION.]

Mr. CREVIER to Mr. GIBBON.

SIR,

PARIS, 7th August 1756.

I AM extremely obliged by your expressions of esteem, without taking them in the literal sense, and believing myself an oracle. But I am a lover of truth and sincerity, and always ready to avail myself of the communications of my learned friends. With the greatest pleasure, therefore, I received

l'éclaircissement d'un passage de Tite Live sur lequel je m'avois su qu'être embarrassé. J'adopte toutes vos observations, tous vos raisonnemens. Par le changement d'une seule lettre, vous substituez à un sens louche et obscur, une pensée claire, convenable au caractère de celui qui parle, et bien liée avec tout le reste du discours. Je ne manquerai pas d'en faire une note, et de me servir de cette judicieuse correction, si l'occasion s'en présente, en prenant soin d'en faire honneur à celui à qui je la dois.

J'ajouterai seulement une remarque de peu de conséquence, mais qui me paroît nécessaire pour donner toute sa perfection à la phrase, sur laquelle vous avez travaillé si heureusement. Voici la phrase avec le changement que vous proposez. *Nec esse in vos otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis.* Or *in vos* ne me paroît point s'accorder avec *otio vestro*. L'expression *in vos* semble marquer quelque chose qui doit être contraire au bien des Carthaginois, et qui par conséquence s'allie mal avec l'idée de leur repos. Ainsi au lieu de ces mots *in vos* j'aimerois mieux lire *in his*. Alors la phrase sera complete-

your ingenious conjecture illustrating a passage of Livy, by which I had been puzzled. I adopt all your observations and reasonings. By changing a single letter, you substitute, instead of an awkward and obscure meaning, a thought perspicuous in itself, suitable to the character of the speaker, and connected with the purport of his discourse. I shall not fail noticing this judicious correction, when an opportunity occurs, and mentioning the name of the person to whom I am indebted for it.

I will add only one remark, of small importance indeed, but necessary for giving complete correctness to the passage with which your attention has been so successfully occupied. With your emendation it runs thus: *Nec esse in vos otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis.* The *in vos* does not appear to me to correspond well with *otio vestro*; since it seems to indicate something adverse to the interest of the Carthaginians, and therefore does not accord well with the idea of their tranquillity. Instead of the words *in vos* I would read *in his*; which would render the passage perfectly correct. *Nec esse*

completement bonne. *Nec esse in his otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis.* “ Ne pensez pas que dans ces mesures que prennent les
“ Romains, pour vous ôter toutes vos forces, et en vous interdisant
“ la guerre avec l'étranger, ils aient eu pour objet votre tran-
“ quillité et votre repos.”

Il ne me reste plus, Monsieur, qu'à vous remercier de la bonté que vous avez eu de me faire part d'une idée aussi heureuse. Ce seroit une grande joie pour moi si je recevois souvent de pareils secours sur tout ce que j'ai donné au public.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec bien de la reconnoissance et de respect,
&c.

CREVIER.

in his otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis. “ Do not believe that the
“ Romans, when they deprive you of your forces, and forbid you to make
“ war on foreign nations, mean thereby to promote your tranquillity.”

It remains only, Sir, that I should thank you for your goodness in communicating to me so happy a thought. It would give me the greatest pleasure to be frequently favoured with such assistance in my literary labours.

I have the honour to remain, with much gratitude and respect,

. Yours, &c.

CREVIER.

N° II.

M. ALLAMAND à Mr. GIBBON.

MONSIEUR,

BEX, Sept. 14, 1756.

À PRESENT qu'eme voilà échappé de l'orage des fonctions publiques donc cette église est chargée en tems de fête, je saisis avec joie quelques momens de repos pour m'entretenir, Monsieur, avec vous : ce sera, s'il vous plait, sans faire de trop grands efforts sur l'article des idées innées que vous me proposez. Outre que je risquerois de dire comme je ne fais quelle des interlocutrices de Terence, *Magno conatu magnas nugas* ; il y a fort long tems que je n'ai relu M. Locke, l'oracle moderne sur cette matière, et il faudroit trop de tems et de papier pour tout éplucher. Ayez donc la bonté de vous contenter des premières réflexions qui se présenteront sur quelques endroits de son premier livre.

Je

Mr. ALLAMAND to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

BEX, 12th September 1756.

AFTER escaping from the tumult of public functions, in which the ministers of this church are employed during the holydays, I sit down with much pleasure to converse with you a few minutes on paper ; without intending to make any very violent exertion in answering the questions concerning innate ideas, which you propose for my consideration. I am not willing to risk the being obliged to say, with one of Terence's characters, *Magno conatu magnas nugas* ; besides, it is long since I looked into Locke, the modern oracle on that subject ; and too much time and paper would be requisite completely to canvass so intricate a subject. You will have the goodness, therefore, to be contented with the first reflections that occur to me on some passages of his first book.

Je commence par le chap. i. § 5. où cet habile homme entreprend de prouver que ces deux principes, *Ce qui est, est ; il est impossible qu'une même chose soit, et en même temps ne soit pas*, ne sont point innées, puisqu'ils n'étoient point dans l'esprit pendant l'enfance ; et la preuve qu'ils n'y étoient pas, c'est que l'enfant n'y pensoit point, et que bien des gens meurent, sans les avoir jamais apperçus ; " or," dit M. Locke, " une idée ne sauroit être dans l'esprit, sans que l'esprit " ne s'en apperçoive," &c.

Il est clair, Monsieur, que toute la force de ce raisonnement, est dans cette dernière assertion ; mais cette assertion n'est elle pas évidemment détruite par l'expérience ? Appercevez vous actuellement toutes les idées que vous avez dans l'esprit ? N'y en a t'il point auxquelles vous ne prendrez peut-être garde de plusieurs années ? Et dans les efforts que l'on fait souvent pour rappeler ce qu'on a confié à sa mémoire ; ne sent on pas qu'il peut y avoir des connoissances si cachées dans ses replis, que loin de les appercevoir sans cesse, il faut bien de la peine pour les rattrapper ? Je fais que M. Locke, qui a senti

In chapter i. § 5. that able writer undertakes to prove that the axioms, " Whatever is, is ;" and " It is impossible for the same thing to be and " not to be at the same time ;" are not innate ; because children are totally ignorant of them, as appears from their never taking notice of them ; and many persons die without ever perceiving the truth of these axioms ; " but it is impossible," Mr. Locke observes, " for an idea to be in the " mind, which the mind never takes notice of." It is plain that the whole weight of his reasoning rests on this last assertion ; which assertion itself seems to be manifestly contradicted by experience. Do you perceive, Sir, at this moment all the ideas that are in your mind ? Are there not some of them which you may not, perhaps, take notice of for many years ? In the efforts which we make to recall things to the memory, are we not sensible that some ideas may be so deeply hidden in its recesses, that instead of continually perceiving them, we have no small trouble in bringing them back to our remembrance ? I know that Mr. Locke,

c. iii.

fenti la difficulté, tache de la résoudre. Ch. iii. § 20. Mais en vérité, la longueur et l'embarras de cet article montre assez que M. L. n'étoit pas à son aise en l'écrivant; et comment y auroit-il été? Voici, autant que j'en puis juger, à quoi il se réduit. Il avoue, "Que nous avons dans l'esprit des idées que nous n'appercevons point actuellement; mais, dit-il, c'est dans la *mémoire* qu'elles sont: et cela est si vrai, qu'on ne se les rappelle point sans se souvenir, en même temps, qu'on les a déjà apperçues. Or, tel n'est point le cas des *idées* qu'on prétend *innées*. Quand on les apperçoit pour la première fois, ce n'est point avec réminiscence, comme on devroit, si ces idées là avoient été dans l'esprit avant cette première apperception," &c.

De grâce, Monsieur, croyez vous que M. Locke s'entendit bien lui même, quand il distinguoit *être dans l'esprit* et *être dans la mémoire*? Et qu'importe à la question, qu'on se souvienne d'avoir déjà eu ce que l'on se rappelle, s'il n'en est pas moins vrai qu'on l'a eu long temps dans l'esprit sans s'en appercevoir; ce qui est le point dont

c. iii. § 20, endeavours to obviate these objections; but the length and perplexity of that article shews that he was not at ease in writing it. How indeed could he be so? since, as far as I am able to judge, the following is the result of his argument: "I confess that we have ideas in the mind, of which we are not conscious; but then these ideas are in the memory; as appears from this, that we never recall them without remembering that they formerly were objects of our perception. But this is not supposed to hold with regard to what are called innate ideas. When these are perceived for the first time, it is not with reminiscence, which would certainly be the case if they had been in the mind before this first perception of them," &c.

Be pleased to tell me, Sir, whether you think that Mr. Locke himself well understood the distinction which he makes between *being in the mind*, and *being in the memory*? And of what importance is it, that we remember to have formerly had the recalled ideas, provided it be allowed that we had them

dont il s'agit ? Au reste, M. Locke auroit pu sentir que si l'on ne se *rappelle* point les idées innées par *réminiscence*, c'est qu'elles ne sont point entrées dans l'esprit d'une manière qui ait exigé, ou attiré son attention. Et c'est aussi le cas de plusieurs idées acquises ; car, quoiqu'en dire M. Locke, chacun se trouve au besoin, nombre d'idées qui ne peuvent s'être insinuées dans son esprit, qu'à la présence de certains objets, auxquels il n'a point pris garde, ou, en général, par des moyens inconnus, qui l'ont enrichi sans qu'il sache comment, et sans qu'il crût les avoir jusques au moment qu'elles se sont présentées.

Sur le fond même de la question, il me semble que M. Locke confond perpétuellement deux choses très différentes. *L'idée elle même*, qui est une connoissance dans l'esprit et un principe de raisonnement ; et *l'énoncé de cette idée* en forme de proposition, ou de définition. Il se peut, et il est même très probable, que bien des gens n'ont jamais formé ou envisagé en eux mêmes cet énoncé,
il

them long, without taking any notice of them, which is the point in question? Besides, Mr. Locke ought to have known that innate ideas are not recalled with reminiscence, because those ideas come originally into the mind in a way that neither excites nor requires our attention; for whatever Mr. Locke may say, every one may be sensible from his own experience, that many even of his acquired ideas could not have come into his mind independently of the presence of certain objects of which he had never taken any notice; or, in general, independently of certain unknown causes, which enriched him, without his being sensible of it, with ideas that he did not believe himself possessed of, till they actually presented themselves to his understanding.

As to the main question, Mr. Locke seems to me perpetually to confound two things extremely different; the idea itself, which is a perception of the mind, and a principle of reasoning; and the expression of that idea in the form of a proposition or definition. It is possible, nay, very probable, that many persons have never formed, or thought of the proposition, " It

il est impossible qu'une chose soit, et ne soit pas en même tems. Voyez Liv. 1. ch. i. § 12. Mais suit-il delà, qu'ils ne connoissent pas la vérité qu'il exprime, et qu'ils n'en ont pas l'idée?--Nullement. Tout homme qui assure, qui nie, tout homme qui parle, un enfant quand il demande, quand il refuse, quand il se plaint, &c. ne suppose t'il pas, que dès qu'une chose est, il est impossible qu'en même tems elle ne soit pas? Ne trouvez vous pas, Monsieur, qu'on pourroit soutenir la réalité des idées innées, précisément sur ce que M. Locke allégué contre elles, que beaucoup de gens n'ont jamais pensé aux propositions évidentes dont il parle; car, puisque sans y avoir pensé, ils s'en servent, ils bâtissent là dessus, ils jugent de la vérité, ou de l'absurdité d'un discours par ses rapports avec ces principes là, &c. D'où leur vient cette familiarité avec des principes qu'ils n'ont jamais apperçus distinctement, si ce n'est de ce qu'ils en ont une connoissance, ou si l'on veut, un sentiment naturel?

Aux § 17 et 18, M. Locke nie que le consentement que l'on donne à certaines propositions, dès qu'on les entend prononcer, soit une

"is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time." See Locke, b. i. c. 1. § 12. But does it follow from this, that they are ignorant of the truth expressed by these words? By no means. Every man who affirms, denies, or speaks; a child who asks, refuses, or complains, must know the truth of this proposition. Does it not appear to you, Sir, that the doctrine of innate ideas may be defended on the same principle by which Mr. Locke attacks it; namely, that many persons have never thought of the propositions or descriptions by which they are expressed? For if without ever having thought of those propositions, they make use of them in their reasonings, and employ them in judging of the justness or absurdity of every discourse which they hear, how could they be so familiar with principles which they never distinctly took notice of, unless they had a natural knowledge or innate perception of them?

In paragraphs 17 and 18, Mr. Locke denies that our consenting to certain propositions at first hearing them, is a proof that the ideas expressed by them

une preuve que l'idée qu'elles expriment soit innée ; et il se fonde, sur ce qu'il y a bien des propositions que l'on reçoit ainsi d'abord, qui certainement ne sont point innées ; et il en donne divers exemples, viz. *deux & deux sont quatre*, &c. Mais ne vous paroîtra t'il pas qu'il confond ici de simples définitions de mots avec des vérités évidentes par elles mêmes ? Au moins, est il certain que tous ses exemples sont de simples définitions des mots, *deux et deux sont quatre*. L'idée qu'on exprime par *deux et deux*, est la même que celle qu'on exprime par *quatre*, &c. Or personne ne dit que la connoissance d'une définition de mots soit innée, puisqu'elle suppose celle du langage. Mais cette proposition, *le tout est plus grand que chacune de ses parties*, n'est point dans ce cas ; et il est certain que le plus petit enfant suppose la vérité de cette proposition toutes les fois que non content d'une moitié de pomme, il veut la pomme toute entière.

Prenez la peine, Monsieur, d'examiner le § 23 ; où M. Locke veut convaincre de fausseté cette supposition, qu'il y a des principes tellement *innés*, que ceux qui en entendent pour la première fois, et
qui

are innate ; since many propositions, thus assented to, evidently express ideas that had been acquired ; for example, *two and two make four*, &c. But does it not appear to you, that he here confounds the definition of words with self-evident truths ? at least, all the examples which he gives are mere definitions. The idea expressed by *two and two* is precisely the same with the idea of *four*. Nobody says that our knowledge of the definitions of words is innate, because that would imply language to be so. But the knowledge of this truth, that the whole is greater than its part, does not imply that supposition ; since an infant shews itself acquainted with this principle, when, dissatisfied with the half of an apple, it indicates its desire to possess the whole.

Take the trouble, Sir, to examine § 23 ; in which Mr. Locke endeavours to disprove the assertion, that there are some principles so truly innate, that those who hear them expressed in words for the first time, immediately comprehend

qui en comprennent l'énoncé, n'apprennent rien de nouveau. "Premièrement, dit-il, il est clair qu'ils ont appris les *termes* de l'énoncé et la *signification* de ces termes." Mais qui ne voit que M. Locke sort de la question ? Personne n'a jamais dit que des termes, qui ne sont que des signes arbitraires de nos idées, fussent innés. Il ajoute, "Que les idées renfermées dans de pareils énoncés ne naissent pas plus avec nous, que leurs expressions, et qu'on acquiert ces idées dans la suite après en avoir appris les noms." Mais, 1. N'est ce pas donner pour preuve de ce qu'on affirme, cette affirmation même ? Il n'y a point d'idées innées, car il n'y en a que d'acquises ! M. Locke riroit bien d'un pareil raisonnement, s'il le trouvoit dans ses adversaires. 2. S'il est vrai qu'on apprend les mots avant que d'avoir les idées qu'ils expriment, au moins s'il est vrai que cela soit toujours ainsi, comme M. Locke l'entend, je voudrois bien savoir comment la première langue a pu être formée ? Et même comment il est possible qu'on fasse comprendre à quelqu'un le sens d'un mot nouveau pour lui ? Tout homme qui n'a nulle idée de *l'ordre*, par exemple,

prehend them without learning any thing new. "First of all," he observes, "it is clear they must have learned the terms of the expression, and the meaning of those terms." But here Mr. Locke manifestly departs from the question. Nobody says that words, which are merely arbitrary signs of our ideas, are innate. He adds, "that the ideas denoted by these expressions are no more born with us than the expressions themselves, and that we acquire the ideas after first learning the terms by which they are expressed." But, 1. Is not this to take for granted the thing to be proved ? There are no innate ideas, for all ideas are acquired. Mr. Locke would laugh at his adversaries, were they to make use of such an argument. 2. If words are learned before ideas, at least if that is always the case, as Mr. Locke understands it to be, I would be glad to know how the first language could have been formed, or how it could be possible to communicate to any one the meaning of a word altogether new to him ? A person who had no idea
of

exemple, doit aussi peu être capable d'entendre ce mot *ordre*, qu'un aveugle né celui de *couleur*.

Au § 27, M. Locke nie les idées innées, parcequ'elles ne paroissent ni dans les enfans, ni dans les imbécilles, où elles devroient paroître le plus. Mais, 1. Ceux qui admettent les idées innées, ne les croient pas plus naturelles à l'ame, que ses facultés ; puis donc que l'état et la constitution du corps nuit à celles-ci dans les imbécilles, elle fera aussi cause qu'on ne leur remarque point les autres. 2. Le fait même n'est pas entièrement vrai ; les enfans et les imbécilles ont l'idée de leur existence, de leur individualité, de leur identité, &c.

Dans le reste de ce §, M. Locke se divertit au dépens de ceux qui croient que les énoncés des maximes abstraites sont innées : mais les plus déterminés scholastiques n'ont jamais rien dit de semblable, et il rit d'une chimère qu'il s'est faite lui même.

Je ne fais, Monsieur, comment il est arrivé qu'au lieu de trois ou quatre courtes réflexions que j'aurois du vous donner sur tout ceci, je

of order, for example, would be no more capable of understanding the word order, than a man born blind could understand the word colour.

In paragraph 27, Mr. Locke denies innate ideas, because they are not found in children and idiots, in whom we ought most to expect meeting with them. I answer, 1. Those who admit innate ideas, do not believe them more natural to the mind than its faculties ; and as the state and constitution of the body disturbs the faculties of idiots, the same cause may hinder them from showing any signs of innate ideas. 2. The fact is not strictly true. Even idiots and infants have the idea of their existence, individuality, identity, &c.

In the remainder of that paragraph, Mr. Locke diverts himself with the absurdity of those who believe the expressions of abstract maxims to be innate ; but the most determined scholastic never maintained any such opinion ; and he combats a chimera which is the work of his own fancy.

I know not how it has happened that, instead of a few general reflections which I intended, I have sent you a long and tiresome criticism on some passages

je me suis engagé dans une critique longue et ennuyeuse, de quelques endroits d'un seul chapitre : c'est apparemment un reste de lassitude : j'ai trouvé plus de facilité à suivre et à chicaner M. Locke qu'à penser tout seul. Prenez patience et pardonnez. J'entrevois bien des choses à dire sur le second chapitre, où il s'agit des principes innés de pratique ; mais je ne vous en fatiguerai qu'après en avoir reçu l'aveu de vous même.

On écrit ici, que le Roi de Prusse vient de battre les Autrichiens et de leur tuer 20 mille hommes, en ayant perdu 15 mille des siens. Voilà donc où il alloit en passant par Leipzig. Si cette nouvelle est vraie, la guerre ne sauroit manquer de devenir générale, et de l'air qu'elle commence, elle fera terrible : mais je crains bien que sa M. P. n'ait le sort de Charles XII. Qui le soutiendra contre la France, l'Autriche, et peut-être la Russie réunies ?

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une parfaite considération, Monsieur, &c.

ALLAMAND.

passages of a single chapter. The remains of lassitude, probably, made it easier for me to follow and dispute with Mr. Locke, than to think and reason alone. Have patience, and pardon me. There are many remarks to make on the second chapter, where he treats of innate practical principles. But I will not tire you with that subject, unless you desire it.

Our newspapers say, that the King of Prussia has beat the Austrians, and killed twenty thousand of their men ; with the loss of fifteen thousand of his own. This was the object he had in view when he passed through Leipfick. If the news be true, the war must become general ; and, according to appearances, it will be terrible. But I much fear lest his Prussian Majesty meet with the fate of Charles XII. What are his resources for defence against the united strength of France and Austria, and perhaps of Russia ?

I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, yours, &c.

ALLAMAND.

N° III.

M. ALLAMAND à M. GIBBON.

MONSIEUR,

BEX, le 12 Octobre 1756.

JE suis charmé de l'exactitude et de la pénétration qui se disputent le terrain dans la dernière lettre que vous avez pris la peine de m'écrire : et comme vous, Monsieur, je crois que la question touche à sa décision.

Vous avez sans doute raison de dire que les propositions évidentes dont il s'agit, ne sont pas de simples idées, mais des jugemens. Mais ayez aussi la complaisance de reconnoître que M. Locke les alleguant en exemple d'idées qui passent pour innées et qui ne le sont pas selon lui, s'il y a ici de la méprise, c'est lui qu'il faut relever là-dessus, et non pas moi, qui n'avois autre chose à faire qu'à refuter sa manière de raisonner contre l'innéité de ces idées, ou jugmens là. D'ailleurs, Monsieur, vous remarquerez, s'il vous plait, que dans cette dispute il s'agit en effet, de savoir si certaines vérités évidentes et communes, et non pas seulement certaines idées simples, sont innées ou non.

Mr. ALLAMAND to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

BEX, October 12, 1756.

I am delighted with your last letter, equally distinguished by accuracy and penetration; and with you, Sir, I believe that the question approaches to its decision.

You are right in saying, that the self-evident propositions, which I mentioned, are not merely ideas, but judgments: yet you will have the goodness to observe, that Mr. Locke having given them as examples of ideas which pass for being innate, but which he does not regard as such, the mistake is chargeable on him, and not on me, who had nothing farther to do than to refute his manner of reasoning. Besides, you will be pleased to remark, that the real question is, whether not only certain ideas, but also certain

non. Ceux qui affirment, ne donnent guère pour exemple d'idées simples qui le foyent, que celles de Dieu, de l'unité, et de l'existence : les autres exemples sont pris de propositions completes, que vous appelez jugemens.

Mais, dites vous, y aura t'il donc des jugemens innés ? Le jugement est il autre chose qu'un acte de nos facultés intellectuelles dans la comparaison des idées ? Le jugement sur les vérités évidentes, n'est il pas une simple vue de ces vérités là, un simple coup d'œil que l'esprit jette sur elles ? J'accorde tout cela. Et de grace, qu'est ce qu'*idée* ? N'est ce pas *vue*, ou coup d'œil, si vous voulez ? Ceux qui définissent l'idée autrement, ne s'éloignent ils pas visiblement du sens et de l'intention du mot ? Dire que les idées sont les especes des choses imprimées dans l'esprit, comme l'image de l'objet sensible tracée dans l'œil, n'est ce pas jargonner plutôt que définir ? Or c'est la faute, qu'ont fait tous les metaphysiciens, et quoique M. Locke l'ait bien sentie, il a mieux aimé se fâcher contre eux, et tirer contre les girouettes de la place, que s'appliquer à démêler ce galimatias.

Que

certain common and self-evident propositions be innate. The only examples produced of innate ideas are those of God, unity, and existence ; the other examples are of innate propositions, which you call judgments.

You ask, whether it be possible that our judgments should be innate, judgment being nothing else but the act of our intellectual faculties in comparing our ideas, and our judgment concerning self-evident truths being merely the perception of those truths by a simple glance of the mind ? I grant all that, but would ask, what else is an idea but a glance of the mind ? Those who define it otherwise, widely depart from the original sense of the word ; and talk unintelligibly, when they say that ideas are species ; that is, appearances of things impressed on the mind, as the images of corporeal objects are impressed on the eye. All metaphysicians have committed this mistake ; and Mr. Locke, though sensible of it, has chosen in his anger to direct his batteries against the weathercocks, rather than against the building itself. According to the meaning of these metaphysicians, there

Que n'a-t'il dit : non seulement il n'y a point d'idées innées dans le sens de ces Messieurs ; mais il n'y a point d'idées du tout dans ce sens là : toute idée est un acte, une vue, un coup d'œil de l'esprit. Dès lors demander s'il y a des idées innées, c'est demander s'il y a certaines vérités si évidentes et si communes que tout esprit non stupide puisse naturellement, sans culture et sans maître, sans discussion, sans raisonnement, les reconnoître d'un coup d'œil, et souvent même sans s'apercevoir qu'on jette ce coup d'œil. L'affirmative me paroît incontestable, et selon moi, le question est viduée par là.

Maintenant prenez garde, Monsieur, que cette manière d'entendre l'affaire, va au but des partisans des idées innées, tout comme la leur ; et par la même, contredit M. Locke dans le sien. Car pourquoi voudroit on qu'il y eu des idées innées ? C'est pour en opposer la certitude et l'évidence au doute universel des sceptiques, qui est ruiné d'un seul coup, s'il y a des vérités dont la vue soit nécessaire et naturelle à l'homme. Or vous sentez, Monsieur, que je puis
leur

there are surely no innate ideas, because in their sense of the word there are no ideas whatever. An idea is merely an act or perception of the mind : and the question concerning innate ideas is merely to determine, whether certain truths be not so common and so evident, that every mind, not absolutely stupid, must recognize them at a single glance, without the assistance of any teacher, and without the intervention of any discussion or reasoning ; and often without being sensible that this glance is cast on them ? The affirmative appears to me incontrovertible ; and the question thereby is solved.

You will please to remark, that this way of explaining the matter is as favourable to innate ideas, and therefore as opposite to Mr. Locke's doctrine, as the unintelligible hypothesis above mentioned. For what reason do we contend in favour of innate ideas ? To oppose evidence and certainty to universal scepticism ; whose cause is ruined by proving certain truths to be so necessary and so natural to man, that they are universally recognized by a single glance. This may be proved according to my meaning of the word

leur dire cela dans ma façon d'expliquer la chose, tout aussi bien que les partisans ordinaires des idées innées dans la leur. Et voilà ce qui semble incommoder un peu M. Locke, qui, sans se déclarer pyrrhonien, laisse appercevoir un peu trop de foible pour le pyrrhonisme, et a beaucoup contribué à le nourrir dans ce siècle. A force de vouloir marquer les bornes de nos connoissances, ce qui étoit fort nécessaire, il a quelquefois tout mis en bornes.

Après ces remarques générales sur le fond de la question, il est peu nécessaire de s'arrêter à quelques particulières, où vous ne me croyez pas fondé. Cependant vous me permettrez de vous faire observer sur celles que vous relevez : 1. Que dans ce § 5. du ch. 1. il est bien vrai que M. Locke mêle ces deux choses, être actuellement dans l'esprit, *sans que l'esprit s'en apperçoive*—et, y être, *sans qu'il s'en soit jamais apperçu*.—Mais il est certain aussi, qu'à la conclusion de ce §, il s'en tient au premier incognito, et donne lieu à ma critique en s'exprimant en ces termes. Je suis la traduction Françoisise n'ayant pas l'original. “ De sorte, dit-il, que soutenir qu'une chose soit
“ dans l'entendement, et qu'elle n'est pas conçue par l'entendement,
“ qu'elle

idea, as well as according to the sense in which this word is vulgarly taken; and the proof would not have been very pleasing to Mr. Locke, who, without professing himself a sceptic, yet shews a leaning to the sceptical side; and whose works have contributed much to the diffusion of scepticism in the present age. His too eager desire of fixing the limits of human knowledge, a thing highly necessary, has made him leave nothing but limits.

After these general observations on the main question, it is not very necessary to descend to the particulars in which you think me mistaken. Yet you will permit me to answer your objections. 1. It is true, that Mr. Locke, § 5. c. 1. joins the two expressions, “ being in the mind, without being actually perceived by the mind,” and “ being in the mind, without having ever
“ been perceived by the mind;” but at the conclusion of the paragraph he lays himself open to my criticism, by expressing himself as follows: “ So that to
“ be in the understanding and not to be understood, to be in the mind and
“ never

“ qu'elle est dans l'esprit, sans que l'esprit l'apperçoive, c'est autant
 “ que si l'on disoit, qu'une chose est, et n'est pas dans l'esprit ou
 “ dans l'entendement.” N'est il pas clair, Monsieur, que ce grand
 philosophe, écrivant cela, étoit dans l'erreur, ou la méprise de fait
 que je prends la liberté de lui reprocher ; c'est que l'esprit ne peut
 avoir aucune connoissance qu'il ne l'apperçoive actuellement ? Je
 crois bien que si on l'avoit d'abord relevé là-dessus il auroit senti
 sa méprise, mais il n'en est pas moins vrai, et qu'il y est tombé,
 et qu'il s'en fait un principe contre ses adversaires.

2. Vous voulez qu'on lui passe sa distinction entre les idées qui
font dans l'esprit et celles qui *font dans la mémoire* : à moi ne tienne,
 pourvu que vous preniez le mot d'idée comme moi ; car, en ce sens,
 une idée est dans l'esprit, lorsque l'esprit envisage actuellement la
 proposition qui est l'objet de son idée, ou de son coup d'œil ; et
 elle n'est que dans la mémoire, lorsque l'esprit ayant auparavant jeté
 ce coup d'œil sur elle, en a plus de facilité à la réitérer, et en le
 réitérant, sent que ce n'est pas la première fois qu'il envisage cette
 proposition

“ never to be perceived, is all one as to say, any thing is and is not in the
 “ mind or understanding.” It is clear, Sir, that this great philosopher
 erred in writing this passage ; maintaining, what I took the liberty to con-
 tradict, that nothing could be in the understanding without being perceived
 to be there. I doubt not that he would have corrected this mistake had it
 been pointed out to him ; but he certainly falls into it, and employs it as a
 principle of reasoning against his adversaries.

2. You think that we ought to admit his distinction between “ ideas in the
 “ mind,” and “ ideas in the memory.” I admit the distinction with all my
 heart, provided you take the word idea in the same acceptation as I do. In that
 sense an idea is in the mind, when the mind actually considers the proposition
 which is the object of its idea, that is, of its glance or perception ; and an
 idea is in the memory when the mind, having formerly cast that glance on
 it, finds thereby a greater facility in recalling it, remembering at the same
 time that it formerly was the object of its perception. But if you understand

proposition là.—Mais si par idées, vous entendez ces *especes* chimeriques, supposées par les métaphysiciens, et autant qu'il m'en souvient, pas assez nettement congédiées par M. Locke, j'en reviens, s'il vous plait, à ma prétension, qu'on ne s'entend pas soi-même quand on distingue la mémoire de l'esprit.

Un violent mal de tête que j'ai apporté de notre vénérable classe, ne me permet pas d'étendre davantage cette lettre, et m'empêche de la faire moins courte et plus nette. Je vous prie, Monsieur, de l'excuser telle qu'elle est. Peut être, pénétrant comme vous l'êtes, ne laisserez vous pas d'y entrevoir de quoi prévenir toute difficulté sur les principes innés de pratique: M. Locke me paroît plus fort ici que sur les autres, mais il n'a pas laissé de s'y embarasser un peu par-ci par-là.

Je me faisois une fête de vous voir un moment à Vevay, et j'ai été capot d'être *disappointed*; si j'entends ce mot de votre langue, le notre n'en a point qui peut dire si bien la même chose. Je n'ai même vu M. Pavillard que dans l'assemblée.

Si

by ideas these chimerical species, the mere fictions of metaphysicians, and, as it seems to me, not sufficiently disproved by Mr. Locke, I return to my assertion, and maintain that the distinction is unintelligible between "being in the mind," and "being in the memory."

A violent headach, which I brought with me from our venerable class, hinders me from continuing this letter, or rendering what I have already written shorter and more perspicuous. I intreat you to excuse its imperfections. Your penetration will perhaps discern how all difficulties may be solved concerning innate practical principles. Mr. Locke treats this subject better than he does the others; but in several parts he is somewhat puzzled.

I rejoiced at the hopes of seeing you for a moment at Vevay, and was surpris'd at being *disappointed*. If I rightly understand this word of your language, it cannot be well translated into ours. I met with Mr. Pavillard only in the assembly.

If

Si la marche de 120 mille Russes n'est pas une fable, que va devenir S. M. Prussienne ? Ne croyez vous pas, Monsieur, que nous touchons à de grandes revolutions ? Il y a long tems que je soupçonne un plan formé, de réduire le systême général à trois grands empires ; celui des François, à l'occident du Rhin, celui d'Autriche à l'orient, et celui des Russes au nord. Il n'y en a pourtant rien dans l'Apocalypse. Qu'on partage la terre comme on voudra, pourvu qu'il y soit toujours permis de croire, que ce qui est, est ; et que les contradictoires ne peuvent pas être vraies en même temps. Au reste ces trois empires auroient beau être grands, mesurés à nos toises, ils paroîtroient toujours bien petits, vus seulement depuis la lune, et à quelle hauteur ne s'élèvent pas par delà des yeux philosophes.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec bien de la considération, Monsieur, &c.

ALLAMAND.

M. de N*** m'écrit que *tout va mieux que jamais*, à présent que Madame D. sa nièce est bien malade, et que voilà 200 mille hommes prêts à s'égorger pour 5 sols par jour. Il est de mauvaise humeur contre ce *tout est bien*.

If the march of an hundred and twenty thousand Russians is not a fable, what must become of the King of Prussia ? Does it not appear to you, that we are threatened with great revolutions ? I have long suspected a design of reducing the general system of Europe to three great empires ; that of the French on the west of the Rhine, of Austria on the east, and of Russia in the north. Yet we read of nothing of this kind in the Revelation. But let the world be divided as it may, provided it be lawful for us to believe that " whatever is, is ;" and " that two contradictory propositions cannot both at the same time be true." Those three empires will be great only when measured on this earth ; viewed but from the moon, they will be small enough ; and how far do philosophical eyes soar beyond that luminary !

I have the honour to be, with much consideration, yours, &c. ALLAMAND.

Mr. de N*** writes to me that things go better and better, now that his niece Madame D. is extremely ill ; and that 200,000 men are ready to cut one another's throats at the rate of five *sous* a day. He is provoked at the maxim, " all for the best."

N° IV.

M. le Professeur BREITINGER à M. GIBBON à Lausanne.

October 22, 1756.

EQUIDEM Davus sum, non Œdipus; dicam tamen quid de dubiis e Justino propositis locis mihi videatur.

1. JUSTINUS, libr. ii. c. 3. *His igitur Asia per mille quingentos annos vectigalis fuit. Pendendi tributis finem Ninus rex Assyriorum imposuit.* Adeo manifestus est calculi error, ut mirum videri possit, hanc lectionem unquam fuisse a quoquam in textum receptam; ita enim Ninus Sesostris mille quingentis annis inferior esset ætate. Orosius, qui Justinum per compendium summa cum fide expressit, hæc in hunc modum commemorat. Lib. i. c. 14. *Universam quoque Ægyptum (Scythæ) populassent; nisi paludibus impediti, repulsi fuissent. Inde continuo reversi, perdomitam infinitis cædibus Asiam vectigalem fecere: ubi per 15 annos sine pace immorati, tandem uxorum flagitatione*
revocantur,

Professor BREITINGER to Mr. GIBBON at Lausanne.

October 22, 1756.

THOUGH I am Davus, not Œdipus, I will give you my opinion concerning the difficulties in Justin, which you propose for my consideration.

1. In the third chapter of his second book he says, "That Asia was tributary fifteen centuries to the Scythians, and that Ninus put an end to those contributions." The number of years is so manifestly erroneous, that it is astonishing such a reading should ever have been admitted into the text; for it makes Ninus later than Sesostris by a period of fifteen hundred years. Orosius, who abridged Justin with the greatest fidelity, speaks to the following purpose: "The Scythians would have ravished the whole of Egypt, had they not been prevented by the marshes. When they returned from that country, they made a bloody conquest of Asia, and rendered it tributary. Having remained there fifteen restless years, they at length

revocantur, denunciantium, ni redeant, sobolem se a finitimis quæsituras. Dubium ergo nullum est, quin pro MD. substituendum sit XV. Tu inquis in causam erroris satis argutè. Sed non potest habere locum illa tua emendatio, *per mille* in *permissa*, si quidem notis arithmeticeis, quod admodum probabile est, in antiquis libris numeri fuerunt expressi.

2. JUSTIN. libr. xii. c. 8. *Itaque cæsis hostibus, cum gratulatione in eadem (castra) reverterunt.* Frustra mihi sollicitare videris lectionem receptam: gratis enim a te assumitur quod Cuphites ne quidem aggredi fuerint ausi. Alia te docebit fides *Justin* interpret Orosius, libr. iii. cap. 19. *Cumque ad Chosides ventum esset, ibi contra CC millia equitum hostium pugnam CONSERUERUNT; et cum tam ætate detriti, animo ægri, viribus lassi, difficile VICISSENT, castra ob memoriam plus solito magnifica condiderunt.* Itaque non priusquam manus conseruissent,

“ length returned home, at the earnest intreaty of their wives; who said, “ that unless their husbands came home to them, they would, for the sake “ of having children, cohabit with their neighbours.” Orosius, libr. i. c. 14. There cannot be any doubt, therefore, that “ fifteen hundred” has been substituted for “ fifteen.” You investigate very ingeniously the cause of the error; but the emendation which you propose, by changing *per mille* into *permissa*, cannot be well founded, if the number was expressed, as is most probable, by arithmetical marks in the ancient copies.

2. In Justin, libr. xii. c. 8. we read, “ They (the Macedonians) returned, “ after beating the enemy, with congratulations, or thanksgivings, into the “ same camp.” In this passage you seem to me needlessly to disturb the ancient reading. You assume, without proof, that they did not venture to attack the Cuphites. Orosius, Justin’s faithful interpreter, declares the direct contrary. “ When they came to the country of the Chosides, they “ fought with two hundred thousand of the enemy’s cavalry; and, having “ conquered them with much difficulty, because they themselves were now “ worn out with years and fatigue, and sunk in spirit, they formed a camp “ more magnificent than usual, to commemorate their exploit.” Orosius, libr. iii. c. 19. They did not, therefore, return into their camp until they had combated

feruissent, nonnisi post hostes devictos ac caesos, in castra reverterunt. Quid quod ipse Justinus idem laud obscure innuit, quum ait: *Motus his tam justis precibus, velut in finem VICTORIÆ, castra fieri jussit quorum molitionibus et hostis TERRERETUR.* Quod si vero statuas, Macedonum exercitum infinitis Cuphitarum copiis territum a prælio abstinuisse, atque hoc timore perculsum reditum maturandum esse censuisse, næ ego non intelligo, quo sensu Justinus dixerit: *Castra posuisse velut in finem VICTORIÆ: posuisse eadem solito magnificientiora ut hostis TERRERETUR: et cum GRATULATIONE in eo revertisse.* Ubi et hoc contra Sebifii emendationem notari velim, formulam illam loquendi *CUM GRATULATIONE* alterum illud, *εὐχαριστήρια θύειν, caesis hostiis*, jam comprehendere. Adeoque illa tua emendatio *omissis hostibus* et ab historiæ fide et a Justinii sententia multum abludit.

3. JUSTIN. lib. xxiii. c. 8. *Terræ motu portio montis abrupta Gallorum stravit exercitum, et confertissimi cuuei, non sine vulneribus hostium, dissipati ruebant.* Ne te offendat durior, quæ tibi videtur
trajeçtio

combated and conquered the enemy. Justin himself gives us to understand as much, when he says, "That Alexander, moved by such just prayers, " caused, at the end of his *victory*, a camp to be formed, whose walls might " inspire terror into the enemy." If the Macedonians, therefore, as you imagine, had been frightened at the innumerable forces of the Cuphites, and therefore returned hastily into their camp, I do not see why Justin should say, *at the end of his victory, inspire terror into the enemy, or that they returned to their camp with thanksgivings.* It may here be remarked, in opposition to Sebifius' emendation, that the expression, *cum gratulatione*, if translated "with thanksgivings," will include the *caesis hostiis*, τα εὐχαριστήρια θύειν; that is, the *sacrifice of thanks*; so that your alteration of *caesis hostiis* into *omissis hostibus*, is equally inconsistent with historical truth and the words of Justin.

3. In Justin, lib. xxiv. c. viii. we read, "Part of the mountain carried " away by the earthquake overwhelmed the army of the Gauls; and its " thick masses breaking in scattered pieces, fell down with great force, not " without wounding the enemy." You need not be offended with the harsh
transposition

trajeção vocis *hostium* qua cum *confertissimi cunei*, conjungendam censes, atque intelligis de cuneis hostium, sive Gallorum, militaribus. Atque tu, re rite expensa, cognoscas, nullam hic trajectionem locum habere, sed omnia naturali ordine fluere: tantum *cuneos* exponas, non per cohortes hostium militares, sed per *moles conglobatas* a monte ac rupe avulsas, quæ non *confertim*, sed postquam præcipiti cursu in *cuneos* dissiluisse, *dissipatæ ruebant non sine vulneribus hostium*, h. c. *Gallorum*. Ita perspecta erit ac manifesta ratio, cur illud *hostium* cum *confertissimi cunei* nec possit, nec debeat conjungi: ne scilicet perperam ad cuneos militares traheretur, adeoque ad vitandam omnem sermonis ambiguitatem.

4. JUSTIN. lib. xxviii. c. 2. *Adversus Gallos urbem eos suam tueri non potuisse: captamque non ferro defendisse, sed auro redemisse.* Si quidem iste locus medicam manum postularet aut admitteret, non est altera qua uterer libentius quam tua, qua pro *captamque* restituis *capitoliumque*. Et frustra Schefferus hic scrupulos movet quasi ineptum fuerit dicere, *captam urbem ferro defendi potuisse*: id enim, quamvis

transposition of the word *hostium*, which you think ought to be joined with *confertissimi cunei*; as if that last word meant, the military *cunei*, or wedges, of the Gauls; whereas it really means the thick masses detached from the rock or mountain, which, breaking into smaller fragments, fell down and wounded the enemy, that is, the Gauls. There is no transposition therefore in the case; the sentence flows in the most natural order; and the *confertissimi cunei* ought not to be joined with *hostium*, lest the ambiguity of the word *cunei* should make it be applied to the military *cunei*, or wedges of men.

4. In Justin, lib. xxviii. c. 2. we read "That the Romans could not save their city from the Gauls; and when it was taken, instead of defending it by the sword, had ransomed it with money." If this passage required, or admitted emendation, there is no correction I would adopt more willingly than yours, which, instead of *captamque*, substitutes *capitoliumque*. Shefferus objects, without reason, that a city *captam*, taken, cannot properly be said *defendi ferro*, to be defended with the sword; for the Roman historians

quamvis ignave, factum fuisse memorant historici Romani uno quasi convitio: in illis *Orosius*, lib. ii. c. 19. *Patentem Galli urbem penetrant: en captam urbem Romam! Universam reliquam juventutem in arce Capitolini Montis latitantem OBSIDIONE concludunt: ubique infelices reliquias, fame, peste, desperatione, formidine tenent, subigunt, &c.* Vides urbe jam capta, defensionem tamen locum superfuisse; neque profecto redimi urbem opus fuisset, nisi jam in hostium potestate, *b. e.* capta fuisset. Non videris de eo emendationis tuæ incommodo cogitasse, quod capitolium solum auro fuisse redemptum affirmaret, contra historiæ fidem.

5. JUSTIN. lib. xxxi. c. 1. *Legati primum a senatu Romano missi, ut Antiocho Syriæ regi persuaderent, ne bello invadat eas Cæle-Syriæ civitates, quas Ægyptii priore bello occuparant, quæ proinde Ægyptii juris fuerunt, hoc usi sunt argumento, quod hæ civitates ad regem pupillum pertinerent, fidei suæ traditum.* Atque etiam supra Justinus, lib. xxx. c. 3. memorat: *Mittitur et M. Lepidus in Ægyptum,*
qui

agree that their city, when taken, was defended, though in a cowardly manner. *Orosius*, among others, says, lib. xi. c. 19. "The Gauls penetrated into the open city; Rome was now taken; the rest of the youth were shut up and *besieged* in the citadel of the Capitoline Mount; where they were a prey to hunger, pestilence, terror, and despair." You may perceive, therefore, that though the city was taken, its defence was not entirely abandoned; and if it had not been taken, it needed not to have been ransomed. It seems not to have occurred to you, that your correction implies the Capitol only to have been ransomed, which is not historically true.

5. In Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. we read, "Ambassadors were first sent by the Roman senate to persuade Antiochus; King of Syria, that he should not make war on the cities of Cæle-Syria, which the Egyptians had occupied in the former war, and which were therefore subject to Egypt; using with him this argument, that these cities belonged to a young prince, their pupil, who had been committed by his father to the protection of the Romans." This same Author, lib. xxx. c. iii. says, "M. Lepidus was
 1 "sent

qui tutorio nomine regnum pupilli administret. Altera deinde legatio, quæ supervenit, postquam Antiochus has civitates in potestatem suam jam redegerat, postulans, ut *illæ in integrum restituantur, ommissa pupilli persona*, nunc alio prætextu utitur, nimirum quod istæ civitates *jure belli factæ sint populi Romani.* Quid *jus belli* sit, quatenus ab ipso bello, sive eo quod bello partum est, distinguitur, declarabo duobus locis Livii; altero ex Quinti Flaminini ad Nabidem oratione, lib. xxxiv. c. 32. *Quibus igitur amicitia violatur? nempe his duabus rebus maxime: si socios meos pro hostibus habeas: si cum hostibus te conjungas. Utrum non a te factum est? nam et Messenen uno atque eodem jure fœderis, quo et Lacedæmonem in amicitiam nostram acceptam, socius ipse sociam nobis urbem vi atque armis cepisti: et cum Philippo hoste nostro societatem . . . pepigisti.* Altero Flori, lib. iii. c. v. *Quippe rex non jam quasi alienam, sed quia amiserat, quasi raptam,*
jure

“ sent into Egypt to govern that kingdom, with the title of tutor to the
 “ young king. A second embassy was sent, after Antiochus had taken
 “ possession of these cities, demanding that they should be restored; and
 “ without making any mention of the pupil king, merely on this ground,
 “ that these cities belonged to the Romans by the right of war.” Justin,
 lib. xxxi. c. 1. What this right of war is, in contradistinction both to war
 itself, and to conquests made by war, appears from the two following pas-
 sages, the first of which is part of Quintus Flamininus’s speech to the tyrant
 Nabis, in Livy, lib. xxxiv. c. 32: “ By what measures is the friendship
 “ between states violated? Principally by these two; when you treat with
 “ hostility our allies, and when you make alliance with our enemies. Are
 “ not you guilty of both, since you, through our ally, have seized, by arms
 “ and violence, Messenê, a city as much our ally as Lacedemon itself; and
 “ since you have entered into an alliance with Philip our enemy?” The
 other passage is in Florus, lib. iii. c. 5. “ The King (Mithridates) did
 “ not consider Asia as a country not belonging to him; but as it had been
 “ formerly taken from him by violence, he sought to recover it by the law

jure belli repetebat. Ut taceam illud jure belli ad utrumque, potiore tamen sensu ad jubebat restitui in integrum referri posse; statim enim subjicit: abnuenti bellum denunciatum.

6. JUSTIN. libr. xxxi. c. i. *Igitur Senatus scripsit Flaminio, si ei videatur, sicuti Macedoniam a Philippo, ita Græciam a Nabide liberet.* Quid de gloria Flaminini ducis belli Macedonici statuendum sit, docet formula S. C. apud Livium, lib. xxxiii. c. 32. *S. P. Q. R. et L. Quintius Imp. Philippo rege, Macedonibusque DEVICTIS, liberos, immunes suis legibus esse jubet Corinthios, &c.* Et Florus, lib. ii. c. xii. *Successerat Philippo filius Perses, qui SEMEL IN PERPETUUM VICTAM esse Macedoniam non putabat ex gentis dignitate.* Quæritur jam an Quintius, qui Macedoniam vicit, ullo sensu dici possit *Macedoniam a Philippo liberasse*, quamvis deinde ipsa Macedonia
Philippos

“ of war.” I need not mention that “ the law of war,” in Justin, may have a reference to both the circumstances by which friendship between states is violated; but principally to the attack made on the dominions of Ptolemy, an ally of the Romans, who desire him to be reinstated by Antiochus in his possessions; for the author immediately adds, that when Antiochus refused to comply, war was denounced against him.

6. In Justin, lib. xxxi. c. i. we read, “ The senate, therefore, wrote to “ Flamininus, that if it seemed expedient to him, as he had delivered Macedonia from Philip, so he should deliver Greece from Nabis.” The glory of Flamininus, the general in the Macedonian war, is sufficiently attested by the words of the senate’s decree, in Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 32. “ The senate and Roman people, and L. Quintius the general, having conquered “ king Philip and the Macedonians, declare free and independent republics, “ the Corinthians,” &c. Florus, lib. ii. c. 12. says, “ Perseus succeeded his “ father Philip, and did not think it becoming the dignity of Macedon, that it “ should remain in subjection, in consequence of being defeated in one war.” You ask, whether Quintius, who conquered Macedon, can be said, in any sense, to have delivered it from Philip, although it appears that Philip was
really

Philippo non fuerit adempta: et si Nabidem pari modo vinceret, an non hoc ipso Græciam liberaſſe cenſendus ſit? At vero omnem rem explicafſe videtur ipſe Juſtinus, qui, libr. xxx. cap. ult. hæc habet: *Sed Macedonas Romana fortuna vicit: fractus itaque bello Philippus, pace a Flaminio Coſ. petita, nomen quidem regium retinuit; ſed omnibus Græciæ urbibus, velut REGNI (MACEDONICI) MEMBRIS, extra terminos antiquæ poſſeſſionis, amiſſis, SOLAM Macedoniam retinuit.* In literis, ergo, Senatus Rom. ad Coſ. Flaminium per *Macedoniam* ſignificatur, non tantum Macedonia ſtriſte ſic dicta, et antiquis terminis comprehenſa, quæ ſola Philippo non fuit adempta; ſed in primis ea Græciæ pars (iſtæ urbes), quæ *extra terminos antiquæ poſſeſſionis*, veluti *regni Macedonici membra* acceſſerant, quæque ſub Philippo ad Macedonicum regnum pertinebant; quibus, in ſenatus literis, opponitur Græcia reliqua, a Nabide tentata, quæ hætenus imperio Macedonico nunquam fuerat ſubjecta. Hinc Senatus Rom. ſententia iſthæc fuerit: ſicuti Macedoniam a Philippo, ita *reliquam* Græciam a Nabide liberet. Vel, ſicuti partem Græciæ, quæ ad Macedoniam

really not deprived of that kingdom? and whether, if the Roman general conquered Nabis, as he had already conquered Philip, he did not thereby free Greece? Theſe difficulties are ſolved by Juſtin, lib. xxx. c. 4. “The
 “fortune of the Romans conquered the Macedonians; ſo that Philip, after
 “his defeat, having obtained peace from the conſul Flamininus, preſerved
 “indeed the name of king, but kept poſſeſſion only of Macedon, having
 “loſt all thoſe cities of Greece, which, like ſcattered members of the Ma-
 “cedonian kingdom, lay beyond its ancient boundaries.” In the letters, therefore, of the Roman ſenate to the conſul Flamininus, Macedon ſignifies not the country ſtriſtly ſo called, which alone was not taken from Philip, but that part of Greece which lay beyond the original limits of Macedon; to which is oppoſed the reſt of Greece, which was then haraſſed by Nabis, but which had never been ſubject to Macedon. Hence the meaning of the ſenate appears to have been, that Quintius, as he had delivered Macedonia, that is, the part of Greece belonging to Macedon, from Philip, ſo he ſhould deliver

Macedoniam pertinebat a Philippo, ita nunc universam pene Græciam a Nabide liberet.

Quis dixerit?

— Non est sententia; verum est:

Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ!

November 17, 1756.

SINT criticæ disciplinæ studiosi in sollicitandis veterum auctorum locis cautiores, et in legendis ipsis auctoribus diligentiores, atque ita intelligant, quantæ diligentiae sit hæc critica ars, et quam temere faciant, qui, ut aliquid concoquere non possunt, aut non satis vel analogiæ respondens vel dialecticis præceptiunculis suis conveniens putant, ita mutare sustinent; quæ temeritas est, cum a multis, tum a Cel. Burmanno imprimis in præfatione auræa Phædro præmissa, reprehensa; cujus ego præfationis uti tanquam normam mihi semper propositam habui, ad quam quicquid est hujus facultatis dirigerem, ita lectionem omnibus his vehementer commendatam esse cupio, qui in hoc genere elaborare volunt. His, quæ præfatione dicta velim, præmissis,

deliver the rest of Greece from Nabis, who had actually made himself master nearly of the whole of that country.

This is not merely a conjecture sage,
But truth as certain as the Sibyl's page.

November 17, 1756.

THOSE who apply themselves to criticism ought to be cautious in conjectural emendation, and diligent in classical study, that they may perceive what vast application this critical art requires, and how rashly those behave, who immediately alter a passage which they do not at first sight understand, or which seems to them inconsistent with their rules of grammar or logic. This rashness is justly reprehended by many, and particularly by the illustrious Burman, in his valuable preface to Phædrus; which, as I have always made it the rule by which my own critical labours have been directed, so I would warmly recommend it to all those who pursue the same walk of literature.

præmissis, accedo nunc ad eam disputationem, quæ circa dubia quædam Justinî loca doctè versatur.

1. Emendatio loci libr. ii. cap. 3. § 18. manifestè corrupti (cujusmodi corruptio in numeris admodum proclivis, et propterea etiam frequens est) quæ sciscit vulnus sanari, mutando MD. vel CICIO. in XV. non potest non omnibus cordatis se probare; quanquam ipsa tam pudendi erroris ratio in obscuro lateat: et ut verum fatear, curiosa mihi, ne quid gravius dicam, semper visa est ea cura ac diligentia, quæ in investigando ac definiendo eo ponitur, quod mille diversis modis accidere ac oriri potuit. Corrupta lectio ita se habet: *his igitur Asia per mille quingentos annos vectigalis fuit.* Convenit inter nos de sincera lectione ita restituenda: *his igitur Asia per quindecim annos vectigalis fuit.* Tu vero, pro tuo acumine, in ipsa corrupta lectione videris tibi cernere haud obscura quædam pristinæ lectionis vestigia; atque illud *per mille* ex *permissa* natum esse tibi persuades; ut vera hujus loci lectio hujusmodi sit: *his igitur Asia permissa quindecim annos vectigalis fuit.* Contra hoc lectionis supplementum, cujus ego necessitatem nullam video, monui,

ture. Having made this preparatory observation, I proceed to the difficulties in Justin, about which so much learning has been employed.

1. The emendation of the manifestly corrupt passage in lib. ii. c. 3. § 18. (a corruption depending on numbers, and therefore as natural as frequent,) which corrects the error by changing fifteen hundred into fifteen, must be approved by all judicious critics. The cause which introduced the faulty reading into the text is uncertain; and the question that has been so industriously agitated concerning it, appears to me more curious than useful, since the error might have originated in a thousand different sources. The corrupt reading runs thus: "Asia was tributary to the Scythians fifteen hundred years." We agree that it should be corrected thus: "Asia was tributary to the Scythians fifteen years." But in the corrupt text you think that obscure traces of the genuine reading may be discerned, and imagine that *per mille* had crept into the text, instead of *permissa*; explaining the passage as if "Asia had been permitted to be tributary to the Scythians for fifteen years." I observed that this emendation, for which I see not any necessity, is rendered highly improbable, because in ancient manuscripts the
names

nui, codices antiquos, qui numeros literarum notis descriptos præferunt, huic tuæ conjecturæ nullo modo favere. Et quamvis non negaverim dari codices antiquos qui numeros integris vocibus expositos efferant; mihi tamen persuasum est, plurimos dari antiquos libros, in primis historicos, in quibus frequentiores calculi occurrunt, qui numeros literarum notis descriptos repræsentent: huic vero persuasioni fidem faciunt et exempla et testimonia luculentissima: unicum e multis afferam Galeni de Antidot. I.—Τὰ δὲ δὴ βιβλία, τὰ κατὰ τὰς βιβλιοθήκας ἀποκείμενα, τὰ τῶν ἀριθμῶν ἔχοντα σημεῖα ῥαδίως διασφραῖναι τὸ μὲν πέντε ποίεσθαι ἑννεα, καθὰ πέρ καὶ τὸ Ο. τὸ δὲ Ι. Γ. προσθέσει μίαν γραμμὴν ὥσπερ γε καὶ ἀφαιρέσει μίαν ἐξέρας. κ. τ. λ. Atque oppido miror, quin etiam doleo, hoc criticæ disciplinæ caput, de notis numeralibus, in antiquis codicibus varie descriptis, nondum certis observationibus et regulis ita esse adstrictum, et in artis formam redactum, ut frivola quorundam in numeris et calculis pro libidine fingendis ac refingendis intemperies coerceri, certæ contra notæ characteristicæ de ætate et fide codicum constitui, possint. Fac vero huic tuæ conjecturæ qua *per mille* in *permissa* mutandum censes, a parte scripturæ codicum MSS. nihil obstare; eam tamen prorsus respuit, quem ipse notas Justinii error, qui Sesostrum ab Scythis *in fugam actum exercitu cum omni apparatu belli relicto*,

names of numbers are expressed, not by words, but by letters used as numeral marks; and though they are sometimes expressed by words, yet this is not frequent, especially in works of history. This assertion is confirmed by innumerable testimonies; I shall be contented with referring to that of Galen de Antidot. I.—It is a subject indeed both of surprise and grief, that this part of criticism, which consists in ascertaining exactly the rules of numeral notation, should not have met with due attention; although thereby the rashness of wild conjecture would be greatly restrained, and more certainty might be attained in determining the age and authenticity of manuscripts. But let it be supposed that your correction were safe on this side, yet it would be destroyed by the passage which you yourself quote from Justin; “That Sesostris being put to flight by the Scythians, left behind him his

relieto, perhibet: quumque Justinus supra, § 15. diserte commemorat *Scythas* a persequendo rege reverbos, *Asiam PERDOMITAM vectigalem fecisse*; quì mox § 18. idem *Asiam* non perdomitam, sed a Sesoistre PERMISSAM narraret. Non agitur de fide narrationis, sed de Justinì sententia, sive vera sive falsa. Neque fingendum est Justinum aperte sibi contrariari.

2. Arrianum si hic consulamus, ille simpliciter memorat, *Alexandrum ad Hyphasin amnem processisse, Indos qui trans flumen habitarent, subacturum: tum vero Macedonas, quum belli finem nullum cernerent, ulterius progredi noluisse, tandemque Cæno deprecante impetrasse ab Alexandro, ut se ad reditum pararet, quoniam omnia illam ad ulteriore profectiione revocarent. Ibi tum Alexandrum XII aras ingentes, μνημεῖα τῶν ἀντιστάντων, constituisse.* Nihil ille de Cuphitis; nihil de CC millibus equitum qui terrorem incuterent Macedonibus; nihil de castris, &c. Curtius, lib. ix. c. 2. pari modo memorat, *Alexandrum,*

“ army and baggage.” The historian having observed, in § 15, that the Scythians, after returning from the pursuit of the king, rendered Asia, which they had subdued, tributary; how is it possible that, in § 18, he should say that this happened not in consequence of their own military success, but in consequence of the permission of Sesostris? We are not now inquiring what is historically true, but what is Justin’s report; which must not be supposed inconsistent with itself.

2. If we here consult Arrian, he tells us merely that “ Alexander proceeded to the river Hyphasis, with a view to conquer the Indians who lived beyond it; but that the Macedonians, then perceiving there was no end to their labours, refused to advance; and finally prevailed on Alexander, through the earnest intreaty of Cœnus, to prepare for his return; since every thing seemed adverse to his farther progress. Then Alexander erected twelve great altars, as monuments of his conquests.” Arrian says nothing about the Cuphites, the camp, or the two hundred thousand horsemen, who so much terrified the Macedonians. Curtius lib. ix. c. 2 and 3, relates, “ that Alexander, when he came to the Hy-

*drum, quum ad Fluvium Hyphasin pervenisset, cognovisset, ulteriorem ripam colere gentes Gangaridas et Pharrasios, eorumque regem, XX millibus equitum, CC peditum, obsidentem vias : ad hæc quadrigarum MM. trahere, et præcipuum terrorem elephantos quos MMM. numerus expleret. Tum vero Macedonas regem sequi ulterius detrectasse ; Cænoque deprecante, impetrasse ut reditum in patriam pararent : subjungit vero : Tertio die processit, erigique XII aras ex quadrato Saxo, monumentum expeditionis suæ ; munimenta quoque castrorum jussit extendi, cubiliaque amplioris formæ quam pro corporum habitu relinqui, ut speciem omnium augeret, posteritati fallax miraculum preparans. Gemina fere habet Plutarchus in Alex. Quisquis hæc cum Justino comparat, facile intelliget, Justinum quamvis eandem historiam commemoret, nihilominus in præcipuis quibusdam facti circumstantiis, et Alexandri consiliis, ab his scriptoribus discrepare : maxime autem in eo, quod duplex castrorum tam insolita magnificentia construendorum consilium fuisse dicit, alterum quod *hostes*, alterum quod *posteros*, spectaret.*

“ phasis, discovered that the farther bank was inhabited by the Gangaridæ
 “ and Pharrasii ; that their king, with twenty thousand horse and two hundred thousand foot, meant to obstruct his passage ; being furnished besides
 “ with two thousand chariots and three thousand elephants ; which last formed
 “ the most alarming part of his strength. The Macedonians then refused
 “ to follow the king farther ; and obtained, through Cœnus’ entreaty, that
 “ preparations should be made for their return home.” He subjoins ;
 “ Alexander came forth on the third day, and ordered twelve altars of
 “ square stone to be erected as a monument of his expedition, and the fortifications of his camp to be enlarged, and beds of a gigantic size to be
 “ constructed, that by diffusing an air of vastness on every object around
 “ him, he might excite the credulous wonder of posterity.” Plutarch, in his treatise concerning the fortune of Alexander, speaks to the same purpose. By comparing these authors with Justin, the reader will perceive that he differs from them all in several essential circumstances ; and particularly in saying that Alexander had two motives for enlarging the fortifications of his camp ; one of which regarded the enemy, and the other had

taret. § 16. *Motus his tam justis precibus, velut in finem victoriæ, castra solito magnificentiora fieri jussit, quorum molitionibus et HOSTIS terreretur, ET POSTERIS admiratio sui relinqueretur.* De priore consilio, nim. *ut hostis terreretur*, altum apud reliquos silentium. Ex quo clarum esse arbitror, ipsum Justinum receptam lectionem et omnibus codicibus probatam tueri, tuam vero emendationem respuere: quandoquidem enim *castra solito magnificentiora, velut in finem victoriæ fieri jussit*, hoc nonnisi de ultima ac recente aliqua victoria accipi potest. Quod si enim ad superiores victorias respexisset Justinus, dicendum fuisset (uti ipse agnoscis) *in finem victoriarum*, perinde atque supra § 10. habet: *Non minus victoriarum numero quam laboribus fessus.* Jam vero altera illa consilii ratio, quam reliqui omnes silentio premunt, nimirum *ut hostis terreretur* non potuit locum habere, si, intactis hostibus, castra movere ac discedere fuerat constitutum. Unde enim terror Cuphitis esset injectus, si castra tantum *εἰς μνημεῖον τῶν ἀντὶ πεπραγμένων* fuissent constructa et relicta?

Etenim

a relation to posterity. "Moved by such just prayers, he ordered a camp to
 " be built more magnificent than usual, as at the end of his victory; that its
 " fortifications might be an object of terror to the enemy, and of admiration
 " to posterity." Justin, *ibid.* § 16. The other historians are totally silent
 as to what regards the enemy; which is favourable to that reading of Justin
 which on the faith of manuscripts stands in his text, and extremely adverse
 to your emendation. For "the end of his victory" must refer to some re-
 cent victory, and not to his victories in general; otherwise Justin, as you
 acknowledge, would have said, "the end of his victories," as in § 10.
 above, "wearied, not less by the number of his victories, than by his
 " toils." As to Alexander's second motive, concerning which all other
 historians are silent, "that his fortifications might be an object of terror to
 the enemy;" there would not surely be any room for it, on the supposition
 that he had determined to move his camp, and leave the country, without
 fighting a battle. The Cuphites could not be seized with alarm at seeing
 the monuments of the exploits of a man who had not ventured to engage
 with their army; nor, on that supposition, would there be any mention of
 victory,

Etenim *omissis hostibus*, quæ *victoria*? quis *terror*? quæ deinde *gratulatio*? *Gratulationis* vocem autem de solemnibus victimis ob lætum eventum, seu de χαρις-της qualia Arrianus memorat, passim usurpari, nemini qui in lectione veterum tritas aures habet, potest esse obscurum. Ut taceam illud *omissis*, tanquam quod inceptum aliquod, immo etiam neglectum, involvit, mihi non recte arridere, atque etiam a stilo Justinii alienum videri. Cæterum quæ de Orosii ætate, scopo, fide prolixè disputas, parum ad rem facere videntur. Constat inter omnes Orosium in plerisque Justinum ita presse, ne dicam superstitiose, esse secutum, ut ejus fere verbis ac sententiis passim loqui videatur: et infinitis prope in locis Justinii lectionem et sententiam, quam quidem ii libri, quibus Orosius usus est præferrebant, ex Orosio probabili ratione intelligi, confirmari, ac restitui posse, dudum ostenderunt viri docti. Immo et h. l. qui non videat, Orosium Justinii narrationem ante oculos habuisse, cum ego nihil omnino cernere prope dixerim: unde enim Orosius *Chosidum* seu *Cuphitum* nomen omnibus aliis indictum, nisi ex Justiniano hauserit? Quod vero si ita est,

victory, terror, or sacrifices of thanks; for that the word *gratulatio* refers to the solemn victims sacrificed in gratitude for success, and frequently mentioned by Arrian, cannot be doubtful to those conversant with ancient writers. Besides, the word *omissis* including the idea of something begun or neglected, does not please me, nor seem conformable with Justin's style. Your prolix discussion concerning the age, design, and character of Orosius has but little connection with the present subject. It is universally acknowledged, that he so closely, or rather superstitiously, follows Justin's footsteps, that he frequently expresses himself in the same words and phrases; and it has long ago been proved by good critics, that Justin's text, such as it stood in the copy used by Orosius, may in innumerable places be restored by an attention to the latter writer. He must be blind indeed, who does not perceive that in the passage before us Orosius must have copied Justin. Whence could he otherwise have derived the name *Chosidum*, or *Cuphitum*, which is not mentioned by any other historian? and if that be the case, Orosius must have found

est, quis non intelligit, Orofium apud Justinum non *omiffis* aut *intactis* *hostibus*, sed *cæfis* *hostibus*, in fuis legiffe libris, atque ita Justinum interpretari?

4. Verum equidem est urbem captam obsidione cingi non posse: fed an ea non possit DEFENDI a præfidiis arcis impositis? hoc quæritur: arce enim ab obsidione liberata, et urbs, quamvis jam capta, ab omni periculo defenfa liberatur. Et quoties non, qui ingeniofe dicere volunt, ac ludunt in antithesis, rem supra fidem augment, ut tanto major esse videatur?

5. Quæ de Syriæ oppidis *jure belli* factis P. R. noviffime commentus es, nodum omnino folverent, nifi parachronifmo effent fuperftructa: fœdus enim illud cum Antiocho per legatos pacem petente initum, cujus priora verba ex Livio, lib. xxxviii. c. 37. excitas, hanc Antiochi in Ægyptum expeditionem, quam Justinus, lib. xxxi. c. 1. memorat, non præceffit, fed demum aliquo temporis intervallo fufecutum est. Vide an non huc pertineat, quæ memoriæ prodita habet Livius, lib. xxxiii. c. 34. *Secundum ifta jam*

found in his original, not that "the enemy were omitted," but that "they were beat;" in which fenfe Juftin ought to be interpreted.

4. I grant that a town taken by a fiefge cannot be faid to be defended by its own walls. But may it not be defended by troops in the citadel? When the enemy are obliged to raife the fiefge of the citadel, the town may thereby be delivered from all danger. The expreffion, at leaft, might be ufed by an author fond of antithesis and amplification.

5. Your new conjecture concerning the towns of Syria which the Romans acquired by the law of war, would folve the difficulty, were not that conjecture built on an anachronifm. For the league entered into with the ambaffadors of Antiochus, who came to crave peace, which you find in Livy, lib. xxxviii. c. 37. was not prior, but fubfequent, to Antiochus's expedition into Egypt, mentioned in Juftin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. You may confider whether the following words of Livy do not refer to this fubject: "After this, Quintius and his ten lieutenants received the ambaffadors of kings, nations,

jam Quintius, et decem legati, legationes regum, gentium, civitatumque audire. Primi omnium regis Antiochi vocati legati sunt: his eadem, quæ fere Romæ erant, verba sine fide rerum jactata: nihil jam perplexe, ut ante, quum dubiæ res incolumi Philippo erant, sed aperte pronunciatum, ut excederet Asiæ urbibus, quæ aut PHILIPPI aut PTOLOMÆI regum fuissent, &c. Conf. et ejusd. libri, cap. 39 et 40. Hoc esto nunc Catone contentus. Vale, et rem tuam ex voto gere.

ZURICI HELVETIORUM, ad d. 3. Martini Episcopi.

“ nations, and cities. Those of king Antiochus were first introduced.
 “ They said the same things as formerly, when at Rome, without gaining
 “ belief; and they were now told, not in the ambiguous language which the
 “ Romans had used before the defeat of Philip, and while their own for-
 “ tune was still doubtful, but in express terms, that Antiochus must evacuate
 “ all the cities of Asia, which had belonged either to Philip or to Ptolemy.”
 Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 34; with which compare c. 39 and 40. Be satisfied with
 this authority. Farewell and prosper.

ZURICH, 14th November.

N° V.

M. BREITINGER à M. GIBBON.

PRÆCLARISSIME AC NOBILISSIME VIR,

QUANQUAM ex longo jam tempore severioribus musis me totum dare, hisque sacris operari institui, immo etiam in iis acquiescere per reliquum vitæ spatium constitutum habeo; non injucundum tamen fuit subinde invitantibus amicis in amœniora hæc literarum vireta oblectandi animi gratia exspatiari; et quotiescunque intellexi esse aliquem qui ad hæc literarum studia excolenda animum adjiciat, non destiti admoveere stimulos, ac fungi vice cotis, acutum reddere quæ ferrum valeat, exfors ipsa secandi. Quapropter nihil mihi obtingere potuisset aut jucundius aut magis exoptandum, quam a te ἀνώνυμῳ primum, nunc etiam aperto Marte ac fronte, ad hæc literarum studia, pristinas meas delicias, deduci: et laudo hoc tuum ingenium, tuamque sagacitatem, quæ non stimulo, sed fræno potius opus habere videtur; atque magnopere velim alium pro me tibi obtigisse, cui majus subactum ingenium, majorque doctrinæ copia esset, quicum hunc callem terere posses.

Multus

Mr. BREITINGER to Mr. GIBBON.

ALTHOUGH I had long dedicated myself, and had purposed to spend my life, in more severe and sacred studies, yet it is not without pleasure that, at the invitation of my friends, I occasionally descend into the pleasing fields of literature; never losing an opportunity to stimulate the diligence of those who delight in such pursuits, and to serve as a whetstone to others, though myself unfit for carving. Nothing, therefore, could have been more agreeable to my wish, than to be called back to those studies, formerly my delight, by you; anonymously at first, but now in open war. I cannot but commend your sagacity and genius, which require rather the rein than the spur; and I earnestly wish that you were accompanied in this literary walk by a scholar of more cultivated taste, and more copious erudition, than myself.

Multus es in defendenda emendatione loci Justin. lib. xii. c. 8. § 17. ubi tu pro *cæsis hostibus*, contra omnium codicum fidem ex ingenio, substituendum censes *omissis hostibus*; quam ego emendationem, in superioribus meis, variis inductis rationibus, oppugnaveram. Equidem non est animus denuo in hanc disputationem descendere, aut singulatim ea quæ ad diluendas meas rationes in medium abs te adlata sunt, sub incudem revocare. Strictim tantum exponam, cur ego nec receptam lectionem sollicitandam, nec propositam abs te emendationem admittendam esse censeam. Nemo est qui non fateri cogatur receptam ac codicum fide et consensu probatam lectionem, in se spectatam, bonum et apertum sensum fundere, nec a stilo Justinī, nec a Latini sermonis ratione abluere. Quod vero recepta isthæc lectio, commissum cum Cuphitis prælium memorat, de quo apud reliquos scriptores qui res Alexandri memoriæ prodiderunt, altum quidem silentium est; (quamquam nemo sit illorum qui hoc prælium commissum esse negaverit;) an hoc, inquam, nos ad sollicitandam constantem codicum lectionem inducere debeat, ut pro *commissio* prælio illud *omissum esse*, Justinum diserte cogamus pronuntiare? Ego quidem necessitatem nullam video. Quod si hæc licentia daretur arti criticæ, ut si quæ in aliquo scriptore facta legimus

mus

You employ many arguments in defending your emendation of Justin, lib. xii. c. 8. § 17; where, instead of "the enemy being beat," you substitute "the enemy being omitted." I formerly gave you my reasons for rejecting this emendation, and shall not repeat them here, nor enter into a particular discussion of the answers which you make to my objections. Thus much only in general I will observe, that the reading in the text, which is approved by the consenting authority of the manuscripts, must be acknowledged to contain a very natural meaning, conveyed in good Latin, and in Justin's style. This reading, indeed, makes mention of a battle with the Cuphites, concerning which the other historians of Alexander are silent. But ought this silence to make us alter Justin's text, especially as none of those historians deny such a battle to have happened? If such licence be

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indulged

mus commemorata, quæ ab aliis silentio involvantur, illa statim expungenda, aut per contortam emendationem in contrarium plane sensum forent convertenda, nihil fere certum aut constans in historicorum scriptorum commentariis reperiretur. Quo minus autem tuam, vir nobilissime, emendationem admittere possim, duæ potissimum obstant rationes: altera est, quod admissa tua emendatione, reliquæ Justinî orationi suæ non amplius ratio constet: sed integrum illud comma foret expungendum: quid enim sibi vellet *omissis hostibus in castra* REVERTERUNT, quæ cur unquam relinquerent, admissa tua emendatione, nulla ratio aut necessitas fuit? Altera vero ratio, quæ istam tum emendationem respuere videtur, hæc est, quod phrasis *omittere hostes*, *omissis hostibus*, Justinô admodum trita, nusquam eodem sensu, quo tu adhibes, quantum quidem memini, apud Justinum occurrit: nusquam enim MILITES dicuntur *omittere hostes*, sed belli duces penes quos summum imperium est, non illi quorum est imperata facere, et qui hoc ipso loco deprecati sunt, ne juberentur amplius cum hoste congredi: accedit quod phrasis illa *omissis hostibus* aliis in locis non FINEM belli sed MUTATIONEM involvit: inspicere locum

indulged to critics, that they may expunge or alter the words of an historian, because he is the sole relater of a particular event, we shall leave few materials for authentic history. Two reasons strongly militate against your correction: the first, that if it be admitted, there will no longer be any consistency in Justin's narrative; and the whole clause must be expunged which mentions the return of the Macedonians into their camp; which, if they did not mean to fight, it was not necessary for them to leave. The second reason is, that the phrase *omittere hostes*, though frequently used by Justin, is never, that I know, applied by him in the sense which you give to it. The generals entitled to direct military measures are said *omittere hostes*; but never the soldiers, whose duty it is to obey orders; and who, in the passage under consideration, request that they may not be ordered to renew the engagement with the enemy. To this may be added, that wherever this phrase, *omissis hostibus*, occurs in Justin, it denotes not an end, but only a change, of the war. Turn to the passage which you formerly referred

locum a temet excitatum, lib. xxvii. c. 3. § 6. *Sed omisso externo hosse in mutuum exitium BELLUM reparant.* Addo ego locum alterum, lib. xxix. c. 2. § 7. *Hujusmodi oratione impulit Philippum ut omissis Ætolis BELLUM Romanis inferret, &c.* Cæterum sufficit Orosium suo tempore apud Justinum legisse *cæsis hostibus*, quo recepta lectio mirifice confirmatur, perinde ut illa magnopere vacillaret, si in ejus ætatis Justinii codicibus *omissis hostibus* fuisse lectum constat.

De Syriæ civitatibus *jure belli factis P. R.* quod, iis quæ hæcenus in hanc rem disputata sunt, addam, non habeo.

Moves denique, vir nobilissime, ne eadem semper chorda oberremus, neve amicæ disputationi materia desit, novam quæstionem circa I. Jul. Cæsaris consulatum, quem adiit Kal. Jan. A. V. C. DCXCV. anno ætatis XLI., quum per annales leges nemini licuerit, hunc magistratum petere ante annum ætatis XLIII. At vero hanc Villii, ut cæteras annales leges, non fuisse perpetuæ observationis, et fasti et
historiarum

to, lib. xxvii. c. 3. § 6. “ They left off fighting against their foreign enemy, and made war on each other :” to which you will find a parallel in lib. xxix. c. 2. § 7. “ By this oration he prevailed with Philip to leave off fighting against the Etolians, and to make war on the Romans.” But it is sufficient that Orosius read *cæsis hostibus* in the copies of Justin which he made use of. If, by saying *omissis hostibus*, Orosius confirmed your conjecture, the reading in the text would be doubtful indeed.

I have nothing farther to add to my observations concerning the cities of Syria which the Romans acquired by the right of war.

That we may not harp on the old string, but have new matter for our friendly contest, you raise a difficulty concerning the first consulship of Julius Cæsar; which happened on the first of January, in the six hundred and ninety-fifth year of Rome, and in the forty-first of his age; although by the laws ascertaining the age of candidates, no person was entitled to crave that honour before his forty-third year. But this law, which was proposed by Villius, appears not, any more than other laws appertaining to the same object, to have been of perpetual authority; as we learn, both from the
Roman

historiarum monumenta docent: apud Liv. lib. viii. c. 4. relatum legimus, C. Mario Rutilo et Q. Servilio Ahala coss. plebiscito cautum, ne quis eundem magistratum intra X annos capefferet: non tamen videtur aut lex ista perlata aut postea quicquā valuisse. Occurrit enim II. post istos coss. anno apud Fastorum conditores ipsumque T. Livium, T. Manlius Torquatus, qui IV. ante annos; postea M. Valerius Corvus, qui VIII.; L. Papirius Crassus, qui VI. coss. fuerant. Immo unus L. Papirius Cursor intra VIII annos quaternos consulatus gessit: quod fieri, lata hac lege, vel certe salva, non poterat. Huc etiam pertinent, quæ Dio Cass. lib. xl. §. 56. de alia lege annali memorat: *Pompeius, inquit, restituit legem de Comitibus, quæ jubet, ut magistratum aliquem ambientes ad ipsa omnino Comitia præsto sint, (ὥστε μηδένα ἀπόντ᾽ ἀρξέσθαι) neglectam omnino renovavit; et S. C. paulo prius factam, ut qui in urbe magistratus gessissent, externas provincias, ante V anni exitum, ne sortirentur, confirmavit. Nec vero puduit Pompeium, qui tum eas promulgaverat, ipsum Hispaniæ imperium*

Roman historians and from the consular Fasti. Livy, lib. viii. c. 4, says, that in the consulship of C. Marius Rutilus and Q. Servilius Ahala, it was provided by a law of the people, that no person should bear the same magistracy twice in the space of ten years. But this law seems either not to have been confirmed, or not to have remained in force: for we afterwards find both in the Fasti and in Livy, that T. Manlius Torquatus was a second time consul in the space of four years; M. Valerius Corvus, in eight; and L. Papirius Crassus, in six: L. Papirius Cursor was four times consul in eight years: which things are inconsistent with this law. To this subject may be referred what Dio Cassius says concerning another law of the same kind, in his fortieth book, sect. 56. "Pompey restored the law of the Comitibus, which prohibited any person from being elected into any office of magistracy in his absence; a law which had fallen into total disuse; and confirmed another, which had been a short time before enacted by the senate, forbidding any man who had been a magistrate in the city to command in any foreign province before the expiration of five years. Yet Pompey, who had just past these laws, was not ashamed to accept his command in Spain for five

perium in aliud quinquennium paulo post accipere: et Cæsari (cujus amici indignissime has leges ferebant) absenti quoque consulatus petendi potestatem eodem decreto concedere, &c. Quod vero jam ad Villianam illam annalem legem attinet, nec eam constanter ita fuisse observatam, ut nunquam migraretur, vel ex ipso Ciceronis loco, Orat. contra Rullum, colligi potest, ubi gloriatur quod ex novis hominibus primus, et quidem prima petitione, anno suo, hoc honore fuerit auctus; cum qui ante ipsum ex hoc hominum genere, anno suo petierint, sine repulsa, non sint facti consules. Ex hoc enim loco quæ Villianæ legis vis fuerit, quum patricius aut consularis ex antiquo genere consulatum peteret, intelligi non potest. Certe Dolabella, cæso Cæsare, anno non suo, quippe XXV annos natus, teste Appiano consulatum invasit, qua de re Dio Cass. lib. xlv. § 22. Ὁ Δολοβέλλας ἐς τὴν ὑπαῖον ἀρχὴν, καίπερ μὴδὲπω οἱ προσήκουσαν ἐσῆλθε. Et Suetonius, c. 18. tantum non diserte memorat Julio contra leges aliquid fuisse concessum: sed cum edictis jam Comitibus, ratio ejus haberi non posset, nisi privatus introisset urbem, et ambienti ut legibus solveretur

“ years longer; and to grant, by the same decree, to Cæsar (whose friends “ impatiently brooked such regulations) the permission of being candidate “ for the consulship in his absence,” &c. That the law proposed by Villius was not uniformly observed, appears from Cicero’s oration against Rullus; where the orator boasts that he was the first man, not graced by ancient nobility, who had obtained the consulship in the year that he was entitled to solicit it: but this passage does not inform us what was the force of Villius’s law, when the candidates were patricians of ancient family, or men of consular dignity. Dolabella certainly, after Cæsar’s murder, seized the consulship, when only twenty-five years old, as we are informed by Appian: on which subject Dio Cassius, lib. xlv. § 22, says, that Dolabella intruded himself into the consulship, though in nowise belonging to him; and Suetone insinuates, that Julius obtained something to which he was not by law entitled. “ As the Comitibus were already proclaimed, his demand could not be attended to, unless he entered the city as a private person; and many op-
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solveretur, multi contradicerent, coactus est triumphum, ne consulatu excluderetur, dimittere. Quam in rem etiam apud Dionem : Cass. libr. xlv. Antonius in oratione funebri diserte hæc memorat : *Τοιγάροι καὶ τὰ ἐπινίκια αὐτῷ διὰ τοῦτ' (scil. ob expeditionem Hispanicam) ἐψηφίσασθε καὶ τὴν ἀρχὴν τὴν ὑπαίου ΕΥΘΥΣ ἐδώκατε.*—*Triumpho omisso, cum res urgeret, actisque vobis pro eo honore, quem sibi ad gloriam satis esse ducebat, gratiis, consulatum accepit.* Ita quum vix annus deesset, quo minus consulatum petere liceret Julio, aliquid fuisse ei concessum, ut triumphum dimitteret, manifestum est : quod si etiam ex lege annali consulatu excludere eum voluissent, non intelligo, qua ratione ipsi, quod ad triumphî honorem attinet, repulsam dare potuissent.

Oblatas animadversiones in Salchlini libellum Museo Helv. inferendas, quanquam Gallico idiomate conscriptas, cupide exciperem; nisi Musei illius cursus ad tempus foret inhibitus; nec dum constat
utrum,

“ posing his being indulged with any favour to which he was not legally entitled, he chose to postpone his claim to a triumph, lest he should be excluded from the consulship.” Sueton. lib. i. c. 18. Nearly to the same purpose Anthony, in Cæsar’s funeral oration, in the forty-fourth book of Dio Cassius, says, “ For this reason, (his success in Spain,) you granted to him a triumph, and immediately appointed him consul. In the urgency of his affairs he postponed his triumph; and accepting the consulship, thanked you for that honour, which he thought sufficient for his own glory.” It is therefore plain, that by deferring his claim to a triumph, he obtained the consulship, though a year younger than the age required for holding that office. Had the Romans intended to enforce against him the Villian law, there would not have been any reason to withhold from him the honour of a triumph.

I should willingly admit your remarks, though written in French, on Salchlini’s little work, into the *Museum Helveticum*, were not that publication interrupted

utrum, et quando, typographo licuerit aut placuerit, in hoc opus
novo aliquo tomo augere.

Vale, Vir Nobilissime, rem tuam ex animi sententia age, meque
ama hominem ad omnia humanitatis officia paratissimum

BREITINGERUM.

ZURICI HELVETIORUM, Kal. Mart.

CICCCCLVII.

interrupted at present; and it is uncertain when the printer will be allowed,
or will have inclination, to publish a new volume.

Farewell, my noble Sir, and prosper; and love me as a man devoted to
every kind duty.

BREITINGER.

ZURICH, March 1, 1757.

N° VI.

M. GIBBON à M. GESNER.

MONSIEUR,

CHEZ les Romains, ce peuple généreux, qui nous a laissé tant de choses à admirer et à imiter, les vieux jurisconsultes, que leurs longs travaux avoient rendus les oracles du barreau, ne se croyoient pas inutiles à la république, lorsqu'ils cherchoient à développer, à former des talens naissans, et à se donner de dignes successeurs. Je voudrois la rétablir cette coutume excellente, et la transporter même dans les autres sciences. Quiconque connoît tant soit peu vos ouvrages et votre réputation, ne vous refusera pas, je pense, le titre d'un des premières littérateurs du siècle, et je ne crois pas qu'une folle présomption m'égare, lorsque je m'attribue quelques dispositions à réussir dans les Belles Lettres. Votre commerce pourroit m'être d'une grande utilité. Voilà mon seul titre pour vous le demander. Dans l'espérance qu'il pourra vous engager à me l'accorder, je vais

vous

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. GESNER.

S I R,

AMONG the Romans, that generous people, who had so many institutions worthy of being admired and imitated, the most respectable old lawyers, whose long labours had rendered them the oracles of the bar, did not think their time useless to the community, when it was employed in forming the talents of youth, and in providing for themselves worthy successors. This excellent custom ought to be adopted, and extended to other sciences. Whoever is acquainted with your reputation and your works, will not deny you the title of one of the most learned men of the age; and I hope that my foolish presumption does not deceive me, when I ascribe to myself some natural aptitude for succeeding in the pursuits of literature. Your correspondence would be highly useful to me. On this ground only I request it. in the hope that it will not be refused, I proceed to beg your explanation of

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vous demander des éclaircissèmens sur quelques difficultes, et des décisions sur quelques conjectures qui se sont offertes à mon esprit.

1. Qui étoit ce Pison le Pere, à qui Horace adresse son art poétique ? M. Dacier croit que c'étoit ce L. Pison le pontife qui triompha pour ses exploits en Thrace, et qui mourut préfet de la Ville A. U. C. 785 *. Mais il est évident que ce ne fut point lui. Horace écrivit son art poétique avant l'an 734, puisqu'il y parle de Virgile, qui mourut dans cette année, d'une façon à faire bien comprendre qu'il étoit encore vivant †. Or dans un autre endroit du même art poétique ‡, il s'adresse à l'ainé des fils de ce Pison comme à un jeune homme qui avoit l'esprit déjà formé.

“ O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ

“ Fingeris ad rectum et per te sapis.”

Ce qui ne peut guères convenir qu'à un jeune homme de dix huit, à vingt ans. Mais ce L. Pison ne pouvoit point avoir dans ce tems là un fils aussi agé. Il mourut en 785, agé de quatre vingt ans §. Il
naquit

some difficulties that I have met with, and your opinion of some conjectures that have occurred to my mind.

1. Who was that Piso, the father, to whom Horace addresses his Art of Poetry ? Mr. Dacier supposes him to have been the high-priest who obtained a triumph for his exploits in Thrace, and who died præfect of the city in the seven hundred and eighty-fifth year of Rome *. But that could not be the man ; for Horace's Art of Poetry was written before the year seven hundred and thirty-four, since it makes mention of Virgil (who died that year) in terms which shew that he was still alive † : and in another part of the poem ‡, Horace addresses the eldest of Piso's sons, as a young man of cultivated talents ; which implies that he was not less than eighteen or twenty years of age. But L. Piso, the high-priest, could not surely have a son so old. He himself died at the age of fourscore §, in the seven hundred and eighty-fifth

* Tacit. Annal. vi. c. 10. Flor. Hist. Rom. L. iv. c. 12. T. Liv. Epitom. L. c.

† Horat. Art. Poet. v. 55.

‡ Ibid. v. 366.

§ Tacit. ubi supra.

naquit donc en 705, et il n'avoit que trente ans tout au plus, quand cette épître fut écrite. Je vois assez clairement, que ce ne pouvoit pas être là le Pison que nous cherchons; mais, parmi un assez grand nombre de personnages du siècle d'Auguste qui portoient ce nom, je voudrois qu'on m'aidât à trouver celui sur qui les soupçons peuvent tomber avec quelque vraisemblance.

2. Vous savez combien les critiques se sont donnés de peine, pour rechercher le vrai but qu'avoit Horace dans la troisième ode du troisième livre. La grandeur des idées, et la noblesse des expressions y font sentir partout la main de maître: mais on est à la fois fâché et surpris d'y voir que le commencement ne se lie point avec la suite, que la harangue de Junon paroît ne tenir à rien, et n'aboutir à rien; et après avoir admiré cette ode par parties, on ne peut guères s'empêcher d'en condamner l'ensemble. Taneguy le Fevre l'avoit expliquée par un système que M. Dacier trouve mériter autant d'éloges que l'ode elle-même, et qui en effet me paroît des plus jolis. Vous savez qu'il le fonde sur la crainte qu'il prête au peuple Romain de
voir

year of Rome. He was born, then, in seven hundred and five; and was not above thirty when the Art of Poetry was written. It is clear therefore, that he is not the person to whom Horace writes; but, among the number of other men who bore that name, I wish that you would help me to discover the Piso to whom that poem was most probably addressed.

2. You know how much trouble it has cost the critics to find out Horace's true design in the third ode of his third book. This masterly performance is distinguished by greatness of thought and dignity of expression; but we are surprised and grieved to find, that the end does not correspond with the beginning; and that Juno's speech is totally unconnected with what precedes or follows it; so that after admiring the detached parts of this ode, we are forced to condemn it as a whole. Taneguy le Fevre explained it by a conjecture, which Dacier thinks deserving of as high encomiums as the ode itself; and which is, doubtless, very ingenious. You know that his explanation turns on the supposed dread of the Romans, lest the seat of their em-

voir transférer à Ilium le siege de l'empire ; et qu'il suppose qu'Horace composa cette ode dans la vue de détourner Auguste de ce dessein, en lui rappelant toute la part que les Dieux avoient eu à la destruction de cette ville, et combien le mortel qui oseroit la rebâtir s'exposeroit à tout le courroux de ces mêmes Dieux. Le peuple pouvoit d'autant plus facilement supposer ce dessein à ce prince, que son pere adoptif en avoit été soupçonné*. Mais je doute que ce système puisse se soutenir. Et on ne sauroit jamais prouver ces craintes prétendues du peuple Romain, qui sont mêmes sans vraisemblance ; Auguste se distingua toujours par les soins particuliers qu'il donna à la ville de Rome, qui devoient rassurer le peuple contre toutes les craintes d'une pareille espece. On peut en voir le détail dans la vie d'Auguste par Suetone, c. 28, 29, 30. Je n'en marquerai que deux : il engagea la plus part des grands à orner la ville, par des bâtimens superbes †, et il bâtit un Temple à Mars le Vengeur, où il ordonna que le sénat s'assembleroit toutes les fois qu'il seroit question de guerres ou de triomphes ‡. Sont ce là les actions d'un homme qui songe à se faire

une

pire should be removed to Troy ; and that he fancied the ode to have been written with a view to divert Augustus from such a design, by shewing him how earnestly the Gods had co-operated towards the destruction of Troy, and how much their resentment would be provoked by an attempt to rebuild that ill-fated city. The people might the more naturally suspect Augustus of such an intention, because it was thought to have been entertained by his adoptive father *. But this conjecture, I fear, will not bear examination. It is impossible to prove those pretended fears of the Romans ; which are rendered highly improbable, when we consider that Augustus was remarkable for his affectionate partiality towards Rome ; as may be seen in his Life, by Suetonius, c. 28, 29, 30. I shall mention but two examples of it. He encouraged almost all the great men of Rome to adorn the city by superb edifices † ; and himself erected a temple to Mars the Avenger, where the senate was ordered to assemble during its deliberations concerning wars and triumphs ‡.

* Sueton. L. i. c. 79.

† Vell. Paterculus, L. ii. c. 89.

‡ Sueton. L. ii. c. 29.

une nouvelle capitale ? L'exemple de son oncle ne pouvoit conclure ; ce fut vers la fin de sa vie qu'il dut concevoir ce projet, dans un tems où la prospérité l'avoit aveuglé et engagé dans mille démarches folles et mal entendues, qu'Auguste se piqua toujours d'éviter avec soin. La sage opiniâtreté avec laquelle il refusa toujours la dictature, peut servir de preuve à ce que je dis *. Voila les raisons qui m'empêchent d'acquiescer au système de Taneguy le Fevre. J'en suis fâché, et je ne serai tout à fait content que lorsque vous m'aurez fourni une autre explication de cette ode, plus solide sans doute, et qui en appanira également les difficultés.

3. Antiochus, roi de Syrie, avoit pris plusieurs villes de la Cœle-Syrie et de la Palestine au jeune Ptolémée, alors sous la tutelle des Romains. Ceux ci prennent la défense de leur élève, et ordonnent au roi de Syrie de les rendre. Il méprise ces ordres, et les retient. Sur quoi on lui envoie une seconde ambassade, laquelle laissant de côté les prétensions du jeune prince, lui ordonna de rendre des villes, que

These are not the actions of a man who wished to found a new capital. The example of his uncle is not applicable ; that project was formed by him towards the end of his life, when he was intoxicated by prosperity, and engaged in a thousand wild enterprizes, which the prudence of Augustus carefully avoided. The cautious firmness with which the latter prince always refused the office of dictator, confirms my remark *. Such are the reasons which hinder me from acquiescing in Le Fevre's explanation. I am sorry for it, and will not be easy till you supply me with another more solidly founded, and equally well fitted to remove all difficulties.

3. Antiochus, king of Syria, had taken possession of several cities in Cœle-Syria and Judæa, belonging to young Ptolemy, then under the protection of the Romans. That people undertake the defence of their pupil, and order Antiochus to restore his towns. He despises their orders, and keeps those towns in his possession ; in consequence of which, the Romans send to him a second embassy, which, without making any mention of young Ptolemy's pretensions, " claim those towns as belonging to the Romans by

* Sueton. L. ii. c. 52. Vell. Patercul. L. ii. c. 89.

que le peuple Romain avoit acquises par le droit de la guerre, *civitates jure belli factas populi Romani*. Ce sont là les termes de Justin*, qui nous jettent dans une difficulté embarrassante. On ne conçoit pas comment les Romains pouvoient avoir acquis des villes dans la Syrie, et dans l'Egypte, puisque, bien loin d'y avoir fait des conquêtes, ils ne portèrent leurs armes en Asie que plusieurs années après cette époque. On connoît bien un traité qu'ils avoient fait avec les Rois d'Egypte avant ce tems †, mais c'étoit un pur traité d'alliance et d'amitié qui ne fut précédé ni suivi d'aucune guerre. J'ai cru que l'examen des autres historiens, qui ont raconté ces mêmes événemens, pouvoit jeter quelques lumières sur un passage de Justin aussi obscur que celui là. Mais Tite Live, qui parle plusieurs fois ‡ des négociations par lesquelles les Romains tacherent de faire rendre à Ptolémée les villes d'Asie, qu'on lui avoit prises, n'en parle nulle part de ce droit de la guerre en vertu duquel les Romains les demandoient. Le savant M. Breitinger, professeur en langue Grec à Zurich, à qui j'ai communiqué

“ the right of war.” These are Justin’s words *, which present us with a very perplexing difficulty ; because we do not perceive how the Romans could have acquired those places by the right of war, since they were so far from having made conquests in Asia then, that they did not carry their arms into that country till a later æra. A treaty indeed subsisted between them and the kings of Egypt †, but it was a treaty merely of friendship and alliance, neither preceded nor followed by any war. I thought that an examination of the other historians, who relate the same transactions, might throw light on this obscure passage of Justin. But Livy, who mentions several times ‡ the negotiations by which the Romans endeavoured to recover for Ptolemy the places taken from him by Antiochus, is altogether silent with regard to this “ right of war,” in virtue of which they were demanded. I acquainted the learned Mr. Breitinger, professor of Greek at Zurich, with my difficulty on

* Justin. L. xxx. c. 1.

† Tit. Liv. Epitom. L. iv. Eutrop. L. ii. Valer. Maxim. L. iv. c. 3.

‡ Tit. Liv. L. xxxiii. c. 34. 39, 40.

muniqué cette difficulté, après avoir tenté en vain de la résoudre, a été obligé enfin de la laisser sans explication.—Mais,

“ Nil desperandum, Teucro duce; et auspice Teucro.”

4. Un différent que Scaliger et Isaac Vossius ont eu ensemble, sur la véritable époque de la mort du poëte Catulle, a fait beaucoup de bruit dans la republique des lettres. Je n'ai point eu en main les pieces du procès, savoir les éditions de Catulle de ces deux hommes célèbres; mais Bayle * nous a donné un extrait fort détaillé de leur dispute, y ajoutant ses propres réflexions. Je suis fâché de ne pouvoir pas remonter aux sources; mais dans la nécessité de me servir de rapporteur, je n'en connois point de meilleur que Bayle.

Quoique deux habiles littérateurs se soient exercés sur cette question, je suis bien loin de la regarder comme parfaitement éclaircie. Vossius me paroît avoir trop avancé le mort du poëte, Scaliger l'a certainement trop reculée. Catulle ne mourut pas bien sûrement A. U. C. 696; mais il ne vécut pas non plus jusqu'aux jeux séculaires d'Auguste

this subject; which, after attempting in vain to resolve, he was obliged to leave unexplained. But,

“ Nil desperandum, Teucro duce; et auspice Teucro.”

4. A difference of opinion between Scaliger and Isaac Vossius, concerning the time of Catullus' death, made great noise in the republic of letters. I have not at hand the original arguments of those learned men, which are contained in their respective editions of Catullus; but Bayle * has given us a particular account of their dispute, with his own reflections on the subject. I am sorry that I cannot draw from the fountain head; but Bayle's accuracy as a compiler will not be disputed.

Notwithstanding the labours of these great scholars, I am far from thinking the question decided. Vossius seems to me to place Catullus' death too early, and Scaliger certainly fixes it at too late an æra. That poet surely did not die in the year of the city six hundred and ninety-six; but neither did

* Bayle Dictionnaire Critique, art. Catulle.

d'Auguste A. U. C. 736. Prouvons ce que nous avons avancé, et cherchons l'époque en question, qui doit se trouver entre ces deux années.

Catulle parle de la Grande Bretagne et de ses habitans*, or César fut le premier qui fit connoître cette isle aux Romains †, et César y fit sa première expédition en 698 ‡. Aussi bien Catulle parle t'il du second consulat de Pompée, qui tombe sur la même année §. Il vivoit même encore en 706, puisqu'il parle aussi du consulat de Vatinius ||. Je ne veux pas me servir des argumens de Scaliger pour prouver qu'il fut spectateur des triomphes de César, parceque je ne les crois pas de bon alloi. Je me dispenserai d'examiner en détail si les paroles *paterna prima lancinata sunt bona*, &c. ¶ conviennent mieux aux premières victoires de César qu'aux dernières, parceque je crois qu'il n'y est question ni des unes ni des autres. Il n'y a qu'à lire cette épigramme avec quelque attention

pour

he live to see the secular games of Augustus celebrated in seven hundred and thirty-six. Let us prove these assertions, and endeavour to find out the true æra in question, which must have been at an intermediate time between the years just mentioned.

Catullus speaks of Great Britain and its inhabitants*, with which Cæsar first made the Romans acquainted †, by his expedition thither, in the year of Rome six hundred and ninety-eight ‡. Catullus also mentions the second consulship of Pompey, which happened on that same year §. He lived so late as the year seven hundred and six, since he speaks of the consulship of Vatinius ||. I will not make use of Scaliger's arguments to prove that the poet witnessed Cæsar's triumphs, because I do not believe them well-founded. I will not particularly examine whether the words *paterna prima lancinata sunt bona* ¶, best apply to the first or last victories of Cæsar, because I do not believe them to have any reference to the one or the other. We need only to read

* Vid. Catull. Carm. xi. &c.

† Tacit. in Vit. Agric. C. 13.

‡ Cæsar. Comm. L. iv. Dion. Hist. L. xxxix. p. 113.

§ Catull. Carm. cxi.

|| Idem, lii.

¶ Idem, xxvii. ver. 29.

pour voir que Catulle s'adresse toujours à César dans la seconde personne :

“ Cinæde Romule, hæc videbis et feres ?

“ Es impudicus, et vorax, et helluo.”

Pendant que Mamurra y paroît toujours dans la troisième personne, ce qui est le cas dans les lignes :

“ Parum expatratum ? an parvum helluatum est ?

“ Paterna prima lancinata sunt bona.”

Il n'y est donc nullement question des dissipations de César, mais de celle de Mamurra ; et toutes les conséquences qu'on en peut tirer par rapport aux triomphes de celui là, sont illégitimes*.

* Cependant si l'on avoit la curiosité de rechercher l'époque précise de la composition de cette épigramme, un passage de Cicéron nous conduiroit à la fixer vers l'an 708. Car quoiqu'en dise Bayle, on ne peut guères entendre ce passage que d'une pièce satyrique faite contre Mamurra ; aussi bien le savant Dr. Middleton a-t'il embrassé cette opinion. Il est inutile de dire que Catulle n'auroit jamais osé composer cette épigramme contre César alors tout puissant. La clémence de César envers ses ennemis étoit assez connue ; la façon même, dont les anciens parlent de la modération dont César usa envers le satyrique, semble supposer qu'il avoit alors la puissance en main, puisqu'auparavant sa clémence auroit eu peu de mérite. Tacite (1) qui en parle, la fait considérer sur le même pied que celle de Bibaculus. Or on ne peut pas douter qu'Auguste ne fut souverain alors.

D'un

the epigram attentively, to perceive that Catullus always addresses Cæsar in the second person, and Mamurra in the third.

The poet alludes, therefore, not to Cæsar's dissipation, but to that of Mamurra ; and all the consequences deduced from his applying his words to the former, are built on a false hypothesis †.

† Were we curious to ascertain exactly the date of this epigram, a passage of Cicero would lead us to fix it at the year 708. For, notwithstanding Bayle's reasonings, we cannot regard it in any other light than that of a satire written against Mamurra ; an opinion embraced by the learned Dr. Middleton. There is no weight in the observation, that Catullus would not have ventured to write this epigram against Cæsar in the plenitude of his power. Cæsar's clemency towards his enemies is well known ; and the terms in which historians speak of his lenity shewn to this satirist implies that he was then possessed of power to punish him ; otherwise his moderation would have been of little value. Tacitus (1) speaks of this affair as a parallel to that of Bibaculus, who satirised Augustus when the latter was certainly invested with sovereign dominion.

(1) Annal. L. iv. c. 34.

D'un autre côté, Catulle ne vécut pas jusqu'aux jeux séculaires d'Auguste, puisqu'il mourut avant Tibulle. Ovide, dans l'élegie qu'il fit exprès sur la mort de ce dernier, met Catulle parmi les poètes, que son ami devoit rencontrer à sa descente dans les Champs Elysées :

“ Si tamen a nobis aliquid nisi nomen et umbra

“ Restat : in Elysia Valle Tibullus erit.

“ Obvius huic venias hederâ juvenilia cinctus

“ Tempora, cum Calvo, doctæ Catulle tuo *.”

Mais dans quel tems Tibulle mourut-il ? Une petite épigramme de Domitius Marius nous l'apprend : le même jour, ou du moins la même année, que Virgile :

“ Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,

“ Mors juvenem Campos misit ad Elysios †.

Or personne n'ignore que Virgile mourut le 22 Septembre 734 ‡. Il est donc clair que Catulle, déjà mort dans ce tems là, ne vit point les jeux séculaires qui ne se célébrèrent qu'en 736.

Avançons plus loin, et disons, que Catulle étoit déjà mort avant 721. Je me fonde sur le témoignage d'un historien contemporain,
ami

Catullus, on the other hand, did not live to see the secular games celebrated by Augustus, since he died before Tibullus. Ovid, in an elegy written on the death of the latter, places Catullus among the poets whom his friend will meet with in the Elysian fields *.

But when did Tibullus die ? A little epigram of Domitius Marius informs us, that he died the same day, or at least in the same year, with Virgil †. Now it is well known that Virgil died the twenty-second of September seven hundred and thirty-four ‡. Catullus then could not see the secular games, which were not celebrated till seven hundred and thirty-six.

We may go farther, and affirm, that Catullus was dead before the year seven hundred and twenty-one. This is proved by a contemporary histo-

* Ovid. Eleg. L. iii. 9. † V. Tibull. Carm. L. iv. c. 15. ‡ Donat. in Vit. Virgil.
2 rian,

ami de Cicéron * et de Catulle lui même †; en un mot de Cornelius Nepos. Il faut le développer ce témoignage. Dans la vie d'Atticus, que cet écrivain nous a laissée, parlant d'un certain L. Julius Calidius, à qui Atticus rendit de grands services, il ajoute pour le faire mieux connoître, *quem post Lucretii Catullique mortem, multo elegantissimum poetam, nostram tulisse ætatem vere videor posse contendere* ‡. Catulle étoit donc mort lorsque Nepos écrivit ce passage. Mais ne pourroit on pas fixer le tems de sa composition? très facilement: de vingt deux chapitres qui composent cette vie d'Atticus dix huit furent publiés de son vivant. *Hactenus Attico vivo hæc a nobis edita sunt* §. Le passage, où il est parlé de la mort de Catulle, se trouve dans le douzième chapitre; d'où il s'ensuit que Catulle mourut avant Atticus. Mais celui ci finit sa vie sous le consulat de Cn. Domitius et de C. Sosius ||. Si l'on vouloit pousser l'exactitude encore plus loin, et qu'on eût envie de déterminer l'année précise de la mort de notre poète, on ne se tromperoit pas de beaucoup en prenant l'année

rian, the friend of Cicero * and of Catullus †; I mean Cornelius Nepos. In his Life of Atticus, speaking of a certain Julius Calidius, to whom Atticus had rendered very important services, he distinguishes him, "as the most " elegant poet of that age, since the death of Lucretius and Catullus ‡." The latter, therefore, was dead before Nepos wrote this passage; of which it is not difficult to fix the date. Nepos' Life of Atticus consists of twenty-two chapters; the first eighteen of which were, as he tells us, written while the subject of them still lived §. The passage mentioning the death of Catullus is in the twelfth chapter; from whence it follows, that Atticus survived Catullus. But Atticus died during the consulship of Cn. Domitius and C. Sosius ||. Did we wish to ascertain still more accurately the precise year of Catullus' death, we should not be much mistaken in fixing it at the middle term between the years of Rome seven hundred and six, and seven

* Sueton. L. i. c. 55. Voss. de Hist. Latin. L. i. c. 24.

† Cornel. Nepos, in Vit. Attici, c. 12.

§ Idem, c. 18.

‡ Catull. Carm. i.

|| Idem, c. 21.

l'année moyenne entre A. U. C. 706 et 721; ce qui nous donnera 714, époque qui quadre fort bien avec tout ce que nous en savons d'ailleurs.

Le seul argument de Scaliger, qui pourroit embarrasser, est celui qu'il tire du poëme séculaire que Catulle doit avoir composé. La conjecture de Vossius qu'on célébra des jeux au commencement du VII^e siècle de Rome n'est pas soutenable. Je doute que celle de Bayle vaille mieux. Le commencement de ce siècle étoit marqué par tant de désordres, on négligeoit tellement les anciennes cérémonies*, qu'il n'y pas d'apparence qu'on ait conçu le dessein de célébrer de pareils jeux, ni que le peuple s'y attendit. Mais quel besoin de supposer que ce poëme avoit été composé pour les séculaires. N'est il pas bien plus naturel de le croire destiné pour la fête de Diane qui se célébroit tous les ans au mois d'Août; Bentley avoit déjà fait cette conjecture †. On peut la confirmer par la comparaison du poëme séculaire d'Horace avec ce morceau de Catulle. Dans celui ci les
garçons

hundred and twenty-one; which will give us the year seven hundred and fourteen; which very well agrees with all other particulars known concerning him.

The only argument adduced by Scaliger, that can occasion any difficulty, is, that Catullus composed a secular poem. Vossius' conjecture, that the secular games were celebrated at the commencement of the seventh century of Rome, is altogether unwarranted: that of Bayle, I fear, rests not on much better authority. The beginning of that century was deformed by so many disorders, and by such a marked neglect of ancient ceremonies*, that there is not any probability that such games should then have been either exhibited or expected. But it is not necessary to suppose that Catullus' poem was written for the secular games. It might have been intended merely for Diana's festival, which was celebrated yearly in the month of August; as Bentley conjectured †. This is confirmed by comparing this poem with Horace's *Carmen Seculare*. In the former, both the boys and girls

* Sueton. L. ii. c. 37.

† Bentr. in Præfat. Edit. Horatian.

garçons et les filles ne font qu'un chœur pour s'adresser en commun à Diane :

" Dianæ fumus in fide
" Puellæ et pueri integri *."

Au lieu que dans Horace les garçons s'adressent à Apollon, les filles à Diane :

" Supplices audi pueros Apollo,
" Siderum Regina bicornis audi,
" Luna puellas †."

Cette distinction leur avoit été même ordonnée par l'oracle qui leur enjoignit la célébration de ces jeux ‡.

Je m'arrete: en voilà bien assez pour une fois. Je dois sentir que vos momens sont précieux, et il faut au moins vous disposer à ne pas trouver mauvaise la liberté que j'ai prise, en n'en abusant pas.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec beaucoup de considération,

Monseigneur, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

form but one chorus, which addresses itself to Diana *. In Horace, the boys address themselves to Apollo, and the girls to Diana †. - This distinction had been established by the oracle who commanded the celebration of the games ‡.

But I have done. This is enough for one letter. Your time is precious, and I would not offend you by carrying too far the liberty I have taken in writing to you. I have the honour to be, with much consideration,

Yours, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

* Catull. Carm. xxxiv. ver. 1.

† Horat. Carm. Secular. ver. 34.

‡ V. Dissertat. Cl. Turretin de Ludis Secular. p. 36.

N° VII.

M. GESNER à M. GIBBON.

1. **Q**UÆRITUR de Pisonibus quibus honorem in Arte Poetica habuit Horatius. Dacierius et Sanadonus forte fidem apud te, Gibbone, Vir Doctissime, inventuri erant facilius, si auctorem sententiæ suæ laudassent, sine quo ea levis, et hariolationi similis, videri potest, et quæ argumento etiam non nimis valido everti queat. Jam vero est illa Porphyriionis antiqui hominis, qui eam forte debet antiquiori, qui de nominibus Horatianis scripsit. Hic ergo Porphyrio, ut est ex optimis libris editus, *Hunc librum, inquit, qui inscribitur de Arte Poetica ad L. Pisonem, qui postea urbis custos fuit, misit. Nam et ipse Piso poeta fuit, et studiorum liberalium antistes.* At ætas non convenit! Immo pulchre. Mortuus est ille Piso, Tacito teste, (An. l. vi. c. 10.) octogenarius A. U. 785. Gessit præfecturam urbis

Mr. GESNER to Mr. GIBBON.

1. You inquire who were the Pisos, of whom Horace speaks in such honourable terms in his Art of Poetry. Dacier and Sanadon would probably, most learned Sir, have obtained more credit with you, had they cited the authority on which their opinion rests; and independently of which, it seems no better than a guess, which a slight argument is sufficient to overturn. This authority is that of Porphyrio, an ancient writer, who treats of the names mentioned in Horace, and who here perhaps copies from some author more ancient than himself. In his corrected edition Porphyrio says, “ Horace’s work, intitled the Art of Poetry, is addressed to L. Piso, who was afterwards governor of Rome; for Piso was himself a poet, and a patron of literary pursuits.” But chronology, you say, does not warrant this explanation. It does; for Tacitus tells us, in his Annals, (lib. vi. c. 10.) that Piso died U. C. 785, at the age of eighty. He held his office twenty years;

urbis annis XX.; suscepit ergo A. U. 765. Antequam illud munus susciperet, debet scripta esse epistola de Arte Poetica (quam ego suspicor fuisse aliquando secundi libri tertiam): quia Porphyrio dicit, *qui postea urbis custos fuit*. Ponamus natum esse Pisoni majorem filiorum anno ætatis XXX. eumque filium annos XVI. habuisse, cum ad illum ista scriberet Horatius (366): *O major juvenum*, &c. Scripta erit Ars Poetica anno ætatis Horatii LII. quod pulchre convenit cum Bentleianis rationibus, quas ego, cum ante hos fere annos Horatium ederem, comperi hæcenus certe justas esse, ut diligenter licet attendenti, nihil occurrerit, quod illis repugnet. Si putemus in adolescentem XVI annorum, non convenire laudem, quam illi tribuit Horatius (quod mihi quidem contra videtur) prius natum possumus V vel X adeo annis dicere. At Virgilius vivebat adhuc cum Artem Poeticam scriberet Horatius, qui mortuus est A. U. 735, cum vir XXX annorum esset Piso, nec filium habere posset X vel XII ad summum annis majorem. Primo nec ipsum hoc forte absurdum putarint quidam, *juvenem* hic vocari præcoci ingenii et doctrinæ puerum.

years; and therefore entered on it U. C. 765; before which period Horace must have sent to him the Art of Poetry, (which I suspect once stood at the third epistle of the second book,) because Porphyrio says, "who was afterwards governor of Rome." Let us suppose that Piso's son was born when the father was thirty years old; and that the son was sixteen when Horace addressed him, *O major juvenum*; the Art of Poetry will then have been written in the fifty-second year of Horace's age; which well agrees with Bentley's computation; a subject which I remember to have examined and approved when about the same time of life I published my edition of Horace. If we think sixteen years too young for the praises bestowed by the poet, we may add to them five, or even ten years more. But to this mode of reckoning it is objected, that Virgil was alive when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry; and as the latter died in the year of Rome seven hundred and thirty-five, Piso, who was then but thirty years old himself, could not have a son above ten or twelve at the utmost. But some critics do not disapprove of the application of *juvenis* to a boy of ten years.

puerum decennem. Hac quidem ætate poetæ fuisse Hugonem Grotium aliosque novimus: et liberalius, credo, utebantur aulici homines *juvenis* appellatione, postquam nequiter adeo Ciceroni expetiverat *puerum* quod vocasset Octavium.

Sed quod pace tua dixerim, Vir Humanissime, nihil causæ video cur in vivis adhuc fuisse, statuendum sit Virgilium, scribente Artem Horatio. Neque enim simpliciter eo loco, vivi poetæ mortuis opponuntur, sed antiqui novis: non sola Libitina sacrare poetam potest; sed annos jam plures mortuus sit, secundum istos iudices, oportet:

“ Est vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos.”

Vide, quæso, epistolam libri secundi primam.

2. De Horatii ode libri tertii tertia, sententiam dixi in meis ad illum observationibus, quas tibi visas non puto, quare hic repetam et explicabo. Lussit Augustus cœnas Deorum nonnunquam. Notum est ex Suetonio (l. ii. c. 70.), male audisse aliquando cœnam illius *δωδεκάθεον*, *b. e.* duodecim illorum Deorum, quibus pulvinaria, seu lecti sternerantur

years, and of a forward genius: Grotius and others were poets at that age; and the Roman courtiers would naturally, I think, be prodigal in using the term *juvenis*, after Cicero gave so much offence by applying the term *puer* to Augustus.

But I see not any convincing argument to prove that Virgil was alive when the Art of Poetry was written. For, in the passage alluded to, Horace does not contrast living poets with those that were dead, but ancient poets with the modern; and, according to the critics whom he mentions, not death alone, but the being dead a certain number of years, was necessary for the attainment of poetical fame.

“ Est vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos.”

See the first epistle of the second book.

2. Concerning the third ode of the third book, I formerly gave my opinion in the observations accompanying my edition, which, as you have not seen them, I shall here repeat and explain. Augustus sometimes represented in sport the suppers of the gods. We know from Suetone, lib. ii. c. 70. that he was blamed for his imitation of the supper of the twelve gods, which,

nebantur in Capitolio (*e. g.* Liv. xxii. 10.) Quid si Horatius jussus vel injussus scripsit versus tali dramati aptos? Quid si, cum male audirent id genus ludi, voluit, hoc velut specimine proposito, persuadere hominibus, esse illos innocentes, civiles, Romani populi studiis conformes? Voluit eadem ode blandiri genti Julæ, quæ origines Trojanos ab Ænea, et Iulo udum adoptaverat. Aditum sibi parat ad eam rem pulcherrimum poeta. Fortitudo cum justitia homines ad Deos perducit. Inter hos jam est nostra admiratione et prædicatione, Augustus, et (ut eodem circiter tempore cecinit, Od. iii. c. 5. § 2.) *presens divus habebitur*. Nempe non minus meritorum ac juris habet Augustus quam habuit olim cum Baccho Romulus: qui tamen non sine difficultate receptus est, *donec gratum elocuta est Juno Diis consiliantibus*. Hujus oratio ejusdem plane argumenti est, cujus illa Virgiliana, (*Æn.* l. xii. v. 791. *et seq.*) Et potuit Horatius illud argumentum eligere, si vel nunquam serio cogitavit de transferrenda

used to take place in the capitol, where pallets were spread for them; of which we see an example in Livy, lib. xxii. c. 10. Is it not possible that Horace, either with or without the orders of Augustus, might think proper to write verses adapted to such a representation? Might he not endeavour to remove the blame attached to it, by exhibiting an example in which it was not only innocent, but conformable with the institutions and inclinations of the Romans? At the same time his ode would be a compliment to the Julian family, which had long boasted its descent from Æneas and Iulus. For entering on this subject, the poet ingeniously prepares the way, by showing that men had attained divinity through justice and fortitude. Augustus is entitled to our admiration and praise; and, as he sung in another ode, written nearly about the same time, *presens divus habebitur*, being not less worthy of divinity than Bacchus and Romulus; the latter of whom was not without difficulty admitted to that honour, "till Juno made her most pleasing and acceptable speech in the council of the gods." This speech is of the same purport with that in the Æneid, lib. xii. v. 791. *& seq.*; and might have been pronounced with propriety, without supposing that Augustus ever seriously thought of changing the seat of his empire. That prince also must have

renda imperii fede Augustus. Potuit ea re gratum facere principi, si crederet ipse populus damnari in aula consilium illud antiquum Julii Cæsaris, calamitosum Romæ ac detestabile. Quod hic longior est, et παθητικῶτερος, quam ab illo exordio aliquis exspectaret; næ ignarus fuerit naturæ carminis lyrici, quatenus illa exemplis veterum cognoscitur, qui longum adeo excursus, si vel excursus sit, reprehendat.

3. Durus satis nodus esse debet, qui non modo eruditum atque ingeniosum juvenem, sed veteranum etiam in his literis virum, Breitingerum, cujus nomen semper cum honore usurpo, potuit tenere. Quî enim postulare potuit legatiopopuli Romani, "civitates jure belli" suas factas restitui in integrum ab Antiocho," quas paulo ante Scenatus Ptolemæi pupilli sui esse dixerat? Quî potuere Romani jure belli afferere sibi urbes Asiæ, in quam aliquot demum annis post "primus omnium Romanorum ducum Scipio cum exercitu trajecit?" (Epit. Liv. l. xxxvii.) Verum solvi tamen potest hic nodus, etiam non
adhibito

have been pleased with an attempt to persuade the people that he condemned a design, said to have been entertained by Julius Cæsar, but which was so much detested by the Romans, and would, if carried into execution, have been so calamitous to Rome. The speech indeed is longer, and more pathetic than might be expected from the beginning of the ode; but *he* must be ignorant of the nature of lyric poetry, as illustrated in the writings of the ancients, who finds fault with the length of this real or apparent digression.

3. The knot must be hard indeed, which not only baffles the exertions of a learned and ingenious youth, but resists the strength of Breitinger, a veteran in the literary field, whose name I never pronounce but with the highest respect. How could Roman ambassadors require that the cities taken by Antiochus in Asia should be restored, according to the law of war, to Rome, when the senate shortly before had declared those cities to belong to its pupil Ptolemy? Or how could the Romans claim those cities by the law of war, when Scipio, a few years afterwards, was the first Roman general that passed into Asia with an army? Livy, lib. xxxvii. The knot, however, may be untied, without having recourse to Alexander's sword, provided we

adhibito Alexandri gladio, modo seriem illarum rerum apud ipsum Justinum atque Livium inspiciamus. Hic (l. xxxi. c. 14.), *Philippo*, inquit, *animos faciebat—fœdus iētum cum Antiocho Syriæ rege, diviseque jam cum eo Ægypti opes, cui morte audita Ptolemæi regis, ambo immincebant.* Justinus (lib. xxx. c. 2.), *Legatos Alexandrini ad Romanos misere, orantes ut tutelam pupilli sui susciperent, tuerenturque regnum Ægypti, quod jam Philippum et Antiochum, facta inter se pactione, divisissè dicebant.* Nec vero inter pacta res substitit. *Antiochus enim, dum occupatus in Romano bello est Philippus, (teste Livio, lib. 33. c. 19.) omnibus que in Cœle-Syria sunt civitatibus Ptolemæi in suam potestatem redactis; simul per omnem oram Ciliciæque et Caricæ tentaturus erat urbes quæ in ditione Ptolemæi essent; simulque Philippum exercitu navibusque adjuturus.* Interea debellatur; vinciturque a Quintio Philippus. Ab eodem Quintio jam (Liv. lib. xxxiii. c. 34.), aperte pronunciatur legatis Antiochi, jure belli et victoriæ nimirum, *ut excederet Asiæ urbibus, quæ aut Philippi aut Ptolemæi regum*

follow the series of those transactions, as related by Justin and Livy. The latter historian, lib. xxxi. c. 14, relates, “that Philip’s courage was increased by his league with Antiochus, king of Syria, with whom, as soon as he learned Ptolemy’s death, he purposed, according to the tenor of that agreement, dividing the spoils of Egypt.” Justin, again, lib. xxx. c. 2, tells us, “that the Alexandrians sent ambassadors to Rome, requesting the senate to defend the cause of their pupil, threatened with the partition of his dominions, in consequence of a treaty for that purpose between Philip and Antiochus.” This treaty indeed soon began to be carried into effect; for, according to Livy, lib. xxxii. c. 19. “Antiochus, while his ally was occupied in the war with Rome, conquered all the cities belonging to Ptolemy in Cœle-Syria; purposing next to invade the coast of Caria and Cilicia, and at the same time to assist Philip with a fleet and army.” Meanwhile Philip is conquered by the Roman consul Quintus; who then openly declared to Antiochus’ ambassadors, “that their

regum fuissent. Obscurius igitur brevitate, sed verum tamen scripsit Justinus.

Ecquid te pœnitet, GIBBONE Vir Doctissime, literis ita humanis laceffitum ivisse senem frigidum et inertem, qui per duos menses possit differre responſionem ad epistolam ita blandam, ita sibi honorificam? Non conjiciam causam longi silentii in senectutem, quamquam hæc quoque incipit sufflaminare non nunquam conatus meos, ut sentiam circa septuagesimum, demptis tribus, ætatis annum, non ita me jam imperare posse ingenio, ut annis superioribus. Sed cum alias in otium concedere paullatim detur senibus, mihi adhuc pene contra evenit, ut subinde novæ mihi curæ imponantur. Adscriptus sum societatibus aliquot, ut Berolinensi, et nostræ scientiarum; hanc etiam per vices semestres jussus dirigere: præsidere soleo singulis hebdomadis societati apud nos Germanicæ; submittere autem scriptiunculas quasdam meas Latinæ Jenensi. Bibliothecam Academicæ, quinquaginta ad minimum librorum millibus constantem, curare
meum

“master must evacuate (supply, ‘according to the law of war,’) all those cities to which either Philip or Ptolemy had any claims.” Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 34. Justin’s narrative, therefore, though obscured by brevity, is yet consistent with truth.

Do you not repent, learned Sir, the having written to an indolent old man, who could delay two months sending an answer to a letter so obliging, and so honourable to himself? I will not throw the blame on my advanced age, though I begin to feel my former powers of exertion somewhat slacken and abate under the weight of sixty-seven years. At this time of life most old men are indulged with a diminution of labour; whereas I, on the contrary, am continually burdened with an increase of occupations and cares. I belong to several academies, particularly that of Berlin, and this here of Gottingen; which last I am appointed to direct six months in the year; I also preside weekly in the German society of this place, and frequently correspond with the Latin society of Jena. I am entrusted with the care of the public library, consisting at least of fifty thousand volumes; with the inspection

meum est ; tum scholas majores per Germanicas Regis provincias inspicere, et regere consilio ; tum alimentarios circiter viginti juvenes observare ; et scribere quidquid Prorektoris et Senatus Academici nomine in tabulis publicis proponitur ; et inter hæc ternas, quaternas, plures etiam interdum, singulis diebus prælectiones habere. Et dixi tantum quæ publicis aliquo modo officiis debentur. Quot salutare juvenes sunt accipiendi ? quot ex condiscipulis vel discipulis amici absentes colendi literis ? nunquam vacare possum a scribendo, commentando talia quæ luci destinata publicæ plus aliquanto curæ postulant : ut nunc in manibus est Claudianus, hæc ætate, si Deus faverit, proferendus. Hæc cum ita sint, fateor, me, cum primum percurrenti tuas, vir præstantissime, literas, negotium etiam operosius videretur, quam tractando deinde expertus sum, illas in otium pinguiusculum continuarum aliquot horarum seposuisse. Hoc otium heri demum casu mihi oblatum, collocavi ut vides.

Supereſt, uti hanc lucubratiunculam boni conſulas, et, ſi illa minus forte, quam mihi optabile eſt, expectationi tuæ reſpondeat, alia mihi omnia

ſpeſtion of the colleges in his majeſty's German dominions ; and with the ſuperintendance of about twenty youths, who are educated at the public expence. The taſk alſo falls on me of writing whatever is inſerted in the archives of the univerſity, in the name of the reſtor and ſenate : and it is my duty to give daily three, four, and ſometimes more prelections. To theſe public offices muſt be added the avocations of private company, and of a very extenſive correſpondence. Beſides, I have always ſome work in hand, which requires nicer attention to render it worthy of the public eye. At preſent I am employed about an edition of Claudian ; which, God willing ! ſhall be publiſhed in the courſe of this ſummer. Thus circumſtanced, I confeſs that I laid aſide your letter, which ſeemed as if it would require more pains to answer than were afterwards found neceſſary, until I ſhould enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted leiſure. This opportunity occurred only yeſter-day, of which, you ſee, I made uſe.

It remains that I requeſt you to receive favourably this attempt ; and if it does not fully answer your expectation, to aſcribe the failure to any other

omnia quam gratificandi tibi voluntatem defuisse existimes. Brevitati studui, quod non opus esse putarem ea repetere, quæ ad causam constituendam a te bene dicta sunt. Latina lingua, ut aliquanto mihi familiariore, usus sum, ne mihi forte accideret, quod tibi Gallice scribenti, Gallice licet bene docto, usu venisse video, uti scriberes, *Un different que Scaliger et Jf. Vossius ont eu ensemble*; unde aliquis colligerit te putasse liticulam habuisse inter se homines, quorum alter novem annis post alterius mortem natus est. Habes, Gibbone, Vir Humanissime, nudum pectus et deditam tibi voluntatem et parata studia

MATTHIÆ GESNERI.

Scrib. GOTTINGÆ, a. d. XII Feb. Anno LVIII.

4. In quæstione de annis Catulli plane tuus sum, Gibbone Doctissime, ne putes pigritia quadam me assentiri malle tibi, quam tecum disputare, primo hic reponam ipsa verba quæ juvenis posui in disputatione de annis ludisque secularibus veterum Romanorum Vinariæ

A. 1717,

cause rather than my want of inclination to oblige you. Brevity was my aim, because it seemed unnecessary to repeat what you had so well said on the subject. I write in Latin, a language familiar to me, lest I should commit a mistake similar to that of which you, though well-skilled in French, are guilty, when you say, *Un different que Scaliger & Jf. Vossius ont eu ensemble*." From which words it might be concluded, that a difference had subsisted between these learned men, of whom the one died nine years before the other was born. I remain sincerely, with much consideration, &c.

MATTHEW GESNER,

GOTTINGEN, 12th February 1758.

4. As to the question concerning the age of Catullus, I am entirely of your opinion; and lest you should think that I agree with you, merely because, through laziness, I am unwilling to enter into an argument, I shall transcribe the words of a thesis, which I defended in my youth forty years

I

ago,

A. 1717; atque adeo ante hos ipsos quadraginta annos a me habita, (p. 43.) *Cum in ipso carmine nihil sit quod non alio quoque festo in Dianæ honorem cani potuerit, &c.* Deinde confirmo tibi me expendisse eadem hora, qua ista scribebam, eruditam disputationem tuam, contulisse ipsas H. Vossii ad Catullum observationes (edit. 1684, 4to. p. 81 *et seq.*), et ea quæ Jos. Scaliger a Vossio hic refutatus disputaverat; inspexisse Ciceronis de Mamurra locum, adhibuisse Middletoni observationem; et post rem bene perceptam et perpensam, plane secundum te, præstantissime Gibbone, pronuncio.

P.S. Recte mihi reddentur literæ tuæ si in posterum quoque scribere ad me velis, vel solo meo nomine et urbis nostræ literis inscripto; vel sic, “A. M. le Professeur Gefner, Conseiller de
“la Cour de sa Majesté Britannique, à Gottingen.” Sed si vis videre titulos meos more Germanico deductos, en tibi excerptos ex libro quintum edito Nordhusæ 1752, 8vo. Teutsch und Franfösisch Titularbuch, p. 164:—“A Monsieur Monsieur
“Gefner,

ago, (p. 43. Weimar, 1717,) concerning the secular years and games of the Romans. “There is nothing in the poem which might not have been said, had it been written for any other festival in honour of Diana,” &c. I assure you, that within this hour I have compared what is said in your learned dissertation, with H. Vossius’ remarks on Catullus, (edit. 1684, 4to. p. 81, *& seq.*) and those of Jos. Scaliger, whom he refutes. I also examined the passage of Cicero concerning Mamurra, with Middleton’s observations on it; and having examined and well weighed the whole matter, I pronounce sentence, most excellent Gibbon, clearly in your favour.

P. S. Your letters will find me without any farther direction than that of my name and place of abode, or addressed to Mr. Professor Gefner, counsellor of the Court of his Britannic Majesty, Gottingen. But if you wish to see my titles expanded at full length after the German fashion, here they are, copied from the French and German “Title-book,”
printed

“ Gefner, Conseiller de la Cour de sa Majesté Britannique,
 “ Professeur ordinaire de l’Université de Gottingue, Inspecteur
 “ Général des Ecoles de l’Electorat de Hanovre, Bibliothe-
 “ caire de l’Université, Directeur du Séminaire Philologique,
 “ Président de la Société Royale de l’Eloquence Allemande, et
 “ Membre de la Société Royale de Sciences de Gottingue, &c.”

Nullus horum titulorum est, quin aliquid certe temporis mihi
 auferat: quæ sola etiam causa est cur huc descripsi: quod mihi
 te credere sic putabo, si quam brevissima inscriptione literarum
 ad me utaris.

printed at Nordhausen, 1752, 8vo. fifth edition, p. 164. “ To Mr.
 “ Gefner, Counsellor of the Court of his Britannic Majesty, Professor in
 “ the University of Gottingen, Inspector General of the Schools of the
 “ Electorate of Hanover, Librarian of the University, Director of the
 “ Philological Seminary, President of the Royal Society of German Elo-
 “ quence, Member of the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen,” &c.
 There is not one of these titles but deprives me of some part of my
 time; the only reason for which I here subjoin them; which I shall think
 you believe, if your letter to me has as short a direction as possible.

N° VIII.

Mr. GIBBON à M. GESNER.

MONSIEUR,

LA multitude de vos occupations montrent à la fois votre mérite, la justice qu'on lui rend, ma présomption, et votre bonté. Que j'envie le sort de ce petit nombre d'esprits supérieurs dont les talens toujours les mêmes, et toujours diversifiés, revêtissent avec une égale facilité tous les caractères que l'utilité ou l'agrément des hommes exige d'eux. J'applaudis encore au discernement de ces princes qui osent écarter les nuages dont la frivolité, l'envie, et la calomnie environnent leurs trones, qui rendent aux grands hommes de leurs états, une justice que le public impartial leur rendoit depuis long tems, et qui savent récompenser leurs talens, en leur fournissant de nouvelles occasions de les développer. Voilà une petite partie des réflexions qu'a fait naître votre lettre ; si j'en croyois mon inclination, elles n'auroient point de bornes ; mais la raison me dit que je dois me contenter

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. GESNER.

S I R,

THE multitude of your employments affords at once the proof of your own merit, of the justice done to it by the public, of my presumption, and of your goodness. How enviable is the lot of that small number of superior minds whose talents are equally adapted to promote the purposes either of pleasure or utility ? The discernment surely of those princes is worthy of much applause, who, having ventured to dissipate the clouds of envy, calumny, and frivolity, that usually surround thrones, render to the truly great men among their subjects a justice which had been long done to them by the impartial public, and reward their talents, by affording them new opportunities to display them. These are but a small part of the reflections occasioned by your letter, and which, were I to consult my inclination only, would extend to a great length ; but my reason tells me, that I must be

tenter de vous assurer de toute la reconnoissance dont vous avez pénétré un homme qui se fera toujours gloire du titre de votre disciple. Je vais dans peu de tems en Angleterre ; je pourrois peut être y trouver l'occasion de vous prouver mes sentimens, ou du moins mon commerce vous deviendra moins ennuyeux. Mon séjour dans une capitale éclairée me donnera une sorte de mérite local. Incapable de les imiter, je vous apprendrai de bonne-heure les travaux, et les découvertes de nos savans. Gottingue mérite bien qu'à mon tour je vous demande quelles sont les occupations de vos collegues et de vos disciples. Un nouveau plaisir que j'envisage dans mon retour en Angleterre, c'est la connoissance de tous vos ouvrages. Mon premier soin fera de me les procurer, et de les étudier comme mes meilleurs modèles : pour m'aider dans cette recherche, je prendrai la liberté de vous demander une liste de tous ces morceaux curieux dont vous avez enrichi la république des lettres. Mon ignorance de plusieurs d'entre eux excite à la fois ma joye et ma honte. Ma jeunesse, et le lieu d'où je date mes lettres, sont mon unique excuse.

Si

contented with assuring you, that you have filled with gratitude a man who will always be proud of being called your scholar. I go shortly to England ; where, perhaps, I may find an opportunity of proving to you the sincerity of my sentiments, at least of rendering my correspondence less tiresome. My residence in London will give me a sort of local merit. I will send you early intelligence of the labours and discoveries of our learned men, whose example I am unable to imitate ; and will expect to learn, in return, what is so proper an object of curiosity, the occupations and studies of your colleagues and disciples at Gottingen. At my return to London I propose to myself a new pleasure in collecting all your works, which I will make it my first business to procure ; and for assisting me in this matter, must request that you would give me the titles of all the curious pieces with which you have enriched the republic of letters. My ignorance of many of them causes both joy and shame. It can only be excused in consideration of my youth, and the place from which this letter is dated.

If

Si j'ose proposer quelques nouveaux doutes, vous savez mieux que personne qu'il n'y a que la raison, ou du moins son apparence que soit absolue. Soyez persuadé que mon unique but en discutant vos leçons, c'est de m'en rendre digne :

- “ Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
 “ Quod te imitari aveo. Quid enim contendat hirundo
 “ Cynis ; aut quidnam tremulis facere artibus hædi
 “ Confimile in cursu possint, ac fortis equi vis ?
 “ Tu pater et rerum inventor *.”

Après cette explication, je vous avouerai qu'il me reste encore quelques nuages sur le Pison de l'Art Poétique. Vous ne croyez pas que les paroles d'Horace touchant Virgile, prouvent que ce poëte fût encore vivant, et que l'opposition est plutôt des anciens aux modernes, que des mots aux vivans. J'ai relu l'endroit, mais cette nouvelle lecture, et les réflexions aux quelles elle a donné lieu, n'ont fait que me confirmer dans ma première opinion. Horace trouvoit la langue
 Latine.

If I venture to propose some new doubts, it is because you know better than any one, that absolute submission is due only to reason, either real or apparent. You will believe that my only motive for discussing your lessons is to render myself worthy of them :

- “ Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem *.”

After this apology, I must confess that I have still some remaining doubts concerning the Piso to whom Horace addresses his Art of Poetry. You think that the manner in which that poet speaks of Virgil does not prove the latter to be still alive ; because Horace does not oppose the dead to the living, but the ancients to the moderns. I examined the passage again, and that new perusal excited reflections which confirmed me more strongly in my former opinion. Horace thought the Latin tongue too poor and barren, and

* Lucret. de Rer. Natur. L. iii. ver. 5. *et seq.*

Latine pauvre et trop stérile, pour exprimer les idées abstraites que les compagnons de Romulus, les pâtres, et les brigands ne connoissoient point : plusieurs de ses compatriotes lui avoient trouvé le même défaut. Horace souhaite de l'enrichir. Il propose pour cet effet aux Virgile, aux Varius, de travailler dans ce dessein, et d'emprunter du Grec quantité de termes énergiques dont ils avoient besoin. Il leur offre son secours. C'est un projet qu'il forme et non une chose déjà faite qu'il justifie. Par conséquent l'avenir qu'il envisage ne peut regarder que ceux d'entre les écrivains qui vivoient encore. Par conséquent l'Art Poétique fut composé avant l'an 735. Le point de vue sous lequel je considère ce passage, est si bien celui du poëte lui même, que celui ci finit cette opposition par cette image (une des plus vives et des plus justes, que je connoisse) :

“ — licuit semperque licebit

“ Signatum præsentī notā producere nomen *.”

Le *licuit*, le passé, regarde les Terence, les Cæcilius, morts depuis long
tems ;

deficient in words expressive of abstract ideas, which were unknown to Romulus' companions, consisting of shepherds and robbers. This imperfection had been remarked by others. Horace, wishing to remedy it, proposes to the Virgils and Variuses, to co-operate with him in this design, by borrowing from the Greek many energetic terms and phrases which were wanting in Latin. He does not justify a thing already done, but proposes a new enterprise. The futurity which he looks to can only have a reference to authors still alive. The Art of Poetry was therefore written before the year of Rome seven hundred and thirty-five. This explanation agrees so well with the poet's thought, that his opposition between the dead and living poets, concludes with one of the justest and liveliest images that I ever remember to have met with :

“ — licuit semperque licebit

“ Signatum præsentī notā producere nomen *.”

The *licuit* has a reference to the Terences and the Ceciliuses, who were long

* Horat. de Art. Poet. ver. 59.

dead ;

tems ; le *licebit*, le futur, les Varius, les Virgile, ceux qui étoient encore en état d'en profiter *.

Mais, dites vous, dans ce tems même le jeune Pison pouvoit avoir dix ans ; Grotius faisoit bien des vers à cet age. Je le fais : mais les Grotius sont ils bien communs ; combien d'enfans trouverez vous de dix ans, qui ayent non-seulement assez de feu pour faire des vers, mais encore assez de réflexion pour en juger sensément ? Il n'est pas même vraisemblable qu'à l'age de vingt ans Pison le pere eût déjà des enfans. Vous savez combien rares étoient les mariages sous Auguste ; combien l'exemple de Germanicus paroissoit admirable † ; combien la pauvreté §, la debauché, et l'orgueil,

* Cette explication est d'autant plus vraisemblable, que dans ses ouvrages, Virgile s'est plutôt piqué de faire revivre de vieux mots, que d'en emprunter de nouveaux du Grec. Je doute même qu'on puisse trouver un seul endroit où il ait suivi le conseil d'Horace.

arretoient

dead ; the *licebit*, in the future, to the Variuses and Virgils, who were still alive, and might avail themselves of the maxim †.

You say that Piso's eldest son might be ten years old when the Art of Poetry was published ; an age at which Grotius wrote verses. Grotius did so ; but how few boys of that age have not only the fire to write, but the judgment to criticise poetry ? It is not likely that Piso the father should have children at the age of twenty. You well know the paucity of marriages under Augustus, which rendered the conjugal felicity of Germanicus an example so much admired † ; pride, poverty §, and debauchery, deterred

† This explanation is the more probable, because Virgil appears in his works to value himself rather on reviving old words, than on borrowing new ones from the Greek. I doubt whether a single passage can be pointed out, in which he followed Horace's advice.

† Suet. L. ii. c. 34.

§ Tacit. Annal. ii. c. 37.

arretoient la noblesse dans le célibat, surtout pendant les guerres civiles qui désolèrent la terre, pendant la première jeunesse de Pison. Les loix d'Auguste ne font qu'indiquer la grandeur du mal *, et les premières de ces loix furent promulguées plus de trente ans après la naissance de Pison †. Si l'on compte une génération ordinaire *γενεα* à trente trois ans ‡, il paroît que sous le commencement de l'empire, on devoit les pousser plutôt jusqu'à quarante ans, que de les réduire à vingt. Je conviens que ce ne font la que des probabilités, mais dans la science de la critique, il paroît que les probabilités doivent faire disparaître les possibilités, et céder à leur tour aux preuves. Je ne crains rien de ce principe. L'autorité d'un Porphyryon n'a pas assez de force parmi les savans, pour pouvoir jamais former un raisonnement. Tout ce qu'elle pourroit faire, c'est de s'en appuyer un déjà prouvé. Les anciens ne donnoient point à Porphyryon la première place parmi les commentateurs d'Horace §, et les modernes, Mon-

fieur

the Roman nobles from marriage, especially amidst the civil wars, which, during Piso's youth, desolated the earth. Augustus' laws on that subject only prove the greatness of the evil *; and Piso was thirty years old, before the first of those laws was enacted †. If an ordinary generation is computed at thirty-three years ‡, the generations under the first emperors ought rather to be extended to forty, than reduced to twenty years. These, I acknowledge, are but probabilities; but in the science of criticism probabilities destroy possibilities, and are themselves destroyed by proofs. This principle is not to be controverted. The authority of Porphyrio is of too little weight among the learned to be the foundation of an argument; it might at best help to prop an argument, otherwise well supported. The ancients do not assign to him the first rank among Horace's commentators §; and the mo-

* Dion. Hist. Rom. L. lvi. p. 570.

† Horat. Carm. Secular. v. 17, &c. Torrent de Lege Juliâ ad Calc. Horat. p. 75, &c.

‡ Herodot. L. ii. Newton Chronol. Emendat. p. 41.

§ Vid. Vitam Horat. sine nomine Autoris.

fieur Dacier surtout, lui ont trouvé beaucoup d'erreurs. Je ne fens pas d'ailleurs la force de la première de vos hypothèses. Si Pison avoit eu son fils à l'âge de trente ans, celui ci pouvoit en avoir seize, lorsque Horace lui écrivit, age, suivant vous, qui répond aux conditions requises. Auriez vous oublié dans ce moment qu' Horace mourut en 745, quand Pison lui même n'avoit que 40 ans ?

2. Je ne doute pas un instant qu' Horace n'ait eu en vue, dans la troisième Ode du troisième Livre, de faire voir aux Romains que si leur prince aspirait aux honneurs divins, *Viamque affectat Olympo*, il les méritoit par ses exploits, dont la grandeur égaloit celle des plus fameux héros, d'un Bacchus, d'un Hercule, d'un Romulus, héros, qui méprisant les efforts des humains, et apaisant la haine des Dieux, s'étoient frayé un chemin jusq'aux palais des immortels. Mais a t'il voulu faire cesser les clameurs du peuple sur l'infame *Δωδεκαθεος* ? j'en doute. 1. Les dates y répugnent. Suetone ne marque pas celle du *Δωδεκαθεος*; mais nous

derns, particularly Mr. Dacier, find in him many errors. I do not see any ground for your first hypothesis. If Piso had a son when he was thirty years old, this son might be sixteen when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry ; an age which you think agrees with every quality required in him. Did you not forget, in writing this sentence, that Horace died in seven hundred and forty-five, when Piso himself was only forty years old ?

2. I think it certain that Horace, in the third ode of his third book, meant to show the Romans, that if their prince aspired to divine honours, *Viamque affectat Olympo*, he well merited them by his exploits, which rivalled those of the greatest heroes, Bacchus, Hercules, and Romulus, who, after trampling on their human enemies, and appeasing the jealousy of the gods, had opened for themselves a road to the palace of the immortals. But did the poet also intend, by this ode, to resist and destroy the clamours of the people concerning the infamous supper of the twelve gods ? I think he did not. 1. This design does not agree with chronology. Suetonius does not tell us the date of this supper ; but since Mark Antony mentioned it, in his letters

nous savons toujours que puisque Marc Antoine la rapella dans les lettres à son rival *. Elle arriva avant la dernière brouillerie des triumvirs, ou avant l'an 721. Suivant Bentley † dont vous adoptez les idées, Horace composa le troisième livre des Odes dans la quarante deuxième, et la quarante troisième année de son age, c'est à dire, en 728 et 729. Une justification venue sept ou huit ans après coup, bien loin de faire plaisir à Auguste n'auroit servi qu'à faire revivre la mémoire de ces excès, que la politique du prince, et la reconnoissance du peuple avoient plongé dans l'oubli. 2. Auguste soupa avec onze hommes, ou femmes, pareillement équipés en divinités. Horace élevoit bien Auguste à la table des dieux, *purpureo bibit ore nectar*; mais y placoit il aussi tous ses compagnon? L'honneur feroit devenu bien banal, et un tel panégyrique n'eut pas été fort éloigné de la satire. Je conviens bien du reste avec vous, que trouver le plan d'un morceau de poésie Lyrique, est un but plus desirable que

letters to Augustus *, it must have happened before the last quarrel of the triumvirs. According to Bentley †, whose opinion you adopt, Horace wrote the third book of his odes in the forty-second and forty-third years of his age; that is, in the seven hundred and twenty-eighth and seven hundred and twenty-ninth years of Rome. An apology for Augustus' debaucheries, written seven years after they happened, could have only served to revive the memory of enormities, which the policy of that prince and the gratitude of the Romans had long consigned to oblivion. 2. Augustus supped with eleven men and women, who, as well as himself, were adorned with the emblems of divinities. The poet seated Augustus at the table of the gods, *purpureo bibit ore nectar*; but can we reasonably suppose that he meant to place there the companions of his feast? This would have been to render the honour too common; and his panegyric would have degenerated into a satire. I agree with you, that it is rather desirable than necessary to discover the

* Suet. L. ii. c. 70.

† Bentley in Præfat. ad Horat.

que nécessaire. Les Lyriques ont toujours eu le privilege de prendre un vol que l'imagination admire, et que la timide raison n'ose critiquer. Dans l'ode dont nous parlons, que ce défaut, si c'en est un, est racheté par de grandes beautés ! Les deux premières strophes font sentir quel effet, l'union de la philosophie avec la poésie, peut produire : le *justum et tenacem propositi virum* est le sage des stoiciens, leur roi *, leur seul heureux. La justice formoit toutes ses résolutions ; une constance inébranlable le rendoit ardent à les suivre †. Un tel homme au dessus des passions et des préjugés, n'y jettoit quelquefois les yeux que pour s'écrier,

“ O ! curas hominum ! O ! quantum in rebus inane ! ”

S'il est honteux pour l'espece humaine de n'avoir jamais produit cet homme ; il lui est bien honorable d'avoir su en former un tableau. Quelle gradation dans les images ! son sage résisteroit aux clameurs
d'une

plan of an ode ; the writers of Lyric poetry having always enjoyed the privilege of soaring to heights, which, if admired by fancy, must not be criticised by reason. This fault, if it be one, is compensated by great beauties. The two first stanzas prove the wonderful efficacy of poetry when combined with philosophy. The *justum & tenacem propositi virum* is the sage of the Stoics, their king *, and only happy man ; all whose designs are just, and inflexibly pursued †. Such a being, exempt from passions and prejudices, never casts his eyes on the tumults of human life, without exclaiming,

“ O ! curas hominum ! O ! quantum in rebus inane ! ”

To the disgrace of mankind, such a character never existed ; but it is not a small honour for the species, that such perfect virtue has been described and relished. The climax is beautiful. The sage would resist the clamorous

* Horat. Serm. L. i. Serm. iii. ver. 124.

† Cicero pro Murenæ, c. 29. De la Mothe le Vayer, tom. i. p. 606, &c. de la Vertu des Payens.

d'une multitude forcenée. Mais la colère du peuple s'appaise avec la même facilité qu'elle s'est allumée. Il mépriseroit les menaces d'un tyran furieux ; mais les cœurs des tyrans se font quelquefois laissé fléchir. Il entendroit sans fremir le bruit des tempêtes sourdes aux cris des malheureux. Mais la fortune a souvent sauvé les victimes à la fureur des flots. Egal à Jupiter, il n'en craindroit par la foudre. Ici l'imagination s'arrete en tremblant. Elle craint pour le poète une chute foible ou outrée ; elle ne sent point d'image supérieure au courroux du maître des Dieux et des hommes. Avec quel étonnement admire t'elle le génie du poète, quand elle lit, " Il recevra sans fourciller le choc de l'univers écroulé, où une même destruction de-
" voit envelopper, les hommes, les élémens, et les Dieux eux mêmes*." Je m'arrete. Peut etre ces réflexions vous ennuyent : en ce cas, c'est ma faute. J'aurai cependant rempli mon but qui étoit de faire voir le point de vue sous lequel je considere l'érudition la plus grande.

Comme

fury of a mad multitude ; but this popular rage is often appeased as easily as it is kindled. He would despise the threats of a furious tyrant : but the hearts of tyrants sometimes relent with compassion. He would hear without terror the raging tempest, which overpowers the cries of the wretched ; but fortune has often rescued victims from the boisterous waves. He would not dread the thunder of Jupiter : here the trembling imagination pauses, fearing lest the poet should either sink into meanness, or swell into bombast ; because it seems impossible to conceive a bolder image than the enraged master of gods and men. But our fear is converted into admiration, when we read " he would sustain unterrified the crashing shock of the universe, " by which the elements, men, and gods are involved in one common " ruin*." I stop here, lest my reflections should tire you ; which, if they do, it must be my fault. I shall have attained, however, my purpose, which was to show the point of view under which I consider the most profound erudition. Regarded as a mean or instrument, it merits our highest

* Plin. L. vi. Epist. 20.

admiration :

Comme moyen, elle mérite toute notre admiration ; comme fin dernière, tout notre mépris.

3. Vous connoissiez, Monsieur, ce fameux passage de Velleius Paterculus *, qui a donné tant de peine aux favans. Le voici : *Ita Drusus qui a patre ad id ipsum plurimo pridem igne emicans incendium militaris tumultus missus erat, priscâ antiquâque severitate usus, ancipitia sibi tam rem quam exemplo perniciofa, et his ipsis militum gladiis, quibus obsessus erat, obsidentes cocercuit.* Il ne paroît pas qu'on en puisse tirer quelques sens raisonnable. Il faut absolument le supposer, ou inutile, ou corrompu. Aussi tous les critiques, qui ont travaillé sur cet auteur, ont ils essayé de le rétablir. Burerius, Acidalius, Grutar, Boeclerus, Heinsius, Burman, ont tous fourni des conjectures plus ou moins vraisemblables, mais que je ne me propose pas de discuter. Il vaudra mieux, je crois, vous en offrir une de ma façon, et vous laisser juge de son plus, ou moins de probabilité. Au lieu de la leçon reçue, je lirai, *Priscâ antiquâque severitate, fusus ancipitia sibi tam re quam exemplo perniciofa.* Il saute aux yeux combien ce léger changement présente un sens net. Il est aisé de faire
voir

admiration ; but considered as an ultimate end, it is entitled to nothing but contempt.

3. You remember, Sir, that famous passage of Velleius Paterculus * which has given so much trouble to the learned. It is as follows : * * * * It seems unsusceptible of any meaning, and must be supposed either defective or corrupt. All the critics, therefore, who have examined it, endeavour to restore the text. Burerius, Acidalius, Gruter, Boeclerus, Heinsius, Burman, have, all of them, given conjectures more or less probable, which I shall not here discuss. I shall rather submit an emendation of my own to your judgment. Instead of the common reading, I would substitute *Priscâ antiquâque severitate, fusus ancipitia sibi tam re quam exemplo perniciofa.* We see at once that this small alteration produces a clear and distinct sense ; and

* Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 125.

voir qu'elle est des plus conformes à l'analogie de la langue, et à la vérité de l'histoire. Les meilleurs grammairiens reconnoissent aujourd'hui, que les Latins, faute d'une forme moyenne à leurs verbes, se sont souvent servi des participes d'une terminaison passive dans un sens actif *. Qu'ainsi ils ont dit *juratus*, *punitus*, pour dire *qui juravit*, *qui punivit*. On trouve même *peragratus* dans ce sens, dans Velleius lui même †. Ainsi *fusus*, pour exprimer l'action de Drusus, ne doit pas étonner. L'histoire est également favorable à notre correction. Drusus (suivant Tacite) arrive au camp des rebelles ‡. Ses ordres sont méprisés, ses offres deviennent suspectes. Les soldats le tiennent prisonnier dans le camp, ils outragent ses amis, ils ne cherchent qu'un prétexte pour commencer le carnage; quel danger pour la personne! *Sibi ancipitia tam re*. On connoit la sévérité de la discipline Romaine. Les chefs étoient pour les soldats, des dieux; leurs ordres, des oracles. Quel renversement de toutes ces maximes! Quel funeste exemple pour l'avenir, que
la

the correction may be proved to be equally conformable to the analogy of the Latin tongue, and agreeable to the truth of history. The best grammarians acknowledge that the Latin, not having a middle voice, admits of a passive participle in an active signification *. Thus, *juratus*, *punitus*, sometimes denote *qui juravit*, *qui punivit*. We find *peragratus* used in this meaning by Velleius himself †. *Fusus* may therefore, without impropriety, denote the action of Drusus. History also favours this correction. According to Tacitus, when Drusus arrived in the camp of the rebels, his orders were disobeyed, his offers suspected, the soldiers made him prisoner, they insulted his friends, and waited only for a pretence to begin the slaughter. Such were the dangers that threatened his person! *Sibi ancipitia tam re*. The severity of the Roman discipline is well known. The generals were the gods of the soldiers, and their orders received as oracles. But ancient maxims were now overturned; and the sedition of the Pannonian legions created an

* V. Burman ad Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 97. Perizon. ad Sanct. Minerv. L. i. c. 15. n. 4.

† Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 97.

‡ Tacit. Annal. i. c. 24, &c.

example

la sédition des légions Pannoniennes ! Le fanatisme, qui a fait tant de maux, fit cette fois du bien : une éclipse de lune étonna les soldats, et sauva le prince.

J'ai lu avec plaisir, Monsieur, votre explication de la difficulté de Justin. J'admire avec combien d'art vous formez un tissu de la narration des auteurs différens, pour rassembler des rayons épars de lumière dans un même foyer. Si vous n'y avez pas pu porter toute la netteté desirable, je crois qu'on doit s'en prendre uniquement aux ténèbres de l'antiquité et à la brièveté de Justin lui même.

Rassuré par votre suffrage, je n'ai plus de crainte sur mon idée touchant la mort de Catulle. Auparavant je la trouvois vraisemblable ; à présent je commence à la regarder comme certaine.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec la plus haute considération et la plus parfaite estime, Monsieur, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

example most pernicious to posterity. Superstition, which does so much evil, here did good : an eclipse of the moon frightened the soldiers, and saved the life of the general.

I read with much pleasure your solution of the difficulty in Justin ; and admire your skill in extracting a regular narrative, by bringing the scattered lights in authors to one focus. If any uncertainty still remains, it must be ascribed to the darkness of antiquity and Justin's brevity.

Your suffrage removes all fear about the solidity of my conjecture concerning the death of Catullus. I formerly thought it probable, but begin now to regard it as certain. I have the honour to remain, with the highest consideration and most perfect esteem, yours, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

N° IX.

This Letter, in the early hand-writing of Mr. GIBBON, (probably about the time of his first leaving Laufanne,) seems to be under the assumed character of a Swedish traveller, writing to a Swiss friend, delineating the defects he discovered in the government of Berne. In pointing out those defects he seems to have had the intention of suggesting remedies; but, as he is entering on this topic, the manuscript ends abruptly. The excellence of this curious paper will apologize for its great length.

NON, mon cher ami, je ne veux point être cosmopolite. Loin de moi ce titre fastueux, sous lequel nos philosophes cachent une égale indifférence pour tout le genre humain. Je veux aimer ma patrie, et pour aimer, il me faut des préférences: mais où je me trompe, ou mon cœur est susceptible de plus d'une. Quand j'aurois tout sacrifié pour la Suède, mon pays natal, je ne me ferois point encore acquitté envers elle; je lui dois la vie et la fortune: mais que cette vie seroit triste, que cette fortune me seroit à charge, si, expatrié dès ma tendre jeunesse, votre pays n'eût pas formé mon
gout

No; my dear friend, I will not be a citizen of the world; I reject with scorn that proud title, under which our philosophers conceal an equal indifference for the whole human race. I will love my country; and to love it above all others, there must be reasons for my preference: but, if I am not mistaken, my heart is susceptible of affection for more countries than one. Did I sacrifice all to Sweden, I should only pay my debt of gratitude to the land in which I was born, and to which I owe my life and fortune. Yet life and fortune would have been but melancholy burthens, if, after my banishment from home in early youth, your country had not formed my taste

gout et ma raison à des mœurs moins grossières que les nôtres ! Je me montrerois indigne de ces bienfaits, s'il ne m'avoient pas inspiré la plus vive reconnoissance. Aujourd'hui que la Suede, tranquille à l'abri des loix, n'exige de ses enfans que de sentir leur bonheur, je puis, sans l'offenser, jeter un regard sur le pays de Vaud, mon autre patrie, me rejouir avec vous de ses avantages, et compatir à ses maux.

Votre climat est beau, votre terroir fertile ; vous avez pour le commerce intérieur des facilités, dont il ne tient qu'à vous de profiter. Mais je considère plutôt les habitans, que l'habitation. On va chercher les philosophes à Londres. Paris attire dans son sein tous ceux qui n'aiment que la douceur de la société. Votre pays le cède à ces deux capitales, là où elles brillent ; mais cependant il réunit tous leurs avantages respectifs ; il est le seul où tout à la fois on ose penser, et on sache vivre. Que vous manque t'il ? la liberté : et privés d'elle, tout vous manque.

Cette

and reason, and taught me more refined morals than our own. I should prove myself unworthy of this goodness, did it not inspire me with the liveliest gratitude : and now that Sweden, enjoying tranquillity under the protection of laws, requires nothing from its subjects but a just sense of their happiness, I may direct my attention, without offence, to the Pais de Vaud, my second country ; rejoicing with you in its advantages, or commiserating its misfortunes.

You enjoy a fine climate, a fertile soil, and have conveniencies for internal commerce, from which great benefit might be derived. But I consider the people rather than their territory. Philosophy flourishes in London ; Paris is the centre of those attracted by the allurements of polished society. Your country, though inferior to those capitals, yet unites in some measure their respective advantages : since it is the only country whose inhabitants, while they think freely and boldly, live politely and elegantly. What then is wanting ? Liberty ; and deprived of it, you have lost your all.

This

Cette vérité vous surprend, elle vous blesse. Pouvoir dire que nous ne sommes pas libres, me repondez vous, prouve que nous le sommes. Il le prouveroit peut être, si j'écrivois à Lausanne, ou plutôt là même il ne prouveroit rien. Vos maîtres connoissent la maxime du Cardinal Mazarin, de vous laisser parler, pourvu que vous les laissiez agir. Ainsi le procès n'est point encore jugé.

Si j'écrivois pour le peuple je m'adresserois à ses passions ; je le ferois souvenir de cette maxime de tous les tems, que dans les republiques, ceux qui sont libres, sont plus libres, et ceux qui sont esclaves, plus esclaves que partout ailleurs. Mais avec un ami tel que vous, je ne dois chercher que la vérité, et n'employer que la raison. Quand je compare votre état avec celui de vos voisins, c'est avec plaisir que je le prononce heureux. Traversez votre lac et vos montagnes, vous trouverez partout un peuple digne d'un meilleur sort ; sa raison abrutie par la superstition, le patrimoine de ses peres, et le fruit de son industrie, en proie au partisan, ou au hussard.

This truth surprises and offends you. The right of complaining, you answer, that we are not free, is a proof of our liberty. If I wrote at Lausanne, the argument would have weight ; yet even there, it would not be convincing ; for your masters are not ignorant of Cardinal Mazarine's maxim, and are willing to allow you to talk, provided you allow them to act ; so that the process is not yet determined.

If I wrote for the people I would speak to their passions, and hold a language repeated in all ages, that under republics, those who are free are more free, and those who are enslaved, more enslaved, than under any other form of government. But with a friend like you I would seek only the maxims of truth, and employ only the arguments of reason. When I compare your condition with that of surrounding nations, I can sincerely congratulate you on your happiness. Whenever we quit the neighbourhood of your lake and mountains, we find men who, though worthy of a better fate, are plunged in the most abject superstition ; whose property and industry are the spoils

huffard. Sa vie sacrifiée à tout moment au caprice d'un seul homme, qui, lorsqu'il entend parler de vingt milles de ses semblables, morts dans le service de son ambition, dira froidement, qu'ils ont fait leur devoir.

Vous au contraire professez un Christianisme, ramené à la divine pureté de son institution, enseigné par de dignes pasteurs, à qui on permet de se faire aimer, de se faire respecter, mais non de se faire craindre. Votre union avec le Corps Helvetique vous a assuré depuis deux siècles une paix unique dans l'histoire. Vos impôts sont petits, l'administration douce. On n'entend point parler parmi vous de ces sentences sans procès, sans crime, sans accusateur, qui arrachent un citoyen du milieu de sa famille. L'on ne voit jamais le souverain, on le sent rarement. Cependant si la liberté consiste à n'être soumis qu'à des loix, dont l'objet est le bien commun de la société, vous n'etes point libre.

Quand

spoils of a licentious soldiery ; and whose lives are ready every moment to be sacrificed to the caprice of one man, who, when he hears that twenty thousand of his fellow-creatures have fallen sacrifices to his ambition, is contented with saying coldly, " they have done their duty."

You, on the contrary, enjoy a Christianity brought back to the purity of its original principles, taught publicly by worthy ministers, who are loved and respected, but who have it not in their power to become the objects of fear. Your connection with the Swiss cantons has preserved to you the blessings of peace two centuries ; a thing unexampled in history. Your taxes are moderate ; and the public administration is gentle. You have not to complain of those arbitrary sentences, which, without any form of legal procedure, without an accuser, and without a crime, have been known to tear citizens from the bosoms of their families. The sovereign is never seen ; the weight of his authority is rarely felt : yet if liberty consists in being subject to laws, which impartially consult the interests of all the members of the community, you do not enjoy that blessing.

Quand la violence des uns, et la foiblesse des autres, ont rendu nécessaires les sociétés civiles, il a fallu renoncer à cette indépendance si chère, et si pernicieuse. Il a fallu que toutes les volontés particulières se fondissent dans une volonté générale ; à laquelle des punitions réglées obligeassent chaque citoyen de conformer ses actions. Qu'il est délicat, ce pouvoir de fixer la volonté générale ! En quelles mains doit on le remettre ? Sera-ce à un monarque dès-lors absolu. Je fais que l'intérêt bien entendu du prince ne se peut séparer d'avec celui de son peuple, et qu'en travaillant pour lui, il travaille pour soi même. Tel est le langage de la philosophie. Mais ce langage n'est pas un de ceux que les précepteurs font étudier aux rois ; et si un heureux naturel leur en donne quelque idée, leurs passions, ou celles d'un ministre, d'un confesseur, d'une maîtresse, l'effacent bientôt. Le peuple gémit, mais il faut qu'il ait gémi long tems, avant que son maître s'aperçoive qu'il est de l'intérêt d'un berger de conserver son troupeau. Il faut donc que le pouvoir législatif soit partagé.

When the injustice of some, and the weakness of others, showed the necessity for civil society, individuals were obliged to renounce their beloved, but pernicious, independence. All particular wills were melted down into the general will of the public ; by which, under the sanction of definite punishments, men became bound to regulate their conduct. But it is a matter of the utmost delicacy to determine with whom that general will ought to be deposited. Shall it reside in the breast of a prince, who thereby becomes absolute ? I know that the true interests of a prince can never be separated from those of his people, and that in exerting himself for their benefit, he labours for his own. This is the language of philosophy, but it is seldom spoken by the preceptors of princes ; and if the latter sometimes read it in their own hearts, the impression is speedily effaced by contrary passions, in themselves, their confessors, their ministers, or mistresses. The groans of the people are not soon heard ; and their master learns only by a fatal experience, that it is the interest of a shepherd to preserve his flock. The legislative power, therefore, cannot safely be entrusted to a single person.

tagé. Un conseil dont les membres s'éclairent et se contiennent les uns les autres, paroît en être un dépositaire bien choisi. Mais la liberté attache à ce conseil une condition fondamentale. Elle veut que chaque ordre des citoyens, chaque partie de l'état, y ait ses représentans intéressés à s'opposer à toute loi qui seroit nuisible à ses droits, ou contraire à son bonheur, puisqu'eux mêmes en sentiroient les premiers, les mauvais effets. Une telle assemblée fera rarement des fautes grossières, et si elle paye quelquefois le tribut à l'humanité, elle peut rougir de ses erreurs, et les réparer aussi tot. Ce portrait est il le votre? J'entre dans votre pays, je vois deux nations distinguées par leurs droits, leurs occupations, et leurs mœurs. L'une, composée de trois cens familles, est née pour commander; l'autre, de cent mille, n'est formée que pour obéir. Toutes les prétensions humiliantes des monarques héréditaires se renouvellent à votre égard, et deviennent encore plus humiliantes de la part de vos égaux. La comparaison de vos deux états, vous est trop facile. Rien ne vous aide à l'éloigner.

Un

son. A council, whose members mutually instruct, and mutually check each other, appears to be its proper depository. But in this council one condition is essentially requisite. It must consist of deputies from every order in the state, interested by their own safety in opposing every regulation inconsistent with the happiness of that order to which they belong. Such a council will rarely be guilty of gross errors; and should this sometimes happen, it will soon blush for, and repair them. Is this the picture of your legislature? When I survey your country, I behold two nations, distinctly characterised by their rights, employments, and manners: the one, consisting of three hundred families, born to command; the other, consisting of an hundred thousand, doomed to submission. The former are invested, as a body, with all the prerogatives of hereditary monarchs, which are the more humiliating to you their subjects, because they belong to men apparently your equals. The comparison between yourselves and them is made every moment; no circumstance tends to conceal it from your fancy.

Un conseil de trois cens personnes décide de tous vos intérêts en dernier ressort, et si ses intérêts et les vôtres ne sont pas d'accord, qui doit l'emporter? Non seulement ce sénat est législateur, mais il exécute ses propres loix: Cette union de deux puissances qu'on ne devoit jamais réunir, les rend chacune plus formidables. Quand elles sont séparées, la puissance législative redoute les résolutions violentes; elles seroient inutiles, si l'on n'armoit pas les mains de la puissance qui les doit exécuter, et cette puissance est toujours sa rivale, et son contre-poids. Mais ce n'est pas assez que cette union aiguise le glaive de de l'autorité publique, elle le remet encore dans un plus petit nombre de mains: dans le dernier siècle le grand conseil de Berne se renouvelloit lui même; c'étoit déjà un pas vers l'oligarchie: pourquoi exclure des élections le corps de la Bourgeoisie? Alors même le gouvernement s'appuyoit sur un fondement assez étroit. Bientot des inconveniens se firent sentir; la brigue, la vénalité, la débauche, signaloient l'entrée des citoyens dans le conseil souverain, et les riches ambitieux

A council of three hundred persons is the sovereign umpire of your dearest interests, which will always be sacrificed when they clash with their own. This council is invested with the executive, as well as the legislative, power; two branches of authority which can never be united, without rendering each of them too formidable to the subject. When they belong to different persons, or assemblies, the legislature will not venture to form violent resolutions, because these would be of no avail, unless they were carried into execution by another power, always its rival, and often its antagonist. The sword of authority is not only sharpened by this union, but is thereby confined to a smaller number of hands. In the last century the great council of Bern began to elect its own members; which was a great step towards oligarchy, since it excluded from elections the citizens at large, and thereby narrowed the basis of the government. But this arrangement was liable to other inconveniencies. Intrigue, venality, and debauchery signalled the admission of citizens into the sovereign council; and ambitious men squandered their wealth,

ambitieux donnoient tout, pour pouvoir tout invahir. Une députation révocable de vingt fix conseillers, établie dès l'enfance de la république, pour veiller à l'exécution des loix, devint chargée du soin de remplir les places de ce grand conseil dont elle-même tiroit son origine. On y ajoutoit seize sénateurs choisis de la manière la plus favorable aux factieux. Ils possédoient d'abord leur pouvoir collectivement, mais peu à peu l'intérêt particulier leur fit entendre qu'il valoit mieux permettre à chacun de nommer son fils, son gendre, et son parent. Les familles puissantes qui dominoient alors dans le sénat, y dominant encore. Les de Watteviles, et les Steiguers, y remplissent une trentaine de places. Le commerce intéressé de bienfaits, où l'on passe dans le petit conseil par les suffrages de ses parens, pour faire entrer de nouveaux parens dans le grand conseil, à déjà réduit le nombre des familles qui siegent dans celui-ci, à environ quatre vingt. Ces maisons souveraines ont un égal mépris pour ceux que le droit naturel auroit du rendre leurs concitoyens, et
pour

that they might purchase a right to indulge their rapacity. A committee of six counsellors, established in the infancy of the republic, to watch the execution of the laws, and whose offices were held at pleasure, became entrusted with the power of naming the members of the grand council, by which this committee itself was appointed. Its number was augmented by sixteen senators, chosen in the manner most favourable to the designs of faction. They exercised their power at first collectively, but by degrees they came to understand that their particular interests would be better promoted by each naming his son, son-in-law, or kinsman. The powerful families which then commanded the senate, still rule in it at present. Thirty places are filled by the Watteviles and Steiguers. This selfish traffic, by which the members of the little council are elected by the great council, consisting of their own relations, that they may name other relations to seats in the great council, has reduced the number of families, which have a right to sit in the latter, to nearly fourscore. These princely families look down with equal contempt on those who are their fellow-citizens by the law of nature, and those who were rendered

pour ceux qui le font par la constitution de l'état. Il manque même aux premiers une ressource que les monarques les plus absolus, n'ont pas osé ôter à leurs sujets ; je veux parler de ces tribunaux reconnus du souverain, et révéérés du peuple, pour être l'organe de la patrie, et les dépositaires des loix. Toutes les volontés du prince, qui doivent être obéies, le font plus facilement, quand les sujets voyent combien elles sont raisonnables, puisqu'elles ont passé par l'examen de ces magistrats, qu'on ne peut ni tromper, ni séduire, ni intimider. Aussi répondent ils à cette considération, par une résistance respectueuse, mais déterminée contre l'oppression, où ils étalent tout ce que la raison, la liberté, et l'éloquence peuvent inspirer à des citoyens zelés. C'est principalement dans ces tribunaux paisibles que je trouve ces qualités. Privés d'armes, ils ne doivent leur pouvoir qu'à leur probité, et à leur éloquence. Est il étonnant que ceux, qui n'ont que cette instrument, s'appliquent le plus à le cultiver ? Quelles leçons pour les rois, que les remontrances du Parlement de Paris ? Quels modeles pour le peuple que la conduite des Mandarins de la Chine ? Frappé par un tribunal de cette espece, le monarque ne peut méconnoître

dered such by the constitution of their country. The former class is deprived of a resource which the most absolute princes have seldom ventured to wrest from their subjects ; I mean those courts of justice acknowledged by the prince, and revered by the people, as the organs of public opinion, and the depositories of the laws. The commands of the sovereign are obeyed with cheerfulness only when their propriety is confirmed by the approbation of those tribunals, whose members it has been found difficult either to deceive, to seduce, or to intimidate. Their resistance to oppression is respectful, but firm ; and in exerting it, they display that warmth of eloquence with which reason and liberty inspire good citizens. In the members of those peaceful tribunals, such qualities appear in their greatest lustre. Destitute of arms, their whole strength lies in their talents and their probity. What noble lessons to kings have been given by the parliament of Paris ? What excellent examples to subjects are set by the Mandarines of China ? Monarchs

are

noître les gémissemens de la patrie. Les citoyens y apprennent qu'ils ont une patrie ; ils attachent à l'aimer, à étudier ses loix, à se former à toutes les vertus publiques. Elles mûrissent dans le silence, l'occasion les développe, ou elles se font l'occasion. Les états du Pays de Vaud, respectables sous les Rois de Bourgogne, et sous les Ducs de Savoye, étoient ce tribunal. Composés de la noblesse, du clergé, et des députés des villes principales, ils s'assembloient tous les ans à Moudon. C'étoit le conseil perpétuel du prince. Sans leur consentement, il ne pouvoit, ni faire de nouvelles loix, ni établir de nouveaux impôts. Si j'étois sur les lieux j'établirais ces droits, par vos monumens les plus authentiques. Tout éloigné que j'en suis, je ne crains pas d'appeler à leur témoignage. Il me reste toujours une preuve moins sensible pour le peuple, mais aussi décisive pour les gens de lettres : c'est l'analogie. Les Barbares du cinquième siècle jetterent par toute l'Europe, les racines de ce gouvernement que Charlemagne établit dans les Pays Bas, la France, l'Italie, la Suisse, et l'Allemagne.

are their organs. The people too learn that they have a country, which they will begin to love, to study its laws, and to form themselves to public virtues. These virtues ripen silently ; they are exerted when an opportunity offers ; and sometimes they will make an opportunity for their own exhibition. In the Pais de Vaud, which was equally respectable under the kings of Burgundy and the dukes of Savoy, the states formed such a tribunal. They were composed of the nobility, clergy, and deputies from the principal cities, which annually assembled at Moudon, and formed the perpetual council of the prince, without whose consent he could neither enact new laws, nor impose new taxes. Were I on the spot, I could prove the existence of those rights by your most authentic records. At a distance I can only appeal to their testimony, and employ an analogical proof, which will be sufficiently convincing to men of letters. The Barbarians, who overflowed Europe in the fifth century, every where laid the foundation of that form of government which Charlemagne established in the Low Countries, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. The different modes of tenure
 2 which:

l'Allemagne. Quelques événemens, les degrés, et les tems ou les arrière-fiefs se formerent des fiefs, ou le clergé acquit des terres seigneuriales, ou les villes achetèrent leurs affranchissemens, y apportèrent de légères différences. Mais le fond de cette constitution est demeuré dans toutes les révolutions, et rien de plus libre que ce fonds. Ces états, leurs membres, et leurs droits se conservèrent toujours, et partout ils étoient les mêmes.

Je vous entends, mon ami, qui m'interrompez. Je vous ai écouté, me dites vous, avec patience : mais que voulez vous conclure de ce tableau de notre gouvernement ? Bien ou mal construit, nous n'en ressentons que des effets salutaires, et vos conseils, vos états, auroient de la peine à nous dégouter de nos magistrats anciens, pour nous faire essayer des nouveautés.

Arretez, Monsieur ; je vous ai parlé en homme libre, et vous me répondez dans le langage de la servitude. Arretez. En convenant pour un moment de votre bonheur, de qui le tenez vous ? de la constitution ?

which were at different times introduced, the various degrees of dependance which one fief came to have on another, the acquisition of lordships by the clergy, and the purchase of franchises by cities ; all these circumstances occasioned but slight differences in the ground-work of the constitution, which remained unalterably founded on a firm basis of liberty. The states, their members, and their rights, were invariably maintained ; remaining uniformly the same at all times, and in all places.

I think that I hear you, my friend, interrupting me. Hitherto, you say, I have listened to you with patience ; but what is your conclusion from this picture of our government ? Whatever defects there may be in its principles, we have experienced its salutary consequences ; and the states and assemblies which you so much commend, will not easily make us abolish our ancient magistracies, in order to try innovations.

It is time, Sir, to pause ; I spoke to you as became a freeman, and you answer me in the language of slavery. Let us admit for a moment your prosperity ; to whom do you owe it ? You will not answer, to the constitution.

stitution? Vous n'osez pas le dire. C'est donc du prince? Les Romains en devoient un plus grand à Titus. Ils étoient cependant de vils esclaves. Brutus vous auroit appris que, dans un état despotique, le prince peut quelquefois vouloir de bien: mais que dans les états libres, il ne peut que le vouloir. La félicité actuelle du citoyen et de l'esclave, est souvent égale, mais celle du dernier est précaire, puisqu'elle est fondée sur les passions des hommes, pendant que celle du premier est assurée. Elle est liée avec les loix qui contiennent également ces mêmes passions dans le souverain et dans le payfan.

Mais malheureusement on ne trouve que trop de choses à reprendre dans votre administration politique. Je vais détailler des fautes, des négligences, des oppressions. Vous vous récrierez sur ma malignité, mais en secret votre esprit grossira le catalogue de cent articles que j'aurai ou ignorés ou oubliés. Il est du devoir du souverain de faire jouir son peuple de tous les avantages de la société civile. Des guerres entreprises pour sa défense, l'en détourneront quelquefois,

tion. It is due then to your rulers. The Romans owed a prosperity yet greater to Titus; but still remained the basest of slaves. Brutus would have taught you that a despot may sometimes choose to promote the public happiness; but that the magistrates of a free people can have no other wish. The advantages actually enjoyed by a citizen and a slave may be the same; but those of the latter are precarious, having no other foundation than the changeable passions of men; whereas those of the former are secure, being solidly supported on those laws which curb guilty passions in the prince as well as in the peasant.

But unfortunately too many faults may be found in your public administration. I shall give you the black list of omissions and oppressions, which, notwithstanding that you will exclaim against my malignity, your own memory will augment by an hundred articles, which I may be either ignorant of, or forget to mention. It is the duty of a sovereign to procure for his people all the happiness of which their condition is susceptible. His public spirited exertions may be suspended by the exigencies of defensive war;

quelquefois ; mais dèsque le calme renait dans ses états, des établissemens utiles, et de sages loix, la religion, les mœurs, les sciences, le commerce, les manufactures, l'agriculture, et la police, méritent toute son attention, et l'en récompenseront avec usure. Sur ces principes jugeons le sénat de Berne. Il a été maître du Pays de Vaud depuis l'an 1536. Quand je considère ce qu'étoient alors la France, l'Angleterre, la Hollande, ou l'Allemagne, j'ai de la peine à me persuader qu'elles étoient les mêmes pays que ceux qui portent aujourd'hui ces noms. De barbares, ils sont devenus civilisés ; d'ignorans, éclairés ; et de pauvres, riches. Je vois des villes où il y avoit des déserts, et les forêts défrichées se sont converties en champs fertiles. Leurs princes, et leurs ministres, un Henri quatre, un Sully, un Colbert, une Elizabeth, un de Wit, un Frederic-Guillaume, ont opéré ces merveilles. La perspective du Pays de Vaud n'est point aussi riante. Les arts languissent, faute de ces récompenses que le prince seul peut donner ; nul commerce, nulles manufactures, nuls projets

war ; but as soon as peace is restored, he will be continually and usefully occupied with the interests of religion, laws, morals, sciences, police, commerce, and agriculture. Let us try the merits of the senate of Bern by these maxims. The members of this senate have been masters of the Païs de Vaud since the year one thousand five hundred and thirty-six. When we consider the deplorable condition in those days of France, England, Holland, and Germany, we can scarcely imagine that they were the same countries with those respectively known at present by the same names. Their barbarism has been civilized, their ignorance enlightened, their poverty enriched ; their deserts have become cities, and their forests now wave with yellow harvests. These wonders have been effected by their princes and ministers : a Henry the Fourth, a Sully, a Colbert, an Elizabeth, a de Witt, and a Frederick William. The comparative condition of the Païs de Vaud at those two remote æras, does not present so pleasing a picture. There the arts still languish, for want of those encouragements which princes only can bestow : the country is still destitute of commerce and manufactures : we hear not of any projects for promoting the public prosperity : we
see

projets utiles pour le pays ; un engourdissement général qui regne partout. Cependant les princes dont je viens de parler n'avoient que des momens pour ces objets, où les Bernois ont eu des siècles. Que n'auroient ils pas fait, ces grands hommes, rarement tranquilles sur le trône, si pendant deux cens douze ans, ils n'eussent eu que des voisins pacifiques, et des peuples soumis ? Je m'en rapporte à vous même. Indiquez moi quelque établissement vraiment utile que vous deviez au souverain. Mais ne m'indiquez pas l'académie de Lausanne, fondée par des vues de dévotion, dans la chaleur d'une réformation, négligée depuis, et toujours académie, quoique un digne magistrat de cette ville, proposât de l'ériger en université.

Non ce n'est point une politique peu éclairée qui fait agir vos maîtres. Je connois trop leur habileté. Mais un monarque aime également tous ses sujets. Les citoyens d'une ville capitale voyent au contraire d'un œil jaloux l'agrandissement des provinces. Si elles s'élevent, disent ils, nous tombons. Nos égales pour les lumières et
les

see nothing but the marks of an universal lethargy. Yet the princes above mentioned had but moments for executing their great designs ; the senators of Bern have had ages. What benefits might not those patriotic kings have conferred on their subjects, if, instead of having their thrones continually shaken by war and sedition, they had enjoyed during two centuries the advantage of having loyal subjects and pacific neighbours ? I appeal to yourself ; point out a single useful establishment which the Païs de Vaud owes to the sovereignty of Bern : but do not tell me of the academy of Lausanne, founded on motives of religion during the zeal of reformation, but since totally neglected, though a worthy magistrate of that city proposed the laudable design of erecting it into an university.

Your masters err not through ignorance. They are not deficient, I know, in political abilities. But while a prince treats with impartial bounty all his subjects, the citizens of an aristocratical capital are apt to behold with jealousy the improvement of the provinces. Their elevation, they think, must pave the way for their own downfal ; and if they become their equals in point of knowledge and riches, they will soon be tempted, they imagine,

les richesses, elles voudroient bientôt l'être en pouvoir. Rappelez-vous l'an 1685. La mauvaise politique de Louis XIV. expatria la partie la plus industrieuse de ses sujets; une multitude se réfugia dans le Pays de Vaud. Il étoit prochain, il étoit François. Ils ne demandoient qu'un azile, et l'auroient payé au poids de l'or par les richesses, et les arts plus précieux que les richesses, qu'ils vous apportent. Mais ici la politique partielle des Bernois s'épouvanta. " Si nous faisons participer ces fugitifs à notre droit de Bourgeoisie; la fortune nous fera commune; mais comment élever des mortels au rang des dieux? Si nous les laissons confondus parmi nos sujets, nos sujets recueilleront le fruit de leur industrie." Ils conclurent enfin avec l'ambassadeur de Porfenna—

" — Qu'il vaut mieux, qu'un roi sur le trône affermi
 " Commande à des sujets, malheureux, mais soumis,
 " Que d'avoir à dompter, au sein de l'abondance
 " D'un peuple trop heureux l'indocile arrogance."

Ces

to aspire at an equality with themselves in power. Recal to memory the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-five; when the wretched policy of Louis the Fourteenth drove from their country the most industrious portion of his subjects, many of whom sought refuge in the Pais de Vaud; a neighbouring district, and speaking their own language. They requested only an asylum, the benefit of which they would richly have repaid by the wealth which they carried with them, and their skill in manufactures, still more valuable. But the narrow policy of Bern took the alarm. " If we make these men citizens of Bern, their interests will coincide with our own. " But is it fit that mortals should be raised to the rank of gods? If they are mixed with the mass of our subjects, our subjects will be enriched by their industry." They concluded therefore, with the ambassadors of Porfenna—" that it was more desirable for a prince to govern a poor but submissive people, than to contend with the unruly passions of men perished by prosperity."

The

Ces exilés las d'effuyer des refus, où ils devoient s'attendre à des prières, passèrent en Hollande, en Prusse, et en Angleterre, où les souverains savoient mieux profiter de cette occasion unique. Il en resta une partie dans le Pays de Vaud, mais c'étoit la partie la plus pauvre, et la plus fainéante, qui n'avoit ni le moyen, ni la volonté d'aller plus loin.

A peine ces malheureux commençoient ils à oublier leurs souffrances passées, que l'expérience leur fit sentir, que pour fuir les persécutions, il faut fuir les hommes. La partie souveraine de l'état avoit succé avec le lait, toute la dureté du système de Calvin, théologien atrabilaire qui aimoit trop la liberté, pour souffrir que les Chrétiens portaissent d'autres fers que les siens. D'ailleurs sa conformité avec les idées d'un célèbre philosophe, intéressoit l'honneur du nom Allemand à le soutenir. Comme les sentimens s'étoient adoucis dans le Pays de Vaud, en proportion avec les mœurs, il falloit y envoyer des formulaires, et des inquisiteurs, destinés à faire autant d'hypocrites

The emigrants, disgusted at being repeatedly refused what they ought to have been requested to accept, travelled to Holland, Prussia, and England, whose rulers had the good sense to avail themselves of an emergency as favourable as it was singular. A part of them indeed remained in the Païs de Vaud, but the poorest and the idlest, who had neither money nor spirit to travel farther.

These unhappy fugitives had no sooner begun to forget their past sufferings, than they learned by fatal experience that, in order to avoid persecution, it was necessary to fly from the society of men. The sovereigns of the country in which they had settled had imbibed the severe system of Calvin, a stern theologian, who loved liberty too well, to endure that Christians should wear any other chains than those imposed by himself. His near conformity in opinion with a celebrated German philosopher, interested the honour of the German name in supporting his doctrines. But in the Païs de Vaud the asperity of religious opinions had softened with the improvement of society. It became necessary, therefore, to send thither formulas

crites qu'ils pourroient, non à la vérité par le fer et le feu, mais par les menaces et les privations d'emploi.

En soutenant les droits de l'humanité, je n'outre point les maximes de la tolérance. Je veux bien que le magistrat ne distribue les récompenses du public, qu'à ceux qui enseignent la religion du public. Je ne lui défens pas même de contenir dans le silence ces novateurs trop hardis qui voudroient éclairer le peuple sur certains objets où l'erreur fait son bonheur. Mais que le souverain se prêtant avec chaleur aux minuties théologiques, décide des questions qu'on ne peut décider, assurément il est absurde. Qu'important des confessions de foi, il ne laisse à des pasteurs vieillis, dans le ministère, et qui ne demandoient qu'à se taire, que le choix du mensonge ou de la mendicité, assurément il est injuste. Mais la persécution cessa.— Qui la fit cesser? Un sentiment de honte? les larmes des sujets? ou bien la crainte qu'inspira l'entreprise d'un Davel, enthousiaste il est vrai, mais enthousiaste pour le bien public? Encore même il regne à Lausanne une inquisition fourde. Les noms d'Arminien, et de Socinien

and inquisitors, designed to make as many hypocrites as possible, not indeed by fire and sword, but by threats and deposition from office.

In supporting the rights of man, I would not carry too far the maxims of toleration. It is just that public rewards should be bestowed only on those who teach the religion of the public; and those bold innovators, who would impart a dangerous light to the people, may very properly be restrained by the arm of the magistrate. But it surely is absurd, that the sovereign should interfere in theological minutiae, and take part warmly in questions which are incapable of being decided. It is particularly unjust, that he should impose confessions of faith on old ministers, who wish to avoid disputation, leaving them the miserable alternative of falsehood or beggary. But this persecution has now ceased. What put an end to it? It was not shame, nor the tears of the people, but the boldness of Davel, that meritorious enthusiast. Even to the present day, a secret inquisition still reigns at Lausanne; where the names of Arminian and Socinian are often mentioned in the

nien remplissent encore ces lettres ou de tres honnêtes gens rendent compte à leurs protecteurs des sentimens de leurs concitoyens ; et c'est suivant ces indices que les places se distribuent.

Je viens, non pas d'épuiser, mais d'indiquer quelques défauts qui se trouvent dans votre puissance législative. Passons à l'exécutrice. Celle-ci est la force publique, comme l'autre est la volonté publique. Mais un seul corps, un seul homme, peut délibérer et décider pour toute une nation. Il ne peut tout seul agir pour elle. L'administration politique, composée d'un nombre infini de branches, veut qu'un grand nombre d'officiers, soumis les uns aux autres, s'employent à faire jouer la machine à laquelle le maître ne peut que donner le mouvement général. Les honneurs, et les avantages, que les loix attachent à ces emplois, doivent être ouverts à tous les citoyens, que leurs talens et leur éducation ont mis en état de les remplir. Les fardeaux leur sont communs à tous, les recompenses doivent l'être aussi. Un gouvernement monarchique satisfait aisément à ces justes prétensions.

the letters written by very honest people to their patrons of Bern; and offices are often given or withheld according to the reports made of the religious tenets of the candidates.

Having made these strictures on your legislature, which by no means exhaust the subject, I proceed to consider the defects of your executive power; which is the public force, as the legislature ought to be the public will. But a single council, or a single man, may deliberate and resolve for a whole nation; the executive power, on the contrary, requires the exertions of many: as it is composed of a great variety of branches, many officers, subordinate one to the other, must actuate the different parts of the machine, to which the chief magistrate can only communicate the first general movement. The honours and emoluments legally attached to such offices, ought to be open to all those citizens who are properly qualified for discharging them. Each individual, as he bears a share of the public burdens, is entitled also to a share of the public rewards. This just arrangement is easily maintained in monarchies; where, with the exception of a few courtiers, who, by being continually

prétensions. 'A l'exception de quelques courtisans, qui approchent la personne du prince d'assez près, pour substituer la flatterie aux services, tous ses sujets lui sont égaux. Dèsqu'un homme a du mérite, ou, si l'on veut de la faveur, on ne lui demande point s'il est Normand ou Provençal. D'Epernon étoit Gascon; Richelieu, Champenois; Mazarin, Romain. Mais dans les républiques aristocratiques, les souverains composés de toute une ville veulent être législateurs en corps, et partager entre eux en détail tous les emplois considérables. Les talens, les lumières, dans votre Pays, sont inutiles pour quiconque n'est pas né Bernois, et dans un autre sens ils sont également inutiles pour qui l'est. Le sujet se voit condamné par sa naissance à ramper dans une honteuse obscurité. Le désespoir le saisit; il néglige ce qui ne le peut mener à rien, et le grand homme ne devient qu'un homme agréable. Si je parlais de faire participer les sujets aux Bailliages, les Bernois crieroient au sacrilège; les Bailliages sont le patrimoine

continually about the prince's person, have an opportunity of substituting flattery instead of real services, all the inhabitants of the kingdom are treated with comparative equity. In France, provided a man has court-favour or merit, the question is never asked whether he comes from Provence or Normandy. D'Epernon was born in Gascony; Richelieu, in Champagne; Mazarine, in Rome. But in aristocratical republics, the citizens of one town are not contented with being sovereigns collectively, unless they individually appropriate all offices of honour or emolument. In the canton of Bern talents and information are not of the smallest use to any one who is not born in the capital; and in another sense they are useless to those born there; because they *must* make their way without them. Their subjects in the Pais de Vaud are condemned, by the circumstances of their birth, to a condition of shameful obscurity. They naturally become, therefore, a prey to despair; and neglecting to cultivate talents which they can never enjoy an opportunity to display, those who had capacities for becoming great men are contented with making themselves agreeable companions. Should I propose that the subjects obtained a right to hold the lucrative employments of

Baillis,

patrimoine de l'état, et nous sommes l'état. Il est vrai qu'on vous laisse les Lieutenances Baillivales; mais vous savez assez qu'on y mêle certaines stipulations, de façon que, si le nouveau magistrat ne vit pas quelque tems, sa famille perd au marché.

Privés de ressources, que reste il aux gentilhommes du Pays de Vaud? le service étranger. Mais on n'a pas manqué de leur rendre cette carrière des plus épineuses, et de leur y fermer l'accès des grades un peu élevés. Je ne dirai rien du brillant service de France. Les dépenses sont inévitables, et la paye si modique que l'enseigne se ruine, le capitaine vit à peine, et même le colonel ne peut amasser. Ainsi vous devez bénir le soin paternel du souverain qui a dressé toutes les capitulations, de manière à ne vous point introduire en tentation. Ne parlons que du service des Etats Généraux, service plus utile que riant, ou l'on s'ennuie et s'enrichit. Par le traité de 1712, le Canton de Berne accorda vingt quatre compagnies à leurs Hautes

Puissances,

Baillis, or governors of districts, the aristocratical families of Bern would think me guilty of a crime little less than sacrilege. "The emoluments of these offices form the patrimony of the state; and we are the state." It is true, that you in the Pays de Vaud may be deputies to the Baillis; but the advantages belonging to that subordinate magistracy are obtained on certain conditions, which, unless the holder of the office lives a certain number of years, renders his bargain a very bad one for his family.

What encouragement is then left for the gentlemen of the Pays de Vaud? That of foreign service. But to them, even this road to preferment is extremely difficult; and to attain the higher ranks is impossible. I speak not of the brilliant service of France: in that country, expence is unavoidable; the ensign is ruined, the captain can scarcely live, and the colonel cannot save money. You are therefore obliged to the paternal care of the magistrates of Bern, whose treaties for supplying troops to France do not lead you into temptation. Let us only consider the service of Holland, a service more profitable than showy, where officers have nothing to do but to grow rich. By the treaty of 1712, the Canton of Bern granted the use of twenty-four

four

Puissances, et promet de permettre qu'on en fit toujours des recrues dans leurs états. Seize compagnies étoient destinées aux Bernois, et les souverains partageoient avec leurs sujets les huit autres compagnies, dont on daignoit laisser l'entrée ouverte à ceux ci : ainsi à ne supposer le crédit des Bernois qu'égal à celui des sujets, pour parvenir à ces huit dernières compagnies, ce peuple roi en posséderoit toujours vingt, sur vingt quatre. La proportion est honnête, si l'on fait attention qu'il y a dans le Canton près de cent mille hommes en état de porter les armes, dont il n'y en a pas huit cens, bourgeois de Berne. D'ailleurs les petits bourgeois, à qui ce nom seul inspire de la fierté, aiment mieux croupir dans la misère à Berne, que de se faire par leur travail un état vraiment respectable. Ainsi dans toutes ces troupes, je doute qu'on puisse trouver cinquante Bernois qui ne soient par officiers.

Ces malheurs, me dites vous, ne sont que pour les gentilhommes ; c'est à dire, pour la partie la plus respectable, mais la moins nombreuse,

four companies to their High Mightinesses, and promised that they should always be allowed to recruit them in their territories. But the command of sixteen of those companies was appropriated by the citizens of Bern, and the remaining eight were left common between them and their subjects in the Païs de Vaud. On the supposition, then, that the interest of both classes of candidates for those companies is equal, the sovereign people will obtain four out of the eight, and twenty out of the whole twenty-four. This proportion appears the more unreasonable, when it is considered that in the canton there are above an hundred thousand men fit to bear arms, of whom scarcely eight hundred are citizens of Bern. Besides, the poorer classes of citizens, proud merely of this title, prefer living in idleness at Bern to honourable exertions abroad, by which they might better their condition. I doubt, therefore, whether fifty citizens of Bern, who are not officers, will be found in the whole of the Swiss Dutch troops.

These inconveniencies, you will tell me, are only felt by men of family ; that is to say, by the most respectable, but least numerous, portion of the community ;

breuse, des citoyens. Ils s'évanouissent dans ces maximes générales et égales que vous venez d'établir. La tyrannie de vos Baillis s'y évanouit elle aussi ? Le peuple, nom si cher à l'humanité, en sent tout le joug. Je ne vous conterai point des histoires de leurs oppressions. Vous me chicaneriez sur la vérité des faits, et puis vous me diriez, qu'il ne faut jamais conclure du particulier au général, et vous auriez raison. Il vaut mieux faire sentir l'étendue de leur pouvoir, et laisser à votre connoissance du cœur humain, à juger de l'usage qu'ils en font. Chaque Bailli est à la fois chef de la justice, de la milice, des finances, et de la religion. Comme juge, il décide sans appel jusqu'à la somme de cent francs, somme tres modique pour vous, mais qui fait la fortune d'un paysan ; et il décide seul, car ses assesseurs, n'ont pas voix pondérative. Il donne, ou plutôt il vend, presque tous les emplois dans son bailliage. Si l'on veut appeller de ses sentences, il n'y a plus de tribunal à Moudon ; il faut aller à Berne, et quel paysan veut se ruiner à la poursuite de la justice ?

community ; and they disappear amidst the general equity and impartiality of the public administration. But does the tyranny of the *bailiffs* disappear also ? The people, a name so dear to humanity, feel the full weight of their oppression. I will not have recourse to particular examples ; because you might call in question the authenticity of facts, or object with reason, that general conclusions are not to be drawn from particular principles. I shall be contented with pointing out the extent of their power, and leave to your own knowledge of human nature to infer the abuses with which it must be accompanied. In his own district every bailiff is at the head of religion, of the law, the army, and the finances. As judge, he decides, without appeal, all causes to the amount of an hundred franks ; a sum of little importance to a gentleman, but which often makes the whole fortune of a peasant ; and he decides alone, for the voice of his assessors has not any weight in the scale. He confers, or rather he sells, all the employments in his district. When the injured party wishes to appeal from his sentence, as there is no court of justice at Moudon, he is obliged to remove the cause to Bern ; and

justice? S'il cherche encore à faire punir son tyran, il demande l'entrée en conseil. L'Avoyer l'accorde, peut être avec beaucoup de difficulté, et à force de fatigues et de dépenses il parvient à pouvoir plaider devant un tribunal lié avec son baillif par le sang, et plus encore par une conformité de forfaits, ou d'intérêts.

Votre pays est épuisé par les impôts, tout modiques qu'ils sont. Dévelopons cette idée. Pendant que les pays le plus riches de l'Europe s'abymant de dépenses et de dettes, et mettent en œuvre des moyens qui feroient trembler le plus hardi dissipateur, le Canton de Berne est le seul qui amasse des trésors. Le secret de l'état est si bien gardé, qu'il est difficile de le deviner. Stanian, ambassadeur d'Angleterre à Berne, qui avoit un esprit d'observation et de grandes facilités pour se bien informer, estimoit, il y a quarante ans, les sommes qu'il avoit dans les fonds publics de Londres à trois cens milles livres sterling, ou sept millions, et tout ce qui étoit resté dans le trésor de Berne, ou dispersé dans les autres banques de l'Europe, à dix huit cens

how few peasants can bear this expence? But if his eagerness to punish his tyrant carries him thither, it is not without many difficulties on his part that the Avoyer, or chief magistrate, grants him admission into the council; where, after all his trouble and expence, he is finally allowed to plead his cause before a tribunal, the members of which are connected with his oppressor by the ties of blood, and still more by a conformity of interests and crimes.

Your taxes, moderate as they are, exhaust the country. This observation requires to be explained. While the great kingdoms of Europe, loaded with expences and debts, are driven to expedients which would alarm the wildest prodigal, Bern is the only state which has amassed a large treasure. The secret has been so well kept, that it is not easy to ascertain its amount. Stanyan, the British envoy at Bern, a man inquisitive and possessed of good means of information, estimated forty years ago the money belonging to that republic, in the English funds, at three hundred thousand pounds, or seven millions of Swiss livres; and the sums remaining in the treasury of Bern, or dispersed through the other funds or banks of Europe, at eighteen hundred

cens mille livres sterling, ou quarante trois millions. On peut croire que ces trésors n'ont pas diminués depuis l'an 1722. Le moyen que le Canton employe pour s'enrichir est très simple. Il dépense beaucoup moins qu'il ne reçoit. Mais que reçoit il? Je l'ignore; mais je vais tâcher de le deviner. Les douze bailliages du Pays de Vaud rendent dans leurs six ans, à peu pres cinq cens mille livres de Suisse, les uns portant les autres. Le revenu de douze, peut donc monter à un million de livres de rente. J'ai toujours entendu dire que les Baillis prennent le dix pour cent sur les revenus du souverain. Le voilà donc ce revenu d'un million par année. En rabattant les cent mille livres des Baillis, je compterais encore cent mille écûs pour les charges de l'état, ce qui n'est point une supposition batie en l'air. Les autres deux cens mille ecûs, qui dans un autre pays, fourniroient à l'entretien d'une cour et d'une armée, dont les dépenses feroient retomber sur la terre la rosée qui en étoit tirée, vont ici s'enfouir dans les coffres du souverain, ou se disperser
dans

hundred thousand pounds sterling, or forty-three millions Swiss. These treasures have not probably diminished since the year 1722. The Canton enriches itself by the simple means of receiving much and expending little. But what is the amount of its receipts? I know not, but I will try to discover it. The twelve bailiwicks, or districts, of the Pays de Vaud pay, one with another, during the six years that they are governed by the same magistrate, five hundred thousand Swiss livres. The contributions, therefore, of all the twelve amount to a million of livres annually, I have always been told that the bailiffs, or governors, retain ten *per cent.* on the revenues raised within their respective jurisdictions. The million of revenue, diminished by an hundred thousand livres consumed in the appointments of the *bailiffs*, is reduced to three hundred thousand crowns; of which one hundred thousand may be allowed for the expences of the state, a sum not chosen at random; and the other two hundred thousand crowns, which in other countries would be employed in the maintenance of a court and army, whose incomes would circulate through the general mass of the people on whom they had been raised, are here buried in the coffers of the sovereignty,

dans les banques publiques, et précaires de l'Europe, pour être un jour une proie à l'infidélité d'un commis, ou à l'ambition d'un conquérant. Cette peste continuelle des espèces éteint l'industrie, empêche tout effort, qui ne se peut faire sans argent, et appauvrit insensiblement le pays.

Tels sont vos maux, Monsieur. Eh bien ! me répondez vous, n'avez vous fondé nos playes que pour en aigrir la douleur ? Quel conseil nous donnez vous ? Aucun, si vous ne m'avez pas déjà prévenu. Il y a une voye que je puis vous conseiller, c'est celle de la remontrance. Mais il y a des maux tellement enracinés dans la constitution d'un état, que Platon lui même n'eut pas espéré du succès pour une pareille députation. Ne tiendront ils pas contre les remontrances, eux qui ont pu tenir contre deux cens ans de fidélité et de services ? Il y a un autre remède plus prompt, plus entier, plus glorieux : Guillaume Tell vous l'eût conseillé ; mais je ne vous le conseille point. Je fais que l'esprit du citoyen, comme celui de la charité, souffre beaucoup, et espère longtems. Il a raison. Il connoit
les

or dispersed through the precarious banks of Europe, to become one day a prey to the knavery of a clerk, or the ambition of a conqueror. This continual absorption of specie extinguishes industry, deadens every enterprise that requires the aid of money, and gradually impoverishes the country.

These, Sir, are your hardships. But I think you will say to me, "Have you thus probed our wounds merely to make us feel their smart ? What advice do you give us ?" None, unless you have already anticipated it. I would indeed advise you to remonstrate. But there are evils so deeply rooted in governments, that Plato himself would despair of curing them. What could you expect to obtain from those masters by remonstrances, who have remained during two centuries insensible to the merit of your faithful service ? There is another remedy, more prompt, more perfect, and more glorious. William Tell would have prescribed it ; I do not. I know that the spirit of a good citizen is, like that of charity, long-suffering, and hoping all things. The citizen is in the right ; since he knows the evils resulting from his sub-

les malheurs attachés à la soumission. Il ignore ceux que la résistance pourroit entraîner. Vous, qui me connoissez, Monsieur, vous savez combien je respecte ces principes amis de la paix et des hommes. Tribun féditieux, je ne chercherai jamais à faire secouer au peuple le joug de l'autorité, pour le conduire du murmure, à la sédition ; de la sédition, à l'anarchie ; et de l'anarchie, peut être, au despotisme.

Cependant avec la franchise, qui a partout conduit ma plume, je vais détruire quelques monstres de Romans, qui vous peuvent effrayer. Que vous préféreriez le parti de l'entreprise ou celui du repos, je voudrois que ce fut la raison, et non le préjugé, qui vous dictât ce parti.

Les Bernois ont les droits sur votre obéissance ; vous craignez de leur faire une injustice en la retirant.

mission, but knows not the greater evils which might be produced by his resistance. You know me too well to be ignorant how much I respect those principles, so friendly to the interests of peace and of human kind. I will never, in the language of a seditious tribune, persuade the people to shake off the yoke of authority, that they may proceed from murmur to sedition, from sedition to anarchy, and from anarchy perhaps to despotism.

Yet, with the freedom which has hitherto guided my pen, I will endeavour to destroy some giants of romance, which might otherwise inspire you with vain terror. Whether you prefer the road of bold enterprise or cautious repose, I wish that reason, not prejudice, should dictate your choice.

The magistrates of Bern have a right to expect your obedience : you fear to do them wrong in withholding it.

N° X.

Mr. GIBBON to Mrs. PORTEN.

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, 1756.

FEAR no reproaches for your negligence, however great ; for your silence, however long. I love you too well to make you any. Nothing, in my opinion, is so ridiculous as some kind of friends, wives, and lovers, who look on no crime as so heinous as the letting slip a post without writing. The charm of friendship is liberty ; and he that would destroy the one, destroys, without designing it, the better half of the other. I compare friendship to charity, and letters to alms ; the last signifies nothing without the first, and very often the first is very strong, although it does not shew itself by the other. It is not good-will which is wanting, it is only opportunities or means. However, one month—two months—three months—four months—I began not to be angry, but to be uneasy, for fear some accident had happened to you. I was often on the point of writing, but was always stopped by the hopes of hearing from you the next post. Besides, not to flatter you, your excuse is a very bad one. *You cannot entertain me by your letters.* I think I ought to know that better than you ; and I assure you that one of *your plain sincere letters* entertains me more than the most polished one of Pliny or Cicero. 'Tis your heart speaks, and I look on your heart as much better in its way than either of their heads.

Out of pure politeness I ought to talk of * * * * * before myself. I was some hours with him in this place, that is to say, almost all the time he was here. I find him always * * * * *, always good-natured, always amusing, and always trifling. I asked him some questions about Italy ; he told me, he hurried out

of it as soon as he could, because there was no French comedy, and he did not love the Italian opera. I let slip some words of the pleasure he should have of seeing his native country again, on account of the services he could render her in parliament. "Yes" (says he), I want vastly to be at London; there are three years "since I have seen Garrick." He spoke to me of you, and indeed not only with consideration, but with affection. Were there nothing else valuable in his character, I should love him, because he loves you. He told me he intended to see you as soon as he should be in England; I am glad he has kept his word. I was so taken up with my old friend, that I could not speak a word to * * * * *. He appeared, however, a good, sensible, modest young man. Poor Minorca indeed thus lost! but poor Englishmen who have lost it! I think the second exclamation still stronger than the first. Poor Lord Torrington! I can't help pitying him. What a shameful uncle he has! I shall lose all my opinion of my countrymen, if the whole nation, Whigs, Tories, Courtiers, Jacobites, &c. &c. &c. &c. are not unanimous in detesting that man. Pray, is there any truth in a story we had here, of a brother of Admiral Byng's having killed himself out of rage and shame? I did not think he had any brothers alive. It is thought here that Byng will be acquitted. I hope not. Though I do not love rash judgments, I cannot help thinking him guilty.

You ask me, when I shall come into England? How should I know it? The 14th of June I wrote to my father, and saying nothing of my return, which I knew would have been to no purpose, I desired him to give me a fixed allowance of 200l. a-year, or, at least, to allow me a servant. No answer. About a fortnight ago I renewed my request; and I cannot yet know what will be my success. I design to make a virtue of necessity, to keep quiet during this winter, and to put in use all my machines next spring, in order to come over,

over *. I shall write the strongest, and at the same time the most dutiful letter I can imagine to my father. If all that produces no effect, I don't know what I can do.

You talk to me of my cousin Ellifon's wedding; but you don't say a word of who she is married to. Is it Elliot? Though you have not seen my father yet, I suppose you have heard of him. How was he in town? His wife, was she with him? Has marriage produced any change in his way of living? Is he to be always at Beriton, or will he come up to London in winter? Pray have you ever seen my mother-in-law, or heard any thing more of her character? Compliments to every body that makes me compliments: to the Gilberts, to the Comarques, to Lord Newnham, &c. When you see the Comarques again, ask them if they did not know, at Putney, Monsieur la Vabre, and his daughters; perhaps you know them yourself. I saw them lately in this country; one of them very well married.

The Englishman who lodges in our house, is little sociable at least for a reasonable person. My health always good, my studies pretty good. I understand Greek pretty well. I have even some kind of correspondence with several learned men, with Mr. Crevier of Paris, with Mr. Bretinger of Zurick, and with Mr. Allamand, a clergyman of this country, the most reasonable divine I ever knew. Do you never read now? I am a little piqued that you say nothing of Sir Charles Grandison; if you have not read it yet, read it for my sake. Perhaps Clarissa does not encourage you; but, in my opinion, it is much superior to Clarissa. When you have read it, read the letters of Madame de Sevigné to her daughter; I don't doubt of their being translated into English. They are properly what I called

* This Letter is a curious specimen of the degree in which Mr. Gibbon had lost the English language in a short time.

in the beginning of my letter, letters of the heart; the natural expressions of a mother's fondness; regret at their being at a great distance from one another, and continual schemes to get together again. All that, won't it please you? There is scarce any thing else in six whole volumes: and notwithstanding that, few people read them without finding them too short. Adieu: my paper is at an end. I don't dare to tell you to write soon. Do it, however, if you can. Yours affectionately,

E. GIBBON.

Nº XI.

*Rev. Dr. WALDGRAVE * to EDWARD GIBBON Esq. junior.*

DEAR SIR,

WASHINGTON, near STORRINGTON, Dec. 7th, 1758.

I HAVE read nothing for some time (and I keep reading on still) that has given me so much pleasure as your letter, which I received by the last post. I rejoice at your return to your country, to your father, and to the good principles of truth and reason. Had I in the least suspected your design of leaving us, I should immediately have put you upon reading Mr. Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants; any one page of which is worth a library of Swiss divinity. It will give me great pleasure to see you at Washington; where I am, I thank God, very well and very happy. I desire my respects to Mr. Gibbon; and am, with very great regard, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

THO. WALDGRAVE.

* Tutor to Mr. Gibbon when he first went to Magdalen College, Oxford.

N° XII.

Mr. GIBBON to his FATHER.

DEAR SIR,

1760.

AN address in writing, from a person who has the pleasure of being with you every day, may appear singular. However, I have preferred this method, as upon paper I can speak without a blush, and be heard without interruption. If my letter displeases you, impute it, dear Sir, only to yourself. You have treated me, not like a son, but like a friend. Can you be surpris'd that I should communicate to a friend, all my thoughts, and all my desires? Unless the friend approve them, let the father never know them; or at least, let him know at the same time, that however reasonable, however eligible, my scheme may appear to me, I would rather forget it for ever, than cause him the slightest uneasiness.

When I first returned to England, attentive to my future interest, you were so good as to give me hopes of a seat in parliament. This seat, it was suppos'd would be an expence of fifteen hundred pounds. This design flattered my vanity, as it might enable me to shine in so august an assembly. It flattered a nobler passion; I promised myself that by the means of this seat I might be one day the instrument of some good to my country. But I soon perceived how little a mere virtuous inclination, unassisted by talents, could contribute towards that great end; and a very short examination discovered to me, that those talents had not fallen to my lot. Do not, dear Sir, impute this declaration to a false modesty, the meanest species of pride. Whatever else I may be ignorant of, I think I know myself, and shall always endeavour to mention my good qualities without vanity, and my defects without repugnance. I shall say nothing of the most intimate acquaintance with his country and language, so ab-

solutely

folutely neceffary to every fenator. Since they may be acquired, to alledge my deficiency in them, would feem only the plea of lazinefs. But I fhall fay with great truth, that I never poffeffed that gift of fpeech, the firft requisite of an orator, which ufe and labour may improve, but which nature alone can beftow. That my temper, quiet, retired, fomewhat referved, could neither acquire popularity, bear up againft oppofition, nor mix with eafe in the crowds of public life. That even my genius (if you will allow me any) is better qualified for the deliberate compositions of the clofet, than for the extemporary difcourfes of the parliament. An unexpected objection would difconcert me; and as I am incapable of explaining to others, what I do not thoroughly underftand myfelf, I fhould be meditating, while I ought to be answering. I even want neceffary prejudices of party, and of nation. In popular afsemblies, it is often neceffary to infpire them; and never orator infpired well a paffion, which he did not feel himfelf. Suppofe me even miftaken in my own character; to fet out with the repugnance fuch an opinion muft produce, offers but an indifferent profpect. But I hear you fay, it is not neceffary that every man fhould enter into parliament with fuch exalted hopes. It is to acquire a title the moft glorious of any in a free country, and to employ the weight and confideration it gives, in the fervice of one's friends. Such motives, though not glorious, yet are not difhonourable; and if we had a borough in our command, if you could bring me in without any great expence, or if our fortune enabled us to defpife that expence, then indeed I fhould think them of the greateft ftrength. But with our private fortune, is it worth while to purchafe at fo high a rate, a title, honourable in itfelf, but which I muft fhare with every fellow that can lay out fifteen hundred pounds? Befides, dear Sir, a merchandife is of little value to the owner, when he is refolved not to fell it.

I fhould affront your penetration, did I not fuppofe you now fee the drift of this letter. It is to appropriate to another ufe the fun

with which you destined to bring me into parliament; to employ it, not in making me great, but in rendering me happy. I have often heard you say yourself, that the allowance you had been so indulgent as to grant me, though very liberal in regard to your estate, was yet but small, when compared with the almost necessary extravagancies of the age. I have indeed found it so, notwithstanding a good deal of œconomy, and an exemption from many of the common expences of youth. This, dear Sir, would be a way of supplying these deficiencies, without any additional expence to you.—But I forbear.—If you think my proposals reasonable, you want no entreaties to engage you to comply with them; if otherwise, all will be without effect.

All that I am afraid of, dear Sir, is, that I should seem not so much asking a favour, as this really is, as exacting a debt. After all I can say, you will still remain the best judge of my good, and your own circumstances. Perhaps, like most landed gentlemen, an addition to my annuity would suit you better, than a sum of money given at once; perhaps the sum itself may be too considerable. Whatever you shall think proper to bestow upon me, or in whatever manner, will be received with equal gratitude.

I intended to stop here; but as I abhor the least appearance of art, I think it will be better to lay open my whole scheme at once. The unhappy war which now desolates Europe, will oblige me to defer seeing France till a peace. But that reason can have no influence upon Italy, a country which every scholar must long to see; should you grant my request, and not disapprove of my manner of employing your bounty, I would leave England this Autumn, and pass the Winter at Laufanne, with M. de Voltaire and my old friends. The armies no longer obstruct my passage, and it must be indifferent to you, whether I am at Laufanne or at London during the Winter, since I shall not be at Beriton. In the Spring I would cross the Alps, and after some stay in Italy, as the war must then

be terminated, return home through France; to live happily with you and my dear mother. I am now two-and-twenty; a tour must take up a considerable time, and though I believe you have no thoughts of settling me soon, (and I am sure I have not,) yet so many things may intervene, that the man who does not travel early, runs a great risk of not travelling at all. But this part of my scheme, as well as the whole, I submit entirely to you.

Permit me, dear Sir, to add, that I do not know whether the complete compliance with my wishes could increase my love and gratitude; but that I am very sure, no refusal could diminish those sentiments with which I shall always remain, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient son and servant,

E. GIBBON junior.

N° XIII.

Mr. MALLET to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

1761.

I COULD not procure you a ticket for the coronation, without putting you to the expence of ten guineas. But I now fend you something much more valuable, which will cost you only a groat. When will your father or you be in town? Desire Becket to fend me one of your books, well bound, for myself: all the other copies I gave away, as Duke Defenany drunk out ten dozen of Lord Bolingbroke's Champagne in his absence---to your honour and glory. I need not tell you that I am,

most affectionately,

the Major's and your

Turn over, read, and be delighted.

very humble servant,

Let your father too read.

D. MALLET.

J'ai lu avec autant d'avidité que de satisfaction le bon et agréable ouvrage, dont l'auteur m'a fait présent. Je parle comme si M. Gibbon ne m'avoit pas loué, et même un peu trop fort. J'ai lu le livre d'un citoyen du monde, d'un véritable homme de lettres, qui les aime pour elles mêmes, sans exception ni prévention, et qui joint à beaucoup

I read with as much eagerness as pleasure the excellent and agreeable work with which the author presented me. I speak as if Mr. Gibbon had not praised me, and that too warmly. His work is that of a real man of letters, who loves them for their own sake, without exception or prejudice; and who unites with much talent the more precious gift of good sense, and an impartiality

coup d'esprit, le bon sens plus rare que l'esprit, ainsi qu'une impartialité qui le rend juste et modeste, malgré l'impression qu'il a du recevoir des auteurs sans nombre qu'il a lus, et tres bien lus. J'ai donc dévoré ce petit ouvrage, auquel je desirerois de bon cœur une plus grande étendue, et que je voudrois faire lire à tout le monde.

Je témoigne aussi à My Lady Hervey, l'obligation que je lui ai, de m'avoir fait connoître un auteur qui prouve à chaque mot, que la littérature n'est ennemie que de l'ignorance et destravers, qui mérite d'avoir des Maty pour amis, et qui d'ailleurs honore et fortifie notre langue par l'usage que son esprit en fait faire. Si j'étois plus savant, j'appuyerois sur le mérite des discussions, et sur la justesse des observations.

CAYLUS.

impartiality that displays his candour and justice, in spite of the bias that he must have received from the innumerable authors whom he has read and studied. I have therefore perused, with the greatest avidity, this little work; and wish that it was more extensive, and read universally.

I would also express my thanks to Lady Hervey, for making me acquainted with an author who proves in every page that learning is hostile only to ignorance and prejudice; who deserves to have a Maty for his friend, and who adds honour and strength to our language by the use which he so ably makes of it. Were I more learned I should dwell on the merit of the discussions, and the justness of the observations.

CAYLUS.

N° XIV.

GEO. LEWIS SCOTT *Esquire* to EDWARD GIBBON *junior*.

SUPPOSING you settled in quarters, dear Sir, I obey your commands, and send you my thoughts, relating to the pursuit of your mathematical studies. You told me, you had read Clairaut's Algebra, and the three first books of l'Hopital's Conic Sections. You did not mention the Elements of Geometry you had perused. Whatever they were, whether Euclid's, or by some other, you will do well, if you have not applied yourself that way for some time past, to go over them again, and render the conclusions familiar to your memory. You may defer, however, a very critical inquiry into the principles and reasoning of geometers, till Dr. Simpson's new edition of Euclid (now in the press) appears. I would have you study that book well; in the mean time recapitulate Clairaut and l'Hopital, so far as you have gone, and then go through the remainder of the marquis's books with care. The fifth book will be an Introduction to the *Analyse des Infiniment petits*;" to which I would advise you to proceed, after finishing the Conic Sections. The *Infiniment petits* may want a comment; Croufaz has written one, but it is a wretched performance: he did not understand the first principles of the science he undertook to illustrate; and his geometry shews, that he did not understand the first principles of geometry. There is a posthumous work of M. Varignon's, called *Eclaircissements sur l'Analyse des Infiniment petits*. Paris, 1725, 4to. This will be often of use to you. However, it must be owned, that the notion of the *Infiniment petits*, or *Infiniteimals*, as we call them, is too bold an assumption, and too remote from the principles of the ancients, our masters in geometry; and has given a handle to an ingenious author
(Berkeley,

(Berkeley, late bishop of Cloyne) to attack the logic of modern mathematicians. He has been answered by many, but by none so clearly as by Mr. Maclaurin, in his Fluxions, (2 vols. in 4to,) where you will meet with a collection of the most valuable discoveries in the mathematical and physico-mathematical sciences. I recommend this author to you; but whether you ought to read him immediately after M. de l'Hopital, may be a question. I think you may be satisfied at first with reading his introduction, and chap. 1. book I. of the grounds of the Method of Fluxions, and then proceed to chap. 12. of the same book, § 495 to § 505 inclusive, where he treats of the Method of Infinitesimals, and of the Limits of Ratios. You may then read chap. 1. book II. § 697 to § 714 inclusive; and this you may do immediately after reading the first section of the *Analyse des Infiniment petits*: or if you please, you may postpone a critical inquiry into the principles of Infinitesimals and Fluxions, till you have seen the use and application of this doctrine in the drawing of Tangents, and in finding the Maxima and Minima of Geometrical Magnitudes. *Annal. des Infin. pet.* § 2 and 3.

When you have read the beginning of l'Hopital's 4th sect. to sect. 65 inclusive, you may read Maclaurin's chap. 2, 3, and 4; where he fully explains the nature of these higher orders of Fluxions, and applies the notion to geometrical figures. Your principles being then firmly established, you may finish M. de l'Hopital.

Your next step must be to the inverse method of Fluxions, called by the French *calcul integral*. Monsieur de Bougainville has given us a treatise upon this subject, Paris, 1754, 4to. under the title *Traité du calcul integral pour servir de suite a l'Analyse des Infiniment petits*. You should have it; but though he explains the methods hitherto found out for the determination of Fluents from given Fluxions, or in the French style, *pour trouver les integrales des differences données*; yet as he has not shewn the use and application of this doctrine, as de l'Hopital did, with respect to that part which he

treats of, M. de Bougainville's book is, for that reason, not so well suited to beginners as could be wished. You may therefore take Carré's book in 4to, printed at Paris, 1700, and entitled, *Méthode pour la Mesure des Surfaces, &c. par l'Application du Calcul integral*. Only I must caution you against depending upon him in his fourth section, where he treats of the centre of oscillation and percussion; he having made several mistakes there, as M. de Mairan has shewn, p. 196. *Mem. de l'Acad. Royale des Sciences*, edit. Paris, 1735. After Carré, you may read Bougainville.

I have recommended French authors to you, because you are a thorough master of that language, and because, by their studying style and clearness of expression, they seem to me best adapted to beginners. Our authors are often profound and acute, but their laconisms, and neglect of expression, often perplex beginners. I except Mr. Maclaurin, who is very clear; but then he has such a vast variety of matter, that a great part of his book is, on that account, too difficult for a beginner. I might recommend other authors to you, as a course of elements; for instance, you might read Mr. Thomas Simpson's Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, and Fluxions; all which contain a great variety of good things. In his Geometry he departs from Euclid without a sufficient reason. However, you may read him after Dr. Robert Simson's Euclid, or together with it, and take notice of what is new in Thomas Simpson. His Algebra you may join with Clairaut; and the rather that Clairaut has been sparing of particular problems, and has, besides, omitted several useful applications of Algebra. Simpson's Fluxions may go hand in hand with l'Hopital, Maclaurin, Carré, and Bougainville. If you come to have a competent knowledge of these authors, you will be far advanced, and you may proceed to the works of Newton, Cotes, the Bernoulli's, Dr. Moivre, &c. as your inclination and time will permit. Sir Isaac Newton's treatise of the Quadrature of Curves has been well commented by Mr. Stewart, and is of itself a good institution

stitution of Fluxions. Sir Isaac's Algebra is commented in several places by Clairaut, and in more in Maclaurin's Algebra; and Newton's famous Principia are explained by the *Minims Jacquirs et le Seur*, Geneva, 4 vols. 4to. Cotes is explained by Don Walmesley, in his *Analyse des Mesures*, &c. Paris, 4to. You see you may find work enough. But my paper bids me subscribe myself, dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

LEICESTER-SQUARE,
May 7, 1762.

GEO. LEWIS SCOTT.

P. S. But I recollect, a little late, that the books I have mentioned, excepting Newton's Principia, and the occasional problems in the rest, treat only of the abstract parts of the Mathematics; and you are, no doubt, willing to look into the concrete parts, or what is called Mixed Mathematics, and the Physico-mathematical Sciences. Of these the principal are, mechanics, optics, and astronomy. As to the principles of mechanics, M. d'Alembert has recommended M. Traubaud's *Principes du Mouvement et de l'Equilibre*, to beginners; and you cannot do better than to study this book. In optics we have Dr. Smith's Complete System, 2 vols. 4to. I wish though, we had a good institution, short and clear; the Doctor's book entering into too great details for beginners. However, you may consider his first book, or popular Treatise, as an Institution, and you will from thence acquire a good deal of knowledge. In astronomy I recommend M. le Monnier's *Institutions Astronomiques*, in 4to. Paris, 1746. It is a translation from Keil's Astronomical Lectures, but with considerable additions. You should also have Cassini's *Elemens d'Astronomie*, 2 vols. 4to. As to the physical causes of the celestial motions, after having read Maclaurin's account of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophical Discoveries, and Dr. Pemberton's View of Sir Isaac's Philosophy, you may read the great author himself, with the comment. But if you read Maclaurin's Fluxions throughout, you will find many points of Sir Isaac's philosophy well explained there.

The theory of light and colours should be studied in Sir Isaac himself, in the English edition of his *Optics*, 8vo. there is a branch of the optical sciences which I have not mentioned, that is, Perspective. Dr. Brook Taylor's is the best system, but his style and expression is embarrassed and obscure. L'Abbé de la Caille has also given a good treatise of Perspective, at the end of his *Optique*: these are of use to painters; but the theory of mathematical projection in general is more extensive, and has been well treated of by old writers, Clavius, Aguillonius, Tacquet, and De Chules: and lately M. de la Caille has given a memoir among those of the *Acad. Roy. des Sciences* of Paris, *anno 1741, sur le calcul des projections en general*. This subject is necessary for the understanding of the theory of maps and planispheres. Mathematicians have also applied their art to the theory of sounds and music. Dr. Smith's *Harmonics* is the principal book of the kind.

Thus have I given you some account of the principal elementary authors in the different branches of mathematical knowledge, and it were much to be wished that we had a complete institution, or course, of all these things of a moderate size, which might serve as an introduction to all the good original authors. Wolfius attempted this; his intention was laudable, but his book is so full of errors of the press, besides some of his own, that I cannot recommend him to a beginner. He might be used occasionally for the signification of terms; and for many historical facts relating to mathematics; and, besides, may be considered as a collector of problems, which is useful.

Besides the books I have mentioned, it might be of use to you to have M. Montucla's *Histoire des Mathematiques*, in 4to. 2 vols. You will there find a history of the progress of the mathematical sciences, and some account of the principal authors relating to this subject.

I mentioned to you in conversation, the superior elegance of the antient method of demonstration. If you incline to examine this point,

point, after being well versed in Euclid, you may proceed to Dr. Simfon's Conic Sections; and to form an idea of the antient analysis or method of investigating the solution of geometrical problems, read Euclid's Data, which Dr. Simfon will publish, together with his new edition of Euclid; and then read his *Loci Plani*, in 4to. The elegance of the method of the ancients is confessed; but it seems to require the remembrance of a great multitude of propositions, and in complicated problems it does not seem probable that it can be extended so far as the algebraic method.

N° XV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Beriton.*

DEAR MADAM,

PARIS, February the 12th, 1763.

YOU remember our agreement,—short and frequent letters. The first part of the treaty you have no doubt of my observing. I think I ought not to leave you any of the second. *A propos* of treaty: our definitive one was signed here yesterday, and this morning the Duke of Bridgewater and Mr. Neville went for London with the news of it. The plenipotentiaries sat up till ten o'clock in the morning at the ambassador of Spain's ball, and then went to sign this treaty, which regulates the fate of Europe.

Paris, in most respects, has fully answered my expectations. I have a number of very good acquaintance, which increase every day; for nothing is so easy as the making them here. Instead of complaining of the want of them, I begin already to think of making a choice. Next Sunday, for instance, I have only three invitations to dinner. Either in the houses you are already acquainted,
you

you meet with people who ask you to come and see them, or some of your friends offer themselves to introduce you. When I speak of these connections, I mean chiefly for dinner and the evening. Suppers, as yet, I am pretty much a stranger to, and I fancy shall continue so; for Paris is divided into two species, who have but little communication with each other. The one, who is chiefly connected with the men of letters, dine very much at home, are glad to see their friends, and pass the evenings till about nine, in agreeable and rational conversation. The others are the most fashionable, sup in numerous parties, and always play, or rather game, both before and after supper. You may easily guess which sort suits me best. Indeed, Madam, we may say what we please of the frivolity of the French, but I do assure you, that in a fortnight passed at Paris, I have heard more conversation worth remembering, and seen more men of letters among the people of fashion, than I had done in two or three winters in London.

Amongst my acquaintance I cannot help mentioning M. Helvetius, the author of the famous book *de l'Esprit*. I met him at dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, where he took great notice of me, made me a visit next day, has ever since treated me, not in a polite but a friendly manner. Besides being a sensible man, an agreeable companion, and the worthiest creature in the world, he has a very pretty wife, an hundred thousand livres a year, and one of the best tables in Paris. The only thing I dislike in him is his great attachment to, and admiration for, * * * *, whose character is indeed at Paris beyond any thing you can conceive. To the great civility of this foreigner, who was not obliged to take the least notice of me, I must just contrast the behaviour of * * * * *.

N° XVI.

Mr. GIBBON to his FATHER.

DEAR SIR,

PARIS, February 24, 1763.

I RECEIVED your letter about twelve days after its date, owing, as I apprehend, to Mr. Foley's negligence. My direction is, à *Monsieur Monsieur Gibbon, Gentilhomme Anglois à l'Hotel de Londres, rue de Columbier, Fauxbourg St. Germain, à Paris.* You see I am still in that part of the town; and indeed from all the intelligence I could collect, I saw no reason to change, either on account of cheapness or pleasantness. Madame Bontems, Mrs. Mallet's friend, and a Marquis de Mirabeau, (I got acquainted with at her house,) have acted a very friendly part; though all their endeavours have only served to convince me that Paris is unavoidably a very dear place. I am sorry to find my English cloaths look very foreign. The French are now excessively long-waisted. At present we are in mourning for the Bishop of Liege, the king's uncle; and expect soon another of a singular nature, for the old Pretender, who is very ill. They mourn for him, not as a crowned head, but as a relation of the king's. I am doubtful how the English here will behave; indeed we can have no difficulties, since we need only follow the example of the Duke of Bedford.

I have now passed nearly a month in this place, and I can say with truth, that it has answered my most sanguine expectations. The buildings of every kind, the libraries, the public diversions, take up a great part of my time; and I have already found several houses, where it is both very easy and very agreeable to be acquainted. Lady Harvey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a most excellent one. Her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company of Paris, in men of letters and people of fashion. It was at her house I connected myself with

M. Helvetius, who, from his heart, his head, and his fortune, is a most valuable man.

At his house I was introduced to the Baron d'Olbach, who is a man of parts and fortune, and has two dinners every week. The other houses I am known in, are the Duchefs d'Aiguillon's, Madame la Comtesse de Froulay's, Madame du Bocage, Madame Boyer, M. le Marquis de Mirabeau, and M. de Foucemagn. All these people have their different merit; in some I meet with good dinners; in others, societies for the evening; and in all, good sense, entertainment, and civility; which, as I have no favours to ask, or business to transact with them, is sufficient for me. Their men of letters are as affable and communicative as I expected. My letters to them did me no harm, but were very little necessary. My book had been of great service to me, and the compliments I have received upon it would make me insufferably vain, if I laid any stress on them. When I take notice of the civilities I have received, I must take notice too of what I have seen of a contrary behaviour. You know how much I always built upon the Count de Caylus: he has not been of the least use to me. With great difficulty I have seen him, and that is all. I do not, however, attribute his behaviour to pride, or dislike to me, but solely to the man's general character, which seems to be a very odd one. De la Motte, Mrs. Mallet's friend, has behaved very drily to me, though I have dined with him twice. But I can forgive him a great deal, in consideration of his having introduced me to M. d'Augny (Mrs. Mallet's son). Her men are generally angels or devils; but here I really think, without being very prone to admiration, that she has said very little too much of him. As far as I can judge, he has certainly an uncommon degree of understanding and knowledge, and, I believe, a great fund of honour and probity. We are very much together, and I think our intimacy seems to be growing into a friendship. Next Sunday we go to Versailles; the king's guard is done by a detachment from

Paris, which is relieved every four days; and as he goes upon this command, it is a very good occasion for me to see the palace. I shall not neglect, at the same time, the opportunity of informing myself of the French discipline.

The great news at present is the arrival of a very extraordinary person from the Isle of France in the East Indies. An obscure Frenchman, who was lately come into the island, being very ill, and given over, said, that before he died he must discharge his conscience of a great burden he had upon it, and declared to several people, he was the accomplice of Damien, and the very person who held the horses. Unluckily for him, the man recovered after this declaration, was immediately sent prisoner to Paris, and is just landed at Port l'Orient, from whence he is daily expected here, to unravel the whole mystery of that dark affair. This story (which at first was laughed at) has now gained entire credit, and I apprehend must be founded on real fact.

A lady of Miss Caryl's acquaintance has desired me to convey the inclosed letter to her. You will be so good as to send it over to Ladyholt. I hope I need say nothing of my sentiments towards our friends at Beriton, nor of my readiness to execute any of their commands here.

I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

E. GIBBON.

N° XVII.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. HOLROYD at Laufanne.

DEAR HOLROYD,

BOROMEAN ISLANDS, May the 16th, 1764.

HURRY of running about, time taken up with seeing places, &c. &c. &c. are excellent excuses; but I fancy you will guess that my laziness and aversion to writing to my best friend are the real motives, and I am afraid you will have guessed right.

We are at this minute in a most magnificent palace, in the middle of a vast lake; ranging about suites of rooms without a soul to interrupt us, and secluded from the rest of the universe. We shall sit down in a moment to supper, attended by all the Count's household. This is the fine side of the medal: turn to the reverse. We are got here wet to the skin; we have crawled about fine gardens which rain and fogs prevented our seeing; and if to-morrow does not hold up a little better, we shall be in some doubt whether we can say we have seen these famous islands. Guise says yes, and I say no. The Count is not here; we have our supper from a paultry hedge alehouse, (excuse the bull,) and the servants have offered us beds in the palace, pursuant to their master's directions.

I hardly think you will like Turin; the court is old and dull; and in that country every one follows the example of the court. The principal amusement seems to be, driving about in your coach in the evening, and bowing to the people you meet. If you go while the Royal Family is there, you have the additional pleasure of stopping to salute them every time they pass. I had that advantage fifteen times one afternoon. We were presented to a lady who keeps a public assembly, and a very mournful one it is; the few women that go to it are each taken up by their cicisbeo; and a poor Englishman, who can neither talk Piedmontois nor play at Faro,

stands by himself without one of their haughty nobility doing him the honour of speaking to him. You must not attribute this account to our not having staid long enough to form connections. It is a general complaint of our countrymen, except of Lord * * *, who has been engaged for about two years in the service of a lady, whose long nose is her most distinguishing fine feature. The most sociable women I have met with are the king's daughters. I chatted for about a quarter of an hour with them, talked about Laufanne, and grew so very free and easy, that I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice (a crime never known before in the presence chamber), and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my fore finger stretched out *. As it might however have been difficult to keep up this acquaintance, I chiefly employ my time in seeing places, which fully repaid me in pleasure the trouble of my journey. What entertained me the most, was the museum and the citadel. The first is under the care of a M. Bartoli, who received us, without any introduction, in the politest manner in the world, and was of the greatest service to us, as I dare say he will be to you. The citadel is a stupendous work; and when you have seen the subterraneous part of it, you will scarcely think it possible such a place can ever be taken. As it is however a regular one, it does not pique my curiosity so much as those irregular fortifications hewn out of the Alps, as Exiles, Fenestrelles, and the Brunette would have done, could we have spared the time necessary. Our next stage from Turin has been Milan, where we were mere spectators, as it was not worth while to endeavour at forming connections for so very few days. I think you will be surprised at the great church, but infinitely more so at the regiment of Baden, which is in the citadel. Such steadiness, such alertness in the men, and such

* This attitude continued to be characteristic of Mr. Gibbon. The engraving in the frontispiece of the Memoirs is taken from the figure of Mr. Gibbon cut with scissars by Mrs. Brown thirty years after the date of this letter. The extraordinary talents of this lady have furnished as complete a likeness of Mr. Gibbon, as to person, face, and manner, as can be conceived; yet it was done in his absence. S.

exactness in the officers, as exceeded all my expectations. Next Friday I shall see the regiment reviewed by General Serbelloni. Perhaps I may write a particular letter about it. From Milan we proceed to Genoa, and thence to Florence. You stare—But really we find it so inconvenient to travel like mutes, and to lose a number of curious things for want of being able to assist our eyes with our tongues, that we have resumed our original plan, and leave Venice for next year. I think I should advise you to do the same.

MILAN, May 18th, 1764.

THE next morning was not fair, but however we were able to take a view of the islands, which, by the help of some imagination, we conclude to be a very delightful, though not an enchanted place. I would certainly advise you to go there from Milan, which you may very well perform in a day and half. Upon our return, we found Lord Tilney and some other English in their way to Venice. We heard a melancholy piece of news from them: Byng died at Bologna a few days ago of a fever. I am sure you will be all very sorry to hear it.

We expect a volume of news from you in relation to Lausanne, and in particular to the alliance of the Dukes with the Frog. Is it already concluded? How does the bride look after her great revolution? Pray embrace her and the adorable, if you can, in both our names; and assure them, as well as all the *Spring**, that we talk of them very often, but particularly of a Sunday; and that we are so disconsolate, that we have neither of us commenced cicisbeos as yet, whatever we may do at Florence. We have drank the Dukes's health, not forgetting the little woman on the top of Mount Cenis, in the middle of the Lago Maggiore, &c. &c. I expect some account of the said little woman. Who is my successor? I think * * * * had begun to supplant me before I went. I expect your answer at Florence, and your person at Rome; which the Lord grant. Amen.

* The society of young ladies mentioned in the Memoirs.

N° XVIII.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. HOLROYD at Berlin.

DEAR HOLROYD,

BERITON, October 31st, 1765.

WHY did I not leave a letter for you at Marfeilles? For a very plain reason: because I did not go to Marfeilles. But, as you have most judiciously added, why did not I send one? Humph. I own that nonplusses me a little. However, hearken to my history. After revolving a variety of plans, and suiting them as well as possible to time and finances, Guise and I at last agreed to pass from Venice to Lyons, swim down the Rhone, wheel round the south of France, and embark at Bourdeaux. Alas! At Lyons I received letters which convinced me that I ought no longer to deprive my country of one of her greatest ornaments. Unwillingly I obeyed, left Guise to execute alone the remainder of our plan, passed about ten delicious days at Paris, and arrived in England about the end of June. Guise followed me about two months afterwards, as I was informed by an epistle from him, which, to his great astonishment, I immediately answered. You perceive there is still some virtue amongst men. *Exempli gratia*, your letter is dated Vienna, October 12th, 1765; it made its appearance at Beriton, Wednesday evening, October the 29th. I am at this present writing, sitting in my library, on Thursday morning, between the hours of twelve and one. I have ventured to suppose you still at Berlin; if not, I presume you take care that your letters should follow you. This ideal march to Berlin is the only one I can make at present. I am under command; and were I to talk of a third fally as yet, I know some certain people who would think it just as ridiculous as the third fally of the renowned Don Quixote. All I ever hoped for was, to be able to take

the field once more, after lying quiet a couple of years. I must own that your executing your tour in so complete a manner gives me a little selfish . . . If I make a summer's escape to Berlin, I cannot hope for the companion I flattered myself with. I am sorry however I have said so much ; but as it is difficult to encrease your Honour's proper notions of your own perfections, I will e'en let it stand. Indeed I owed you something for your account of the favourable reception my book has met with. I see there are people of taste at Vienna, and no longer wonder at your liking it. Since the court is so agreeable, a thorough reformation must have taken place. The stiffness of the Austrian etiquette, and the haughty magnificence of the Hungarian princes, must have given way to more civilized notions. You have (no doubt) informed yourself of the forces and revenues of the empress. I think (however unfashionably) we always esteemed her. Have you lost or improved that opinion. Princes, like pictures to be admired, must be seen in their proper point of view, which is often a pretty distant one. I am afraid you will find it peculiarly so at Berlin.

I need not desire you to pay a most minute attention to the Austrian and Prussian discipline. You have been bit by a mad serjeant as well as myself ; and when we meet, we shall run over every particular which we can approve, blame, or imitate. Since my arrival, I have assumed the august character of Major, received returns, issued orders, &c. &c. &c. I do not intend you shall have the honour of reviewing my troops next summer. Three fourths of the men will be recruits ; and during my pilgrimage, discipline seems to have been relaxed. But I summon you to fulfil another engagement. Make me a visit next summer. You will find here a bad house, a pleasant country in summer, some books, and very little *strange* company. Such a plan of life for two or three months must, I should imagine, suit a man who has been for as many years struck from one end of Europe to the other like a tennis-ball. At least I judge of you by myself.

myself. I always loved a quiet, studious, indolent life; but never enjoyed the charms of it so truly, as since my return from an agreeable but fatiguing course of motion and hurry. However I shall hear of your arrival, which can scarcely be so soon as January 1766, and shall probably have the misfortune of meeting you in town soon after. We may then settle any plans for the ensuing campaign.

En attendant, (admire me, this is the only scrap of foreign lingo I have imported into this epistle—if you had seen that of Guise to me!) let me tell you a piece of Lausanne news. Nanette Grand is married to Lieutenant-colonel Prevot. Grand wrote to me; and by the next post I congratulated both father and daughter. There is exactness for you. The Curchod (Madame Necker) I saw at Paris. She was very fond of me, and the husband particularly civil. Could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to supper; go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife—what an impertinent security! it is making an old lover of mighty little consequence. She is as handsome as ever, and much genteeler; seems pleased with her fortune rather than proud of it. I was (perhaps indiscreetly enough) exalting Nanette d’Illens’s good luck and the fortune. What fortune? (said she, with an air of contempt)—not above twenty thousand livres a-year. I smiled, and she caught herself immediately.—“What airs I give myself in despising twenty thousand livres a-year, “who a year ago looked upon eight hundred as the summit of my “wishes.”

I must end this tedious scrawl. Let me hear from you: I think I deserve it. Believe me, Dear Holroyd, I share in all your pleasures, and feel all your misfortunes. Poor Bolton! I saw it in the newspaper. Is Ridley with you? I suspect not: but if he is, assure him I do not forget him though he does me. Adieu; and believe me, most affectionately yours,

E. GIBBON Junior.

N° XIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq.* to J. HOLROYD *Esq.*

DEAR HOLROYD,

BERITON, April 29, 1767.

I HAPPENED to-night to stumble upon a very odd piece of intelligence in the St. James's Chronicle; it related to the marriage of a certain Monsieur Olroy*, formerly Captain of Hussars. I do not know how it came into my head that this Captain of Hussars was not unknown to me, and that he might possibly be an acquaintance of yours. If I am not mistaken in my conjecture, pray give my compliments to him, and tell him from me, that I am at least as well pleased that he is married as if I were so myself. Assure him, however, that though as a philosopher I may prefer celibacy, yet as a politician I think it highly proper that the species should be propagated by the usual method; assure him even that I am convinced, that if celibacy is exposed to fewer miseries, marriage can alone promise real happiness, since domestic enjoyments are the source of every other good. May such happiness, which is bestowed on few, be given to him; the transient blessings of beauty, and the more durable ones of fortune, good sense, and an amiable disposition.

I can easily conceive, and as easily excuse you, if you have thought mighty little this winter of your poor rusticated friend. I have been confined ever since Christmas, and confined by a succession of very melancholy occupations. I had scarcely arrived at Beriton, where I proposed staying only about a fortnight, when a brother of Mrs. Gibbon's died unexpectedly, though after a very long and painful illness. We were scarcely recovered from the confusion which such an event must produce in a family, when my father was taken dan-

* The name was so spelt in the newspapers.

gerously ill, and with some intervals has continued so ever since. I can assure you, my dear Holroyd, that the same event appears in a very different light when the danger is serious and immediate; or when, in the gaiety of a tavern dinner, we affect an insensibility that would do us no great honour were it real. My father is now much better; but I have since been assailed by a severe stroke—the loss of a friend. You remember, perhaps, an officer of our militia, whom I sometimes used to compare to yourself. Indeed, the comparison would have done honour to any one. His feelings were tender and noble, and he was always guided by them: his principles were just and generous, and he acted up to them. I shall say no more, and you will excuse my having said so much, of a man with whom you were unacquainted; but my mind is just now so very full of him, that I cannot easily talk, or even think, of any thing else. If I know you right, you will not be offended at my *weakness*.

What rather adds to my uneasiness, is the necessity I am under of joining our militia the day after to-morrow. Though the lively hurry of such a scene might contribute to divert my ideas, yet every circumstance of it, and the place itself, (which was that of his residence,) will give me many a painful moment. I know nothing would better raise my spirits than a visit from you; the request may appear unseasonable, but I think I have heard you speak of *an uncle* you had near Southampton. At all events, I hope you will snatch a moment to write to me, and give me some account of your present situation and future designs. As you are now fettered, I should expect you will not be such a *hic et ubique* *, as you have been since your arrival in England. I stay at Southampton from the first to the twenty-eighth of May, and then propose making a short visit to town: if you are any where in the neighbourhood of it, you may depend upon seeing me. I shall then concert measures for seeing a

* The motto of the regiment called Royal Foresters, in which Mr. Holroyd had been Captain.

little more of you next winter, than I have lately done, as I hope to take a pretty long spell in town. I suppose Guise has often fallen in your way: he has never once written to me, nor I to him: in the country we want materials, and in London we want time. I ought to recollect, that you even want time to read my unmeaning scrawl. Believe, however, my dear Holroyd, that it is the sincere expression of a heart entirely yours.

N° XX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq.* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esq.*

DEAR HOLROYD,

BERITON, October 16, 1769.

I RECEIVED your agreeable missive about two days ago; and am glad to find that, after all your *errors*, you are at last a settled man. I do most sincerely regret that it is not in my power to obey your immediate summons. Some very particular business will not at present permit me to be long absent from Beriton. The same business will carry me to town, about the sixth of next month, for some days. On my return, I do really hope and intend to storm your castle before Christmas, as I presume you will hardly remove sooner. I should be glad to meet Cambridge; but the plain dish of friendship will satisfy me, without the seasoning of Attic wit. Do you know any thing of Guise? Have you no inclination to look at the Russians? We have a bed at your service. *Vale.*

Present my sincere respects to those who are dear to you; believe me, they are so to me.

N° XXI.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD,

PALL-MALL, Dec. 25, 1769.

SOME dæmon, the enemy of friendship, seems to have determined that we shall not meet at Sheffield-Place. I was fully resolved to make amends for my lazy scruples, and to dine with you to-morrow; when I received a letter this day from my father, which irresistibly draws me to Beriton for about ten days. The above-mentioned dæmon, though he may defer my projects, shall not however disappoint them. Since you intend to pass the winter in retirement, it will be a far greater compliment to quit active, gay, political London, than the drowsy desert London of the holidays. But I retract. What is both pleasing and sincere, is above that prostituted word *compliment*. Believe me

Most sincerely yours.

A propos, I forgot the compliments of the season, &c. &c.

N° XXII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD,

October 6, 1771.

I SIT down to answer your epistle, after taking a very pleasant ride.—A ride! and upon what?—Upon a horse.—*You lie!*—I don't.—I have got a droll little poney, and intend to renew the long forgotten practice of equitation, as it was known in the world before

the second of June of the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three. As I used to reason against riding, so I can now argue for it; and indeed the principal use I know in human reason is, when called upon, to furnish arguments for what we have an inclination to do.

What do you mean by presuming to affirm, that I am of no use here? Farmer Gibbon of no use? *Last week* I sold all my hops, and I believe well, at nine guineas a hundred, to a very responsible man. Some people think I might have got more at Weyhill Fair, but that would have been an additional expence, and a great uncertainty. Our quantity has disappointed us very much; but I think, that besides hops for the family, there will not be less than 500 l.;—no contemptible sum off thirteen small acres, and two of them planted last year only. *This week* I let a little farm in Petersfield by auction, and propose raising it from 25l. to 35l. *per annum*: and Farmer Gibbon of no use?

To be serious; I have but one reason for resisting your invitation, and my own wishes; that is, Mrs. Gibbon I left nearly alone all last winter, and shall do the same this. She submits very cheerfully to that state of solitude; but, on founding her, I am convinced that she would think it unkind were I to leave her at present. I know you so well, that I am sure you will acquiesce in this reason; and let me make my next visit to Sheffield-Place from town, which I think may be a little before Christmas. I should like to hear something of the precise time, duration, and extent of your intended tour into Bucks. Adieu.

N° XXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esq. to J. B. HOLROYD Esq.

MOST RESPECTABLE SOUTH SAXON,

BERITON, Nov. 18, 1771.

IT would ill become me to reproach a dilatory correspondent;

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

especially when that correspondent had given me hopes of undertaking a very troublesome expedition for my sole advantage. Yet thus much I may say, that I am obliged very soon to go to town upon other business, which, in that hope, I have hitherto deferred. If by next Sunday I have no answer, or if I hear that your journey to Denham is put off *sine die*, or to a long day, I shall on Monday set off for London, and wait your future will with *faith, hope, and charity*. Adieu.

N° XXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON Esq. to JOHN BAKER HOLROYD Esq.
Sheffield-Place.

DEAR HOLROYD,

LONDON, 1772.

THE sudden change from the sobriety of Sheffield-Place to the irregularities of this town, and to the wicked company of Wilbraham, Clarke, Damer, &c. having deranged me a good deal, I am forced to employ one of my secretaries to acquaint you with a piece of news I know nothing about myself. It is certain, some extraordinary intelligence is arrived this morning from Denmark, and as certain that the levee was suddenly prevented by it. The particulars of

of that intelligence are variously and obscurely told. It is said, that the king had raised a little physician to the rank of minister and Gany-medé ; such a mad administration had so disgusted all the nobility, that the fleet and army had rose, and shut up the king in his palace. *La Reine se trouve mêlée la dedans* ; and it is reported that she is confined, but whether in consequence of the insurrection, or some other cause, is not agreed. Such is the rough draft of an affair that nobody yet understands. *Embrassez de ma part Madame, et le reste de la chere famille.*

GIBBON.

Et plus bas—WILBRAHAM, Sec.

N° XXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq.* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esq.*

BOODLE'S, 10 o'clock, Monday night, Feb. 3, 1772.

I LOVE, honour, and respect, every member of Sheffield-Place; even my great enemy * Datch, to whom you will please to convey my sincere wishes, that no *simpleton* may wait on him at dinner, that his wife papa may not shew him any pictures, and that his much wiser mamma may chain him hand and foot, in direct contradiction to Magna Charta and the bill of rights.

It is difficult to write news, because there is none. Parliament is perfectly quiet ; and I think that Barré, who is just now playing at whist in the room, will not have exercise of the lungs, except, perhaps, on a message much talked of, and soon expected, to recommend it to the wisdom of the House of Commons to provide a proper future remedy against the improper marriages of the younger branches of the Royal Family. The noise of * * * * is subsided, but there was some foundation for it. * * * * 's expences in his bold enterprize were yet unpaid by government. The hero threat-

* The name by which the child called himself.

ened, assumed the patriot, received a fop, and again sunk into the courtier. As to Denmark, it seems now that the king, who was totally unfit for government, has only passed from the hands of his queen wife, to those of his queen mother-in-law. * * * * is said to have indulged a very *vague* taste in her amours. She would not be admitted into the Pantheon, whence the *gentlemen proprietors* exclude all beauty, unless unspotted and immaculate (tautology by the bye). *The gentlemen proprietors*, on the other hand, are friends and patrons of the leopard beauties. Advertising challenges have passed between the two great factions, and a bloody battle is expected Wednesday night. *A propos*, the Pantheon, in point of ennui and magnificence, is the wonder of the eighteenth century and of the British empire. Adieu.

N° XXVI.

The Same to the Same.

BOODLE'S, Saturday night, Feb. 8, 1772.

THOUGH it is very late, and the bell tells me that I have not above ten minutes left, I employ them with pleasure in congratulating you on the late victory of our dear mamma the Church of England. She had last Thursday seventy-one rebellious sons, who pretended to set aside her will on account of insanity: but two hundred and seventeen worthy champions, headed by Lord North, Burke, Hans Stanley, Charles Fox, Godfrey Clarke, &c. though they allowed the thirty-nine clauses of her testament were absurd and unreasonable, supported the validity of it with infinite humour. By the bye, * * * * * prepared himself for that holy war, by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotions cost him only about 500 l. *per hour*—in all 11,000 l. * * * *

lost

lost 5000 l. This is from the best authority. I hear too, but will not warrant it, that * * * *, by way of paying his court to * * * *, has lost this winter 12,000 l. How I long to be ruined !

There are two county contests, Sir Thomas Egerton and Colonel Townley in Lancashire, after the county had for some time gone a-begging. In Salop, Sir Watkin, supported by Lord Gower, happened by a punctilio to disoblige Lord Craven, who told us last night, that he had not quite 9000 l. a-year in that county, and who has set up Pigot against him. You may suppose we all wish for Got Amighty against that black devil.

I am sorry your journey is deferred. Compliments to Datch. As he is now in durance, great minds forgive their enemies, and I hope he may be released by this time.—Coming, Sir. Adieu.

You see the Princess of W. is gone. Hans Stanley says, it is believed the Empress Queen has taken the same journey.

Nº XXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq.* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esq.*

DEAR HOLROYD,

LONDON, Feb. 13, 1772.

THE papers and plans arrived safe in town last night, and will be in your hands in their intact virgin state in a day or two. Consider them at leisure, if that word is known in the rural life. Unite, divide, but (above all) *raise*. Bring them to London with you : I wait your orders ; nor shall I, for fear of tumbling, take a single step till your arrival, which, on many accounts, I hope will not be long deferred.

Clouds still hover over the horizon of Denmark. The public circumstances of the revolution are related, and, I understand, very
exactly,

exactly, in the foreign papers. The secret springs of it still remain unknown. The town indeed seems at present quite tired of the subject. The Princess's death, her character, and what she left, engross the conversation. She died without a will; and as her savings were generally disposed of in charity, the small remains of her personal fortune will make a trifling object when divided among her children. Her favourite the Princess of B. very properly insisted on the king's immediately sealing up all the papers, to secure her from the idle reports which would be so readily swallowed by the great English monster. The business of Lord and Lady * * * * * is finally compromised, by the arbitration of the Chancellor and Lord * * * * *. He gives her 1200*l.* a-year separate maintenance, and 1500*l.* to set out with: but as her Ladyship is now a new face, her husband, who has already bestowed on the public seventy young beauties, has conceived a violent but hopeless passion for his chaste moiety. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Lord Chesterfield is dying. County oppositions subside. Adieu.

Entirely yours.

N° XXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD,

Feb. 21, 1772.

H * * * * *
 HOWEVER, notwithstanding my indignation, I will employ five minutes in telling you two or three recent pieces of news.

1. Charles Fox is commenced patriot, and is already attempting to pronounce the words *country, liberty, corruption, &c.*; with what suc-

cess, time will discover. Yesterday he resigned the Admiralty. The story is, that he could not prevail on ministry to join with him in his intended repeal of the marriage act, (a favourite measure of his father, who opposed it from its origin,) and that Charles very judiciously thought Lord Holland's friendship imported him more than Lord North's.

2. Yesterday the marriage message came to both Houses of Parliament. You will see the words of it in the papers: and, thanks to the submissive piety of this session, it is hoped that * * * * *

3. To-day the House of Commons was employed in a very odd way. Tommy Townshend moved, that the sermon of Dr. Knowell, who preached before the House on the 30th of January, (*id est*, before the Speaker and four members,) should be burnt by the common hangman, as containing arbitrary, tory, high-flown doctrines. The House was nearly agreeing to the motion, till they recollected that they had already thanked the Preacher for his excellent discourse, and ordered it to be printed. Knowell's bookseller is much obliged to the Right Honourable Tommy Townshend.

When do you come to town? I want money, and am tired of sticking to the earth by so many roots. *Embrassez de ma part, &c.* Adieu.

Ever yours.

N° XXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Beriton.*

DEAR MADAM,

LONDON, March 21, 1772.

I HAVE advanced with some care and some success in gaining an idea of the Lenborough estate. The tenants are at will, and, from a comparison of my rents with the neighbouring ones, particularly Lord * * * *, there is great probability that my estate is very much under-let. My friend Holroyd, who is a most invaluable counsellor, is strongly of that opinion. Sir * * * * is just come home. I am sorry to see many alterations, and little improvement. From an honest wild English buck, he is grown a *philosopher*. Lord * * * * displeases every body by the affectation of consequence: the young baronet disgusts no less by the affectation of wisdom. He speaks in short sentences, quotes Montagne, seldom smiles, never laughs, drinks only water, professes to command his passions, and intends to marry in five months. The two lords, his uncle, as well as * * * *, attempt to shew him, that such behaviour, even were it reasonable, does not suit this country. He remains incorrigible, and is every day losing ground in the good opinion of the public, which at his first arrival ran strongly in his favour. Deyverdun is probably on his journey towards England, but is not yet come.

I am, dear Madam, &c. &c. &c.

N° XXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

PALL-MALL, May 26, 1772:

I WISH you lived nearer, or even that you could pass a week at Beriton. When shall you be at Richmond, or would there be any *use* in my going down to Sheffield for a day or two? In you alone I put my trust, and without you I should be perplexed, discouraged, and frightened; for not a single fish has yet bit at the Lenborough bait.

I dined the other day with Mr. Way at Boodle's. He told me, that he was just going down to Sheffield Place. As he has probably unladen all the politics, and Mrs. Way all the scandal of the town, I shall for *the present only* satisfy myself with the needful; among which I shall always reckon my sincere compliments to Madame, and my profound respects for Mr. Datch.

I am, dear H.

Truly yours.

It is confidently asserted that the Emperor and King of Prussia are to run for very deep stakes over the Polish course. If the news be true, I back Austria against the aged horse, provided little Laudohn rides the match.

N. B. Crossing and jostling allowed.

N° XXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. HOLROYD, Senior.*

MADAM,

BERITON, near PETERSFIELD, HAMPSHIRE,
July the 17th, 1772.

THERE is not any event which could have affected me with greater surprise and deeper concern, than the news in last night's paper, of the death of our poor little amiable friend Master Holroyd, whom I loved, not only for his parents' sake, but for his own. Should the news be true, (for even yet I indulge some faint hopes,) what must be the distress of our friends at Sheffield! I so truly sympathise with them, that I know not how to write to Holroyd; but must beg to be informed of the state of the family by a line from you. I have some company and business here, but would gladly quit them, if I had the least reason to think that my presence at Sheffield would afford comfort or satisfaction to the man in the world whom I love and esteem most. I am, Madam, your most obedient humble Servant, &c.

N° XXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.*

MY DEAR HOLROYD,

BERITON, July the 30th, 1772.

IT was my intention to set out for Sheffield as soon as I received your affecting letter, and I hoped to have been with you as to-day; but walking very carelessly yesterday morning, I fell down, and put out a small bone in my ancle. I am now under the surgeon's hands, but think, and most earnestly hope, that this little accident will not delay my journey longer than the middle of next week. I share, and wish I could alleviate, your feelings. I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Holroyd. I am, my dear Holroyd, most truly yours.

N° XXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Beriton.*

DEAR MADAM,

SHEFFIELD-PLACE, August 7th, 1772.

I SET out at six yesterday morning from Uppark, and got to Bright-helmstone about two; a very thin season, every body gone to Spa. In the evening I reached this place. My friend appears, as he ever will, in a light truly respectable; concealing the most exquisite sufferings under the show of composure, and even cheerfulness, and attempting, though with little success, to confirm the weaker mind of his partner. I find, my friend expresses so much uneasiness at the idea of my leaving him again soon, that I cannot refuse to pass the month here. If Mr. Scott, as I suppose, is at Beriton, he has himself too high a sense of friendship not to excuse my neglecting him. I had some hopes of engaging Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd to make an excursion to Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Southampton, &c. in which case they would spend a few days at Beriton. A sudden resolution was taken last night in favour of the tour. We set out, Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd, Mr. Fauquier, and myself, next Thursday, and shall dine at Beriton the following day, and stay there, most probably, three or four days. A farm-house, without either cook or house-keeper, will afford but indifferent entertainment; but we must *exert*, and they must *excuse*. Our tour will last about a fortnight; after which my friend presses me to return with him; and in his present situation I shall be at a loss how to refuse him.

I am, dear Madam, &c. &c. &c.

N^o XXXIV.

Dr. HURD (now Bishop of Worcester) to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

THURCASTON, August 29th, 1772.

YOUR very elegant letter on the antiquity and authenticity of the book of Daniel, (just now received,) finds me here, if not without leisure, yet without books, and therefore in no condition to enter far into the depths of this controversy; which indeed is the less necessary, as every thing that relates to the subject will come of course to be considered by my learned successors in the new lecture. For as the prophecies of Daniel make an important link in *that chain, which*, as you say, *has been let down from heaven to earth*, (but not by the author of the late sermons, who brought into view only what he had not invented,) the grounds on which their authority rests will, without doubt, be carefully examined, and, as I suppose, firmly established.

But in the mean time, and to make at least some small return for the civility of your address to me, I beg leave to trouble you with two or three short remarks, such as occur to me on reading your letter.

Your main difficulties are these two: 1. That the author of the book of Daniel is too clear for a prophet; as appears from his prediction of the Persian and Macedonian affairs; and, 2. too fabulous for a contemporary historian; as is evident, you suppose, from his mistakes, particularly in the sixth chapter.

1. The first of these difficulties is an extraordinary one. For why may not prophecy, if the inspirer think fit, be as clear as history? Scriptural prophecy, whence your idea of its obscurity is

I

taken,

taken, is *occasionally* thus clear, I mean after the event ; and Daniel's prophecy of the revolutions in the Grecian empire, would have been obscure enough to Porphyry himself before it.

But your opinion, after all, when you come to explain yourself, really is, as one should expect, that, as a prophet, Daniel is not clear enough ; for you enforce the old objection of Porphyry, by observing, that where a pretended prophecy is clear to a certain point of time, and afterwards obscure and shadowy, there common sense leads one to conclude that the author of it was an impostor.

This reasoning is plausible, but not conclusive, unless it be taken for granted, that a prophecy must, in all its parts, be equally clear and precise : whereas, on the supposition of real inspiration, it may be fit, I mean it may suit with the views of the inspirer, to predict some things with more perspicuity, and in terms more obviously and directly applicable to the events in which they were fulfilled, than others. But further, this reasoning, whatever force it may have, has no place here ; at least you evidently beg the question when you urge it ; because the persons you dispute against maintain, that the subsequent prophecies of Daniel are equally distinct with those preceding ones concerning the Persian and Macedonian empires, at least so much of them as they take to have been fulfilled ; and that to judge of the rest, we must wait for the conclusion of them.

However, you admit that the suspicion arising from the clearest prophecy may be removed by direct positive evidence that it was composed before the event. But then you carry your notions of that evidence very far, when you require, “ that the existence of
“ such a prophecy, prior to its accomplishment, should be proved
“ by the knowledge of its being generally diffused amongst an enlightened nation previous to that period, and its public existence
“ attested by an unbroken chain of authentic writers.”

What you here claim as a matter of *right*, is, without question, very desirable, but should, I think, be accepted, if it be given at all, as a

matter of *favour*. For what you describe is the utmost evidence that the case admits: but what right have we in this, or any other subject whatever of natural or revealed religion, to the utmost evidence? Is it not enough that the evidence be sufficient to induce a reasonable assent? and is not that assent reasonable, which is given to real evidence, though of an inferior kind, when uncontrolled by any greater? And such evidence we clearly have for the authenticity of the book of Daniel, in the reception of it by the Jewish nation down to the time of Jesus, whose appeal to it supposes and implies that reception to have been constant and general: not to observe, that the testimony of Jesus is further supported by all the considerations that are alleged for his own divine character. To this evidence, which is positive so far as it goes, you have nothing to oppose but surmise and conjectures; that is, nothing that deserves to be called evidence. But I doubt, Sir, you take for granted that the claim of inspiration is never to be allowed, so long as there is a possibility of supposing that it was not given.

II. In the second division of your letter, which is longer, and more elaborate, than the first, you endeavour to shew that the *historical* part of the book of Daniel, chiefly that of the sixth chapter, is false and fabulous, and as such, confutes and overthrows the *prophetical*. What you advance on this head, is contained under *five* articles:

1. You think it strange that Daniel, or any other man, should be promoted to a secret office of state, *for his skill in divination*.

But here, first, you forget that Joseph was thus promoted for the same reason. Or, if you object to this instance, what should hinder the promotion either of Joseph or Daniel, (when their skill in divination had once brought them to the notice and favour of their sovereign,) for what you call *mere human accomplishments*? For such

assuredly both these great men possessed, if we may believe the plain part of their story, which asserts of Joseph, and indeed proves, that he was in no common degree *discreet and wise*; and of Daniel, that *an excellent spirit was found in him*; nay, that *he had knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom*, over and above his *understanding in all visions and dreams*. In short, Sir, though princes of old might not make it a rule to chuse their ministers out of their soothsayers, yet neither would their being soothsayers, if they were otherwise well accomplished, prevent them from being ministers. Just as in modern times, though churchmen have not often, I will suppose, been made officers of state, even by bigotted princes, because they were churchmen; yet neither have they been always excluded from serving in those stations when they have been found eminently qualified for them.

2. Your next exception is, that a combination could scarce have been formed in the court of Babylon against the favourite minister, (though such factions are common in other courts,) because the courtiers of Darius *must have apprehended that the piety of Daniel would be asserted by a miraculous interposition*; of which they had seen a recent instance. And here, Sir, you expatiate with a little too much complacency on the strange indifference which the ancient world shewed to the gift of miracles. You do not, I dare say, expect a serious answer to this charge; or if you do, it may be enough to observe, what I am sure your own reading and experience must have rendered very familiar to you, that the strongest belief, or conviction of the mind, perpetually gives way to the inflamed selfish passions; and that, when men have any scheme of interest or revenge much at heart, they are not restrained from pursuing it, though the scaffold and the axe stand before them in full view, and have perhaps been streaming but the day before with the blood of other state-criminals. I ask not, whether miracles have ever *actually* existed,

existed, but whether you do not think that multitudes have been firmly *persuaded* of their existence; and yet their indifference about them, is a fact which I readily concede to you.

3. Your third criticism is directed against what is said of *the law of the Medes and Persians, that it altereth not*; where I find nothing to admire, but the extreme rigour of Asiatic despotism. For I consider this irrevocability of the law, when once promulgated by the sovereign, not as contrived to be a check on his will, but rather to shew the irresistible and fatal course of it. And this idea was so much cherished by the despots of Persia, that, rather than revoke the iniquitous law, obtained by surprize, for exterminating the Jews, Ahasuerus took the part, as we read in the book of Esther, (and as Baron Montesquieu, I remember, observes,) to permit the Jews to defend themselves against the execution of it; whence we see how consistent this law is with the determination of the judges, quoted by you from Herodotus, “that it was lawful for the king to do “whatever he *pleased*.” for we understand that he did *not* please that this law, when once declared by him, should be altered.

You add under this head, “May I not assert that the Greek “writers, who have so copiously treated of the affairs of Persia, “have not left us the smallest vestige of a restraint, equally injurious to the monarch and prejudicial to the people.” I have not the Greek writers by me to consult, but a common book I chance to have at hand refers me to one such vestige, in a very eminent Greek historian, Diodorus Siculus. *Lowth's Comment. in loc.*

4. A fourth objection to the historic truth of the book of Daniel is taken, with more plausibility, from the matter of this law, which, as you truly observe, was very strange for the king's counsellor to advise, and for any despot whatever to enact.

But, 1. I a little question whether prayer was so constant and considerable a part of Pagan worship as is supposed; and if it was not, the prejudices of the people would not be so much shocked by

this interdict as we are ready to think. Daniel indeed prayed three times a day; but the idolaters might content themselves with praying now and then at a stated solemnity. It is clear, that when you speak of *depriving men of the comforts, and priests of the profits, of religion*, you have Christian, and even modern principles and manners in your eye: perhaps in the *comforts*, you represented to yourself a company of poor inflamed Huguenots under persecution; and in the *profits*, the lucrative trade of popish masses. But be this as it may, it should be considered, 2. That this law could not, in the nature of the thing, suppress all prayer, if the people had any great propensity to it. It could not suppress *mental* prayer; it could not even suppress *bodily* worship, if performed, as it easily might be, in the night, or in secret. Daniel, it was well known, was used to pray in open day-light, and in a place exposed to inspection, from his usual manner of praying; which manner, it was easily concluded, so zealous a votary as he was, would not change or discontinue, on account of the edict. Lastly, though the edict passed for thirty days, to make sure work, yet there was no doubt but the end proposed would be soon accomplished, and then it was not likely that much care would be taken about the observance of it.

All this put together, I can very well conceive that extreme envy and malice in the courtiers might suggest the idea of such a law, and that an impotent despot might be flattered by it. Certainly, if what we read in the third chapter be admitted, that *one* of these despots required all people, nations, and languages, to worship his image on pain of death, there is no great wonder that *another* of them should demand the exclusive worship of himself for a month; nay, perhaps, he might think himself civil, and even bounteous to his gods, when he left them a share of the other eleven. For as to the presumption,

“ Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit, cum laudatur diis æqua potestas.—

5. A fifth, and what you seem to think the strongest, objection to the credit of the book of Daniel is, that “no such person as Darius the Mede is to be found in the succession of the Babylonish princes,” (you mean as given in Ptolemy’s canon and the Greek writers,) “between the time of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Cyrus.” In saying this, you do not forget or disown what our ablest chronologers have said on the subject; but then you object that Xenophon’s Cyaxares (to serve a turn) has been made to personate Darius the Mede; and yet that Xenophon’s book, whether it be a romance or a true history, overturns the use which they have made of this hypothesis.

I permit myself perhaps to be too much flattered by your civility in referring me to my own taste, rather than to the authority of Cicero: but the truth is, I am much disposed to agree with you, that, “if we unravel with any care the fine texture of the Cyropædia, we shall discover in every thread the Spartan discipline and the philosophy of Socrates.” But then, as the judicious author chose to make so recent a story as that of Cyrus, and one so well known, the vehicle of his political and moral instructions, he would be sure to keep up to the truth of the story as far as might be; especially in the leading facts, and in the principal persons, as we may say, of the drama. This obvious rule of decorum such a writer as Xenophon could not fail to observe; and therefore, on the supposition that his Cyropædia is a romance, I should conclude certainly that the outline of it was genuine history. But,

2. If it be so, you conclude that there is no ground for thinking that Darius the Mede ever reigned at Babylon, because Cyaxares himself never reigned there.

Now, on the idea of Xenophon’s book being a romance, there might be good reason for the author’s taking no notice of the short reign of Cyaxares, which would break the unity of his work, and divert the reader’s attention too much from the hero of it: while yet
the

the omission could hardly seem to violate historic truth, since the lustre of his hero's fame, and the real power, which, out of question, he reserved to himself, would make us forget or overlook Cyaxares. But, as to the fact, it seems no way incredible that Cyrus should concede to his royal ally, his uncle, and his father-in-law, (for he was all these,) the *nominal* possession of the sovereignty; or that he should *share* the sovereignty with him; or, at least, that he should leave the *administration*, as we say, in his hands at Babylon, while he himself was prosecuting his other conquests at a distance. Any of these things is supposable enough; and I would rather admit any of them than reject the express, the repeated, the circumstantial testimony of a not confessedly fabulous historian.

After all, Sir, I should forfeit, I know, your good opinion, if I did not acknowledge that some, at least, of these circumstances are such as one should not, perhaps, expect at first sight. But then such is the condition of things here; and what is true in human life, is not always, I had almost said, not often, that which was previously to be expected; whence an ordinary romance is, they say, more *probable* than the best history.

But should any or all of these circumstances convince you perfectly, that some degree of error or fiction is to be found in the book of Daniel, it would be too precipitate to conclude that therefore the whole book was of no authority: for, at most, you could but infer, that the historical part, in which those circumstances are observed, namely, the 6th chapter, is not genuine; just as you know has been judged of some other historical tracts which had formerly been inserted in the book of Daniel. For it is not with these collections, which go under the names of the Prophets, as with some regularly connected system, where a charge of falsehood, if made good against one part, shakes the credit of the whole. Fictitious histories may have been joined to true prophecies, when all that bore the name of the same person, or any way related to him, came to be put together
in

in the same volume: but the detection of such misalliance could not affect the prophecies; certainly not those of Daniel, which respect *the latter times*; for these have an intrinsic evidence in themselves, and assert their own authenticity, in proportion as we see, or have reason to admit the accomplishment of them.

And now, Sir, I have only to commit these hasty reflections to your candour; a virtue which cannot be separated from the love of truth, and of which I observe many traces in your agreeable letter; and if you should indulge this quality still further, so as to conceive the possibility of that being *true and reasonable*, in matters of religion, which may seem strange, or, to so lively a fancy as yours, even ridiculous, you would not hurt the credit of your excellent understanding, and would thus remove one, perhaps a principal, occasion of those mists which, as you complain, *hang over these nice and difficult subjects*. I am with true respect, SIR, yours, &c.

(Signed) R. H.

The following Fragment was found with the foregoing Letter, in Mr. GIBBON's handwriting.

YOUR answers to my five objections against the 6th chapter of Daniel come next to be considered.

1. With regard to Daniel's promotion, I consent to withdraw my opposition, and to allow the cases of Ximenes, Wolfey, and Richlieu as parallel instances; though there is surely some difference between a young foreign soothsayer being *suddenly* rewarded, for the interpretation of a dream, with the government of Babylon, and a priest of the established church, rising gradually to the great offices of state.

2. You apprehend, Sir, that my second objection scarcely deserves a serious answer; and that it is quite sufficient to appeal to my own reading and experience, whether *the strongest conviction of the mind*

does not perpetually give way to the inflamed and selfish passions. Since you appeal to me, I shall fairly lay before you the result of my observations on that subject. 1. It must be confessed that the drunkard often sinks into the grave, and the prodigal into a gaol, without a possibility of deceiving or of checking themselves. But they sink by slow degrees; and, whilst they indulge the ruling passion, attend only to the trifling moment of each guinea, or of each bottle, without calculating their accumulated weight, till they feel themselves irretrievably crushed under it. 2. In most of the hazardous interprizes of life there is a mixture of chance and good fortune; what is called good fortune, is often the effect of skill: and as our vanity flatters us into an opinion of our superior merit, we are neither surprised nor dismayed by the miscarriage of our rash predecessors. *The conspirator turns his eyes from the axe and scaffold, perhaps still streaming with blood,* to the successful boldness of Sylla, of Cæsar, and of Cromwell; and convinces himself that on such a golden pursuit it is even *prudent* to stake a precarious and insipid life. We may add, that the most daring flights of ambition are as often the effects of necessity as of choice. The princes of Hindostan must either reign or perish; and when Cæsar passed the Rubicon, it was scarcely possibly for him to return to a private station. 3. You think, Sir, we may learn from our own experience, that an indifference concerning miracles is very compatible with a full conviction of their truth; and so it undoubtedly is with such a conviction as we have an opportunity of observing.

N° XXXV.

E. GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

BERITON, Oct. 13, 1772.

I AM just arrived, as well as yourself, at my *dii penates*, but with very different intention. You will ever remain a bigot to those rustic deities; I propose to abjure them soon, and to reconcile myself to the catholic church of London.

I am so happy, so exquisitely happy, at feeling so many mountains taken off my shoulders, that I can brave your indignation, and even the three-forked lightning of Jupiter himself. My reasons for taking so unwarrantable a step (approved of by Hugonin) were no unmanly despondency, (though it daily became more apparent how much the farm would suffer, both in reality and in reputation, by another year's management). * * * * *. I see pleasure but not use in a congress, therefore decline it. I know nothing as yet of a purchaser, and can only give you full and unlimited powers. If you think it necessary, let me know when you sell; but, however, do as you please.

I am sincerely glad to hear Mrs. H. is better. Still think Bath would suit her. She, and you too, I fear, rather want the physic of the mind, than of the body. Tell me something about yourself. If, among a crowd of acquaintances, one friend can afford you any comfort, I am quite at your service. Once more, adieu.

N^o XXXVI.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

PALL-MALL, 11th Dec. 1772.

BY this time, I suppose you returned to the Elyfian fields of Sheffield. The country (I do not mean any particular reflections on Suffex) must be vastly pleasant at this time of the year! For my own part, the punishment of my sins has at length overtaken me. On Thursday the third of December, in the present year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, between the hours of one and two in the afternoon, as I was crossing St. James's church-yard, I stumbled, and *again sprained my foot*; but, alas! after two days pain and confinement, a horrid monster, *ycleped the gout*, made me a short visit; and though he has now taken his leave, I am full of apprehensions that he may have liked my company well enough to call again.

The parliament, after a few soft murmurs, is gone to sleep, to awake again after Christmas, safely folded in Lord North's arms. The town is gone into the country, and I propose *visiting Sheffield* about Sunday se'nnight, if by that time I can get my household preparations (I have as good as taken Lady Rous's lease in Bentinck-street) in any forwardness. Shall I *angle for Batt*? No news stirring, except the Duchess of G.'s pregnancy certainly declared. * * * * called on me the other day, and has taken my plan with him to consider it; he still wishes to defer to spring; talks of bad roads, &c. and is very absolute. I remonstrated, *but want to know whether I am to submit*. Adieu. Godfrey Clarke, who is writing near me, begs to be remembered. The savage is going to hunt foxes in Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, &c.

Yours sincerely.

N° XXXVII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, BOODLE's, Ten o'Clock, Thursday Evening, Dec. 1772.

MY schemes with regard to you have been entirely disappointed. The business that called me to town was not ready before the 20th of last month, and the same business has kept me here till now. I have however a very strong inclination to eat a Christmas mince pie with you; and let me tell you that inclination is no small compliment. What are the trees and waters of Sheffield-Place, compared with the comfortable smoke, lazy dinners, and inflammatory Junius's, which we can every day enjoy in town? You have seen the last Junius? He calls on the distant legions to march to the Capitol, and free us from the tyranny of the Prætorian guards. I cannot answer for the ghost of the *hic et ubique*, but the Hampshire militia are determined to keep the peace for fear of a broken head. After all, do I mean to make you a visit next week? Upon my soul, I cannot tell. I tell every body that I shall: I know that I cannot pass the week with any man in the world with whom the pleasure of seeing each other will be more sincere or more reciprocal. Yet, *entre nous*, I do not believe that I shall be able to get out of this town before you come into it. At all events I look forwards, with great impatience, to Bruton-street* and the Romans†.

Believe me most truly yours.

* Where Mr. Holroyd's family passed a winter.

† The Roman Club.

N° XXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

January 12, 1773.

LENBOROUGH is no more ! * * * * * acted like a Jew, and I dare say now repents it. In his room * * * * * found me a better man, a rich, brutish, honest horse-dealer, who has got a great fortune by serving the cavalry. On Thursday he saw Lenborough, on Friday came to town with * * * * *, and this morning at nine o'clock we struck at 20,000 l. after a very hard battle. As times go, I am not dissatisfied. * * * * * and the new Lord of Lenborough (by name * * * *) dined with me ; and though we did not speak the same language, yet by the help of signs, such as that of putting about the bottle, the natives seemed well satisfied.

The whole world is going down to Portsmouth, where they will enjoy the pleasures of smoke, noise, heat, bad lodgings, and expensive reckonings. For my own part, I have firmly resisted importunity, declined parties, and mean to pass the busy week in the soft retirement of my *bocage* de Béntinck-street. Yesterday the East India Company positively refused the loan : a noble resolution, could they get money any where else. They are violent ; and it was moved, and the motion heard with some degree of approbation, that they should instantly abandon India to Lord North, Sujah Dowlah, or the Devil, if he chose to take it.

Adieu.

N^o XXXIX.*The Same to the Same.*

DEAR HOLROYD,

BOODLE'S, May 11, 1773.

I AM full of worldly cares, anxious about the great twenty-fourth, plagued with the Public Advertiser, distressed by the most dismal dispatches from Hugonin. Mrs. Lee claims a million of repairs, which will cost a million of money.

The House of Commons sat late last night. Burgoyne made some spirited motions—"That the territorial acquisitions in India "belonged to the state (that was the word); that grants to the "servants of the company (such as jaghires) were illegal; and that "there would be no true repentance without restitution." Wedderburne defended the nabobs with great eloquence, but little argument. The motions were carried without a division; and the hounds go out again next Friday. They are in high spirits; but the more sagacious ones have no idea they shall kill. Lord North spoke for the inquiry, but faintly and reluctantly. Lady * * * * * is said to be in town at her mother's, and a separation is unavoidable; but there is nothing certain.

Adieu.

Sincerely yours.

N° XL.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire* at Edinburgh.

DEAR HOLROYD,

BENTINCK-STREET, Aug. 7, 1773.

I BEG ten thousand pardons for not being dead, as I certainly ought to be. But such is my abject nature, that I had rather live in Bentinck-street, attainted and convicted of the sin of laziness, than enjoy your applause either at old Nick's or even in the Elysian Fields. After all, could you expect that I should honour with my correspondence a wild barbarian of the Bogs of Erin? Had the natives intercepted my letter, the terrors occasioned by such unknown magic characters might have been fatal to you. But now you have escaped the fury of their hospitality, and are arrived among a cee-vi-leezed nation, I may venture to renew my intercourse.

You tell me of a long list of dukes, lords, and chieftains of renown to whom you are introduced; were I with you, I should prefer one *David* to them all. When you are at Edinburgh, I hope you will not fail to visit the sty of that fattest of Epicurus's hogs, and inform yourself whether there remains no hope of its recovering the use of its right paw. There is another animal of *great*, though not perhaps of *equal*, and certainly not of *similar* merit, one Robertson; has he almost created the new world? Many other men you have undoubtedly seen, in the country where you are at present, who must have commanded your esteem: but when you return, if you are not very honest, you will possess great advantages over me in any dispute concerning Caledonian merit.

Boodle's and Atwood's are now no more. The last stragglers, and Godfrey Clarke in the rear of all, are moved away to their
several

several castles; and I now enjoy, in the midst of London, a delicious solitude. My library, Kensington Gardens, and a few parties with new acquaintance who are chained to London, (among whom I reckon Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds,) fill up my time, and the monster *Ennui* preserves a very respectful distance. By the bye, your friends Batt, Sir John Russell, and Lascelles, dined with me one day before they set off; for I sometimes give the prettiest little dinner in the world. But all this composure draws near its conclusion. About the sixteenth of this month Mr. Eliot carries me away, and after picking up Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, sets me down at Port Eliot: there I shall certainly remain six weeks, or, in other words, to the end of September. My future motions, whether to London, Derbyshire; or a longer stay in Cornwall, (pray is not "motion to stay" rather in the Hibernian style?) will depend on the life of Port Eliot, the time of the meeting of parliament, and perhaps the impatience of Mr. * * * * *, Lord of Lenborough. One of my pleasures in town I forgot to mention, the unexpected visit of Deyverdun, who accompanies his young lord (very young indeed!) on a two months tour to England. He took the opportunity of the Earl's going down to the Duke of * * * * *, to spend a fortnight (nor do I recollect a more pleasant one) in Bentinck-street. They are now gone together into Yorkshire, and I think it doubtful whether I shall see him again before his return to Leipzig. It is a melancholy reflection, that while one is plagued with acquaintance at the corner of every street, real friends should be separated from each other by unsurmountable bars, and obliged to catch at a few transient moments of interview. I desire that you and my Lady (whom I most respectfully greet) would take your share of that very new and acute observation, not so large a share indeed as my Swiss friend; since nature and fortune give *us* more frequent opportunities of being together. You cannot expect news from a desert, and such is

London at present. The papers give you the full harvest of public intelligence; and I imagine that the eloquent nymphs of Twickenham * communicate all the transactions of the polite, the amorous, and the marrying world. The great pantomime of Portsmouth was universally admired; and I am angry at my own laziness in neglecting an excellent opportunity of seeing it. Foote has given us the Bankrupt, a serious and sentimental piece, with very severe strictures on the licence of scandal in attacking private characters. Adieu. Forgive and epistolize me. I shall not believe you sincere in the former, unless you make Bentinck-street your inn. I fear I shall be gone; but Mrs. Ford † and the parrot will be proud to receive you and my Lady after your long peregrination, from which I expect great improvements. Has she got the brogue upon the tip of her tongue ‡?

N° XLI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD,

PORT ELIOT, September 10th, 1773.

BY this time you have surely finished your tour, touched at Edinburgh, where you found a letter, which you have not answered, and are now contemplating the beauties of the Weald of Suffex. I shall demand a long and particular account of your peregrinations, but will excuse it till we meet; and for the present expect only a short memorandum of your health and situation, together with that of my much-honoured friend Mrs. Abigail Holroyd. A word too, if you please, concerning father and sister; to

* Miss Cambridges.

† His housekeeper.

‡ Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd made a tour to Ireland and Scotland this summer.

the latter I enclose a receipt from Mrs. G. who is now with me at Port Eliot.

Blind as you accuse me of being to the beauties of nature, I am wonderfully pleased with this country. Of her three dull notes, *ground, plants, and water*, Cornwall possesses the first and last in very high perfection. Think of a hundred solitary streams peacefully gliding between amazing cliffs on one side, and rich meadows on the other, gradually swelling by the aid of the tide into noble rivers, successively losing themselves in each other, and all at length terminating in the harbour of Plymouth, whose broad expanse is irregularly *dotted* with two-and-forty line of battle ships. In plants indeed we are deficient; and though all the gentlemen now attend to posterity, the country will for a long time be very naked. We have spent several days agreeably enough in little parties; but in general our time rolls away in complete uniformity. Our landlord possesses neither a pack of hounds, nor a stable of running horses, nor a large farm, nor a good library. The last only could interest me; but it is singular that a man of fortune, who chooses to pass nine months of the year in the country, should have none of them.

According to our present design, Mrs. G. and myself return to Bath about the beginning of next month. I shall probably make but a short stay with her, and defer my Derbyshire journey till another year. Sufficient for the summer is the evil thereof, *viz.* one distant country excursion. Natural inclination, the prosecution of my great work, and the conclusion of my Lenborough business, plead strongly in favour of London. However I desire, and one always finds time for what one really desires, to visit Sheffield-Place before the end of October, should it only be for a few days. I know several houses where I am invited to think myself at home, but I know no other where I seem inclined to accept of the invita-

tion. I forgot to tell you, that I have declined the publication of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. The public will see them, and upon the whole, I think, with pleasure; but the family were strongly bent against it; and especially on Deyverdun's account, I deemed it more prudent to avoid making them my personal enemies.

N° XLII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

January 1774.

I HAVE a letter from Hugonin, a *dreadful* one I believe, but it has lain four days unperused in my drawer. Let me turn it over to you.

Foster is playing at what he calls whist; his partner swearing inwardly. He would write to you to-night, but he thinks he had rather write *next* post; he will think so a good while. Every thing public, still as death. Our Committee of the Catch Club has done more business this morning than all those of the House of Commons since their meeting. Roberts does not petition. This from the best authority, and yet perhaps totally false. Hare married to Sir Abraham Hume's daughter. You see how hard pressed I am for news. Besides, at any time, I had rather talk an hour, than write a page. Therefore adieu. I am glad to hear of your speedy removal. Remember Bentinck-street.

N° XLIII.

The Same to the Same.

January 29th, 1774.

I AM now getting acquainted with authors, managers, &c. good company to know, but not to live with. Yesterday I dined at the British Coffee-house, with Garrick, Coleman, Goldsmith, Macpherson, John Hume, &c. I am this moment come from Coleman's *Man of Business*. We dined at the *Shakespeare*, and went in a body to support it. Between friends, though we got a verdict for our client, his cause was but a bad one. It is a very confused miscellany of several plays and tales; sets out brilliantly enough, but as we advance the plot grows thicker, the wit thinner, till the lucky fall of the curtain preserves us from total chaos.

Bentinck-street has visited Welbeck-street. Sappho is very happy that she is there yet: on Sheffield-place she squints with regret and gratitude. Mamma consulted me about buying coals; we cannot get any round ones. Quintus is gone to head the civil war. Of Mrs. * * * * I have nothing to say. I have got my intelligence for insuring, and will immediately get the preservative against fire. Foster has sent me eight-and-twenty pair of Paris silk stockings, with an intimation that my lady wished for half-a-dozen. They are much at her service; but if she will look into David Hume's *Essay on National Characters*, she will see that I durst not offer them to a Queen of Spain. *Sachez qu'une reine d'Espagne n'a point de jambes.* Adieu.

N° XLIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

1774.

WE have conquered ; * * * was amazed at the tempest just ready to break over his head. He does not desire to go to law, wishes to live in peace, has no complaints to make, hopes for a little indulgence. *Hugouin* is now in the attitude of St. Michael trampling upon Satan ; he holds him down, till Andrews has prepared a *little chain of adamant* to bind the foul fiend. In return, receive my congratulation on your Irish victory. Batt told me yesterday, as from good authority, that administration designed a second attempt this session ; but to-day I have it from much better, that they always discouraged it, and that it was *totally an Hibernian scheme*. You remark that I saw Batt. He passed two hours with me ; a pleasant man ! He and Sir John Ruffel dine with me *next week* : you will *have both their portraits ; the originals are engaged*.

N° XLV.

The Same to the Same.

February 1774.

DID you get down safe and early ? Is my lady in good spirits and humour ? You do not deserve that she should, for hurrying her away. Does Maria coquet with Divedown * ? Adieu. Bentinck-street looks very dismal. You may suppose that nothing very important can have occurred since you left town : but I will send you some account of America after Monday, though indeed my anxiety

* Dr. Downes.

about an old manor takes away much of my attention from a new continent. The mildness of Godfrey Clarke is roused into military fury; but he is an old Tory, and you only suppose yourself an old Whig. I alone am a true Englishman, Philosopher, and Whig.

N° XLVI.

The Same to the Same.

BOODLES, Wednesday Evening, March 16th, 1774.

I WAS this morning with * * *. He was positive that the attempt to settle the preliminaries of arbitration by letters, would lead us on to the middle of the summer, and that a meeting was the only practicable measure. I acquiesced, and we blended his epistle and yours into one, which goes by this post. If you can contrive to suit to it your Oxford journey, your presence at the meeting would be received as the descent of a guardian angel.

Very little that is satisfactory has transpired of America. On Monday Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill to remove the customs and courts of justice from Boston to New Salem; a step so detrimental to the former town, as must soon reduce it to your own terms; and yet of so mild an appearance, that it was agreed to, without a division, and almost without a debate. Something more is, however, intended, and a committee is appointed to enquire into the general state of America. But administration keep their secret as well as that of free masonry, and, as Coxe profanely suggests, for the same reason.

Don't you remember that in our pantheon walks we admired the *modest beauty* of Mrs. * * * *? *Eh bien*, alas! she is * * *. You ask me with whom? With * * * *, of the guards; both the * * * *'s; * * * *, a steward of * * * *'s, her first love, and half the town besides. A meeting of * * * *'s friends
 2
 assembled

assembled about a week ago, to consult of the best method of acquainting him with his frontal honours. Edmund Burke was named as the orator, and communicated the transaction in a most eloquent speech.

N. B. The same lady, who at public dinners appeared to have the most delicate appetite, was accustomed in her own apartment to feast on pork-steaks and sausages, and to swill porter till she was dead drunk. * * * is abused by the * * * family, has been bullied by * * *, and can prove himself a Cornuto, to the satisfaction of every one but a court of justice. Oh rare matrimony!

N° XLVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

March 29th, 1774.

A *AMERICA.* Had I written Saturday night, as I once intended, fire and sword, oaths of allegiance and high treason tried in England, in consequence of the refusal, would have formed my letter. Lord North, however, opened a most lenient prescription last night; and the utmost attempt towards a new settlement seemed to be no more than investing the governors with a greater share of executive power, nomination of civil officers, (judges, however, for life,) and some regulations of juries. The Boston port bill passed the Lords last night; some lively conversation, but no division.

Bentinck-street. Rose Fuller was against the Boston port bill, and against his niece's going to Boodle's masquerade. He was laughed at in the first instance, but succeeded in the second. Sappho and Fanny very indifferent (as mamma says) about going. They seem of a different opinion. Adieu.

N° XLVIII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD,

April 2d, 1774.

YOU owe me a letter; so this extra goes only to acquaint you with a misfortune that has just happened to poor Clarke, and which he really considers as such, the loss of a very excellent father. The blow was sudden; a thin little man, as abstemious as a hermit, was destroyed by a stroke of apoplexy in his coach as he was going to dinner. He appeared perfectly well, and only two days before had very good-naturedly dined with us at a tavern, a thing he had not done for many years before. I am the only person Clarke wishes to see, except his own family; and I pass a great part of the day with him. A line from you would be kindly received.

Great news, you see, from India. Tanjour four hundred thousand pounds to the company. Suja Dowla six hundred thousand. Adieu.

N° XLIX.

The Same to the Same.

April 13th, 1774.

AT length I am a little more at liberty. Godfrey Clarke went out of town this morning. Instead of going directly into Derbyshire, where he would have been overwhelmed with visits, &c. he has taken his sister, brother, and aunts to a villa near Farnham, in which he has the happiness of having no neighbourhood. If my esteem and friendship for Godfrey had been capable of any addition, it would have been very much increased by the manner in which he felt

felt and lamented his father's death. He is now in very different circumstances than before; instead of an easy and ample allowance, he has taken possession of a great estate, with low rents and high incumbrances. I hope the one may make amends for the other: under your conduct I am sure they would, and I have freely offered him your assistance, in case he should wish to apply for it.

In the mean time I must not forget my own affairs, which seem to be covered with inextricable perplexity. * * *, as I mentioned about a century ago, promised to see * * * and his attorney, and to oil the wheels of the arbitration. As yet I have not heard from him. I have some thoughts of writing *myself* to the jockey, stating the various steps of the affair, and offering him, with polite firmness, the *immediate* choice of Chancery or arbitration.

For the time, however, I forgot all these difficulties, in the present enjoyment of Deyverdun's company; and I glory in thinking, that although my house is small, it is just of a sufficient size to hold my real friends, male and *female*; among the latter my Lady holds the very first place.

We are all quiet.—American business is suspended and almost forgot. The other day we had a brisk report of a Spanish war. It was said they had taken one of our Leward Islands. It since turns out, that we are the invaders, but the invasion is trifling.

Bien obligé non (at present) for your invitation. I wish my Lady and you would come up to our masquerade the third of May. The finest thing ever seen. We sup in a transparent temple that costs four hundred and fifty pounds.

N° L.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD,

April 21st, 1774.

I BEGIN to flag, and though you already reproach me as a bad correspondent, I much fear that I shall every week become a more hardened sinner. Besides the occasional obstructions of Clarke and Deyverdun, I must intreat you to consider, with your usual candour, 1. The aversion to epistolary conversation, which it has pleased the dæmon to implant in my nature. 2. That I am a very fine gentleman, a subscriber to the masquerade, where you and my Lady ought to come, and am now writing at Boodle's, in a fine velvet coat, with ruffles of my lady's choosing, &c. 3. That the aforesaid fine gentleman is likewise an historian; and in truth, when I am writing a page, I do not only think it a sufficient reason for delay, but even consider myself as writing for you, and that, much more to the purpose than if I were sending you the little tattle of the town, of which indeed there is none stirring. With regard to America, the Minister seems moderate, and the House obedient.

* * *'s last letter, by some unaccountable accident, had never reached me; so that your's, in every instance, amazed me. I immediately dispatched to him groans and approbation. * * *, however, gives me very little uneasiness. I see that he is a bully, and that I have a stick. But the cursed business of Lenborough, in the midst of study, dissipation, and friendship, at times almost distracts me. I am surely in a worse situation than before I sold the estate, and what distresses me is, that

His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.—

Both Deyverdun and Clarke wish to be remembered to you. The former, who has more taste for the country than * * * *, could wish to visit you, but he sets out in a few days for the continent with Lord Middleton. Adieu.

N° LI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

DEAR HOLROYD,

May 4th, 1774.

LAST night was the triumph of Boodle's. Our masquerade cost two thousand guineas; a sum that might have fertilised a province, (I speak in your own style,) vanished in a few hours, but not without leaving behind it the fame of the most splendid and elegant *fête* that was perhaps ever given in a seat of the arts and opulence. It would be as difficult to describe the magnificence of the scene, as it would be easy to record the humour of the night. The one was above, the other below, all relation. I left the Pantheon about five this morning, rose at ten, took a good walk, and returned home to a more rational entertainment of Batt, Sir John Russell, and Lascelles, who dined with me. They have left me this moment; and were I to enumerate the things said of Sheffield, it would form a much longer letter than I have any inclination to write. Let it suffice, that Sir John means to pass in Suffex the interval of the two terms. Every thing, in a word, goes on very pleasantly, except the terrestrial business of Lenborough. Last Saturday se'nnight I wrote to * * * *, to press him to see * * *, and urge the arbitration. He has not *condescended* to answer me. All is a dead calm, sometimes more fatal than a storm. For God's sake send me advice.

Adieu.

N° LII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

BOODLE'S, May 24th, 1774.

DO you remember that there exists in the world one Edward Gibbon, a housekeeper in Bentinck-street? If the standard of writing and of affection were the same, I am sure he would ill-deserve it. I do not wish to discover, how many days (I am afraid I ought to use another word) have elapsed since the date of my last, or even of your last letter, and yet such is the sluggish nature of the beast, that I am afraid nothing but the arrival of Mrs. Bonfoy, and the expectation of Mr. Eliot, could have roused me from my lethargy. The Lady gave me great satisfaction, by her general account of your health and spirits, but communicated some uneasiness, by the mention of a little encounter, in the style of one of Don Quixote's, but which proved, I hope, as trifling as you at first imagined it. For my own part, I am well in mind and body, busy with my books, (which may perhaps produce something next year, either to tire or amuse the world,) and every day more satisfied with my present mode of life, which I always believed was calculated to make me happy. My only remaining uneasiness is Lenborough, which is not terminated. By Holroyd's advice, I rather try what may be obtained by a little more patience, than rush at once into the horrors of Chancery. But let us talk of something else. Mrs. Porten grows younger every day. You remember, I think, in Newman-street, an agreeable woman, Miss W * * * *. The Under-secretary is seriously in love with her, and seriously uneasy that his precarious situation precludes him from happiness. We shall soon see which will get the better, love or reason. I bet three to two on love.

Guess my surprize, when Mrs. Gibbon of Northamptonshire suddenly communicated her arrival. I immediately went to Surrey-street, where she lodged, but though it was no more than half an hour after nine, the Saint had finished her evening devotions, and was already retired to rest. Yesterday morning (by appointment) I breakfasted with her at eight o'clock, dined with her to-day at two in Newman-street, and am just returned from setting her down. She is, in truth, a very great curiosity: her dress and figure exceed any thing we had at the masquerade: her language and ideas belong to the last century. However, in point of religion she was rational; that is to say, silent. I do not believe that she asked a single question, or said the least thing concerning it. To me she behaved with great cordiality, and *in her way* expressed a great regard.

Mrs. Porten tells me, that she has just written to you. She ought to go to a masquerade once a year. Did you think her such a girl?

I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N° LIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

BOODLE'S, May 24th, 1774.

I WROTE three folio pages to you this morning, and yet you complain. Have reason, and have mercy; consider all the excellent reasons for silence which I gave you in one of my last, and expect my arrival in Suffex, when I shall talk more in a quarter of an hour than I could write in a day. *A propos* of that arrival; never pretend to allure me, by painting in odious colours the dust of London. I love the dust, and whenever I move into the Weald, it is to visit

you and my Lady, and not your trees. About this-day-month I mean to give you *a visitation*. I leave it to Guise, Clarke, and the other light horse, to prance down for a day or two. They all talk of mounting, but will not fix the day. Sir John Russell, whom I salute, has brought you, I suppose, all the news of Versailles. Let me only add, that the Mesdames, by attending their father, have both got the small-pox. I can make nothing of * * *, or his lawyer. You will swear at the shortness of this letter.—Swear.

N^o LIV..

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Evening, August 27th, 1774.

By your submission to the voice of reason, you eased me of a heavy load of anxiety. I did not like your enterprise. * * * *
 * * * * *. As to papers, I will shew you that I can keep them safe till we meet. What think you of the Turks and Russians? Romanzow is a great man. He wrote an account of his amazing success to Mouskin Poufkin here, and declared his intention of retiring as soon as he had conducted the army home; desiring that Poufkin would send him the best plan he could procure of an English gentleman's farm. In his answer, Poufkin promised to get it; but added, that at the same time he should send the Empress *a plan of Blenheim*. A handsome compliment; I think. My Lady and Maria, as usual.

N° LV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

BENTINCK-STREET, Sept. 10th, 1774.

SINCE Heberden is returned, I think the road lies plain before you, I mean the turnpike road; the only party which in good sense can be embraced is, without delay, to bring my Lady to Bentinck-street, where you may inhabit two or three nights, and have any advice (Turton, Heberden, &c.) which the town may afford, in a case that most assuredly ought not to be trifled with. Do this as you value our good opinion. The Cantabs are strongly in the same sentiments. There can be no apprehensions of late hours, &c. as none of Mrs. H.'s raking acquaintance are in town. * * * * * You give me no account of the works. When do you inhabit the library? *Turn over---great things await you.*

It is surely infinite condescension for a senator to bestow his attention on the affairs of a juryman. A senator? Yes, Sir, at last

—*Quod Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, eu attulit ultro.*—

Yesterday morning, about half an hour after seven, as I was destroying an army of Barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door, and my friend * * * * * was soon introduced. After some idle conversation he told me, that if I was desirous of being in parliament, he had an *independent* seat very much at my service. * * * * * This is a fine prospect opening upon me, and if next spring I should take my seat, and publish my book, it will be a very memorable æra in my life. I am ignorant whether my borough will be * * *. You despise boroughs, and fly at nobler game. Adieu.

N° LVI.

The Same to the Same.

December 2d, 1774.

I SEND you inclosed a dismal letter from Hugonin. Return it without delay, with observations. A manifesto has been sent to * * *, which must, I think, produce immediate peace or war. Adieu. We shall have a warm day on the address next Monday. A number of young members! Whitshed, *a dry man*, assured me, that he heard one of them ask, whether the king always sat in that chair, pointing to the Speaker's. Adieu.

N° LVII.

The Same to the Same.

BOODLE's, Jan. 31st, 1775.

SOMETIMES people do not write because they are too idle, and sometimes because they are too busy. The former was usually my case, but at present it is the latter. The fate of Europe and America seems fully sufficient to take up the time of one man; and especially of a man who gives up a great deal of time for the purpose of public and private information. I think I have sucked Mauduit and Hutcheson very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable speaker. At all events, I fancy I shall try to expose myself.

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam?

For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side, and that, though the effort may be accompanied with some melancholy circumstances, we are now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving, or of losing for ever,

both our trade and empire. We expect next Thursday or Friday to be a very great day. Hitherto we have been chiefly employed in reading papers, and rejecting petitions. Petitions were brought from London, Bristol, Norwich, &c. framed by party, and designed to delay. By the aid of some parliamentary quirks, they have been all referred to a separate inactive committee, which Burke calls a committee of oblivion, and are now considered as dead in law. I could write you fifty little House of Commons stories, but from their number and nature they suit better a conference than a letter. Our general divisions are about two hundred and fifty to eighty or ninety. Adieu.

N° LVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

LONDON, Jan. 31st, 1775.

AN idle man has no time, and a busy man very little. As yet the House of Commons turns out very well to me, and though it should never prove of any real benefit to me, I find it at least a very agreeable coffee-house. We are plunging every day deeper and deeper into the great business of America; and I have hitherto been a zealous, though silent, friend to the cause of government, which, *in this instance*, I think the cause of England. I passed about ten days, as I designed, at Uppark. I found Lord * * * and fourscore fox-hounds.

The troubles of Beriton are perfectly composed, and the insurgents reduced to a state, though not a temper of submission. You may suppose I heard a great deal of Petersfield. L* * * * means to convict your friend of bribery, to transport him for using a second time old stamps, and to prove that Petersfield is still a part of the manor of Beriton. I remain an impartial spectator. I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N^o LIX.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.*

February 8th, 1775.

I AM not d——d, according to your charitable wishes, because I have not acted; there was such an inundation of speakers, young speakers in every sense of the word, both on Thursday in the grand committee, and Monday on the report to the House, that neither Lord George Germaine nor myself could find room for a single word. The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on the opposite sides; the latter displayed his usual talents; the former, taking the vast compass of the question before us, discovered powers for regular debate, which neither his friends hoped, nor his enemies dreaded. We voted an address, (three hundred and four to one hundred and five,) of lives and fortunes, declaring Massachusetts Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of ten thousand men at Boston; three generals, Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. In a few days we stop the ports of New England. I cannot write volumes; but I am more and more convinced, that with firmness all may go well; yet I sometimes doubt. I am now writing with ladies, (Sir S. Porten and his bride,) and two card-tables, in the library. As to my silence, judge of my situation by last Monday. I am on the Grenvillian committee of Downton. We always sit from ten to three and a half; after which, that day, I went into the House, and sat till three in the morning. Adieu.

N^o LX.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

February 25th, 1775

WE go on with regard to America, if we can be said to go on; for on last Monday a conciliatory motion of allowing the Colonies to tax themselves, was introduced by Lord North, in the midst of lives and fortunes, war and famine. We went into the House in confusion, every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into rebellion against those measures. Lord North rose six times to appease the storm, but all in vain; till at length Sir Gilbert declared for administration, and the troops all rallied under their proper standard. On Wednesday we had the Middlesex election. I was a patriot; sat by the Lord Mayor, who spoke well, and with temper, but before the end of the debate fell fast asleep. I am still a mute; it is more tremendous than I imagined; the great speakers fill me with despair, the bad ones with terror.

When do you move? My Lady answered like a woman of sense, spirit, and good nature. Neither she nor I could bear it. She was right, and the Duchess of Braganza would have made the same answer.

Adieu.

N^o LXI.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON.*

DEAR MADAM,

March 30th, 1775.

I HARDLY know how to take up the pen. I talked in my last of two or three posts, and I am almost ashamed to calculate how many have elapsed. I will endeavour for the future to be less scandalous. Only believe that my heart is innocent of the laziness of my hand. I do not mean to have recourse to the stale and absurd excuse of business, though I have really had a very considerable hurry of new parliamentary business: one day, for instance, of seventeen hours, from ten in the morning till between three and four the next morning. It is, upon the whole, an agreeable improvement in my life, and forms just the mixture of business, of study, and of society, which I always imagined I should, and now find I do like. Whether the House of Commons may ever prove of benefit to myself or country, is another question. As yet I have been mute. In the course of our American affairs, I have sometimes had a wish to speak, but though I felt tolerably prepared as to the matter, I dreaded exposing myself in the manner, and remained in my seat safe, but inglorious. Upon the whole, (though I still believe I shall try,) I doubt whether Nature, not that in some instances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an orator, and I feel that I came into parliament much too late to exert them. Do you hear of Port Eliot coming to Bath? and, above all, do you hear of Charles-street * coming to Bentinck-street, in its way to Essex, &c.

Adieu. Dear Madam,

I am most truly yours.

* Mrs. Gibbon's residence at Bath.

N° LXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON.*

DEAR MADAM,

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 2d, 1775.

I ACCEPT of the Pomeranian Lady with gratitude and pleasure, and shall be impatient to form an acquaintance with her. My presentations at St. James's passed graciously. My dinner at Twickenham was attended with less ceremony and more amusement. If they turned out Lord North to-morrow, they would still leave him one of the best companions in the kingdom. By this time I suppose the Eliots are with you. I am sure you will say every thing kind and proper on the occasion. I am glad to hear of the approbation of my constituents for my vote on the Middlesex election. On the subject of America, I have been something more of a courtier. You know, I suppose, that Holroyd is just stepped over to Ireland for a fortnight. He passed three days with me on his way. Deyverdun had left me just before your letter arrived, which I shall soon have an opportunity of conveying to him. Though, I flatter myself, he broke from me with some degree of uneasiness, the engagement could not be declined. At the end of four years he has an annuity of one hundred pounds for life, and may for the remainder of his days enjoy a decent independence in that country, which a philosopher would perhaps prefer to the rest of Europe. For my own part after the hurry of the town and of parliament, I am now retired to my villa in Bentinck-street, which I begin to find a very pleasing solitude, at least as well as if it were two hundred miles from London; because when I am tired of the Roman Empire, I can laugh away the evening at Foote's theatre, which I could not do in Hampshire or Cornwall. I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N° LXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, August 1st, 1775.

YOUR apprehensions of a precipitate work, &c. are perfectly groundless. I should be much more addicted to a contrary extreme. The *head* is now printing: true, but it was written last year and the year before. The first chapter has been composed *de nouveau* three times; the second twice, and all the others have undergone reviews, corrections, &c. As to the tail, it is perfectly formed and digested, (and were I so much given to self-content and haste,) it is almost all written. The ecclesiastical part, for instance, is written out in fourteen sheets, which I mean to *refondre* from beginning to end. As to the friendly critic, it is very difficult to find one who has leisure, candour, freedom, and knowledge sufficient. However, Batt and Deyverdun have read and observed. After all, the public is the best critic. I print no more than five hundred copies of the first edition; and the second (as it happens frequently to my betters) may receive many improvements. So much for Rome. We have nothing new from America. But I can venture to assure you, that administration is now as unanimous and decided as the occasion requires. Something will be done this year; but in the Spring the force of the country will be exerted to the utmost. Scotch Highlanders, Irish Papists, Hanoverians, Canadians, Indians, &c. will all in various shapes be employed. Parliament meets the first week in November. I think his Catholic Majesty may be satisfied with his Summer's amusement. The Spaniards fought with great bravery, and made a fine retreat; but our Algerine friends surpassed them as much in conduct as in number. Adieu.

The Duchefs has ftopped Foote's picce. She fent for him to Kingfton-houfe, and threatened, bribed, argued, and wept for about two hours. He affured her, that 'if the Chamberlain was obftinate, he fhould publifh it, with a dedication to her Grace.

N° LXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

LONDON, Auguſt, 1775.

WILL you accept my preſent literary buſineſs as an excuſe for my not writing? I think you will be in the wrong if you do, ſince I was juſt as idle before. At all events, however, it is better to ſay three words, than to be totally a dumb dog. *A propos* of dog, but not of dumb: your Pomeranian is the comfort of my life; pretty, impertinent, fantaſtical, all that a young lady of faſhion ought to be. I flatter myſelf that our paſſion is reciprocal. I am juſt at preſent engaged in a great hiſtorical work; no leſs than a Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; with the firſt volume of which I may very poſſibly oppreſs the public next winter. It would require ſome pages to give a more particular idea of it; but I ſhall only ſay in general, that the ſubject is curious, and never yet treated as it deſerves; and that during ſome years it has been in my thoughts, and even under my pen. Should the attempt fail, it muſt be by the fault of the execution.

Adieu. Dear Madam, believe me moſt truly yours.

N^o LXV.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, October 14th, 1775.

I SEND you two pieces of intelligence from the best authority, and which, unless you hear them from some other quarter, I do not wish you should talk much about. 1st, When the Russians arrive, (if they refresh themselves in England or Ireland,) will you go and see their camp? We have great hopes of getting a body of these Barbarians. In consequence of some very plain advances, King George, with his own hand, wrote a very polite epistle to sister Kitty, requesting her friendly assistance. Full powers and instructions were sent at the same time to Gunning, to agree for any force between five, and twenty thousand men, *carte blanche* for the terms; on condition, however, that they should serve, not as auxiliaries, but as mercenaries, and that the Russian general should be absolutely under the command of the British. They daily and hourly expect a messenger, and hope to hear that the business is concluded. The worst of it is, that the Baltic will soon be frozen up, and that it must be late next year before they can get to America. 2. In the mean time we are not quite easy about Canada; and even if it should be safe from an attack, we cannot flatter ourselves with the expectation of bringing down that martial people on the Back Settlements. The priests are ours; the gentlemen very prudently wait the event, and are disposed to join the stronger party; but the same lawless spirit and impatience of government which have infected our Colonies, are gone forth among the Canadian peasants, over whom, since the conquest, the noblesse have lost much of their ancient influence. Another thing which will please and surprise, is the assurance which

I received from a man who might tell me a lie, but who could not be mistaken, that no arts, no management whatsoever, have been used to procure the addresses which fill the Gazette, and that Lord North was as much surpris'd at the first that came up, as we could be at Sheffield. We shall have, I suppose, some brisk skirmishing in parliament, but the business will soon be decided by our superior weight of fire. *A propos*, I believe there has been some vague but serious conversation about *calling out the militia*. The new levies go on very slowly in Ireland. The Dissenters, both there and here, are violent and active. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria.

N° LXVI.

GEORGE LEWIS SCOTT *Esquire* to EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire*.

DEAR SIR,

December 29th, 1775.

I AM obliged to you for the liberty of perusing part of your work. What I have read, has given me a great deal of pleasure. I have found but few slips of the press, or the pen.

The style of the work is clear, and every way agreeable; and I dare say you will be thought to have written with all due moderation and decency with respect to received (at least once received) opinions. The notes and quotations will add not a little to the value of the work. The authority of French writers, so familiar to you, has not infected you, however, with the fault of superficial and careless quotations. I find, since I saw you, that I must be in the chair at the Excise Office to-morrow; which service will confine me too much for a week, to permit me to wait upon you so soon as I could wish.

I am very truly, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble Servant.

N° LXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

LONDON, January 18th, 1776.

HOW do you do? Are you alive? Are you buried under mountains of snow? I write merely to triumph in the superiority of my own situation, and to rejoice in my own prudence, in not going down to Sheffield-place, as I seriously, but foolishly, intended to do last week. We proceed triumphantly with the Roman Empire, and shall certainly make our appearance before the end of next month. I have nothing public. You know we have got eighteen thousand Germans from Hesse, Brunswick, and Hesse Darmstadt. I think our meeting will be lively; a spirited minority, and a desponding majority. The higher people are placed, the more gloomy are their countenances, the more melancholy their language. You may call this cowardice, but I fear it arises from their knowledge (a late knowledge) of the difficulty and magnitude of the business. Quebec is not *yet* taken. I hear that Carleton is determined never to capitulate with rebels. A glorious resolution, if it were supported with fifty thousand men! Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria. Make my excuses to the latter, for having neglected her birth-day.

N° LXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

January 29th, 1776.

HARES, &c. arrived safe; were received with thanks, and devoured with appetite. Send more (*id est*) of hares. I believe, in my last I forgot saying any thing of the son of Fergus; his letters reached him. What think you of the season? Siberia, is it not? A pleasant campaign in America. I read and pondered your last, and think that, in the place of Lord G. G. you might perhaps succeed;

but I much fear that our Leaders have not a genius which can act at the distance of three thousand miles. You know, that a large draught of guards are just going to America; poor dear creatures! We are met; but no business. Next week may be busy; Scotch militia, &c. Roman Empire (first part) will be finished in a week, or fortnight. At last, I have heard Texier; wonderful! Embrace my Lady. The weather too cold to turn over the page. Adieu.

Since this, I received your last, and honour your care of the old women; a respectable name, which, in spite of my Lady, may suit Judges, Bishops, Generals, &c. I am rejoiced to hear of Maria's inoculation. I know not when you have done so wise a thing. You may depend upon getting an excellent house. Adieu.

N° LXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, February 9th, 1776.

YOU are mistaken about your dates. It is to-morrow *seven-night*, the seventeenth, that my book will decline into the world.

I am glad to find, that by degrees you begin to understand the advantage of a civilized city. Adieu. No public business; parliament has sat every day, but we have not had a single debate. I think you will have *the book* on Monday. The parent is not forgot, though I had not a single one to spare.

N° LXX.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. ROBERTSON to Mr. STRAHAN, dated Edinburgh College, March 15, 1776.

* * * * S INCE my last I have read Mr. Gibbon's History with much attention, and great pleasure. It is a work of very high merit indeed. He possesses that industry

of research, without which no man deserves the name of an Historian. His narrative is perspicuous and interesting; his style is elegant and forcible, though in some passages I think rather too laboured, and in others too quaint. But these defects are amply compensated by the beauty of the general flow of language, and a very peculiar happiness in many of his expressions. I have traced him in many of his quotations, (for experience has taught me to suspect the accuracy of my brother pen-men,) and I find he refers to no passage but what he has seen with his own eyes. I hope the book will be as successful as it deserves to be. I have not yet read the two last chapters, but am sorry, from what I have heard of them, that he has taken such a tone in them as will give great offence, and hurt the sale of the book.

N° LXXI.

Mr. FERGUSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

EDINBURGH, March 19th, 1776.

I RECEIVED, about eight days ago, after I had been reading your History, the copy which you have been so good as to send me, and for which I now trouble you with my thanks. But even if I had not been thus called upon to offer you my respects, I could not have refrained from congratulating you on the merit, and undoubted success, of this valuable performance. The persons of this place whose judgment you will value most, agree in opinion, that you have made a great addition to the classical literature of England, and given us what Thucydides proposed leaving with his own countrymen, a *possession in perpetuity*. Men of a certain modesty and merit always exceed the expectations of their friends; and it is with very great pleasure I tell you, that although you must have observed in me every mark of consideration and regard, that this is, nevertheless, the case, I receive your instruction, and study your model,

with great deference, and join with every one else, in applauding the extent of your plan, in hands so well able to execute it. Some of your readers, I find, were impatient to get at the fifteenth chapter, and began at that place. I have not heard much of their criticism, but am told that many doubt of your orthodoxy. I wish to be always of the charitable side, while I own you have proved that the clearest stream may become foul when it comes to run over the muddy bottom of human nature. I have not stayed to make any particular remarks. If any should occur on the second reading, I shall not fail to lay in my claim to a more needed, and more useful admonition from you, in case I ever produce any thing that merits your attention. And am, with the greatest respect, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and most humble Servant,

ADAM FERGUSON.

Nº LXXII.

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. DAVID HUME to Mr. STRAHAN,
dated Edinburgh, April 8th, 1776.*

* * * * * I AM very much taken with Mr. Gibbon's Roman History, which came from your press, and am glad to hear of its success. There will no books of reputation now be printed in London but through your hands and Mr. Cadell's. The Author tells me, that he is already preparing a second edition. I resolved to have given him my advice with regard to the manner of printing it; but as I am now writing to you, it is the same thing. He ought certainly to print the number of the chapter at the head of the margin; and it would be better if something of the contents could also be added. One is also plagued with his notes, according to the present method of printing the book: when a note is announced, you turn to the end of the volume; and there you

often find nothing but a reference to an authority. All these authorities ought only to be printed at the margin, or the bottom of the page. I desire a copy of my new edition should be sent to Mr. Gibbon; as wishing that gentleman, whom I so highly value, should peruse me in a form the least imperfect to which I can bring my work.

* * * * * Dr. Smith's performance is another excellent work that has come from your press this winter; but I have ventured to tell him, that it requires too much thought to be as popular as Mr. Gibbon's.

N° LXXIII.

Mr. FERGUSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

EDINBURGH, April 18th, 1776.

I SHOULD make some apology for not writing you sooner an answer to your obliging letter: but if you should honour me frequently with such requests, you will find, that, with very good intentions, I am a very dilatory and irregular correspondent. I am sorry to tell you, that our respectable friend † is still declining in his health; he is greatly emaciated, and loses strength. He talks familiarly of his near prospect of dying. His mother, it seems, died under the same symptoms; and it appears so little necessary, or proper, to flatter him, that no one attempts it. I never observed his understanding more clear, or his humour more pleasant and lively. He has a great aversion to leave the tranquillity of his own house, to go in search of health among inns and hostlers. And his friends here gave way to him for some time; but now think it necessary that he should make an effort to try what change of place and air, or any thing else Sir John Pringle may advise, can do for

† Mr. Hume.

him,

him. I left him this morning in the mind to comply in this article, and I hope that he will be prevailed on to set out in a few days. He is just now sixty-five.

I am very glad that the pleasure you give us recoils a little on yourself, through our feeble testimony. I have, as you suppose, been employed, at any intervals of leisure or rest I have had for some years, in taking notes, or collecting materials, for a History of the distractions that broke down the Roman Republic, and ended in the establishment of Augustus and his immediate successors. The compliment you are pleased to pay, I cannot accept of, even to my subject. Your subject now appears with advantages it was not supposed to have had; and I suspect that the magnificence of the mouldering ruin will appear more striking, than the same building when the view is perplexed with scaffolding, workmen, and disorderly lodgers, and the ear is stunned with the noise of destructions and repairs, and the alarms of fire. The night which you begin to describe is solemn, and there are gleams of light superior to what is to be found in any other time. I comfort myself, that as my trade is the study of human nature, I could not fix on a more interesting corner of it, than the end of the Roman Republic. Whether my compilations should ever deserve the attention of any one besides myself, must remain to be determined after they are farther advanced. I take the liberty to trouble you with the inclosed for Mr. Smith, whose uncertain stay in London makes me at a loss how to direct for him. You have both such reason to be pleased with the world just now, that I hope you are pleased with each other.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant,

ADAM FERGUSON.

N^o LXXIV.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

LONDON, May 20th, 1776.

I AM angry that you should impede my noble designs of visiting foreign parts, more especially as I have an advantage which Sir Wilful had not, that of understanding your foreign lingos. With regard to Mrs. Gibbon, her intended visit, to which I was not totally a stranger, will do me honour; and, though it should delay my emigration till the end of July, there will still remain the months of August, September, and October. Above all, abstain from giving the least hint to any Bath correspondent, and perhaps, if I am not provoked by opposition, the thing may not be absolutely certain. At all events, you may depend on a previous visit. At present, I am very busy with the Neckers. I live with her, just as I used to do twenty years ago, laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to become a simple reasonable Suisse. The man who might read English husbands' lessons of proper and dutiful behaviour, is a sensible good-natured creature. In about a fortnight I launch again into the world in the shape of a quarto volume. Cadell assures me, that he never remembered so eager and impatient a demand for a second edition. The town is beginning to break up; the day after tomorrow we have our last day in the House of Commons, to inquire into the instructions of the commissioners. I like the man, and the motion appears plain. Adieu. I dined with Lord Palmerstone today; great dinner of catches. I embrace my Lady and the Maria.

N° LXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

TO tell you any thing of the change, or rather changes, of governors, I must have known something of them myself; but all is darkness, confusion, and uncertainty, to such a degree, that people do not even know what lies to invent. The news from America have indeed diverted the public attention into another, and far greater, channel. All that you see in the papers, of the repulse at Quebec, as well as the capture of Lee, rests on the authority (a very unexceptionable one) of the provincial papers, as they have been transmitted by Governor Tryon from New York. Howe is well, and eats plentifully; and the weather seems to clear up so fast, that, according to the English custom, we have passed from the lowest despondency to a full assurance of success. My new birth happened last Monday; seven hundred of the fifteen hundred were gone yesterday. I now understand, from pretty good authority, that Dr. * * * *, the friend and chaplain of * * * *, is actually sharpening his goose quill against the two last chapters. Adieu.

June the 6th, 1776, from Almack's, where I was chosen last week.

N° LXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

ALMACK'S, June 24th, 1776.

YES, yes, I am alive, and well; but what shall I say? Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed very agreeable hours, is the only place which still unites the flower of the English youth. The stile of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertaining, and even rational society here, than in any other club to which I belong. Mrs. Gibbon still hangs in suspense, and seems to consider a town-expedition with horror. I think, however, that she will be soon in motion; and when I have her in Bentinck-street, we shall perhaps talk of a Sheffield excursion. I am now deeply engaged in the reign of Constantine, and, from the specimens which I have already seen, I can venture to promise, that the second volume will not be less interesting than the first. The fifteen hundred copies are moving off with decent speed, and the obliging Cadell begins to mutter something of a third edition for next year. No news of Deyverdun, or his French translation. What a lazy dog! Madame Necker has been gone a great while. I gave her, *en partant*, the most solemn assurances of following her *parus* in less than two months; but the voice of indolence begins to whisper a thousand difficulties, and unless your absurd policy should thoroughly provoke me, the Parisian journey may possibly be deferred. I rejoice in the progress of * * * * towards light. We are in expectation of American news. Carleton is made a Knight of the Bath. The old report of Washington's resignation, and quarrel with the Congress, seems to revive. Adieu.

N° LXXVII.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, Professor at Aberdeen, to Mr. STRAHAN, dated Aberdeen, June 25, 1776.

I HAVE lately read over one of your last winter's publications with very great pleasure, and I hope some instruction. My expectations were indeed high when I began it; but, I assure you, the entertainment I received greatly exceeded them. What made me fall to it with the greater avidity was, that it had in part a pretty close connection with a subject I had occasion to treat sometimes in my Theological Lectures; to wit, the Rise and Progress of the Hierarchy: and you will believe that I was not the less pleased to discover, in an historian of so much learning and penetration, so great a coincidence with my own sentiments, in relation to some obscure points in the Christian antiquities. I suppose I need not now inform you, that the book I mean is Gibbon's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire; which, in respect of the style and manner, as well as the matter, is a most masterly performance.

N° LXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

Saturday, August, 1776.

WE expect you at five o'clock Tuesday, without a fore throat. You have ere this heard of the shocking accident which takes up the attention of the town. Our old acquaintance * * * * * By his own indolence, rather than

than extravagance, his circumstances were embarrassed, and he had frequently declared himself tired of life. No public news, nor any material expected, till the end of this, or the beginning of next month, when Howe will probably have collected his whole force. A tough business indeed. You see by their declaration, that they have now passed the Rubicon, and rendered the work of a treaty infinitely more difficult. You will perhaps say, so much the better; but I do assure you, that the *thinking* friends of Government are by no means sanguine. I take the opportunity of eating turtle with Garrick at Hampton. Adieu.

N° LXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday, $\frac{3}{4}$ past Eleven, 1776.

FOR the present I am so deeply engaged, that you must renounce the hasty apparition at Sheffield-place; but if you should be very impatient, I will try (after the meeting) to run down, between the Friday and Monday, and bring you the last editions of things. At present *nought* but expectation. The attack on me is begun; an anonymous eighteen-penny pamphlet, which will get the author more glory in the next world than in this. The heavy troops, Watson and another, are on their march. Adieu.

N° LXXX.

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. WALLACE to Mr. STRAHAN, dated
Edinburgh, August 30, 1776.*

ALAS, for David Hume *! His friends have sustained a great loss in his death. He was interred yesterday, at a place he lately purchased in the burying-ground on the Calton.

“ For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
“ This pleasing anxious being e’er resign’d,
“ Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
“ Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?”

A monument on that airy elevated cemetery, which, on account of a magnificent terrace now carried round the hill, is greatly frequented, will be extremely conspicuous, and must often call his name to remembrance. It has been remarked, that the same day on which Lucretius died, gave birth to Virgil; and amidst their late severe loss, philosophy and literature will probably find themselves not wholly disconsolate, on reflecting that the same year in which they were deprived of Hume, Gibbon arose; his superior in some respects. This Gentleman’s History of the Decline of the Roman Empire appears to me, in point of composition, incomparably the finest production in English, without any exception. I hardly thought the language capable of arriving at his correctness, perspicuity, and strength.

* Mr. Hume died at Edinburgh, August 25, 1776.

N° LXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

1776.

I HOPE you bark and growl at my silence ; growl and bark. This is not a time for correspondence. Parliament, visits, dinners, suppers, and an hour or two stolen with difficulty for the Decline, leave but very little leisure. I send you the Gazette, and have scarcely any thing to add, except that about five hundred of them have deserted to us, and that the New York incendiaries were immediately, and very justifiably, destined to the cord. Lord G. G. with whom I had a long conversation last night, was in high spirits, and hopes to reconquer Germany in America. On the side of Canada, he only fears Carleton's *slowness*, but entertains great expectations that the light troops and Indians, under Sir William Johnson, who are sent from Oswego down the Mohawk River to Albany, will oblige the Provincials to give up the defence of the Lakes; for fear of being cut off. The report of a foreign war subsides. House of Commons dull, and opposition talk of suspending hostilities from despair.

An anonymous pamphlet and Dr. Watson out against me ; (in my opinion,) the former feeble, and very illiberal ; the latter uncommonly genteel. At last I have had a letter from Deyverdun ; wretched excuses ; nothing done ; vexatious enough. To-morrow I write to Suard, a very skilful translator of Paris, who was here in the spring with the Neckers, to get him (if not too late) to undertake it. Adieu.

N° LXXXII.

Mr. GIBBON to the Reverend Dr. WATSON (now Bishop of Landaff).

BENTINCK-STREET, November 2d, 1776.

MR. Gibbon takes the earliest opportunity of presenting his compliments and thanks to Dr. Watson, and of expressing his sense of the liberal treatment which he has received from so candid an adversary. Mr. Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr. Watson, that as their different sentiments, on a very important period of history, are now submitted to the Public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more useful, as well as agreeable, than they could possibly do by exhibiting a single combat in the amphitheatre of controversy. Mr. Gibbon is therefore determined to resist the temptation of justifying, in a professed reply, any passages of his History, which might perhaps be easily cleared from censure and misapprehension; but he still reserves to himself the privilege of inserting in a future edition some occasional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleasure or business should bring Dr. Watson to town, Mr. Gibbon would think himself happy in being permitted to solicit the honour of his acquaintance.

N° LXXXIII.

Dr. WATSON to Mr. GIBBON.

CAMBRIDGE, November 4th, 1776.

DR. Watson accepts with pleasure Mr. Gibbon's polite invitation to a personal acquaintance. If he comes to town this winter, will certainly do himself the honour to wait upon him. Begs, at the same time, to assure Mr. Gibbon, that he will be very happy to have an opportunity of shewing him every civility, if curiosity, or other motives, should bring him to Cambridge. Dr. Watson can have some faint idea of Mr. Gibbon's difficulty in resisting the temptation he speaks of, from having been of late in a situation somewhat similar himself. It would be very extraordinary, if Mr. Gibbon did not feel a parent's partiality for an offspring which has justly excited the admiration of all who have seen it; and Dr. Watson would be the last person in the world to wish him to suppress any explanation which might tend to exalt its merits.

N° LXXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire:

ALMACK'S, November 7th, 1776.

LETTERS from Burgoyne. They embarked on the Lakes the thirtieth September, with eight hundred British sailors, six thousand regulars, and a naval force superior to any possible opposition: but the season was so far advanced, that they expected only to occupy and strengthen Ticonderoga, and afterwards to return and take up
their

their winter quarters in Canada. Yesterday we had a surprize in the House, from a proclamation of the Howes, which made its first appearance in the Morning Post, and which nobody seems to understand. By this time, my Lady may see that I have not much reason to fear my antagonists. Adieu, till next Thursday.

N^o LXXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

Friday Evening, November 22d.

NEWs from the Lakes. A naval combat, in which the Provincials were repulsed with considerable loss. They burnt and abandoned Crown Point. Carleton is besieging Ticonderoga. Carleton, I say; for he is there, and it is apprehended that Burgoyne is coming home. We dismissed the Nabobs without a division. Burke and the Attorney General spoke very well. Adieu.

N^o LXXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, January 18th, 1777.

As I presume, my Lady does not make a practice of tumbling down stairs every day after dinner, by this time the colours must have faded, and the high places (I mean the temples) are reduced to a proper level. But what, in the name of the great prince, is the meaning of her declining the Urban expedition? Is it the spontaneous result of her own proud spirit? or does it proceed
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from

from the secret machinations of her domestic tyrant? At all events, I expect you will both remember your engagement of next Saturday in Bentinck-street, with Donna Catherina, the Mountaineer*, &c. Things go on very prosperously in America. Howe is himself in the Jerseys, and will push at least as far as the Delawar River. The continental (perhaps *now* the rebel) army is in a great measure dispersed, and Washington, who wishes to cover Philadelphia, has not more than six or seven thousand men with him. Clinton designs to conquer Rhode Island in his way home. But, what *I* think of much greater consequence, a province made its submission, and desired to be reinstated in the peace of the King. It is indeed only poor little Georgia; and the application was made to Governor Tonyn of Florida. Some disgust at a violent step of the Congress, who removed the President of their Provincial Assembly, a leading and popular man, co-operated with the fear of the Indians, who began to amuse themselves with the exercise of scalping on their Back Settlements. Town fills, and we are mighty agreeable. Last year, on the Queen's birth-day, Sir G. Warren had his diamond star cut off his coat; this day the same accident happened to him again, with another star worth seven hundred pounds. He had better compound by the year. Adieu.

* The Honourable General Simon Frazer.

N° LXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

ALMACK'S, Wednesday Evening.

IN due obedience to thy dread commands I write.

But what shall I say? My life, though more lively than yours, is almost as uniform. A very little reading and writing in the morning, bones or guts * from two to four, pleasant dinners from five to eight, and afterwards clubs, with an occasional assembly, or supper. America affords nothing very satisfactory; though we have many flying reports, you may be assured that we are ignorant of the consequences of Trenton, &c. Charles Fox is now at my elbow, declaiming on the impossibility of keeping America, since a victorious army has been unable to maintain any extent of posts in the single province of Jersey. Lord North is out of danger (we trembled for his important existence). I now expect that my Lady and you should fix the time for the promised visitation to Bentinck-street. March and April are open, chuse. Adieu.

N° LXXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

1777.

You deserve, and we exult in your weather and disappointments.

Why would you bury yourself? I dined in Downing-street Thursday last; and I think Wedderburne was at least as agreeable a companion as your timber-surveyor could be. Lee is certainly taken, but Lord North does not apprehend he is coming home.

* Mr. Gibbon at this time attended Dr. Hunter's Anatomical Lectures.

We are not clear whether he behaved with courage or pusillanimity when he surrendered himself; but Colonel Keene told me to-day, that he had seen a letter from Lee since his confinement. "He imputes his being taken, to the alertness of Harcourt, and cowardice of his own guard; hopes he shall meet his fate with fortitude; but laments that freedom is not likely to find a resting-place in any part of the globe." It is said, he was to succeed Washington. We know nothing certain of the Hessians; but there *has* been a blow. Adieu.

N° LXXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Night, April 12th, 1777.

YOUR dispatch is gone to * * *, and I flatter myself that by your assistance I shall be enabled to lose a thousand a year upon Lenborough before I return from Paris. The day of my departure is not absolutely fixed; Sunday seven-night, the twenty-seventh instant, is talked of: But if any India business should come on after the Civil List, it will occasion some delay, otherwise things are in great forwardness. Mrs. Gibbon is an enemy to the whole plan; and I must answer, in a long letter, two very ingenious objections which she has started. 1st, That I shall be confined, or put to death by the priests; and, 2dly, That I shall sully my *moral* character, by making love to Necker's wife. Before I go, I will consult Newton, about a power of attorney for you. By the bye, I wish you would remember a sort of promise, and give me one day before I go. We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with an hundred and thirty thousand livres a year; the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's yacht, and is gone to join the Americans. The Court *appear* to be angry with him. Adieu.

N° XC.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.*

ATWOOD'S, Saturday Night, April 19th, 1777.

IT is not possible as yet to fix the day of my departure. That circumstance depends on the state of India, and will not be determined till the General Court of next Wednesday. I know from the *first* authority, if the violence of the Proprietors about the Pigot, can be checked in the India-house by the influence of a Government majority, the Minister does not wish to exert the omnipotence of Parliament; and I shall be dismissed from hence time enough to set forwards on Thursday the first of May. On the contrary, should we be involved in those perplexing affairs, they may easily detain me till the middle of next month. But as all this is very uncertain, I direct you and my Lady to appear in town to-morrow seven-night. I have many things to say. We have been animated this week, and, notwithstanding the strict œconomy recommended by Charles Fox and John Wilkes, we have paid the Royal debts. Adieu.

N° XCI.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Night, April 21st, 1777.

BAD news from Hampshire.——Support Hugonin, comfort me; correct or expel * * * *; sell Lenborough, and remove my temporal cares. When do you arrive?

N° XCII.

The Same to the Same.

Wednesday Night, April 23d, 1777.

IT is uncertain whether India comes to Westminster this year, and it is certain that Gibbon goes to Paris next Saturday seven-night. Therefore Holroyd must appear in town the beginning of next week. Gibbon wants the cordial of his presence before the journey. My Lady *must* come.

N° XCIII.

The Same to the Same.

DOVER, Tuesday Evening, May 6th, 1777.

MY expedition does not begin very auspiciously. The wind, which for some days had been fair, paid me the compliment of changing on my arrival; and, though I immediately secured a vessel, it has been impossible to make the least use of it during the whole of this tedious day. It seems doubtful, whether I shall get out to-morrow morning; and the Captain assures me, that the passage will have the double advantage of being both cold and rough. Last night a small privateer, fitted out at Dunkirk, with a commission from Dr. Franklin, attacked, took, and has carried into Dunkirk Road, the Harwich Packet. The King's messenger had just time to throw his dispatches over-board. He passed through this town about four o'clock this afternoon, in his return to London. As the alarm is now given, our American friend will probably remain quiet, or will be

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soon

soon caught; so that I have not *much* apprehension for my personal safety; but if so daring an outrage is not followed by punishment and restitution, it may become a very serious business, and may possibly shorten my stay at Paris.

Adieu. I shall write by the first opportunity, either from Calais or Philadelphia.

N° XCIV.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. HOLROYD.

CALAIS, Wednesday, May 7th, 1777.

Post nubila Phœbus. A pleasant passage, an excellent house, a good dinner, with Lord * * * *, whom I found here. Easy Custom-house officers, fine weather, &c. I am detained to-night by the temptation of a French comedy, in a theatre at the end of Desfein's garden; but shall be in motion to-morrow early, and hope to dine at Paris Saturday. Adieu. I think I am a punctual correspondent; but this beginning is too good to last.

N° XCV.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

COLLEGE OF EDINBURGH, June 5th, 1777.

I HAVE desired Mr. Strahan to take the liberty of sending you, in my name, a copy of the History of America, which I hope you will do me the honour of accepting, as a testimony, not only of my respect, but of my gratitude, for the instruction which I have received

ceived from your writings, as well as the credit you have done me, by the most obliging manner in which you have mentioned my name. I wish the present work may not diminish sentiments so flattering to me. I have taken much pains to obtain the approbation of those whose good opinion one ought to be solicitous to secure, and I trust that my industry at least will be applauded.

An unlucky indisposition prevented me from executing a scheme which I had formed, of passing two months of last spring in London. The honour of being made known to you, was one of the pleasures with which I had flattered myself. But I hope to be more fortunate next year; and beg that you will believe that I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant.

N° XCVI.

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. ROBERTSON.

S I R,

PARIS, 1777.

WHEN I ventured to assume the character of Historian, the first, the most natural, but at the same time the most ambitious, wish which I entertained, was to obtain the approbation of Dr. Robertson and of Mr. Hume; two names which friendship united, and which posterity will never separate. I shall not therefore attempt to dissemble, though I cannot easily express, the pleasure which I received from your obliging letter, as well as from the intelligence of your most valuable present. The satisfaction which I should otherwise have enjoyed, in common with the public, will now be heightened by a sentiment of a more personal and flattering nature; and I shall frequently whisper to myself, that I have in some measure deserved the esteem of the writer whom I admire.

A short

A short excursion which I have made to this place, during the summer months, has occasioned some delay in my receiving your letter, and will prevent my possessing, till my return, the copy of your History, which you so politely desired Mr. Strahan to send me. But I have already gratified the eagerness of my impatience; and although I was obliged to return the book much sooner than I could have wished, I have seen enough to convince me, that the present publication will support, and, if possible, will extend the fame of the Author; that the materials are collected with diligence, and arranged with skill; that the first book contains a learned and satisfactory account of the progress of discovery; that the achievements, the dangers, and the crimes, of the Spanish adventurers are related with a temperate spirit; and that the most original, perhaps the most curious, portion of the history of human manners is at length rescued from the hands of sophists and declaimers. Lord Stormont, and the few in this Capital, who have had an opportunity of perusing the History of America, unanimously concur in the same sentiments. Your work is already become a favourite topic of public conversation; and Mr. Suard is repeatedly pressed, in my hearing, to fix the time when his translation will appear.

I flatter myself you will not abandon your design of visiting London next winter; as I already anticipate, in my own mind, the advantages which I shall derive from so pleasing and so honourable a connection. In the mean while, I should esteem myself happy, if you could think of any literary commission, in the execution of which I might be useful to you at Paris, where I propose to stay till very near the meeting of Parliament. Let me, for instance, suggest an enquiry, which cannot be indifferent to you, and which might perhaps be within my reach. A few days ago I dined with Bagniowski, the famous adventurer, who escaped from his exile at Kamshatska, and returned into Europe by Japan and China. His narrative

rative was amusing, though I know not how far his veracity, in point of circumstances, may safely be trusted. It was his original design to penetrate through the North East Passage; and he actually followed the coast of Asia as high as the latitude of $67^{\circ} 35'$, till his progress was stopped by the ice, in a Streight between the two Continents, which was only seven leagues broad. Thence he descended along the coast of America, as low as Cape Mendocin; but was repulsed by contrary winds, in his attempts to reach the port of Acapulco. The Journal of his Voyage, with his original Charts, is now at Versailles, in the *Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères*; and if you conceived that it would be of any use to you for a second edition, I would try what might be obtained; though I am not ignorant of that mean jealousy which you yourself have experienced, and so deservedly stigmatized. I am, &c.

N° XCVII.

Dr. ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

I HAD the honour of your obliging Letter, and I should be a very proud man indeed, if I were not vain of the approbation which you are pleased to bestow upon me. As you will now have had an opportunity to peruse the book, which you had only seen when you wrote to me, I indulge myself in the hopes, that the favourable opinion you had formed of it, is not diminished. I am much pleased with your mentioning my friendship with Mr. Hume; I have always considered that as one of the most fortunate and honourable circumstances of my life. It is a felicity of the age and country in which we live, that men of letters can enter the same walk of science, and go on successfully, without feeling one sentiment of envy or

VOL. I. 3 X rivalship.

rivalship. In the intercourse between Mr. Hume and me, we always found *something to blame*, as well as *something to commend*. I have received frequently very valuable criticisms on my performances from him; and I have sometimes ventured to offer him my strictures on his works. Permit me to hope for the same indulgence from you. If, in reading the History of America, any thing, either in the matter or style, has occurred to you as reprehensible, I will deem it a most obliging favour if you will communicate it freely to me. I am certain of profiting by such a communication.

I return you thanks for your frank offer of executing any literary commission for me. I accept of it without ceremony, and am flattered with the idea of receiving such aid from your hands. I know nothing of Bagnioufki's Adventures, but what was published in some Newspaper. If one can rely on his veracity, what he relates must be very interesting to me. If you had been writing the History of America, the question concerning the mode of peopling it, might not perhaps have occupied your attention very much. But it was proper for me to consider it more fully. Bagnioufki (if he may be credited) has seen what it may be useful for me to know. I can see no reason why the Court of France should be shy about communicating his Journal, and the Charts which illustrate it; possibly my name may operate somewhat towards obtaining a copy of both; your interposition, I am confident, will do a great deal. It will be very illiberal indeed, if such a communication were refused. My Lord Stormont (by whose attention I have been much honoured) would not decline to give his aid, were that necessary. But if your Court resembles that of Spain, I am afraid every proposal from an ambassador is received with some degree of jealousy. Your own private application will, I apprehend, be more effectual. As it is probable that a second edition may go to press early in the winter, it will add to the favour, if you can soon inform me concerning the success of your negotiation. As this is something in the style of
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the *Corps Diplomatique*, allow me to recommend one of its members to you. Mr. Fullarton, the new secretary of the embassy, is a particular friend of mine. He is a young man of such qualities both of head and heart, that I am sure you will esteem and love him. Please remember me to him. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Your obliged humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Nº XCVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

PARIS, June 16, 1777.

I TOLD you what would infallibly happen, and you know enough of the nature of the beast not to be surpris'd at it. I have now been at Paris exactly five weeks; during which time I have not written to any person whatsoever within the British dominions, except two lines of notification to Mrs. Gibbon. The dæmon of procrastination has at length yielded to the genius of friendship, assisted indeed by the powers of fear and shame. But when I have seated myself before a table, and begin to revolve all that I have seen and tasted during this busy period, I feel myself oppress'd and confounded; and I am very near throwing away the pen, and resigning myself to indolent despair. A complete history would require a volume, at least, as corpulent as the *Decline and Fall*; and if I attempt to select and abridge, besides the difficulty of the choice, there occur so many things which cannot properly be entrusted to paper, and so many others of too slight a texture to support the journey, that I am almost tempted to reserve for our future conversations the detail of my pleasures and occupations. But as I am sensible that you are *rigid* and impatient, I will try to convey, in a few words, a general idea of my situation as a man of the world, and as

a man of letters. You remember that the Neckers were my principal dependance; and the reception which I have met with from them very far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I do not indeed lodge in their house, (as it might incite the jealousy of the husband, and procure me a *lettre de cachet*;) but I live very much with them, and dine and sup whenever they have company, which is almost every day, and whenever I like it, for they are not in the least *exigeans*. Mr. Walpole gave me an introduction to Madame du Defand, an agreeable young lady of eighty-two years of age, who has constant suppers, and the best company in Paris. When you see the Duke of Richmond, he will give you an account of that house, where I meet him almost every evening. Ask him about Madame de Cambis. I have met the Duke of Choiseul at his particular request, dined by *accident* with Franklin, conversed with the Emperor, been presented at court, and gradually, or rather rapidly, I find my acquaintance spreading over the most valuable parts of Paris. They pretend to like me, and whatever you may think of French professions, I am convinced that some at least are sincere. On the other hand, I feel myself easy and happy in their company, and only regret that I did not come over two or three months sooner. Though Paris throughout the summer promises me a very agreeable society, yet I am hurt every day by the departure of men and women whom I begin to know with some familiarity, the departure of officers for their governments and garrisons, of bishops for their dioceses, and even of country gentlemen for their estates, as a rural taste gains ground in this country. So much for the general idea of my acquaintance; details would be endless, yet unsatisfactory. You may add, to the pleasures of society those of the spectacles and promenades, and you will find that I lead a very agreeable life; let me just condescend to observe, that it is not extravagant. After decking myself out with silks and silver, the ordinary establishment of coach, lodging, servants, eating, and pocket expences, does not exceed sixty pounds *per* month.

month. Yet I have two footmen in handsome liveries behind my coach, and my apartment is hung with damask. Adieu for the present: I have more to say, but were I to attempt any farther progress, you must wait another post; and you have already waited long enough, of all conscience.

Let me just in two words give you an idea of my day. I am now going (nine o'clock) to the King's library, where I shall stay till twelve; as soon as I am dressed, I set out to dine with the Duke de Nivernois; shall go from thence to the French comedy, into the Princess de Beauveau's loge grillée, and cannot quite determine whether I shall sup at Madame du Deffand's, Madame Necker's, or the Sardinian Ambassadors's. Once more adieu.

I embrace my Lady and *Bambini*. I shall with cheerfulness execute any of her commissions.

N° XCIX.

EDWARD GIBBON Esquire to J. HOLROYD Esquire.

PARIS, August 13, 1777.

WELL, and who is the culprit now?—Thus far had I written in the pride of my heart, and fully determined to inflict an epistle upon you, even before I received any answer to my former; I was very near a bull. But this forward half line lay ten days barren and inactive, till its generative powers were excited by the missive which I received yesterday. What a wretched piece of work do we seem to be making of it in America? The greatest force which any European power ever ventured to transport into that continent, is not strong enough even to attack the enemy; the naval strength of Great Britain is not sufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almost lost the appellation of Rebels) from receiving every assistance that they wanted;

wanted ; and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers. You possibly may expect from me some account of the designs and policy of the French court, but I choose to decline that task for two reasons : 1st, Because you may find them laid open in every newspaper ; and 2dly, Because I live too much with their courtiers and ministers to know any thing about them. I shall only say, that I am not under any immediate apprehensions of a war with France. It is much more pleasant as well as profitable to view in safety the raging of the tempest, occasionally to pick up some pieces of the wreck, and to improve their trade, their agriculture, and their finances, while the two countries are *lento collisa duello*. Far from taking any step to put a speedy end to this astonishing dispute, I should not be surpris'd if next summer they were to lend their cordial assistance to England, as to the weaker party. As to my personal engagement with the D. of R. I recollect a few slight skirmishes, but nothing that deserves the name of a general engagement. The extravagance of some disputants, both French and English, who have espoused the cause of America, sometimes inspires me with an extraordinary vigour. Upon the whole, I find it much easier to defend the justice than the policy of our measures ; but there are certain cases, where whatever is repugnant to sound policy ceases to be just.

The more I see of Paris, the more I like it. The regular course of the society in which I live is easy, polite, and entertaining ; and almost every day is marked by the acquisition of some new acquaintance, who is worth cultivating, or who, at least, is worth remembering. To the great admiration of the French, I regularly dine and regularly sup, drink a dish of strong coffee after each meal, and find my stomach a citizen of the world. The spectacles, (particularly the Italian, and above all, the French Comedies,) which are open the whole summer, afford me an agreeable relaxation from company ; and to shew you that I frequent them from taste, and not from
idleness,

idleness, I have not yet seen the Colisee, the Vauxhall, the Boulevards, or any of those places of entertainment which constitute Paris to most of our countrymen. Occasional trips to dine or sup in some of the thousand country-houses which are scattered round the environs of Paris, serve to vary the scene. In the mean while the summer insensibly glides away, and the fatal month of October approaches, when I must change the house of Madame Necker for the House of Commons. I regret that I could not choose the winter, instead of the summer, for this excursion: I should have found many valuable persons, and should have preserved others whom I have lost as I began to know them. The Duke de Choiseul, who deserves attention both for himself, and for keeping the best house in Paris, passes seven months of the year in Touraine; and though I have been tempted, I consider with horror a journey of sixty leagues into the country. The Princess of Beauveau, who is a most superior woman, has been absent above six weeks, and does not return till the 24th of this month. A large body of recruits will be assembled by the Fontainebleau journey; but in order to have a thorough knowledge of this splendid country, I ought to stay till the month of January; and if I could be sure that Opposition would be as tranquil as they were last year— I think your life has been as animated, or, at least, as tumultuous, and I envy you Lady Payne, &c. much more than either the Primate, or the Chief-justice. Let not the generous breast of my Lady be torn by the black serpents of envy. She still possesses the first place in the sentiments of her slave: but the adventure of the fan was a mere accident, owing to Lord Carmarthen. Adieu. I think you may be satisfied. I say nothing of my terrestrial affairs.

N° C.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

BENTINCK-STREET, Saturday, November, 1777.

HAD you four horns as well as four eyes and four hands, I should still maintain that you are the most unreasonable monster in the creation. My pain is lively, my weakness excessive, the season cold, and only twelve days remain to the meeting. Far from thinking of trips into the country, I shall be well satisfied if I am on my legs the 20th, in the medical sense of the word. At present I am a corpse, carried about by four arms which do not belong to me. Yet I try to smile: I salute the hen and chickens. Adieu. Writing is really painful.

N° CI.

The Same to the Same.

Friday, November 14th, 1777.

I DO not like this disorder on your eyes: and when I consider your temperance and activity, I cannot understand why any spring of the machine should ever be deranged. With regard to myself, the gout has behaved in a very honourable manner; after a complete conquest, and after making me feel his power for some days, the generous enemy has disdained to abuse his victory, or to torment any longer an unresisting victim. He has already ceased to torture the lower extremities of your humble servant; the swelling is so amazingly diminished, that they are no longer above twice their ordinary size. Yesterday I moved about the room with the laborious majesty of crutches;

crutches ; to-day I have exchanged them for a stick ; and by the beginning of next week, I hope, with due precaution, to take the air, and to inure myself for the interesting representation of Thursday. How cursedly unlucky ; I wanted to see you both : a thousand things to say and to hear, and every thing of that kind broken to pieces. If you are not able to come to Bentinck-street, I must contrive to steal three or four vacant days during the session, and run down to Sheffield. The town fills, and I begin to have numerous levees, and couchees ; more properly the latter. We are still in expectation, but in the mean while we believe (I mean ministers), that the news of Howe's victory and the taking of Philadelphia are true. Adieu.

N° CII.

The Same to the Same.

December 2d, 1777.

BY the inclosed you will see that America is not *yet* conquered. Opposition are very lively ; and, though in the House we keep our numbers, there seems to be an universal desire of peace, even on the most humble conditions. Are you still fierce ?

N° CIII.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Night, December, 1777.

I CONGRATULATE your noble firmness, as I suppose it must arise from the knowledge of some hidden resources, which will enable us to open the next campaign with new armies of fifty or sixty thousand men. But I believe you will find yourself obliged to carry on

this glorious war almost alone. It would be idle to dispute any more about politics, as we shall so soon have an opportunity of a personal combat. Your journey gives me some hopes that you have not entirely lost your reason. Your bed shall be ready.

N° CIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Thursday, Dec. 4; 1777.

DREADFUL news indeed! You will see them partly in the papers, and we have not yet any particulars. An English army of nearly ten thousand men laid down their arms, and surrendered prisoners of war, on condition of being sent to England; and of never serving against America. They had fought bravely, and were three days without eating. Bourgoyne is said to have received three wounds. General Frazer, with two thousand men, killed. Colonel Aekland likewise killed. A general cry for peace. Adieu. We have constant late days.

N° CV.

The Same to the Same.

February 28, 1778.

* * * * * As to politics, we should easily fill pages, and therefore had better be silent. You are mistaken in supposing that the bills are opposed; some particular objections have been stated, and in the *only* division I voted with government.

N° CVI.

The Same to the Same.

February 23d, 1778.

You do not readily believe in præternatural miscarriages of letters ; nor I neither. Listen, however, to a plain and honest narrative. This morning after breakfast, as I was ruminating on *your* silence, Thomas, my new footman, with confusion in his looks and stammering on his tongue, produced a letter reasonably soiled, which he was to have brought me the day of his arrival, and which had lain forgotten from that time in his pocket. To shorten as much as possible the continuance, I immediately enquired, whether any method of conveyance could be devised more expeditious than the post, and was fortunately informed of your coachman's intentions. You probably know the heads of the plan ; an Act of Parliament to declare, that we never *had* any intention of taxing America : another Act, to empower the Crown to name Commissioners, authorised to suspend hostilities by sea and land, as well as all obnoxious Acts ; and, in short, to grant every thing, except independence. Opposition, after expressing their doubts whether the lance of Achilles could cure the wound which it had inflicted, could not refuse their assent to the principles of conduct which they themselves had always recommended. Yet you must acknowledge, that in a business of this magnitude there may arise several important questions, which, without a spirit of faction, will deserve to be debated : whether Parliament ought not to name the Commissioners ? whether it would not be better to repeal the obnoxious Acts ourselves ? I do not find that the world ; that is, a few people whom I happen to converse with ; are much inclined to praise Lord N.'s ductility of temper. In the service of next Friday you will, however, take notice of the injunction given by the Liturgy : " And all the People shall say

“ after the *Minister*, Turn us again, O Lord, and so shall we be “ turned.” While we consider whether we shall negotiate, I fear the French have been more diligent. It is positively asserted, both in private and in Parliament, and not contradicted by the Ministers, that on the fifth of this month a Treaty of Commerce (which naturally leads to a war) was signed at Paris with the independent States of America. Yet there still remains a hope that England may obtain the preference. The two greatest countries in Europe are fairly running a race for the favour of America. Adieu.

N° CVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

ALMACK'S, Saturday Night, March 21st, 1778.

As business thickens, and you may expect me to write sometimes, I shall lay down one rule; totally to avoid political argument, conjecture, lamentation, declamation, &c. which would fill pages, not to say volumes; and to confine myself to short, authentic pieces of intelligence, for which I may be able to afford moments and lines. Hear then—The French Ambassador went off yesterday morning, not without some slight expressions of ill-humour from John Bull. Lord Stormont is probably arrived to-day. No *immediate* declaration, except on our side. A report (but vague) of an action in the Bay, between La Motte Piquet and Digby; the former has five ships and three frigates, with three large store-ships under convoy; the latter has eleven ships of the line. If the Frenchman should sail to the mouth of the Delaware, he may possibly be followed and shut up. When Franklin was received at Versailles, Deane went in the same character to Vienna, and Arthur Lee to Madrid. Notwithstanding the reports of an action in Silesia, they subside; and I have seen a letter from Eliot at Berlin of the tenth instant, without any
3
mention

mention of actual hostilities, and even speaking of the impending war as not absolutely inevitable. Last Tuesday the first payment of the loan of six hundred thousand pounds was certainly made; and as it would otherwise be forfeited, it is a security for the remainder. I have not yet got the intelligence you want about former prices of stock in critical times. There are surely such. *Dixi. Vale.* Send me some good news from Bucks; in spite of the war, I must sell. We want you in town, Simon Frazer is impatient: but if you come without my Lady, every door will be shut.

N° CVIII.

The Same to the Same.

ALMACK's, Friday, June 12th, 1778.

* * * *s Letter gave me that sort of satisfaction which one may receive from a good physician, who, after a careful examination, pronounces your case incurable. But no more of that. I take up the pen, as I suppose by this time you begin to swear at my silence. Yet literally (a bull) I have not a word to say. Since D'Estaing's fleet has passed through the Gut (I leave you to guess where it must have got out) it has been totally forgotten, and the most wonderful lethargy and oblivion, of war and peace, of Europe and of America, seems to prevail. Lord Chatham's funeral was meanly attended, and Government ingeniously contrived to secure the double odium of suffering the thing to be done, and of doing it with an ill grace. Their chief conversation at Almack's is about tents, drill-serjeants, subdivisions, firings, &c. and I am revered as a veteran. Adieu. When do you return? If it suits your evolutions, aunt Kitty and myself meditate a Sussex journey next week. I embrace my Lady.

N° CIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

Wednesday Evening, July 1st, 1778.

YOUR plan of operations is clear and distinct ; yet, notwithstanding your zeal, and the ideas of ducal discipline, I think you will be more and longer at Sheffield-Place than you imagine. However, I am disposed to advance my journey as much as possible. I want to see you ; my martial ardour makes me look to Coxheath, necessity obliges me to think of Beriton, and I feel something of a very new inclination to taste the sweets of the country. Aunt Kitty shares the same sentiments ; but various obstacles will not allow us to be with you before Saturday, or perhaps Sunday evening ; I say *evening*, as we mean to take the cool part of the day, and shall probably arrive after supper. Keppel's return has occasioned infinite and inexpressible consternation, which gradually changes into discontent against him. He is ordered out again with three or four large ships ; two of ninety, two of seventy-four, and the fiftieth regiment, as marines. In the mean time the French, with a superior fleet, are masters of the sea ; and our outward-bound East and West India trade is in the most imminent danger. Adieu.

N° CX.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, July 7th, 1778.

EXPECT me — when you see me ; and do not regulate your active motions by my uncertainty. Saturday is impossible. The most probable days are, Tuesday or Friday. I live not unpleasantly, in a round of ministerial dinners ; but I am rather impatient

impatient to see my white house at Brighton. I cannot find that Sheffield has the same attractions for you *. Lord North, as a mark of his gratitude, observed the other day, that your regiment would make a very good figure in North Carolina. Adieu. I wrote two lines to Mitchel, lest he should think me dead.

N° CXI.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Night, September 25th, 1778.

NO news from the fleets; we are so tired of waiting, that our impatience seems gradually to subside into a careless and supine indifference. We sometimes yawn, and ask, just by way of conversation, Whether Spain will join? I believe you may depend on the truth, not the sincerity, of an answer from their Court, that they will not support or acknowledge the independence of the Americans. But, on the other hand, magazines are forming, troops marching, in a stile which manifestly threatens Gibraltar. Gib is, however, a hard morsel; five thousand effectives, and every article of defence in the most complete state. We are certainly courting Russia. So much for the Republic. Adieu.

N° CXII.

The Same to the Same.

Tuesday Night, November, 1778.

YOU sometimes complain that I do not send you early news; but you will now be satisfied with receiving a full and true account of all the parliamentary transactions of *next* Thursday. In town

* Mr. Holroyd was then in quarters at Brighthelmston.

we think it an excellent piece of humour* (the author is Tickell). Burke and C. Fox are pleased with their own speeches, but serious patriots groan that such things should be turned to farce. We seem to have a chance of an additional Dutch war: you may depend upon its being a very important business, from which we cannot extricate ourselves without either loss or shame. *Vale.*

N^o CXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

ALMACK'S, Wednesday Evening, 1778.

I DELAYED writing, not so much through indolence, as because I expected every post to hear from you. The state of Beriton is uncertain, incomprehensible, tremendous. It would be endless to send you the folios of Hugonin, but I have inclosed you one of his most picturesque epistles, on which you may meditate. Few offers; one, promising enough, came from a gentleman at Camberwell. I detected him, with masterly skill and diligence, to be only an attorney's Clerk, without money, credit, or experience. I have written as yet in vain to Sir John Shelley, about Hearsay; perhaps you might get intelligence. I much fear that the Beriton expedition is necessary; but it has occurred to me, that if I *met*, instead of *accompanying* you, it would save me a journey of above one hundred miles. That reflection led to another of a very impudent nature; *viz.* that if I did not accompany you, I certainly could be of no use to you or myself on the spot; that I had much rather, while you examined the premises, pass the time in a horse-pond; and that I had still rather pass it in my library with the *Decline and Fall*. But that would be an effort of friendship worthy of Theseus or Perithous: modern

* The Title of the Pamphlet—*Anticipation*.

times would hardly credit, much less imitate, such exalted virtue. No news from America; yet there are people, large ones too, who talk of conquering it next summer with the help of twenty thousand Russians. I fancy you are better satisfied with private than public war. The Lisbon packet in coming home met above forty of our privateers. Adieu. I hardly know whether I direct right to you, but I think Sheffield-Place the surest.

N° CXIV.

Dr. WATSON (now Bishop of Llandaff) to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

CAMBRIDGE, January 14th, 1779.

IT will give me the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I beg he would accept my sincere thanks for the too favourable manner in which he has spoken of a performance, which derives its chief merit from the elegance and importance of the work it attempts to oppose. I have no hope of a future existence, except that which is grounded on the truth of Christianity. I wish not to be deprived of this hope; but I should be an apostate from the mild principle of the religion I profess, if I could be actuated with the least animosity against those who do not think with me upon this, of all others, the most important subject. I beg your pardon for this declaration of my belief; but my temper is naturally open, and it ought assuredly to be without disguise to a man whom I wish no longer to look upon as an antagonist, but as a friend. I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of respect, your obliged servant,

R^d WATSON.

N° CXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.*

February 6th, 1779.

YOU are quiet and peaceable, and do not bark, as usual, at my silence. To reward you, I would send you some news; but we are asleep; no foreign intelligence, except the capture of a frigate; no certain account from the West Indies, and a dissolution of Parliament, which seems to have taken place since Christmas. In the papers you will see negotiations, changes of departments, &c. and I have *some* reason to believe, that those reports are not entirely without foundation. Portsmouth is no longer an object of speculation; the whole stream of all men, and all parties, runs one way. Sir Hugh is disgraced, ruined, &c. &c.; and as an old wound has broken out again, they say he must have his leg cut off as soon as he has time. In a night or two we shall be in a blaze of illumination, from the zeal of naval heroes, land patriots, and tallow-chandlers; the last are not the least sincere. I want to hear some details of your military and familiar proceedings. By your silence I suppose you admire Davis, and dislike my pamphlet; yet such is the public folly, that we have a second edition in the press: the fashionable style of the clergy, is to say they have not read it. If Maria does not take care, I shall write a much sharper invective against her, for *not* answering my diabolical book. My Lady carried it down, with a solemn promise that I should receive an *unassisted* French letter. Yet I embrace the little animal, as well as my Lady, and the *Spes altera Romæ*. Adieu.

There is a buz about a peace, and Spanish mediation.

N° CXVI.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, March 10th, 1779.

I SHOULD have long since returned you thanks for the pamphlet you took the trouble of sending to me. I hope you are not one of those who estimate kindness by punctuality in correspondence. I read your little performance with much eagerness, and some solicitude. The latter soon ceased. The tone you take with your adversary in this *impar congressus* appears to me perfectly proper; and, though I watched you with some attention, I have not observed any expression which I should, on your own account, wish to be altered. Davis's book never reached us here. Our distance from the Capital operates somewhat like time. Nothing but what has intrinsic value comes down to us. We hear sometimes of the worthless and vile things that float for a day on the stream, but we seldom see them. I am satisfied, however, that it was necessary for you to animadvert on a man who had brought accusations against you, which no gentleman can allow to be made without notice. I am persuaded, that the persons who instigated the man to such an illiberal attack, will now be ashamed of him. At the same time I applaud your resolution, of not degrading yourself, by a second conflict, with such antagonists.

I am ashamed to tell you, how little I have done since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I have been prevented, partly by ill health, partly by causes which I shall explain when we meet: I hope that may be next spring. Believe me to be with great truth,

Your affectionate and faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to J. B. HOLROYD Esquire.*

May 7th, 1779.

BY some of the strangest accidents, (Lord G. G.'s indiscretion, Rigby's boldness, &c.) which it would require ten pages to explain, our wise resolution of last Thursday is changed, and Lord Cornwallis will be examined; Sir William Howe's enquiry will proceed, and we shall be oppressed by the load of information. You have heard of the Jersey invasion; every body praises Arbuthnot's decided spirit. Conway went last night to throw himself into the island.

N° CXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

May, 1779.

ALAS! alas! fourteen ships of the line: you understand by this, that you have not got a single long-boat. Ministry are more crest-fallen than I ever knew them, with the last intelligence; and I am sorry to say, that I see a smile of triumph on some opposition faces. Though the business of the West Indies may still produce something, I am much afraid that we shall have a campaign of immense expence, and little or no action. The most busy scene is at present in the House of Commons; and we shall be involved, during a great part of next month, in tedious, fruitless, but, in my opinion, proper enquiries. You see how difficult it would be for me to visit Brighton; and I fancy I must content myself with receiving you on your passage to Ireland. Indeed, I much want to have a *very serious* conversation with you. Another reason, which must in

a great measure pin me to Bentinck-street, is the Decline and Fall. I have resolved to bring out the *suite* in the course of next year; and, though I have been tolerably diligent, so much remains to be done, that I can hardly spare a single day from the shop. I can guess but one reason which should prevent you from supposing that the picture in Leicester Fields was intended for the Sheffield library; viz. my having told you some time ago that I was under a formal engagement to Mr. Walpole*. Probably I should not have been in any great hurry to execute my promise, if Mr. Cadell had not strenuously urged the curiosity of the Public, who may be willing to repay the exorbitant price of *fifty* guineas. It is now finished, and my friends say, that, in every sense of the word, it is a good head. Next week it will be given to Hall the engraver, and I promise you a first impression. Adieu. I embrace my Lady, and infants.

N° CXIX.

The Same to the Same.

1779.

WHEN do you come to town? You gave me hopes of a visit, and I want to talk over things in general with you, before you march to the extremities of the West, where the sun goes to sleep in the sea. Mrs. Trevor told me, your destination was Exeter†; and I suppose nothing but truth can proceed from a pretty mouth.—I have been, and am still very diligent; and, though it is a huge beast, (the Roman Empire,) yet, if I am not mistaken, I see it move a little.—You seem surpris'd that I was able to get off Bath: very easily, the extreme shortness of our holidays was a fair excuse; her recovery of health, spirits, &c. made it less necessary, and she accepted my

* The portrait, one of the best of Sir Joshua's, is in the library at Sheffield Place.

† With the Suffex Militia, of which Mr. Holroyd was Major.

apology,

apology, which was however accompanied with an offer, if she chose it, in the prettiest manner possible. A load of business in this House, (I write from it,) will be the amusement of the spring ; motions, enquiries, taxes, &c. &c. We are now engaged in Lord Pigott's affair, brought on by a motion from the Admiral, that the Attorney General should prosecute Mr. Stratton and Council ; all the Masters, Charles, Burke, Wedderburne, are of the same side, for it ; Lord North seems to make a feeble stand, for the pleasure of being in a minority. The day is hot and dull ; will be long : some curious evidence ; one man who refused three lacks of rupees, (thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds,) merely not to go to council ; our mouths watered at such royal corruption ; how pitiful is our insular bribery ! A letter from aunt Hester. Adieu.

N° CXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire*.

July 2, 1779.

THE inclosed will inform you of an event*, not the most disagreeable of those which I have lately experienced. I have only to add, that it was effected by the firm and sincere friendship of the Attorney General. So many incidents have happened, that I hardly know how to talk of news. You will learn that the Lords have strangely castrated the new Militia Bill. The Ferrol Squadron, eight or nine ships, have joined the French. The numbers stand on our side thirty-two, on theirs thirty-seven ; but our force is at least equal, and the general consternation much dispelled. If you do not Hibernize, you might at least Bentinckize. I embrace, &c. Parliament will be prorogued to-morrow.

* His appointment as Lord of Trade.

N° CXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire* to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, September 17th, 1779.

I AM well and happy; two words which you will accept as the substance of a very long letter; and even as a sufficient excuse for a very long silence. Yet I really do intend to behave better; and to prevent the abominable consequence of hours and days and posts stealing away, till the sum total amounts to a formidable account, I have a great mind to enter into an agreement, of sending you regularly every month, a *miniature* picture of my actual state and condition on the first day of the aforesaid month.

I am glad to hear of the very beneficial effects you have derived from your recent friendship with the goats*; and as I cannot discover in what respect this poor country is more prosperous or secure than it was last year, I must consider your present confidence as a proof that you view the prospect through a purer medium, and a glass of a more cheerful colour. I find myself so much more susceptible of private friendship than of public spirit, that I am very well satisfied with that conclusion. My summer has been passed in the town and neighbourhood, which I still maintain to be the best society and the best retirement; the latter, however, has been sometimes interrupted by the Colonel of Dragoons† with a train of serjeants, trumpets, recruits, &c. &c. My own time is much and agreeably employed in the prosecution of my business. After doing much more than I expected to have done within the time, I find myself much less advanced than I expected: yet I begin to reckon, and as well as I can calculate, I believe, that in twelve or fourteen months I shall be brought to-bed, perhaps of twins; may they live, and prove

* At Abergavenny.

† Colonel Holroyd at that time was raising a regiment of Light Dragoons.

as healthy as their eldest brother. With regard to the little foundling which so many friends or enemies chose to lay at my door, I am perfectly innocent, even of the knowledge of that production; and all the faults or merits of the History of Opposition must, as I am informed, be imputed to Macpherson, the author or translator of Fingal. Dear Madam, most truly yours.

N° CXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Colonel HOLROYD at Coventry.*

LONDON, Monday, February 7th, 1780.

WHEN the Attorney General informed me of the express he had just sent down to Coventry, I had not the least doubt of your embracing the bolder resolution. You are indeed obliged to him for his real friendship, which he feels and expresses warmly; on this occasion I hope it will be successful, and that in a few days you will find yourself among us at St. Stephen's in the heat of the battle. But you know that I am a dastardly, pusillanimous spirit, more inclined to fear than to hope, and not very eager in the pursuit of *expensive* vanity. On this vacancy the celerity of your motions may probably prevent opposition; but at the general election your enemy the corporation will not be asleep, and I wish, if it be not too late, to warn you against any promises or engagements which may terminate in a defeat, or at least a contest of ten thousand pounds. Adieu. I could believe (without seeing it under her paw) that my Lady wishes to leave Coventry. No news! foreign or domestic. I did not forget to mention the *companies*, but find people, as I expected, torpid. Burke makes his motion Friday; but I think the rumours of a civil war subside every day: petitions are thought less formidable; and I hear your Suffex protest gathers signatures in the country.

N° CXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, March 10th, 1780.

WHEN you awakened me with your pen, it was my intention to have shewn some signs of life by the next post. But so uncertain are all human affairs, that I found myself arrested by a mighty unrelenting tyrant, called the gout; and though my feet were the part on which he chose to exercise his cruelty, he left me neither strength nor spirits to use my hand in relating the melancholy tale. At present, I have the pleasure of informing you, that the fever and inflammation have subsided: but the absolute weakness and monstrous swelling of my two feet confine me to my chair and flannels; and this confinement most unluckily happens at a very *nice* and important moment of parliamentary affairs. Col. H. pursues those affairs with eager and persevering zeal; and has the pleasure of undertaking more business than any three men could possibly execute. He is much obliged to you for your kind congratulation. Mrs. Eliot is in town; but I am quite ignorant (not more so than they are themselves) of their intentions. I will write again very soon. I am, dear Madam, most truly yours.

N° CXXIV.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

June 6th, 1780.

AS the old story of religion has raised most *formidable* tumults in this town, and as they will of course seem much more formidable at the distance of an hundred miles, you may not be sorry to hear

that I am perfectly safe and well : my known attachment to the Protestant religion has most probably saved me. Measures, and effectual measures, are taken to suppress those disorders, and every street is filled with horse and foot. Mrs. Holroyd went out of town yesterday morning ; the Colonel remains, and shews his usual spirit. I am sincerely yours.

N° CXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON*, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

LONDON, June 8th, 1780.

As a Member of Parliament, I cannot be exposed to any danger, since the House of Commons has adjourned to Monday se'nnight ; as an individual, I do not conceive myself to be obnoxious. I am not apt, without duty or necessity, to thrust myself into a mob : and our part of the town is as quiet as a country village. So much for personal safety ; but I cannot give the same assurances of public tranquillity : forty thousand Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, have started out of their graves ; the tumult has been dreadful ; and even the remedy of military force and martial law is unpleasant. But Government, with fifteen thousand regulars in town, and every gentleman (but one) on their side, must extinguish the flame. The execution of last night was severe ; perhaps it must be repeated to-night : yet, upon the whole, the tumult subsides. Colonel Holroyd was all last night in Holborn among the flames, with the Northumberland Militia, and performed very bold and able service. I will write again in a post or two.

I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

June 10th, 1785.

I SHOULD write with great pleasure, to say that this audacious tumult is perfectly quelled; that Lord George Gordon is sent to the Tower; and that, instead of safety or danger, we are now at leisure to think of justice: but I am now alarmed on your account, as we have just got a report, that a similar disorder has broken out at Bath. I shall be impatient to hear from you; but I flatter myself that your pretty town does not contain much of that scum which has boiled up to the surface in this huge cauldron. I am, dear Madam, most sincerely yours.

N° CXXVII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, June 27th, 1780.

I BELIEVE we may now rejoice in our common security. All tumult has perfectly subsided, and we only think of the justice which must be properly and severely inflicted on such flagitious criminals. The measures of Government have been seasonable and vigorous; and even opposition has been forced to confess, that the military power was applied and regulated with the utmost propriety. Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe. Our parliamentary work draws to a conclusion; and I am much more pleasingly, though laboriously, engaged in revising and

correcting for the press, the continuation of my History, two volumes of which will certainly appear next winter. This business fixes me to Bentinck-street more closely than any other part of my literary labour; as it is absolutely necessary that I should be in the midst of all the books which I have at any time used during the composition. But I feel a strong desire (irritated, like all other passions, by repeated obstacles) to escape to Bath.

Dear Madam,

Most truly yours.

N^o CXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Colonel HOLROYD.*

July 25th, 1780.

As your motions are spontaneous, and the stations of the Lord Chief* unalterably fixed, I cannot perceive the necessity of your sending or receiving intelligence. However, your commands are obeyed. You wish I would write, as a sign of life. I am alive; but, as I am immersed in the Decline and Fall, I shall only make the sign. It is made. You may suppose that we are not pleased with the junction of the fleets; nor can an ounce of West India loss be compensated by a pound of East India success: but the circuit will roll down all the news and politics of London. I rejoice to hear that the Suffex regiment of Dragoons† are such well-disciplined cannibals; but I want to know when the Chief cannibal will return to his den. It would suit me better that it should happen soon. Adieu.

* Lord Mansfield.

† Commanded by Colonel Holroyd.

N° CXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

BROOKES'S, November 28th, 1780.

PERHAPS the Sheriffs *, the tools of your enemies, may venture to make a false and hostile return, on the presumption that they shall have a whole year of impunity; and that the merits of your petition cannot be heard this session. Some of your most respectable friends in the House of Commons are resolved, (if the return should be such,) to state it forcibly as a special and extraordinary case; and to exert all proper strength for bringing on the trial of your Petition without delay. The knowledge of such a resolution may awe the Sheriffs; and it may be prudent to admonish them of the *impending* danger, in the way that you judge most adviseable. Adieu. God send you a good deliverance.

N° CXXX.

Mr. GIBBON to Mrs. GIBBON, Belvedere, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, December 21st, 1780.

THE constant attendance on the Board of Trade almost every day this week, has obliged me to defer till next Monday a visit of inclination and propriety to Lord Loughborough (at Mitcham, in Surry). I shall not return till Wednesday or Thursday; and, instead of my Christmas, I shall eat my New-year's dinner, at the Belvedere, Bath. May that New Year prove fortunate to you, to me, and to this weary country, which is this day involved in a new war! I shall write again about the middle of next week, with a precise account

* The Sheriffs of Coventry.

LETTERS TO AND FROM

of my motions. I think the gallant Colonel, who is now Lord Sheffield, will succeed at Coventry; *perhaps* on the return, *certainly* on the petition. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

BENTINCK-STREET, February 24th, 1781.

As you have probably received my last letter of thirteen hundred pages*, I shall be very concise; read, judge, pronounce; and believe that I sincerely agree with my friend Julian, in esteeming the praise of those only who will freely censure my defects. Next Thursday I shall be delivered to the world, for whose inconstant and malicious levity I am coolly but firmly prepared. Excuse me to Sarah. I see more clearly than ever, the absolute necessity of confining my presents to my own family: *that*, and that only, is a determined line, and Lord S. is the first to approve his exclusion. He has a strong assurance of success, and some hopes of a speedy decision. How suddenly your friend General Pierfon disappeared! You thought him happy. What is happiness! My dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXII.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr. GIBBON.*

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE OF EDINBURGH, May 12th, 1781.

I AM ashamed of having deferred so long to thank you for the agreeable presents of your two new volumes; but just as I had finished the first reading of them, I was taken ill, and continued, for two or three weeks, nervous, deaf, and languid. I have now re-

* Second and third volumes of the *Decline and Fall*.

covered as much spirit as to tell you, with what perfect satisfaction I have not only perused, but studied, this part of your work. I knew enough of your talents and industry to expect a great deal, but you have gone far beyond my expectations. I can recollect no historical work from which I ever received so much instruction; and, when I consider in what a barren field you had to glean and pick up materials, I am truly astonished at the connected and interesting story you have formed. I like the style of these volumes better than that of the first; there is the same beauty, richness, and perspicuity of language, with less of that quaintness, into which your admiration of Tacitus sometimes seduced you. I am highly pleased with the reign of Julian. I was a little afraid that *you* might lean with some partiality towards him; but even bigots, I should think, must allow, that you have delineated his most singular character with a more masterly hand than ever touched it before. You set me a reading his works, with which I was very slenderly acquainted; and I am much struck with the felicity wherewith you have described that odd infusion of Heathen fanaticism and philosophical coxcombry, which mingled with the great qualities of a hero, and a genius. Your chapter concerning the pastoral nations is admirable; and, though I hold myself to be a tolerably good general historian, a great part of it was new to me. As soon as I have leisure, I purpose to trace you to your sources of information; and I have no doubt of finding you as exact there, as I have found you in other passages where I have made a scrutiny. It was always my idea that an historian should feel himself a witness giving evidence upon oath. I am glad to perceive by your minute scrupulosity, that your notions are the same. The last chapter in your work is the only one with which I am not entirely satisfied. I imagine you rather anticipate, in describing the jurisprudence and institutions of the Franks; and should think that the account of private war, ordeals, chivalry, &c. would have come in more in its place about the age of Charlemagne, or later: but with respect

to this, and some other petty criticisms, I will have an opportunity of talking fully to you soon, as I propose setting out for London on Monday. I have, indeed, many things to say to you ; and, as my stay in London is to be very short, I shall hope to find your door (at which I will be very often) always open to me. I cannot conclude without approving of the caution with which the new volumes are written ; I hope it will exempt you from the illiberal abuse the first volume drew upon you. I ever am, yours, faithfully and affectionately,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Nº CXXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Lady SHEFFIELD, at Sheffield-Place.*

BENTINCK-STREET, Friday Evening, 10 o'clock, 1781.

OH, oh ! I have given you the slip ; saved thirty miles, by proceeding this day directly from Earham to town, and am now comfortably seated in my library, in *my own* easy chair, and before *my own* fire ; a style which you understand, though it is unintelligible to your Lord. The town is empty ; but I am surrounded with a thousand old acquaintance of all ages and characters, who are ready to answer a thousand questions which I am impatient to ask. I shall not easily be tired of their company ; yet I still remember, and will honorably execute, my promise of visiting you at Brighton about the middle of next month. I have seen nobody, nor learned anything, in four hours of a town life ; but I can inform you, that Lady * * * * * is now the declared Mistress of Prince Henry of Prussia, whom she encountered at Spa ; and that the Emperor has invited the amiable couple to pass the winter at Vienna : fine encouragement for married women who behave themselves properly.

I spent a very pleasant day in the little paradise of Eartham, and the hermit expressed a desire (no vulgar compliment) to see and to know Lord S. Adieu. I cordially embrace, &c.

N° CXXXIV.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

LAMB'S-BUILDINGS, June 30th, 1781.

I HAVE more than once fought, without having been so fortunate as to obtain, a proper opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for the elegant compliment which you pay me, in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

My *Seven Arabian Poets* will see the light before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their English dress. Their wild productions will, I flatter myself, be thought interesting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

In the mean while, let me request you to honour me with accepting a copy of a Law Tract, which is not yet published: the subject is so generally important, that I make no apology for sending you a professional work.

You must pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus, basely furnamed Augustus. I feel myself unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which, if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Besides, even Mecænas knew the cruelty of his disposition, and ventured to reproach him with it. In short, I have not *Christian* charity for him.

With regard to Asiatic letters, a necessary attention to my profession will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, *unless* Lord North (to whom I am already under no small obligation) should think me worthy to concur in the *improved* administration of justice in Bengal, and should appoint me to supply the vacancy on the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I should

probably travel, for speed, through part of Egypt and Arabia, and should be able, in my way, to procure many Eastern tracts of literature and jurisprudence. I might become a good *Mahomedan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, should find leisure to explain, in my native language, whatever the Arabs, Persians, and Turks, have written on science, history, and the fine arts.

My happiness by no means depends on obtaining this appointment, as I am in easy circumstances without my profession, and have flattering prospects in it; but if the present summer and the ensuing autumn elapse without my receiving any answer, favourable or unfavourable, I shall be forced to consider that silence as a polite refusal, and, having given sincere thanks for past favours, shall entirely drop all thoughts of *Asia*, and, "deep as ever plummet founded, shall drown my *Persian* books." If my politics have given offence, it would be manly in Ministers to tell me so. I shall never be *personally* hostile to them, nor enlist under party banners of any colour; but I will never resign my opinions for *interest*, though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reason, such as it is, can only be controlled by better reason, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, speech, and action, I shall ever say what Charles XII. wrote under the map of Riga, "*Dieu me l'a donnee; le diable ne me l'otera pas.*" But the fair answer to this objection is, that my system is purely speculative, and has no relation to my seat on the bench in India, where I should hardly think of instructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I should not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in Parliament might deprive me of the pleasure of meeting you at the Club next Tuesday; and I shall go to Oxford a few days after. At all times, and in all places, I shall ever be, with undisssembled regard, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

W. JONES.

N^o. CXXXV.*Lord HARDWICKE to Mr. GIBBON.*

S I R,

WIMPLE, September 20th, 1781.

As I have perused your History of the Decline, &c. with the greatest pleasure and instruction, I cannot help wishing that, as health and leisure permit, you would gratify your numerous readers and admirers, by continuing it, at least till the irruption of the Arabs after Mahomet. From that period the History of the East is not very interesting, and often disgusting. I particularly wish to see the reigns of Justin, Justinian, and I think Justin the Second, written by so masterly a hand. There are striking facts and remarkable characters in all those reigns, which have not yet met with an able and sagacious *Historian*. You seemed (as well as I recollect) to think the anecdotes of Procopius spurious; there are strange anecdotes in them, and of a very different cast from his History. Can it be traced up when they first came to light?

Excuse this short interruption from much better employments or amusements; and believe me, Sir, with the greatest regard, your most obedient humble servant,

HARDWICKE.

P. S. It has occurred to me, that a map of the progress and native seat of the northern hives would greatly elucidate and explain that part of your History. It may be done in a second edition.

N^o CXXXVI.*Dr. ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.*

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, November 6th, 1781.

SOON after my return I had a long conversation with our friend Mr. Smith, in which I stated to him every particular you mentioned to me, with respect to the propriety of going on with your great work. I was happy to find, that his opinion coincided perfectly with that which I had ventured to give you. His decisions, you know, are both prompt and vigorous; and he would not allow that you ought to hesitate a moment in your choice. He promised to write his sentiments to you very fully. But as he may have neglected to do this, for it is not willingly that he puts pen to paper, I thought it might be agreeable to you to know his opinion, though I imagine you could hardly entertain any doubt concerning it. I hope you have brought such a stock of health and spirits from Bright-helmstone, that you are set seriously at your desk, and that in two winters or so, you will display the crescent of Mahomet on the dome of St. Sophia. I met t'other day, in a work addressed to yourself, a sensible passage from F. Paul, which perfectly removes one of your chief difficulties, as to the barrenness of some parts of your period. Hayley's Essay on History, p. 133. By the bye, who is this Mr. Hayley? His poetry has more merit than that of most of his contemporaries; but his whiggism is so bigotted, and his Christianity so fierce, that he almost disgusts one with two very good things.

I have got quite well long ago, and am perfectly free from deafness; but I cannot yet place myself in any class but that of the

multa

multa et præclara minantes. Be so kind as to remember me to Lord Loughborough and Mr. Craufurd, and believe me to be, with most sincere respect and attachment, yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Nº CXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON*, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Nov. 2d, 1781.

I RETURNED to this place with Lord and Lady Sheffield, with the design of passing two or three weeks in a situation which had so highly delighted me. But how vain are all sublunary hopes! I had forgot that there is some difference between the sunshine of August and the cold fogs (though we have uncommon good weather) of November. Instead of my beautiful sea-shore, I am confined to a dark lodging in the middle of the town; for the place is still full, and our time is now spent in the dull imitation of a London life. To complete my misfortunes, Lord Sheffield was hastily ordered to Canterbury and Deal, to suppress some disturbances, and I was left almost alone with my Lady, in the servile state of a married man. But he returns to-day, and I hope to be seated in my own library by the middle of next week. However, you will not be sorry to hear that I have refreshed myself by a very *idle* summer, and indeed a much idler and more pleasant winter than the House of Commons will ever allow me to enjoy again. I had almost forgot Mr. Hayley; ungratefully enough, since I really passed a very simple, but entertaining day with him. His place, though small, is elegant as his mind, which I value much more highly. Mrs. * * * * wrote a melancholy story of an American mother, a friend of her friend, who in a short time had lost three sons; one killed by the savages; one run mad from the fright at that accident, and the third taken at sea,

fea, now in England, a prisoner in Forton hospital. For *him* something might perhaps be done. Your humanity will prompt you to obtain from Mrs. * * * * a more accurate account of names, dates, and circumstances; but you will prudently suppress my request, lest I should raise hopes which it may not be in my power to gratify. Lady S. begs to send her kindest compliments to you. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

July 3d, 1782.

I HOPE you have not had a moment's uneasiness about the delay of my Midsummer letter. Whatever may happen, you may rest fully secure, that the materials of it shall always be *found*. But on this occasion I have missed four or five posts; postponing, as usual, from morning to the evening bell, which now rings, till it has occurred to me, that it might not be amiss to enclose the two essential lines, if I only added that the influenza has been known to me only by the report of others. Lord Rockingham is at last dead; a good man, whatever he might be a minister: his successor is not yet named, and divisions in the Cabinet are suspected. If Lord Shelburne should be the man, as I think he will, the friends of his predecessor will quarrel with him before Christmas. At all events, I foresee much tumult and strong opposition, from which I should be very glad to extricate myself, by quitting the House of Commons with honour. Whatever you may hear, I believe there is not the least intention of dissolving Parliament, which would indeed be a rash and dangerous measure. I hope you like Mr. Hayley's poem; he rises with his subject, and since Pope's death, I am satisfied that England has not

seen so happy a mixture of strong sense and flowing numbers. Are you not delighted with his address to his mother? I understand that she was in plain prose every thing that he speaks her in verse. This summer I shall stay in town, and work at my trade, till I make some holidays for my Bath excursion. Lady Sheffield is at Brighton, and he is under tents, like the wild Arabs; so that my country house is shut up. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD,*
Camp, Coxheath.

BENTINCK-STREET, 1782.

I SYMPATHISE with your fatigues; yet Alexander, Hannibal, &c. have suffered hardships almost equal to yours. At such a moment it is disagreeable (besides laziness) to write, because every hour teems with a new lie. As yet, however, only Charles has formally resigned; but Lord John *, Burke, Keppel, Lord Althorpe, &c. certainly follow; your Lord Lieutenant stays. In short, three months of prosperity has dissolved a phalanx, which had stood ten years adversity. Next Tuesday, Fox will give his reasons, and possibly be encountered by Pitt, the new Secretary, or Chancellor †, at three-and-twenty. The day will be rare and curious, and, if I were a light dragoon, I would take a gallop on purpose to Westminster. Adieu. I hear the bell. How could I write before I knew where you dwelt?

* Lord John Cavendish.

† Chancellor of the Exchequer.

N° CXL.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD,*
Coxheath Camp.

September 29th, 1782.

I SHOULD like to hear sometimes, whether you survive the scenes of action and danger in which a dragoon is continually involved. What a difference between the life of a dragoon and that of a philosopher! and I will freely own that I (the philosopher) am much better satisfied with my own independent and tranquil situation, in which I have always something to do, without ever being obliged to do any thing. The Hampton Court villa has answered my expectation, and proved no small addition to my comforts; so that I am resolved next summer to hire, borrow, or steal, either the same, or something of the same kind. Every morning I walk a mile or more before breakfast, read and write *quantum sufficit*, mount my chaise and visit in the neighbourhood, accept some invitations, and escape others, use the Lucans as my daily bread, dine pleasantly at home, or sociably abroad, reserve for study an hour or two in the evening, lie in town regularly once a week, &c. &c. &c. I have announced to Mrs. G. my new arrangements; the certainty that October will be fine, and my increasing doubts whether I shall be able to reach Bath before Christmas. Do you intend (but how can you intend any thing?) to pass the winter under canvass. Perhaps under the veil of Hampton Court I may lurk ten days or a fortnight at Sheffield, if the enraged Lady does not shut the doors against me. The Warden * passed through in his way to Dover. He is not so fat, and more cheerful than ever. I had not any private conversa-

* Lord North.

tion with him; but he clearly holds the balance, unless he lets it drop out of his hand. The Pandæmonium (as I understand) does not meet till the twenty-sixth of November. Town is more a desert than I ever knew it. I arrived yesterday, dined at Sir Joshua's with a tolerable party; the chaise is now at the door; I dine at Richmond, lie at Hampton, &c. Adieu.

N° CXLI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Lord SHEFFIELD, at Coxheath Camp.*

BENTINCK-STREET, October 14th, 1782.

ON the approach of winter, my paper house at Hampton becomes less comfortable; my visits to Bentinck-street grow longer and more frequent, and the end of next week will restore me to the town, with a lively wish, however, to repeat the same, or a similar experiment, next summer. I admire the assurance with which you propose a month's residence at Sheffield, when you are not sure of being allowed three days. Here it is currently reported, that camps will not separate till Lord Howe's *return* from Gibraltar, and as yet we have no news of his arrival. Perhaps indeed you may have more intimate correspondence with your old friend Lord Shelburne, and already know the hour of your deliverance. I should like to be informed. As Lady S. has entirely forgotten me, I shall have the pleasure of forming a new acquaintance. I have often thought of writing, but it is now too late to repent.

I am at a loss what to say or think about our parliamentary state. A certain late Secretary of Ireland reckons the House of Commons thus: Minister one hundred and forty, Reynard ninety, Boreas one hundred and twenty, the rest unknown, or uncertain. The last of the three, by self or agents, talks too much of absence, neutrality, moderation. I still think he will discard the game.

I am not in such a fury with the letter of American independence; but I think it seems ill-timed and useless; and I am much entertained with the metaphysical disputes between Government and Secession about the meaning of it. Lord Loughborough will be in town Sunday seven-night. I long to see him and Co. I think he will take a very decided part. If he could throw aside his gown, he would make a noble leader. The East India news are excellent. The French gone to the Mauritius, Heyder desirous of peace, the Nizam and Mahrattas our friends, and seventy lacks of rupees in the Bengal treasury, while we were voting the recal of Hastings. Adieu. Write soon.

N° CXLII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Lord SHEFFIELD.*

1782.

I HAVE designed writing every post. The air of London is admirable; my complaints have vanished, and the gout still respects me. Lord Loughborough, with whom I passed an entire day, is very well satisfied with his Irish expedition, and found the barbarous people very kind to him. The castle is strong, but the volunteers are formidable. London is dead, and all intelligence so totally extinct, that the loss of an army would be a favourable incident. We have not even the advantage of shipwrecks, which must soon, with the society of you and Gerard Hamilton, become the only pleasures of Brighton. My Lady is precious, and deserves to shine in London, when she regains her palace. The workmen are slow, but I hear that the Minister talks of hiring another house after Christmas*. Adieu, till Monday seven-night.

* Lord North, while his house was repairing, inhabited Lord Sheffield's in Downing-street.

N^o CXLIII.*The Same to the Same.*

January 17th, 1783.

As I arrived about seven o'clock on Wednesday last, we were some time in town in mutual ignorance. Unlucky enough; yet our loss will be speedily repaired. Your reason for not writing is worthy of an Irish Baron: you thought Sarah might be at Bath, because you directed letters to her at Clifton near Bristol; where indeed I saw her in a delightful situation, swept by the winter winds, and scorched by the summer sun. A nobler reason for your silence would be the care of the public papers, to record your steps, words, and actions. I was pleased with your Coventry oration: a panegyric on * * * * is a subject entirely new, and which no orator before yourself would have dared to undertake. You have acted with prudence and dignity in casting away the military yoke. This next summer you will sit down (if you can sit) in the long lost character of a country gentleman.

For my own part, my late journey has only confirmed me in the opinion, that Number Seven in Bentinck-street is the best house in the world. I find that peace and war alternately, and daily, take their turns of conversation, and this (Friday) is the pacific day. Next week we shall probably hear some questions on that head very strongly asked, and very foolishly answered, &c. Give me a line by return of post, and probably I may visit Downing-street on Monday evening; late, however, as I am engaged to dinner and cards. Adieu.

N° CXLIV.

[Although Dr. Priestley may not be justified for publishing the following Letters, yet as he thought fit to print them with a volume of sermons soon after Mr. Gibbon's death, it will not be improper to insert them in this collection.]

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. PRIESTLEY.

SIR,

January 23d, 1783.

As a mark of your esteem, I should have accepted with pleasure your History of the Corruptions of Christianity. You have been careful to inform me, that it is intended, not as a gift, but as a challenge, and such a challenge you must permit me to decline. At the same time you glory in outstripping the zeal of the Mufti and the Lama, it may be proper to declare, that I should equally refuse the defiance of those venerable divines. Once, and once only, the just defence of my own veracity provoked me to descend into the amphitheatre; but as long as you attack opinions which I have never maintained, or maintain principles which I have never denied, you may safely exult in my silence and your own victory. The difference between us, (on the credibility of miracles,) which you chuse to suppose, and wish to argue, is a trite and antient topic of controversy, and, from the opinion which you entertain of yourself and of me, it does not appear probable that our dispute would either edify or enlighten the Public.

That Public will decide to whom the *invidious* name of Unbeliever more justly belongs; to the Historian, who, without interposing his own sentiments, has delivered a simple narrative of authentic facts, or to the disputant who proudly rejects all natural proofs of the immortality of the soul, overthrows (by circumscribing)

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the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles, and condemns the religion of every Christian nation, as a fable less innocent, but not less absurd, than Mahomet's journey to the third Heaven.

And now, Sir, since you assume a right to determine the objects of my past and future studies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almost unanimous, and not offensive wish, of the philosophic world :—that you would confine your talents and industry to those sciences in which real and useful improvements *can* be made. Remember the end of your predecessor Servetus, not of his life, (the Calvins of our days are restrained from the use of the same fiery arguments,) but, I mean, the end of his reputation. His theological writings are lost in oblivion ; and if his book on the Trinity be still preserved, it is only because it contains the first rudiments of the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant.

N° CXLV.

Dr. PRIESTLEY to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

BIRMINGHAM, 3d February 1783.

IT would have been impertinent in me, especially considering the object of my *History*, to have sent you a copy of it as a mark of my *esteem* or *friendship*. What I meant was to act the part of a fair and open *adversary*, and I am truly sorry that you decline the discussion I proposed : for though you are of a different opinion, I do not think that either of us could be better employed ; and, should the Mufti and the Lama, whose challenge, you say, you would also decline, become parties in the business, I should rejoice the more. I do not well know what you can mean by intimating, that I am a greater Unbeliever than yourself ; that I attack opinions which you never maintained, and maintain principles which you never denied.

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If you mean to assert, that you are a believer in Christianity, and meant to recommend it, I must say, that your mode of writing has been very ill adapted to gain your purpose. If there be any certain method of discovering a man's real object, yours has been to discredit Christianity in fact, while in words you represent yourself as a friend to it : a conduct which I scruple not to call highly unworthy and mean ; an insult on the common sense of the Christian world ; as a method of screening you from the notice of the law, (which is as hostile to me as it is to you,) you must know that it could avail you nothing ; and, though that mode of writing might be deemed ingenious and witty in the first inventor of it, it has been too often repeated to deserve that appellation now.

According to your own rule of conduct, this charge ought to provoke you to descend into the amphitheatre once more, as much as the accusation of Mr. Davis : for it is a call upon you to defend, not your *principles* only, but also your *honour*. For what can reflect greater dishonour on a man, than to say one thing and mean another ? You have certainly been very far from confining yourself, as you pretend, to a simple narrative of authentic facts, without interposing your own sentiments. I hold no opinions, obnoxious as they are, that I am not ready both to *avow* in the most explicit manner, and also to defend with any person of competent judgment and ability. Had I not considered you in this light, and also as fairly open, by the strain of your writings, to such a challenge, I should not have called upon you as I have done. The Public will form its own judgment both of that and of your silence on the occasion ; and finally decide between you, the *humble historian*, and me, the *proud disputant*.

As to my *reputation*, for which you are so very obligingly concerned, give me leave to observe, that, as far as it is an object with any person, and a thing to be enjoyed by himself, it must depend upon his particular notions and feelings.—Now, odd as it will appear to

you, the esteem of a very few rational Christian friends (though I know that it will ensure me the detestation of the greater part of the present nominally Christian world that happen to hear me) gives me more real satisfaction, than the applause of what you call the philosophic world. I admire Servetus, by whose example you wish me to take warning, more for his courage in dying for the cause of important truth, than I should have done if, besides the certain discovery of the circulation of the blood, he had made any other the most celebrated discovery in philosophy.

However, I do not see what my philosophical friends (of whom I have many, and whom I think I value as I ought,) have to do with my metaphysical or theological writings. They may, if they please, consider them as my particular whims or amusements, and accordingly neglect them. They have, in fact, interfered very little with my application to philosophy, since I have had the means of doing it. I was never more busy, or more successfully so, in my philosophical pursuits, than during the time that I have been employed about the History of the Corruptions of Christianity. I am at this very time, *totus in illis*, as my friends know; and as the Public will know in due time; which with me is never long, and if you had thought proper to enter into the discussion I proposed, it would not have made me neglect my laboratory, or omit a single experiment that I should otherwise have made.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

J. PRIESTLEY.

N° CXLVI.

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. PRIESTLEY.

S I R,

BENTINCK-STREET, February 6th, 1783.

As I do not pretend to judge of the sentiments or intentions of another, I shall not enquire how far you are inclined to suffer, or inflict, martyrdom. It only becomes me to say, that the style and temper of your last letter have satisfied me of the propriety of declining all farther correspondence, whether public or private, with such an adversary. I am, Sir, your humble servant.

N° CXLVII.

Dr. PRIESTLEY to Mr. GIBBON.

S I R,

BIRMINGHAM, 10th February, 1783.

I NEITHER requested nor wished to have any *private correspondence* with you. All that my MS. card required, was a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of the copy of my work. You chose, however, to give me a specimen of your temper and feelings; and also, what I thought to be an opening to a further call upon you for a justification of yourself *in public*. Of this I was willing to take advantage; and, at the same time, to satisfy you, that my philosophical pursuits, for which, whether in earnest or not, you were pleased to express some concern, would not be interrupted in consequence of it.

As this correspondence, from the origin and nature of it, cannot be deemed *confidential*, I may, especially if I resume my observations on your conduct as an Historian, give the Public an opportunity of judging of the propriety of my answer to your first extraordinary letter, and also to this last truly *enigmatical* one; to interpret which

more

requires much more sagacity, than to discover your real intentions with respect to Christianity, though you might think you had carefully concealed them from all human inspection.

Wishing to hear from you just as little as you please in private, and just as much as you please in public, I am, Sir, your humble servant.

N° CXLVIII.

Mr. GIBBON to Dr. PRIESTLEY.

February 22d, 1783.

IF Dr. Priestley consults his friends, he will probably learn, that a single copy of a paper, addressed under a seal to a single person, and not relative to any public or official business, must always be considered as *private* correspondence; which a man of honour is not at liberty to print without the consent of the writer. That consent in the present instance, Mr. Gibbon thinks proper to withhold; and, as he desires to escape all further altercation, he shall not trouble Dr. Priestley or himself with explaining the motives of his refusal.

N° CXLIX.

Dr. PRIESTLEY to Mr. GIBBON.

BIRMINGHAM, 25th February 1783.

DR. Priestley is as unwilling to be guilty of any real impropriety as Mr. Gibbon can wish him to be: but, as the correspondence between them relates not to any *private*, but only to a *public matter*, he apprehends that it may, according to Mr. Gibbon's own distinction, at the pleasure of either of the parties be laid before the Public; who, in fact, are interested to know, at least, the result of it. Dr. Priestley's

conduct will always be open to animadversion, that of Mr. Gibbon, or of any other person. His appeal is to men of honour, and even men of the world ; and he desires no favour.

Dr. Priestley has sent a single copy of the correspondence to a friend in London, with leave to shew it to any other common friends, but with a prohibition to take any other copy : but between this and *printing* there is no difference, except in *mode* and *extent*. In the eye of the law and of reason both are equally publications ; and has Mr. Gibbon never thought himself at liberty to shew a copy of a letter to a third person ?

Mr. Gibbon may easily escape all further altercation by discontinuing this mutually disagreeable correspondence, by leaving Dr. Priestley to act as his own discretion or indiscretion may dictate ; and for this, himself only, and not Mr. Gibbon, is responsible.

N° CL.

M. GIBBON à *Mons.* DEYVERDUN, à Lausanne.

A LONDRES, ce 20 Mai 1783.

QUE j'aime la douce et parfaite confiance de nos sentimens réciproques ! Nous nous aimons dans l'éloignement et le silence, et il nous suffit à l'un et à l'autre, de savoir de tems en tems, des nouvelles de la santé et du bonheur de son ami. Aujourd'hui j'ai besoin de vous écrire ; je commence sans excuses et sans reproches, comme si nous allions reprendre la conversation familière du jour précédent. Si je propoisois de faire un *compte rendu* de mes études, de mes occupations, de mes plaisirs, de mes nouvelles liaisons, de ma politique toujours muette, mais un peu plus rapprochée des grands événemens, je multiplierois mes *in quarto*, et je ne fais pas encore votre avis sur ceux que je vous ai déjà envoyés. Dans cette histoire moderne, il

feroit toujours question de la décadence des empires ; et autant que j'en puis juger sur mes réminiscences et sur le rapport de l'ami Bugnon, vous aimez aussi peu la puissance de l'Angleterre que celle des Romains. Notre chute, cependant, a été plus douce. Après une guerre sans succès, et une paix assez peu glorieuse, il nous reste de quoi vivre contents et heureux ; et lorsque je me suis dépouillé du rôle de Membre du Parlement, pour redevenir homme, philosophe, et historien, nous pourrions bien nous trouver d'accord sur la plus part des scènes étonnantes qui viennent de se passer devant nos yeux, et qui fourniront une riche matière aux plus habiles de mes successeurs.

Bornons nous à cette heure à un objet moins illustre sans doute, mais plus intéressant pour tous les deux, et c'est beaucoup que le même objet puisse intéresser deux mortels qui ne se sont pas vus, qui a peine se sont écrit depuis—oui ma foi—depuis huit ans. Ma plume, très paresseuse au commencement, ou plutôt avant le commencement, marche assez vite, lorsqu'elle s'est une fois mise en train ; mais une raison qui m'empêcheroit de lui donner carrière, c'est l'espérance de pouvoir bientôt me servir avec vous d'un instrument encore plus commode, la langue. Que l'homme, l'homme Anglois, l'homme Gibbon, est un sot animal ! Je l'espère, je le desire, je le puis, mais je ne fais pas si je le veux, encore moins si j'exécuterai cette volonté. Voici mon histoire, autant qu'elle pourra vous éclairer, qu'elle pourra m'éclairer moi-même, sur mes véritables intentions, qui me paroissent très obscures, et très équivoques ; et vous aurez la bonté de m'apprendre qu'elle fera ma conduite future. Il vous souvient, Seigneur, que mon grand pere a fait sa fortune, que mon pere l'a mangée avec un peu trop d'appétit, et que je jouis actuellement du fruit, ou plutôt du reste de leurs travaux. Vous n'avez pas oublié que je suis entré au Parlement sans patriotisme, sans ambition, et que toutes mes vues se bornoient à la place commode et honnête d'un *Lord of Trade*. Cette place, je l'ai obtenue

enfin ; je l'ai possédée trois ans, depuis 1779 jusqu'à 1782, et le produit net, qui se montoit à sept cens cinquante livres sterling, augmentoit mon revenu, au niveau de mes besoins, et de mes desirs. Mais au printemps de l'année précédente, l'orage a grondé sur nos têtes : Milord North a été renversé, votre serviteur chassé, et le *Board* même, dont j'étois membre, aboli et cassé pour toujours, par la réformation de M. Burke, avec beaucoup d'autres places de l'Etat, et de la maison du Roi. Pour mon malheur, je suis toujours resté Membre de la Chambre basse : à la fin du dernier Parlement (en 1780) M. Eliot a retiré sa nomination ; mais la faveur de Milord North a facilité ma rentrée, et la reconnoissance m'imposoit le devoir de faire valoir, pour son service, les droits que je tenois en partie de lui. Cet hyver nous avons combattu sous les étendards réunis (vous savez notre histoire) de Milord North, et de M. Fox ; nous avons triomphé de Milord Shelburne et de la paix, et mon ami (je n'aime pas à profaner ce nom) a remonté sur sa bête en qualité de Secrétaire d'Etat. C'est à présent qu'il peut bien me dire : " C'étoit " beaucoup pour moi ; ce n'étoit rien pour vous ; " et malgré les assurances les plus fortes, j'ai trop de raison, pour avoir de la foi. Avec beaucoup d'esprit, et des qualités très respectables, il n'a plus ni le titre, ni le crédit de premier ministre ; des collegues plus actifs lui enlèvent les morceaux les plus friands, qui sont aussitôt dévorés par la voracité de leurs créatures ; nos malheurs et nos réformes ont diminué le nombre des graces ; par orgueil ou par paresse, je sollicite aussi mal, et si je parviens enfin, ce sera peut être à la veille d'une nouvelle révolution, qui me fera perdre dans un instant, ce qui m'aura coûté tant de soins et de recherches. Si je ne consultois que mon cœur et ma raison, je romprois sur le champ cette indigne chaine de la dépendance ; je quitterois le Parlement, Londres, l'Angleterre ; je chercherois sous un ciel plus doux, dans un pays plus tranquille, le repos, la liberté, l'aisance, et une société éclairée et aimable. Je coulerois quelques années de ma vie sans espérance, et sans crainte,

j'acheverois

j'acheverois mon histoire, et je ne rentrerois dans ma patrie qu'en homme libre, riche, et respectable par sa position, aussi bien que par son caractère. Mes amis, et surtout Milord Sheffield, ne veulent pas me permettre d'être heureux suivant mon goût et mes lumières. Leur prudence exige que je fasse tous mes efforts, pour obtenir un emploi très sur à la vérité, qui me donneroit mille guinées de rente, mais qui m'enlèveroit cinq jours par semaine. Je me prête à leur zèle, et je leur ai promis de ne partir qu'en automne, après avoir consacré l'été à cette dernière tentative. Le succès, cependant, est très incertain, et je ne fais si je le desiré de bonne foi.

Si je parviens à me voir exilé, mon choix ne sera pas douteux. Lausanne a eu mes prémices ; elle me fera toujours chère par le doux souvenir de ma jeunesse. Au bout de trente ans, je me rappelle les polissons qui sont aujourd'hui juges, les petites filles de la société du printemps, qui sont devenues grand-mères. Votre pays est charmant, et, malgré le dégoût de Jean Jacques, les mœurs, et l'esprit de ses habitans, me paroissent très assortis aux bords du lac Léman. Mais un trésor que je ne trouverois qu'à Lausanne ; c'est un ami qui me convient également par les sentimens, et les idées, avec qui je n'ai jamais connu un instant d'ennui, de sécheresse, ou de réserve. Autrefois dans nos libres épanchemens, nous avons cent fois fait le projet de vivre ensemble, et cent fois nous avons épluché tous les détails du Roman, avec une chaleur qui nous étonnoit nous memes. A présent il demeure, ou plutôt vous demeurez, (car je me lasse de ce ton étudié,) dans une maison charmante et commode ; je vois d'ici mon appartement, nos salles communes, notre table, et nos promenades ; mais ce mariage ne vaut rien, s'il ne convient pas également aux deux époux, et je sens combien des circonstances locales, des goûts nouveaux, de nouvelles liaisons, peuvent s'opposer aux desseins, qui nous ont paru les plus agréables dans le lointain. Pour fixer mes idées, et pour nous épargner des regrets, il faut me dévoiler avec la franchise dont je vous ai donné l'exemple, le tableau extérieur et intérieur de George Deyverdun. Mon amour est trop délicat ; pour
supporter

supporter l'indifférence et les égards, et je rougirois d'un bonheur dont je serois redevable, non à l'inclination, mais à la fidélité de mon ami. Pour m'armer contre les malheurs possibles, hélas ! peut être trop vraisemblables, j'ai essayé de me détacher de la pensée de ce projet favori, et de me représenter à Lausanne votre bon voisin, sans être précisément votre commensal. Si j'y étois réduit, je ne voudrois pas tenir maison, autant par raison d'économie, que pour éviter l'ennui de manger seul. D'un autre côté, une pension ouverte, fut elle montée sur l'ancien pied de celle de Mesery, ne conviendrait plus à mon âge, ni à mon caractère ? Passerois je ma vie au milieu d'une foule de jeunes Anglois échappés du collège, moi qui aimerois Lausanne cent fois davantage, si j'y pouvois être le seul de ma nation ? Il me faudroit donc une maison commode et riante, un état au dessus de la bourgeoisie, un mari instruit, une femme qui ne ressembleroit pas à Madame Pavilliard, et l'assurance d'y être reçu comme le fils unique, ou plutôt comme le frère de la famille. Pour nous arranger sans gêne, je meublerai très volontiers un joli appartement sous le même toit, ou dans le voisinage, et puisque le ménage le plus foible, laisse encore de l'étoffe pour une forte pension, je ne serois pas obligé de chicaner sur les conditions pécuniaires. Si je me vois déchu de cette dernière espérance, je renoncerois en soupirant à ma seconde patrie, pour chercher un nouvel asyle, non pas à Geneve, triste séjour du travail et de la discorde, mais aux bords du lac de Neufchatel, parmi les bons Savoyards de Chamberry, ou sous le beau climat des Provinces Méridionales de la France. Je finis brusquement, parceque j'ai mille choses à vous dire. Je pense que nous nous ressemblons pour la correspondance. Pour le bavardage savant, ou même amical, je suis de tous les hommes le plus paresseux, mais des qu'il s'agit d'un objet réel, d'un service essentiel, le premier Courier emporte toujours ma réponse. A la fin d'un mois, je commencerai à compter les semaines, les jours, les heures. Ne me les faites pas compter trop long tems. Vale.

N° CLI.

M. DEYVERDUN à M. GIBBON.

STRASBOURG, le 10 Juin 1783.

JE ne saurais vous exprimer, Monsieur et cher ami, la variété et la vivacité des sensations que m'a fait éprouver votre lettre. Tout cela a fini par un fond de plaisir et d'espérance qui resteront dans mon cœur, jusqu'à ce que vous les en chassiez.

Un rapport singulier de circonstances contribue à me faire espérer que nous sommes destinés à vivre quelque tems agréablement ensemble. Je ne suis pas dégoûté d'une ambition que je ne connus jamais ; mais par d'autres circonstances, je me trouve dans la même situation d'embarras et d'incertitude où vous êtes aussi à cette époque. Il y a un an que votre lettre, mon cher ami, m'auroit fait plaisir sans doute, mais en ce moment, elle m'en fait bien davantage : elle vient en quelque façon à mon secours.

Depuis mon retour d'Italie, ne pouvant me déterminer à vendre ma maison, m'ennuyant d'y être seul (car je suis comme vous, Monsieur, et je déteste de manger sans compagnie) ne voulant pas louer à des étrangers, j'ai pris le parti de m'arranger assez joliment au premier étage, et de donner le second à une famille de mes amis, qui me nourrit, et que je loge. Cet arrangement a paru pendant long tems contribuer au bonheur des deux parties. Mais tout est transitoire sur cette terre. Ma maison sera vuide, selon tout apparence, sur la fin de l'été, et je me vois d'avance tout aussi embarrassé et incertain, que je l'étais il y a quelques années, ne sachant quelle nouvelle société choisir, et assez disposé à vendre enfin cette possession qui m'a causé bien des plaisirs, et bien des peines. Ma maison est donc à votre disposition pour cet automne, et vous y arriverez.

arriveriez comme un Dieu dans une machine qui finit l'embroglio. Voilà quant à moi ; parlons de vous maintenant avec la même sincérité.

Un mot de préambule. Quelque intéressé que je sois à votre résolution, convaincu qu'il faut aimer ses amis pour eux mêmes, sentant d'ailleurs combien il seroit affreux pour moi de vous voir des regrets, je vous donne ici ma parole d'honneur, que mon intérêt n'influe en rien sur ce que je vais écrire, et que je ne dirai pas un mot que je ne vous disse, si l'hermite de la grotte étoit un autre que moi. Vos amis Anglais vous aiment pour eux mêmes : je ne veux moi que votre bonheur. Rappelez vous, mon cher ami, que je vis avec peine votre entrée dans le Parlement, et je crois n'avoir été que trop bon prophète ; je suis sur que cette carrière vous a fait éprouver plus de privations que de jouissances, beaucoup plus de peines que de plaisirs ; j'ai cru toujours, depuis que je vous ai connu, que vous étiez destiné à vivre heureux par les plaisirs du cabinet et de la société, que tout autre marche étoit un écart de la route du bonheur, et que ce n'étoit que les qualités réunies d'homme de lettres, et d'homme aimable de société, qui pouvoient vous procurer gloire, honneur, plaisirs, et une suite continuelle de jouissances. Au bout de quelques tours dans votre salle, vous sentirez parfaitement que j'avois bien vu, et que l'événement a justifié mes idées. Lorsque j'ai appris que vous étiez *Lord of Trade*, j'en ai été fâché ; quand j'ai su que vous aviez perdu cette place, je m'en suis réjoui pour vous ; quand on m'a annoncé que Milord North étoit remonté sur sa bête, j'ai cru vous voir très mal à votre aise, en croupe derrière lui, et je m'en suis affligé pour vous. Je suis donc charmé, mon cher ami, de vous savoir à pied, et je vous conseille très sincèrement de rester dans cette position, et bien loin de solliciter la place en question, de la refuser, si elle vous étoit offerte. Mille guinées vous dédommageront elles de cinq jours pris de la semaine ? Je suppose, ce que cependant j'ai peine à croire,

croire, que vous me disiez que oui : et la variété et l'inconstance continuelle de votre ministère, vous promettent elles d'en jouir long tems constamment, et n'est il pas plus désagréable, mon cher Monsieur, de n'avoir plus 1000 livres sterl. de rente, qu'il n'a été agréable d'en jouir ? D'ailleurs ne pourrez vous pas toujours rentrer dans la carrière, si l'ambition ou l'envie de servir la patrie, vous reprennent ; ne rentrerez vous pas avec plus d'honneur, lorsque vos rentes étant augmentées naturellement, vous serez libre et indépendant ?

En faisant cette retraite en Suisse, outre la beauté du pays, et les agrémens de la société, vous acquererez deux biens que vous avez perdus, la liberté et la richesse. Vous ne serez d'ailleurs point inutile ; vos ouvrages continueront à nous éclairer, et indépendamment de vos talens, l'honnête homme, le galant homme, n'est jamais inutile.

Il me reste à vous présenter le tableau que vous trouveriez. Vous aimiez ma maison et mon jardin, c'est bien autre chose à présent. Au premier étage qui donne sur la descente d'Ouchy, je me suis arrangé un appartement qui me suffit, j'ai une chambre de domestique, deux salons, et deux cabinets. J'ai au plein pied de la terrasse, deux autres salons dont l'un sert en été de salle à manger, et l'autre de salon de compagnie. J'ai fait un nouvel appartement de trois pièces dans le vuide entre la maison et la remise, en sorte que j'ai à vous offrir tout le grand appartement, qui consiste actuellement en onze pièces, tant grandes que petites, tournées au Levant et au Midi, meublées sans magnificence déplacée, mais avec une sorte d'élégance dont j'espère que vous seriez satisfait. La terrasse a peu changé ; mais elle est terminée par un grand cabinet mieux proportionné que le précédent, garnie tout du long, de caisses d'orangers, &c. La treille, qui ne vous est pas indifférente, a embelli, prospéré, et regne presque entièrement jusqu'au bout ; parvenu à ce bout, vous trouverez un petit chemin qui vous conduira à une chaumière placée dans un coin ; et de ce coin, en suivant le long d'une autre route à l'Anglaise, le

mur d'un manège. Vous trouverez au bout, un chalet avec écurie, vacherie, petite porte, petit cabinet, petite bibliothèque, et une galerie de bois doré, d'où l'on voit tout ce qui sort et entre en ville par la porte du Chêne, et tout ce qui se passe dans ce Faubourg. J'ai acquis la vigne au-dessous du jardin ; j'en ai arraché tout ce qui étoit devant la maison ; j'en ai fait un tapis vert, arrosé par l'eau du jet d'eau ; et j'ai fait tout autour de ce petit parc, une promenade très variée par les différens points de vue et les objets même intérieurs, tantot jardin potager, tantot parterre, tantot vigne, tantot prés, puis chalet, chaumière, petite montagne ; bref, les étrangers viennent le voir et l'admirent, et malgré la description pompeuse que je vou en fais, vous en ferez content.

N. B. J'ai planté une quantité d'excellens arbres fruitiers.

Venons à moi ; vous comprenez bien que j'ai vieilli, excepté pour la sensibilité ; je suis à la mode, mes nerfs sont attaqués ; je suis plus mélancolique, mais je n'ai pas plus d'humeur ; vous ne souffrirez de mes maux que tout au plus négativement. Ensemble, et séparés par nos logemens, nous jouirons vis-à-vis l'un de l'autre, de la plus grande liberté. Nous prendrons une gouvernante douce et entendue, plutôt par commodité que par nécessité ; car je me chargerois sans crainte de la surintendance. J'ai fait un ménage de quatre, pendant quelque tems ; j'ai fait le mien, et j'ai remarqué que cela marchoit tout seul, quand c'étoit une fois en train. Les petites gens qui n'ont que ce mérite, font grand bruit pour rien. Mon jardin nous fournira avec abondance de bons fruits et d'excellens légumes. Pour la reste de la table et de la dépense domestique, je ne demanderais pas mieux que de vous recevoir chez moi, comme vous m'avez reçu chez vous ; mais nos situations sont différentes à cet egard ; cependant si vous étiez plus ruiné, je vous l'offrirois sans doute, et je devrois le faire ; mais avec les rentes que vous aviez, quand j'étois chez vous, en les supposant même diminuées, vous vivrez très agréablement

ablement à Lausanne. Enfin à cet égard nous nous arrangerons, comme il vous fera le plus agréable, et en proportion de nos revenus. Toujours ferez vous ainsi, à ce qui j'espère, plus décent et plus confortablement, que vous ne seriez par tout ailleurs au même prix.

Quant à la société, quoique infiniment agréable, je commence ce chapitre par vous dire que j'évitais de vous y inviter, si vous étiez entièrement désœuvré ; les jours sont longs alors, et laissent bien du vuide ; mais homme de lettres, comme vous êtes, je ne connois point de société qui vous convienne mieux. Nous aurons autour de nous un cercle, comme il seroit impossible d'en trouver ailleurs dans un aussi petit espace. Madame de Corcelles, Mademoiselle Sulens, et M. de Montolieu (Madame est morte), Messrs. Polier et leurs femmes, Madame de Severy, et M. et Madame de Naffau, Mademoiselle de Chandieu, Madame de St. Cierge, et M. avec leurs deux filles jolies et aimables, Madames de Croufaz, Polier, de Charrieres, &c. font un fonds de bonne compagnie dont on ne se lasse point, et dont M. de Servan est si content qu'il regrette toujours d'être obligé de retourner dans ses terres, et ne respire que pour s'établir tout à fait à Lausanne. Il passa tout l'hiver de 1782 avec nous, et il fut, on ne peut plus, agréable. Vous trouverez les mœurs changées en bien, et plus conformes à nos ages, et à nos caractères ; peu de grandes assemblées, de grands repas, mais beaucoup de petits soupers, de petites assemblées, où l'on fait ce qu'on veut, où l'on cause, lit, &c. et dont on écarte avec soin les facheux de toute espece. Il y a le Dimanche une société, où tout ce qu'il y a d'un peu distingué en étrangères et étrangers, est invité. Cela fait des assemblées de 40 à 50 personnes, où l'on voit ce qu'on ne voit gueres le reste de la semaine, et ces especes de *roué* font quelquefois plaisir. Nous sommes fort dégoutés des étrangers, surtout des jeunes gens, et nous les écartons avec soin de nos petits comités, à moins qu'ils n'ayent du mérite, ou quelques talens. A cet égard un de nos petits travers, c'est l'engouement ; mais vous en profiterez, mon cher Monsieur, comme

Edward Gibbon, et comme mon ami ; vous ferez d'abord l'homme à la mode, et je vois d'ici que vous soutiendrez fort bien ce rôle, sans vous en fâcher, dût on un peu vous surfaire. *Je sens que tu me flattes, mais tu me fais plaisir*, est peut être le meilleur vers de Des-touches. Voilà donc l'hyver ; l'étude le matin, quelques conversations, quand vous serez fatigué, avec quelque homme de lettres, ou amateur, ou du moins qui aura vu quelque chose ; à l'heure qu'il vous plaira un diner, point de fermier général, mais l'honnête épicurien, avec un ou deux amis quand vous voudrez ; puis quelques visites, une soirée, souvent un souper. Quant à l'été, vu votre manière d'aimer la campagne, on diroit que ma remise a été faite pour vous ; pendant que vous vous y promenez en sénateur, je serai souvent en bon paysan Suisse, devant mon chalet, ou dans ma chaumière ; puis nous nous rencontrerons tout à coup, et tâcherons de nous remettre au niveau l'un de l'autre. Nous fermerons nos portes à l'ordinaire, excepté aux étrangers qui passent leur chemin ; mais quand nous voudrons, nous y aurons tous ceux que nous aimerons à y voir : car on ne demande pas mieux que d'y venir se rejouer. J'ai eu, un beau jour d'Avril ce printems, un déjeuner, qui m'a coûté quelques Louis, ou il y avait plus de 40 personnes, je ne fais combien de petites tables, une bonne musique au milieu du verger, et une quantité de jeunes et jolies personnes dansant des branles, et formant des chiffres en cadence ; j'ai vu bien des fêtes, j'en ai peu vu de plus jolies. Quand mon parc vous ennuyera, nous aurons, ou nous louerons ensemble (et ce sera ainsi un plaisir peu cher) un cabriolet léger, avec deux chevaux gentils, et nous irons visiter nos amis dispersés dans les campagnes, qui nous recevront à bras ouverts. Vous en ferez content de nos campagnes ; toujours en proportion vous comprenez, et vous trouverez en général un heureux changement pour les agrémens de la société, et une sorte de recherche simple, mas élégante. Les bergères du *printems*, excepté Madame de Vanberg, ne sont sans doute plus présentables, mais il y en a d'autres assez

gentilles, et quoiqu'elles ne foyent pas en bien grand nombre, il y en aura toujours assez pour vous, mon cher Monsieur. Peu à peu mon imagination m'a emporté, et mon style s'égayé, comme cela nous arrivait quelquefois dans nos châteaux en Espagne. Il est bien tems de finir cet article, résumons nous plus sérieusement.

Si vous exécutez le plan que vous avez imaginé, j'aimerois même à dire que vous embrassez, surtout d'après ce que vous marquez vous même, *Si je ne consultais que mon cœur et ma raison, je romprois sur le champ cette indigne chaîne, &c.* Eh ! que voulez vous consulter, si ce n'est votre cœur et votre raison ? Si, dis-je, vous exécutez ce plan, vous retrouverez une liberté et une indépendance, que vous n'auriez jamais du perdre, et dont vous méritez de jouir, une aisance qui ne vous coûtera qu'un voyage de quelques jours, une tranquillité que vous ne pouvez avoir à Londres, et enfin un ami qui n'a peut être pas été un jour sans penser à vous, et qui malgré ses défauts, ses foiblesses et son infériorité, est encore un des compagnons qui vous convient le mieux.

Il me reste à vous apprendre pourquoi je vous réponds si tard : vous savez déjà actuellement que ce n'est pas manque d'amitié et de zèle pour la chose ; mais votre lettre m'a été renvoyée de Lausanne ici, à Strasbourg, et je n'ai passé qu'une poste sans y répondre, ce qui n'est pas trop, vous l'avouerez, pour un pareil bavardage. Je suis parti de Lausanne la veille de Pâques pour venir voir un M. Bourcard de Basse, fort de mes amis ; il est ici auprès du Comte de Cagliostro, pour profiter de ses remèdes. Vous aurez entendu parler peut être de cet homme extraordinaire à tous égards. Comme j'ai été assez malade tout l'hiver, je profite aussi de ses remèdes ; mais comme le tems du séjour du Comte ici n'est rien moins que sur, le mieux sera que vous m'écriviez à *M. D. chez M. Bourcard du Kirshgarten, à Basse.*

Vous

Vous comprenez combien à tous égards, il est nécessaire m'écrire sans perte de tems, dèsque vous aurez pris une résolution. Adieu, mon cher ami.

N° CLII.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN.

JE reçois votre lettre du 10 Juin, le 21 de ce mois. Aujourd'hui Mardi 24th, je mets la main à la plume (comme dit M. Fréron) pour y répondre, quoique ma missive ne puisse partir par arrangement des postes, que Vendredi prochain, 27 du courant. O merveille, de la grace efficace ! Elle n'agit pas moins puissamment sur vous, et moyennant le secours toujours prêt, et toujours prompt de nos couriers, un mois nous suffit pour la demande et la réponse. Je remercie mille fois le génie de l'amitié, qui m'a poussé, après mille efforts inutiles, à vous écrire enfin au moment le plus critique et le plus favorable. Jamais démarche n'a répondu si parfaitement à tous mes vœux et à toutes mes espérances. Je comptois sans doute sur la durée et la vérité de vos sentimens ; mais j'ignorois (telle est la foiblesse humaine) jusqu'à quel point ils avoient pu être attiédies par le tems et l'éloignement ; et je savois encore moins l'état actuel de votre santé, de votre fortune et de vos liaisons, qui auroient pu opposer tant d'obstacles à notre réunion. Vous m'écrivez, vous m'aimez toujours ; vous désirez avec zèle, avec ardeur, de réaliser nos anciens projets ; vous le pouvez, vous le voulez ; vous m'offrez dès l'automne votre maison, et quelle maison ! votre terrasse, et quelle terrasse ! votre société, et quelle société ! L'arrangement nous convient à tous les deux ; je retrouve à la fois le compagnon de ma jeunesse, un sage conseiller, et un peintre qui fait représenter et exagérer

exagérer même les objets les plus rians. Ces exagérations me font pour le moins autant de plaisir, que la simple vérité. Si votre portrait étoit tout à fait ressemblant, ces agrémens n'existeroient que hors de nous mêmes, et j'aime encore mieux les trouver dans la vivacité de votre cœur et de votre imagination. Ce n'est pas que je ne reconnoisse un grand fond de vérité dans le tableau de Lausanne ; je connois le lieu de la scène, je me transporte en idée sur notre terrasse, je vois ces côteaux, ce lac, ces montagnes, ouvrages favoris de la nature, et je conçois sans peine les embellissemens que votre goût s'est plu y ajouter. Je me rappelle depuis vingt ou trente ans les mœurs, l'esprit, l'aisance de la société, et je comprends que ce véritable ton de la bonne compagnie se perpétue, et s'épure de pere en fils, ou plutôt de mere en fille ; car il m'a toujours paru qu'à Lausanne, aussi bien qu'en France, les femmes sont très supérieures aux hommes. Dans un pareil séjour, je craindrois la dissipation bien plus que l'ennui, et le tourbillon de Lausanne étonneroit un philosophe accoutumé, depuis tant d'années à la tranquillité de Londres. Vous êtes trop instruit pour regarder ce propos, comme une mauvaise plaisanterie ; c'est dans les détroits qu'on est entraîné par la rapidité des courans : il n'y en a point en pleine mer. Dèsqu'on ne recherche plus les plaisirs bruyans, et qu'on s'affranchit volontiers des devoirs pénibles, la liberté d'un simple particulier se fortifie par l'immensité de la ville. Quant à moi, l'application à mon grand ouvrage, l'habitude, et la récompense du travail, m'ont rendu plus studieux, plus sédentaire, plus ami de la retraite. La chambre des communes et les grands dîners exigent beaucoup de tems ; et la tempérance d'un repas Anglois, vous permet de goûter de cinq ou six vins différens, et vous ordonne de boire une bouteille de claret après le désert. Mais enfin je ne soupe jamais, je me couche de bonne heure, je reçois peu de visites, les matinées sont longues, les étés sont libres, et dèsque je ferme ma porte ; je suis oublié du Monde entier. Dans une société plus bornée et plus amicale, les

démarches sont publiques, les droits sont réciproques, l'on dine de bonne heure, on se goûte trop pour ne pas passer l'après-midi ensemble ; on soupe, on veille, et les plaisirs de la soirée ne laissent pas de déranger le repos de la nuit, et le travail du lendemain. Quel est cependant le résultat de ces plaintes ? c'est seulement que la mariée est trop belle, et que j'ose me servir de l'excuse honnête de la santé et du privilège d'un homme de lettres ; il ne tiendra qu'à moi de modérer un peu l'excès de mes jouissances. Pour cet engouement que vous m'annoncez, et qui a toujours été le défaut des peuples les plus spirituels, je l'ai déjà éprouvé sur un plus grand théâtre. Il y a six ans que l'ami de Madame Necker fut reçu à Paris, comme celui de George Deyverdun pourroit l'être à Lausanne. Je ne connois rien de plus flatteur que cet accueil favorable d'un public poli et éclairé. Mais cette faveur, si douce pour l'étranger, n'est-elle pas un peu dangereuse pour l'habitant exposé à voir flétrir ses lauriers, par sa faute ou par l'inconstance des ses juges ? Non ; on se soutient toujours, peut être pas précisément, au même point d'élévation. A l'abri de trois gros volumes in quarto en langue étrangère, encore ce qui n'est pas un petit avantage, je conserverai toujours la réputation littéraire, et cette réputation donnera du relief aux qualités sociales, si l'on trouve l'historien sans travers, sans affectation et sans prétensions. Je serai donc charmé et content de votre société, et j'aurois pu dire en deux mots, ce que j'ai bavardé en deux pages ; mais il y a tant de plaisir à bavarder avec un ami ! car enfin je possède à Lausanne un véritable ami ; et les simples connoissances remplaceront sans beaucoup de peine, tout ce qui s'appelle liaison, et même amitié, dans ce vaste désert de Londres. Mais au moment où j'écris, je vois de tous côtés une foule d'objets dont la perte sera bien plus difficile à réparer. Vous connoissiez ma bibliothèque ; mais je suis en état de vous rendre le propos de votre maison *c'est bien autre chose à cette heure* ; formée peu à peu, mais avec beaucoup de soin et de dépense, elle peut se nommer aujourd'hui un beau cabinet de particulier.

particulier. Non content de remplir à rangs redoublés la meilleure piece qui lui étoit destinée, elle s'est débordée dans la chambre sur la rue, dans votre ancienne chambre à coucher, dans la mienne, dans tous les recoins de la maison de *Bentinck-street*, et jusques dans une chaumière que je me suis donnée à *Hampton Court*.

J'ai mille courtisans rangés autour de moi :
Ma retraite est mon Louvre, et j'y commande en roi.

Le fonds est de la meilleure compagnie Grecque, Latine, Italienne, Françoisse, et Angloise, et les auteurs les moins chers à l'homme de goût, des ecclésiastiques, des Byzantins, des Orientaux, sont les plus nécessaires à l'historien de la décadence et de la chute, &c. Vous ne sentez que trop bien le désagrément de laisser, et l'impossibilité de transporter cinq ou six milles volumes, d'autant plus que le ciel n'a pas voulu faire de la Suisse, un pays maritime. Cependant mon zele pour la réussite de nos projets communs, me fait imaginer que ces obstacles pourront s'applanir, et que je puis adoucir ou supporter ces privations douloureuses. Les bons auteurs classiques, la bibliotheque des nations, se retrouvent dans tous les pays. Lausanne n'est pas dépourvu de livres, ni de politesse, et j'ai dans l'esprit qu'on pourroit acquérir pour un certain tems, quelque bibliotheque d'un vieillard ou d'un mineur, dont la famille ne voudroit pas se défaire entièrement. Quant aux outils de mon travail, nous commencerons par examiner l'état de nos richesses ; apres quoi il faudroit faire un petit calcul du prix, du poids et de la rareté de chaque ouvrage, pour juger de ce qu'il seroit nécessaire de transporter de Londres, et de ce qu'on acheteroit plus commodément en Suisse ; à l'égard de ces frais, on devoit les envisager comme les avances d'une manufacture transplantée en pays étranger, et dont on espere retirer dans la suite un profit raisonnable. Malheureusement votre bibliotheque publique, en y ajoutant même celle de M. de Bochat, est assez piteuse ; mais celles de Berne et de

Basse sont très nombreuses, et je compterois assez sur la bonhomie Helvétique, pour espérer que, moyennant des recommandations et des cautions, il me seroit permis d'en tirer les livres dont j'aurois essentiellement besoin. Vous êtes très bien placé pour prendre les informations, et pour fixer les démarches convenables; mais vous voyez du moins combien je me retourne de tous les côtés, pour esquiver la difficulté la plus formidable.

Venons à présent à des objets moins relevés, mais très importants à l'existence et au bien être de l'animal, le logement, les domestiques, et la table. Pour mon appartement particulier, une chambre à coucher, avec un grand cabinet et une antichambre, auroient suffi à tous mes besoins; mais si vous pouvez vous en passer, je me promenerai avec plaisir dans l'immensité de vos onze pièces, qui s'accommoderont sans doute aux heures et aux saisons différentes. L'article des domestiques renferme une assez forte difficulté, sur la quelle je dois vous consulter. Vous connoissez, et vous estimez Caplin mon valet de chambre, maître d'hôtel, &c. qui a été nourri dans notre maison, et qui comptoit y finir ses jours. Depuis votre départ, ses talens et ses vertus se sont développés de plus en plus, et je le considère bien moins sur le pied d'un domestique, que sur celui d'un ami. Malheureusement il ne fait que l'Anglois, et jamais il n'apprendra de langue étrangère. Il m'accompagna, il y a six ans, dans mon voyage à Paris, mais il rapporta fidelement à Londres toute l'ignorance, et tous les préjugés d'un bon patriote. 'A Lau-fanne il me coûteroit beaucoup, et à l'exception du service personnel, il ne nous seroit que d'une très petite utilité. Cependant je supporterois volontiers cette dépense, mais je suis très persuadé que, si son attachement le portoit à me suivre, il s'ennuyeroit à mourir dans un pays où tout lui seroit étranger et désagréable. Il faudroit donc me détacher d'un homme dont je connois le zèle, la fidélité, rompre tout d'un coup de petites habitudes qui sont liées avec le bien être journalier et momentané, et se résoudre à lui substituer un visage

nouveau, peut être un mauvais fujet, toujours quelque aventurier Suisse pris sur le pavé de Londres. Vous rappelez vous un certain Georges Suisse qui a fait autrefois avec moi, le voyage de France et d'Italie ? Je le crois marié et établi à Lausanne ; s'il vit encore, si vous pouvez l'engager à se rendre ici, pour me ramener en Suisse, la compagnie d'un bon et ancien serviteur ne laisseroit pas d'adoucir la chute, et il resteroit peut être auprès de moi, jusqu'à ce que nous eussions choisi un jeune homme du pays, adroit, modeste et bien élevé, à qui je ferois un parti avantageux. Les autres domestiques, gouvernantes, laquais, cuisinière, &c. se prennent et se renvoient sans difficulté. Un article bien plus important, c'est notre table, car enfin nous ne sommes pas assez hermites, pour nous contenter des légumes et des fruits de votre jardin, tout excellens qu'ils sont ; mais je n'ai presque rien à ajouter à l'honnêteté de vos propos, qui me donnent beaucoup plus de plaisir que de surprise. Si je me trouvois sans fortune, au lieu de rougir des bienfaits de l'amitié, j'accepterois vos offres aussi simplement que vous les faites. Mais nous ne sommes pas réduits à ce point, et vous comprenez assez qu'une déconfiture Angloise laisse encore une fortune fort décente au Pays de Vaud, et pour vous dire quelque chose de plus précis, je dépenserois sans peine et sans inconvenient cinq ou six cens Louis. Vous connoissez le résultat aussi bien que les détails d'un ménage ; en supposant une petite table de deux philosophes Epicuriens, quatre, cinq, ou six domestiques, des amis assez souvent, des repas assez rarement, beaucoup de sensualité, et peu de luxe, à combien estimez vous en gros le dépense d'un mois et d'une année ? Le partage que vous avez déjà fait, me paroît des plus raisonnables ; vous me logez, et je vous nourris. A votre calcul, j'ajouterois mon entretien personnel, habits, plaisirs, gages de domestiques, &c. et je verrois d'une manière assez nette, l'ensemble de mon petit établissement.

Après avoir essuyé tant de détails minutieux, le cher lecteur s'imagine sans doute que la résolution de me fixer pendant quelque tems

aux bords du Lac Léman, est parfaitement décidée. Hélas ! rien n'est moins vrai ; mais je me suis livré au charme délicieux de compter, de fonder, de palper ce bonheur, dont je sens tout le prix, qui est à ma portée, et auquel j'aurai peut être la bêtise de renoncer. Vous avez raison de croire, mais vous ignorez jusqu'à quel point vous l'avez, que ma carrière politique a été plus semée d'épines que de roses. Eh ! quel objet, quel mortel, pourroit me consoler de l'ennui des affaires, et de la honte de la dépendance ? *La gloire ?* Comme homme de lettres, j'en jouis, comme orateur je ne l'aurai jamais, et le nom des simples soldats est oublié dans les victoires aussi bien que dans les défaites. *Le devoir.* Dans ces combats à l'aveugle, où les chefs ne cherchent que leur avantage particulier, il y a toujours à parier que les subalternes feront plus de mal que de bien. *L'attachement personnel ?* Les ministres sont rarement dignes de l'inspirer ; jusqu'à présent Lord North m'a pas eu à se plaindre de moi, et si je me retire du Parlement, il lui sera très aisé d'y substituer un autre muet, tout aussi affidé que son ancien serviteur. Je suis intimement convaincu, et par la raison, et par le sentiment, qu'il n'y a point de parti, qui me convienne aussi bien que de vivre avec vous, et auprès de vous à Lausanne ; et si je parviens à la place (*Commissioner of the Excise or Customs*) ou je vise, il y aura toutes les semaines cinq longues matinées, qui m'avertiront de la folie de mon choix. Vous vous trompez à la vérité à l'égard de l'instabilité de ces emplois ; ils sont presque les seuls qui ne se ressentent jamais des révolutions du ministère. Cependant si cette place s'offroit bientôt, je n'aurois pas le bon sens et le courage de la refuser. Quels autres conseillers veux je prendre, si non mon cœur et ma raison ? Il en est de puissans et toujours écoutés : les égards, la mauvaise honte, tous mes amis, ou foi disant tels, s'écrieront que je suis un homme perdu, ruiné, un fou qui se dérobe à ses protecteurs, un misanthrope qui s'exile au bout du monde, et puis les exagérations sur tout ce qui seroit fait en ma faveur, si sûrement, si promptement, si libéralement.

Milord Sheffield opinera à me faire interdire et enfermer ; mes deux tantes et ma belle mere se plaindront que je les quitte pour jamais, &c. Et l'embarras de prendre mon bonnet de nuit, comme disoit le sage Fontenelle, lorsqu'il n'étoit question que de se coucher, combien de bonnets de nuit ne me faudra-t-il pas prendre, et les prendre tout seul, car tout le monde, amis, parens, domestiques, s'opposera à ma fuite. Voila à la vérité des obstacles assez peu redoutables, et en les décrivant, je sens qu'ils s'affoiblissent dans mon esprit. Grace à ce long bavardage vous connoissez mon intérieur, comme moi même, c'est à dire assez mal ; mais cette incertitude, très amicale pour moi, seroit tres facheuse pour vous. Votre réponse me parviendra vers la fin de Juillet, et huit jours après, je vous promets une réplique nette et décisive : *je pars* ou *je reste*. Si je pars, ce fera au milieu de Septembre ; je mangerai les raisins de votre treille, les premiers jours d'Octobre, et vous aurez encore le tems de me charger de vos commissions. Ne me dites plus : *Monsieur, et tres cher ami* ; le premier est froid, le second est superflu.

N° CLIII.

M. DEYVERDUN à M. GIBBON.

ME voilà un peu embarrassé actuellement ; je ne dois vous appeller ni Monsieur, ni ami. Eh bien ! vous saurez qu'étant parti Samedi de Strasbourg, pendant que je venois ici, votre seconde lettre alloit là, et qu'ainsi je reçus votre troisième, Dimanche, et votre seconde, hier. La mention que vous y faisiez du Suisse George, dont je n'ai pu rien trouver dans la première, m'a fait comprendre qu'il y en avoit une seconde, et j'ai cru devoir attendre un courier, la troisième n'exigeant pas de réponse.

Pour votre parole, permettez que je vous en dispense encore, et même jusqu'au dernier jour, je sens bien qu'un procédé contraire, vous

vous conviendrait ; mais certes il ne me convient pas du tout. Ceci, comme vous le dites, est une espèce de mariage, et pensez vous que malgré les engagements les plus solennels, je n'eusse pas reconduit chez elle, du pied des autels, la femme la plus aimable qui m'eût témoigné des regrets. Jamais je ne me consolerois, si je vous voyois mécontent dans la fuite, et dans le cas de me faire des reproches. C'est à vous à faire, si vous croyez nécessaire, des démarches de votre côté, qui fortifient votre résolution ; pour moi, je n'en ferai point d'essentielles, jusqu'à ce que j'aye reçu encore une lettre de vous. Après ce petit préambule, parlons toujours comme si l'affaire étoit décidée, et repassons votre lettre. Tout ce que vous dites des grandes et petites villes, est très vrai, et votre comparaison des détroits et de la pleine mer, est on ne peut pas plus juste et agréable ; mais enfin, *comme on fait son lit, on se couche*, disoit Sancho Pancha d'agréable mémoire, et qui peut mieux faire son lit à sa guise qu'un étranger, qui, n'ayant ni devoirs d'état ni de sang à remplir, peut vivre entièrement isolé, sans que personne y puisse trouver à redire ? Moi même, bourgeois et citoyen de la ville, je suis presque entièrement libre. L'été, par exemple, je déteste de m'enfermer le soir dans des chambres chaudes, pour faire une partie. Eh bien ! on m'a persécuté un peu la première année ; à présent on me laisse en repos. Il y aura sans doute quelque changement dans votre manière de vivre ; mais il me semble qu'on se fait aisément à cela. Les diners, surtout en femmes, sont très rares ; les soupers peu grands ; on reste plutôt pour être ensemble, que pour manger, et plusieurs personnes ne s'asseyent point. Je crois, tout compté et rabattu, que vous aurez encore plus de tems pour le cabinet qu'à Londres ; on sort peu le matin, et quand nos amis communs viendront chez moi, et vous demanderont, je leur dirai ; " ce n'est pas un oisif comme vous autres, " il travaille dans son cabinet," et ils se tairont respectueusement.

Pour les bibliothèques publiques, votre idée ne pourroit, je pense, se réaliser pour un lecteur, ou même un écrivain ordinaire, mais un
homme

homme qui joue un rôle dans la république des lettres, un homme aimé et considéré, trouvera, je m'imagine, bien des facilités ; d'ailleurs, j'ai de bons amis à Berne, et je prendrai ici des informations.

Passons à la table. Si j'étois à Lausanne, cet article seroit plus sur, je pourrois revoir mes papiers, consulter ; j'ai une chienne de mémoire. A vue de pays cela pourra aller de 20 à 30 Louis par mois, plus ou moins, vous sentez, suivant la friandise, et le plus ou moins de convives. Marquez moi dans votre première combien vous coûte le votre.

Je sens fort bien tous les bonnets de nuit : point de grands changemens sans embarras, même sans regrets ; vous en aurez quelquefois sans doute : par exemple, si votre salle à manger, votre salle de compagnie, sont plus riantes, vous perdrez pour le vase de la bibliothèque. Pour ce qui est des représentations, des discours au moins inutiles, il me semble que le mieux seroit de masquer vos grandes opérations, de ne parler que d'une course, d'une visite chez moi, de six mois ou plus ou moins. Vous feriez bien, je pense, d'aller chez mon ami Louis Teiffier ; c'est un brave et honnête homme, qui m'est attaché, qui aime notre pays ; il vous donnera tout plein de bons conseils avec zèle, et vous gardera le secret.

Vous aurez quelquefois à votre table un poëte ;—oui, Monsieur, un poëte :—nous en avons un enfin. Procurez vous un volume 8vo. *Poësies Helvetiennes, imprimés l'année passée chez Moufer, à Lausanne.* Vous trouverez entr'autres dans l'épître au jardinier de la grotte, votre ami et votre parc. Toute la prose est de votre très humble serviteur, qui désire qu'elle trouve grace devant vous.

Le Comte de Cagliostro a fait un séjour à Londres. On ne fait qui il est, d'où il est, d'où il tire son argent ; il exerce *gratis* ses talens pour la médecine ; il a fait des cures admirables ; mais c'est d'ailleurs le composé le plus étrange. J'ai cessé de prendre ses rémedes qui m'échauffoient—l'homme d'ailleurs me gâtoit le médecin. Je suis revenu à Basse avec mon ami. Adieu ; récrivez moi le plutôt possible.

N° CLIV.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN.

HAMPTON COURT, ce 1 Juillet 1783.

APRÈS avoir pris ma résolution, l'honneur, et ce qui vaut encore mieux l'amitié, me défendent de vous laisser un moment dans l'incertitude. JE PARS. Je vous en donne ma parole, et comme je suis bien aise de me fortifier d'un nouveau lien, je vous prie très sérieusement de ne pas m'en dispenser. Ma possession, sans doute, ne vaut pas celle de Julie ; mais vous serez plus inexorable que St. Preux. Je ne sens plus qu'une vive impatience pour notre réunion. Mais le mois d'Octobre est encore loin ; 92 jours, et nous aurons tout le tems de prendre, et de nous donner des éclaircissmens dont nous avons besoin. Après un mûr examen, je renonce au voyage de George Suisse, qui me paroît incertain, cher et difficile. Après tout mon valet de chambre et ma bibliothèque, sont les deux articles les plus embarrassans. Si je ne retenois pas ma plume, je remplirois sans peine la feuille ; mais il ne faut pas passer du silence, à un babil intarissable. Seulement si je connois le Comte de Cagliostro, cet homme extraordinaire, &c. Savez vous le Latin ? oui, sans doute ; mais faites, comme si je ne le savois point. Quand retournerez vous à Laufanne vous même ? Je pense que vous y trouverez une petite bête bien aimable, mais tant soit peu méchante, qui se nomme Milady Elizabeth Foster ; parlez lui de moi, mais parlez en avec discrétion ; elle a des correspondances partout. Vale.

N^o CLV.EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

July 10th, 1783.

YOU will read the following lines with more patience and attention than you would probably give to an hasty conference, perpetually interrupted by the opening of the door, and perhaps by the quickness of our own tempers. I neither expect nor desire an answer on a subject of extreme importance to myself, but which friendship alone can render interesting to you. We shall soon meet at Sheffield.

It is needless to repeat the reflections which we have sometimes debated together, and which I have often seriously weighed in my silent solitary walks. Notwithstanding your active and ardent spirit, you must allow that there is some perplexity in my present situation, and that my future prospects are distant and cloudy. I have lived too long in the world to entertain a very sanguine idea of the friendship or zeal of ministerial patrons; and we are all sensible how much the powers of patronage are reduced.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *. At the end of the Parliament, or rather long before that time, (for their lives are not worth a year's purchase,) our Ministers are kicked down stairs, and I am left their disinterested friend, to fight through another opposition, and to expect the fruits of another revolution. But I will take a more favourable supposition, and conceive myself in six months firmly seated at the board of customs; before the end of the next six months I should infallibly hang myself. Instead of regretting my disappointment, I rejoice in my escape; as I am satisfied that no salary could pay me for the irksomeness of attendance, and the drudgery of business so

repugnant to my taste, (and I will dare to say,) so unworthy of my character. Without looking forwards to the possibility, still more remote, of exchanging that laborious office for a smaller annuity, there is surely another plan, more reasonable, more simple, and more pleasant; a temporary retreat to a quiet and less expensive scene. In a four years residence at Lausanne, I should live within my income, save, and even accumulate, my ready money; finish my History, an object of profit, as well as fame, expect the contingencies of elderly lives, and return to England at the age of fifty, to form a lasting independent establishment, without courting the smiles of a Minister, or apprehending the downfall of a party. Such have been my serious sober reflections. Yet I much question, whether I should have found courage to follow my reason and my inclination, if a friend had not stretched his hand to draw me out of the dirt. The twentieth of last May I wrote to my friend Deyverdun, after a long interval of silence, to expose my situation, and to consult in what manner I might best arrange myself at Lausanne. From his answer, which I received about a fortnight ago, I have the pleasure to learn, that his heart and his house are both open for my reception; that a family which he had lodged for some years is about to leave him, and that at no other time my company could have been so acceptable and convenient. I shall step, at my arrival, into an excellent apartment and a delightful situation; the fair division of our expences will render them very moderate, and I shall pass my time with the companion of my youth, whose temper and studies have always been congenial to my own. I have given him my word of honour to be at Lausanne in the beginning of October, and no power or persuasion can divert me from this IRREVOCABLE resolution, which I am every day proceeding to execute.

I wish, but I scarcely hope, to convince you of the propriety of my scheme; but at least you will allow, that when we are not able to prevent the *follies* of our friends, we should strive to render them as
easy

easy and harmless as possible. The arrangement of my house, furniture, and books will be left to meaner hands, but it is to your zeal and judgment alone that I can trust the more important disposal of Lenborough and * * * *. On these subjects we may go into a committee at Sheffield-Place, but you know it is the rule of a committee, not to hear any arguments against the *principle* of the bill. At present I shall only observe, that neither of these negotiations ought to detain me here; the former may be dispatched as well, the latter much better, in my absence. *Vale.*

N° CLVI.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN.

SHEFFIELD-PLACE, le 31 Juillet 1783.

VOTRE papier s'est furieusement rappetisé; vous avez si bien retranché le superflu, que vous oubliez l'essentiel, et ce n'est que par des conjectures fines et savantes que je devine la date du tems et du lieu. Quant à moi je suis actuellement au château de Milord Sheffield, à quarante milles de Londres, ce qui ajoute deux jours pour l'arrivée et le départ du courier. Je reçois votre lettre (je ne fais du quantième) le 30 Juillet de l'an de grace 1783, je réponds du 31 du dit mois et de la dite année. Le zele ne se rallentit point pour la consummation du grand œuvre. Je sens votre procédé délicat et généreux, et quoique je n'eusse pas été fâché de trouver dans votre fermeté, un appui à la mienne, mon inclination est si bien affermie sur la base inébranlable de l'inclination et de la raison, que je ne crains plus les obstacles extérieurs ni intérieurs. Dèsque j'ai osé fixer mon départ, les nuages qui le couvroient, se sont évanouis; les montagnes s'aplanissoient devant moi, et les dragons qui s'étoient présentés sur ma route, se sont apprivoisés. La semaine passée, je frappai le

grand coup par la cassation du bail de ma maison de *Bentinck-street* ; et après le mois de Septembre, si je ne couche pas à Lausanne, je coucherai dans la rue. Mes différens bonnets de nuit s'arrangent tous les jours, avec beaucoup d'ordre et de facilité. Lord Sheffield lui même, ce terrible St. George, vrai champion de l'Angleterre, s'est rendu à mes raisons, ou plutôt aux vôtres. Il est charmé du tableau de votre première lettre, et malgré l'activité de son ame, au lieu de me condamner, il me porte envie ; et nous disputons (un peu en l'air) sur le projet d'une visite que lui, son amiable compagne et sa fille aînée, se proposent de nous faire dans deux ans aux bords du Lac Léman. Bien loin de combattre mon dessein, il me conseille, il me seconde dans l'exécution, et je n'aurai pas besoin de recourir aux lumières de votre ami Louis Teyssier, d'autant plus que pour les menus détails de la correspondance étrangère, je trouve dans le libraire Elmsly un conseiller sage, instruit et discret. * * * *

* * * * *
 Votre calcul de la dépense de la maison surpasse, non pas absolument mes moyens, mais un peu mes espérances et mes conjectures. La consommation en Suisse n'est point chargée d'impôts ; le vin y coule comme l'eau de fontaine ; votre jardin produit des fruits et des légumes. Se peut il que vingt ou trente Louis se dépensent tous les mois pour le pain, la viande, le bois, la chandelle, quelque-peu de vin étranger, les domestiques de la cuisine, &c. ? Je me flatte que dans l'incertitude, vous avez cavé au plus fort ; mais enfin tout ce détail se réglera suivant nos goûts et nos facultés ; et un mois d'expérience fera plus instructif que cent pages de raisonnemens. La comparaison que vous me demandez de mon ménage de Londres, ne meneroit à rien. A la rigueur je ne tiens pas maison ; je ne donne presque jamais à manger : en hyver je dine assez rarement chez moi ; je ne soupe jamais ; et une partie assez considérable de la dépense (celle des clubs et des *tavernes*) n'entre point dans le compte de la maison..

maison. Ma nourriture domestique n'excede pas toutefois votre calcul Lausannois ; mais je sens la différence entre le petit couvert triste et mesquin d'un garçon, et la table honnête et hospitalière de deux amis, qui auront d'autres amis, &c.

Votre idée de masquer mes grands opérations est de la plus profonde politique ; mais les déclarations, et même les démarches qui seront nécessaires pour me retirer de la Chambre des Communes, déclareront un peu trop tôt l'étendue de mes projets. Cependant on peut tirer quelque parti de cette honnête dissimulation, pour calmer un peu les scrupules, et les regrets des dames agées que vous connoissez, et que vous ne connoissez pas. Mais le moyen le plus efficace pour arrêter, ou pour ne pas écouter les mauvais discours, c'est de s'y dérober par une prompte fuite, et depuis que ma résolution a été prise, je compte les jours et les momens. Le 10 du mois prochain je retournerai à Londres, où je travaillerai vivement à préparer ce grand changement d'état. J'attends tous les jours la réponse de Madame Gibbon, à qui j'ai tâché de persuader qu'une entrevue de trois ou quatre jours à Bath, seroit moins douce qu'amère à tous les deux. Si elle se rend, ou fait semblant de se rendre à mes raisons, je compte que tout sera fini la première, ou du moins la seconde semaine de Septembre, et comme je couperai droit par la Champagne, et la Franche-Comté, je pourrois fort bien me trouver à Lausanne vers le 20 ou le 25 de ce mois là, supposé toujours que cette promptitude vous convienne, que votre maison sera libre, et que vous y ferez rendu vous même. J'avois quelque idée de me détourner par Strasbourg, de vous prendre à Bâle, et de passer avec vous par Berne, &c. mais, tout bien considéré, j'aime mieux abréger le grand voyage et réserver cette promenade (si nous avions envie de la faire) pour une saison plus tranquille. J'attends votre réponse dans une trentaine de jours ; mais sans l'attendre je vous écrirai de Londres, pour continuer le fil de l'histoire, et peut être pour vous charger de quelques

quelques achats de livres, qui se feront plus commodément à Bâle qu'à Lausanne. Vous ne me donnez point de commissions. Cependant ce pays n'est pas sans industrie. Milord et Milady Sheffield vous embrassent très amicalement. Ce sera pour moi la perte la plus sensible.

N° CLVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

Monday, August 18th, 1783.

IN the preparation of my journey I have not felt any circumstance more deeply than the kind concern of Lady Sheffield and the silent grief of Mrs. Porten. Yet the age of my friends makes a very essential difference. I can scarcely hope ever to see my aunt again; but I flatter myself, that in less than two years, my *sister* will make me a visit, and that in less than four, I shall return it with a cheerful heart at Sheffield-Place. Business advances; this morning my books were shipped for Rouen, and will reach Lausanne almost as soon as myself. On Thursday morning the bulk of the library moves from Bentinck-street to Downing-street. I shall escape from the noise to Hampton Court, and spend three or four days in taking leave. I want to know your precise motions, what day you arrive in town, whether you visit Lord * * * * * before the races, &c. I am now impatient to be gone, and shall only wait for a last interview with you. Your medley of judges, advocates, politicians, &c. is rather *useful* than pleasant. Town is a vast solitude. Adieu.

N° CLVIII.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, August 20th, 1783.

I AM now concluding one of the most unpleasant days of my life. Will the day of our meeting again be accompanied with proportionable satisfaction? The business of preparation will serve to agitate and divert *my* thoughts; but I do not like your brooding over melancholy ideas in your solitude, and I heartily wish that both you and my dear Lady S. would immediately go over and pass a week at Brighton. Such is our imperfect nature, that dissipation is a far more efficacious remedy than reflection. At all events, let me hear from you soon. I have passed the evening at home, without gaining any intelligence.

N° CLIX.

M. DEYVERDUN à M. GIBBON.

DE NEUCHÂTEL, le 20 Aout 1783.

IL y long tems que je n'ai été aussi mécontent de moi que je le suis dans ce moment; j'ai fait par l'événement une grande étourderie; j'ai manqué à ceux qui me quittent, et à celui qui vient me joindre; enfin je me suis très mal conduit. M. * * * * *, qui loge chez moi, me paroïssoit si disposé à quitter ma maison, quand je partis au printems, que ne doutant pas qu'il ne trouvât à s'arranger pendant tout l'été, je la regardois déjà d'avance comme vacante. Le plaisir extrême que j'avois à vous l'offrir, n'a pas peu contribué à soutenir cette illusion; enfin n'entendant parler cependant de rien, je lui ai écrit, après avoir reçu il y a six jours votre dernière, et il vient de me

répondre

répondre qu'il n'a rien trouvé encore, mais qu'il n'épargnera ni soins ni dépenses, pour déloger, je ne lui ai au reste point marqué de quoi il étoit question ; mais je l'ai prié de me dire à quelle époque il croyoit que ma maison pourroit être vacante. Je lui réécrirai demain, car il me paraît qu'il est piqué, et tel que je le connois, malgré ce que je pourrai lui marquer, il fera fort empressé à décamper ; mais malgré cela, il ne faut plus compter sur la maison entière pour votre arrivée.

Je vous demande mille pardons, mon cher ami, je me mets à votre merci ; et en vérité si vous me voyiez en ce moment, vous auriez pitié de moi. Que nous reste-t-il à faire ? car enfin il ne faut pas perdre la tête. J'ai un appartement de deux chambres sans lit, et deux petits cabinets, où vous pourriez être passablement, en attendant que la maison fût tout à fait libre ; le tout est à plein pied de la terrasse, je me procurerois un logement au bout de mon jardin, et nous pourrions nous faire apporter à manger, chose pratiquée par nombre de Grands Seigneurs, entr'autres par Monseigneur le Margrave d'Anspach. 2. Ou bien louer un appartement garni que nous occuperons ensemble. Ou enfin 3. passer l'hyver dans quelle autre ville du Continent qu'il vous plaira choisir, ou j'irai vous joindre et vous porter mes excuses. Une réflexion que je fais dans ce moment ci, et qui me console un peu, c'est que dans votre première lettre, votre résolution ne tenoit point à ma maison, ni même à l'idée de loger et vivre avec moi. Ce second article aura toujours lieu, s'il vous convient, et le premier ne fera que différé ; ainsi appeaisez vous, mon cher ami, pardonnez moi, et écrivez moi tout de suite lequel de ces partis vous convient le mieux, pour que je m'y conforme ; ou si vous en imaginez un nouveau, annoncez le moi. Une réflexion qui contribue encore à me consoler, c'est que pendant le tems que nous camperons ainsi en quelque manière, nous aurons le tems de bien voir autour de nous, et de nous arranger à notre aise, d'une manière stable et commode pour notre établissement. Encore une fois cependant, mon cher ami, mille pardons.

Milord

Milord Sheffield s'est montré plus raisonnable que je ne l'aurais cru ; diantre ! n'allez pas dire cela à sa seigneurie ; mais dites-lui, je vous prie, combien me plait l'espoir d'avoir l'honneur de le connoître ; je vois encore d'ici son beau parc et le charmant ruisseau. Son suffrage dans des circonstances qui doivent sans doute le prévenir contre moi, me fait le plus grand plaisir, parceque je le regarde comme une bien forte preuve que vous prenez un parti convenable à votre bonheur. Des commissions, je ne saurais trop que vous dire dans ce moment ; comme vous avez une maison montée, voyez s'il n'y auroit pas des choses Anglaïses auxquelles vous êtes accoutumé, et qui vous feroient plaisir, on en pourroit remplir une caisse. Un service de cette porcelaine de Bath, par exemple, nous conviendrait, ce me semble, assez.

Une de mes craintes maintenant, c'est que cette lettre ne vous parvienne peut être point avant votre départ ; cela serait très facheux. Toujours aurai-je soin de me trouver à Lausanne, au moins vers le milieu de mois prochain. Des couriers, comme celui que vous amenez, sont ordinairement de vrais domestiques de Grands Seigneurs, chers et importants ; mais vous les connoîtrez en route. Ne soyez pas trop fâché contre moi, du contretems que je vous annonce, et pensez qu'il y a enfin un appartement honnête de garçon, ma terrasse, mon jardin et votre ami, qui ne peuvent vous manquer—

Tout à vous,

D.

N° CLX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

Friday, August 22d, 1783.

I AM astonished with your apparition and flight, and am at a loss to conjecture the mighty and sudden business of * * * * *, which could not be delayed till next week. Timeo * * * * *,

their selfish cunning, and your sanguine unsuspecting spirit. Not dreaming of your arrival, I thought it unnecessary to apprize you, that I delayed Hampton to this day ; on Monday I shall return, and will expect you Tuesday evening, either in Bentinck or Downing-street, as you like best. You have seen the piles of learning accumulated in your parlour ; the transportation will be achieved to-day, and Bentinck-street is already reduced to a light, ignorant habitation, which I shall inhabit till about the first of September ; four days must be allowed for clearing and packing ; these I shall spend in Downing-street, and after seeing you a moment on your return, I shall start about Saturday the sixth. London is a desert, and life, without books, business, or society, will be somewhat tedious. From this state, you will judge that your plan coincides very well, only I think you should give me the whole of Wednesday in Bentinck-street. With regard to Bushy, perhaps as a compliment to Lord L. you had better defer it till your return. I admire Gregory Way, and should envy him, if I did not possess a disposition somewhat similar to his own. My Lady will be reposed, and restored at Brighton ; the torrent of Lords, Judges, &c. a proper remedy for you, was a medicine ill-suited to her constitution. I *tenderly* embrace her.

N° CLXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady* SHEFFIELD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BENTINCK-STREET, August 30th, 1783.

FOR the names of Sheffalina, &c. are too playful for the serious temper of my mind. In the whole period of my life I do not recollect a day in which I felt more unpleasant sensations, than that on which I took my leave of Sheffield-Place. I forgot my friend Deyverdun, and the fair prospect of quiet and happiness which awaits me at Lausanne.

Lausanne. I lost sight of our almost certain meeting at the end of a term, which, at our age, cannot appear very distant; nor could I amuse my uneasiness with the hopes, the more doubtful prospect, of your visit to Switzerland. The agitation of preparing every thing for my departure has, in some degree, diverted these melancholy thoughts; yet I still look forwards to the decisive day (to-morrow se'nnight) with an anxiety of which yourself and Lord S. have the principal share.

Surely never any thing was so unlucky as the unseasonable death of Sir John Russel on his passage to his friend at Sheffield-Place, which so strongly reminded us of the instability of human life and human expectations. The inundation of the affizes must have distressed and overpowered you; but I hope and I wish to hear from yourself, that the air of your favourite Brighton, the bathing, and the quiet society of two or three friends have composed and revived your spirits. Present my love to Sarah, and compliments to Miss Carter, &c. Give me a speedy and satisfactory line. I am most truly yours.

N° CLXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

DOWNING-STREET, September 8th, 1783.

As we are not unconscious of each other's feelings, I shall only say, that I am glad you did not go alone into Suffex; an American rebel to dispute with gives a diversion to uneasy spirits, and I heartily wished for such a friend or adversary during the remainder of the day. No letter from Deyverdun; the post is arrived, but two Flanders mails are due. Æolus does not seem to approve of my designs, and there is little merit in waiting till Friday. I should wait with more reluctance, did I think there was much chance of success. I dine with Craufurd, and if any thing is decided,

will send an extraordinary Gazette. You have obliged me beyond expression, by your kindness to aunt Kitty; she will drink her afternoon tea at Sheffield next Friday. For my sake Lady S. will be kind to the old lady, who will not be troublesome, and will vanish at the first idea of Brighton. Has not that salubrious air already produced some effects? Peace will be proclaimed to-morrow; odd! as war was never declared. The buyers of stock seem as indifferent as yourself about the definitive treaty. Tell Maria, that though you had forgotten the *Annales de la Vertu*, I have directed them to be sent, but know nothing of their plan or merit. Adieu. When you see my Lady, say every thing tender and friendly to her. I did not know how much I loved her. She may depend upon my keeping a separate, though not perhaps a very frequent account with her. *A propos*, I think aunt Kitty has a secret wish to sleep in my room; if it is not occupied, she might be indulged. Once more, adieu.

N° CLXIII.

M. GIBBON à M. DEYVERDUN.

DOWNING-STREET, à LONDRES, le 9 Septembre 1785.

SELON ma diligence ordinaire je répondis le 31 Juillet à votre lettre sans date, reçue le jour auparavant. Je voyois couler le mois d'Août, fortement persuadé qu'il ne s'acheveroit point, sans m'apporter votre *ultimatum*. Nous voici au 9 Septembre, quarante jours depuis ma missive, et je n'ai point encore de vos nouvelles! Il est vrai que des vents contraires nous retiennent deux malles de Flandres, et vos dépêches peuvent et doivent s'y trouver. Mais si elles ne m'apportent rien de votre part, je serai très étonné, et pas moins embarrassé. Se peut-il que vos lettres, ou les miennes se soient égarées en chemin? êtes vous mort? êtes vous malade? avez vous changé d'avis? est-il survenu des difficultés? Je vous ai écrit de nou-

veau le 19 Août ; mais l'incertitude de mes craintes mē fait encore hazarder ce billet. Après des travaux inouis, j'ai enfin brisé tous mes liens, et depuis ma résolution, je n'ai pas eu un instant de regrets ; ma vive impatience se fortifie tous les jours, et depuis que j'ai abandonné ma maison et ma bibliothèque, l'ennui a prêté des ailes à l'espérance et à l'amitié. Enfin j'avois fixé mon départ au commencement de la semaine ; à cette heure il est renvoyé a Vendredi prochain, 12 de ce mois, dans la supposition toujours d'une lettre de votre part, car je ne saurois entreprendre ma course, sans être assuré de la réception qui m'attend au bout. Je me ferai toujours précéder par un mot de billet ; mais la saison est tellement orageuse, qu'il me sera impossible d'arrêter le jour de mon arrivée à Lausanne, jusqu'à ce que je me voye en sûreté au-delà de la mer. Adieu. Vous devez être de retour à Lausanne. Annoncez moi aux enfans des mes anciennes connoissances.

N° CLXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

Thursday, September 11th, 1783.

THE scheme (which you may impart to my Lady) is completely vanished, and I support the disappointment with heroic patience. * * * * * goes down to Chatsworth to-morrow, and * * * does not recommend my waiting for the event ; yet the appointment is not yet declared, and I am ignorant of the name and merits of my successful competitor. Is it not wonderful that I am still in suspense, without a letter from Deyverdun ? No, it is not wonderful, since no Flanders mail is arrived : to-morrow three will be due. I am therefore in a miserable state of doubt and anxiety ; in a much better house indeed than my own, but without books, or business, or society. I send or call two or three times each day to Elmsly's, and can only say that I shall fly the next day, Saturday, Sunday,

Sunday, &c. after I have got my *quietus*. Aunt Kitty was delighted with my Lady's letter; at her age, and in her situation, every kind attention is pleasant. I took my leave this morning; and as I did not wish to repeat the scene, and thought she would be better at Sheffield, I suffer her to go to-morrow. Your discretion will communicate or withhold any tidings of my departure or delay as you judge most expedient. Christie writes to you this post; he talks, in his rhetorical way, of many purchasers. Do you approve of his fixing a day for the auction? To us he talked of an indefinite advertisement. No news, except that we keep Negapatnam. The other day the French Ambassador mentioned that the Empress of Russia, a precious —, had proposed to ratify the principles of the armed neutrality, by a definitive treaty; but that the French, obliging creatures! had declared, that they would neither propose nor accept an article so disagreeable to England. Grey Elliot was pleased with your attention, and says you are a perfect master of the subject *. Adieu. If I could be sure that no mail would arrive to-morrow, I would run down with my aunt. My heart is not light. I embrace my Lady with true affection, but I need not repeat it.

N° CLXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

DOWNING-STREET, Friday, September 12th, 1783.

SINCE my departure is near, and inevitable, you and Lady S. will be rather sorry than glad to hear that I am detained, day after day, by the caprice of the winds. *Three* Flanders Mails are now due. I know not how to move without the final letter from Deyverduin, which I expected a fortnight ago, and my fancy (perfectly

* American commerce.

unreasonable) begins to create strange phantoms. A state of suspense is painful, but it will be alleviated by the short notes which I mean to write, and hope to receive, every post. A separation has some advantages, though they are purchased with bitter pangs; among them is the pleasure of knowing how dear we are to our friends, and how dear they are to us. It will be a kind office to sooth aunt Kitty's sorrows, and "to rock the cradle of declining age." She will be vexed to hear that I am not yet gone; but she is reasonable and cheerful. Adieu. Most truly yours.

N° CLXVI.

The Same to the Same.

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday, September 13th, 1783.

ENFIN la bombe a crevé.—The three Flanders mails are arrived this day, but without any letters from Deyverdun. Most incomprehensible! After many adverse reflections, I have finally resolved to begin my journey on Monday; a heavy journey, with much apprehension, and much regret. Yet I consider, first, That if he is alive and well, (an unpleasant *if*;) scarcely any event can have happened to disappoint our mutual wishes; and, 2dly, That, supposing the very worst, even that worst would not overthrow my general plan of living abroad, though it would derange my hopes of a quiet and delightful establishment with my friend. Upon the whole, without giving way to melancholy fears, my reason conjectures that his indolence thought it superfluous to write any more, that it was my business to act and move, and his duty to sit still and receive me with open arms. At least he is well informed of my operations, as I wrote to him (since his last) July thirty-first, from Sheffield-Place; August nineteenth; and this week, September ninth. The two first have already reached him.

As

As I shall not arrive at, or depart from, Dover till Tuesday night, (alas! I may be confined there a week,) you will have an opportunity, by dispatching a parcel *per* post to Elmsly's, to catch the Monday's post. Let us improve these last short moments: I want to hear how poor Kitty behaves. I am really impatient to be gone. It is provoking to be so near, yet so far from, certain persons. London is a desert. I dine to-morrow with the Paynes, who pass through. Lord Loughborough was not returned from Buxton yesterday. Sir Henry Clinton found me out this morning: he talks with rapture of visits to be made at Sheffield, and returned at Brighton. I envy him those visits more than the red ribbon. Adieu.

N° CLXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

DOVER, Wednesday, 17th September 1873, ten o'clock in the morning.

THE best laws are useless without proper guardians. Your letter *per* Sunday's post is not arrived, (as its fate is uncertain and irrevocable, you must repeat any material article,) but that *per* Monday's post reached me last night. Oliver is more insolent than his great-grandfather; but you will cope with one, and would not have been much afraid of the other. Last night the wind was so high, that the vessel could not stir from the harbour; this day it is brisk and fair. We are flattered with the hope of making Calais harbour by the same tide, in three hours and a half; but any delay will leave the disagreeable option of a tottering boat or a tossing night. What a cursed thing to live in an island, this step is more awkward than the whole journey! The triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will consist of the grand Gibbon, Henry Laurence Esquire, President of Congress, and Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher, Thompson, attended by three horses, who are not the
most

most agreeable fellow-passengers. If we survive, I will finish and seal my letter at Calais. Our salvation shall be ascribed to the prayers of my Lady and Aunt; for I do believe they both pray.

BOULOGNE, Thursday Morning, Ten o'clock.

Instead of Calais, the wind has driven us to Boulogne, where we landed in the evening, without much noise and difficulty. The night is passed, the custom-house is dispatched, the post-horses are ordered, and I shall start about eleven o'clock. I had not the least symptom of sea-sickness, while my companions were spewing round me. Laurence has read the pamphlet*, and thinks it has done much mischief. A good sign! Adieu. The Captain is impatient. I shall reach Laufanne by the end of next week, but may probably write on the road.

N° CLXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LANGRES, September 23d, 1783.

LET the geographical Maria place before you the map of France, and trace my progress as far as this place, through the following towns: Boulogne, (where I was forced to land,) St. Omer, (where I recovered my road,) Aire, Bethune, Douay, Cambray, St. Quintin, La Fere, Laon, Rheims, Chalons, St. Dizier, and Langres, where I have just finished my supper. The Inns, in general, more agreeable to the palate, than to the sight or smell. But, with some short exceptions of time and place, I have enjoyed good weather and good roads, and at the end of the ninth day, I feel so little fatigued, that the journey appears no more than a pleasant airing. I have gene-

* Lord Sheffield's Observations on the Commerce of the American States.

rally conversed with Homer and Lord Clarendon, often with Caplin and Muff*; sometimes with the French postillions, of the above-mentioned animals the least rational. To-morrow I lie at Befançon, and, according to the arrangement of post or hired horses, shall either sup at Laufanne on Friday, or dine there Saturday. I feel some suspense and uneasiness with regard to Deyverdun; but in the scale both of reason and constitution, my hopes preponderate very much above my fears. From Laufanne I will immediately write. I embrace my Lady. If aunt Kitty's gratitude and good-breeding have not driven her away upon the first whisper of Brighton, she will share this intelligence; if she is gone, a line from you would be humane and attentive. *Monseigneur les Chevaux seront prêts a cinq heures.* Adieu. I am going into an excellent bed, about six feet high from the ground.

N° CLXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, September 30th, 1783.

I ARRIVED safe in harbour last Saturday, the 27th instant, about ten o'clock in the morning; but as the post only goes out twice a week, it was not in my power to write before this day. Except one day, between Langres and Befançon, which was laborious enough, I finished my easy and gentle airing without any fatigue, either of mind or body. I found Deyverdun well and happy, but much more happy at the sight of a friend, and the accomplishment of a scheme which he had so long and impatiently desired. His garden, terrace, and *park*, have even exceeded the most sanguine of my expectations and remembrances; and you yourself cannot have

* His dog.

forgotten.

forgotten the charming prospect of the lake, the mountains, and the declivity of the Pays de Vaud. But as human life is perpetually chequered with good and evil, I have found some disappointments on my arrival. The easy nature of Deyverdun, his indolence, and his impatience, had prompted him to reckon too positively that his house would be vacant at Michaelmas; some unforeseen difficulties have arisen, or have been discovered when it was already too late, and the consummation of our hopes is (I am much afraid) postponed to next spring. At first I was knocked down by the unexpected thunderbolt, but I have gradually been reconciled to my fate, and have granted a free and gracious pardon to my friend. As his own apartment, which afforded me a temporary shelter, is much too narrow for a settled residence, we hired for the winter a convenient ready-furnished apartment in the nearest part of the Rue de Bourg, whose back door leads in three steps to the terrace and garden, as often as a tolerable day shall tempt us to enjoy their beauties; and this arrangement has even its advantage, of giving us time to deliberate and provide, before we enter on a larger and more regular establishment. But this is not the sum of my misfortunes; hear, and pity! The day after my arrival (Sunday) we had just finished a very temperate dinner, and intended to begin a round of visits on foot, *chapeau sous le bras*, when, most unfortunately, Deyverdun proposed to shew me something in the court; we boldly and successfully ascended a flight of stone steps, but in the descent I missed my footing, and strained, or sprained, my ancle in a painful manner. My old latent enemy, (I do not mean the Devil,) who is always on the watch, has made an ungenerous use of his advantage, and I much fear that my arrival at Lausanne will be marked with a fit of the gout, though it is quite unnecessary that the intelligence or suspicion should find its way to Bath. Yesterday afternoon I lay, or at least sat, in state to receive visits, and at the same moment my room was filled with four different nations. The loudest of these nations

was the single voice of the Abbé Raynal, who, like your friend, has chosen this place for the asylum of freedom and history. His conversation, which might be very agreeable, is intolerably loud, peremptory, and insolent; and you would imagine that he alone was the monarch and legislator of the world. Adieu. I embrace my Lady, and the infants. With regard to the important transactions for which you are constituted plenipotentiary, I expect with some impatience, but with perfect confidence, the result of your labours. You may remember what I mentioned of my conversation with * * * * * about the place of Minister at Bern: I have talked it over with Deyverdun, who does not dislike the idea, provided this place was allowed to be my villa, during at least two-thirds of the year; but for my part, I am sure that * * * * * are worth more than ministerial friendship and gratitude; so I am inclined to think, that they are preferable to an office which would be procured with difficulty, enjoyed with constraint and expence, and lost, perhaps, next April, in the annual revolutions of our domestic Government. Again adieu.

N° CLXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, October 28th, 1783.

THE progress of my gout is in general so regular, and there is so much uniformity in the History of its Decline and Fall, that I have hitherto indulged my laziness, without much shame or remorse, without supposing that you would be very anxious for my safety, which has been sufficiently provided for by the triple care of my friend Deyverdun, my humbler friend Caplin, and a very conversable physician, (not the famous Tissot,) whose ordinary fee is ten batz, about fifteen pence English. After the usual increase and decrease

crease of the member (for it has been confined to the injured part) the gout has retired in good order, and the remains of weakness, which obliged me to move on the rugged pavement of Lausanne with a stick, or rather small crutch, are to be ascribed to the sprain, which might have been a much more serious business. As I have now spent a month at Lausanne, you will enquire with much curiosity, more kindness, and some mixture of spite and malignity, how far the place has answered my expectations, and whether I do not repent of a resolution which has appeared so rash and ridiculous to my ambitious friends? To this question, however natural and reasonable, I shall not return an immediate answer, for two reasons:

1. *I have not yet made a fair trial.* The disappointment and delay with regard to Deyverdun's house, will confine us this winter to lodgings, rather convenient than spacious or pleasant. I am only beginning to recover my strength and liberty, and to look about on persons and things; the greatest part of those persons are in the country taken up with their vintage; my books are not yet arrived, and, in short, I cannot look upon myself as settled in that comfortable way which you and I understand and relish. Yet the weather has been heavenly; and till this time, the end of October, we enjoy the brightness of the sun, and somewhat gently complain of its immoderate heat. 2. If I should be too sanguine in explaining my satisfaction in what I have done, you would ascribe that satisfaction to the novelty of the scene, and the inconstancy of man; and I deem it far more safe and prudent to postpone any positive declaration, till I am placed by experience beyond the danger of repentance and recantation. Yet of one thing I am sure, that I possess in this country, as well as in England, the best cordial of life; a sincere, tender, and sensible friend, adorned with the most valuable and pleasant qualities both of the heart and head. The inferior enjoyments of leisure and society are likewise in my power; and in the short excursions which I have hitherto made, I have commenced or renewed my acquaintance

quaintance with a certain number of persons, more especially women, (who, at least in France and this country, are undoubtedly superior to our prouder sex,) of rational minds and elegant manners. I breakfast alone, and have declared that I receive no visits in a morning, which you will easily suppose is devoted to study. I find it impossible, without inconvenience, to defer my dinner beyond two o'clock. We have got a very good woman cook. Deyverdun, who is somewhat of an Epicurean philosopher, understands the management of a table, and we frequently invite a guest or two to share our luxurious, but not extravagant repasts. The afternoons are (and will be much more so hereafter) devoted to society, and I shall find it necessary to play at cards much oftener than in London: but I do not dislike that way of passing a couple of hours, and I shall not be ruined at shilling whist. As yet I have not supped, but in the course of the winter I must sometimes sacrifice an evening abroad, and in exchange I hope sometimes to steal a day at home, without going into company * * * *

* * * *

I have all this time been talking to Lord Sheffield; I hope that he has dispatched my affairs, and it would give me pleasure to hear that I am no longer member for Lymington, nor Lord of *Lenborough*. Adieu. I feel every day that the distance serves only to make me think with more tenderness of the persons whom I love.

N° CLXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, November 14th, 1783.

LAST Tuesday, November eleventh, after plaguing and vexing yourself all the morning, about some business of your fertile creation, you went to the House of Commons, and passed the after-

noon, the evening, and perhaps the night, without sleep or food, stifled in a close room by the heated respiration of six hundred politicians, inflamed by party and passion, and tired of the repetition of dull nonsense, which, in that illustrious assembly, so far outweighs the proportion of reason and eloquence. On the same day, after a studious morning, a friendly dinner, and a cheerful assembly of both sexes, I retired to rest at eleven o'clock, satisfied with the past day, and certain that the next would afford me the return of the same quiet and rational enjoyments. *Which has the better bargain?* Seriously, I am every hour more grateful to my own judgment and resolution, and only regret that I so long delayed the execution of a favourite plan, which I am convinced is the best adapted to my character and inclinations. Your conjecture of the revolutions of my face, when I heard that the house was for this winter inaccessible, is probable, but false. I bore my disappointment with the temper of a sage, and only use it to render the prospect of next year still more pleasing to my imagination. You are likewise mistaken, in imputing my fall to the awkwardness of my limbs. The same accident might have happened to Slingsby himself, or to any *hero* of the age, the most distinguished for his *bodily activity*. I have now resumed my entire strength, and walk with caution, yet with speed and safety, through the streets of this mountainous city. After a month of the finest autumn I ever saw, the *bise* * made me feel my old acquaintance; the weather is now milder, and this present day is dark and rainy, not much better than what you probably enjoy in England. The town is comparatively empty, but the Noblesse are returning every day from their chateaux, and I already perceive that I shall have more reason to complain of dissipation than of dulness. As I told Lady S. I am afraid of being too rash and hasty in expressing my satisfaction; but I must again repeat, that appearances

* The North East wind.

are extremely favourable. I am sensible that general praise conveys no distinct ideas, but it is very difficult to enter into particulars where the individuals are unknown, or indifferent to our correspondent. You have forgotten the *old* generation, and in twenty years a new one is grown up. Death has swept many from the world, and chance or choice has brought many to this place. If you enquire after your old acquaintance Catherine, you must be told, that she is solitary, ugly, blind, and universally forgotten. Your late flame, and our common goddess, the Eliza, passed a month at the inn. She came to consult Tiffot, and was acquainted with Cerjat. And now to business. * * * * *

With regard to meaner cases, these are two, which you can and will undertake. 1. As I have not renounced my country, I should be glad to hear of your parliamentary squabbles, which may be done with small trouble and expence. After an interesting debate, my Lady in due time may cut the speeches from Woodfall. You will write or dictate any curious anecdote, and the whole, inclosed in a letter, may be dispatched to Lausanne. 2. A set of Wedgewood china, which we talked of in London, and which would be most acceptable here. As you have a *fort* of a taste, I leave to your own choice the colour and the pattern; but as I have the inclination and means to live very handsomely *here*, I desire that the size and number of things may be adequate to a plentiful table. If you see Lord North, assure him of my gratitude; had he been a more successful friend, I should now be drudging at the Board of Customs, or vexed with business in the amiable society of ——. To Lord Loughborough present an affectionate sentiment; I am satisfied of his intention to serve me, if I had not been in such a fidget. I am sure you will not fail, while you are in town, to visit and comfort poor aunt Kitty. I wrote to her on my first arrival, and she may be assured that I will not neglect her. To my Lady I

say nothing; we have now our private correspondence, into which the eye of an husband should not be permitted to intrude. I am really satisfied with the success of the pamphlet*; not only because I have a sneaking kindness for the author, but as it shews me that plain sense, full information, and warm spirit, are still acceptable in the world. You talk of Lausanne as a place of retirement, yet, from the situation and freedom of the Pays de Vaud, all nations, and all extraordinary characters, are astonished to meet each other. The Abbé Raynal, the grand Gibbon, and Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*, have been in the same room. The other day the Prince and Princess de Ligne, the Duke and Duchesse d'Urfel, &c. came from Brussels on purpose (literally true) to act a comedy at * * * * *, in the country. He was dying, and could not appear; but we had comedy, ball, and supper. The event seems to have revived him; for that great man is fallen from his ancient glory, and his nearest relations refuse to see him. I told you of poor Catherine's deplorable state; but Madame de Mesery, at the age of sixty-nine, is still handsome. Adieu.

N° CLXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, December 20th, 1783.

I HAVE received both your epistles; and as any excuse will serve a man who is at the same time very busy and very idle, I patiently expected the second, before I entertained any thoughts of answering the first. * * * * *

* * * * *
I therefore conclude, that on every principle of common sense, before this moment your active zeal has already expelled me from the

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

house, to which, without regret, I bid an everlasting farewell. The agreeable hour of five o'clock in the morning, at which you commonly retire, does not tend to revive my attachment; but if you add the soft hours of your morning Committee *, in the discussion of taxes, customs, frauds, smugglers, &c. I think I should beg to be released and quietly sent to the galleys, as a place of leisure and freedom. Yet I do not depart from my general principles of toleration. Some animals are made to live in the water, others on the earth, many in the air, and some, as it is now believed, even in fire. Your present hurry of Parliament I perfectly understand; when opposition make the attack,

————— *Horæ*

Memento cito mors venit, aut victoria læta.

But when the Minister brings forward any strong and decisive measure, he at length prevails; but his progress is retarded at every step, and in every stage of the bill, by a pertinacious, though unsuccessful, minority. I am not sorry to hear of the splendour of Fox; I am proud, in a foreign country, of his fame and abilities, and our little animosities are extinguished by my retreat from the English stage. With regard to the substance of the business, I scarcely know what to think: the vices of the Company †, both in their persons and their constitution, were manifold and manifest; the danger was imminent, and such an empire, with thirty millions of subjects, was not to be lost for trifles. Yet, on the other hand, the faith of charters, the rights of property! I hesitate and tremble. Such an innovation would at least require that the remedy should be as certain as the evil, and the proprietors may perhaps insinuate, that *they* were as competent guardians of their own affairs, as either * * * * * or * * * * *. Their acting without a salary, seems childish, and their not being removable by the Crown, is a strange

* A select Committee for inquiring into frauds committed in respect to the revenue.

† East India Company.

and

and dangerous precedent. But enough of politics, which I now begin to view through a thin, cold, distant cloud, yet not without a reasonable degree of curiosity and patriotism. From the papers (especially when you add an occasional slice of the Chronicle) I shall be amply informed of facts and debates. From you I expect the causes, rather than the events, the true springs of action, and those interesting anecdotes which seldom ascend the garret of a Fleet-street editor. You say that many friends (alias acquaintance) have expressed curiosity and concern; I should not wish to be immediately forgotten. That others (you once mentioned Gerard Hamilton) condemn Government, for suffering the departure of a man who might have done them some credit and some service, perhaps as much as * * * * himself. To you, in the confidence of friendship, and without either pride or resentment, I will fairly own that I am somewhat of Gerard's opinion; and if I did not compare it with the rest of his character, I should be astonished that * * * * * suffered me to depart, without even a civil answer to my letter. Were I capable of hating a man, whom it is not easy to hate, I should find myself amply revenged by * * * *. But the happy souls in Paradise are susceptible only of love and pity, and though Lausanne is not a Paradise, more especially in winter, I do assure you, in sober prose, that it has hitherto fulfilled, and even surpassed, my warmest expectation. Yet I often cast a look toward Sheffield-Place, where you now repose, if you can repose, during the Christmas recess. Embrace my Lady, the young Baroness, and the gentle Louisa, and insinuate to your silent Consort, that separate letters require separate answers. Had I an air balloon, the great topic of modern conversation, I would call upon you till the meeting of Parliament. *Vale.*

N° CLXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. PORTEN.*

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, December 27th, 1783.

THE unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment; and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind, we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend. By you, therefore, whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life on every occasion the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. * * * * *

From this base subject I ascend to one which more seriously and strongly engages your thoughts, the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the same design two, or five, or even ten years ago. By this time I might have returned independent and rich to my native country; I should have escaped many disagreeable events that have happened in the meanwhile, and I should have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my temper, nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy, you will agree with me, in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend; and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you will easily believe that Deyverdun is the man.

Perhaps two persons so perfectly fitted to live together, were never formed by Nature and education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects; the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended, and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage, some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours, we must expect some disagreeable moments; but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mistaken, if the building be not solid and comfortable. One disappointment I have indeed experienced, and patiently supported. The family who were settled in Deyverdun's house started some unexpected difficulties, and will not leave it till the spring; so that you must not yet expect any poetical, or even historical, description of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter we are satisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive some advantage from this delay; as it gives us time to arrange some plans of alteration and furniture, which will embellish our future and more elegant dwelling. In this season, I rise (not at four in the morning) but a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone, in the English stile, and, with the aid of Caplin, I perceive no difference between Laufanne and Bentinck-street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled,) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well-skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation; as for instance, we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or
play

play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life; it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts, the characters of the men and women with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter hitherto mild, but in January we must expect some severe frost. Instead of rolling in a coach, I walk the streets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exercise is wholesome, and except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavillard's house, where I was almost starved with cold and hunger, and you may be assured that I now enjoy every benefit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wish me happy; acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness, than five nights in the week passed in the House of Commons, or five mornings spent at the Custom-house. Send me, in return, a fair account of your own situation in mind and body. I am satisfied your own good sense would have reconciled you to inevitable separation; but there never was a more suitable diversion than your visit to Sheffield-Place. Among the innumerable

merable proofs of friendship which I have received from that family, there are none which affect me more sensibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am persuaded that they are at least as much on your account as on mine. At length Madame de * * * * * is delivered by her tyrant's death; her daughter, a valuable woman of this place, has made some enquiries, and though her own circumstances are narrow, she will not suffer her father's widow to be left totally destitute. I am glad you derived so much melancholy pleasure from the letters, yet had I known it, I should have withheld:
* * * * *

N° CLXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, January 24th, 1784.

WITHIN two or three days after your last *gracious* epistle, your complaints were silenced, and your enquiries were satisfied, by an ample dispatch of four pages, which overflowed the inside of the cover, and in which I exposed my opinions of things in general, public as well as private, as they existed in my mind, in my state of ignorance and error, about the eighteenth or twentieth of last month. Within a week after that date I epistolised, in the same rich and copious strain, the two venerable females of Newman-street and Bath, whose murmurings must now be changed into songs of gratitude and applause. My correspondence with the holy matron of Northamptonshire has been less lively and loquacious. You have not forgotten the author's vindication of himself from the foul calumnies of pretended Christians. Within a fortnight after his arrival at Lausanne, he communicated the joyful event to Mrs. Esther Gibbon. She answered, *per* return of post, both letters at the same time, and in very dutiful language, almost excusing her advice, which was intended

tended for my spiritual, as well as temporal good, and assuring me, that *nobody should be able to injure me with her*. Unless the faint is an hypocrite, such an expression must convey a favourable and important meaning. At all events, it is worth giving *ourselves* some trouble about her, without indulging any sanguine expectations of inheritance. So much for my females; with regard to my male correspondents, you are the only one to whom I have given any signs of my existence, though I have formed many a generous resolution. Yet I am not insensible of the kind and friendly manner in which Lord Loughborough has distinguished me. He could have no inducements of interest, and now that I view the distant picture with impartial eyes, I am convinced that (for a statesman) he was sincere in his wishes to serve me. When you see *him*, the Paynes, Eden, Crauford, &c. tell them that I am well, happy, and ashamed. On your side, the zeal and diligence of your pen has surprised and delighted me, and your letters, at this interesting moment, are exactly such as I wished them to be—authentic anecdotes, and rational speculations, worthy of a man who acts a part in the great theatre, and who fills a seat, not only in the general Pandæmonium, but in the private council of the Princes of the infernal regions. With regard to the detail of parliamentary operations, I must repeat my request to you, or rather to my Lady, who will now be on the spot, that she will write, not with her pen, but with her scissors, and that after every debate which deserves to pass the sea and the mountains, she will dissect the faithful narrative of Woodfall, and send it off by the next post, as an agreeable supplement to the meagre accounts of our weekly papers. The wonderful revolutions of last month have sounded to my ear more like the shifting scenes of a comedy, or comic-opera, than like the sober events of real and modern history; and the irregularity of our winter posts, which sometimes retarded, and sometimes hastened, the arrival of the dispatches, has increased the confusion of our ideas. Surely the Lord has blinded the eyes
of

of Pharoah and of his servants; the obstinacy of last spring was nothing compared to the headstrong and headlong madness of this winter. I expect with much impatience the first days of your meeting; the purity and integrity of the coalition will suffer a fiery trial; but if they are true to themselves and to each other, a majority of the House of Commons must prevail; the rebellion of the young gentlemen will be crushed, and the masters will resume the government of the school. After the address and answer, I have no conception that Parliament can be dissolved during the session; but if the present Ministry can outlive the storm, I think the death-warrant will infallibly be signed in the summer. *Here* I blush for my country, without confessing her shame. Fox acted like a man of honour, yet surely his union with Pitt affords the only hope of salvation. How miserably are we wasting the season of peace!

I have written three pages before I come to my own business and feelings. In the first place, I most sincerely rejoice that I left the ship, and swam ashore on a plank: the daily and hourly agitation in which I must have lived would have made me truly miserable; and if I had obtained a place during pleasure, * * * * *, for instance? On the first news of the dissolution, I considered my seat as so totally and irrecoverably gone, that I have been less afflicted with * * * * 's obstinacy. * * * * *

On this occasion remember you are acting for a *poor* friend; dismiss a little of the spirit of faction and patriotism, and stoop to a prudential line of conduct, which in your own case you might possibly disdain. * * * * *

Perhaps you will abuse my prudence and patriotism, when I inform you, that I have already vested a part (thirty thousand livres, about one thousand three hundred pounds) in the new loan of the King of France. I get eight *per cent.* on the joint lives of Deyverdun and

myself, besides thirty tickets in a very advantageous lottery, of which the highest prize is an annuity of forty thousand livres (one thousand seven hundred pounds) a year. At this moment, the beginning of a peace, and probably a long peace, I think (and the world seems to think) the French funds at least as solid as our own, I have empowered my agent, M. de Lessart, a capital banker at Paris, to draw upon Gosling for the money two months hence; and to avoid all accidents that may result from untoward delays, and mercantile churlishness, I expect that you will support my credit in Fleet-street with your own more respectable name. * * * *

* * * *

What say you now? Am I not a wise man? My letter is enormous, and the post on the wing. In a few days I will write to my Lady herself, and enter something more into the details of domestic life. Suffice it to say, that the scene becomes each day more pleasant and comfortable, and that I complain only of the dissipation of Lausanne. In the course of March or April we shall take possession of Deyverdun's house. My books, which, by some strange neglect, did not leave Paris till the third of this month, will arrive in a few weeks; and I shall soon resume the continuation of my History, which I shall prosecute with the more vigour, as the completion affords me a distant prospect of a visit to England. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CLXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

BARON!

LAUSANNE, February 2d, 1784.

AFTER my last enormous dispatch, nothing can remain, except some small gleanings, or occasional hints; and thus in order: I am not conscious that any of your valuable MSS. have miscarried, or that I have omitted to answer any essential particulars. They stand

stand in my bureau carefully arranged, and docketed under the following dates; September twenty-three, October twenty-three, November eighteen, December two, December fifteen, December nineteen, December twenty-three, December twenty-nine, January sixteen, which last I have received this day, February 2d. For greater perspicuity, it will not be amiss (on either side) to number our future epistles, by a conspicuous Roman character inscribed in the front, to which we may at any time refer. But instead of writing by Ostend, the shorter and surer way, especially on all occasions that deserve celebrity, will be to inclose them to my banker, M. de Lessart at Paris, who will forward them to me. Through Germany the passage by sea is more uncertain, the roads worse, and the distance greater: we often complain of delay and irregularity at this interesting moment. By your last I find that you have boldly and generously opened a treaty with the enemy, which I proposed with fear and hesitation. I impatiently expect the result; and again repeat, that *whatever* you can obtain for * * * * *, I shall consider it as so much saved out of the fire, &c. &c. Do you remember Dunning's motion (in the year 1780) to address the Crown against a dissolution of Parliament; a simple address we rejected, as an infringement on the prerogative? yet how far short of these strong democratical measures, for which you have probably voted, as I should probably have done: such is the contagion of party. Fox drives most furiously, yet I should not be surpris'd if Pitt's moderation and character should insensibly win the nation, and even the House, to espouse his cause. * * * * *

* * * * *

Unless when I look back on England with a selfish or a tender regard, my hours roll away very pleasantly, and I can again repeat with truth, that I have not regretted one single moment the step which I have taken. We are now at the height of the winter dissipation, and I am peculiarly happy when I can steal away from

great assemblies, and suppers of twenty or thirty people, to a more private party of some of those persons whom I begin to call my friends. Till we are settled in our house little can be expected on our side; yet I have already given two or three handsome dinners; and though every thing is grown dearer, I am not alarmed at the general view of my expence. Deyverdun salutes you; and we are agreed that few married couples are better entitled to the fitch of bacon than we shall be at the end of the year. When I had written about half this epistle my books arrived: at our first meeting all was rapture and confusion, and two or three posts, from the second to this day, the fourteenth, have been suffered to depart unnoticed. Your letter of the twenty-seventh of January, which was not received till yesterday, has again awakened me, and I thought the surest way would be to send off this single sheet without any farther delay.

I sincerely rejoice in the stability of Parliament*; and the first faint dawn of reconciliation, which must however be effected by the equal balance of parties, rather than by the wisdom of the country gentlemen†.

My Lady!—But it would be highly incongruous to begin my letter at the bottom of the page. Adieu, therefore, till next post.

N° CLXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD,*

LAUSANNE, May 11th, 1784.

ALAS! alas! alas! We may now exchange our mutual condolence. Last Christmas, on the change of administration, I was struck with the thunderbolt of the unexpected event, and in the ap-

* This supposition was founded on Mr. Banks's declaration in the name of Mr. Pitt.

† At the St. Alban's Tavern.

proaching dissolution I foresaw the loss of * * * * *

* * * * *. The long continuance and various changes of the tempest rendered me by degrees callous and insensible; when the art of the mariners was exhausted I felt that we were sinking, I expected the ship to founder, and when the fatal moment arrived, I was even pleased to be delivered from hope and fear, to the calmness of despair. I now turn my eyes, not on the past, but on the present and the future; what is lost I try to consider as if it never had existed; and every day I congratulate my own good fortune, let me say my prudence and resolution, in migrating from your noisy stage to a scene of repose and content. But even in this separate state, I was still anxious for my friend upon English earth, and at first was much delighted with your hint, that you were setting off for Coventry, without any prospect of an opposition. Every post, Wednesdays and Saturdays, I eagerly looked for the intelligence of your victory; and in spite of my misbehaviour, which I do not deny, I must abuse *my Lady*, rather than you, for leaving me in so painful a situation. Each day raised and increased my apprehension; the *Courier de l'Europe* first announced the contest, the English papers proclaimed your defeat, and your last letter, which I received four days ago, shewed me that you exerted first the spirit, and at last the temper of an hero. I am not much surprised that you should have been swept away in the general unpopularity, since even in this quiet place, your friends are considered as a factious crew, acting in direct opposition both to the King and people. For yourself I am at a loss what to say. If this repulse should teach you to renounce all connection with Kings and Ministers, and Patriots and Parties, and Parliaments; for all of which you are by many degrees too honest; I should exclaim, with Teague of respectable memory, "By my shoul, dear joy, you have *gained* a loss." Private life, whether contemplative or active, has surely more solid and independent charms; you have *some* domestic comforts; Sheffield-Place

is still susceptible of useful and ornamental improvements, (alas! how much better might even the last * * * * have been laid out!) and if these cares are not sufficient to occupy your leisure, I can trust your restless and enterprising spirit to find new methods to preserve you from the insipidity of repose. But I much fear your discontent and regret at being excluded from that Pandæmonium which we have so often cursed, as long as you were obliged to attend it. The leaders of the party will flatter you with the opinion of their friendship and your own importance; the warmth of your temper makes you credulous and unsuspicious; and, like the rest of our species, male and female, you are not absolutely deaf to the voice of praise. Some other place will be suggested, easy, honourable, certain, where nothing is wanted but a man of character and spirit to head a superior interest; the opposition, if any, is contemptible, and the expence cannot be large. You will go down, find almost every circumstance falsely stated, repent that you had engaged yourself, but you cannot desert those friends who are firmly attached to your cause; besides, the money you have already spent would have been thrown away; another thousand will complete the business: deeper and deeper will you plunge, and the last evil will be worse than the first. You see I am a free-spoken counsellor; may I not be a true prophet! Did I consult my own wishes, I should observe to you; that as you are no longer a slave, you might soon be transported, as you seem to desire, to one of the Alpine hills. The purity and calmness of the air is the best calculated to allay the heat of a political fever; the education of the two Princesses might be successfully conducted under your eye and that of my Lady; and if you had resolution to determine on a residence, not a visit, at Lausanne, your worldly affairs might repose themselves after their late fatigues. But you know that I am a friend to toleration, and am always disposed to make the largest allowance for the different natures of animals; a lion and a lamb, an eagle and a worm. I am afraid we are too quiet for
you;

you ; here it would not be easy for you to create any business ; you have for some time neglected books, and I doubt whether you would not think our suppers and assemblies somewhat trifling and insipid. You are far more difficult than I am ; you are in search of knowledge, and you are not content with your company, unless you can derive from them information or extraordinary amusement. For my part, I like to draw information from books, and I am satisfied with polite attention and easy manners. Finally, I am happy to tell, and you will be happy to hear, that this place has in every respect exceeded my best and most sanguine hopes. How often have you said, as often as I expressed any ill-humour against the hurry, the expence, and the precarious condition of my London life, “ Ay, “ that is a nonsensical scheme of retiring to Lausanne that you have “ got into your head, a pretty fancy ; you remember how much you “ liked it in your youth, but you have now seen more of the world, “ and if you were to try it again, you would find yourself woefully “ disappointed ? ” I had it in my head, in my heart, I have tried it, I have not been disappointed, and my knowledge of the world has served only to convince me, that a capital and a crowd may contain much less real society, than the small circle of this gentle retirement. The winter has been longer, but, as far as I can learn, less rigorous than in the rest of Europe. The spring is now bursting upon us, and in our own garden it is displayed in all its glory. I already occupy a temporary apartment, and we live in the lower part of the house ; before you receive this we shall be in full possession. We have much to enjoy and something to do, which I take to be the happiest condition of human life. Now for business, the kind of subject which I always undertake with the most reluctance, and leave with the most pleasure. * * * *

* * * * *

Adieu.

And

And now, my Lady,

LET me approach your gentle, not grimalkin, presence, with deep remorse. You have indirectly been informed of my state of mind and body; (the whole winter I have not had the slightest return of the gout, or any other complaint whatsoever;) you have been apprised, and are now apprised, of my motions, or rather of my perfect and agreeable repose; yet I must confess (and I *feel*) that something of a direct and personal exchange of sentiment has been neglected on my side, though I still *persuade* myself that when I am settled in my new house I shall have more subject, as well as leisure, to write. Such tricks of laziness your active spirit is a stranger to, though Mrs. * * * complains that she has never had an answer to her last letters. Poor Lady Pembroke! *you* will feel for her; after a cruel alternative of hope and fear, her only daughter, Lady Charlotte, died at *Aix en Provence*; they have persuaded her to come to this place, where she is intimately connected with the Cerjat family. She has taken an agreeable house, about three miles from the town, and lives retired. I have seen her; her behaviour is calm, but her affliction —. I accept with gratitude your friendly proposal of Wedgewood's ware, and should be glad to have it bought and packed, and sent without delay through Germany; and I shall only say, that I wish to have a very complete service for two courses and a desert, and that our suppers are numerous, frequently fifteen or twenty persons. Adieu. I do not mean this as your letter. You are very good to poor Kitty. With you I do not condole about Coventry.

N° CLXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON*, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, May 28th, 1784.

I BEGIN without preface or apology, as if I had received your letter by the last post. In my own defence I know not what to say; but if I were disposed to recriminate, I might observe that you yourself are not perfectly free from the sin of laziness and procrastination. I have often wondered why we are not fonder of letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction; sure that the person whom we address feels an equal, or at least a strong and lively interest in the consideration of the pleasing subject. On the subject therefore of *self* I will entertain a friend, to whom none of my thoughts or actions, none of my pains or pleasures, can ever be indifferent. When I first cherished the design of retiring to Lausanne, I was much more apprehensive of wounding your tender attachment, than of offending Lord Sheffield's manly and vehement friendship. In the abolition of the Board of Trade the motives for my retreat became more urgent and forcible; I wished to break loose, yet I delayed above a year before I could take my final resolution; and the letter in which I disclosed it to you cost me one of the most painful struggles of my life. As soon as I had conquered that difficulty, all meaner obstacles fell before me, and in a few weeks I found myself at Lausanne, astonished at my firmness and my success. Perhaps you still blame or still lament the step which I have taken. If on your own account, I can only sympathize with your feelings, the recollection of which often costs me a sigh: if on mine, let me fairly state what

I have escaped in England, and what I have found at Laufanne. Recollect the tempests of this winter, how many anxious days I should have passed, how many noisy, turbulent, hot, unwholesome nights, while my political existence, and that of my friends, was at stake ; yet these feeble efforts would have been unavailing ; I should have lost my seat in parliament, and after the extraordinary expence of another year, I must still have pursued the road of Switzerland, unless I had been tempted by some selfish patron, or by Lord S.'s aspiring spirit, to incur a most inconvenient expence for a new seat ; and once more, at the beginning of an opposition, to engage in new scenes of business. As to the immediate prospect of any thing like a quiet and profitable retreat, I should not know where to look ; my friends are no longer in power. With * * * * and his party I have no connection ; and were he disposed to favour a man of letters, it is difficult to say what he could give, or what I would accept ; the reign of pensions and sinecures is at an end, and a commission in the Excise or Customs, the summit of my hopes, would give me income at the expence of leisure and liberty. When I revolve these circumstances in my mind, my only regret, I repeat it again and again, is, that I did not embrace this salutary measure three, five, ten years ago. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, and shall now dismiss this unpleasing part of the subject. For my situation here, health is the first consideration ; and on that head your tenderness had conceived some degree of anxiety. I know not whether it has reached you that I had a fit of the gout the day after my arrival. The deed is true, but the cause was accidental ; carelessly stepping down a flight of stairs, I sprained my ankle ; and my ungenerous enemy instantly took advantage of my weakness. But since my breaking that double chain, I have enjoyed a winter of the most perfect health that I have perhaps ever known, without any mixture of the little flying incommodities which in my best days have sometimes disturbed the tranquillity of my English life.

life. You are not ignorant of Dr. Tissot's reputation, and his merit is even above his reputation. He assures me, that in his opinion, the moisture of England and Holland is most pernicious; the dry pure air of Switzerland most favourable to a gouty constitution: that experience justifies the theory; and that there are fewer martyrs of that disorder in this, than in any other country in Europe. This winter has every where been most uncommonly severe: and you seem in England to have had your full share of the general hardship: but in this corner, surrounded by the Alps, it has rather been long than rigorous; and its duration stole away our spring, and left us no interval between furs and silks. We now enjoy the genial influence of the climate and the season; and no station was ever more calculated to enjoy them than Deyverdun's house and garden, which are now become my own. You will not expect that the pen should describe, what the pencil would imperfectly delineate. A few circumstances may, however, be mentioned. My library is about the same size with that in Bentinck-street, with this difference, however, that instead of looking on a paved court, twelve feet square, I command a boundless prospect of vale, mountain, and water, from my three windows. My apartment is completed by a spacious light closet, or store-room, with a bed-chamber and dressing-room. Deyverdun's habitation is pleasant and convenient, though less extensive: for our common use we have a very handsome winter apartment of four rooms; and on the ground-floor, two cool saloons for the summer, with a sufficiency, or rather superfluity, of offices, &c. A terrace, one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the house, and leads to a close impenetrable shrubbery; and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk carries me round a meadow and vineyard. The intervals afford abundant supply of fruit, and every sort of vegetables; and if you add, that this villa (which has been much ornamented by my friend) touches the best and most sociable part of the town, you will agree with me, that few persons, either princes

or philosophers, enjoy a more desirable residence. Deyverdun, who is proud of his own works, often walks me round, pointing out, with acknowledgment and enthusiasm, the beauties that change with every step and with every variation of light. I share, or at least I sympathize with his pleasure. He appears contented with my progress, and has already told several people, that he does not despair of making me a gardener. Be that as it may, you will be glad to hear that I am, by my own choice, infinitely more in motion, and in the open air, than I ever have been formerly; yet my perfect liberty and leisure leave me many studious hours; and as the circle of our acquaintance retire into the country, I shall be much less engaged in company and diversion. I have seriously resumed the prosecution of my History; each day and each month adds something to the completion of the great work. The progress is slow, the labour continual, and the end remote and uncertain; yet every day brings its amusement, as well as labour; and though I dare not fix a term, even in my own fancy, I advance, with the pleasing reflection, that the business of publication (should I be detained here so long) must enforce my return to England, and restore me to the best of mothers and friends. In the mean while, with health and competence, a full independence of mind and action, a delightful habitation, a true friend, and many pleasant acquaintance; you will allow, that I am rather an object of envy than of pity; and if you were more conversant with the use of the French language, I would seriously propose to you to repose yourself with us in this fine country. My indirect intelligence (on which I sometimes depend with more implicit faith than on the kind dissimulation of your friendship) gives me reason to hope that the last winter has been more favourable to your health than the preceding one. Assure me of it yourself honestly and truly, and you will afford me one of the most lively pleasures.

N° CLXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, June 19th, 1784.

* * * * *

In this glorious season I frequently give tea and supper to a dozen men and women with ease and reputation, and heartily wish you and my Lady were among them. In this corner of Europe we enjoy, or shall speedily enjoy, (besides three score English, with Lady Pembroke, and forty French, with the Duchesse de Sivrac at their head,) M. and Madame Necker, the Abbé Raynal, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, perhaps the Duke of Cumberland; yet I am still more content with the humble natives, than with *most* of these illustrious *names*. Adieu. The post is on the wing, and you owe me a long epistle. I am, as usual, in the firm intention of writing next week to my Lady.

N° CLXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

LAUSANNE, October 18th, 1784.

SINCE my retreat to Lausanne our correspondence has never received so long an interruption; and as I have been equally taciturn with the rest of the English world, it may now be a problem among that sceptical nation, whether the Historian of the Decline and Fall be a living substance or an empty name. So tremendous is the sleepy power of laziness and habit, that the silence of each post operated still more strongly to benumb the hand, and to freeze the *epistolary* ink. How or when I should have naturally awakened, I cannot

not tell ; but the pressure of my affairs, and the arrival of your last letter, compel me to remember that you are entrusted with the final amputation of the best limb of my property. The subject is in itself so painful, that I have postponed it, like a child's physic, from day to day ; and losing whole mornings, as I walked about my library, in useless regret and impotent resolution, you will be amazed to hear that (after peeping to see if you are all well, and returned from Ireland) I have not yet had the courage to peruse your letter, for fear of meeting with some gloomy intelligence ; and I will now finish what I have to say of pecuniary matters, before I know whether its contents will fortify or overthrow my unblessed sentiments.

* * * * *

* * * * * To what purpose (will you say) are these tardy and useless repinings ? To arraign your manager ? No, I am satisfied with the skill and firmness of the pilot, and complain only of the untoward violence of the tempest. To repent of your retreat into Switzerland ? No, surely, every subsequent event has tended to make it as necessary as it has proved agreeable. Why then these lamentations ? Hear and attend—It is to interest (if possible more strongly) your zeal and friendship, to justify a sort of avarice, a love of money, very foreign to my character, but with which I cling to these last fragments of my fortune. * * *

* * * * *

As far as I can judge from the experience of a year, though I find Lausanne much more expensive than I imagined, yet my stile of living (and a very handsome stile it is) will be brought *nearly* within my ordinary revenues. I wish our poor country could say as much ! But it was always my favourite and rational wish, that at the winding up of my affairs I might possess a sum, from one to two thousand pounds, neither buried in land, nor locked up in the funds, but free, light, and ready to obey any call of interest, or pleasure, or virtue ; to defray any extraordinary expence, support any delay, or

remove any obstacle. For the attainment of this object, I trust in your assistance. * * * *

* * * * Thus much for this money transaction; to you I need add no other stimulative, than to say that my ease and comfort very much depend on the success of this plan.

As I thought every man of sense and fortune in Ireland must be satisfied, I did not conceive the cloud so dark as you represent it. I will seriously peruse the 8vo. and in due time the 4to. edition *; it would become a classic book, if you could find leisure (will you ever find it?) to introduce order and ornament. You must negotiate *directly* with Deyverdun; but the state will not hear of parting with their only Reynolds †. I embrace my Lady; let her be angry, provided she be well. Adieu. Yours.

P. S. The care of Ireland may have amused you in the summer; but how do you mean to employ the winter? Do you not cast a longing, lingering look at St. Stephen's chapel? With your fiery spirit, and firm judgment, I almost wish you there; not for your benefit, but for the public. If you resolve to recover your seat, do not listen to any fallacious and infinite projects of interest, contest, return, petition, &c. but limit your expence.

N° CLXXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, October 22d, 1784.

A FEW weeks ago, as I was walking on our terrace with M. Tissot, the celebrated physician; M. Mercier, the author of the *Tableau de Paris*; the Abbé Raynal; Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle

* Of Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

† Alluding to his portrait.

Necker;

Necker; the Abbé de Bourbon, a natural son of Lewis the Fifteenth, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and a dozen Counts, Barons, and extraordinary persons, among whom was a natural son of the Empress of Russia——Are you satisfied with this list? which I could enlarge and embellish, without departing from truth; and was not the Baron of Sheffield (profound as he is on the subject of the American trade) doubly mistaken with regard to Gibbon and Lausanne? Whenever I used to hint my design of retiring, that illustrious Baron, after a proper effusion of d——d fools, condescended to observe, that such an obscure nook in Switzerland might please me in the ignorance of youth, but that after tasting for so many years the various society of Paris and London, I should soon be tired with the dull and uniform round of a provincial town. In the winter, Lausanne is indeed reduced to its native powers; but during the summer, it is possibly, after Spa, one of the most favourite places of general resort. The tour of Switzerland, the Alps, and the Glaciers, is become a fashion. Tiffot attracts the invalids, especially from France; and a colony of English have taken up the habit of spending their winters at Nice, and their summers in the Pays de Vaud. Such are the splendour and variety of our summer visitors; and *you* will agree with me more readily than the Baron, when I say that this variety, instead of being a merit, is, in my opinion, one of the very few objections to the residence of Lausanne. After the dissipation of the winter I expected to have enjoyed, with more freedom and solitude, myself, my friend, my books, and this delicious paradise; but my position and character make me here a sort of a public character, and oblige me to see and be seen. However, it is my firm resolution for next summer to assume the independence of a philosopher, and to be visible only to the persons whom I like. On that principle I should not, most assuredly, have avoided the Neckers and Prince Henry. The former have purchased the barony of Copet near Geneva; and as the buildings

were very much out of repair, they passed this summer at a country-house at the gates of Laufanne. They afford a new example, that persons who have tasted of greatness can seldom return with pleasure to a private station. In the moments when we were alone he conversed with me freely, and I believe truly, on the subject of his administration and fall; and has opened several passages of modern history, which would make a very good figure in *the American book* *. If they spent the summers at the castle of Copet, about nine leagues from hence, a fortnight or three weeks visit would be a pleasant and healthful excursion; but, alas! I fear there is little appearance of its being executed. *Her* health is impaired by the agitation of her mind: instead of returning to Paris, she is ordered to pass the winter in the southern provinces of France, and our last parting was solemn; as I very much doubt whether I shall ever see her again. They have now a very troublesome charge, which you will experience in a few years, the disposal of a Baroness; Mademoiselle † Necker, one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, and with a much larger provision of wit than of beauty: what increases their difficulties is their religious obstinacy of marrying her only to a protestant. It would be an excellent opportunity for a young Englishman of a great name and a fair reputation. Prince Henry must be a man of sense; for he took more notice, and expressed more esteem for me, than any body else. He is certainly (without touching his military character) a very lively and entertaining companion. He talked with freedom, and generally with contempt, of most of the princes of Europe; with respect of the Empress of Russia, but never mentioned the name of his brother, except once, when he hinted that it was *he himself* that won the battle of Rosbach. His nephew, and

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

† Now Madame de Staal.

our nephew, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick is here for his education. Of the English, who live very much as a national colony, you will like to hear of Mrs. Frazer and *one* more. Donna Catharina * pleases every body, by the perfect simplicity of her state of nature. You know she has had resolution to return from England (where she told me she saw you) to Lausanne, for the sake of Miss Bristow, who is in bad health, and in a few days they set off for Nice. *The other* is the Eliza; she passed through Lausanne, in her road from Italy to England; poorly in health, but still adorable, (nay, do not frown!) and I enjoyed some delightful hours by her bed-side. She wrote me a line from Paris, but has not executed her promise of visiting Lausanne in the month of October. My pen has run much faster, and much farther, than I intended on the subject of others; yet, in describing them, I have thrown some light over myself and my situation. A year, a very short one, has now elapsed since my arrival at Lausanne; and after a cool review of my sentiments, I can sincerely declare, that I have never, during a single moment, repented of having executed my *absurd* project of retiring to Lausanne. It is needless to dwell on the fatigue, the hurry, the vexation which I must have felt in the narrow and dirty circle of English politics. My present life wants no foil, and shines by its own native light. The chosen part of my library is now arrived, and arranged in a room full as good as that in Bentinck-street, with this difference indeed, that instead of looking on a stone court, twelve feet square, I command, from three windows of plate-glass, an unbounded prospect of many a league of vineyard, of fields, of wood, of lake, and of mountains; a scene which Lord Sheffield will tell you is superior to all you can imagine. The climate, though severe in winter, has perfectly agreed with my constitution, and the year is accomplished without any return of the gout. An excellent

* The Honourable Mrs. Frazer.

house, a good table, a pleasant garden, are no contemptible ingredients in human happiness. The general style of society hits my fancy; I have cultivated a large and agreeable circle of acquaintance, and I am much deceived if I have not laid the foundations of two or three more intimate and valuable connections; but their names would be indifferent, and it would require pages, or rather volumes, to describe their persons and characters. With regard to my standing dish, my domestic friend, I could not be much disappointed, after an intimacy of eight-and-twenty years. His heart and his head are excellent; he has the warmest attachment for me, he is satisfied that I have the same for him: some slight imperfections must be mutually supported; two bachelors, who have lived so long alone and independent, have their peculiar fancies and humours, and when the mask of form and ceremony is laid aside, every moment in a family-life has not the sweetness of the honey-moon, even between the husbands and wives who have the truest and most tender regard for each other. Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married? Amazing as it may seem, I do assure you that the event is less improbable than it would have appeared to myself a twelvemonth ago. Deyverdun and I have often agreed, in jest and in earnest, that a house like ours would be regulated, and graced, and enlivened, by an agreeable female companion; but each of us seems desirous that his friend should sacrifice himself for the public good. Since my residence here I have lived much in women's company; and, to your credit be it spoken, I like you the better the more I see of you. Not that I am in love with any particular person. I have discovered about half-a-dozen *wives* who would please me in different ways, and by various merits: one as a mistress (a widow, vastly like *the* Eliza; if she returns I am to bring them together); a second, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a sincere good-natured friend; a fourth, who would represent with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excel-

lent œconomist and housekeeper ; and a sixth, a very useful nurse. Could I find all these qualities united in a single person, I should dare to make my addressees, and should deserve to be refused. You hint in some of your letters, or rather postscripts, that you consider me as having renounced England, and having fixed myself for the rest of my life in Switzerland, and that you suspect the sincerity of my vague or insidious schemes of purchase or return. To remove, as far as I can, your doubts and suspicions, I will tell you, on that interesting subject, fairly and simply as much as I know of my own intentions. There is little appearance that I shall be suddenly recalled by the offer of a place or pension. I have no claim to the friendship of your young minister, and should he propose a Commissioner of the Customs, or Secretary at Paris, the supposed objects of my low ambition, Adam in Paradise would refuse them with contempt. *Here* therefore I shall certainly live till I have finished the remainder of my History ; an arduous work, which does not proceed so fast as I expected, amidst the avocations of society, and miscellaneous study. As soon as it is completed, most probably in three or *four* years, I shall infallibly return to England, about the month of May or June ; and the necessary labour of printing with care two or three quarto volumes, will detain me till their publication, in the ensuing spring. Lord Sheffield and yourself will be the loadstone that most forcibly attracts me ; and as I shall be a vagabond on the face of the earth, I shall be the better qualified to domesticate myself with you, both in town and country. Here then, at no very extravagant distance, we have the certainty (if we live) of spending a year together, in the peace and freedom of a friendly intercourse ; and a year is no very contemptible portion of this mortal existence. Beyond that period all is dark, but not gloomy. Whether, after the final completion of my History, I shall return to Lausanne, or settle in England, must depend on a thousand events which lie beyond the reach of human foresight, the
state

state of public and private affairs, my own health, the health and life of Deyverdun, the various changes which may have rendered Lausanne more dear, or less agreeable, to me than at present. But without losing ourselves in this distant futurity, which perhaps we may never see, and without giving any positive answer to Maria's parting question, whether I shall be buried in England or Switzerland, let me seriously and earnestly ask you, whether you do not mean to visit me next summer? The defeat at Coventry would, I should think, facilitate the project; since the Baron is no longer detained the whole winter from his domestic affairs, nor is there any attendance on the House that keeps him till Midsummer in dust and dispute. I can send you a pleasant route, through Normandy, Paris, and Lyons, a visit to the Glaciers, and your return down the Rhine, which would be commodiously executed in three or four months, at no very extravagant expence, and would be productive of health and spirits to you, of entertainment to you both, and of instruction to *the* Maria. Without the smallest inconvenience to myself, I am able to lodge yourselves and family, by arranging you in the winter apartment, which in the summer season is not of any use to us. I think you will be satisfied with your habitation, and already see you in your dressing-room; a small pleasant room, with a delightful prospect to the west and south. If poor aunt Kitty (you oblige me beyond expression by your tender care of that excellent woman) if she were only ten years younger, I would desire you to take her with you, but I much fear we shall never meet again. You will not complain of the brevity of this epistle; I expect, in return, a full and fair account of yourself, your thoughts and actions, soul and body, present and future, in the safe, though unreserved, confidence of friendship. The Baron in two words hinted but an indifferent account of your health; you are a fine machine; but as he was absent in Ireland, I hope I understand the cause and the remedy.

Next

Next to yourself, I want to hear of the two Baroneſſes. You muſt give me a faithful picture (and though a mother you can give it) of their preſent external and internal forms; for a year has now elapſed, and in *their* lives a year is an age. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CLXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, March 13th, 1785.

MY long ſilence (and it has been long) muſt not, on this occaſion, be imputed to lazineſs, though that little devil may likewise have been buſy. But you cannot forget how many weeks I remained in ſuſpence, expecting every poſt the final ſentence, and not knowing what to ſay in that paſſive uncertainty. It is now ſomething more than a fortnight ſince your laſt letter, and that of Goſſing informed me of the event. I have intended every day to write, and every day I have ſtarted back with reluctance and diſguſt, from the conſideration of the wretched ſubject. Lenborough irrecoverably gone, for three-fourths of its real, at leaſt of its ancient, value; my ſeat in parliament funk in the abyſs of your curſed politics, and a balance neatly cyphered and ſummed by Goſſing, which ſhews me a very ſhallow purſe, in which others have a clearer right to dip than myſelf.

March 21ſt.

Another week is now elapſed, and though nothing is changed in this too faithful ſtate of my affairs, I feel myſelf able to encounter them with more ſpirit and reſolution; to look on the future, rather than the paſt, on the fair, rather than on the foul ſide of the proſpect. I ſhall ſpeak in the confidence of friendſhip, and while you liſten to the more doleful tale of my wants and wiſhes, you will
have

Have the satisfaction of hearing some circumstances in my present situation of a less unpleasing nature. 1. In the first place, I most heartily rejoice in the sale, however unfavourable, of the Bucks estate. Considering the dullness of the times, and the high interest of money, it is not a little to obtain even a tolerable price, and I am sensible how much your patience and industry have been exercised to extort the payment. 2. Your resistance to my Swiss expedition was more friendly than wise. Had I yielded, after eighteen months of suspense and anxiety, I should now, a still poorer man, be driven to embrace the same resource, which has succeeded according to, or even beyond, my most sanguine expectations. I do not pretend to have discovered the terrestrial paradise, which has not been known in this world since the fall of Adam; but I can truly declare, (now the charms of novelty are long since faded,) that I have found the plan of life the best adapted to my temper and my situation. I am now writing to you in a room as good as that in Bentinck-street, which commands the country, the lake, and the mountains, and the opening prospect of the spring. The aforesaid room is furnished without magnificence, but with every convenience for warmth, ease, and study, and the walls are already covered with more than two thousand volumes, the choice of a chosen library. I have health, friends, an amusing society, and perfect freedom. A Commissioner of the Excise! the idea makes me sick. If you ask me what I have saved by my retreat to Lausanne? I will fairly tell you (in the two great articles of a carriage and a house in town, both which were indispensable, and are now annihilated, with the difference of clubs, public places, servants wages, &c.) about four hundred pounds, or guineas, a year; no inconsiderable sum, when it must be annually found as addition to an expence which is somewhat larger than my present revenue. 3. *What is then, you will ask, my present establishment?* This is not by any means a cheap country; and, except in the article of wine, I could give a

1.

dinner,

dinner, or make a coat, perhaps for the same price in London as at Lausanne. My chief advantage arises from the things which I do not want; and in some respects my style of living is enlarged by the increase of my relative importance, an obscure bachelor in England, the master of a considerable house at Lausanne. Here I am expected to return entertainments, to receive ladies, &c. and to perform many duties of society, which, though agreeable enough in themselves, contribute to inflame the housekeeper's bills. From the disbursements of the first year I cannot form any just estimate; the extraordinary expences of the journey, carriage of heavy goods from England, the acquisition of many books, which it was not expedient to transport, the purchase of furniture, wine, fitting up my library, and the irregularity of a new menage, have consumed a pretty large sum. But in a quiet, prudent, regular course of life, I think I can support myself with comfort and honour for six or seven hundred pounds a year, instead of a thousand or eleven hundred in England.

Besides these uncertainties, (uncertain at least as to the time,) I have a sure and honourable supply from my own pen. I continue my History with pleasure and assiduity; the way is long and laborious, yet I see the end, and I can almost promise to land in England next September twelvemonth, with a manuscript of the current value of about four thousand pounds, which will afford either a small income or a large capital. 5. It is in the meanwhile that my situation is somewhat difficult.

* * * * *

Such are the services and revenues of the year; proceed we now, in the style of the budget, to the ways and means of extraordinary supplies.

* * * * *

* * * * * I will not affront your friendship, by observing that you will incur little or no risk on this occasion. Read, consider, act, and write.

It is the privilege of friendship to make our friend a patient hearer, and active associate in our own affairs; and I have now written five pages on my private affairs, without saying a word either of the public, or of yourself. Of the public I have little to say; I never was a very warm patriot, and I grow every day a citizen of the world. The scramble for power or profit at Westminster or St. James's, and the names of Pitt and Fox, become less interesting to me than those of Cæsar and Pompey. You are not a friend of the young Minister, but he is a great favourite on the continent, as he appears to be still; and you must own that the fairness of his character, his eloquence, his application to business, and even his youth, must prepossess at least the ignorant in his favour. Of the merit or defects of his administration I cannot pretend to speak; but I find, from the complaints of some interested persons, that his restraints on the smuggling of tea have already ruined the East India Companies of Antwerp and Sweden, and that even the Dutch will scarcely find it worth their while to send any ships to China. Your Irish friends appear to be more quiet, at least the volunteers and national congress seem to subside. How far that tranquillity must be purchased on our side, by any pernicious sacrifices, you will best decide; and from some hint in your last letters, I am inclined to think that you are less affected than might be supposed with national or local prejudice. Your introduction I have attentively read; the matter, though most important in itself, is out of the line of my studies and habits, and the subordinate beauties of style you disclaim. Yet I can say with truth, that I never met with more curious and diligent investigation, more strong sense, more liberal spirit, and more cool and impartial temper in the same number of pages. By this time you have probably read Necker's book on the finances. Perhaps for you there is too much French enthusiasm and paint; but in many respects you must have gained a knowledge of his country; and on the whole, you must have been pleased with the picture of a great and bene-

volent mind. In your attack on Deyverdun for my picture I cannot promise you much success; he seems resolved to maintain his right of possession, and your only chance would be a personal assault. The next summer (how time slips away!) was fixed for your visit to Lausanne. We are prepared at all points to receive *you*, my Lady, and a princess or two, with their train; and if you have a proper contempt for St. Stephen's chapel, you are perfectly free, and at leisure (can you ever be at leisure?) for the summer season. As you are now in a great measure disengaged from any affairs, you may find time to inform me of your proceedings and your projects. At present I do not even know whether you pass the winter at Sheffield-Place or in Downing-street. My Lady revenges herself of my long silence; yet I embrace her and the infants. Adieu. You have deranged the Decline and Fall this morning. I have finished my epistle since dinner, and am now going to a pleasant party and good supper.

N° CLXXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, September 5th, 1785.

EXTRACT from a weekly English Paper, September 5th, 1785.

“It is reported, but we hope without foundation, that the celebrated Mr. Gibbon, who had retired to Lausanne in Switzerland to finish his valuable History, lately died in that city.”

The hope of the Newspaper-writer is very handsome and obliging to the Historian; yet there are several weighty reasons which would incline me to believe that the intelligence may be true. *Primo*, It must one day be true; and therefore may very probably be so at present. *Secundo*, We may always depend on the impartiality, accuracy, and veracity of an English Newspaper. *Tertio*, which is indeed

indeed the strongest argument, We are credibly informed that for a long time past the said celebrated Historian has not written to any of his friends in England; and as that respectable personage had always the reputation of a most exact and regular correspondent, it may be fairly concluded from his silence, that he either is, or ought to be dead. The only objection that I can foresee, is the assurance that Mr. G—— himself read the article as he was eating his breakfast, and laughed very heartily at the mistake of his brother Historian; but as he might be desirous of concealing that unpleasant event, we shall not insist on his apparent health and spirits, which might be affected by that subtle politician. He affirms, however, not only that he is alive, and was so on the fifth of September, but that his head, his heart, his stomach, are in the most perfect state, and that the climate of Lausanne has been congenial both to his mind and body. He confesses indeed, that after the last severe winter, the gout, his old enemy, from whom he hoped to have escaped, pursued him to his retreat among the mountains of Helvetia, and that the siege was long, though more languid than in his precedent attacks; after some exercise of patience he began to creep, and gradually to walk; and though he can neither run, nor fly, nor dance, he supports himself with firmness on his two legs, and would willingly kick the impertinent Gazetteer; impertinent enough, though more easily to be forgiven than the insolent *Courier du Bas Rhin*, who about three years ago amused himself and his readers with a fictitious epistle from Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Robertson.

Perhaps now you think, Baron, that I shall apologize in humble style for my silence and neglect. But, on the contrary, I do assure you that I am truly provoked at your Lordship's not condescending to be in a passion. I might really have been dead, I might have been sick; if I were neither dead nor sick, I deserved a volley of curses and reproaches for my infernal laziness, and you have defrauded me of my just dues. Had I been silent till Christmas, till doom-

day, you would never have thought it worth your while to abuse me. Why then (let me ask in your name) did you not write before? That is indeed a very curious question of natural and moral philosophy. Certainly I am not lazy; elaborate quartos have proved, and will abundantly prove my diligence. I *can* write; spare my modesty on that subject. I like to converse with my friends by pen or tongue, and as soon as I can set myself a going, I know no moments that run off more pleasantly. I am so well convinced of that truth, and so much ashamed of forcing people that I love to forget me, that I have now resolved to set apart the first hour of each day for the discharge of my obligations; beginning, *comme de raison*, with yourself, and regularly proceeding to Lord Loughborough and the rest. May Heaven give me strength and grace to accomplish this laudable intention! Amen. Certainly (yet I do not know whether it be so certain) I should write much oftener to you if we were not linked in business, and if my business had not always been of the unpleasant and mortifying kind. Even now I shove the ugly monster to the end of this epistle, and will confine him to a page by himself, that he may not infect the purer air of our correspondence. Of my situation here I have little new to say, except a very comfortable and singular truth, that my passion for my wife or mistress (Fanny Laufanne) is not palled by satiety and possession of two years. I have seen her in all seasons, and in all humours, and though she is not without faults, they are infinitely overbalanced by her good qualities. Her face is not handsome, but her person, and every thing about her, has admirable grace and beauty: she is of a very cheerful sociable temper; without much learning, she is endowed with taste and good sense; and though not rich, the simplicity of her education makes her a very good œconomist; she is forbid by her parents to wear any expensive finery; and though her limbs are not much calculated for walking, she has not yet asked me to keep her a coach. Last spring (not to wear the metaphor to rags) I saw
Laufanne

Lausanne in a new light, during my long fit of the gout, and must boldly declare, that either in health or sickness I find it far more comfortable than your huge metropolis. In London my confinement was sad and solitary; the many forgot my existence when they saw me no longer at Brookes's; and the few, who sometimes cast a thought or an eye on their friend, were detained by business or pleasure, the distance of the way, or the hours of the House of Commons, and I was proud and happy if I could prevail on Elmsly to enliven the dulness of the evening. Here the objects are nearer, and much more distinct, and I myself am an object of much larger magnitude. People are not kinder, but they are more idle, and it must be confessed that, of all nations on the globe, the English are the least attentive to the old and infirm; I do not mean in acts of charity, but in the offices of civil life. During three months I have had round my chair a succession of agreeable men and women, who came with a smile, and vanished at a nod; and as soon as it was agreeable I had a constant party at cards, which was sometimes dismissed to their respective homes, and sometimes detained by Deyverdun to supper, without the least trouble or inconvenience to myself. In a word, my plan has most completely answered; and I solemnly protest, after two years trial, that I have never in a single moment repented of my transmigration. The only disagreeable circumstance is the increase of a race of animals with which this country has been long infested, and who are said to come from an island in the Northern Ocean. I am told, but it seems incredible, that upwards of forty thousand English, masters and servants, are now absent on the continent; and I am sure we have our full proportion, both in town and country, from the month of June to that of October. The occupations of the closet, indifferent health, want of horses, in some measure plead my excuse; yet I do too much to please myself, and probably too little to satisfy my countrymen. What is still more unlucky is, that a part of the colony of this present year are
really

really good company, people one knows, &c. ; the Astons, Hales, Hampdens, Trevors, Lady Clarges and Miss Carter, Lord Northington, &c. I have seen Trevor several times, who talks of you, and seems to be a more exact correspondent than myself. *His wife* is much improved by her diplomatic life, and shines in every company, as a woman of fashion and elegance. But those who have repaid me for the rest, were Lord and Lady Spencer. I saw them almost every day, at my house or their own, during their stay of a month ; for they were hastening to Italy, that they might return to London next February. He is a valuable man, and where he is familiar, a pleasant companion ; she a charming woman, who, with sense and spirit, has the simplicity and playfulness of a child. You are not ignorant of her talents, of which she has left me an agreeable specimen, a drawing of the Historic Muse, sitting in a thoughtful posture to compose. So much of self and Co. let us now talk a little of your house and your two countries. Does my Lady ever join in the abuse which I have merited from you ? Is she satisfied with her own behaviour, her unpardonable silence, to one of the prettiest, most obliging, most entertaining, most, &c. epistles that ever was penned since the epistles of * * * * * ? Will she not *meow* one word of reply ? I want some account of her spirits, health, amusements, of the elegant accomplishments of Maria, and the opening graces of Louisa : of yourself I wish to have some of those details which she is most likely to transmit. Are you patient in your exclusion from the House ? Are you satisfied with legislating with your pen ? Do you pass the whole winter in town ? Have you resumed the pursuits of farming, &c. ? What new connections, public or private, have you formed ? A tour to the continent would be the best medicine for the shattered nerves of a soldier and politician. By this expression you will perceive that your letter to Deyverdun is received ; it landed last post, after I had already written the two first pages of this composition. On the whole my friend

friend was pleased and flattered ; but instead of surrendering, or capitulating, he seems to be making preparations for an obstinate defence. He already talks of the right of possession *, of the duties of a good citizen, of a *verit ne excat regnum*, and of a vote of the two hundred, that whomsoever shall, directly or indirectly, &c. is an enemy to his country. Between you be the strife, while I sit with my scales in my hand, like Jupiter on Mount Ida. I begin to view with the same indifference the combat of Achilles Pitt, and Hector Fox ; for such, as it should now seem, must be the comparison of the two warriors. * * * * *

At this distance I am much less angry with bills, taxes, and propositions, than I am pleased with Pitt for making a friend and a deserving man happy, for releasing Batt from the shackles of the law, and for enhancing the gift of a secure and honourable competency, by the handsome manner in which it was conferred. This I understand to be the case, from the unsuspicious evidence of Lord Northington and Chief Baron Skinner ; and if I can find time, (*resolution*,) I will send him a hearty congratulation ; if I fail, you may at least communicate my intentions. Of Ireland I know nothing, and while I am writing 'the Decline of a great Empire, I have not leisure to attend to the affairs of a remote and petty province. I see that your friend Foster has been hooted by the mob, and unanimously chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. How could Pitt expose himself to the disgrace of withdrawing his propositions after a public attempt ? Have Ministers no way of computing beforehand the sense or nonsense of an Irish Parliament ? I am quite in the dark ; your pamphlet, or book, would probably have opened my eyes ; but, whatever may have been the reason, I give you *my word of honour*, that I have never seen nor heard of it. Here we are much more engaged with continental politics. In general we hate the Emperor,

* His portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

as the enemy of peace, without daring to make war. The old lion of Prussia acts a much more glorious part, as the champion of public tranquillity, and the independence of the German states.

And now for the bitter and nauséous pill of pecuniary business, upon which I shall be as concise as possible in the two articles of my discourse, land and money. * * * * *

* * * * *
It is impossible to hate more than I do this odious necessity of owing, borrowing, anticipating, and I look forwards with impatience to the happy period when the supplies will always be raised within the year, with a decent and useful surplus in the treasury. I now trust to the conclusion of my History, and it will hasten and secure the principal comforts of my life. You will believe I am not lazy; yet I fear the term is somewhat more distant than I thought. My long gout lost me three months in the spring; in every great work unforeseen dangers, and difficulties, and delays will arise; and I should be rather sorry than surprised if next autumn was postponed to the ensuing spring. If my Lady (a good creature) should write to Mrs. Porten, she may convey news of my life and health, without saying any thing of this *possible* delay. Adieu. I embrace, &c.

LAUSANNE, October 1st, 1785.

N° CLXXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, January 17th, 1786.

HEAR, all ye nations! An epistle from Sheffield-Place, received the seventeenth of January, is answered the same day; and to say the truth, this method, which is the best, is at the same time the most easy and pleasant. Yet I do not allow that on the last past silence and delay you have any more reason to swear than myself. Our letters crossed each other, our claims were equal, and if both

had been stiffly maintained, our mutual silence must have continued till the day of judgment. The balance was doubtless in my favour, if you recollect the length, the fullness, the variety of pleasant and instructive matter of my last dispatch. Even at present, of myself, my occupations, my designs, I have little or nothing to add; and can only speak dryly and briefly to very dry and disagreeable business.

* * * * * But we shall both agree, that the true criminal is my Lady; and though I do suppose that a letter is on the road, which will make some amends, her obstinate, contumacious, dilatory silence, so many months or years since my valuable letter, is worthy a royal tigress. * * * *

* * * * * Notwithstanding your gloomy politicians, I do love the funds; and were the next war to reduce them to half, the remainder would be a better and pleasanter property, than a similar value in your dirty acres. We are now in the height of our winter amusements; balls, great suppers, comedies, &c. and, except St. Stephen's, I certainly lead a more gay and dissipated life here, among the Alps, (by the bye, a most extraordinary mild winter,) than in the midst of London. Yet my mornings, and sometimes an afternoon, are diligently employed. My work advances, but much remains, indeed much more than I imagined; but a great book, like a great house, was never yet finished at the given time. When I talk of the spring of eighty-seven, I suppose all my time well bestowed; and what do you think of a fit of the gout, that may disqualify me for two or three months? You may growl, but if you calmly reflect on my pecuniary and sentimental state, you will believe that I most earnestly desire to complete my labour, and *visit* England. Adieu.

N° CLXXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, May 10th, 1786.

BY the difference, I suppose, of the posts of France and Germany, Sir Stanier's letter, though first written, is still on the road, and your's, which I received yesterday morning, brought me the first account of poor Mrs. Porten's departure. There are few events that could afflict me more deeply, and I have been ever since in a state of mind more deserving of your pity than of your reproaches. I certainly am not ignorant that we have nothing better to wish for ourselves than the fate of that best-humoured woman, as you very justly style her; a good understanding and an excellent heart, with health, spirits, and a competency, to live in the midst of her friends till the age of fourscore, and then to shut her eyes without pain or remorse. Death can have deprived her only of some years of weakness, perhaps of misery; and for myself, it is surely less painful to lose her at present, than to find her in my visit to England next year sinking under the weight of age and infirmities, and perhaps forgetful of herself and of the persons once the dearest to her. All this is perfectly true: but all these reflections will not dispel a thousand sad and tender remembrances that rush upon my mind. To her care I am indebted in earliest infancy for the preservation of my life and health. I was a puny child, neglected by my mother, starved by my nurse, and of whose being very little care or expectation was entertained; without her maternal vigilance I should either have been in my grave, or imperfectly lived a crooked ricketty monster, a burden to myself and others. To her instructions I owe the first rudiments of knowledge, the first exercise of reason, and a taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life; and though she taught me neither language nor science, she was certainly the

most useful preceptor I ever had. As I grew up, an intercourse of thirty years endeared her to me, as the faithful friend and the agreeable companion. You have seen with what freedom and confidence we lived together, and have often admired her character and conversation, which could alike please the young and the old. All this is now lost, finally, irrecoverably lost! I will agree with my Lady, that the immortality of the soul is at some times a very comfortable doctrine. A thousand thanks to her for her constant kind attention to that poor woman who is no more. I wish I had as much to applaud, and as little to reproach, in my own behaviour towards Mrs. Porten since I left England; and when I reflect that my letters would have soothed and comforted her decline, I feel more deeply than I can express, the real neglect, and seeming indifference, of my silence. To delay a letter from the Wednesday to the Saturday, and then from the Saturday to the Wednesday, appears a very slight offence; yet in the repetition of such delay, weeks, months, and years will elapse, till the omission may become irretrievable, and the consequence mischievous or fatal. After a long lethargy, I had roused myself last week, and wrote to the three old Ladies; my letter for Mrs. Porten went away last post, Saturday night, and yours did not arrive till Monday morning. Sir Stanier will probably open it, and read the true picture of my sentiments for a friend who, when I wrote, was already extinct. There is something sad and awful in the thought, yet, on the whole, I am not sorry that even this tardy epistle preceded my knowledge of her death: but it did not precede (you will observe) the information of her dangerous and declining state, which I conveyed in my last letter, and her anxious concern that she should never see or *hear* from me again. This idea, and the hard thoughts which you must entertain of me, press so much on my mind, that I must frankly acknowledge a strange inexcusable supineness, on which I desire you would make no comment, and

which in some measure may account for my delays in corresponding with you. The unpleasant nature of business, and the apprehension of finding something disagreeable, tempted me to postpone from day to day, not only the answering, but even the opening, your penultimate epistle; and when I received your last, yesterday morning, the seal of the former was still unbroken. Oblige me so far as to make no reflections; my own may be of service to me hereafter. Thus far (except the last sentence) I have run on with a sort of melancholy pleasure, and find my heart much relieved by unfolding it to a friend. And the subject so strongly holds me, so much disqualifies me for other discourse, either serious or pleasant, that here I would willingly stop, and reserve all miscellaneous matter for a second volunteer epistle. But we both know how frail are promises, how dangerous are delays, and there are some pecuniary objects on which I think it necessary to give you an immediate, though now tardy, explanation.

I do not return you any formal thanks for * * * * *

* * * * *

I have really a hundred things to say of myself, of you and Co. of your works, of mine, of my books in Downing-street, of Lausanne, of politics, &c. &c. After this, some epistolary debts must and SHALL be paid; and to proceed with order, I have fixed this day fortnight (May twenty-fifth) for the date and dispatch of your second epistle. Give me credit once more. Pray does my Lady think herself absolved from all obligation of writing to me? To her at least I am not in arrear. Adieu.

N° CLXXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Sir STANIER PORTEN*, Kensington-Palace.

MY DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, May 12th, 1786.

THE melancholy event which you have communicated, in your last obliging letter of the twenty-fourth of April, might indeed be too naturally feared and expected. If we consult our reason, we can wish nothing better for ourselves than the lot of that dear and valuable friend whom we have now lost*. A warm heart, a strong and clear understanding, a most invaluable happiness of temper, which shewed her the agreeable or comfortable side of every object, and every situation; an easy competency, the reward of her own attention; private friendship, general esteem, a mature age, and a placid decline. But these rational motives of consolation are insufficient to check a thousand soft and sad remembrances that rush into my mind; the intimacy of a whole life; of mine, at least, from the earliest dawn of my infancy; the maternal and assiduous care of my health, and afterwards of my mind; the freedom and frequency of our conversations; the regret which I felt in our last separation, and the hope, however faint and precarious, of seeing her again. Time alone can reconcile us to this irreparable loss, and to his healing power I must recommend your grief, as well as my own. I sincerely applaud her very proper and natural disposal of her effects, and am proud of the pre-eminence which she has allowed me in a list of dear and worthy relations.

I am too full of a single idea to expatiate, as I should otherwise do, on indifferent matters; yet not totally indifferent to my friends, since they relate to my present situation. My health is in general

* His aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten.

perfectly good, and the only drawbacks some occasional visits of the gout, which abate, however, in strength, and are grown, I think less frequent and lasting. The life which I lead is temperate and tranquil, and the distemper itself is not common in the purity and dryness of the climate. After a long trial, I can now approve my own choice of retiring to Switzerland. My delightful habitation, at once in town and country; my library, and the society of agreeable men and women, compose a very eligible plan of life, which is shaded with very few, and very slight exceptions. I prosecute with ease, and regular diligence, the conclusion of my History; and, as far as I can judge, I may hope to deliver it to the press in the course of next year. That important business will recall me to England, and detain me there some months; and I shall rejoice in the opportunity of revisiting my country and my friends; among them those of Kensington-Palace hold a high and distinguished place.

I truly sympathize, my dear Sir, in your paternal feelings, in the health and progress of your very promising children. May that, and every other blessing, attend both yourself and Lady Porten. My friend M. Deyverdun desires to assure you of his respect and good wishes. I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours.

N° CLXXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, July 22d, 1786.

* * * * *
 * * * Since I have another page, and some leisure moments, we may as well employ it in friendly converse; the more so, as the great letter to which I alluded is wonderfully precarious and uncertain: the more so likewise, as our correspondence for some time past has been of an abrupt and disagreeable cast. Let us first talk of Sheffield's

field's ~~works~~: they are of two sorts: *Primo*, Two nymphs, whom I much desire to see; the sprightly Maria and the gentle Louisa. I perfectly represent them both in the eye of fancy; each of them accomplished according to her age and character, yet totally different in their external and internal forms. *Secundo*, Three pamphlets; pamphlets! I cry you mercy; three weighty treatises, almost as useful as an inquiry into the state of the primitive church. And here let me justify, if I have not before, my silence on a subject which we authors do not easily forgive. The first, whose first editions had seen the light before I left England, followed me here in a more complete condition; and that Treatise on the American Trade has been read, judged, approved, and reported. The second, on Ireland, I have seen by accident the copy you sent to Mr. Trevor, who passed last summer (eighty-five) here. The third, and in my present situation the most interesting, on the French Commerce *, I have not yet seen by any means whatsoever, and you who know what orders you have given to Elmsly or others, will best discern on whom should be laid the fault and the blame. By the bye, Mrs. Trevor is now here, without her husband, and I am just going to see her, about a mile out of town: she is judged elegant and amiable. But to return to your books, all that I have seen must do you honour, and might do the public service; you are above the trifling decorations of style; but your sense is strong, your views impartial, and your industry laudable. I find that your American Tract is just translated into German. Do you still correspond with * * * *? If he could establish a beneficial intercourse between the two first nations in the world, I would excuse him some little political tergiversation. At some distance of time and place, those domestic squabbles lose much of their importance; and though I should not forgive him any breach of private friendship or confi-

* * * A mistake—Lord Sheffield did not PUBLISH any tract on French Commerce.

dence,

dence, I cannot much blame him if he chose rather to serve his family and his country, than to persevere in a hopeless and, as I suspect, an unpopular opposition. You have never told me clearly and correctly how you support your inactive retreat from the House of Commons; whether you have resumed your long forgotten taste for rural and domestic pleasures, and whether you have never cast a look towards Coventry, or some other borough equally pure and respectable. In the short space that is left I will only repeat more distinctly, that in the present contemplation of my work, June or July of next year is the earliest term at which I can hope to see England; and if I have a fit of the gout? I have indeed been free from the monster this last twelvemonth; but he is most arbitrary and capricious. Of my own situation let me say with truth that it is tranquil, easy, and well adapted to my character. All enthusiasm is now at an end; I see things in their true light, and I applaud the judgment and choice of my retirement. I am well, happy, and diligent; but your kind hint of the London house is perfectly superfluous; as instead of the *spring*, we must already read the *summer* of next year. Do not be childish or passionate; trust me, I wish to appear in England; but it must be with my book in my hand; and a book takes more time in making than a pudding. Adieu. Will my Lady never write?

You see why I have left a blank in the first page; and when I begun I had no design of going beyond it; and now, unless I have some extraordinary fit of diligence and zeal, shall probably wait till the return of your epistle. A word before we part, about the least unpleasant of my business; my library in Downing-street. Excuse the accidental derangement; I shall send for no more books, and only beg you to give them shelter in your uninhabited parlour till my arrival. Two or three mornings will suffice for personal review, and the subsequent steps of sale or travel will most properly be executed under my own eye. Once more adieu.

N° CLXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mr. CADELL, Bookseller, London.*

DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, December 16th, 1786.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning (the 16th instant), and answer it the same day. I am a sad correspondent, but it has been my constant endeavour that my negligence should never affect the interest or happiness of my friends.

The report you so kindly mention is somewhat incorrect. I never could fix a particular day for dining with Lord Sheffield, nor should I think of performing the journey in the winter month of February. The last autumn was the term which I had fixed in my hopes, and long since in my letters to him. It has been changed to next spring, and by the spring I must now understand the middle of the summer, which I can at present ascertain with some confidence, from a nearer prospect of the end of my work, which I shall bring over for the press. It will consist of three more quarto volumes, somewhat thinner, perhaps, than their predecessors; but as that difference cannot be enough to affect the price, it will be so much saved on the author's pains, and the printer's expences. I am happy to understand the public entertain the same opinion of the past, and the same impatience for the remainder; and, unless I am strangely deceived, their expectation will not be disappointed. The three last volumes are laboured at least with equal diligence; they contain a longer period of time, and a far greater variety of events; and the whole will comprise a general series of history, from the reign of Trajan and the Antonines, to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second; with a review of Mahomet and his successors, the Crusades and the Turks, as far as in their utmost latitude they are connected with the fate of the Eastern or Western Empire. With regard to our pecuniary arrangements, I persuade myself that

we shall have no more difficulties now than heretofore; that you will cheerfully assign the same value to the three younger as to the three elder brothers; and that so important a transaction will have been concluded in the first instance by three minutes of conversation, and in the second by three lines of a letter; a memorable example in the annals of authors and booksellers. If you agree with me on this subject, you may provide paper, &c. as soon as you please in the spring, in the full confidence of seeing me with my book in the summer; and I should not be sorry to learn what time (in using the utmost expedition) would be sufficient for printing, and how late you would consent to publish in the ensuing spring. At this moment, when I am straining every nerve to conclude my living labours, I am ill-disposed to lose any time in the dull dead work of correcting a new edition. When I am in England, quiet in the country, there would be room and leisure for a complete revision; and I should have no objection to place at the end of the sixth volume a string of amendments and improvements, which hereafter might be inserted in their proper places. We shall likewise have occasion for a good and general index to the whole.

I sincerely condole with you in your various losses: Rose and Strahan were indeed valuable men. For myself, you will rejoice to hear that I am satisfied with my Swiss retirement; and that, except some mild and transient fits of the gout, I enjoy as much health and happiness as is compatible with the lot of man. I expect with much impatience Dr. Robertson's improved edition. There are three or four books which I should like to have without delay: that work, Pennant's Arctic Zoology, White's Sermons (the Arabic professor), the Annual Registers since the year 1782. With Elmsley's assistance (he is a sad dog, but I will write to him soon) could you not inclose them in a small box, with any other recent publications of merit, and dispatch them instantly by some more costly and expeditious mode of conveyance? I am, most faithfully yours.

N° CLXXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, January 20th, 1787.

AFTER some sallies of wrath, you seem at length to have subsided in sullen silence, and I must confess not totally without reason. Yet if your mind be still open to truth, you will confess that I am not so black as I appear. 1. Your Lordship has shewn much less activity and eloquence than formerly, and your last letter was an answer to mine, which I had expected some time with impatience. Bad examples are dangerous to young people. 2. Formerly I have neglected answering your epistles on essential, though unpleasant, business; and the *res-publica* or *privata* may have suffered by my neglect. Supposing therefore we had no transactions, why should I write so often? To exchange sentimental compliments, or to relate the various and important transactions of the republic of Lausanne. As long as I do not inform you of my death, you have good grounds to believe me alive and well. You have a general, and will soon have a more particular idea of my system and arrangement here. One day glides away after another in tranquil uniformity. Every object must have sides and moments less luminous than others; but, upon the whole, the life and the place which I have chosen are most happily adapted to my character and circumstances; and I can now repeat, at the end of three years, what I soon and sincerely affirmed, that never, in a single instant, have I repented of my scheme of retirement to Lausanne; a retirement which was judged by my best and wisest friend a project little short of insanity. The place, the people, the climate, have answered or exceeded my warmest expectations. And though I truly rejoice in my approaching visit to England, Mr. Pitt, were he your friend and mine, would not find it an easy task to prevent my return. 3. And now let me add

a third reason, which often diverted me from writing ; namely, my impatience to see you this next summer. I am building a great book, which, besides the three stories already exposed to the public eye, will have three stories more before we reach the roof and battlements. You too have built or altered a great Gothic castle with baronial battlements. Did you finish it within the time you intended ? As that time drew near, did you not find a thousand nameless and unexpected works that must be performed ; each of them calling for a portion of time and labour ? and had you not despised, nobly despised, the minute diligence of finishing, fitting up, and furnishing the apartments, you would have discovered a new train of indispensable business. Such, at least, has been my case. A long while ago, when I contemplated the distant prospect of my work, I gave you and myself some hopes of landing in England last autumn ; but, alas ! when autumn grew near, hills began to rise on hills, Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far more tedious and toilsome than I had imagined. When I look back on the length of the undertaking, and the variety of materials, I cannot accuse, or suffer myself to be accused of idleness ; yet it appeared that unless I doubled my diligence, another year, and perhaps more, would elapse before I could embark with my complete manuscript. Under these circumstances I took, and am still executing, a bold and meritorious resolution. The mornings in winter, and in a country of early dinners, are very concise ; to them, my usual period of study, I now frequently add the evenings, renounce cards and society, refuse the most agreeable evenings, or perhaps make my appearance at a late supper. By this extraordinary industry, which I never practised before, and to which I hope never to be again reduced, I see the last part of my History growing apace under my hands ; all my materials are collected and arranged ; I can exactly compute, by the square foot, or the square page, all that remains to be done ; and after concluding text and notes, after a general review of my time
and

and my ground, I now can decisively ascertain the final period of the Decline and Fall, and can boldly promise that I will dine with you at Sheffield-Place in the month of August, or perhaps of July, in the present year; within less than a twelvemonth of the term which I had loosely and originally fixed; and perhaps it would not be easy to find a work of that size and importance in which the workman has so tolerably kept his word with himself and the public. But in this situation, oppressed with this particular object, and stealing every hour from my amusement, to the fatigue of the pen, and the eyes, you will conceive, or you might conceive, how little stomach I have for the epistolary style; and that instead of idle, though friendly, correspondence, I think it far more agreeable to employ my time in the effectual measures that may hasten and exhilarate our personal interview. About a month ago I had a voluntary, and not unpleasing, epistle from Cadell; he informs me that he is going to print a new octavo edition, the former being exhausted, and that the public expect with impatience the conclusion of that excellent work, whose reputation increases every day, &c. I answered him by the return of the post, to inform him of the period and extent of my labours, and to express a reasonable hope that he would set the same value on the three last as he had done on the three former volumes. Should we conclude in this easy manner a transaction so honourable to the author and bookseller, my way is clear and open before me; in pecuniary matters I think I am assured for the rest of my life of never troubling my friends, or being troubled myself; a state to which I aspire, and which I indeed deserve, if not by my management, at least by moderation.

In your last, you talk more of the French treaty than of yourself and your wife and family; a true English *quid nunc*? For my part, in this remote, inland, neutral country, you will suppose, that after a slight glance on the papers, I have neither had the means nor the inclination to think very deeply about it. As a citizen of the world,

a character to which I am every day rising or sinking, I must rejoice in every agreement that diminishes the separation between neighbouring countries, which softens their prejudices, unites their interests and industry, and renders their future hostilities less frequent and less implacable. With regard to the present treaty, I hope both nations are gainers; since otherwise it cannot be lasting; and such double mutual gain is surely possible in fair trade, though it could not easily happen in the mischievous amusements of war and gaming.

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* * * * * What a delightful hand have these great statesmen made of it since my departure! without power, and, as far as I can see, without hope. When we meet I shall advise you to digest all your political and commercial knowledge, (England, Ireland, France, America,) and, with some attention to style and order, to make the whole a classic book, which may preserve your name and benefit your country. I know not whether you have seen Sir Henry Clinton since his return: he passed a day with me, and seemed pleased with my reception and place. We talked over you and the American war. I embrace the *silent my Lady* and the two honourable Misses, whom I sigh to behold and admire. - Adieu. Ever yours.

Though I can part with land, you find I cannot part with books: the remainder of my library has so long embarrassed your room, that it may now await my presence and final judgment. Has my Lady read a novel intitled *Caroline de Litchfield*, of our home manufacture; I may say of ours, since Deyverdun and myself were the judges and patrons of the manuscript. The author, who is since married a second time, (Madame de Croufaz, now Montolieu,) is a charming woman. I was in some danger. Once more, bar a long fit of the gout, and the Historian will land at Dover before the end of July. Adieu.

N° CLXXXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mr. CADELL*, London.

DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, February 24th, 1787.

I AM perfectly satisfied with your's and Mr. Strahan's cheerful and liberal assent to my proposal, and am glad to find that your partner has not degenerated from his worthy father, whose loss I sincerely lament. The sole remaining difficulty (of the volumes falling below the guinea price) it is unnecessary for the present to discuss, as I think it unlikely to happen. As I am resolved to finish and revise the work before I leave Lausanne, it will depend on yourself to arrange your preparations of paper, &c. in such a manner that we may lose no time, but go to press the first week after my arrival. But in the mean while I wish you to reflect and inquire; 1st, In how many months the impression of the three volumes may be completed, either with ordinary or extraordinary diligence. And, 2dly, How late in next year you would be desirous or willing to publish. On my revival I may find more alterations and improvements to make than I at present foresee; I may be disabled by a fit of the gout; and your speedy answer will inform me of the utmost latitude in which I may be indulged, without totally disconcerting our common interest. You probably agree with me in the necessity of a good general index for the six volumes. If you are possessed of an intelligent workman, he might without delay take in hand the first three volumes; but in that case I must desire him to send me as soon as possible a *short* specimen by the post. I have thought on the subject of index-making, and can give him some advice, which will abridge the size, without impairing the use and value of his alphabetical table. By a letter of the thirteenth instant, Elmsley informs me that he is on the point of sending the books; and I hope to have

have them here before the end of next month. I propose writing to him very soon; but as the events of life are uncertain, it may be safer to answer his question through your channel: "The author of "Caroline (Madame de Croufaz) is now become Madame la Baronne de Montolieu by second marriage, and has other cares and pleasures besides those of writing. Her pen is not idle, but her new schemes of romance are not in any degree of forwardness or maturity. Perhaps an handsome proposal from an English bookseller might stimulate her diligence." I am sincerely yours.

In our style of negociation it is almost superfluous to say that I reserve about a score of copies for myself and my friends.

N^o CXC.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, June 2d, 1787.

I BEGIN to discover that if I wait till I could atchieve a just and satisfactory epistle, equally pleasant and instructive, you would have a poor chance of hearing from me. I will therefore content myself with a simple answer to a question, which (I love to believe) you repeat with some impatience: "When may we expect you in England?" My great building is, as it were, completed, and some slight ornaments, the painting and glazing of the last finished rooms may be dispatched without inconvenience in the autumnal residence of Sheffield-Place. It is therefore my sincere and peremptory intention to depart from Lausanne about the twentieth of July, and to find myself (*me trouver*) in London on or before the glorious first of August. I know of nothing that can prevent it but a fit of the gout, the capricious tyrant, who obeys no laws either of time or place; and so unfortunately are we circumstanced, that such a fit,

if

if it came late and lasted long, would effectually disable me from coming till next spring; since thereby I should lose the season, the monsoon, for the impression of three quarto volumes, which will require nine months (a regular parturition), and cannot advantageously appear after the beginning or middle of May. At the same time do not be apprehensive that I mean to play you a dog's trick. From a thousand motives it is my wish to come over this year: the desire of seeing you, and the *silent fullen* my Lady; the family arrangements, discharge of servants, which I have already made; the strong wish of settling my three youngest children in a manner honourable to them and beneficial to their parents. Much miscellaneous matter rises to my pen, but I will not be tempted to turn the leaf. Expect me therefore at Sheffield-Place, with strong probability, about the fifteenth of August. Adieu. Yours.

N° CXCI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, July 21st, 1787.

THE twentieth of July is past, and I am still at Lausanne; but the march of heavy bodies, such as armies and historians, can seldom be foreseen or fixed to a precise day. Some particular reasons have engaged me to allow myself another week; and the day of my departure is now (*I believe*) determined for Sunday the twenty-ninth instant. You know the road and the distance. I am no rapid English traveller, and my servant is not accustomed to ride post. I was never fond of deeds of darkness, and if the weather be hot, we must repose in the middle of the day. Yet the roads are in general good: between sun and sun the interval is long; and, barring the accidents of winds and waves, I think it possible to reach London in ten or twelve days; *viz.* on or before the ninth of August. With

your active spirit, you will scarce understand how I can look on this easy journey with some degree of reluctance and apprehension; but after a tranquil sedentary life of four years, (having lain but a single night out of my own bed,) I see mountains and monsters in the way; and so happy do I feel myself *at home*, that nothing but the strongest calls of friendship and interest could drag me from hence. You ingeniously propose that I should turn off at Sittingbourn, and seem to wonder what business I can find, or make, for an immediate residence in the capital. Have you totally forgot that I bring over three quarto volumes for the press? and are you ignorant that not a moment must be lost, if we are desirous of appearing at a proper season; and that I must set the machine in motion before I can secede to Sheffield-Place with an easy mind, and for a reasonable term? Of this be assured, that I shall not be less impatient than yourself, and that, of human two-legged animals, yourself and yours are the first whom I shall wish to see in England. For myself, I do not regret the occupancy of Downing-street; in my first visit to London, a lodging or hotel in the Adelphi will be more convenient; but I have some anxiety about my books, and must try whether I can approach those holy relics, without offending the delicacy of an amiable Duchess. Our interview is so near, that I have little more to add, except a caution about my own concerns, in which you will confess, that from —, and —, to —, I have been generally unlucky. If any thing remains, present or future, it must be agitated and decided; but all retrospects are useless and painful, and we have so many pleasant subjects of conversation, that all such odious matters may be buried in oblivion. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Louisa, but I no longer presume, even on paper, to embrace the blooming Maria. Ever yours.

N° CXCII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

ADELPHI HOTEL, August 8th, 1787.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY. This day (August the seventh) the celebrated E. G. arrived with a numerous retinue (one servant). We hear that he has brought over from Laufanne the remainder of his History for immediate publication. The post had left town before my arrival. I am pleased, but indeed astonished, to find myself in London, after a journey of six hundred miles, and hardly yet conceive how I had resolution to undertake it. I find myself not a little fatigued, and have devoted this hot day to privacy and repose, without having seen any body except Cadell and Elmsley, and my neighbour Batt, whose civility amounts to kindness and real friendship. But you may depend on it, that instead of sauntering in town, or giving way to every temptation, I will dispatch my necessary work, and hasten with impatience to the groves of Sheffield-Place; a project somewhat more rational than the hasty turbulent visit which your vigour had imagined. If you come up to quicken my diligence we shall meet the sooner; but I see no appearance of my leaving town before the end of next week. I embrace, &c. Adieu.

N° CXCIH.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Afternoon, 1787.

PRECIPITATE, I inconvenience! Alas! alas! I am a poor miserable cripple, confined to my chair. Last Wednesday evening I felt some flying symptoms of the gout: for two succeeding days I

struggled bravely, and went in a chair to dine with Batt and Lord Loughborough: but on Saturday I yielded to my conqueror. I have now passed three wearisome days without amusement, and three miserable nights without sleep. Yet my acquaintances are charitable; and as virtue should never be made too difficult, I feel that a man has more friends in Pall-mall than in Bentinck-street. This fit is remarkably painful; the enemy is possessed of the left foot and knee, and how far he may carry the war God only knows. Of futurity it is impossible to speak; but it will be fortunate if I am able to leave town by the end, not of this, but of the ensuing week. What may be the future progress, whether slow or rapid, fluctuating or steady, time alone will determine; and to that master of human knowledge I must leave our Bath journey. Pity me, magnanimous Baron; pity me, tender females; pity me, Swiss exile*; and believe me, it is far better to be learning English at Uckfield. I write with difficulty, as the least motion or constraint in my attitude is repeated by all the nerves and sinews in my knee. But you shall find each day a note or bulletin of my health. To-morrow I must give pain to Mrs. G——. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CXCIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady* SHEFFIELD.

BATH, December 18th, 1787.

ALAS! alas! alas! How vain and fallacious are all the designs of man. This is now the eighteenth of December, precisely one month since my departure from Sheffield-Place; and it was firmly my wish, my hope, my resolution, that after dispatching some needful business in London, and accomplishing a pious duty at Bath, I

* M. Wilhel. de Severy.

should by this day be restored to the tranquil leisure, and friendly society, of Sheffield-Place. A cruel tyrant has disconcerted all my plans; my business in town has been neglected, my attendance at Bath is just begun, and my return is yet distant. I was not a little edified to hear of some expressions of regret and discontent on my departure; and though I am not able to produce as good evidence, you will perhaps believe that in the solitude of a London lodging I often railed at the gout for maliciously delaying his attack till I was removed from a place where my sufferings would have been alleviated by every kind and comfortable attention. I grew at last so desperately impatient, as to resolve on immediate flight, without waiting till I had totally expelled the foe, and recovered my strength. I performed the journey with tolerable ease, but the motion has agitated the remains of the humour. I am very lame, and a second fit may possibly be the punishment of my rashness.

As yet I have seen nothing of Bath except Mrs. G——; and weakness, as well as propriety, will confine me very closely to her. Lord Sheffield, with Mrs. Holroyd and Maria, dined with us yesterday. We begin to throw out hints of the shortness of our stay, and indispensable business; and, unless I should be confined by the gout, it is resolved in our cabinet to leave Bath on Thursday the twenty-sixth, and passing through Lord Loughborough's and town, to settle at Sheffield-Place, most assuredly, before the end of the year. For my own part I can say with truth, that did not the press loudly demand my presence, I could, without a sigh, allow the Duchess to reign in Downing-street the greatest part of the winter, and should be happy in the society of two persons (no common blessing) whom I love, and by whom I am beloved.

Adieu, dear Madam, and believe me, with the affection of a friend and a brother, ever yours.

N° CXC.V.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

MY DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE OF EDINBURGH, February 27th, 1788.

THOUGH you have now been some time in London, yet as I heard of your welfare by different channels, and as I know from experience how much a man has to do who is printing three quartos, even after he thinks they are altogether ready for the press, I have hitherto forbore to interrupt you by any letter or inquiry of mine. But there is such a general impatience to see your new publication among people of letters here; and, as your friend, I am so frequently interrogated about the length it has advanced, and the time when it will appear, that I begin to be ashamed of knowing nothing more about it than other people. I must request of you then to furnish me with such information as may both preserve my credit, and gratify my own curiosity. My expectations from this part of your work are, indeed, very high. Your materials begin to improve, and are certainly much more copious than during a great part of the period you have gone through. You have three or four events as great, and splendid, and singular, as the heart of an historian could wish to delineate. The contemporary writers will furnish you with all the necessary facts. To adorn them as elegant writers, or to account for them as philosophers, never entered into their heads. This they have left to you.

Since you went to the continent I have not done so much as I wished. My health, until lately, has been more shattered; and as I advance in life, (I am now sixty-six,) though my faculties, I imagine, are still entire, yet I find my mind less active and ardent. I have, however, finished a very careful revise of all my works, and have given them the last polish they will receive from my hand. I

have made some additions to each of them, and in the History of Scotland pretty considerable ones. I have desired Mr. Strahan to send to you a copy of them uniformly bound, and hope you will accept of them, as a memorial of my esteem and affection. You will see that I have got in Mr. Whitaker an adversary so bigotted and zealous, that though I have denied no article of faith, and am at least as orthodox as he himself, yet he rails against me with all the asperity of theological hatred. I shall adhere to my fixed maxim of making no reply. May I hope that when you see Lord Loughborough you will remember me to him with kindness and respect. Our friend Mr. Smith, whom we were in great danger of losing, is now almost perfectly re-established. I have the honour to be, with great truth, your most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CXCVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

DOWNING-STREET, June 21st, 1788.

INSTEAD of the Historian you receive a short letter, in your eyes an indispensable tribute. This day, at length, after long delay and frequent expostulation, I have received the writings, which I am now in the act of signing, sealing, and delivering, according to the lawyer's directions. * * * * *
 * * * * * I long to be at Sheffield-Place. You see my departure is not postponed a moment by idleness or pleasure, but the precise day still hangs on contingencies, and we must all be patient, if our wishes should be thwarted. I say our wishes, for I sincerely desire to be with you. I have had many dinners, some splendid and memorable, with Hastings last Thursday, with the Prince of Wales next Tuesday at Craufurd's. But the town empties, Texier is silent, and in an evening, I *desiderate* the resources of a family

family or a club. Caplin has finished the Herculean labour, and seven majestic boxes will abdicate on Monday your hall. Severy has likewise dispatched his affairs, and secured his companion Clarke, who is arrived in town; but his schemes are abridged by the inexorable rigour of Lord Howe, who has assured our great and fair intercessors, that by the King's order the dock-yards are shut against all strangers. We therefore give up Portsmouth, and content ourselves with two short trips; one to Stowe and Oxford, the other to Chatham; and if we can catch a launch and review, *encore vit on*. He (Severy, not Lord Howe,) salutes with me the family. Adieu. Yours.

N° CXCVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lord SHEFFIELD.*

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday.

ACCORDING to your imperious law I write a line, to postpone my arrival till Friday, or perhaps Saturday, but I hope Friday, and I promise you that not a moment shall be wasted. And now let me add a cool word as to my final departure, which is irrevocably fixed between the tenth and fifteenth of July. After a full and free enjoyment of each other's society, let us submit, without a struggle, to reason and fate. It would be idle to pretend business at Laufanne; but a complete year will elapse before my return. Severy and myself are now expected with some impatience. I am thankful for your hospitable entertainment; but I wish you to remember Homer's admirable precept:

“ Welcome the coming, *speed* the parting guest.”

Spare me, therefore, spare yourself, the trouble of a fruitless contest, in which, according to a great author, I foresee a certain loss of time, and a probable loss of temper. I believe we shall have both Craufurd and Hugonin at Sheffield-Place. Adieu.

N^o CXCVIII.*The Same to the Same.*

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday, June 1788.

I HAVE but a moment between my return home and my dressing, and heartily tired I am; for I am now involved in the horrors of shopping, packing, &c. yet I must write four lines, to prevent a growl, which might salute the arrival of an empty-handed post on Sunday. I hope the whole caravan, Christians and Pagans, arrived in good health at the castle; that the turrets begin to rise to the third heaven; that each has found a proper occupation; and that Tuft * enjoys the freedom and felicity of the lawn. Yesterday the august scene was closed for this year. Sheridan surpassed himself; and though I am far from considering him as a perfect orator, there were many beautiful passages in his speech, on justice, filial love, &c.; one of the closest chains of argument I ever heard, to prove that Hastings was responsible for the acts of Middleton; and a compliment, much admired, to a certain Historian of your acquaintance. Sheridan, in the close of his speech, sunk into Burke's arms; but I called this morning, he is perfectly well. I fear that I shall not be able to dine at home a single day. To-morrow Severy and myself go to Bushy. I hope to be with you by Sunday the twenty-second instant. The casing of my books is a prodigious operation. Adieu.

N^o CXCIX.*Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.*

DEAR SIR,

COLLEGE OF EDINBURGH, July 30th, 1788.

LONG before this I should have acknowledged the receipt of your most acceptable present; but for several weeks I have been afflicted with a violent fit of deafness, and that unsocial malady is always

* Lady Sheffield's lap-dog.

accompanied with such a degree of languor, as renders even the writing of a letter an effort. During my solitude the perusal of your book has been my chief amusement and consolation. I have gone through it once with great attention, and am now advanced to the last volume in my second reading. I ventured to predict the superior excellence of the volumes lately published, and I have not been a false prophet. Indeed, when I consider the extent of your undertaking, and the immense labour of historical and philosophic research requisite towards executing every part of it, I am astonished that all this should have been accomplished by one man. I know no example, in any age or nation, of such a vast body of valuable and elegant information communicated by any individual. I feel, however, some degree of mortification mingled with my astonishment. Before you began your historic career, I used to pride myself in being at least the most industrious historian of the age; but now, alas! I can pretend no longer even to that praise, and must say, as Pliny did of his uncle, *Si comparer illi sum desidiōsissimus*. Your style appears to me improved in these new volumes; by the habit of writing, you write with greater ease. I am sorry to find that our ideas on the effects of the Crusades do not altogether coincide. I considered that point with great care, and cannot help thinking still that my opinion was well founded. I shall consult the authorities to which I refer; for when my sentiments differ from yours, I have some reason to distrust them, and I may possibly trouble you with a letter on the subject. I am much flattered with the manner in which you have so often mentioned my name. *Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro*. I feel much satisfaction in having been distinguished by the two historians of my own times, whose favourable opinion I was most ambitious of obtaining.

I hope this letter may find you still in England. When you return to Lausanne, permit me to recommend to your good offices my youngest son, who is now at Yverdun on account of his health, and lives with M. Herman, a clergyman there. You will find the
young

young man (if you can rely on the partial testimony of a father) sensible, modest, and well-bred, and though no great scholar, he has seen much; having returned from India, where he served last war, by Bassora, Bagdat, Moussul, and Aleppo. He is now a Captain in the twenty-third regiment. If you have any friend at Yverdun, be so good as to recommend him. It will do him credit to have your countenance. I have desired him to pay his respects to you at Lausanne. Farewell, my dear Sir. I ever am yours most faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CC.

Dr. ADAM SMITH to Mr. GIBBON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

EDINBURGH, December 10th, 1788.

I HAVE ten thousand apologies to make, for not having long ago returned you my best thanks for the very agreeable present you made me of the three last volumes of your History. I cannot express to you the pleasure it gives me to find, that by the universal assent of every man of taste and learning, whom I either know or correspond with, it sets you at the very head of the whole literary tribe at present existing in Europe. I ever am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

N° CCI.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. CADELL, Bookseller, London.

LAUSANNE, February 11th, 1789.

I SHOULD be much more ashamed of my silence, were I not satisfied that you have received a recent and favourable account of me from some of our friends who have visited this place since my re-

turn. But I should be inexcusable, did I not thank you for your kind and seasonable wishes, which I can return with equal sincerity. I do not propose making any improvements or corrections in the octavo edition which you meditate: some slight alterations would give me more trouble than pleasure. A thorough revision of the whole work would be the labour of many months; it may be the amusement of my old age, and will be a valuable legacy, to renew your copy-right at the expiration of the last fourteen years. In the mean while, some expedition may be useful to guard your property from the unexpected invasion of *foreign* pirates. Eight volumes in octavo are already printed at Basil, and the remainder is expected every day. I am both glad and sorry to inform you, that the type is neat, the paper tolerable, and the text *wonderfully* correct. I hear of another English edition in Saxony, and of two French translations advancing with speed and emulation at Paris. Of the success of the work at home you are best qualified, and most interested, to judge; and I am happy to find that you express yourself, with some reserve, satisfied with the sale. From some reports of angry criticisms, and from the use and abuse of my name in the papers, I perceive that I am not forgotten. Before a year has elapsed from the time of publication, my History will have been perused by some thousand readers of various characters and understandings. Each will probably find something to blame, and I hope something to commend; and the balance of their private judgments will fix the public estimate of its merit and reputation. Since my return I have been, as I promise in the preface, very busy and very idle in my library: several ideal works have been embraced and thrown aside; but if the warm weather should ripen any project to form and maturity, you may depend on the earliest intelligence. I have received a very friendly and flattering letter from Dr. Robertson, and have had the pleasure of shewing some civilities to his son during his residence in this place. If you can, send me a good account of Adam Smith; there

is.

is no man more sincerely interested in his welfare than myself. I beg you will present my compliments to all our friends, particularly to Mr. Strahan and Dr. Gillies. Tell Elmsley, that I have received with due contrition, his *third* letter: unless you are speedy, my answer *will* anticipate your information. I am most faithfully yours.

N^o CCII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Lady* PORTEN, Kensington-palace.

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, June 27th, 1789.

I RECEIVED with more concern than surprize, your kind notification of my poor uncle's departure. My own knowledge of his many valuable qualities teaches me to sympathize in your loss; but his long infirmities and gradual decay must have prepared you for the melancholy event, and your own reason will suggest the best and strongest motives of consolation; among these is your regard for the amiable children whom he has left behind. Your labours for their future happiness will be assisted by all your friends, who are attached to his memory; and for my own part, I beg leave to assure you, that on every occasion I shall consider them as my near and dear relations. When I had last the pleasure of seeing Charlotte at Kensington, I was delighted with her innocent cheerfulness, with her assiduous care of her poor father, and with an appearance of sense and discretion far beyond her years. How happy should I think myself, if I had a daughter of her age and disposition, who in a short time would be qualified to govern my family, and to be my companion and comfort in the decline of life!

You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that my situation at Lausanne continues, almost in every respect, as agreeable as I could wish. The only circumstance which embitters my happiness, is the declining health of my friend Mons. Deyverdun. I cannot long flatter myself with the hope of possessing him. I am, dear Madam, &c.

N° CCIII.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. CADELL.

DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, November 17th, 1790.

I SHOULD indeed be inexcusable for my long neglect of your last obliging letter, had it not reached me in a moment of pain and weakness, in a fit of the gout, the longest and most severe that I have ever known. A letter with me is no trifling enterprize; and before I could find strength, and time, and resolution, the occasion on which you so handsomely consulted me was already past. I suppose that the abridgment of my History is now freely circulated, either with or without your name; nor can I foresee any possible mischief, either for *my* reputation or *your* interest. A translation, an abridgment, or even a criticism, always proves the success, and consequently extends the sale, of any popular work.

As I am inclined to flatter myself that you have no reason to be displeased with your purchase, I now wish to ask you whether you feel yourself disposed to add a seventh, or supplemental volume to my History? The materials of which it will be composed will naturally be classed under the three following heads: 1. A series of fragments, disquisitions, digressions, &c. more or less connected with the principal subject. 2. Several tables of geography, chronology, coins, weights and measures, &c.; nor should I despair of obtaining from a gentleman at Paris some accurate and well-adapted maps. 3. A critical review of all the authors whom I have used and quoted *. I am convinced such a supplement might be rendered entertaining, as well as useful; and that few purchasers would refuse

* Mr. Gibbon soon became tired of this plan, and expressed a wish it had not been mentioned. He said his History was a critical review of the authors he had used. S.

to *complete* their Decline and Fall. But as the writer could not derive either fame or amusement from these obscure labours, he must be encouraged by other motives ; and, in plain English, I should expect the same reward for the seventh, as for any of the preceding volumes. You think and act with too much liberality, to confound such a large original supplement with the occasional improvements of a new edition, which are already your property by the terms of our former covenant. But as I am jealous of standing clear, not only in law and equity, but in your esteem and my own, I shall instantly renounce the undertaking, if it appears by your answer that you have the shadow of an objection. Should you tempt me to proceed, this supplement will be only the employment of my leisure hours ; and I foresee that full two years will elapse before I can deliver it into the hands of the printer.

Our friend Elmsley, who possibly thinks me dead and buried, will be, or will not be, surprized when you inform him that I have now a letter of two pages in my bureau addressed to him, dated the twenty-sixth of May, and not yet finished. Hunger, literary hunger, will soon, however, compel me to write ; as I have many questions to ask, and many commissions to give. In the mean while I thirst for Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolutions of France. Intreat Elmsley, in my name, to dispatch it to Lausanne with care and speed, by *any* mode of conveyance less expensive than the post. He may add to the parcel the new edition of Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments. I heard of his death with more concern than surprize. What a loss to letters, philosophy, and mankind !

I beg you would remember me to Mr. Strahan and all our friends. In my happy exile, my public and private affections remind me that I am an Englishman. Pray thank Dr. Moore, in my name, for the pleasure which I have received from Zeluco, the best philosophical romance of the age. If he cultivates his talents by any similar publications, I only wish that he would place the scene at home ;

we may describe the characters, but we can never paint the *manners* of foreigners; and the quarrel of the two Scotchmen is doubtless the best chapter in the book. I am, dear Sir, most faithfully yours.

N° CCIV.

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. CADELL.

DEAR SIR,

LAUSANNE, April 27th, 1791.

TOO many posts have slipped away since my receipt of your last letter, without my assuring you that every shadow of misapprehension has vanished from my mind, and that I am perfectly satisfied with the liberality of your sentiments and conduct. But I am every day more inclined to believe that on the present occasion they will not be put to the trial. On a closer inspection, I discover more difficulty and less advantage than I had at first imagined in the plan of a supplement; and I feel the objection, which you so handsomely decline, against encreasing the weight and price of so voluminous a work. Perhaps it would have been better if my crude idea had not been so hastily announced to the public; but even this venial indiscretion is a proof of your zeal and regard. The intelligence of any new designs shall be delayed till they are ripe for execution; but you may be assured that I am now awake.

I am very happy to hear that our respectable friend Dr. Robertson is not asleep; and much do I expect from the subject and the pen. I had once a design not totally unconnected with his own, but it is now in far abler hands. Boswell's book will be curious, or at least whimsical: his hero, who can so long detain the public curiosity, must be no common animal. I see you now advertise an octavo edition of Dr. Henry's History of England. Is not the author dead? His plan is excellent, and I wish you could engage some diligent

diligent and sensible man to undertake the continuation. Alas! if Dr. Campbell were still alive! I have desired Elmsley to ask you for three octavo copies of my own work. Whenever he sends me a box of books, I should be glad if you would enrich it with any of your own valuable publications. Your name is a recommendation; but the chastity of that name cannot be too religiously preserved. My health and spirits are now remarkably good, and it will give me great pleasure to receive as favourable an account of yourself. I am most faithfully yours.

N^o CCV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON, Belvidere, Bath.*

DEAR MADAM,

LAUSANNE, May 18th, 1791.

As much as I am accustomed to my own sins, I am shocked, really shocked, when I think of my long and most inexcusable silence; nor do I dare to compute how many months I have suffered to elapse without sending a single line (Oh shame! shame!) to the best and dearest of my friends, who indeed has been very seldom out of my thoughts. I have sometimes imagined that if the opportunities of writing occurred less frequently, they would be seized with more diligence; but the unfortunate departure of the post twice every week encourages procrastination, and each short successive delay is indulged without scruple, till the whole has swelled to a tremendous account. I will try, alas! to reform; and, although I am afraid that writing grows painful to you, I have the confidence to solicit a *speedy line*, to say that you love and forgive me. After a long experience of the unfeeling doubts and delays of the law, you will probably soon hear from Lord Sheffield that the Beriton transaction is at last concluded, and I hope that you will be satisfied with the full and firm security of your annuity. That you may long continue to enjoy it is the first and most sincere wish of my heart.

In the placid course of our lives, at Lausanne and Bath, we have few events to relate, and fewer changes to describe; but I indulge myself in the pleasing belief that we are both as well and as happy as the common order of nature will allow us to expect. I should be satisfied, had I received from time to time some indirect, but agreeable, information of your health. For myself, I have no complaint, except the gout; and though the visits of my old enemy are somewhat longer, and more enfeebling, they are confined to my feet and knees; the pain is moderate, and my imprisonment to my chamber, or my chair, is much alleviated by the daily kindness of my friends. I wish it were in my power to give you an adequate idea of the conveniency of my house, and the beauty of my garden; both of which I have improved at a considerable expence since the death of poor Deyverdun. But the loss of a friend is indeed irreparable. Were I ten years younger, I might possibly think of a female companion; but the choice is difficult, the success doubtful, the engagement perpetual, and at fifty-four a man should never think of altering the whole system of his life and habits. The disposal of Beriton, and the death of my aunt Hester, who has left me her estate in Suffex, makes me very easy in my worldly affairs: my income is equal to my expence, and my expence is adequate to my wishes. You may possibly have heard of literary projects which are ascribed to me by the public without my knowledge: but it is much more probable that I have closed the account; and though I shall never lay aside the pleasing occupations of study, you may be assured that I have no serious settled thoughts of a new work. Next year I shall meditate, and I trust shall execute, a visit to England, in which the Belvidere is one of my powerful loadstones. I often reflect with a painful emotion on the imperious circumstances which have thrown us at such a distance from each other.

In the moving picture of the world, you cannot be indifferent to the strange revolution which has humbled all that was high, and exalted all that was low, in France. The irregular and lively spirit

of the nation has disgraced their liberty, and instead of building a free constitution, they have only exchanged despotism for anarchy. This town and country are crowded with noble exiles; and we sometimes count in an assembly a dozen Princesses and Duchesses. Burke, if I remember right, is no favourite of yours; but there is surely much eloquence and much sense in his book. The prosperity of England forms a proud contrast with the disorders of France; but I hope we shall avoid the folly of a Russian war. Pitt, in this instance, seems too like his father. Mr. Helrard, a sensible man, and his pupil have left us. They found, as your friends will always find, the weight of your recommendation with me. I am, dearest Madam, ever most affectionately yours.

N° CCVI.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR,

LENNEL-HOUSE, August 25th, 1791.

SOME time before the publication of my *Historical Disquisition* concerning India I desired our friend Mr. Cadell to send a copy of it to you in my name. I hope you received it long ago, and will allow it to remain in your library, as a memorial of my respect and friendship. No man had formed a more decided resolution of retreating early from public view, and of spending the eve of life in the tranquillity of professional and domestic occupations; but, directly in the face of that purpose, I step forth with a new work, when just on the brink of threescore and ten. The preface of the book gives a fair and simple account how this happened. Hitherto I have no cause to repent of a step which I took with hesitation and anxiety. My book has met with a reception beyond what the *spe lentus, pavidusque futuri*, dared to expect. I find, however, like other parents, that I have a partial fondness for this child of my old age; and cannot set

my heart quite at ease, until I know your opinion of it. I need not say with what perfect confidence I rest upon your judgment, and how happy it will make me to find that this production meets with your approbation. Nothing will add so much to that pleasure, as your communicating to me any remarks that occurred to you in perusing it. While I was engaged in composing the Disquisition it often occurred to me, that I was more upon your ground than in any of my former works; and I often wished that I had been so near to you as to profit by your advice and information. Next to that will be the benefit I may derive from your friendly strictures. Be so kind then as to mention to me any error or omission you have observed; every criticism of yours will be instructive.

Permit me to request another favour. You allowed me to hope, that as soon as you fixed upon a new subject you would let me know, and give me the satisfaction of indulging the hopes of living until you finished it. I trust that you are not idle still. I may now tell you with authority, that you are yet far from that period of life when you should lay down your pen. I can say from experience, that the busiest season of life is the most happy; and I have no doubt that you will concur with me in this sentiment. Let me know then, my dear Sir, how you are, what you are doing, and what progress you make. As for my part, I enjoy good health; and, except some fits of deafness, am little troubled with the infirmities of old age. I write this at my son-in-law's, Mr. Brydone, who, if he had not a wife and family, loves Switzerland so well, and has so many friends in Lausanne, that I believe he would gladly join you there. Believe me to be, with great respect, your most faithful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CCVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs. GIBBON*, Bath.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

LAUSANNE, August 1st, 1792.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the arts of our great enemy, the dæmon of procrastination, I should not have postponed for so many months a pleasing duty, which may at any time be performed in a single hour, had I not for some time past entertained a lively and probable hope of visiting you this autumn in person; had I not flattered myself, that the very next post I might be able to fix the day of my departure from Lausanne, and almost of my arrival at the Belvidere. That hope is now vanished, and my journey to England is unavoidably delayed till the spring or summer of next year. The extraordinary state of public affairs in France opposes an insuperable bar to my passage; and every prudent stranger will avoid that inhospitable land, in which a people of slaves is suddenly become a nation of tyrants and cannibals. The German road is indeed safe, but, independent of a great addition of fatigue and expence, the armies of Austria and Prussia now cover that frontier; and though the generals are polite, and the troops well disciplined, I am not desirous of passing through the clouds of hussars and pandours that attend their motions. These public reasons are fortified by some private motives, and to this delay I resign myself, with a sigh for the present, and a hope for the future.

What a strange wild world do we live in! You will allow me to be a tolerable historian, yet, on a fair review of ancient and modern times, I can find none that bear any affinity with the present. My knowledge of your discerning mind, and my recollection of your political principles, assure me, that you are no more a *democrat* than myself. Had the French improved their glorious opportunity to erect a free constitutional monarchy on the ruins of arbitrary power and the Bastille, I should applaud their generous effort; but this

total

total subversion of all rank, order, and government could be productive only of a popular monster, which, after devouring every thing else, must finally devour itself. I was once apprehensive that this monster would propagate some imps in our happy island, but they seem to have been crushed in their cradle; and I acknowledge with pleasure and pride the good sense of the English nation, who seem truly conscious of the blessings which they enjoy: and I am happy to find that the most respectable part of Opposition has cordially joined in the support of "things as they are." Even this country has been somewhat tainted with the democratical infection; the vigilance of government has been exerted, the malecontents have been awed, the misguided have been undeceived, the fever in the blood has gradually subsided, and I flatter myself that we have secured the tranquil enjoyment of obscure felicity, which we had been almost tempted to despise.

You have heard, most probably, from Mrs. Holroyd, of the long-expected though transient satisfaction which I received from the visit of Lord Sheffield's family. He appeared highly satisfied with my arrangements here, my house, garden, and situation, at once in town and country, which are indeed singular in their kind, and which have often made me regret the impossibility of shewing them to my dearest friend of the Belvidere. Lord Sheffield is still, and will ever continue, the same active being; always employed for himself, his friends, and the public, and always persuading himself that he wishes for leisure and repose. There are various roads to happiness; but when I compare his situation with mine, I do not, upon the whole, repent that I have given the preference to a life of celibacy and retirement. Although I have been long a spectator of the great world, my unambitious temper has been content with the occupations and rewards of study; and although my library be still my favourite room, I am now no longer stimulated by the prosecution of any literary work. The society of Lausanne is adapted to my taste; my house is open to many agreeable acquaintance, and some
real

real friends ; the uniformity of the natives is enlivened by travellers of all nations ; and this summer I am happy in a familiar intercourse with Lady Spencer, the Duchefs of Devonshire, Lady Elizabeth Foster, and Lady Duncannon, who seems to be gradually recovering from her severe complaints. My health is remarkably good. I have now enjoyed a long interval from the gout ; and I endeavour to use with moderation Dr. Cadogan's best remedies, temperance, exercise, and cheerfulness. Adieu, dear Madam ; may every blessing that nature can allow be attendant on your latter season. Your age and my habits will not permit a very close correspondence ; but I wish to hear, and I *presume* to ask, a speedy *direct* account of your own situation. May it be such as I shall hear with pleasure ! Once more adieu ; I live in hopes of embracing you next summer at the Belvidere, but you may be assured that I bring over nothing for the press.

N° CCVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady* * * * * *
* * * * * at Florence.

LAUSANNE, November 8th, 1792.

I REMEMBER it has been observed of Augustus and Cromwell, that they should never have been born, or never have died ; and I am sometimes tempted to apply the same remark to certain beings of a softer nature, who, after a short residence on the banks of the Lemane Lake, are now flown far away over the Alps and the Apennines, and have abandoned their votaries to the insipidity of common life. The remark, however, would be unreasonable, and the sentiment ungrateful. The pleasures of the summer, the lighter and the graver moments of the society of *petit Ouchy* *, are indeed past,

* A beautiful villa near the lake, about a mile from Lausanne.

perhaps

perhaps never to return; but the remembrance of that delightful period is itself a pleasure, and I enjoy, I cherish the flattering persuasion that it is remembered with some satisfaction in the gallery of Florence, as well as in *the library* of Laufanne. Long before we were reduced to seek a refuge from the savages of Gaul, I had secretly indulged the thought, or at least the wish, of asking leave to attend *mes bonnes amies* over Mount Cenis, of basking once more in an Italian sun, and of paying once more my devotions to the Apollo of the Vatican. But my aged and gouty limbs would have failed me in the bold attempt of scaling St. Bernard, and I wanted patience to undertake the tedious circumitineration of the Tirol. Your return to the Pays de Vaud next summer I hold to be extremely doubtful; but my anxiety on that head is somewhat diminished by the sure and certain hope of our all meeting in England the ensuing winter. I flatter myself that the Porter of Devonshire-house will not be inexorable; yet I am afraid of losing you amidst the smoke and tumult of fashionable London, in which the night is devoted to pleasure and the morning to sleep. My ambition may perhaps aspire to pass some hours in the palladian Chiswick, or even some days at Chatworth; but these princely mansions will not recal the freedom, the ease, the *primitive* solitude of dear little Ouchy. Indeed! indeed! your fair friend was made for something better than a Duchesse.

Although you most magnanimously abandoned us in the crisis of our fate, yet as you seem to interest yourself in the hopes and fears of this little country, it is my duty to inform you, that we still hang in a state of suspense; inclining, however, to the side of hope, rather than of despair. The garrison, and even the bourgeoisie, of Geneva shewed a vigorous resolution of defending the city; and our frontiers have been gradually covered with fifteen thousand intrepid Swiss. But the threats of a bombardment, the weight of expence, and, above all, the victorious ascendant of the French republic, have abated much of the first heroic ardour. Monsieur de Montesquiou
displayed

displayed a pacific, and even yielding, temper ; and a treaty was signed, dismissing the Swiss garrison from Geneva, and removing the French troops to the distance of ten leagues. But this last condition, which is indeed objectionable, displeased the convention, who refused to ratify the agreement. New conferences were held, new messengers have been dispatched ; but unless they are determined to find or to make a subject of quarrel, it is probable that we shall purchase peace by submission. As Geneva has a very dangerous democratical party within her walls, and as the national guards are already allowed to enter the city, and to tamper with the inhabitants and the garrison, I will not ensure that poor little republic from one week to another. For ourselves, the approaches of danger must be more gradual. I think we are now safe for this winter, and I no longer run to the window to see whether the French are coming. But with so many enemies without, and so many within, the government of Bern, and the tranquillity of this happy country, will be suspended by a very slender twig ; and I begin to fear that Satan will drive me out of the possession of Paradise. My only comfort will be, that I shall have been expelled by the power, and not seduced by the arts, of the blackest dæmon in hell, the dæmon of democracy. Where indeed will this tremendous inundation, this conspiracy of numbers against rank and property, be finally stopped. Europe seems to be universally tainted, and wherever the French can light a match, they may blow up a mine. Our only hope is now in their devouring one another ; they are furious and hungry monsters, and war is almost declared between the convention and the city of Paris, between the moderate republicans and the absolute levellers. A majority of the convention wishes to spare the royal victims, but they must yield to the rage of the people and the thirst of popularity, and a few hours may produce a trial, a sentence, and a guillotine. Mr. Necker is publishing a pamphlet in defence of the august sufferers ; but his feeble and tardy efforts will rather do credit

to himself, than service to his clients. You kindly ask after the situation of poor Severy. Alas! it is now hopeless; all his complaints are increased, all his resources are exhausted; where nature cannot work, the effect of art is vain, and his best friends begin to wish him a quiet release. His wife, I had almost said his widow, is truly an object of compassion. The dragoon is returned for a few days; and if his domestic sorrows gave him leave, he would almost regret the want of an occasion to deserve his feather and cockade. Your note has been communicated to Madame de Montelieu; but as she is engaged with a dying aunt, I have not yet seen her. Madame Dagailleau has hastily left us; the last decrees seemed to give the *émigrés* only the option of starving abroad or hanging at home; yet she has ventured into France, on some faint glimpse of clemency for the women and children. Madame de Bouillon does not appear to move. Madame de Stael, whom I saw last week at Rolle, is still uncertain where she shall drop her burthen; but she must soon resolve, for the young lady or gentleman is at the door;

——— Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

By this time you have joined the Ladies Spencer and Duncannon, whom I beg leave to salute with the proper shades of respect and tenderness. You may, if you please *be, belle comme un ange*; but I do not like your comparison of the archangel. Those of Milton, with whom I am better acquainted at present than with Guido, are all masculine manly figures, with a great sword by their side, and six wings folding round them. The heathen goddesses would please me as little. Your friend is less severe than Minerva, more decent than Venus, less cold than Diana, and not quite so great a vixen as the ox-eyed Juno. To express that infallible mixture of grace, sweetness, and dignity, a new race of beings must be invented, and I am a mere prose narrator of matter of fact. Bess is much nearer the level of a mortal, but a mortal for whom the wisest man, his-

toric or medical, would throw away two or three worlds, if he had them in his possession. From the aforefaid Befs I have received three marks of kind remembrance, from the foot of St. Bernard, with an exquisite monument of art and friendship, from Turin, and finally from Milan, with a most valuable insertion from the Ducheſs. At birds in the air it is difficult to take aim, and I fear or hope that I ſhall ſuſtain ſome reproaches on your not finding this long epiſtle at Florence. I will mark it N° 1.; and why ſhould I deſpair of my future ſince I can ſay with truth, that ſince your departure I have not ſpent ſo agreeable a morning. To each of the dear little Caro's pray deliver nine kiſſes for me, which ſhall be repaid on demand. My beſt compliments to Mr. Pelham, if he is with you.

N° CCIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to the Right Honourable Lady* * * * * *
* * * * * *at Florence.*

LAUSANNE, April 4th, 1793.

HAD I not given previous notice of my own unworthineſs, the plea of being an old incorrigible offender would ſerve only to aggravate my guilt; it is ſtill ſufficiently black, and I can patiently hear every reproach, except the cruel and unjuſt imputation of having forgotten my fair friends of the Arno and the Tyber. They would indeed have been leſs preſent to my thoughts, had I maintained a regular *weekly* correſpondence; ſince, by the effect of my negligence, not a *day* has elapſed without a ſerious, though fruitleſs, reſolution of writing by the very next poſt. What may have ſomewhat contributed, beſides original ſin, to this vile procraftination, is the courſe of events that has filled this abominable winter. As long as the poor King's fate was on ſuſpenſe, one waited from poſt to poſt,

between hope and fear, and when the blow was struck, even Shakespear's language was inadequate to express our grief and indignation. I have never approved the execution of Charles the First; yet Charles had invaded, in many respects, the ancient constitution of England, and the question had been judged in the field of Naseby before it was tried in Westminster-hall. But Louis had given and suffered every thing. The cruelty of the French was aggravated by ingratitude, and a life of innocence was crowned by the death of a faint, or, what is far better, of a virtuous prince, who deserves our pity and esteem. He might have lived and reigned, had he possessed as much active courage as he was endowed with patient fortitude. When I read the accounts from home, of the universal grief and indignation which that fatal event excited, I indeed gloried in the character of an Englishman. Our national fame is now pure and splendid; we have nobly stood forth in the common cause of mankind; and although our armaments are somewhat slow, I still persuade myself that we shall give the last deadly wound to the Gallic hydra. The King of Prussia is likewise slow, and your poor friend, the Duke of Brunswick, is now not censured but forgotten. We turn our eyes to the Prince of Cobourg and his Austrians, and it must be confessed, that the deliverance of Holland and Brabant from such a dragon as Dumourier is a very tolerable employment for the month of March. These blossoms of the spring will be followed, it may be fairly hoped, by the fruits of summer; and in the meanwhile the troubles of Paris, and the revolt of the provinces, may promote, by the increase of anarchy, the restoration of order. I see that restoration through a dark cloud; but if France be lost, the rest of Europe, I believe and trust, will be saved. But amidst the hurricane, I dare not fix my eyes on the *Temple*. So much for politics, which now engross the waking and sleeping thoughts of every feeling and thinking animal. In this country we are tranquil, and I believe safe, at least for this summer; though peace has been pur-

chafed at some expence of national honour, of the old reputation of Swiss courage, we have crouched before the tiger, and stroked him till he has sheathed his claws, and ceased for a moment to roar. My journey to England this year must depend on the events of the campaign; as I am fully resolved rather to remain quiet another autumn and winter in my sweet habitation, than to encounter the dangers of the sea and land. I envy the pleasures which you and your companions have enjoyed at Florence and Rome; nor can I decide which have tasted the most perfect delight, those to whom such beauties were new, or those to whom they were familiar. A fine eye, correct judgment, and elegant sensibility, are requisite to qualify the studious traveller; and these gifts have been liberally dispensed among the Ouchy caravan. But when you have been gratified, though not satiated, with the Hesperian prospect, to what fortunate clime will you direct your footsteps? Have we any hopes of meeting (for my journey, at all events, would be late) in the shades, or rather in the sunshine, of Ouchy? Should Mount Cenis be still imperious, you have trampled on St. Bernard in a more rigorous season; and whatsoever may be the state of the world, the Pays de Vaud will afford you a secure asylum, or a pleasant station. I rejoice to hear of Lady Besborough's improvement. Will that new title make any difference in the plan? Is the Duchess very impatient to revisit England? Except some trifling considerations of children, &c. all countries may be indifferent to her; as she is sure of being loved and admired in all. I am anxious and impatient to learn the result of your counsels; but I feel myself unworthy of a regular correspondence, and am not desirous of heaping fresh coals of fire on my head.

I am happy to find that you forgive and pity my friend Necker, against whom you all entertained some Versailles prejudices. As his heart has been always pure, he cannot feel remorse; but as his conduct

duct has been unsuccessful, he is penetrated with grief and regret. Madame de Staël has written to me from England; she likes the country, but means to fly over again in May.

N° CCX.

*Mr. GIBBON to Lord * * * * **

MY LORD,

• ROLLE, February 23d, 1793.

I DO not merely congratulate your Lordship's promotion to an office which your abilities have long deserved. My satisfaction does not arise from an assurance of the wisdom and vigour which administration will derive from the support of so respectable an ally. But as a friend to government in general, I most sincerely rejoice that you are now armed in the common cause against the most dangerous fanatics that have ever invaded the peace of Europe; against the new barbarians, who labour to confound the order and happiness of society; and who, in the opinion of thinking men, are not less the enemies of subjects than of kings. The hopes of the wise and good are now fixed on the success of England; and I am persuaded that my personal attachment to your Lordship will be amply gratified by the important share which your counsels will assume in that success. I could wish that some of your former associates possessed sufficient strength of mind to extricate themselves from the toils of prejudice and party. But I grieve that a man, whom it is impossible for me not to love and admire, should refuse to obey the voice of his country; and I begin to fear that the powerful genius of Mr. * * *, instead of being useful, will be adverse to the public service. At this momentous crisis we should enlist our whole force

* A town between Lausanne and Geneva, where M. Necker then resided.

of virtue, ability, and spirit; and without any view to his private advantage, I could wish that * * * * * might be properly stationed in some part of the line.

Mr. Necker, in whose house I am now residing on a visit of some days, wishes me to express the sentiments of esteem and consideration which he entertains for your Lordship's character. As a friend to the interest of mankind, he is warmly attached to the welfare of Great Britain, which he has long revered as the first, and perhaps as the last asylum of genuine liberty. His late eloquent work, *Du pouvoir executif*, which your Lordship has assuredly read, is a valuable testimony of his esteem for our constitution; and the testimony of a sagacious and impartial stranger may have taught some of our countrymen to value the political blessings which they have been tempted to despise.

I cherish a lively hope of being in England, and of paying my respects to your Lordship before the end of the summer: but the events of the year are so uncertain, and the sea and land are encompassed with so many difficulties and dangers, that I am doubtful whether it will be practicable for me to execute my purpose.

I am, my Lord, most respectfully, and your Lordship will permit me to add most affectionately, your most faithful humble servant.



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MISCELLANEOUS
W O R K S
OF
EDWARD GIBBON, Esquire.
WITH
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,
COMPOSED BY HIMSELF:
ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS,
WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND NARRATIVE,
By JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. STRAHAN, AND T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, (SUCCESSORS TO
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THE following Pieces have already been noticed in the Introduction to the First Volume. Many of them were juvenile performances ; and under the persuasion that they will be candidly received as such, they are now delivered to the Press. They certainly are entitled to greater indulgence than could be claimed for Compositions more finished and elaborate, and written at the time of mature age.

The minute account of Mr. Gibbon's studies each day, extracted from the Journal of his actions and opinions, and his observations on the several Works he had perused, evince a singular and unremitting industry.

In that view they may afford an useful lesson and example to such young readers as shall not already be convinced of the necessity of assiduous application in the acquisition of every kind of learning.

My first intention was, to have given only a short specimen of the observations made by Mr. Gibbon, in the course of his reading ; but I found them so interesting, that I could not desist, so soon as I intended, from making Extracts ; and, upon the whole, I thought that the part to be published would be more curious, if given exactly as it stands in the Journal.

I hope I shall not be thought to have published too much: in truth, there still remain in my possession many Papers which I think equally worth attention.

Mr. Gibbon's manuscript Observations were much detailed, from the year 1754 to 1764; and he afterwards continued to write remarks and hints on all subjects, in various common-place books, on detached papers, and even on cards, till a short time before his death, although not so copiously, nor so regularly and methodically, after his return from Italy, in the year 1765. His common-place books are voluminous. One of the largest has for title, "Common-place Book; in which I propose to write what I find most remarkable in my Historical Readings; begun at Laufanne the 19th of March 1755." In this he introduces a great variety of Observations on almost every subject, particularly on History.

In another Book, dated the 19th of January 1756, he says, "J'ai pris la résolution de lire de suite tous les Classiques Latins, les partageant suivant les matières qu'ils ont traité. 1. Les Historiens. 2. Les Poètes. 3. Les Orateurs; dans laquelle classe je renfermerai tous les autres auteurs qui ont écrit en prose, sans être ni Philosophes ni Historiens. 4. Les Philosophes." He begins with Observations on Sallust; then proceeds to the Commentaries of Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, Livy, always mentioning the edition which he used.

There are other Books, containing various Dissertations on ancient and modern Weights, Measures, Monies, Coins, Finance, Number of the People, Chronology, ancient Geography, and on several States of the ancient and modern World.—"Mémoire sur la Monarchie des Medes, pour ser-

“ vir de Supplement aux Dissertations de Monsieur Freret
 “ et de Bougainville.”——“ Du Gouvernement Feodal, sur-
 “ tout en France.”——“ Remarks on, and an Abridgment of,
 “ Blackstone’s Commentaries.”——“ Remarques Critiques
 “ sur le Nombre des Habitans dans la Cité des Sybarites.”——
 “ Remarques Critiques sur le nouveau Systême de la Chro-
 “ nologie de Newton.”——“ Remarques sur quelques Pro-
 “ diges.”——“ Remarques Critiques sur les Dignités Sacerdo-
 “ tales de Jules César.”——“ Remarques sur quelques Pas-
 “ sages de Virgil.”——“ Sur un Passage de Plaute.”——“ Ex-
 “ amen de la Mort du Poëte Catulle.”——“ Réflexions sur
 “ l’Etude des Belles Lettres, (*i. e.*) des Anciens, et de l’Anti-
 “ quité Grecque et Latine.”——“ Remarques sur les Mé-
 “ moires de l’Academie des Belles Lettres.”——A very con-
 siderable Work on Ancient Italy, intituled, “ Nomina Gentef-
 “ que Antiquæ Italiæ,” with many curious Dissertations on
 several Parts of that interesting Country.——“ Observations
 “ on the Churches, Palaces, Pictures, Artists, Antiquities, &c.
 “ of Italy.”——“ Index Expurgatorius.”——“ Chronological
 “ Tables.”——Many loose sheets on Geography *, the Greek
 and Arabian Cosmography, the Navigation of the Portuguese,
 &c.——“ Digression on the Character of Brutus.”——“ In-
 “ troduction à l’Histoire Générale de la République des
 “ Suisses.”——Detached sheets on the subject of the Anti-
 quities of Brunswick, and many fragments on separate
 papers.

His well-known and acknowledged learning may have
 made this display of the proofs of his industry unnecessary;
 but it may be acceptable to many to have a short sketch of

* His attention to Geography had always been very great, and few were better in-
 formed in that science. His friend Major Rennell was of that opinion, and I cannot
 cite a higher authority.

the very various subjects on which he had occupied himself.

To protect the copy-right, the Booksellers thought it necessary to procure a Translation of the French part of the Journal, and also of some of the Letters. But that these Volumes might not be too much swelled, a Translation of "l'Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature" has not been given, a Translation having been already published.

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EXTRAITS RAISONNÉS *de mes* LECTURES.

“ **L**A lecture est à l'esprit ce que vos perdrix sont à mes joues ;” disoit le Duc de Vivonne à Louis XIV. En effet, la lecture est la nourriture de l'esprit ; c'est par elle que nous connoissons notre Createur, ses ouvrages, et surtout nous mêmes et nos semblables. Mais cette nourriture se change facilement en poison. Saumaise avoit lu autant que Grotius, peutêtre d'avantage. C'étoit la manière de lire qu'avoit fait, de l'un, un philosophe éclairé, et de l'autre, tranchons le mot, un pedant bouffi d'une erudition inutile. .

Lisons avec ordre, proposons nous un but, et rapportons y nos études. Pour ne pas observer cette regle, il y a tant d'ignorans qui ont beaucoup lû ; mais, voltigeant d'un sujet à l'autre, ils n'ont jamais pû lier leurs idées.

Tant

[TRANSLATION.]

ABSTRACT OF MY READING; WITH REFLECTIONS.

“ **R**EADING is to the mind,” said the Duke of Vivonne to Lewis XIV. “ what your partridges are to my chops.” It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind ; for by reading, we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more. But their different modes of reading made the one, an enlightened philosopher ; and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with an uselefs erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers ; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render

Tant de particules détachées ne peuvent former un tout. Cette inconstance affoiblit même les forces de l'esprit, le degoute de l'application, et ne lui laisse pas même les avantages d'un bon sens naturel.

N'outrons cependant rien ; lisons avec ordre, sans nous en rendre esclaves. Proposons nous un bût, mais que ce bût ne soit pas trop éloigné ; et quand nous l'avons atteint, permettons nous de passer à un sujet différent. Trop d'inconstance ennerve l'esprit ; une trop longue application au même objet le roidit. Nos idées se retrecissent, et le genre auquel nous nous sommes si long tems attachés devient le seul auquel nous puissions nous attacher.

D'ailleurs, gardons nous de sacrifier l'ordre de nos pensées à celui de nos sujets ; ce seroit sacrifier le principal à l'accessoire. Nous ne devons lire que pour nous aider à penser. En lisant quelque ouvrage, la lecture me fait naître des idées, mais des idées un peu différentes du sujet de cette ouvrage ; je veux les pousser, je m'ecarte de mon plan, et je me jette dans une autre lecture qui m'est necessaire, de-là, peutêtre, à une seconde, et une troisieme. Enfin je vois ou mes pensees me menent ; c'est peutêtre à quelque chose qui en vaut la peine, mais toujours faut il essayer. Si j'avois suivis mon grand chemin, au bout de ma longue carriere, j'aurois à peine pu retrouver les traces de mes idées.

Cette

themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconstancy weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet, let us avoid the contrary extreme ; and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote ; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding : a long and exclusive application to a single object, hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves, is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought besides, to be careful, not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects ; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas ; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second, and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable ; it is worth while to try : whereas had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This

Cette dispensation ne regarde point les premières études. La méthode la plus sévère suffit à peine pour faire comprendre des objets tout nouveaux. Elle ne regarde pas non plus ceux qui lisent pour écrire. Ils doivent tout approfondir dans leurs sujets, et ils n'en doivent pas sortir. Au reste, je fais ces réflexions sans les garantir. Supposé même qu'elles soient justes, elles ne le sont peut-être que pour moi. Les esprits diffèrent en temperament comme les corps. La même méthode ne peut convenir à tous. C'est à chacun à s'étudier la dessus.

Lire avec attention, se faire des définitions exactes des expressions de son auteur, ne passer jamais à la conclusion sans avoir bien compris le principe, s'arrêter souvent, s'interroger, réfléchir sur ce qu'on vient de lire, ce sont là autant de conseils qu'il est bien aisé de donner, et très difficile de suivre. Il en est de même de ce conseil presque évangélique, d'oublier amis, patrie, religion, de louer le mérite, et d'embrasser la vérité où qu'elle se trouve.

Mais que faut-il lire ? C'est à chacun à se répondre la dessus selon l'objet de ses études. Le seul précepte général que j'ose donner, est celui de Plin^e *, “ qu'on doit plutôt lire beaucoup, que beaucoup de choses ; ” se faire un choix de bons ouvrages, et se les rendre propres par des lectures réfléchies

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write ; and who ought to dwell on their subject, till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies. The same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves ; these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read ? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny *, “ to read much, rather than many things ; ” to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us, by

* Plinii Secundi Epist. lib. vii. epist. ix.

reflechies et reiterées. Sans m'etendre sur ces bons ouvrages si connus, je dirai simplement, qu'en fait de raisonnement, ce sont ceux qui ont augmenté le nombre des verités utiles ; ceux qui ont decouvert des verités quelquelles soient ; et enfin ces esprits hardis qui, s'ecartant du sentier battû, aiment mieux se tromper seuls, que d'avoir raison avec le peuple. Ceux-ci ajoutent au nombre de nos idées, et sont souvent utiles à leurs successeurs. Avec tout le respect qu'on doit à M. Locke, je voudrois ajouter encore ces academiciens qui detruisent les erreurs mais qui n'esperent pas de nous donner des verités à leur place. Dans les ouvrages d'imagination, c'est l'invention qui doit enlever nos suffrages ; d'abord l'invention qui crée un nouveau genre ; ensuite, celle qui trouve un sujet, un caractère, une situation, un tableau, une pensée, un sentiment nouveau. Mais cette invention est peu de chose, si elle n'est pas accompagnée d'un genie qui s'assortissant au ton de son sujet, soit tour à tour sublime, pathetique, fleuri, gracieux, badin ; d'un jugement qui ne fasse rien dire qui ne convienne, et d'un style qui le fasse toujours bien dire. Dans les compilations, qui ne conservent que ce qu'on a déjà dit, je demande si on lui a donné de la clarté, si l'on a retranché l'inutile, si l'on a rassemblé ce qui étoit dispersé ? et c'est suivant les reponses que je me fais, que j'apprecie le prix de l'ouvrage.

Quand

attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths ; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be : in one word, those bold spirits, who quitting the beaten tract, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors encrease the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians, who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm ; chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing ; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty, in its subject, characters, situations, pictures, thoughts, and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius, capable of adapting itself to every variety of the subject ; successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic, and playful ; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous, and a style which expresses well, whatever *ought* to be said. As to compilations, which are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected ; and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

When

Quand on à bien lu, rien de plus utile pour en graver l'idée que des extraits. Je ne parle pas de ces recueils, de ces *adversaria* qui ont leur usage, mais d'extraits raisonnés, tels que ceux de Photius, ou de nos journaux modernes. Je me propose de me rendre compte ainsi à moi-même de mes lectures. Mais ma methode ne sera pas toujours la meme. S'agit il d'un livre de raisonnement, j'en exposerai le plan general, les principes qu'on etablit, et les consequences qu'on en tire. Le philosophe merite peu ce nom, dont l'ouvrage ne gagne pas à etre vue dans l'ensemble. La seule liberté que je me permettrai, ce sera qu'après avoir bien medité mon sujet, je le rendrai peutêtre dans un ordre different de celui de mon auteur. Les ouvrages d'imagination ont leurs beautés de l'ordonnance et celles du detail; je m'attacherai aux uns et aux autres. L'histoire, si elle est peu connue, merite un abregé; si elle n'est pas nouvelle, j'en detacherai les circonstances qui le font. Partout, je dirai mon sentiment avec la modestie qui me convient, mais avec le courage d'un homme qui ne veut pas trahir les droits de la raison. Je rassemblerai ici toutes mes pensées detachées, reflexions de toute espèce qui se presenteront à moi dans ma recherche de la verité. Car je rechercherai toujours la verité, quoique je n'aye guères trouvé jusqu'ici que la vraisemblance.

When we have read with attention, there is nothing more useful to the memory than extracts. I speak not of those collections, or *adversaria*, which may be serviceable in their own way, but of extracts made with reflection, such as those of Photius, and of several of our modern journalisfs. I purpose in this manner to give an account to myself of my reading. My method will vary with the subject. In works of reasoning, I will trace their general plan, explain the principles established, and examine the consequences deduced from them. A philosopher is unworthy of the name, whose work is not most advantageously viewed as a whole. After carefully meditating my subject, the only liberty I shall take, is that of exhibiting it under an arrangement different perhaps from that of my author. Works of fancy contain beauties, both of plan and of execution: I shall be attentive to both. History, if little known, deserves an abridgment. I shall extract such particulars as are new. Throughout, I shall give my opinion with becoming modesty, but with the courage of a man unwilling to betray the rights of reason. In this complement, I shall collect my scattered thoughts, with the reflections of every sort that occur in my search for truth. For I shall continue to search for the truth, though hitherto I have found nothing but probability.

A Beriton, le 14 Avril 1761. RECHERCHES CRITIQUES sur le Titre qu'avoit CHARLES VIII. à la Couronne de NAPLES *.

Incertitude
des droits de
succession.

LE droit naturel a son ressort, le droit civil a le sien. Mais par quelles loix doit on regler les successions des etats? Les règles ne peuvent etre les memes que pour les successions privées; l'objet est trop different. Les conventions publiques sont rarement assez determinées; on chicane sur les traités. Les exemples nous manquent, et puis chaque parti rejette ceux qui ne lui sont pas favorables.

Disputes des
maisons
d'Anjou et
d'Arragon.

Le Naples, et souvent l'Europe, se vit déchiré par les querelles des maisons d'Anjou et d'Arragon. Les succès furent balancés. Je vais rechercher qui

* Je medite une histoire de l'expédition de Charles VIII. en Italie; evenement qui change à la face de l'Europe. Si je l'écris jamais, ces recherches doivent y entrer, mais plus travaillées et moins longues. Pour à present, les livres et le loisir me manque également. C'est pourquoi, ne pouvant alleguer les historiens originaux, j'aime mieux m'en rapporter à la notoriété de faits que de renvoyer aux compilations.

CRITICAL RESEARCHES concerning the Title of CHARLES VIII. to the Crown of NAPLES †.

Uncertainty
of the rights
of succession.

NATURAL and civil law has, each of them, its principle; but by what maxim shall we regulate the succession to states? The rules of private succession cannot apply to them, their object being so different. Public agreements are rarely sufficiently determinate; treaties are liable to chicane; examples are wanting; and each party rejects those examples which are not favourable to his cause.

Quarrels of
the houses of
Anjou and
Arragon.

The kingdom of Naples, and Europe itself, were often distracted by the quarrels between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. Victory remained long doubtful. I am going to examine

† I meditate a history of the expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy; an event which changed the face of Europe. Should I ever undertake such a work, these researches will find their place in it, but written with more care and precision. At present, both leisure and books are wanting; for which reason, being unable to cite the original historians, I think it better to trust to the notoriety of the transactions, than to refer the reader to compilations.

qui les meritoit. Les disputes sont passées. La maison de France renonça solennellement à ses prétentions, dans les traités de Madrid et de Cambray, et le Pere Daniel * lui même n'étoit point obligé de les soutenir.

Trouvons d'abord une proposition reconnue des deux partis. Avant le concile de Lyon, l'empereur Frederic II. étoit roi legitime de Naples; reconnu par le pape son seigneur suzerain, par ses sujets, et par tous les princes de l'Europe. Il avoit recueilli par sa mere tous les droits de la maison Normande. Les empereurs Grecs, ses seuls competeurs, ne subsistoient plus.

L'empereur Frederic II. étoit roi legitime de Naples.

Ferdinand, dont Charles VIII. disputoit le titre, étoit sorti de la maison d'Arragon. Il s'appuyoit sur le droit hereditaire. Pierre I. d'Arragon, son ancêtre, avoit épousé Constance, fille de Mainfroy, petite fille de l'empereur Frederic II. et l'unique heretiere de la maison de Suabe. Titre incontestable, s'il étoit net; mais la pureté du sang avoit été souillée par deux descendances batardes, Mainfroy, et Ferdinand lui meme.

La maison d'Arragon en descendoit. Leurs droits.

L'institution du mariage est nécessaire dans les états policés. La propriété des terres entraîne celle des femmes. Le moyen le plus aisé pour faire passer les biens d'une main à l'autre c'est la proximité du sang, mais pour cela il la faut connoître: il faut qu'un homme s'engageant à une femme par un contrat public, les enfans de cette femme soient censés lui appartenir.

Raisons pourquoi les batards sont privés par les loix du droit de succession.

Quoiconque

examine by which of the contending parties it was merited. The contest is at an end. In the treaties of Madrid and of Cambray, the house of France solemnly renounced its pretensions; and even Father Daniel * was not obliged to maintain them.

Let us first discover some proposition acknowledged by both parties. Before the council of Lyons, the emperor Frederic II. was lawful king of Naples; regarded as such by the pope his liege lord or superior, by his own subjects, and by all the princes of Europe. Through his mother he inherited all the rights of the Norman family. The Greek emperors, who would have been his only competitors, were no more.

The emperor Frederic II. was lawful king of Naples.

Ferdinand, whose title was called in question by Charles VIII. descended from the house of Arragon. He asserted the right of inheritance. Peter I. of Arragon, his ancestor, had married Constance, the daughter of Mainfroy, the grandchild of the emperor Frederic II. and the sole heirs of the house of Swabia: a title incontrovertible, had it been pure; but Ferdinand's blood was defiled by two bastardies, that of Mainfroy, and his own.

The family of Arragon descended from him. Their rights.

The institution of marriage is necessary in civilised countries. Hereditary property in land implies the appropriation of women; since the best means of transmitting property is by proximity of blood; which must therefore be ascertained by marriage, the public engagement of one man with one woman, whose children are regarded as his successors.

Reasons why bastards are deprived of the right of succession.

Whoever

* V. la Grande Histoire du P. Daniel, tome v. p. 196. et p. 259.

Fletris par
l'opinion
publique.

Ils ne peuvent
être souverains
par droit de
succession.

Difficultés sur
la legitima-
tion.
1^{re}. A quoi
l'on la recon-
noit.

Quoiconque viole cet ordre de la société en doit être puni dans son enfant, et cet enfant, dont la naissance est un outrage fait aux loix, n'est point enfant de la société, et ne doit pas participer aux biens dont elle garantit la succession. Telles sont les loix que la raison a dicté à tous les peuples. Les mœurs, souvent plus fortes que les loix, sont ici d'accord avec elles. Elles fletrissent à jamais cet enfant malheureux, dont le pere ne peut qu'être incertain, et qui ne connoit sa mere que par son crime. Mepris cruel et salutaire ! La vertu des femmes, l'éducation de la jeunesse, et la paix de la communauté, en dependent. Or si les loix et les mœurs de tous les pays declarent les batards incapables des successions privées, comment pourront ils posseder des etats ? Le titre d'un souverain ne peut etre trop nêt, ni sa naissance trop respectée.

Les loix sont sourdes. Elles ne songent qu'à la justice, et au bien general. C'est aux princes à juger suivant les circonstances, s'il les faut adoucir ou les executer à la rigueur. Lorsque le malheur de la mere, ou le merite du fils, ont plaidé pour lui, la clemence du souverain le rend à la société en effaçant la tâche de sa naissance et lui rendant ses droits.

Mais en appliquant ces principes à la maison d'Arragon, il se presente une foule de difficultes que je ne puis que sentir. 1^{rement}. Comment reconnoitre la legitimisation d'un enfant par le prince. Ferdinand fut legitimé par

Their dis-
grace in the
public opi-
nion.

They cannot
succeed to
kingdoms.

Difficulties
concerning
the right of
legitimation.

Whoever violates this law ought to be punished in his descendant, whose birth being an outrage to society, he cannot be considered as its child, nor participate in the property of which it secures the succession. Such are the laws which reason has dictated to all nations. Manners, often more powerful than laws, here corroborate and confirm them ; condemning to perpetual ignominy the unhappy bastard, whose father must ever be uncertain, and who knows his mother only by her crime : a cruel, but salutary punishment, since on it depend the chastity of women, the education of children, and the peace of the community. If then both laws and manners declare bastards incapable of inheriting private estates, on what principle ought they to succeed to kingdoms ? The title of a sovereign cannot be too clear, nor his birth too much respected.

Laws are deaf to every voice but that of justice and the public good. But it belongs to princes to judge, according to circumstances, whether they ought to soften, or rigorously to enforce the laws. When the repentance of his mother, or his own merit, have efficaciously pleaded for an illegitimate son, the clemency of a prince may remove the stain from his birth, and thus restore him to society and his rights.

But in applying this maxim to the house of Arragon, a multitude of difficulties occur, of which it is impossible not to feel the force. 1. By what means is legitimization by a prince to be ascertained. Ferdinand was legitimated by a solemn act ;

par un acte solennel ; mais je ne sache pas que Mainfroy le fût jamais. Son père à la vérité lui légua la principauté de Salerne, et même la succession du royaume. Il reste à savoir, si lorsqu'un prince maître de faire une certaine grace, accorde à quelqu'un une dignité dont il ne peut jouir sans cette grace préalable, il est censé la lui avoir accordé ; c'est à dire, si la forme emporte le fonds, ou le fonds la forme *. 2. Si un prince peut légitimer ses propres enfans. Un prince est sujet aux loix, ainsi il est tenu d'en subir la peine lorsqu'il les viole. Mais le bien public veut que sa personne en soit exempte. Ici il les viole, et en peut être puni dans les personnes de ceux qui lui sont les plus chères. Or peut on dire, qu'il est obligé de subir cette punition dont cependant il peut se faire grace, s'il le veut. 3. Si cette légitimation peut s'étendre

2. Un prince peut-il légitimer ses enfans,

* Voici un exemple où il s'agit du même raisonnement. Le chevalier Raleigh fût condamné à mort pour crime de haute trahison. Après plusieurs années de prison, le roi Jacques I. lui donna le commandement d'une escadre destinée à exploiter une mine d'or dans l'Amerique Meridionale. L'entreprise manqua ; et à son retour Jacques I. fit couper la tête au chevalier Raleigh sur l'ancienne sentence. La nation en murmura hautement, et disoit que cette commission d'admiral valoit bien des lettres d'abolition ; puis qu'on ne pouvoit donner cette autorité et cette confiance à un traître qu'on destinoit à la mort †.

but I know not whether that was the case with Mainfroy: his father indeed bequeathed to him the principality of Salerno, and even the inheritance of the kingdom. It remains to determine, whether a prince, entitled to perform an act of favour and mercy, actually does so by conferring an office of dignity, which cannot be enjoyed unless the act of mercy has previously been obtained ; that is to say, whether the substance ought to prevail over the form, or the form over the substance *.—2. Can a prince legitimate his own children? Being subject to the laws, he cannot violate them without being amenable to justice ; though the public good requires that his person should not be liable to punishment. But, in the supposed case, his violation of the laws may be punished in the persons of those who are most dear to him : it cannot surely be said, that he is obliged to submit to a punishment which his own pardon can forgive.

Can a prince legitimate his children,

* The following is an example where the same reasoning occurred. Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death for treason. After a confinement of many years in prison, he received from James I. the command of a fleet to be employed in discovering a gold mine in South America. The enterprise failed ; and, at Sir Walter's return home, James ordered his head to be cut off, according to the sentence formerly passed against him. The nation murmured loudly, asserting that the commission of admiral was equivalent to a formal pardon, since it was impossible to bestow that authority and confidence on a traitor condemned to death †.

† V. Rapin, Hist. d'Angleterre, tome vii. p. 122. ; et Hume, Hist. of the Stuarts, vol. i. p. 74. Howell's Letters, vol. i. f. 1. lett. iv.

3. et les appeller à la succession, 4. avant ses heretiers collatéraux ? s'étendre jusqu'au droit de succession à la couronne *. 4. Si ces enfans légitimés rentrent parfaitement dans tous leurs droits de fils du roi-regnant, et de plus proches heretiers de la couronne, ou bien s'ils n'en font que les derniers, après toutes les branches collatérales. Il semble qu'on ne peut faire grace qu'après avoir fait justice : Louis XIV. lui même s'il violoit les droits de la nation, respecta pourtant ceux de la maison royale.

Jean l'oncle de Ferdinand. Cette dernière question est tres importante. Alphonse, le père de Ferdinand, laissa un frere nommé Jean, qui lui succéda dans le royaume d'Arragon. Il est vrai que Jean ne contesta point la succession de son neveu au royaume de Naples, mais pouvoit il renoncer pour sa posterité ? C'est une question dont nous ne touchons point la decision après tant de disputes †.

Un prince peut il renoncer sa posterité ? Toutes ces reflexions donnent de grands soupçons à l'égard du titre de la maison d'Arragon, et surtout de Ferdinand. Mais dans les siècles de fer où cette dispute s'éleva, les coutûmes leur étoient plus favorables. Dans ces siècles aussi vicieux qu'ils étoient ignorans, les princes s'abandonnoient à une

vie

* Cette question tient aux mêmes principes que celle de l'adoption que j'examinerai bientôt.

† Elle a fait un grand bruit il y a un demi siècle, à l'occasion de la succession d'Espagne, à laquelle Louis XIV. renonça dans le traité des Pyrennées, et que sa famille revendiqua dans la suite.

and call them to the succession, before collateral heirs ? forgive.—3. Does this legitimation extend to the right of succession to the crown * ?—4. Do legitimated children recover completely the rights of lawful offspring, and of the nearest heirs to the crown ; or rather, ought they not to be the last in the order of succession after all the collateral branches ? It is not fit that we should be bountiful, before we have been just. Even Lewis XIV. when he trampled on the rights of the nation, still respected those of the princes of the blood.

John the uncle of Ferdinand. This last question is extremely important. Alphonzo, the father of Ferdinand, left a brother named John, who succeeded to him in the kingdom of Arragon. John did not indeed dispute his nephew's right of succession to the kingdom of Naples, but could his renunciation bind his posterity ? This is a question, with the decision of which we shall not now meddle, since it was formerly the occasion of so many disputes †.

Can a prince renounce for his posterity ? These reflections create just suspicions concerning the title of the house of Arragon, particularly of Ferdinand : but in the ages of iron, when this contest arose, the prevalent customs of the times were more favourable to their claim. In those ages, as wicked as they were ignorant, princes disgraced themselves by a life of profligacy ; and

* This question depends on the same principles with that of adoption, which I shall shortly examine.

† This question was much agitated half a century ago, in the business of the Spanish succession, which Lewis XIV. renounced by the treaty of the Pyrenees, but which his family afterwards claimed and vindicated.

vie dereglée, et s'ils n'avoient point d'enfans legitimes, leurs seigneurs reconnoissoient sans peine les droits de leurs fils bâtards. Auroient-ils pu mépriser un nom qu'il se faisoient quelquefois gloire de porter eux mêmes *, ou meconnoître un droit qui étoit si souvent le leur ? Un partisan de la maison d'Anjou ne pouvoit attaquer le titre de ses rivaux sans revoquer en doute les droits des rois d'Angleterre, de Castille, et de Portugal †. Je ne fais si dans les choses de convention les exemples n'ont pas plus de force que les raisons. Dans la lumière du XVIII. siècle, les pretensions des Arragonois peuvent être très mauvaises, sans laisser d'être très soutenables dans l'ignorance du XV.

Dans le
moyen age
les bâtards
succédoient
souvent aux
couronnes ;

en Angle-
terre, en Cas-
tille, en Por-
tugal.

Je ne crois pas avoir rien supprimé des pretensions de la maison d'Arragon, ni des objections qu'on y pouvoit faire. Il est vrai que Mainfroy usurpa la couronne sur son neveu Conradin ; mais comme Conradin mourut sans enfans, le crime lui étoit personnel, et ne s'étendoit pas à la posterité de Mainfroy.

Mainfroy
usurpateur,
sa posterité
ne l'étoit pas.

Lcs

* On lit quelquefois dans les vieilles chartres, Ego — bastardus ; il devenoit un surnom. Du tems de Philippe de Comines, on faisoit très peu de différence en Italie entre les enfans legitimes et ceux qui ne l'étoient pas. Mem. de Philippe de Com. l. vii. c. 2.

† Guillaume le Conquerant, dans le XI. siècle ; Henri de Traстамare, et Jean Grand Maître de l'ordre d'Avis, tous les deux dans le XIV. ces trois monarques étoient tous bâtards.

and when they had not any legitimate children, their barons were easily prevailed on to acknowledge the rights of their *bastards*. How could the barons despise an appellation which they often prided themselves in bearing *, or disavow a right which was often their own ? A partisan of the house of Anjou could not attack the title of his rivals, without challenging the rights of the kings of England, Castile, and Portugal. In matters merely conventional, examples are more powerful than principles. Amidst the light of the XVIIIth century, the pretensions of the house of Arragon may appear extremely unjustifiable ; but might have worn a very different aspect during the ignorance of the XVth.

In the middle
ages, bastards
often inherit-
ed crowns ;

in England,
Castile, and
Portugal.

I am not sensible of omitting any of the arguments either for or against the title of that house. Mainfroy indeed usurped the crown, to the prejudice of his nephew Conradin ; but as Conradin died childless, Mainfroy's crime was merely personal, and extended not to his posterity.

Mainfroy's
posterity not
usurpers,
though he
himself was

The one.

* We sometimes read in old charters, Ego — bastardus. The appellative became a surname. In the time of Philip Comines, there was little distinction made in Italy between natural and legitimate children.

† In the XIth century, William the Conqueror ; and in the XIVth, Henry of Traстамare, and John Grand Master of the Order of Avis, were all bastards.

Droits de Charles VIII. Les droits de Charles VIII. étoient beaucoup plus compliqués. La déposition de Frédéric II. par le pape, et l'investiture de Naples qu'il donna à Charles I. établissoient les droits de la première maison d'Anjou. L'adoption de Louis d'Anjou par la reine Jeanne I. les fit passer à la seconde branche dont Charles VIII. les herita par le testament de Charles, dernier comte de Provence, et roi titulaire de Naples. Ce sont trois chaînons, qu'il s'agit d'éprouver séparément.

La déposition de Frédéric II. par le pape, A. D. 1245. La déposition de Frédéric II. par le pape Innocent IV. souleva l'Europe contre ce prince malheureux. Le grand nombre loua cette sévérité salutaire qui n'épargnoit pas les souverains eux mêmes, s'ils étoient ennemis de l'église. À peine s'en trouvoient ils quelqu'uns qui condamnoient cette sentence, non comme injuste, mais comme trop cruelle : ils trouvoient que le pape ôtoit les couronnes trop légèrement, mais ils convenoient qu'il avoit droit de les ôter *.

Principes de la philosophie. La bonne philosophie nous feroit rire de ce droit prétendu, s'il n'avoit pas été trop funeste. La partie la plus membreuse de toute société en fixe la religion

* Voyez la conduite équivoque de Louis IX. Il blamoit la sévérité du pape, il tâchoit de faire la paix : mais ce concile de Lyon étoit toujours pour lui un tribunal dont Frédéric ne pouvoit appeller.

The rights of Charles VIII. The rights of Charles VIII. were far more complicated. The deposition of Frederick II. by the pope, and the investiture of Naples granted by him to Charles I. formed the title of the first house of Anjou. The adoption of Lewis of Anjou by queen Joan transmitted this title to the second branch, from which Charles VIII. received it by the testament of Charles, the last count of Provence, and titular king of Naples. These are the three links of the chain, which must be separately examined.

The deposition of Frederick II. by the pope, A. D. 1245. The deposition of Frederick II. by pope Innocent IV. stirred up Europe against that unhappy prince. The multitude commended a salutary severity, which did not spare even sovereigns themselves, when they became the enemies of the church. A very few only condemned the pope's sentence, not as unjust, but as too harsh: they thought that his holiness took away crowns with too little ceremony, but they acknowledged that he had the right of taking them away *.

Principles of philosophy. Sound philosophy would teach us to smile at this pretended right, had it not been productive of too melancholy consequences. The most numerous portion of every community

* Observe the equivocal conduct of Lewis IX. He blamed the pope's severity; he endeavoured to make peace; but the council of Lyons he always considered as a tribunal from which Frederick was not entitled to appeal.

religion dominante. Le magistrat est chargé d'établir des ministres pour l'enseigner au peuple, et en pratiquer le culte. Il en règle les fonctions, l'hierarchie, les gages ; et l'ordre ecclesiastique ne lui est pas moins soumis que l'ordre des juges, ou celui des guerriers. Mais sans recourir à ces principes qui ne seroient pas généralement admis, les maximes de l'église Gallicane peuvent servir de réponse à ces prétensions ultramontaines. Chez elle, l'église, il est vrai, n'obéit pas à l'état, mais elle ne lui commande pas. Ce sont deux puissances indépendantes, mais alliées, qui doivent s'entraider sans attenter à leurs droits reciproques. Le pape ne peut pas plus déposer l'empereur, que l'empereur ne peut faire des décisions de foi. L'excommunication est toute spirituelle, et l'excommunié pour n'être plus Chretien, n'est pas moins père, maître, ou prince. L'empereur Frederic II. n'étoit pas moins roi de Naples après le concile de Lyon, qu'auparavant ; et tout ce qui se fit, le supposant lui et sa famille dechus de la royauté, étoit nul de toute nullité.

L'église soumise à l'état.

Maximes de l'église Gallicane.

L'autorité du clergé toute spirituelle.

Le pape ne peut pas déposer un souverain.

Mais si le pape Innocent ne pouvoit déposer Frederic comme souverain pontife, il étoit seigneur suzerain de Naples, et en cette qualité, si son vassal lui manquoit de fidélité il pouvoit lui ôter son fief. Ce droit est beaucoup plus specieux. Les conquerans Normans, par devotion ou par politique, avoient

Le pape pouvoit déposer Frederic comme son seigneur suzerain.

community determines the prevailing religion : the sovereign establishes ministers to practise its rules, and to teach its precepts to the people : the sovereign also regulates its functions, hierarchy, and appointments ; ecclesiastics being not less subject to his authority than judges and soldiers. But without recurring to principles which would not be universally admitted, the maxims of the Gallican church afford a sufficient answer to those transalpine pretensions. According to these maxims, the church, it is true, is not bound in obedience to the state ; but neither has the former any controul over the latter. They are two independent, but allied, powers ; which ought always to contribute their mutual assistance, without ever infringing their reciprocal rights. The pope can no more depose the emperor, than the emperor can pass decisions of faith. Excommunication is of a nature entirely spiritual ; and the person excommunicated, though no longer a Christian, ceases not to be a father, a master, or a king. The emperor Frederick II. was not less king of Naples after the council of Lyons than before ; and whatever was done on the supposition that he and his family were divested of the rights of sovereignty, was completely null.

The church subject to the state.

Maxims of the Gallican church.

The clergy's authority entirely spiritual.

The pope cannot depose a sovereign.

But if Innocent could not, as sovereign pontiff, depose Frederick ; yet, as lord paramount of the kingdom of Naples, he could deprive a rebellious vassal of his fief. This right is far more specious. The Norman conquerors, through devotion or policy,

The pope could depose Frederick, as his lord paramount.

avoient reçu toutes leurs possessions en Italie du pape Nicholas II. à titre de fief du Saint Siege, qui leur en donna l'investiture aussi bien qu'aux empereurs Suabes, leurs successeurs.

Reponses
d'un partisan
de Frederic.

1. Le pape
n'agit que
comme sou-
verain pon-
tife.

2. La sen-
tence
n'etoit point
dans les
regles.

Cependant, en faisant valoir ce droit de souveraineté suivant les loix du systeme feodal, je ne sai si un partisan de Frederic auroit été réduit au silence. Il auroit pu dire. 1. C'est à la conduite du pape à nous faire voir s'il agissoit en cette qualité. Est ce dans un concile general d'évêques, par une excommunication solemnelle, en deliant les sujets de leur serment de fidelité, qu'un seigneur fait condamner son vassal? y mele-t-on au crime de felonie, des accusations de perfidie, de sacrilege, et d'heresie? Une assemblée des pairs, de tous les grands vassaux du S. Siege, un roi d'Angleterre à leur tête, étoit le seul tribunal dont Frederic étoit justiciable; et le crime de felonie étoit le seul qu'on dut porter devant ce tribunal. Mais au concile de Lyon je ne vois dans Innocent IV. que le souverain pontife. 2. Jamais tribunal ne merita moins ce nom; on n'entendit ni les accusateurs ni l'accusé; on refusa à celui-ci le moindre delai, quoique ses ministres chargés de pleins pouvoirs s'avançoient vers Lyons à grandes journées. On prononça la sentence avant leur arrivée; et cette sentence portoit, non sur une notoriété de droit, des preuves juridiquement constatées, mais sur un pretendû notoriété

licy, had consented to hold their Italian possessions as fiefs of the Holy See; which conferred their investiture on those princes, and on the Swabian emperors, their successors.

Answers of
Frederick's
partisans.

1. Innocent
acted merely
in his charac-
ter of pope.

2. The sen-
tence was ir-
regular,

Yet in examining this right of sovereignty by the principles of the feudal law, I know not whether Frederick's partisans needed to have given up the cause. They might have said, 1. It belonged to the pope to show by his conduct, whether he really acted as lord paramount. Is it by a solemn excommunication, in a general council of bishops, and by absolving subjects from their oaths of fidelity, that a superior condemns his vassal? In such condemnations is it usual to join with the crime of felony, the accusations of perfidy, sacrilege, and heresy? An assembly of peers, and of all the great vassals of the Holy See, with a king of England at their head, was the only tribunal to which Frederick was amenable; and felony was the only crime of which that tribunal could take cognisance. But in the council of Lyons, Innocent IV. appears under no other character than that of sovereign pontiff. 2. Never did any court of justice less deserve the name. It heard neither the accusation nor the defence; and refused to grant to the person accused the smallest delay, although his ministers, entrusted with full powers, hastened to Lyons. Sentence was pronounced before their arrival; a sentence founded neither on acknowledged law, nor on judicial evidence, but on a pretended notoriety of facts, vague reports, and public

riété de fait, des oui-dire, des bruits publics. 3. Le fond n'étoit pas moins 3. Elle étoit
 defectueux que la forme. Frederic ne meritoit point d'être privé de son fief. Tout vassal qu'il étoit du Saint Siege, il n'en étoit point sujet. Un vassal Obligations
 d'un grand fief y regnoit en maitre souverain; absolu dans son etat, il n'en d'un vassal.
 devoit à son seigneur que l'hommage, le service par lequel il le tenoit, et
 l'obligation de ne pas porter les armes contre lui. Encore avoit il tant de
 latitude à remplir ces obligations qu'il étoit difficile de le convaincre d'y
 avoir manqué. Si le seigneur *lui veoit sa cour* (c. a. d. lui refusoit justice)
 il pouvoit se la faire par force, et ses propres vassaux étoient tenus de le
 suivre contre ce prince dont ils étoient eux mêmes les arrieres vassaux *. A Frederic
 plus forte raison, si le prince l'attaquoit, pouvoit il se defendre par les armes. n'avoit fait
 que se de-
 fendre.
 Or les papes étoient assurément les aggresseurs, si, excommunier Frederic,
 offrir ses etats à tous les princes de l'Europe, precher contre lui une croi-
 sade, solliciter ouvertement à la revolte ses sujets du Milanois, de Ravenne,
 et de la Marche Trevisane, peut justifier ce nom. 4. Si le pape pouvoit 4. Frederic
 représenter à son gré le souverain pontife, ou le seigneur du royaume de comme em-
 Naples, Frederic pouvoit aussi choisir entre ses titres. Roi des deux Siciles, pereur pou-
 il relevoit de la cour de Rome; empereur des Romains, il ne relevoit que voit faire la
 guerre au
 pape quoique
 son vassal
 d'ailleurs.
 de Dieu seul; et dans la querelle pour la Sardaigne, querelle de l'eglise et de
 l'empire,

public rumours. 3. The substance was not less defective than the form. Frederick 3. and unjust.
 had not deserved to be stripped of his fief. Though a vassal of the Holy See, he
 was not its subject. The vassal of a great fief reigned over it with absolute sove- Duties of a
 reignty; owing nothing to his paramount but homage, military service, and the ne- vassal.
 gative duty of not bearing arms against his liege lord. These duties, besides, were
 defined so loosely, that it was difficult to convict him of their violation. If his
 superior refused to do him justice, he might assert it by force of arms; and his own
 immediate vassals were bound to follow him into the field against a prince, of whom
 they were themselves the rear-vassals *. By still stronger cogency of reason, the vassal, Frederick
 when attacked by his lord, was entitled to defend himself by arms. But the pope had only de-
 fended him-
 self.
 surely was the aggressor; if this appellation could be merited by excommunicating
 Frederick, by offering his states to all the princes of Europe, and by openly exciting
 the revolt of his subjects in the Milanese, Ravenna, and the Trevisan march.
 4. If the pope could at pleasure assume the character of sovereign pontiff, or of 4. Frederick,
 prince paramount of the kingdom of Naples, Frederick also was justified in using the though a vas-
 sal of the
 pope, could
 make war on
 him, as em-
 peror.
 same right of option between his titles. As king of the two Sicilies, he held of the
 court of Rome; but as emperor of the Romans, he was subject to God only; and
 in a quarrel between the church and empire about Sardinia, he had not any account to
 give

* Hainault, Abregé Chronol. de l'Hist. de France, p. 617.

Exemple
des rois
d'Angleterre
duc de Nor-
mandie.

l'empire, il pouvoit tirer l'épée sans en devoir compte à personne. Il pouvoit même sans manquer à son devoir, employer les forces du royaume de Naples, desque ce pays n'étoit pas l'objet de la dispute. Ces distinctions paroissent subtiles, et mêmes contradictoires. Elles peuvent l'être, mais aussi je les tire de l'ouvrage de la barbarie et du hazard, de ce système foedal où le souverain pouvoit être le vassal de son sujet. Sans elles qu'on m'explique comment les rois d'Angleterre depuis Guillaume I. jusqu'à l'Edouard III. pouvoient faire la guerre à la France. Comme ducs de Normandie ou d'Aquitaine, ils en étoient vassaux ; cependant ces guerres étoient reconnues pour légitimes ; et dans les traités de paix il n'étoit jamais question de pardon ou d'amnestie.

L'investiture
de Charles
d'Anjou tient
à la deposti-
tion de Fre-
deric 1265.

Louis d'An-
jou adopté
par la reine
Jeanne I.
1380.

De la deposition de Frederic II. depend l'investiture de Charles d'Anjou. Le royaume de Naples étoit bien alors entre les mains d'un usurpateur ; mais si le jeune Conradin n'avoit pas perdu ses droits par le crime de son ayeul, l'autorité du pontife ne pouvoit s'étendre qu'à faire rendre son héritage à ce jeune prince. 2. Charles s'empara du royaume de Naples, et le laissa à sa posterité. Il étoit trisayeul de Jeanne I. si connue par sa débauche effrénée. Cette princesse prête à succomber sous les armes de son cousin Charles de la Paix, mecontente de ses plus proches parens, appella à son secours

Example of
the kings of
England
dukes of
Normandy.

The investi-
ture of
Charles of
Anjou de-
pendant on
the deposition
of Frederick
in 1265.

give of the employment of his arms. He was even entitled, consistently with his duty, to make use of the forces of Naples itself, when that kingdom was not the object of dispute. These distinctions appear to be too subtle, and even contradictory. They may really be so ; but they are deducible from that work of barbarism and chance, the feudal system, which admitted that a sovereign might be the vassal of his own subject. Without supposing this, let it be explained, how the kings of England since William I. to Edward III. could levy war against France. As dukes of Normandy or Aquitaine, they were vassals of that kingdom ; yet these wars were acknowledged as lawful, since in the treaties of peace which followed them, there is not any mention of pardon or amnesty.

On the justness of Frederick's deposition depends that of the investiture of Charles of Anjou. The kingdom of Naples was then indeed possessed by an usurper ; but if Conradin could not lose his title by the crime of his grandfather, the authority of the pontiff could not be lawfully exerted but in restoring his inheritance to that young prince. 2. Charles acquired the kingdom of Naples, and left it to his posterity. He was ancestor, the fourth in ascent, to Joan, so well known by her infamous debaucheries. This princess, when ready to be overwhelmed by the arms of her cousin Charles de la Paix, and dissatisfied with her nearest relations, applied for assistance to

secours Louis duc d'Anjou, frere de Charles V. roi de France, et par ses lettres patentes datées du château d'Oeuf à Naples, le 29 Juin 1380, elle l'adopta pour son fils, et l'institua son heritier universel *.

Oserai-je cependant demander si un prince Européen peut faire un si beau don; s'il peut se choisir un fils et un successeur? Le nom de roi est fort usité partout; mais on y attache des idées bien différentes. Chez le peuple de l'Orient c'est un envoyé du Ciel, revêtu d'une puissance despotique, et disposant à son gré de la vie et des biens de ses sujets. Sous un tel gouvernement, le souverain peut donner ses états par la même raison qu'un berger peut donner son troupeau. Ils lui appartiennent. Mais il y a d'autres nations, plus dignes du nom d'homme, qui ne voyent dans le souverain que le premier magistrat, établi par le peuple pour le rendre heureux, et comptable à lui de sa conduite. Un tel magistrat ne pouvoit transférer à un autre un pouvoir dont il n'étoit que l'usufruitier. A sa mort il étoit dévolu au peuple, si le gouvernement étoit électif; s'il étoit héréditaire, au plus proche héritier, suivant les loix que la nation avoit établies; et si la maison

Si un prince peut donner ses états?

Un despote Asiatique le peut. Pourquoi?

Un prince Européen ne le peut pas. Pourquoi?

* Dans mes compilations le consentement des états à cette adoption ne paroissoit point. C'étoit cependant une circonstance très essentielle. Mais j'ai vu depuis, que l'exact Giannone n'en dit rien non plus.

Lewis duke of Anjou, brother to Charles V. king of France; and by letters patent, dated from the castle of Oeuf at Naples, the 29th June 1380, adopted him for her son, and appointed him heir to all her possessions *.

May I be permitted, however, to inquire, whether an European prince is entitled to make so fair a present; and whether he enjoys the right of choosing for himself a son and a successor? The name of king is universally used; but in different countries it is taken in very different acceptations. Among the natives of the East, a king is the vicegerent of Heaven, invested with despotic power over the lives and properties of his subjects. Under such governments a king can dispose of his people for the same reason that a shepherd can dispose of his flock. They are his property. But there are other nations, more deserving the name of men, who see in a sovereign nothing more than the first magistrate, appointed by the people for the purpose of promoting public happiness, and responsible to the people for his administration. Such a magistrate cannot transfer to another, a power with which he is entrusted only for his own life. At his demise, this power, if the government be elective, returns to the people; if the government be hereditary, the same power devolves on the

Can a prince give away his dominions?

An Asiatic despot may. Why?

A European prince cannot.

* In my compilation the consent of the states to this adoption is not mentioned. This, however, was a very essential circumstance. But I have since found, that the accurate Giannone is also silent respecting it.

Ils ne devin-
rent hérédi-
taires que peu
à peu.

Cette puis-
sance bornée
chez les
princes les
plus absolus.

Cependant
les peuples
de l'Europe
semblent le
leur accorder
quelquefois.
Testament de
Charles II.
d'Espagne.

maison royale devenoit éteinte, le peuple rentroit dans tous ses droits. Ces dernières maximes étoient assurément celles des peuples du nord, fondateurs de presque tous les royaumes de l'Europe. Sentez la gradation par laquelle leurs princes rendirent héréditaire leur puissance toujours soumise aux loix. Leurs chefs n'étoient d'abord choisis que pour l'occasion; peu à peu ils devinrent perpétuels. La reconnaissance bornoit les élections à quelque famille distinguée; le fils succédoit ordinairement au père, mais il falloit une élection solennelle; le silence et l'obéissance étoient sensés exprimer le consentement de la nation, mais elle se reservoit toujours le droit de changer la succession toutes les fois que le bien public le demandoit. Je vois même quelque lueur de cette liberté parmi les peuples qui croupißent dans le plus vil esclavage. Les monarques Orientaux qui choisissent leur successeur, sont obligés de le choisir dans la maison royale, et les sujets n'obéiroient point à un étranger, quoique revêtu de l'autorité de leur dernier souverain. Un sentiment confus leur insinue que la loi est encore au dessus du prince.

Cependant (car je ne cherche que la vérité) l'on voit d'un autre côté, dans les monarchies Européennes une certaine autorité reconnue, dans les dispositions que les princes ont fait de leurs états. Charles II. d'Espagne se croyoit maître de nommer son successeur, il nomma Philippe de Bourbon.

La

These princes
became here-
ditary by de-
grees.

The power
of transfer-
ring king-
doms bound-
ed among the
most slavish
nations.
Yet the na-
tions of Eu-
rope seem to
acknowledge
this power.

The testament of Charles II. of Spain.

the nearest heir, according to the law of the land; and should the royal family be extinct, the people would resume all their rights. These maxims, surely, prevailed among the northern nations, who founded almost all the kingdoms of Europe. Observe the steps by which they rendered their kings, though always subject to the laws, hereditary. These kings were originally only temporary and occasional chiefs. By degrees they came to hold their offices for life. Gratitude confined the sphere of election to some distinguished family; the son commonly succeeded to the father, but the solemnity of an election was still requisite; silence and obedience were finally thought to imply the consent of the nation; which always, however, resumed to itself the right of changing the order of succession, when the public good demanded an alteration.

I perceive a glimpse of this liberty even among people languishing in the vilest servitude. The monarchs of the East, who name their successors, must choose him from the royal family; and their subjects would not obey a stranger, though invested with authority by their late king. They have a confused perception that the law ought to be above the prince. Yet (for I am in search only of the truth) it may be observed on the other side, that the authority of European princes has been acknowledged to extend to the power of transferring their dominions. Charles II. of Spain, believing himself entitled to appoint his successor, named Philip of Bourbon. France accepted

La France accepta le testament, l'Espagne s'y soumit, et les alliés se virent réduits à révoquer en doute son authenticité. Je ne vois pas même, sans ac-
 corder aux souverains quelque droit de cette espèce, sur quoi fonder la
 force des traités, ou ils cedent, non à un parent, à un ami, mais à un étran-
 ger, à un ennemi, l'obéissance d'une partie de leurs sujets. Le droit public
 de l'Europe envisage ces sujets comme rebelles, s'ils refusent de se sou-
 mettre à leur nouveau prince. La fameuse distinction de domaine et de
 frontière bien approfondie, ne se trouvera que des mots en l'air.

Authorité des
 traités de
 cession.

3. L'adoption de Jeanne I. ne valut aux princes de la seconde branche
 d'Anjou que la comté de Provence. Après avoir disputé Naples quelque
 tems avec la première branche de leur maison, ils ne purent le défendre
 contre la maison d'Arragon. Ils se réfugièrent en France, faisant de tems
 en tems des entreprises malheureuses. René le petit fils de Louis I. avoit
 à choisir entre Charles le fils de son frère, et René de Vaudemont duc de
 Lorraine, le fils de sa fille. Il choisit le premier ; et ce Charles, roi titulaire
 de Naples, et comte de Provence, se voyant sans enfans, institua pour son
 légataire universel Louis XI. roi de France, et pere de Charles VIII.

Testament de
 René et de
 Charles IV.
 d'Anjou.

Charles VIII.
 leur héritier
 universel.
 1481.

La lecture réfléchie d'un chapitre de Philippe de Comines (Mem. L. viii.
 c. 1.) m'a fourni quelques propositions, qui m'y paroissent clairement énoncées.

1. René

accepted the testament ; Spain submitted to it, and the allies felt the necessity of call-
 ing its authenticity in question. Without acknowledging a power of this kind in
 princes, I know not how we can justify those treaties, in which a king transfers, not
 to a kinsman or friend, but to a stranger or enemy, the obedience of a portion of his
 subjects. The public law of Europe considers those subjects as rebels, when they
 refuse to submit to their new prince. The famous distinction between domain and
 frontier, when examined to the bottom, will be found to contain more sound than
 sense.

The autho-
 rity of trea-
 ties of cession.

3. By the adoption of Joan I. the second branch of the house of Anjou obtained
 only the county of Provence. After contending with the eldest branch of their
 family about the crown of Naples, they found themselves unable to defend it against
 the house of Arragon. They fled into France, making from thence various expedi-
 tions that were unsuccessful. René, the grandson of Lewis I. had no other choice
 to make than that of Charles his brother's son, or that of René of Vaudemont duke
 of Lorraine, the son of his daughter. He preferred the former ; and this Charles,
 titular king of Naples, and count of Provence, dying without children, bequeathed
 all his rights to Lewis XI. king of France, and father of Charles VIII.

Testament of
 René and
 Charles IV.
 of Anjou.

Charles VIII.
 their heir.

An attentive perusal of a chapter of Philip Comines (Mem. L. viii. c. 1.) suggests
 the following propositions, which appear to me incontestible. 1. René of Anjou

René duc de Lorraine, ses prétentions à la couronne de Naples.

1. René de Anjou avoit établi Charles son neveu, et Charles Louis XI, leurs héritiers universels. 2. Le roi de France convenoit que ces princes n'avoient pas le droit de violer l'ordre de la succession par leur testament. 3. Louis XI. et Charles VIII. ne se mirent en possession de la Provence, que parcequ'étant un fief qui ne descendoit qu'aux mâles dont la ligne étoit éteinte, René de Vaudemont n'y avoit aucun droit. 4. Bien loin de contester le droit du duc de Lorraine au royaume de Naples, ou il n'y avoit point de loi Salique, la cour de France fit agir tous ses ambassadeurs en sa faveur, et lui permit de mener sa compagnie de cent lances à l'expédition qu'elle y fit. 5. Quelques personnes déterrent d'anciens testamens de Charles I. et d'autres princes de la maison d'Anjou, par lesquels ils réunissoient irrévocablement le royaume de Naples et la comté de Provence, testamens dont l'authenticité ne fut jamais bien constatée. 6. Charles VIII. en concluait, que puisqu'il étoit comte de Provence par le testament de Charles IV. d'Anjou, au défaut d'héritiers mâles, il étoit aussi roi légitime de Naples. Dès ce moment il ne fut plus question des droits du duc de Lorraine. Cependant ce duc si méprisé, ne pouvoit il pas demander, puisqu'on vouloit régler les deux états par la même loi de succession, pourquoi la comté devoit faire la loi au royaume plutôt que de l'en recevoir ?

Nauroit

René duke of Lorraine, his pretensions to the crown of Naples.

1. René appointed his nephew Charles, and Charles appointed Lewis XI. heirs to all their rights. 2. The king of France acknowledged that these princes were not entitled to alter the order of succession by their testaments. 3. Lewis XI. and Charles VIII. took possession of Provence only because it was a male fief; and that the male line being extinct, René of Vaudemont could not have any legitimate claim. 4. Instead of disputing the title of the duke of Lorraine to the kingdom of Naples, where the Salique law was unknown, the court of France ordered its ambassadors to espouse his cause, and permitted him to lead his company of an hundred lances in the expedition against that country. 5. A discovery is made of ancient testaments of Charles I. and other princes of the house of Anjou, by which they irrevocably unite the kingdom of Naples and the county of Provence; but the authenticity of these testaments was never clearly ascertained. 6. Charles VIII. concluded, that because he was count of Provence by the testament of Charles IV. of Anjou, failing his male issue, he therefore also became lawful king of Naples. From this time, there was no longer any mention of the rights of the duke of Lorraine. Yet this duke, so much despised, might surely have asked, since the two states were to be subject to the same law of succession, why the county ought to serve as a rule for the kingdom, rather than the kingdom for the county? Would it not have been more consistent with justice to reject

The court of France at first acknowledges them.

The subsequent dispute founded on old testaments.

Whether the Salique law ought to have

Nauroit il pas été plus équitable de rejeter la loi Salique en Provence, parcequ'elle l'étoit à Naples, que de l'admettre à Naples parcequ'elle étoit admise en Provence ?

Mais il ne faut qu'adopter une maxime du P. Daniel, pour terminer la controverse sur le champ. Le duc de Lorraine n'étoit pas en état de pour-
Maxime du P. Daniel,
 suivre son droit, le roi de France l'étoit. Sa puissance lui donnoit la préférence. Je ne sai cependant si on peut adopter une maxime, laquelle généralisée revient à celle ci. " Si l'héritier légitime ne peut faire valoir ses
mise au jour.
 " prétensions, elles sont annéanties et le plus proche héritier sans son consentement prend sa place, et peut poursuivre et obtenir l'héritage pour
 " lui même et sa postérité."

Tels sont les droits principaux des maisons d'Anjou et d'Arragon à la couronne de Naples. C'est au lecteur à prononcer, mais avant qu'il le fasse
Autres droits des deux maisons.
 qu'il jette les yeux sur quelques autres droits des uns et des autres, trop peu certains, ou trop mal fondés pour mériter d'être traités au long. 1. La
L'acte d'investiture de Charles I.
 maison de France pouvoit alléguer que par l'acte d'investiture de Charles I. ses droits lui étoient dévolus. Je n'en dirai rien. Le moine qui dressa cet acte avec une précision scholastique, l'a si bien embrouillé que je ne puis voir si ces droits étoient retournés au pape, s'ils avoient passé à la branche de Bourbon, où à celle de Valois.

2. Le

reject the Salique law in ascertaining the succession to Provence, because that law was
 unknown in Naples, than to introduce a new law at Naples because it was admitted
 in Provence ?
been rejected in Provence, or introduced at Naples.

But we need only adopt a maxim of Father Daniel, to terminate the controversy at
 once. The duke of Lorraine had not force to maintain his right ; the king of France
 had ; and this force entitled him to a preference. Yet I know not whether we
 can justly adopt a maxim, which may be thus expressed in general terms. " If a
Maxim of Father Daniel explained.
 " lawful heir cannot maintain his pretensions, they become of course extinct ; and
 " the next person in the order of succession may assume his place, assert and obtain
 " the inheritance for himself and his posterity."

Such are the principal titles of the houses of Anjou and Arragon to the crown of
 Naples. It belongs to the reader to pronounce sentence ; after first casting his eye
 on some other rights of both parties, too weak or uncertain to merit a long discussion.
Other titles of both houses.
 1. The house of France might assert that by the pope's investiture of Charles I. the
 rights of that prince devolved to the family of Anjou. I pretend not to decide. The
 monk who prepared that act with scholastic formality, succeeded so well in perplex-
 ing it, that I cannot perceive whether those rights returned thereby to the pope, or
 descended to the family of Bourbon or to that of Valois.
The act of investiture of Charles I.

2. The

- Droit de conquête. 2. Le droit de conquête ; droit odieux, qui n'est propre qu'à faire de grands scélérats, et qui se déclara pour chaque maison à son tour.
- Droit d'adoption par Jeanne II. 3. Le droit d'adoption par la reine Jeanne II. Mais comme elle adopta successivement Louis d'Anjou, et Alphonse d'Arragon, l'une des quantités (pour parler avec les Algébristes) détruit l'autre.
- Droit de possession. 4. Le droit de possession. La maison d'Arragon l'avoit depuis soixante ans. Mais la maison d'Anjou n'avoit jamais laissé dormir ses prétensions : elle les avoit revendiquées dans toutes les occasions.
- Droit du consentement des sujets. 6. Le droit du consentement des sujets, le plus beau de tous les droits. Les Arragonois pouvoient alléguer l'obéissance générale ; mais selon le parti contraire, leurs cruautés et les murmures du peuple faisoient voir combien cette obéissance étoit forcée.
- Seul droit au-dessus des objections. Le droit de conquête n'est fait que pour les bêtes féroces. Le droit de succession bien imaginé en lui même, n'a pas de principes fixes. Le seul droit au-dessus de toutes les objections, est celui qui sort de la voix d'un peuple libre.

- Right of conquest. 2. The right of conquest ; an odious right, fit only to make illustrious criminals ; which alternately favoured both parties.
- Right of adoption by queen Joan II. 3. The right of adoption by queen Joan II. But as she successively adopted Lewis of Anjou and Alphonzo of Arragon, the one of those quantities, to speak in the language of algebra, destroys the other.
- Right of possession. 4. The right of possession. The house of Arragon enjoyed it sixty years. Yet the house of Anjou had never relinquished its pretensions ; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity of asserting them.
- Title arising from the people's consent. 6. The consent of the subjects, the fairest of all titles. The princes of the house of Arragon might allege the universal obedience paid to their authority ; but, according to the opposite party, the cruelties exercised by that house, and the murmurs of the people, clearly proved their obedience to be involuntary.
- The only title not liable to objection. The right of conquest is only made for wild beasts. The laws of succession, though well contrived in themselves, are destitute of fixed principles. The only title not liable to objection, is the consenting voice of a free people.

IDÉE de quelques SUJETS pour une COMPOSITION HISTORIQUE.

Au camp
auprès de
Winchester,
le 26 Juillet
1761.

JE mépriserois tout écrivain indifférent à l'utilité de ses lecteurs : J'admire celui qui uniquement touché de cette utilité compta pour rien sa propre gloire. Je ne suis ni l'un ni l'autre. Mon inclination, celle de mon siècle, me décident pour l'histoire. Convaincu de son mérite, ma raison ne me fait point rougir de mon choix. Mais ce n'est pas tout ; suis-je propre à marcher dans une carrière que Tacite à cru digne de lui, et dont Pline a douté s'il étoit digne ? * Le rôle d'un historien est beau, mais celui d'un chroniqueur, ou d'un coureur de gazettes est assez méprisable. A cet égard je ne puis connoître mes forces qu'en les essayant, et pour les connoître bientôt je dois choisir quelque sujet d'histoire qui me fasse honneur, s'il est bien exécuté, et qui ne me laisse pas le regret en cas d'un malheur, d'avoir trop employé de tems dans un genre qui n'étoit pas le mien. Je
vais

HINTS of some SUBJECTS fit for HISTORY.

Camp, near
Winchester,
26 July 1761.

I WOULD despise an author regardless of the benefit of his readers : I would admire him who, solely attentive to this benefit, should be totally indifferent to his own fame. I stand in neither of these predicaments. My own inclination, as well as the taste of the present age, have made me decide in favour of history. Convinced of its merit, my reason cannot blush at the choice. But this is not all. Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature, which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy ? * The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a mere chronicler or compiler of gazettes is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength ; and to make the experiment, I ought soon to choose some subject of history, which may do me credit, if well treated ; and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some sub-
jects

* V. Plin. Secund. Epist. Lib. v. Ep. viii.

vais parcourir quelques sujets d'histoire, marquer leurs avantages et leurs défauts, tels qu'ils m'ont paru, et montrer celui auquel je me suis arrêté.

L'histoire de
la croisade de
Richard I.
d'Angle-
terre.

L'histoire de Richard premier d'Angleterre, et sa croisade contre les Sarrafins, plairoit du côté du merveilleux. Un roi d'Angleterre combattant à la tête des Anglois et des François réunis sous les murs d'Ascalon ! Les matériaux suffisent au dessein. Sans parler des chroniques générales, l'on a deux historiens contemporains et exacts ; et ce qui est d'un grand prix pour un ami de la vérité, l'un Chrétien, et l'autre Mahometan ; je veux parler de Guillaume de Tyr, et de l'Arabe dont M. Schultens a traduit l'histoire de Saladin. Deux auteurs au moins, nous ont laissé des descriptions particulieres de cette croisade, et deux autres moines l'ont célébré par des poemes historiques. Mais aussi que ce Richard étoit un digne héros pour des moines ; la férocité d'un gladiateur, et la cruauté d'un tyran, employées sans succès dans une cause où la superstition imposoit silence à la religion, à la justice, et à la politique, et contre un prince des plus accomplis dans l'histoire ! Que Richard nous intéresseroit peu ! D'ailleurs cet événement est trop éloigné, trop enfoncé dans les ténèbres du moyen age, pour s'attirer beaucoup d'attention aujourd'hui.

jects for history ; to indicate their advantages and defects ; and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer.

The history
of Richard I.
of England's
crusade
against the
Saracens.

The history of Richard I. of England, and his crusade against the Saracens, is alluring by the marvellous. A king of England fighting at the head of an allied army of English and French under the walls of Ascalon ! There are good materials for executing such an undertaking. Without speaking of the general chronicles, we know two contemporary and accurate historians ; and what is of great importance to a lover of the truth, the one a Christian, and the other a Mahomedan ; I mean William of Tyre, and the Arabian whose history of Saladin is translated by Mr. Schultens. Two monkish authors, at least, have left particular descriptions of this crusade ; and other two monks have celebrated it in historical poems. But, on the other hand, this Richard was a fit hero only for monks. With the ferocity of a gladiator, he united the cruelty of a tyrant ; and both were unsuccessfully employed in a cause where superstition silenced religion, justice, and policy ; and against one of the most accomplished princes in history. How little are we interested in the exploits of Richard ! Besides, this transaction is too remote, and too deeply buried in the darkness of the middle ages, to attract much notice at present.

Aug. 24th, [I Read Mr. Bonamy's Reflections upon the Geographical Errors 1761.] occasioned by Alexander's Historians, Mem. xxv. p. 40—54; *very solid*: and M. de la Bleterie's Mem. upon the tribunitian power of the Emperors, Mem. xxv. p. 392—440; much inferior to his former dissertations.

25th.]—I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient Roman Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219—257; *most excellent*: I never understood the Roman Calendar before.

26th.]—I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him thoroughly.

28th.]—I read M. de Guigner's Memoir upon the Destruction of the Greek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17—34; *singular*: and M. d'Anville's, upon the Nation and Religion of the Getæ, ib. p. 34—47; *judicious*.

Sept. 1st.]—I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, upon antient Painting.

2d.]—I read the Count de Caylus's second Dissertation.

3d.]—I began M. de la Nauze's Memoir upon the Manner Pliny has treated of antient Painting.

4th.]—I finished it.

5th.]—I read M. de Caylus's third Dissertation. Though Caylus has a much higher reputation, I should myself prefer de la Nauze; in French I should say, Celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, celui-là en amateur homme de lettres. De la Nauze is learned, methodical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. Caylus's observations are without any plan, too minute, and sometimes, when stripped of their technical dress, injudicious. However, his comparison of the antient and modern painters shews a knowledge of the beauties and masters of the art. They are both contained in tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149—302. I read the first Memoir of M. de Caylus upon antient Sculpture.

6th.]—I read the second Memoir upon Sculpture, tom. xxv. p. 302—368. They are much superior to those upon painting; as the author probably never practised sculpture, he attaches himself less to the manual exercise of the art.

7th.]—I read M. de Caylus upon the Mausoleum, tom. xxvi. p. 321—335.

8th.]—I read four parts of the Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, from July 60, to July 61; a plain, sensible journal.

11th.]—I read M. Freret's Observations upon the Marble of Paros, tom. xxvi. p. 157—219: the general remarks, interesting; the enquiry into the date of the death of Darius, ingenious and satisfactory; the whole very profound: and M. de Belley's Explanation of a Camayeu in the D. of Orleans's cabinet; very probable: tom. xxvi. p. 475—486.

12th.]—I read Belley's Explanation of an Agate in the D. of Orleans's cabinet; *like the former*: tom. xxvi. p. 486—504: and M. d'Anville's Enquiry into the Source of the Nile; tom. xxvi. p. 34—46; leaves it as obscure as ever.

Oct. 2d.]—I ran over M. de la Beau's Memoir upon the Roman Legion, in tom. xxvi. of the Academy: one or two Epistles of Horace; with Dacier and Sanadon; and Soame Jenyns's Enquiry into the Origin of Evil; and perused for the second time, with infinite pleasure, M. de la Nauze's fine Memoir upon antient Painting.

Feb. 8th, 1762.]—Having finished Hurd's Horace, given a second perusal to two principal discourses, and thoroughly meditated the whole subject, I began to make an *Extrait raisonné* of it. At the same time I employed my leisure moments in going through the famous *Argenis* of Barclay, with which I was much entertained; and, with a view to Homer, perused for the second time a very considerable part of Mezeriac's Ovid.

Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLÆ, ad Pisones et Augustum; with an English Commentary and Notes. To which are added, two Dissertations; the one on the Provinces of the Drama; the other on Poetical Imitation; with a Letter to Mr. Maſon: in two volumes, 12mo. The second edition. Cambridge, 1757.

Devizes,
Feb. 8th,
1762.

Mr. Hurd, the supposed author of this performance, is one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement. To a great fund of well-digested reasoning, he adds a clearness of judgment, and a niceness of penetration, capable of taking things from their first principles, and observing their most minute differences. I know few writers more deserving of the great, though prostituted name, of critic; but, like many critics, he is better qualified to instruct, than to execute. His manner appears to me harsh and affected, and his style clouded with obscure metaphors, and needlessly perplexed with expressions exotic, or technical. His excessive praises (not to give them a harsher name) of a certain living critic and divine, disgust the sensible reader, as much as the contempt affected for the same person, by many who are very unqualified to pass a judgment upon him.

Horace's Art of Poetry, generally deemed an unconnected set of precepts, without unity of design or method, appears under Mr. Hurd's hands, an attempt to reform the Roman stage, conducted with an artful plan, and carried on through the most delicate transitions. This plan is unravelled in Mr. Hurd's Commentary. If ever those transitions appear too finely spun, the concealed art of epistolary freedom will sufficiently account for it. The least Mr. Hurd must convince us of, is, that, if Horace had any plan, it was that which he has laid down. Every part of dramatic poetry is treated of, even to the satyres and the attellanes; its metre, subject, characters, chorus, explained and distinguished. The rest of the epistle contains those precepts of unity of design, accuracy of composition, &c. which, though not peculiar to the dramatic poet, are yet as necessary to him as to any other.

I shall say little more of the Epistle to Augustus, than that the subject matter is much plainer than in the other, but the connection of parts far

more perplexed. In the two lines from 30 to 32, a critic must be very sharp-sighted, to discover so complicated an argument as Mr. Hurd finds out there: however, his own Commentary is far superior to that on the Art of Poetry; and rises here into a very elegant paraphrase. As my business lies more with Mr. Hurd than with Horace, I shall only select one of the numerous beauties of this Epistle; it is that elegant encomium upon the modern poets, which extends from v. 113 to 139. Every one must observe that fine gradation, which, from describing the poet as a happy, inoffensive creature, exalts him at last into a kind of mediator between the gods and men. But an art more refined, and nicely attentive to its object, only employs those praises, which belong equally to good and to bad poets. Every one complained of the multitude of bad poets; even these, replies Horace, are not to be despised; such poetry is an employment, which makes its possessor good and happy, by abstracting him from the cares of men; he may turn it to the useful purposes of a virtuous education; and the gods, who attend more to the piety, than the talents of the bard, will listen with pleasure to his hymns.

I shall now consider some of Mr. Hurd's notes upon these Epistles, and then pass to his larger discourses.

Vol. i.
p. 68—77.

Upon v. 94, he starts a new train of thought upon the use of poetical expressions in tragedy. The herd of critics allow them to the hero in his calmer moments, and forbid them in his more passionate ones. On the contrary (says Mr. Hurd, and I think with reason) it is that very passion that calls them forth, by rousing every faculty, and exciting images suitable to the grandeur of his situation. Anger indeed, which exalts the mind, inspires more bold and daring images; those of grief are more weak, humble, and broken: but when passion sleeps, it is fancy alone that can create figures, and fancy is a very improper guide for the severe genius of dramatic poetry.

Perhaps the natural correspondency between passion and the poetical figures, may be more exactly ascertained, by defining what is properly meant by poetical figures. It is (if I am not mistaken) a comparison, either expressed or understood, between two objects, about one of which the mind is particularly engaged, and which it perceives bears some affinity to another. The comparison, properly so called, expresses every feature of that resemblance at full length, the allusion points it out in a more slight

and general manner, and the metaphor, disdaining that slow deduction of ideas, boldly substitutes to the object of the comparison, that to which it is compared. In the instance Mr. Hurd has taken from Tacitus, "*Ne vestis serica viros fœdaret,*" we may note this difference between the three species of figures. In a comparison he might have said, "that a silken garment was so disgraceful to a man, that it was like a pollution to his body." Had he said, "that a silken garment, like a pollution, was to be avoided by a man," it would have been an allusion: but, dropping every intermediate idea, he reports the law by which no silken garment was to pollute a man. This is a metaphor, and of his own creation; but there are many where spiritual faculties, and operations, are expressed by material images, which, though figurative in their origin, are, by time and use, almost become literal. These are the figures of poetry. I am sensible there are rhetorical ones also, but those, I believe, relate rather to the expression and distribution of the former.

Let us now, from these principles, investigate the workings of passion. It has been often observed, that the highest agitation of the mind is such as no language can describe; since language can only paint ideas, and not that sentimental, silent, almost stupid, excess of rage or grief, which the soul feels with such energy, that it is not master of itself enough to have any distinct perceptions; such passion baffles all description: but when this storm subsides, passion is as fertile in ideas, as it was at first barren: when some striking interest collects all our attention to one object, we consider it under every light it is susceptible of; even that rebel attention, chained down with difficulty to any range of ideas, endeavours as much as possible to enlarge the sphere of them; and as the agitation of our mind crowds them upon us, almost at the same instant, instead of presenting them slowly and singly, we cannot avoid being struck with many comparisons suitable to our situation. The past, the present, the future, our misfortunes, those of other men, our friends, our enemies, our ancestors, our posterity, form within us numberless combinations of ideas, either to assuage or irritate the reigning passion*. But those of the first species, though they strike us with

force,

* When Marius, proscribed by the party of Sylla, was obliged, after a thousand dangers, to take refuge on the coast of Africa, the prætor of that province sent him an order to leave it immediately: the licitor found him plunged in thought, and sitting on some stones on the beach. When he asked him what answer he should carry back to the prætor, "Tell him, (replied Marius,) that thou hast seen Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage." This implied.

force, we reject as much as in our power; and therefore the poet who expresses them in words, ought rarely to go farther than an allusion, or a metaphor: those indeed are in general the darling figures of passion, as it loves to pass with rapidity from one idea to another. However, in those conjunctions of ideas which feed and irritate the passion, she will sometimes dwell with complacency upon them, and pursue them to the minutest resemblances of a simile. I appeal to the breast of every one for the evidence of these positions; and as to the last, I shall instance the noble speech with which Juno opens the *Æneid*, and rousing herself to vengeance, from the comparison of her behaviour with that of Pallas, collects every circumstance of it which could stimulate her more strongly to the execution of it.

Vol. i.
p. 81—87.

To return to Mr. Hurd's Notes. He employs several passages to prove, what I fancy no one would have disputed him; that though the words, *pulchrum*, *beau*, *beautiful*, are often used to express the general conception of beauty, they are sometimes made to signify that particular sort of beauty which pleases the imagination, opposed to that which affects the heart.

Aristotle had blamed the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, as a character ill-supported; so timid at first, afterwards so determined. The general opinion had extended the same reproach to his *Electra*. Mr. Hurd undertakes their vindication. If *Electra* feels so much remorse after the murder of her mother, though the principal author of it, we must consider that she is nowhere described as devoid of natural tenderness; though the thirst of revenge, supported by the maxims of her times, such as the doctrine of remunerative justice, of fate, and of the heinousness of adultery, had for a time subdued it. Besides, her hatred was chiefly pointed at *Ægisthas*, and her remorse is greatly exaggerated. As to *Iphigenia*, her timidity, when acquainted she was to be sacrificed, is easily accounted for; as she was surprized, and, at that time, ignorant of the reasons which required it. Even to the last, her constancy is yet mixed with some regret and repining.

Vol. i.
p. 110—112.

Upon v. 148, Mr. Hurd attempts to account for, and establish one of the most important rules of Epic poetry. A poet may either tell his story in the natural historical order, or, rushing at once into the middle of his

plied comparison between his fall, and that of a once powerful city, displayed on the same spot, is poetically bold. Yet passion and real misfortune, joined to the coincidence of place, could suggest it to Marius, a rough illiterate soldier. Is not this a striking illustration of Mr. Hurd's theory?

his subject, he may afterwards introduce, by way of episode, the events previous to it. Which method should he observe? Homer, at least in one of his poems, has preferred the last*; and in that, as well as in most other things, has been followed by his successors; by Virgil, by Milton, by Voltaire, and (in this instance I may call him an epic poet) by Fenelon. But as many things that have stood the test of time, cannot endure that of reason, I shall venture to start some objections to this method, and to consider, in a few words, Mr. Hurd's defence of it.

1st, Supposing the rule founded on reason, it is too vague to reduce to practice. Since the greatest part of the poem is to consist in a recital, where the poet himself speaks, when is that recital to begin? with the principal action? But in those great, though simple subjects, that alone are worthy of the epic muse; such, for example, as the establishment of Æneas in Italy; there are a great number of previous events, which either hasten or retard the catastrophe. Are *they* part of the subject? They are intimately connected with it, and no critic ever required unity of place in the epopœa. Are they not? How then can the loves of Æneas and Dido be justified? And if they can, why may not Æneas's meeting Andromache in Epirus, be as much a part of the principal subject, as his meeting Dido at Carthage? I might in this manner follow the thread of the episodical story, perhaps to the beginning of the second, but certainly to the beginning of the third book of the Æneid, (and were I to take the Odyssey, or any other epic poem, it would be the same,) and ask at every pause, why the bard might not begin his invocation from thence, like Horace himself:

—— Demo unum, demo et item unum,
Dum cadat, elusus ratione ruentis acervi.

But enough has been said on this head.

2dly, When, without any preparation, we are thrown at once into the midst of the subject, unacquainted with the characters or situation of the hero; such a conduct can be productive only of a surprize and perplexity to the reader, which, if they are any beauties, are at least beauties of an inferior

* In the Odyssey. As to the Iliad, properly speaking, he has followed neither. The events previous to the subject, the anger of Achilles, he neither relates himself, nor throws into an episode; but as they were few and simple, he leaves the reader to collect them from occasional hints dispersed through the poem.

ferior species of poetry. Nor is this all; this very ignorance and perplexity of the reader diminishes the interest of that part of the poem; for how can we love beauties we are yet ignorant of, or tremble for misfortunes of which we have a very faint idea? Nor can it be said that the nature of an epic subject preserves it from this inconveniency; since it always is, or ought to be, some story already famous. It may be so; but we are not yet acquainted with the alterations it may have suffered under the hands of the poet: nor can the similar example of dramatic poetry be alleged. It is there an unavoidable defect; but we ought not therefore voluntarily to transfer it to another species of poetry.

3dly, When this objection begins to vanish, and the reader, interested in the present misfortunes of the hero, has little or no curiosity to inquire into his past ones, it is then the poet chooses to tell them. I suppose we have read the first book of the *Æneid*; it is impossible to read it as it deserves, without taking the greatest part in the important scene which begins to disclose itself; so romantic a meeting of a Trojan chief and a Tyrian princess, upon the shores of Africa, and the gods themselves employing every artifice to inspire them with a mutual passion, and prevent the establishment of the Roman empire. At the instant we are impatient to know the event, and expect the poet should hasten to it, we are entertained with a long recital of the sack of Troy, and the voyages of *Æneas*. After this is at last ended, and we return to Dido, we have almost forgot who she was. Is this consulting the pleasure of the reader? and that pleasure ought to be the aim of every writer. I do not know whether I may not have expressed myself too strongly in saying, we have little, or no curiosity, to learn the past fortunes of the hero; but, however, let it be considered, 1st, That before they are told us in a regular narration, a thousand hints of them must have been dropped, which betray the secret; so that we only come to it with that languid curiosity, of learning the particulars of what we have already a general idea. 2dly, That we are not to consider our positive degree of curiosity, to know the events previous to the beginning of the poem, but to compare it with the desire we feel of pursuing the sequel, which must be far more ardent; for in every operation of the mind there is a much higher delight in descending from the cause to the effect, than in ascending from the effect to the cause. In the perusal of a fable, it is the event we are anxious about, and our anxiety increases, or diminishes,

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as that event is known or unknown to us. It is easy to apply this to the present argument.

4thly, and lastly, (for though I endeavour to be concise, I am frightened when I look back,) The style of the poet will suffer as much by this inversion as his plan. Bold figures and poetical imagery are the essence of the epopœa; but with what propriety can they be introduced into that episode, where it is the hero, not the poet, that speaks? There are two sources of these figures; strong passion, and a fine imagination. The first can operate, in any strong degree, only during the actual influence of the misfortune which gave birth to it; and though the recollection of the latter may call forth some sparks of the former, yet it will be a faint, reflected heat, very unequal to that great effect, of transporting both the speaker and the hearer. On the other hand, a fine imagination is no essential part of a hero. Homer and Achilles are very different characters; nay, should the chief personage, like Ulysses, be a celebrated orator, even that will not authorize his employing the beauties of poetical language, since his recital, to be properly introduced, must be unpremeditated, and occasional: not like the poet, who, besides the fire of natural genius, is indulged with every advantage of time, labour, and a particular inspiration of the gods*. The episodical story must, therefore, be simple, unadorned, and far inferior, as to style, to the rest of the poem. I am sensible the Æneas of Virgil is as great a poet as Virgil himself; but either the principles I have laid down are false, or this example is a strong proof of the inconveniencies of the method; since it obliged so correct a writer, to offend either the judgment, or the imagination of his readers.

* When Antenor, in the third Iliad, points out to Priam, Ulysses among the Grecian chiefs, he describes the nature of his eloquence:

Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολυμήλῃς ἀνείξεν Ὀδυσσεύς
 Στάσκει, ὅππαι δὲ ἰδέσκε καλὰ χθονὸς ὀμμάλα πηξας,
 Σκηπτοῖσι δὲ οὐτ' ἐπιτω, οὐδὲ προπερκνές, ἐναιμα,
 Αλλ' ἀσιμφίς ἐχέσκειν, αἰδρεῖ φάτις εὐκλῆς·
 Φωνὴν κεν ζαχέην τινα ἱερμάναι, αἰθέρα δ' αὐτῶς·
 Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ ὅ σπᾶ τε μεγάλην ἐκ γυθεὺς ἔειπ,
 Καὶ ἐπεὶ κ' ἠφραδίσσιν ἐοικεῖα χεῖμαρ' ἔειπεν,
 Οὐκ αὖτ' ἐπεὶ Ὀδυσσῆϊ γ' ἐτίσσειε βροτὸς ἄλλος.

Iliad iii. v. 216—223.

Out of the several testimonies to the eloquence of Ulysses, collected by Dr. Clarke, I shall only subjoin that of Quintillian: “Sed summam adgressus, (*Homerus*) ut in Ulyssæ facundiam, “magnitudinem illi junxit; cui orationem nivibus hybernis, et copia verborum, atque impetu “parem tribuit. Cum hoc igitur nemo mortalium contendet.”

Quintil. xii. C. 10.

I cannot pass to Mr. Hurd's arguments, without mentioning a difficulty which seems to affect my second objection, viz. this ignorance and perplexity is an objection only to the first perusal. It is true; but, if precepts are to direct the composition of the writer, it is certainly that first perusal, and the effects it may produce, that he should principally consider; especially as to what relates to the clearness of his plot: and should it be said, that in my third objection our curiosity to know the event can be likewise only baulked on the first perusal, to the preceding answer I must add, that whoever considers the power of imagination, will find that reply by no means exact. Although, when we can coolly reflect, we are acquainted with the event, yet the true poet, by interesting our passions, chains us down to the present moment, and prevents our seeing any thing beyond it. When I read the tragedy of Iphigenia for the twentieth time, I know Iphigenia will not be sacrificed; but the struggles of Agamemnon, the rage of Achilles, the despair of Clytemnestra, make me ignorant, and tremblingly anxious for the event.

Let us now hear Mr. Hurd, who, employing the particular example of the *Æneid*, justifies this common method from two reasons. 1. The nature of an epic poem; and, 2. The state and expectation of the reader.

1. The nature of an epic poem obliges the poet to relate, at full length, every event he himself relates. Now, the destruction of Troy, related in this manner, must have taken up several books. By that time it would have taken such hold of the imagination of the reader, that the remainder of the poem would have appeared little more than an appendix to it. The conclusion is certain; but on what is the principle founded? upon an assertion advanced without the least proof. I should rather think, that, as an epic poem must preserve an unity of hero, and of action, every event, instead of being related at full length, need only occupy a space proportionate with its importance and degree of connection with the principal subject. This is at least the rule of history; and if poetry should only deviate from it, for the sake of making the fable one, connected, marvellous, heroic, and answering to our notions of justice *, I do not see how the poet is dispensed from it in this instance. If from reason we go to authority, does not Virgil himself dispatch in sixty lines, the state of Italy at the arrival of the Trojans, with the ancestors, history, and character of Latinus?

Æneid,
L. vii. v. 45
—105.

Mr. Hurd,
vol. ii. p. 160—
162.

* Lord Bacon, and Mr. Hurd himself, agree that poetry is an imitation of history, deviating however from it, so as to answer the above-mentioned ends.

2. I do not see any material difference between this and the last argument. To find any, I must suppose Mr. Hurd means that, had Virgil begun the poem with the taking of Troy, that story, however concisely told, would have engrossed too much of the reader's attention. I believe it would; but no rule can be founded upon this particular instance, where the preliminaries of the poem happen to be incomparably more important than the subject matter of it. When a poet finds himself under such a difficulty, I think the common method may be very serviceable to him.

I flatter myself I have now proved this rule never essential to the epopœa, and in general hurtful to it. But has it no advantages? The only one I can discover is, that making the hero tell part of his own story, gives the poem a more varied, and dramatic air, brings the reader more familiarly acquainted with the chief personages, and furnishes the writer with unaffected strokes, rather indeed of manners and of character than of passion. To these ends it may be serviceable. Let it however be remembered, that the poet who has obtained them the most completely, has done it, in one of his poems, without the assistance of this method.

Mr. Hurd, though a very rational admirer of antiquity, looks upon the chorus as essentially necessary to tragedy, and blames the moderns for having rejected it. The subject is curious, and, I think, has never been well considered; but, as such a discussion would lead me too far, I shall defer it till another opportunity, and only report here the substance of Mr. Hurd's commentary.

The chorus, rejected by us notwithstanding the authority of Aristotle and Vol. i. p. 116 Horace, joined to the example of the ancient tragedians, and of our own —119. Milton and Racine, has many advantages to recommend it. The principal are, 1. The chorus interposing in the action, and bearing a part of it, gives it an air of probability, and real life, and fills up that vacuity which is so sensibly felt upon the modern stage. 2. The chorus is as useful to the ethics, as to the poetry of the stage. It is a perpetual moral commentary upon the drama, enforcing every virtuous sentiment, rectifying every vicious one; and pointing out the important lessons which may be drawn from the catastrophe. Nor can it be said that the audience do not want this assistance. A sharp-sighted Athenian audience, even with the help of the chorus, could not distinguish between the real sentiments of Euripides and those he was obliged to suit to his characters. These uses of the chorus naturally ascertain its laws. 1. Its songs must be animated with a spirit of virtue

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and morality; and 2. Their subject matter must be relative to and connected with the plot of the play and the actual situation of the personages. The Greek tragedians, who invented the chorus, have scarce ever deviated from the spirit of it. But Seneca, who seems to have endeavoured by his faults to illustrate the admonitions of Horace, has often mistaken it in the
 Vol. i. p. 120 grossest manner. Mr. Hurd selects his Hippolitus, one of his best plays,
 —127. and examines it act by act upon these principles. Every where his chorus bears a most idle and uninteresting part. The example of the third act, which contains the false accusation of Hippolitus, and the too easy deception of Theseus, may suffice. What had the chorus to do here? but to warn against the too great credulity, and to commiserate the case of the deluded father. Yet it declaims in general upon the unequal distribution of good and ill. Mr. Hurd traces the source of these blunders to an injudicious imitation of some passages of Euripides, without any attention to character or situation.

The second law of the chorus is without exception; but several things may be said to explain or modify the first. 1. The use of modern sentences is not only necessary, but peculiar to the chorus. That is their proper place; if they were frequently put into the mouths of the speakers, it would only give the drama an air of stiffness and pedantry, very opposite to real life. If the Greeks (especially Euripides) have acted otherwise, they were
 Vol. i. p. 155 only to be justified from the manners of their age. That age was
 —163. peculiarly addicted to moral sentences, from a singular mixture of simplicity and refinement. Their simplicity inspired them, as it does always, with a spirit of moralising, expressed in short proverbial sentences: at the same time, moral philosophy was never more universal, and even fashionable. Both these causes operating upon the manners and conversation of the Greeks, could allow the poet, without offending against probability, to extend those maxims to the personages of the drama which succeeding times should confine to the chorus. Accius and Pacuvius indeed, and after them Seneca, injudiciously copied the Greeks in this instance; though writing to a nation whose manners were very different. 2. Though the chorus should always take the side of morality, it must not be so much that of a pure, philosophical morality, as of the popular system of ethics of that age and country. This restriction will be a reply to many cavils. We are shocked
 Vol. i. p. 131 in the Medea, when we see a virtuous chorus not only conceal, but even
 —139. abet the cruel designs of that princess, against her husband, her rival, and
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the tyrant Creon; designs most justly repugnant to the purer lights of modern religion and philosophy: but we must consider that, in the Pagan world, the severest revenge for such injuries as the violation of the marriage bed, so far from being a crime, was almost an act of duty; and that since positive laws allowed it to the husband, a chorus of women might very well think no natural law forbade it to the wife. 3. Great allowance must be made for bad politics, as well as bad ethics: a chorus of free citizens will be virtuous and independent; but should they (as in the *Antigone*) be composed of the servile ministers of a tyrant, their words, and even their thoughts, will be slavish, and the will of their masters their only rule of right and wrong; their depravity will be the fault of the subject, not of the poet. Nay this depravity will convey a fine moral lesson of the baleful influence of arbitrary power. Vol. i. p. 127
—131.

Mr. Hurd thinks the verses from 202—220, which are generally considered as a censure on the corruption of the modern music, are in fact an encomium on its improvement; couched under an irony, by which he sneers at the too great austerity of those who blamed it without a sufficient attention to the alteration of manners, and the mixed company a public assembly is made up of.

The account our commentator gives of the Satyrs, Mimes, and Attellanes, is as curious as it is new. I shall only report the substance. 1. The attellanes were originally a Roman entertainment; so called from Attella, a town of the Osci, in Campania; for which reason, both the language and characters were Oscan; and the introduction of an old provincial dialect was a source of pleasantry very opposite to the unpolished taste of those ages. 2. In the seventh century of Rome, Pomponius began to write Latin attellanes; preserving however an antique cast of expression. This reformation, and a more moral turn which he gave his attellanes, procured him the name of inventor of them; and the honour of being imitated by the dictator Sylla. 3. Soon after, and before Horace wrote, the Oscan characters, now become absurd, had disappeared, and made way for the Greek satyrs. 4. Horace finding this entertainment established, and even necessary for the populace of Rome, undertook to regulate it, and to substitute to the gross ribaldry of the attellanes, the poignant wit of the Greek satyrs. 5. If it is asked, in what that wit consisted, it may be answered, principally in the double character of the satyrs themselves, who, though rustic and grotesque personages, were supposed in ancient mythology to be great masters
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of civil and moral wisdom: but should Horace be censured, as he has been; for preferring these attellanes to the elegant mimes of Laberius, it may be replied, that we rate too high the merit of these mimes. Cicero despised them, and the best antients represent them as a confused medley of comic drollery, on a variety of subjects, without any order or design; delivered by one actor, and heightened with all the licence of obscene gesticulation.

Vol. i. p. 165
—184.

This inelegancy (to pass to another remark of Mr. Hurd) was the general character of antient wit, which consisted rather in a rude illiberal satire, than in a just and temperate ridicule, restrained within the bounds of decency and good manners; Cicero and Horace themselves, though masters of every other part of elegant composition, joke with a very ill grace. A favourite topic of antient raillery was corporal defects; a decisive proof of the coarseness of their humour; and this practice was recommended by rule, and enforced by the authority of their greatest masters. After this we must not be surprized if they preferred those authors, whose wit was like their own, rough and coarse: Plautus to Terence, Aristophanes to Menander. We must follow Mr. Hurd for a few moments into his enquiry into the causes of this defect. 1. The free and popular governments of antiquity. These, by setting all the citizens on a level, took off those restraints of civility which arise from a fear of displeasing; and which can alone curb the licentiousness of ridicule. The only court to be paid was from the orators to the people. These were to be entertained with the coarse banter proper to please them; and, design passing into habit, these orators, and after them the nation, accustomed themselves to it at all times. The old comedy was therefore an excellent school for an orator, and always recommended as such: but when arbitrary power had moulded the Roman manners to more obsequiousness and decency, Terence and Menander began to receive a deserved applause; though even then, antient wit was never thoroughly refined; for, 2. The old festal entertainments still subsisted, the Panathenæa and Dionysia of the Greeks, the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia of the Romans; and preserved always an image, as well of the frank libertine wit of their old stage, as of the original equality and independency of their old times. Upon this subject I agree with Mr. Hurd; but I think this influence of government upon the manners and literature of a nation, might be the subject of a very original enquiry. I have

Cic. de Ora-
tor. L. xi.
C. 59 and 66.

have a good many ideas myself, though, as the Abbé Trublet calls it;
 “ *Je n’ai pas achevé de les penser.*”

Upon v. 404. Mr. Hurd explains his author differently from his predecessors. They extended that encomium to all poetry, which Horace meant only for the lyric. In fact it is only adequate to that species which is besides so particularly pointed out by “ *Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.*” This is a delicate stroke of Horace; after his panegyric upon dramatic poetry, to shew the lyric had also its merit, and to prevent the Piso’s from despising the choice he had made. Vol. i. p. 234.
 —237.

These are the principal notes upon the Art of Poetry. On the Epistle to Augustus, I find but two worthy much notice.

The first is the explanation of a magnificent allegory, which opens the third Georgic. Virgil, after apologizing for the meanness of his subject, breaks away, with a poetical enthusiasm, to foretel his successes in the future great work of the Æneid. He shadows it under the idea of a triumph, in which he is to lead captive all the Grecian muses: the monument of the triumph is to be the usual one, a temple consecrated by games and sacrifices, and every ornament of which alluded to the tutelary divinity Augustus. Thus, under the popular authorized veil of the apotheosis of that prince, he lets us at once into the whole secret of his plan. This explanation is exquisitely fine; but if my memory is good, the P. Catrou had started it before Mr. Hurd. Vol. ii. p. 30.
 —50.

2dly, The other remark is to explode a practice, familiar to Ovid, and not unknown to more correct writers; that of coupling two substantives to a verb which does not strictly govern both, or which at least must be taken in two different significations. He proves very copiously, against the professor d’Orville, that such a practice breaks the natural connection of our ideas, and turns the attention of the reader from the subject, to a discovery and admiration of the art of the writer. He therefore pronounces it unworthy of serious poetry. Vol. ii. p. 61.
 —75.

As yet I have only spoke of Mr. Hurd’s notes. His discourse upon the several provinces of the drama is a truly critical performance; I may even say, a truly philosophical one. From simple definitions of each species, he deduces a very extensive theory. To touch the heart by an interesting story, is the end of tragedy; to please our curiosity, and, perhaps our malignity, by a faithful representation of manners, is the purpose of comedy. To excite laughter is the sole, and contemptible, aim of farce. Vol. i. p. 247.
 —308.

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These enquiries are delicate ; sometimes we think we are reasoning upon things, when in fact we are only cavilling about words. It is more especially so with regard to those ideas which do not represent substances, but only modes of thinking, and moral combinations. There we can be only guided by practice and experience. They are out of the province of reason. If Plautus and Aristophanes have given the name of comedy to a species of entertainment of which the essence was ridicule, they had a right to do it. If their successors Terence and Menander have given the same name to their more serious drama, we must either prove these definitions not incompatible, or give some other appellation to the object of the last. All that reason can do upon this head is, dropping names, to investigate the sources of our pleasures, to class them, and to see how far they agree, or interfere, with each other.

It is very natural that the contemplation of human life should be the favourite amusement of man. It is his easiest, and yet least mortifying, method of studying himself. This contemplation can be only considered in two different lights, manners and actions. We must allow, though we cannot explain it, that our humanity makes it hurt and yet pleased with the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures ; and that the recital of a story, terrible or pathetic, rouses every faculty in the human heart. On the other hand, daily experience convinces us that our reflections and conversations never turn upon any subject so often, and with so much pleasure, as the various characters of mankind. It is to give us these pleasures, less strongly perhaps, but, through the means of fiction, more completely, that two entertainments have been invented, to the first of which we may hypothetically give the name of tragedy ; and to the second, that of comedy. The laws of each species are to be deduced from their ends : but in following Mr. Hurd, I shall only mention those particular to what we have just now called comedy.

The first law of comedy must relate to the choice of character. They must be mixed ones. Human nature never deals in manners perfectly good or completely bad : but the poet is not confined to those characters only which excite contempt and ridicule ; virtuous, amiable persons, who inspire us with sentiments of love and approbation, may be properly introduced, since all probable domestic manners lie within the province of comedy. These characters will not indeed occur so often as those of another kind, not only because they are less frequent in real life, but because they admit of less

variety. For reason and virtue pursue a steady uniform course, while the extravagant wanderings of vice and folly are infinite : however, when properly brought upon the stage, they will occasion more pleasing sensations there than in society ; whereas the ridicule of a scenical character is much weaker than that of a real one : perhaps our malignity may furnish a reason for this difference. 2dly, Another rule of comedy relates to the management of characters ; they are to be displayed in a natural manner, and, as much as may be, the personages are to give their own characters ; but that by undesigned actions or expressions, by which they lay themselves open without knowing it. Nor is that character always to appear, since it cannot always exist, but as the ruling passion is modified by others, or called forth by circumstances. A contrary method, though too common, is turning a man into a single passion ; a man, such as nature never made, since those who are the most under the dominion of a ruling passion, act and talk, upon many occasions, like the rest of mankind. Actions are the province of tragedy, and manners that of comedy ; this forms their distinctive difference. However, they cannot avoid running a good deal into each other. Without manners no action can be carried on, since we act according to our passions : nor could it affect us much, since our terror, or our pity, depends chiefly upon our love and hatred. On the other hand, how could manners be represented without a probable series of events, contrived to call them forth in a natural manner. We can only say, therefore, that in tragedy the action is the principal, manners an accessory circumstance ; in comedy manners are the principal, action the accessory circumstance. In both the poet must take care that the end be not lost in the means. For this reason the complicated plots of the Spanish writers have been justly laid aside as contrary to the true genius of comedy. It may be worthy of some notice, in speaking of characters, that the most natural ones are comic ; many highly so, are unfit for tragedy. Tragedy requires characters, good or bad, but of a power and energy equal to the greatest effects : but many passions, (the passions of weak minds,) such as vanity, can never with truth be raised to that dramatic importance ; the actions produced by such passions will be always, like themselves, puny and insignificant : but the energy of the stronger passions may be softened and reduced to the level of common life. Cruelty and ill-nature may disturb either a family or a nation ; besides, there are other passions, the power of which, though great, is vilified by their object. The various species of avarice have produced the most tragic events ; but the love

of money is of so vile and groveling a nature, that it would degrade the most pathetic tragedy that turned upon it.

This difference of the two species cannot well be disputed: but it has been asked, whether they have not been distinguished by the rank, as well as the character, of the personages; or in other words, whether tragedy is confined to the public and exalted characters of kings and generals, and comedy to the humbler stations of private life? Without any regard to authority, I shall examine this question, mixing indifferently my own reasons and Mr. Hurd's.

As to tragedy, it may indeed be said, that we are the most affected by those misfortunes which might happen to ourselves; and that therefore the distresses of a private family must touch us more nearly than those of a monarch: but to counteract that advantage we may remark, that the story of those whom we are accustomed to look upon with awe and veneration, attaches us in the strongest manner, and awakes our terror and pity much more than the wretchedness of private men. These indeed are popular notions; but the poet's business lies in complying with those notions, not in reforming them. Besides, the misfortunes of the great, though not superior in themselves to those of the multitude, are yet far more important in their consequences, which heighten the distress, by extending the influence of it to the whole community. To these general remarks I may add a particular one, that in the noblest subjects, those founded upon ambition, love of our country, &c. the rank of the personages cannot be too exalted; since upon that depends the greatness of the prize for the one, and of the sacrifices in the other; and consequently great part of the importance of the action and strength of passion.

But cannot comedy admit of monarchs? they have their private life, and may not the ridicules of it be displayed upon the stage? I think not; but I must give my reasons.

1. The first will be taken from the spectators. We love comedy, because it offers to us a faithful representation of what we meet with in life. It must be therefore the life of the most considerable part of the audience, that the poet should represent: but what is that part? The question is easily resolved, by looking through human society, and observing that insensible gradation from the man of quality to that degree immediately above the mechanic and the labourer; every link, from the highest to the lowest, enough connected with the others to have some acquaintance with their manners;

manners; and enough improved by education, to laugh at theirs, and their own follies. These then are the manners a poet should copy in their different appearances: should he touch those of the prince or peasant, they must either be the same or different. If the same, why go out of the way for them? if different, who will be found to understand or relish them? This is particularly true of the manners of princely life. With those of the lowest we are better acquainted; and the poet may find some archetypes among the spectators: but the grossness of them will disgust every one whom he can desire to please.

2. But are the manners of princes different from those of their subjects? are there any qualities peculiarly royal? I know but one; that is, the thinking that there are such: in other words, I mean a fondness for flattery. That ridicule can, I confess, be no where so well represented as on the throne; since those will always receive, and love, the most extravagant adulation, who have it most in their power to reward and punish: but still I think it a better subject for satire than comedy. It would be difficult to put in action the follies of a monarch; the great theatrical resource is, the opposition and contrast of characters that display each other. The severity of Demea, and the easiness of Micie, throw a light upon one another. Should we be half so well acquainted with the misanthropy of Alceste, were it not for the fashionable, complaisant character of Philinte? But the poet would be almost destitute of this resource, if he laid his scene in courts, which offer one uniform set of manners moulded upon the example of the prince. What contrast could be found to set off *his* character? None; since such a contrast supposes freedom and equality. This I take to be the true reason; not merely that politeness which in high life obliges even equals to conceal from each other their real characters. This is rather an advantage: we pursue with pleasure the various arts of concealment which it inspires, and when, as it must often happen, chance, familiarity, passion, interest, throw it off its guard, and display the man in his true colours, the long constraint gives them a new vivacity, and the discovery gives a higher relish to our entertainment.

3. But the most important objection to these characters still remains. They can have no private life. They have doubtless many things ridiculous and insignificant in themselves, hardly any thing that is so in its consequences. Every action of theirs is important by the influence it has upon

the community; and if we paint their follies, those follies, rendered vices by their tragical effects, would in themselves excite contempt, and indignation for their consequences; and, as the first of these passions is as repugnant to tragedy, as the second is improper for comedy, could produce only a very motley and disagreeable composition. Therefore, when M. de Fontenelle asks, whether Augustus, in his last sickness, surrounded by aruspices, who promise him a speedy recovery; by Parthian ambassadors, who restore to him standards about which he is totally indifferent; fawned upon by Livia, who is impatient for his death; whether all this would not make as good a comedy as the *malade imaginaire*; the answer will not be difficult: No. Because the follies and weaknesses of the last, as they are innocent, divert us; while the fawning of Livia, and her power over her husband, fill us with horror and indignation; when we reflect that, by setting Tiberius on the throne, they made the world unhappy for three-and-twenty years, and finished the ruin of the liberty and nobility of the republic.

The practice of M. de Fontenelle, though very happy, is rather a confirmation of this theory. In his comedies he endeavours to reconcile us to those great personages, but he is continually reduced to shifts of lowering our idea of their importance, and divesting them of their power and majesty, before he can make them real comic characters. His common expedients are, making them of mean extraction, though raised to the throne; not putting them in possession of the crown till the end of the play; and laying his scene in Greece, in order to fill their court with simple citizens instead of with nobles.

I cannot help thinking that farce (the third species of Mr. Hurd's) is rather a corruption, than a distinct species of comedy. Is not his own definition a proof of this? That, as comedy is a faithful, so farce is an exaggerated picture of human life: if they are distinct, there is little occasion to fear any encroachments into the province of comedy from farce: but many comic writers, to please the corrupt taste of the multitude, have descended to all the extravagance of farce. There is another subject, which farce has preserved from the old comedy. This is the painting personal, individual characters: but that practice, seldom followed, and never authorized upon the modern stage, rather deserves the animadversion of the magistrate than of the critic. As to follies, not confined to a man, but to an age or country, I think Mr. Hurd too severe in banishing them into farce:

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he seems sensible of it himself; and, in the instance of the Alchymist, attempts to soften his sentence by a distinction rather chimerical.

I have, though without design, already so much extended this extract, that I shall abridge the other discourse of Mr. Hurd far more than its merit would otherwise justify. The subject of it is extremely curious; poetical imitation examined upon very original principles; a question in which the reputation of all the great writers since Homer is vitally concerned. It is thus stated by Mr. Hurd: "Whether that conformity of phrase or sentiment between two writers of different times which we call *imitation* may not, with probability enough, for the most part, be accounted for from general causes arising from our common nature; that is, from the exercise of our natural faculties upon such objects as lie common to all observers."

Vol. ii.
p. 105—207.

It has often been observed, with truth, that as our capacities are narrow, and the materials of observation the same to all men; it is impossible that in so great a number of those who have thought, and published their thoughts, some should not have coincided in the same opinions, without any knowledge of each other. I believe that I may appeal to every man of letters, whether sometimes he has not met with things in books, which he had observed before he had ever seen those books; and things too of an uncommon and particular nature. Even in those sublimer mathematics, so different by their evidence and universality from our other speculations, the same discoveries have been made by different men, who seem rather to have coincided with, than to have followed each other. Is not that the decision of the moderate part of mankind upon the celebrated dispute of Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz, in the beginning of this century? If this is the case in those general abstracted branches, which contain such amazing combinations of ideas, it is surely probable that in works of imagination, which contain much fewer, this ought oftener to happen. Besides, the most original poetry is in fact imitation, imitation of nature; and in those images which are confessedly natural, it seems difficult to say why two men of genius may not have seen them without any previous knowledge of each other. From these reasons, the candid critic will readily allow that there may be similitude without imitation.

V. Fontenelle
in the Eloge
of Leibnitz,
tom. v. p. 520
—531.

But a slight glance on the history of the sciences, and a few reflections on mankind, will reduce this candour within its due limits. Let us remember that,

that, 1. Since the time of Homer, who perhaps was without models to imitate, that author has been introduced into the earliest part of our education; that succeeding times added to his lessons those of the other Greeks; that the Romans studied them with care; and that, since the revival of letters, we are made acquainted, as soon as possible, with the Greeks and Latins. That those impressions, engraved on our minds before we reflect, afterwards grow up with us; and when we look abroad into the moral and natural world, which these companions often prevent us from doing, we see it only with the eyes of the antients. Authority, founded on reason, would oblige us to act in this way. The antient compositions have stood the test of time and examination; and the veneration that is paid to them, is enough to engage a modern to endeavour to associate himself to it, by transfusing into his own writings the spirit, the thoughts, and even the expressions, of these admired models: and, 2. Inclination will direct him to the imitation of some particular model; of some writer whose soul is most congenial to his own, and whom he can read with the greatest delight, and imitate with the most ease. These reasons bring us back to our first suspicion, that where there is a striking similitude, there is imitation; since where there are two ways of accomplishing it, it is natural to prefer the easiest, especially when it is confessedly very common.

Mr. Hurd found it necessary to go further, if he intended to clear his authors from the charge of imitation; accordingly he endeavours to prove, by a very elaborate deduction, that both the ideas, and the methods, employed by the antients, were not only *natural ones*, but the *sole natural ones*; so that if succeeding poets, endued with judgment, looked abroad into nature, they not only *might*, but *must* meet with them; while men of irregular fancies could avoid *them only* by avoiding truth and probability. This theory accounts for resemblances of works, by resemblances of things; and forbids any suspicion of imitation, unless we are guided to it by particular circumstances. In a matter of such vast extent, it is as difficult to refute as to prove. There would indeed be a very short method of overthrowing at once Mr. Hurd's doctrine; could I write a work of imagination, full of beauties, formed on the model of nature, and yet different from those of the antients, I should then demonstrate that they have not exhausted it: but such a confutation is far beyond my power. Without aspiring to genius, I shall

think

think myself very happy, if I can frame my opinions according to the dictates of good sense.

If we examine this question *à posteriori*, from practice and experience of what *has* been done, though we shall meet with nothing very decisive, I think, however, that the advantage will not be on Mr. Hurd's side: he will, indeed, quote many striking similarities of this kind, from writers who could have had no knowledge of one another; but he will be answered, 1. That such writers can hardly be found; that the sacred writings should not be mentioned, nor compared, with Homer; since we are talking of human, not divine compositions; and that Shakespeare, the modern who appears free from exception, though ignorant himself, lived in a learned age. 2. That *their* example can only be quoted against those who think every similarity *must* be an imitation, without any regard to the circumstances of the writers. That, as such a coincidence is possible, we must employ it to explain a phænomenon for which we could not otherwise account; but that when the more easy and probable one may be recurred to, we ought to employ it. On the other hand, an antagonist of Mr. Hurd's would have occasion for no great compass of reading to discover, in the most modern writers, many original images and sentiments. He would select them, particularly, from those very writers, who, from an apprehension that every thing had been already said, had cramped their natural genius, by an open, perpetual imitation of the ancients; and he would infer, with some plausibility, that had they written from their own natural feelings and observations, they would have been still more original. He would desire Mr. Hurd to reconcile this with his principles, and even press him for a precise answer, at what period of the history of letters the scene had been closed, nature exhausted, and succeeding writers reduced to the hope of imitating successfully. Wherever he chose to fix it, the critic would bring against him so many later original images, that the resource of disputing their claim, and hunting for some distant allusion, or general resemblance, would be hardly sufficient.

Without following minutely our author through his copious deductions *à priori*, in which he has certainly shewn great learning and ingenuity, I shall only make two or three general observations, which may give an idea, both of his method of reasoning, and of my objections to it.

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He enters upon a task, in my opinion, far above human abilities. To examine the origin of our ideas is the business of metaphysics, and the greatest philosophers have failed in the attempt. But it is perhaps still more difficult to embrace them all at one view, and to class them according to their different objects, in so accurate a manner as to assure ourselves that we have suffered no material species to escape. This is, however, what Mr. Hurd undertakes. He makes three divisions of the world of ideas which can enter into poetry. 1. The vast compages of corporeal forms of which this universe is compounded. 2. The internal workings and movements of our own mind; under which the manners, sentiments, and passions are comprehended. 3. The outward operations, which are made objective to sense by the means of speech, gesture, and action. These are again by him subdivided with an exactness in which I shall not pursue him. I shall only remark, 1. That his smallest species are yet too general to prove any thing. That Milton, for instance, must, like Homer, have made use of moral, religious, and oeconomic sentiments, and could not invent any new species, I shall readily allow; nor is it upon such general resemblances that a charge of imitation is ever founded. It is upon more particular similarities, where Mr. Hurd can never attain to shew that *those* ideas were the *only ones*. The only method Mr. Hurd can there follow, is a sort of vicious reasoning, in a circle; to look for the images upon every subject he can meet with in the oldest authors, and then to conclude that they are the only ones existing.

2. Even supposing that he had exhausted the whole stock of nature, and had shewn that every image, singly, had been so obvious as to be seen and employed by the first writers, a much larger field would still remain; their different combinations, which are infinite. With regard only to human manners, the great sources of character, passion, and situation, may be combined in such a variety of ways, as no algebra could reach. Let us, for a moment, abandon fiction, and enter into historic truth. Consult the annals of any nation; observe the various effects of the modifications of those three principles upon their history, and then say whether the operations of human nature are easily classed, or circumscribed.

3. This consideration of the shifting picture of mankind, as an illustration, leads us to consider it in itself. We shall find it a most extensive and infinite range of ideas, almost sufficient of itself to preserve genius from imitation; since to the writers of every age and country it appears in a different

ent shape. It is the manners, the government, the religion, of that age and country he is to study; and whether the nature of his subject allows him to introduce them at full length; whether he can only adorn his works with distant allusions to them; whether he can only catch the general spirit of them, they will always make him an original. I shall quote one instance of what I mean, and that from an authority Mr. Hurd will hardly dispute. When Milton conceived the glorious plan of an English epic, he soon saw the most striking subjects had been taken from him; that Homer had taken all morality for his province, and Virgil exhausted the subject of politics. Religion remained; but as Paganism, though it furnished very agreeable scenes of machinery, took too slight a hold on men's minds to build the story of the epopœa upon it, he had recourse to Christianity; and, taking his story from an article of our faith, struck out a new species of epic poetry; but he could never have done it, had not the manners of that age, attached to religion in general, and to that tenet in particular, warmed his imagination, and given it a dignity and importance, which he could never have transfused into his poem, if he had not first felt it himself. Nor is this observation repugnant to another I have made elsewhere,—that the manners of the antients were more favourable to poetry than ours. I think so still, of their manners, as well as their languages. Yet I would have our poets employ our own, not only for the sake of variety, but because we shall make the best use of those with which we are the most intimately acquainted.

Warburton's
Divine Lega-
tion.

Essai sur
l'Etude de la
Litterature,
P. 19.

From these observations I must decline subscribing to Mr. Hurd's theory, or circumscribing the poet's images within such narrow limits. It is, however, without running into the other extreme, or condemning every resemblance as a designed formal imitation. I take the exact difference between Mr. Hurd and myself to be this: I look upon imitation to be the most natural, and general, cause of any striking resemblance between two writers; and therefore assign it, without particular reasons to the contrary. Mr. Hurd, on the other hand, thinks it may generally be accounted for by a resemblance of mental operations; and therefore never suspects an imitation, without particular circumstances which lead to the detection of it.

He employs another discourse with a review of these circumstances; but as every one is accompanied with examples taken from the antients and moderns, and criticised with great taste, I can only reduce the great number he alleges to three, drawn from the different lights in which we may

consider every resemblance, and fix the probability of its happening, by chance, or by design. 1. How close is the resemblance? Is the thought exactly the same? Is it introduced upon the same occasion? Is it expressed in the same manner, the same words, or words nearly the same? Is it a short passage, or one of a considerable length? 2. What degree of acquaintance can the second poet be supposed to have had with the first? Did he live in a learned, or an ignorant age? Was he himself a man of letters, or without education? Did he affect the same of originality, or did he modestly profess a desire and habit of imitating the antients? Was the first author an acknowledged favourite of his? 3. What appearance is there that the idea should have naturally struck the second? Was it common, or particular; did it agree with the style and design of his work; with his own character; with the real appearance of nature; with the manners and opinions of his age, country, and profession; or at least with those he describes? Is it introduced in a general unaffected manner, or brought in without any occasion, and clothed in uncommon, obsolete language? Mr. Hurd thinks these circumstances, all or some, necessary to form a suspicion. I allow they are very useful to confirm one.

I have at last finished Mr. Hurd's performance. I reckoned upon six or seven pages; I am now writing the thirtieth. Another time I hope to confine my extracts within proper limits.

Blandford,
March 18th,
1762.

1762. I Finished at last my abstract of Mr. Hurd, which consists of March 18th.] thirty pages in folio: though it took me up much more time than I imagined, by running into so unexpected a length, yet I do not regret it, as it started a new train of ideas upon many curious points of criticism. To get a little nearer to Homer, of whom I have never lost sight, I read the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*.

27th.]—At last I returned to Homer, and beginning where I had left off, read L. v. V. 1—404.

28th.]—Read of the Iliad L. v. V. 405—606. At the same time I resolved every day to learn, and write down, a certain number of the *Racines Grecques*; and to-day went through the four first.

March

March 29th.]—Learnt and wrote the *Racines Grecques*, Stang. 4—8. Read of the Iliad, L. v. V. 606—909; and beginning, for the second time, the Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, read page 1—56.

30th.]—Went through the *Racines Grecques*, from 8—12; but read no Homer.

31st.]—I read the *Enquiry*, page 56—80: went through *Racines Grecques*, 12—16; and reviewed the first three hundred lines of the fifth book of the Iliad.

April 1st.]—Went through *Racines Grecques*, 16—20; and reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the fifth Iliad. I likewise read v. 215—295, of the eleventh Æneid, in relation to Æneas and Diomede.

2d.]—Went through *Racines Grecques*, 20—24. The method I pursue is this: after reading them attentively, I write them down from my memory, looking in the book as seldom as I can. I then repeat them twice; first mentioning the French word that answers to the Greek; then the Greek word that answers to the French. At last I repeat the French of every Greek root of the present, and two preceding days. I find this method, though dry, helps me very much.

3d.]—Went through *Racines Grecques*, 24—28. Read the sixth book of the Iliad, from v. 325—529, the end.

6th.]—I only went through *Racines Grecques*, 32—36; and read the seventh book of the Iliad, v. 123—199.

7th.]—I went through *Racines Grecques*, 36—40; and read the seventh book of the Iliad, v. 199—482.

8th.]—I went through *Racines Grecques*, 40—44; reviewed the whole seventh book of the Iliad, and read the eighth, v. 1—40.

9th.]—I went through *Racines Grecques*, 44—48; but read no Homer.

13th.]—I read the eighth book of the Iliad, v. 401—561, the end.

14th.]—In the morning I reviewed the whole eighth book of the Iliad; went through the *Racines Grecques*, 48—52, and finished the Enquiry, p. 216—335.

26th.]—I read great part of the second volume of *D'Alembert's Mélanges*; very sensible, and well written.

29th.]—Read the *Bibliothèques des Sciences et des beaux Arts*, for October, November, and December 1761. I found in it an extract of my Essay: they speak very highly of it, and promise great things of me, p. 368—380.

30th.]—I read the ninth book of the Iliad, v. 1—306.

May 2d.]—I read the ninth book of the Iliad, v. 306—542.

3d.]—I read of the Iliad, Lib. ix. v. 542—709, the end; and reviewed the first hundred lines of it.

5th.]—I read the tenth book of the Iliad; v. 70—879, and reviewed the whole book.

6th.]—I read the Æneid, L. ix. v. 126—502, in order to compare the story of Nisus and Euryalus related in it, with the night adventure in the Iliad. They have both beauties, but of a different kind. By his strong characters, and lively descriptions, Homer speaks powerfully to the curiosity and imagination of the reader. The amiable manners, tender friendship, and unhappy fate of Virgil's heroes, are truly pathetic, and make the deepest impression on the heart. I likewise read the eleventh book of the Iliad, v. 1—542. As I go on with Homer, he becomes much easier to me: I am master of a greater stock of words; the turn of his style, his dialects, and his poetical licences, are become more familiar to me.

8th.]—I reviewed the first four hundred and fifty lines of the eleventh book of the Iliad.

9th.]—I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the eleventh book of the Iliad; and read the twelfth, v. 1—309. I likewise consulted Mezeriac's Ovid, tom. i. p. 171—179, in relation to the omens from the flight of birds, in order to understand the speech of Hector to Polydamus. From the materials which Mezeriac laid before me, I conceived a much clearer notion of the subject than he had himself.

10th.]—I received a letter from Mr. Scott, in which, according to his promise, he lays down for me a course of studies, both in the pure and mixed mathematics; pointing out the merit and defects of the principal writers in every branch of them. I can hardly put any of his directions in practice before next winter. I read, to-day, of the Iliad, L. xii. v. 309—471, the end, reviewing the whole twelfth book; and read L. xii. v. 1—273.

11th.]—Read the Iliad, L. xiii. v. 273—837, the end, and reviewed the first five hundred lines of that book.

12th.]—I reviewed the remaining three hundred and forty lines of the thirteenth book of the Iliad; and read the fourteenth, v. 1—108. My diligence to-day was much inferior to the preceding ones.

14th.]—I received from London two volumes of *Memoires Militaires sur les Grecs et sur les Romains par M. Guichardt*. The author, who was

in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service, proposes to correct the numerous mistakes of the Chevalier de Folard, and to explain the principal military actions of the antients according to their best historians, and the true principles of their tactics. This book drew me away for some time from Homer; I read, but in a cursory manner, the first volume.

May 15th.]—I read, but in the same cursory manner, the second volume of *Guichardt's Memoires*.

16th.]—I began to read the *Memoires Militaires* a second time; but with more attention. I read the preface, which is very judicious, and the four first chapters. The first is on the blockade of Agrigentum by the Romans in the first Punic war; and gives a clear idea of the superior advantages of the Roman intrenchments above our modern lines. The second is the battle of Tunis, between Regulus and Xantippus. Folard, explaining Polybius, blames Regulus for the only thing for which his author had commended him. The third is the battle of Macar, where the amazing manœuvres of Amilcar are displayed with great precision. The fourth, on the battle of the Adda, is a complete treatise on the Roman legion, very satisfactory as to the times of Polybius; very little so as to those of Cæsar.

17th.]—I read the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the *Memoires*. The fifth is the combat of the Ticinum; many good remarks on the antient cavalry: the sixth is the battle of Trebia; the author illustrates still further the way of drawing up the legion, and explains the several manœuvres of the two armies very clearly: the seventh is a very insignificant affair at Germi-nem; but the eighth is the battle of Cannæ, the master-piece of Hannibal, of Polybius, and, perhaps, of M. Guichardt. The columns of Folard, and the impracticable manœuvres of the Gauls disappear, and the art of Hannibal appears refined, but rational.

18th.]—I read the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth chapters of the *Memoires*. Ninth, a very insignificant affair at Caphyæ, between the weak Aratus and some Æolian freebooters. Tenth, the battle of Mantinea, between Machanidas and Philopœmen: small numbers and refined art on both sides. Eleventh, the battle between Scipio and Asdrubal in Spain. M. Folard's columns, generally ideal, were really employed by Scipio in a superior manner. Twelfth, the battle of Zama; the merit of the generals, though great, being equal, left the victory to the bravest troops.

May

May 19th.]—I read the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the *Memoires*. Thirteenth, the battle of Cynocephala. Philip had formed a good plan, but did not know how to alter it, though he might have gained the victory. Fourteenth, the battle of the Granicus: Alexander's impetuosity seems directed by more military skill than is commonly thought. Fifteenth, the battle of Arbela, a complete practical lecture on the art of war; but are we indebted for that lecture to Alexander or to Arrian? The sixteenth, the blockade of Alisia: M. Guichardt does honour to Cæsar by diminishing the extent and number of his works: we can now both understand and believe them.

20th.]—I began the second volume of the *Memoires*, and read the dissertation upon the attack and defence of places by the antients; very clear and accurate. Their real methods are well described, and M. Guichardt proves, against the Chevalier de Folard, that they knew nothing of the modern trenches.

21st.]—I read in the *Memoires* the translation of the military institutions of Onozander, full of that common-place sense which every one can write, and no one can deny.

22d.]—I read the *Tactics* of Arrian, translated in the *Memoires*. They are very curious and exact, and give a very clear notion of the nature, arms, and discipline of the phalanx; but it is very odd Arrian should rather compile these *Tactics* from Greek writers, than write from his own knowledge an account of the Roman legions, which he had himself seen and commanded.

23d.]—I read the *Analysis* of Cæsar's Campaign in Africa. Every motion of that great General is laid open with a critical sagacity. A complete military history of his campaigns would do almost as much honour to M. Guichardt as to Cæsar. This finished the *Memoires*, which gave me a much clearer notion of antient tactics than I ever had before. Indeed, my own military knowledge was of some service to me, as I am well acquainted with the modern discipline and exercise of a battalion. So that though much inferior to M. Folard and M. Guichardt, who had seen service, I am a much better judge than Salmasius, Casaubon, or Lipsius; mere scholars, who perhaps had never seen a battalion under arms.

26th.]—I read the Chevalier de Folard's *Supplement* to his Polybius, *vide le Polybe de Folard*, tom. vii. p. 1—42. It shews the man of genius in every

every line ; it consists chiefly of curious anecdotes, mistaken quotations, and whimsically ingenious observations. I likewise read the third letter of *Les Sentimens d'un Homme de Guerre*, in the same volume, p. 208—235. This Homme de Guerre was M. de Savornin, major-general in the Dutch service. He is certainly in the right in observing, that the Romans in general, and Cæsar at Pharsalia in particular, drew up their troops in three lines ; but he has a most minute, heavy, and perplexed way of writing. I discovered a passage in Cæsar's Commentaries, L. i. c. 83, which is the key of the tactics of his age. Had M. Guichardt known of it, he might have avoided several mistakes.

May 31st.]—Before I left Blandford I finished the first six volumes of *Fontenelle*, which contain “ *tout la force et tout la fleur de son esprit.*” I read them at my leisure hours with great pleasure, particularly *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*, *Histoire du Theatre François*, &c. and the *Eloges des Academiciens*. The *Histoire des Oracles*, though excellent, is somewhat superficial. The Dialogues of the Dead are (if I may speak French) *une debauché de raisonnement*, as the *Lettres du Chevalier d'Her . . . une debauché d'esprit et de galanterie*. I acknowledge all the defects of the Eclogues, but some of them are charming. I resolved to substitute for my leisure hours the *Bibliothèques* of *le Clerc*, as an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction, and accordingly began with the first volume of the *Bibliothèque universelle*.

June 6.]—I formed a design, (but I doubt whether I shall find time to execute it,) to give part of my day to Homer and part to Quintilian ; that is, to unite the example with the precept. Accordingly I began with Quintilian, in Burman's edition, read his article in Bayle's Dictionary, the preface of Burman ; Burman was a mere critic, without being (in my opinion) a good one, since a good critic must reason well ; and Burman never could reason at all. I began likewise the *Annales Quintilianæ* of Dodwell, and read c. 1—3.

7th.]—I continued the Annals, and read c. 3—20.

8th.]—I read the Annals, c. 20—47, which (including the *Synopsis Chronologica*) finished the Treatise. Dodwell's learning was immense ; in this part of history especially, (that of the Upper Empire,) the most minute fact or passage could not escape him ; and his skill in employing them is equal to his learning. The worst of this author is his method and style ; the one perplexed beyond imagination, the other negligent to a degree of barbarism.

June 9th.]—I read of the Iliad, L. xiv. v. 1—522, the end. It required all the *eclat* of Homer's poetry to reconcile us to Jupiter's being deceived and laid asleep.

10th.]—I reviewed the fourteenth book of the Iliad, and read the fifteenth, v. 1—220. The scene of Jupiter and Neptune pleases me infinitely; besides the natural greatness of the action and actors, heightened by a most spirited narration, it gives a clearer idea of the Greek polytheism than the laborious researches of half our modern critics and divines.

11th.]—I read the fifteenth book of the Iliad, v. 220—746, the end. The remainder of this book is a continued and not very interesting battle. What chiefly distinguishes it, are some of the finest similes I have yet met with in the Iliad; and a variety of short speeches, of a truly spirited and military eloquence.

13th.]—I read the sixteenth book of the Iliad, v. 1—113.

14th.]—I wrote a note on page 30 of my *Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*, containing a passage of Florus, and another of Propertius; with observations on the latter.

17th.]—I finished the first volume of *Le Clerc's Bibliothèque universelle*. I shall just mention the most curious books that are abstracted in it. Hugonis Grotii Epistolæ, Amsterdam, 1686, p. 1—29, and 121—166, curious and instructive. Temporum Mythicorum Historia, p. 245—280. I believe Le Clerc himself is the author. It is an ingenious application of a common principle; viz. that the heroic fables are only the Phœnician history corrupted, and their language misunderstood. *Clementes Galani Historia Armena Coloniae*, 1686, a true missionary's account, full of curious facts and religious prejudices. *Lightfooti Opera omnia, Roterodami*, 1686. A classical author on a subject very little so. Lightfoot, by constant reading of the Rabbies, was almost become a Rabbin himself.

19th.]—I read the sixteenth book of the Iliad, v. 113—367, the end, and wrote a note on p. 79 of my *Essai*, containing some instances of the number, rarity, and variety of the animals produced in the amphitheatre of Rome; and taken from the writers of the Augustan history, with the remarks of Casaubon and Salmasius.

21st.]—I reviewed the first hundred lines of the sixteenth book of the Iliad: the fierceness and anger of Achilles softened by friendship. The mild, amiable, and yet spirited character of Patroclus, are admirably described

described and contrasted. Homer never shines more than in these moral pictures.

June 22d.]—I reviewed the remaining seven hundred and fifty lines of the sixteenth book of the Iliad. The description of the arms, leaders, &c. Achilles's speech to them, and his prayer, are solemn, and fill the mind with great ideas and expectations. They are fulfilled. Of all the heroes that fall throughout the Iliad, I pity none so much as Sarpedon; he was as amiable a character as Patroclus, and a much greater one. I read the seventeenth book, v. 1—105. I likewise, to understand the sixteenth, v. 234, consulted *Strabo*, L. vii. p. 327, 328; a Memoire of M. de la Nauze, *Mem. de Litterature*, tom. vii. p. 154—157; and one of M. Hardion, *Mem. de Litterature*, tom. iii. p. 138—141. Strabo is far from intelligible; the two Frenchmen treat their subject only incidentally, and were misled by their erroneous, confined notion of the *Pelasgi*. However, from these and my own reflections, I formed a pretty clear idea of *Dodona* and the *Selli*.

23d.]—I read the seventeenth book of the Iliad, v. 105—505.

24th.]—I finished the second volume of the *Bibliothèque universelle*. This volume contains, p. 20—51, *P. Limborchi Theologia Christiana*, *Amstelad.* 1686. Moderate and judicious, the general character of the Arminian divines.—*Petri Petiti de Sybillâ, Libri tres*, *Lips.* 1686. A strange mixture of learning and credulity.—P. 154—184, *Historia Genevrina, par Gregorio Leti*. Leti is a most agreeable historian; a little more regard to truth and exactness would have made him an instructive one.—*Life and Letters of Archbishop Usher*, *London*, 1686, p. 220—262. Accurate, as written by his chaplain; but this chaplain is both too long and too short.—*Methode de dresser des Recueils*, *par M. Locke*, p. 315—340.—The exactness and perspicuity of that great man are seen in that trifle.—*Description de l'Afrique traduite du Flamand, par M. Dapper*, p. 340—386. Very curious.—*Contra Aristææ Historiam de LXX Interpretibus Dissertatio, par Hum. Hody*. *Oxon* 1685; and *Isaac Vossii Observationum in Pomponium Melam Appendix*, *Lond.* 1686, p. 386—416. I think, after having read these two disputants, that the question is far more perplexed than before.

26th.]—I read the seventeenth book of the Iliad, v. 505—761, the end, and reviewed the first two hundred and fifty lines of it. The amiable character of Patroclus had made every reader his friend whilst alive, and we interest ourselves in the fate of his remains, which are so obstinately disputed.

June 28th.]—I finished the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Arts*, for January, February, and March 1762. It contains *Oeuvres du Cancelier d'Agucsseau*, Paris, 1761, p. 1—20. They breathe a noble spirit of eloquence and virtue.—*Eutropii Breviarium Historiæ Romanæ, cum Notis varior.* par Henric. Verheyk. Lugd. Bat. 1762, p. 88—100. Superior to all other editions, even to that of Havercamp.—*Zimmermanni Opera Theologica et Philosophica*, p. 154—181. Moderate and sensible.

29th.]—I reviewed the remaining five hundred lines of the seventeenth book of the Iliad. It is a continued battle, but is yet very interesting, from the unity and importance of the action, the various turns of fortune, and the equality of the two parties; the one depending on their natural courage, the other on the protection of Jupiter. I am particularly pleased with the sorrow of Achilles's horses, and the reflection of Jupiter, v. 426, &c. I likewise read the eighteenth book, v. 1—238, and consulted some remarks of M. Galland, Hist. de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres, tom. i. p. 104—108, on the trumpets of the antients in relation to v. 219 of this book.

30th.]—I read the eighteenth book of the Iliad, v. 238—478.

July 1st.]—I read the eighteenth book of the Iliad, v. 478—616, the end.

2d.]—I reviewed the whole eighteenth book of the Iliad. Homer is never more thoroughly awake: the first part of it shews him to be a perfect master of the tender passions. Achilles receives the news of the death of Patroclus, with a mixture of fury and tenderness suitable to his character. We begin to love him; and the very excess of his rage, though terrible, pleases us, because it is directed only against the murderer of his friend. The second part, or the description of the shield, is a fine landscape. I read the description of the shield of Æneas in Virgil, l. viii. v. 369—454, and 597—731. Virgil's description is the finer piece of poetry; Homer's, the juster representation of a work of art. I read, with the same view, some remarks of the Abbé Fraguier on the origin of painting. *Hist. de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*, tom. i. p. 75—89. Elegant and instructive, but somewhat vague. I likewise read the whole nineteenth book of the Iliad, v. 1—424, the end, and consulted Potter's *Archæologia Greca*, vol. i. p. 246—261, in relation to the ceremonies observed by the antients in their oaths. I also finished, to-day, the *Journal des Savans*, and the *Mémoires de Trevoux* for December 1761. They contain little more than de
Inscriptione.

Inscriptione quâdam Egyptiacâ Taurini inventâ, Decembre, p. 334—345. Mr. Needham pretended that these Egyptian letters were the same as the old Chinese characters. The similitude is here contested.—*Observations sur les Systemes de P. P. Hardouin et Berruyer.* The object is to prove, the society always disapproved the visions of these two writers. There is much artifice, and some curious anecdotes, in these observations. I believe that the Jesuits were innocent in this respect.

July 7th.]—I finished the *Memoires de Trevoux*, and the *Journal des Savans* for January 1762. The Journal contains *Tragedies de Sophocle traduites, par M. Dupuy de l'A. R. des I. et B. L.* p. 3—15. Elegant, exact, and a great addition to French literature.—*L'Antro Elausino, &c. par M. Bartoli,* p. 49—58: Ingenious, but very doubtful.—The *Memoirs Annæi Senecæ de brevitate vitæ*, p. 149—163. One of the best extracts I ever read.—*Les Pitture Antiche d'Hercolano,* p. 216—225. Antient, and therefore curious.

8th.]—I reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of the nineteenth book of the Iliad. The generous character of Achilles raises him every moment higher in the esteem of the reader; his care for the dead body, the spirited frankness of his reconciliation, and his impatience for the combat. I finished the *Journal des Savans*, and *Memoires de Trevoux* for February 1762. The Journal contains *Thom. Hyde de Religione veterum Persarum*, p. 289—301; a new edition, with long and trifling notes on an excellent book. *Idylles de Gesner traduites de l'Allemand*, p. 380—397. Un Allemand ne peut il pas etre bel esprit? The Memoirs contain *Explication d'un Passage de Herodote*, 405—427. A happy solution of a difficult passage in l. ii. c. 142, only by explaining the word Ηλιος, an annual revolution of the sun.

9th.]—I finished the *Mem. de Trevoux* for March. They contain little more than *la Bibliomanie*, p. 167—176; severe and spirited; and *Dissertation sur l'Ecriture Hieroglyphique.* Original. He pretends that there never were any; but I think his proofs too weak for such a paradox.

11th.]—I reviewed the remaining two hundred and seventy lines of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, and think the long debate between Achilles and Ulysses might have been shortened, though the speeches of the first are highly characteristical; nothing can surpass the sublime description of his arming himself for battle. I likewise read the twentieth book of the Iliad, v. 1—258; and when I was at church, followed the second lesson with my Greek Testament in my hand; it was the 23d chapter of St. Luke. I find

this method both useful and agreeable, and intend to keep it up whenever I go to church. I finished the *Journal des Savans*, and *Memoires de Trevoux* for April 1762. The first contains *Aristophanis Comœdiæ* à P. Burmanno; good, but inferior to Kuster's: and the *Grammaire Francoise Philosophique* de M. d'Acarq, truly deserving of that name; the second *Republique de Platon*. The translation appears good; I am sure the extract is so.

July 12th.]—I read the twentieth book of the Iliad, v. 258—503, the end.

13th.]—I reviewed the whole twentieth book of the Iliad. The battle of the gods is worthy of every thing Longinus says of it. It would be difficult to find another example which reunites so thoroughly every part of the sublime, both as to thoughts and language. The combat of Achilles and Æneas is very animated and picturesque; and the long speech of Æneas, though faulty, and even ridiculous upon the whole, does honour in its details both to the poet and the historian. I finished the *Journal des Savans*, et *Mem. de Trevoux* for May 1762, part the first. The Mem. contain nothing: in the Journal there is *Callimachi Hymni ab Ernesti*. Lugd. Bat. The text is exactly reviewed, and the version is a new one.—*Vie de M. Bossuet par M. de Burigny*. Exact and judicious.

14th.]—The twentieth book of Homer, and particularly the speech of Æneas, drew on a variety of discussions. In order to understand the genealogy of Dardanus, I read *Apollodori Biblioth.* l. iii. c. 11. p. 205—215, in Greek; I then consulted Strabo, l. xiii. p. 607—608; and some difficulties arising about the word *υπωρεια*, as Plato explained it, the lower part of the hills, which were inhabited after the deluge, before men dared venture down into the plain, I read a dissertation upon the deluges of Ogyges and Deucalion, by the learned Freret, *Mem. de l'Academie des Belles Lettres*, tom. xxiii. p. 129—148, who, from a chain of authorities, shews, incontestibly, that a deluge was unknown to Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus; that the first who speak of it (Plato himself, Pindar, and Apollodorus) expressly confined it to Greece, and intimate that a great number were saved; that afterwards, the Greeks mixing their traditions with those of the Jews and the Chaldeans, swelled the deluge of Deucalion into an universal one; but that it never obtained general credit before the time of Plutarch and Lucian. Afterwards, to be well acquainted with Æneas, I read *Strabo*, l. xiii. p. 692—693; *Mezeriac's Ovid*, vol. ii. p. 142—146, and 158—168;

and a Dissertation upon the Julian family, by the Abbé Vatri, *Mem. de l'Academie*, vol. xvi. p. 414—424. Mezeriac, as usual, compiles without a thought of reasoning; but from the sensible criticisms of the others, it appears that Æneas's posterity probably reigned in Phrygia in the time of Homer, and that his voyage to Italy is a fable invented by the Greeks about the time of Alexander. *N. B.* The Greek authors whom I consulted, I read in Greek. I likewise read the twenty-first book of the Iliad, v. 1—135, and finished the second part of May, *Journal des Savans*, and *Mem. de Trevoux*. The first contains a better extract of the *Dissertation sur l'Ecriture Hieroglyphique* than the Memoirs had given. I now see that the new system is absolutely indefensible. The second speaks of *Histoire du Siecle d'Alexandre*, par M. Linguet: I suspect that they speak too slightly of the book. However that may be, the author is certainly a man of genius, whom I should like to know.

July 15th.]—I read only that most contemptible performance the *Vie du Marechal Duc de Belleisle*, par M. de C.

16th.]—I read the twenty-first book of the Iliad, v. 136—611, the end.

18th.]—I did nothing but go to church. The lessons were the 12th of 2 Samuel, and the 5th of St. John's Gospel, both of which I read in Greek.

23d.]—I finished the third volume of *Le Clerc's Bibliothéque universelle*, which concludes the year 1686. It contains *Explication Historique de la Fable d'Adonis*. He thinks that Adonis, or Osiris, was the son of Hammon or Cham, and grandson of Cinyras, or Noah; and that the incest of Myrrha with her father, was the discovery of Noah's nakedness by his children. But this interpretation is very far-fetched, and can only suit the followers of Ephemerus.—*Bibliothéque universelle des Auteurs Ecclesiastique*, par Dupin. Curious and impartial.—Life of Hai Ebn Yokhdan. A fine, though irregular, production of Arabian genius and philosophy.—*The Works of Dr. Barrow*. Barrow was as much of a philosopher as a divine could well be.—*Commentaire Philosophique*. The most useful work Bayle ever wrote, and the least sceptical.—*Puffendorffii Commentarius de rebus Suecicis*. Exact, heavy, and partial.

24th.]—In order to get a clear idea of those oracles so often mentioned by Homer, and so essential a part of the Grecian religion, I read three dissertations of M. Hardion, inserted in the third volume of the Memoirs of the Academy upon the Oracle of Delphi, p. 137—191; and some observations
of

of M. de Valois, tom. iii. historical part, p. 73—79; and, drawn away by the affinity of the subject, I likewise read two dissertations of the same M. de Valois, upon the Amphictyons, the guardians of this temple, tom. iii. p. 191—228, and tom. v. p. 405—415.

July 25th.]—I read the history which M. de la Valois has given us of the two sacred wars, which the Amphictyons decreed to avenge the sacrileges committed at Delphi, tom. vii. p. 201—239; tom. ix. p. 97—113, and tom. xii. p. 177—204. Besides the light that these pieces throw on the Greek religion, they are valuable for the knowledge they give us of that civil and religious bond of union in the Hellenic body, which for some ages rendered it invincible.

28th.]—I read the articles of Jupiter and Juno, in Bayle's Dictionary. That of Jupiter is very superficial. Juno takes up seventeen pages; but great part of it, as usual, very foreign to the purpose. A long enquiry when horns began to be an emblem of cuckoldom; numberless reflections, some original, and others very trivial; and a learning chiefly confined to the Latin writers. When he doubted if Juno was really worshipped at Carthage, why did not he quote Minucius Felix? *V. octav. p. 259, edit. Gronov.* Upon the whole, I believe that Bayle had more of a certain multifarious reading, than real erudition. Le Clerc, his great antagonist, was as superior to him in that respect, as inferior in every other. I reviewed the first two hundred lines of the twenty-first book of the Iliad. There is great dignity of sentiment, and a calm sternness, in the answer of Achilles to the moving prayers of the unfortunate Lycaon.

29th.]—I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the twenty-first book of the Iliad. The combat of Achilles and the Scamander is finely described. If Homer, when he speaks of the Gods, does not rise in his sentiments, at least he does in his language and poetry. I likewise read some very sensible and curious observations of the Abbé de Fontenelle, *Sur le Culte des Divinités des Eaux; Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*, tom. xii. p. 27—49.

30th.]—I read the twenty-second book of the Iliad, v. 1—515, the end.

August 1st.]—I read the lessons at church in Greek; viz. the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, and the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel. How very free a version the Septuagint is! for I imagine ours is a very literal one.

August

August 2d.]—I reviewed the whole twenty-second book of the Iliad, in which the whole interest of the preceding books is wound up, in the lives of Hector and Achilles. Notwithstanding the reasons given by Mr. Pope, every reader of taste must be disgusted with Hector's flight. The true grounds of courage were not well understood, and poetry had not learnt the art of raising a hero without debasing his enemies. The fears and lamentations of Hector's family, are beautifully pathetic; but I think that Andromache is rather too much the mother, and too little the wife. As I am now entering upon the twenty-third book, which contains the funeral of Patroclus, I read the eight first chapters of the fourth book of Archbishop Potter's Grecian Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 160—241, upon the Grecian Funerals. They contain a great fund of learning, without any useless digressions.

3d.]—I began M. de Burette's set of Dissertations in the Memoirs of the Academy, on the Gymnastics of the Antients: they are learned and judicious, but too full of fruitless, and therefore frivolous, enquiries into the origin and etymology of every art. I read to-day, only *Observations generales sur la Gymnastique*, Hist. tom. i. p. 89—104; and first *Memoire sur la Danse*, Mem. tom. i. p. 93—117.

4th.]—I read second *Memoire sur la Danse*, tom. i. Mem. p. 117—136; *Memoire sur la Spharistique*, p. 117—153; and first *Memoire sur les Athletes*, p. 211—237.

5th.]—I read second and third *Memoires sur les Athletes*, p. 237—291; and *Memoire sur la Lutte*, tom. iii. Mem. p. 228—255.

6th.]—I read the several Memoirs of M. de Burette, *sur le Pugilat, la Course, le Pentatble, et le Disque*, tom. iii. Mem. p. 255—343. Having finished these, I read three Dissertations of the Abbé Gedoyn, *sur les Courses des Cheveaux et des Chars, surtout au Jeux Olympiques*, tom. viii. p. 314—330; and 330—341; and tom. ix. Mem. p. 360—376; and a *Memoire of M. de la Barre, on the same subject*; tom. ix. Mem. p. 376—397. Gedoyn is polite and curious, but somewhat pert and superficial. De la Barre is difficult to be understood, but is worth studying, for he is very ingenious, as well as learned. There is a great dispute what was the length of the Olympic course for chariots. Burette makes it twenty-four stadia, or twelve revolutions of one stadium: Gedoyn, eight stadia, or one revolution of four stadia: De la Barre, forty-eight stadia, or six revolutions of four stadia: Mr. West, (v. West's Pindar, vol. ii. p. 135.) forty-eight stadia,

or twelve revolutions of two stadia. I have not room for their reasons; but I am of De la Barre's opinion. When one reads these Dissertations, one admires the active spirit of the Greeks, sensible to every species of entertainment and glory; who could at the same time, and with the same application, bring to perfection, dancing and philosophy, boxing and poetry.

August 7th.]—I read the twenty-third book of the Iliad, v. 1—257.

8th.]—I read the twenty-third book of the Iliad, v. 257—897; and the articles of *Lemnos*, *Hercules*, and the greatest part of *Helena*, in Bayle. If Bayle wrote his dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chosen a better plan. It permitted him every thing, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a dictionary and of notes, he could pitch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased on those articles. When I consider all that Homer says of the isle of Lemnos, and the extensive trade it carried on, both with Phœnicia, (Iliad xxiii. v. 743.) and with the Greek army before Troy (v. Iliad, l. vii. v. 467—475, and l. xxi. v. 40.). I am amazed to see the more modern poets represent that habitation of the unfortunate Philoctetes, as an island totally desolate and uninhabited.

10th.]—I reviewed only the first hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. The sullen grief into which Achilles sinks, is not less expressive of his character, than his violent rage in the preceding books. The apparition of Patroclus is the opening of a new world, of Homer's creation.

11th.]—I reviewed the next two hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. This day I finished the *Memoires d'Anne d'Autriche, par Madame de Motteville*, one of her greatest favourites. They are written in a natural, unaffected style; and it is a proof of the author's sincerity, that though she had a very high opinion of her mistress, the candour with which she relates facts, shews us Anne of Austria as she really was; a proud and silly woman, who abandoned herself to a favourite out of indolence, supported him through obstinacy, and began at last to hate him, when he began to affect an independence. There is perhaps no period of history for which we have better materials, than for the minority of Lewis XIV. The fashion of memoir-writing was very prevalent, and many of all ranks and all parties have left us accounts, both of those troubles and of their secret springs. The character of the French nation, neither soured by religion, nor constrained by slavery, appears with freedom and boldness; brave and inconstant; obsequious

quious to the ladies; treating the greatest events with a careless gaiety; running into civil wars without principle, and supporting them without rancour or cruelty. None of these wars ever were founded on any settled plan of liberty; the princes and the noblesse made it only in hopes of obtaining (as they commonly did) advantageous conditions in the treaty of peace. The honest part of the parliament were affected only by present evils, and thought only of temporary reliefs. They inveighed against a new tax, and demanded the removal of a disagreeable minister. The only law of a durable kind which they ever planned, was in the nature of a Habeas Corpus bill; that every prisoner, in twenty-four hours after his confinement, should be interrogated, by the parliament, as to the nature of his crime. But they supported this salutary proposal very feebly; suffered the ministry to extend the term to six months, and at last neglected it so far, as not to have it ratified by the peace of *Ruel*. V. *Memoires*, tom. ii. p. 139. 337. 363. and tom. iii. p. 51, &c. These *Memoires* are printed at Amsterdam, 1723, in five volumes 12mo.

August 12th.]—I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*. It is a fine picture of the manners of the heroic ages: the games celebrated at the funeral of Patroclus contain a great variety of both their civil and religious customs, related with a clearness and a circumstantialness very disagreeable to the taste of a true commentator. Indeed, the more I read the antients, the more I am persuaded that the originals are our best commentators. In this article of antient gymnastics (for instance), when I have read with care Homer, Pausanias, and some few more antients, M. Burette has little to teach me, excepting perhaps what he may have picked up from some obscure passages of some obscure lexicographer. What I say is not, however, to proscribe the use, but to restrain the abuse, of modern critics. As to the poetical beauties of the twenty-third book, they are great and various. I know of few better proofs of the fertility of Homer's invention, than the variety of natural incidents which he has introduced into the chariot-race. That of Menelaus and Antilochus is beautiful in the *manners*. I wish that I could say as much of the quarrel of Idomeneus and Ajax. I think, however, that the chariot-race bears no proportion to the rest, which indeed appears to a disadvantage, both by being placed after it and a little *étranglé*.

13th.]—I read the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad*, v. 1—361. We returned to Beriton. I read the reign of King James I. in Hume's first volume of

the Stuarts, with a view to Raleigh; and afterwards perused the sixth book of Virgil, and the system of Warburton upon it, in the first volume of his Divine Legation, and found many things to say, to explain the one, and destroy the other.

August 14th.]—I think it was pretty well to read the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, v. 361—467, considering I was out from seven in the morning to ten at night.

15th.]—I read the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, v. 467—805, the end; and reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of it. The saving Hector's body, and the appeasing Achilles's wrath, seems to be the great object both of heaven and earth, excepting of the implacable Juno. Indeed, the great attention of the gods towards Achilles, seems rather a fear of offending, than a desire of favouring him. The last sentiment would exalt the hero, the first would debase the gods, and be highly ridiculous even in the Pagan mythology. I likewise read in Bayle the articles of *Achillea*, *Achilles*, *Ajax Telamon*, *Ajax Oileus*, *Alcinous*, *Andromache*, *Amphitryon*, and *Alcmena*; all, excepting Achilles, very short ones. Bayle is as exactly circumstantial in these important trifles, as Mezeriac himself. How could such a genius employ three or four pages, and a great apparatus of learning, to examine whether Achilles was fed with marrow only; whether it was the marrow of lions and stags, or that of lions only, &c.? Bayle does not, in my opinion, sufficiently esteem Homer.

16th.]—I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the twenty-fourth and last book of the Iliad. The interview of Achilles and Priam is (in my opinion) superior to any part of the Iliad. It is at once the *coup de theatre* and the *tableau* of Diderot. Nothing can be a more striking *coup de theatre* than the unhappy monarch, who appears at once in the enemy's camp and at the feet of the murderer of his son. At the same time the various passions, and the fine philosophy that distinguishes the conversation between them, form a most beautiful *tableau*.

I have at last finished the Iliad. As I undertook it to improve myself in the Greek language, which I had totally neglected for some years past, and to which I never applied myself with a proper attention, I must give a reason why I begun with Homer, and that contrary to Le Clerc's advice. I had two. 1st, As Homer is the most antient Greek author (excepting perhaps Hesiod) who is now extant; and as he was not only the poet, but the lawgiver, the
theologian,

theologian, the historian, and the philosopher, of the antients, every succeeding writer is full of quotations from, or allusions to, his writings, which it would be difficult to understand, without a previous knowledge of them. In this situation, was it not natural to follow the antients themselves, who always begun their studies by the perusal of Homer? 2dly, No writer ever treated such a variety of subjects. As every part of civil, military, or œconomical life is introduced into his poems, and as the simplicity of his age allowed him to call every thing by its proper name, almost the whole compass of the Greek tongue is comprized in Homer. I have so far met with the success I hoped for, that I have acquired a great facility in reading the language, and treasured up a very great stock of words. What I have rather neglected is, the grammatical construction of them, and especially the many various inflexions of the verbs. In order to acquire that dry, but necessary branch of knowledge, I propose bestowing some time every morning on the perusal of the *Greek Grammar of Port Royal*, as one of the best extant. I believe that I read nearly one half of Homer like a mere school-boy, not enough master of the words to elevate myself to the poetry. The remainder I read with a good deal of care and criticism, and made many observations on them. Some I have inserted here, for the rest I shall find a proper place. Upon the whole, I think that Homer's few faults (for some he certainly has) are lost in the variety of his beauties. I expected to have finished him long before. The delay was owing partly to the circumstances of my way of life and avocations, and partly to my own fault; for while every one looks on me as a prodigy of application, I know myself how strong a propensity I have to indolence.

August 19th.]—As my books were not come, and Madame de Motteville had left my head full of Louis the XIVth and his court, I took in hand my friend Voltaire's *Siecle de Louis XIV*. It will employ some few leisure hours, and will afford me great entertainment..

Once more in possession of some necessary books, I returned to my present great object, the study of Homer; but before I proceed to the Odyssey, I determined to read several things which might conduce to the better understanding him. I read this morning, *Sir John Marsham's Canon Chronicus*, &c. p. 433—446, edit. Franquer, 1696; where he treats of Homer and Hesiod; and in speaking of the first, explains, in a few words, all that is to be found in the antients concerning his country, age, fate of his writ-

ings, and progress of his reputation. I cannot help wondering at the blind deference which he pays to the oracular authority of the Parian marble; "*De eâ re agitur* (the age of Homer) *non est amplius ambigendum.*" I respect that monument, as an useful, as an uncorrupt monument of antiquity; but why should I prefer its authority to that of Herodotus, for instance? It is more modern, its author is uncertain. We know not from what sources he drew his chronology, nor how far he was qualified to draw it properly. However, as to the age of Homer, I abide by his decision; because I can (whatever diversity appeared to Sir John) reconcile it with several of the most approved authors. That learned writer did not consider, that in fixing the time when a great man flourished, several historians may differ from one another, without differing from truth; because they fixed it from different æras of his life. In that of Fontenelle, the fixing his date either from his birth (1657), or from his writing the worlds (1686); from his reception into the French academy (1691); from his being made secretary to that of sciences (1699); from his resigning that post (1740); from his death (1757), would produce the difference of a century; so that we may establish for a rule of criticism, that when these diversities do not exceed the natural term of human life, we ought to think of reconciling, and not of opposing them. In this instance, five of the most respectable authorities may be confined within the small period of sixty-eight years. The eldest Apollodorus, who places Homer 250 years after the Trojan war, A. C. 934, must be naturally understood to speak of his birth: Cornelius Nepos, the second, whose date is 160 years before the foundation of Rome, A. C. 914, of the time when Homer, then twenty, was arrived at the years of manhood: the æra of the marbles (643 years before the archontat of Diognetus) A. C. 907, of the time when Homer, then twenty-seven, began to distinguish himself; perhaps when, according to the Colophonian tradition, he wrote the Margites, his first poetical work. When Herodotus places Homer 400 years before his own birth, A. C. 884, he may mean, that, being then fifty, he was arrived at the highest pitch of his reputation, and perhaps wrote the Iliad. Lastly, if Socibius, the Laconian, brings him down to the last year before the first Olympiad, Homer might then die aged sixty-eight years, A. C. 866. This calculation agrees very well with the vague reckoning of Pliny and Juvenal, and pretty nearly with the more precise one of Velleius Paterculus. There are, indeed, many
writers,

writers, whom it is impossible to conciliate, since they take in so enormous a period as 416 years, from the return of the Heraclides, A. C. 1104, to the twenty-third Olympiad, A. C. 688. But besides that they are of inferior note, the great difference amongst them leaves the authority of each to stand singly by itself.

I likewise began to-day a Greek life of Homer, or rather a dissertation upon his writings, by an anonymous writer, inserted in the *Opuscula Mythologica, Physica, et Ethica*, published at Amsterdam 1688, by Mr. Gale. It takes up p. 283—404 of those Opuscula. As I intend to make an abstract of it, I shall only say here that I read p. 283—303.

August 20th.]—I read the *Life of Homer*, 304—314. The Greek is easy, though I met with many words of the only species (perhaps) not to be found in Homer. Grammatical and metaphysical terms, which are the more difficult at first, because, as they are all metaphorical, it is the literal meaning which presents itself to an unexperienced reader.

21st.]—In order to save some part of this day for study, I passed the evening in my lodging, and read the *Life of Homer*, p. 314—341.

24th.]—I read the *Life of Homer*, p. 341—357.

27th.]—I read the *Life of Homer*, p. 387—394.

28th.]—I finished the *Siecle of Louis XIV.* I believe that Voltaire had for this work an advantage which he has seldom enjoyed. When he treats of a distant period, he is not a man to turn over musty monkish writers to instruct himself. He follows some compilation, varnishes it over with the magic of his style, and produces a most agreeable, superficial, inaccurate performance. But there the information, both written and oral, lay within his reach, and he seems to have taken great pains to consult it. Without any thing of the majesty of the great historians, he has comprised, in two small volumes, a variety of facts, told in an easy, clear, and lively style. To this merit, he has added that of throwing aside all trivial circumstances, and choosing no events, but such as are either useful or entertaining. His method (of treating every article in a distinct chapter) I think vicious: as they are all connected in human affairs, and as they are often the cause of each other, why separate them in history? The first volume is much less interesting than the second; arts and manners were a subject almost untouched; but so many writers had exhausted the battles and sieges of Lewis the XIVth's reign, that it was impossible to add any thing new, especially in so confined

an abridgment. Besides, those detached particulars wanted less that art of narrating, which Voltaire never possessed, with all his other talents: I mean in prose, for there are some very fine narrations in his tragedies. That of *Iphigène*, in the last act of *Merope*, is equal to the famous ones of *Racine*. As to his hero, I think that he performed great actions without being a great man. France, notwithstanding his wars and persecutions, ought never to forget him. But when Condé, Turenne, Vauban, Louvois, Colbert, &c. have claimed their share of fame, little more will remain to the monarch, than the having chosen and employed those great men: I can hardly add that of persisting in his choice. A prince, diffident or inconstant, may claim great merit for having persisted in a good choice. A monarch, proud, vain, or obstinate, is only to be praised if he renounces a bad one. And every one must know to what a degree Lewis carried those last-mentioned qualities.

September 3d.]—I returned to the Life of Homer, and read p. 394—404, the end.

4th.]—I reviewed, but in a cursory manner, the Life of Homer, without having so exalted an idea of it as Mr. Gale, who, like a true editor, calls it *Liber Aureus*. I think it a valuable piece, written with art, and containing many ingenious, and some useful observations upon Homer. I then began to look into the Greek Grammar of Port Royal, that learned society which contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method. I began, contrary to the general method, with the verbs, and read with attention the first chapter of the third book, which treats of the nature and proprieties of the verb. I think that method the most natural and philosophical which begins with the operations of the mind, or the action or passion of the body, and thence passes to foreign objects.

5th.]—I read the second chapter of the third book, which treats of the characteristic letter, and the termination of verbs; and to impress the several modifications of the active verb upon my memory, I copied them out. I finished to-day every thing in the *Bibliothèque Choisie*, relative to Erasmus, viz. tom. iv. p. 379—397; tom. v. p. 145—283; tom. vi. p. 1—238; tom. xii. p. 1—57. The first and last are very good reflections, and exact judgments, upon Erasmus's works, but are too short: the others are long extracts of his epistles, which, translated in a very bad style, and

unconnected method, have neither the *agrémens* of original letters, nor the merit of a complete life. When I had finished them, (according to a maxim I have laid down elsewhere,) I began *Vie d'Erasme, par M. de Burigny*; and so preferred the *suite* of my ideas to that of my books.

September 6th.]—I read the Grammar, l. iii. c. 3. which treats of the augmentation, both syllabic and temporal.

7th.]—I read the Grammar, l. iii. c. 4—14. I saw the various forms into which every verb changes itself, from the indicative to the participle, and from the present to the second perfect. Indeed, I think the chain has too many links, as well as groundless exceptions without number; but this last is the vice of all languages, none of which have been the work of reason.

8th.]—In the evening I found means to look over, in a cursory manner, the passive and middle moods of the barytone verbs in ω . They depend so much upon the active, that when one has a clear idea of it, the genealogy is very easy to follow. I now see clearly the advantage of paying little attention to the Grammar, till you have made some progress in the language. Instead of having both precepts and examples to learn, I need attend only to the general rules of what I have already seen in a variety of particular instances. It is examining the map of a country through which I have before travelled.

9th.]—I looked more closely into the passive and middle moods of the barytones in ω . If the *vox media* is not very useful and ingenious, it is highly ridiculous.

10th.]—I read the Greek Grammar, l. iii. c. 21—27, containing a very clear account of the circumflex verbs in ω , and of the rules by which they contract themselves.

11th.]—I read the Greek Grammar, L. iv. c. 1—5, which treats of the regular verbs in μ . I approve extremely of the intention of M. M. de Port Royal, who, to simplify things as much as possible, have reduced the thirteen conjugations of the Greek grammar to two, or rather to three. But the variety of these conjugations is so great, and the differences so real, that the ancient division was, perhaps, clearer, in having many rules with few exceptions, than the modern ones of few rules and many exceptions. For instance, in explaining the barytone conjugations in ω , there is hardly a tense without exceptions for the peculiar formation of the liquids. At least I would have a separate conjugation for them. Another defect I have observed is, the example they have fixed on for the barytone conjugation.

tion. 1. They pitch upon the verb $\tau\iota\omega$, and make use of it in their table; but when they come to the detail of the moods and tenses, they then employ $\tau\upsilon\pi\tau\omega$. This alteration destroys the unity of their plan, and must breed some confusion; especially in a young head. 2. They boast in their preface of having chosen (with Sanctius) $\tau\iota\omega$ as a very simple verb; but I own I think the choice ill judged. The great object should have been to have chosen a verb perfectly regular, every one of whose different modifications should have been the example of the general rule, which they laid down for that mood or tense. $\tau\iota\omega$ does not answer that character. In the first future passive (for instance), according to the general rule * of changing the ω of the first future active, into $\pi\sigma\omega\mu\alpha\iota$, $\tau\iota\sigma\omega$ would make $\tau\iota\sigma\theta\eta\sigma\sigma\omega\mu\alpha\iota$. However, by a common exception of the verbs in ω pure †, it drops the σ and makes only $\tau\iota\theta\eta\sigma\sigma\omega\mu\alpha\iota$.

Dr. Lang-
baine.

To-day I began the small but valuable treatise of Longinus, $\pi\epsilon\pi\iota\ \gamma\upsilon\sigma\tau\epsilon\varsigma$ in the variorum edition of Tollius, printed at Utrecht, 1694, in 4to. The edition appears to be a very complete one. It contains the Greek text of the author, with a Latin version by Tollius, and a French one by Boileau, with the notes of Robortellus, Petra, Portus, Langbænius, le Fevre, and Tollius himself; and the French ones of Boileau and Dacier. I read the dedication of Tollius to the Electoralr Pince of Brandenburg, afterwards king of Prussia, and father of the present monarch; the prefaces of Tollius, de Petra, Langbænius, and Boileau, with the list of *Testimonia*, and the greatest part of the first chapter of Longinus himself. Tollius, though a commentator, was a man of taste and genius; though the style of his dedication is somewhat timid, yet there are pretty thoughts in it. He quibbles a little about *Victoria Elata*, and *Fama Pinnigera*, when he speaks of the great Elector; but his compliment upon the battle of Ferbelin is just, and well expressed. When I reflect on the age in which Longinus lived, an age which produced scarcely any other writer worthy of the attention of posterity; when real learning was almost extinct, philosophy sunk down to the quibbles of grammarians and the tricks of mountebanks, and the empire desolated by every calamity, I am amazed that at such a period, in the heart of Syria, and at the court of an Eastern monarch, Longinus should produce a work worthy of the best and freest days of Athens. I read with

* V. Nouvelle Methode, l. iii. c. 16. Reg. 52. p. 182.

† V. Nonvelle Methode, l. iii. c. 16. Except. 3. p. 183.

the sincerest regret the titles of the other works which are now lost; but none more than his *Odenathus*. I should have seen, though probably with some partiality, the character and actions of that great man, and of the greater Zenobia, who both (contrary to the other tyrants,) proposed less making themselves Roman emperors, than detaching the East from the empire, and erecting a new monarchy upon quite different foundations.

Sept. 12th.]—I finished the first chapter of Longinus, with Boileau's translation, and all the notes. The Greek is, from the figurative style, and bold metaphors, extremely difficult: I am afraid that it is rather too difficult for me; but now I have entered upon it, *jacta est alea*; and I have nothing to do but to redouble my application to understand him correctly. Is it vexation at those difficulties, or reason, which makes me wish, that in the room of those poetical figures, he had given us a definition of the sublime? Though this had been done by Cæcilius, yet it was still necessary, and would have taken him but a few lines. I then read a dissertation of M. le Clerc, inserted in the *Bibliothèque Ancienne et Moderne*, tom. v. p. 237—290, *sur les Verbs moyens des Grecs*. As it is (which I did not know at first) in opposition to another of M. Kuster, I can decide nothing about the dispute till I have seen that, which I will do as soon as possible, for his idea is a very ingenious one. He thinks that those verbs, as distinct from the active and passive ones, are made use of by the pure attic writers to signify, 1. An action which passes entirely within the agent, such as thinking, willing, &c. 2. An action which, though exterior, has the agent himself for the object; such as, I feed myself, I undress myself, &c. M. le Clerc, on the other hand, not only denies their use, but even disputes the existence of the *vox media*; which he treats as a corruption only of the active and passive. As to the pretended difference of sound and sense, he says, that the first are not greater than many occasioned by the dialects, or by poetical licences, for which the grammarians have never established new voices or moods: that by M. Kuster's own confession, the deponents in Latin, and many verbs in Greek, have an active signification, with a passive termination, without belonging to any *vox media*; that this mystery is unknown to the best Greeks, and that many of them express those actions by an active verb; nay, sometimes in the same period employ an active and middle verb. This he illustrates by a variety of examples.

I began to-day my *Extract of the Life of Homer, in French*, and wrote the first folio page, with a long note.

Sept. 14th.]—I read the *second chapter of Longinus*, with the versions and notes as usual. As yet I read my author more as a man of genius, than as a man of taste : I am pleased and astonished rather than instructed. I observed in this chapter a licence more than poetical, into which the fire of his imagination hurried him, that of leaving the reader to supply one part of a first comparison, whilst he hastens to a second. There was an *hiatus* at the end of the chapter, which Tollius supplied from a manuscript in the Vatican. It is amusing to peruse the conjectural supplements of the critics ; how various, how ingenious, and how distant from the truth. They are probably often as much so, though we have it not in our power to confute them in the same manner.

15th.—I went through the whole series of the irregular verbs in Greek. Some of them are defective by the want of some particular tenses or persons ; and others are irregular, as forming their tenses not from their own natural theme, but from some other which bears some affinity with it, and is commonly either derived or contracted from it. These irregularities are necessary to be known ; but we should be cautious of erecting them too hastily into general rules, the first sort especially ; where the supposed defect may arise only from the Greek authors now extant not having had occasion to employ that particular modification of the verb.

27th.—I have not, almost this fortnight, set down any thing in the literary way. Indeed, I was very idle. In that time, I went through only the *Life of Erasmus* ; which ought only to have been an amusement, and not to have broken in upon Longinus. To-day I finished that *Life of Erasmus*. It is a work of great reading. As M. de Burigny proposed connecting with his history, a general account of the sciences and religion during his time, he has very deeply considered his subject. His style and reflections are suited to a man of sense and modesty, who neither pretends to, nor possesses the least share of genius. Upon the whole, the book is a perfect contrast to most fashionable French ones, since it is useful without being brilliant. If we consider the character of Erasmus, we shall be immediately struck with his extensive erudition ; and that heightened by two circumstances : 1. That he was scarcely ever fixed six months in a place (excepting at Basil) ; that to this wandering life, which deprived him both of books and leisure, must be added, a continued bad state of health, and the constant avocation of a vast correspondence. 2. That his learning was all real, and founded on the accurate perusal of the ancient authors. The numerous editions he

published

published sufficiently evince it; and besides, those convenient compilations of all sorts, where a modern author can learn to be a profound scholar at a very small expence, did not then exist; every thing was to be sought for in the originals themselves. But besides this learning, which was common to many, Erasmus possessed a genius without which no writer will ever descend to posterity; a genius which could see through the vain subtleties of the schools, revive the laws of criticism, treat every subject with eloquence and delicacy; sometimes emulate the ancients, often imitate them, and never copy them. As to his morals, they had the poor merit of being regular. In the nobler part of his character I find him very deficient. Delicacy of sentiment he had none. A parasite of all the great men of his time, he was neither ashamed to magnify their characters, by the lowest adulation, nor to debase his own by the most impudent solicitations to obtain presents which very often he did not want. The adventure of Eppendorf is another proof how much dearer his money was to him than his character. Notwithstanding these faults, never man enjoyed a greater personal consideration. All the scholars, and all the princes of Europe, looked upon him as an oracle. Even Charles V. and Francis I. agreed in this. If we enquire why this happened to him rather than to some other great men, of a merit equal, and perhaps superior to Erasmus, we must say that it was owing to the time when he lived; when the world, awaking from a sleep of a thousand years, all orders of men applied themselves to letters with an enthusiasm which produced in them the highest esteem and veneration for one of their principal restorers. Besides, as the general attention, from piety, from curiosity, from vanity, and from interest, was directed towards the religious disputes, a great divine was the fashionable character; and all parties endeavoured to attract or to preserve him. But to which of those parties did Erasmus adhere? His writings, and even his conduct, were often equivocal. The Catholics claim him, though they acknowledge that he was often indiscreet. Le Clerc challenges him for the Protestants, though he blames him for not professing what he knew to be the truth; and attributes his reserve solely to timidity and self-interest. Erasmus has certainly exposed all the grosser superstitions of the Romish worship to the ridicule of the public; and had his free opinion been taken, I believe that he was a Protestant upon most of the contested points. But many other motives might restrain him from a declaration. He was always per-

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suaded,

suaded, that any speculative truths were dearly purchased at the expence of practical virtue and public peace. Besides, many considerations might often make him balance as to those truths; prejudices of education, the authority of the fathers, and a natural inclination to scepticism. Add to all this, that really disapproving many things in the Protestant communion, though more in the Romish, by remaining in the loose situation of a man who was unwilling to quit the religion of his ancestors, he could blame many things in it with freedom; whereas, had he deserted it, he must either have set up a standard himself, or else have enlisted blindly under that of Luther or Æcolampodius. It is surprising that Erasmus, who could see through much more plausible fables, believed firmly in witchcraft.

Sept. 30th.]—I began the *Ciceronianus*, and read p. 1—80.

October 1st.]—I read *Ciceronianus*, p. 80—230, which finished it; and perused 47 pages of Extracts from Erasmus's Letters, which related to it; and which turn principally upon the great scandal which the comparison between *Ascensius Badius* and the great *Budaus* had given in France. The object of this dialogue is to attack some blind admirers and copiers of Tully's style; who, at the revival of letters, formed, especially in Italy, a very considerable sect, of which the principal leaders were, *Bembo*, *Sadolet*, and *Julius Scaliger*. In this attack he employed every arm both of argument and pleasantry. It may be divided into three parts; in the first, *Nosoponus* the Ciceronian is introduced; and with that exquisite species of humour, of which the *Lettres Provinciales* offer so fine a specimen, ridicules his own party by a bare exposition of those maxims which he himself venerated and practised. His exclusive devotion to Cicero, his three Indices, his never writing but in the dead silence of the night, his employing months upon a few lines, his religious caution about the words, and his total indifference about the sense, are truly and highly comic. In the second, Erasmus himself appears under the name of *Boulephorus*; and entering into a great detail, establishes, victoriously, that Cicero, though worthy of our attention and imitation, is not the only one worthy of it; that so servile an attachment to any author, destroys all freedom and originality of genius, and produces only a set of tame writers, who, perhaps, will copy only the faults, but who will surely never attain to the perfections of their great model; and that finally, we should rather endeavour to speak as Cicero would do if he lived at present, than as he did in his time; that since words are made for ideas,

ideas, and not ideas for words, it is infinitely more reasonable to coin new words to express a variety of things unknown to Cicero, than, out of a vain ambition for purity, to call excommunication, *interdictio aquæ et ignis*, and to express all the objects of Christianity by the terms of the Pagan rituals. It must be confessed, that the Ciceronians laid themselves very open to ridicule, were it only by their looking on Tully not only as the best but as the sole model, and that of language as well as of eloquence. In a polite age, in which a language is thoroughly cultivated, every writer who is a man of education, of letters, and of taste, speaks nearly the same language; and very often, genius and eloquence, instead of being companions to purity, are enemies to it, by diverting the attention to nobler aims. Bouhours is much purer than either Corneille or Bayle. Why therefore should we exclude all other writers of the Augustan age, and confine our imitation to Tully alone; who was not a native of Rome, and who, from the fire of his imagination, the variety of his occupations, and the multiplicity of his writings, could not always attend nicely to his expressions. Why is not Cæsar (for example) as safe a model? A Ciceronian must believe Cicero's own account of him. *Cæsar autem rationem adhibens, consuetudinem vitiosam et corruptam purâ et incorruptâ consuetudine emendat. Itaque . . . ad hanc elegantiam verborum Latinorum adjungit illa oratoria ornamenta dicendi.* But the same Ciceronian, if he would condescend to admit the other Latin writers of that age into a partnership with Tully, would be much more formidable than Nosoponus. He would observe, that in all languages, rules and analogies are very treacherous guides; that in modern tongues, we see them give way every day to custom. That in the dead ones, that custom is to be met with only in the most correct writers; and that whenever we deviate from them, we risk offending against the idiom of the language. That the boldest moderns did not carry their privilege of making new terms so far as they ought, to have made it really useful, since they express many modern ones by very loose periphrases. That as they are themselves still fond of copying and alluding to the antients, the writings of Erasmus himself are an incoherent mixture of Roman manners and expressions with Batavian ones; a mixture not less ridiculous than their scrupulous antique idiom. Perhaps the natural conclusion from these various difficulties, where either freedom or correctness must be sacrificed, was, that instead of

that ungrateful labour upon a dead language, it would be better to improve and cultivate the living ones. But this conclusion was too much for the age of Erasmus. The third part of the Dialogue, which contains Erasmus's opinion of the style of the principal Latin authors, both antient and modern, shews great learning; but his judgments are too superficial, and not so much varied as the nature of the subject required. The style of the *Ciceronianus* itself is lively and easy; but the spirit of the Dialogue is but indifferently kept up. Nosoponus makes no defence, and Hypologus is quite a useless personage.

October 2d.]—After a long absence, I returned at last to Longinus, and read the third and fourth chapters, *περι τριτος*. After Longinus had, in the two former chapters, opened his design, and shewn that though the true sublime is a gift of nature, yet nature may, as in other things, be assisted by art; he treats of two vices different from each other, but equally opposite to it; the one a turgid style and inflated figures, springing from an exuberance of genius or a vain ambition: the other a frigid poor labour after puns and little affected beauties. I approve very much of this inverted method of shewing first what a thing is not, and then what it is. In these refined enquiries nothing contributes more to assist our imagination and dispel prejudices. I likewise admire that noble freedom with which he discovers the faults of those heroes themselves *, Plato and Xenophon.

3d.]—I employed my morning very well, since I read the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters of Longinus. The two first are inconsiderable; the seventh, in which he points out the way to discover the true sublime, is the work of a man of strong feelings rather than of a clear head; the eighth begins to enter more deeply into the subject, and points out five sources of the sublime. The ninth chapter, which treats of the first of these, (the elevation of the ideas,) is one of the finest monuments of antiquity. Till now, I was acquainted only with two ways of criticising a beautiful passage: the one, to shew, by an exact anatomy of it, the distinct beauties of it, and whence they sprung; the other, an idle exclamation, or a general encomium, which leaves nothing behind it. Longinus has shewn me that there is a third. He tells me his own feelings upon reading it; and tells them with such energy, that he communicates them. I almost

* Οἱ περὶ τριτος.

LONGIN. *περι εφτες*, p. 32. Edit. Toll.

doubt which is most sublime, Homer's Battle of the Gods, or *Longinus's* Apostrophe to *Terentianus* upon it. The chapter concludes with some very ingenious observations upon the different character of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey*. I am sorry to criticise such a chapter, but what would Longinus have said, had another made his observation upon that passage of Homer, where the celestial horses leap at one bound the extent of the visible horizon? One would think, says he, the world could not have afforded space for such another leap. To what faculty does the visible horizon appear above half the world? To the eyes it appears, the whole; to the understanding, and even to the imagination, a very small part.

October 4th.]—I read the *tenth chapter of Longinus*, p. 72—88. Its subject is but obscurely marked, and appears at first to run into the former. The distinction however appears to be, the first treats of those great and simple ideas, which require only to be fully conceived and expressed; the second, of such ideas as though not sublime in themselves, may be rendered so by the artful introduction of accessory circumstances. But I hardly think that the Ode of Sappho was a proper example. It may be beautiful, it may be passionate; but surely there is nothing in it which elevates the mind: Longinus's own characteristic of the sublime. This morning Mr. M returned my visit, and stayed nearly two hours with me. I have not yet seen any great proofs of his taste or genius, but he is certainly a scholar, and a very communicative one. Observing I had only *Hederici's Lexicon*, he offered me *Scapula* as much better, and sent it to me in the evening. It is in fact infinitely more copious; and I like much the disposition of it by roots. It gives you a much clearer idea of the language, by reducing it to a small number of primitives; which, by their various compositions, produce all the riches of that copious tongue.

5th.]—I read the *eleventh and twelfth chapters of Longinus*, p. 88—94. They treat of *Amplification*; of that art in poetry and rhetoric by which things are made to appear greater than they really are. Perhaps, had he known the magnifying glasses, he would have said that the merit of that art was, like those glasses, to increase the magnitude, but preserve the proportions. He then draws a comparison between Cicero (who excelled peculiarly in it) and Demosthenes; a comparison framed with his usual eloquence, and with a candour for the Roman's merit very uncommon in a Greek.

October

October 11th.]—I read the *thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth chapters of Longinus*, p. 94—118. The two first, which treat of imitation, are true pictures of the impetuous genius of the author. He enters on his subject by a quotation from Plato, which is very remotely connected with it. Then, though he recommends as a road to the sublime, the imitation of the great antients; yet imitation is too lame a practice to be agreeable to him. He first extends it to an advice to us to consider how Homer or Demosthenes would have expressed such an idea, not how they would express any one: then to think how they would approve of the manner in which we ourselves are going to express it; that is, to make them not our models, but our judges; and at last, disclaiming all particular imitation, he advises us only to catch their fire, and to imitate the noble confidence with which they looked forward to the latest posterity. The fifteenth chapter contains some fine examples of poetical figures, distinguishes them from rhetorical ones, and observes, that the mistaken taste of his age makes them be often confounded.

12th.]—I read the *sixteenth chapter of Longinus*, p. 118—126. He speaks of the phrase and elocution. This is his third source of the sublime. The *pathos*, which was the second, he has almost totally forgotten. This chapter is taken up chiefly by the example of the famous oath of Demosthenes; by the heroes of Marathon and Plateæ. He examines it very nicely, discovers all the art and energy of it, and shews how much it differs from a similar expression of the comic Eupolis. If the ninth chapter shews Longinus the most as a man of genius, he no where appears a more excellent critic than in this.

14th.]—I began the *Colloquia of Erasmus*, and as far as I have gone, think them full of entertainment.

16th.]—I read several chapters of *M. de Tillemont's Histoire des Empereurs*, in relation to Longinus's Patrons Odenathus and Zenobia, tom. iii. p. 3; 947—952; 976—977; 983—988; 1039—1062; and 1078—1082. It is much better to read this part of the Augustan history in so learned and exact a compilation than in the originals, who have neither method, accuracy, eloquence, nor chronology. I think them below the worst monkish chroniclers we have extant. We may observe that Odenathus, who was an Arab, began to shew the superiority of his brave barbarians over the corrupted

rupted Romans; a superiority which Mahomet improved by the additional spur of religion, but which he did not create.

October 18th.]—I read the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth chapters of Longinus, p. 126—154. He continues to treat of the various kinds of figures, which, when properly employed, give force and beauty to the discourse: the interrogation, the omission of copulatives, the mixture of figures, the transpositions of ideas, and the alterations of number and tense. This is perhaps the least shining part of his book; as it is the more mechanical part of criticism. However, Longinus enlivens the dulness of it, by the magic of his style; and corrects the dryness by the clearness of his reasons, and the accuracy of his distinctions. I shall give an instance of each. Speaking of that rhetorical figure by which a writer, addressing himself to his reader, employs the second person, he himself makes use of it in a most beautiful manner, in animadverting to Terentianus upon a passage of Herodotus *. The second is, where treating of the change of the singular into the plural he distinguishes, with great justness, between those words which, singular by their termination, by their sense may be considered as plural, without any effort of, or effect upon, the imagination; and those which, in themselves strictly singular, are magnified and multiplied, when, upon certain occasions, they are spoken of as plural †. I must just mention a mistake of *Tollius*. Herodotus makes use of the words *Δελοῖς δρεπέησι*. *Tollius* owns that it signifies *servis fugitivis*; but thinks it not elegant enough, and therefore renders it by the vague expression of *servitutem acerbissimam* ‡. However, the other has certainly more elegance, as well as truth and propriety. The Ionians had revolted from the Persians; if they were again subdued, they would not only be, as before, oppressed like slaves, but punished as fugitives.

19th.]—I read Longinus, chapters twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and thirty, p. 154—168. He continues his enumerations of figurative expressions, and mentions that sudden transition from one person to another, of which the poets and orators have left us some fine examples. It may, however, be remarked, that as this figure is infinitely violent and abrupt, it is suitable only to the strongest passions, and therefore commonly suits better the poet's heroes.

* Longin. C. xxvi. p. 152.

† Longin. C. xxiii. p. 144.

‡ Longin. C. xxii. p. 142. notasq. Töll. in loc.

than himself. Longinus then proceeds to the periphrasis, and gives some very sensible rules about it. However, he has forgotten to observe, that though, when well employed, this figure gives light and grace to a discourse; yet in itself it is an enemy to the sublime, of which a concise expression is always the best vehicle. If we inquire into the reason of it, we must say, that it presents the idea at once, gives as little as possible to the tediousness and deficiencies of language, and comes the nearest to the operations of thought. In the thirtieth chapter, he enters upon the choice of words, which he has laid down as the fourth source of the sublime. There appears to be here a considerable chafin.

Oct. 20th.]—I read Longinus, chapters thirty-one, thirty-two, and thirty-three, p. 168—186. The thirty-first seems to be very defective; however we see that he proves that the common expressions, when introduced properly, have often more strength and meaning than more elaborate ones. I believe his position just, and his examples from Herodotus explain his meaning very well; but I think that from Demosthenes ill chosen. The idea is indeed very *idiotic*, but it is expressed by a very uncommon and metaphorical word. The thirty-second chapter treats of the multiplicity of metaphors, for which Longinus is a great advocate, and admires very much a laboured description of the human body by Plato. I wish I could admire it too. However, as Plato has certainly faults, our critic examines in the twenty-third chapter, which is preferable, a sublimity often faulty, or an unblamable mediocrity. He treats his subject with an eloquent and becoming enthusiasm. His decision is that of a man of taste. I likewise read a Letter of Pliny on the same subject, L. ix. Ep. 26; which is full of very pretty thoughts and expressions. I am of the same opinion with both these great writers; but think neither of them has gone deep enough. I take the reason to be, not that we are more strongly affected with beauties, but that we are longer so: the pleasure we feel in the sensation prolongs it, by making us dwell upon it with satisfaction; whereas the disgust we conceive from faults shortens the sensation, by causing us to call off our attention immediately. There are, besides, two other collateral reasons, but I take this to be the principal, and I must not write dissertations in my journal.

21st.]—Last night, when in bed, I was thinking of a dissertation of M. de la Nauze, upon the Roman calendar; which I read last year *. This led

* V. Journal, August 25 and 26, 1761.

me to consider what was the Greek, and finding myself very ignorant of it, I determined to read a short, but very excellent abstract of Mr. Dodwell's book *de Cyclis*, by the famous Dr. Halley *. It is only twenty-five pages; but as I meditated it thoroughly, and verified all the calculations, it was a very good morning's work. The cycle of Meton had for its object, to reconcile the course of the sun with that of the moon, which it accomplishes in a cycle of 19 solar years, 235 lunar months, and 6940 days. The years should be regularly twelve months, and the months thirty days; but as the first would not be enough, it is necessary to add seven *mensēs embolimi* in the third, fifth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, sixteenth, and nineteenth years of the cycle; and as the second would be too much, 110 months are *cavi*, or of 29 days only, which is determined by leaving out every sixty-fourth day. The first cycle begins with July 15th, Ant. Chr. 432 †. To reduce them to the Julian account, you must observe the following rule. Collect the number of months elapsed since the beginning of the period; multiply them by 30; add the number of days elapsed in the current month; divide the whole number by 64; subtract the quotient from it; add as many times 6940 as there have been complete cycles, with the constant number 196, and you have the whole number of days elapsed since the 1st January, Ant. Chr. 434; which number you may easily reduce into Julian years, months, and days. This dissertation gives me a very clear, and, I believe, a very true notion of Meton's Attic year. As to that of Calippus, it was only a reformation of that of Meton, who had reckoned the solar year too long by about one seventy-sixth of a day; to obviate which, he added another *dies exemplilis*; but as it is at the end of his period of 76 years, we need pay no attention to it in our calculations: otherwise it is the same months regular and embolimi, and the same *dies exemplilis*. We must only observe two differences in our reductions of it. 1. That instead of 196 days to be added, there are 552 always to be subtracted, being the number of days between the 1st July, Ant. Chr. 330, when the cycle begins, and January 1st, 328, being the first after Bissextile. Indeed, to perform the reductions exactly, we ought to have all our dates in olympiads or archontats, compared with years of the cycles; but if we meet with any modern author who reckons by Julian years anticipated, we may venture (after subtracting his

* At the end of the second volume of the Life of Mr. Dodwell. London, 1715.

† It was the first after the *Bissextile*.

number from 432*) to look upon the last year of it as complete, if the date fall into the six first Attic months, or as commenced only into one of the last six. Should we be mistaken, which may happen, our calculation itself will discover our error. I say the same of the cycle of Calippus. 2. In the last mentioned cycle we need attend only to the current one, and pay no attention to those that are complete, as every cycle answers exactly to 76 Julian years. I cannot say I received the same satisfaction as to the Macedonian calendar. Far from being supported by the necessary proofs, Mr. Dodwell's opinion is not even clearly laid down. Dr. Halley owns himself, that there are great disputes about the order of their months, and the time when their year began. I know, besides, that there is another very prevalent system of Archbishop Usher, who makes the Macedonian year not luni-solar, but solar. I must, therefore, suspend my judgment till I have seen *Mr. Dodwell de Cyclis*, and *Usher de Veteri anno Macedonum et Asiaticorum solari*. As to the Roman year, M. de la Nauze is still my master.

October 23d.]—Continuing my study and meditation of the Greek calendar, I resolved to verify some remarkable date. I immediately recollected the battle of Arbela, which, according to Plutarch, was fought eleven days after a total eclipse of the moon, that happened on the 14th of the month Bædremion. This eclipse answers to the 20th of September, Ant. Chr. 331. The battle was fought, therefore, the 1st of October. Now, according to Mr. Dodwell's system, the 25th of Bædremion answers exactly to that day. This is a strong presumption in its favour. The calculation, though sure, is however so tedious, that I wish some way could be thought of to shorten it. I could construct a table, in which, marking the olympiads, the archontats, the years of the cycle, and the month and day of the Julian, the beginning of each answers to The *dies exemplilis* would be the most troublesome, as being not fixed to any months or years, but running regularly through the cycle. However, by some trials I made, I found I could manage them.

24th.]—I read Longinus, chapters thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, and forty-one, p. 186—222. Our author continues his comparison of the sublime often faulty, and the mediocrity always irreprehensible, in the three first. His characters of Hyperides and Demosthenes are finely marked. He expatiates with pleasure on the various merits of Hy-

* If he reckons by years before Christ, the reduction would be very easy.

perides, and distinguishes them by epithets always just and always different, which display both his own penetration, and the accurate fertility of the language in which he wrote; but all these encomiums are only garlands, which make him a victim worthier the object of his divinity, Demosthenes; who, inferior in every other respect to Hyperides, surpasses him infinitely by those sublime and terrible beauties with which his writings abound. This chapter gives perhaps a clearer idea of the sublime than any other in Longinus; since it is not only distinguished from the faults which are contrary to, but likewise from the beauties which are different from it. But still this is not enough. I wish that I had time to explain the fine poetical comparisons of the thirty-fifth chapter, and to give a better reason than Longinus does, why the rule, that greatness is preferable to exactness, does not hold good in sculpture as well as in poetry. In the thirty-seventh I agree with Le Fevre and Dacier, that the common reading of Herodotus is highly absurd; but if Longinus could praise that absurdity, why might not Herodotus write it? In the thirty-eighth chapter he enters upon his fifth source of the sublime, the arrangement of words. We see something, though a small part, of the attention which the Greeks paid to the harmony of their periods. That not satisfied with the judgment of the ear, they had established for prose a measure of dactyles and spondees, less exact, but more varied than in verse; by which, without confining themselves to the precise form of feet, they could render the whole period abrupt or flowing, slow or precipitate. In the fortieth and forty-first he blames the affectation of giving every period the same cadence; or of making the periods too short, and disjointed from each other.

October 25th.]—I read *Cicero in Orator.* C 63—66, in relation to the harmony of prose. Although the Latin tongue was not perhaps so susceptible of it as the Greek, yet we may discover how attentive the Romans were to it. The end was to give to prose an harmony equivalent, but not similar to verse. The means employed were, 1. To consider syllables abstracted from feet, and to make long or short ones prevail in a period in the degree and manner they chose. Thus, in the famous passage of Demosthenes, we hear the sound of dactyles, or of something still more rapid; since out of twenty-nine syllables, twenty-one are short. 2. The ancient metre has this advantage over ours, that in modern tongues the harmony consists only in the composition of a verse, or at least of a *hemistiche*; whereas, if you take an ancient verse to pieces, the feet of which it is composed give you, by their peculiar and distinct harmony, *disjecta membra poetæ*. The great variety

riety of these feet furnished the orators with innumerable ways of harmonizing their periods, without ever deviating into verse. I likewise read *Longinus*, chapters forty-two and forty-three, which finished him. The forty-second contains some examples of fine descriptions, degraded by one or two low words. In the last chapter of this small, but valuable treatise, Longinus examines the reason why no sublime writers were to be found in his age. He treats this question (which, taken in the utmost latitude, is perhaps a Gordian knot) with more eloquence than accuracy. It is, however, worth remarking, that he still continues to enforce his precept by his example. He appears pretty plainly to have been of opinion, that the true sublime, especially in eloquence, could never belong to slaves; and that it could be found only in geniuses nursed under a popular government, whose writings breathed the same liberty as their actions. These ideas are noble, and perhaps true; but they were too harsh for the court of Palmyra. Longinus was forced to enervate them, not only by the term *δικαιοκρατία*, which he takes care to apply twice to the present despotism; but by employing the stale pretence of putting his own thoughts into the mouth of a nameless philosopher. I read on the same question Seneca, *Epist. cxiv. p. 646—651; Edit. Lips. apud Plantin.* He considers it in another, and, I think, a better light than Longinus. Both attribute the decay of taste to luxury and its attendant vices; but the Greek considering them almost as passive, thinks that they only extinguish all emulation and application; while the Roman looks upon them as very active, by accustoming our taste to relish only the tricks of novelty and affectation, and to despise genuine and simple eloquence. The character of Mæcenas is a fine *caricature*. How different is he from the Mæcenas of Virgil and Horace. As to Longinus in general, after what I have observed upon almost every chapter, I have little left to say. It is certainly a fine performance; the style is faulty only by being rather too poetical for a didactic work. In general, I should adopt most of his decisions; only I think that for want of having a clear idea of the sublime, he has sometimes blamed passages for being deficient in that respect, or praised them for excelling in it, whose nature and design neither had, nor required, that kind of beauty. I could likewise have wished that Longinus had not always confined himself to single passages, but had pointed out that sublime which results from the choice and general disposition of a subject. I think that Longinus shews real taste and genius, by his indulgence in the fallies of a warm imagination,

and by his severity to the prettinesses of the art; though, like most men of genius who possess more force and elevation than delicacy, he may sometimes have confounded refinement and affectation. As to his commentators, Langbænius is ostentatiously pedantic, and learnedly absurd; Le Fevre is, as usual, vain, bold, and ingenious; the notes of Tollius are full of taste, good criticism, and real erudition. There are a number of corrupted passages in Longinus, which, by the help of manuscripts, or from his own conjectures, he has restored extremely well.

October 26th.]—I intended to have composed a long abstract of that Greek Life of Homer, which I finished September the fourth, and actually wrote a page of it; but other things intervening, I went no further. As it is now too late, I shall take this occasion of giving a short account of it. Its title is improper enough; after an history of Homer, comprized in a few lines, and full of blunders, the author proceeds to his main design, which was to shew that there was no art or science of which Homer was not the father and laid the foundations; a design which proves the excessive veneration of the Greeks still better than the temples they erected to him. To support so vain an argument, much sophistry and false reasoning was necessary. The following are some specimens of them which struck me. 1. It is almost impossible to follow him through his innumerable divisions and subdivisions, which, instead of easing our attention, and fixing our memory, perplex the one, and overburthen the other. This is a sufficient inconvenience in this method, but another infinitely greater results from it. Those divisions, by treating every minute part of a subject separately, often pass over the most essential notions of it, because they are common to the whole. Nay, as they are commonly the work of a trifling genius, they are sometimes founded only upon some very trivial and accessory ideas, without ever reaching the fundamental principles. Thus, when our critic wants to prove Homer an historian, he accurately divides the requisites of history into the mention of person, cause, place, time, instrument, passion, action, and manner; proves that in some part of his works the poet mentions each of these, and then very accurately concludes that he was an historian. What a minute division of history, which forgets all the most important parts of it, accuracy, impartiality, and an hundred more*! 2. To prove Homer's knowledge universal, he is forced, in several sciences, to instance things hardly above the rank of self-

* Vit. Homer, p. 315—318.

evident ideas, with which no peasant in a civilized country is unacquainted. Thus he is the father of arithmetic, because by saying that fifty men guarded each of the thousand Trojan fires, he does not compute himself, but furnishes the occasion of computing the Trojan army at fifty thousand men*. 3. One would think it sufficient for Homer's honour, to have been the father of all known truth; and that it was rather lowering, than raising his character, to make him acquainted with all the opinions of latter ages, however extravagant or contradictory to one another. The system of Thales, who makes water the universal principle; that of Xenophanes, who to water adds earth; and the general opinion which acknowledges four elements, are all borrowed from Homer†; though to have asserted all these opposite principles, implies more learning than judgment. Indeed, when he speaks of the Stoics and Peripatetics, he saves the contradiction very ingeniously. Homer was acquainted with both systems; but he looked upon the first as more exalted and conformable to reason; on the latter, as more practicable, and conformable to experience‡. 4. When the plain text of Homer appears absurd, or at least furnishes no proofs of science, he had recourse to the allegorical sense, where he discovers a thousand mysteries§. I cannot here explain my sentiments on that head, nor illustrate and enforce a distinction which has not been enough attended to, viz. of what was allegory to Homer, and what was indeed allegory in its origin, but, through various mixtures and length of time, appeared then in a quite different shape. I have the less occasion to do it here, as my author is much soberer on this head, than many others of the antients; some of whom (Heraclides for instance) have written whole books upon Homer's allegories. 5. My author, like many of the antients, is very fond of drawing philosophical conclusions from a resemblance of words and fanciful etymologies; a method which, with reason, would give one a poor opinion of their logic. Thus our author, from the resemblance of *Δεμας* and *Δεσμος*, would infer that Homer looked upon the soul as shackled and imprisoned by the body||, without ever considering that such grammatical conjectures want proof themselves, instead of being able to furnish it to other positions. Indeed it is more excusable to employ such arguments for the existence, than for the

* Vit. Homer, p. 360.

† Vit. Homer, p. 324.

‡ ———— p. 352—354.

§ ———— p. 325—330.

|| ———— p. 342.

truth of an opinion. 6. These two last faults are common to him with many; his reasonings about numbers are more peculiar to him. He runs, and carries Homer with him, into all the Pythagorean whimsies*, the perfections of the *monade* and odd numbers, and the imperfections of the *duade* and even ones. He quotes several passages of Homer where the *monade* is praised, such as the Εἰς κείρατος ἔσσω, without once inquiring whether it is praised for an absolute or for a relative merit. Notwithstanding these criticisms, I am far from despising this Life of Homer. The author was a man of much subtilty and ingenuity; so that you are often pleased with the imagination, though you despise the reasoning. Nay, the reasoning is often more the vice of his subject than his own. When he treats of those arts of which Homer was really a master, language, rhetoric, and morality, he is very solid and instructive. You find many nice observations concerning Homer's style, his use of the various Greek dialects, his deviations from the common rules of grammar, and the different figures he employs. One that struck me relates to the genders. He often, for the sake either of metre, or energy, employs a masculine epithet to a feminine substantive; but it is only speaking of those qualities of the mind which are of no sex, or if of any, which appertain rather to the male, such as κλέος Ἰπποδουμεια †. In treating of Homer's rhetoric, he explains very well the artifice of the speeches of the second Iliad; the various eloquence of the ambassadors to Achilles, and the gradations by which he gave way to them ‡. So much for the original. The editor was mighty negligent in not distinguishing properly Homer's verses from the prose, which is full of them, and not referring us to the places where they are to be found. The translator, whom I can scarcely believe to be Dr. Gale, has committed numberless blunders. I shall mention a curious one. He translates this verse of Homer,

Ἀρειόν, ταῦρόν τε, συὸν τ' ἐπιθήτορα κᾶπρον, Odyss. A. 130.

by *Arietem porcorum custodem* §. Besides the nonsense of the expression, and the absurdity of making one animal only, where grammar and the sense of his author required three; need I quote Constantine and Pollux to shew that Ἐπιθήτορα signifies *ascensorem*, and is metaphorically applied to the copulation of animals ||? Why not translate it at once,

Agnum, et taurum, suisque ascensorem aprum.

* Vit. Homer, p. 358—360.

† Vit. Homer, p. 303.

‡ ——— p. 371—377.

§ ——— p. 359.

|| Constant. in Voc. Jul. Poll. Onomastic. l. v. c. 15. p. 92.

October 29th.]—I read Tollius's *Gustus Animadversionum Criticarum*, at the end of Longinus, p. 348—360. I cannot say that they any ways answered my expectation. Tollius was not equal to such critical parallels as they are designed for, between some of the antient writers. The first is between a passage of Pindar and another of Horace. It results from his laborious inquiry, that the Greek tongue is more harmonious than the Latin. The second, between Theocritus and Virgil, teaches me, 1. That among the antients, presenting or throwing apples was customary between lovers. 2. That Virgil is far inferior to the Greek poet, since his Polyphemus boasts of having milk only all the year, whereas the Cyclop of Theocritus boasts that he has both milk and cheese. The third is between Apollonius and Ovid. As the Greeks are always to have the advantage and Ovid is very open to criticism, Tollius talks rather more to the purpose.

30th.]—I read Tollius, p. 360—371. A comparison between Virgil and a little poem of Petronius. Very bad indeed. However, I must now go through these comparisons.

31st.]—I went to church, heard a pretty good sermon from Mr. L... and read the second lesson, the fourth chapter of St. Luke, in Greek.

November 1st.]—I read Tollius, p. 371—381, the end. He compares Homer and Virgil as to the manner of Turnus' and Hector's deaths. He reasons better than usual, but did not consider that Hector's not asking for mercy like Turnus, is no proof of his superior courage. Turnus was slightly wounded; Hector mortally. I began to-day, as a natural supplement to Longinus, a philosophical inquiry into the nature of our ideas of the sublime and beautiful, and read the Introduction upon Taste, p. 1—40, which, like all other researches into our primary ideas, is rather loose and unsatisfactory. The division, however, of the passive impression which is common to all men, and relates chiefly to positive beauty or faultiness, and the active judgment which is founded on knowledge, and exercised mostly on comparison, pleased me; perhaps because very like an idea of my own.

2d.]—I read the Enquiry, p. 40—95, which comprizes the first part. The author's object is to class our various passions and sensations, and to investigate our affections, in order to discover how we are and ought to be affected. All those of the mind he refers to two classes;—self-preservation and society. The former renders us sensible of pain and terror; the latter, in their various branches,

branches, (of sympathy, imitation, and terror,) of pleasure, love, and joy. Their nature is eternally distinct; and they never can run into one another. This naturally leads Mr. Burke to deny that the privation of pleasure ever produces positive pain; and *vice versa*, the sensation produced by the absence of pain he calls delight, a solemn, awful feeling, very different from positive pleasure.

November 4th.]—I finished the Enquiry, which contains in all 342 pages. The author writes with ingenuity, perspicuity, and candour. His reigning principles are, that pain, when absent, and moderated to terror, is productive of that solemn delight which forms the beauty of the sublime; this idea he pursues through its various shapes of immensity either of time or place, power, darkness, &c. It is surprizing how much Longinus and Mr. Burke differ as to their idea of the operations of the sublime in our minds. The one considers it as exalting us with a conscious pride and courage, and the other as astonishing every faculty, and depressing the soul itself with terror and amazement. If it should be found that the sublime produces this double, and seemingly contrary effect; we must look out for some more general principles which may account for it, though we may adopt still many particular materials and observations of both writers in the investigation of it. Such is Mr. Burke's system of the sublime: his notion of the beautiful is, that it is produced by whatever gives us pleasure. Perhaps his idea, confined as it is to the pleasures of sense, (heightened indeed by the imagination,) is yet too general. What connection can he discover between the pleasures of the taste and the idea of beautiful? However, he thinks, (and I believe with reason,) that any thing, to appear beautiful either to the sight or touch, must convey to the sense an idea of softness and gradual variation, and to the imagination those of gentleness, delicacy, and even fragility. The ideas of beauty being in the least founded on those of order, proportion, or utility, he entirely explodes. I cannot help observing here, that in speaking of any thing beautiful, we consider the figure as so essential to it as not to be altered without changing the nature of it; and the colour as an accessory quality which may be varied at pleasure:—a proof that sometimes common feelings are conformable to philosophical speculations, where we should the least expect it. Mr. Burke employs his last part in considering words as the signs of ideas. He remarks that they do not commonly, when pronounced, call up in the mind a picture of the idea for which they stand;

stand; and, that consequently in poetry or eloquence we are as often affected by the words themselves, as by clear images of what they are designed to represent. I began to-day Ubbo Emmius' Geographical Description of Greece, (which will be very useful for all my Greek authors, but particularly for the *Odyssæy*,) and read p. 1—18.

November 5th.]—I read Emmius, p. 18—40.

6th.]—I read Emmius, p. 40—45.

7th.]—I read Emmius, p. 45—54.

8th.]—I read Emmius, p. 54—194, the end. It is a short, and consequently a dry abridgment; but it is concise, clear, and exact. It contributed a good deal to confirm me in the contemptible idea I always entertained of Cellarius. 1. In comparing this abridgement with the single map of *Grecia Propria*, I found above 130 places omitted in Cellarius, and among them some of such note as Tirins, Helos, Ithome, Pifa, the province of Acarnania, and the valley of Tempe. What would it have been had I entered into the minute detail of any one region?

17th.]—I read *Les Observations de l'Abbé de Mably sur les Grècs*. They are not ill written; but I think a capital fault of them is, attributing more consequences to the particular characters of men, often ill-drawn, than to the general manners, character, and situation of nations.

30th.]—I began the *Odyssæy* of Homer, and read L. i. p. 444, the end.

December 1st.]—I read the *Odyssæy*, L. ii. V. 1—128.

2d.]—I read the *Odyssæy*, L. ii. V. 128—434, the end.

3d.]—I read Potter's Greek Antiquities, V. ii. p. 120—160, where he treats of the naval affairs of the Greeks, in order to understand the voyages of Telemachus. As, while I was reading, I saw from my window some of the finest ships in the world, I could not very much admire the small barks, with a mast occasionally set up and taken down, which they run ashore every night.

5th.]—I read the *Odyssæy*, L. iii. V. 1—497, the end, and finished some new Journals, the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et Belles Lettres*, from April to September 1762, and the *Journal des Savans combiné avec les Mémoires de Trévoux*, from June to September. There is a curious Dissertation of Mr. Beyer upon the Atlantic Island of Plato. He pretends it is Judea. Some circumstances and etymologies are as usual favourable to him, others totally opposite. However, calling in allegory and romance to support allegory

and romance, he seems to think he has entirely confounded the Infidels. The other is the Voyage of M. Anquetil du Perron to the East Indies, with the sole view of studying the language and religion of the antient Persées. He is just returned to France, with a prodigious number of manuscripts, which may perhaps throw some light upon one of the most obscure but most curious branches of antient history.

December 6th.]—I read Potter's Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 209—237, in relation to the sacrifice offered by Nestor, and so exactly described by Homer.

12th.]—I had borrowed of M. B a French Moral and Political Romance of the Abbé Teraillon, called *Sethos*. The beginning is fine, the description of the manners of the court of Memphis is worthy of Tacitus; and the system of the Egyptian initiation is a very happy thought: but, unluckily, the interest of the piece gradually diminishes in every book, till you arrive at the catastrophe, which is very cold and unnatural. As to the style, it is pure and elegant, scarcely ever elevated, and never animated. The Abbé Teraillon had too mathematical a head to excel in the language of description, and too stoic a heart to shine in that of the passions. His feelings, however, are just, though not warm: the whole work breathes a spirit of virtue and humanity, which renders it very amiable.

EXTRAITS *de mon* JOURNAL.

1763. **A**PRE'S avoir quitté l'Angleterre, il est assez naturel que j'en quitte la langue. Les idées ont produit les mots; et j'aurois souvent autant de peine à rendre en Anglois les usages du Continent, que j'aurois eu de difficulté à bien exprimer en François les mœurs Angloises, et les petits événemens de notre milice. Plutôt que de recourir à des périphrases ennuyeuses, ou à des traductions imparfaites; il vaut mieux employer tout uniment la langue du pays.

Mais il faut renoncer à ce journal suivi et détaillé, dont l'idée avoit flatté mon esprit, mais dont l'exécution auroit trop gêné ma paresse, pour me permettre de le continuer. Je l'avois discontinué pendant quelques jours; il étoit si facile de réparer cette petite négligence! ces jours devinrent insensiblement des semaines. L'ouvrage m'effrayoit en s'augmentant. Je perdois en vains regrets le tems qui étoit encore en mon pouvoir. Aujourd'hui, qu'il me faudroit écrire l'histoire de six mois, la raison m'ordonne de n'y plus songer.

Mais

EXTRACTS *from my* JOURNAL.

1763. **H**AVING left England, it is fit that I should leave off English. Ideas create words; and there would be as much difficulty in expressing continental customs in good English, as there would be in describing in pure French the manners of England, and the minute transactions of our regiment of militia. Instead of being obliged to write an imperfect translation, or a tiresome paraphrase, it is better at once to have recourse to the language of the country.

But I must renounce the design of a regular and minute journal, of which I flattered myself with the plan, but of which I should find the constraint too great on my natural laziness, to continue the execution. I had interrupted my labours for a few days; this little negligence might be so easily repaired! but these days have imperceptibly become weeks. The more I had to do, I was the more reluctant to begin the work. The time still left to me was spent in useless regret; and now that I ought to write my history for six months, reason tells me that I must no longer think of the undertaking.

But

Mais cette même raison ne veut point que je neglige entièrement la partie, peut-être la plus curieuse de ma vie. Je vais rassembler plutôt selon l'ordre des matières, que sous celui du tems, les idées nouvelles que j'ai acquises pendant mon séjour à Paris. Elles se distribuent naturellement sous quatre chefs: 1. Les choses qui me sont personnelles, mon œconomie, mes liaisons, et mes amis. 2. L'état de la littérature en France, les gens de lettres, les académies, et le théâtre. 3. Des observations détachées, militaires, politiques, et morales. 4. Les bâtimens et les ouvrages de l'art.—Je laisserai cependant subsister quelques pages de mon journal, écrites dans le tems même;—entreprise vaine: je l'abandonnai l'instant apres l'avoir commencé.

A Lausanne, Août 17, 1763.]—J'ai écrit quelque chose de mon discours sur les anciens peuples de l'Italie. C'est bien peu pour une matinée entière passée à la campagne; mais depuis quelque tems je ne fais plus rien. Les petites dissipations de la ville, le tumulte de Mesery, et les changemens journaliers de l'une à l'autre, me donnent plus de distractions à Lausanne, que je n'en ai jamais trouvé à Londres, ou à Paris. Il faut se remettre au travail.

18.]—J'ai lu *la troisième Satyre de Juvénal*, v. 1—322. Que le début est bien choisi! Le bon Umbricius s'arrête dans le bois d'Egérie dans

ce

But the same reason enjoins me not entirely to neglect the most curious occurrences, perhaps, of my whole life. I shall collect, therefore, not in the order of time, but according to the distribution of subjects, the new ideas which I acquired during my residence in Paris. These subjects may be arranged under the following heads: 1. My own personal concerns; expences, connections, friends. 2. The state of literature in France, the men of letters, academies, theatres. 3. Detached observations; military, political, and moral. 4. The public buildings and works of art.—I will allow, however, some pages of my journal, which were written at the time, to remain in their original state;—a vain undertaking, forsaken almost as soon as begun.

Lausanne, August 17th, 1763.]—I wrote a small part of my discourse on the ancient nations of Italy; small indeed, for a whole morning spent in the country. But of late I scarcely do any thing. My trifling avocations in town, the continual bustle at Mesery, and the frequent removals from the one to the other, produce greater distraction of thought at Lausanne, than I ever experienced in London or Paris. I must seriously resume my labours.

18.]—I read the third *Satire of Juvenal*, consisting of three hundred and twenty-two verses. How judiciously does it set out! The honest Umbricius stops in the wood of Egeria, a sacred monument of the primitive Romans, but then

inhabited

ce monument sacré des premiers Romains, possédé alors par de misérables Juifs, pour se plaindre à ce législateur, du luxe et des mœurs étrangères, qui avoient inondé cette patrie, qu'il avoit formée par ses loix et par sa religion. Le caractère bas, mais maladroit, de ses Concitoyens, opposé à l'art et à la souplesse de ces étrangers qui se faisoient esclaves pour devenir maîtres, est un contraste achevé. J'aurois voulu qu'après des tableaux aussi beaux, Juvénal ne se fût pas rabattu sur de petits embarras, sur les désordres communs à toutes les grandes villes, et qui ne comportent pas l'indignation sérieuse qu'il leur temoigne

Août 20.]—J'ai lu *la quatrième Satyre de Juvénal*, pour la première fois.

24.]—J'ai lu *la quatrième Satyre de Juvénal*, v. 1—154, pour la seconde fois. Le conseil de Domitien est peut-être le morceau de satire le plus frappant de toute l'antiquité. Le sujet convenoit parfaitement au génie du poète; cette indignation sérieuse, cette énergie d'expression, qu'il prodigue quelquefois un peu légèrement, est ici à sa place, et fait passer dans l'ame du lecteur l'horreur pour le tyran, et pour les Romains, le mépris qu'ils méritent si bien. Malheureusement ce morceau n'est point achevé. Après avoir décrit ses principaux conseillers avec la plume de Saluste, au moment de les mettre en jeu, le principal acteur disparoit, le feu du poète s'éteint, et
la

inhabited by wretched Jews, to complain to Numa of the luxury of foreign manners, which had overflowed a nation whom he had instructed in laws and religion. The awkward meanness of the Romans, opposed to the address and suppleness of the Greeks, who made themselves slaves to become masters, forms a striking contrast. After such a beautiful picture, Juvenal, I think, would have done better not to have dwelt so long on the little inconveniences and disorders common to all great cities, and which are unworthy of exciting the serious indignation which he expresses against them.

August 20.]—I read, for the first time, the fourth *Satire of Juvenal*.

24.]—I read the fourth *Satire of Juvenal*, consisting of one hundred and fifty-four verses, for the second time. The council of Domitian is, perhaps, the most striking passage of satire to be met with in any ancient author. This subject perfectly suited our poet's genius; that seriousness of indignation, and that energy of expression of which he is sometimes too lavish, are here in their proper place; and they forcibly impress on the reader's mind that detestation for the tyrant, and contempt for the Romans, which both so richly merited. Unfortunately this piece is left unfinished. After having described the principal counsellors with the pen of Sallust, the very moment they ought to begin their deliberation, the principal personage disappears, the
poet's

la fin de l'action est étranglée. J'ai lu aussi *la cinquième Satyre*, v. 1—173, deux fois. Que les Romains étoient grossiers parmi tout leur luxe ! Le financier le plus insolent n'oseroit pas aujourd'hui faire toutes ces distinctions humiliantes entre ses convives. À Rome, l'élégant Pline se fait presque un mérite d'en avoir été révolté *. Que les caractères d'Horace et de Juvénal étoient différens ! Fils d'affranchis tous les deux, celui-ci ne savoit point fléchir devant le sot orgueil des grands, pendant que celui-là les en guériffoit, et vivoit avec eux, non en parasite, mais en ami.

Août 25.]—J'ai lu, pour la première fois, *la sixième Satyre de Juvénal*, v. 1—660. J'ai aussi achevé *le troisième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. Il contient plusieurs ouvrages excellens ; tels que *le Système Intellectuel de Cudworth*, traduit par Mosheim † ; *l'Alcoran de Sale*, et *les Histoires critiques du Manichéisme, et de la Monarchie Française, par M. de Beaufobre et l'Abbé Dubos*. Ces extraits sont un peu superficiels ; mais *l'Histoire du Droit Romain, par M. Heineccius*, est très intéressante pour un homme, qui ne s'embarrasse de la jurisprudence que par rapport à la littérature.

† La traduction paroît l'emporter sur l'original.

Août

poet's fire extinguishes, and the end of the piece is mangled. I also read, twice, the fifth satire, consisting of one hundred and seventy-three verses. How gross were the manners of the Romans amidst all their luxury ! The most insolent financier would not now venture to make such humiliating distinctions among his guests. At Rome, the elegant Pliny considers his being disgusted with them almost as a merit in himself *. How different were the characters of Horace and Juvenal, although both sons of freedmen ! The latter disdained to bend to the pride of the great ; and the former, while he cured them of that pride, lived with them not as a parasite, but as a friend.

August 25.]—I read, for the first time, the sixth Satire of Juvenal, consisting of six hundred and sixty verses ; and finished the thirteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains extracts from many excellent works ; such as *Cudworth's Intellectual System, translated by Mosheim* † ; *Sale's Alcoran, &c. Critical Histories of Manicheism, and of the French Monarchy, by Mr. Beaufobre and the Abbé Dubos*. These extracts are rather superficial ; but the *History of the Roman Law, by Heineccius*, is highly interesting ; for those who consider jurisprudence only in its relation to general literature.

* V. Plin. Epist. L. ii. Ep. 6.

† The translation appears to be superior to the original.

Août 26.]—J'ai relu la sixième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 1—160. Après avoir déjeûné, je suis monté à la bibliothèque, pour consulter un traité de M. de Bochat, sur le culte des Divinités Egyptiennes à Rome; culte dont Juvénal parle à tout moment. Il est dans le Mercure de Neufchatel de l'an 1742; mais je vois qu'il est tout hypothétique, et d'une hypothèse très chimérique, savoir que ce culte a du passer de l'Égypte en Grece, et de la Grece en Italie, par les colonies long tems avant Romulus. J'ai consulté le premier tome de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, p. 140, sur la signification du mot *Attonitæ*, dans *Juvenal Satyre*, iv. v. 77. M. de Valois l'applique à l'étonnement qui regna dans la capitale, à l'occasion de la révolte de L. Antonius dans la Basse Germanie. Cette conjecture est possible. C'est tout ce qu'on en peut dire; mais je m'étonne qu'il n'en ait pas tiré la seule conclusion qui pouvoit la rendre intéressante. La révolte d'Antonius arriva l'an de Rome 840*. La tyrannie et l'extravagance de Domitien étoient donc déjà parvenues à leur comble; et les Romains eurent la lâcheté de supporter ce monstre encore neuf ans. J'ai lu le quatrième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y ai trouvé *Syntagma Dissertationum*, &c. *Leipfig*. 1733. C'est un assez bon recueil de M. Mosheim, qui sent cependant un peu

August 26.]—I read over again the first hundred and sixty verses of the sixth Satire of Juvenal. After breakfast I went to the library, to consult *Mr. Bochat's Treatise on the Worship of the Egyptian Divinities at Rome*, so often mentioned by Juvenal. It is to be found in the Neufchatel Mercury for the year 1742. This treatise is merely a hypothesis, and that very chimerical; namely, that the worship of these divinities was brought from Egypt to Greece, and from Greece to Italy, by colonies established in that country long before the age of Romulus. I consulted the first volume of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres*, p. 140, concerning the signification of the word "*Attonitæ*" in the fourth Satire of Juvenal, v. 77. Mr. Valois applies it to the astonishment which prevailed in the capital, in consequence of the revolt of L. Antonius in Lower Germany. This conjecture is possible, which is all that can be said of it. But I am surprized that he has not drawn from it the only conclusion that could render it interesting. Antonius's revolt happened in the year of Rome 840*. The excessive tyranny of Domitian had then reached its meridian; yet the baseness of the Romans endured this monster still nine years longer. I read the fourteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Syntagma Dissertationum*, &c. *Leipsick*, 1733: a good collection, by Mosheim; which, however, favours too

* V. M. de Tillemont Hist. des Empereurs, tom. ii. p. 39 —edit. fol.

peu trop le Théologien, et même le Théologien Luthérien. *Plinii Epistole, a Cortio, cum notis variorum; Amstel, 1734.* C'est un assez bon *Variorum.* *Itineraria Vetera à Wesselingio; Amstel. 1735.* Edition excellente d'un des ouvrages les plus utiles que nous ayons, sur la Géographie de l'Empire Romain.

Août 27.]—J'ai lu, pour la seconde fois, la sixième Satyre de Juvénal,—trésor de tous les traits qu'on a lâché contre le sexe depuis seize cens ans. Sa force, sa variété, et son abondance, ne laissent rien à désirer. On pourrait souhaiter seulement de retrancher ces descriptions trop fideles, qui enseignent le vice en le condamnant. Des malheureux pourront ils cependant se sauver de l'infamie, à force de la mériter? Leur seroit il permis de cacher leurs excès aux yeux de la postérité, parcequ'ils en ont comblé la mesure? On lui a reproché même ces descriptions comme une preuve du plaisir secret qu'il y gautoit. Mais l'horreur qu'il en temoigne toujours, me persuade assez, que c'est la chaleur du génie et de l'indignation, plutot que celle de la volupté. Je lui reprocherois bien davantage une malignité de cœur, que lui fait trouver le vice partout, qu'une dépravation de mœurs qui l'engage à lui pardonner. Il confond par tout l'invective et la satire. Toutes les femmes sont coupables, et le sont des crimes les plus affreux.

Vous

much of the Theologian, and even of the Lutheran. *Plinii Epistole a Cortio, cum notis variorum; Amstel. 1734:* a very good edition. *Itineraria Vetera a Wesselingio; Amstel, 1735:* a most excellent edition of one of the most useful works we have, on the Geography of the Roman Empire.

August 27.]—I read, for the second time, the sixth Satire of Juvenal,—the source of all the invectives that have for sixteen centuries been accumulated against the sex. Nothing can be added to its force, richness, and variety; but some things perhaps might be retrenched from those too faithful descriptions, which, while they condemn vice, are apt to inspire vicious passions. Yet those wretches—are they entitled to escape infamy through the excess of their guilt? Ought their profligacy to be concealed from posterity, because they carried it to an immeasurable height? Juvenal has even been reproached with gratifying, in such descriptions, the pruriency of his own fancy. Yet the horror which he uniformly testifies at the disorders which he describes, will always persuade me, that his warmth proceeds, not from the flames of voluptuousness, but from the fire of indignation and genius. Instead of a licentiousness of morals, which inclined him to pardon vice, I would rather reproach him with a malignity of heart, which made him think the corruption general. He perpetually confounds invective with satire. All women are guilty, and guilty of the most enor-

Vous trouvez une Clytemnestre dans chaque rue*. Je sai qu'il n'y a peut-être jamais eu de siècle plus corrompu que celui de Juvenal; que le luxe énerroit les mœurs; que les esclaves et les amphithéâtres endurcissoient les cœurs; que la tyrannie avilissoit les sentimens, et que la mélange de toutes les nations détruisoit tous les principes et tous les caractères en les confondant. Il restoit, cependant, encore des traces des anciennes vertus des hommes et des femmes, dignes d'un siècle meilleur. Consultez un monument contemporain, les Epistres de Pline; vous y verrez l'humanité, les mœurs, l'amour des talens, qui subsistoient dans la société de cet aimable Romain. Jamais Juvenal ne se permet la moindre louange des hommes vertueux †, quand ce ne seroit que pour les faire contraster avec les mechans. Tous les autres satiriques, un Horace, un Boileau, un Pope, ont compris qu'ils devoient se faire des amis de leurs lecteurs, en se représentant comme ceux de la vertu et des hommes. Ce sont aussi de tous les poëtes ceux que nous aimons le plus. Mais Juvenal paroît détester les hommes par principe; et en leur déclarant la guerre, il se soucie assez peu d'acquiescer leur amitié. Cette misanthropie peut à la vérité lui donner un nouveau mérite pour notre malignité.

† J'entends de ses contemporains.

Août

mous crimes. You may find a Clytemnestra in every street *. I know that there never, perhaps, was an age more profligate than that of Juvenal; in which morals were enervated by luxury; the heart hardened by the institutions of domestic slavery and the amphitheatre; sentiments debased by the tyranny of government; and every characteristic and manly principle subverted, by the mixture and confusion of nations in one great city. Yet, there still remained many vestiges of the ancient virtues; and women, as well as men, worthy of living in a better age. If we consult Pliny's Epistles, a cotemporary monument, we shall find in the circle of that amiable Roman, humanity, morals, the love of talents and of merit. Juvenal never allows himself to bestow the smallest praise on virtuous characters †, even with the view of rendering the vicious more ugly by the contrast. All the other satirists, Horace, Boileau, Pope, have taken care to recommend themselves to their readers as the friends of virtue and of man; and as such, have perhaps, of all poets, most gained our love. But Juvenal seems to have a rooted hatred to his species; and, having declared against them open war, is totally regardless of their friendship. This misanthropy, indeed, must render his works peculiarly acceptable to human malignity.

* Juvenal Satir. vi. v. 655.

† I mean those of his own times.

August

Août 28.]—J'ai lu, deux fois, *la septième Satyre de Juvénal*. Le poète y représente, avec sa vivacité ordinaire, l'état de pauvreté et de mépris, dans lequel se trouvoient les gens de lettres de son siècle. C'est toujours un sujet peu agréable. Il est difficile de rendre respectable l'objet d'un mépris injuste, mais général : il est beaucoup plus facile de rendre aimable un caractère que la multitude hait sans raison. D'ailleurs ces plaintes répétées sur sa fortune, ont mauvaise grace dans la bouche d'un homme de lettres. On convient qu'il a raison ; mais on y trouve toujours un air de bassesse et d'avidité, fort opposé à l'élévation d'âme qu'on attend de lui. Si l'esprit consiste à rassembler des idées, qu'on s'étonne de trouver réunies, sans en être choqué, le contraste du poète et du lion mérite bien ce nom. Ce trait est assurément des plus plaisans. J'ai achevé *le cinquième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y vois un *second extrait de l'ouvrage de M. Heineccius*, qui roule sur l'histoire du droit Germanique ; le sujet est moins intéressant que celui du droit Romain, mais il me paroît aussi bien traité : *Les Reflexions Critiques sur les anciens peuples*, de M. Fourmont l'ainé. Parcequ'on fait le Chinois, faut-il débiter des chimères d'un ton d'oracle ? Saturne, Abraham : la grande divinité des Payens, un Patriarche errant de pays en pays, adoré après sa mort

August 28.]—I read twice the seventh Satire of Juvenal; in which the poet describes, with his ordinary spirit, the poverty and contempt attending the men of letters of his times. The subject is always a disagreeable one; since it is more easy to render a character amiable, which happens to be the object of public hatred, than to render those respectable, who are the objects of a general, though unjust, contempt: besides, those continual complaints respecting the bad state of their fortune, come with peculiar disadvantage from men of letters. We acknowledge their murmurs to be just, but they always strike us with an idea of avidity and meanness, extremely inconsistent with the elevation which we expect from their characters. If wit consists in finding between ideas, relations that are natural without being obvious, the contrast of the poet and the lion surely deserves that name; it is one of the wittiest possible. I finished the fifteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains a second extract from Heineccius, explaining the history of the German law; a subject less interesting, indeed, than that of the Roman law, but equally well treated. *Reflexions Critiques*; Critical Reflexions on Ancient Nations, by Mr. Fourmont the elder. Because a man understands the Chinese, is he, therefore, entitled to tell us absurdities, with the authority of an oracle? Saturn the same with Abraham! The great divinity of the Pagans the same with a wandering patriarch; and adored after his death almost

mort de toute la terre, à l'exception de sa propre famille, et cette même famille un objet d'horreur et de mépris, pour tous ses adorateurs. *Vie de Julien, de mon ami l'Abbé de la Bleterie.* Les journalistes n'ont senti le mérite ni du héros, ni de son historien. Ils se sont même permis des réflexions assez indécentes pour tous les deux. En général, une zèle aigre et controversiste se fait beaucoup trop sentir dans cette bibliothèque. Qu'un P. Colonia invite les fidèles au jubilé de Lyon, il vaudroit peut-être mieux n'y opposer que le mépris; cependant on ne sauroit blamer la plaisanterie. Mais qu'en donnant l'extrait d'un ouvrage de littérature ou d'histoire, on déterre quelques propos convenables au pays de l'écrivain, pour les réfuter longuement et durement, c'est assurément connoître très peu les fonctions d'un journaliste.—J'ai écrit deux pages de mon *Recueil sur la Géographie ancienne de l'Italie.*

Août 29.]—J'ai lu, pour la première fois, *la huitième Satyre de Juvénal*, v. 1—275. J'ai écrit deux pages de mon *Recueil*.

30.]—Je n'ai fait qu'écrire une page et demie de mon *Recueil*.

31.]—J'ai relu *la huitième Satyre de Juvénal*. J'ai lu deux fois *la neuvième*, v. 1—150; et j'ai lu pour la première fois *la dixième Satyre*, v. 1—100. Qu'il est humiliant pour les hommes, qu'on soit obligé, dans presque

almost by the whole world, except his own posterity; and that posterity an object of abhorrence and contempt to all his adorers! The life of Julian, written by my friend the Abbé de la Bleterie. The journalists are insensible to the merit, both of the hero and the historian; and even indulge themselves in making very unbecoming reflections with respect to both. In general, the bitterness of zeal and controversy prevails too much in this *Bibliothèque*. When a father Colonia invites the faithful to the jubilee of Lyons, he is best answered with silent contempt; yet ridicule may be used against him without blame. But in giving the analysis of a work of literature or history, to bring forward opinions and reasonings suitable merely to the country of the reader, with a view to refute them tediously and ill-naturedly, is surely to mistake the business of a critical journal.—I wrote two pages of my collection on the ancient geography of Italy.

August 29th.]—I read, for the first time, the eighth Satire of Juvenal, containing 275 verses.

30.]—I did nothing but write a page and a half of my collection.

31.]—I read over again the eighth Satire of Juvenal. I also twice read the ninth, containing 150 verses, and, for the first time, the first hundred verses of the tenth. How humiliating it is for mankind, that they must be taught, almost in all countries,

that

presque tous les pays, de leur enseigner qu'un homme est plus respectable pour ses vertus, que pour celles de ses peres ! On a de la peine à concevoir la naissance et l'établissement de ce préjugé général ; la nature met une différence ineffaçable entre ceux à qui elle donne de grands talens, et ceux à qui elle les a refusés. La raison et la crainte séparent le magistrat et le sujet ; mais quel principe établit d'abord la distinction entre le noble et le roturier ? Je crois que c'est la religion. La discussion en seroit curieuse, mais longue. Je me contenterai de faire une observation sur cette Satyre. 1. Juvénal y parle d'un bout à l'autre le langage d'un ancien Romain. Je vois partout, non seulement le ton d'un vrai censeur, qui confond le vice, qui expose les ridicules, et qui fait trembler les coupables ; mais encore celui d'un républicain, dont l'ame se plie avec difficulté à la nouvelle constitution, ennemi juré de la tyrannie, et ami d'une monarchie douce et équitable, plutôt par nécessité que par inclination. Cet air de liberté, cette fierté d'ame, distingue Juvénal de tous ses confreres, qui ont vécu après l'établissement de l'empire. Virgile, Horace, Ovide, Lucain, Martial, Stace, Valerius Flaccus, ont tous chanté la ruine de la patrie, et le triomphe de leurs oppresseurs ; ils ont tous incensé le vice d'un Néron, ou d'un Domitien, comme les vertus d'un Auguste ou d'un Vespasien. Mais Juvénal n'a jamais su prosti-

tuer

that they are more respectable for their own virtues, than for those of their ancestors ! The origin and establishment of this prejudice is scarcely conceivable. Nature draws an indelible distinction between those to whom she has given talents, and those from whom she has withheld them. The subordination of citizens to their magistrates is founded on fear and reason ; but what was the principle that originally established the distinction of noble and plebeian ? I think it was religion. This question would require to be examined at great length, and the examination of it would be curious. I shall be contented with making a single observation on this satire. 1. Juvenal speaks, from one end of it to the other, the language of an ancient Roman. We perceive throughout, not only the dignity of a true censor, who arraigns vice, exposes folly, and appals guilt, but the soul of a republican, reluctantly bending under the new constitution, the sworn enemy of tyranny, and the friend of a mild and equitable monarchy, rather through necessity than inclination. This love of liberty, and loftiness of mind, distinguishes Juvenal from all the poets who lived after the establishment of the monarchy. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, all sing the ruin of their country, and the triumph of its oppressors. The vices of a Nero and a Domitian are commemorated in as lofty notes of praise, as the virtues of Augustus and Vespasian. Juvenal alone never prostitutes his muse. In

his

tuer sa muse. Il ne lui est échappé qu'une seule louange de l'empereur, louange peut-être juste, exprimée avec la plus grande simplicité, et renfermée dans un seul vers : mais il ne perd pas une occasion de se déchaîner contre la folie et la tyrannie de ces maîtres du monde, et de leurs subdélégués. Il fait plus ; il enseigne les remèdes.

*Tollas licet, omne quod usquam est,
Auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques
Et jaculum et galeam ; spoliatis arma supersunt—*

est un conseil qui s'adresse pour le moins, autant aux Romains qu'aux Africains. Cette liberté de Juvénal décide du tems où il a vécu, bien mieux que les traditions incertaines et contradictoires de son vieux scholiaste. Juvenal a vécu sous un bon prince, sous un Nerva, ou un Trajan ; tems heureux où il étoit permis d'exprimer ce qu'on sentoit ! Les tyrans avoient le tact fin ; il y se reconnoissoient aisément dans les portraits de leurs prédécesseurs. Un Domitien jugeoit avec raison, qu'un ennemi de Néron ne pouvoit pas être son ami, et un délateur auroit arrêté Juvénal à sa première satire. Mais je doute qu'il en eut jamais couru les risques. Les ames les plus fortes, et les génies les plus élevés, n'ont su se dérober aux soupçons dangereux des tyrans, qu'en cherchant la retraite, le silence, et des études frivoles

his works, there is but one example of praise bestowed on the emperor ; a praise perhaps just, expressed with the greatest simplicity, and included in a single verse. But he never loses an opportunity of arraigning the folly and tyranny of those masters of the world and their deputies. He does more ; he teaches how the evils inflicted by them may be cured.

*Tollas licet, omne quod usquam est,
Auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques
Et jaculum et galeam ; spoliatis arma supersunt—*

is an advice addressed fully as much to the Romans as to the Africans. Juvenal's liberty of speech fixes the time in which he lived far better than the uncertain and contradictory reports of an old scholiast. He lived under a good prince, a Nerva or a Trajan, at a happy period when his sentiments might be expressed without disguise. Tyrants had the nicest sensibility ; they easily knew their own pictures in those of their predecessors. Domitian reasonably concluded, that an enemy to Nero could not be his friend ; an informer would have silenced Juvenal after his first satire. But I suspect that he never run that risk. Men, distinguished by vigour of mind and elevation of genius, found no other means of escaping the fatal suspicion of tyrants,

frivoles et innocentes.—La neuvième Satyre est presque dégoûtante. Le vice que le poëte y condamne est si naïvement exposé. Le ridicule que Juvénal y a su répandre me paroît venir du caractère de Nævulus, d'un misérable *pathique*, dont les sentimens sont si avilis par son genre de vie, qu'il ne paroît pas en comprendre l'infamie, et qu'il raconte ses services du même air d'indifférence qu'un soldat parleroit de ses campagnes. Ce sérieux, si déplacé que le lecteur sent, et que Nævulus ne sent point, fait selon moi la plaisanterie de cette Satyre.

Septembre 1.]—J'ai lu la dixième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 100—365; j'ai relu cette satyre, et j'ai lu pour la première fois la onzième, v. 1—208. Dans la dixième, Juvénal s'exerce sur un sujet digne de lui, la vanité de nos vœux, défaut général, compatible avec les plus grandes vertus, et lié étroitement avec les sentimens les plus naturels au cœur humain. Le poëte y déployé une philosophie fine, exacte, et fondée sur les principes les plus solides de la morale. Son génie s'élève à proportion de l'importance de son rôle; il anéantit toutes les fausses grandeurs; il pèse avec la sublime indifférence d'un être supérieur, les vertus, les talens, et le destin des plus grandes hommes. Il néglige, il paroît mépriser ce talent de la versification, cette harmonie douce et charmante, qu'il possède si bien. Son style,

than by concealing themselves in silence and obscurity, confining their application to innocent and frivolous pursuits.—The ninth Satire of Juvenal is disgusting by its subject. The vice which the poet condemns is exhibited without disguise. The ridicule of the satire appears to me to arise from the character of Nævulus, a miserable catamite, whose principles are so much debased by his way of life, that he has lost all sense of its infamy, and relates his services with the same air of indifference that a soldier would describe his campaigns. This gravity, which the reader perceives to be so much out of place, and which Nævulus does not, produces, in my opinion, the whole humour of the piece.

September 1.]—I read a second time the tenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 100—365, the end; and the eleventh, consisting of 208 verses, for the first time. In the tenth, Juvenal treats a subject worthy of himself; the vanity of human wishes, a misfortune consistent with the greatest virtues, and intimately connected with the most natural sentiments of the heart. The poet every where employs a refined and accurate philosophy, founded on the strictest principles of moral science. His genius rises with his subject: he shews the nothingness of false grandeur, and weighs, with the sublime indifference of a superior being, the virtues, talents, and destiny, of the greatest men. He here neglects, and seems even to disdain, the beauty of versification, and that sweet and charming harmony of which he was so great a master.

style, toujours énergique, précis, soutenu, et rempli des plus belles images, est moins coulant, et plus rude, que dans ses autres pièces. Comme il s'appuie toujours sur l'expérience, ses raisonnemens sont entre-mêlés d'exemples, dont la plus-part sont choisis avec beaucoup de goût. Celui de Sejan est parfait. Jamais élévation plus singulière, jamais chute plus foudroyante. La légèreté de ce peuple, qui court briser les statues qu'il venoit d'encenser, fait un tableau achevé. L'exemple de la mort d'Alexandre me paroît le moins philosophique. Alexandre est malheureux pour être mort au milieu de sa gloire et de ses succès. Cependant si Marius étoit mort en descendant de son char de triomphe, il eut été le plus heureux de tous les hommes. Les raisonnemens de cette satire auroient été plus clairs, si Juvénal avoit distingué les souhaits dont l'accomplissement ne peut que nous rendre malheureux, et ceux dont le succès pourroit ne pas faire notre bonheur. La puissance absolue est de la première espèce, une vie longue de la seconde. Nous devons abandonner ceux-ci à la connoissance des dieux, mais nos lumières nous suffisent pour les prier hardiment de ne pas nous accorder ceux-là. À propos des dieux, je remarque dans Juvénal cette indécision à leur égard si commune aux anciens. Rien de plus pieux, ni de plus philosophique que la soumission, que la foi, qu'il fait paroître ; un instant après, notre sagesse nous suffit, et

la

His style, precise, energetic, lofty, and enriched with images, flows in a rougher stream than in his other pieces. Taking experience for his guide, his reasonings are mixed with examples, of which the greater part are chosen with exquisite judgment. That of Sejanus is a master-piece: never was any elevation more extraordinary than his, nor any fall more dreadful. The levity of the people, who were in haste to break his statues, which they had just worshipped, is a finished picture of popular inconstancy. The example of the death of Alexander, seems to me to be chosen with less discernment than the rest. His misfortune consisted in being cut off in the midst of his success and glory. Yet had Marius died as he descended from his triumphal car, he would have been deemed the happiest of mortals. The reasoning in this satire would have been clearer, had Juvenal distinguished between those wishes, the accomplishment of which could not fail to make us miserable, and those whose accomplishment might fail to make us happy. Absolute power is of the first kind ; long life of the second. The latter we may safely commit to the providence of the gods ; but our own reason may teach us to pray, that they would refuse to us the former. With regard to the gods, I remark that inconstancy of opinion in Juvenal, which is so frequent among the antients. At one moment nothing can be more pious than his faith, or more philosophical than his submission. The next, our own

la prudence tient lieu de toutes les divinités. Au vers suivant, sa dévotion le reprend ; il borne cette proposition générale à la seule *Fortune*, et replace tous les autres dieux sur l'Olympe.

J'ai achevé le seizième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve les *Sermons de M. Foster*. Quel miracle ! un théologien, qui préfère la raison à la foi, et qui est plus effrayé du vice que de l'hérésie. *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ à Gesnero*. Ces auteurs peuvent être utiles pour la langue et l'économie des Romains ; mais où est le littérateur qui les lira ? où est le cultivateur qui les suivroit ? *Notitia Hungariæ, vol. 1. per Math. Ball* : ouvrage immense, mais trop détaillé pour tout ce qui n'est pas Hongrois. *Eloge de M. le Clerc* : ouvrage exact et sec du journaliste. *Histoire du Concile de Trente de Fra Paolo, par le Pere le Courayer ; premier extrait*. En souhaitant au traducteur une certaine vigueur de raison qu'il n'a pas, on ne sauroit lui souhaiter plus de modération, d'impartialité, et de tolérance, qu'il n'en découvre dans sa préface.

Septembre 3.]—J'ai relu la onzième Satyre de Juvénal. J'ai lu la douzième Satyre, v. 1—130 ; et je l'ai relue, v. 1—100. Dans l'onzième, Juvénal, qui veut inviter son ami à souper, compare, avec beaucoup de vivacité, le luxe effrené de ses contemporains, avec ces repas simples et grossiers des anciens

wisdom suffices, and prudence usurps the thrones of all the divinities. In the following verse his devotion again gets the ascendancy : he limits his general assertion to fortune only, and replaces all the other gods in Olympus.

September 2.]—I finished the fourteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains Foster's Sermons. Wonderful ! a divine preferring reason to faith, and more afraid of vice than of heresy. *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ à Gesnero*. These authors may be useful for instructing us in the language and rural œconomy of the Romans ; but where is the student that reads, or the farmer who puts in practice, their lessons ? *Notitia Hungariæ, vol. 1. per Math. Ball* : an immense work, but too minutely circumstantial for any but Hungarians. The Panegyric of Mr. Le Clerc ; a dry but accurate work of the Reviewer. The Council of Trent, by Father Paul, translated by Father Courayer ; first extract. We might wish the translator more vigour of understanding ; but in his preface he displays all the candor, impartiality, and toleration, that can possibly be desired.

3.]—I read a second time the eleventh Satire of Juvenal : I read the first 100 verses a third time : and also the twelfth Satire, consisting of 130 verses. In the eleventh, Juvenal takes an opportunity, in inviting his friend to supper, to contrast, with much sprightliness, the extravagant luxury of his contemporaries with

anciens dictateurs; il fait sentir très fortement, sans le dire, combien l'élégance de son siècle étoit devenue universelle, et presque nécessaire, puis qu'un pauvre philosophe, comme lui, préparoit à son ami un repas fort inférieur à ceux de Ventidius, mais très supérieur à ceux de Curius. La simplicité, la propreté, et les amusemens honnêtes, devoient seuls y regner. Juvénal avoit l'esprit juste, et l'ame honnête; mais l'un et l'autre étoient dépourvus de douceur et d'aménité. Il a négligé l'occasion de parler à son ami de ces sentimens qu'on se fait toujours un plaisir d'épancher dans son sein, lorsqu'ils existent chez nous. Les conversations libres et philosophiques que l'amitié inspire, et que la confiance assure, sont mal remplacées à son souper par la lecture d'Homere. Horace n'a eu garde de les oublier, dans le portrait charmant qu'il nous fait d'un repas vague et incertain, dont l'existence réelle et prochaine ne contribuoit point à l'échauffer. Je distinguerois cependant ici, entre les caractères de Boileau et de Juvénal. L'un et l'autre paroissent avoir peu connu les sentimens tendres. Mais c'étoit dans le premier une sécheresse de cœur et d'imagination, qui le rendoit peu susceptible de passions quelconques. Juvénal avoit l'imagination ardente, et un cœur qui y répondoit; mais tous les deux portoient plutôt leur énergie sur les passions fortes, sombres, et élevées, que sur celles qui sont douces et aimables.

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the simple and coarse fare of ancient dictators. He makes us clearly perceive, without formally expressing it, how universal, and almost necessary, the elegance of the table was become in his time, since a poor philosopher like himself prepared for his friend a supper, very inferior indeed to the feasts of Ventidius, but far superior to those of Curius. This entertainment was to be graced by simplicity, neatness, and decent amusements only. Juvenal possessed justness of understanding, and honesty of heart; but his character was deficient in point of sweetness and sensibility. He has neglected an opportunity of expressing those sentiments, which one friend, when he feels them, is always ready to pour into the bosom of another. The free and philosophical conversation which the confidence of friendship inspires and warrants, is but ill supplied at his supper by the reading of Homer. Horace took care not to forget, in his charming picture of an entertainment distant and uncertain, those amiable feelings with which the near reality of a similar repast does not inspire Juvenal. Here, however, I would make a distinction between this satirist and Boileau. Neither of them were endowed with tenderness of sentiment. But this defect in Boileau proceeded from a coldness of heart and fancy, which rendered him but little susceptible of any passion whatever. Juvenal's heart and fancy were both of them ardent; but their warmth exhausted itself in passions strong, dark, and elevated, not in affections which are amiable and tender.

September

Septembre 4.]—Ja n'ai fait qu'achever la douzième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 100—130. Cette ouvrage me faire voir combien Juvénal avoit le génie de la satyre; mais qu'il n'avoit que ce génie. Certainement il ne songeoit pas à faire une satyre: il vouloit féliciter un de ses amis qui venoit d'échapper à un grand naufrage; après y avoir employé les deux tiers de la satyre, il s'échappe à la fin, il se souvient que cet ami, pour le salut de qui il va offrir tant de sacrifices, a trois enfans. Que sa conduite est différente de celle des *captatores*, dont Rome étoit remplie, qui ne s'attachoient qu'aux riches sans enfans! Il oublie son ami, et il n'est plus question que de ces saquins. Le tableau qu'il en fait est vif, et très supérieur à sa description de la tempête. Celle-ci est trainante, foible, et confuse; l'ouvrage d'un déclamateur, et quelquefois d'un écolier.

J'ai achevé le dix septième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve le deuxième et troisième *Extraits de l'Histoire du Concile de Trente de Fra Paolo, par le Pere le Courayer*. On croiroit que l'ame de l'illustre Servite étoit passée dans celle du chanoine régulier; les talens, les vertus, et jusqu'aux foiblesses, tout leur est commun. Cet ouvrage est un beau monument de l'histoire des religions, la partie la plus curieuse de celle de l'esprit humain, pour qui fait s'élever au dessus de tous les préjugés de parti et de secte.

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September 4.]—I did nothing but finish the twelfth Satire of Juvenal, v. 100—130, the end. This performance shews the author's genius for satire, but also that it was the only kind of genius with which he was endowed. In this piece, he certainly did not at first intend writing a satire, but only to congratulate one of his friends, who had been saved from a dreadful shipwreck. After employing, on this subject, two-thirds of the poem, he is at once diverted from it, by recollecting that his friend, for whose safety he is to offer so many sacrifices, has three children. This conduct in himself strikes him as totally opposite to that of the testament-hunters, with whom Rome abounded, and whose attentions were solely bestowed on rich people who were childless. He forgets his friend, for the pleasure of exposing those knaves. The lively picture which he draws of them, is far superior to his description of the tempest, which is tedious, languid, confused, disgraced by declamation, and even by puerility.

I finished the seventeenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the second and third extract from Father Paul's Council of Trent, translated by Father Courayer. It should seem as if the soul of the illustrious Servite animated the regular Canon: the same talents, virtues, and even weaknesses, are common to both. This work is a beautiful monument of the history of religion, the most curious part of the history of the human mind, for those who can soar above the prejudices of

De verbis ambiguïs à Reitzio. Un beau deſſein, très mal exécuté. *Differtation ſur le Suicide, par Robeck.* L'auteur s'eſt jetté dans l'Elb. On ne ſauroit douter de ſa ſincérité ; mais ſes lumières ne l'égalotent point.

Septembre 5.]—J'ai écrit plus d'une page de mon Recueil. J'ai lu la treizième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 1—249.

6.]—J'ai relu la treizième Satyre de Juvénal, et j'ai lu la quatorzième, v. 1—331. Ce poète cherche à conſoler un de ſes amis, à qui un coquin venoit de faire perdre dix mille ſeſterces en niant un dépôt qui lui avoit été confié. Un théologien trouveroit dans cet ouvrage des nouvelles preuves de l'incertitude des Payens ſur un état futur, et ſur la Providence. Il parle avec une énergie preſque divine, des tourmens d'une conſcience bourrelée par le ſentiment affreux d'avoir violé les loix de la juſtice, et du ſupplice de celui qui porte toujours ſon bourreau au dedans de ſon cœur. Ses ſonges ne lui retracent que des objets affreux ; et ſ'il ſurvient un malheur, une maladie, l'idée de punition qu'il y attache, les rend encore plus douloureux. Mais il ne décide jamais, ſi ces craintes ont un fondement réel. Elles aſſocient le malheur et le vice par l'effet qu'elles ont ſur l'imagination ; mais quelle influence doivent elles avoir ſur la raiſon ? Juvénal en parle tout auſſi peu que des peines du méchant dans l'autre vie. La ſeule fois qu'il les rapelle, c'eſt

fects and parties. *De verbis ambiguïs a Reitzio* : good deſign, ill executed. A *Differtation on Suicide*, by Robeck. The author threw himſelf into the Elbe. It is impoſſible to doubt his ſincerity, which far ſurpaſſed his underſtanding.

September 5.]—I wrote above a page of my collection, and read the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, conſiſting of 249 verſes.

6.]—I read a ſecond time, the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, and the fourteenth, conſiſting of 331 verſes, for the firſt time. In the firſt, the poet offers conſolation to a friend, who had been defrauded of ten thouſand ſeſterces, by a knave, who denied the depoſit of that ſum. In this ſatire, a divine might find new proofs of the uncertainty of the Pagans reſpecting a Providence and a future ſtate. The poet ſpeaks almoſt divinely of the torments of a guilty conſcience ; of its horrid remorse for having violated the laws of juſtice ; and of the dreadful ſufferings of him who bears his puniſhment always in his own heart. His dreams appal him with the moſt frightful images ; and the pain of every calamity that befalls him, is heightened by his regarding it as a puniſhment. But he does not decide whether theſe terrors reſt on any ſolid foundation. Wickedneſs and miſery are aſſociated in the fancy ; but does reaſon prove that there is a neceſſary connection between them ? Juvenal does not conſider this queſtion, any more than the puniſhment of the wicked in another life.

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c'est avec un forte de mépris. Encore après avoir épuisé toute son éloquence à peindre les punitions du vice, il n'en trouve point de plus fortes, ni de plus efficaces que celle du magistrat. C'est par celle-la qu'il finit. Juvénal, cependant, ne se piquoit point de la philosophie impie des Grècs. C'étoit un vieux Romain, qui s'attachoit plus à Caton qu'à Chrysippe, et qui respectoit sincèrement la divinité, quoiqu'il se mocquât un peu de la multiplicité des dieux de ses concitoyens.

Septembre 7.]—J'ai achevé le dix huitième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y vois *Lettres de Leibnitz*. Parmi l'universalité de ses talens, le théologien nous arrête ici. Leibnitz étoit philosophe; pouvoit il songer sérieusement à une réunion des religions? *Vita Servii Sulpicii et P. Alpheni*. La vie du premier de ces jurisconsultes est aussi intéressante que celle de l'autre l'est peu. Everard Otton en est l'auteur. *Heineccii Opuscula*. Parmi ces dissertations, celle sur les habillemens des premiers Chrétiens est savante et curieuse. *Catonis Disticha*. Après avoir vu les preuves de M. Carnegzieter, on ne peut guères douter que Dionysius Cato n'ait été Payen, et qu'il n'ait veçu avant le siècle de Constantin. Faut il en effet être Chrétien, pour débiter d'un style si bas des maximes d'un bon sens aussi commun?

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He mentions this but once, and then contemptuously. Having exhausted his whole eloquence in describing the punishments of vice, he thinks none so powerful and efficacious as that inflicted by the magistrates, with which he concludes. Yet Juvenal had never imbibed the impious philosophy of the Greeks; he was an old Roman, who hearkened to Cato rather than to Chrysippus; and who sincerely venerated the divinity, though he was inclined to laugh at the polytheism of his fellow-citizens.

September 7.]—I finished the eighteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the letters of Leibnitz. This universal genius here appears as a theologian. As a philosopher, could Leibnitz really hope that an union might be effected among religions? *Vita Servii Sulpicii et P. Alpheni*. The life of the first of these lawyers is as interesting, as that of the second is the reverse. It is written by Everard Otto. *Heineccii Opuscula*. Among these dissertations, that concerning the dress of the first Christians is learned and curious. *Catonis Disticha*. After having read the proofs brought by M. Carnegzieter, it is impossible to doubt that Dionysius Cato was a Pagan who lived before the age of Constantine. It was not necessary, surely, to be a Christian, to be able to retail in the lowest style, maxims of the plainest common sense.

September

Septembre 8.]—J'ai écrit deux pages de mon Recueil; et j'ai relu la quatorzième Satyre de Juvénal, v. 1—106.

9.]—Le premier volume des *Lettres du Baron de Bielfeld*, qui me tombèrent par hasard entre les mains, m'ont amusé et m'ont distrait. La description de Berlin, de Potzdam, et d'Hanover, m'ont plu. La vie du roi de Prusse dans sa retraite, y est bien crayonnée: on y voit l'aurore d'un beau jour, mais on ne voit point des présages de tempêtes; aussi le portrait est il un peu flatté. Pour Homere et l'Angleterre, le Baron les connoit autant l'un que l'autre.

13.]—J'ai achevé le neuvième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y vois le quatorzième et dernier Extrait de l'*Histoire du Concile de Trente de Fra Paolo*, par le Pere le Courayer. La politique de la maison d'Autriche est assez fine. Elle a toujours su profiter de cette superstition dont les autres nations étoient les victimes. Elle a réjetté, en particulier, le Concile de Trente, en paroissant l'accepter avec beaucoup de respect. *Les Commentaires de César*, par Oudendorp: bon et pésant variorum. *Pensées et Dissertations Théologiques d'Alphonso Turretin*: foible raisonneur, mais bon écrivain. *Miracles de l'Abbé Paris*, par M. de Montgeron: ce fanatisme des Jansenistes est une de ces maladies épidémiques de l'esprit humain, qui méritent beaucoup d'attention.

Septembre

September 8.]—I wrote two pages of my collection, and read over again the fourteenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 1—106.

9.]—The first volume of the Letters of Baron Bielfeld having accidentally fallen into my hands, engaged and amused me. I was pleased with his description of Berlin, Potsdam, and Hanover. The life led by the King of Prussia, in his retreat, is well sketched. We behold the morning of a beautiful day; but as there are no presages of the tempest, the picture is a little too flattering. As to Homer and England, the Baron is just as well acquainted with the one as with the other.

13.]—I finished the nineteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*: it contains the fourteenth and last extract from Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent, translated by Courayer. The refined policy of the House of Austria has always known how to avail itself of that superstition of which other nations have been the victims. Austria, in particular, rejected the authority of the Council of Trent, which she had appeared to admit most respectfully. *Cæsar's Commentaries*, by Oudendorp: a good and bulky edition. *Thoughts and Theological Dissertations*, by Alphonso Turretin: a weak reasoner, but a good writer. The *Miracles of Abbé Paris*, by Montgeron. This fanaticism of the Jansenists is one of those epidemic maladies of the human mind, which deserves much attention.

September

Septembre 16.]—J'avois un peu négligé Juvénal. J'en ai lu aujourd'hui pour la seconde fois la quatorzième Satyre, v. 106—331; et, pour la première, la quinzième, v. 1—174. Il y a des satyres plus plaisantes que la quatorzième; il y en a où le poëte prend un vol plus sublime; mais il n'y en a aucune où il déploie autant de talens philosophiques, la brièveté, l'art d'enchaîner ses idées et sa précision. Sa brièveté n'est point celle si commune aujourd'hui d'étrangler ses pensées, en croyant les resserrer, et d'imaginer qu'on a beaucoup fait, lorsqu'en peu de mots on laisse entrevoir obscurément le quart d'une idée; mais cette brièveté de Tacite et de Montesquieu, qui fait retrancher tout ce qui n'est qu'accessoire, pour renfermer l'idée principale dans une expression forte et précise. Voyez dans cette satire les vers 166—171; où dans cinq lignes, en choisissant les circonstances les plus caractéristiques, le poëte vous met devant les yeux la simplicité des anciens Romains, leur amour du travail, l'union des familles, la fécondité des femmes, la sobriété de leurs repas, et leur haine d'un grand nombre d'esclaves étrangers. Toute cette satire n'est qu'un tissu bien travaillé; les idées naissent les unes des autres, ou du moins les transitions sont toujours aisées, et presque insensibles. Avec quelle justesse, avec quelle finesse, ne suit il pas le progrès de l'avarice dans le cœur humain? Il la prend dans son origine, et l'a fait
passer

September 16.]—I had a little neglected Juvenal. To-day I read, for the second time, the fourteenth Satire, v. 106—331, the end; and, for the first time, the fifteenth Satire, v. 1—174. There are satires more agreeable than the fourteenth; there are others in which the poet takes a loftier flight; but there are none in which he so much displays his genius for philosophy, the art of connecting his ideas, his precision, and brevity. His brevity resembles not that so common among writers of the present age, who often strangle a thought in hopes of strengthening it; and who applaud their own skill, when they have shewn to us, in a few absurd words, the fourth part of an idea: it is the brevity of Tacitus and Montesquieu, which, after retrenching whatever is superfluous or unnecessary, includes the principal thought in a precise and vigorous expression. By selecting the most characteristic circumstances, the poet sets before your eyes, in five lines, (v. 166—171,) the simplicity of the ancient Romans, their love of labour, their domestic happiness, the fruitfulness of their wives, their sober diet, and their aversion to being served by a multitude of foreign slaves. Throughout the whole of this satire, the texture is skilfully combined; the thoughts either rising immediately the one from the other, or the transitions being so natural, that they are almost imperceptible. How justly and artfully does the poet describe the progress of avarice in the human heart? tracing it from its origin, in

passer de la lézine aux arts honteux, et de là à l'injustice, aux violences, et, enfin, aux plus grands crimes; le pere qui le premier lui a inspiré ce goût funeste, veut en vain le rappeler. Après avoir longtems été le spectateur étonné de ses crimes, il en devient quelquefois la victime.

Trepidumque Magistrum

In cavea magno fremitû, leo tollet alumnus ;

image pleine de force et de hardiesse. Ce maître du lion avoit cultivé sa férocité naturelle, pour le rendre plus digne de l'attention de l'amphithéâtre.

Septembre 17.]—J'ai lu la quinzième Satyre de Juvénal la seconde fois, v. 1—174; et la seizième et dernière deux fois, v. 1—60. La haine de Juvénal contre la nation et la religion des Egyptiens, y paroît assez à découvert dans la première de ces satyres. Je n'en suis nullement surpris. Juvénal, homme de bon sens, en méprisoit les absurdités; il avoit vu quelles atteintes ce culte, introduit à Rome, avoit porté aux mœurs de ses compatriotes; que leurs assemblées tumultueuses qui cachotent l'âge, le rang, et le sexe, sous les ombres du mystère et de la nuit, ouvrent la porte à la débauche la plus effrénée, pendant que leurs prophètes et leurs devins enseignoient aux femmes et aux enfans, à calculer, et quelquefois à abrég-

ger,

fordid parsimony, to mean contrivances for gain; and from thence to injustice, violence, and the greatest crimes. The father who first inspired into his son this miserable passion, vainly struggles to check his flagitious career; and after being long the astonished spectator of his crimes, sometimes becomes their victim.

Trepidumque Magistrum

In cavea magno fremitû, leo tollet alumnus ;

is an image equally bold and impressive. This master of the lion had exasperated his natural ferocity, in order to render him more deserving the attention of the amphitheatre.

September 17.]—I read the fifteenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 1—174, the second time; and also read the sixteenth and last Satire. In the first of these Juvenal expresses, undisguised, his hatred against the Egyptian nation and religion. This does not at all surprise me. As a man of good sense, Juvenal despised the absurdities of this worship; he saw how much its introduction into Rome had corrupted the morals of his fellow-citizens; and perceived that those crowded assemblies, in which the distinctions of age, rank, and sex were concealed and confounded, under the veil of night and mystery, opened a door to the most abominable debauchery, at the same time that the Egyptian prophets and fortune-tellers taught women and children to calculate,

ger, les jours d'un pere, ou d'un mari. Un exil, qui le fixoit parmi une nation qu'il méprisoit autant qu'il la détestoit, devoit aigrir son humeur, et porter ses sentimens au plus haut point. J'aurois seulement voulu qu'ils ne l'eussent pas rendu injuste. Dans un tumulte que la superstition excita, le peuple Egyptien mangea la chair d'un des ennemis qu'il avoit égorgé. L'action est affreuse, j'en conviens ; mais il n'en faut pas conclure que les Egyptiens sont aussi barbares que les Cyclopes et les Læstrigones. Les François en ont bien fait autant au Marechal d'Ancre, et les Hollandois au Pensionnaire de Witt. L'on ne doit jamais mettre en parallele les mœurs fixes et constantes d'une nation, et ces momens de fureur et de délire. Juvénal fait encore un peu trop le déclamateur. Il croit aggraver le crime des Egyptiens ; il le diminue par tous ses raisonnemens, par son exemple des *Vascones*, &c. On peut blâmer celui qui viole les principes de Zenon ; mais ce n'est que la nature outragée qui nous fait frémir. Mais je reconnois bien mon poëte dans cette description pleine de sel, du culte, que les Egyptiens rendoient aux animaux, et même aux vegetaux*, dans cette origine de la société, fondée sur la bienveillance et la sociabilité, que la nature n'a accordées qu'aux hommes seuls †, et dans cette image horrible, mais belle, de la férocité d'un Egyptien.

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calculate, and sometimes to hasten, the deaths of their fathers and husbands. His own banishment into a country which was the object of his contempt or detestation, naturally sharpened his animosity, and carried his resentment to the utmost pitch. I only wish that he had restrained it within the bounds of justice. In a tumult excited by superstition, the Egyptians devoured the flesh of one of their fallen enemies. From this horrid action it was not fair to conclude, that the Egyptians equalled in barbarity the Cyclops and the Læstrigons. The French treated with equal brutality Marshal d'Ancre, and the Dutch Pensionary de Witt. The fixed and permanent character of a people, ought never to be inferred from moments of madness and fury. The poet also too much indulges his talent for declamation. Instead of aggravating the crime of the Egyptians, he in reality lessens it by his unseasonable reasonings, his example of the *Vascones*, &c. He who violates the principles of Zeno may be worthy of blame ; but the monster who insults the dictates of nature can alone excite horror. The genius of our poet is clearly displayed in the witty description of the worship which the Egyptians paid to animals* ; in the origin of society, founded on those principles of benevolence, which are implanted by nature in the heart of man only † ; and in that dreadful, though beautiful picture of the ferocity of an Egyptian.

* Sat. xv. v. 1—14.

† Id. xv. 129—158.

La seizième Satyre n'est pas trop reconnue pour être de Juvénal. Elle est assez foible, et même négligée ; mais il me semble que je reconnois la touche du maître au vers 55. Cette satyre est, cependant, d'un assez grand prix pour l'histoire. On n'a pas trop remarqué jusqu'à quel point les soldats avoient poussé leurs privilèges sous les empereurs. On a bien vu que dans le tems de sédition, ils renversoient leurs trônes ; mais on a ignoré qu'en tems de paix ils les partageoient. Je ne connois point d'attentat plus hardi à une petite portion de la société, que de se soustraire de la juridiction commune, et d'exiger même que ses différens avec les autres citoyens soient décidés par ses propres juges. Le clergé l'a fait dans les tems d'ignorance, mais j'excuserois plutôt cette entreprise dans un corps qui étoit censé posséder toute la vertu, et qui possédoit réellement toute la science de ces siècles, qu'a des soldats, dont l'ignorance, la grossièreté, et les maximes militaires et despotiques, les éloignoient si fort de la profession de juge.

J'ai fini Juvénal, que je regrette beaucoup de n'avoir pas plutôt connu, et qui sera désormais un de mes auteurs favoris. Comme j'ai couché par écrit mes observations principales, à mesure que je les faisois, il me reste peu de chose à en dire. Je me bornerai à deux remarques ; sur le tems où Juvénal a vécu, et sur sa versification. 1. Il n'y a point de poète Latin sur lequel

The sixteenth Satire is not clearly proved to be Juvenal's. It is written weakly, and negligently ; but I think we may recognize the master's hand in v. 55. This satire, however, is of considerable importance in history. It has not been sufficiently remarked to what extent the privileges of soldiers were carried under the emperors. In moments of sedition, it was manifest, they overturned their thrones ; but it was not known that in time of peace they shared their sovereignty. I know not of a bolder enterprise, in any small portion of a community, than that of withdrawing itself from the jurisdiction of the ordinary magistrates, and insisting that its differences, even with the other classes of citizens, should be decided by its own judges. The clergy obtained these privileges in the dark ages ; but such pretensions seem to have been more excusable in a body, which was believed to possess all the virtue, and which really possessed all the learning of the times, than they could possibly be in the Roman soldiers, whose ignorance, grossness of manners, despotic and military maxims, removed them to so great a distance from the character belonging to a judge.

I finished Juvenal, whom I regret not being earlier acquainted with ; and who, in future, will be one of my favourite authors. Having written my observations on him, as they occurred in reading his Satires, I have but little to add on the subject ; and shall confine myself to two remarks : the first, as to the time in which he lived ; the second, concerning his versification. 1st, There is not any Latin poet concerning

lequel nous ayons aussi peu de lumières. Soit modestie, soit fierté, il a négligé de nous apprendre le tems de sa naissance, et les circonstances de sa vie. Il n'y a aucun de ses ouvrages auquel quelque grand événement ait donné lieu, et dont cet événement fixe la date. Il paroît même avoir pris à tâche de nous confondre, en parlant souvent de plusieurs personnes qui ont vécu dans des tems assez éloignés, comme de ses contemporains. Il ne nous reste que les quatre mots d'une ancienne vie du poëte, écrite par un auteur inconnu; mais cette vie redouble nos embarras, tant elle est opposée aux inductions assurées qu'on peut tirer des propres ouvrages de Juvénal. Selon cet historien et le vieux scholiaste, notre poëte a vécu sous Néron, qui l'exila en Egypte, où il mourut très peu de tems après. Cependant il est certain qu'il survêcut à Domitien; qu'il vit la condamnation de Marius Priscus; que Martial, qui ne se retira en Espagne que sous Trajan, le laissa à Rome; et l'on peut soupçonner, par le date d'un consulat, qu'il étoit en Egypte vers la troisième année du regne d'Adrien. Toutes ces époques s'accordent très bien avec le système du savant Dodwell, qui pense que ce fut ce dernier empereur qui le relégua. J'ai lu cet ouvrage (*les Annales Quintilianes*) il y a quelque tems. N'ayant plus le livre sous la main, j'ignore à présent le détail de ses preuves; mais si l'on peut raisonner sur les vraisemblances, j'en entrevoit plusieurs. 2. La versification de Juvénal me paroît supérieure à celles

cerning whom we have so little information; whether from pride or modesty, he has neglected to tell us either the time of his birth, or the circumstances of his life. None of his works were written in commemoration of any great event, which might have ascertained their date. It seems as if he had taken a pleasure in perplexing us, by often speaking of many persons as his contemporaries who lived at very different periods of time. There remain but a few words of an old life of Juvenal, written by an unknown author; which life augments our uncertainty, by its opposition to the clearest inferences from the poet's own works. According to that biographer and his scholiast, Juvenal lived under Nero, who banished him to Egypt, where he died soon afterwards. Yet it is certain that he survived Domitian; that he witnessed the condemnation of Marius Priscus; that Martial, who did not retire into Spain until the reign of Trajan, left him at Rome; and from the date of a consulship, there is reason to suspect, that he was in Egypt in the third year of the reign of Adrian. All the æras perfectly correspond with the system of the learned Dodwell, who thinks that our poet was banished by the last named emperor. Some time ago, I read Dodwell's work, the *Quintilian Annals*. I have not the book at hand, and cannot recollect the proofs which he brings; but I can see several probabilities tending to support his opinion. 2. Juvenal's versification appears to me to be superior to that

celle de la plus-part des poëtes Latins. Entre ses mains la langue des Romains perd presque toute sa dureté. Sa poësie est coulante, harmonieuse, et animée, et le sens n'y est cependant jamais sacrifié. Je croirois presque que les vers venoient se placer sur le bout de sa plume, quand j'en vois parmi une infinité de beaux, quelqu'uns qui sont d'une rudesse et d'une langueur affreuse. Un homme capable de les laisser passer, devoit avoir travaillé avec très peu d'attention à sa versification. Il lui auroit été si facile de les corriger. Je remarque aussi, que sa poësie devint moins riche et moins ornée dans les dernières satyres. Si elles sont rangées dans l'ordre chronologique, la raison en seroit facile à trouver.

Comme la Satyre de Sulpitia sur l'exil des philosophes se trouve à la fin de celles de Juvénal, j'ai voulu la voir. J'ai lu cette pièce deux fois, v. 1—70. Les éloges de Martial m'avoient prévenus en faveur de cette dame; mais, à mon avis, elle les mérite assez peu. Peut-être que son génie trop foible pour l'effort qu'elle a voulu prendre ici, se prêtoit mieux aux sujets qui ne demandoient que la finesse, la légereté, et la sensibilité. Peut-être aussi que le faiseur d'épigrammes, aussi peu délicat sur les louanges que sur les satyres, prodiguoit, sans réflexion, son encens à une femme de condition, qui accueilloit les gens de lettres dans sa maison. 1. Il n'y a nul plan,

that of most of the Latin poets. Managed by him, the Roman language loses all its roughness. His verses are flowing, harmonious, and animated; although he never sacrifices the sense to the sound. I should fancy that the lines flowed spontaneously from his pen, did I not perceive, amidst a multitude of fine ones, some few that are disgusting, by their rudeness or their languor. To have allowed them to pass uncorrected, a poet must have been extremely inattentive to his versification; since they might have been mended so easily. I remark also, that his poetry is more sparing of ornament in his last satires. If they are placed in chronological order, this difference may be easily accounted for.

As the Satire of Sulpitia, on the banishment of the philosophers, is printed with the Satires of Juvenal, I had an inclination to examine it; and therefore read it twice over, v. 1—70. The praises bestowed by Martial had prepossessed me in favour of this lady; but, in my opinion, those praises were not her due. Her genius, perhaps, was too feeble to support her in this lofty flight; but was better adapted to subjects that required only taste, spirit, and sensibility. The epigrammatist, perhaps, had as little delicacy in his praise as in his satire; and was carelessly prodigal of his flattery to a woman of fashion, whose house was the resort of men of letters. 1. The work

plan, nul arrangement. Un sujet aussi beau disparoit totalement entre ses mains. Au lieu de la philosophie gémissante, des arts éperdus, et de l'ignorance qui rétablit son ancien empire, je ne vois dans un poëme de soixante dix vers, qu'une invocation et une peroraison, qui en occupent vingt trois, et qui ne m'apprennent rien, sinon que Sulpitia avoit beaucoup de vanité et d'affectation; et sans huit vers jettés par hazard au milieu de la satire *, je serois encore à en connoître le sujet, comme je le suis encore à deviner le but et le sens de la digression, ou elle examine si le bonheur ou l'adversité convenoit mieux à la république. 2. Pour le style et la poésie, malheureusement pour Sulpitia, on ne peut point critiquer de ces défauts qui annoncent le génie, ou du moins de l'imagination. Ici tout est froid, tout est dur; nulle invention, nulle harmonie; une versification qui ne satisfait ni l'oreille ni l'esprit. 3. On reproche aux femmes de n'avoir point de précision dans l'esprit. En ce cas Sulpitia étoit bien femme. Sans parler de la sagesse civile et de la science, qu'elle confond au point de paroître ignorer qu'on les ait jamais distinguées, je ne veux que l'exemple de l'image la plus fautive et la plus choquante que j'aie connue. Elle compare les philosophes exilés par Domitien aux Gaulois chassés par Camille; sans parler des autres dissonances

is without method or plan; and the beauty of the subject is destroyed by her manner of treating it. Instead of lamenting that the throne of ignorance should be established on the ruins of philosophy and the arts, twenty-three lines of a poem consisting of seventy, are consumed in an invocation and conclusion, which inform us of nothing, except that Sulpitia was a woman of great vanity and affectation: and were it not for eight verses casually inserted in the middle of the satire *, I should not be able to guess its subject, as I still am at a loss to discover the meaning and use of the digression, where she examines whether prosperity or adversity were most useful to the republic. 2. As to the style and poetry, it is the misfortune of Sulpitia, that she has not left room for criticising faults, that proceed from genius or fancy. Her work is characterised by coldness, hardness, poverty of invention, rudeness of harmony, and a versification that gratifies neither the ear nor the mind. 3. Women have been accused of want of precision. In this respect Sulpitia does not belie her sex. Without mentioning that she confounds science with wisdom, as if those two things had never been distinguished, I shall only give an example of the most incongruous and absurd simile that I ever remember to have met with. The philosophers banished by Domitian are compared with the Gauls expelled by Camillus. It is needless to point out the absurd-

* Bello secunda secundo.

dissonances qui s'y trouvent, d'un corps des gens de lettres comparé à une nation de barbares, et d'un banissement civil, à la défaite d'une armée. Sulpitia auroit pu se souvenir que les Gaulois avoient brulé la ville, qu'ils avoient assiégé le capitole, et que la victoire de Camille lui valut le titre de second fondateur de Rome. 4. Il faut, cependant, rendre justice à Sulpitia. J'ai trouvé dans sa satire une image qui m'a fait plaisir. Rome y est représentée après toutes ses victoires comme ce combattant des jeux (ce Milon) qui restoit seul dans la carrière, sans pouvoir trouver un antagoniste. Cette image est heureusement conçue, et rendue avec clarté; elle auroit pu l'être avec plus de force.

Septembre 7.]—J'ai commencé aujourd'hui le *Traité sur l'ancienne Rome, de Fabiano Nardini, dans la traduction Latine de Tollius, insérée dans le quatrième tome du Thresor des Antiquités Romaines de Grævius*, que M. Pavillard m'a procuré de la bibliotheque publique de Geneve. Les savans estiment beaucoup cet ouvrage; mais je vois que l'Abbé Langlet de Fresnoy fait assez peu de cas de la version. J'ai lu aujourd'hui *L. i. C. i, ii. p. 881—897 de Nardini*. Il soutient l'origine qu'on donne communement à la ville de Rome par des raisons assez communes. C'est le sujet du premier chapitre. Mais le second est fort intéressant; c'est l'enceinte de la première ville de Romulus. Elle

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dity of comparing a body of men of letters with a nation of barbarians, and a legal banishment with the defeat of an army; and Sulpitia ought to have remembered that the Gauls had burnt the city, besieged the capital, and that their conqueror, Camillus, merited the title of second founder of Rome. 4. Justice, however, must be done to Sulpitia. Her satire is adorned by one striking image. Rome, after all her victories, is represented under the figure of the wrestler Milo, who remained alone in the lists, vainly expecting an antagonist. This image is happily conceived; and clearly, though not forcibly, expressed.

September 7.]—I this day began the description of ancient Rome, by Fabiano Nardini, translated into Latin by Tollius, and inserted in the fourth volume of Grævius's Roman Antiquities, which Mr. Pavillard borrowed for me from the public library of Geneva. This work is much valued by the learned; though I perceive that the Abbé l'Anglet de Fresnoy speaks lightly of its translation. I read *L. i. C. i, ii. p. 881—897*. Nardini vindicates the account commonly given of the origin of Rome, by arguments very generally known. This is the subject of the first chapter. The second is very interesting, since it examines the extent of the first city, built by Romulus, which

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ne comprenoit que le Mont Palatin ; et lorsque les Sabins avoient pris le capitol, ils n'étoient maîtres que de la citadelle.

Septembre 18.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. i. C. iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x. p. 897—945*. Il traite d'un nombre d'objets avec beaucoup de savoir, assez de jugement, et une exactitude de détails qui instruisent ordinairement, mais qui ennuyent quelquefois. Après avoir achevé de décrire la première ville de Romulus, il traite de celle de Tatius, que ce nouvel allié y ajouta sur le Mont Capitolin ; et passe ensuite à la forme que Servius Tullius (le moins célèbre, mais peut être le plus grand de ses législateurs) lui donna, et de ses murailles qui en déterminèrent l'enceinte, jusqu'au tems d'Aurelien. Il en suit avec beaucoup de soin les vestiges ; et ses grandes connoissances du local, le mettent presque toujours sur la voye. Il résulte de toutes ses opérations que l'enceinte de l'ancienne Rome étoit à peine aussi grande que celle de la Rome moderne : fait qui renverse de fond en comble tous les systèmes de Lipsius et de Vossius. Nardini explique fort heureusement le fameux passage où Pline parle des douze portes qu'on ne devoit compter que pour une seule fois. Il résulte de deux passages de Cicéron et de Tite Live que plusieurs portes de Rome avoient deux Arcades qu'un appelloit *Jani* ; et qu'on voit encore sur les anciens monumens. Nardini n'est pas aussi heureux dans ce qu'il dit du *Pomarium*. Malgré toutes les hypothèses,

comprehended only the Palatine Mount ; and when the Sabines took the capitol, this meant the citadel.

September 18.]—I read *Nardini, L. i. C. iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x. p. 897—945*, which terminates the first book. A variety of subjects are treated with great learning, considerable judgment, and a minute accuracy ; which is commonly instructive, but sometimes tiresome. Having finished his description of the city built by Romulus, he examines the addition made to it by Tatius, the ally of that king, on the Capitoline Hill ; and then proceeds to consider the form given to it by Servius Tullius, (the least celebrated, but perhaps the greatest of all its legislators,) and the wall which bounded the extent of Rome to the reign of Aurelian. This wall he traces with great attention, directed by an exact local knowledge. It results from the whole of his observations, that the circuit of ancient Rome was scarcely so considerable as that of the modern : a fact which totally overturns the systems of Lipsius and Vossius. Nardini is very happy in explaining the famous passage of Pliny, which treats of the *twelve gates* ; and which ought not to be reckoned more, since we learn from two passages of Cicero and Livy, that several of the Roman gates had two arches, called *Jani* ; which are still distinguishable on ancient monuments. Nardini is not equally successful in explaining the *Pomœrium*. In spite of all his

hypothèses, il reste toujours trois propositions également, constatées, et cependant contradictoires. 1. Que le *Pomarium* étoit un espace de terrain consacré des deux côtés des murs. 2. Que les murs de Rome sont demeurés les mêmes depuis Servius Tullius jusqu'à Aurélien. 3. Que Sylla, Jules César, et l'empereur Claude ont reculé le *Pomarium*.

J'ai achevé aujourd'hui le vingtième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y ai trouvé *Le Diodore de Sicile, traduit par l'Abbé Teraillon*. Il est singulier qu'un homme, qui méprisoit les plus grands écrivains de l'antiquité, ait pu devenir le traducteur d'un historien, dont l'utilité fortuite est supérieure aux talens réels. Quoique la traduction soit estimée, on relève ici un assez grand nombre de ses défauts. *Les deux éditions de Tite Live et ses suppléments, l'une par Drakenborch, l'autre par M. Crevier*. Dans la première, je vois le texte de Tite enseveli dans tous les commentaires bons et mauvais qu'on a fait sur lui. Je vois dans l'autre une vie sensée de l'auteur, un choix raisonné des meilleurs remarques, et beaucoup de goût et de sagacité de la part de l'éditeur. Je vois que celui-ci a su renfermer les quinze premiers livres dans 828 pages, (y compris encore ses propres prolegomènes,) pendant qu'il en a fallu à l'autre 2159 pour les dix neuf premiers livres; *cum notis variorum*; je ne nie pas cependant que l'édition Hollandoise ne soit

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hypotheses, there are still three propositions on this subject, which rest on equally good authority, and are yet contradictory to each other. 1. That the *Pomœrium* was a consecrated slip of ground on both sides of the walls. 2. That the walls of Rome had the same extent from Servius Tullius to Aurelian. 3. That Sylla, Julius Cæsar, and the emperor Claudius, extended the *Pomœrium*.

I this day finished the twentieth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*; which contains the translation of Diodorus Siculus, by the Abbé Teraillon. It is remarkable that a man, who despised the finest writers of antiquity, should have condescended to become the translator of an historian, whose accidental utility far surpasses his real merit. Though this translation be esteemed, the critic here exposes many of its errors. Two editions of Titus Livius, with his supplements; one by Drakenborch, and the other by Crevier. In the first, the text of Livy is buried under a weight of the commentaries, good or bad, that have been written on that author. The second contains a sensible life of the historian, a judicious selection of the best remarks on his work, and displays as much intelligence as taste on the part of the editor. He includes the first fifteen books, together with his own prolegomena, in 828 pages; whereas the Dutch editor bestows 2159 pages on the first nineteen books, *cum notis variorum*. The latter edition, however, may be considered as a good repertory.

Syntagma

un bon repertoire. *Syntagma Dissertationum ad Historiam Ecclesiasticam pertinentium a Moshemio*. Elles me paroissent meilleures que ses dissertations théologiques. *La vérité des Miracles de M. de Paris, le deuxième et troisième Extrait*. Le journaliste épluche avec beaucoup de soin la guérison du jeune d'Alphonse de Palacios. Si tous ces miracles ressembloient à celui-ci, il n'étoit pas nécessaire aux Jésuites de recourir à l'œuvre du démon. *La Friponnerie Laïque du Docteur Bentley*. Réponse au fameux livre de Collins, pleine d'érudition et d'injures. Le traducteur et le journaliste ont renchéri sur lui à l'égard des dernières.

Septembre 19.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. i. C. i, ii, iii. p. 949—961*. Après avoir fixé les limites de la ville, il décrit les sept collines qui y étoient renfermées; la méthode opposée n'auroit elle pas été plus claire et plus naturelle? Il examine fort bien les divisions différentes du peuple et de la ville; les *tribus* et les *curiæ* de Romulus, les *tribus* de Servius, les quatorze régions d'Auguste, et les sept régions des premiers papes. Je voudrois qu'il eût recherché la distribution des *curiæ*, après le regne de Servius. Les partagea t'on de nouveau entre les *tribus* de ce prince? Les *tribus* de Romulus subsistèrent elles uniquement pour les *comitia curiata*? La division des *curiæ*, n'eut elle plus rien de commun avec

Syntagma Dissertationum ad Historiam Ecclesiasticam pertinentium a Moshemio. His ecclesiastical dissertations seem to me to have more merit than his theological ones. *The Truth of the Miracles of Mr. Paris*; second and third Extract. The journalist carefully sifts the cure of young Alphonso of Palacios: if none of the miracles was better than this, the Jesuits needed not to have ascribed them to the devil. *La Friponnerie Laïque, Lay Fraud*, by Dr. Bentley. An answer to the famous book of Collins, full of learning and scurrility; in the latter of which the author is outdone by his translator and critic.

September 19.]—I read *Nardini, L. ii. C. i, ii, iii. p. 949—961*. After fixing the limits of the city, he describes the seven hills which they included. The reverse of this method would perhaps have been more natural. He explains very clearly the different divisions of the people and of the city, the tribes and *curiæ* of Romulus, the tribes instituted by Servius, the fourteen regions of Augustus, and the seven regions of the first popes. I wish he had inquired into the distribution of the *curiæ* after the reign of Servius, and determined whether they were again divided among the tribes instituted by that prince; whether the division of the tribes by Romulus continued to subsist merely for the purpose of the *comitia curiata*; or whether, after

avec celle des tribus? Le dernier sentiment me paroîtroit le plus vraisemblable.

Septembre 20.]—J'ai lu Nardini, *L. ii. C. iv, v. et L. iii. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, et une partie du vii. p. 961—1005.* Il y parle des écrivains qui nous ont laissé des descriptions de Rome, tels que Publius Victor, Sextus Rufus, Onuphrius Panvinus, et la Notice de l'Empire. Ils sont utiles comme ayant eu sous les yeux un grand nombre de monumens qui ne subsistent plus que dans les livres. Malgré tous leurs avantages néanmoins, leur exactitude est si inférieure à celle des critiques modernes, (d'un Nardini par exemple,) que ceux-ci se voyent à tout moment en état de suppléer à leurs omissions, de relever leurs méprises, et de remarquer même quelquefois leurs contradictions. Après ces préliminaires, Nardini passe à la description des quatorze régions de la ville; il décrit fort en détail la première région, (*Porta Capena*,) et une partie de la deuxième (*Mons Caelius*). On peut dire qu'en général ses recherches sont heureuses, et qu'en combinant une infinité de passages dispersés dans les anciens auteurs, aussi bien les uns avec les autres, qu'avec l'état actuel des lieux, il parvient à déterminer la situation de la plus part des monumens. Dans la description qu'il fait du vallon d'*Egeria*, (aujourd'hui *Caffarella*,) qui s'étend à gauche de la *Porte Capena*,
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the time of Servius, the division of the people by curiæ, had no longer any relation to their division by tribes. The latter opinion appears to me the more probable.

September 20.]—I finished the second book of Nardini, chapters fourth and fifth. I also read the third book, *C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii. p. 961—1005.* He speaks of the authors who have given us descriptions of Rome; such as Publius Victor, Sextus Rufus, Onuphrius, Panvinus, and the *Notitia Imperii*. Their chief utility arises from their having had before their eyes many monuments which are now known only by books. Yet notwithstanding this advantage, their descriptions are so inferior in point of accuracy to those of modern critics, (Nardini for example,) that the latter are continually obliged to correct their mistakes, to supply their defects, and sometimes even to point out their contradictions. After these preliminary matters, Nardini proceeds to describe the fourteen regions of the city; treating minutely, in this part of his work, the first region, or that of the *Porta Capena*; and the second, or that of the *Mons Caelius*. We may pronounce his researches in general to be successful. By combining a multitude of passages scattered in ancient authors, both with each other, and with his local knowledge of Rome, he is enabled to ascertain the situation of the greater part of its monuments. His account of the valley of *Egeria*, which lies on the left of the *Porta Capena*, between the Latin and Appian ways, illustrated, much

entre la voye Latine et la voye Appienne, j'ai goûté le plaisir d'entendre beaucoup mieux mon Juvénal. Nardini employe la moitié d'un chapitre à rechercher la vraie signification des mots de *domus* et d'*insula*, et à refuter le sentiment de Lipsius la-dessus. Grævius n'est point content ni de l'un ni de l'autre. Si ces Messieurs, meilleurs critiques qu'ils n'étoient logiciens, avoient apporté autant de soin à se faire des idées nettes qu'à entasser des citations, je crois qu'ils auroient vu, sans difficulté, 1. Que le mot *insula*, métaphorique dans son origine, signifioit tout bâtiment de toute espèce quelconque, qui étoit entièrement isolé, et dont les murailles étoient séparées des murailles voisines par un espace plus ou moins grand. C'est la notion primitive de ce mot. Elle est appuyée par la raison et l'autorité de Festus, et il faut bien se garder d'y faire entrer des idées accessoires. 2. Sans disconvenir que dans les premiers siècles de Rome, il n'y eut beaucoup de ces batimens, on peut dire hardiment qu'après l'incendie de Néron, ils devinrent beaucoup plus nombreux, et que dans le siècle de Constantin ils remplissoient toute la ville. Tacite nous apprend un édit très sage de Néron, portant qu'on ne rebatiroit plus les maisons avec des murs mitoyens, mais que chaque maison auroit ses murailles particulières. Peut on désigner plus clairement des *insulae*? Peut on douter d'un autre côté, que cette édit n'ait

to my satisfaction, several passages in Juvenal. He employs the half of a chapter in investigating the true meaning of the words *domus* and *insula*, and in confuting Lipsius's opinion on that subject. Grævius is equally dissatisfied with the explanations of Lipsius and his antagonist. If these antiquaries, who were better critics than logicians, had been at as much pains to acquire an exact idea of their subject, as to heap up citations, I am persuaded they would easily have perceived, 1. That the word *insula*, which in its application to the houses of Rome, was at first metaphorical, denoted every edifice that was intirely insulated, and whose walls were completely separated from those of the neighbouring buildings. This primitive signification of the word is supported both by the nature of the thing and the authority of Festus; and we ought not to mix with this essential characteristic, any accessory ideas. 2. Without disputing that, in the first ages of Rome, the number of such edifices was great, we may boldly affirm that it became much greater after the conflagration in the reign of Nero; and that in the age of Constantine, buildings called *insulae* filled the whole extent of the city. Tacitus informs us of a wise regulation made by Nero, forbidding the use of walls common to two contiguous houses, and requiring that the walls of each house should be distinct and separate from those of the houses nearest to it. The *insulae* cannot be more accurately defined than by
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n'ait été suivi de son exécution, quand on voit dans Publius Victor, que dans le quatrième siècle, il y avoit quarante six mille *insulae* dans la capitale, et qu'à l'exception tout au plus de dix huit cens *domus*, toutes les habitations particulières sont comprises sous ce nom. Dès que le fait est constaté, il faut plutôt songer à l'expliquer qu'à le contester. Ainsi je ne dirai point que toute la ville n'a pas pu être rebatie selon l'édit de Néron, puisque l'incendie qui arriva sous son regne n'en consuma qu'une partie. Cet édit étoit certainement sage : pourquoi ses successeurs ne l'auroient ils pas confirmé ? En ce cas les trois cens ans écoulés entre Néron et Victor fussent bien pour renouveler la ville, et pour la rebatir toute entière sur le nouveau plan. On n'a pas meilleure grace de se récrier sur le peu d'agrémens de toutes ces maisons isolées. La sûreté ne mérite elle pas le sacrifice de la beauté ? C'est d'ailleurs si fort une beauté de convention que je ne sens point ce défaut. Dès le moment que les rues étoient larges, et les maisons bien alignées, je ne crains plus rien pour le coup d'œil. 3. Cet édit en réglant les situations des maisons en laissoit le forme et la grandeur à la disposition de chaque particulier. La maison d'un artisan et celle du Néron étoient également *insulae* des qu'elles en possédoient la marque caractéristique, celle d'être isolées de tout autre bâtiment. Le nombre des unes et des autres a du cependant être assez borné. Celui des grands est toujours

this description; and we cannot doubt whether the edict was carried into execution, when we read in Publius Victor, that in the fourth century there were 46,000 *insulae* in the capital; and that, with the exception of not more than 1800 *domus*, all the dwellings of Rome were comprehended under that name. Since the fact is ascertained, it is our business not to contest, but to explain it. I will not therefore allege that the whole city could not have been re-built agreeably to Nero's edict, because there was only a part of it consumed by the conflagration under his reign. As the edict was a wise one, it would naturally be perpetuated by his successors; and in the space of three hundred years from Nero to Victor, there was time for rebuilding the whole city according to the new plan. The unpleasing effect of so many separate houses to the eye, ought not to create any difficulty: safety is to be preferred to beauty; especially to a beauty dependent on fashion; so that, provided the streets were straight and spacious, the eye would be abundantly gratified. 3. This edict regulated only the situation of houses, but left their size and shape to the discretion of each proprietor. Nero's palace and the house of an artificer were equally entitled to the appellation of *insulae*, provided they had the specific character of standing detached and separate from all other buildings. The number of such *insulae* could not be considerable. The great form but a small proportion of any community; and

toujours petit; et je pense que la dépense, aussi bien que la difficulté et le danger d'avoir une petite maison séparée des toutes les autres, a dû engager la plus part du gens du peuple à se contenter d'un appartement de louage. On voit même par Juvénal et par Martial qu'ils s'en contendoient. Dès lors la cupidité industrieuse des hommes me prouve mieux que tous les passages, qu'il a dû s'élever beaucoup d'entrepreneurs qui travailloient pour la beauté de la ville et la commodité du peuple, en construisant de grands maisons, dont ils louoient les differens appartemens à plusieurs familles. Cet usage, généralement répandu, étendit bientôt la signification d'*insula*, en y unissant des idées nouvelles et accessoires. On commençoit à s'en servir pour désigner proprement un assemblage de plusieurs ménages sous le même toit, et conséquemment pour exprimer une maison louée, et louée à des gens du commun. C'est ainsi que Pétrone et les jurisconsultes nous la représentent. 4. Ne pourroit on point du nombre des *insula* conjecturer celui des habitans de Rome? Victor et la Notice de l'Empire s'accordent sur le premier. Il y en avoit 46,602. Je vois dans Juvénal que les maisons de Rome étoient ordinairement à quatre étages*; et à les supposer remplies chacune d'une famille de six personnes, l'*insula* en contenoit vingt quatre. Celles qui étoient louées (et c'étoit le grand nombre) ne devoient pas en avoir moins;

et

and the expence, together with the inconvenience and danger, attending a separate dwelling, incline me to believe that the lower classes at Rome were contented with lodgings; which appears really to have been the case, both from Juvenal and Martial. The avaricious industry of man will serve better to convince us than all the passages in antient authors, that there would be a number of builders, who promoted the beauty of the city and the convenience of its inhabitants, by erecting large edifices, of which the separate apartments were let to different families. This practice, which became general, greatly extended the signification of the word *insula*, by connecting with it a new meaning. It began to denote a multitude of families living under the same roof, and therefore a house hired to the lower classes of the people: and in this sense it is taken by Petronius and the writers on the Roman law. 4. From the number of the *insula* would it be possible to ascertain that of the inhabitants of Rome? Victor and the *Notitia Imperii* fix the former at 46,602. We learn from Juvenal, that the houses of the Romans consisted commonly of four stories*; and if we suppose each story to have lodged a family of six persons, each of the *insula* would contain twenty-four inhabitants. Those which were let to hire could not have fewer, and the palaces

* Juvenal Satir. iii. 197—202.

of.

et les palais des riches en renfermoient bien davantage *. Heureusement on peut répartir l'excédent sur les petites maisons particulières. A multiplier donc cette somme par celle des *insulae*, nous aurons pour le total des habitans de Rome 1,118,448 ames. Ce nombre me plaît assez; il remplit la grande enceinte de la ville, et tout ce que nous lisons de son immensité, sans passer toute fois les bornes de la vraisemblance. Je pourrois montrer en détail, que le système de Nardini ne donneroit qu'environ 360,000 habitans à la capitale du monde, tandis que l'hypothèse de Grævius en exigeroit quatre ou cinq millions. L'un et l'autre de ces nombres me paroissent également insoutenable. 5. Quant aux dix huit cens maisons, *domus*, qui sont comptées à part dans toutes les descriptions, leur nom, leur nombre, et un passage de Suetone m'engagent à croire qu'elles étoient les maisons principales, les hôtels de Rome. Je ne crois pas, cependant, qu'il faille les distinguer des *insulae*. Si leur grandeur les tiroit de cette classe, leur situation isolée et distincte les faisoit rentrer dans l'idée primitive et spéciale de ce mot †.

Septembre 22.]—Le second tome des Lettres du Baron de Bielfeld m'a détourné de Nardini. Son caractère m'intéresse. Je trouve dans ses lettres

* Il faut se souvenir combien les Seigneurs Romains avoient d'esclaves.

† V. surtout cette question, *Lips. ad Tacit. Annal. xv. Nardini Roma vetus, L. iii. C. iv. p. 985, 986, 987: et Græv. in Præfat. ad tom. iv. Thesaur. Antiq. Roman.* Je me fers de toutes leurs citations.

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of the rich would contain a far greater number *. This surplus may be divided among the small *insulae* not let to hire, but belonging to those who inhabited them: so that by multiplying the number of *insulae* by twenty-four, we shall have 1,118,448 for the inhabitants of Rome. I am pleased with this number, which, without passing the bounds of credibility, corresponds with the great extent of the city, and with all that we are told of its populousness. It might be clearly proved that Nardini's system would give but 360,000 inhabitants to the capital of the world; whereas Grævius's hypothesis would require four or five millions: both which numbers seem to me highly improbable. 5. As to the 1800 houses, *domus*, which in all the descriptions of Rome are reckoned separately, their name, their numbers, and a passage of Suetone concur in making me believe that they were the principal buildings, or palaces of Rome. I think, however, they need not be distinguished from the *insulae*; since if they are removed from this class by their greatness, they may be again reduced to it, by their detached situation, which was the original and specific meaning of the word †.

September 22.]—The second volume of Baron Bielfeld's Letters withdrew my attention from Nardini. I am interested in the Baron's character; his letters give a

* We must remember that the slaves were numerous in great families.

† See concerning the whole question, *Lips. ad Tacit. Annal. xv. Nardini Roma vetus, L. iii. C. iv. p. 985, 986, 987: et Græv. in Præfat. ad tom. iv. Thesaur. Antiq. Roman.* I have availed myself of all their quotations.

lively

une image assez naïve des cours d'Allemagne. J'aurois préféré à la vérité quelques circonstances du caractère et de l'histoire du roi de Prusse, et des soupers de Potzdam, à tous ces galas et ces mariages. Mais la discrétion et la crainte imposent des loix bien rigoureuses en Allemagne.

Septembre 23.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. iii. le reste du C. septième, et le viii, ix, x, xi, xii. p. 1005—1039*. Mon auteur acheve de décrire la deuxième région, passe ensuite à la troisième (*Isis et Moneta*), et commence la quatrième (*Templum Pacis*). Comme il approche du centre de la ville, des quartiers remplis d'anciens monumens, ses matériaux deviennent plus abondans. Il dépeint la *Via Sacra* avec beaucoup de netteté; il est vrai qu'il pouvoit s'aider d'un grand nombre de points déterminés. Cette rue fameuse étoit bornée d'un côté par l'*Arcus Fabianus*, qui s'ouvroit dans le *Forum Romanum*; de l'autre côté elle aboutissoit au *Colosseum*, qui la séparoit de la rue *Suburra*, qu'on a essayé vainement de transporter ailleurs, et donc Nardini fixe la position avec beaucoup de savoir et d'exactitude. La cérémonie qui se pratiquoit dans la *Regia*, porte, selon moi, toutes les marques de la plus haute antiquité: un peuple, qui voulant représenter le Dieu de la Guerre, ne savoit ou ne vouloit point imiter la figure humaine, et qui l'adoroit sous la forme d'un

lively picture of the German courts. I should have preferred indeed some account of the character and history of the king of Prussia, and the suppers at Potzdam, to the description of all those galas and marriages. But fear or discretion impose rigorous laws on a German author.

September 23.]—I read Nardini, L. iii. the remainder of C. vii. and C. viii, ix, x, xi, xii. p. 1005—1039. He finishes the description of the second region, and proceeds to that of the third (*Isis and Moneta*), which he also concludes; and then commences the description of the fourth (*Templum Pacis*). As he draws near to the center of the city, his materials become more abundant, from the greater quantity of ancient monuments in that neighbourhood. He traces distinctly the *Via Sacra*; whose situation, indeed, is ascertained by a variety of sure limits. This famous street is bounded, on one side, by the Fabian arch, which led to the Roman Forum; and, on the other, it terminates at the Colosseum, by which it was separated from the street called *Suburra*; which some antiquaries vainly endeavoured to place elsewhere; but whose position is fixed by Nardini with much learning and accuracy. The ceremony practised in the *Regia*, bears, in my opinion, all the marks of the highest antiquity: a people, desirous of representing the God of War, but who were incapable or unwilling to imitate the human figure, and therefore adored him under the form

d'un lance : le sacrifice d'un cheval fait dans les champs, dont on enlevait la tête sanglante, et qu'on attachait à la muraille de la *Regia* : tout (dis-je) m'annonce une origine Scythique, et les mœurs d'un peuple nomade. Il n'y a pas jusque aux combats des habitans de la *Via Sacra*, et de ceux de la *Suburra*, qui ne rappellent la barbarie de cette institution, établie dans un siècle où la société se formait à peine. En suivant le *Via Sacra*, l'on trouve le *Temple de la Paix*, et le *Colosseum*. Rome doit au plus avare de ses princes deux de ses plus beaux monumens. Heureux le pays, dont les souverains sont avarés dans les détails, pour être magnifiques dans le grand !

Septembre 24.]—J'ai lu *Nardini*, *L. iii. C. xiii, xiv, xv, et L. iv. C. i—10. p. 1039—1125*. Il poursuit la description de la quatrième région, et passe ensuite à la cinquième (*Esquilinus*), la sixième (*Alta Semita*), et la septième (*Via Lata*) ; et il met bien sous les yeux l'action infernale de *Tullia*. Elle montoit le *Vicus Cyprius*. Elle étoit déjà presque à l'extrémité de cette rue, où elle se partageoit en deux branches ; la droite (*Clivus Virbius*) montoit à l'Esquilin, et conduisoit au palais de *Servius Tullius* ; la gauche (*Vicus Patricius*) passoit entre l'Esquilin et le Viminal, et formoit une rue où les Patriciens demeuroient sous les yeux de leur roi. Ce fut dans cet endroit que le corps sanglant de son père ne put arrêter le char de *Tullia*.

L'horreur

of a spear; a horse sacrificed in the field, whose bloody head was carried in procession, and fixed to the wall of the Regia; every thing in these rites points to a Scythian origin, and indicates the manners of wandering barbarians. Even the military sports of the inhabitants of the Via Sacra and Suburra date their origin from a period when society was yet in its infancy. The Via Sacra leads to the Temple of Peace and the Colosseum, two of the finest monuments of Rome, which that city owes to the most avaricious of its princes. Happy the people, whose princes, by habitual economy, are capable of executing great undertakings!

September 24.]—I read *Nardini*, *L. iii. C. xiii, xiv, xv. and L. iv. C. i—x. p. 1039—1125*. He continues and concludes the description of the fourth region, and proceeds to the fifth (*Esquilinus*), the sixth (*Alta Semita*), and the seventh (*Via Lata*). He sets clearly before our eyes the infernal action of *Tullia*. She ascended the *Vicus Cyprius*, and had already reached the extremity of that street, where it divides into two branches: that on the right led to the Esquiline Mount and the palace of *Servius Tullius*; that on the left (*Vicus Patricius*) joined the Esquiline and the Viminal, forming a street where the Patricians lived under the eyes of their king: It was here that the bloody body of her father could not stop the chariot of *Tullia*.

L'horreur public détacha ce lieu du *Vicus Cyprius*, dont il faisoit partie, et lui fit prendre le nom de *Vicus Sceleratus*. La huitième Satyre du première livre d'Horace offre une petite difficulté par rapport au Mont Esquilin. Les jardins de Mécène occupoient un terrain destiné auparavant aux cimetières du peuple. Cela paroît clairement. Mais dans quel tems ce changement s'est il fait ? Nardini pense que ce fut sous le regne de Servius. Cependant, il me semble qu'un coup d'œil sur cette satyre suffit pour faire voir qu'il n'est point ici d'allusion froide et recherchée à des événemens arrivés depuis cinq cens ans, mais que le poëte y parle d'un changement fait de son tems, sous ses yeux, et par les soins de son protecteur. Le Mont Esquilin (me dit on cependant) étoit depuis Servius dans l'enceinte de la ville. Enterroit on des esclaves dans une ville où l'on accordoit à peine cet honneur aux empereurs ? Je sens tout le poids de l'objection. Mais si l'Esquilin étoit renfermé dans les murailles de Rome, l'étoit il dans le *Pomærium* ? Nous n'en savons rien. Le Mont Aventin étoit dans l'enceinte de Servius. Six siècles après l'empereur Claude l'environna de murailles. La defence d'enterrer les morts dans les villes tenoit au droit pontifical ; et pour les pontifes, les limites étoient celles qu'ils traoient eux mêmes, le *Pomærium*. Je ne donne qu'une explication d'hypothèse ; mais c'est tout ce que je puis donner.

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The horror excited by her deed, separated this place from the *Vicus Cyprius*, and gave to it the name of *Vicus Sceleratus*. In the eighth satire of the third book of Horace, a difficulty occurs respecting the Esquiline Mount. The gardens of Mæcenas stood on a ground formerly employed as a public burying place. There is not any doubt of the fact ; but it is uncertain when this change took place. Nardini thinks that it was in the reign of Servius. But it seems to me, that a glance at this satire is sufficient to show that the passage in Horace is not a cold and far-fetched allusion to an event that happened five hundred years before his own time ; but that he speaks of a change operated under his own eyes, and by the direction of his patron. But Mount Esquelin, I shall be told, was ever since the time of Servius within the walls of Rome ; and can it be believed that slaves should have been interred in a city, which scarcely granted that honour to emperors ? I feel the whole weight of this objection ; yet I would ask, whether the Esquiline, though within the walls, was therefore within the *Pomærium* ? This cannot be determined. Mount Aventine was within the circuit traced by Servius, and the emperor Claudius surrounded it with walls six centuries afterwards. The prohibition of interring in cities proceeded from the pontifical law ; and the college of priests regulated, at pleasure, the limits of the *Pomærium*. This is but an hypothesis, yet it is the only solution I can give of the difficulty. We

Sur le même Mont Esquilin on voit encore un arc de triomphe, érigé par un particulier à l'empereur Gallien. L'ouvrage en est grossier ; mais l'adulation de l'inscription l'est encore d'avantage. Un prince qui laissoit son pere dans les fers de Perses, et l'empire en proie à tous ses ennemis, y est loué pour sa valeur, qualité dominante chez lui, et qui ne le cédoit qu'à la seule piété. Qu'on transforme les vices d'un monarque dans des vertus, qui peuvent y avoir quelque rapport ; qu'on nomme son ambition grandeur d'ame, sa lâcheté amour de la paix, sa crainte justice ; c'est la règle ; on auroit tort de s'en offenser. Mais incenser en lui les vertus les plus opposées à son caractère ! On est presque tenté d'y voir un satyre sévère cachée sous l'ironie. Cette inscription est bien plus forte que le *pax ubique*, que M. Addison avoit trouvé sur une médaille du même Gallien.

Septembre 25.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. v. C. i, ii, iii, iv. p. 1125—1149*. Il est enfin arrivé au centre de la ville, au *Forum Romanum*, où l'on ne peut faire un pas, sans rencontrer les monumens de la religion, de la grandeur, et de la politique des Romains. Malheureusement la plus part de ces anciens monumens n'existent plus que dans les auteurs. Ceux-ci nous parlent d'une petite chapelle de la concorde, dont je dirai deux mots. Elle étoit moins l'ouvrage de la piété que de la haine. Flavius, cet ennemi juré de la noble

bleffé,

still see on Mount Aventine a triumphal arch, which a private citizen raised in honour of the emperor Gallienus. The rudeness of the work is surpassed by the coarse flattery of the inscription. A prince, who left his father a prisoner among the Persians, and the empire a prey to its enemies, is extolled for his valour, which was only exceeded by his piety. It is allowable to transform the defects of princes into kindred excellencies ; to call their ambition magnanimity ; their severity justice ; and their cowardice moderation. This does not offend us, because it is the custom. But when Gallienus is flattered for virtues most opposite to his character, we are almost tempted to believe that, under the flattery, a severe satire is concealed. This inscription is still more impudent than the *pax ubique*, which Mr. Addison read on a medal of the same Gallienus.

September 25.]—I read *Nardini, L. v. C. i, ii, iii, iv. p. 1125—1149*. He has now reached the centre of the city, where it was impossible to advance a step without finding some monument of the religion, greatness, or policy of Rome ; but unfortunately the greater part of those monuments no longer exist, except in ancient authors. They speak of a little chapel dedicated to Concord, concerning which I shall say a few words. This chapel was the work rather of hatred than of piety ; it was built by C.

bleffé, fongeoit à mortifier fon orgueil par ce temple. Comment y réuffit il? 1. En le dédiant lui-même. Le fénat vit avec indignation qu'un édile ofât s'attribuer des fonctions réfervées toujours aux confuls et aux dictateurs*. 2. D'une façon encore plus fenfible, quoique plus indirecte; peu de lecteurs l'ont apperçue dans une paffage de Pline †. Flavius, au milieu d'une diffention civile, avoit fait vœu de confacrer cette chapelle à la Concorde, fi elle vouloit réunir les ordres de l'état. Lorsqu'il la confacra, il l'accompagna d'une infcription qui fixa la date de fa dédicace à cent quatre ans, après celle de la concorde du capitol‡, ouvrage de Camille, et la fuite d'un vœu femblable. On conçoit affez quelle mortification la noblefté devoit éprouver à la vue de cette Concorde plebeienne d'un édile, placée vis-à-vis de la Concorde patricienne de fon dictateur. Dans ce beau paffage il n'y a que la date qui me paroît fautive. La première dédicace étant de l'an de Rome 386, et la feconde de l'an 448, il eft clair qu'au lieu de 104, il faut lire 62.

† *Post Capitolinam*, felon l'édition de Daléchamp. Je voudrois voir celle de Hardouin. Nardini lit *post capitolium*, leçon qui me paroît très fautive. Plin. Hist. Natur. l. xxxiii. 1.

J'ai

Flavius, that sworn enemy of the nobles, with a view to mortify their pride. How did he accomplish this purpose? 1. By performing the ceremony of dedication himself. The senate beheld with indignation an edile arrogating to himself the functions hitherto reserved for dictators and consuls *. 2. In a manner less direct indeed, but still more offensive, which but few readers have perceived in a passage of Pliny †. In the midst of a sedition, Flavius vowed to consecrate a temple to the goddess Concord, on condition that she re-established harmony among the different orders of citizens. The chapel was consecrated, and the æra of its dedication fixed by an inscription, at the distance of 104 years from that of the Concord of the capitol ‡, which had been built by Camillus, in consequence of a similar vow. It may easily be imagined how much the patricians were mortified at seeing this plebeian Concord, the work of an edile, standing in the neighbourhood of the patrician Concord of their dictator. In this interesting passage, the date only is erroneous. The first dedication was in the year of Rome 386; the second, in the year 448. Instead of the numbers 104, we must therefore read 62.

* T. Liv. ix. 46.

† *Post Capitolinam*, according to the edition of Delcampius. I should like to consult that of Hardouin. Nardini erroneously reads *post capitolium*. Plin. Hist. Natur. l. xxxiii. 1.

‡ Plutarch. in Camill.

I. finished

J'ai achevé le vingt et unième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Eloge Historique d'Alphonse Turretin*, par M. Vernet. Il n'est pas mal écrit. C'est dommage que le sujet ne soit pas plus beau. Une bonne latinité, des idées empruntées des Anglois, peu connus alors, et une modération rare aux théologiens de son tems, ont fait toute sa réputation. Aussi commence-t-elle à passer. *Dissertations de l'Académie de Cortone* : les sujets sont très mal choisis, mais assez bien traités. *Lettres de M. Mayans, et Vie du Doyen Marti*, à la tête de ses *Lettres*, publiées par le même M. Mayans. La barbarie de leur pays, que ces deux Espagnols ne cessent de déplorer, demande de l'indulgence. Ils en ont besoin. *Histoire Critique de la Philosophie*, par M. Deslandes : ouvrage léger et spirituel. *Hesode*, par M. Robinson : la préface de cette édition me paroît bien travaillée. *Premier Extrait d'un Ouvrage de M. Wesseling, sur cette fameuse Inscription de Bérénice, qui a tant exercé les sçavans*. M. Wesseling ne la considère que par rapport aux Juifs.

Septembre 26.]—J'ai lu Nardini, L. v. C. v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x, xi, xii. p. 1149—1216. Après avoir enfin épuisé le *Forum Romanum*, il passe aux quartiers qui l'environnent, et surtout au *Forum* de César, à ceux d'Auguste, et de Trajan. Un *Forum* étoit proprement une place fort ornée de temples et

I finished the twenty-first volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the panegyric of Alphonso Turretin, by Mr. Vernet; in which the beauty of the style exceeds that of the subject. This piece owes its fame to its excellent latinity; to ideas borrowed from England, and then new on the continent; and to a degree of candour not usual with theologians of that age. Its celebrity is now in the wane. *Dissertations of the Academy of Cortona* : the subjects are well treated, but ill chosen. *Letters of Mr. Mayans, and the Life of Dean Marti prefixed to his Letters*, published by the same Mr. Mayans. The barbarism of their country, which these two Spaniards continually deplore, entitles them to an indulgence, of which they stand in much need. The *Critical History of Philosophy*, by Mr. Deslandes : a lively, but light performance. *Hesiod*, by Mr. Robinson : the preface is elaborate. *First Extract from Mr. Wesseling's Discourse on the famous Inscription of Berenice*, which has so much exercised the ingenuity of the learned. He considers it only in relation to the Jews.

September 26.]—I read Nardini, L. v. C. v, vi, vii, viii, ix, x, xi, xii. p. 1149—1216. After having exhausted the subject of the Roman Forum, he passes to the surrounding monuments, particularly the Forum of Cæsar, that of Augustus, and that of Trajan. A Forum was properly a place adorned on all sides with temples and porticos; but whose

et de portiques à l'entour, mais dont le bâtiment essentiel étoit une basilique, où siegeoient les tribunaux de justice. Comme ces tribunaux se tenoient auparavant dans la place, c'est delà que quelques auteurs confondent souvent le *Forum* et le *Basilica*; et qu'ils en parlent quelquefois comme d'une place ouverte, et quelquefois comme d'un bâtiment couvert. La colonne de Trajan, placée au milieu de son *Forum*, est un beau monument, mais l'inscription l'agrandit infiniment. Conserver par un grand ouvrage la mémoire d'un ouvrage plus grand encore; élever une magnifique colonne de cent vingt six pieds, pour annoncer qu'on a aplani une montagne de cette hauteur: c'est le sublime de l'architecture, de cette architecture qui parle autant à l'esprit qu'aux yeux, et que les Romains entendoient mieux que tous les peuples de la terre. En passant par le *Forum* d'Auguste, j'apperçois le temple de *Mars le Vengeur*. Depuis un édit d'Auguste, le sénat s'y assembloit toujours, pour accorder les triomphes. Ce règlement, qui paroît n'être que de police, tient essentiellement aux grands changemens de ce prince, et à tout son système politique. Le sénat s'assembloit autrefois dans le temple de Mars ou de Bellone, mais toujours hors des murailles. Le général ne pouvoit point conserver sa qualité militaire dans la ville. Mais après qu'on eut accordé à Auguste cette commission extraordinaire d'*Imperator*,

whose essential characteristic consisted in a Basilica, or court of justice. As the Roman judges anciently sat under the open air, authors have been led to confound the Forum with the Basilica, and to mention it sometimes as an open square, and at other times as a covered building. Trajan's pillar, which stands in the middle of his Forum, is a beautiful monument, and highly dignified by its description. To preserve by one great work the memory of a work still greater; to raise a pillar one hundred and twenty-six feet high, in order to celebrate the levelling of a mountain of equal altitude, is worthy of that sublime architecture which speaks to the mind as much as to the eyes, and which the Romans understood better than any people on earth. In crossing the Forum of Augustus, you perceive the temple of Mars the Avenger; where, in consequence of an edict of that prince, the senate assembled for the purpose of decreeing triumphs. This edict, which seemed merely a regulation of police, was essentially connected with the great changes introduced by Augustus, and with his whole system of policy. The senate formerly assembled in the temples of Mars or Bellona, which stood without the walls; the general not being allowed to hold his military rank in the city. But when Augustus was invested with the extraordinary character

rator, le nouveau généralissime demeurait armé au milieu du *Forum*, et tenait le glaive toujours levé sur la tête des citoyens.

Septembre 27.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. v. C. xiii, xiv, xv, xvi. p. 1237—1297*. J'ai eu beaucoup de peine à m'en faire une idée. Il y est question de plusieurs objets assez compliqués, et dont il est difficile de se former une image nette sans le secours d'une représentation sensible. Une bonne carte topographique du Mont Capitolin m'aurait été fort utile. Cependant si Nardini en avait fait une *, son éditeur l'a oubliée. La carte de M. d'Anville me paraît très exacte pour la configuration générale; mais il ne faut point y chercher les détails. Ajoutez que le style de Nardini, ou de son traducteur, est très embarrassé, et que sa méthode est assez extraordinaire; puisque le treizième chapitre suppose la lecture du quatorzième, comme le onzième et le douzième avaient supposé l'intelligence du treizième. Toutefois après une lecture répétée, et une méditation approfondie, j'ai surmonté ces obstacles, et peut-être ont-ils servi à graver plus fortement dans mon esprit l'image du Mont Capitolin. Il avait deux sommets très séparés l'un de l'autre, quoique assez souvent confondus par les anciens, et méconnus

* Il y renvoie lui-même, V. L. v. C. x. p. 1208.

par

character of Imperator, this new generalissimo remained for life in the midst of the Forum, and held the sword always raised over the heads of the citizens.

September 27.]—I read Nardini, L. v. C. xiii, xiv, xv, xvi. p. 1237—1297, which concludes the book; of which I found it very difficult to form a distinct idea. He treats of several objects, and those so complicated, that it is scarcely possible to paint them in the mind without seeing them delineated on paper. A good topographical chart of the Capitoline Mount would have been extremely useful; but if such a chart was made by Nardini *, it is here omitted by his editor. That of D'Anville exhibits accurately the general outline; but does not represent particulars. Nardini's style, or that of his translator, is also exceedingly puzzling; and his arrangement faulty in the extreme; since the thirteenth chapter supposes the reader acquainted with the fourteenth, and the eleventh and twelfth chapters cannot be understood without a previous acquaintance with the thirteenth. By repeated perusals, and attentive meditation, I at length surmounted these obstacles, which have served perhaps to engrave more deeply in my mind the image of the Capitoline Mount. It had two summits, quite distinct from each other, though often confounded by the ancients, and mistaken by the

* He refers to it himself, V. L. v. C. x. p. 1028.

moderns.

par les modernes. Celui du midi, qui dominoit le Tybre, et qui étoit borné par les rochers Tarpeïens, si escarpés autrefois, et si imperceptibles aujourd'hui, s'appelloit *Arx*, la citadelle. Le sommet septentrional étoit proprement le capitolé. Il étoit occupé par le temple de Jupiter. Le vallon qui séparoit ces deux sommets s'appelloit l'*Intermontium*. Ce fut dans ce vallon, dans un bois touffu qui l'ombrageoit, que Romulus établit le fameux *Afylum* la pépinière de sa colonie. Dans la suite le bois disparut, et ceda la place à des édifices magnifiques. Une muraille forte formoit l'enceinte des deux montagnes et du vallon. On montoit au capitolé par trois chemins, qui y menaient depuis le Forum. 1. Les *Centum Gradus*, qui commençoient un peu au-dessus du temple de la Concorde, et qui aboutissoient à celui de Junon *Moneta* dans la citadelle. 2. Le chemin de l'*Afylum*, c'étoit celui des triomphes. 3. Le *Clivus Capitolinus*: sa situation n'est pas aussi déterminée que celle des autres. Après avoir pesé les argumens de Marlianus et de Nardini, je dois dire qu'ils me paroissent très foibles et les uns et les autres. Cependant j'adopterai l'opinion du premier. Dès le moment qu'un des trois chemins avoit le nom propre de *Clivus Capitolinus*, je crois qu'il conduisoit au capitolé proprement dit. Ainsi selon cette supposition, chaque sommet avoit son chemin particulier, sans compter celui qui étoit commun aux deux.

Septembre

moderns. The southern summit, which overlooked the Tiber, was almost contiguous to the rude Tarpeian rocks, which are now scarcely perceptible; and was called *Arx*, the citadel. The northern summit properly formed the capitol. It was the site of the temple of Jupiter. The valley separating the two mountains was called *Intermontium*, and covered with a thick forest; where Romulus established the famous *Afylum*, which was the nursery of his colony. Afterwards the forest disappeared, to make room for magnificent edifices. The valley and both mountains were inclosed with a strong wall. Three roads led to the capitol from the Forum. 1. The *Centum Gradus*, which began a little beyond the temple of Concord, and terminated at the temple of Juno *Moneta* in the citadel. 2. The road belonging to the *Afylum*, which was that through which conquerors passed in triumph. 3. The *Clivus Capitolinus*, whose situation is less accurately determined than that of the two others. After carefully weighing the arguments of Marlianus and Nardini, I am obliged to say, that neither party supports his opinion with much force. I adopt, however, that of the former; if one of the roads had the name of *Clivus Capitolinus*, it is natural to think that it led to the capitol, properly so called; and on this supposition each summit must have had its particular road, besides that common to both.

Septembre 28.]—J'ai lu *Nardini*, L. vi. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii. p. 1237—1297. Cet auteur, après avoir achevé cette huitième région, qui comprenoit le *Forum* et le capitole, sort de la porte Carmentale pour parcourir la neuvième (*Campus Martius*), qui n'entra dans l'enceinte de la ville qu'après la construction de la muraille d'Aurélien. Après l'expulsion des Tarquins, le peuple consacra à Mars un champ qui leur avoit appartenu, et qui servit désormais aux exercices militaires, et aux assemblées du peuple. Une certaine Tarutia, qui légua au peuple son champ entre celui de Mars et le Tybre; et Flaminius, qui lui laissa quelques prés hors de la porte Carmentale, agrandirent bientôt ce domaine public, qui n'étoit encore qu'une plaine rase et unie, où l'œil ne découvroit qu'une prison assez ancienne, un temple de Bellone, (bati A. U. C. 457,) et les *Equiria* et les *Septa*, qui ressembloient plutôt à des parcs de moutons qu'à des batimens publics. On peut appercevoir trois époques principales parmi tous les changemens plus insensibles qui ont dû s'y faire. 1. Peu de tems avant la seconde guerre Punique, (vers l'an de Rome 535,) ce Flaminius qui périt ensuite à la bataille de Thrasymène, construisit un cirque sur le terrain qui avoit été autrefois à ses ancêtres. Ce cirque fut bientôt environné des temples d'Hercule Musagète, et de Junon, du portique d'Octavius, &c.

et

September 28.]—I read *Nardini*, L. vi. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii. p. 1237—1297. Having described the eighth region, comprehending the Forum and the Capitol, he proceeds through the *Porta Carmentalis*, to examine the ninth, or Campus Martius, which was without the city till enclosed by Aurelian's wall. The Romans, after expelling the Tarquins, consecrated to Mars a field which had belonged to that family; and which afterwards served for the place of military exercises, and the assemblies of the people. The legacy of Tarutia, consisting of a field between the Campus Martius and the Tiber, and that of Flaminius, consisting of some meadows beyond the Porta Carmentalis, speedily enlarged the bounds of the public property; which still continued a bare and smooth plain, except that the sight was interrupted by an antient prison; by a temple of Bellona, built in the year of Rome 457; and by the *Equiria* and *Septa*, which resembled rather inclosures for sheep than public edifices. In the changes which the Campus Martius gradually underwent, we may distinguish three principal æras. 1. Towards the year of Rome 535, and a little before the second Punic war, the same Flaminius, who afterwards perished in the battle near the lake Thrasymenus, built a circus on the ground which had formerly belonged to his ancestors. This circus was soon surrounded by the temple of Hercules Musagetes; by that of Juno, and by the portico of Octavius, &c. and a small

et un petit fauxbourg commençoit à s'établir hors de la porte Carmentale, vers le milieu du septième siècle de Rome. 2. Vers la fin du septième siècle, le grand Pompée, de retour de ses conquêtes orientales, *spoliis orientis onustus*, voulant construire quelques bâtimens publics, et se trouvant gêné dans la ville, recula les bornes de ce fauxbourg vers la Champ de Mars. Ce fut là qu'il établit son théâtre magnifique, le premier qu'on eut vu à Rome. Il l'accompagna d'un temple de Vénus, d'une *curia*, d'un portique, d'un beau jardin, et d'un temple, qu'il consacra à la fortune des Chevaliers. 3. Parmi les grands desseins d'Auguste pour l'embellissement de la ville, il n'eut garde d'oublier le *Campus Martius*; il le remplit de beaux édifices, et encouragea les grands de Rome à suivre son exemple. Personne ne s'y prêta avec plus de zèle que son gendre Agrippa. Ses magnifiques *Septa*, ses bains, ses jardins, et son étang, mais surtout le panthéon, sont autant de monumens de sa magnificence. Le Champ de Mars étoit devenu, du tems de Strabon, un fauxbourg qui ne cédoit qu'avec peine à la ville même. Il n'a jamais cependant, été peuplé à proportion de son étendue; les jardins publics emportoient beaucoup de terrain, et il restoit toujours une espace assez grand, réservé comme auparavant aux exercices de la jeunesse. Déjà du tems de Cicéron*, on parloit de comprendre le *Campus Martius* dans l'enceinte

small suburb began to be built without the Porta Carmentalis, towards the middle of the seventh century of Rome. 2. Towards the end of that century, the great Pompey, at his return from his eastern conquests, *spoliis orientis onustus*, wished to distinguish himself by some public edifices; but there not being room within the walls, he extended the bounds of this suburb towards the Campus Martius; and built there his magnificent theatre, the first that had been seen at Rome. This theatre was surrounded by a temple of Venus, a *curia*, a portico, a fine garden, and a temple consecrated to the fortune of the knights. 3. Amidst his other great designs for embellishing the city, Augustus did not forget the Campus Martius. He adorned it with beautiful buildings, and encouraged the grandes of Rome to follow his example. None imitated him more eagerly than his son in law Agrippa, of whose magnificence the *Septa*, baths, gardens, lake or basin, and above all the pantheon, were conspicuous proofs. In the time of Strabo, the suburb of the Campus Martius was but little inferior to the city itself. Its populousness, however, was never proportional to its extent; the public gardens occupied much ground; and there was still left an empty space for the military exercises of the Roman youth. As early as the time of Cicero*, there was mention of taking the Campus Martius within the walls, that it might be

* Cic. ad Attic. xiii. 33.

l'enceinte de la ville, de le remplir de maisons, et de faire servir le champ du Vatican de l'autre côté du Tybre aux anciens usages du Champ de Mars. Mais ce projet n'eut jamais lieu. A combien de réflexions ce petit tableau ne donneroit il pas lieu? Ce peuple roi (qui méritoit bien ce nom) jouissoit collectivement de tous les droits de la souveraineté, et de tous les agrémens de la grandeur. Un citoyen ne sortoit de sa maison que pour se promener sous un beau portique, pour prendre sa place avec 80,000 de ses compatriotes dans un théâtre magnifique, où l'on étaloit les raretés de toute la terre; ou pour se délasser dans ces Thermes où l'on avoit su réunir tous les plaisirs des sens et de l'esprit, avec le faste des plus grands monarques. Les ambitieux prodiguoient leurs richesses au peuple, d'abord pour obtenir ses graces; ensuite pour lui faire oublier qu'on les avoient obtenues. Mais on s'étonne toujours de voir ces grands de la république, un Pompée, un Agrippa, qui achevent avec facilité des pareils ouvrages. Quelles étoient les sources inépuisables de leurs trésors? Les provinces et la guerre. Les généraux sans principes, désoloient les sujets de l'état; ceux à qui il restoit encore quelque vertu, se contentoient de dépouiller ses ennemis. Quelles richesses pouvoient suffire à la magnificence de Pompée? Cependant on pouvoit louer ce même Pompée à la face du peuple Romain, pour la modération et le désintéressement qui le distinguoient si avantageusement des autres généraux.

filled with buildings, while a field belonging to the Vatican should be set apart for the purposes in which the Field of Mars had formerly been employed. But this project was never carried into execution. How many reflections does this slight sketch naturally excite! That people of kings, who so well deserve this appellation, enjoyed collectively all the rights of sovereignty, and all the pleasures of grandeur; a citizen never stirred from his house, but he walked under a beautiful portico; or took his seat with 80,000 of his countrymen in a magnificent theatre, which exhibited the greatest curiosities on earth; or reposed himself in those *thermae*, or baths, in which were united all the pleasures of the mind and senses, with the pomp befitting the greatest monarchs. Ambitious generals lavished their wealth on the people, first to obtain preferment, and afterwards to make them forget that it had been bestowed. But it will always be matter of surprise, how the grandees of Rome, a Pompey or an Agrippa, could so easily accomplish such vast undertakings. What sources could supply their extraordinary expences? War and the Provinces. Unprincipled generals robbed the subjects of the state; those who had any remains of virtue, were satisfied with plundering the public enemy. What vast wealth was necessary for supporting the magnificence of Pompey! Yet the moderation and disinterestedness, by which he was honourably distinguished from other generals, was praised publicly in the presence of the

généraux *. Son triomphe étaloit aux yeux de Rome les richesses de l'Orient subjugué; mais dans le tems que les armées étoient à la république, ces richesses auroient augmenté le trésor public. Depuis longtems les chefs s'étoient fait une habitude de se les approprier †, et exigeoient encore la reconnaissance du peuple, pour l'emploi qu'ils faisoient de son bien. Rien n'a du indigner autant les citoyens contre le faste de Lucullus, que de voir que ce voluptueux qui rapportoit tout à lui-même, et rien au public, construisoit des maisons et des jardins pour vaincre les élémens, et pour rapprocher les climats, mais qu'il n'élevoit pas un seul monument pour les dieux, ni pour ses compatriotes. Parmi les ouvrages d'Agrippa, j'en apperçois un, qui me démontre combien ce citoyen vertueux songeoit encore à la république, et avec quelle bonne foi il servoit un maître dont il pénétoit peu la politique artificieuse. Ce sont les *Septa*. Un homme qui ornoit les lieux des assemblées du peuple Romain, ignoroit sans doute qu'Auguste minoit leur autorité à pas lents, et les conduisoit insensiblement au point où son successeur pouvoit les abolir sans crainte.

J'ai achevé le *vingt deuxième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve le *second Extrait du Syntagma de Wesseling, sur le fameux passage de Victor Tunnunenſis*, dont les incrédules se sont si fort prévalus. Il

les

the Roman people *. His triumph displayed in the streets of Rome the wealth of the subjugated east; although, during the ages when the army really belonged to the republic, that wealth would have increased the treasury of the state; but the generals had been long accustomed to appropriate the spoils of war †, and to expect gratitude from the people, for the ostentatious employment of the people's riches. The citizens must have felt indignation against the pride of Lucullus, when they beheld that selfish voluptuary making houses and gardens which bade defiance to the elements, and brought together the seasons, without raising a single monument for the honour of the gods, or the accommodation of his fellow-citizens. Among the works of Agrippa, there is one which shews how much that virtuous citizen still loved the republic, and how honestly he served a master, of whose artful policy his own simplicity was the dupe. This work is the *Septa*. A man who adorned the place of assembly for the Roman people, must have been ignorant that Augustus was gradually undermining their authority, and bringing their assemblies into such contempt, that his successor could without fear totally abolish them.

I finished the twenty-second volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. I find the second extract of Wesseling's Treatise on the famous passage of Victor Tunnunenſis,

* Cicero pro lege Maniliâ, C. xxii, xxiii.

† Bergier Hist. des Grands Chemins de l'Empire, L. i. C. xxi. p. 77—80.

les bat en ruine, et tout autrement que Bentley. *Sermons de Foster* : toujours judicieux et modérés. *Ouvrage sur les Services étrangers, par M. de Bochat*. Quand la raison seroit convaincue, le cœur s'élèveroit toujours contre cet usage barbare des Suisses; mais il s'en faut beaucoup que la raison soit convaincue. *Lettres de Marti, dernier Extrait*. M. Marti est précisément un des littérateurs du quinzième siècle. Aussi est il comme eux à l'aurore de la science. Un savoir grand, mais mal choisi; une vénération infinie pour les anciens, et cette espèce d'imitation de leurs mœurs qui en est la marque la plus sûre. Beaucoup de projets laissés imparfaits, faute de secours; beaucoup d'observations bonnes ou mauvaises, mais déjà faites dans tous les pays de l'Europe. *Erudition des Apôtres*. Ouvrage très curieux du Docteur Lami de Florence. *Histoire des anciens Traités, par Barbeyrac* : exact et utile. *Histoire naturelle du Languedoc, par M. Astruc* : aussi bien faite qu'elle est curieuse. Ce premier extrait contient la géographie, sa première classe. À cette occasion, il entre dans un détail très intéressant sur la province Narbonnoise, la Septimanie, dont il donne un étymologie bien forcée, et sur tous les auteurs anciens qui ont parlé du Languedoc.

Septembre 29.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. vi. C. ix, x, xi, xii, xiii, xiv, et xv. p. 1297—1347*. Il y parcourt le reste de la neuvième région, la plus étendue,

of which Infidels have so much availed themselves. He beats all their works in pieces, and far more effectually than Bentley. *Foster's Sermons* : always moderate and judicious. A work on Foreign Service, by Mr. Bochat. Were reason convinced, yet the heart would always rebel against this barbarous custom of the Swiss : but reason is far from being convinced of the utility of this practice. *Marti's Letters*, second extract. Mr. Marti is merely a scholar of the fifteenth century, and still at the dawn of science : much ill-chosen erudition, a profound veneration for the ancients, and that servile imitation of their manners, which is its surest mark. Many designs left imperfect for want of assistance ; and many observations, good and bad, but already made in all the countries of Europe. *The Learning of the Apostles* : a very curious performance, by Mr. Lami of Florence. *The History of Ancient Treaties*, by Barbeyrac : accurate and useful. *The Natural History of Languedoc*, by Mr. Astruc : curious and well written. The first extract contains the article geography, which is his first class ; where he enters into a very interesting account of the Narbonnese province ; of Septimania, of which he gives a very forced etymology ; and especially of the ancient authors who speak of Languedoc.

September 29.]—I read *Nardini, L. vi. C. ix, x, xi, xii, xiii, xiv, xv. p. 1297—1347*. He describes the remainder of the ninth region, the most extensive, and also

étendue, et une des plus ornées de la ville. Delà il passe à la dixième, (*Mons Palatinus*,) petite en elle-même, mais fameuse pour avoir été d'abord le berceau de la nation, et ensuite le siège de l'empire. Auguste s'y établit dans la maison de l'orateur Hortensius, où tout respiroit la modestie d'un citoyen plutôt que la magnificence d'un monarque. Tibère l'agrandit du côté du *Forum*. Caius la poussa jusqu'au temple de Castor. Néron voulut y renfermer la ville entière. Il couvrit le Mont Palatin de bâtimens jusqu'au cirque; d'un autre côté il remplit d'édifices la plaine entre le Palatin, l'Esquilin, et le Cælius, jusqu'à s'approcher des jardins de Mécène. On montoit à ce palais (*Domus Aurea*) par la *Via Sacra*: vers le milieu de la rue on trouvoit la Grande Cour (*Vestibulum*), à l'endroit où fut dans la suite le temple de la Paix. Plus loin l'on entroit dans la première salle (*Atrium*), qui conduisoit aux jardins, aux portiques immenses, et à l'étang situé dans l'emplacement de l'amphithéâtre de Titus. Vespasien détruisit la plus part de ces bâtimens, et réduisit le palais au Mont Palatin, dont il continuoit toujours d'occuper la plus grande partie. Domitien y fit de grands embellissemens, et presque tous ses successeurs y ajoutèrent quelque chose, jusqu'au tems où abandonné par les empereurs, il tomba de vieillesse sous Theodoric. Le palais Farnèse remplit aujourd'hui cette situation. Le palais.

one of the most ornamented of the whole city. From thence he proceeds to the tenth, *Mons Palatinus*; small in itself, but famous both as the cradle of the nation and the seat of its empire. Augustus fixed his residence there, in the house of the orator Hortensius, affecting the modesty of a citizen, rather than the magnificence of a prince. Tiberius enlarged this residence on the side next to the Forum; and Caius extended it to the temple of Castor. Nero seemed to wish comprehending in it the whole city. He covered the mount Palatine with buildings that reached to the circus; and, on the other side, filled with edifices the plain bounded by the Palatine, the Esquiline, and mount Cælius, even to the neighbourhood of Mecenas's gardens. The ascent to his palace, the *Domus Aurea*, led through the *Via Sacra*, in the middle of which street stood the *Vestibulum*, or great court, which was afterwards the site of the Temple of Peace. Farther on stood the great hall, or *Atrium*, which led to his gardens, immense porticos, and the lake or pool which afterwards became the site of Titus's amphitheatre. Vespasian destroyed the greatest part of those buildings, and confined his palace to the Palatine Mount, the greater part of which he continued to occupy. Domitian added many embellishments, which were increased by almost all his successors, until the Palatine palace, being forsaken by the emperors, perished of decay, in the reign of Theodoric. The Farnese palace now stands on its ruins. The imperial

lais Imperial étonnoit les spectateurs par l'étendue des batimens, la magnificence des meubles, le prix des ornemens curieux, et par le nombre de temples qu'il renfermoit, et qui lui donnoient un air auguste et sacré. Je doute que la beauté de l'architecture y répondit; bati sans un plan fixe, il étoit l'ouvrage successif de cinquante princes, qui n'ont pu lui donner le premier mérite, l'harmonie de l'ensemble, et la proportion des parties. Malheureusement encore il a du perdre en goût à mesure qu'il augmentoit en magnificence. Simple sous Auguste, dans les beaux jours des arts, il n'a reçu ses principaux ornemens que des mains déjà foibles et languissantes de ses successeurs. Aussi les anciens ne l'ont il jamais compté parmi les beaux édifices de Rome.

Septembre 30.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. vii. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix. p. 1347—1402.* Il y décrit l'onzième région (*Circus Maximus*), la douzième (*Piscina Publica*), et la treizième (*Mons Aventinus*). Il entre dans un assez grand détail à l'occasion du cirque, le plus vaste peut-être de tous les bâtimens destinés aux spectacles. Tarquin l'ancien, qui le construisit, paroît avoir moins envisagé la petitesse actuelle de son empire, que la haute destinée qui l'attendoit dans l'avenir. Tout peut nous convaincre que le cirque étoit capable de contenir un peuple nombreux; mais Denys d'Halicarnasse

imperial residence astonished every beholder by its vast extent, the magnificence of its furniture, the richness of its ornaments, and the multitude of its temples; from which last it derived an august and sacred appearance. I think it doubtful, whether the elegance of the architecture corresponded to all this grandeur. Since it was the work of fifty successive princes, it must have been built without any fixed plan, and therefore deficient in the principal merit of proportion and harmony. Unfortunately too, it must have lost in point of taste, in proportion as it gained in magnificence. Simplicity was the aim of Augustus, in an age when art flourished; and ornaments were added by the feeble and languishing taste of his successors. This palace, therefore, has never been numbered among the beautiful edifices of Rome.

September 30.]—I read *Nardini, L. vii. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix. p. 1347—1402.* He describes the eleventh region, or *Circus Maximus*; the twelfth, or *Piscina Publica*; and the thirteenth, or *Mons Aventinus*. He enters into many particulars concerning the circus, the largest perhaps of all the edifices destined for the exhibition of shows. *Tarquinius Priscus*, by whom it was built, seems not to have adapted it to the smallness of the state in his own time, but to the greatness which fortune had in store for Rome. Every particular tends to convince us, that the circus was fitted for containing a vast number of people. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*

licarnassé le fixe à 150,000 personnes: Pline à 260,000: Victor à 380,000: le Victor moderne à 385,000, et la Notice de l'Empire à 405,000. Au milieu de ces différences énormes, quel parti faut-il prendre? Celui de consulter les faits, les lieux, et l'expérience. La position, et les bornes du cirque nous sont connues; elles ont toujours été presque les mêmes, et la plus part des changemens n'ont affecté que l'intérieur du bâtiment, puisque ceux, qui en ont reconnu les ruines, ont de la peine à lui trouver les trois stades et demie de longueur, que son premier fondateur lui donna *. Denys d'Halicarnassé lui assigne quatre *jugera*, ou 960 pieds Romains de largeur. Pline lui donne trois stades seulement de long, sur une stade, ou 625 pieds Romains de largeur. Mais cette contradiction apparente devient, selon l'explication de Nardini, un principe lumineux †. Denys d'Halicarnassé a envisagé l'enceinte extérieure du cirque; Pline n'a fait attention qu'à l'enceinte intérieure. Les bâtimens, qui l'environnoient, emportoient la différence des sommes, et comme ils étoient remplis par les spectateurs, il nous importe d'en connoître l'étendue précise. Pour trouver leur largeur, il ne faut que soustraire 625 pieds de 960; il nous en restera 335. Si l'on en

† Par rapport à la largeur du cirque, Pline lui-même confirme expressément cette explication.

prend

days, 150,000; Pliny, 260,000; Victor, 380,000; the modern Victor, 385,000; and the Notitia Imperii, 405,000. In this great diversity of authorities, how ought we to form our judgment? By consulting facts, places, and experience. We know the situation and the bounds of the circus. They always remained the same; and the alterations which took place, regarded only the interior arrangement of the edifice, since those who have examined its ruins, are scarcely able to trace the three stadia and a half in length, which were assigned to it by the first founder *. Dionysius of Halicarnassus gives it four *jugera*, or 960 Roman feet in breadth; Pliny makes it three stadia long, and one stadium, or 625 Roman feet, broad. This apparent contradiction Nardini considers as a source of much information †. According to his explanation, Dionysius spoke of the exterior circumference, and Pliny of the interior. The intermediate buildings exhausted the difference; and as these were filled with spectators, their extent is an object of importance. To find their breadth, we have only to subtract 625 feet from 960; the remainder is 335 feet; the half of which, 168 feet,

* Traité des Mesures Itinéraires, par M. d'Anville, p. 59.

† As to the breadth of the circus, Pliny himself expressly confirms this explanation.

prend la moitié, nous aurons, pour les spectateurs de chaque côté, trois stades (1875 pieds Romains) de longueur sur 168 pieds de largeur. Les bâtimens couverts, qui en formoient l'enceinte extérieure, étoient de bois, à deux étages, eux-mêmes environnés d'un portique. Des sièges de pierres, placés comme dans les amphithéâtres, descendoient de tous côtés depuis les bâtimens couverts jusqu'à l'Euripus et à l'Arène. Le portique extérieur a dû être au moins double; il occupoit donc une trentaine de pieds. Des 138 qui me restent, j'en assignerois volontiers 48 aux sièges couverts, et 90 à ceux de pierre. Toutes choses considérées, cette proposition me paroît la plus naturelle; mais on peut repartir différemment cette somme des 138 pieds, sans beaucoup déranger les calculs. Si l'on considère la petitesse du pied Romain *, et la grande attention qu'on avoit à procurer aux spectateurs toutes sortes de commodités, il me paroît difficile de donner à chaque personne

* Le pied Romain, le pied d'Angleterre, et le pied de Roi, sont dans la proportion de 1306, 1351½, et 1440. Le premier contient à peu près 11½ pouces mesure d'Angleterre, et 10¾ mesure de France. *Traité des Mesures, &c. p. 164.* Après y avoir mûrement réfléchi, j'aimerois mieux ne donner à chaque personne que 2½ pieds Romains. J'aurois 120,000 personnes pour les places, et 30,000 pour l'excédent. J'aurois encore quelque chose à dire sur la mesure locale de M. D'Anville, mais il vaud mieux attendre que je sois à Rome.

Florence, le 11 Juillet 1764.

moins

multiplied by three stadia, 1875 feet, will give the space allotted for the spectators on both sides. The covered buildings, which formed the exterior circumference, were made of wood, two stories high, and surrounded by a portico. The seats were of stone, and arranged like those of the amphitheatre, descending on all sides from the covered building to the *Euripus* and the *Arena*. The exterior portico must have been double: it therefore occupied thirty feet. Of the 138 which remain, I would allow 48 for the covered seats, and 90 for those of stone. Every thing considered, this proportion appears to me the most probable; although the 138 feet may be otherwise distributed without injuring our calculations. When we reflect on the smallness of the Roman foot †, and the great attention bestowed in procuring every sort of convenience for the spectators, less than two feet and a half can scarcely be allowed for

† The Roman, English, and Paris foot, are in the proportion of 1306, 1351½, and 1440. The first contains nearly 11½ inches of English, and 10¾ of French measure. *Traité de Mesures, &c. p. 164.* After attentively reflecting on the subject, I prefer allowing to each person 2½ feet. This will give 120,000 persons who were seated, and 30,000 who stood in the porticos. There is still something to be said concerning Mr. D'Anville's measurement of the circus; but this will be better deferred, until I have visited Rome.

Florence, 11th July, 1764.

each

moins de deux pieds et demi, et à chaque banc (y compris l'intervalle) moins de trois pieds de profondeur. Je vois donc 750 personnes qui remplissoient les trois stades du premier banc, puisque les degrés de pierre avoient 90 pieds; on y montoit par 30 marches, qui étoient en même tems des sièges. Ils contenoient 22,500 personnes. Chaque étage des bâtimens couverts partageoit sur la même longueur ces 48 pieds en 16 bancs. Les 32 contenoient ainsi 24,000 spectateurs, et le total de ceux, qui pouvoient être assis de chaque côté du cirque, étoit de 46,500 personnes. Les deux côtés réunis nous en donnent 93,000. Reste encore un des bouts du cirque, car l'autre étoit occupé par les *Carcères*. Sa longueur étoit la largeur du cirque, une stade, ou 625 pieds. Ainsi en lui donnant la même profondeur qu'aux côtés, et en suivant les mêmes loix, dans notre calcul, il devoit contenir le tiers des spectateurs qui occupoient un côté; c'est à dire environ 15,500 personnes. Ce nombre, ajouté au 93,000, nous fournit un total de 108,500 spectateurs assis dans le cirque. Je conçois assez qu'aux grands jeux, le goût déterminé du peuple a pu remplir les portiques d'une foule, à qui les plaisirs faisoient oublier les fatigues. Mais j'ai peine à y recevoir plus de 40 ou 50 mille personnes. Aussi Denys d'Halicarnasse, qui a décrit le cirque, n'en demande pas davantage pour achever la somme de 150,000 spectateurs, dont

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each person, and three feet in depth for the benches, as well as for the intervals between them. The first bench then, extending three stadia, contained 750 persons, since the stone seats rose to the height of 90 feet. The spectators ascended by thirty steps, which served also for seats. They contained 22,500 persons. Each story of the covered buildings, being of the same length, divided the 48 feet which it occupied into sixteen benches; the two stories, comprehending thirty-two benches, therefore, contained 24,000 persons; the whole spectators seated on either side amounted to 46,500; and the total, on both sides together, to 93,000. There still remains one of the ends of the circus, for the other was occupied by the *Carcères*. It was as long as the circus was broad; that is, a stadium, or 625 feet; so that if we allow to it the same depth as to the sides, and calculate on the same principles, it must have contained 15,500, or a third part of those contained by each of the sides. This number, added to 93,000, gives 108,500 for the whole spectators seated in the circus. It may well be imagined, that at the great games, the passionate love for those amusements would crowd the porticos with spectators, who sacrificed their ease to their curiosity. But I think they could not well exceed 40 or 50,000. More are not required for completing the number of 150,000, assigned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. To

il le remplit. Pour expliquer la multitude énorme que les deux Victors*, et la Notice de l'Empire y ont placé, je ne demande qu'une supposition. C'est que ces écrivains du Bas Empire avoient peu de jugement, et encore moins de goût. Ceux qui les ont examiné, ne me chicaneront pas la dessus. Des compilateurs de cette espèce distinguent mal la licence d'un poète, ou l'hyperbole d'une inscription flatteuse. Quand Juvénal s'abandonnant à toute la véhémence de son feu et de son indignation, s'écrie avec force

Totam hodie Romam circus capit †;

quand on lit dans une inscription de Trajan, que ce prince aggrandit le cirque pour le rendre capable de contenir tout le peuple Romain‡, ces abrégiateurs n'auront ils pas pu prendre ces expressions à la rigueur, et exprimer le nombre des spectateurs par celui des citoyens? Si l'on prend la somme annoncée dans l'ancien Victor, le moins défectueux de trois, et qu'on y ajoute des esclaves Romains, selon la proportion Athénienne, nous trouverons que le total des habitans de Rome montoit à 1,140,000. Comme

* Le Victor moderne est l'édition la plus étendue du même auteur publiée par Pavinius. Il y a beaucoup d'additions que les critiques méprisent avec raison, comme l'ouvrage d'un imposteur. *Nardini Roma Vetus*, L. ii. C. v. p. 965.

ce

explain the prodigious multitude mentioned by the two Victors§, and the Notitia Imperii, I require but one supposition, which is, that those writers of the Lower Empire had but little judgment, and still less taste. Those who are best acquainted with them will not dispute the point. Compilers of their class might mistake for historic truth a poetical licence, or the exaggeration of a flattering inscription. When Juvenal, giving way to the warmth of his indignation, cries out

Totam hodie Romam circus capit †;

when an inscription in honour of Trajan says, that this prince rendered the circus capable of containing the whole people of Rome‡, these abridgers might explain such passages literally, and thus express the number of spectators in the circus by that of Roman citizens. If we consider the passage of the ancient Victor, the least erroneous of the three, and add to the number mentioned in it, that of the Roman slaves, according to the proportion which the Athenian slaves bore to the citizens, we shall find that the whole inhabitants of Rome amounted to 1,140,000. My conjecture is

§ The most judicious edition of the modern Victor is that published by Pavinius. The numerous additions are justly despised as the work of an impostor. *Nardini Roma Vetus*, L. ii. C. v. p. 965.

† Juvenal Satir. xi. 195.

‡ Dio. Cass. apud Nardini, L. vii. C. ii. p. 1355.

ce nombre n'est point éloigné de celui que nous avons fixé * par une opération plus exacte, je trouverois de la vraisemblance à ma conjecture. Si on la rejette, il faut dire tout simplement, que ces trois écrivains se sont trompés de la façon la plus grossière. Mais je ne saurois me résoudre à en dire autant de Pline. Cependant il n'y a point de ressource ; le naturaliste détermine lui-même que c'est du cirque embelli et agrandi par Julius César, dont il parle. Denys d'Halicarnasse étoit contemporain du dictateur, et il écrivit sous son successeur. Lire 160,000, au lieu de 260,000, ce seroit couper le nœud Gordien. Mais les manuscrits !

Octobre 1.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. vii. C. x, xi, xii, xiii. et L. viii. C. i, ii, iii. p. 1402—1446.* Mon auteur passe enfin le Tybre. Il examine la quatorzième et dernière région (*Transiberina*), et le Mont Vatican, qui n'a jamais été compris dans l'enceinte de l'ancienne Rome. Le huitième livre commence par une récapitulation générale des édifices de la ville ; il passe delà à quelques objets généraux, tels que le Tybre, et les ponts qu'on y avoit batis. C'est sur la profondeur de cette rivière que je vais hasarder quelques réflexions. L'expérience nous abandonne ici. Il ne seroit pas difficile de déterminer la profondeur actuelle du Tybre, mais elle ne concluroit rien pour celle qu'elle pouvoit avoir anciennement. Les ruines des
édifices,

strengthened by observing, that this number nearly agrees to that ascertained by a more exact calculation *. But if this explanation be rejected, we must pronounce that those writers have most grossly deceived themselves. I am unwilling to say as much of Pliny ; yet there is no alternative ; the naturalist declares that he speaks of the circus as embellished and enlarged by Julius Cæsar. Dionysius of Halicarnassus was contemporary with the Dictator, and published his work under his successor. We might cut the Gordian knot by reading 160,000 instead of 260,000. But what becomes of the manuscripts !

October 1.]—I read *Nardini, L. vii. C. x, xi, xii, xiii. and L. viii. C. i, ii, iii. p. 1402—1446.* The author at length crosses the Tiber, and examines the fourteenth and last region, called *Transiberina*, and the Mount Vatican, which never was enclosed within the walls of ancient Rome. The eighth book begins by a general recapitulation of the edifices of the city ; from thence he proceeds to some general topics ; such as the Tiber and its bridges. I shall venture to make some reflections on the depth of that river. On this subject we can derive nothing from experience ; for though we may easily measure the present depth of the Tiber, this will not ascertain what it was an-

* Journal, 20th September, p. 67, 68.

édifices, qui ont presque épuisé les vallons au niveau des montagnes, ont du produire le même effet sur le lit de ce fleuve. Il faut donc consulter les anciens ; mais notre embarras augmente, lorsqu'on croit appercevoir une contradiction frappante entre deux auteurs de la première force. Pline nous parle partout du Tybre, comme d'une rivière navigable aux plus grands bâtimens *. Ce vaisseau immense qui porta l'obélisque du Vatican, d'Alexandrie à Rome, remonta le Tybre avec autant de facilité qu'il avoit descendu le Nil †. D'un autre côté, Strabon ‡ nous assure que les grands amas de limon que le Tybre charioit dans son cours, et qu'il dépoisoit à son embouchure, obligeoit les grands vaisseaux de s'alléger d'une partie de leur cargaison avant que de pouvoir remonter jusqu'à la ville. Si cette contradiction est aussi réelle qu'elle le paroît d'abord, il seroit difficile de croire que des auteurs aussi exacts se seroient trompé sur une chose si notoire, et il seroit presque impossible de savoir à qui l'on doit attribuer la faute. Mais ne pourroit on point diminuer la différence, si on ne la fait pas entièrement disparaître par les reflexions suivantes ? 1. Je vois beaucoup de prévention dans le récit de Pline ; un dessein formé d'étaler tous les avantages du Tybre, et de l'égalier aux plus grands fleuves. Ce dessein seul pouvoit lui dicter une

ciently. The ruined edifices which have raised the vallies almost to the height of the mountains, must have produced a similar change in the bed of the river. It becomes necessary, therefore, to have recourse to the ancients ; and our difficulty is much increased by an apparent contradiction between two authorities of the first rank. Pliny every where mentions the Tiber as navigable for the largest ships *. The prodigious vessel which carried the obelisk of the Vatican from Alexandria to Rome, sailed up the Tiber as easily as it had sailed down the Nile †. Strabo ‡, on the contrary, assures us, that the vast heaps of mud which were washed down by the current, and deposited at the mouth of the river, rendered it necessary for large ships to unload a part of their cargo, before they could arrive at the city. If this contradiction is as strong as it at first sight appears, it will be difficult to conceive how such accurate writers could be deceived in a matter so generally known ; and scarcely possible to determine which of the two is chargeable with the fault. The difference between them may perhaps be diminished, if not totally removed, by the following reflections. 1. In the narration of Pliny I perceive much prepossession ; a desire to exaggerate the advantages of the Tiber, and to magnify it by a comparison with the greatest rivers. Nothing short of

* Plin. Hist. Natur. L. ii. 5.

† Idem, L. xvi. 40. L. xxxvi. 9.

‡ Strabon. Geograph. L. v. p. 60.

une comparaison aussi fautive que celle qu'il établit entre cette rivière et le Nil. L'une et l'autre portoient le vaisseau de l'obélisque ; donc le Tybre a autant d'eau que le Nil : un géant peut soulever un poids de dix livres, un nain le souleve aussi ; donc le nain est aussi fort que le géant. Voilà le raisonnement de Pline. Le voyage de l'obélisque ne prouve que le fait même, et ne conclut rien sur la profondeur plus ou moins grande des deux rivières.

2. L'expérience nous apprend que les rivières qui charient beaucoup de limon, et de sable, n'en sont point embarrassées dans leur cours. Entraînés par sa rapidité, ils les suivent jusqu'à leur embouchure, et ne s'arrêtent que lorsqu'elles n'ont plus de force. C'est alors qu'il s'en forme des amas considérables ; mais comme il y a des courans à l'embouchure de presque toutes les rivières, ils en suivent la direction, et se rejettent sur le côté voisin. C'est ainsi que le Rhône pousse tous ses embarras sur les côtés du Languedoc, dont il a bouché tous les ports. Le Tybre déposoit de même tout son amas de limon sur les rivages du *Latium* : le port d'Ostie en étoit devenu impraticable. Il restoit sûrement quelques bancs de sable que la disposition du terrain y avoit arrêtés dans certains endroits ; mais on pouvoit les surmonter, ou pouvoit les éviter ; et de la relation de Strabon bien entendue, il résulte seulement que pour remonter le Tybre dans un vaisseau qui tiroit beaucoup d'eau,

d'eau,

such a design could have made him compare it with the Nile, to which it is so much inferior. Both rivers had carried the vessel containing the obelisk. The Tiber, therefore, is equal to the Nile. A giant lifts a weight of ten pounds, so does a dwarf ; the dwarf therefore is as strong as the giant. Such is Pliny's reasoning. The transportation of the obelisk must be allowed ; but no conclusion can be drawn from it concerning the equality of depth in the two rivers. 2. Experience teaches us, that rivers which carry down much slime and sand, are not thereby rendered more shallow, except near to their mouths, where the strength of their streams is commonly much abated. There great accumulations are formed ; but as currents much prevail at the mouths of rivers, the accumulations naturally follow their direction, and throw themselves on the neighbouring coast. In this manner the Rhine discharges its obstructions on the coast of Languedoc, whose harbours are thereby blocked up. The Tiber, likewise, discharged its mud on the coast of Latium, by which the harbour of Ostia became inaccessible. Some sand-banks, doubtless, remained in particular places of the river in consequence of local circumstances : but these obstacles might be surmounted or shunned ; and, from Strabo's narrative well considered, we can only infer that a vessel

drawing

d'eau, il falloit de l'habileté et du courage. 3. Le commerce n'inspire pas le dernier. Je conçois facilement avec Strabon, que les négocians étrangers déchargeoient avec plaisir une partie de leur cargaison sur les chaloupes qui les attendoient, et leurs maîtres intéressés ne manquoient point de leur exagérer tous les périls de cette navigation. Je comprends encore avec Pline, qu'un Caligula, qui ne comptoit pour rien ni ses trésors, ni ses sujets, et qui se piquoit de mépriser la raison, et de vaincre les élémens, pouvoit faire tout ce que n'étoit pas impossible. Tout a du concourir à son dessein. Le lit du fleuve bien nettoyé auparavant; des écluses ménagées avec art, et les travaux réunis des hommes et des chevaux, auront fait remonter jusqu'à Rome le vaisseau qui y apporta l'obélisque du Vatican. Je ne doute pas même qu'un essai aussi heureux n'ait convaincu les navigateurs qu'une partie des obstacles étoient imaginaires, et qu'en perfectionnant leur art, ils n'ayent trouvé le moyen de diminuer ceux qui étoient réels. Quoiqu'il en soit pour les vaisseaux, il est constant que les galères qui tiroient beaucoup moins d'eau, remontoient le Tybre avec une grande facilité. Caton fit cette navigation sur un septième, et il ne prit terre qu'aux *Navalia*, sous le Mont Aventin. Rome étoit donc une ville maritime, et malgré

drawing much water, could not fail up the Tiber without exertions of skill and courage. 3. The latter is not inspired by commerce. We can easily, therefore, believe with Strabo, that foreign merchants were glad to unload part of their cargoes, and to put them on board of lighters, which were ready for their service; and whose masters, from motives of interest, would not fail to exaggerate the dangers of the voyage. I can believe also with Pliny, that a Caligula, who sported equally with his treasures and the lives of his subjects, and who valued himself on setting reason and the elements at defiance, could do every thing not impossible. Every exertion would second his enterprise. The bed of the river would be previously cleared; sluices would be skilfully distributed; and the strength of men and horses would impel to Rome the vessel carrying the obelisk of the Vatican. I doubt not that the success of this trial would convince mariners that part of the obstacles were imaginary; and that, by improving their art, even those which were real might be much diminished. Whatever was the case with ships, it is certain that galleys, which indeed draw much less water, easily failed up the Tiber to Rome. Cato performed this voyage in a galley with seven tire of oars, and landed at the *Navalia*, near the foot of the Mount Aventine. Rome therefore was a maritime city, and open to the insults of a hostile fleet, notwithstanding the

malgré l'autorité de Camille, ou de Tite Live *, elle étoit exposée aux insultes d'une escadre ennemie. Pourquoi les Carthaginois, souvent maîtres de la mer, n'ont ils jamais su tenter cette entreprise ? S'ils étoient entrés dans la rivière vers le soir, ils auroient pu à la pointe du jour, débarquer au pied du capitol †. Mais ils manquoient de hardiesse, et leur marine étoit plutôt commerçante que militaire.

Octobre 2.]—J'ai lu *Nardini, L. viii. C. iv, v. p. 1446—1460; la fin de ce livre et de tout l'ouvrage.* Il est excellent. Beaucoup de pénétration et d'exactitude, jointes à une grande lecture, doivent laisser peu de chose à découvrir à ses successeurs. Peut être est il un peu diffus, et qu'il n'a pas toujours toute la netteté possible. Je lui reprocherois aussi de trouver trop de difficultés, et d'employer des pages entières à expliquer ce qu'une seule observation juste et précise éclairciroit d'abord. Je suis très content de moi vis-a-vis de cet auteur. J'ai lu ce traité dans seize jours, et cependant je l'ai fort bien lu, et d'une façon très attentive et très réfléchie.

J'ai achevé le *vingt troisième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée.* J'y trouve un deuxième Extrait de l'*Histoire Naturelle du Languedoc, par M. Astruc.* Dans la partie des mœurs, j'ai été frappé des vestiges du Paganisme qui s'y

† La navigation n'étoit que de seize milles Romains.

trouvent

the opinion of Camillus, or rather of Titus Livius *, to the contrary. Why did not the Carthaginians, who were often masters of the sea, attempt such an enterprise? Had they embarked on the river towards evening, they might before day-break have landed at the foot of the capitol †. They had not courage for the undertaking, and their ships were not so well fitted for war as for commerce.

October 2.]—I read *Nardini, L. viii. C. iv, v. p. 1446—1460; which concludes the whole work; the excellence of which, its accuracy, judgment, and learning, must leave but small gleanings for subsequent writers. Perhaps he is chargeable with being too diffuse, and sometimes with want of perspicuity. I am inclined also to accuse him of raising up difficulties, and of employing whole pages on what might be ascertained by one just and clear observation. I am satisfied with my diligence with respect to this work, which I have read in sixteen days, with much attention and reflection.*

I finished the twenty-third volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée; which contains the second extract of Mr. Astruc's Natural History of Languedoc.* In the article respecting manners, we find striking vestiges of Paganism still remaining in that province; I speak not of those general characters of superstition which are common to all men,

* T. Liv. V. 54.

† The navigation was only sixteen Roman miles.

trouvent encore. Je ne parle pas de ces traits généraux de superstition qui sont communs à tous les hommes, parcequ'ils sont hommes, mais de quelques usages si singuliers et si arbitraires qu'ils décelent leur origine. Qu'il est difficile d'abolir la religion, ou la langue d'un peuple ! *Satyres de Sectanus, avec la Réponse de Cosellius, &c.* Guerre littéraire, qui a deshonoré presque tous les savans de l'Italie, sans faire beaucoup d'honneur à leur esprit. Le Jésuite Sectanus en a cependant plus que ses adversaires. Leurs noms toutefois me feroient croire que sa cause ne vaut rien. *Bibliothèque des Manuscrits, par le Pere de Montfaucon* : ouvrage savant et utile, mais qui n'est complet que sur la France. Il est presque nécessaire à tout littérateur. *Orese, par M. Havercamp*. Edition bienfaite, et donc en avoit besoin, d'un très mauvais auteur, qui ne doit son mérite qu'à la perte de ses confrères qui valoient bien mieux que lui.

Octobre 3.]—Comme le quatrième tome du Thresor de Grævius contient plusieurs autres ouvrages qui se rapportent tous aux antiquités de la ville de Rome, j'ai voulu en lire quelqu'uns. J'ai commencé par la courte, mais fameuse *Dissertation d'Isaac Vossius de Antiquæ Urbis Romæ Magnitudine* ; et j'ai lu cette pièce toute entière, p. 1497—1516. On connoît assez les paradoxes de ce critique. Il donne libéralement à l'ancienne Rome plus de trente milles d'enceinte sans ses fauxbourgs, et plus de soixante et dix en les y comprenant.

II

because they are men; but of some practices so singular and arbitrary, that it is impossible to mistake their origin. How difficult is it to abolish the religion and language of a nation! The *Satires of Sectanus, with Cosellius's Answer*: a literary war, which dishonoured almost all the learned in Italy, without procuring much fame for their talents. Those of the Jesuit Sectanus were the most distinguished; but the names of his adversaries incline me to think that his cause was not good. *A Library of Manuscripts, by Father Montfaucon*: this work is learned and useful, but is not complete except as to France. It is almost necessary for every man of letters. *Oresus, by Mr. Havercamp*: a good edition, which was much wanted, of a very bad author, whose sole value arises from the loss of his fellow-labourers, who were far superior to himself.

October 3.]—I looked into the fourth volume of Grævius Thesaurus, which contains several other treatises, besides Nardini's, on the antiquities of Rome. I began by reading the whole of the short but famous Dissertation of Isaac Vossius on the magnitude of that city. His paradoxes are well known. He assigns upwards of thirty miles for the circuit of Rome, independently of the suburbs; and upwards of seventy miles

Il y place plus de quatorze millions d'habitans *, et comme il est aussi avare pour les modernes, qu'il est généreux envers les anciens, il assure hardiment que les trois royaumes les plus florissans de l'Europe ne sauroient aujourd'hui produire ce nombre de sujets. Ces nouveautés étoient trop révoltantes pour ne pas trouver des adversaires qui les ont réfutées avec autant de savoir que de force. Vossius n'a que deux argumens qui puissent éblouir un moment. Un passage de Denys d'Halicarnasse, qu'il n'a point entendu, et un autre de Pline qu'il a corrompu. Pour le premier, je renverrai seulement à Nardini, qui a démontré de la manière la plus victorieuse, que lorsque cet historien a comparé la grandeur d'Athènes à celle de Rome, il n'a voulu parler que d'Athènes proprement dite; et que le port du Pirée n'étoit point compris dans l'enceinte de la ville †. Pour le passage de Pline, je renverrois au savant Freret, qui en a donné l'explication la plus naturelle et la mieux liée ‡. Je ne disconviens pas que son hypothèse n'ait encore ses difficultés, mais dèsqu'une partie du passage est aussi claire que l'autre est obscure, il faut expliquer celle-ci par celle-là, et non point corriger celle-là sur celle-ci. Je ne parlerai ici que d'un seul argument de Vossius. Il est ingénieux; et de-

* Vossius, p. 1514—1515. Ses calculs sont un peu embrouillés comme à l'ordinaire, mais je prends son propre résultat.

puis

miles when the suburbs are included. He fills that vast extent with more than fourteen millions of inhabitants §; and being as niggardly towards the moderns, as prodigal with respect to the ancients, he assures us that this number of subjects is not to be found in the three most flourishing kingdoms of Europe. These strange novelties could not fail to provoke the indignation of many adversaries, by whom they were ably and learnedly refuted. There are but two authorities for Vossius, and these merely fitted to dazzle and bewilder; a passage of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, which he misconstrues, and a passage of Pliny, which he has corrupted. For the first, I would refer to Nardini, who proves clearly that when Dionysius compares the size of Rome with that of Athens, he does not include the harbour of the Piræus †. For the passage of Pliny, I would refer to the learned Freret, who explains it very naturally in connexion with the context ‡. I do not say that his hypothesis is without its difficulties; but of the two parts of a passage, when one is clear and another^s obscure, I say that the latter must be explained by the former, and not the reverse. I shall consider but one argument adduced by Vossius. It is ingenious, and ever since I first read it in the

§ Vossius, p. 1514—1515. His calculations are, as usual, somewhat confused; but I give the result as stated by himself.

† Nardini *Roma Vetus*, L. i. C. vi. p. 912—916.

‡ *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*, par Bayle; mois de Janvier 1685.

puis que je l'ai vu la première fois dans les *Nouvelles de la République de Lettres*, j'en ai toujours été frappé. Le bois d'Egérie (dit il) étoit aux portes de Rome dans les premiers siècles de cet état; dans le tems de sa grandeur, l'on trouve le bois d'Egérie auprès d'Aricie, et à quinze milles du *Forum*. On peut croire, ajoute-t-il, qu'à mesure qu'on agrandissoit la ville, l'on reculoit ce bois, afin de lui conserver toujours sa situation relative d'être dans les fauxbourgs, un peu au delà de la Porte *Capena*. Il en est de même du *Clivus Virbius*, et du Lac de Juturne qu'on retrouve pareillement aux environs d'Aricie, après les avoir laissé au centre de la ville *. Encore une fois l'idée est très ingénieuse, mais plusieurs raisons m'empêcheroient de faire grand fond la dessus. 1. Ce sont ici des hypothèses au lieu de faits. Tous les écrivains parlent du bois d'Egérie, de la Porte *Capena*, et du bois d'Aricie; mais aucun n'y suppose la moindre liaison. Aucun ne parle du dernier comme n'étant en effet que le premier, dont on avoit reculé la situation. Le seul Servius fait entendre que la Nymphé Egérie du bois d'Aricie, étoit celle dont Numa se vantoit d'avoir eu les bonnes grâces †; mais l'identité de divinité ne conclut point celle du bois sacré. Je fais que les dieux champêtres n'étoient point ceux des nations entières, et que l'étendue de leur culte étoit bornée par celle de leurs bienfaits; mais je fais aussi que dans le monde

Nouvelles de la République des Lettres, it has left on my mind a strong impression. The wood of Egeria, he says, was at the gates of Rome in the first ages of the republic; but in the age of Roman greatness, this wood was in the neighbourhood of Aricia, and fifteen miles from the *Forum*. It may be supposed, he adds, that in proportion as the city was enlarged, this wood was gradually cut down, so that it might still continue to keep its former situation with regard to the suburbs, and stand a little beyond the Porta Capena. The same thing happened as to the Clivus Virbius and the lake of Juturna, which are in the neighbourhood of Aricia now, but were in the center of the city formerly *. This idea is doubtless ingenious; but many reasons convince me that it is false. It is founded entirely on hypothesis. All writers mention the Porta Capena, the wood of Egeria, and that of Aricia; but none suppose any connection between them, or that the latter was merely a continuation of the former. Servius, indeed, and he alone, says that the nymph Egeria of the wood Aricia, was the same goddess with whom Numa was familiar †. But the identity of the goddesses does not prove that of the sacred wood. I know that rural divinities were not the gods of whole nations, and that their worship

* Vossius de Rom. Magnitud. C. iv. p. 906, 907.

† *Nympha in Aricino nemore, quam amicam suam Numa esse fingebat.* Serv. ad *Æneid.* L. vii. V. 762.

monde mythologique, comme dans le monde naturel, tout étoit lié par des gradations presque imperceptibles, et qu'on remontoit par une chaîne successive d'êtres depuis la Dryade jusqu'au Maître du tonnerre. La Dryade sans pouvoir, sans connoissance, et presque sans sentiment, n'existoit que dans l'arbre qu'elle occupoit, et dont on la distinguoit à peine. Mais Egérie étoit d'un ordre plus relevé; semblable à Faunus, qui passoit rapidement de l'Arcadie au pays des Sabins *, le bois ancien qu'elle habitoit auprès d'Aricie, ne devoit point empêcher que Numa ne lui en consacrat un autre aux portes de Rome, et qu'il ne persuadât aux peuples qu'elle l'honoroit fréquemment de sa présence. Encore si je hazardois une supposition des plus naturelles, c'est que tout le pays entre Rome et Aricie n'étoit anciennement qu'une forêt, où l'on voyoit deux chapelles consacrées à la Nymphe; et que lorsqu'on défricha ces bois, on en laissa toujours subsister les deux extrémités par respect pour elle. 2. Bien loin que le bois d'Aricie paroisse d'une fondation plus nouvelle que celui de la Porte *Capena*, selon la chronologie de la fable, tout y annonce un antiquité supérieure à celle de Rome. Hyppolite vint en Italie 400 ans avant la naissance de Romulus; or toutes les traditions du lieu se rapportent au tems de ce prince; le *Virbius*, nom qui annonçoit sa

nouvelle

was often confined to the district which had experienced their kindness; but I know also, that in the mythological, as well as in the natural world, there is a perpetual chain of beings rising above each other by almost imperceptible degrees, from the lowly Dryad to Jupiter armed with the thunder. The Dryad, destitute of power, knowledge, and almost of sensation, existed in her native tree, from which she was scarcely distinguishable. But Egeria was of a higher order, and not inferior to Faunus, who frequently came from Arcadia to the territory of the Sabines*; so that though the ancient wood near to Aricia was her proper habitation, this needed not to hinder Numa from consecrating to her another, at the gates of Rome; or from persuading the people that she frequently honoured him there with her presence. It is a natural supposition that the whole country between Rome and Aricia was a continued forest, at each extremity of which there was a chapel consecrated to the Nymph; and that when the country was cleared, the trees were allowed to stand at both extremities from respect to Egeria. 2. The wood of Aricia is so far from being of a later date than the Porta Capena, that if we can have any dependence on the chronology of the fabulous ages, that wood was more ancient than the city of Rome. Hippolitus came into Italy 400 years before the birth of Romulus, and the former prince is connected with all the traditions which prevailed in the country about Aricia. The name Virbius indicated

* Horat. Carm. L. i. Ode xvii.

nouvelle vie, la Nymphé Egerie qui l'accueillit dans son antre, et qui pleura si tendrement ses malheurs* : ces traditions sont fabuleuses, j'en suis persuadé, mais les fables ne sont pas l'ouvrage d'un jour. Crues pieusement de tout le canton, elles y sont anciennes ; le bois sacré auquel elles sont liées, l'est encore davantage ; et ces fables mêmes renversent la fable encore moins vraisemblable, qui ne rapporte sa consécration qu'aux tems de la grandeur de Rome, et de l'agrandissement de la ville, c'est à dire à celui d'Auguste, ou du moins des derniers consuls. 3. Le principe sur lequel on établit cet usage de reculer les lieux consacrés, est contraire à celui de toutes les superstitions locales. On révère un lieu honoré par la présence et les miracles d'un Dieu, où il a déployé sa puissance, où il a prodigué ses bienfaits, et non point un rapport imaginaire et fantasque avec des endroits voisins, qui lui sont étrangers. Le culte, pour ainsi dire, est attaché au sol, et l'on ne peut changer l'un sans abolir l'autre. Le temple de Jupiter *Elicius*, le *Lupercal*, la maison de Romulus, subsistoient encore sous les empereurs, et subsistoient toujours dans leur premier emplacement. L'exemple tiré des portes ne conclut rien, il faut nécessairement ouvrir des portes nouvelles dans une nouvelle enceinte, et il est assez naturel de leur donner les noms des anciennes

his new life ; the nymph Egeria received him in her grotto, and tenderly compassionated his misfortunes *. These traditions, I well know, are fables ; but such fables are not the work of a day. They were piously believed by the whole district, in which they had taken deep root ; the sacred wood, which was their scene, must have been more ancient than themselves ; and though fictions, they destroy the still more improbable fiction of the consecration of the wood of Aricia in the age of Roman greatness, and the enlargement of the city, that is, in the time of Augustus, or, at least, of the latest consuls. 3. The supposition that sacred places changed their site, and retreated as it were before the greatness of Rome, is contrary to the spirit of all local superstitions. The Pagans revered a place honoured by the presence and miracles of a god, where he had displayed his power, and conferred his benefits ; but they did not associate with their reverence for this place, a veneration for all the adjacent country, which had not any connection with the divinity. Their worship was attached, as it were, to the soil, and the one could not be changed without abolishing the other. The temple of Jupiter Elicius, the Lupercal, the house of Romulus, always remained in their original sites. The argument drawn from the gates is not conclusive. New walls necessarily require new gates, which naturally retain the names of those which they re-

* Virgil. *Æneid*, vii. 761—781 ; et Serv. ad locum Ovid. *Metamorph.* L. xv.

place,

anciennes aux quelles elles repondoient, et qui devenoient inutiles. 4. Comment auroit on songé à conserver le rapport ancien du bois d'Egérie avec la Porte *Capena*? Du tems de Numa cette porte n'existoit pas encore. Elle faisoit partie de l'enceinte et des murailles que Servius Tullius construisit autour de la ville *. 5. Des trois exemples qu'on employe, le bois d'Egérie étoit hors de la Porte *Capena*; le Lac de *Juturna* étoit dans le *Forum*, et le *Clivus Virbius* à la montée de l'Esquilin. En les reculant, on auroit au moins songé à conserver leurs rapports mutuels. Mais une ligne tirée du centre du *Forum* à travers chacun de ces endroits, les auroit autant éloignés les uns des autres, que de la ville, au lieu de les rassembler tous dans les environs d'Aricie. 6. Selon Vossius, les murs de Rome avançaient jusqu'au dixième milliaire sur la Voye Appienne. Cependant Aricie étoit alors comme aujourd'hui à seize milles Romains de la capitale. Tous les auteurs en conviennent; et si Strabon paroît y mettre un plus grand intervalle, on fait voir que ce géographe se servoit d'une mesure de stade plus petite que l'Olympique †. Je prévois qu'on me répondra que cet intervalle ne conclut rien pour l'enceinte de la ville, puisqu'on ne comptoit point les milles depuis les portes, mais depuis le milliaire d'or; et qu'Aricie pouvoit être tout à la fois

place, and which are demolished as useless. 4. On what principle was it necessary to preserve the relative situation of the wood of Egeria with regard to the *Porta Capena*? In the time of Numa this gate was not in existence; since it belonged to the walls built around the city by Servius Tullius *. 5. Of the three examples given by Vossius, the wood of Egeria was without the *Porta Capena*, the lake of Juturna was in the *Forum*, and the *Clivus Virbius* was at the foot of Mount Esquiline. Had these monuments changed their sites, care would have been taken to preserve their relative situation with regard to each other. But a line drawn from the center of the *Forum*, and passing through each of those places, while it removed them from the city, must also have removed them from each other, instead of collecting them all into one spot in the neighbourhood of Aricia. 6. According to Vossius, the walls of Rome advanced to the 10th mile-stone on the Appian way. Yet Aricia was anciently, as it is at present, sixteen miles distant from the capital. All authors agree in this point; and the greater distance assigned by Strabo has been shewn to proceed from his measuring by a stadium shorter than the Olympic †. I foresee that it will be answered that since the miles were counted not from the gates of Rome, but from the golden pillar, Aricia might

* Nardini *Roma Vetus*, L. i. C. iv. p. 902, 903, 904.

† Claver. *Ital. Antiq.* tom. ii. p. 920; et sequent. Strabon. *Geograph.* L. v. p. 165. *Mesures Itinéraires* de M. d'Anville, p. 15.

fois à seize milles de cette colonne et du *Forum*, et à six milles seulement de la Porte *Capena*. La réponse est bonne, il est vrai ; je ne dirai point la dessus qu'un faiseur d'itinéraires peut compter la distance sur les milliaires, mais qu'un géographe comme Strabon, qu'un poëte comme Lucain, n'auroient point dit tout simplement, qu'Aricie étoit à seize milles de Rome, sans remarquer que les fauxbourgs occupoient la plus grande partie de cet intervalle. Les distances se comptoient donc toujours du milliaire d'Auguste. Mais l'*Aqua Claudia*, dont la source étoit entre le sixième et le huitième milliaire sur la route de Preneste, avoit elle son origine dans la ville ? Le système de Vossius le demande. Cependant on voyoit cette source dans une campagne (*Prædium*) de Lucullus* : donc les murailles de la ville ne se font jamais étendus si loin. Cette observation, qui se porte sur tout le système de Vossius, me paroît décisive.

Quel génie singulier que ce Vossius ! Il avoit beaucoup de lecture, de vivacité, et d'invention ; mais c'est bien l'esprit le plus faux que je connoisse, le plus porté à outrer tous ses jugemens, et le moins capable de résister aux attraites d'une chimère brillante. C'étoit au reste un très mal-honnête homme. On peut lui reprocher des démarches les plus contraires à la probité.

Octobre

be sixteen miles from this pillar and the Forum, and no more than six miles from the Porta Capena. The answer indeed would be good, had the distance been reckoned by a maker of itineraries ; but it is not supposable that a geographer like Strabo, or a poet like Lucan, would have said that Aricia was sixteen miles from Rome, had the suburbs filled up the intermediate space, without making that remark. The distances then were always reckoned from the mile-stone erected by Augustus. I would ask whether the Aqua Claudia rose in the city, although its source is said to have been at the sixth and the eighth mile-stone on the road to Preneste ? The system of Vossius requires the affirmative. Yet we find the source of this water at an estate (*Prædium*) belonging to Lucullus*. The walls of Rome therefore never extended to that distance. This observation, which bears against the whole of Vossius's system, appears to me decisive.

What a singular character was this Vossius ! He had much reading, vivacity, and invention ; but his understanding had a wrong bias ; he was prone to exaggeration in his opinions, and incapable of resisting the temptation of a brilliant chimera. He was besides a very bad man. Some parts of his conduct betrayed a total want of probity.

* Sext. Fronten. de Aquæduct. Rom. L. i. p. 1635. iv. vol. Grævii Thesaurus.

October

Octobre 4.]—J'ai lu la *Dissertation d'Octavio Falconieri, sur la Pyramide de C. Cestius*, p. 1461—1482. Ce monument, situé à la porte *Ostiensis*, et encaissé aujourd'hui dans les murs de la ville, est revêtu par tout d'un très beau marbre. Il a 165½ palmes Romains de hauteur, et chacune des bases a 130 palmes de longueur. On a pratiqué une chambre au milieu de la pyramide qui a 26 palmes de long, 18 de large, et 19 de haut. C'est proprement le sépulchre. Les murailles étoient couvertes d'un grand nombre de figures; il en reste quelques-unes qui sont d'un très bon goût. Il résulte de l'inscription du monument et des explications que donne Falconieri de ces figures, que Cestius étoit un Romain distingué du tems d'Auguste, et que ces peintures se rapportent toutes à son emploi d'Epule, ou de curateur des fêtes sacrées. Jamais ancien n'a fait mention de cette belle pyramide. Quel regret cette réflexion ne donne-t-elle pas pour les ouvrages qui ont disparu, et dont les auteurs ont vanté la beauté! La *Dissertation* de Falconieri est bien faite.

J'ai lu aussi la pièce de pere Ciaconius, sur la *Columna Rostrata de Duilius*. Comme je croyois d'abord que l'inscription entière étoit originale, j'en tirois les plus belles conséquences. Heureusement j'ai vu enfin que l'original est gâté au point d'être inintelligible, et que le critique l'a rétabli assez heureusement par ses conjectures. J'en ai lu aujourd'hui p. 1809—1817.

Octobre

October 4.]—I read a Dissertation by Octavio Falconieri, on the Pyramid of C. Cestius, p. 1461—1482. This monument, which stood at the Porta Ostiensis, and which is now fixed in the city wall, is entirely covered with a beautiful white marble. It is 165½ Roman palms high, and the sides of its base are each 130 palms long. There is a room in the middle of the pyramid twenty-six palms long, eighteen broad, and nineteen high. This is properly the sepulchre. The walls were covered with a multitude of figures, some of which still remain in a very good taste. It appears from the inscription of the monument and the explanations given of it by Falconieri, that Cestius was a man of distinction in the time of Augustus, and that the paintings relate to his employment of Epulo, or manager of the sacred festivals. None of the ancients make mention of this beautiful pyramid; a reflexion which creates regret for the loss of those monuments, whose beauty they highly celebrate. Falconieri's Dissertation is well written.

I read also a performance of father Ciaconius on the *Columna Rostrata of Duilius*. Taking the whole inscription for original, I began to draw from it many important consequences. Happily I discovered that the original had suffered so much from the injuries of time, that it was rendered unintelligible, and that the critic had successfully restored it by his conjectures. I this day read p. 1809—1817.

Octobre 5.]—Quoique la Colonne Rostrale eut trompé mon attente, j'ai voulu l'achever. J'y ai trouvé des restitutions fort ingénieuses, et de très bonnes observations sur l'orthographe Latine, laquelle comme dans toutes les langues a quitté peu à peu l'étymologie pour se régler sur la prononciation. Malheureusement la colonne de Duillius que nous avons, n'a pas l'autorité d'une pièce originale. On voit clairement par l'exemple de Maximus avec un *i*, qu'elle a été faite depuis Jules César, et qu'on l'a réformée sur la nouvelle orthographe.

J'ai fini cette *Dissertation de Ciaconius*, p. 1817—1831. J'ai lu aussi un petit *Morceau de Joseph Castalio, sur les Temples de la Paix et de Janus*, p. 1849—1856. Il est bien mauvais.

6.]—J'ai lu une *Dissertation de Pierre Bargæus, de Everforibus Ædificiorum Urbis Romæ*, p. 1869—1892. Le préjugé commun fait regarder les barbares du Nord comme les ennemis des arts, aussi bien que des Romains. C'est à un Alaric, à un Genferic, à un Totila, qu'on attribua la destruction des beaux monumens de la ville. Jamais il n'y eut de préjugé moins fondé selon mon auteur. Alaric usa à peine des droits de la guerre. Genferic se contenta de piller cette capitale. Totila renversa une partie des murailles dans un moment de fureur, et les rétablit aussitôt par raison. La plus part des ouvrages publics subsistoient sous Théodoric; et ce prince veilloit

October 5.]—Although the Columna Rostrata disappointed me, I read to the end of the treatise. It contains some very ingenious restorations of the original, and excellent observations on the Latin orthography, which, as happens in all languages, gradually lost sight of etymology, and came to be regulated by pronunciation. Unhappily the inscription on the pillar of Duillius has not the merit of originality. We see clearly by the example of Maximus, written with an *i*, that the old spelling had been altered for the new, which prevailed from the time of Julius Cæsar.

I finished Ciaconius's Dissertation, p. 1817—1831. I read also a small Treatise by Joseph Castalio, on the temples of Peace and Janus, p. 1849—1856. It is a poor performance.

6.]—I read a Dissertation of Peter Bargæus, *de Everforibus Ædificiorum Urbis Romæ*, p. 1869—1892. By a common prejudice we consider the northern barbarians as equally hostile to the arts and to the Romans; ascribing the ruins of the finest monuments of the city to an Alaric, a Genferic, or a Totila. Bargæus regards this opinion as totally unfounded. Alaric scarcely exercised the rights of war. Genferic was satisfied with pillaging Rome. Totila destroyed part of the walls in his fury, and repaired them when he recovered his reason. The most of the public edifices were

veilloit à leur conservation avec beaucoup plus d'attention que ne l'avoient fait les derniers empereurs d'occident. Le zele des Papes, et surtout de Gregoire le Grand, ne voyoit dans un temple que l'idole à laquelle il étoit consacré; il établissoit la religion sur la ruine des beaux arts. Ce système, détaillé avec beaucoup de savoir et de vraisemblance, vaut mieux que les efforts qu'il fait pour justifier cette conduite des Pontifes; conduite plus digne de l'Alcoran que de l'Evangile. On se forme une idée aussi fausse que peu avantageuse des nations qui ont inondé l'empire dans le cinquième siecle. On les regarde comme des sauvages sortis tout d'un coup du fond des forêts, pour briser ces barrières qui les séparoit du monde policé. Si l'on parloit seulement des nations Scandinaviennes, Scythiques, et Arabes, je ne disconviendrais pas de la ressemblance du portrait. Mais les Arabes agissoient par enthousiasme, les Danois par vengeance, et les Scythes par une férocité naturelle à tous les peuples nomades. Les nations Germaniques, les Goths *, les Vandales, les François, &c. avoient beaucoup perdu de leur ancienne barbarie avant que d'entrer sur les terres de l'empire l'épée à la main. Depuis plus d'un siecle des corps nombreux de leur compatriotes servoient dans les armées Romaines; ils étudioient la langue de cette nation;

* Il ne decide point la fameuse question de l'origine des Goths.

ils

were standing in the reign of Theodoric, who was more careful to preserve them than had been the last emperors of the east. The zeal of the Popes, and particularly of Gregory the Great, beheld nothing in a temple but the idol to whom it was consecrated: he established religion on the ruin of the fine arts. This account of the matter is explained by Bargæus with much learning and argument, and is far better than his attempt to justify this conduct in the Popes, which was surely more becoming the Alcoran than the Gospel. Our notions are as false as unfavourable concerning the nations which over-ran the Roman empire in the fifth century. We look on them as savages just issued from the woods to break the boundaries which divided them from the civilized world. This opinion indeed may be applicable to the people of Scandinavia, to the Scythians, and the Arabs. The Arabs were actuated by enthusiasm; the Danes by vengeance; the Scythians by ferocity, common among wandering nations of shepherds. But the inhabitants of Germany, the Goths †, Vandals, and Franks, had devided themselves of much of their barbarism before they invaded the dominions of the Roman empire. For more than a century preceding that event, numerous bodies of their countrymen had served in the Roman armies. They learned

† He decides not the famous question concerning the origin of the Goths.

ils en empruntoient les mœurs. Ils avoient adopté sa religion, ou du moins ils la révéroient. Ils avoient quelquefois du mépris pour les vaincus, jamais de la haine. Le soldat étoit quelquefois cruel, mais le général étoit rarement barbare, et le législateur ne l'étoit jamais. Je passe rapidement sur des objets qui mériteroient d'être approfondis.

J'ai lu aussi la *Dissertation du même Auteur, sur les Obélisques de la Ville*, p. 1905—1934, la fin. Elle est savante ; mais, qui en retrancheroit les écarts, lui laisseroit à peine six pages.

Octobre 7.]—J'ai commencé un ouvrage d'Olaus Borrichius, de *Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, dont j'ai lu p. 1521—1546.

8.]—J'ai lu Olaus Borrichius, p. 1546—1576. J'ai achevé le vingt quatrième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Histoire du Ciel*, par l'Abbé Pluche. Cet auteur, mauvais philosophe, et littérateur superficiel, bâtit des systèmes ingénieux, qui n'éblouissent qu'un moment. Tirer des étymologies Egyptiennes de l'Hebreu, parcequ'on suppose que l'Hebreu ressembloit au Phenicien, et que le Phenicien n'étoit pas fort éloigné de l'Egyptien ! Ces signes des saisons et de l'agriculture, qui deviennent des Dieux ! Pouvoit on se tromper sur des signes qui revenoient chaque année, et qui apportoitent avec eux leur explication sensible ? Je demanderois

the Latin language, ; they adopted civilized manners; and if they were not Christians, they at least revered Christianity. The contempt which they sometimes testified for the vanquished, was not mixed with hatred. The soldier was sometimes cruel, but the general was seldom barbarous, and the legislator never. I cast but a rapid glance on objects, which would deserve to be surveyed attentively.

I read also a Dissertation of the same author on the Obelisks in Rome, p. 1905—1934. It is learned ; but if superfluities were lopped off, might be reduced to six pages.

October 7.]—I began the work of Olaus Borrichius, de *Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, and read p. 1521—1546.

8.]—I read Borrichius, p. 1546—1576. I finished the twenty-fourth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the History of the Heavens, by the Abbé Pluche. This author, who is a bad philosopher and a superficial scholar, builds ingenious systems, which dazzle but for a moment. He draws Egyptian etymologies from the Hebrew, because he supposes that the Hebrew had much affinity with the Phenician; and that the Phenician was not very remote from the Egyptian ! The signs of the seasons and of agriculture are changed into gods. But I would ask whether it was possible that mankind should so much mistake those signs which returned annually, bringing with them

demanderois au moins pour cette métamorphose plus de siècles que l'Abbé Pluche ne m'en auroit accordé. *Histoire de Charles XII. par M. Aderfeld.* L'Alexandre du Nord avoit déjà son Quinte Curce, il lui manquoit un Arrien. M. Aderfeld l'est plutôt par son exactitude que par son éloquence. *Lettres de Libanius, par M. Welf:* beau présent. Nous n'avions que 250 de ces lettres. Ce savant nous en donne 1600, qu'il a tirées de la poussière de toutes les bibliothèques de l'Europe. *Ammonius de Differentiâ Verborum, &c. par M. Valkenaer:* c'est un petit recueil de quelques grammairiens Grecs, qui n'est pas sans mérite. *Histoire du Roi David:* ouvrage savant, singulier, et ridicule.

Octobre 9.]—J'ai lu *Olaus Borrichius, de Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, p. 1576—1600.

10.]—J'ai fini *Olaus Borrichius*, p. 1600—1623. Je suis fort content de ce petit ouvrage. Borrichius est un homme curieux et instruit, qui parcourt tous les quartiers de la ville avec beaucoup d'ordre, et de netteté; qui laisse à l'écart toutes les minuties, et qui choisit quelques objets curieux et principaux, dont il rend compte d'une manière assez intéressante, et dans un style coulant et facile. Il convient à tout homme, qui veut se faire une idée vraie, mais générale, de l'ancienne Rome; qui craint les grands ouvrages

them their own explication. Such an extraordinary metamorphosis must have required at least many more ages than the Abbé Pluche would be willing to allow.—The History of Charles XII. by Mr. Aderfeld. The Alexander of the North had already his Quintus Curtius. He still wanted an Arrian. Mr. Aderfeld supplies the defect rather by his accuracy than his eloquence.—Lebanus's Letters, by Mr. Welf: a valuable present. We had only 250 of these letters. This learned man gives us 1600, recovered from the dust of all the libraries of Europe.—*Ammonius de Differentia Verborum, &c.* by Mr. Valkenaer: a small collection of some Greek grammarians, not without merit.—The History of King David: a learned, singular, and laughable performance.

October 9.]—I read *Olaus Borrichius, de Antiqua Facie Urbis Romæ*, p. 1576—1600.

10.]—I finished *Olaus Borrichius*, p. 1600—1623; and am much pleased with this little work. It is curious and learned. Borrichius examines the quarters of the city with order and perspicuity; and, regardless of minute objects, fixes on the principal monuments, which he explains in a very entertaining manner, and in an easy flow of style. His work must be useful to those who wish to form only a general, but just notion of ancient Rome; who are afraid of the large volumes of Donatus and Nardini,

ouvrages de Donatus et de Nardini, ou qui souhaite de rassembler dans son esprit les idées qu'il y a prises. Pour trancher le mot, le livre de Borrichius est un excellent abrégé de Nardini, qu'il suit partout pas-a-pas. Il n'est que cela, et j'aurois voulu que le savant Danois se fut contenté de ce mérite, sans aspirer à celui d'auteur original : ce n'est pas qu'on n'y trouve quelques observations curieuses, quelques endroits même où il relève Nardini, et le relève avec raison. En voici deux. 1. Borrichius prouve assez bien qu'on ne donnoit jamais aux empereurs de leur vivant le titre de *Divus* ; et que par conséquent tous les monumens, où il se rencontre, leur ont été élevés après leur mort. 2. Il fait voir contre Nardini que tous les jeux de la Déesse Flore se célébroient dans son cirque ; et que ce n'est que pour avoir mal compris un passage d'Ovide, que cet antiquaire a cru trouver deux fêtes de cette Déesse, dans une seule qui se chommoit le dernier d'Avril et le premier de Mai. Borrichius étoit Danois, et professeur à Copenhague. Il paroît par différens endroits de son livre qu'il voyagea en Italie, en France, et en Angleterre vers l'an 1665 ; et qu'il publia ce petit traité près d'une vingtaine d'années après son retour. S'il ne se disoit pas Danois, on le verroit assez à l'endroit où il parle des triomphes de Marius sur le Mont Esquilin. A la vue de ce monument de la défaite des Cimbres, son zèle national s'enflamme,

un

dini, or who wish to digest methodically in their minds the knowledge which they have acquired from them. In one word, Borrichius is an excellent abridgment of Nardini, whom he closely follows. I could have wished this learned Dane had been satisfied with this merit, without aspiring to that of an original author ; yet it must be allowed that he makes some curious observations, and corrects Nardini judiciously ; of which the two following are examples. 1. He proves in a very satisfactory manner, that the emperors were never honoured with the title of *Divus* in their life-time, and consequently that all the monuments in which this title is found, must have been raised to them after their deaths. 2. He shows in opposition to Nardini, that all the games of the goddess Flora were celebrated in her Circus ; and that by mistaking a passage of Ovid, that antiquary has made two festivals of Flora out of one, which was held the last day of April, or the first of May. Borrichius was a Dane, and professor at Copenhagen. It appears from different passages of his book, that he travelled in Italy, France, and England towards the year 1665 ; and published this little treatise about twenty years after his return home. Without his telling us that he was a Dane, we should easily perceive it, from his manner of speaking concerning the triumph of Marius on Mount Esquiline. At beholding this monument of the defeat of the Cimbri, his patriotism is inflamed, a noble indignation seizes his soul. He ascribes

un noble courroux s'empare de son esprit. Il attribue la victoire des Romains au soleil, au vent, à la fortune, à tout, plutôt qu'à la valeur de Marius.

Octobre 12.]—Un air de philosophie, un fond d'ignorance, des pensées triviales ou fausses, un style affecté, des portraits communs ou outrés, voila les *Amusemens de la Raïson*; ouvrage nouveau, que M. de C . . . m'avait prêté, et où je n'ai trouvé ni raison ni amusement. L'impertinente préface qu'il a mise à la tête de sa traduction du *Loisir du Sage*! *De quoi nous sert il de savoir le nom d'un auteur? Ce nom qu'a-t-il de commun avec l'ouvrage?* Beaucoup pour l'intelligence de son ouvrage, de son but, de ses allusions; rien pour le jugement que nous devons porter de ses sentimens philosophiques.

13.]—J'ai commencé aujourd'hui une entreprise considérable; c'est la lecture de *l'Italia Antiqua de Cluvier, en deux volumes in folio: à Leyde, 1624, chez les Elzevirs*. L'auteur n'en vit pas la publication, mais il y avait mis la dernière main avant sa mort. Son éditeur nous apprend qu'il méditoit une Géographie Universelle sur le même plan; et qu'après avoir parcouru la Germanie, l'Italie, et la Sicile, il alloit travailler sur la Gaule et la Grece, et ensuite sur tous les autres pays connus aux anciens. Strabon a embrassé cet objet en dix sept livres: les pays dont Cluvier a traité dans quatre volumes in folio, ne comprennent qu'environ trois de ces livres.

L'ouvrage

the victory of the Romans to the sun, the winds, and fortune; to every cause rather than the valour of Marius.

October 12.—An appearance of philosophy, with real ignorance; thoughts trivial or false; affectation of style; exaggeration or vulgarity of description; such is the new work intitled *Amusements of Reason*, which was lent to me by Mr. C . . .; and in which I find neither reason nor amusement. The author's preface to his translation of the "*Wise Man's Recreations*," is impertinent in the extreme. Of what use is it to know an author's name? What has that name to do with his work? A great deal with his design, his allusions, &c. but nothing with the sentence that we ought to pass on his philosophical opinions.

13.]—I this day began a very considerable task; which was to read Cluverius' *Italia Antiqua*, in two volumes in folio: Leyden, 1624, Elzevirs. The author did not live to see its publication; but had completely finished it before his death. His editor tells us that he had in contemplation to write an universal geography on the same plan; and that after describing Germany, Italy, and Sicily, he meant to treat of Gaul, Greece, and all the other countries known to the ancients. Strabo comprehended the same subject in seventeen books; of which the countries described by Cluverius, in four volumes in folio, occupy nearly

L'ouvrage entier de notre savant auroit pu aller à vingt trois volumes in folio. S'il avoit vécu quelques années de plus, il auroit peut-être rempli cette tâche immense. Nous aurions eu un répertoire prodigieux sur l'ancienne géographie, traité à la vérité avec un détail trop minutieux, et dont il n'y a peut-être que la Grece et l'Italie qui soient dignes. Un littérateur aime à connoître jusqu'aux plus petits recoins de ces pays célèbres, où le moindre village est fameux dans l'histoire ou dans la poésie. C'est pour me préparer tout à la fois à mon voyage de l'Italie, et à mes études futures, que je fais cette lecture, comme j'avois fait celle de Nardini. Ces auteurs bien liés et bien médités, me tiendront lieu d'un commentaire perpétuel, et sur quelque endroit de Rome ou d'Italie que je puisse tomber, je n'y serai plus étranger. J'ai lu aujourd'hui *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi. p. 1—46*. Ces six chapitres sont comme les préliminaires de sa description particulière. Il y traite des noms différens que l'Italie a portés, de ses limites, de son étendue, et de sa figure, du Mont Apennin qui la divise, du sol, et du climat, des différens peuples qui l'habitoient, et des langues qu'ils parloient. Partout il cite ses garants, il les laisse parler, et il ne paroît lui-même que de tems en tems, pour les mettre d'accord, pour les éclaircir, et pour les corriger. Je dois remarquer, pour sa justification, que M. d'Anville l'accuse un peu trop facilement d'avoir confondu le mille Romain avec le mille Italien moderne.

nearly three. The whole design of that learned man would have extended to twenty-three volumes in folio. Had he lived a few years longer, he would perhaps have executed this vast undertaking. We should then have had an immense repertory on the subject of ancient geography, treated indeed with a degree of circumstantial minuteness, which no other countries perhaps deserve but Greece and Italy. A man of letters is desirous to know every corner of those celebrated countries, the smallest villages of which are distinguished in history or poetry. I begin to read Cluverius with the same views that I read Nardini, both to prepare me for my journey into Italy, and to assist me in my future studies. These two authors, studied with care and reflexion, will serve me as a perpetual commentary; so that I shall not be a stranger in any part of Rome or Italy, to which my enquiries may lead me. I this day read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi. p. 1—46*. These six chapters are preparatory to his particular description. He examines in them the different names of Italy, its limits, extent, figure, Mount Appennine, which divides the country; its soil, climate, inhabitants, and languages. He every where cites his authorities in their own words, and speaks only occasionally himself, to reconcile, explain, or correct them. Mr. D'Anville accuses him too hastily of confounding the Roman mile with that of the modern Italians:

moderne *. Cluvier ne les confondoit point ; il savoit même que le dernier est plus grand. Il s'est expliqué très clairement la dessus †. Je conviens que cette connoissance lui étoit assez inutile, puisqu'il ignoroit le rapport précis de ces deux mesures itinéraires.

Octobre 14.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. vii, viii, ix, x, xi. p. 46—90.* Il parcourt toutes les côtes de la Ligurie depuis le *Varus*, qui la séparoit des Gaules, jusqu'au fleuve *Macra*, qui la bornoit du côté de la Toscane ; côtes stériles et escarpées, qui en refusant tout à ses habitans ne leur donnoient que la force et le courage. Il est singulier que ce peuple entreprenant n'ait jamais franchi l'Apennin pour s'établir dans cette belle plaine qui s'étend depuis ces montagnes jusqu'au Po ; et qu'il n'ait enfin du cette acquisition qu'à un arrangement politique des Romains. L'article de *Pollentia* m'a amusé. Stilicon y combattit l'armée des Goths. Les historiens Chrétiens nous représentent cette affaire comme une trahison indigne, qui ne valut aux Romains que la honte de l'avoir tentée sans succès. Claudien, au contraire, poète payen, l'égale à la victoire de Marius sur les Cimbres, et ne voit dans Stilicon qu'un héros qui a vengé sa patrie, et qui a délivré l'Italie entière de la tyrannie des barbares.

Octobre

Cluverius does not confound them ; he knew that of modern Italy to be the longest of the two, and has explained himself very clearly on that subject †. This knowledge indeed was not of much use to him, since he was ignorant of the exact proportion which the one mile bore to the other.

October 14.]—I read Cluverius, *L. i. C. vii, viii, ix, x, xi. p. 46—90.* He travels along the coast of Liguria from the Varus, which separated that district from Gaul, to the Macra, by which it was bounded on the side of Tuscany. This coast is rocky and barren ; and, by denying all other advantages to its inhabitants, tended to increase their strength and courage. It is extraordinary that this enterprising people should never have thought of crossing the Apennines, in order to settle in the beautiful plain which lies between those mountains and the Po : and that they should have finally been indebted for this acquisition to a political arrangement of the Romans. I was amused by the article Pollentia. There Stilico fought the army of the Goths. The Christian writers represent this transaction as a scandalous piece of unsuccessful treachery, from which nothing but shame accrued to the Romans. Claudian, on the contrary, a Pagan poet, considers Stilico's battle as equal to Marius's victory over the Cimbri, and extols the conqueror as a hero who avenged the cause of his country, and delivered all Italy from the tyranny of barbarians.

* D'Anville Mesures Itinéraires, p. 7, 8.

† Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. iii. p. 25.

Octobre 16.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xii, xiii, xiv. p. 90—102*. On y voit la politique d'Auguste, qui dans toutes les affaires préféroit aux voyes de violence, les moyens doux et lents. Jules César avoit subjugué les Gaules, mais sa conquête étoit bien précaire, pendant que les Alpes étoient remplies des nations féroces, qui étoient maîtresses de tous les passages. Auguste fut obligé d'en réduire une partie par les armes, mais il engagea Cottius, qui regnoit dans les montagnes du même nom, de civiliser ses sujets, de recevoir une garnison Romaine, et d'ouvrir lui-même les communications. Le détail de cette négociation seroit curieux. Je pense qu'Auguste fut éblouir Cottius en lui prodiguant de vains honneurs, au point de lui faire oublier qu'il perdoit son pouvoir et son indépendance. C'étoit au moins le style de la politique de ce prince.

17.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xv, xvi, xvii. p. 102—133*. L'article des *Rhæti* et des *Euganei*, est un peu embrouillé. Vérone étoit une colonie Rhetienne. La chose est possible. Mais depuis long tems ses habitans, devenus Gaulois, regardoient *Brixia* comme leur métropole. Vérone auroit été bien mieux placée parmi les *Cenomani*; et les *Rhæti* auroient du être relégués dans leurs montagnes, comme ils y étoient en effet. Encore en traitant de ces montagnes par rapport à l'Italie, j'aurois averti que
je

October 16.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xii, xiii, xiv. p. 90—102*. He sets before us the policy of Augustus, who in all his transactions preferred slow and gentle measures. Julius Cæsar had subdued the Gauls, but his conquest was precarious while the Alps were peopled by fierce nations, who commanded all the passes. Augustus was under the necessity of reducing some of them by arms; but he persuaded Cottius, who reigned over the mountains which bore his name, to civilize his subjects, to receive a Roman garrison, and to open the roads through his country. It would be curious to know the circumstances of the negociation. I imagine that Augustus so much flattered Cottius with empty honours, as to make him forget that he was surrendering his independence and power. This at least would have been in the usual style of his policy.

17.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xv, xvi, xvii. p. 102—133*. The article of the *Rhæti* and the *Euganei* is somewhat puzzling. Verona was a *Rhætian* colony. The thing is possible; but for a long time its inhabitants, assuming the character of Gauls, considered *Brixia* as their mother country. Verona would have been placed more naturally among the *Cenomani*; and the *Rhæti* ought to have been confined to their native mountains, as they were in fact. In treating of these mountains as connected with Italy, I would also have taken notice that my observations related
to

je ne traitois que d'une partie de la nation. Cette petite remarque auroit répandu une grande clarté sur toute cette description.

Octobre 18.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xviii. p. 133—169.* L'auteur parcourt toute la province dite *Venetia*. Padoue et sa fameuse fontaine *Apona*, l'arrêtent assez long tems. A l'occasion du *Portus Venetus*, auprès d'*Altinum*, à l'endroit où est Venise, il s'étend assez sur l'époque de sa fondation ; et c'est avec beaucoup de vraisemblance, qu'il lui ôte une centaine d'années, puisque du tems de Théodoric et de Cassiodore, on ne voyoit encore dans ces isles que quelques cabanes de pêcheurs. C'est plutôt la fureur des Lombards que celle des Huns, qui a forcé les peuples voisins à s'y réfugier. La société politique qu'ils y ont formée, a du pendant long tems être foible et dépendante, l'objet de la pitié, ou du mépris des princes voisins, et surtout de conquérans. Sans avoir approfondi ce sujet, la raison m'engage à croire, que la véritable liberté de Venise ne peut se dater que de la décadence de l'empire des François. Cet empire (pour le dire en passant) a contribué bien plus que les Croisades, à faire confondre en Orient tous les peuples d'Occident sous le nom générique de Franks ou de François. Je ne suis point surpris que les Mahométans n'aient pas des idées plus exactes sur
notre

to only one portion of the Rhætians. This remark would have contributed to the perspicuity of the whole of the description.

October 18.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xviii. p. 133—169.* The author conducts us through the province called *Venetia*. He dwells on Padua, and its famous fountain *Apona*. In speaking of the *Portus Venetus*, near to *Altinum*, where Venice now stands, he treats at considerable length of the æra of its foundation, from which he cuts off a century with much probability ; since in the time of Theodoric and Cassiodorus, the Venetian isles contained nothing but huts of fishermen. The people on the neighbouring coast of Italy sought refuge there, rather against the fury of the Lombards, than against that of the Huns. The community which these emigrants established, must have long continued weak and dependant, an object of pity or contempt to neighbouring princes, especially to conquerors. Without pretending to have deeply examined the subject, I am convinced that the liberty of Venice ought to be dated from the downfall of the empire of the Franks. This empire, we may observe, contributed far more than the Croisades to make the Orientals extend the name of Franks or Frenchmen to all the nations of the West. It is not surprising that the Mahomedans should be so ignorant of the distinctions among the nations of

notre compte, quand je vois un empereur Grec *, qui donne le nom de France à cette province de *Venetia*, que Charlemagne avoit prise avec le reste de la Lombardie. L'erreur est même encore plus grossière, puisqu'en employant ce nom, il fait un anachronisme de trois cens ans. Cluvier donne une autre interprétation aux paroles de Constantin, mais celle-ci me paroît la plus naturelle.

[Octobre 19.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xix, xx. p. 169—204*. Il est question des *Carni*. Auguste les ajouta à la *Venetia*, et recula les bornes de l'Italie jusqu'à la rivière d'*Arfia*: il traite fort au long de la ville d'*Aquileia*, la première de la province, et la neuvième de l'empire entier. Très forte par sa situation, et fortifiée à la manière des anciens, elle couvroit la frontière la plus exposée de l'Italie contre les nations Illyriennes. Cette même situation entre les nations policées, et celles qui étoient encore barbares, devint dans la suite la source de sa richesse par le commerce qu'elle faisoit avec les unes et les autres. Si le commerce n'étoit que l'échange mutuel des productions de chaque pays, un peuple industrieux devoit souhaiter des voisins aussi industrieux que lui. Ce principe de mon ami M. de Mirabeau, est incontestable. Celui qui veut débiter une marchandise, cherche ceux qui ont des besoins, et des moyens pour les satisfaire. L'un et l'autre ne

Europe, when a Greek emperor * gives the name of France to the province of *Venetia*, which Charlemagne conquered with the rest of Lombardy. In using this name, the emperor's mistake is still more glaring; since he is guilty of an anachronism of three centuries. Cluverius indeed gives a different interpretation to Constantine's words; but the above meaning appears to me to be the most natural.

[October 19.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xix, xx. p. 169—204*. He treats of the *Carni*. Augustus assigned this people to *Venetia*, and contracted the boundary of Italy within the river *Arfia*. He speaks at length of *Aquileia*, the first city in the province, and the ninth in the whole empire. Its fortifications, built after the fashion of the ancients, and its natural strength, enabled it to cover the frontier of Italy most exposed to invasion from the Illyrians. Its intermediate situation between polished and barbarous nations, became the source of opulence, acquired by its commerce with both. If traffic consisted merely in the mutual exchange of commodities, an industrious nation ought to wish for neighbours as industrious as itself. This principle of my friend Mr. Mirabeau appears to me incontrovertible. He who wishes to sell his goods, seeks for those who need, and can purchase them. Such purchasers

* Constantine Porphyrogenitus. V. Cluver. *Italia Antiqua*, L. i. C. xviii. p. 138.

ne peuvent se trouver que chez une nation riche et laborieuse. Mais cet échange mutuel n'est qu'une partie d'un commerce actif et étendu. Celui qui rapporte le plus, consiste dans ces voyages, où des aventuriers hardis, mais entendus, vont chercher les productions d'un pays étranger, pour les porter aux peuples qui en ont besoin. Mais dès qu'une nation est sortie de cet état de barbarie absolue, qui la rend inaccessible aux étrangers, plus elle est grossière, et mieux elle leur convient ; puisque alors on ne peut acheter que les productions du pays dans ce premier état de nature, qui fait méconnoître leur valeur réelle, et qui laisse à ses nouveaux propriétaires le soin et les avantages de les travailler. *Aquileia* jouissoit de plusieurs circonstances heureuses par rapport à son commerce avec les barbares. 1. Il lui étoit assuré, non point par des conventions injustes et précaires, mais par les loix de la nature, et la situation des lieux. Il se faisoit par terre à travers les Alpes Juliennes, et cette ville étoit la seule porte de ces montagnes. Padoue, ou Milan auroient eu des désavantages infinis dans la concurrence. Il en est bien différemment du commerce de mer, qui est toujours ouvert à toutes les nations, qui ont l'hardiesse et l'industrie de l'entreprendre. 2. Il étoit aisé. Il ne faloit que charger les marchandises sur des chariots, et les porter à *Nauportus*. Le chemin n'étoit que de cinquante milles, et le passage du Mont

are only to be found in rich and industrious countries. But this mutual exchange is only one part of an extensive and enterprising commerce. Another, still more profitable, is carried on by bold and adventurous, but judicious mariners, who sail in quest of the productions of foreign countries, to carry them to the nations to whom they are objects of desire: and when countries have emerged from that state of barbarism which renders them totally inaccessible to strangers, the more ignorant their inhabitants are, the profit of trading with them will be the greater; because their articles of exportation will be sold far below their real value, and in that rude state of nature, which will leave the whole advantage of manufacturing them to their purchasers. *Aquileia* was placed in most favourable circumstances for carrying on traffic with barbarians. 1. This trade was secured not merely by unjust and precarious treaties, but by the laws of nature, and local situation. It was carried on by land across the Julian Alps, the passage through which was naturally commanded by *Aquileia*. Padua and Milan would have had great disadvantage in the competition. Maritime commerce is quite different, the sea being always open to those who have industry and boldness. 2. This trade was easy. The merchandize was conveyed on waggons to *Nauportus*, distant from *Aquileia* only fifty miles; and the passage by Mount *Albius*

Mont *Albius* est le plus facile des Alpes. Des rivières navigables les voituroient de *Nauportus* jusques dans le Danube. 3. Ils devoient faire un grand profit sur les esclaves, qu'ils achetoient à très bon marché. Ils n'avoient couté que du sang à leurs vainqueurs, et leur entretien auroit été inutile, dispendieux, et dangereux. Mais pour les peuples policés, c'étoit une marchandise très précieuse. L'Italie seule en demandoit des recrues constantes et nombreuses pour le service domestique, pour les jeux, et pour l'agriculture. Les esclaves qui n'avoient que la vigueur du corps se debitoient bien ; mais lorsqu'ils montroient quelques dispositions pour les arts ou les sciences, on avoit soin de les cultiver ; et leur maître vendoit très cherement cette ame et ces talens qu'il n'avoit point achetés. Ce principe de perfectibilité, qui n'existe que dans l'homme, devenoit un effet très réel dans le négoce. On peut remarquer que ce commerce ne pouvoit se faire qu'avec une nation barbare. Les peuples civilisés achètent des esclaves, mais ils n'en font point. 4. Ceux d'*Aquileia* ne portoient aux barbares que des denrées de leur crû, l'huile et le vin ; l'entrée et la sortie leur étoient ainsi également avantageuses.

Octobre 20.]—J'ai lu *Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxi, xxii, xiii. p. 204—237*. Après avoir parti de l'Istrie où les fables Grecques cherchoient vainement une embouchure du Danube, Cluvier revient sur ses pas pour examiner

was the easiest in the Alps. It was then transported by navigable rivers from *Nauportus* to the Danube. 3. The merchants of *Aquileia* must have been great gainers by dealing in slaves, whom they purchased at a cheap rate. They had cost nothing but blood to their barbarous masters ; to keep them in whose hands would have been not only useless, but expensive and dangerous. But they were valuable articles of trade with polished nations. Italy alone demanded a constant and large supply, for the purposes of domestic service, the shows, and agriculture. Slaves who had only bodily strength were sure of selling well ; but when they shewed any disposition for the arts and sciences, their new masters were careful to cultivate it ; and then sold at a high price that mind and ingenuity which they had not purchased. That principle of improvement, which has place only in man, became a gainful object of commerce. The slave trade, it may be remarked, can be supported only by barbarians ; for civilised nations purchase slaves, but do not produce them. 4. The merchants of *Aquileia* bought slaves with wine and oil, the produce of their country ; so that both the exports and imports were much in their favour.

October 20.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxi, xxii, xxiii. p. 204—337*. After speaking of *Istria*, where the Greek fables vainly placed the mouth of the Danube,

examiner la Gaule Cisalpine. Il commence par donner une idée générale du pays, et des colonies qui y passèrent de la Gaule Celtique ; et ses premiers détails sont sur les *Lævi* et les *Libici*, qui habitoient les frontières du Piémont et du Milanois, et qui étoient dans la dépendance de la puissante nation des *Insubres*.

Je suis monté à la bibliothèque publique, dont mon ami Pavillard me confie la clé, pour consulter quelques livres. 1. *Une Dissertation de M. Freret dans le vingt quatrième tome des Mémoires de l'Académie* ; où il étoit question du fameux passage de Plin sur l'enceinte de Rome. J'en ai lu l'explication, et je l'ai abrégée. C'étoit par rapport à Nardini. 2. Ces Gaulois, dont je viens de parler, m'ont rendu curieux du sort de l'autre colonie qui s'est jettée en Allemagne dans le même tems. Pour cet effet j'ai consulté *Le Germania Antiqua de Cluvier*. 3. J'ai pareillement consulté le *Dictionnaire des Antiquités de Pitiscus*, par rapport à plusieurs passages de Juvénal. Les articles *Abella*, *Mandra*, *Bardaicus*, *Leſtica*, *Carpentum*, *Rheda*, *Effedum*, et *Cisum*, m'ont utilement occupé. Celui de *Leſtica* surtout me paroît très bien fait.

J'ai achevé le vingt cinquième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. Je ne l'avois pas négligé, mais on m'avoit fait attendre la suite. J'ai trouvé dans ce volume le *Quintilien de Gesner* : bonne édition d'un écrivain excellent. *Journal du Voyage de M. le Légat Mezzabarba à la*
Chine,

nube, he returns backwards to examine Cisalpine Gaul. He begins by giving a general notion of the country, and the colonies which went from Celtic Gaul. The first particulars which he mentions relate to the *Lævi* and *Libici*, who inhabited the frontiers of Piedmont and the Milanese, and who depended on the powerful nation of the *Insubres*.

I went to the public library, of which my friend Pavillard had given me the key, to consult some books — 1. A Dissertation, by Mr. Freret, treating of the famous passage in Pliny concerning the circuit of Rome. I read and abridged his explanation, with a view to Nardini. 2. The Gauls, whom I just mentioned, made me curious to know the fate of the other colony, which penetrated at the same time into Germany. For this purpose, I consulted Cluverius's *Germania Antiqua*. 3. I also consulted Pitiscus's Dictionary of Antiquities, for clearing up some difficulties in Juvenal. The articles *Abella*, *Mandra*, *Bardaicus*, *Leſtica*, *Carpentum*, *Rheda*, *Effedum*, and *Cisum*, furnished me with agreeable occupation. That of *Leſtica* is particularly well treated.

I finished the twenty-fifth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. I had not neglected that work, but was obliged to wait for the continuation. It contains *Quintilian*, by *Gesner* : a good edition of an excellent author. — *The Voyage of the Legate Mezzabarba*

Chine, par le Pere Viani. Il est question de cette controverse ridicule sur les cérémonies Chinoises. Il paroît par cette relation que l'empereur s'est bien donné la comédie avec la simplicité du bon Légat, et les artifices des Jésuites qu'il méprisoit comme missionnaires, quoiqu'il les estimât en qualité de gens de lettres. *Stricturæ Juris Romani, par Jensonius.* Cet auteur apporte des argumens très forts pour prouver que le code de Justinien a été composé en Grec, et que le texte Latin qui nous reste n'en est qu'une version. *Anti Machiavel.* Rheinsberg et Potzdam inspirent des idées très différentes; l'un a produit l'Anti Machiavel, l'autre les *Instructions Militaires*. Mais quand le roi de Prusse écrit un ouvrage sur la justice et la clémence, il convenoit que Voltaire le publiât à ses dépens. *L'Histoire du Danemarck, par Cragius; le premier Extrait.* Il ne contient que la vie de l'auteur, qui a vécu à la fin du seizième siècle. *Corpus Juris Germanici:* ouvrage publié sous les yeux de M. Heineccius. Il forme un recueil des loix des anciens peuples de l'Allemagne aussi intéressant pour la philosophie, qu'il l'est pour la jurisprudence. M. Heineccius, dans une savante préface, prouve très bien que les Franks firent les fameuses loix Saliques, dans le tems qu'ils étoient encore payens, et établis dans la Franconie, peu de tems avant l'élection de leur premier roi, en un mot vers l'an 400; qu'ils les rédigèrent en Latin, comme elles

to China, by Father Viani. It treats of the idle controversy respecting the Chinese ceremonies. It appears from the narrative that the emperor had diverted himself at the expence of the good legate, and with the intrigues of the Jesuits, whom he despised as missionaries, though he esteemed them as men of letters.—*Stricturæ Juris Romani, a Jensonio.* This writer alleges strong arguments for proving that Justinian's Code was written in Greek, and that the Latin text, which has come down to us, is only a translation.—*Anti Machiavel.* Reinsberg and Potzdam inspire very different ideas; the one produced the Anti Machiavel, and the other, the Military Instructions. When the king of Prussia composed a work on justice and clemency, it was fit that Voltaire should be at the expence of publishing it.—*The History of Denmark, by Cragius; first Extract.* It contains only the author's life, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century.—*Corpus Juris Germanici:* a work published under the eyes of Heineccius, containing a collection of the laws of the ancient nations of Germany, equally interesting to the philosopher and the lawyer. Mr. Heineccius, in a learned preface, proves clearly, that the Franks made the famous Salic laws, when they were yet Pagans, and still remained in Franconia, a little before the election of their first king; in one word, towards the year 400; and that they wrote them in Latin,

elles sont à présent, mais que les rois Chrétiens y firent quelques changemens.

Octobre 21.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxiv, xxv, xxvi, xxvii*. Les *Insubres*, les *Orobii*, les *Cenomani*, et les *Ananes* ou *Anamani*. Une chose qui prouve que la différence des noms n'implique pas toujours celle des nations, et que cette dernière différence est souvent plutôt politique que physique ; c'est que des noms de neuf peuples Gaulois établis en Italie, on n'en retrouve que quatre dans leur ancienne patrie ; et que les *Boii*, à peine connus dans les Gaules, formoient en Germanie et en Italie la plus nombreuse et la plus formidable de toutes ces colonies. J'ai compté les *Insabres* parmi les Gaulois sur l'autorité de tous les anciens. J'ai vu avec surprise que M. Freret les range parmi les *Ombri* ; Polybe les appelle toujours *Isombri*, et ce mot en Celtique signifie les *Bas Ombri* *. Mais ce même Polybe convient qu'ils étoient Gaulois † ; et quand il n'en conviendrait pas, son autorité très grande d'ailleurs, ne l'emporteroit pas ici sur les voix réunies de l'antiquité. L'exactitude et la bonne foi brillent dans ses ouvrages. Il étoit militaire, politique, et philosophe ; mais je doute qu'il fût bon grammairien ou antiquaire profond.

* V. Origine des Peuples d'Italie, dans le dix huitième tome de l'Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres.

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Latin, as they still remain, except that the first Christian kings made some alterations.

October 21.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxiv, xxv, xxvi, xxvii*. He treats of the *Insabres*, *Orobii*, *Cenomani*, *Ananes* or *Anamani*. The difference of names does not always infer that of nations; and this last difference is often grounded on political rather than physical reasons; for of the nine Gallic nations established in Italy, the names of four only are to be found in their native country; and the *Boii*, scarcely known in Gaul, formed both in Germany and in Italy the most numerous and formidable of all the Gallic colonies. I reckoned the *Insabres* among the Gauls, on the authority of all the ancients; but was surprised to see Mr. Freret classing them with the *Ombri*. Polybius indeed calls them *Isombri*, which in Celtic signifies the Lower *Ombri* †. But Polybius acknowledges them for Gauls ‡; and even did he maintain the contrary, his authority, great as it is, ought not to prevail over the united testimony of antiquity. Accuracy and probity shine in his writings. He was a soldier, a statesman, and a philosopher: but I doubt whether he was a good grammarian, or a profound antiquary.

† See The Origin of the Nations of Italy, in the eighteenth volume of the History of the Academy of Belles Lettres.

‡ Polybe, L. ii. apud Cluver *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxii. p. 228, 229.*

Octobre 22.]—Avant que de renvoyer Nardini que la bibliothèque de Geneve me redemandoit, je l'ai repasé avec soin ce matin, tachant d'imprimer toutes les idées principales dans ma mémoire. L'infirmité humaine en laisse toujours échapper une partie, mais je vois avec plaisir qu'il m'en reste, et qu'il m'en restera beaucoup.

J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxviii, xxix. p. 271—316*. C'étoit fort bien. Comme j'ai passé le jour dehors, je n'ai eu que la soirée, et l'après souper pour ce travail. Ces deux chapitres comprennent le reste de la Gaule Cispadane. Les *Boii*, les *Lingones*, et les *Senones* habitoient les Duchés de Parme, de Modene, de Ferrare, d'Urbino, le Bolognois, et la Romagne. Les Gaulois s'étendoient alors jusqu'à l'*Æsis*, qui les séparoit de l'Italie. Mais bientôt les Romains exterminèrent la nation des *Senones*, ajoutèrent son pays à l'Umbrie, et établirent le Rubicon pour la frontière de l'Italie. Convaincus que des nations Gauloises en deçà du Po, leur seroient toujours redoutables, ils obligèrent encore les *Boii* à quitter leur pays. Ils refondirent en un mot toute cette province, qu'ils remplirent de places fortes, et de colonies Romaines; politique nécessaire, mais ruineuse; ils dépeuplèrent le pays pour le conserver; quelques villes fondées par les vainqueurs, remplaçoient bien mal ces tribus nombreuses de barbares répandus dans

October 22.—Before returning Nardini, which was wanted for the public library of Geneva, I this morning again went over it carefully, endeavouring to impress its principal contents on my memory. Human infirmity always loses a part; but I see with pleasure that much remains, and will continue to remain, with me.

I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxviii, xxix. p. 271—316*. This was a good deal, considering that I spent the day abroad, and had only the evening, before and after supper, for study. These two chapters comprise the rest of Cispadane Gaul. The *Boii*, *Lingones*, and *Senones*, inhabited the duchies of Parma and Modena, of Ferrara and Urbino; as well as the particular districts of the Romagna and Bolognese. The Gauls therefore extended to the river *Æsis*, which separated them from Italy. But speedily the Romans expelled the *Senones*, and added their country to Umbria, establishing the Rubicon for the boundary of Italy. As they were persuaded that the Gallic nations on their side of the Po could always be formidable neighbours, they compelled the *Boii* to quit their country. They new-modelled, in fine, the whole province, which they filled with Roman fortresses; a necessary but ruinous policy, which, in order to preserve the dominion of countries, rendered them desolate; for a few cities, built and peopled by the conquerors, ill compensated for the loss of the numerous tribes of barbarians formerly inhabiting the plains, forests, and mountains. This province was

crossed

dans les campagnes, dans les forêts, et dans les montagnes. Le chemin d'*Emilius* traversoit la province de *Pollentia* à *Ariminum*; on y rencontroit un grand nombre de villes florissantes. Mais dèsqu'on quittoit cette ligne, on ne trouvoit que des déserts. Tout étoit l'ouvrage de l'art et de l'ostentation. Dans les derniers tems de la république, cette province fut le théâtre de plusieurs événemens intéressans. 1. La campagne de Modene entre Marc Antoine et les Consuls. 2. L'entrevue des Triumvirs dans la petite île du *Renus*, auprès de Bologne. 3. Le passage du Rubicon par Jules César. Les lieux sont très bien désignés par Cluvier, et chaque circonstance fixée à son endroit propre. Le passage du Rubicon fourniroit matière à un bon commentaire politique et militaire. César avoit toujours fait de Lucques son quartier d'hiver, quand il ne vouloit que voir ses amis plus commodément, et se rapprocher de Rome sans sortir de sa province. Mais à la veille d'une guerre, il s'établit à Ravenne. Tachons de deviner ses motifs. 1. Il vouloit s'emparer du *Picenum*, pays riche et bien peuplé, et arracher ainsi à son rival une province qui étoit entièrement dévouée à la famille de Pompée, et d'où ce général auroit pu en effet faire sortir les légions, en frappant du pied. 2. Il vouloit tourner la capitale. S'il avoit marché droit à Rome, Pompée se seroit emparé des passages difficiles; il auroit arrêté sa marche,

-et

crossed by the Emilian road from Pollentia to Ariminum, which on both sides shewed many flourishing towns. But at a little distance from the road nothing was to be seen but deserts: the rest was the work of artifice and ostentation. In the latter times of the republic, the transpadane region was the scene of many important transactions. 1. The war of Modena, between Mark Antony and the Consuls. 2. The interview of the Triumvirs in the little island of Renus, near Bologna. 3. The passage of the Rubicon by Julius Caesar. The events and places are well ascertained by Cluverius. The passage of the Rubicon might be the subject of a good political and military commentary. Caesar had always fixed his winter quarters at Lucca, when he wished only to communicate more easily with his friends at Rome, without leaving his province. But at the approach of war, he established his quarters at Ravenna. Let us endeavour to explain his motives for this alteration. 1. He wished to get possession of Picenum, a rich and populous country, and thus deprive Pompey of the resources which he might have found in a province extremely devoted to his family, and from which that general might have made legions spring up merely by striking the ground with his foot. 2. He wished to turn the capital with his army. Had he attempted to march straight to Rome, Pompey would have made himself master of the difficult

et l'Italie seroit devenue le théâtre de la guerre. Mais en se portant sur *Ariminum*, *Asculum*, *Corfinium*, et *Sulme*, il paroissoit couper la retraite à ses ennemis, et il leur inspira une telle épouvante par cette conduite assurée, qu'ils ne se crurent en sûreté qu'en se sauvant avec précipitation à *Brundisium*. 3. Il vouloit s'assurer d'*Ariminum*. Cette place importante étoit éloignée du *Rubicon* de dix huit milles sur la voye Emilienne, et de onze milles seulement sur le chemin de Ravenne. César pouvoit pousser des corps de troupes jusqu'à cette rivière sous vingt prétextes différens, mais dès l'instant qu'il la passoit, il levoit le masque, et il n'étoit plus question que de s'assurer d'*Ariminum* par une marche forcée, et par un coup de main. Dans une pareille entreprise, il n'est pas nécessaire d'être César pour sentir de quelle importance étoit cette différence de sept milles ou de deux heures de marche.

Octobre 23.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxx, xxxi, xxxii: p. 316—355*; qui contiennent une description géographique des Alpes en général, de leurs différentes parties, les Alpes maritimes, Cottiennes, Grecques, Pennines, Rhetiques, Tridentines, Noriques, Carniques, Juliennes, et Pannoniques, et de quelques montagnes en particulier, telles que *Vesulus*, *Matrona*, *Adula*, et *Ocra*.

J'ai

passed, and stopped his progress; and Italy would have become the theatre of war. But by marching towards Ariminum, Asculum, Corfinium, and Sulma, he made it seem to be his design to cut off the retreat of his enemies; and his boldness threw them into such consternation, that they hastened to embark at Brundisium. 3. He wished to make sure of Ariminum. This important place was distant from the Rubicon eighteen miles by the Emilian road, and only eleven by that of Ravenna. Cæsar could send forward bodies of troops to the river under twenty different pretences, but the moment he passed it, his designs were unmasked. Ariminum, therefore, was to be surprized by a forced march; and it is not necessary to be Cæsar, to perceive how much that enterprise might be facilitated by diminishing the distance by seven miles, or a march of two hours.

October 23.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxx, xxxi, xxxii. p. 316—355*; which contains a general description of the Alps, as well as of their particular branches, distinguished by the epithets, Maritime, Cottian, Greek, Pennine, Rhetian, Tridentine, Noric, Carnic, Julian, Pannonian; and also a description of some particular mountains, as *Vesulus*, *Matrona*, *Adula*, and *Ocra*.

J'ai achevé le vingt sixième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*.—*Harangues de Lyfias*, par le Docteur Taylor : belle et bonne édition d'un orateur assez languissant. La harangue qu'on a insérée en entier, donne une idée fort exacte de l'économie domestique d'un ménage Athénien.—*Histoire de la Poésie Française*, par l'Abbé Maffieu. L'ouvrage est imparfait ; mais on y reconnoit le goût et l'aménité de son auteur. On parle des vers de l'empereur Adrien à son ame, et de ceux de la Princesse Marguerite avant son naufrage ; mais ceux que composa Villon, après son arrêt de mort, et d'une mort infame, sont bien plus extraordinaires.—*Théologie de l'Eau*, par M. Fabricius : bonne compilation philosophique.—*Dialogues de Cortesi sur les Savans de l'Italie*, après le Rétablissement des Lettres. Cortesi avoit de l'esprit, mais il étoit Ciceronien outré et ridicule *.—*Lettres sur Rousseau et Saurin*. Ce sont deux lettres indépendantes ; celle-ci est de l'Abbé d'Olivet ; celle-la d'un Lausannois anonyme. La dernier veut seulement attaquer Saurin, mais l'Abbé d'Olivet prend la défense de Rousseau. Que ce procès interminable a fait de bruit !—*Histoire du Dannemarck*, par Cragius ; deuxième Extrait. Meursius n'avoit pas mal profité du MS. de Cragius.

Octobre 24.]—J'ai fin le premier livre de Cluvier, C. xxxiii, xxxiv. p. 355—418. Il y traite des passages des Alpes et des premiers qui les ont frayés ;

I read the sixteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the *Orations of Lyfias*, by Doctor Taylor : a good and beautiful edition of a languid orator. The oration, which is inserted entire, gives a very accurate idea of the oeconomy of an Athenian family.—*The History of French Poetry*, by the Abbé Maffieu. The work is imperfect ; but it sufficiently indicates the taste and amenity of its author. He speaks of the verses of the Emperor Adrian to his soul, and of those made by the Princess Margaret before her shipwreck ; but those of Villon, after his condemnation to an infamous death, are still more extraordinary.—*The Theology of Water*, by Mr. Fabricius : a good philosophical composition.—*Cortesi's Dialogues on the learned Men of Italy*, after the Revival of Letters. Cortesi had talents ; but he is liable to all the ridicule of a hyperbolical Ciceronian.—*Letters on Rousseau and Saurin*. These letters are unconnected : the first is by the Abbe d'Olivet ; the second by an anonymous writer of Lausanne. This writer only attacks Saurin ; but the Abbé undertakes to defend Rousseau. To how many pleadings has this endless process given birth !—*History of Denmark*, by Cragius ; second Extract. Meursius much availed himself of Cragius's manuscript.

October 24.]—I finished the first book of Cluverius, C. xxxiii, xxxiv. p. 355—418. He treats of the passages of the Alps, and of the first who crossed them ; Her-
cules,

frayés; d'Hercule, des Gaulois, d'Annibal, d'Asdrubal, et de Pompée. La discussion de la marche d'Annibal, et de la route que prit ce général pour entrer en Italie, est savante et curieuse. Après avoir lu et médité avec attention ce qu'on dit de plus intéressant la dessus, voici les idées principales que je m'en suis formé. 1. Si l'on ne cherche qu'à compiler des passages, on peut entasser toutes les autorités de l'antiquité et du moyen age, et couvrir ainsi par une richesse apparente une pauvreté réelle. Mais si l'on veut éplucher toutes ces autorités par les règles d'une saine critique, on trouvera que de tous ces auteurs, il n'y en a que deux, que l'on puisse qualifier d'originaux, et que tous les autres n'ont fait que les copier. Ces deux auteurs ce sont Tite Live et Polybe. S'ils étoient d'accord, nous n'aurions plus qu'à les étudier et à les suivre. Malheureusement ce parti n'est pas possible; leurs sentimens sont différens: il faut opter. Le premier fait traverser à Annibal les Alpes Cottiennes, c'est proprement le Mont Geneve auprès de Turin, pour le faire entrer par ces passages dans le pays des *Taurini*, ou la plaine du Piémont. Le dernier le mene par le *Summus Penninus*, ou le Grand St. Bernard, dans le pays des *Salassi*, ou le *Val d'Aoste*. 2. Il faut donc opter. Pour le faire d'un manière judicieuse, il faut peser les caractères de ces deux écrivains, et la nature de leur témoignage. Personne n'admire

cules, the Gauls, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Pompey. The discussion concerning Hannibal's march, and the road which he followed into Italy, is learned and curious. The following is the result of my reading and careful reflexion on the subject. 1. By heaping together passages, and collecting all the authorities furnished by antiquity and the middle ages, it is easy to conceal our real poverty under the ostentation of riches; but when these authorities are weighed in the balance of sound criticism, we shall find but two authors deserving the name of originals, who have been servilely copied by all their followers. These two are Livy and Polybius. Did their accounts correspond, nothing would remain but to study and follow them; but unfortunately their sentiments are so different, that this is impossible, and we must make an option. Livy carries Hannibal over the Cottian Alps, properly Mount Genevre, near Turin, and makes him descend by this passage into the country of the Taurini, now the plain of Piedmont. Polybius leads him by the *Summus Penninus*, or Great St. Bernard, in the country of the Salassi, now the valley of Aoust. 2. To decide judiciously between these opposite authorities, we must weigh the character of the witnesses, and consider the nature of their testimony. Nobody admires more than I do, the historical merit of Livy, the majestic flow of his narrative; in which events follow each other

n'admire plus que moi les talens historiques de Tite Live ; la marche majestueuse de sa narration, qui fait succéder les événemens les uns aux autres rapidement, mais sans confusion, et sans précipitation ; et l'énergie égale et soutenue de son style, qui arrache ses lecteurs de leurs cabinets pour les placer sur le théâtre. Mais il faut écarter ici l'orateur, pour ne voir que le témoin. Je n'apperçois plus qu'un homme de lettres, nourri dans la poussière de l'école, peu instruit de l'art militaire, négligent sur la géographie, et qui a vécu deux cens ans après Annibal. Je sens même dans tout ce récit que Tite Live a voulu plutôt plaire à l'imagination par une fable romanesque, que satisfaire à l'esprit par une histoire vraie et judicieuse. Le Dieu qui apparut au général Carthaginois *, ces montagnes inaccessibleles à tout autre qu'à lui, le vinaigre avec lequel il fendit les rochers † ; tous ces faits sont racontés sans critique et sans défiance. C'est Homere que nous lisons, et c'est Achille dont nous suivons les exploits. Dans Polybe, tout est raisonné, tout est simple et sans parure ; une justesse d'esprit peu commune dans son siècle et dans son pays, réunie avec une sécheresse d'imagination qui y étoit encore plus rare, lui faisoit facilement préférer le vrai qu'il connoissoit à fonds, aux agrémens qu'il méprisoit peut être encore plus, parcequ'il en étoit incapable. Il avoit examiné lui même tout le pays entre l'Ebre et le Po, et il l'avoit examiné avec des yeux attentifs et éclairés. Il pouvoit y recueillir tous les vestiges

other with rapidity, yet without hurry or confusion ; and the continual beauty and energy of his style, which transports his readers from their closets to the scene of action. But here we have to do, not with the orator, but with the witness. Considered in this view, Livy appears merely as a man of letters covered with the dust of his library, little acquainted with the art of war, careless in point of geography, and who lived two centuries after Hannibal's expedition. In the whole of his recital, we may perceive rather a romantic picture, calculated to please the fancy, than a faithful and judicious history, capable of satisfying the understanding. The god who appeared to the Carthaginian general *, the mountains accessible to him alone, the vinegar with which he split the rocks †, are fables which Livy relates without criticism as without suspicion. We seem to read Homer describing the exploits of Achilles. In Polybius, on the other hand, we meet with nothing but unadorned simplicity and plain reason. A justness of thinking rare in his age and country, united with a sterility of fancy still more rare, made him prefer the truth, which he thoroughly knew, to ornaments which he was perhaps the more inclined to despise, because he felt himself incapable of attaining them. He had examined, attentively and skilfully, with his own eyes,

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 22.

† Id. *ibid.* 37.

vestiges précieux d'une tradition que soixante ans n'avoient pas encore effacés ; il pouvoit s'entretenir avec des vieillards du pays qui s'étoient opposé dans leur jeunesse au passage d'Annibal ; ou qui avoient combattu sous ses drapeaux. Il avoit entrepris ce voyage difficile dans le dessein même de s'instruire sur les lieux, et d'opposer à toutes les fables qui inondoient déjà le public, une histoire vraie et simple de cette fameuse expédition des Carthaginois *. L'ouvrage qu'il nous a laissé, est le fruit de ce dessein. Pour achever ce parallèle, je n'ai plus qu'une observation à ajouter. Il est aussi difficile de concilier Tite Live avec lui même qu'avec son antagoniste. Les contradictions et les obscurités qu'il a sémées dans son recit, embarrassent les plus habiles géographes †. Tout est clair, tout est lié dans le narré de Polybe. La vallée, qui est partagée par le cours du Rhône, détermine le pays dont Annibal s'approcha pour entrer dans les Alpes ; le territoire des *Insubres* se présenta à ce général à sa sortie des montagnes ‡. L'une et l'autre circonstance conviennent parfaitement au passage du Grand St. Bernard. 3. Tite Live sous l'empire d'Auguste n'a pu parler des événemens de la seconde guerre Punique, que sur des autorités plus anciennes que lui. Un passage de cet historien nous découvre les garans qu'il a eu pour les détails

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the country between the Po and the Ebro : where he might collect the precious remains of tradition which the period of sixty years had not been able to efface ; and where he might converse with some of the old men of the country, who had in their youth either resisted Hannibal's invasion, or followed his standard. His journey to those parts was undertaken with the express purpose of gaining information in the country itself, and of substituting, instead of the fables which already overflowed the public, a plain and authentic history of this famous expedition of the Carthaginians *. The work which has come down to us, is the fruit of this design. To finish the parallel, I must add that Livy's narrative cannot be reconciled with itself any more than with that of Polybius. His obscurities and contradictions baffle the ablest geographers † ; whereas the account of Polybius is clear and well connected. The valley, being divided by the Rhone, ascertains the country through which Hannibal made his approach to the Alps ; from which he emerged into the territory of the *Insubres* ‡. Both these circumstances clearly indicate the passage of the great St. Bernard. 3. Livy, in the Augustan age, could not describe the events of the second Punic war but from ancient authorities. A passage in this historian informs us who was his voucher for the par-

* Polyb. Hist. L. iii. Cluver Ital. Antiq. L. i. C. xxiii. p. 363.

† Cluver. L. i. C. xxxiii. p. 370—375.

‡ Polyb. Hist. L. iii. Cluver, L. i. p. 365.

de la marche d'Annibal. C'est Annibal lui-même. Cette autorité ne l'emporte-t-elle pas sur celle de Polybe ? ou plutôt, que peut-on opposer au témoignage d'un général qui rend compte des pays qu'il a parcourus ? Je vais développer ce fait intéressant. Ce détail curieux en lui-même, répandra un grand jour sur toute cette question. L. Cintius Alimintus, un des plus anciens annalistes de la république, avoit été fait prisonnier dans la seconde guerre Punique. Sa prison le mit à portée d'entendre une conversation d'Annibal, où ce général avoua, que depuis son passage du Rhône, jusqu'à sa descente en Italie, dans la pays des *Taurini*, il avoit perdu trente six mille hommes, et un grand nombre de chevaux *. Cette conversation, que Cintius avoit conservée dans son histoire, a fait pencher la balance, et a déterminé Tite Live à rejeter le système reçu, qui conduisoit Annibal en Italie par le pays de *Salassi*, et non par celui des *Taurini*. Voici les paroles de l'original : *Ex ipso autem audisse Hannibale, postquam Rhodanum transferit, triginta sex millia hominum, ingentemque numerum equorum, et aliorum jumentorum amisisse in Taurinis, quæ Gallis proxima gens est, in Italiam digresso.* Avant que de voir si cette conversation est aussi décisive qu'elle le paroît au premier coup d'œil, je pourrois demander si elle est bien constatée.

ticulars of Hannibal's march. It was Hannibal himself. Is not this authority better than that of Polybius ? or rather, what can be said in opposition to the testimony of a general giving an account of the country through which he passed ? This interesting circumstance deserves to be explained, and the explanation, curious in itself, will throw much light on the whole question. L. Cintius Alimintus, one of the most ancient annalists of the republic, was taken prisoner in the second Punic war. His captivity gave him an opportunity of one night hearing the conversation of Hannibal, in which that general confessed, that from the time when he passed the Rhone, to that of his entering the country of the Taurini in Italy, he had lost 36,000 men, and a great number of horses *. This conversation, which was preserved by Cintius in his history, was sufficient to turn the balance, and to make Livy reject the received account, which brought Hannibal into Italy by the country of the Salassi, and not that of the Taurini. The following are the words of the original : *Ex ipso autem audisse Hannibale, postquam Rhodanum transferit, triginta sex millia hominum, ingentemque numerum equorum, et aliorum jumentorum amisisse in Taurinis, quæ Gallis proxima gens est, in Italiam digresso.* Before examining whether this conversation be as decisive as it at first sight appears, it may be asked whether it actually took place. Vanity is so

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 38.

flatée. La vanité est un si grand principe, et l'idée d'avoir puisé son information de la bouche d'un héros, et d'un héros ennemi, est si séduisante, que cet Annibal a pu n'être qu'un soldat assez mal instruit du camp des Carthaginois. Je conviens cependant de bonne foi, que la simple possibilité ne suffit point, pour autoriser ce soupçon, sans y pouvoir ajouter des connoissances, dont nous sommes privés, celles du caractère personnel de Cintius, du jugement que ses contemporains ont porté de son histoire, et s'il la publia du vivant d'Annibal, ou après sa mort. Je renonce donc entièrement à ce soupçon; je suppose la vérité de cette conversation, et je me bornerai à quelques observations la dessus. 1. Y auroit il de la témérité à récuser l'autorité d'Annibal, et à lui préférer celle de Polybe? Un géographe étudie un pays dans les signes et les noms arbitraires que les hommes lui ont imposé. Un général l'étudie en lui-même. Il se place sur une hauteur pour embrasser une grande étendue; il monte à cheval pour en parcourir le détail; il s'informe des gens du pays, des circonstances qu'il ne peut pas connoître par lui-même. Dès qu'il a acquis cette science réelle des lieux, celle des noms n'est presque un objet de curiosité. C'est surtout dans un pays barbare, que le petit nombre de ces noms, qui s'est placé par hasard dans sa mémoire, s'efface bientôt de son esprit. Ses occupations se succèdent avec rapidité, et ses anciennes idées s'affoiblissent insensiblement, pour faire place à celles qui sont plus importantes,

strong a principle, and the notion of deriving our intelligence from the mouth of a hero, and an enemy, is so flattering to the mind, that this Hannibal perhaps was no other than some very ill-informed soldier belonging to the Carthaginian camp. I acknowledge, however, that bare possibility is not sufficient to justify this suspicion, unless we could support it by proofs which are now wanting, namely, the personal character of Cintius, the opinion formed by contemporaries of his history, and the time of its publication before or after Hannibal's death. I give up therefore this conjecture; and, taking the conversation for authentic, shall make some remarks on its purport. 1. Is it possible without temerity to reject the authority of Hannibal for that of Polybius? A geographer studies countries in the names or arbitrary signs by which they are known. A general studies the countries themselves. He ascends an eminence to learn the general outline, and mounts on horseback to examine the detail; conversing with the inhabitants to discover circumstances which would otherwise escape his observation. Having acquired this real knowledge of the places themselves, he is careless of the names by which they are called. These names are easily effaced from his memory, especially in barbarous countries, where their number is small. His multiplied occupations rapidly succeed to each other; and his old ideas are

tantes, parcequ'elles sont plus nouvelles. Dans quel tourbillon Annibal n'a-t-il pas vécu depuis son passage des Alpes jusqu'à la bataille de Cannes ? car je décide hardiment que Cintius n'a pu être fait prisonnier avant cette affaire mémorable. Jamais auparavant le vainqueur ne s'étoit humanisé avec ses captifs Romains, au point de leur parler avec quelque douceur *. Ne peut on pas soupçonner qu'au bout de deux ans, sa mémoire ne l'aura pas fidèlement servi à l'égard de ces noms barbares ? Dans la fameuse retraite des dix mille, nous possédons le général et l'écrivain dans la même personne. Sa relation n'est pas cependant exempte de quelques erreurs, et de quelques difficultés géographiques. Si l'on conçoit la négligence de Zenophon dans une composition travaillée, celle d'Annibal dans la simple conversation, ne doit pas nous surprendre. 2. Ces doutes me paroissent légitimes ; je sens néanmoins qu'ils ont un air un peu trop recherché, et que le grand nom d'Annibal en imposera toujours. Eh bien ! ne doutons plus de son exactitude ; mais n'est il pas permis de douter de sa sincérité ? Selon les maximes barbares de l'antiquité, un prisonnier de guerre étoit traité en criminel. Il se voyoit chargé de fers, jetté dans un cachot, livré quelque fois à la cruauté des bourreaux, sans que la naissance, le rang, ou le mérite l'exemptassent de

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are gradually obliterated to make room for others which are more important, because more connected with the actual state of his affairs. In what a perpetual storm did Hannibal live after passing the Alps till he won the battle of Cannæ ? Cintius, I am persuaded, was not taken prisoner before that memorable engagement ; previously to which Hannibal was too much exasperated against the Romans to talk familiarly with his captives *. May it not therefore be suspected that at the end of two years he had lost an accurate recollection of those barbarous names ? In the famous retreat of the 10,000, the general has recorded his own exploits. His narrative, however, is not exempt from errors and geographical difficulties. The negligence of Xenophon in an elaborate composition, will remove our surprise at that of Hannibal in a simple conversation. 2. These doubts appear to me well founded ; yet I perceive that they have the appearance of too much refinement, and that the great name of Hannibal will be sufficient to make them vanish. - Let us give full credit, then, to his accuracy, and only inquire whether the same be due to his sincerity. According to the barbarous maxims of antiquity, a prisoner of war was treated as a criminal. He was loaded with irons, cast into a dungeon, delivered over sometimes to the cruelty of an executioner, without the smallest regard to his rank, birth, or merit. In this pretended

* Tit. Liv. xxii. 58.

ce fort affreux. Annibal déroge ici à ses maximes ordinaires; il s'entretient avec un prisonnier Romain, non seulement avec douceur, mais avec confiance. Cintius n'a pu avoir cette conversation, sans que le Carthaginois en fit naître l'occasion, et dans quel dessein l'auroit il fait naître, sinon dans celui de tromper? Peut être que ce général, à qui la ruse étoit aussi naturelle que la valeur, cherchoit à cacher aux Romains la route qu'il avoit prise, et à couvrir la marche des secours qu'il attendoit. Les Romains n'avoient jamais fait la guerre dans les Alpes, et la férocité de leurs habitans répandoit sur elles une nuit épaisse, qui permettoit à Annibal de faire croire tout ce qu'il vouloit à l'égard des lieux qu'il avoit parcourus. 3. Mais il me reste un moyen encore plus doux et plus naturel; c'est d'expliquer ce propos d'Annibal au lieu de le contester. Il vouloit donner une idée des pertes qu'il avoit essuyées en passant les montagnes, par les combats, par le froid, et par la fatigue. Il commence par son passage du Rhône, et il finit par son arrivée dans le territoire des *Taurini*. C'est en effet dans leur pays, et par la prise de leur capitale, qu'il commença la guerre en Italie *. Il falloit s'y arrêter, pour ne pas confondre deux choses très différentes, ce qu'il avoit perdu dans les Alpes, et ce qu'il perdit en Italie. Il n'étoit pas nécessaire que

conversation, Hannibal lays aside ordinary maxims, and talks with a Roman prisoner with not only mildness, but confidence. Cintius could not have had this interview with Hannibal, unless the Carthaginian had taken the trouble to bring it about; and with what view could that be, except to deceive him? Perhaps this general, who excelled as much in artifice as in valour, wished to conceal from the Romans the road by which he had entered into Italy, and to cover the march of the reinforcements which he yet expected. The Romans had never fought among the Alps, the ferocity of whose inhabitants had involved them in such obscurity, that Hannibal might make the prisoner believe what fables he pleased concerning the countries which he had traversed. 3. A way of arguing still more natural and milder remains, which is to explain Hannibal's conversation, instead of calling in question either its reality or sincerity. He wished to give an idea of the losses which he had sustained in passing the mountains, in consequence of battles, cold, and fatigue. He begins therefore from his crossing the Rhone, and ends at his arrival in the territory of the *Taurini*; since it was really in their country, and by taking their capital, that he began his operations in Italy *. Their territory, therefore, formed the limit between two things totally distinct; his losses in Italy and those in the Alps. It was not necessary that the coun-

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 39. Polyb. Hist. L. iii.

que le pays des *Taurini* fût le premier pays d'Italie qu'il trouvât à sa descente des Alpes, mais seulement que ce fut le premier où il livrât un combat. Tite Live adopte la première des explications ; mais la dernière me paroît très soutenable. Elle ôte à l'historien Latin la preuve qui lui paroît décisive. Elle se tourne contre lui, puisqu'elle ne sert plus qu'à découvrir la source de sa méprise. Non seulement l'autorité de Tite Live est réfutée, mais elle est détruite, et celle de Polybe subsiste seule, et sans rivale. J'avoue bien qu'on devine ce fameux passage, plutôt qu'on ne l'explique, tant la construction en est embarrassée, défectueuse, et même vicieuse. Les critiques ont voulu le corriger. N'est il pas plus naturel de dire que Tite Live avoit copié Cintius, et que celui-ci avoit conservé avec plaisir les propres paroles du général Carthaginois, dont la langue étoit celle d'un étranger. 4. Dans la recherche de la vérité historique, nous devons considérer l'autorité et la vraisemblance, le caractère de l'écrivain lui-même, et celui des faits qu'il rapporte. Si le premier est entièrement à l'avantage de Polybe, le dernier nous offre quelques circonstances qui s'expliquent difficilement dans son hypothèse, et qui paroissent même opposées à la vraisemblance. 1. Dès qu'on jette les yeux sur le carte, on est étonné et revolté du détour qu'Annibal a du faire pour traverser le St. Bernard, et l'on pense avec Tite Live qu'un général aussi habile, n'auroit jamais préféré une route longue, difficile,

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try of the *Taurini* should be the first place of Italy into which he descended from the Alps ; it sufficed that it was the first where he fought a battle. The former explication is adopted by Livy, but the latter appears to me very capable of being defended. It deprives the Latin historian of what appears to him a decisive proof. It even turns this alleged proof against himself, by laying open the source of his mistake. The argument on which Livy builds, is not only refuted, but destroyed ; and the authority of Polybius subsists alone and unrivalled. I confess indeed that the sense of this famous passage is rather guessed at, than explained ; so perplexed, defective, and faulty is its construction. Critics have endeavoured to correct it ; but it should seem more natural to say that Livy copied Cintius, and that the latter had preserved the very words of the Carthaginian general, who spoke Latin like a foreigner. 4. In our search after historic truth, we must pay a regard to authority and probability ; to the character of the author, and to the nature of the facts which he records. Although the first is entirely on the side of Polybius, yet the second offers some circumstances which it is difficult to explain on his hypothesis, and which appear even contrary to probability. 1. When we cast our eyes on the map, we must be surprized that a general of Hannibal's abilities should have followed so circuitous a road as that of St. Bernard, which

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et herissée de peuples barbares, qui étoient plus Germains que Gaulois. On a beau dire que le Carthaginois vouloit éviter la mer, et l'armée de Scipion. La raison est fondée ; mais pour sentir jusqu'où elle peut s'étendre, et si elle peut s'appliquer ici, il faut connoître la situation et les vues d'Annibal. Ce général, après avoir passé le Rhône, essuya un petit échec dans un combat de ses Numides avec la cavalerie de Scipion. Les Romains ne cherchoient qu'à engager une affaire générale ; mais Annibal, convaincu qu'on ne pouvoit les vaincre qu'en Italie, vouloit éviter une bataille. Il decampa sans bruit, gagna trois jours de marche sur l'ennemi, et arriva le quatrième, sans être poursuivi, à la jonction du Rhône et de l'Isère *. Les Romains ne pouvoient plus l'atteindre : trois jours de marche ne se regagnent pas sur un général actif, vigilant, et qui, par la supériorité de sa cavalerie légère, est en état de couvrir toutes ses manœuvres, et d'éclairer celle des ennemis. Annibal ne craignoit plus d'être poursuivi ; et il a du apprendre bientôt qu'il ne le seroit point, que l'armée de Scipion continuoit sa route en Espagne, et que ce Consul retournoit en Italie pour se mettre à la tête de celle qui étoit sur les bords du Po. Libre de cette inquiétude, il s'arrêta dans le pays des Allobroges,

was long, difficult, and surrounded by barbarians, who were rather Germans than Gauls. It is of no weight to say, that he wished to keep clear of the sea, and of the army of Scipio. The observation is just ; but to see whether it applies to the present question, we must make ourselves acquainted with Hannibal's situation and views. After he had passed the Rhone, his Numidians met with a little check from Scipio's cavalry. The Romans wished to come to a general engagement, which Hannibal desired to avoid, being convinced that they were only to be subdued in Italy itself. He therefore silently raised his camp, gained a march of three days on the enemy, and on the fourth day arrived, without being pursued, at the conflux of the Rhone and the Isere *. The Romans could not overtake him. The loss of three days is not to be recovered in contending with a general, active and vigilant ; and who, by the superiority of his light-armed cavalry, was able to conceal his own movements, and to make himself acquainted with those of the enemy. Hannibal was not therefore afraid of being pursued ; he soon learned that such fear would have been groundless ; that Scipio's army continued its march into Spain ; and that the consul himself returned into Italy, to take the command of the army on the banks of the Po. Hannibal being delivered from all uneasiness on this subject, made a halt in the country of the Allobroges, decided a contest between the heirs of the crown, and prepared his troops for the

* Strabon. Geog. L. iv. p. 141. Berger Histoire des grands Chemins, L. iii. C. 31. p. 471.

Allobroges, decida une controverse entre les héritiers du royaume, et fortifia ses troupes pour les fatigues qu'elles alloient essuyer. Le seul motif qui pouvoit encore le determiner sur le choix de sa route, étoit l'envie de prendre la plus courte et la plus commode. Or celle du grand St. Bernard n'étoit certainement pas la plus courte. 2. Elle n'étoit pas non plus la plus commode. Du tems d'*Auguste*, lorsque la politique Romaine avoit aplani les Alpes, ce prince construisit deux voyes militaires, qui partoient d'*Augusta Prætoria*, et qui se réunissoient à Lyon. Une des ces routes, qui traversoit les Alpes Pennines, étoit encore si difficile, qu'on ne pouvoit point y passer en voiture *. Qu'on juge maintenant ce qu'elles devoient être du tems d'Annibal, et qu'on croye que ce général qui trainoit après lui beaucoup de chevaux et d'éléphants, ait voulu, ou même qu'il ait pu, se frayer une route. 3. Annibal employa quinze jours à son passage, sur lesquels il en faut déduire quatre ; deux pendant lesquels il reposa sur le sommet, et deux autres qu'il employa à se faire un chemin dans la neige. La traversée des Alpes est de 1200 stades selon Polybe (150 milles Romains †). Ce calcul s'accorde avec l'état des lieux, mais s'accorde-t-il aussi avec la vraisemblance ? Une

* Le passage du Mont Pennin étoit cependant le plus court. Dans cet endroit les montagnes étoient fort resserrées.

armée

fatigues which they were going to undertake. In choosing his route into Italy, he could be determined by no other consideration but that of preferring the shortest and the most convenient. But the passage by St. Bernard is certainly not the shortest. 2. Neither is it the most convenient. In the reign of Augustus, when Roman policy had levelled the Alps, that prince made two military ways, which, diverging from *Augusta Prætoria*, again united at Lyons. One of those roads, which crossed the Pennine Alps, was still so difficult that it could not be passed by carriages †. When we consider how much more difficult it must have been in the time of Hannibal, it is not credible that that general should have been either willing, or able, to cross it with his great numbers of horses and elephants. 3. Hannibal consumed fifteen days in passing the Alps, from which four days must be deducted, two of which were spent on the top of the mountains, and two employed in clearing the road from the snow. The breadth of the Alps, according to Polybius, is 1200 stadia (150 Roman miles †). This calculation agrees with the geography of the country; but is the march consistent with pro-

† The passage by the Pennine Alps was, however, the shortest; here the mountains are much narrowed.

‡ Polyb. L. iii. Cluveri. C. 33. p. 382.

bability ?

armée nombreuse, peut elle faire quatorze milles par jour dans les Alpes, toujours occupée à lutter contre la difficulté des lieux, et souvent à repousser les attaques des montagnards ? Je défère beaucoup à l'autorité de Polybe, mais j'en doute. Voilà quelques difficultés qui se présentent dans le système de Polybe, et qui ne paroissent point à mépriser. 5. Rentrés, à force de recherches, dans notre première incertitude, quel parti faut il prendre ? Le récit de Polybe a toute l'évidence extérieure qu'on puisse demander ; celui de son rival paroît s'accorder mieux avec d'autres circonstances connues. Une seule réflexion peut nous déterminer. Il est plus vraisemblable que nous nous trompons, qu'il ne l'est que ces circonstances aient échappé à Polybe. Elles sont d'ailleurs fortes, mais elles ne sont pas décisives. La première et la plus importante dépend de plusieurs suppositions : que les textes de Polybe et de Tite Live sont corrompus ; qu'au lieu du *Scaras*, qui est inconnu, et de l'*Arar*, qui n'est pas à sa place, il faut lire *Ijara* dans l'un et dans l'autre. Je conviens que cette correction est des plus vraisemblables ; mais des vraisemblances qui découlent d'autres vraisemblances, s'affoiblissent en s'éloignant de leur source. Si je suppose de mon côté, 1. que les Allobroges occupoient alors une partie du territoire des *Ambarri* ; 2. que le mot *triduo* dans Tite Live est corrompu ; ou, 3. qu'Annibal passa le Rhône plus haut

bability ? Is it possible for a numerous army to proceed fourteen miles a-day, across mountains where the soldiers were obliged continually to struggle against the difficulties of the road, and often to repel the attacks of the mountaineers ? I have great respect for Polybius' authority, but cannot help doubting the fact. These are some of the difficulties which occur in his narrative, and which are not to be despised. 5. Our researches having brought us back to our first uncertainty, how are we to form an opinion ? Polybius' narrative has all the external evidence that can be desired ; but that of his rival seems more consistent with other circumstances that are well ascertained. One reflexion may suffice to regulate our decision. It is more probable that we should be deceived, than that the above circumstances should have escaped the notice of Polybius. These circumstances are indeed important ; but they are not decisive. The first and most considerable depends on many suppositions ; that the text both of Livy and Polybius is corrupt ; that instead of the unknown word *Scaras*, and of *Arar*, which is misplaced, we should read on both occasions *Ijara*. I acknowledge that this correction is extremely probable, but probabilities which result from other probabilities, continually grow weaker as they recede from their source. If I suppose on my side ; 1. that the Allobroges then occupied a part of the territory of the *Ambarri* ; 2. that the word *triduo* in Livy is corrupt ; 3. that Hannibal passed the Rhone higher

haut qu'on ne pense, la première objection s'évanouit d'elle-même. Annibal placé à la jonction du Rhône et de la Saône, prenoit la route la plus courte en passant le Grand St. Bernard. Concluons donc, mais avec un reste de scepticisme, que si le récit de l'historien Latin est plus vraisemblable, celui de l'écrivain Grec paroît plus vrai *. Une seule chose m'arrête. Dans la carte de l'expédition d'Annibal, par M. d'Anville, ce géographe exact, dont les positions sont toujours raisonnées, trace sa marche à travers les Alpes Cottiennes. L'autorité de ce savant, autorité encore plus grande, parcequ'il a caché les raisons qu'il a eues, m'en impose et m'arrête.

Octobre 25.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. i. p. 418—433*. L'auteur y traite du nom et de l'origine des *Etrusques*. Il rejette, avec Denys d'Halicarnasse, leur origine prétendue Lydienne, et comme cet historien, il les croit indigènes. Mais Cluvier étoit bon Chrétien; quelle idée pouvoit il attacher à ce mot? Il y en a cependant une, mais je doute que Cluvier l'ait appercue. C'est celle d'une nation qui se forme par la réunion d'un grand nombre de familles, qui s'étoient établies dans ce pays en diffé-

* Je n'ai presque rien tiré de Cluvier, que sa conclusion générale tournée très différemment. J'ai peu cité. La véritable citation, celle qui peut tenir lieu de toutes les autres, c'est le vingt-unième livre de Tite Live, le troisième livre de Polybe, et le trente troisième chapitre du premier livre de Cluvier.

rens

higher than is supposed, the first objection totally disappears. Hannibal, at the confluence of the Rhone and Soane, followed the shortest rout into Italy, when he crossed the Great St. Bernard. Let us conclude then, though with some remainder of scepticism, that though Livy's narrative has more of probability, yet that of Polybius has more of truth †. There is one perplexing consideration behind. In Mr. D'Anville's map of Hannibal's expedition, that accurate geographer, whose positions are always chosen on reflexion, makes the Carthaginians pass by the Cottian Alps. I am stopped and silenced by the authority of this learned man, which in this case is the greater, because he conceals the reasons on which his opinion is founded.

October 25.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. i. p. 418—433*. The author treats of the name and origin of the Tuscans. He rejects, with Dionysius of Halicarnassus, their pretended Lydian descent, and believes with that historian that they were indigenes. But as Cluverius was a good Christian, what idea could he affix to that word? There is, however, one, which I doubt whether he was sensible of: it is that of a nation

† I have copied nothing from Cluverius, except his general conclusion, very differently modified. I have cited but few authorities. The only important citations, which supersede all others, are the twenty-first book of Livy, the third book of Polybius, and the thirty-third chapter of the first book of Cluverius.

rens tems, et indépendamment les unes des autres. La nation, le corps politique, est indigene, quoique les individus ne le soient pas.

J'ai achevé *la Bibliothèque Raisonnée, le tome vingt septième*. J'y trouve, *Jubilé de l'Imprimerie, par M. Seiz*. On y soutient les prétensions de Harlem, et l'on tache de faire voir que Laurent Costar, bourgeois de cette ville, découvrit vers l'an 1440 ce bel art, que l'infidélité de Fauſte, son domestique, transporta bientôt à Mayence. Cette histoire me paroît claire, liée, et dégagée de difficultés; mais si l'on avoit inventé l'imprimerie à Harlem, il paroît singulier que tous les pays de l'Europe l'aient tenue, ou du moins qu'ils l'aient cru tenir, de Mayence. Tant de filles se feroient elles réunies pour méconnoître leur mere. Je n'ignore point le voyage de Corſelis en Angleterre; mais après la réfutation du Docteur Middleton, il n'est plus permis de citer cette fable.—*Recueil de quelques Opuscules sur la Prononciation de la Langue Grecque, par M. Havercamp*. Dans cette fameuse dispute, Erasme, avec sa prudence ordinaire, se servoit lui même de la prononciation ancienne, quoiqu'il parut approuver la nouvelle. Quand on voit les orages que cette dispute ridicule a suscité dans le commencement du seizième siecle, (et surtout à Cambridge,) on ne sauroit blamer sa réserve.—*Lettres d'Arétin*. C'est le commencement d'un grand recueil qu'on publie en Italie, des Lettres
des

formed by the re-union of different families, settled in the country at different times, and independently of each other. The nation and body politic is indigenous, but not the individuals.

I finished the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, volume the twenty-seventh. It contains the *Jubilée of Printing*, by Mr. Seiz. He supports the pretensions of Harlem, and endeavours to prove that Laurence Costar, a citizen of that place, discovered in 1440 that beautiful art, which the dishonesty of his servant Faustus carried with him to Mentz. The narrative appears clear, well connected, and free from difficulties; yet if printing was invented at Harlem, it appears extraordinary that all the countries of Europe should have received it, or believe they received it, from Mentz. Could so many daughters agree in mistaking their mother? I am not ignorant of Corſelis's voyage to England; but after Dr. Middleton's refutation, it is no longer allowable to cite that fable.—*A Collection of some small Works on the Pronunciation of Greek*, by Mr. Havercamp. In this famous dispute, Erasmus, with his ordinary prudence, used the ancient pronounciation, though he seemed to approve the new. When we consider the storms excited by this ridiculous question in the beginning of the sixteenth century, particularly at Cambridge, his caution will not appear blamable.—*Arretin's Letters*. The beginning of a great collection of letters between the learned men of the fifteenth century, which

des Savans du quinzième siècle. Il peut servir à l'histoire littéraire.—*Histoire de Dannemarck, par Cragius.* Elle me paroît assez bien faite. On y voit les commencemens de la réformation de ce pays, et la mauvaise foi d'Henri VIII. roi d'Angleterre.—*Le Czar Pierre I. en France.* C'est un Roman philosophique, le fruit d'une imagination vive et féconde, mais sans goût et sans règle. De pareils ouvrages éblouissent un instant, mais ils ne se soutiennent jamais.

Octobre 26.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. i. p. 434—455.* On est étonné de voir les arts, le luxe, et les richesses des Etrusques. J'ai de la peine à croire avec Cluvier, que la Gaule Cisalpine étoit l'ancienne patrie de cette nation. Il me paroît au contraire par tous les anciens, qu'elle habitoit, depuis les tems les plus reculés, l'Etrurie proprement dite ; et que dans la suite elle envoya deux grandes colonies, chacune composée, comme la métropole, de douze cités ; dont l'une chassa les *Ombri* de tout le pays entre les Alpes et l'Apennin, et l'autre s'établit dans la Campanie. Dans ce tems là, on pouvoit dire, presque sans hyperbole, que les Etrusques étoient maîtres de l'Italie entière. Les Gaulois, qui subjuguèrent la première de ces deux colonies, vers l'an 800 avant l'ère Chrétienne, la trouverent riche, puissante, et amollie par les délices. Sa métropole l'étoit encore davantage. Elle penchoit

which is publishing in Italy. It may be useful in literary history.—*The History of Denmark, by Cragius.* It appears to me well executed. We see in it the beginning of the reformation in that country, and the dishonesty of Henry VIII. of England.—*The Czar Peter I. in France :* a philosophical romance, the work of a lively and fruitful imagination, but destitute of taste or method. Such works dazzle for a moment, and are forgotten.

October 26.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. i. p. 434—455.* The arts, the luxury, and the riches of the Tuscans, are matter of astonishment. I can scarcely believe with Cluverius, that Cisalpine Gaul was the original seat of that nation. It appears to me on the contrary from ancient writers, that the Tuscans, from the remotest times, inhabited Etruria, properly so called, and sent forth two great colonies, each of which was like the mother-country, divided into twelve communities : one of which colonies expelled the *Ombri* from the whole of that tract which lies between the Alps and the Apennines ; while the other formed settlements in Campania. It might have been said in that age, almost without exaggeration, that the Tuscans were masters of Italy. The first of those colonies was subdued by the Gauls, eight centuries before the Christian æra, when it was already rich and powerful, but softened by luxury. The mother-country exhibited the same character in still stronger colours. It verged

penchoit déjà vers sa ruine. Combien de siècles ne leur a-t-il pas fallu pour cette progression lente, mais sûre, qui conduit une nation de la barbarie à l'industrie, aux arts, au luxe, et à la mollesse? N'en doutons point, les Etrusques étoient un des plus anciens peuples que nous connoissons.

Octobre 27.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. ii, iii. p. 455—518*. L'auteur y parcourt les côtes de l'Etrurie avec beaucoup d'exactitude, depuis *Luna* jusqu'à l'embouchure du Tybre, et les îles qui sont vis-a-vis. Toujours des fables Grecques! Pour la plus part des écrivains Grecs avant Polybe, on pourroit partager les lieux, comme Varron a fait les tems, en historiques, mythologiques, et inconnus. La Grece, la Sicile, l'Afrique, l'Egypte, et l'Asie Mineure, occuperoient seules la première classe. Dans la seconde, je placerais l'Italie, avec tous les pays entre la Grece et le Danube, entre l'Euphrate et la mer Caspienne. Tout ce qui est au delà de ces limites, seroit relégué dans le pays inconnu. Homere devoit satisfaire un génie qui aime la fable. Cependant ses fables ne font que la partie la plus petite, et la plus vraisemblable de la mythologie Grecque.

28.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii. p. 518—537*. L'auteur y parle de *Tarquinii* et de *Veii*, les deux cités d'Etrurie les plus proches de Rome. *Tarquinii* étoit fameux par la science augurale, qui y avoit prit naissance. On peut se dispenser de chercher dans d'autres pays l'origine de
cet

towards its ruin. How many ages must have been required for this slow, but sure-progression, by which nations proceed from barbarism to industry, arts, luxury, and effeminacy? We cannot doubt the fact; the Tuscans are certainly one of the most ancient nations with which we are acquainted.

October 27.]—I read Cluverius, L. ii. C. ii, iii. p. 455—518. He describes with much accuracy the coast of Tuscany, with the opposite islands, from Luna to the mouth of the Tiber. We meet every where with Greek fables. With respect to the greatest part of Greek writers before Polybius, space may be divided, as Varro divided time, into the historical, fabulous, and unknown. The historical ground was confined to Greece, Sicily, Africa, Egypt, and Lower Asia. In the fabulous, I would place Italy, with the countries between Greece and the Danube, and those between the Caspian sea and the Euphrates. The countries beyond those limits were altogether unknown. Homer might have satisfied the lovers of the marvellous; yet his fables form but the smallest and most probable part of the Greek mythology.

28.]—I read Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iii. p. 518—537. The author treats of *Tarquinii* and *Veii*, the two cities of Tuscany that were nearest to Rome. *Tarquinii* was celebrated for the science of augury, to which it had given birth. The
origin

cet art imposteur. Il naquit chez les Etrusques. Je conclus par la fable ridicule de ce Tagès, qu'il étoit homme du pais; pour concevoir un système aussi extraordinaire, et pour le faire adopter de ses compatriotes, il devoit être homme de génie. Tagès sortit d'un sillon: il n'étoit pas étranger. Le poisson Oannès des Chaldéens s'éleva du sein de la mer. Ce langage symbolique s'explique avec la même facilité.

Il est difficile de fixer la situation de l'ancien *Veii*. Les anciens avoient de la peine à la déterminer. Déjà détruite du tems de Lucain, on découvroit à peine les ruines de cette ville célèbre, dont la grandeur égaloit celle de Rome. On ne peut connoître son emplacement que par son éloignement de la capitale; éloignement sur lequel les auteurs ne sont point d'accord. On peut les réduire à deux sentimens. 1. Tite Live, parlant du siège de *Veii*, dit qu'il se faisoit *intra Vicefimum lapidem* *. Eutrope nous apprend que *Veii* étoit à dix huit milles de Rome. 2. Les Itinéraires le placent à douze milles de Rome †: et Denys d'Halicarnasse à cent stades, ou à douze milles et demi ‡. J'apperçois aussi deux moyens de conciliation. 1. *Falerii*, aussi bien que *Veii*, étoit sur une hauteur. Détruit par les Romains, on le rebâtit ensuite dans les environs, mais dans la plaine. Si la même chose arriva à *Veii*,

origin of this deceitful art need not be sought elsewhere: it began in Tuscany. The ridiculous fable concerning Tages, teaches us that he was a native of the country: his success in contriving such an extraordinary system, and in making it be adopted by his countrymen, proves him to have been a man of genius. Tages sprung from a furrow; he was not a foreigner. The Chaldean fish Oannes sprung from the sea; this symbolic language explains itself.

The ancients themselves found it difficult to ascertain the situation of *Veii*. In the time of Lucan, this famous city had already been destroyed; and the ruins of a place which had been as large as Rome could scarcely be discovered. Its site could only be known by its distance from the capital; but with respect to this distance, authors are not agreed. Their opinions may be reduced to the two following. 1. Livy, speaking of the siege of *Veii*, says, that it was carried on within the twentieth milestone *. Eutropius tells us that *Veii* was eighteen miles distant from Rome. 2. The Roman itineraries make the distance twelve miles †; and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, an hundred stadia, or twelve miles and a half ‡. There are two ways of reconciling those opinions. 1. *Faleria*, as well as *Veii*, was situate on an eminence. The former was destroyed by the Romans, and a town of the same name rebuilt on the plain. If a

* Tit. Liv. L. iv.

† V. Tabul. Pentinger.

‡ Dionys. Halicarn. L. ii.

Similar

Veii, Denys d'Halicarnasse ne se sera trompé, que par une méprise légère qui lui aura fait croire que *Veii* avoit toujours eu sa situation actuelle. J'aime assez cette explication. L'intervalle de dix huit milles convient beaucoup mieux que celui de douze, pour y placer toutes les guerres que les deux républiques rivales se livrerent. 2. On peut tout concilier en ne sacrifiant qu'Eutrope, écrivain méprisable, s'il en fut jamais. Les Romains avoient entouré *Veii* par de bonnes lignes et des retranchemens. Peu contents de s'être fortifiés du côté de la ville, ils avoient élevé beaucoup de forts, pour arrêter les secours qui pouvoient venir aux assiégés, des autres cités Etrusques*. *Veii* étoit donc à douze milles et demi de Rome, le diamètre d'une ville, qui égaloit celle d'Athènes et de Rome, devoit être de deux milles et demi. Si les forts les plus avancés, du côté de l'Etrurie, étoient à quatre milles au delà de la ville, nous avons dix neuf milles qui suffisent à la rigueur, pour justifier l'expression d'Appius Claudius.

Octobre 29.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii. p. 537—550*. J'y vois une bonne description de *Falerio*, la capitale des *Falisci*; ville qui conserva, jusqu'au siècle d'Auguste, des vestiges très marqués de son origine Grecque.

J'ai

similar change took place with respect to Veii, Dionysius of Halicarnassus would only be guilty of the small mistake of supposing Veii to have always had the same site. I am well pleased with this explanation. The interval of eighteen miles answers better than that of twelve, considering the many wars carried on within those narrow limits, between the two rival republics. 2. All differences may be reconciled by giving up the authority of Eutropius, one of the most contemptible authors that ever wrote. The Romans had surrounded Veii with walls and entrenchments. Not satisfied with fortifying themselves on the side of the city, they had also raised bulwarks to intercept the succours that might be sent to the besieged, from the other cities of Tuscany*. Veii was therefore twelve miles and a half from Rome, since the diameter of a city as extensive as Athens must have been two miles and a half. If the most advanced forts on the side of Etruria were four miles beyond the city, we have the distance of nineteen miles, which sufficiently justifies the expression of Appius Claudius.

October 29.]—I read Cluverius, L. ii. C. iii. p. 537—550. That chapter contains a good description of Faleria, the capital of the Falisci; a city which preserved to the age of Augustus clear marks of its Grecian origin.

* Tit. Liv. L. v.

J'ai monté à la bibliothèque. Dans le grand recueil des Historiens d'Italie, par Grævius, tom. viii. partie iii, j'ai trouvé un ouvrage du savant Mazocchi, qui prétend que *Civita Castellana*, à trente milles de Rome, étoit l'ancien *Veii*; et sa réfutation par mon ami Nardini. Il falloit que Mazocchi fut bien aveuglé par un faux amour de sa patrie. Il n'a pas jusqu'à l'ombre d'une preuve.

J'ai achevé le premier tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Schedius, de Diis Germanis*: une compilation immense, sans goût, sans critique, et sans discernement.—*Henry Ditton, Démonstration de la Religion Chrétienne*. Qu'on a abusé de ces deux mots!—*Lettre d'un Ex-Jésuite, sur les Paradoxes du P. Hardouin*. On y fait parler ce savant. Son zèle pour la tradition, et sa haine des Jansénistes et des philosophes, l'avoient jetté dans tous ses égaremens. Comme il trouvoit dans les peres, et surtout dans St. Augustin, beaucoup de choses favorables aux ennemis, il aimoit mieux renoncer aux faits qu'au dogme; il concluoit hardiment que des ouvrages aussi impies étoient supposés. La chute du livre de St. Augustin, de *Libero Arbitrio*, faisoit tomber tous les autres peres qui l'avoient cité. Ceux-ci entraînoient avec eux les auteurs profanes: et l'édifice entier s'écrouloit. C'est ce que ce Jésuite appelloit *défler le chapelet de l'antiquité*. Il auroit pu tirer beaucoup

I went to the public library. In the great collection of Italian Historians, by Grævius, vol. viii. p. iii. I found a performance of the learned Mazzocchi, pretending to prove that *Civita Castellana*, thirty miles from Rome, was the ancient *Veii*; and a refutation of that work by my friend Nardini. Mazzocchi must have been strangely blinded by his prepossession in favour of his native city. He has not the shadow of a proof.

I finished the first volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Schedius, de Diis Germanis*: an immense compilation, without taste, criticism, or discernment.—*Henry Ditton's Demonstration of the Christian Religion*. How grossly have those two words been abused!—*Letters of an Ex-Jesuit, on the Paradoxes of Father Hardouin*. This learned man is here allowed to speak for himself. His zeal for tradition, and his hatred towards the Jansenists and the philosophers, involved him in all his absurdities. Finding in the fathers, and particularly in St. Augustin, many things favourable to the cause of his enemies, he was willing to oppose facts to opinions, and boldly declared Augustine's impious works to be spurious. The fall of Augustine's work, de *Libero Arbitrio*, brought down with it the other fathers by whom it was quoted. The ruin of the fathers involved that of prophane writers: the whole edifice fell in pieces. This was what he called unstringing the beads from the rosary of antiquity. He might

coup d'idées de M. de Barbeyrac, qui a fait un excellent *traité sur la Morale des Peres*. Que ces docteurs de l'église entendoient mal la première de toutes les sciences ! Ils interdisoient les plaisirs les plus innocens, et les occupations les plus légitimes. Tout cela sentoit le mondain, ou pouvoit avoir quelque rapport avec l'idolatrie. Ils auroient voulu détruire le genre humain pour le sanctifier. D'un autre côté, posant pour principe que tout action rapportée dans l'ancien testament, sans y être condamnée, est approuvée par ce silence, ils justifioient, ils louoient l'adultere, le mensonge, l'inceste, et la cruauté.

Octobre 30.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii, iv, v, vi. p. 550—624*. L'auteur parcourt les autres cités Etrusques, situées dans l'intérieur des terres, *Volfinii, Clusum, Aretium, Perugia, et Cortona*. Les passages qu'il a rassemblé au sujet du lac de Trasymène, représentent au naturel ce terrain fameux, bordé d'un côté par le lac même, et environné de l'autre par des montagnes très hautes, et qui ne s'ouvroient que par deux défiles fort étroits. Ce fut là qu'Annibal fut attirer habilement l'armée de Flaminius, pour la prendre d'un coup de filet. Cluvier passe ensuite dans l'Ombrie ; il parle de l'origine de ces peuples (qui paroît Celtique, quoiqu'il en dise). Il décrit le territoire, qui étoit coupé en un sens par l'Apennin, et dans l'autre par la

Voye

have drawn many good thoughts from M. Barbeyrac, who wrote an excellent treatise on the morality of the fathers. How ill did those doctors of the church understand the most valuable of all sciences. They prohibited the most innocent pleasures, and the most lawful occupations, as favouring of the world, and nearly connected with idolatry. They would have destroyed human kind in order to sanctify it. But on the other hand, regarding it as a principle that every action related in the old testament, and not therein condemned, was by this silence approved, they justified and praised adultery, falsehood, incest, and cruelty.

October 30.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. iii, iv, v, vi. p. 550—624*. The author describes the other cities of Tuscany, situate inland; *Volfinii, Clusum, Aretium, Perugia, and Cortona*. The passages which he has collected, respecting the lake Thrasymenus, afford a very natural picture of this famous spot, which was bounded on one side by the lake itself, and on the other by a range of high mountains, which opened only by two narrow defiles. Thither Hannibal had the address to decoy the army of Flaminius, that it might be taken, as it were, in a net. Cluverius afterwards passes into Umbria, and treats of the origin of its inhabitants, who, notwithstanding his opinion to the contrary, appear to have been Celts. He describes their territory, which was divided in one direction by the Apennines, and in another

by

Voye Flaminienne. Cette portion qui se trouvoit entre la mer, l'Etrurie, et l'Apennin, l'occupe dans les chapitres V. et VI.

Octobre 31.]—Je suis resté tout le jour à la maison. Cluvier a profité de ma retraite ; j'en ai lu *Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. vii, viii, ix, x. p. 624—722*. Près de cent pages tous les jours m'avanceroient bien ; mais un pareil effort ne revient pas souvent. Dans ces quatre chapitres mon auteur finit l'Ombrie, en décrivant la portion de ce pays entre l'Apennin et le pays des Sabins. Celui-ci devient ensuite l'objet de ses recherches. Il traite finalement du Tybre, et des rivières qui s'y jettent. Ce chapitre, avec celui du Pô, comprend presque toutes les eaux de l'Italie. Le fleuve lui même se nommoit *Tiberis*, et par une licence poétique *Tybris*. Le dieu du fleuve s'appelloit *Tiberinus*. Presque tous les bons auteurs ont observé cette distinction, qui nous est indiquée par Servius.

Novembre 1.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier, L. ii. C. xi, xii, xiii, xiv, xv. p. 722—762*. L'auteur y décrit le *Picenum*, un des pays les plus fertiles et les mieux peuplés de l'Italie. Il passe delà à plusieurs nations peu nombreuses, mais distinguées par leur valeur. Les *Marucini*, les *Marfi*, les *Vestini*, et les *Peligni*. *Corfinium* étoit une des villes principales de cette dernière tribu. Elle s'est vue une fois à la veille de faire une grande fortune. Si la guerre
sociale

by the Flaminian Way. That portion of it which lies between the sea, Etruria, and the Apennines, is the subject of his fifth and sixth chapters.

October 31.]—I remained all day at home, by which Cluverius was a gainer. I read *Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. vi, vii, viii, ix, x. p. 624—722*. Nearly an hundred pages daily would greatly quicken my progress; but such efforts are seldom made. In those four chapters, the author concludes his account of Umbria by describing that portion of it which extends between the Apennines and the territory of the Sabines. That territory itself forms the next object of his research. He treats finally of the Tiber, and of the rivers which fall into it. This chapter, with that on the Pô, includes almost all the rivers in Italy. The river Tiberis was, by a poetical licence, spelt Tybris. The god of the river was called Tiberinus. All good writers have attended to this distinction, which is pointed out by Servius.

November 1.]—I read Cluverius, *L. ii. C. xi, xii, xiii, xiv, xv. p. 722—762*. The author describes Picenum, one of the most fertile and best peopled districts in Italy. He then proceeds to several communities, inconsiderable in point of their numbers, but highly distinguished by their valour; the Marrucini, Marfi, Vestini, and Peligni. Corfinium was one of the principal cities belonging to the last. This place was once in hopes of being highly distinguished. Had the social war been pro-

social avait réussi, Rome faisoit place à *Corfinium*, qui devenoit sous le nom d'*Italica*, la capitale de la nouvelle confédération. Je vais hasarder quelques idées sur cette guerre singulière, dont l'Abbé de Vertot a un peu défigurée les circonstances essentielles. Ses ouvrages, qui se font lire comme des romans, ne leur ressembleront que trop. 1. L'Abbé de Vertot fait paroître les Latins sur la Scène assez mal-à-propos. "C'étoient ces Latins, ces peuples du *Latium*, ceux qui jouissoient du droit Latin, à qui Drusus avait fait espérer la bourgeoisie de Rome, et qui se soulevèrent, lorsque son assassinat leur avait ôté ce protecteur *." Cependant il est constant que les peuples du *Latium* ne furent point mêlés dans cette guerre. Il ne se montrèrent même qu'une seule fois; c'étoit pour envoyer des troupes auxiliaires à l'armée de la république †. Ils ne songèrent point à rappeler un ancien procès, que le sort des armes avait décidé contre eux plus de deux siècles et demi auparavant. Avant que d'y succomber, ils firent trembler la république plus d'une fois. C'est à cette époque qu'il rapporter tout ce que dit l'Abbé de Vertot, après Tite Live, de cette ressemblance de langue, de mœurs, et de discipline militaire, qui lui donnoit l'air d'une guerre civile ‡. Du tems de la guerre sociale, Rome s'étoit élevée trop haut, pour être encore un objet de

perous, Rome must have yielded to Corfinium; which, under the name of Italica, was to have been the head of the new confederacy. I shall venture to make some reflexions on this extraordinary war, the principal circumstances of which have been somewhat misrepresented by the Abbé Vertot: an author whose works are read with the same pleasure as romances, to which in other respects they bear too much resemblance. 1. The Abbé Vertot introduces the Latines very unseasonably. "The Latines, those inhabitants of Latium who enjoyed the Latin law, and to whom Drusus gave hopes of acquiring the citizenship of Rome, rose in arms, when assassination had robbed them of their protector *." Yet it is certain that the people of Latium had no share in this rebellion. They are mentioned but once in the war; and, on that occasion, as sending auxiliaries to the army of the republic †. They did not think of renewing an ancient quarrel, which the fortune of war had, more than two hundred and fifty years before, decided against them. Previously to their subjugation, they had more than once made Rome to tremble. All that Vertot copies from Livy respecting that similarity of language, manners, and military discipline, which gave to the social, the appearance of a civil war, must be referred to the former æra ‡. In the time of the social war, Rome was too great to be an object of jealousy to the little cities of La-

* Vertot *Revolut. Romaines*, tom. iii. p. 26—30.

† T. Liv. *Epitom.* L. lxxii.

‡ T. Liv. viii. 6.

de jalousie aux petites cités du *Latium*, qui devenoient tous les jours des villages et des maisons de campagne des environs de la capitale. La communication perpétuelle, et les alliances nombreuses, avoient cimenté les liens de leur origine commune. Plusieurs de ces cités avoient acquis la bourgeoisie. Dans d'autres de ces villes, le droit Latin la donnoit tous les ans à deux familles. Elles jouissoient toutes de plusieurs avantages qui devoient leur inspirer de l'attachement pour la république, et de la haine pour les alliés plus récents. 2. L'auteur des révolutions Romaines exagère la confédération Italique au point de répandre sur son récit un romanescque, qui n'est pas moins réel, pour avoir échappé à la plus part des lecteurs. Non content d'y avoir fait entrer les Latins, il la fait signer à tous les peuples de l'Italie, qui envoyèrent une ambassade commune au sénat pour demander la bourgeoisie. On ne peut que s'étonner qu'une seule ville ait pu se défendre contre la réunion de tant d'alliés, qu'elle avoit subjugués si difficilement les uns après les autres. Heureusement ce fait extraordinaire ne s'accorde pas mieux avec la vérité qu'avec la vraisemblance. L'abbreviateur de Tite Live nous a conservé les noms de tous les peuples qui formerent cette alliance. Elle fut composée des *Samnites*, des *Lucani*, des *Picentes*, des *Marfi*, des *Peligni*, des *Vestini*, et des *Marrucini* *. Sur un pareil fait, il n'y a point d'autorité qui

tium, which were continually converted into villages and pleasure-houses in the vicinity of the capital. Perpetual communication, and numerous alliances, had cemented the bands of their common origin. Many places had acquired the rights of citizenship; in others, the Latin law gave that right to two families annually. All the cities of Latium enjoyed many advantages, which must have naturally inspired them with affection for Rome, and hatred towards her more recent allies. 2. The author of the History of the Revolutions of Rome, so much exaggerates the strength of the Italian confederacy, that an air of romance is thereby thrown on his whole narrative, though it may not be perceptible to the greater part of his readers. According to his account, not only the Latines, but all the nations of Italy, signed this alliance, and sent a common embassy to Rome, demanding the rights of the city. It is a matter of astonishment that one city should have been able to make a defence against the united force of so many allies, whom it had found so much difficulty in subduing successively. Happily this wonderful circumstance contains as little truth as probability. The abridger of Livy has preserved the names of all the communities which composed this confederacy. They were, the Samnites, Lucani, Picentes, Marfi, Peligni, Vestini, and Marrucini *.

• Tit. Live, Epitom. L. lxxii.

qui égale celle de Tite Live ; et dans une énumération de cette espèce, où abréger n'est que copier, je dois croire que son abrégiateur a fidèlement rendu son sentiment. Les Samnites étoient donc les chefs de cette ligue, dans laquelle ils avoient fait entrer six autres peuples leurs voisins, leurs alliés, ou leurs colonies. Plusieurs autres nations y entrèrent dans la suite, mais ce ne fut que lorsque les Romains, revenus de leur première consternation, avoient eu le tems de rappeler leurs armées, de fortifier leurs passages, et de remporter même quelques avantages sur les alliés. Tite Live convient de ces nouvelles defections * ; mais c'est dans Appien † et Strabon ‡, qu'il en faut chercher le détail. J'y trouve les trois nations des *Frentani*, des *Hirpini*, et des *Peucetii*, avec quelques cités de l'Apulie et de l'Ombrie. Parmi celles là, Appien nomme *Canusium* et *Venusia* ; mais il ne parle des cités des *Umbrii* qu'en général. Je vois avec surprise qu'à ces alliés, cet historien ajoute les *Pompeiani* §. Ce nom ne peut s'appliquer qu'aux habitans de *Pompeii*, ville maritime de la Campanie, aux environs de Naples ||. Mais cette ville existoit elle du tems de la guerre sociale ? Elle n'étoit pas plus ancienne que la famille dont elle a reçu le nom, et cette famille étoit ignorée avant

With regard to this fact, Livy's authority is better than any other ; and in such an enumeration, an abridger having nothing to do but to copy, it is to be supposed that he does it correctly. The Samnites then were at the head of this league, into which they had prevailed on six other communities to enter, who were their neighbours, allies, or colonies. They were afterwards joined by several other cities, but not until the Romans, recovering from their consternation, had recalled their armies from abroad, fortified the passes into their territory, and even gained several victories over the allies. Livy informs us in general of those subsequent revolts *, but the particulars are to be found in Appian † and Strabo ‡. They number among the rebels, the *Frentani*, *Hirpini*, *Peucetii*, with some cities of *Apulia* and *Umbria*. Of the former, Appian names *Canusium* and *Venusia* ; speaking only in general of the *Umbrii*. I was surprised to find this historian also name the *Pompeiani* §. These could only be the inhabitants of *Pompeii*, a maritime city of *Campania*, near to *Naples* ||. Did *Pompeii* exist in the time of the social war ? It cannot be of an earlier date than the family from which it derived its name ; and this family was unknown until the time of the great Pompey's father, that Cneius Pompeius Strabo, who was consul in the 665th

* Tit. Liv. Epitom. L. lxxiii.

† Strab. Geograph. L. v. p. 166, 167.

|| Cluv. Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iii, p. 1154 :

† Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. p. 374. 376. 379.

§ Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. p. 374.

avant le pere du grand Pompée, ce Cn. Pompeius Strabon, qui ne parvint au consulat que l'an de Rome 665, la seconde année de la guerre sociale. Mais à supposer l'antiquité de *Pompeii*, peut on croire qu'une seule petite ville, au milieu de tant de cités bien affectionnées à la république, ait osé se déclarer contre elle? Je fais qu'on a porté le théâtre de la guerre dans la Campanie, et je veux bien croire qu'un corps d'alliés s'étant emparé de *Pompeii*, y aura soutenu un siege *; mais cette explication excuse l'erreur d'Appien plutôt qu'elle ne la justifie. J'ai mieux aimé chercher les peuples ligués contre Rome, dans les détails que Tite Live, et les autres historiens, nous ont laissés, de cette guerre, que dans la description générale qu'Appien nous en donne, quand il dit que tous les peuples entre le *Liris*, ou le *Liturnus*, et la mer Ionienne, se souleverent contre les Romains ‡. Un des membres de cette description est faux, et l'autre est peu exact. La mer Ionienne, prise dans plusieurs sens différens, signifie tout ce qu'on veut §. Le *Liris* et le *Liturnus*, très différens en eux-mêmes, n'avoient de commun que le nom de *Clanis*, ou *Clanius*, qu'ils portoient tous les deux. Tels

* J'ai vu depuis que l'étymologie de *Pompeii* est incertaine, et que le siege que j'avois deviné a eu lieu. *V. Vell. Patercul. L. ii. C. 16.*

étoient

year of Rome, and the second year of the social war. But supposing the antiquity of *Pompeii*, can it be imagined that a single city, and that a small one, should have ventured to revolt against the republic, though situate in the midst of so many more important places, which faithfully maintained their allegiance? I know that the scene of the war was changed to Campania, and am willing to believe that a party of the allies, having taken possession of *Pompeii*, there stood a siege †: but this explication tends rather to extenuate, than to justify Appian's mistake. I am inclined to seek the names of the states which entered into confederacy against Rome, in the narrative which Livy and other historians give of the war, rather than to content myself with Appian's general description, when he says that the confederacy comprehended all the nations between the *Liris*, or *Liturnus*, and the Ionian sea ‡. Of this description, one of the clauses is false, and the other inaccurate. The Ionian sea is taken in so many different meanings, that it denotes any thing you will §. The *Liris* and *Liturnus* were quite different rivers, and had only one circumstance in common, that both were sometimes called *Clanis*, or *Clanius*. Such then were the allies. They surely were formidable;

† I have since discovered that the etymology of *Pompeii* is uncertain, and that I was right in my conjecture of its having been besieged. *V. Vell. Patercul. L. ii. C.*

‡ Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. p. 374.

§ Vide Cluv. Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. x. p. 1075; et L. iv. C. xvii. p. 1334.

but

étoient les alliés. Ils étoient redoutables; mais il restoit encore beaucoup de nations Italiennes que l'amour, ou la crainte, attachoit aux drapeaux de la république: le *Latium* entier, la *Campanie*, le *Brutium*, la *Calabre*, le *pays des Sabins*, toute l'*Etrurie*, une *partie de l'Ombrie*, et de l'*Apulie*, et toutes les colonies de la grande Grece. Les cités Etrusques alloient se déclarer pour les alliés; mais le sénat fait parer ce danger, en accordant de lui même la bourgeoisie Romaine à cette province importante *. Un grand nombre de colonies répandues dans toutes les provinces de l'Italie, et dont l'intérêt, aussi bien que la reconnoissance, assuroit la fidélité, présentoient aux armées Romaines des magasins et des places fortes. Dans les cités qui s'étoient déclarées contre la république, les conseils n'étoient certainement pas unanimes. Rome conservoit, ou se faisoit, des créatures dans chacune de ces communautés, dont l'opposition déclarée, ou les intrigues sourdes, embarassoient les mesures du parti dominant †. Chacun se rangeoit sous les étendards du sénat, ou de la ligue, qui devenoient les mots de ralliement pour toutes les factions de l'Italie, semblables au nom de Guelfs et de Gibelins, qui divisèrent et desolèrent les mêmes pays treize siècles plus tard. L'Abbé de Vertot, en

† Vell. Patercul. L. ii. C. 16. Le *Minatius Magius* dont il y est parlé, étoit de la ville même qui commença la guerre, par le meurtre d'un préteur et d'un légat.

exposant

but fear or affection still collected many Italian nations around the standard of the republic; the whole of Latium, Campania, Brutium, Calabria, the Sabines, all Etruria, a part of Umbria and Apulia, and the whole of the colonies of Magna Græcia. The cities of Tuscany prepared for joining the allies; but the senate warded off this danger, by granting, of its own accord, the rights of the city to that important province *. A great number of colonies spread over all the districts of Italy, whose fidelity being secured by interest as well as gratitude, supplied the Romans with magazines, and with the protection of their fortresses. In those republics which declared against Rome, the citizens were not unanimous. The Romans had their creatures in each of those communities, whose avowed opposition, or secret intrigues, disturbed the measures of the prevailing party †. Each individual sided with the senate or the league, which became the watch-words of faction, like the names Guelfs and Ghibelines, which divided and desolated the same country thirteen centuries afterwards. The Abbé Vertot, when he explained the difficulties with which the Romans had to contend, should also have mentioned the resources by which they were enabled

* Appian de Bell. Civil. L. i. p. 374.

† Vell. Paterculus, L. ii. C. 16. The *Minatius Magius* there spoken of, belonged to the very city which began the war, by the murder of a pretor and a legate.

exposant les obstacles que les Romains avoient à combattre, n'auroit pas du oublier leurs ressources. 3. La nation des Marfes, redoutable par sa valeur, étoit inférieure en force aux *Samnites* et aux *Picentes*. Elle eut cependant l'honneur de donner son nom à cette guerre, qu'on appelloit aussi souvent la *Guerre Marfique* que la *Guerre Sociale*. Mais les Marfes furent la seule nation en deçà de l'Apennin, qui osât se déclarer contre les Romains. Leur pays devint le premier théâtre de la guerre, et lorsque le sénat donna aux consuls le commandement des armées, ce fut en leur accordant les *Marfi* pour leur province. Ce n'est pas la première fois que la partie la moins considérable d'un ligue de peuples, a fait donner son nom au corps entier, parcequ'elle s'est présentée la première aux yeux des étrangers. Nous designons tous les anciens Scythes par le nom générique de Tartares, parceque la petite tribu des Tartares, formoit toujours l'avant garde des armées Mogoles dans les conquêtes étendues de Gengiscan et de ses successeurs*. 4. Les alliés, quoique vaincus dans cette guerre, obtinrent à la fin cette bourgeoisie qu'ils avoient recherchée avec tant d'ardeur. Mais ils ne devinrent citoyens de Rome, que pour participer avec elle, dans des malheurs dont ils étoient une des causes principales, pour la perdre, et pour se perdre avec elle. Des

* Voyez *Réflexions sur les Anciens Peuples*, par M. Freret, dans le dix huitième tome de l'Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres.

généraux

to surmount them. 3. The nation of the Marfi, though formidable by its valour, was inferior in strength to the Samnites and the Picentes. Yet it had the honour of giving its name to the war, which is as well known by the appellation of the Marfic, as the Social. The Marfi were the only people on the Roman side of the Apennines, who ventured to declare against the republic. Their country became the first theatre of the war, and when the senate assigned armies to the consuls, it was by granting them the Marfi for their province. This is not the first example of the least considerable portion of a league giving its name to the whole. We know the ancient Scythians by the general denomination of Tartars, because the small tribe so called always formed the van of the Mogul armies during the extensive conquests of Zingis Khan and his successors†. 4. The allies, though finally defeated in the war, obtained the rights of Roman citizens, which they had so eagerly desired. But they obtained this honour only to participate with Rome in all the calamities of which their own revolt had been the principal cause; and to ruin that republic and themselves. Generals

† See *Reflexions on Ancient Nations*, by Mr. Freret, in the eighteenth volume of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres*.

commanding

généraux armés au milieu de l'Italie, l'Italie elle même devenue une seule ville, dont les citoyens ne l'étoient que par une espece de fiction, tout lui annonçoit et lui préparoit des fers. Que les alliés ont du regretter ce bonheur obscur et tranquille, dont ils jouissoient, sans en connoître le prix ! Les cent vingt ans écoulés entre la seconde guerre Punique et la guerre sociale, ont vu fleurir les peuples d'Italie sous le plus doux de tous les gouvernemens. Ils avoient perdu ce malheureux droit de la guerre et de la paix, qui ne leur étoit plus nécessaire. Tranquilles sous la protection des Romains, ils n'avoient rien à craindre des étrangers ; s'il survenoit quelque dispute parmi eux, la décision d'un sénat, qui les voyoit tous du même œil, les dispensoit de la triste nécessité de recourir aux armes. Pour tant de bienfaits, l'Italie entière ajoutoit aux légions, un corps d'infanterie égal à celui qu'on tiroit de la seule ville de Rome, et le double de cavalerie *. Tribut léger, et qui d'ailleurs en aguerrissant la jeunesse des alliés, les rendoit respectables aux Romains eux mêmes. Tous les autres droits qui peuvent servir au bonheur des peuples, la justice, la police, l'économie politique, ils les possédoient en

* T. Live, L. xxii. C. 36. Il paroît par beaucoup de passages de cet auteur, que c'étoit la proportion la plus ordinaire. Vellius Paternulus doit exagérer un peu, quand il parle du double des troupes. L. ii. C. 15.

toute

commanding armies in the heart of Italy, and Italy converted into one city, whose inhabitants were citizens only by a kind of fiction, were circumstances which too plainly prepared the way for slavery. How much must the allies have regretted that tranquillity and happy obscurity, which they had long enjoyed without knowing its value ! During the period of an hundred and twenty years that elapsed from the second Punic, to the Social war, the nations of Italy flourished under the mildest of all governments. They had lost that unhappy right of making war on each other, which was no longer necessary for their defence. Secure under the protection of the Romans, they had nothing to fear from invaders. Their domestic disputes were settled by the senate, who beheld them all with the same paternal eye, and whose interposition liberated them from the miserable necessity of having recourse to arms. In return for these benefits, the whole of Italy supplied a body of infantry equal to that drawn from the single city of Rome, and double the number of cavalry †; a light contribution in itself, and which, by giving a military turn to their youth, tended to render them respectable to the Romans. Their authority was sovereign, as to all other

† T. Livius, L. xxii. C. 36. It appears from several passages of this author, that this was the ordinary proportion. Vellius Paternulus exaggerates a little, when he speaks of double the number of troops. L. ii. C. 15.

matters

toute souveraineté. Ils ne voyoient point de ces gouverneurs, dont l'insolence égaloit l'avarice, toutes leurs affaires évoquées à la capitale, et un mur d'airain qui séparât à jamais le citoyen et le sujet. On refusoit la bourgeoisie Romaine aux cités ; mais dèsqu'un particulier faisoit paroître une ambition justifiée par les talens, la république connoissoit trop bien ses intérêts pour ne pas la lui accorder *. J'écris dans le Pays de Vaud. Ses habitans doivent être contents de leur état. Qu'on le compare cependant à celui de ces peuples d'Italie. Je sens qu'ils étoient exclus de quelques avantages dans la vie privée, dans les mariages, les testamens, &c. que l'orgueil seul des citoyens les empêcha de leur communiquer. Je vois même qu'ils avoient à se plaindre de quelques actes de violence, surtout dans les derniers tems ; et je fais que de pareils traits frappent plus vivement, que tous les avantages généraux qu'on doit aux loix dont on s'apperçoit à peine. 5. Les Italiens oublièrent la prudence dans cette prise d'armes ; oublièrent ils aussi la justice ? Pouvoient ils justifier leur refus d'observer les anciens traités, et le soulèvement qu'occasionna ce refus ? Je ne vais point approfondir une question aussi étendue qu'elle est difficile. J'essayerai cependant de poser quelques principes. 1. Les traités qu'un corps de nation, fait avec un corps étranger doivent

matters which contribute to the happiness of nations, namely, the affairs of justice, police, and political economy. They had not to endure the tyranny of governors, as insolent as rapacious; their law-suits were not carried by appeal to the capital; and a wall of brass did not form an unsurmountable barrier between the citizen and the subject. They were debarred indeed collectively from the rights of Roman citizens; but whenever an individual proved that his ambition was justified by his merit, Rome was too attentive to her interests not to acknowledge him for her own *. I write in the Pays de Vaud. Its inhabitants ought to be contented with their condition; yet it will not gain by a comparison with that of the people of Italy. I know that some advantages were withholden from that people by the pride of the Romans, as to the concerns of private life, marriages, testaments, &c. I perceive also that they had reason to complain of some acts of violence, especially in latter times; and I am sensible that such things are more striking to the fancy, than all the general advantages derived from the operation of good laws, which pass almost unobserved. 5. In undertaking this war, the allies were guilty of imprudence; were they also unjust? Could they justify their refusal to observe their former treaties, and the insurrection which their refusal produced? I do not mean completely to discuss a question as extensive as it is difficult. I

* Tacit. Annal. xi. 24.

doivent lier leurs héritiers, et leurs successeurs, puisqu'il faut toujours supposer qu'ils n'ont pris des engagements onéreux, qu'à proportion des avantages qu'on leur a associés; et que ceux qui ont recueilli les bénéfices des uns, doivent supporter le fardeau des autres. Il n'en est pas de même dans ces contrats qu'un peuple est censé faire avec ses chefs. Ceux-ci méritent à peine ce nom. Ils sont dépourvus d'une condition essentielle à tout traité: l'indépendance mutuelle des parties, et le pouvoir de stipuler les avantages respectifs. C'est plutôt une résolution commune, qui ne tire sa force que de la volonté du corps qui l'a faite. 2. La validité d'un traité est fondée sur la volonté des contractans. Cette volonté a du être libre. On convient sans peine que toute violence qui agit sur le corps, ne peut produire que des actes nuls et sans valeur. Mais cette violence ne gêne pas la volonté, elle l'anéantit. Il y a une violence plus douce, que nous éprouvons tous les jours, qui n'agit sur la volonté, qu'en lui présentant le choix presque nécessaire du bonheur ou du malheur. Jamais particulier, jamais nation, n'a pris des engagements que par ce motif universel. Ou le droit naturel doit reconnoître qu'il peut subsister avec la liberté, ou la fidélité à ses promesses, n'est plus qu'une vertu vaine et idéale. Si la crainte d'un autre côté, ne détruit pas les engagements.

will endeavour, however, to establish the following principles. 1. The treaties entered into by the general assemblies of two nations ought to bind their heirs and successors; because it is not presumable that either party has agreed to submit to any inconvenience without obtaining some advantage in return; and he who reaps the benefit of one part of a contract, ought to bear the burden contained in the other. The same principle does not apply to treaties entered into between nations and their leaders. These treaties hardly deserve the name, being destitute of a condition essential to the validity of every contract; namely, the mutual independence of the parties, and their power to provide for their respective advantages. They deserve the name rather of general resolutions than of treaties, and derive their force merely from the will of those by whom they were embraced. 2. The validity of a treaty is founded on the will of the contracting parties. That will ought to be free. It will be granted that every kind of violence, affecting the body, renders a contract null; for such violence does not merely constrain, but annihilates the will. But there is a milder violence which we daily experience, that acts on the will by presenting it with the almost necessary alternative of happiness or misery. It rarely happens that individuals or nations undertake engagements, unless when they are impelled by this universal motive. The law of nature must either allow that this violence is consistent with liberty, or fidelity to our engagements will be reduced to an empty name. On the other,

engagemens qu'elle fait prendre, l'honnête homme sera la victime de sa vertu, et les scélérats auront bientôt acquis un droit légitime sur tous les biens de la terre. Au moyen d'une distinction simple et facile, on peut éviter tous ces écueils. On n'est obligé de tenir sa promesse, qu'à l'égard de ceux qui auroient eu le droit de nous faire éprouver ces maux dont ils nous menaçoient. Ces maux changent alors de nature. Le mal que nous évitons devient un bien réel qu'il nous accordent, un avantage qui sert de base aux traités, et de contrepoid aux engagemens que nous prenons. 3. Puisque la société n'est que la réunion de tous les droits, et de toutes les volontés particulières, il s'ensuit que la société en corps, jouit de toutes les prérogatives que les individus possédoient dans l'état de nature. Le droit de conservation est le premier de tous. Il renferme nécessairement celui de se défendre contre toute violence étrangère, d'employer la force pour repousser la force, et de rejeter sur l'agresseur injuste tous les maux, et jusqu'à la mort même, dont il nous menacoit. Dans les sociétés politiques les mêmes droits ne peuvent que subsister; le magistrat est armé de la force publique pour faire la guerre, non point aux individus, mais aux membres de la société ennemie, dont ils ne sont que les instruments. C'est la société qu'il attaque. Si sa cause est juste, si la haine et la violence de son antagoniste, ne lui laisse de sûreté que dans sa mort, il agit en homme naturel; il lui ôte la vie; c'est à dire la vie civile,

other hand, if fear does not nullify a promise, honesty must be its own victim, and robbers will acquire a right to all the goods of the earth. These difficulties may be removed by the following easy and simple distinction. Promises are binding only with respect to those who were entitled to inflict the evils with which they threatened us. These evils not being inflicted, change their nature, and become real goods bestowed on us, which serve as a sufficient basis to treaties; being a proper compensation for the burdens to which we engage to submit. 3. Society reuniting in the body politic the rights and wills of individuals, the community at large enjoy all the rights which were enjoyed by individuals in a state of nature. The right of self-preservation holds the first place. It necessarily includes the right of self-defence, of repelling force by force, and of subjecting the unjust aggressor to all the evils with which he threatens us, even to death itself. This right therefore still subsists in communities; the magistrate is entrusted with the national force to make war, not against individuals, but against the members of a foreign community, of which individuals are merely the instruments. He attacks the community only. If his cause is just, and the hatred and violence of his antagonist renders *his* death necessary to his own safety, he then exercises the rights of nature, and takes away his life; that is, his civil life, by sub-

civile, la constitution politique ; il le subjugué. Voilà le droit de conquête. Si le vainqueur se sert de ce droit dur et rigoureux, et que le peuple soumis le reconnoisse pour son maître, je crois qu'il est obligé de tenir ses engagements, par lesquels il s'est acquis la paix publique. Mais de ce point, le lien peut être le plus foible de la foi des hommes, je vois deux genres de traités, qui s'éloignent insensiblement de leur source, et qui se fortifient en s'en éloignant. Dans le premier, à mesure que la conquête est moins complète, l'obligation diminue ; mais l'égalité augmente, jusqu'à ce qu'on remonte à cet état d'indépendance, où les deux sociétés ont agi, avec la liberté la plus entière, dans leurs conventions reciproques. De l'autre côté, si le vainqueur, maître de détruire la société ennemie, la laisse subsister, la convention acquiert de la force, à proportion des avantages qu'il pouvoit leur ôter, et qu'il leur a conservés. Ce que j'ai déjà dit des peuples de l'Italie, peut faire comprendre quelle validité ces sages vainqueurs, ces Romains, avoient su donner à leur traités. 4. Mais leur avoient ils donné (me dira-t-on) la première de toutes les conditions ? Le droit de conquête n'est fondé que sur la justice, qualité assez étrangère à ces brigands de l'univers. J'évite les discussions, il me faut ici des principes, et non pas des faits. Dans notre état d'erreur, de vice, et de foiblesse, on est souvent obligé de renoncer à la vérité

duing and destroying the constitution of his country. On this principle the right of conquest is founded. If the conqueror exercise his right in all its rigour, and the conquered acknowledge him for their master, I think they are bound to maintain inviolate an engagement by which they have acquired the benefit of public tranquillity. But from this point, which is perhaps the feeblest bond of human probity, two kinds of treaties gradually diverge, and gradually gain strength as they remove from their source. The first is that, where, in proportion as the conquest is less complete, the necessity of contracting the obligation is indeed diminished, but the equality between the parties is increased to that perfect independence, which leaves them at the full liberty of their own wills in their respective engagements. If the conqueror, on the other hand, having it in his power to destroy his enemies, has thought proper to save them, the contract acquires a degree of force proportional to the advantages which he might have taken away, but which he has been pleased to leave. The observations formerly made concerning the happy state of the people of Italy, sufficiently show how much validity the wisdom of the Roman conquerors had given to their treaties with the vanquished. 4. But, it will be asked, had these treaties the most essential of all conditions ? The right of conquest ought to be founded on justice ; a virtue to which those robbers of the earth were strangers. I wish not to enter into historical discussions, because I am in quest, not of facts, but of principles. In our present state of error,

vérité réelle; pour s'attacher à une vérité de convention, qui est seule à notre portée. C'est ainsi que parmi les individus, ou parmi les sociétés indépendantes, la raison nous permet l'examen sur les fondemens de leur autorité, et la défend sur l'exercice qu'ils en font. Il en est du droit de faire la guerre, comme de celui de profiter de ses conquêtes; l'un et l'autre n'appartiennent qu'au parti de la justice. Mais comme notre raison n'a souvent pas assez de lumières pour le distinguer, et qu'elle ne peut jamais avoir l'autorité nécessaire pour faire accepter sa sentence, elle est obligée de supposer cette justice à l'un et à l'autre, et de leur accorder tous les droits qui y sont attachés.

Je me suis ferré autant que j'ai pu. J'ai évité les réflexions accessoires, les conséquences, et surtout les applications. Mais je ne puis que donner mes conclusions contre les alliés.

En tout cas, on ne pourroit que condamner Velleius Paterculus. Après avoir reconnu la justice des prétensions des alliés *, il ose louer la conduite de Minatius Magius, un de ses ancêtres, qui demeura fidele aux Romains, qui leva une légion lui même, et qui se distingua dans les sieges d'*Herculaneum*, de *Pompeii*, et de *Casa* †. Mais ce Minatius, l'appui de ses tyrans selon Velleius, ne pouvoit être fidele à Rome sans être traître à *Asculum*. On voit

error, vice, or weakness, we are often obliged to give up absolute truths, for those that are merely conventional, because the only truths within our reach. It is thus that, with regard both to individuals and societies, reason allows us to examine the foundation of their authority, but not to find fault with the manner in which they are pleased to exercise it. Both the right, and the exercise of that right, ought to be founded on justice; but as our reason is not always able to distinguish wherein that justice consists, we are obliged to suppose it on the side of those whose power we are unable to resist.

I have endeavoured to be as concise as possible, avoiding reflections merely accessory; consequences; and, above all, applications. On the whole, I am forced to give sentence against the allies.

But on every supposition, Velleius Paterculus is blameable. After acknowledging the just pretensions of the allies *, he has the impudence to praise the conduct of Minatius Magius, one of his own ancestors, who, maintaining his fidelity to the Romans, raised a legion for their service, and distinguished his valour in the sieges of *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, and *Casa* †. But this Minatius, who, according to Velleius, was the defender of tyrants, could not approve his fidelity to Rome, without being a traitor to

* Vell. Patercul. L. ii. C. 15.

† Ibid. C. 16.

voit bien que l'adulateur de Sejan, étoit peu propre à juger des grands principes du droit naturel.

Novembre 22.]—J'ai lu la suite d'un extrait dans le deuxième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, dont le commencement est *l'Histoire de Servet rédigée, par M. Alevoerde, sous les yeux du fameux Mosheim*. Le journaliste, (qui pourroit être M. de la Chapelle,) ajoute beaucoup de recherches et d'observations sur cet événement singulier, qui sont d'un prix fort au dessus du livre lui même. Les deux auteurs avoient fort maltraité Calvin. Le journaliste les relance vigoureusement, et n'attribue cet acharnement qu'à un zèle Luthérien, qui en vouloit au patriarche des Calvinistes. Le supplice de Servet ne peut se justifier; mais Calvin n'a point agi dans cette affaire par des motifs humains, mais par un zèle mal entendu, par un attachement à des maximes meurtrières à la vérité, mais qui étoient les maximes de toutes les églises Chrétiennes. Cependant il y a encore bien des choses à dire.

1. Toutes les exemples qu'on a ramassés, tant d'églises, tant de théologiens, qui se sont déclarés pour la punition des hérétiques, sont un hors d'œuvre ici. Jamais les principes et les actions des hommes, ne sont plus différents, que lorsque les principes sont opposés aux sentimens naturels de l'humanité. Le cœur corrige les erreurs de l'esprit. Un caractère humain, sous les influences d'un faux zèle, condamnera l'hérétique au supplice dans son

Afculum. It is plain, that the flatterer of Sejanus was not a fit judge of the great principles concerning the law of nations.

November 22.]—I read the continuation of an extract in the eleventh volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, containing the history of Servetus, written by Mr. Alevoerde, under the eyes of the famous Mosheim. The journalist (perhaps Mr. de la Chapelle) has many observations and researches concerning this extraordinary transaction, which are far more valuable than the book itself. The two authors had treated Calvin with great severity. The reviewer repels their attacks, which he ascribes to the rancour of Lutheran zeal against the patriarch of the Calvinists. The punishment of Servetus cannot indeed be justified; but, in this business, Calvin was not actuated by worldly motives, but by a mistaken religious zeal, and a respect for maxims which, though cruel and sanguinary, were acknowledged and avowed by all Christian churches. But many observations still remain to be made.

1. The examples of churches and theologians who declare in favour of the punishment of heretics, are nothing to the present question. Men's actions are never less guided by their principles, than when those principles run counter to the natural sentiments of humanity. The heart here corrects the errors of the understanding. A man of a humane character, under the influ-

son cabinet, mais le conduira-t-il lui même au bucher? Pour ne pas être effrayé au moment de repandre le sang innocent, il faut un cœur dur et sans pitié. 2. Je conviens que le zèle d'une conscience erronée est bien puissant. Il fera taire la voix de la pitié, mais étouffera-t-il ses murmures? Ne verra-t-on pas dans le malheureux théologien un combat entre la religion et l'humanité? Ne s'apercevra-t-on pas par sa douleur et sa tristesse, avec combien de regret il fait répandre le sang de son frere. Brutus vit que la liberté, ou ses fils alloient périr. Il prononça l'arrêt de ses fils; mais s'il les avoit envoyés au supplice sans effort, et sans douleur, on diroit avec raison que sa férocité naturelle, l'empêchoit de sentir la grandeur du sacrifice, ou qu'il le faisoit plutôt à sa haine et à sa vengeance, qu'au bien de la patrie. Je ne vois dans la conduite de Calvin qu'une dureté affreuse à l'égard de Servet; il l'accable d'invectives, il tremble que sa victime ne lui échappe, et c'est avec un espede de triomphe qu'il annonce sa condamnation.. Mais Servet épargna assez peu le théologien de Geneve. Je le fais. Mais l'un accable d'injures un malheureux qu'il a mis dans les fers, pendant que l'autre laisse exhaler trop amèrement le sentiment de ses maux. Malheur au cœur qui ne sent pas cette différence! 3. Quelques années auparavant, Servet avoit

ence of a false zeal, will in his closet condemn a heretic to death; but will he drag him to the stake? Not to shudder at the shedding of innocent blood, requires a heart totally insensible to pity. 2. I acknowledge the power of false zeal and an erroneous conscience. It is sufficient to silence the voice of pity; but can it stifle its murmurs? Will not the unhappy theologian feel a combat in his own breast between religion and humanity? Will not the outward expressions of sorrow indicate how deeply he is afflicted to shed his brother's blood? Brutus saw that the death of his sons was necessary to save the liberty of Rome. He pronounced the fatal sentence; but had he sent them to punishment without any emotions of grief, it might have been justly said that his natural ferocity hindered him from perceiving the magnitude of the sacrifice that he made, and even that he had sacrificed them rather to his own hatred and vengeance than to the safety of his country. In Calvin's behaviour, I can see nothing but the most abominable cruelty. He loads Servetus with invectives; he fears lest his victim should escape from his hands; and, in a tone of triumph, passes on him his sentence of condemnation. But Servetus did not spare the Geneva divine. I know it. But the one loaded with reproaches a wretch whom he had confined in irons; the other only breathed out too loudly his agonies of suffering. Hard must be the heart which does not feel the difference! 3. A few years before, Servetus had communicated to Calvin all his religious opinions. Their epistolary correspondence was

avoit communiqué à Calvin toutes ses opinions. Cette controverse épistolaire dura pendant quelques tems. Lorsque Servet fut arrêté à Vienne, Calvin envoya aux magistrats toutes ses lettres. Je lui reproche ici d'avoir manqué à la probité d'un honnête homme, d'avoir violé la promesse tacite du secret qui est toujours supposé dans un pareil commerce, et d'avoir profité de la franchise de cet Espagnol pour le perdre. 4. Il faut se rappeler la situation de Calvin à Geneve. Legislateur d'une république nouvelle, il subissoit le sort des innovateurs. Une faction nombreuse, ayant en tête le premier Syndic, le pouffoit avec acharnement, et ce parti, voyant que leur ministre poursuivoit Servet, avoit épousé son parti. Le procès de l'hérétique étoit le procès de Calvin; le journaliste avoue ingénument, que Calvin étoit perdu, si Servet ne périssoit. Les amis du premier reconnoissent qu'il étoit opiniâtre, fier, et jaloux de son autorité. Qu'ils en tirent eux mêmes la conséquence. Il falloit que le trône du réformateur, fût cimenté du sang de Servet. 5. Dans une lettre écrite à un ami intime, Calvin ne dissimule point son espérance, que Servet feroit condamné à mort; il souhaite, cependant, qu'on adoucisse la rigueur de sa peine, qu'on lui épargne apparemment le supplice du feu. Il l'éprouva cependant ce supplice, et Calvin étoit tout puissant à Geneve. Ou ce réformateur a trahi la vérité par une
noire

was of considerable duration. But when Servetus was seized at Vienna, Calvin sent all his letters to the magistrates. In this instance, he may justly be reproached with having violated the tacit promise which is always supposed in such a correspondence, and which an honest man would have held sacred, instead of availing himself of the frankness of this Spaniard, for the purpose of destroying him. 4. We must recollect Calvin's situation in Geneva. He was the legislator of a new republic, and experienced the difficulties incident to innovators. A numerous faction, headed by the first syndic, pressed on him with rancour, and espoused the cause of Servetus because Calvin was his enemy. The latter was sensible that the process of Servetus was his own: and the reviewer ingenuously confesses, that unless Servetus perished, Calvin was ruined. Calvin's friends acknowledge that he was opinionative, haughty, and jealous of his authority. Let themselves draw the consequence. It was necessary that the throne of the reformer should be cemented with the blood of Servetus. 5. In a letter written to an intimate friend, Calvin does not dissemble his hopes that Servetus would be soon condemned to death. He wishes, however, that he may escape the utmost rigour of that punishment; probably, that he might not be burnt alive. Yet this very rigour was afterwards approved by himself; and that at a time when he was all-powerful at Geneva. Either this reformer concealed his real sentiments under dark hypocrisy and
inqui-

noire hypocrisie, et par une douceur d'inquisiteur, ou quelque motif très différent de la religion, l'a empêché de solliciter une grace que sa conscience l'obligeoit de demander au magistrat, et qu'il auroit sûrement obtenue.

6. En rassemblant ces circonstances, et en les combinant avec le caractère connu de Calvin, ne conclura-t-on pas qu'un cœur dur et farouche, une âme ambitieuse, la haine pour un homme qui frondoit ses opinions, et qui méprisoit ses instructions, s'étoient joints au zèle religieux, pour engager Calvin à poursuivre le malheureux Servet? M. de Voltaire avoit donc raison, quand il a dit que Calvin avoit l'âme atroce et l'esprit éclairé.

Novembre 3.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. xv, xvi. p. 762—786*; fin du premier tome. Il achève la nation des *Marfi*, et parcourt ensuite le pays rude et montagneux des *Equi*, qui donnerent tant de peine aux Romains dans le commencement de leur état. *Alba Fucentia* étoit une colonie Romaine dans le territoire des *Marfi*, sur les bords du Lac *Fucinus*. Comme le pays étoit agréable, et que sa situation au milieu des terres le rendoit fort assuré, le sénat y envoyoit souvent des prisonniers d'état, des rois vaincus et détronés, à qui on vouloit accorder une prison douce et aisée. Persée, roi de Macedoine, y mourut; on lui fit un enterrement public: traitement bien différent de celui qu'éprouva le malheureux Jugurtha, qu'on précipita

inquisitorial mildness, or motives very different from those of religion hindered him from soliciting from the magistrates a favour, which his conscience obliged him to demand, and which he was sure would not have been refused. 6. When we collect and combine all these circumstances with the acknowledged character of the reformer, can we doubt that a hard and cruel heart, an ambitious soul, and hatred towards the man who despised his instructions, and impeached his opinions, united with religious zeal in impelling Calvin to persecute the unfortunate Servetus? Voltaire therefore is right, when he says, that Calvin had an enlightened mind, but an atrocious soul.

November 3.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. ii. C. xv, xvi. p. 762—786*; where the first volume ends. He concludes his account of the *Marfi*, and then describes the rude and mountainous country of the *Equi*, whom it cost the Romans, in the infancy of their state, so much trouble to conquer. *Alba Fucentia* was a Roman colony in the territory of the *Marfi*, on the banks of the lake *Fucinus*. The pleasantness of the country, and the security of its inland situation, made the Romans often send thither prisoners of state, conquered and dethroned kings, to whom they wished to give, instead of a prison, a soft and comfortable retreat. Perseus, king of Macedon, died there, and was honoured with a public funeral; a treatment very different from that of the unfortunate Jugurtha, who was thrown into the *Carcer Tullia-*

cipita dans le *Carcer Tullianus*, pour le laisser expirer de faim et de froid. La raison de cette différence sera expliquée ailleurs*.

Novembre 4.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier*, L. iii. C. i. p. 787—820. Il est enfin arrivé à la partie la plus intéressante de l'Italie ; le Latium et les environs de la capitale ; mais, avant que d'entrer dans ce détail, il faut esbayer des préliminaires assez ennuyeux ; les *Ænotri*, les *Siculi*, les *Pelasgi*, et les *Aborigines*, recherches obscures, où le fil nous échappe à chaque instant des mains. Cluvier n'avoit point assez de netteté dans l'esprit, ni assez de critique pour débrouiller cette antiquité reculée, dont Fréret n'a pu résoudre les difficultés, qu'en les dissimulant.

J'ai achevé le vingt huitième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Histoire de la Société de Jésus* : mauvaise rhapsodie de contes assez connus, qui suppose partout, peut être avec raison, que la crédulité du public, et la méchanceté des Jésuites, sont sans bornes. Elle est au reste mal écrite, sans méthode, et remplie de hors-d'œuvres.—*Défense de la Traduction de l'Histoire du Concile de Trente*, par le pere le Courayer. Le journaliste s'emporte contre cet écrivain aimable, pur avoir accepté le titre de Docteur de l'univer-

* Voyez Pieces Détachées, No. 7.

fité

mus, to die of cold and hunger. The reason for this difference will be explained elsewhere †.

November 4.]—I read Cluverius, L. iii. C. i. p. 787—820. He comes at length to the most interesting part of Italy ; Latium, and the neighbourhood of the capital ; not however without leading us through the tiresome round of the *Oenotri*, *Siculi*, *Pelasgi*, and *Aborigines* ; in which obscure researches the thread of connection is always slipping through our hands. Cluverius had not that clearness and criticism necessary for unravelling the perplexities of those remote antiquities ; the difficulties of which Fréret has eluded, because he was not able to resolve them.

I finished the eighteenth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the *History of the Jesuits* : an idle rhapsody of well-known stories, the belief of which supposes, perhaps with good reason, unbounded wickedness in the Jesuits, and unbounded credulity in the public. This work, besides, is ill-written ; without method, and deformed by digressions.—*Defence of the Translation of the History of the Council of Trent*, by Father Courayer. The reviewer is angry at this amiable writer for accepting of the degree of Doctor from the university of Oxford, although he was not a protestant. Yet, without coming to a perfect identity of opinions, the two religions nearly meet ; the

† See Detached Pieces, No. 7.

university

sité d'Oxford, sans être protestant. Cependant à moins que de vouloir une identité de sentiments, l'université, à force d'outrer les doctrines Auglicanes, et le pere le Courayer, en adoucissant celles de Rome, s'étoient approchés d'assez près.—*Gesta Danorum extra Daniam*, par Pontoppidan: recueils curieux de vérités et de fables, pour servir à la gloire d'une nation qui n'avoit besoin que des premières.—*Commentaire du P. Hardouin, sur le Nouveau Testament*. Il veut que la Vulgate soit l'original, dont on a fait cette version, que nous appellons le texte Grec.—*Machiavel Républicain*. Dans cette defence l'on employe l'argument banal, que Machiavel n'a fait son prince, que pour inspirer aux Médicis des maximes qui les rendissent odieux à tout le monde; mais on l'affoiblit encore, en prouvant qu'il a écrit ce traité avant leur usurpation.—*Antiquités de la Nation Française*, par M. le Gendre. Savantes, mais sans critique. J'aime le bon Le Gendre, qui reconnoit les Scythes libres d'Hérodote, pour les ancêtres des François, à leurs égards pour les Amazones.—*Discours politiques de M. Gordon; et Parallele des François et des Romains*, par l'Abbé Mably. Voila deux écrivains qui se sont acquit une grande reputation; l'un par la fierté de sa marche, et par son enthousiasme; l'autre par un air d'honnête homme, et par son ton sec et raisonneur. Je ne leur ai jamais trouvé cependant, que des idées fort communes.

J'ai

university carrying to the utmost length the opinions of the Anglican church, and the Father Courayer softening as much as possible those of the church of Rome.—*Pontoppidan's Gesta Danorum extra Daniam*: a curious collection of truths and fable to raise the glory of a nation, which required only the former.—*Hardouin's Commentary on the New Testament*. He pretends that the Vulgate is the true original, of which the Greek text is only the translation.—*Machiavel a Republican*. The author makes use of the vulgar argument, viz. that Machiavel wrote his Prince to inspire the Medicis with maxims that must render them universally odious; but this argument is destroyed by proving that treatise to have been written before their usurpation.—*Antiquities of the French Nation*, by Mr. Le Gendre: learned, but without criticism. The simplicity of the good Le Gendre discovers the Scythians to be the ancestors of the French, from their polite behaviour to the Amazons.—*Political Discourses*, by Mr. Gordon; and a *Parallel of the French with the Romans*, by the Abbé Mably. These two writers have gained a great reputation; the one by boldness and enthusiasm, the other by his appearance of honesty and calm reasoning. Yet I have never been able to discover in their works any thing but common place. I have been in company with the latter,

J'ai vu le dernier; je puis répondre que son goût pour la monarchie, s'est bien ralenti depuis une vingtaine d'années.

Novembre 5.]—J'ai lu *Chuvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ii. p. 820—870*. Il y joue plutôt le rôle d'antiquaire et de critique, que celui de géographe, qui lui convenoit bien mieux. Par une incrédulité inconnue aux Pouilly et aux Beaufort, il relegue toute l'histoire des premières siècles de Rome, dans la classe de fictions. Il fait main basse sur les rois de Rome, aussi bien que sur ceux d'Albe. Il ne croit pas plus à Romulus qu'à Enée; les contradictions des écrivains sur les origines de Rome, la grossièreté des premiers Romains, l'histoire peu vraisemblable de la naissance et de l'éducation de leur fondateur; voilà ses armes qu'il a rassemblées avec savoir, mais dont il se sert assez mal adroitement. Après avoir renversé le système reçu, il expose le sien. Quand les Aborigènes sortirent du pays des Sabins, pour attaquer les *Siculi*, ils avoient pour alliés, une colonie Pélasgique partie de l'Arcadie. La conquête achevée, le chef de ces Pélasges s'empara de *Valentia*, ville des *Siculi*, sur les bords du Tybre, et lui donna le nom de Rome. Ils se répandirent dans la suite, se mêlèrent aux Aborigènes, et formèrent la nation commune des Latins. Cet événement arriva plus de quinze siècles avant l'ère Chrétienne. C'est à ce chef Pélasgique, le véritable fondateur de Rome,

and can answer for it, that his admiration of monarchy has much cooled in the space of twenty years.

November 5.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ii. p. 820—870*. He is here rather the critic and antiquary than the geographer, which last character becomes him far the best. With an incredulity beyond that of Pouilly and Beaufort, he regards the whole history of the first ages of Rome as fabulous. He dethrones the Roman, as well as the Alban kings; and has no more belief in Romulus than in Eneas; using learned arguments, weakly urged, drawn from the contradictory accounts of writers concerning the origin of Rome, the gross ignorance of the first Romans, and the improbable circumstances told of the birth and education of their founder. Having overturned the received system, he proceeds to explain his own. When the Aborigines left the country of the Sabines to invade the *Seculi*, they were in alliance with a Pelasgic colony from Arcadia. The *Seculi* were conquered; and the leader of the Pelasgi took possession of *Valencia*, one of their towns on the banks of the Tiber, and gave it the name of Rome. The Pelasgi afterwards separated; and mixing with the Aborigines, formed with them the nation called Latins. This event happened fifteen centuries before the Christian æra; and to this Pelasgic chief, the true

Rome, qu'il faut rapporter le peu de vérités, sur lesquelles on a bâti toutes les fables d'un Saturne, d'un Janus, d'un Evandre, d'un Enée, et d'un Romulus. Ce système est neuf; il a des côtés spécieux, mais qu'il est foible! Deux réflexions suffiront pour le détruire. 1. Peut on comprendre que les Romains ayent perdu toute mémoire des huit premiers siècles de leur histoire, et que ne pouvant remonter plus haut que le huitième siècle avant Jésus Christ, ils ayent été obligés de cacher leur ignorance, sous la fable assez grossière qu'ils y ont placée, d'un prétendu fondateur? Beaucoup de villes ont inventé des fictions, pour reculer l'époque de leur fondation, pour se donner une origine plus ancienne et plus noble. Celle-ci en auroit-elle fabriqué une pour abrégér sa durée de sept cens soixante ans, pour substituer à la vérité, qui lui donnoit pour fondateurs les anciens Pelasges, une fable honteuse, qui la peuple de bergers et de voleurs? Les Romains savoient, ils croyoient du moins, qu'Evandre s'étoit établi sur le Mont Palatin; s'ils ignoroient l'histoire des siècles intermédiaires, n'auroient-ils point su lier ces vérités éloignées par un chaîne de noms, de générations, et de fables, comme ils ont su placer une succession de rois Albains, pour remplir le vuide entre Enée et Romulus. On ne peut accorder à Cluvier toutes ces suppositions, qui lui sont nécessaires, sans porter l'ignorance et la grossièreté des premiers Romains, à un point inconcevable dans un peuple qui habitoit les villes, et qui

true founder of Rome, ought to be referred the few facts on the basis of which so many fables have been built concerning the supposed personages—Saturn, Janus, Evander, Eneas, and Romulus. This system is new, and in some parts specious; but it is so weak, that two reflexions are sufficient to overturn it. 1. Can it be imagined that the Romans, having lost all memory of eight hundred years of their history, and not being able to go higher than the eighth century before Christ, should have been obliged to conceal their ignorance under the absurd fable which they gave out concerning their pretended founder? Many cities have invented fictions for the purpose of magnifying their antiquity and nobility. But the fable fabricated by the Romans, abridges their history by the period of 760 years, and substitutes for their ancient Pelasgic origin, a pretended descent from shepherds and robbers. The Romans knew, at least they believed, the settlement of Evander on Mount Palatine; and if they were ignorant of the transactions of the intermediate centuries, would not this space have been filled up by names, genealogies, and fables, such as were interposed to form the chain between Eneas and Romulus? These suppositions are necessary for Cluverius' system, but cannot be made without supposing in the first Romans a degree of gross ignorance, inconceivable in a nation inhabiting cities, and enjoying the use of

qui avoit l'usage des lettres. 2. Mais en les accordant à Cluvier, elles ne prouveroient que contre lui. Cette ignorance, qui nous a défigurés l'histoire des Romains, n'auroit-elle pas anéanti celle des Pelasges, leurs ayeux si reculés? Quel privilège singulier que celui de ce peuple, dont on choisit des migrations, comme des faits dont il n'est pas permis de douter, et qui doivent servir à dissiper tous les nuages, toutes les fables dont on a obscurci l'histoire plus récente de leur descendans?

Le sort de l'hypothèse du savant géographe ne me paroît pas douteux; mais elle peut être chimérique, sans que l'histoire Romaine soit vraie. J'abandonne de bonne grace au Pyrrhonisme historique, ou plutôt au mépris et à l'oubli, les hauts faits d'Enée, la colonie Troyenne, les rois d'Albe, et la louve de Romulus. Mais quel degré de foi peut on ajouter à la première decade de Tite Live? Pour discuter une semblable question, il faudroit du loisir et des connoissances. Je n'ai ni l'un ni l'autre. Pour ouvrir cependant une route nouvelle dans un sujet presque épuisé, je dirai seulement; 1. Il faut se fixer, plus qu'on n'a fait, à des idées précises. Cluvier lui même avoueroit qu'on peut y decouvrir quelques vérités ensevelies sous un amas de fables. L'Abbé Sallier ne disconviendroit pas que l'histoire Romaine n'ait subi le sort commun de toutes les histoires, dont la pureté est souillée par quelques

letters. 2. But these suppositions, if granted, would militate against the system which they are meant to establish. The same ignorance which obliterated the history of the Romans, must also have destroyed that of the Pelasgi, their remote ancestors. How extraordinary is the privilege granted to the latter nation, whose ancient migrations are supposed to be undoubted facts that admit not of dispute, and that ought to be employed for dissipating all the clouds that obscure the history of their more recent posterity?

The hypothesis of the learned geographer must fall to the ground; but the falseness of that hypothesis does not prove the Roman history to be true. I readily give up to historical scepticism, or rather to contempt and oblivion, the high exploits of Eneas, the Trojan colony, the kings of Alba, and the wolf of Romulus. But what degree of credit ought to be given to the first decade of Livy? To discuss fully such a question would require knowledge and leisure. I have neither of the two. Yet merely to break new ground on a question almost exhausted, I would observe; 1. that it requires greater precision of ideas, than has hitherto been aimed at. Cluverius would allow that some truths may be discovered amidst the heap of fables; and the Abbé Sallier would acknowledge that the Roman has shared the fate of all histories, whose purity has been corrupted by some fictions. Before entering upon the controversy, I shall

quelques fictions. Avant que d'entamer la controverse, je donnerai mon symbole, et pour ne pas embrasser trop de terrain, je me bornerai aux faits énoncés dans les abrégés des dix premières livres de Tite Live. Je me chargerois hardiment de leur défense, sans abandonner cependant celle de quelques détails, qui me paroîtroient les plus vraisemblables. 2. Toutes les preuves externes sont épuisées. Sur les grandes annales, les mémoires domestiques, &c. il est difficile d'ajouter quelque chose aux argumens de M. M. Sallier et Freret, et aux objections de M. M. de Pouilly et de Beaufort. Je changerais de batterie, et je me servirais plutôt des preuves que les théologiens ont appelé internes. J'établirais que les premiers historiens Romains étant du tems de la guerre d'Annibal, les fables qu'ils nous rapportent selon mes adversaires, ont du être établies dans la foi publique, une cinquantaine d'années auparavant. Je combinerais la nature de ces fables avec l'état du peuple Romain, et j'examinerais s'il est vraisemblable qu'on eut inventé, et qu'on eut pu faire adopter des fables de cette espece sous des circonstances pareilles.

Novembre 6.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iii. p. 870—900*. Il y parle des lieux maritimes du *Latium*. Ils étoient en petit nombre; mais on y voit les noms célèbres du fleuve *Numicus* et *Ostie*, de *Laurentum* et de *Lavinium* (qu'on a souvent confondu avec *Lanuvium*). Je suis surpris qu'il n'ait

give my own articles of faith; and not to expatiate in too wide a field, shall confine myself to the transactions related in the abridgment of the first books of Livy. I would venture to maintain that these transactions happened, without giving up some of the more probable circumstances with which they are said to have been accompanied. 2. The subject of the external proofs is exhausted. Concerning the great annals, the domestic memoirs, &c. nothing can be added to the arguments of Messrs. Sallier and Freret on one side, and the objections of Messrs. Pouilly and Beaufort on the other. I would change the mode of attack, and make use of the proofs which divines call internal. My argument would be, that the first Roman historians having lived in the days of Hannibal, the fables which, according to my adversaries, they refuted, must have gained possession of the public fifty years before that period. I would combine the nature of those fables with the condition of the Romans, and examine whether it is likely that, under such circumstances, similar fables should either have been invented or believed.

November 6:]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iii. p. 870—900*. He treats of the maritime places of *Latium*. They were few in number; we meet however with the celebrated names of the river *Numicus*, *Ostia*, *Laurentum*, and *Lavinium*, often confounded with

n'ait rien dit de la *Villa Laurentina* de Plin le jeune, que son possesseur a si bien décrite. Il auroit facilement pu en déterminer la situation, et placer fort à propos ces passages de Plin, qui nous représentent si vivement la face du pays. Je vois que selon Virgile, les Troyens remontèrent le Tybre, et qu'Enée appuya son premier camp sur la rivière; pendant que la foule des écrivains, fortifiée par la fable de la truie, et par quelques expressions assez vagues à la vérité du poëte lui même, place le débarquement d'Enée à l'embouchure du *Numicus*, auprès de cet endroit, où il batit peu de tems après la ville de *Lavinium*.

Novembre 7.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iv. p. 900—950*. L'auteur continue à décrire le *Latium*; la partie méditerranée renfermoit *Lanuvium*, *Aricia*, *Alba*, *Tusculum*, *Gabii*, &c. lieux célèbres dans les commencemens de Rome par la résistance que ces cités libres lui opposèrent, et dans la fuite par tant de belles *villes* dont les grands de la république, et les empereurs, remplirent tous les environs de la capitale. Toujours des fables Grecques: il n'y a presque point de ces villes aux quelles on n'ait donné un fondateur de cette nation. De toutes ces fictions assez mal imaginées, que les Grecs ont fabriqué sur les régions occidentales, et surtout l'Italie, il y en a quelques unes isolées, mais la plus part tiennent à l'un de ces trois événemens célèbres;

with Lanuvium. I am surpris'd he should omit to speak of Pliny the younger's *Laurentina villa*, which is so well described by its master. He might easily have ascertained its situation, and have very properly inserted those passages of Pliny, which exhibit so lively a picture of the circumjacent country. I perceive that Virgil makes the Trojans sail up the Tyber, and places Eneas' first camp on the banks of the river; whereas the greater part of writers, relying on the story of the sow, and some very vague expressions indeed of the poet himself, suppose that hero to have landed at the mouth of the *Numicus*, near to the place where he built shortly afterwards the city of *Lavinium*.

November 7.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iv. p. 900—950*. The author continues to describe *Latium*; the inland country contained *Lanuvium*, *Aricia*, *Alba*, *Tusculum*, and *Gabii*; places famous during the first ages of Rome on account of their resistance to its arms; and afterwards, on account of the beautiful villas with which the great men of the republic, and the emperors, crowded the neighbourhood of the capital. Continually Greek fables; there is scarcely one of those cities which has not a supposed founder belonging to that nation. Of all those fables, often very ill-contrived by the Greeks, concerning western nations, especially Italy, there are some few that stand apart, but the greater number are connected with one or other of those three

célèbres; le retour d'Hercule de son expédition Iberienne, les voyages des Argonautes, et ceux d'Ulysse.

J'ai achevé le vingt neuvième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *De Traditione Principiorum Legis Naturalis*, par *Aufaldus*. La révélation primitive conservée par la tradition, ou par des principes que chaque individu ne peut que découvrir par lui même; ces deux systèmes (dis je) produisent le même effet, mais ce dernier est plus simple, et convient mieux aux attributs du créateur.—*Histoire Universelle*, par une *Société de Gens de Lettres*; premier et second *Extrait*. On sait que le commencement de ce grand ouvrage est excellent. Le journaliste fait voir assez bien que la grêle, qui acheva la défaite de Cananéens, n'étoit qu'une grêle ordinaire, et que des historiens, qui y ont vu des pierres énormes formées et soutenues dans l'air jusqu'au moment de leur chute, sont des physiciens un peu trop crédules.—*Catalogue méthodique des Plantes Suisses*, par *Albert Haller*. Un ouvrage de botanique m'intéresse peu, mais M. de Haller m'intéresse beaucoup. Ce génie universel a su réunir le feu du poète avec la sagacité et la défiance du physicien: ses connoissances égalent ses talens. Une application soutenue lui fait tout dévorer; une conception facile le fait marcher d'un pas rapide; une mémoire heureuse jusqu'à tenir du prodige, ne laisse rien échapper de ce qu'on lui a confié. Il y a quelques années qu'il soupa chez M. de G. dont la

mémoire

three celebrated events; the return of Hercules from his Iberian expedition, the voyages of the Argonauts, and those of Ulysses.

I finished the twenty-ninth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *De Traditione Principiorum Legis Naturalis*, by *Aufaldus*. The primitive revelation, whether preserved by tradition, or by principles which each individual may discover by the exercise of his own reason, will be attended with the same consequences; but the latter hypothesis is more simple, and more consonant to the attributes of the Creator.—*The Universal History*, by a *Society of Men of Letters*; first and second *Extract*. The excellence of the first part of this great work is well known. The reviewer shows clearly that the hail-stones which completed the defeat of the inhabitants of Canaan, was only a storm of ordinary hail, and refutes the credulity of those historians who think that it consisted of large stones, formed and supported in the air till the moment of their fall.—*A methodical Catalogue of the Plants found in Switzerland*, by *Albert Haller*. I am little interested in a work on botany, but very much in Mr. Haller. This universal genius unites the fire of poetry with the sagacity and discernment of the philosopher: his natural abilities are equal to his acquired knowledge. His memory is retentive to a degree almost miraculous. A few years ago he supped with Mr. de G.

mémoire n'est pas moins surprenante : on y parloit des affaires de Suede, des antiquités de Rome ; et le littérateur redressoit toujours le voyageur. Parmi beaucoup d'admirateurs, il a cependant peu d'amis. A Gottingen, à Berne, au pays de Vaud, son caractère fier, violent, et ambitieux, a toujours révolté tout le monde.—*Histoire de Guillaume le Conquérant, par l'Abbé Prevôt.* J'y ai trouvé quelques morceaux d'un vieux chroniqueur, dont la naïveté m'a fait grand plaisir.—*Histoire du Mont Vesuve, par l'Académie de Naples* : très curieuse. La chaleur des Lavanges, quand leur première fureur s'est amortie, est encore très supérieure au fer ardent.

Novembre 8.]—Me trouvant un peu incommodé, je n'ai rien fait que de lire un petit ouvrage que M. Pavilliard m'avoit prêté. Il s'appelle *Lettres écrites de la Campagne.* Il roule sur les troubles de Geneve, que je ne connois que comme tout le monde. Ces lettres sont d'un homme d'esprit, qui affecte un peu trop la manière de Montesquieu. Il se declare pour le magistrat, et regarde comme un frein salutaire, cette approbation préalable du petit conseil, sans laquelle nulle affaire ne peut être portée devant l'assemblée générale. Il la compare à la voix négative du roi dans la constitution d'Angleterre. Mais quelle différence immense entre la voix négative qui précède la délibération, et celle qui la suit !

Novembre

whose memory is also surprising. The conversation turned on the affairs of Sweden, and the antiquities of Rome ; and the scholar always corrected the traveller. With all his admirers, Haller has but few friends. Wherever he has happened to reside, at Gottingen, Berne, or the Pays de Vaud, his harsh, haughty, and ambitious character has offended all his acquaintances.—*The History of William the Conqueror, by the Abbé Prevôt.* I found in it some quotations from an old chronicle, the natural simplicity of which gave me great pleasure.—*History of Mount Vesuvius, by the Academy of Naples* : very curious. The heat of the lava, even after its first violence has abated, is far greater than that of red-hot iron.

November 8.]—Being unwell, I did nothing but read a small work which Mr. Pavilliard had lent to me. It is intitled, *Letters written from the Country*, and relates to the troubles of Geneva ; concerning which I know nothing more than the public at large. These letters are written by a man of abilities, who affects too much however the style of Montesquieu. He is an advocate for the magistrates, and considers as a salutary check the previous approbation of the little council, before any bill can be proposed to the general assembly. This regulation he compares with the King's negative in the constitution of England. But there is a wide difference between a negative before, and after deliberation.

November

Novembre 11.]—J'ai achevé le trentième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Lettres de Cuper*; savantes, et qui donnent une aussi bonne idée du cœur, que de l'esprit de ce savant Hollandois.—*Histoire Civile du Royaume de Naples*, par M. Giannone.—La candeur, la pénétration, et la liberté de cet excellent jurisconsulte, feront toujours estimer son ouvrage par tous les sages. Les ecclésiastiques ne sont pas de ce nombre.—*Poësies du Roi de Navarre*: le rang de l'auteur, l'antiquité de ces poësies, et plus encore leurs beautés réelles, leur donnent un très grand prix.—*Dissertation de M. Taylor, sur la Loi des Decemvirs contre les Debiteurs insolubles*. L'idée n'est pas nouvelle. Il falloit vendre un tel debiteur, et partager le prix de l'esclave, et non pas l'esclave lui même. Comme ce journal commence à s'humaniser un peu trop, on n'a point osé insérer le Latin, dont on peut à peine se passer dans cette discussion.—*Histoire Universelle*; *Extrait troisième*: le journaliste ramasse beaucoup d'exemples curieux sur la force de la musique.—*Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*, par Klein: curieuse.—*Lettres du Comte d'Estrades*. On y voit tous les ressorts de la politique Françoisë, et toute l'ambition de Louis XIV.—*Traité sur le Nombre des Habitans de la Hollande et de la West Frise*, par M. Kerseboom. Comme cet ouvrage curieux est en Hollandois, je m'étendrai un peu sur cet extrait. Voici le précis de ses observations.

1. Le

November 11.]—I finished the thirtieth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Cuper's Letters*; which give as favourable an impression of the heart as of the understanding of this learned Dutchman.—*The Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples*, by Mr. Giannone. The candour, penetration, and freedom, of this excellent lawyer, will ever ensure to this work the esteem of all wise men. Churchmen are not always of the number.—*Poems, by the King of Navarre*: highly valuable, on account of the rank of the author, their antiquity, and their own real beauties.—*Taylor's Dissertation on the Law of the Decemvirs against Insolvent Debtors*. His conclusion is not new. He thinks the debtor was sold as a slave, and the price received for him divided amongst his creditors, and not the slave himself. As this journal begins to grow too fashionable, the reviewer does not venture to insert the Latin, which cannot however easily be dispensed with in this discussion.—*Universal History*; *third Extract*. The reviewer collects a great number of curious examples on the power of music.—*Natural History of Fishes*, by Klein: curious.—*The Count d'Estrade's Letters* lay open the springs of the French policy, and all the ambition of Louis XIV.—*A Treatise on the Number of Inhabitants in Holland and West Friesland*, by Mr. Kerseboom. As this curious work is in Dutch, I shall speak of it at some length. The result of his observations is;

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1. The

1. Le nombre des enfans nés tous les ans est 28,000. 2. Le total des habitans est de 980,000; c'est à dire dans la proportion de 35 à un, aux naissances. 3. Il y a dans cette province 169,000 couples de gens mariés. Après avoir défalqué un nombre convenable de batards, sur les 28,000 enfans, il resultera une proportion exacte, que sur treize mariages de tout age, il y en a deux de procréans tous les ans. 4. M. Kerseboom a trouvé par ses combinaisons, que de deux personnes mariées entre les ages de 20 et de 50 ans, il y a 13 chances contre 7, qu'au bout de 20 ans l'une ou l'autre des deux sera morte. 5. Sur 1430 enfans nouvellement nés, voici les vraisemblances pour le nombre d'entre eux qui restera en vie à chaque age.

Age.	Resteront en vie.	Age.	Resteront en vie.
1	1125	60	382
10	895	70	245
20	817	80	100
30	711	90	10
40	605	95	1
50	507		

Novembre 12.]—J'ai lu un petit ouvrage nouveau, *un poëme en prose*, nommé *Olivier*. Le style en est aisé, facile, et coulant; mais rarement assez élevé

1. The number of children born yearly amount to 28,000. 2. The total of the inhabitants to 980,000; that is, in the proportion of 35 to 1, of the births. 3. The number of married couples is 169,000. After subtracting the bastards, it turns out that of thirteen married couples of all ages, two produce children yearly. 4. Mr. Kerseboom finds by his calculations, that of two persons that enter into wedlock between the ages of 20 and 50, it is 13 to 7 that one will die before the lapse of twenty years. 5. Of 1400 new born children, the probable number of those who will remain alive at each of the assigned ages, is as follows:

Age.	Alive.	Age.	Alive.
1	1125	60	382
10	895	70	245
20	817	80	100
30	711	90	10
40	605	95	1
50	507		

November 12.]—I read a small new work, a poem in prose, intitled, *Olivier*. The style is easy and flowing, but rarely elevated to a pitch deserving the name of poetry.

élevé, pour mériter à l'ouvrage le nom de poëme. Les détails son intéressans ; les aventures de cet Olivier, qui subjugué la haine du Comte à force de bien faits, nous attachent. Celles d'Enguerrand et de son écuyer, nous amusent. Son aventure dans le village du Limoufin, fait le pendant de Gil Blas, et de l'archevêque de Grenade. Elle est du vrai comique. Les voyages de Fleur d'Epine sont partout trop extravagans. L'isle des musiciens n'est pas mauvaise ; cependant toute la plaisanterie n'est fondée que sur un jeu de mots, et sur l'équivoque du mot *air*. Mais l'ordonnance du poëme est détestable. Ces recits, coupés par chants, et repris quand on les a presque oubliés, m'ont excédé. C'est la méthode de l'Arioste. Eh bien ! la méthode d'Arioste ne vaut rien ; mais pourquoi confondre les écarts naturels d'un génie qui ne connoit point de regles, et le desordre étudié d'un esprit qui extravague avec méthode, et qui se gêne pour violer les loix qu'il connoit ?

Novembre 14.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. iv, v. p. 950—979*. L'auteur y parcourt les autres villes Méditerranées du Latium ; *Tibur, Præneste, Gabii, &c.* Il passe delà aux *Rutuli*, qui occupoient un petit territoire entre les Latins, les Volscques, et la mer. Il paroît que cette petite tribu s'étoit détachée du corps politique des Latins, puisqu'elle ne participoit point aux sacrifices du Mont Albain, qui le réunissoit tous les ans.

Mais

poetry. The story is interesting ; we are pleased with the adventures of this Olivier, who subdues the Count's hatred by good offices. The characters of Enguerrand and his squire are amusing. His adventure in the village of the Limoufin is a counterpart to that of Gil Blas with the archbishop of Grenada. The travels of Fleur d'Epine are throughout too extravagant. The isle of musicians is not a bad fancy ; but the whole pleasantry is founded on a pun, the double meaning of the word *air*. The arrangement of the poem is detestable. I am provoked to find the narrative continually broken into cantos ; and those parts of it resumed which had been almost forgotten. The author has imitated Ariosto. That is true ; but Ariosto's arrangement is good for nothing. Besides, we ought not to confound the natural wanderings of a great genius unacquainted with rules, and the studied disorder of a writer who is extravagant by design, and who gives himself much trouble to violate those laws of composition with which he is acquainted.

November 14.]—I read Cluverius, L. iii. C. iv, v. p. 950—979. The author treats of the other inland cities of Latium ; *Tibur, Præneste, Gabii, &c.* He thence proceeds to the *Rutuli*, who inhabited a small district between the sea, the Latins, and the Volsci. This little community must have separated itself from the political confederacy of the Latins, since it did not participate in the sacrifices on Mount Alba,

which

Mais les poètes ont souvent confondu ces deux peuples, qui sembloient l'être déjà par la situation de leur pays et par leur origine commune. La ville d'*Ardea* étoit la capitale des *Rutuli*, prise et incendiée par Enée ; les poètes la font sortir de ses cendres, pour le changer en oiseau. Quelle fable ! elle ne choque pas moins l'imagination que la raison. Mais de dogme général de la métempsychose, étoit très métaphysique ; d'une métaphysique dont les conséquences s'épuroient, à mesure que les fictions devenoient plus absurdes. Notre religion nous assure de l'immortalité de l'ame. On y trouve son immatérialité ; mais le dogme de la résurrection du corps, nous fait regarder ce corps comme une partie essentielle de l'homme, et nous insinue que sans le secours de pareils organes, l'ame seroit incapable d'agir. Mais la doctrine de la métempsychose détache l'ame du corps qu'elle occupoit, sans lui ôter la moindre de ses facultés. Elle ne les doit qu'à elle même, et l'homme toujours homme dans le corps d'un autre animal, peut penser, peut réfléchir, avec la même facilité que dans le sien. Dès qu'on a adopté ce dogme, on peut disputer sur la nature de cette ame, mais il faut convenir qu'elle n'a rien de commun avec le corps qu'elle habite.

Novembre 15.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 979*
—1048. Cluvier jette un coup d'œil sur le petit pays des *Herniques*, niché
parmi

which the members of that confederacy annually met to celebrate. The poets, however, often confound those two nations; which were indeed nearly united by the situation of their territories and their common origin. *Ardea*, the capital of the *Rutuli*, was taken and burnt by *Eneas*; the poets feign that a bird flew from its ashes; a strange fable, as shocking to the fancy as to reason. But the dogma of the metempsychosis was extremely metaphysical; and of that kind of metaphysics, of which the consequences became the more refined in proportion to the absurdity of the fictions on which they were founded. Our religion assures us of the soul's immortality, and even immateriality; but the doctrine of the resurrection makes us consider the body as an essential part of the man, and tends to persuade us that without the assistance of organs, the soul would not be capable of action. The metempsychosis, on the contrary, separate the soul and body without depriving the former of any of its faculties. These faculties it owes only to itself: man is still a man; and in the body of another animal can think and reflect as well as in his own. When this opinion is adopted, though we may dispute concerning the nature of this soul, we must allow that it has nothing in common with the body which it inhabits.

November 15.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 979—1048*. He casts a glance on the little country of the *Hernici*, inclosed in the mountains; and describes

parmi les montagnes. Mais il décrit fort au long, les territoires étendus des *Volsques* : *Antium* en étoit la capitale. Ces peuples avoient une marine composée de vaisseaux légers, avec lesquels ils faisoient des courses dans les mers de l'Italie, et de la Grece. Alexandre se plaignit à Rome par ses ambassadeurs de ces déprédations ; et les Romains essayèrent de les reprimer. Quel étoit cet Alexandre ? Je pense que ce fut le roi d'Epire, qui fit la guerre en Italie, et que les colonies Grecques choisirent pour leur général et leur protecteur contre les barbares. Cet emploi devoit naturellement le mettre en liaison avec les Romains. Si quelques écrivains ont parlé d'une ambassade que le sénat envoya à Alexandre le Grand, ils auront confondu l'oncle et le neveu. L'autorité des anciens, aussi bien que la vraisemblance, m'engageront toujours à croire que le peuple Romain n'a point connu le conquérant de l'Asie.

Novembre 16.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ix. p. 1048—1062*. Il y est question de cette confusion de noms de peuples et de tribus, qu'il est si difficile de démêler. Des *Opici*, des *Ofci*, des *Aufones*, et des *Aurunci*. Ils sont tellement confondus, qu'ils n'ont du être que des noms différens pour le même peuple, où les territoires de ces peuples ont été étrangement enclavés les uns dans les autres.

Novembre

describes at length the extensive territories of the Volsci, of which Antium was the capital. This nation had a marine, consisting of light vessels, with which they infested the seas of Greece and Italy. Alexander sent ambassadors, complaining to the Romans of their depredations; and the Romans endeavoured to repress their piracy.—Who was this Alexander? I think he was that king of Epirus, who made war in Italy, and whom the Greek colonies there chose for their general and protector against the barbarians. This office naturally connected him with the Romans. When some writers speak of an embassy sent by the senate to Alexander the Great, they confound the uncle with the nephew. The authority of the ancients, as well as the improbability of the thing itself, convince me that the Romans never had any communication with the conqueror of Asia.

November 16.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iii. C. ix. p. 1048—1062*. He speaks of that confusion of the names of nations and tribes, which it is so difficult to unravel. The *Opici*, the *Ofci*; the *Aufones*, and *Aurunci*, are so continually confounded, that there must have been different names for the same people, or their territories must have been strangely intermingled.

November

Novembre 17.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier*, L. iii. C. x. L. iv. C. i, ii. p. 1062—1102. L'auteur examine le détail du pays des *Aufones*, qui devint dans la suite une partie du nouveau Latium. *Formiæ* paroît avoir eu l'honneur infame d'être capitale des *Leftrigones*, dans le tems que l'Italie étoit pour les Grecs, ce que l'intérieur de l'Amerique est pour nous. Cette fable est intéressante chez Homère ; la decouverte d'un pays inconnu, où tous les objets nous étonnent et nous touchent, où la curiosité est aiguillée, et satisfaite à chaque instant, nous procure le plaisir que nous goutons dans les voyages. Cependant je reprocherois au poëte deux traits, dont le peu d'exactitude défigure un peu le tableau. 1. Les *Leftrigones* sont à la fois trop barbares et trop policés. Ils demeurent dans des villes ; ils ont des voitures, et des bergers à gages. Cependant ils sont Antropophages. Heureusement pour l'espece humaine cette fureur n'a jamais subsisté que chez les nations destituées de toute culture, et même parmi ces peuples, l'homme ne devore gueres son semblable, qu'il n'y soit poussé par la disette, ou la vengeance. 2. Les *Leftrigones* étoient des géans. Tout devoit y être proportionné, leurs enfans, leurs maisons, et leurs villes. Les espions d'Ulysse traversent cependant le pays ; ils s'entretiennent avec la fille du roi ; ils la suivent sans défiance
jusques

November 17.]—I read Cluverius, L. iii. C. x. L. iv. C. i, ii. p. 1062—1102. The author enters into particulars concerning the country of the *Aufones*, which became afterwards a part of New Latium. *Formiæ* was distinguished by the infamous honour of being the capital of the *Leftrigones*, at the time when Italy was to the Greeks what the inland parts of America are to us. Homer has rendered this fable interesting. The discovery of an unknown country, where every object surprises and affects us, where curiosity is continually excited, and continually gratified, affords a pleasure similar to that felt in our travels. Yet the poet may be reproached with two incorrect touches, which somewhat disfigure his picture. The *Leftrigones* are either too refined, or too barbarous. They inhabit cities, they have chariots, and hired shepherds. Yet they are men-eaters. Happily for human nature, this ferocity never existed but in nations totally devoid of culture ; and even among them man does not devour his fellow-creatures unless driven to this madness by famine or vengeance. 2. The *Leftrigones* were giants. Every thing belonging to them ought to be in due proportion ; their children, houses, and cities. Yet Ulysses' spies travel through the country, converse with the king's daughter, and follow her without distrust to her
father's

jusques dans la maison de son pere, et ils ne s'effrayent qu'à la vue de la reine des *Lestrigones*. Gulliver a mieux observé les proportions.

Novembre 18.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ii. p. 1102—1115*. Après avoir déterminé la situation et les bornes de la Campanie, Cluvier décrit les côtes depuis *Sinuesse*: *Vulturnum*, *Liternum*, *Silva Gallinaria*, et *Cumes*. Cette dernière ville lui fournit beaucoup. Sa fondation, sa puissance, mais surtout sa Sybille, que Virgile a immortalisée, lui fournissent une riche moisson. Ce dernier article me paroît bien traité, sans confusion, mais avec l'abondance qui lui est naturelle.

20.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ii. p. 1115—1146*. Il poursuit toujours son dessein, et parcourt les côtes de la Campanie, de *Cumes* jusqu'à *Naples*: petit canton, mais célèbre dans tous les siècles. *Misenum*, *Baïæ*, *Puteoli*, et les lacs *Avernus* et *Lucrin*, la terreur des premiers Grecs, et les délices des Romains, le rendront toujours plus intéressant.

21.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iii. p. 1146—1164*. Il continue et achève les côtes de la Campanie, de *Naples* jusqu'au promontoire de *Minerve*, qui la sépareoit du territoire des *Picentini*. *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, *Stabiae*, et *Surrentum*, sont les principaux endroits qu'il trouve sur la route.

Sur

Father's palace. Their fears are not mentioned, till they see the queen of the *Lestrigons*. Gulliver was a better observer of proportions.

November 18.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ii. p. 1102—1115*. After having determined the situation and bounds of Campania, he describes the sea-coast from *Sinuesse*, viz. *Vulturnum*, *Liternum*, *Sylva Gallinaria*, and *Cumae*. This last place is described at great length. Its foundation and power, above all its Sibyl, immortalized by Virgil, furnish the geographer with an abundant crop. This last article is well treated, without confusion, but with his natural copiousness.

20.]—I read Cluverius, *L. iv. C. ii. p. 1115—1146*. In pursuance of his design, he describes the coast of Campania, from *Cumae* to *Naples*: a small district, famous in all ages. *Misenum*, *Baïæ*, *Puteoli*, with the lakes *Avernus* and *Lucrinus*, the terror of the early Greeks, and the delight of the Romans, will always render this coast highly interesting.

21.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iii. p. 1146—1164*. He continues and concludes his account of the coasts of Campania and *Naples*, to the promontory of *Minerva*, which separated them from the territory of the *Picentini*. *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, *Stabiae*, and *Surrentum*, are the principal places described in his rout.

Sur le lieu du sépulcre de Virgile, il y a une diversité d'opinions. St. Jerome et Donat paroissent d'un côté; mais Cluvier, suivi d'Addison, rejette sans façon leur témoignage, et se fonde sur l'autorité de Stace, pour transporter ce monument à l'autre côté de la ville, et aux pieds du Mont Vésuve. Je préférerois bien avec eux l'autorité de Stace, s'il s'étoit exprimé d'une façon précise; mais ce poëte ne parle qu'en général des rivages *Chalcidiques*, lieux qui avoient éprouvé la colère du Vésuve; épithetes vagues, et qui ne semblent désigner que les environs de Naples. St. Jerome et Donat nous apprennent que Virgile fut enseveli à deux milles de cette ville sur le grand chemin de Puteoli. Cette description est claire en sans équivoque; elle peut s'accorder avec Stace; elle est soutenue par la tradition du pays. Pourquoi la recuser?

Novembre 22.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iv. p. 1164—1171*. Il y est question des îles qui se trouvoient opposées aux côtes de la Campanie. Les deux plus considérables paroissent des ouvrages avancés, qui gardoient les deux promontoires de la Baye de Naples. L'une s'appelloit *Ænaria* et *Pithecusa*; et l'autre étoit la fameuse *Caprée*.

24.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. v. p. 1171—1179*. Après avoir parcouru les côtes et les îles de la Campanie, il passe à l'intérieur des terres.

There are different opinions concerning the place of Virgil's tomb. St. Jerom and Donatus appear on one side; but Cluverius, followed by Mr. Addison, on the other, rejects without ceremony their evidence; and, upon the authority of Statius, transports this monument to the other side of the city, and the foot of Mount Vesuvius. I should with them prefer Statius's information, were it conveyed in precise terms. But this poet speaks in general only of the Chalcidic shores, places which experienced the rage of Vesuvius; and such vague language seems merely to indicate the neighbourhood of Naples. St. Jerom and Donatus, on the other hand, tell us, that Virgil was buried at the distance of two miles from that city, and on the high road to Puteoli; this account is so clear, that it cannot be mistaken. It may be reconciled with that of Statius, and is justified by the tradition of the country. Why should it be rejected?

November 22.—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. iv. p. 1164—1171*. He treats of the isles lying opposite to the coast of Campania. The two largest appear like advanced works, intended to guard the two promontories of the Bay of Naples. The one is called *Ænaria* or *Pithecusa*; the other is the famous *Capræ*.

24.]—I read Cluverius, *L. iv. C. v. p. 1171—1179*. After having treated of the coasts and islands of Campania, he proceeds to the inland country. We behold the fertile,

terres. Nous y voyons les champs fertiles de *Falerne* et de *Capoue*, dont le vin et le bled faisoient le revenu le plus assuré de la république, et qui nourrissoient un si grand nombre des citoyens. Les côteaùx du Mont *Massicus* bordoient les champs de *Falerne*. Les anciens ont souvent confondu ces deux crûs. *Capoue* paroît ensuite ; ville orgeuilleuse, qui croyoit follement qu'il suffisoit d'être riche, pour ôser lutter contre Rome. Les Romains détruisirent la république de *Capoue*, mais ils épargnèrent la ville. S'ils ne voulurent jamais y rétablir une constitution politique, qu'ils paroissent toujours redouter, les craintes domestiques y avoient bien plus de part que la politique étrangère. Dans l'affaire de *Rullus*, *Cicéron* les a confondues à merveille ; il avoit des raisons très sages pour le faire.

Novembre 25.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 1179—1205*. L'auteur décrit tout le reste de la Campanie, le territoire des *Picentins*, et le pays des *Samnites* et des *Hirpini*. Ces deux pays, remplis de montagnes et peu fertiles, étoient presque déserts du tems des Romains. Cette nation n'avoit pu vaincre les *Samnites* qu'en les exterminant. *Florus* avoit bien raison. On cherchoit vainement dans ces provinces l'objet de vingt quatre triomphes. Pourquoi faut-il que je trouve encore M. Addison sur mon chemin ? mais aussi pourquoi veut-il transporter dans l'Ombrie le lac d'*Ampsanctus*, que *Virgile* a si bien décrit ? Ignoroit-il, méprisoit-il, les

fertile fields of *Falernum* and *Capua*, whose corn and wine formed the surest revenue of the republic, and nourished a vast multitude of citizens. The district of *Falernum* was bounded by the vineyards of Mount *Maslicus*. The ancients often confounded these two growths. *Capua* appears next ; that proud city, whose inhabitants foolishly thought that their riches would enable them to contend with Rome. The Romans destroyed the republic, but spared the city : and in never re-establishing its political constitution, an event which they always feared, they were guided rather by a concern for the safety of their own government, than by maxims of external policy. *Cicero* artfully confounds those two objects in his pleadings against *Rullus* ; he had good reasons for so doing.

November 25.]—I read *Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. vi, vii, viii. p. 1179—1205*. The author describes the remainder of Campania, and the territories of the *Picentini*, *Hirpini*, and *Samnites*. These two nations inhabited mountains of little fertility, which were almost deserts, under the Romans ; who had conquered the *Samnites* only by extirpating them. *Florus* is right. It is impossible to find in these districts objects worthy of twenty-four triumphs. Mr. Addison is again in my way. Why would he place in Umbria lake *Ampsanctus*, which *Virgil* had so well described ?

les autorités de Cicéron et de Pline, qui le placent parmi les *Hirpini*? La Furie ne faisoit-elle pas un choix digne de son caractère, lorsqu'elle se plongeoit dans les eaux d'un lac, qui étoient fatales pour tous ceux qui oseroient y entrer?

J'ai achevé le trente unième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Le Lucien*, de MM. Hemsterhuis et Gesner, qu'ils ont accompagné de tous les secours qui peuvent donner du prix à une édition: des manuscrits collationnés, une version nouvelle, les observations d'un grand nombre de sçavans. A l'occasion de *Philopatris*, ils prouvent qu'il étoit fait sous un empereur de Constantinople, qui permettoit qu'on insultât aux Chrétiens. Cette époque, qui ne convient qu'à Julien, fait tomber toutes les conséquences qu'on a voulu tirer de cet ouvrage.—*Relation d'une Mission faite en Groenland*, par M. Egede, en Danois. Tout y est curieux: l'objet du voyage, assez rare parmi les Protestants, le pays, et ses habitans. La nature y est affreuse; les animaux y sont rares et petits. Il n'y peut venir que de ces plantes qui viennent à leur maturité pendant un été de deux mois, et qui peuvent supporter un hyver de dix. Au delà du soixante quatrième degré on ne peut pas faire croître le bled; au soixante cinquième l'esprit de vin gèle. Point de neige; tout est en vive glace, dont les couleurs différentes égayaient la scène au milieu de toutes ces horreurs. Oui, l'homme est naturellement bon: J'en

scribed? Was he ignorant of, or did he despise, the passages of Cicero and Pliny which place that lake in the country of the Hirpini? The Fury could not make a choice more worthy of her character, than that of plunging into a lake whose waters proved fatal to all who approached them.

I finished the thirty-first volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Lucian*, by Messrs. Hemsterhuis and Gesner; accompanied with every help that can render an edition valuable: manuscripts collated, a new translation, and remarks of many of the learned. In speaking of the *Philopatris*, the editors prove that it must have been written under an emperor of Constantinople, who allowed the Christians to be insulted. This æra, being applicable only to Julian, destroys all the consequences which have been deduced from this work.—*Account of a Mission into Greenland*, by Mr. Egede, in Danish. All here is curious: the design of the voyage, uncommon among Protestants; the country; and its inhabitants. Nature is clad in terror; the animals are small and few. No other plants can thrive, excepting those which ripen in a summer of two months, and can bear a winter of ten. Corn will not grow beyond the sixty-fourth degree: beyond the sixty-fifth spirits of wine freeze. There is not even snow; all is hard ice, whose sparkling colours gladden this scene of horror. Yes; man is naturally good;

J'en appelle à ces Groenlandois, qui connoissent l'amour au milieu de leurs frimas, mais qui ne connoissent la guerre qu'envers les animaux. Ils sont paresseux, légers, sans malice, et sans vertus. Les Iroquois, qui mangent leurs prisonniers, ont aussi des loix, des idées, des arts ; arts dont les autres sont destitués. Comparé au Groenlandois, l'Iroquois est déjà un homme civilisé. Que j'aime à voir la nature !—*Théologie des Insectes*, par M. Lesner : très curieuse.—*Lettres du Comte d'Esstrades* : très utile pour l'histoire des négociations qui composent un genre presque inconnu à l'antiquité.—*Grammaire Chinoise de Fourmont*. Quelle preuve de la supériorité des Européens ! On fait des grammaires Chinoises à Paris : en fera-t-on jamais de Françaises à Pekin ? Je doute qu'il y ait des Mandarins qui sachent leur langue d'une manière aussi raisonnée que M. Fourmont.—*Traité des Sens*, par M. le Cat. La connoissance des sens touche d'assez près à celle de l'ame, dont ils sont les organes. M. le Cat développe leur construction, leurs fonctions, et leurs objets, avec une pénétration toujours guidée par l'expérience ; il m'a fait un plaisir indicible.—*Histoire universelle*, par une Société de Gens de Lettres. Cet extrait roule sur l'histoire des Perses, selon les écrivains Orientaux, que les éditeurs préfèrent sans façon aux Grecs. Beaucoup de savans ont été du même

good ; I appeal to these Greenlanders, who are no strangers to love in the midst of their frozen regions, but are strangers to war excepting against the brute creation. They are lazy, inconstant ; exempt from ill-nature, but destitute of great virtues. The Iroquois, who eat their prisoners, have also laws, ideas, and arts ; with which last the Greenlanders are unacquainted. Compared with the Greenlanders, the Iroquois are a civilized nation. How delightful is the contemplation of nature !—*Theology of Insects*, by Mr. Lesner : very curious.—*Letters of Count d'Esstrades* : highly useful for the history of negotiations, a kind of history almost unknown to antiquity.—*Fourmont's Chinese Grammar*. A striking proof of the superiority of the Europeans. Chinese grammars are written in Paris : will French grammars ever be written in Pekin ? I am doubtful whether the Mandarins themselves know the principles of their own language as well as Mr. Fourmont.—*A Treatise on the Senses*, by Mr. Le Cat. The knowledge of the senses approaches nearly to that of the soul, of which they are the organs. Mr. Le Cat explains their anatomy, functions, and objects, with penetration always guided by experience. His work has given me a pleasure not to be described.—*The Universal History*, by a Society of Men of Letters. This extract relates to the history of the Persians, according to oriental writers ; whom the editors boldly prefer to the Greek. Many learned men have entertained the same opinion, which appears to me indefensible. 1. In the oriental writers, the characteristics of the fabulous are predominant ;

EXTRAITS DU JOURNAL.

même goût, qui me paroît insoutenable. 1. Tout ressent la fable; point de chronologie; des erreurs géographiques à chaque instant; un merveilleux qui fait le fonds de la narration, au lieu d'en être l'accessoire. 2. Il y a dans l'histoire de Perse beaucoup de faits sur lesquels les Grecs n'ont pu se tromper, tels que le tems de l'établissement de cet empire par Cyrus, et les guerres entre les Perses et les Grecs. Les Orientaux ne leur sont cependant pas moins opposés sur ces faits, qu'à l'égard de tous les autres. 3. Je fais que les Grecs ne firent que se montrer en Perse, et que leurs sujets vivoient assez tranquilles sous leurs loix. Mais les Parthes, leurs successeurs, nation Scythique, et ennemie des Perses, dont ils méprisoient la mollesse, les tinrent pendant cinq cens ans sous un joug de fer. Une incendie, un fleau passager, détruit rarement les monumens d'une nation; mais un gouvernement dur, où chaque génération du peuple vaincu, est plus abruti, que ne l'étoient ses peres, les fait abandonner bientôt aux vers et à la poussière, et la vérité est bientôt étouffée par une tradition fabuleuse. L'histoire des rois Sassanides n'est point sujette à des objections aussi fortes. Elle est mieux liée, plus vraisemblable, et plus conforme aux écrivains d'Occident. Cependant après les conquêtes des Arabes, il s'est écoulé quelque tems, avant que les Perses songassent à rassembler leurs traditions et leurs monumens.

Novembre

minant; there is no attention to chronology; geographical errors abound; and the marvellous forms the essential part of the narrative, instead of being merely an accessory. 2. In the history of Persia, there are many transactions concerning which the Greeks could not be mistaken; as the time of the establishment of Cyrus' empire, and the wars between the Persians and themselves. But the Persian accounts differ as widely from the Greek, with respect to those matters, as they do with respect to all others. 3. I know that the Greeks only shewed themselves in Persia, and that their eastern subjects lived quietly under their transitory reign. But their successors, the Parthians, a Scythian nation who hated the Persians, whose effeminacy they despised, kept them during five centuries under a yoke of iron. A conflagration, or other transient calamity, rarely destroys the whole monuments of a country; but, under a cruel government, which renders each generation more stupid than the preceding, they crumble into dust, and become a prey to worms; and truth is soon stifled under a weight of fabulous tradition. The history of the dynasty of the Sassanides is less liable to objection. It is better connected, more probable in itself, as well as more conformable to the narratives of European writers. Yet a considerable time elapsed from the Arabian conquest, before the Persians endeavoured to collect their historical monuments.

November

Novembre 27.]—Le fameux *factum* de Saurin contre Rousseau m'est tombé entre les mains. La singulière affaire ! pendant que des guerres et des traités sont presque oubliés, ce procès de quelques particuliers occupe encore la mémoire, et fait agir les passions des hommes au bout de soixante ans. Tout ce que je trouve d'assuré, c'est que ce *factum* de Saurin est un grand morceau de gout et d'éloquence.

28.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ix, x, xi, xii, xiii. p. 1205—1242*. Cluvier passe au côtes de la mer Adriatique. Les *Frentani* l'occupent un instant. Il parle ensuite de l'Yapygia des Grecs, ou l'Apulie des Romains. Il en établit les bornes et la division générale. C'est ici, à la page 1210, que l'éditeur nous instruit que Cluvier n'a pas poussé plus loin la révision de son ouvrage, et que la suite paroîtra moins limée, moins travaillée, et peut être moins exacte. La délicatesse de M. Heinsius est louable, mais je n'ai pas encore vu la nécessité de cet avis. Nous voyons passer en revue toutes les villes de l'Apulie et de la Calabre : *Arpi, Canusium, Luceria, Brundisium*, et enfin *Tarentum*, qui est traité avec un détail proportionné à son importance.

29.]—J'ai fini la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée, le tome trente deuxième*.—*Recherches Philosophiques de St. Hyacinthe* : petit ouvrage d'un homme qui avoit bien plus

November 27.]—I read Saurin's famous pleading against Rousseau. How singular a business is this ! While wars and negociations are almost forgotten, this dispute between two private individuals is still remembered, and after the lapse of sixty years, still foment party passions. All I can decide is, that this performance of Saurin's is a fine exhibition of taste and eloquence.

28.]—I read Cluverius *Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. ix, x, xi, xii, xiii. p. 1205—1242*. He proceeds to the coast of the Adriatic, and speaks shortly of the *Frentani*. He then treats of the country called Japygia by the Greeks, and Apulia by the Romans : giving its general division and limits. In page 1210 the editor apprises us, that Cluverius did not proceed farther in revising his work ; and that the remainder will appear less polished, less elaborate, and perhaps less accurate. Heinsius' delicacy in giving this information is commendable ; but I have not yet discovered its necessity. All the towns of Apulia and Calabria here pass in review ; *Arpi, Canusium, Luceria, Brundisium*, and last of all *Tarentum*, which is treated with a copiousness proportional to its importance.

29.]—I finished the thirty-second volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Philosophical Researches of St. Hyacinthe* : a small performance, by a man who has more

plus le talent du ridicule que celui du raisonnement.—*Traité sur les Loix Naturelles, par Cumberland, traduit et commenté par M. Barbeyrac* : savante refutation de Hobbes. Ce philosophe avoit rabaissé l'homme jusqu'à la bête ; l'autre l'élève jusqu'aux intelligences supérieures. L'homme est fait pour la société (dit l'évêque) : il est le seul entre les animaux qui rit et qui pleure. Sans contredit, lui répond le philosophe, l'homme n'est nullement fait pour la société, puisque les enfans et les fous n'en ont pas d'idée, bien qu'ils participent à la nature humaine.—*Lettres de Calvin à Jacques de Bourgogne, Seigneur d'Alais*. Te voila, esprit dur et farouche. Tu te brouilles avec un ami respectable, parcequ'il cherche à dérober une victime à ton zele théologique. A l'occasion de ces lettres, le bibliothécaire de Genève en écrit une aux journalistes, pleine de recherches curieuses, sur toute cette affaire. Ce bibliothécaire a déjà fourni plusieurs pieces au journal. Elles ne roulent que sur des bagatelles littéraires, mais ces bagatelles sont traitées avec beaucoup de goût et d'agrément.—*Conformités de Jesus Christ et de St. François d'Assise*. Barthelemi de Pise n'en avoit trouvé que 40, mais cet auteur est allé jusqu'à 4000, la plus part ou très triviales ou très alambiquées. L'absurdité de ce livre lui donne une espece de prix.—*Philon, par Mangey*. Philon, du premier siecle, cite toujours le Vieux Testament selon la version d'Aquila, qui n'a veçu que dans le second. C'est une difficulté embarrassante pour les critiques.—

Missions

more talent for ridicule than for reasoning.—*Cumberland's Treatise on the Laws of Nature, translated and commented by Barbeyrac*. A learned refutation of Hobbes. This philosopher had degraded man to the condition of a beast ; the bishop exalts him to that of an angel. Man, Cumberland tells us, is made for society ; he is the only animal that laughs and weeps. Hobbes maintains that man is not made for society, because children and idiots, though participating of human nature, do not know what society means.—*Calvin's Letters to Jacques de Bourgogne*. Here we find you, harsh and intractable spirit ! quarrelling with a respectable friend, because he wishes to snatch a victim from your theological zeal. On the subject of these letters, the librarian of Geneva writes one to the reviewers, containing a curious investigation of the whole business. This librarian had already supplied them with several other pieces ; which treat indeed merely of literary trifles, but these trifles are written agreeably and elegantly.—*Conformities between Jesus Christ and St. Francis of Assise*. Bartholomy of Pifa discovered only 40, but this author carries the number to 4000, most of them trivial, or too subtle. The absurdity of this book gives it a kind of value.—*Philo, by Mangey*. Philo, in the first century, always quotes the Old Testament in Aquila's version, who lived in the second : a perplexing difficulty for critics.—*Missions to Tran-*

Missions du Tranquebar. Voici le pendant du Voyage au Groenland. Tout y est opposé, hormis son objet. Les anciens ont un peu outré les choses, mais si les zones torride et glaciales sont habitées, le sont elles par des hommes ? Je doute que ce pays soit jamais civilisé comme les zones tempérées ; la rareté et la faiblesse des animaux, et le défaut de fer, de bled, et de vin, formeront toujours des obstacles physiques bien puissans. Mais je veux lire le livre même. C'est pourquoi je n'en dirai pas davantage.

Novembre 30.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. xiii, xiv. p. 1242—1282.* Après avoir fini la Calabre, il passe à la *Lucanie*, la seule province de l'Italie qui voyoit les deux mers. On y voit beaucoup de villes Grecques sur les côtes, et une nation nombreuse et féroce dans l'intérieur des terres. Mais les conquêtes des Romains abolirent toutes ces distinctions. Le peu d'habitans qui échappa à la fureur, oublia tout ce qu'il avoit été. Le géographe voit, peut être mieux que l'historien, ce qu'il en a coûté à l'univers pour devenir Romain.

Décembre 3.]—J'ai lu *Cluvier. Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. xvi, xvii. p. 1320—1338 ; fin du quatrième livre, et de l'Ouvrage entier ;* tâche vraiment laborieuse ! J'ai mis plus d'ardeur à l'entreprendre, que de constance à le soutenir. Ce petit relâchement peut se pardonner. Les détails de Cluvier
sont

quebar. This is the counterpart of the Voyage into Greenland ; all is opposite in these voyages, excepting the design for which they were undertaken. The ancients went too far in their assertions ; but if the frozen and torrid zones are inhabited, is it by men ? I doubt whether these regions will ever be civilized like the temperate zones. The scarcity and weakness of animals, and the want of corn, wine, and iron, will always form natural obstacles of great importance. But I intend to read the book itself, and therefore leave the subject at present.

November 30.]—I read Cluverius, L. iv. C. xiii, xiv. p. 1242—1282. After finishing the subject of Calabria, he proceeds to Lucania, the only province which commanded a view of both seas. There were many Greek cities on the coast, and a numerous and fierce people inhabited the inland country. These distinctions were abolished by the Roman conquests. The few inhabitants who escaped the effects of their fury, lost all remembrance of their former condition. The geographer perhaps sees better than the historian, how dearly it cost the world to become Roman.

December 3.]—I read Cluverius Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. xvi, xvii. p. 1320—1338 ; which concludes the fourth book, and the whole work ; a truly laborious task ; undertaken by me with more ardour, than it was continued with perseverance. But intervals of relaxation were pardonable. His materials are immense ; his method per-

font immenses, sa méthode est confuse, son style est bigarré par un tissu presque continuel de citations des auteurs de tous les tems. Enfin je m'en suis tiré, et je m'en suis tiré avec des connoissances très intéressantes, et que je conserverai long tems. J'ai déjà remarqué quel amas prodigieux de matériaux il a recueillis. Sur le plus chétif endroit, tout ce que l'antiquité, ou le moyen âge ont dit, se présente à sa mémoire; et un passage n'est pas mieux caché à ses yeux, pour être enfoui dans un légendaire du dixième siècle, que s'il se trouvoit à la tête de l'Enéide. Partout il allègue ses autorités, il les épiluche, il les compare, et le résultat de cette comparaison, ne leur est pas toujours favorable. Les anciens citoient beaucoup de mémoire: les livres étoient rares, les cartes géographiques l'étoient encore davantage; et dans une science, où l'esprit s'égare facilement, s'il n'est arrêté par le secours des yeux, il leur étoit difficile d'éviter l'erreur. Le commentateur Servius effuye souvent la critique de Cluvier. C'étoit un faux savant, à qui il arrache le masque de sa prétendue érudition. Ses bévues ne sont égalées que par celles de l'historien Appien. Mais les plus grands noms de la géographie ancienne, ne sont pas à l'abri de sa censure: Ptolémée, qui connoissoit mieux l'Orient que l'Occident; Strabon, qui est quelque fois historien, politique, ou philosophe, plutôt que géographe; et Pline, qui a voulu décrire l'univers dans trente sept petits livres, qui a souvent sacrifié la précision à la brièveté,

et

plexed, and his style a motley mixture of quotations from authors of all ages. My undertaking is now accomplished; and I have derived from it much useful knowledge, which will not be easily forgotten. I have already remarked his prodigious mass of materials. In speaking of the meanest village, all the learning of antiquity and the middle ages occurs to his memory: and a passage is not more concealed from his keen eye in a legend of the tenth century, than if it stood at the head of the *Eneid*. Throughout, his authorities are produced, and sifted, and compared with each other; and the result of the comparison is not always to their honour. The ancients quoted often from memory. Books were scarce; maps still scarcer; and in a science where the mind is so liable to wander without the direction of the eye, error was unavoidable. Servius the commentator is often exposed to Cluverius' criticism. This pretended scholar is here stripped of his mask of counterfeit erudition. His absurd mistakes are only to be equalled by those of Appian the historian. But our author's censure spares not the greatest names of ancient geography; Ptolemy, who knew the east better than the west; Strabo, who is sometimes an historian, politician, or philosopher, rather than a geographer; and Pliny, who undertakes to describe the world in thirty-seven small books; whose brevity is often obscurity, and who frequently sees by other men's

eyes,

et qui n'a que trop vu par des yeux étrangers, et souvent infideles. Après tant d'expériences du peu d'exactitude des anciens, Cluvier, moins que personne, devoit soutenir leur infailibilité. Je le vois cependant prévenu de ce respect superstitieux pour les grands noms de l'antiquité, qui avoit subjugué l'esprit de tous ses contemporains. Quand il ne reste à Cluvier aucune ressource, ni d'explication, ni d'excuse, il a celle du moins de rejeter l'erreur sur le copiste. Ce principe général, qu'il ne faut que ramener l'expression à la vérité, pour rétablir le texte de l'auteur, devient second entre ses mains. Le nombre de ses corrections n'est égalé que par leur hardiesse. La plus part de ces corrections, me paroissent inutiles et hasardées ; mais il y en a de très heureuses. Le changement d'*Athesis* et d'*Ufens* en *Æsis* et *Aufens*, épargne à Tite Live une bévue à peine concevable, substitue deux noms obscurs, mais convenables, à deux autres beaucoup plus illustres, mais très déplacés ici ; et rend au Gaulois *Senones*, leur véritable habitation. Les éditeurs de Tite Live ont depuis inséré cette correction dans le texte.

Decembre 5.]—J'ai achevé le trente troisième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Histoire de Richard de Cornouailles, Empereur d'Allemagne, par M. Gebauer, Professeur à Gottingen*. Si cet Allemand n'avoit pas été sujet du roi d'Angleterre, Electeur d'Hanovre, auroit-il jamais troublé le repos d'un prince obscur, dont le regne foible et ignoré, fut si pernicieux à l'Angleterre,

eyes, and those not always to be depended upon. After so much experience of their inaccuracy, it could hardly be expected that Cluverius should maintain the infallibility of the ancients. But we may perceive in his work the same superstitious veneration for the great names of antiquity, which prevailed among his contemporaries. When no other excuse for them remains, he is sure to throw the blame on transcribers. This principle, that the true text need only be restored, in order to restore its propriety, he applies with unwearied diligence. The great number of his corrections is only equalled by their boldness ; the greater part are rash or useless ; but some of them are extremely happy. The change of *Athesis* and *Ufens* into *Æsis* and *Aufens*, rescued the text of Livy from an absurdity almost inconceivable ; substituted two obscure but fit names, instead of two far more illustrious, but totally misplaced ; and restored the Galli *Senones* to their proper habitation. This correction has been adopted by Livy's editors, and admitted into the text.

December 5.]—I finished the thirty-third volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the *Life of Richard of Cornwall, Emperor of Germany, by Mr. Gebauer, Professor at Gottingen*. Had not this German been a subject of the king of Great Britain as Elector of Hanover, would he ever have disturbed the ashes of this obscure prince, whose

l'Angleterre, et si inutile à l'Allemagne ? Auroit-il jamais préféré ce prince au sage roi de Castille ?—*Histoire Universelle, par une Société de Gens de Lettres.* Il est question dans cet extrait, de l'histoire des Macédoniens. Elle est traitée avec beaucoup de savoir, de critique, et de goût. Cette Histoire, Universelle feroit sans prix, si tout y étoit de cette force. Je me rappelle avec plaisir, que j'ai formé la même idée de ce morceau, lorsque je l'ai lu à Bath l'an 1751. J'avois alors quatorze ans.—*Dissertation sur une Médaille de Smyrne, par M. de Boze :* pleine de goût et d'érudition. Il y a des recherches très curieuses sur la primauté des villes de l'Asie.—*Recherches sur les Polypes, par M. Trembley.* Quel monde nouveau ! quel lumière pour la physique, et quelles ténèbres pour la métaphysique !—*Institutions de Végèce.* Les idées générales de ce Tacticien sont saines ; ses détails sur la discipline des Romains, sont pleins de confusion et d'anachronismes.—*Défauts Théologiques.* Eh qui ne les connoît pas ?—*Conformités entre le Culte des Payens et celui des Catholiques.* MM. Warburton et Middleton sont partagés sur cette question. Celui-ci pense que les Chrétiens les ont emprunté des Payens : celui-la veut que les uns et les autres n'aient consulté que les mouvemens naturels de l'esprit humain, porté de lui-même à toutes ces superstitions. Ces sentimens, sont-ils différens ? Pour vouloir, il nous faut un motif. Ces superstitions

weak and ignorant reign was as pernicious to England as useless to Germany ? Would he ever have preferred this prince to the wise king of Castile ?—*Universal History, by a Society of Men of Letters.* This extract treats of the history of the Macedonians. It is executed with much erudition, taste, and judgment. This Universal History would be invaluable, were all its parts of equal merit. I remember with pleasure that I formed the same opinion of this article when I read it at Bath in 1751. I was then fourteen years old.—*Dissertation on the Medal of Smyrna, by Mr. Boze :* replete with erudition and taste ; containing curious researches on the pre-eminence of the cities of Asia.—*Researches on the Polypus, by Mr. Trembley.* A new world ! throwing light on physics, but darkening metaphysics.—*Vegetius' Institutions.* This writer on tactics has good general notions ; but his particular account of the Roman discipline is deformed by confusion and anachronisms.—*Theological Faults.* Who does not know them ?—*Conformity between the Pagan and Catholic Rites of Worship.* Messrs. Warburton and Middleton are divided on this question. The latter thinks that the Christians copied after the Pagans. The former thinks that both followed the natural impulse of human sentiment, always prone to superstition. These two opinions are not materially different. The will must always be actuated by some motive. These rites were familiar and

superstitions étoient familières, elles convenoient aux Romains du quatrième siècle. Ils y avoient renoncé avec difficulté, ils les reprenoient avec plaisir.

Decembre 7.]—Je me suis remis à mon recueil géographique sur l'Italie, que j'avois interrompu depuis quelque tems. Je le partage suivant les régions d'Auguste, et j'y fais entrer, sur chacun de ces chefs, ce que je trouve de plus curieux dans mes lectures. Mon voyage d'Italie ne peut manquer de le grossir beaucoup; et à mon retour en Angleterre, j'espère me trouver en état d'en tirer une description de l'Italie ancienne, qui sera le résultat de mes études, de mes réflexions, et de mes observations. C'est un ouvrage encore à faire, et dont l'Italie de Cluvier ne dispense point. 1. Cluvier est trop diffus. Nous ne sommes plus dans le siècle du travail, où les lectures n'avoient d'attrait, qu'à proportion de leur difficulté, et de leur étendue. Les gens de lettres de nos jours s'effrayent plus facilement, et deux in folio sont un objet très redoutable. Pour peu qu'on ait cependant de curiosité, on ne sauroit se contenter de ces abrégés décharnés, qui ne nourrissent ni l'esprit, ni la mémoire. Un ouvrage donc qui tiendrait le milieu entre Cluvier et Cellarius, seroit naturellement goûté. 2. Mais un bon abrégé de Cluvier ne suffiroit point. Pour abréger, il faut conserver les proportions de l'original, et celles de Cluvier ne sont pas toujours justes. Sans lui reprocher beaucoup d'endroits trop étendus, ou trop étranglés,
trois

and suitable to the Romans of the fourth century. They had renounced them with reluctance; they resumed them with pleasure.

Decembre 7.]—I returned to my geographical collection on Italy, which had been a short time interrupted. I divide the country according to the regions of Augustus, introducing under each region the most interesting particulars that occur in the course of my reading. This collection cannot fail being much augmented by my travels in Italy; and, at my return to England, I hope to be able to give a description of ancient Italy, which will be the joint result of my studies, reflections, and observations. Such a work still remains to be written; that of Cluverius by no means supplying its place. 1. Cluverius is too diffuse. We live not in that age of industry, when studies were valued in proportion to their extent and difficulty. Our men of letters are afraid to encounter two volumes in folio. Yet those who have curiosity, cannot be contented with such meagre abridgments as enrich neither the understanding nor memory. A book holding the middle place between Cluverius and Cellarius would suit the public taste. 2. An abridgment of the former would not answer the purpose. In abridgments the proportions of the original must be preserved; and those of Cluverius are not always accurate. Without reproaching him with excessive diffusion in some parts,

trois objets généraux méritoient bien qu'il en fit mention : les divisions des provinces par Auguste et ses successeurs, les grands chemins de l'Italie, et la topographie de la ville de Rome. A peine paroît-il s'en appercevoir. Je sens que Cluvier n'étoit pas obligé de prévenir les découvertes de notre siècle ; mais c'est un bonheur pour un écrivain plus récent, de pouvoir profiter de la connoissance plus exacte, que nous avons des mesures itinéraires, et de pouvoir orner son ouvrage, de la fleur de deux nouveaux genres d'érudition, les monumens Etrusques et ceux d'*Herculaneum*. 3. Le Latin n'est plus la langue de lettres ; le Latin de Cluvier n'a jamais été la langue de gens de goût. Le public verroit avec plaisir, qu'au lieu de cette chaîne de citations, un bon écrivain fondit ensemble toutes ses autorités, pour en former une narration claire, méthodique, et intéressante. Quelque fois néanmoins je conserverais les propres paroles de mes auteurs ; mais je ne le ferais qu'à l'égard des poètes, dont l'expression fait souvent le mérite principal, et dont les images riantes égayeroient de tems en tems, la sécheresse d'une description géographique. 4. Je suivrois Strabon plutôt que Pline. Dans les divisions générales, et les nomenclatures, je tacherois de mettre tout l'ordre et toute la netteté dont je suis capable ; mais j'envisagerois d'un œil philosophe, l'intérieur de l'habitation, et les habitans eux mêmes, après avoir décrit et partagé

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and contraction even to torture in others, three objects are totally omitted, which surely merited his attention : the division of the provinces by Augustus and his successors ; the great roads of Italy, and the topography of the city of Rome. Cluverius is scarcely sensible of these omissions. He was not indeed obliged to anticipate the discoveries of the present age ; but it happens fortunately for a more modern writer, that it is in his power to avail himself of a more accurate knowledge of itinerary measures, and to enrich his work with the first fruits of two new discoveries, the Tuscan monuments and those of Herculaneum. 3. Latin is no longer the language even of learning, and Cluverius's Latin was never the language of taste. The public would be pleased to see his broken chain of quotations melted down by a good writer into a clear, methodical, and interesting narrative. Sometimes I would preserve, however, the very words of my authorities, when they happened to be poets whose style often forms their principal merit, and whose smiling images would enliven the dryness of geographical description. 4. I would follow Strabo rather than Pliny. To my general divisions and tables I would endeavour to give all the neatness and perspicuity possible ; while I examined with the eye of a philosopher the interior of the country and the manners of its inhabitants ; the productions of art and nature, as far as they were known to the ancients ; the migration of tribes, their laws and character.

la surface, les productions de la nature et de l'art, autant qu'elles nous sont connues par les anciens, les migrations des peuples, leurs loix, et leur caractère. Parmi tant d'objets si intéressans pour un philosophe, je ferois toutes les occasions que mon sujet me fourniroit, de rechercher, quand et jusqu'à quel point la configuration du pays, le climat, la situation ont influé sur les mœurs des habitans, et sur les événemens qui leur sont arrivés. 5. Les méthodes sont assez arbitraires. Celle que je suivrois me paroît facile et lumineuse. Après avoir établi quelques préliminaires, je me placerois sur le Mont Palatin avec Romulus, et, commençant par le berceau de la nation, et le premier *pomærium* de la ville, j'en parcourrois les quartiers différens. Dans la description de l'Italie, je suivrois l'ordre des conquêtes des Romains, et j'observerois la division des régions d'Auguste. Je dérogerois seulement à cette division à l'égard du pays des Sabins, que je ferois obligé de détacher du *Samnium*, pour le mettre à la tête du *Latium*. Au moyen d'un changement aussi léger, je concilierois ces deux objets, et le lecteur suivroit sans peine les armes des Romains, et la narration de Tite Live. Un ouvrage de cette espece, s'il étoit bien exécuté, feroit sans doute accueilli du public. Il pourroit enrichir un libraire, passer à la dixième édition, et devenir un livre classique pour les colleges, les voyageurs, et même pour les gens de lettres. L'auteur, cependant, auroit tort de s'énorgueillir d'un succès qu'il ne devoit qu'à.

ter. Amidst so many interesting objects, I would seize every opportunity of investigating how far public transactions and manners were affected by local situation and climate. 5. Arrangements are arbitrary. The method which I should follow, appears to me natural and luminous. I would place myself with Romulus on the Palatine Mount, and thus proceed to the different quarters of Rome, from the cradle of the nation to the first *pomærium* of the city. In describing Italy, I would follow the progress of Roman conquests, and pay particular attention to its division by Augustus into regions; with this one exception, that I would separate the territory of the Sabines from Samnium, and put it at the head of Latium. By this small alteration I would reconcile the two principles of my arrangement; and the reader would easily follow the progress of Roman arms, and Livy's history. A work of this kind, well executed, would be favourably received by the public. It might enrich a bookseller, pass through ten editions, and become a classical book with students in colleges, travelers, and even men of letters. The author, however, would do wrong to value himself on a performance, which owed its whole success to the nature of the subject, industry, and method. To speak only of my own essay, the production of my youth,
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qu'à la nature de son sujet, à son travail, et à un esprit juste et méthodique. Pour ne parler que de moi même, mon essai, ouvrage de jeunesse, fait dans deux mois, et oublié dans quatre, annonce plus de génie original, que ne pourroit faire un pareil traité. Des deux pivots de la réputation, la difficulté et l'utilité du travail, celui-ci est le plus sûr, mais le moins flatteur.

Decembre 9.—J'ai lu *la Bibliothèque Raisonnée, le tome trente quatre; partie première*. J'y trouve trois *Traités par M. Harris, sur l'Art, sur la Musique, et la Peinture; et sur le Souverain Bonheur*. C'est un grand admirateur de Platon et d'Aristote, qui lui ont appris une méthode scientifique de débiter des choses communes, et un enthousiasme sur le beau, le vrai, et les vertueux, qui lui tient quelquefois lieu d'idées précises. Ces défauts regnent surtout dans le premier et le dernier des trois discours. Le second, rempli d'observations justes, et de distinctions fines, est plus dans le goût de la philosophie moderne.—*Histoire Naturelle des Abeilles, tirée des Ouvrages de M. de Réaumur*: tout est dans le meilleur goût; le choix du sujet, la finesse, l'abondance et la singularité des observations, les agrémens du style et de l'arrangement, donnent le plus grand intérêt à ce petit livre.

11.]—J'a lu le *trente cinquième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Histoire Universelle*: cet extrait contient la vie d'Alexandre: mais un bon

written in two months, and forgotten in four, yet does it shew more originality of genius, than would be required for such a geographical performance. Of the two sources of literary fame, difficulty and utility, the second is the surest, though the least flattering to vanity.

December 9.]—I read the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, volume thirty-four, part first. It contains three treatises of Mr. Harris, on the subjects of art, music and painting, and happiness. He is a great admirer of Plato and Aristotle, from whom he has learned to express common-place thoughts in technical language; and an enthusiasm for the beautiful, the true, and the virtuous, which are often substituted with him for precision of ideas. These faults chiefly prevail in the first and third of those essays. The second, containing many just observations and nice distinctions, is more conformable with the taste of modern philosophy.—*Natural History of Bees, extracted from the Works of Mr. Réaumur*: written in the best taste; the choice of the subject, the refinement, copiousness, and singularity of the observations, the beauties of style and arrangement, all contribute to raise the value of this little performance.

11.]—I read the thirty-fifth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *An Extract from the Universal History, concerning the Life of Alexander*. A good compiler would not have expatiated on a life so well known. A few sections would have sufficed.

bon journaliste, auroit-il jamais donné un grand abrégé d'une vie aussi connue ? Il en auroit fallu détacher deux ou trois traits. Ces journalistes font la même chose dans ce volume, à l'occasion de l'Histoire Romaine de Crevier. Cet usage multiplie inutilement les livres, rebute le lecteur, et n'est avantageux qu'aux libraires.—*Quinze Sermons sur les Devoirs Sociaux, par le Docteur Delany* : cet historien de David a l'esprit un peu trop alambiqué, mais il dit de très bonnes choses. Son discours contre le vice trop commun de ne point payer ses dettes, est un morceau aussi excellent qu'il est neuf.—*Bibliothèque Française, par l'Abbé Goujet, les tomes septième et huitième* : c'est la suite d'un ouvrage curieux.—*Lettre du Bibliothécaire de Geneve sur Jean Faust* : cet excellent correspondant du journal, prouve assez bien que l'inventeur de l'imprimerie mourut de la peste à Paris.—*Voyage au Nord, par M. Outhier* : c'étoit un des compagnons de M. de Maupertuis. Ce voyage a été sûrement utile pour l'astronomie, mais la géographie ne lui doit pas grand-chose.—*Dissertation sur les Imprécations de David*. Il s'agit de prouver que David pouvoit souhaiter la destruction de ses ennemis, et se réjouir de leurs maux, sans blesser la douceur et la charité. La tâche est difficile. Un homme ne peut qu'y échouer. Un homme de bon sens, ne l'auroit point entreprise.

Decembre 17.]—Je m'étois assez mal occupé depuis quelques jours des *Memoires de l'Abbé de Montgon*, en huit volumes in 12mo. grand format, petit

sufficed. These compilers commit the same fault with regard to Crevier's Roman History. This practice multiplies useles books, disgusts their readers, and enriches none but booksellers.—*Sermons on the Social Duties, by Doctor Delany*. This historian of David favours much of the enthusiast; but he says excellent things. His discourse against the common vice of not paying our debts, is a performance as excellent as it is new.—*Bibliothèque Française, by the Abbe Goujet; volumes seventh and eighth* : the continuation of a curious work.—*A Letter of the Librarian of Geneva, concerning John Faustus*. This excellent correspondent of the Review clearly proves that the inventor of printing died at Paris of the plague.—*A Voyage to the North, by Mr. Outhier*. He was one of the companions of Mr. Maupertuis. This voyage, or journey, was surely useful to astronomy; but geography gained little by it.—*Dissertation on David's Curses*. The author attempts to prove that David might wish for the destruction of his enemies, and rejoice in their calamities, without offending against charity. The task is difficult, any man would fail in performing it; by a man of sense it would not have been undertaken.

December 17.]—I employed myself very ill for some days, with the *Memoirs of Abbé Montgon*, in eight volumes large 12mo. small letter, and very thick volumes.

petit caractère, et les volumes très épais. Il y a de quoi lasser la patience de l'Allemand le plus déterminé ; huit volumes qu'on auroit réduit le plus facilement du monde à cent pages ! Tout ce qui regardoit l'Abbé de Montgon, lui paroïssoit mériter l'attention de l'Europe entière. Il lui faut cinquante pages pour une conversation avec l'Archevêque d'Amida, cent pages pour une intrigue de la Duchesse de St. Pierre et du Comte de Rottembourg, et ainsi à proportion. Je vois que les ennemis de l'Abbé lui reprochoient deux défauts, une humeur tracassière, qui voyoit partout des ennemis chimériques, et une ambition démesurée. Je soupçonne bien qu'il en étoit quelque chose, et que la cabale du Cardinal de Fleury, ressembloit beaucoup à la cabale chimérique de Jurieu. Pourquoi ce Cardinal lui en vouloit il ? Montgon ne devoit pas être l'objet de sa vengeance, et encore moins celui de sa crainte, ou de sa jalousie. C'est cependant pour nuire à cet homme, que le Cardinal de Fleury fait agir pendant cinq ans, des ressorts presqu'invisibles, et qu'il transforme en lâches et en fripons l'Archevêque d'Amida, la Duchesse de St. Pierre, le Marquis de Braneas, et le Comte de Rottembourg ; tous très honnêtes gens, de l'aveu de Montgon. Pour son ambition, elle paroît assez à découvert. Un saint ecclésiastique ne songe à quitter sa retraite, que pour aller partager celle d'un grand roi ; c'étoit déjà

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The decided patience of a German would be tired with eight large volumes which, with the greatest facility, might be reduced to an hundred pages. Whatever concerns the Abbé Montgon appears to himself to deserve the attention of all Europe. Fifty pages are consumed in a conversation with the Archbishop of Amida ; one hundred pages in an intrigue between the Dukes of St. Pierre and Count Rottembourg ; the other parts are in due proportion. The Abbé's enemies, I perceive, accuse him of two faults ; a boundless ambition, and a suspicious temper, which was always haunting him with imaginary enemies. I am inclined to think the accusations just ; and that Cardinal Fleury's cabal was as chimerical as that of Jurieu. Why should the Cardinal have been the Abbé's enemy ? Montgon did not deserve to be the object of his vengeance, still less of his hatred or jealousy. Yet to hurt this man, the Cardinal during five years employs concealed and almost invisible instruments, and transforms into rogues or cowards the Archbishop of Amida, the Dukes of St. Pierre, the Marquis of Brancas, and the Count of Rottembourg ; who, according to the Abbé, had all of them formerly been very honest people. His ambition appears very manifest. A holy ecclesiastic does not think of quitting his retreat, but with a view to become the attendant of a great king. This was an inclination which he ought to have distrusted. Before his departure, this prince remounts his throne. What had

un mouvement dont il auroit du se défier. Avant son départ, ce prince remonte sur le trône. Qu'alloit-il faire à sa cour ? Il s'y rend cependant, se plonge dans les affaires du siècle, et toute la dévotion que j'aperçois dans la suite de l'ouvrage, se réduit à quelques passages de l'écriture, dont il se sert contre ses ennemis. Je conviens que notre Abbé suivoit sa vocation. Il avoit l'esprit des affaires ; le génie un peu trop minutieux ; mais au reste, de la finesse, de la prudence, et de la netteté à déduire ses raisons. Les deux choses les plus intéressantes que j'aye trouvé dans cet ouvrage, sont :—1. Un tableau fort curieux de la cour d'Espagne, après le traité de Vienne, qui unit par les liens les plus étroits, deux princes qui s'étoient disputé un couronne avec l'animosité la plus vive. La cour de Vienne y dupa celle de Madrid. Au moyen d'un mariage chimérique, qu'on montrait dans l'éloignement, elle en tiroit des sommes immenses, pendant qu'elle stipuloit des avantages très réels pour son commerce. L'ambassadeur Autrichien, le Comte de Königseck, gouvernoit l'Espagne en premier ministre. Il poussa son crédit jusqu'à faire vérifier au conseil de Castille, les lettres patentes de quelques Grands que Charles VI. avoit élevé à ce rang, pour les efforts qu'ils avoient fait contre la tyrannie du Duc d'Anjou. 2. On voit clairement par la commission qu'on donna à l'Abbé, quel fond l'on doit faire sur la renonciation de la branche d'Anjou à la couronne de France, et qu'elle ne manqueroit point de

the good Abbé to do at his court ? Yet he goes there, plunges into worldly affairs, and the only signs of devotion that I can discover in the sequel of his work, consist in some passages of scripture, which he applies to his enemies. I acknowledge that our Abbé followed his natural vocation. He had a turn for business ; and, though too fond of minutiae, was not deficient in address, prudence, and persuasion. The two most interesting parts of his work are, 1. The curious picture of Spain after the treaty of Vienna, which united in the closest amity two princes, who had disputed a crown with the fiercest animosity. The court of Madrid was the dupe of that of Vienna. By means of a chimerical marriage shewn in distant prospect, Austria drew vast sums from Spain, at the same time that she gained real advantages for her commerce. The Austrian ambassador, Count Königseck, governed Spain with the authority of a first minister. His weight was so great, that he caused the council of Castile to confirm the letters patent which Charles VI. had granted to some Spaniards, creating them *Grandees*, in reward of their services in resisting the tyranny of the Duke of Anjou. 2. The commission granted to the Abbé shews clearly, how little dependance is to be had on the renunciation made by the house of Anjou of its rights to the crown of France ; and that these rights would be enforced on the first favourable

de faire valoir ses droits, si l'occasion s'en présentait. Il est vrai que cette occasion est beaucoup plus éloignée à présent, qu'elle ne l'étoit alors. Le style de l'Abbé Montgon est sans exactitude, et sans intérêt, celui d'un homme qui ne connoit ni les graces, ni les regles de sa langue. Quels mots que ceux de *Despoticité* et de *Stoicité* !

Decembre 19.]—J'ai lu *Claudii Rutilii Numantiani Iter*, L. i. V. 1—644; et L. ii. V. 1—68. C'est tout ce qui nous reste de cet ouvrage, qui contenoit deux livres complets. Je l'ai lu dans le *second tome des Poetæ Minores Latini de Burman*, à Leide, 1731. C'est un des *Variorum* d'Hollande, où le texte s'apperçoit à peine à travers les commentaires. Les 700 vers de Rutilius occupent près de 200 pages in 4to. qui sont hérissées des commentaires de Simler, de Castalio, de Pithæus, de Sitzmanus, et de Barthius. Cependant Rutilius n'est point un auteur difficile; je n'ai eu besoin d'éclaircissements qu'une ou deux fois: je les ai cherchés, et je n'ai rien trouvé. Je connoissois trop les critiques pour m'en étonner. L'auteur de ce petit poëme veçut sous l'Empereur Honorius, qui l'avoit élevé aux premiers emplois; il avoit été Consul, Préfet du Prétoire, et Gouverneur de Rome. Il étoit Gaulois de naissance. Ce fut le 9 Octobre 416, A. U. C. 1169 *, qu'il s'embarqua à Ostie pour retourner dans sa patrie. La relation qu'il nous a
laissée

ble opportunity. It is true that such an opportunity is much less likely to occur now, than it was then. The Abbé Montgon's style is inaccurate and uninteresting; that of a man unacquainted with the beauties and rules of his own language. What strange words are *Despoticité*, *Stoicité* !

December 19.]—I read *Claudii Rutilii Numantiani Iter*, L. i. V. 1—644; and L. ii. V. 1—68. This is all that remains of a work that contained two complete books. I read it in *Burman's Edition of the Poetæ Latini Minores*, Leiden, 1731; one of those Dutch editions, *cum notis Variorum*, in which the text only peeps out amidst a heavy mass of commentary. The 700 verses of Rutilius are spread over 200 4to. pages, crowded with the remarks of Simler, Castalio, Pithæus, Sitzmanus, and Barthius. Yet Rutilius is not a difficult author; once or twice only I should have been glad of an explanatory note; I looked for it in vain, but knew commentators too well to be surprized at the disappointment. The author of this little poem lived under the Emperor Honorius, by whom he had been raised to the first employments. He was Consul, Præfectus Prætorio, or Governor of Rome: being a Gaul by birth, he embarked at Ostia the 9th October 416, A. U. C. 1169 *, to return to his native country. The account which he has left us of his voyage along the coasts of Etruria and Liguria is imperfect, concluding at the town of Luna. His work may be considered in relation,

* Cl. Rutilii, Iter. L. i. 183. 205.

laissée de ce voyage le long des côtes de l'Etrurie et de la Ligurie, est imparfaite, et finit à la ville de Luna. On peut envisager cet ouvrage par rapport; 1. Au sujet. 2. Au style et à la poésie : et 3. Au caractère personnel de l'auteur. 1. Si Rutilius avoit retranché les 180 premiers vers de son poëme, on le lui auroit pardonné. Après avoir exposé un peu de mots le sujet de son voyage, et les regrets qu'il a éprouvés en quittant Rome, le théâtre de ses honneurs, et sa nouvelle patrie, il se jette sur les éloges de la capitale, et de l'empire de cette ville éternelle, à qui Jupiter n'avoit point assigné de limites, et qui devoit regner sur tous les peuples, et sur tous les siècles. Pour remplir dignement cette idée, il falloit être grand poëte; et Rutilius n'est qu'un froid déclamateur, qui s'épuise à chercher des lieux communs, au lieu de trouver dans la nature et dans son génie tous les grands traits de son objet. Je pense même qu'un grand poëte auroit évité celui-ci. Ce n'étoit pas sous le regne d'Honorius, qu'il falloit peindre la force de l'empire Romain. Ses forces l'avoient abandonné depuis long tems; mais son antiquité et son étendue inspiroient une sorte de vénération et même de terreur, à ses voisins, et le soutinrent encore. Cette illusion fut enfin dissipée. Peu à peu les barbares le connurent, le méprisèrent, et le détruisirent. La Grande Bretagne se détacha de l'empire; les Goths, les Vandales, et les Sueves, inonderent les plus belles provinces de l'Espagne et les Gaules; et lorsque Rutilius écrivit, il y avoit six ans qu'Alaric s'étoit vu maître

1. to its subject; 2. its style and poetry; 3. the personal character of its author. 1. If Rutilius had lopped off the first 180 verses of his poem, the reader would not have been a loser. After briefly mentioning the object of his voyage, and his sorrow at leaving Rome, his adopted country, and the scene of his honours, he expatiates on the glory of the capital, that eternal city, to whose empire Jupiter had not assigned any limits, and which was destined to reign over all nations, and during all ages. Such a subject required a truly poetical genius; and Rutilius is only a cold declaimer, who strains his faculties to string common-place thoughts, without finding in nature and himself colours fitted to adorn his theme. This theme indeed would not have been chosen by a judicious writer; for the reign of Honorius was not a proper period for describing the greatness of Rome; a greatness long since fallen to decay. A veneration, and even terror, for her name, had been supported by her antiquity and extent of empire. But the illusion was now over. The barbarians gradually knew, despised, and destroyed her. Great Britain separated from the empire; the Goths, Vandals, and Suevi overflowed the finest provinces of Spain and Gaul; and when Rutilius wrote, Alaric had already been for six years master of Rome. I acknowledge that
our

maître de Rome. Je conviens que notre poëte, qui voyoit tous ces malheurs, a pris la seule tournure qui lui restoit ; sans les dissimuler, il les oppose aux journées de Cannes et d'Allie, pour faire sentir que Rome n'éprouvoit jamais de revers, que pour s'en relever encore plus florissante. Comparaison foible et fausse. Tout étoit changé depuis les guerres Puniques. Du tems de Rutilius, tous les ressorts du gouvernement étoit usés ; le caractère national, la religion, les principes des loix, la discipline militaire ; tout jusqu'au siege de l'empire et à la langue même, succomboit sous le tems et les révolutions, ou n'existoit déjà plus. Il étoit difficile que cette empire se relevât, mais quand il auroit eu ce bonheur, c'étoit plutôt l'empire de Constantinople ou de Ravenne, que celui de Rome. Une chose qui auroit du faire sentir à Rutilius, combien ses éloges étoient dépourvus de vérité et de vraisemblance, c'est l'image fausse et confuse, qu'il se forme de Rome personnalisée. Du tems de Virgile, elle auroit été juste. Rome, regardée comme une déesse qu'on invoquoit dans ses temples, existoit pour les peuples aussi bien que pour les poëtes. Mere des citoyens, maîtresse des provinces, elle représentoit cet empire qui lui obéissoit. Mais lorsque l'empire n'étoit plus qu'un assemblage de pays soumis au même prince, Rome lui étoit devenue étrangère, et cette ville, réduite à son idée physique, ne représentoit plus rien que
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our poet, who was sensible of these calamities, endeavours ingeniously to dissemble their disgrace; comparing them with the defeats of Allia and Cannæ, to shew that Rome never suffered a reverse of fortune without rising more vigorous from the shock. But the comparison is feeble and false. Since the Punic wars, circumstances were totally changed. In the time of Rutilius, the springs of government were worn out; the national character, religion, laws, military discipline, even the seat of the empire, and the language itself, had been altered or destroyed, under the impression of time and accident. It would have been difficult to revive the empire; but even could that have been effected, it would have been the empire of Constantinople or Ravenna, rather than that of Rome. Rutilius might have felt how destitute his panegyric was of truth or probability, from the false and confused ideas excited by his personification of Rome. In the time of Virgil, this figure would have been natural. Rome, regarded as a goddess, and invoked in temples, had an existence in the opinion of the multitude as well as in the fancy of poets. As the mother of the citizens, and the mistress of the provinces, her name recalled the image of her empire: but when this empire consisted in an assemblage of nations, subject to the same prince, Rome was no longer its sovereign; and this city, reduced to an idea merely physical, represented nothing more but walls, temples, and houses, built on seven hills and on
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des murs, des temples, et des maisons bâties sur sept montagnes, et situées sur les bords du Tybre. Le reste du voyage de Rutilius, est d'un plus grand prix. Ce sont des objets plus simples, mais plus réels, qu'il a vus avec un esprit d'observation, et qu'il décrit avec cet air de vérité et de vivacité, qui distingue toujours ce qui est le résultat de notre expérience, des fruits de la lecture, de la méditation, ou de l'invention. On voyage fort à son aise avec Rutilius ; on parcourt les côtes de l'Etrurie déjà presque déserte ; on voit les ruines des villes, le coup d'œil du pays et tous les lieux que l'art, ou la nature avoient tiré de la foule. Le voyageur n'oublie point les îles du voisinage ; et la curiosité l'engage plus d'une fois à pénétrer dans l'intérieur des terres. Il égaye de tems en tems la sécheresse d'un poëme didactique, par des digressions liées avec son sujet *, et qui ne l'en éloignent pas trop : le caractère de *Lepidi*, l'origine de l'usage du fer, la religion Juive, les moines Chrétiens, &c. Je le loue de n'avoir pas admis le merveilleux dans sa relation, toute sérieuse qu'elle est. En effet, il convient mal dans un poëme, où l'auteur parle de lui même. Notre imagination aime ce merveilleux, notre raison le rejette. A considérer cette foi conditionnelle que nous avons, cette illusion imparfaite qui nous domine dans les ouvrages de fiction, on croiroit voir un

* J'en excepte l'invective contre Stilicon, L. ii. 41.

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the banks of the Tyber. The remainder of Rutilius' voyage is stamped with a higher value. The objects which he describes have not only more simplicity, but also more reality ; and as they were observed with attention, they are painted with those colours of truth and nature, which always distinguish the result of experience from the fruit of study and invention. By a distinct and easy road he conducts us along the coast of Etruria, which was become almost a desert ; he points out the ruins of cities, the beauties of the landscape, and all those places which were distinguished either by art or nature. Our traveller forgets not the neighbouring isles ; and his curiosity leads him more than once into the interior of the country. The dryness of a didactic poem is occasionally enlivened by digressions either immediately, or not too remotely connected with the subject † ; such as the character of the *Lepidi*, the discovery of the use of iron, the Jewish religion, and the Christian monks. He is worthy of commendation for not giving to his narrative, serious as it is, too much of the marvellous ; which never becomes a poem, where the author is his own hero. The marvellous is pleasing to our fancy, but is rejected by our reason. When we consider that conditional faith and imperfect delusion with which we are affected in works of fiction, it should seem as if

† I except his invective against Stilico, L. ii. v. 41.

there

conflict de deux puissances ennemies ; état de suspense, qui ne peut subsister que par l'éloignement, l'obscurité, ou le merveilleux des garants et des acteurs. Dèsque le poëte seroit à la fois l'un et l'autre, il nous rameneroit trop à l'ordre commun des choses, et notre illusion volontaire auroit de la peine à se soutenir.

2. L'ouvrage de Rutilius se fait lire avec plaisir. Il est intéressant et utile ; mais pourquoi écrire en vers ? C'étoit faire violence à son génie et à son sujet. La relation d'un voyage convenoit au philosophe, à l'homme d'esprit, au bon écrivain, mais elle n'a aucun rapport avec le poëte. Lorsqu'on veut traiter en vers, un sujet tout uni et tout simple, il n'est presque pas possible de conserver à la fois le ton des choses et celui de la versification. Celui là ne demande, il ne comporte même que la netteté, la facilité, et quelques ornemens disposés avec art et ménagés avec soin. Celui-ci, qui doit supposer l'enthousiasme chez le poëte, et l'exciter chez le lecteur, ne cherche que l'énergie et l'harmonie, et leur sacrifie sans peine toutes les beautés d'un ordre inférieur. La poésie a son langage particulier. Il ne convient qu'aux grands mouvemens de l'ame. Ce n'est donc que pour eux qu'il est fait. Le poëte qui cherche à l'employer dans un sujet qui laissera l'ame tranquille et sans sensation, se trouvera placé entre deux écueils qu'il ne pourra guères éviter.

there was a conflict of two hostile powers, by which the mind is kept in a state of suspense, that can only be maintained by distance and obscurity, and an air of mystery hanging over either the actor or the author. When the poet unites both characters in his own person, we are disposed to examine his narrative by the maxims of experience; and our voluntary delusion cannot, without the greatest difficulty, be supported.

2. Rutilius' voyage is read with pleasure ; it is interesting and useful ; but why was it written in verse ? Poetry seems equally to misbecome the subject and the genius of the author. The narrative of a voyage comes very properly from a philosopher, a man of parts, or a fine writer, but has no connection with verse. When we attempt to adorn with numbers a subject plain and simple, it is scarcely possible that our style should not be either unpoetical or improper. The subject requires ease, perspicuity, precision, and some ornaments introduced seasonably, and with a sparing hand. But the poet, in order to affect his reader with enthusiasm, must first feel it himself ; he must aim at energy of expression and harmony of numbers ; and be willing to sacrifice to them all beauties of an inferior order. The language of poetry suits only those strong passions of the soul, by which it was originally produced ; and he who attempts to employ this language on topics which leave the mind in tranquillity,

éviter. Il échouera tour à tour contre l'un et l'autre. Ici la force de son coloris, défigurera la simplicité de son objet, au lieu de l'embellir. Là le poète ne se fera sentir que par l'harmonie des vers, pendant que les expressions seront froides et prosaïques. Toutes ces réflexions conviennent au voyage de Rutilius. Ses idées sont ingénieuses, placées avec art, et rendues avec clarté, avec précision, et avec goût. Mais sa poésie est lâche et traînante, sans nerfs et sans harmonie. On voit qu'il s'est défié quelque fois de lui même, et qu'il a voulu suppléer aux dons de la nature par les ressources de l'art; ressources faibles et usées, qu'on pardonne à peine aux grands hommes, mais qu'on a rarement besoin de leur pardonner. 1. Rutilius paroît avoir cru que les mots sonores, qui remplissoient le mieux la bouche, frappoient aussi plus agréablement l'oreille. Mais j'aurois voulu qu'il eût abandonné aux poètes Malabares, un usage qui n'est digne que d'eux. Je doute que *Bellerophontis sollicitudinibus** soit jamais cité, que pour la singularité de deux mots qui remplissent un vers pentamètre. 2. Il se donne beaucoup de licences les plus hardies, pour des mots nouveaux, ou des liaisons extraordinaires. Il réussit rarement. Quoi de plus forcé que *connubium* pour *concilium* †? Mais j'aime beaucoup l'épithète de *legiferi*, appliquée aux triomphes des Romains. Ils produisoient nécessairement les loix et l'ordre :

lity, will find himself between two rocks, on one of which he must shipwreck; the brilliancy of his expression will either misbecome the simplicity of his thoughts, or the tameness of his words and phrases will disgrace the dignity of verse. All these reflections are applicable to Rutilius' voyage. His thoughts are ingenious, artfully arranged, and expressed with clearness, precision, and taste. But his poetry is mean and creeping, destitute of strength, and devoid of harmony. We see that he distrusts his natural vigour, and has recourse to contrivances of art; contrivances weak and common, scarcely pardonable in great authors, and for which they seldom stand in need of pardon. 1. Rutilius seems to have thought that swelling words, which best filled the mouth, were also most pleasing to the ear. But I wish such words were resigned to Oriental poets, of whom only they are not unworthy. I doubt whether *Bellerophontis sollicitudinibus** be ever quoted, except on account of the singularity that two words should compose a pentameter verse. 2. He is bold even to licentiousness in forming new words, or giving new combinations to the old. What can be more forced than using *connubium* for *concilium* †? I am pleased however with his epithet *legiferi*, applied to the Roman triumphs. Laws, order, and civility were produced

* Rutil. Iter. L. i. 450.

† Idem, L. i. 18.

l'ordre : c'étoit pour ainsi dire le fruit qu'ils portoient. 3. J'ai cru appercevoir quelques rimes *. Mais elles sont en trop petit nombre, pour décider si elles sont l'effet de la negligence, ou d'un mauvais goût, que la corruption de la langue et le commerce avec les barbares, qui avoient des vers rimés, introduisoient peu à peu parmi les Romains.

3. Les auteurs se peignent dans leurs écrits. C'est une maxime aussi vraie qu'elle est ancienne. On peut ajouter que lorsqu'on apperceoit des ombres dans le portrait, elles sont sûrement dans l'original. Le caractère de Rutilius me paroît aimable ; j'y vois de l'amour pour sa patrie, et surtout pour sa patrie malheureuse ; un cœur susceptible d'amitié, un souvenir tendre et respectueux pour la mémoire d'un pere. Tant de belles qualités seroient elles éclipsées par un peu de vanité ? Rutilius repasse avec plaisir toutes ses grandeurs ; et cette patrie, ces amis, et ce pere lui deviennent plus chers par la liaison qu'ils ont eu avec ses honneurs. Cette vanité fait pitié. Cicéron ne se vantoit pas d'avoir été Consul, mais d'avoir sauvé la république pendant son consulat. Je pardonne plus volontiers aux hommes de s'enorgueillir de leurs talens et de leurs actions, que de tirer vanité de quelques emplois, de quelques titres, vaines et frivoles distinctions de la société. Rutilius dé-
testoit

by those triumphs, and were their ordinary fruits. 3. I thought that I had discovered some rhymes *, but they are too few to enable us to determine whether they ought to be ascribed to negligence, or were the effect of that bad taste, which the corruption of language and connection with the barbarians, who were fond of rhyme, gradually introduced among the Romans.

3. Authors describe themselves in their works : a maxim as true as it is ancient. We may add that the shades which appear in the picture, certainly were to be found in the original. The character of Rutilius appears to me to have been amiable. I perceive a love for his country, especially in its adversity ; a heart susceptible of friendship, and a tender and respectful regard for the memory of his father. Are so many good qualities to suffer a total eclipse from a little too much vanity ? Rutilius reviews the stages of his greatness with complacence ; his country, his friends, and his father, are endeared to him by their connection with his own honours. His vanity is contemptible. Cicero boasted not of being consul, but of saving the republic in his consulship. Men may be more easily pardoned for being proud of their actions and talents, than for valuing themselves on their employments and titles, the vain and frivolous distinctions of society. Rutilius detested the Jews, and despised the monks.

* Rutil. Iter. L. i. 39. 107, &c.

testoit les Juifs, et méprisoit les Moines. Lui on feroit en un crime ? J'aurois voulu à la vérité, que ses sentimens eussent eu un principe, et un ton plus philosophique. Mais il étoit Payen, il voyoit sa religion s'affaïsser sous le poids de la vieillesse, et entraîner l'empire dans sa chute. Les Chrétiens insultoient à la ruine de sa secte, qu'ils croyoient précipiter par leurs persécutions. On peut bien lui pardonner un peu de mauvaise honneur. Quoi de plus vif que le tableau qu'il fait des Moines de l'île *Capraria* ? Quoi de plus sensé que les réflexions dont il l'accompagne ? La folie de ces solitaires, qui pensoient que la Divinité voit avec plaisir les souffrances de ses créatures, étoit extreme ; mais leur conduite étoit conséquente. Si Rutilius avoit vécu dans le douzième siècle, qu'auroit il dit de leurs successeurs, qui avoient mis en œuvre la pauvreté volontaire et l'humilité, pour acquérir l'estime des peuples, et qui avoient profité de cette estime pour s'approprier des souverainetés temporelles, et la moitié des richesses de l'Europe ?

Decembre 20.]—J'ai lu le *Journal des Savans*, pour les mois de Janvier, Février, et Mars 1763. Je ne saurois dire combien je suis content de ce Journal ; le savoir, la précision, et le bon goût en font le caractère ; mais j'aime surtout un ton qui lui est unique, un ton de modération, d'impartialité, qui distingue avec sûreté et avec plaisir les beautés d'un ouvrage, et qui en relève les défauts avec beaucoup de sang froid, et même de tendresse. Ce
Journal,

Was this in *him* a crime ? I could wish indeed that his feelings had been expressed with more philosophical moderation, and had rested on a better principle. But he was a Pagan, who beheld his religion sinking under the weight of years, and involving the empire in its fall. The Christians insulted the decline of his sect, which they endeavoured to hasten by persecution. A little bad humour was excusable. Nothing can be more animated than his description of the monks in the isle of *Capraria*, or more judicious than the reflections with which it is accompanied. The folly of these monks is extreme, in thinking that God took pleasure in the sufferings of his creatures : but their conduct was conformable with their principles. Had Rutilius lived in the twelfth century, what would he have said of their successors, who availed themselves of their voluntary poverty and humility, to acquire the esteem of the multitude, and of that esteem to appropriate to themselves temporal power, and half the riches of Europe ?

December 20.]—I read the *Journal des Savans*, for the months of January, February, and March, 1763. I can hardly express how much I am delighted with this Journal ; its characteristics are erudition, precision, and taste ; but what I most admire is that impartiality and candour which distinguish the beauties and defects of a

Journal, le pere de tous les autres, en est à present le meilleur. Il doit même avoir nouvellement acquis des travailleurs. Je voudrois connoître celui à qui nous devons un morceau excellent, c'est l'analyse et la critique de la nouvelle tragédie de Zelmire. On ne peut souhaiter à ce Journal qu'un peu plus de hardiesse et de philosophie ; mais il est fait sous les yeux du Chancelier.

Decembre 23.]—J'ai lu deux morceaux de Virgile, très intéressans pour la géographie ; le *Catalogue de l'Armée de Turnus*, L. vii. 641—817 ; et celui des *Secours qu'Enée tira de l'Etrurie*, L. x. 163—214 ; pour les réflexions que cette lecture m'a fait naître V. No. I. de mon nouveau Recueil d'Observations.

24.]—J'ai lu dans la même vue le Catalogue de l'Armée Romaine avant la bataille de Cannes, par *Silius Italicus*, *Punic*, L. vii. 334—623. Je l'ai relu ensuite une seconde fois, plutôt pour le graver dans ma mémoire, que pour me satisfaire l'imagination. V. No. II.

25.]—J'ai lu la cinquième Satyre du premier Livre d'Horace. C'est son voyage de *Brundisium*. C'est toujours le poëte qui m'a occupé, moins que le géographe. Ce voyage m'a fait faire quelque réflexions sur ceux des anciens en général. Je les ai rassemblées, V. No. III. et l'on peut voir avec combien

work, giving to the former due and hearty praise, and calmly and tenderly pointing out the latter. This Journal, the father of all the rest, is still their superior : of late it must have acquired the help of some new labourers. I should like to know the author of an excellent piece, an analysis and criticism of the new tragedy of *Zelmire*. There is nothing to be wished for in this Journal but a little more boldness and philosophy ; but it is published under the Chancellor's eye.

December 23.]—I read two detached pieces of Virgil, of great importance in geography. The first is the review of Turnus' army, L. vii. V. 641—817 : the second, an account of the succours which Enneas received from Etruria, L. x. V. 163—214. My reflections on these passages will be found in No. I. of my new Collection of Observations.

24.]—I read with the same design the review of the Roman army by Silius Italicus, before the battle of Cannæ ; *Punic*, L. vii. V. 334—623. I read it over again, rather to engrave it on my memory, than to please my fancy. See No. II.

25.]—I read the *fifth Satire of the first book of Horace*, containing his journey to Brundisium. Geography rather than poetry was my object. This satire gave occasion to some reflections on the journies of the ancients in general, which I have collected in No. III. and from which the reader will see with how little foundation

combien peu de fondement, Addison a apprécié les journées ordinaires d'un Seigneur Romain à quatorze milles.

Decembre 26.]—J'ai lu plusieurs *Dissertations dans le vingt sixième tome des Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*, qui pouvoient avoir du rapport avec mon objet actuel.—*Mémoire sur le Mille Romain*, par M. d'Anville, p. 346—362. Ce savant le forma sur le résultat d'un grand nombre de mesures particulieres, prises sur la voye Emilienne, et dans les environs de Milan, et donne au mille Romain 756 toises de longueur.—*Remarques sur quelques Points de l'ancienne Geographie*, par M. de la Nauze, p. 362—397. Il s'agit, 1. De la distance de Rome à Aricia; elle étoit certainement de 16 milles Romains de 128 stades. Si Strabon lui assigne 160 stades, il faut s'en prendre à son ignorance, ou à celle de son copiste, et nullement à un stade particulier qu'il n'a point employé dans les environs de Rome. 2. Plinie se trouve d'accord avec Strabon, quand il fait la traversée de *Hydruntum*, à la côte d'Epire, de 50 milles Romains. 3. Il y avoit deux especes de stades; l'ancien étoit de dix au mille, le moderne n'étoit que de huit. La distinction paroît nécessaire. Malheureusement elle ne fait que mettre l'incertitude à la place des difficultés. 4. Jusqu'au tems d'Auguste, on comptoit les milles depuis les portes de Rome: le milliaire 1, qu'on y trouvoit n'étoit qu'un mille

Mr. Addison estimates the ordinary day's journey of a Roman nobleman at fourteen miles.

December 26.]—I read several dissertations in the *twenty-sixth Volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres*, relative to my present pursuit.—*Memoirs of Mr. D'Anville on the Roman Mile*, p. 346—362. The result is drawn by this learned man from a number of particular miles measured on the Emilian way, and in the neighbourhood of Milan. He makes the Roman mile 756 fathoms long.—*Remarks on some Points of ancient Geography*, by Mr. de la Nauze, p. 362—397. He treats, 1. Of the distance between Rome and Aricia: it was certainly 16 Roman miles, or 128 stadia. Though Strabo makes it 160 stadia, this must be imputed either to his ignorance, or the fault of his transcribers, and by no means to his reckoning by a particular stadium in the neighbourhood of Rome. 2. Pliny agrees with Strabo in making the distance from Hydruntum to the coast of Epirus 50 Roman miles. 3. There were two kinds of stadia; the ancient of ten, and the modern of eight, to a Roman mile. This distinction is a necessary one, but unfortunately it only substitutes uncertainty for difficulty. 4. Until the time of Augustus, the miles were reckoned from the gates of Rome; and the first mile-stone only denoted the commencement of a mile; but when that prince erected the gilt pillar in the Forum, the mile-stone at the gates denoted the

mille commencé. Lorsque ce prince eut établi le milliaire doré dans le Forum, celui des portes devint un mille révolu, mais un mille imaginaire qui en contenoit deux ou trois.

Decembre 27.]—J'ai lu le *Mémoire de l'Abbé Barthelemy sur les anciens Monumens de Rome*, p. 579—611, du vingt sixième tome des *Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles Lettres*. Il est plein de goût, d'érudition, et de bon sens, digne de ce savant aimable qui j'ai beaucoup connu à Paris. J'assistai l'année pafsée à la rentrée de son académie après la fête de Pâques. L'Abbé Barthelemy devoit lire un discours sur la langue Cophtc. Nous le savions d'avance, et chacun blamoit ce choix d'un sujet épineux, qui ne paroïssoit fait que pour les assemblées particulieres. On vit avec un plaisir mêlé de surprise, combien notre Abbé le rendoit intéressant aux femmes et aux gens du monde, qui l'écoutoient, par les graces de son style, par la finesse de sa critique, et par ses principes justes et lumineux.

30.]—Il ne me restoit plus rien à lire sur l'ancienne géographie de l'Italie, sinon ce que Strabon en a écrit. J'en ai lu *L. iv. p. 139—144, et L. v. p. 145—157*, dans la version Latine de Xylandre, revue par Casaubon. Strabon y parcourt la Vénétie, la Gaule Cisalpine, les Alpes, la Ligurie, l'Etrurie, et l'Umbrie.

Decembre

the end of a mile ; but that mile depended on the distance of the Forum from the several gates, and contained two or three miles.

December 27.]—I read the *Abbé Barthelemy's Memoir on the ancient Monuments of Rome*, in the twenty-sixth volume, p. 579—611, of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres*. It is replete with taste, erudition, and good sense ; worthy of the amiable scholar, whom I well knew at Paris. I was present last year at the public meeting of the Academy, after the Easter holidays. The Abbé was to read a discourse on the Coptic. This was known beforehand ; and every body blamed the choice of so thorny a subject, that was fitter to be discussed at the Academy's private meetings. But our pleasure was heightened by surprise, when we perceived that the Abbé rendered his subject interesting to his audience of people of fashion and women, by the beauties of his style, the delicacy of his criticisms, and his principles of reasoning as perspicuous as they were solid.

30.]—There remained for me nothing to read concerning the ancient geography of Italy, except the books of Strabo on that subject. I read *L. iv. p. 139—144, and L. v. p. 145—157*, in Xylander's Latin translation revised by Casaubon. Strabo there treats of Venetia, Cisalpine Gaul, the Alps, Liguria, Etruria, and Umbria.

December

Decembre 31.]—J'ai lu *Strabon Geograph. L. iv. p. 157—173, et L. vi. 174—199*; en sautant seulement la partie qui regarde la Sicile. J'ai toujours admiré la variété des connoissances et le grand sens de Strabon. L'antiquité nous a laissé des ouvrages plus brillans, mais je n'en connois aucun de plus utile et de plus instructif.

1764, Janvièr 1.]—J'ai commencé pendant le mois de Janvier les Fastes d'Ovide, dans l'édition du Dauphin. Comme je veux faire succéder à la géographie, les médailles et les antiquités, ce poëme didactique, qui renferme toute la mythologie Romaine, m'a paru une bonne introduction à l'une et à l'autre de ces études. Comme ouvrage de poésie, il n'a point soutenu l'idée avantageuse, que les éloges des anciens et des modernes m'en avoient donnée; mais ce n'est pas ici que je dois m'expliquer la dessus. L'édition est de Daniel Crispin, Suisse de nation, attaché à la personne du Dauphin. Que l'évêque Huet a eu raison de se plaindre du choix qu'on fit des sujets, pour exécuter l'idée heureuse de M. de Montausier! Cette édition est assez belle, bien imprimée, et corrigée avec soin. Le libraire a fort bien exécuté sa tâche; mais que de choses à reprendre dans celle de l'éditeur! Les notes sont au dessous de la critique. Elles ne serviroient qu'à un écolier, encore pourroient elles l'égarer souvent, tant elles sont mal faites. Il ne leur manquoit que le ridicule d'un cortège de morale, et même de théologie à la suite
d'un

December 31.]—I read *Strabo's Geography, L. iv. p. 157—173, and L. vi. p. 174—199*; having skipped over that part which relates to Sicily. I have always been an admirer of Strabo's good sense, and variety of knowledge. Antiquity has left us more brilliant performances than his; but I know of none more solid and more useful.

1764, January 1.]—In the month of January I began to read Ovid's *Fasti*, in the Dauphin edition. Purposing to add the study of medals and antiquities to that of geography, I thought this didactic poem, containing the whole Roman mythology, would be a good introduction to those pursuits. As a poem, this work by no means corresponds to the favourable opinion which I had conceived of it, from the commendations of ancient and modern critics; but this is not the place for considering it in that light. The edition is that of Crispin, a Swiss, in the service of the Dauphin. Bishop Huet had good reason to complain of negligence in selecting competent persons for executing Mr. Montausier's excellent design. This edition is handsome, well-printed, and carefully corrected. The bookseller has done his part well; but this is far from being the case with the editor. His notes are below criticism. They are fit only for a school-boy, who would often be bewildered by their absurdity. To render them completely ridiculous, they wanted only a copious apparatus of
morality,

d'un poëte libertin et Payen. Leur auteur a eu grand soin de le leur donner de tems en tems. L'interprétation auroit pu être utile, en substituant des mots communs à des mots peu connus, et des tours simples à des tours poétiques. L'interprétation de Crispin est à la fois profaïque et ampoulée, aussi peu propre à faire comprendre les beautés d'Ovide, qu'à rendre son sens littéral. On a déjà remarqué que ces indices énormes, qui font un quart des éditions Dauphines, devoient servir à dévoiler les finesses et les tours particuliers à une langue, ou à un auteur, et non pas à compter combien de fois il a employé *et* ou *que* dans leur signification simple et usitée. M. Crispin a mis à la tête des Fastes un calendrier ancien. Il avoue qu'il ne répond pas à celui d'Ovide, mais il n'avoit pas le tems de les concilier. Tout dérouté un lecteur de cette édition, jusqu'à l'usage de numérotter les vers par page, au lieu de le faire par livre ; ce qui empêche de vérifier la moindre citation.

J'ai lu quatre tomes de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, le xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxviii, et xxxix. Comme je n'ai plus entre les mains le trente sixième tome, et qu'il ne m'en est même resté qu'une idée assez confuse, je ne parlerai que d'une pièce originale qui m'a beaucoup plu. C'est une *Dissertation savante et curieuse contre le Prétendu Martyre de la Légion Thébéenne*. Il fait valoir avec beaucoup de force le silence des contemporains, et les défauts de vraisemblance dans

morality, and even of theology, as a fit appendage to the poem of a Pagan and a libertine. The author has taken care to supply that defect. His explanation might have been useful, had he substituted common for uncommon words ; and simple for poetical phrases. But Crispin's interpretation is at once swollen and prosaic ; equally unfit for displaying Ovid's beauties, and for making his meaning understood. It has been justly remarked, that those enormous indices, which commonly make a fourth part of the Dauphin editions, ought to have been employed in pointing out the delicacies and idioms of the language or author, and not in enumerating how many times he uses *et* and *que* in their common signification. Mr. Crispin has prefixed an ancient calendar to the Fasti : he confesses that it does not agree with Ovid's ; he had not time to reconcile them. Every thing disgusts us in this edition, even to the mode of reference ; which is to the page, and not to the book ; which prevents the possibility of verifying the quotations..

I read four volumes of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* ; the 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th. Not having the 36th at hand, and retaining but a confused notion of its contents, I shall only speak of one article with which I was highly pleased. This is a learned and curious *Dissertation concerning the pretended Martyrdom of the Thebean Legion*. The author insists with great force on the improbability of the fact, and the silence of contemporary writers. He investigates the origin of a fable, so useful to the church of St.

Maurice

dans l'histoire même. Il cherche l'origine d'une fable qui a été si utile à l'église de St. Maurice, en Valais, et la suit jusqu'au tems d'Eucher, évêque de Lyon, qui a vécu un siècle et demi après Diocletien, et qui l'a racontée le premier, sur une tradition vague et obscure. Il paroît qu'un officier et quelques légionnaires avoient souffert le martyre vers ce tems là en Syrie, mais qu'en passant en Occident, ils étoient devenus une légion entière, composée uniquement de Chrétiens.

Le trente septième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* contient : *Lettre sur le Genre de Nourriture des premiers Hommes* : c'est une question aussi oisive qu'elle est vague et obscure. Je ne vois point de nécessité de leur faire quitter les végétaux de si bonne heure. La terre a du être peuplée avec lenteur par les hommes et les animaux ; pendant long tems elle fournissoit à toutes les races différentes, une nourriture abondante, sans qu'elles fussent obligées de se dévorer mutuellement. A la fin les animaux étoient devenus à charge à l'homme, qu'ils menaçoient d'affamer. Mais il a fallu un danger pressant, pour l'engager à surmonter l'horreur naturelle, que le meurtre et le carnage nous inspirent. Ne donnera-t-on que quatre ou cinq siècles à toutes ces révolutions ?—*Description de l'Orient, par M. Pococke* ; savante et curieuse ; *premier et deuxième Extrait*. On voit dans la Thébaïde les maisons des premiers hommes, creusées dans le roc. La magnificence perfectionna les ouvrages de la nécessité. Mais l'art des Egyptiens n'avoit aucune rap-
port

Maurice in the Valley, and traces it back to Eucher, Bishop of Lyons, who lived a century and a half after Diocletian, and who first related it on the authority of a vague and obscure report. It appears that some legionary soldiers with their officer had, about that time, suffered martyrdom in Syria. But Fame, in bringing this transaction to the West, magnified them into a complete legion entirely composed of Christians.

The 37th volume contains a *Letter* concerning the food of the first men. The question is as idle as it is vague and obscure. I do not see the necessity of making them leave off vegetables so soon. The earth must have been slowly peopled with men and animals; and for a long time must have supplied all living tribes with such abundant nourishment as precluded the necessity of their devouring each other. At length, animals became formidable to man, who was in danger of starving. But nothing short of urgent danger could overcome his natural repugnance to the shedding of blood. Are five or six generations sufficient for producing all these revolutions ?—*Description of the East, by Mr. Pococke* : learned and curious. The houses of the first inhabitants of Egypt are still to be seen in the Thebaid, in the hollows of rocks. Magnificence improved the works of necessity. The arts of the Egyptians bore no relation to those of Greece.

port à celui des Grecs. L'un, affermi aux proportions, avoit l'air libre et hardi ; l'autre, abandonné au caprice des ouvriers, paroïssoit extravagant plutôt qu'original.—*Commerce Epistolaire de MM. Leibnitz et Jean Bernouilli*. C'est un plaisir d'étudier ces deux génies puissans, de voir la force et la profondeur de l'un, la variété, l'étendue, et la pénétration de l'autre.—*Histoire de la nouvelle France, par le Pere Charlevoix* : bien écrite, curieuse, et infidèle.—*Histoire de Louis XI. par M. Duclos*. Louis XI. nous intéresse très peu ; son siècle nous intéresse beaucoup. Aussi M. Duclos a-t-il négligé le siècle pour n'envisager que le prince.—*Les Géorgiques de Virgile, en Anglois, par M. Martin* : utile pour connoître la botanique de Virgile.

Le trente huitième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée contient : *Melange Harleien, tome iii*. J'y vois le procès de Nicolas Antoine, brûlé à Geneve en 1632, non point pour avoir inventé une hérésie nouvelle, mais pour d'avoir préféré le Judaïsme au Christianisme. C'est le pendant de l'Histoire de Servet.—*Description de l'Islande, &c. par M. Anderson*. Quelle pays et quelles mœurs ; ses habitans cependant, n'y renoncent qu'avec la vie.—*La Nécessité du Culte Public, par M. de la Chapelle, contre une Lettre anonyme*. L'antagoniste de M. de la Chapelle est un ministre dans le Pays de Vaud, nommé Allamand, et un des plus beaux génies que je connoisse. Il a voulu embrasser tous les genres ; mais c'est la philosophie qu'il a le plus approfondie.

Sur

The latter, harmonised by proportions, were bold and liberal ; the former, enslaved by caprice, were extravagant rather than original.—*Epistolary Correspondence between Leibnitz and John Bernouilli*. It is a pleasure to contemplate these two vigorous minds : the force and depth of the one ; the variety, extent, and penetration of the other.—*The History of New France, by Father Charlevoix* : well written, curious, and unfaithful.—*History of Lewis XI. by Mr. Duclos*. Lewis XI. is an uninteresting object ; his age quite the reverse. But Mr. Duclos has shewn us only the prince, and neglected the history of his age. *Virgil's Georgicks, translated into English by Martyn* : useful for its knowledge of the plants mentioned by Virgil.

The 38th volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* contains the *Harleian Miscellany, vol. iii*. We meet with the *Process of Nicholas Antony, burnt at Geneva in 1632*, not for inventing a new heresy, but for preferring the Jewish religion to the Christian. It forms the counterpart to the history of Servetus.—*Description of Iceland, by Mr. Anderson*. The country and the manners of its inhabitants are equally strange : Death only can make them quit this wretched island.—*The Necessity of Public Worship, by Mr. de la Chapelle, in answer to an anonymous Letter*. Mr. Chapelle's adversary is a minister in the *Pays de Vaud*, of the name of Allamand, and never did I know a man of a finer genius. His mind embraced all kinds of learning, but philosophy was his principal study. On all

Sur toutes les questions il s'est fait des systèmes, ou du moins des argumens toujours originaux et toujours ingénieux. Ses idées sont fines et lumineuses, son expression heureuse et facile. On lui reproche avec raison trop de raffinement et de subtilité dans l'esprit; trop de fierté, trop d'ambition, et trop de violence, dans le caractère. Cet homme, qui auroit pu éclairer ou troubler une nation, vit et mourra dans l'obscurité. Il est singulier, qu'il n'ait presque rien écrit, que deux petits ouvrages de commande.—*Voyage en Egypte, par le Sieur Granger*: hardi, mais très superficiel. Les canaux des anciens rois portoient les eaux du Nil, et l'abondance dans tous les cantons de l'Egypte. Les Turcs ne les entretiennent point. Le pays a perdu sa fertilité, et le Sieur Granger donne le démenti à toute l'antiquité qui dit qu'il la possédoit autrefois.—*Poëme de Pierre d'Ebato, sur les Troubles de la Sicile, sous l'Empereur Henry VI. tiré de la Bibliothèque de Berne, par M. Eugel*: il est assez curieux. Dans les siècles barbares la poésie tient lieu d'histoire. Aussi en a-t-elle l'exactitude.—*Lettres d'un François, oui: sur les Anglois, non.* Le pauvre Abbé le Blanc!

Le trente neuvième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* contient: *Lettre d'un Bibliothécaire de Geneve, sur une Bulle singulière de Clement VI.* Singulière en effet. C'est une permission, accordée l'an 1354, à tous les confesseurs de tous les rois de France, de dispenser le prince des sermens qu'il ne pourroit tenir
sans

questions, he had contrived systems, at least arguments, equally new and ingenious. His ideas were refined and perspicuous; his expression natural and happy. He was justly reproached with too much subtlety of thought, with pride, ambition, and excessive warmth of temper. This man, qualified to enlighten or disturb a nation, lived and died in obscurity. He left nothing in writing, excepting a few short performances in answer to questions put to him.—*Travels into Egypt, by Mr. Granger*: bold, but superficial. The canals of the ancient kings, carried the waters of the Nile and fertility into all the provinces of Egypt. These canals are not kept in repair by the Turks. The country has lost its fruitfulness; and Mr. Granger gives the lie to all ancient writers, who declare that it formerly was fruitful.—*A Poem of Peter Ebato, on the Troubles of Sicily in the Reign of the Emperor Henry VI.* published from the library of Bern by Mr. Engel. The work is curious: poetry is the history of barbarous ages; and has then all the circumstantial minuteness which history requires.—“*Letters of a Frenchman,*” true; “*on the English,*” false. Poor Abbé le Blanc!

The 39th volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* contains a letter of the librarian of Geneva, on a singular bull of Clement VI. Singular indeed! This bull is a permission, granted in 1354, to all the confessors of all the kings of France, to grant dispensations to
their

sans quelque incommodité. Le bibliothécaire fait des réflexions et des recherches, qui repandent beaucoup de lumière sur l'authenticité, le caractère, l'objet, et le style de cette bulle. La lettre est écrite avec goût et modération.—*Amintor et Théodora*, par M. Mallet. Si mon ami a jamais une gloire poétique, c'est cet ouvrage qui la lui donnera. M. Maty avoit fourni cet extrait dont Mallet fut si content, qu'il rechercha aussitôt son amitié. C'est un anecdote que je tiens de tous les deux.—*Voyage de la Gothie Occidentale*, par M. Linnaeus ; et celui de la Sibirie, par M. Gimelin : ces deux expéditions, la dernière surtout, qui a ouvert un monde inconnu, font bien l'éloge des souverains du Nord.—*Œuvres de Virgile, avec les Commentaires de N. Heinsius et de Pierre Burman* : c'est la meilleure édition de Virgile et de Servius, comme elle est la dernière.—*Poësies de M. de Haller, traduites de l'Allemand*. Une imagination riche, une énergie de style, et un ton de philosophie, dont il a trouvé à propos de se défaire.—*Théorie des Sentimens agréables*, par M. de Pouilly. L'unité et la variété sont les sources de nos plaisirs. L'idée me paroît juste ; mais elle n'est point ni assez neuve, ni assez précise pour en faire un livre. J'ai lu aussi les *Lettres de Lady Mary Wortley Montague*, qui viennent de paroître. C'est la relation d'un voyage où elle suivit son mari ambassadeur à Constantinople. Elles sont assez légères et amusantes.

their sovereigns from the obligation of oaths which it might be inconvenient for them to observe. The librarian's reflections and researches throw much light on the authenticity, the character, the object, and the style of this bull. This letter is written with moderation and taste.—*Amintor and Theodora*, by Mr. Mallet. If my friend should ever attain poetic fame, it will be acquired by this work. Mr. Maty furnished the extract, which pleased Mallet so much that he requested his friendship. This anecdote I learned from both parties.—*Travels into Western Gotbland*, by Mr. Linnaeus ; and into Siberia, by Mr. Gimelin. These two works, the latter especially, which opens to us an unknown world, do much honour to the sovereigns of the North.—*The Works of Virgil, with the Commentaries of Heinsius and Peter Burman*. As this is the latest, so it is the best edition of Virgil and Servius.—*Haller's Poems, translated from the German* : distinguished by a rich imagination, energy of style, and an air of philosophy, which he has thought fit to lay aside.—*Theory of agreeable Sentiments*, by Mr. de Pouilly. Unity and variety are the sources of our pleasures. The idea seems to be just ; but it has not enough either of novelty or precision to deserve being expanded into a book. I read also *Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters*, just published. They contain an account of a journey in which she accompanied her husband in his embassy to Constantinople ; and are lively and entertaining. I am most pleased with what she says concerning those inner
apartments

amusantes. Ce que j'aime le mieux, c'est ce qu'elle dit de l'intérieur des maisons, où jamais homme n'a pénétré. Elle veut que les femmes Turques aient beaucoup de liberté, et qu'elles sortent seules à pied et voilées, tant qu'elles veulent, sous le prétexte d'aller au bain ou à la mosquée. Les Turcs n'épousent qu'une femme ; si quelqu'un se sert de la permission d'avoir des esclaves concubines, le public les regarde comme des libertins, et leurs femmes n'habitent point avec eux. Elle avoit étudié la langue Turque, et paroît faire beaucoup de cas et de leur musique, et de leur poésie. On s'apperçoit à peine que les mœurs, les usages, ou le génie des Grecs, aient changé depuis le tems d'Homere.

Fevrier 1.]—J'ai lu *les Fastes d'Ovide*, L. iv. p. 599—610. La fête de Palilia (très distinguée de celle de la fondation, quoiqu'elles tombassent l'une et l'autre le même jour, 21 Avril) paroît l'occuper beaucoup. Que l'esprit humain est extravagant ! Purger un peuple ! et le purger encore avec le sang d'un cheval, la gousse d'un fève, et les cendres des entrailles d'un veau tué dans le ventre de sa mere, et consumé sur l'autel de Vesta ! Ovide disculpe fort bien le fondateur de la ville, du crime de fraticide. Rémus ne fut tué qu'en conséquence d'un ordre général, et très sage, que son frere avoit donné, et que ce prince viola sans le savoir. Si Romulus parut indifférent à sa mort, c'est qu'en législateur il vouloit profiter d'un accident malheureux

apartments into which men are not allowed to penetrate. She maintains that the Turkish women enjoy a great deal of liberty, and walk out alone veiled, as often as they please, on pretence of going to the bath or the mosque. The Turks marry only one wife : and though some use the permission of concubinage with slaves, they are regarded as libertines, and forsaken by their wives. She studied the Turkish language ; and speaks in high terms of the Turkish music and poetry. The manners, customs, and genius of the Greeks seem to her to have undergone little change since the days of Homer.

February 1.]—I read *Ovid's Fasts*, L. iv. p. 599—610. The festival of Palilia is an object of much attention ; it is different from that of the foundation of Rome, though both happened on the same day, the 21st of April. To what extravagances is not the human mind liable ? Purify a nation ! and that too with the blood of a horse, the husk of a bean, and the ashes of the bowels of a calf killed in the belly of its mother, and burnt on the altar of Vesta. Ovid clearly justifies the founder of Rome from the guilt of killing his brother. Remus was put to death in consequence of a wise law made by his brother, and which this prince unintentionally violated. If Romulus did not

heureux, pour donner à ses loix un caractère sacré et inviolable, qui leur étoit très nécessaire dans une république naissante.

Fevrier 2.]—J'ai lu *les Fastes d'Ovide*, L. v. p. 610—620. Tout ce qu'il raconte des différentes étymologies dumoies de Mai, est curieux et bien dit. J'y distingue sans peine une allégorie Orientale, une fable Grecque, et une tradition Romaine. L'idée de faire sortir les dieux du chaos, et de placer la *Majesté* sur le trône de l'Olympe, pour y former la hiérarchie céleste, est d'une extravagance sublime. Le tableau des Muses est bien frappé; mais pourquoi ne pas se souvenir que des déesses infallibles, doivent toujours être du même sentiment?

9.]—J'ai lu *les Fastes d'Ovide*, L. v. p. 620—630. Il raconte l'origine des jeux Floraux, de la façon la moins déshonorante pour sa religion. En effet il est difficile qu'un peuple ait dressé des autels à une courtisane. C'est assez qu'on ait fait danser des filles nues, en l'honneur d'une déesse à laquelle on croyoit déjà. Il est vrai que toutes les cérémonies ne respiroient que la débauche; mais la saison des fleurs a toujours inspiré des idées libertines, à des peuples et à des hommes qui ignoroient très sûrement l'histoire de la courtisane *Flora*. Pourquoi chercher dans la fable, ce qu'il faut puiser dans la nature?

J'ai

not shew grief for his death, this was to maintain the inviolable sanctity of his laws, a thing necessary in his infant kingdom.

February 2.]—I read *Ovid's Fasti*, L. v. p. 610—620. His account of the different etymologies of the month of May is curious, and well expressed. We may distinguish in it an Oriental allegory, a Greek fable, and a Roman tradition. The issuing of the gods from chaos, and the majesty of Olympus arranging the celestial hierarchy, is sublimely extravagant. The picture of the Muses is well delineated; but Ovid should have remembered that these infallible divinities were always of one mind.

9.]—I read *Ovid's Fasti*, L. v. p. 620—630. He explains the origin of the Floral games in a manner less dishonourable for his religion. It is not credible that any people should have erected altars to a harlot. It was enough for them to celebrate the festival of a goddess, in whom they already believed, by the dances of naked girls. All the ceremonies of this goddess favoured of debauchery; but the season productive of flowers too naturally inspires those with licentious sentiments who have never heard of the courtesan *Flora*. Why have recourse to fable for what may be found in nature?

I read

J'ai lu *les Fastes d'Ovide*, L. v. p. 630—643. Tout s'annoblit sous le pinceau du poëte. Neuf feves noires qu'on jette derrière soi, ne font pas un tableau bien relevé. Cependant Ovide a su leur donner un air de solennité, et même de sublime. Il se sert surtout de ce coloris foible et incertain qui rend les objets plus terribles, en ne les montrant qu'à demi et d'une façon confuse ; le silence et le ténèbres de la nuit, et l'ombre qui nous suit à pas légers, mais qu'on ne peut se retourner pour voir : tous ces traits me paroissent de ce genre qui a été si bien indiqué par M. Burke *. Le temple de Mars Ultor a dû être magnifique. Le culte des Payens avoit au moins plus de justesse que celui des Catholiques. Mars le Vengeur punit les meurtriers d'un grand guerrier, son descendant. C'est bien plus naturel qu'un apôtre, ou qu'un hermite qui se mêle de faire donner la victoire dans une guerre, où encore il ne fera question que d'intérêts politiques.

Fevrier 6.]—Je suis entré à la bibliotheque pour consulter l'article *Flora* du Dictionnaire de Bayle. Lactance n'a que trop imité les peres de son siecle. Les jeux Floraux, fondés l'an 514, célébrés de tems en tems, devenus annuels en 580, par un arrêt du sénat, et payés de l'argent des amendes, ressembloient peu à la disposition testamentaire d'une courtisane.

Fevrier

I read *Ovid's Fasti*, L. v. p. 630—643. The poet's genius ennobles every object ; even nine black beans thrown behind the back, to which he gives an air of solemnity, and even of sublimity. He chiefly employs that doubtful and faint colouring which renders objects more terrible, by shewing them partially and confusedly ; silence, obscurity, the shadow which follows us with light steps, and which we dare not look behind us to see ; all these touches belong to that kind of sublimity which is well pointed out by Mr. Burke *. The temple of Jupiter the avenger must have been magnificent. The worship of the Pagans had at least more consistency than that of the Catholics. Mars the avenger punishes the murderers of a great warrior, his descendant. This is more natural than the interference of an apostle or hermit in wars and victories ; and wars often undertaken merely for worldly interests.

February 6.]—I went to the library to consult the article *Flora* in Bayle's Dictionary. Lactantius too well imitates the fathers of his age. The Floral games, founded A. U. C. 514, first celebrated occasionally, afterwards rendered annual in 580, by an order of the senate, and their expence defrayed by money levied in fines ; all this has not any resemblance to the testamentary arrangement of a courtesan.

* Upon the sublime and beautiful.

February

Fevrier 7.]—J'ai lu *les Fastes d'Ovide*, L. vi. p. 648—687 ; la fin de ce livre, et de la partie de l'ouvrage que le tems a épargné. Les six autres livres qui achevoient l'année et le calendrier Romain, ne subsistent plus. Le début du sixième livre est très beau ; la dispute des trois déesses n'en vaut que mieux, pour être empruntée de celle de Paris, et du Mont Ida. La harangue de Junon est aussi un peu moulée sur celle du premier livre d'Eneïde ; mais l'aimable Hébé s'exprime avec des graces qui n'appartiennent qu'au poëte.

8.]—J'ai lu *une petite brochure de trente huit pages, par Jean Jacques Rousseau* : c'est un extrait des argumens de Platon contre la poésie imitative, et surtout contre le théâtre. Ils devoient plaire au citoyen de Geneve ; mais comment a-t-il pu adopter ce tissu de sophismes métaphysiques ? Toute la première partie, qui roule sur le plus de justesse de l'imitation, est d'une fausseté et d'une foiblesse qui m'a étonné. Vers la fin, ses raisonnemens deviennent un peu plus spécieux. Je conviens que le théâtre, et surtout le théâtre d'Athenes, a quelquefois peint ses héros trop foibles et trop sensibles à leurs malheurs, mais aussi il faut accorder quelque chose à l'humanité, qui gémit en secret, ou qui dépose ses ennuis dans le sein d'un ami. Les spectateurs sont les confidens du poëte, mais il ne le font pas du personnage.

Fevrier

February 7.]—I read *Ovid's Fasti*, L. vi. p. 648—687, the conclusion of the book, and of all that part of the work which has come down to us. The six other books, which completed the Roman calendar, have perished. The beginning of the sixth book is beautiful. The dispute of the three goddesses is more pleasing, because borrowed from that of Paris and Mount Ida. Juno's speech is also cast in the same mould with that in the first book of the Eneid ; but the amiable Hebe expresses herself with those graces that are peculiar to Ovid.

8.]—I read a little pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, by John James Rousseau. It contains an abstract of Plato's arguments against imitative poetry, especially the drama. I was astonished at the weakness and falseness of the whole first part, which treats of the imperfection of imitation. Towards the conclusion, his reasonings are more specious. I acknowledge that the theatre, and especially that of Athens, sometimes paints its heroes too weak and too much alive to their misfortunes. But some indulgence must be granted to humanity, which groans in secret, or pours its grief into the bosom of a friend. The spectators are indeed confidants of the poet, but not of his characters.

February

Fevrier 9.]—En attendant la suite de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, j'ai lu l'*excellent Traité sur le Choix et la Méthode des Etudes*, par l'Abbé Fleury; à Paris 1753, in 12mo. pp. 364. Tout y respire l'amour de la vérité et de la vertu, joint à cette raison juste et lumineuse, à ce bon sens perfectionné, qui est bien plus rare que l'esprit, et presque autant que le génie. L'auteur étoit Catholique et Prêtre; mais ce défaut ne se fait sentir qu'à ceux qui ne le sont pas. Il commence par l'histoire des études, dont il fait un beau tableau. Les Grecs seuls ont eu un système d'éducation philosophique et nationale. La vertu et la justesse d'esprit des Romains, leur ont tenu lieu de cette théorie exacte. Les études des barbares du Nord, étoient aussi barbares qu'eux. Aux siècles d'ignorance ont succédé ceux d'une science prétendue de la philosophie d'Aristote, les Arabes, et les Scholastiques. Les humanistes du quinzième siècle ont rappelé la connoissance des anciens. De toutes ces méthodes il s'est formé un cahos d'études, qui regne dans nos collèges, mais qui est sans système, sans ordre, et sans utilité. L'Abbé Fleury, qui veut toujours ramener les sciences du ciel à la terre, lui substitue un plan court, mais raisonné, le soin de l'ame et du corps avec la connoissance des loix et des affaires économiques. Un François a raison de compter l'histoire et la politique, parmi les études qui ne sont que curieuses pour un particulier. Le citoyen d'un état libre les regarderoit comme nécessaires. L'Abbé Fleury a ajouté
à ce

February 9.]—While I waited for the sequel of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, I read an excellent work on *the Method and Choice of our Studies*, by the Abbé Fleury; Paris, 1753, in 12mo. pp. 364. The whole breathes a spirit of truth and virtue, together with that clearness and strength of reason, and that superior good sense, which is more uncommon than wit, and almost as rare as genius. The author was a Roman Catholic and a priest; but this fault is perceived by those only who are neither the one nor the other. He begins by the history of education in different countries, of which he gives us a beautiful picture. That of the Greeks alone was philosophical and national. The want of an accurate education among the Romans was supplied by virtue and natural good sense. The studies of the barbarians of the North were as barbarous as themselves. To ages of ignorance succeeded those of the pretended philosophy of Aristotle, the Arabs and scholastics. The humanists of the fifteenth century revived the knowledge of the ancients. From all these united, is composed that chaos of learning taught in our universities and colleges, alike destitute of system, order, and utility. The Abbé Fleury, who wishes to bring down science from the heavens to the earth, proposes a plan equally short and reasonable, the care of the body and the mind, with the knowledge of oeconomy and laws. A Frenchman justly reckons history and politics among those studies which are rather curious than useful.

à ce traité un discours sur Platon. Il méprise beaucoup la physique et la métaphysique ; mais il fait les plus grands éloges de la logique, de la morale, du style, et de la méthode de ce philosophe.

Fevrier 10.]—J'ai revu avec soin les six livres des *Fastes d'Ovide*. Les réflexions auxquelles cette lecture a donné lieu, se trouvent rassemblées dans mon Recueil d'Observations, No. IV.

11.]—J'ai commencé un charmant petit ouvrage, sur les médailles anciennes, par M. Addison—*Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals*, dans le troisième tome de ses Œuvres, à Londres, 1746 : j'en ai lu p. 1—113. Il cherche les différentes espèces d'utilités qu'on peut trouver dans l'étude des médailles ; il s'arrête au rapport frappant entre plusieurs de leurs revers, et les descriptions des poètes Latins. Dans cette vue il parcourt deux suites des médailles ; l'une des êtres allégoriques, et l'autre des symboles énigmatiques. Chacune lui fournit une vingtaine d'exemples. Les passages parallèles des poètes sont choisis avec goût, et les réflexions de l'auteur sont remplies d'esprit et de sagacité. Personne n'avoit retiré plus de fruit de l'étude des Belles Lettres que M. Addison. Ses ouvrages ont beaucoup contribué à former la langue et la littérature Angloise.

12.]—J'ai achevé l'ouvrage d'Addison. *Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals*, p. 113—167. Les planches des médailles en occupent encore

The citizen of a free country regards them as indispensable. To this treatise the Abbé Fleury has added a *Discourse on Plato*. He despises both his physics and metaphysics ; but sets the highest value on his logic, morals, style, and method.

February 10.]—I read over with care the six books of *Ovid's Fasts* ; and have written the reflections, which occurred to me in the perusal, in my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

11.]—I began to read Mr. Addison's charming little *Treatise on ancient Medals*, in the third volume of his Works, London, 1746. I read p. 1—113. He considers the different advantages that may be derived from the study of medals ; and dwells on the striking connection between their reverses and the descriptions of Latin poets. In this view, he examines two serieses of medals ; the one containing allegorical personages, and the other enigmatic symbols. Each class furnishes him with twenty examples. The passages of the poets are selected with taste ; and the author's reflections are replete with judgment and sagacity. No man ever benefited more than Mr. Addison by the study of the Belles Lettres. His works have much contributed to improve the English language and literature.

12.]—I finished Addison's work, *Dialogues upon the Usefulness of ancient Medals* ; p. 113—167 : besides which, the plates take up sixty-eight pages. The third series of examples contains.

encore 68. La troisième suite d'exemples est tirée des représentations des pays sur les médailles. Elle est curieuse. M. Addison emploie un troisième entretien à faire le parallèle un peu flatté des anciennes médailles avec les modernes. Cet auteur débute fort bien, les caractères des personnages sont bien marqués; tout y respire une conversation d'amis libres, polis, et savants; mais il auroit tout aussi bien pu donner aux deux derniers entretiens le nom de lettres, d'essais que de dialogues. L'épître de Pope est digne de lui; mais cette inscription de la médaille imaginaire de Craggs, inscription en six grands vers, auroit été peu goûtée par Addison*. On ne fait pas l'éloge d'un ouvrage didactique, en négligeant le plus important de ses préceptes.

J'ai commencé le bel ouvrage de M. Spanheim, de *Præstantia et Usu Numismatum*, en deux Volumes in 4to. Amsterdam, 1671. Ce n'est pas la meilleure édition; mais je m'en sers en attendant celle de Londres de 1708, que je fais venir de Geneve. J'ai lu la *Préface et la Dissertation I.* p. 1—49; sur la beauté et les agrémens de la science numismatique; et la *Dissertation II.* p. 49—68, sur les secours que les grammairiens y trouvent pour déterminer le caractère et l'orthographe des langues de l'antiquité. J'ai achevé quelques réflexions sur les *Fastes d'Ovide*, V. No. IV. de mon Recueil d'Observations.

Fevrier

contains the representation of countries on medals: it is curious. Mr. Addison has a third dialogue, in which the parallel is drawn between ancient and modern medals; rather flattering for the ancients. In the first dialogue, the author sets out well; his characters are well marked; and the whole has the air of a free conversation among polite and learned friends: but the two following dialogues might as well have been called letters or essays. Pope's epistle is worthy of himself; but the inscription on his imaginary medal of Craggs, filling six verses, would not have been relished by Addison*. It is a bad compliment to a didactic work, to violate, in commending it, the most important precept which it contains.

I began Spanheim's noble work *de Præstantia et Usu Numismatum*, in two volumes, 4to. Amsterdam. This is not the best edition; but I make use of it till I receive that of London, 1708, from Geneva. I read the *Preface and Dissertation I.* p. 1—49, on the beauty and entertainment of medallic knowledge: and *Dissertation II.* p. 49—68, on the assistance which it may afford to grammarians in ascertaining the letters and orthography of ancient languages. I finished some reflections on *Ovid's Fasti*. See my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

* V. Dialog. iii. p. 154—156.

Fevrier 13.]—J'ai écrit quelques remarques sur les êtres allégoriques des médailles, *V. No. V.* de mon Recueil.

J'ai lu *Spanheim de Ufu et Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 68—93.* C'est une suite de ses observations grammaticales. Elles sont curieuses, mais un peu seches. Spanheim oublie un peu sa politesse pour relancer Tristan. Il est vrai que sa méprise étoit des plus lourdes.

J'ai achevé le quarantième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* : j'y trouve *Traité sur le Sénat Romain, par le Docteur Middleton.* La question sur la méthode d'entrer dans ce corps, me paroît des plus simples. Les rois, les consuls, et les censeurs y nommoient : mais comme ils y mettoient toujours les questeurs, leur pouvoir diminuoit, à mesure qu'ils se multiplioient, et il se trouva réduit à une pure formalité, lorsqu'ils furent devenus assez nombreux pour recruter le sénat tout seuls.—*Histoire de la Suede, par M. Dalin, en Suédois.* Ce pays est nouveau ; il y a deux mille ans que les montagnes de la Suede, et encore plus celles du Dannemarck, ne formoient qu'un archipel de petites îles entrecoupées de canaux et de détroits. La mer s'est retirée, et se retire tous les jours dans la proportion d'environ cinquante pouces par siecle. On croit même que l'océan, beaucoup plus étendu dans le commencement de l'empire Romain, s'étoit ouvert une communication avec la mer Caspienne. Cette circonstance, et un climat moins rigoureux alors, rendoit

February 13.]—I wrote some remarks concerning the allegorical personages on medals. See my Collection, No. V.

I read *Spanheim, de Ufu et Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 68—93.* It contains the sequel of his grammatical observations. They are curious, but rather dry. Spanheim forgets his politeness in refuting Tristan. The latter's mistake indeed was a most absurd one.

I finished the fortieth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée.* It contains *Dr. Middleton's Treatise on the Roman Senate.* The question concerning the mode of entering into the Roman senate appears to me capable of an easy answer. The nomination belonged successively to the kings, consuls, and censors. But as they always named the questors, their right of naming gradually became of less value as the questors became more numerous, and was reduced to a mere formality, when their number became sufficient to supply that of the senate.—*History of Sweden, by Mr. Dalin, in Swedish.* This is a new country. Two thousand years ago the mountains of Sweden, as well as those of Denmark, stood in an archipelago of little islands intersected by canals and straits. The sea retired, and still continues to retire, the space of fifty inches, each century. It is thought also that the ocean, which covered a far greater surface towards the beginning of

rendoit les émigrations des Scythes beaucoup plus faciles. La colonie la plus célèbre y passa vers l'an 100, sous la conduite d'Odin, Scythe des bords du Tanais. Ce législateur du Nord s'établit à Upsal, le siège de la religion et de l'empire. Ses successeurs, rois, pontifes, maîtres d'un beau pays, et respectés des autres rois de la nation, y regnerent jusqu'en 870; sa race ne s' teignit en Norvege qu'en 1060.

Fevrier 15.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, de Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 93—112*. C'est un peu trop une déclamation sur la morale et la politique des médailles, assez ennuyeuse, quoique l'auteur y ait enchaîné tous les termes numismatiques. Pourquoi justifier la lâcheté du sénat qui détruisoit, autant qu'il pouvoit, le seul frein qui restoit encore à ses tyrans? Ils les louoient (dit on) pour leur tracer la route de la vertu et de la gloire. Cette excuse étoit bonne la première année de Domitien, mais elle ne valoit rien la quinzième. Et puis quels éloges nouveaux avoient-ils pour Trajan?

16.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, de Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 112—122, et Dissert. III. p. 122—166*. Les lumières que les représentations des animaux sur les médailles peuvent fournir à l'histoire naturelle, y sont étalées.

of the Roman empire, opened a communication with the Caspian Sea. This circumstance, and a climate milder than the present, facilitated the emigrations of the Scythians. Their most celebrated colony travelled to the North in the year of J. C. 100, under the conduct of Odin, a Scythian from the banks of the Tanais. This legislator of the North resided at Upsal, the seat of his religion and empire. His successors, both kings and priests, were masters of a fine country, and respected by the other kings of the nation. They reigned at Upsal till A. C. 870. Their family was not extinct in Norway till 1060.

February 15.]—I read *Spanheim, de Præstantia et Usu Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 93—112*: and found it a tiresome declamation on the morality and policy to be learned from medals; in which the author has contrived to introduce all the technical medallist terms. Why does he justify the senate for removing the only check that remained on the tyranny of the emperors? They praised them, he says, to shew to them the road of virtue and glory. This excuse was good in the first year of Domitian's reign; but was good for nothing in the fifteenth. Besides, what new praise was kept in reserve for Trajan?

16.]—I read *Spanheim, de Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 112—122*. He describes the advantages which natural history may derive from medals. I saw with pleasure

étalées. J'y ai vu avec plaisir la preuve de ce que j'avois avancé dans mon *Essai*, sur les spectacles du Cirque et de l'Amphithéâtre.

J'ai achevé le quarante et unième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Voyage de Mons. Anson, premier et deuxième Extrait*. Je connois peu de livres aussi amusans; mais le portrait du chef est bien flatté. Cét homme, élevé ensuite aux premières places, n'a point soutenu le fardeau de sa renommée. Il ne lui est resté que celui de choisir et d'employer le mérite. Brett, Saunders, Rodney, Keppel, sont du nombre de ses élèves.—*Traité sur les Miracles, par M. le Moine*: un pareil ouvrage affoiblit la religion qu'il veut appuyer. Nous sommes bien faits pour appercevoir l'étendue de la puissance de la nature, et des anges! Connoissons-nous seulement celle de nos semblables?—*Les Mœurs*. On ne peut plus accuser les ennemis de la révélation, de n'être pas les amis de la religion naturelle. Le pauvre Toussaint fait à present la Gazette de Bruxelles. Quel emploi pour un philosophe!—*Ouvrage de Pénélope, ou Machiavel en Medecine, par M. de la Metrie*: c'est une satyre mordante, ingénieuse, et savante; contre la faculté de Paris, et surtout Astruc, Sylva, Chirac, et Winslow.

Fevrier 17.]—Matinée perdue. J'ai cependant trouvé moyen de lire *Spanheim, de Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. III. p.166—196*: c'est une
suite

pleasure the proof of what I had said in my Essay on the subjects of the Circus and Amphitheatre.

I finished the forty-first volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Anson's Voyage, first and second Extract*. I know few books that are more amusing; but the hero is painted in too flattering colours. When afterwards raised to the first employments of state, he was unable to support the weight of his renown. One praise indeed belongs to him, that of choosing and employing merit. Brett, Saunders, Rodney, and Keppel are among those whom he brought forward and educated.—*Mr. le Moine's Treatise on Miracles*. Such a work tends to injure the cause of religion which it endeavours to support. How ill qualified are we to ascertain the powers of nature, and of angels! Do we know exactly the extent of those belonging to our fellow-creatures?—*Morals*. The enemies of Revelation can no longer be accused of hostility to natural religion. Poor Toussaint is now the editor of the Brussels Gazette. Strange employment for a philosopher!—*Penelope's Web, or Machiavel Physician, by Mr. de la Metrie*: a severe, ingenious, and learned satire against the faculty in Paris, particularly Astruc, Sylva, Chirac, and Winslow.

February 17.]—This morning was lost, except that I found time to read *Spanheim, de Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 166—196*. He continues the same subject; panthers,

fuite du même sujet ; des panthères, des serpens, et des dauphins. L'article des serpens surtout, les ministres des oracles, et les génies tutélaires, est curieux.

Fevrier 18.]—Ce soir j'ai lu un conte en vers, que Voltaire vient de faire, et qu'on m'a prêté. *Ce qui plait aux dames* ; c'est l'autorité. L'idée est empruntée de *la Femme de Bath, de Pope*. Le conte est d'ailleurs un peu diffus, et les vers n'ont point cette légèreté, et ce naturel, qui est si essentiel. On m'a prêté en même tems *l'Eloge du Duc de Sully, par M. Thomas* : piece qui a remporté le prix de l'académie Française.

19.]—Au lieu de continuer Spanheim, j'ai repris mon *Recueil Géographique sur l'Italie*, qu'il faut expédier. J'en ai écrit deux pages et demie sur l'Etrurie.

J'ai achevé *l'Eloge du Duc de Sully*. M. Thomas est un grand orateur. Quelle force dans la pensée ! quelle rapidité dans le style ! Il a l'ame d'un citoyen, l'esprit d'une philosophe, et le pinceau d'un grand peintre. C'est Démosthène, mais Démosthène qui a sacrifié aux graces. On y trouve, avec toute la pompe de l'éloquence, la précision des détails, qui ne sont jamais petits, quand ils sont bien choisis, et bien rendus ; et la fidélité historique qui ne peut qu'embellir l'éloge de tout homme qui en mérite un. Le pa-
rellele

panthers, serpents, dolphins. The part respecting serpents, those ministers of oracles, and tutelary genii, is particularly curious.

February 18.]—In the evening I read a tale in verse, which was lent to me, just published by Voltaire. *What most pleases women ?* Command. The design is borrowed from Pope's *Wife of Bath*. The narrative is rather diffuse, and the verses have not that natural ease and briskness which is an essential requisite. I borrowed at the same time the *Panegyric of the Duke of Sully, by Mr. Thomas* ; a performance which gained the prize proposed by the French Academy.

19.]—Instead of continuing Spanheim, I resumed my *Geographical Collection on Italy*, which I wish to put out of hand. I wrote two pages and an half of it, on Etruria.

I finished *Sully's Panegyric*. Mr. Thomas is a great orator. What strength of thought, what rapidity of style ! He has the soul of a citizen, the sense of a philosopher, and the pencil of a great painter. His manner is that of Demosthenes, but of Demosthenes who has sacrificed to the graces. United with the pomp of eloquence, we find an accurate detail of particulars, which are never minute when they are well chosen and well expressed ; and that historical truth which always embellishes the panegyric of every man entitled to public praise. The parallel of Sully with Colbert is not drawn
with

relle de Colbert et de Sully, bien loin d'être flateur pour son héros, ne lui est pas équitable. On compare trop les difficultés que ces deux ministres ont eu à surmonter. Faut-il comparer les horreurs de la ligue, quarante ans de guerres civiles, le fanatisme et l'indépendance maîtres de tous les esprits et 800 millions des dettes, avec les caprices de la Fronde, quelques concussions de Mazarin, et une nation sans chef, sans principes de revolte, et lassée des désordres domestiques. M. Thomas ne se souvient pas toujours que l'éloge est un genre mitoyen entre l'histoire et l'oraison funebre; peut être même que son style fort sublime et nourri des images les plus justes et les plus hardies, auroit pu se passer de la comparaison, de l'apostrophe, et de toutes les figures, qui ne conviennent parfaitement qu'à la poésie. Je suis sur qu'il auroit mieux fait de ne point faire contraster les opérations du Sully avec celles de la sagesse éternelle. C'est un sublime toujours faux, qui ne peut que ravalier les deux objets de la comparaison.

Fevrier 20.]—J'ai écrit une page et demie du *Recueil Géographique*, sur le Tybre et les rivières qui s'y jettent.

J'ai achevé le quarante deuxième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. A ne considérer que le *Voyage de la Baye d'Hudson*, par M. Ellis, on ne peut douter de l'existence du passage tant recherché du Nord Ouest. En tout cas

la

with flattery, scarcely with equity, towards the former. Mr. Thomas dwells too long on the comparison of the difficulties which these two ministers had respectively to encounter. The horrors of the league, forty years of civil war, enthusiasm and independence in the public mind, and eight hundred millions of debt; these were difficulties incomparably greater than the caprices of the Fronde, some extortions on the part of Cardinal Mazarine, a nation destitute of either principles or leaders of rebellion, and long weary of domestic disturbances. Mr. Thomas does not always remember that a panegyric ought to hold the middle place between a history and a funeral oration. Perhaps the strength and sublimity of his style, replete with images as bold as they are natural, might have enabled him to dispense with comparisons, apostrophes, and all those figures, which more properly belong to poetry. I am certain he would have done well to omit his comparison of Sully's operations with those of eternal wisdom; a species of false sublime which can only tend to degrade both the compared objects.

February 20.]—I wrote a page and an half of my *Geographical Collection* on the Tiber, and the rivers which flow into it.

I finished the forty-second volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. If we consider only Mr. Ellis's *Voyage to Hudson's Bay*, the existence of a north-west passage will appear very doubtful. Be that as it may, the Company will always endeavour to prevent its

discovery.

la compagnie en empêchera toujours la découverte.—*Essai sur la Marine des Anciens*, par M. Deslandes. Jamais les anciens n'ont connu que les trirèmes, ou les vaisseaux de guerres à trois ponts, chaque pont garni de rames de longueurs différentes. Les quadrirèmes, &c. n'étoient que des ponts supérieurs garnis de machines, mais sans rames.—*Exposition des Découverts de Newton*, par M. Maclaurin : ouvrage admiré de tous les mathématiciens. J'espère y ajouter un jour un suffrage éclairé.—*Rélation d'un Voyage au Pérou*, par M. Bouguer. Les Cordilières forment la chaîne de montagnes la plus haute de la terre. Le sommet du Chimboraco est élevé de 3217 toises, au dessus de la mer ; et à 2400 toises la neige ne fond plus. Le province de Quito est un vallon des Cordilières, et cependant ses habitans sont les plus élevés qu'on connoisse. Les monumens qui subsistent encore, ne permettent point de douter sur la grandeur des Incas. On voit encore les traces de la chaussée de 400 lieus de Cusco à Quito.—*Melange Harleien*, tome vi. On y trouve la suite d'une piece, où regne la bonne philosophie. De l'axiome que l'Etre Eternel se suffit à lui même, on déduit une religion sans superstition, sans contradictions, et sans peines éternelles.—*Voyage en Turquie et en Perse*, par M. Otter : curieux, mais bien sec.—*La Vie heureuse*, par M. de la Mettrie : c'est un fou, qui empoisonne en riant.—*Remarques sur le Dictionnaire*

discovery.—*An Essay, by Mr. Deslandes, on the Marine of the Ancients*. The ancients never made use of any but trireme gallies, that is, vessels with three tire of oars of different lengths. The quadriremes, &c. had decks above these barns of oars, provided with machines of war ; but they had only three tire of oars.—*Maclaurin's Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries*. A work admired by all mathematicians. I hope to be able at some future time to bestow on it enlightened approbation.—*Narrative of a Voyage to Peru*, by Mr. Boucher. The Cordilleras form the highest chain of mountains in the world. The top of Chimboraco is 3217 fathom above the sea : at the height of 2400 the snow never melts. The province of Quito, though a valley in the Cordilleras, is the highest inhabited country known. Subsisting monuments still attest the former greatness of the Incas. We yet behold the vestiges of the causeway extending 400 leagues from Cusco to Quito.—*The Harleian Miscellany, Vol. vi.* contains the sequel of a work distinguished by the spirit of sound philosophy. From the axiom that the Eternal Being is all-sufficient in himself, a religion is deduced, free from superstition, contradictions, and eternal punishments.—*Travels in Turkey and Persia*, by Mr. Otter : curious, but dry.—*The happy Life*, by Mr. de la Mettrie : the work of a fool, whose laughter is poisonous.

naire de Bayle. La superstition intolérante est encore plus dangereuse que l'impiété.

Fevrier 24.]—J'ai écrit une page et demie du *Recueil Géographique sur l'Ombrie*. Je commence à mettre dans le détail de chaque région, un ordre qui me sera très utile.

25.]—J'ai achevé le *quarante troisième tome de la Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Leibnizii Protogea*: ouvrage posthume d'un grand homme, sur la structure primitive de la terre. Tout étoit cahos. Une incendie fondit la masse, et les matières différentes acquirent leur degré de solidité, depuis la vitrification des pierres précieuses jusqu'à la fluidité des eaux, à proportion du tems qu'elles ont mis à se refroidir.—*Histoire du Stathouderat, et celle du Parlement d'Angleterre, par l'Abbé Raynal*. Ses portraits sont remplis de très jolies antithèses.—*Histoire de Jovien, par l'Abbé de la Bleterie, avec la Traduction de quelques Ouvrages de Julien*. Quelle littérature, quel goût, et quelle élégance! J'ajoute, et quelle modération! Julien étoit Payen, et l'Abbé ne haït que les Jésuites.—*L'Esprit des Loix*. Qu'en dire ici?—*Le Roi Patriote*. Milord Bolingbroke avoit de la force et de l'élévation dans l'esprit, mais il est petit philosophe.—*Recherches libres sur les Miracles, par le Docteur Middleton*. Cet homme avoit bien de la netteté et de la pénétration.

—*Remarks on Bayle's Dictionary*. Intolerant superstition is more dangerous than impiety.

February 24.]—I wrote a page and an half of my *Geographical Collection*, on the subject of Umbria. I begin to put the materials in order, belonging to each region of Italy, which will be of much use to me. I finished the forty-third volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Leibnizii Protogea*: a posthumous work of this great man, on the original structure of the earth. Chaos first reigned; a conflagration melted the mass; and different substances acquired different degrees of hardness from fluid water to vitrified gems, in proportion to the time they were in cooling.—*The History of the Office of Stadtholder, and of the Parliament of England, by the Abbé Raynal*. The pictures which he draws are filled with pretty antitheses.—*The History of Jovian, and the Translation of some Works of Julian, by the Abbé de la Bleterie*: admirable, in point of erudition, taste, elegance, and I will add, moderation. Julian was a Pagan, but the Abbé hates only the Jesuits.—*The Spirit of Laws*. What occasion was there to speak of it here?—*Lord Bolingbroke's Patriot King*. This lord had strength and elevation of mind; but he was a sorry philosopher.—*Middleton's Free Inquiry into the*

tion. Il voyoit bien jusqu'où l'on pouvoit pousser les conséquences de ses principes, mais il ne lui convenoit pas de les tirer.

Fevrier 26.]—J'ai écrit trois pages de mon *Recueil Géographique*, au chapitre du *Samnium*. J'ai achevé le pays des *Sabins*, et une partie de celui des *Marfes*.

27.]—J'ai écrit deux pages de mon *Recueil Géographique*, au chapitre du *Samnium*, sur le lac *Fucinus*, le pays des *Equi*, et celui des *Peligni*.

J'ai aussi lu mon *Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 196—245*. Il y est question des animaux fabuleux du sphinx, de l'hydre, des syrenes, des oiseaux *Stymphalides*, du phœnix, &c. On voit cependant que l'esprit des Grecs, tout romanesque qu'il étoit, a moins inventé qu'il n'a embelli. Le sphinx n'étoit dans l'origine qu'une guenon d'Ethiopie, dont les habitans de la Thébaidé firent le symbole du mystère, et qu'ils plaçoient aux portes de leurs temples.

28.]—Je n'ai lu de *Spanheim* que *Dissert. III. p. 245—253*. Il y est question des animaux monstrueux et hiéroglyphiques, dont les noms sont inconnus.

J'ai achevé le quarante quatrième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y ai trouvé *Histoire des Papes, par Bower; premier et deuxième Extrait*. Les commencemens de Rome Chrétienne, sont pour le moins aussi obscurs et fabuleux

the Miracles, &c. This man was endowed with penetration and accuracy. He saw where his principles led; but he did not think proper to draw the consequences.

February 26.]—I wrote three pages of my *Geographical Collection*, on the subject of *Samnium*. I have now finished the country of the Sabines, and a part of the territories of the Marfi.

27.]—I wrote two pages of the chapter *Samnium* in my *Geographical Collection*, describing the lake *Fucinus*, and the countries of the *Equi* and *Peligni*.

I also read *Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantia Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 196—245*. He treats of fabulous animals, the sphinx, hydra, sirenes, the birds of *Stymphalus*, the phœnix, &c. We may perceive that the genius of the Greeks, romantic as it was, employed itself rather in embellishment than invention. The sphinx was originally an Ethiopian ape, whom the inhabitants of Thebais chose for the symbol of mystery, and placed at the gates of their temples.

28.]—I read in *Spanheim* only *Dissert. III. p. 245—253*. He treats of monsters and hieroglyphics, whose names are unknown.

I finished the forty-fourth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Bower's Lives of the Popes; first and second Extrait*. The beginnings of Christian Rome are

fabuleux que ceux de Rome Payenne. On a reproché à l'auteur d'avoir fait une compilation partielle et indigeste des Papes. C'est un fripon démasqué, qui a joui pendant vingt ans de la faveur publique, pour avoir quitté une secte à laquelle il tenoit encore, et pour avoir été conseiller de l'inquisition dans la ville de *Macerata*, où il n'y a point d'inquisition.—*Voix libre d'un Citoyen*. Quand un roi Polonois écrit sur la constitution de sa patrie, on est surpris de ne voir que les lieux communs d'un rhéteur, et les visions impraticables d'un spéculatif de cabinet.—*Traité sur les Systèmes*, par l'Abbé de Condillac. Il est très finement pensé ; mais l'Abbé de Condillac confond quelquefois les vérités de théorie, qui peuvent découler de quelques principes généraux, et les arts pratiques, qui demandent encore les talens, l'expérience, &c. et dont quelqu'uns par leur nature sont beaucoup plus incertains.—*L'Asiatique Tolérant*. Des vérités importantes et communes, exprimées avec beaucoup de hardiesse.—*L'Art de faire éclore les Poulets*, &c. par M. de Réaumur. Celui-ci est sur et facile. Cet homme me feroit aimer l'histoire naturelle. Quel instinct que celui du Poulet, qui travaille pendant une demi-journée à l'ouvrage difficile de sa propre naissance !—*Essai de Philosophie Morale*, par M. de Maupertuis : non ; tu ne me feras pas haïr la vie.

Eloge

at least as obscure and fabulous as those of the Pagan. The author is reproached with making a partial and ill-digested compilation of papal biography. He is a rogue unmasked, who enjoyed, for twenty years, the favour of the public, because he had quitted a sect to which he still secretly adhered ; and because he had been a counsellor of the inquisition in the town of *Macerata*, where an inquisition never existed.—*The free Voice of a Citizen*. When a king of Poland writes on the constitution of his country, we should not expect to find the trite topics of a rhetorician, or the speculative dreams of a pedant.—*A Treatise on Systems*, by the Abbé Condillac : judicious, and abounding with fine thoughts ; but the Abbé sometimes confounds theory and truths flowing from a few general principles, with those practical arts which require talents and experience, and which from their nature are liable to great uncertainty.—*The Toleration of the Asiatics* : truths common and important, expressed with much boldness.—*The Art of hatching Eggs*, &c. by Mr. Réaumur. That proposed is sure and easy. This author will make me in love with natural history. How extraordinary an instinct is that of the chicken, which employs itself half a day in the difficult work of its own birth !—*Essay on Moral Philosophy*, by Mr. Maupertuis. No ; you are not able to make me hate life.

The

Eloge de M. de Schultens. Ce savant a trop préféré les Hébreux aux Arabes.

Mars 1.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Differt. IV. p. 253—265*. Des animaux il passe aux plantes, et surtout au lotus, dont les Egyptiens couronnoient souvent sur les médailles leurs rois, leurs dieux, et leurs animaux sacrés.

2.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Differt. IV. p. 265—310*. Il est toujours question des plantes, qui sont représentées sur les médailles.

J'ai achevé le quarante cinquième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Négociations du Chevalier Edmond, publiées par le Docteur Birch*: curieuses pour le caractère, les dernières années, et la mort d'Elizabeth.—*Mémoires de Brandebourg*. Ils sont bien écrits; mais ceux de l'auteur, que je les attends avec impatience!—*Traité sur la Glace, par M. de Mairan*: profond et judicieux. J'avois senti aussi bien que le journaliste, qu'il ne faut pas multiplier les êtres, et que le feu mis en mouvement suffit sans la matière subtile.—*Histoire Naturelle, par M. de Buffon, premier tome*. Le grand peintre, et le génie original! Le journaliste veut soutenir le déluge. Mais quel aveu, que les coquillages ne se trouvent sur les montagnes que jusqu'à la hauteur de 600 pieds.—*Recueil de Pièces d'Eloquence de l'Académie Française*: vox et præterea nihil.—*Histoire de la Suede, par M. Dalin, en Suédois, tome deuxième*.

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The Elogé of Mr. Schultens. This learned man preferred the Jews too much to the Arabians.

March 1.]—I read *Spanheim, Differt. IV. p. 253—265*. From animals, he proceeds to plants, and particularly the lotus, with which the Egyptian medals often crown their kings, gods, and sacred animals.

2.]—I read *Spanheim, Differt. IV. p. 265—310*. He still treats of the plants represented on medals.

I finished the forty-fifth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Edmond's Negotiations*, published by Dr. Birch: curious, in as far as it relates to the character, last years, and death of Queen Elizabeth.—*Memoirs of Brandenburg*. They are well written; but the memoirs of the author himself—how impatiently do I expect them!—*Treatise on Ice, by Mr. Mairan*: judicious and profound. I perceived, as well as the journal-writer, that causes ought not to be multiplied without necessity; and that fire set in motion is sufficient without the subtle matter.—*Natural History, by Mr. Buffon*: a great painter, and an original genius. The reviewer endeavours to defend the deluge; but confesses that shells are found in the mountains only at the elevation of six hundred feet.—*A Collection of Pieces of Eloquence of the French Academy*: vox et præterea nihil.—*The History of Sweden, by Mr. Dalin, in Swedish, Vol. ii.* Superstition and

La superstition et la puissance du clergé furent portées par les Suedois au plus haut point. Cette nation, en se convertissant, prit le système entier, et devint Chrétienne à la mode du douzième siècle. Elle n'avoit point de traditions anciennes à réclamer. Son histoire ne lui fournissoit aucun argument contre le système Romain, et son ignorance l'empêchoit de les chercher dans celles des autres peuples, dans la raison, et dans l'écriture.—*Parallele des Marbres de Paros avec les Chroniques Egyptiennes.* C'est une piece originale. Je vois que l'auteur (*l'Abbé Richer du Boucher*) méprise ces marbres; et qu'il a beaucoup étudié Manéthon. Toutes ses découvertes viennent à un système général qu'il ne révèle point. Je ne saurois en espérer beaucoup.

Mars 3.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 310—340; et Dissert. V. p. 340—344.* Il finit l'article des plantes. J'en suis charmé. Elles n'ont qu'une liaison indirecte avec les médailles. D'ailleurs Spanheim n'étoit point botaniste, et je n'ai pas envie de le devenir. J'ai achevé ce qui doit être la partie la moins intéressante de l'ouvrage. La deuxième dissertation est sèche, quoique utile: mais je réduirois à dix pages toutes les déclamations de morale et de politique, et je ne conserverois des deux dernières, que quelques faits choisis et débarassés de tout attirail étranger.

Mars

clerical power reached the highest pitch in Sweden. At the time of their conversion, the Swedes adopted the whole papal system, and became Christians after the fashion of the twelfth century. They could not plead the authority of any ancient traditions; their history furnished them not with any argument against the Roman faith, and their ignorance hindered them from seeking such arguments in the history of other nations, in reason, or in scripture.—*Parallel of the Arundelian Marbles with the Egyptian Chronicles.* I perceive that the author, the Abbé Richer du Boucher, has a great contempt for these marbles; and that he is deep in Manethon. All his discoveries are connected with a general system of chronology, which he does not explain. I do not expect much from it.

March 3.]—I read *Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 310—340; and Dissert. V. p. 340—344.* He concludes the article of plants; I am glad of it; they are but little connected with medals: Spanheim was not a botanist, nor do I wish to become one. I have now finished the most interesting part of his work. The second dissertation is dry, but useful: his declamations on morals and politics might be reduced to ten pages; and from the two last dissertations I would select only a few facts, cleared from all circumstances foreign to the subject.

March

Mars 4.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Dissert. V. p. 344—373*. Il y a une grande érudition, et des détails très curieux sur les cornes dont on ornoit la tête d'Ammon, de Junon, de Bacchus, des Fleuves, d'Alexandre, et de ses successeurs.

5.]—J'ai parcouru le *Nouvel Arétin*. Une crasse ignorance, un bouffonerie de corps de garde, et des discours impertinents, qui n'ont pas même le mérite de la nouveauté, distinguent ce mauvais ouvrage, qu'on rejetteroit sur le champ, ne fût-il qu'écrit contre la religion avec une licence effrénée.

6.]—J'ai achevé le quarante sixième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Le Suétone d'Oudendorp*. L'édition me paroît bonne. Mais pourquoi en faire une après celle de Grævius? Pourquoi omettre les excellens commentaires de Torrentius et de Casaubon?—*Mémoires de la Reine Christine*: curieux, et d'un travail immense.—*Mémoires de l'Académie de Peterbourg*. Toutes les institutions en Russie doivent être bien entendues. On a pu les jeter tout d'une fonte, dans un tems qu'elles étoient déjà perfectionnées chez ses voisins.—*Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*, par M. de *Chaufepié*. J'y trouve le savoir et l'exactitude de Bayle, mais où est sa philosophie et son génie?

Mars 9.]—J'ai écrit trois pages et demie de mon *Recueil Géographique*. J'ai achevé le chapitre du *Samniun*, par un précis assez détaillé sur les Samnites.

March 4.]—I read *Spanheim, Dissert. V. p. 344—373*. This part is replete with erudition, and enters into many curious particulars concerning the horns which adorn the head of Ammon, Juno, Bacchus, Rivers, Alexander, and his successors.

5.]—I glanced over *the New Arétin*. Gross ignorance, blackguard buffoonery, and impertinent reasonings, which have not even the merit of novelty, disgrace this wretched performance, which would be thrown by with disgust, did it not attack religion with the most shocking indecency.

6.]—I finished the forty-sixth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Suetonius*, by *Oudendorp*. The edition is good, but unnecessary after that of Grævius. Why are the excellent commentaries of Torrentius and Casaubon omitted?—*Mémoires of Queen Christina*: a curious work, and of immense industry.—*Memoirs of the Academy of Peterburgh*. All the institutions of the Russians ought to be well contrived, and skilfully proportioned. They may be made at one cast, from models highly improved among their neighbours.—*A New Historical and Critical Dictionary*, by Mr. *Chaufepié*: the learning and accuracy of Bayle, without his philosophy and genius.

9.]—I wrote three pages and an half of my *Geographical Collection*. I have now finished the chapter on *Samnium*, by a complete abridgment of what concerns the Samnites.

nites et sur le Duché de *Beneventum*. J'a aussi commencé le chapitre de l'*Apulie*, dont j'ai fait la première division, le pays des *Hirpini*.

Mars 10.]—J'ai écrit près de quatre pages de mon *Recueil Géographique*. C'est tout le reste du chapitre de l'*Apulie*. Il y a un article assez étendu sur *Tarente*.

J'ai achevé le quarante septième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Mémoires Critiques sur les Suisses*, par M. de Bochat : vaine et futile science des étymologies !—*Nouveau Testament de Wetstein*. Le MS. Alexandrin paroît avoir été écrit en Egypte, vers la fin du cinquième siècle.—*Lettres sur les Jubilés*, par M. le Chais : savantes et philosophiques.—*La Monogonie*, par M. de Frémontval. Pourquoi intéresser la religion dans une question de calcul et de convenance ?—*Défense du Christianisme*, par le Docteur Stebbing. Il se bat bien, mais il embrasse trop de terrain ; il faudroit abandonner au moins les ouvrages extérieurs.—*Défense de Moïse contre Appien*, par l'Abbé Richer du Bouchet. Il répand toujours sur son système chronologique, une obscurité mystérieuse. Je n'ose décider, mais je le crois un peu visionnaire, parceque : 1. Il parle des dynasties Egyptiennes comme il pourroit faire de la cour de Louis XIV. Il étale trop de confiance et de certitude dans un sujet qui ne permet que la vraisemblance, et les conjectures. 2. Quand il veut chercher la clef du fragment historique de Mané-
thon,

nites and the Duchy of *Beneventum*. I have also begun the chapter on *Apulia*; and finished the first division, viz. the territory of the *Hirpini*.

March 10.]—I wrote nearly four pages of my *Geographical Collection*; containing the remainder of *Apulia*. There is a pretty extensive article on *Tarentum*.

I finished the forty-seventh volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Critical Memoirs on the Swiss*, by Mr. Bochat; turning on the vain and futile science of etymology.—*Wetstein's New Testament*. The Alexandrian manuscript appears to have been written in Egypt towards the end of the fifth century.—*Letters on Jubilees*, by Mr. le Chais: learned and philosophical.—*Monogomy*, by Mr. Fremontval. Why should religion be introduced into a question depending on calculation and circumstances ?—*Defence of Christianity*, by Dr. Stebbing. He is a good polemic, but embraces too wide a field; the outermost works should be relinquished.—*Moses defended against Appian*, by the Abbé Richer de Bouchet. He still throws an air of mystery over his chronological system. I speak not decidedly, but to me he appears a little of a visionary. 1. He speaks of the Egyptian dynasties as he would of the court of Lewis XIV.; shewing too much confidence and certainty on a subject, which admits only of probability and conjecture. 2. When he investigates the key to Manethon's historical fragment,
he

thon, il rejette la critique, et laisse entrevoir que ce dénouement ne peut se trouver que dans l'analyse géométrique. Cet homme n'est il pas un peu fou? 3. Esau et Osiris! Je vois que c'est le fondement de son système. Qu'il me feroit facile de le renverser! Jamais princes (si Osiris en étoit un) n'ont eu moins de rapport.

Mars 11.] J'ai écrit deux pages de mon *Recueil Géographique*, au chapitre de la *Lucanie*. Elles comprennent presque toute la Lucanie propre.

12.—J'ai écrit deux pages, au chapitre de la *Lucanie*. Elles comprennent le reste de la Lucanie propre, et une partie de *Brutium*.

13.]—Je n'ai écrit que trois quarts de page, au chapitre de la *Lucanie*; c'est la continuation du *Brutium*.

14.]—J'ai lu un ouvrage nouveau de Voltaire. *Traité sur la Tolérance*. Le but ne peut qu'être louable: réveiller, rappeler dans tous les cœurs les sentimens de l'humanité, et développer les suites affreuses de la superstition; mais dans l'exécution, ce n'est qu'un petit recueil de lieux communs, où l'auteur parle de tout, plutôt que des grands principes de son sujet. J'aime beaucoup ses conclusions fausses et contradictoires sur l'histoire ancienne. L'histoire ancienne (dit il) est remplie de prodiges: ils ne sauroient être vrais. Donc tout y est fable et conjecture *. L'histoire ancienne est rem-

plie

he quits the road of criticism, but gives us to understand that this knot can be unravelled only by geometrical analysis. Does not this favour of madness? 3. Esau and Osiris! Their sameness, I see, is the foundation of his system. How easily might it be refuted! No two princes, if Osiris was really a prince, had ever less resemblance.

March 11.]—I wrote two pages of the chapter on *Lucania* in my *Geographical Collection*; comprehending almost the whole of *Lucania* properly so called.

12.]—I wrote two pages on the chapter of *Lucania*, comprehending the rest of proper *Lucania* and a part of *Brutium*.

13.]—I wrote only three quarters of a page of my chapter on *Lucania*, being a continuation of *Brutium*.

14.]—I read a new work by Voltaire; *Treatise on Toleration*. The end is commendable; to awaken in the soul the feelings of humanity, and display the dreadful consequences of superstition. But in point of execution this work is a trifling collection of common-place remarks, in which the author expatiates rather on every other topic than the great principles belonging to his subject. I am diverted with his false and contradictory conclusions concerning ancient history. This history, he says, is filled with prodigies. They cannot be true; therefore ancient history consists merely of fables and conjectures *. Again, this history is filled with prodigies: we are obliged to believe

* *Traité sur la Tolérance*, C. ix. N. c. p. 71—75.

plie de prodiges : on ne peut que les adopter. Donc les hommes et la nature même n'avoient dans ces tems reculés, rien de commun avec nous *. Voltaire révoque en doute les débauches infâmes de Tibère dans l'île de Caprée. Cependant Tacite et Suétone étoient presque contemporains de ce prince. Je n'apperois aucune trace de haine dans leurs écrits. Ils le justifient souvent ; ils distinguent avec autant de bonne foi que de pénétration, les époques différentes de la dissimulation, des cruautés et des débauches publiques de cet empereur. On connoit le débordement affreux de ces tems ; faut il s'étonner qu'un monarque qui pouvoit assouvir toutes ses passions avec impunité, ne leur refusât rien, surtout lorsque la retraite l'eût affranchi de l'observation du public, le seul frein qui puisse retenir un despote ? Pour ces débauches recherchées, qui étonnent M. de Voltaire, c'est précisément dans un veillard de soixante et dix ans, que je les trouve vraisemblables *.

Mars 15.]—J'ai achevé le quarante huitième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Découvertes d'Herculaneum*, par le Marquis Venuti. C'est à la profondeur de 73 pieds, sous plusieurs couches successives de terre et de pierre vitrifiée, qu'on a trouvé cette ancienne ville qui auroit mérité des observateurs plus exacts et plus fideles. *Herculaneum* n'étoit qu'une ville obscure. Elle avoit cependant un théâtre à trois étages, qui avoient 300
pieds

them ; therefore the principles of nature, as well as of men, were quite different then from what they are at present *. He calls in question the infamous debaucheries of Tiberius in the island of Capreae. Yet Tacitus and Suetonius were almost the contemporaries of that prince. I perceive not any marks of hatred in their works. They often justify Tiberius, and distinguish with as much penetration as honesty the different stages of the dissimulation, cruelty, and public debaucheries of that emperor. The abominable licentiousness of those times is well known ; and it is not matter of surprise that Tiberius should refuse nothing to his appetites, when he had the unbounded power of gratifying them with impunity, especially when they were concealed by his retirement from the public eye, which is the only restraint on the behaviour of a despot. As for those refinements in debauchery which astonish Voltaire, it is precisely in an old profligate of seventy that I should expect to meet with them.

March 15.]—I finished the forty-eighth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains the *Discoveries made at Herculaneum*, by the Marquis Venuti. This ancient city, which deserved to be examined more accurately and faithfully, was found at the depth of seventy-three feet under many successive beds of earth and vitrified stone. *Hercula-*

* *Traité sur la Tolérance*, C. xii. p. 127—129.

† Le même, C. viii. p. 69—63.

pieds de circonférence, et qui étoit posé sur des pilastres de briques, couverts d'un beau vernis, et ornés de corniches de marbre.—*Lettres sur les Jubilés*. Il est difficile de distinguer avec les théologiens entre la coulpe et la peine. Dans l'église des Feuillans à Paris, on peut gagner dans un Carême pour plus de 150,000 ans d'indulgences.—*Essai sur l'Esprit*. Cet ouvrage de l'éveque de Cloghor est un Arianisme métaphysique.—*Dissertation sur la Chronologie d'Usserius*. Encore l'Abbé Richer! le personnage est fou. Quel emportement contre les Juifs et les Protestans sur une question de critique! Il rejette la chronologie des Hebreux, parcequ'elle est sortie de l'école de Tiberiade, et qu'un éveque protestant l'a fait valoir.

Mars 16.]—J'ai écrit une page de mon *Recueil Géographique*, au chapitre de la *Lucanie*; c'est la suite du *Brutium*.

17.]—J'ai écrit une page et demie du chapitre de la *Lucanie, sur la Grande Grece*. Après quoi je suis monté à la bibliothèque, pour lire les savantes recherches de Freret, sur les premières peuplades de l'Italie; *Histoire de l'Academie de Belles Lettres*, tome xviii. p. 72—114.

18.]—J'ai écrit une page de mon *Recueil Géographique*, au chapitre des *Nations de l'Italie*, sur le premières peuplades de ce pays.

Mars

neum was but an obscure place; yet it was adorned by a theatre three hundred feet in circumference, raised on brick pilasters, covered with a beautiful varnish, and ornamented with cornices of marble.—*Letters on Jubilees*. It is difficult to distinguish with theologians between the defilement of sin and its punishment. In the church of the Feuillans at Paris, indulgences may be procured, in the space of one Lent, for 150,000 years.—*Essay on Spirit*. This work of the Bishop of Clogher contains a metaphysical Arianism.—*Dissertation on the Chronology of Usher*. The Abbé Richer again. This man is a fool. Wherefore so much rage against the Jews and Protestants in treating a question of criticism? He rejects the chronology of the Jews, because it came from the school of Tiberias, and is approved by a Protestant bishop.

March 16.]—I wrote a page of the chapter of *Lucania* in my *Geographical Collection*; it is the continuation of *Brutium*.

17.]—I wrote a page and an half of my chapter on *Lucania*, concerning *Magna Græcia*: after which I went to the library to read Freret's learned researches on the first inhabitants of Italy; *Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Letters*, Vol. xviii. p. 72—114.

18.]—I wrote a page and an half of the chapter intitled "*Nations*" in my *Geographical Collection*; it treats of the first communities in Italy.

Mars 19.]—J'ai écrit une page de mon *Recueil Géographique*, sur les premières Peuplades, au chapitre des *Nations de l'Italie*.

J'ai achevé le quarante neuvième tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Lettres sur le Tutoiement*, par M. Vernet; je pencherois pour le mélange du vous et du toi.—*Considérations sur les Mœurs*, par M. Du Clos. L'ouvrage en général est bon. Quelques chapitres (le rapport de l'Esprit et du Caractère) me paroissent excellens. Du Clos a préléué au secrétariat de l'académie, par celui des cafés, où il recueilloit soigneusement les propos des gens d'esprit.—*Histoire Romaine de Dion Cassius*, par MM. Fabricius et Raymar: excellente édition.—*Œuvres de Maupertuis: Appel au Public*, par M. Kenig. Dans ses propres ouvrages il ne paroît qu'un visionnaire extravagant, dont la réputation ne pouvoit pas se soutenir. Dans la dispute avec Kenig; c'est un lâche persécuteur, qui employe le bras séculier pour écraser un de ses confreres.—*Esprit des Nations*. Eh! le mauvais singe!—*Trésor des Médailles Imperiales de Morel*, avec les *Commentaires de Gori et d'Havercamp*. Quelles richesses!—*Nouveau Testament*, par Wetstein. Dans une dispute que les Franciscains eurent avec Jean XXII. au quatorzième siècle, ils inventerent l'explication de l'Apocalypse, où le Pape est l'Antechrist. Des essaims nombreux de ces Moines fortirent de leurs convents, pour embrasser

la

March 19.]—I wrote a page and an half on the chapter "*Nations*", concerning the first communities in Italy.

I finished the forty-ninth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains *Letters on the Use of the Pronoun Thou*, by Mr. Vernet: I am inclined to think both *thou* and *you* ought to be used.—*Considerations on Mœurs*, by Mr. Du Clos. The work is in general good: some chapters treating of the connection of genius with character are excellent. Du Clos, before he was secretary of the academy, had been that of the coffee-house; where he carefully treasured up the conversations of men of wit.—*The Roman History of Dion Cassius*, by Messrs. Fabricius and Raimar: an excellent edition. *Maupertuis' Works*; and *Appeal to the Public*, by Mr. Kenig. In his own works, Maupertius appears only as an extravagant visionary, whose fame rests not on any solid basis. In his dispute with Kenig he is a cowardly persecutor, who employs the secular arm to crush one of his colleagues.—*The Spirit of Nations*: a wretched imitation.—*The Treasury of Imperial Medals*, by Morell, with the *Commentaries of Gori and Havercamp*: what riches!—*Wetstein's New Testament*. In a dispute which the Franciscans had with John XXII. they first gave that explanation of the Revelations, which makes the Pope Antichrist. Numerous

la réformation de Lùther. Ils répandirent cette idée Capucine parmi les Protestans.—

Mars 20. J'ai écrit une page et demie de mon *Recueil Géographique*, ce qui achève le chapitre des *Nations d'Italie*.

21.]—J'ai écrit quatre pages de mon *Recueil Géographique*, au chapitre de la *Campanie*. C'est la *Division de cette Région et du Latium propre*.

J'ai achevé le cinquante et dernier tome de la *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. J'y trouve *Essai sur la Nature de la Sacrificature*. Peut être que le clergé Chrétien n'a succédé qu'aux philosophes et aux prophètes qui enseignoient la morale, et nullement aux prêtres Payens et Juifs, qui n'étoient chargés que des sacrifices, et de la loi cérémonielle.—*Oeuvres de Scarron*. Le seul Roman comique vivra; dans tout le reste la plaisanterie est plutôt dans l'expression que dans la pensée. Tout au plus est elle dans le contraste unique du caractère de Scarron et de sa situation.—*Deux Epîtres de St. Clement, en Syriaque et en Latin. Dissertation upon two Epistles, &c.* Le Docteur Lardner conteste cette découverte de M. Wetstein, de ce monument de premiers Chrétiens. *Sub judice lis est*. Je vois que les idées de St. Clement sur le célibat sont très outrées, mais ne conviennent elles pas au fanatisme d'un secte naissante et persécutée? Au reste, si ces épîtres sont authentiques,

swarms of those monks left their convents, and embraced Luther's reformation. They spread this Capuchin notion among the Protestants.

March 20.]—I wrote a page and an half of my *Geographical Collection*, which finishes the chapter on the *Nations of Italy*.

21.]—I wrote four pages of the chapter *Campania* in my *Geographical Collection*. They treat of the *Division of that Country and Latium proper*.

I finished the fiftieth volume of the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*. It contains, *Essay on the Nature of the Office of Sacrificer*. The Christian clergy have perhaps succeeded only to the philosophers and prophets, who taught morality; and not to the priests, who performed sacrifices and other parts of the ceremonial law.—*Scarron's Works*. His comic Romance alone will live: in other parts of his works, the wit is rather in the style than in the thought. At best, it results from the contrast between his character and situation.—*St. Clement's two Epistles, in Syriac and Latin. Dissertation on two Epistles, &c.* Dr. Lardner disputes Mr. Wetstein's discovery of this monument of the first Christians. *Sub judice lis est*. St. Clement's ideas on celibacy are carried, I perceive, to great extravagance. But even they are natural to the enthusiasm of a rising and persecuted sect! If these epistles are authentic, St. John must have written his Gospel

tiques, St. Jean avoit écrit son Evangile long tems avant la vieillesse de Clement, qui avoit une trentaine d'années vers l'an 60.

C'est une excellente ressource que d'avoir toujours quelque lecture intéressante, facile, et détachée pour les momens perdus, ou qui le seroient sans cela. Rein ne convient mieux qu'un bon journal. La *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* mérite certainement ce titre ; mais on peut partager son étendue en deux parties à peu près égales, mais d'un caractère bien différent. La première suit le goût des bonnes études du dix septième siècle : beaucoup de théologie, de jurisprudence, et de Belles Lettres, une érudition puisée dans les sources, et une saine critique. L'esprit de controverse religieuse y domine un peu trop, et l'on y voit trop d'aigreur et de minuties. Dans la seconde partie, le journal se rapproche de notre tems ; une assez grande indifférence pour la théologie, une littérature superficielle, une philosophie hardie, un ton dogmatique, un style plus figuré et plus coupé.

Mars 22.]—J'ai écrit une page et demie du *Recueil Géographique de l'Italie*, au chapitre de la *Campanie* : c'est le pays des *Rutuli* et des *Hernici*.

23.]—J'ai écrit près de trois pages du *Recueil Géographique*, au chapitre de la *Campanie* : c'est le pays des *Volsques* et des *Aufones*.

Mars

Gospel a long time before the old age of Clement, who was only in his thirtieth year in A. D. 60.

It is a great convenience to have always at hand some book containing easy and interesting productions, that may be read by snatches, at moments which would otherwise be lost. Nothing answers this end better than a good journal ; which title the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* certainly merits. It may be divided however into two parts, of nearly equal extent, but of completely different characters. The first part is adapted to the taste for true learning which prevailed in the seventeenth century ; containing a great deal of theology, jurisprudence, and Belles Lettres ; erudition drawn from the source, and mixed with sound criticism. The spirit of religious controversy is rather too prevalent ; and we are disgusted with too much minuteness, or provoked at too much asperity. The second part of the journal has more affinity with the taste at present ; uniting much indifference about theology, with superficiality of learning, and boldness in philosophy ; its tone is dogmatical, and its style more broken into short sentences and more metaphorical.

March 22.]—I wrote a page and an half of my *Geographical Collection*, containing a Description of the Countries of the *Rutuli* and *Hernici*, comprehended in the chapter on *Campania*.

23.]—I wrote near three pages of my *Geographical Collection*, on the countries of the *Volsci* and *Aufones*, comprehended in the chapter on *Campania*.

March

Mars 24.]—J'ai écrit une page, au chapitre de la *Campanie* : c'est le commencement de la *Campanie propre*.

25.]—J'ai écrit environ trois pages. J'ai achevé le chapitre de la *Campanie*, et j'ai écrit plusieurs morceaux détachés dans d'autres chapitres.

26.]—J'ai écrit près de trois pages, au chapitre de *Rome*.

27.]—J'ai écrit plus d'une page et demie, au chapitre de *Rome*.

28.]—J'ai écrit plus de deux pages, au chapitre de *Rome*.

29.]—J'ai écrit deux pages, *sur les Itinéraires et les grands Chemins des Romains*. Je m'arrête à présent avec un fond déjà très riche de quatre vingt douze pages in folio, et très serrées. Ce seroit à mes lectures futures, et à mon voyage d'Italie, d'augmenter mon recueil, au point que je n'aurois plus qu'un certain arrangement à lui donner, pour trouver la description de l'Italie toute faite.

30.]—Je me suis remis à *Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantia Numismatum*, dont j'ai lu *Differt. V. p. 373—476*. Il y traite des médailles des rois, surtout des successeurs d'Alexandre, et des titres qu'on leur donnoit—d'amis des Romains ou des Grecs, de victorieux, de foudroyant, de grand roi, de roi des rois, d'autocrator, ou roi par soi même ; du nom de Dieu en général, et en particulier de ceux de Bacchus, de Dieu Sauveur (*Soter*), et de Dieu manifesté

March 24.]—I wrote a page of my chapter on *Campania*, which is the beginning of *Campania proper*.

25.]—I wrote about three pages, finishing the chapter on *Campania*, and inserting some detached materials into other chapters.

26.]—I wrote nearly three pages of my chapter on *Rome*.

27.]—I wrote more than a page and an half of my chapter on *Rome*.

28.]—I wrote more than two pages of the chapter on *Rome*.

29.]—I wrote two pages on the *Itineraries and high Roads of the Romans* ; and stop short at present with a rich fund of ninety-two folio pages closely written. My travels in Italy, with my future studies, will swell this collection to such a magnitude, that it will be necessary for me only to arrange my materials to have a complete description of Italy.

30.]—I resumed the perusal of *Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantia Numismatum* ; of which I read *Differt. V. p. 373—436*. He treats of the medals of kings, particularly the successors of Alexander, and the epithets bestowed on them—friends to the Romans or Greeks ; victorious ; thunderers ; great kings ; king of kings ; autocrator, or possessor of independent power ; the name of God in general ; and the particular names of Bacchus, of God the Saviour, or *Soter* ; and of God manifested on earth,

manifesté sur la terre (*Epiphane*, qu'il ne faut pas traduire seulement par *illustre*). Toutes ces médailles sont Grecques. Nous n'avons des rois barbares, que celles qui ont été frappées par les villes Grecques de leurs états.

J'ai lu une comédie de *Piron*, qu'on a parlé de jouer à Mon Repos. *La Métromanie*. La versification en est très belle, et l'on y trouve des sentimens aussi justes qu'ils sont bien rendus. Toute la scène entre M. Ballivau et Damis est de cette espèce. Mais je n'ai rien vu d'aussi mal cousu que l'intrigue. La partie du plan qui regarde les amoureux Dorante et Lucile, est très embrouillée. Celle de Damis est plaisante, mais d'un plaisant assez peu dans la nature. Où trouver un poète qui renonce à une maîtresse belle et riche, pour un autre qui n'existe que dans le Mercure? Quel caractère que celui de ce poète qu'on veut rendre à la fois ridicule et héroïque! Comparez la scène de son oncle avec celle de son valet. Je fais que le chef d'œuvre de Molière est *le Misanthrope*, ridicule et respectable en même tems, mais c'est que ses faiblesses ne sont que les vertus poussées à l'excès, et qu'en se moquant de ses travers, on ne peut que révéler leur principe. Rien n'est lié dans Damis. Le mauvais poète est un caractère. L'homme juste, généreux, qui pardonne les faiblesses de son ami, et qui ne repousse ses outrages

Epiphanes, which is not fully translated by "illustrious."—All these medals are Greek. We have not any other medals of Barbarian kings, but those struck by the Greek cities in their dominions.

I read *Piron's Comedy, Metromanie*, which there was an intention of acting at Mon Repos. The versification is beautiful, and many of the sentiments correct and well expressed. This applies to the whole scene between Mr. Ballivau and Damis. But I never read any thing worse contrived than the plot. There is much confusion in that part which regards the lovers Dorante and Lucile. The part of Damis is diverting, but unnatural. Where is it possible to find a poet that will resign a rich and handsome mistress for another that has no existence but in the Mercury? What an extravagant attempt is it, to endeavour to render the character of this poet at once heroical and ridiculous! Compare together his scene with his uncle and that with his valet. I know that in Molière's master-piece, the *Misanthrope* is at once ridiculous and respectable. But this happens because his faults consist in virtues carried to excess; which, though ridiculous in their effects, are respectable in their principle. There is no connection in the part of Damis. The bad poet is one character; the just and generous man who pardons his friend's faults, and answers his insults only by good offices, is quite a different one. If probability is not violated, unity at least is not maintained.

But

rages que par les bienfaits, en est un autre. Si la vraisemblance de mœurs n'est pas violée, au moins l'unité n'est pas conservée. Encore où est la vraisemblance dans la façon dont Damis reçoit le dernier aveu de Dorante. Ses excès ne se conçoivent qu'en lui supposant la Métromanie dans toute sa force. Cependant il reçoit avec indifférence la chute de sa tragédie, qu'il traite de *frivole soin*. S'il avoit pardonné à Dorante d'avoir attenté à sa vie, sans pouvoir lui pardonner d'avoir fait siffler sa pièce, le caractère m'auroit paru mieux soutenu.

Mars 31.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Dissert. V. p. 476—494, et Dissert. VI. p. 494—553*. Il passe aux médailles consulaires, aux noms et surnoms des Romains, et des différens emplois qui sont marqués sur les médailles. Je m'étois attendu à y apprendre plus de choses nouvelles.

Je suis monté à la bibliothèque, où j'ai parcouru le journal d'un voyage de l'Italie, par M. de la Condamine. *V. Mem. de l'Académie des Sciences, p. 386—411, de l'année 1757*. J'y ai vu avec plaisir le calcul de plusieurs hauteurs différentes par l'observation du baromètre ; le voici :

Niveau de la mer,	-	-	-	-	-	0
Le Rhone, et le Lac Lemman, Canigon, sommet des Pyrénées,						1410
Quito dans le Pérou,	-	-	-	-	-	1430
Chemin du Mont Cenis,	-	-	-	-	-	1460
						La

But how improbable is the reception which Damis gives to the last declaration of Dorante. His transports cannot be conceived as natural, without supposing him domineered by the *Metromanie* in its utmost force. Yet he receives an account of the fall of his tragedy with indifference, calling this a trifling matter. Had he pardoned Dorante for attempting to put him to death, but remained inexorable to the crime of hissing his play, the character would have appeared to me to be better supported.

March 31.]—I read *Spanheim, Dissert. V. p. 476—494*; and *Dissert. VI. p. 494—553*. He proceeds to the consular medals; the names and surnames of the Romans, and their different offices represented on medals. I expected to have found more novelty in this part of his work.

I went to the library to read *Mr. de la Condamine's Journal of his Travels in Italy*, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences for 1757, p. 386—411*. I was pleased to find the heights of several mountains in fathoms measured by the barometer. They are as follow :

Level of the sea,	-	-	-	-	-	0
The Rhone, and Lake of Geneva and Canigon the top of the Pyrenees,						1410
Quito in Peru,	-	-	-	-	-	1430
The road over Mount Cenis,	-	-	-	-	-	1460

La plus haute pointe du Mont Cenis,	- - - - -	1510
Pic de Ténériffe,	- - - - -	2150
Le Mont Blanc, à 14 ou 15 lieues au Sud est de Geneve, où l'on } apperçoit à 60 lieues, des environs de Langres, - }		2676
Chimboraco, la plus haute montagne des Cordilières des Andes, } et peut être de la terre, - - - - - }		3220

M. de Condamine a remarqué, que dans les voyes Romaines, les jointes des pierres ne sont jamais placées dans la direction des voitures, et que le lit du Tybre doit être exhaussé de dix ou douze pieds, puisque le pavé antique du panthéon, est inondé tous les hyvers d'autant. L'émeraude de Gênes n'est que de verre.

Avril 1.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Dissert. VI. p. 533—589, et Dissert. VII. p. 589—633*. Il continue le chapitre des emplois, et surtout les légats propreteurs que les empereurs envoyoient dans leurs provinces, et qui acquièrent le titre de consulaires vers le tems des Antonins. Il passe ensuite aux médailles des empereurs et des impératrices. Je n'ai rien vu d'aussi curieux que l'article de ces princesses. Je ne serai plus étranger à leur cour, puisque je reconnoitrois jusqu'aux deux Faustines à leur coëffure différente.

Avril

The highest point of Mount Cenis,	- - - - -	1510
Pic of Teneriffe,	- - - - -	2150
Mount Blanc, 14 or 15 leagues to the south-east of Geneva, and visible } at 60 leagues off, at Langres, - }		2676
Chimboraco, the highest mountain of the Cordilleres of the Andes, and } perhaps of the world, - - - - - }		3220

Mr. Condamine remarks, that in the Roman highways, the joinings of the stones are never placed in the same direction with that of the motion of the carriages that travelled over them; and that the bed of the Tiber must have acquired ten or twelve feet in height, because the ancient pavement of the pantheon is overflowed to that height every winter. The emerald of Genoa is only a piece of glass.

April 1.]—I read *Spanheim, Dissert. VI. p. 533—589; and Dissert. VII. p. 589—633*. He continues the chapter concerning offices, particularly those of legates and pro-prætors, whom the emperors sent into the provinces, and who were distinguished by the epithet "Consular" towards the time of the Antonines. He then proceeds to the medals of emperors and empresses. I have met with nothing more curious than the article concerning those princesses. I should not be a stranger at their courts, since I could distinguish the two Faustinas by their respective head-dresses.

April

Avril 2.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Differt. VII. p. 633—660.* Toujours les femmes et les parens des Césars.

3.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Differt. VIII. p. 660—737* : rien de plus curieux. C'est le détail des différens titres, dont la réunion formoit la puissance impériale : César, Auguste, Impérator, Souverain Pontife, Pere de la Patrie, revêtu des puissances proconsulaire et tribunitienne ; l'empereur étoit bien plus que roi. Encore dès le tems de Domitien, les historiens Grecs, et les poëtes Latins lui donnerent ce titre, qu'ils n'osèrent cependant prendre eux mêmes que sous le bas empire, et vers le tems de Constantin, lorsque toutes les maximes de la république étoient effacées des esprits.

Je suis monté à la bibliotheque, pour revoir le Journal de M. de la Condamine, que j'avois parcouru un peu légèrement. Voici deux éclaircissements sur la hauteur des montagnes. 1. Les 1460 toises qu'on donne au Mont Cenis, ne regardent point le chemin, mais une station bien plus élevée, où ce voyageur monta avec des peines infinies. L'Hospital des Pèlerins est à cinq cent toises plus bas. 2. M. Falio de Duillier avoit donné au lac Léman 426 toises d'élévation au dessus du niveau de la mer, et au Mont Blanc 2000 toises de plus, en tout 2426 toises : mais on fait que les deux élémens du calcul pechent, l'un par défaut, l'autre par excès. M. de Chefeaux, qui
a me-

April 2.]—I read *Spanheim, Differt. VII. p. 633—660.* He continues to speak of women, and the relations of the Cæsars.

3.]—I read *Spanheim, Differt. VIII. p. 660—737.* This part is very curious ; containing an account of the different titles, which, by their union, formed the Imperial authority : Cæsar, Augustus, Imperator, High Priest, Father of the Country, Proconsul, Tribune—all these taken together rendered the emperors far greater than kings. This last title was also given to them as early as the time of Domitian by Greek historians and Latin poets, though those princes themselves did not venture to assume it, till the time of Constantine and the lower empire, when all republican maxims had been effaced from the minds of their subjects.

I went to the library to re-examine Mr. de la Condamine's Journal, which I had read too hastily. I met with the two following particulars concerning the height of mountains. 1. The 1460 fathoms given for the altitude of Mount Cenis are not applicable to the road, but to a station far more elevated, which Mr. de la Condamine reached with the utmost difficulty. The Pilgrims' Hospital is five hundred fathoms lower. 2. Falio de Duillier made the Lake of Geneva 426 fathoms above the level of the sea, and Mount Blanc 2000 fathoms higher : in all 2426 fathoms. But of the two elements of this calculation, the one is taken too high, and the other too low. Mr. de

a mesuré une plus grande base, trouvoit au Mont Blanc 2250 toises au dessus du niveau du lac ; mais il faut redresser la différence entre ce niveau et celui de la mer, par les observations du barometre faites à Genève, à Turin, et à Gênes, et qui ne lui donnent que 188 toises au lieu de 426. La hauteur corrigée du Mont Blanc fera donc de 2438 toises. C'est ainsi que M. de la Condamine rectifie dans l'histoire de l'académie, les idées, qu'il n'avoit pas assez approfondies, lorsqu'il a composé son journal.

Avril 4.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, de Usu Numismatum, Dissert. VIII. p. 737—757, et Dissert. IX. p. 757—813.* Après avoir épuisé les titres des princes qui n'étoient qu'honoraires, il passe aux médailles qu'on appelle les *Spintrix* de Tibere ; il croit que c'étoient des monnoyes qu'on jettoit parmi le peuple aux jeux obscènes de Flore, &c. Il parle ensuite des colonies, des villes sacrées, libres, et autonomes, des bienfaits des empereurs, du *vehiculatio Italiæ*, et des reliquats des impôts. C'est bien un livre classique pour les médailles.

J'ai achevé la *Critique Générale de l'Histoire du Calvinisme de Maimbourg*, par M. Bayle, en quatre tomes in 12mo. à Ville Franche, 1684 ; troisième édition. L'empire de la mode a jetté le philosophe Bayle dans la controverse : il y a porté un esprit de lumière, de justice et de modération, joint à des agréments qui sont assez rares dans ce genre. Dans tous ses raisonnemens
sur

Chefeaux, measuring a larger base, found Mount Blanc to be 2250 fathoms above the level of the lake ; but the height given to the lake above the sea, corrected by barometrical observations at Geneva, Turin, and Genoa, appears to be only 188, instead of 426 fathoms : so that the true height of Mount Blanc is 2438 fathoms. Mr. de la Condamine thus rectifies, in the History of the Academy, the notions which he had not sufficiently examined when he published his journal.

April 4.]—I read *Spanheim, de Usu Numismatum, Dissert. VIII. p. 737—757.* After discussing the honorary titles of princes, he proceeds to the medals called the *Spintrix* of Tiberius : he believes them to have been pieces of money that were scattered among the common people at the obscene games of Flora. He then treats of colonies ; sacred, free, and independent cities ; the bounties of the emperors ; the *vehiculatio Italiæ* ; the arrears of imposts ; the whole forming a classic book on the subject of medals.

I finished *Bayle's General Criticism on Maimbourg's History of Calvinism ; in 12mo. Villa Franca, 1684, third edition.* The fashion of the age made the philosopher Bayle enter the lists of controversy ; into which he brought with him a measure of knowledge, precision, and candour, as well as entertainment, seldom exhibited there. In his reasonings

sur l'infailibilité, les droits d'une conscience erronée, je vois un dialecticien précis et clair, mais un peu diffus. Jamais homme n'a scu comme Bayle, se mettre à la place de son adversaire, revêtir son système, et prévoir tous les avantages qu'il en pouvoit tirer. C'est là un des effets les plus précieux de la philosophie sceptique. Les chapitres sur le mariage des prêtres sont pleins de plaisanterie, de littérature, et d'une connoissance exacte de l'homme. Mais les deux lettres sur l'amour paternel et sur la jalousie, sont d'une philosophie profond; il y développe une chaîne de préjuges liés à notre être, nécessaires à notre bonheur, et destinés par l'Etre Supreme à nous tenir lieu d'une raison trop relevée pour le commun des hommes, et qui n'auroit jamais eu le degré de vivacité propre à nous faire agir. Au reste les nouvelles lettres me paroissent très supérieures aux deux premiers tomes.

Avril 5.]—Je n'ai lu de *Spanheim* que *Dissert. IX. p. 813—834*. Il y parle des rois que les Romains donnoient aux nations.

7.]—J'ai employé toute la matinée à la bibliothèque, où j'ai lu des morceaux très étendus de la deuxième partie du troisième tome de l'*Antiquité expliquée*, par le *Pere Monfaucon*, sur les théâtres et les amphithéâtres des Romains.

Avril

reasonings concerning infallibility, and the rights of an erroneous conscience, you see the accurate and enlightened dialectician; but he is rather too diffuse. No man was ever better qualified than Bayle for assuming the character of his adversary, shewing his system in a new garb, and for availing himself of all the places open to assault; which is one of the greatest advantages of the sceptical philosophy. His chapters on the marriage of the clergy are full of pleasantry, learning, and knowledge of human nature; and his two letters on the love of parents towards their children, and on jealousy, contain a profound philosophy; in which he unfolds a chain of prejudices connected with our existence, necessary for our happiness, and intended by the Supreme Being to supply the place of a reason too exalted for the bulk of mankind, and too weak to be a principle of action. The new letters appear to me far superior to the two first volumes.

April 5.]—I read only the ninth Dissert. of *Spanheim*, p. 813—834. He treats of kings appointed by the Romans.

7.]—I spent the whole morning in the library, reading very extensive articles in the second part of the third volume of *Monfaucon's Explanation of Antiquities*. He treats of the theatres and amphitheatres of the Romans.

April

Avril 9.]—J'ai parcouru une bonne partie de Keyfler, pour en tirer ce qui pouvoit intéresser la tournée d'Italie que j'entreprends dans quelques jours avec Guisè. Ce Keyfler me plaît beaucoup. Il est plein des choses utiles, curieuses et même savantes sans aucune affectation. Quand je songe qu'il a bien vu l'Italie dans neuf mois, je sens combien le tems est long à qui fait le mettre à profit.

10.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Dissert. IX. p. 834—860.* Il y est question des victoires des empereurs, de leurs ouvrages publics, et de leurs *allocutions* aux soldats, qu'eux seuls avoient droit de faire. Les chefs d'accusation contre *Metius Volusianus*, n'étoient point aussi ridicules dans les mœurs des Romains que dans les notres. MM. de Montesquieu et Spanheim sont du même avis, et l'érudition a prouvé ce que le génie avoit entrevu.

11.]—J'ai lu *Spanheim, Dissert. IX. p. 860—914*; fin de l'ouvrage. Il y parle des secours que la chronologie et la géographie peuvent tirer des médailles. M. D'Alembert pouvoit bien les ignorer.

12.]—J'ai repassé le Traité de Spanheim : c'est un vrai trésor d'érudition métallique, et un livre classique sur cette science.

Avril

April 9.]—I read a considerable part of *Keyfler*, in order to extract from him whatever might be useful in my travels in Italy; on which I set out in a few days with Guise. I am much pleased with Keyfler; his work is useful, curious, and learned without affectation. When I consider how well he examined Italy in nine months, I am sensible that time is long, when we know how to make a good use of it.

10.]—I read *Spanheim, Dissert. IX. p. 834—860.* He treats of the victories of the emperors, their public works, and the speeches which *they only* had a right to make to the soldiers. The heads of accusation against *Metius Volusianus* were not so ridiculous according to Roman, as they would be according to modern manners. Montesquieu and Spanheim think alike on this subject; the suggestions of genius are confirmed by erudition.

11.]—I read *Spanheim, Dissert. IX. p. 860—914*; which concludes the work. He treats of the assistance which chronology and geography may derive from medals. Mr. d'Alembert's ignorance on this subject is pardonable.

12.]—I re-examined Spanheim's work, which is a real treasury of medallic erudition, a classic book on this science.

Avril 14.]—J'ai parcouru l'ouvrage de Vaillant sur les médailles des colonies, pour l'article de Jules César. Que n'ai je le tems de l'approfondir !

16.]—J'ai trouvé moyen, au milieu de beaucoup d'embarras, de parcourir l'ouvrage de Vaillant jusqu'au regne de Claude. Je voudrois qu'il eut nommé les cabinets d'où il a tiré les médailles.

Gênes, Juin 11.]—Je n'ai rien fait quant aux études que de lire les sept premières épîtres du premier livre d'Horace. Le charmant philosophe et l'excellent poëte ! Dans quelques autres momens perdus, j'ai fait des essais de traductions Angloises sur quelques endroits de mes recueils, qui m'ont donné lieu de faire plusieurs observations sur l'idiome différent des deux langues, et sur l'extreme difficulté d'écrire bien dans l'une et l'autre, sans que leur pureté ne soit altérée par le mélange réciproque. Un matin je me suis jetté dans des réflexions qui m'ont souvent occupé sur les monnoyes anciennes. J'étois si bien en train, qu'avec quelques livres je serois allé loin. Je crois que notre *livre de Troye* pourroit bien être l'ancienne livre Romaine. En attendant des recherches qui peuvent se faire, quoiqu'on ne les ait pas encore faites, voici ma table. Je fixe le denier par un moyen proportionnel entre ceux de MM. Greaves et Arbuthnot, et les déductions du *Conge Farnèse*: toujours en y comptant une sixième partie d'alliage.

Denier

April 14.]—I read hastily Vaillant's book on the medals of colonies, with a reference to the article of Julius Cæsar. I much wish that I had time to examine it more deeply.

16.]—I found leisure, amidst multiplied occupations, to read Vaillant down to the reign of Claudius. I wish he had mentioned the cabinets in which his medals are to be found.

Genoa, June 11.]—I have done nothing in the way of study but read the first seven epistles of the first book of Horace; who was as delightful a philosopher as an excellent poet. At leisure moments I translated into English some parts of my Collection, which suggested to me various observations concerning the different idioms of the two languages, and the extreme difficulty of writing in both, without injuring the purity of either. One morning I gave way to reflections which had often occurred to me, on ancient coins; and was so well disposed for diligence, that, with the assistance of a few books, I might have made great progress in the subject. I believe that the pound Troy was the ancient Roman pound. Until more accurate researches are made, which however have hitherto been neglected, I would propose the following table. The denarius should be ascertained by a mean proportional between the estimate of Greaves and Arbuthnot, and the conclusion resulting from the Farnese Congius; deducting a sixth part for alloy.

The

Denier Romain, ou drachme Grecque est à $7\frac{1}{2}$ sous d'Angleterre, environ 14 sous de France.

La talent Attique à 187 l. 10 s. sterling, environ 4280 livres de France, plus ou moins.

Le grand sesterce est de 7 l. 16 s. 3 d. sterling, de 180 livres de France.

Florence, Juin 25.]—Je me suis procuré deux tomes des *Symbolæ Florentinæ* de M. Gori, pour lire la dissertation de M. de Muratori sur la table de bronze, trouvée auprès de *Velleia*, laquelle il a mise à la tête d'une copie fort exacte de la table même. *V. Symbolæ, tome V. p. 1—56*, et sept feuilles pour la table. Elle est écrite avec érudition, avec précision et avec clarté. M. Muratori n'est point un simple *erudit*; il prouve très bien que Trajan est le premier qui institua des *Pueri Alimentarii* en Italie, l'an de J. C. 103; que cet établissement utile fut soutenu par ses successeurs jusqu'au règne de Pertinax, qui l'abolit entièrement, et qu'on peut tirer de cette inscription unique par son étendue, des lumières très utiles sur l'histoire, la géographie et l'économie de ce siècle. Je le pense avec lui; mais après y avoir mûrement réfléchi, je crois qu'il ne les a pas toutes tirées.

Juillet 2.]—J'ai revu la dissertation de Muratori avec soin. Je me donne la peine d'extraire de la table de bronze, les rentes auxquelles un si grand nombre

The Roman denarius, or Greek drachma, will make $7\frac{1}{2}$ English pence, about 14 French sous.

The Attic talent 187 l. 10 s.; about 4280 French livres.

The sesterrium, or *great sesterce*, 7 l. 16 s. 3 d. or 180 French livres.

Florence, June 25.]—I procured two volumes of *Mr. Gori's Symbolæ Florentinæ*, in order to read Mr. Muratori's dissertation on the brazen table found near *Velleia*, which he has prefixed to an accurate plate of the table itself. See *Symbolæ, Vol. v. p. 1—56*, and seven sheets for the table itself. It is written with as much precision and perspicuity as learning. Mr. Muratori is not a mere antiquary. He proves clearly that Trajan first instituted the *Pueri Alimentarii* in Italy, A. D. 103; and that this institution was supported by his successors to the time of Pertinax, who entirely abolished it. He thinks that this inscription, far longer than any other, may throw much light on the history, geography, and œconomy of that age. I quite agree with him; but, after maturely considering the inscription, do not think that he has seen all the consequences which ought to be drawn from it.

July 2.]—I carefully re-examined Muratori's dissertation. I take the trouble of extracting from the bronze table the rents which a vast number of citizens of *Velleia*

nombre des citoyens de *Valeia* s'étoient assujettis, et les fonds sur lesquels on les avoit assignées. C'est un travail sec et ingrat ; mais quand on construit un édifice, il faut en creuser les fondemens. L'on est obligé de faire le rôle de maçon, aussi bien que celui d'architecte. J'espère pouvoir tirer quelque chose de cette espèce de recensement.

Juillet 4.]—J'ai achevé le volume des *Statues*, avec les observations de M. Gori.

14.]—J'ai lu l'*Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarck*, par M. Mallet ; avec la *Traduction de l'Edda*, le livre sacré des anciennes Celtes. Nous avons à présent une demi-douzaine de ces bibles (en y comprenant les nôtres). Ce seroit un bel ouvrage à faire que le tableau philosophique des religions, leur esprit, leur raisonnement et leur influence sur les mœurs, le gouvernement, la philosophie et la poésie de chaque peuple. M. Mallet est sage et sensé ; il a étudié son sujet avec soin, et il le développe d'une façon plutôt claire qu'élégante. Son idée principale, que la religion d'Odin a formé le caractère des Septentrionaux, qui se fait encore sentir parmi nous, est une idée judicieuse, vraie à bien des égards et parfaitement suivie. Ses réflexions sur la population ancienne du pays, sont excellentes ; il fait voir que ces essaims nombreux pouvoient sortir du Nord, sans le supposer plus peuplé qu'à présent. L'Edda lui avoit beaucoup fourni sur la religion et les mœurs.

covenant to pay, and the funds from which they are to raise them. The task is dry and unpleasant ; but, before building an edifice, it is necessary to lay the foundation ; there must be bricklayers as well as architects. I hope to benefit by this enumeration.

July 4.]—I finished the volume of *Statues*, with Gori's observations.

14.]—I read *Mr. Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark*, with a *Translation of the Edda*, the sacred book of the ancient Celts. We have now half a dozen of bibles, if we include our own. A valuable work might be written, giving a philosophical picture of religions, their genius, reasonings, and influence on the manners, government, philosophy, and poetry of their respective votaries. Mr. Mallet is a man of sense and candour ; he has carefully examined his subject, but treats it with more perspicuity than elegance. His great principle, that the religion of Odin formed that character of the northern nations, whose effects are still perceptible among ourselves, is judicious, in many respects well founded, and perfectly well illustrated. He makes excellent observations on the populousness of the North ; tending to shew that the numerous swarms which issued from it in ancient times do not prove it to have been more populous than it is at present. The Edda supplied him with copious materials on the sub-

mœurs. Destitué de ce secours sur le gouvernement, il s'abandonne à Tacite et à l'analogie ; mais ces guides lui sont ils toujours fideles ? Tacite comprenoit la Scandinavie sous le nom de Germanie ; mais il songe dans sa description générale des constitutions, à celles qu'il connoissoit le mieux, celles des voisins du Rhin et du Danube. La religion d'Odin, est elle d'ailleurs aussi ancienne que Tacite ? Lorsque je vois que cet historien suppose comme une vérité claire et incontestable que les Germains sont une nation indigène, qui n'a jamais été altérée par aucun mélange étranger, j'ai de la peine à me persuader qu'il ait pu ignorer qu'une grande colonie Scythique s'étoit emparée de la Scandinavie 150 ans auparavant. J'aime mieux supposer avec M. Dalin, que la migration d'Odin est du tems de Trajan. La foiblesse des Cimbres, et l'esclavage des *Sinones*, que Tacite a aperçu, ont du donner de grandes facilités à ce conquérant. Cette époque me fait voir que le peu d'invention des hommes encore plus que la politique des prophètes, les oblige d'enrichir toujours des religions nouvelles aux dépens des anciennes, et d'assujettir celles-la au caractère national, &c. Une religion qui auroit prêché la crainte de la mort, auroit été mal reçue parmi les Celtes. C'est pourquoi je trouve un même fond de mœurs et de religion chez les Cimbres, les devanciers d'Odin, et les Celtibères qui n'entendirent
peut

ject of religion and morals. In treating of government, he has not a voucher equally authentic, and is obliged to have recourse to Tacitus and analogy. These guides are not always to be trusted. Tacitus indeed comprehended Scandinavia under the name of Germany ; but in his general description of the Germanic institutions, he had chiefly in view the nations with which he was best acquainted, those situate near the Rhine and the Danube. Besides, it is not certain that the religion of Odin is as old as the time of Tacitus. When that historian takes it for a truth certain and incontrovertible, that the Germans were indigenous, and that the purity of their blood was never corrupted by any foreign admixture, there is some difficulty in conceiving how he could be ignorant that a great Scythian colony had conquered Scandinavia one hundred and fifty years before his own times. I would rather suppose with Dalin, that Odin's migration happened in the reign of Trajan. That conqueror's design must have been greatly facilitated by the weakness of the Cimbri, and the slavery of the Sinones, sufficiently indicated in Tacitus. This æra tends to shew that the poverty of human invention, as well as the policy of prophets, always obliges them to enrich new religions at the expence of the old, and to mould them conformably to the national character. A religion inculcating the fear of death would have met with a very unfavourable reception among the Celts. The genius of Odin's superstition and morals prevailed among

peut être jamais parler de lui. Quant au lieu d'où sortit le fondateur du culte d'Edda, je m'en tiens à la tradition commune, qui le place aux environs du Tanais et du Palus Méotide. L'éloignement ne me rebute point. Ces courtes immenses conviennent aux nations sauvages. Je sens que les connoissances géographiques sont très bornées parmi elles, mais les accidens les étendent souvent. Un Scythe de la tribu des *Afx*, fait prisonnier par ses voisins, aura passé de main en main jusqu'aux bords de la mer Baltique. A son retour, il aura parlé des avantages du pays, et des facilités qu'on auroit à en faire la conquête. Odin (il faut le supposer homme de génie) aura compris que les nations limitrophes de l'empire étoient plus aguerries, et moins ignorantes, et que le chef d'une petite cité qui vouloit fonder un grand empire, devoit s'avancer plus au Nord. Les peuples sur sa route se seront délivrés d'un aventurier inquiet, en lui accordant un passage ; grace que la science militaire de ces siècles, rendoit peu importante, et dont la sincérité héroïque des barbares ne leur permettoit pas d'abuser. Les rivières auront pu faciliter sa marche. Il aura remonté le *Tanais* ou le *Volga* pour descendre le *Dina* jusqu'aux environs de Riga. Les sources de ces rivières sont peu éloignées les unes des autres, et dans un siècle où les terres avoient soixante dix

the Cimbri, who were long anterior to that legislator ; and among the Celtiberians, who probably never heard of his name. As to the country from which the author of the Edda came, I would adopt the common tradition which fixes his ancient seat in the neighbourhood of the Tanais and the Palus Mæotis. I am not frightened at the greatness of the distance. Great journies are accomplished by savage nations ; and their scanty geographical knowledge is often extended by accident. A Scythian of the tribe of *Afx*, taken prisoner by his neighbours, may have passed through successive masters to the shore of the Baltic. At his return, he would describe the advantageous situation of the country, and the facility with which its conquest might be effected. Odin (we must suppose him a man of genius) would perceive, that the nations bordering on the empire were less ignorant, and more warlike, than those removed at a greater distance ; and that the leader of a small tribe, who wished to found a great kingdom, must march against the northern extremity. The intermediate nations would gladly deliver themselves from a dangerous invader by granting to him a free passage ; a favour which, in an age little skilled in the art of fortification, is of small importance ; and which the heroic sincerity of barbarians seldom permitted them to abuse. The courses of the great rivers must have much facilitated his journey. He would sail up the Tanais and the Volga, to descend with the stream of the Dina to the neighbourhood of Riga. The sources of these rivers are not widely distant from each other ; and when

dix huit pieds d'élévation moins qu'à présent, on a soupçonné que les mera avoient des communications qu'elles n'ont plus. Il a établi son culte dans la Scandinavie. Il s'est répandu parmi les peuples Septentrionaux de la Germanie, connus sous le nom de Saxons, qui l'ont porté en Angleterre au cinquième siècle. Voila, ce me semble, les pays où il faut le chercher. M. Mallet s'en fait une idée un peu trop générale. Je ne vois point dans l'Edda que le conquérant du Nord, le prêtre du dieu Odin, nommé Odin comme lui, ait jamais voulu se faire passer pour dieu ; ni que les Scandinaves aient adoré des hommes déifiés, culte bien plus rare qu'on ne pense. Odin le conquérant se vançoit d'être magicien, non pas dieu ; l'une de ces prétensions exclut l'autre.

Juillet 16.]—Je n'ai pas voulu m'engager dans la grande histoire du Dannemarck de M. Mallet, qui fuit l'introduction. Elle m'auroit trop écarté de mes vues actuelles ; mais je n'ai pu me refuser le plaisir d'en lire un morceau détaché, qui regarde la conversion de la Scandinavie, et de voir la chute d'un culte dont j'avois vu l'établissement et les principes. Il me paroît séchement traité, et d'une très petite manière. C'est une question intéressante, pourquoi les peuples du Nord ont rebuté le Christianisme avec tant d'opiniâtreté, pendant que leurs compatriotes établis dans l'empire, l'ont

the land was less elevated by seventy-eight feet than it is at present, there may have been communications, now lost, between neighbouring seas. Odin established his worship in Scandinavia. Thence it spread among the northern nations of Germany called Saxons, by whom it was carried into England in the fifth century. In those countries only, I think, we ought to look for it : Mr. Mallet's system supposes it too extensive. I do not find in the Edda that Odin the conqueror of the North, and the priest of a god also named Odin, wished ever to pass himself for a divinity ; nor that the Scandinavians ever worshipped deified men ; a worship much rarer than is commonly imagined. Odin the conqueror boasted of being a magician ; a pretension altogether inconsistent with that of his divinity.

July 16.]—I did not wish to proceed with Mr. Mallet's large history, which followed his introduction ; this would have diverted me too much from my present pursuits ; but I could not deny myself the pleasure of reading a detached part, relative to the conversion of Scandinavia, in order to see the downfall of Odin's superstition, of which I had beheld the establishment, and examined the principles. This subject is treated dryly, and without taste. An important question occurs, why the inhabitants of the North should have so obstinately rejected Christianity, while their countrymen established in the empire embraced it with the utmost readiness. Mr. Mallet will answer, that the latter

l'ont embrassé avec une si grande facilité. M. Mallet nous répondra que ceux-ci n'étoient qu'une jeunesse inquiète, qui avoit quitté son pays avant que d'être affermie dans les préjuges de ses peres. Cependant il fait assez lui même, que la plus part de ces migrations se sont faites en corps de nation, et que cette jeunesse trainoit avec elle des vieillards, dont le cœur et l'esprit ne peuvent plus changer, des femmes dont le tempérament foible et craintif les porte à la dévotion, et des bardes, des propheteesses et des prêtres, qui combattoient le nouveau culte par tous les moyens qu'ils empruntoient de la crainte, de l'habitude et du point d'honneur. Cette raison ne vaut rien. Je ne pense pas non plus que les chefs des barbares aient souvent embrassé le Christianisme par politique, ni qu'ils aient voulu risquer d'aliéner les cœurs des vainqueurs, pour captiver ceux d'un peuple de vaincus qu'ils méprisoient. Je vois d'ailleurs que les chefs des Burgundiens, et des Vandales, ont embrassé l'Arianisme. Un politique auroit il adopté les sentimens du plus petit nombre de ses sujets ? Je trouve les vrais motifs de cette différence, dans la seule circonstance que les uns sont restés dans leurs pays, et que les autres en sont sortis. Je ne parle pas ici des Saxons, qui ne connoissent la religion que par le baptême et le supplice. Ces hommes libres repoussent une religion qui ne leur paroïssoit qu'une partie des loix impérieuses de Charlemagne. Je ne fais attention qu'à ces nations chez qui le

Christianisme

latter consisted only of unsteady young men who had left their native country before they were thoroughly confirmed in the prejudices of their ancestors. Yet he well knows that several of those migrations were made by communities at large ; and that the young men were accompanied by men far advanced in years, whose hearts and principles were no longer susceptible of change ; by women whose weakness and timidity render them peculiarly prone to superstition ; as well as by bards, priests, and propheteesses, who combated the new worship by every weapon that either custom, fear, or honour could supply. This explanation, therefore, will not answer the purpose. Neither do I think it probable that the leaders of the Barbarians embraced Christianity through policy, and ventured to provoke the conquerors, in order to ingratiate themselves with the conquered, whom they despised. Besides, those leaders of the Vandals and Burgundians embraced Arianism. Policy would not have taught them to adopt the sentiments of the smallest portion of their subjects. I believe the true reason for the difference arose merely from this circumstance, that the one class left their country, whereas the other remained at home. I speak not here of the Saxons, who knew Christianity only by baptism and punishment ; and whose love of liberty rejected that religion as a badge of the imperious laws imposed by Charlemagne. I have in view

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only

Christianisme a paru en suppliant, non en vainqueur et en persécuteur. Toutes les religions sont locales jusqu'à un certain point. Le Chrétien le moins superstitieux, sentiroit plus de dévotion sur la montagne du Calvaire qu'à Londres. Mais chez les nations savantes, les livres et la réflexion, et chez les peuples de l'Orient, une imagination échauffée, suppléent à la présence actuelle des objets, et les représentent à l'esprit en tout tems et en tout lieu. Les idées, ou les images étoient trop subtiles pour ne pas échapper à la dureté tranquille et phlégmatisque de nos Scandinaves. Un missionnaire combattoit avec beaucoup de défavantages sur leurs foyers. Ce temple d'Upsal, où ils avoient acheté le faveur d'Odin par des milliers de victimes humaines ; ces rochers que les anciens Scaldes avoient couverts de caractères Runiques qu'ils redoutoient, parcequ'ils ne les entendoient pas ; ces colines que la religion avoit élevé à la gloire de leurs ancêtres, et qui les attendoient eux mêmes ;—tous ces objets frapportoient leur esprit, parcequ'ils avoient frappé leurs sens. Ces habitans de la Germanie, transportés dans les pays du midi, avoient perdu déjà le fondement principal de leur culte. Les temples, les autels, les tombeaux et les lieux consacrés par les miracles, appartenoient à une nouvelle religion, qui s'insinuoit doucement dans le vuide qu'ils sentoient dans leur ame. Assaillis par tous ces objets, ils passèrent insensiblement à l'admiration et à la foi. Le changement que le nouveau climat produisit

only those nations among whom Christianity appeared not as a conqueror or persecutor, but as a suppliant. All religions depend in some degree on local circumstances. The least superstitious Christian would feel more devotion on Mount Calvary than in London. Among learned nations reading and reflection, and among the nations of the East a natural warmth of fancy, supply, in some measure, the real presence of objects, and give to them in all times and in all places a mental existence. But mental representations are too subtle to make an impression on the phlegmatic insensibility of Scandinavians ; and a missionary must have combated their faith with great disadvantage in their native country. The temple of Upsal in which they had purchased the favour of Odin by thousands of human victims ; those rocks which the ancient Scaldi had covered with Runic characters, the more venerable because unintelligible ; those mounts which religion had raised to the glory of their ancestors, and by which they hoped that their own would be perpetuated :—all these objects kept possession of their minds, because they were continually striking their senses. But the nations of Germany, when transported into southern countries, lost hold of the firmest foundation of their faith. Temples, altars, tombs, and consecrated places were all on the side of a new religion, which naturally insinuated itself into the void of credulity left craving in their minds. They first wondered,

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produisit bientôt dans la façon de vivre des vainqueurs, et dans le tempérament même de leurs enfans, les éloignoit encore d'une religion qui convenoit mieux aux bords de l'Elbe qu'à ceux du Tage, aux forêts qu'aux villes. Un barbare qui avoit goûté le vin de Falerne, se soucioit assez peu de s'enyvrer d'hydromel aux festins d'Odin, et quand il souffroit toute l'ardeur d'un soleil Africain, un enfer dont les fenêtres seroient ouvertes du côté du Nord, ne lui paroïssoit plus bien redoutable. Son esprit s'éclaircit, et son cœur s'adoucissoit dans le commerce des vaincus, et tout contribuoit à le détacher d'un culte, qui n'est fondé que sur la barbarie et sur l'ignorance, pendant qu'il le dispoisoit en faveur de celui qui contenoit toute la science du siècle qu'il commençoit à goûter, et qui n'enseignoit que cette humanité dont il sentoît déjà le prix. Il se trouvoit encore environné d'un peuple de missionnaires que l'intérêt aussi bien que le zèle, animoit dans le travail de convertir ses maîtres, et d'arrêter ces tigres féroces dans les liens de la religion. Les évêques, les prêtres, et jusqu'à leurs maitresses qui mêloient les caresses et la controverse, s'attachoient surtout aux princes, dont la nation, déjà indifférente, suivoit sans peine l'exemple. Quelle différence de l'entreprise d'une pareille conversion, à quelques Bénédictins qui vont dans les forêts de la Suede prêcher la patience, l'humilité et la foi, à des nations nombreuses de pirates. Ces guerriers les massacrent, ou s'ils les épargnent, c'est

and then believed. The changes produced by a new climate in their modes of life, and in the education of their children, tended to estrange them from a superstition better adapted to the banks of the Elbe than to those of the Tagus, and to forests than to cities. A Barbarian, who had tasted the wine of Falernum, would not feel much desire of intoxicating himself with hydromel at Odin's festival; and when he panted under an African sun, a hell open to the north wind would not greatly excite his terror. His understanding would be improved, and his heart softened, in his perpetual intercourse with the vanquished; and every cause would concur to make him quit a mode of worship founded on ignorance and barbarism, and to substitute in its stead a religion connected with science which he began to relish, and inculcating the virtues of humanity which he began to value. He was besides surrounded by a nation of missionaries, whose zeal was animated by a personal interest in the conversion of their masters, that those fierce tigers might be confined in the chains of religion. Bishops, priests, and women, who mingled caresses with controversy, were sedulous to convert the princes and great men, whose example was easily followed by that of the careless multitude. Such means of conversion are far more efficacious than those with which a few Benedictines are furnished, who travel into the woods of Sweden to preach patience, humility, and faith to nume-

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c'est moins par bonté que par mépris. Une exception, qui ne fait que confirmer ma thèse ; c'est celle de Saxons établis en Angleterre, et qui ne se convertirent qu'au bout de cent cinquante ans. Mais c'est parcequ'ils avoient chassé tous les anciens habitants dans la province de Galles, parceque le climat étoit moins différent du leur, et que cette province de l'empire étoit la plus inculte : les causes agirent néanmoins, quoiqu'avec plus de lenteur, et lorsqu'ils furent tranquillement établis, ils embrassèrent sans difficulté le Christianisme que leur annoncerent les missionnaires Romains.

Un Protestant diroit encore que le Christianisme du dixième siècle étoit bien plus difficile à digérer que celui du cinquième : il l'est assurément pour un raisonneur.

rous bands of pirates. These warriors either massacred the priests, or spared them through mere contempt. An apparent exception to this theory tends really to confirm it : the Saxons, who settled in England, were not converted till one hundred and fifty years after their establishment in that country. This happened, because they drove the ancient inhabitants into Wales ; because the climate of England was not widely different from their own ; and because this kingdom was the least polished of all the Roman provinces. But the same causes operated on the Saxons, though more slowly ; and when they began to enjoy tranquillity at home, they readily embraced Christianity as taught them by the Roman missionaries.

A Protestant would also observe, that the Christianity of the tenth century is of far more difficult digestion than that of the fifth. It certainly is so to a man who reasons.

RECUEIL de mes OBSERVATIONS, et PIÈCES DE'TACHE'ES, sur différens Sujets.

N° I.

Le 23 Décembre 1763.

Tous les poètes épiques ont paru croire qu'un catalogue détaillé des armées qu'ils mettoient en campagne, et des héros qu'elles avoient à leur tête, faisoit un partie essentielle et nécessaire de leurs poèmes. Un commentateur est obligé de les justifier ; mais quel lecteur les a lus avec plaisir ? Ils refroidissent l'intérêt, ils ralentissent l'action au moment que l'attention est la plus attachée. Toutes les beautés de détails, tous les ornemens de la poésie, nous garantissent à peine de l'ennui. On le sent un peu cet ennui, lorsqu'on parcourt un pareil dénombrement dans un ouvrage historique : mais on le pardonne parcequ'il est nécessaire. Dans l'histoire, c'est ordinairement le nombre et la qualité des troupes, qui donnent la victoire, Dans l'épopée, c'est toujours la protection des dieux et la valeur merveilleuse d'un

A COLLECTION of my REMARKS, and DETACHED PIECES,
on different Subjects.

N° I.

23d December 1763.

ALL epic poets seem to consider an exact catalogue of the armies which they send into the field, and of the heroes by whom they are commanded, as a necessary and essential part of their poems. A commentator is obliged to justify this practice ; but to what reader did it ever give pleasure ? Such catalogues destroy the interest and retard the progress of the action, when our attention to it is most alive. All the beauties of detail, and all the ornaments of poetry, scarcely suffice to amuse our weariness ; a weariness produced by such enumerations even in historical works, but which are pardoned in them, because necessary. In history, the victory commonly depends on the number and quality of the troops ; but in epic poetry, it is always decided by the protection of the gods and the marvellous valour of the hero. Achilles is invincible ;

d'un héros. Achille est invincible ; mais les Myrmidons sont à peine connus. Homère a fait un catalogue des Grecs : je le fais ; mais Homère peut n'avoir pas eu raison. Il peut ne l'avoir eue que pour lui seul. Son exemple particulier fait-il une loi générale ? En ce cas tout poëme épique doit être un siège ; il doit finir sans que la place soit ni prise, ni délivrée. Une preuve frappante que tous les poëtes ont senti eux mêmes qu'ils suivoient l'usage, plutôt que la raison ; c'est qu'ils ont toujours traité ces catalogues comme des hors d'œuvre, que les héros du catalogue sont rarement ceux de l'histoire, et que les premiers, après avoir brillé un instant à la revue, disparaissent pour faire place aux personnages plus essentiels. Le poëte n'a pas besoin d'une ressource aussi froide et aussi usée, pour faire connoître à ses lecteurs les véritables héros de son épopée.

Un critique peut condamner ces catalogues poétiques ; mais malheur à ce critique, s'il est insensible à toutes les beautés que Virgile a su mettre dans le sien, à la vivacité du coloris, au nombre et à la différence des tableaux, et à cette harmonie douce et soutenue qui satisfait toujours l'oreille et l'esprit. L'armée des Etrusques n'est pas inférieure à celle de Turnus : comme elle, c'est l'élite de plusieurs peuples belliqueux rassemblés sous les étendards des héros et des demi-dieux. Mais elle a sur les *Rutuli* un avantage, tel qu'il convenoit

his myrmidons are scarcely known. Homer has indeed given a catalogue ; yet this perhaps was not right in Homer, or right only in him. Ought his particular example to make a general law ? In that case, the subject of every epic poem ought to be a siege, and the poem ought to conclude before either the place is taken or the siege raised. Poets themselves afford a convincing proof that they were sensible of following custom rather than reason, by treating those catalogues merely as episodes, and by introducing into them heroes, who are rarely those of history ; and who, after shining a moment in those reviews, totally disappear, in order to make room for characters more essential to the action. An epic poet stands not in need of so dull and vulgar an expedient for making the reader acquainted with his true heroes.

A critic may condemn those poetical catalogues ; but woe to the critic, if he is insensible to all the beauties by which that of Virgil is adorned ; the brightness of his colouring, the number and variety of his pictures, and that sweet and well-sustained harmony, which always charms the ear and the soul. The army of the Tuscans is not inferior to that of Turnus ; being also composed of the flower of many warlike nations assembled under the standards of heroes and demigods. But it enjoys over the *Rutuli* an advantage which it was natural should belong to the allies of Encas ; having justice and

convenoit aux amis d'Enée. Elle a pour elle la justice et les dieux. Chaque lecteur, en detestant les forfaits de Mezenze, applaudit aux efforts d'un nation libre et généreuse, qui a osé détronner son tyran, et qui cherche à le punir. J'ai toujours été étonné que le courtisan d'Auguste ait songé à cet épisode, qui auroit mieux convenu à l'ami de Brutus. Tout y respire les idées républicaines les plus fortes, et peut être le plus outrées. Mezenze étoit souverain légitime et héréditaire d'un pays dont il devint le tyran. Son peuple aussitôt le précipite du trône, et se regardant désormais comme libre ; il ne songe pas un instant aux droits d'un fils infortuné et vertueux. Mezenze trouve un asyle chez les *Rutuli*, mais ses sujets furieux implorent les secours de leurs alliés. Toute l'Etrurie les armes à la main, veut enlever son roi à ses défenseurs, pour le conduire au supplice ; et cette fureur des Etrusques est approuvée des loix, des dieux et du poète :

Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria justis,

Regem ad supplicium præsentì Marte repossunt.

VIRGIL, *Æneid* viii. 494.

Si je voulois établir la thèse générale et illimitée du droit qu'ont les sujets de punir les crimes de leurs princes, je ne choisirois que cet exemple qui ne permet plus de restriction ni de modification. Parmi les anciens eux mêmes

the gods on its side. Every reader, while he detests the crimes of Mezentius, must applaud the exertions of a free and generous people, who have ventured to dethrone their tyrant, and are eager to punish him. I have always wondered that the courtier of Augustus should have introduced an episode which would have been more properly treated by the friend of Brutus. Every line breathes republican sentiments, the boldest, and perhaps the most extravagant. Mezentius was the lawful and hereditary sovereign of a country, of which he rendered himself the tyrant. His subjects hurled him from the throne, and thenceforth regard themselves as free, without once considering the rights of his unfortunate and virtuous son. Mezentius finds an asylum among the *Rutuli*; but his furious subjects implore the assistance of their allies. All Etruria in arms determine to tear their king from the hands of his defenders, in order to subject him to punishment; and this fury of the Tuscans is approved by the gods and the poet :

Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria justis,

Regem ad supplicium præsentì Marte repossunt.

If I wished to establish it as a general and unlimited principle, that subjects have a right to punish the crimes of their sovereigns, I would prefer this example, which admits of neither modification nor restriction. Among the ancients themselves, it

mêmes je le crois unique dans la théorie, comme la mort d'Agis l'est dans la pratique. Auguste devoit lire en tremblant l'un et l'autre ; et si Virgile avoit eu le tems de réciter le huitième livre de l'Eneide, je ne fais pas si on l'auroit recompensé comme l'éloge de Marcellus.

Ma surprise augmente, lorsque je pense que l'histoire de Mezentius est de l'invention du poëte ; qu'il n'entroit point dans la première ordonnance de son poëme ; et qu'il l'ignoroit lui même quand il composoit le septième livre. Il paroît que Virgile, après avoir conçu l'idée générale du but où il tendoit ; s'abandonnoit à son génie pour lui fournir des moyens pour y arriver, et que revêtissant l'esprit et la situation de son héros, il cherchoit des difficultés pour les surmonter, sans savoir précisément comment il les surmonteroit ; qu'en un mot dans le tems qu'il faisoit débarquer Enée sur les bords du Tybre, il ignoroit le détail des événemens qui conduiroient à la mort de Turnus. Je dis le détail des événemens : le personnage de Mezentius dépend de celui d'Evandre et de Pallas, et la mort de celui-ci est essentiellement liée avec celle de Turnus. Cette méthode de travailler n'a-t-elle pas ses avantages ? On a donné des applaudissemens à celle de Richardson, qui n'en est que l'imitation. La vérité et la hardiesse valent bien le timide embarras d'un poëte qui même en formant le nœud, ne s'occupe que du dénouement.

L'exemple

appears to me to have been as singular in theory as the death of Agis was in practice. Augustus must have read both with terror ; and had Virgil continued to recite the eighth book of the Eneid, I suspect that he would not have been so well rewarded for the story of Mezentius as he was for the panegyric of Marcellus.

My surprise increases, when I consider that the story of Mezentius is entirely Virgil's invention ; that it entered not into the general plan of his poem ; and that he himself had not thought of it when he composed his seventh book. It appears that Virgil, after forming a general idea of his design, trusted to his genius for supplying him with the means of carrying it into execution ; and that entering into the character and situation of his hero, he prepared for him difficulties to encounter, without knowing exactly how he would surmount them : in one word, when he landed Eneas on the banks of the Tiber, that he knew not the whole series of events which should lead to the death of Turnus. I say the whole series of events ; for the part of Mezentius depends on the introduction of Evander and Pallas, and the death of Pallas is intimately connected with that of Turnus. This manner of writing is not destitute of its advantages. It is applauded in Richardson, who has only imitated Virgil. The truth and boldness by which it is characterised far surpass the timid perplexity of a writer, who, while he forms his plot, is at the same time considering how he shall unravel it. Virgil's

example

L'exemple de Virgile vaut bien celui de Chapelain, qui avoit écrit toute la Pucelle en prose, avant de la traduire en vers. Je sens que Virgile auroit revu son travail, s'il avoit vécu, pour en former un tout simple et uniforme, et qu'il auroit effacé avec soin toutes les traces aux quelles un lecteur attentif pourroit reconnoître des pièces détachées, qui n'étoient point faites les unes pour les autres. En voici deux or trois.

1. Mezenice paroît à la tête des guerriers qui suivent Turnus : mais il y paroît en roi maître de ses états. Il arrive des côtes Tyrrheniennes avec des troupes nombreuses, et son fils, le vaillant Lausus, le suit avec mille guerriers de la ville de *Cære*. 2. Messapus, roi des *Falisci*, est Toscan. *Fescennium*, *Soraète*, la forêt Ciminienne, sont parmi les lieux les plus célèbres de l'Etrurie. Ce prince Etrusque auroit-il abandonné le corps de la nation entière, rassemblée par les crimes de Mezenice ? Se seroit-il trouvé dans le camp des ennemis, auroit-il amené au secours de Turnus des peuples énervés par la mollesse, et qui ne connoissoient plus la guerre que pour la détester ? Le poète n'auroit-il pas donné à une démarche si singulière des motifs vraisemblables ? Auroit-il dit que toute l'Etrurie s'étoit soulevée contre Mezenice ? 3. Cet Aventinus du Mont Aventin, le fils d'Hercule, est un personnage pittoresque dans le catalogue ; mais il ne peut subsister avec Evandre. L'un

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example is surely more worthy of imitation than that of Chapelain, who wrote the whole of his Pucelle in prose, before he translated it into poetry. I am sensible that had Virgil lived to revise his work, he would have given to it uniformity and unity ; and carefully effaced all those marks by which an attentive reader may perceive in it detached parts, not originally written the one for the other. Of these take the following examples.

1. Mezentius appears at the head of the warriors who follow Turnus, but appears as a king completely master of his dominions. He arrives from the Tyrrhenian coasts with numerous troops, and his son, the valiant Lausus, follows him with a thousand warriors from the city of *Cære*. 2. Messapus, king of the *Falisci*, is a Tuscan. *Fescennium*, *Soraète*, the Ciminian forest, are among the most celebrated places of Etruria. This Tuscan prince, would he have forsaken the whole body of his nation united by the crimes of Mezentius ? Is it to be expected that he should be found in the camp of the enemy ; or that he would have brought, as auxiliaries to Turnus, a people sunk in effeminacy, and who knew war only by their detestation of it ? The poet would have coloured so extraordinary a measure, by assuming for it some probable motive. Would he have said that all Etruria was in insurrection against Mezentius ? 3. Aventinus, of Mount Aventine, the son of Hercules, makes a striking figure in the catalogue ; but his

et l'autre regnoient dans les mêmes lieux, et en même tems. On dira peut être que l'un de ces princes occupoit le Mont Palatin pendant que l'autre dominoit sur l'Aventin. Non;—Evandre montre à Enée cet Aventin, qui n'étoit qu'un rocher désert *, situé dans son petit royaume, qui n'étoit borné que par le Tybre et les *Rutuli* †.

Je crois que Virgile auroit encore corrigé quelques fautes qu'on apperçoit avec peine dans le catalogue de guerriers Toscans. Il savoit bien que lorsqu'un poëte parle d'une science, il doit en parler avec précision, et il se feroit rappelé, que la géographie ne nuit point à la poésie. 1. Sur les douze cités de l'Etrurie, qui composoient le corps de la nation, il en auroit nommé plus de deux, *Clusium* et *Cære*, et il se feroit moins appesanti sur une foule de lieux subalternes et obscurs, dont les habitans ne pouvoient que suivre les étendarts de leurs maîtres. 2. Il auroit pensé peut-être que sept ou huit beaux vers ne valoient pas la peine qu'il fit paroître les Liguriens, nation étrangère et ennemie, dans une guerre civile, qui ne pouvoit intéresser que le corps Etrusque. 3. Je vois le camp des Toscans assis sur les bords de la mer, aux environs de *Cære*; je vois leurs vaisseaux, et tous les préparatifs d'une expédition éloignée. Ils s'embarquent en effet, mais ce n'est que pour une navigation de trente milles. Ils la préférèrent cette navigation

this part is inconsistent with that of Evander. They reigned at the same time, and over the same place. It will be said that one of those princes occupied the Palatine, while the other reigned over the Aventine Mount. This is impossible; for Evander shews the Aventine to Eneas, which was a barren rock *, situate in his little kingdom, which had no other boundaries than the Tiber, and the territory of the Rutuli †.

I believe that Virgil would also have corrected some faults, which it is painful to see in his enumeration of the Tuscan warriors. He well knew that when a poet speaks of a science, he ought to do it with precision; and he could not forget that accurate geography is not incompatible with poetry. Of the twelve cities which composed the confederacy of Etruria, he would have named more than *Cære* and *Clusium*, and he would not have dwelt on the crowd of secondary towns, which could not do otherwise than follow the standards of their respective capitals. 2. He would not have thought that seven or eight beautiful verses compensated for introducing the Ligurians, a foreign and hostile nation, into the civil wars of the Tuscans, which could only be interesting to the members of their own confederacy. 3. I see the camp of the Tuscans on the sea-shore near to *Cære*; I see their vessels, and all the preparations for a distant expedition. They embark, but it is only for a voyage of thirty miles. They prefer this navigation to an easy march of two days, which would have brought them to the

* Virgil, *Æneid* viii. 190.

† Le même, 473.

gation à une marche aisée de deux jours, qui les auroit conduit aux terres d'Evandre leur allié. Ils y auroient passé le Tybre, et se seroient vus sur la frontière des *Rutuli*. 4. Cette expédition navale me surprend, mais celle des troupes de Mantoue ne se conçoit pas. Cinq cens guerriers, qui s'embarquent sur le *Mincius*, ne peuvent se trouver dans les mers de l'Etrurie, sans avoir fait le tour de l'Italie entière. Virgile aimoit sa patrie, mais il auroit facilement trouvé le moyen de l'amener au secours d'Enée, sans choquer la vraisemblance ou la géographie.

N° II.

Le 24th Decembre 1763, à LAUSANNE.

JE vais dire quatre mots du catalogue de Silius Italicus. 1. Il me viendrait mal de parler de l'ordonnance générale d'un poëme, dont je n'ai lu qu'un morceau détaché ; mais ce morceau me fait sentir que Pliné avoit très bien connu son contemporain, quand il a décidé qu'il devoit plus à l'art qu'à la nature. Cet art paroît moins dans le style qui est aisé et coulant, que dans les idées qui font d'un homme qui se donne la torture pour être sublime, et qui lutte contre son génie en faveur de son sujet. Je croirois volontiers que Silius auroit mieux fait de prendre Ovide pour son modèle que Virgile.

Dans

country of their ally Evander. There they would have passed the Tiber, and found themselves on the frontiers of the Rutuli. 4. This naval expedition affords matter of surprise ; but that of the troops of Mantua is totally incredible. Five hundred warriors embarking on the Mincius, could not arrive in the Tuscan sea without making the circumnavigation of the whole Italian coast. Virgil loved the place of his birth ; but he might easily have discovered the means of bringing its ancient inhabitants to the assistance of Encas, without offending against probability and geography.

N° II.

24th December 1763. LAUSANNE.

I PROCEED to say a few words on the catalogue of Silius Italicus. 1. It would ill become me to speak of the general plan of a poem, of which I have read only a detached passage : yet this passage is sufficient to convince me that Pliny well knew his contemporary, when he pronounced that Silius owed more to art than to nature. This art is less apparent in the style, which is easy and flowing, than in the thoughts, which are those of a man who is continually striving to be sublime, and continually struggling against his own genius in favour of his subject. I am persuaded that Silius would have judged better in taking Ovid than Virgil for his model. Wherever he does

not

Dans tous les endroits où il ne fait pas violence à son esprit, je vois une imagination riche, aisée, et naturelle. Avec ce caractère, je m'étonne qu'il ait préféré l'épopée à l'élégie. La plus part de ceux qui ont échoué dans la haute poésie, avoient l'esprit dur et l'imagination dérégulée. Comme malheureusement ils avoient aussi peu de goût que de talent, il leur étoit facile de prendre ces qualités pour la force, l'élévation et un génie créateur. Ces défauts y avoient du moins quelques rapports. 2. Virgile étoit libre; Silius étoit esclave. L'un pouvoit choisir sur tous les peuples de l'Italie, ceux qui lui convenoient le mieux; l'autre ne pouvoit en omettre aucun. Il se voyoit dans la dure nécessité d'écrire une géographie poétique de tout ce pays, depuis le Détroit de *Rhegium* jusqu'aux Alpes. Cette contrainte ne se fait que trop sentir dans son ouvrage. 3. Silius a voulu suivre son grand modèle avec un respect trop superstitieux. L'Italie ne renfermoit plus dans son sein, une multitude de nations différentes, dont les armes, les mœurs, et jusqu'à la langue, répandoient sur le poème une variété intéressante, pendant que leurs chefs et leurs fondateurs fournissoient au poète des écarts agréables dans le pays des fictions. Toutes ces nations devenues Romaines ne connoissoient plus que les loix, les drapeaux et la discipline de la république, et ce grand corps présentoit plus d'objets à la spéculation du philo-

sophe

not offer violence to his genius, his fancy is rich, easy, and natural. With such a character, it is surprising that he did not prefer the elegiac to the epic. The greatest part of those who have failed in this last species of poetry are distinguished by a severity of character, and a wild irregularity of fancy; and, as they had as little taste as talent, they easily mistook those qualities for strength, elevation, and originality of genius. Faults were confounded with excellencies, to which they bore some bastard resemblance. 2. Virgil was free, Silius in fetters. The former might choose among all the nations of Italy those who most suited his design: the latter could not omit any of those nations without being guilty of a fault. He was under the hard necessity of writing a poetical geography of the whole country between the Strait of *Rhegium* and the Alps; and this constraint is but too visible in his performance. 3. Silius followed his model with a respect bordering on superstition. Italy no longer contained in her bosom a multitude of different nations, whose arms, manners, and even languages, diffused a pleasing variety over the subject, while the story of their chiefs and founders invited the writer to agreeable excursions in the region of fancy. All those nations were become strictly Roman, and had exactly conformed to the laws, ensigns, and discipline of the republic; a vast but uniform object, which was better fitted for suggesting reflections to a philosopher; than for animating the descriptions of a poet. Silius, after seeking for charac-

teristic

sophe qu'aux descriptions du poëte. Le notre, après avoir cherché des traits caractéristiques qui ne subsistoient, et qui ne convenoient plus aux nations qu'il décrit, se jette à tout instant sur ceux des pays qu'ils habitoient. Ses tableaux sont vifs et variés, mais ils sont assez peu à leur place. La nation qui vient se mêler aux combats, peut influencer sur l'action du poëme. Le pays qu'elle a laissé, ne peut qu'être étranger à l'épopée. 4. Silius auroit dû se souvenir qu'*Aquilina* ne subsistoit point dans la seconde guerre Punique *, et que nous ne la connoissons que depuis la colonie Latine que le sénat y plaça contre les Gaulois, plus de trente ans après la bataille de Cannes †.

N° III.

Le 25 Decembre 1763, à LAUSANNE.

UN chapitre à faire dans l'Histoire des grands Chemins de l'Empire, par Bergier, c'étoit l'usage que les Romains en faisoient. Il a bien parlé des postes qui n'étoient utiles qu'à un petit nombre de personnes; mais il restoit encore bien des choses à dire. Une recherche critique sur les journées ordinaires des voyageurs, auroit été intéressante par les lumières qu'elle auroit répandu sur

teristic differences which no longer prevailed among the nations whom he describes, is continually introducing those of the countries which they inhabited. His pictures have life and variety; but they are not in their proper place. The character of the people who were to fight was of importance in deciding the issue of the battle; the nature of the countries which they left behind them was entirely foreign to the subject. 4. Silius ought to have remembered that *Aquilina* was not in existence during the second Punic war*; and that we knew nothing of this place till it became the seat of a Latin colony, sent thither to check the incursions of the Gauls, thirty years after the battle of Cannæ†.

N° III.

25th December 1763. LAUSANNE.

A useful chapter might be added to the History of the great Roads of the Roman Empire, by Berger, explaining the uses to which the Romans applied them. He has indeed mentioned posts, which afforded conveniency to a small number of persons; but has omitted many important particulars that still remain to be told. A critical examination of the ordinary journeys of travellers would afford important information

* Silius, Ital. viii. 606.

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† Tit. Liv. xxxix. 55. Vell. Patercul. L. i. C. 15.

T T

concerning

sur la vie privée des Romains, et souvent même sur la géographie et la chronologie. Je fais que les différences d'âge, de condition et de circonstances, ne peuvent manquer d'y mettre de l'incertitude; mais les moyens qui sont les même, réduiront ces différences dans de certaines limites.

Auguste voyageoit avec une lenteur singulière dans les environs de Rome; une promenade à Tibur (20 milles Romains *), ou à Preneste (25 milles †), étoit pour lui un voyage de deux jours, ou plutôt de deux nuits ‡. Mais la situation d'Auguste étoit aussi singulière que son goût. Une santé languissante depuis sa jeunesse, l'obligeoit aux ménagemens les plus excessifs, et l'on peut soupçonner que l'inclination lui faisoit encore outrer les conseils de la raison. On voit par son fidele biographe, que ce prince s'étoit bientôt rassasié de la débauche, qu'il méprisa toujours le luxe, mais qu'il conservoit un grand penchant pour la mollesse. Ajoutons encore qu'il voyageoit en litière, porté par des esclaves, et qu'il marchoit avec beaucoup de lenteur pour ne pas dérober un instant au travail. La douceur de la voiture lui permettoit de lire, d'écrire, et de vaquer aux affaires, comme dans son cabinet §. Un pareil exemple ne tire point à conséquence.

II

concerning the private life of the Romans, and even throw light on geography and chronology. I am sensible that the differences of age, condition, and circumstances, must render our general conclusions uncertain; but as the means were universally the same, these uncertainties will be reduced within certain limits.

Augustus travelled with an extraordinary slowness in the neighbourhood of Rome. A journey to Tibur (20 Roman miles *), or to Preneste (25 miles †), consumed two days, or rather two nights ‡. But the situation of Augustus was as singular as his taste. The weakness of his health from his youth upwards compelled him to the strictest regimen; and by his own temper he would be inclined to carry the dictates of prudence to an extreme. It appears from his faithful biographer that this prince was soon tired of debauchery; and that he always despised luxury, though much addicted to effeminacy. We may add to these circumstances, that he travelled in a litter carried by slaves; and proceeded with great slowness, that his attention might not be withdrawn a moment from his usual occupations. The gentle motion of his carriage allowed him to read, write, and attend to the same affairs which employed him in his cabinet §. From such an example, no general consequence can be deduced.

* Itineraria Antiq. Edit. Wesseling, p. 309.

† Sueton. in August. lxxviii.

‡ Idem, p. 302.

§ Plin. Epist. iii. 5. Juvenal. Satir. iii. 239.

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Il en est de même de ces courses rapides et surprenantes dont les anciens nous ont conservé la mémoire. Quelle différence entre la marche d'Auguste et celle de son fils Tibère, qui fit deux cens milles en vingt quatre heures, quand il alla fermer les yeux à son frere Drusus *; ou du Dictateur César, qui couroit cent milles par jour avec des voitures de louage †! Stace nous parle d'une vitesse aussi extraordinaire, quand il dit qu'un voyageur pouvoit partir de Rome le matin, et coucher à *Baie* ou *Puteoli*; cette journée est bien forte, puisqu'elle est de 141 milles Romains ‡, ou de 127 milles d'Angleterre.

*Nil obstat cupidis; nihil moratur
Qui primo Tiberim reliquit ortu
Primo vespere naviget Lucrinum §.*

Je sens que le poëte veut faire l'éloge du beau chemin que Domitien avoit fait construire de Sinuesse à Cumès, qui avoit affermi les fables de *Liternum* et contenu les débordemens du *Vulturnus*. Les trente milles qu'il parcourroit, et qui consumoient un jour entier, étoient devenus l'affaire de deux petites heures. Peut être qu'il faut rabattre quelque chose pour l'adulation d'un poëte qui vouloit faire sa cour. Cependant la possibilité du voyage devoit être

The same may be said of those rapid and extraordinary journies of which the ancients sometimes make mention. How wide is the difference between the mode of travelling of Augustus and that of his son Tiberius, who accomplished a journey of two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, when he hastened to close the eyes of his brother Drusus *, or that of Cæsar the dictator, who posted one hundred miles a-day with hired carriages †. Statius speaks of a rapidity as extraordinary, when he says that a traveller might set out from Rome in the morning, and sleep at Baie or Puteoli; an expeditious journey indeed, since the distance is 141 Roman ‡, or 127 English miles.

*Nil obstat cupidis; nihil moratur
Qui primo Tiberim reliquit ortu
Primo vespere naviget Lucrinum §.*

I know that the poet wished to celebrate the fine road which Domitian had made from Sinuessæ to Cumæ; which had fixed the sands of Liternum, and restrained the inundations of the Vulturnus. The thirty miles which he had passed, and which used to be the work of a day, now scarcely consumed two hours. Perhaps we must make some allowance for the flattery of a poet, who wished to pay his court. Yet the

* Plin. Hist. Nat. vii. 20.

† Vetera Itiner. p. 107, 108. 122.

‡ Sueton. in Cæsar, lvi.

§ Stat. Sylv. 14. Carm. iii.

être reconnue. Ce n'est pas sur des objets aussi simples, aussi publics et aussi précis que l'on ose mentir.

Je conçois jusqu'à quel point les chemins des Romains avoient facilité les voyages, quand je me rappelle la marche du courrier qui apporta à Rome, la première nouvelle de la défaite de Persée. Le jour de la bataille est fixé par une éclipse de Lune, qui arriva le jour précédant le troisième des Nones de Septembre, c'est à dire, le 21 de Juin de l'année Julienne Proleptique *. Ce courrier arriva dans le Cirque, le second jour des jeux Romains, et le treizième jour après la défaite †. Ces deux caractères montrent que pour avoir les treize jours, il faut compter l'un et l'autre, puisqu'ils nous indiquent le seizième des calendes d'Octobre ‡, le 4 Juillet. On peut donc leur donner douze jours complets. La navigation de *Dyrrachium* à *Brundisium* pouvoit lui en emporter deux, puisqu'elle étoit de 1300 stades, ou 225 milles §; et que Ptolémée compte la navigation ordinaire d'un vaisseau à 1000 stades par jour ||. Il reste à distribuer dix jours sur la route de *Pella* à *Dyrrachium*, qui étoit de 253 milles ¶, et sur celle de *Brundisium* à Rome, qui étoit de 368 milles **. Ce total de 621 milles, ne lui donne guères que
soixante

possibility of the journey must be admitted, since falsehoods are not to be risked in matters so simple, public, and precise.

We may perceive how much the Roman roads must have facilitated travelling, when we call to mind the journey of the courier, who brought to Rome the first news of the defeat of Perseus. The date of the battle is precisely fixed by an eclipse of the moon, which happened the day preceding the nones of September, that is, the 21st of June of the Julian year *. The courier arrived in the Circus the second day of the Roman games, and the thirteenth after the defeat †. These two circumstances shew, that to get the thirteen days we must reckon both the day of his departure and that of his arrival, which will bring us to the 16th of the calends of October ‡, the 4th of July. We may therefore reckon twelve complete days; two of which might be employed in sailing from *Dyrrachium* to *Brundisium*, since the distance is 1300 stadia, or 225 miles §; and Ptolemy estimates an ordinary ship's way at 1000 stadia each day ||. The ten remaining days were consumed in the journey from *Pella* to *Dyrrachium*, 253 miles ¶; and in that from *Brundisium* to Rome, 368 miles **; in all,

* Isac. Bulliad. Epist. ad Calcem. Tom. iii. Tit. Liv. ex Edit. Gronov.

† Tit. Liv. xlv. 37. xlv. 1.

‡ Rosin. Antiq. L. iv. C. 13.

§ Itineraria, p. 317. et Not. Wesseling. Plin. Hist. Nat. iii. 2.

|| Ptolemæi Geog. C. ix.

¶ Itineraria, p. 319.

** Itineraria Ant. p. 307. iii. 117.

soixante milles par jour. C'étoit néanmoins un seul courier qui apportoit dans la plus belle saison de l'année, la nouvelle d'une grande victoire. Aussi devança-t-il de plusieurs jours les députés du consul, qui faisoient eux mêmes toute la diligence possible. Mais la voye Egnatienne n'étoit pas encore faite : la voye Appienne ne s'étendoit que jusqu'à Capoue, et les Grecs ne se sont jamais occupés de la construction des grands chemins *.

Parmi les voyages plus ordinaires des Romains, qui n'alloient ni en courier, ni en malade, j'en trouve deux que nous connoissons avec quelque détail : le voyage d'Horace à *Brundisium* par *Canusium*, et celui de Cicéron au même endroit, par le route de *Venusia* et *Tarentum*. L'un et l'autre m'arrêterons quelques instans. Commençons par le Journal d'Horace.

1. Horace ne pensoit point à nous instruire, mais à nous amuser ; il marque assez confusément ses journées, et on les devine plutôt qu'on ne les connoit. Il s'attache aux lieux qu'il a trouvés en chemin, à proportion des objets qu'il y a vus, plutôt que du tems qu'il s'y est arrêté. Les commentateurs veulent qu'Horace ait été quinze, ou dix sept jours en chemin † ; mais le principe sur lequel ils se fondent, qu'Horace a couché dans tous les endroits dont il fait mention, me paroît des plus foibles. Il est bien plus naturel de

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621 ; which gives no more than sixty miles a-day. We are to remember that this journey was performed by one courier, in the finest season of the year, and bringing the news of a great victory. He therefore anticipated, by several days, the deputies of the consul, although they likewise travelled with the greatest expedition. The Egnatian road was not yet made ; the Appian extended no further than to Capua ; and the Greeks never applied themselves to the making of highways *.

Among the ordinary journeys of the Romans, who travelled neither like invalids nor couriers, there are two which we know with some degree of accuracy : the journey of Horace to Brundisium, by the way of Canusium ; and that of Cicero to the same place, by the way of Venusia and Tarentum : I shall speak of both, beginning with that of Horace.

1. Horace's aim was not to inform, but to amuse us : his day's journeys are described confusedly, and we rather guess at, than ascertain them. He dwells on the places in his route, in proportion to the objects which they presented to his fancy, rather than to the time during which he remained in them. Commentators would persuade us that Horace was fifteen or seventeen days on the road † ; but the foundation of this opinion, namely, that the poet slept at all the places of which he makes mention, appears

* Strabon. Geog. v, p. 162.

† Horat. L. i. Sat. 5. v. 134. Edit. ad usum Delphini.

ne faire attention qu'aux circonstances caractéristiques de soir, de matin, de repas, &c. qui se trouvent dispersées dans la satire. Voici le journal que j'en voudrois tirer. Premier jour, Horace partit de Rome avec le rhéteur Heliodore, pour aller coucher à Aricie, *seize milles* ;

*Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ,
Hospitio modico*.*

Deuxième jour, il arriva à *Forum Appii*, à l'entrée de la nuit; *vingt sept milles*.

————— *Jam nox inducere terris
Umbras, et cælo diffundere signa parabat.*

Il voyageoit sur le canal pendant la nuit, et prit terre vers la quatrième heure (dix heures du matin du troisième jour). Après avoir pris un repas léger à *Feronia*, il marcha *trois milles* pour gagner Terracine, qui étoit à dix huit milles de *Forum Appi*. Je ne voit point qu'il se soit arrêté à Terracine, ni à *Fundi*. Aussi étoit-il bien fatigué lorsqu'il arriva à *Formiæ*, qui étoit à trente deux milles de *Feronia*.

*In Mamurrarum lassî deinde urbe manemus,
Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam.*

* Pour tout le voyage, la cinquième Satyre du premier livre d'Horace.

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to me to be an exceedingly weak one. Our conjectures will be more natural, if we attend to the characteristic circumstances of the evening, morning, the hour of repast, &c. circumstances which are scattered through the satire. The following is the journal, with which this consideration will furnish us. The first day Horace left Rome, with the rhetorician Heliodorus, to take up his night's abode at Aricia, sixteen miles distant.

*Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ,
Hospitio modico†.*

The second day he arrived at the *Forum Appii*, towards the evening; twenty-seven miles.

————— *Jam nox inducere terris
Umbras, et cælo diffundere signa parabat.*

He sailed along the canal in the night, and landed at the fourth hour (ten o'clock A.M. of the third day). After a light breakfast at *Feronia*, he travelled three miles towards Terracina, which is eighteen miles distant from the *Forum Appii*. I do not perceive that he halted either at Terracina or at *Fundi*; so that he was much fatigued when he arrived at *Formiæ*, which is thirty-two miles from *Feronia*.

*In Mamurrarum lassî deinde urbe manemus,
Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam.*

† The whole journey is described in the fifth Satire of the first book of Horace.

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Le quatrième jour, Mécène et sa suite arriverent de bonne heure à Sinuessè, éloignée de *Formiæ* ; dix huit milles.

*Postera lux oritur multo gratissima : namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ Virgiliûsque
Occurrunt.*

Les commentateurs ont senti eux mêmes que nos voyageurs ne firent que manger un morceau à Sinuessè, et qu'ils poussèrent jusqu'au pont de la Campanie, *Pons Campanius*, sur le *Savo*, à huit milles de Sinuessè, et à seize de Capoue*.

*Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula, tectum
Præbuit ; et parochi quæ debent ligna salemque.*

Le cinquième jour, leurs mulets les menerent à Capoue de très bonne heure.

Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.

Je vois que les poètes se couchèrent, et que Mécène alla jouer à la paume, ce qui annonce l'heure des exercices, qui finissoient avant deux heures après midi ; mais Horace ne parle, ni du bain, ni du souper qui les suivoient à l'ordinaire. Je pense qu'au lieu de se mettre à table, ils remonterent en voiture, et firent encore vingt un milles pour aller souper et coucher chez Cocceius,

The fourth day, Mecenas and his suite arrive early at Sinuessæ, eighteen miles from *Formiæ*.

*Postera lux oritur multo gratissima : namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ Virgiliûsque
Occurrunt.*

The commentators have themselves observed that our travellers only dined at Sinuessæ, and then proceeded to the bridge of Campania, *Pons Campanius*, on the *Savo*, eighteen miles from Sinuessæ, and sixteen from Capua*.

*Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula tectum
Præbuit ; et parochi quæ debent ligna salemque.*

The fifth day, the mules brought them early to Capua.

Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.

The poets went to sleep, while Mecenas diverted himself at tennis ; which shews that it was the time for exercise, which ended before two o'clock P. M. Horace says nothing of the bath and supper which commonly followed. I conclude, therefore, that instead of sitting down to table, they again entered into their carriage, and proceeded

* Cluvier. Ital. Antiq. L. iv. C. v. p. 1077. Itiner. Hierosolytanum. Edit. Wessél. p. 611.

Cocceius, l'un de la compagnie, qui avoit une maison sur les hauteurs au dessus de Caudium.

Hinc nos Cocceii recipit plenissima villa,

Quæ super est Caudi cauponas.—————

* * * * *

Prorsus jucundè carnem produximus illam.

Le sixième jour, ils ne firent qu'une très petite journée du château de Cocceius à Beneventum: elle n'étoit que de onze milles. On peut soupçonner que la gaieté et la bonne chère les fit veiller un peu tard chez Cocceius, et qu'il ne les laissa partir qu'après le diner du lendemain; c'est pourquoi je ne comprendrai ici qu'une demi-journée. Nous avons donc 164 milles Romains à répartir sur cinq jours et demi, ce qui donne environ 30 milles Romains, ou 27 milles d'Angleterre, par jour. Mais je crois qu'il ne faudroit compter que quatre jours et demi. Horace voyagea avec la paresse d'un homme de lettres, jusqu'à la rencontre des ambassadeurs à Terracine. Il mit deux jours pour aller de Rome à *Forum Appi*, mais il avoue en même tems, que des voyageurs plus actifs n'en auroient fait qu'une seule journée.

Hoc iter ignavi divissimus, altius ac nos

Præcinctis unum. Minus est gravis Appia tardis.

Les

twenty-one miles, to sup and sleep at the house of Cocceius, one of the company, which was situate on the heights of Caudium.

Hinc nos Cocceii recipit plenissima villa,

Quæ super est Caudi cauponas.—————

* * * * *

Prorsus jucundè carnem produximus illam.

The sixth day, they performed only a very short journey from the castle of Cocceius to Beneventum: it was no more than eight miles. It is probable that the gaiety and good cheer of the house of Cocceius made them sit up late, and that he did not allow them to depart next day till after dinner; for which reason I shall reckon this but half a day's journey. In the whole, therefore, we have 164 Roman miles to divide by five days and a half, which gives 30 Roman, or 27 English miles, a-day. But I am of opinion that we ought to divide by four days and an half. Horace travelled with the laziness of a man of letters, until he met the ambassadors at Terracina. He employed two days between Rome and the Forum Appii; but he confesses that more expeditious travellers would have performed that journey in one day.

Hoc iter ignavi divissimus, altius ac nos

Præcinctis unum. Minus est gravis Appia tardis.

The

Les ambassadeurs voyagerent avec beaucoup plus d'embarras, mais en même tems avec plus d'aisances et de diligence. Mais il faudroit être mieux instruits que nous ne le sommes de leur négociation, pour déterminer s'ils avoient euvie d'arriver au plutôt à *Brundisium*. Quelquefois un négociateur veut gagner du tems ; il lui convient quelquefois d'en perdre. Ces quatre jours et demi auxquels j'ai réduit le voyage d'Horace de Rome à *Beneventum*, donneront par jour $36\frac{1}{2}$ milles Romains, ou près de 33 milles d'Angleterre.

Jusqu'à *Beneventum* nous voyageons en pays de connoissance : mais en sortant de cette ville, Horace va se perdre dans les montagnes de l'Apulie, pour ne reparôître qu'à *Canusium*. Tout est obscur dans cette partie de sa route, et si nous avons quelques lueurs, elles sont si propres à nous tromper, qu'elles ont fait soupçonner au Pere Sanadon qu'Horace s'étoit égaré dans les montagnes de son pays*. Mais pourquoi veut on que la *Villa Trivici* soit *Trivicum* ; et qu'*Equotutium* soit le nom qu'on ne pouvoit pas exprimer en vers ? La géographie de ces lieux s'y oppose. Pourquoi s'obstine-t-on à vouloir déterminer une maison de campagne et une bourgade (*oppidulum*), situées dans le Canton de l'Italie le plus désert et le moins connu. Contentons nous de la connoissance générale que ces deux endroits, ignorés d'ailleurs,

The ambassadors were embarrassed with a more numerous suite, but they travelled with more conveniencies and greater expedition. Yet we ought to be better informed than we are of the object of their negotiation, to determine whether they were bent on reaching Brundisium with all possible haste. An ambassador wishes to accelerate or retard his journey as the business of his mission may require. These four days and an half to which I would reduce the journey of Horace from Rome to Beneventum will give $36\frac{1}{2}$ Roman, near 33 English miles, for the progress of each day.

While we travel to Beneventum, we traverse a well-known country. But, after quitting this city, Horace is lost among the mountains of Apulia, until he re-appear at Canusium. We meet with little but obscurity in this part of his route ; and the glimmerings of light are so well fitted to deceive us, that Father Sanadon suspects Horace of having lost his way among his native mountains*. Yet why should we suppose that the villa Trivici must mean Trivicum, or that Equotutium must be the name of the place that cannot be introduced into an hexameter verse ? These conjectures are inconsistent with geography. Why should we persist in fixing with accuracy the situation of a country-house, and of a village (*oppidulum*), belonging to the most desert and least known district of all Italy ? Let us be contented with knowing that

* Horace de Sanadon, tom. v. p. 138.

d'ailleurs, étoient sur le grand chemin de *Beneventum* à *Canusium*, et il n'y a plus de difficulté. Mais cette connoissance générale ne nous permet plus de compter les journées d'Horace comme auparavant. Cependant notre poète, tout obscur qu'il est sur les lieux, est encore assez exact sur le tems. Continuons son journal, qu'on peut ensuite comparer avec la distance connue de *Beneventum* à *Brundisium*. Le septième jour il partit de *Beneventum*, grimpa avec peine les montagnes qui separent le pays des *Hirpini* de l'Apulie, et se reposa dans le chateau de *Trivicus*.

————— *Quos*

*Nunquam erepsimus ; nisi nos vicina Trivici
Villa recepisset, lacrymoso non sine fumo.*

Le huitième jour ils firent une traite de vingt quatre milles, et couchèrent dans un petit endroit, dont le nom baroque ne se pliat point à la mesure des vers.

Mansuri oppidulo quod versu dicere non est.

Le neuvième jour je les retrouve à *Canusium*; mais je pense qu'ils poussèrent jusqu'à *Rubi*. Ils y arriverent du moins très fatigués d'avoir fait une grande journée. Auroient ils donné ce nom à une traite de vingt trois milles.

*Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus, utpote longum
Carpentes iter.* —————

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these two undiscovered places stood on the high road from Beneventum to Canusium ; and all difficulties will be removed. Yet this general knowledge will not allow us to ascertain the days' journeys as above. Our poet, however, though he speak in obscure terms of the places, is exact with respect to time. We may continue, therefore, his journal, and then compare it with the well-known distance between Beneventum and Brundisium. The seventh day, he left Beneventum, clambered with difficulty over the mountains which separate the territory of the Hirpini from Apulia, and rested in the castle of Trivicus.

————— *Quos*

*Nunquam erepsimus ; nisi nos vicina Trivici
Villa recepisset, lacrymoso non sine fumo.*

The eighth, our travellers proceeded twenty-four miles, and slept at a small village, whose grotesque name could not enter into a verse.

Mansuri oppidulo quod versu dicere non est.

The ninth day, I find them at Canusium, but I imagine they proceeded to Rubi ; at least they arrived there much fatigued with a long journey. This appellation could not have been given to twenty-three miles.

*Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus, utpote longum
Carpentes iter.* —————

Le dixième jour ils ont du aller à *Bari* ; l'onzième à *Gnatia* ; et le douzième enfin à *Brundisium*. Je conviens que ces trois derniers jours sont mal exprimés ; mais il est clair qu'il n'y en avoit pas davantage ; et à moins de faire faire sans raison à nos voyageurs, soixante milles dans un jour, il n'y a pas moyen d'en rien rabattre. De *Beneventum* à *Brundisium* nous avons 205 milles. C'est à raison de 34 milles Romains (près de 31 milles d'Angleterre) par jour. Ils voyagerent plus vite les premiers jours ; mais ils ne trouvoient point alors les montagnes de l'Apulie, et des chemins difficiles en eux mêmes, et gâtés par la mauvaise saison. Ces plaintes réitérées me feroient soupçonner que la voye Appienne ne s'étendoit encore que jusqu'à Capoue, et que ce ne fut point Jules César qui la poussa jusqu'à *Brundisium* *. Ces chaussées élevées, formées de trois couches de matériaux, et pavées de cailloux, ont bravé l'effort des tems. Vingt ans après leurs construction auroient elles cédé à un peu de pluie !

Si j'avois des yeux de commentateur, je dirois que cette satire est excellente, et je l'appellerois, avec le Pere Sanadon, un modèle achevé de narration †. Il est vrai que je vois avec plaisir les deux traits du sot orgueil du préteur de *Fundi*, et de la superstition plus sotte encore du peuple de *Gnatia* ;
mais

The tenth day, they proceeded to Bari ; the eleventh, to Gnatia ; and the twelfth at length brought them to Brundisium. It is true that these three last days are not accurately distinguished ; but it is certain there were no more : and without obliging our travellers to make one day's journey of sixty miles, it is impossible to reduce their number. From Beneventum to Brundisium we have 205 miles ; which gives the rate of 34 Roman, nearly 31 English, each day. They travelled faster the first days, not being then retarded by the Apulian mountains, and by roads, bad in themselves, and then rendered worse by the rain. Their repeated complaints on this subject give reason for suspecting that the Appian way then reached only to Capua, and that it was not Julius Cæsar that carried it to Brundisium *. Raised causeways, formed of three layers of materials, and paved with flint stones, have resisted the impressions of time. Is it credible, that in twenty years after they were made, they should have been spoiled by a shower of rain ?

With the eyes of a commentator, I should see nothing but excellence in this satire, and call it, with Father Sanadon, a model of the narrative style †. It is true that I observe in it with pleasure two well-applied strokes of satire ; one against the stupid pride of the pretor of Fundi, and another against the more stupid superstition of the

* Berg. Grands Chemins, L. ii. C. xxvi. p. 226.

† Florace de Sanadon, tom. v. p. 119. Paris, 1756.

mais je ne crains pas de dire que le voyage presque inconnu de Rutilius me paroît très supérieur à celui d'Horace pour les descriptions, la poésie, et surtout, pour le choix des objets. Les propos d'un batelier, et les injures que se disent deux bouffons, sont au moins du plus bas comique. Ils pouvoient réjouir des voyageurs en humeur de s'amuser de tout ; mais comment un homme de goût pouvoit-il s'en souvenir le lendemain ? Ils valent cependant encore mieux que les infirmités du poëte, qui reviennent plus d'une fois, les emplâtres qu'il se mettoit aux yeux, et le fâcheux accident qui lui arriva pendant la nuit. Si tout ce qui regarde les grands hommes peut intéresser, c'est de leur esprit, et non pas de leurs corps, qu'il faut entendre cette maxime. Quels objets pour Horace, pendant que la face du pays et les mœurs des habitans, lui offroient une riche moisson, et d'instruction, et de plaisanterie ! Peut être que ce voyage d'Horace à la suite de Mécène, avoit fait causer ses envieux *, et qu'il fit cette pièce pour les convaincre que ses idées et ses occupations en route, n'avoient rien eu de sérieux, ni de politique.

2. Ce fut l'an de Rome 702 qu'un décret du sénat chargea Cicéron du gouvernement de la Cilicie. Il fallut obéir ; il quitta la ville, le théâtre de sa gloire, pour aller cueillir des lauriers sur le Mont *Amanus*. Atticus et
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people of Gnatia : but I would not hesitate to pronounce that the almost unknown journey of Rutilius is superior to that of Horace in point of description, poetry, and especially in the choice of incidents. The gross language of a boatman, and the ribaldry of two buffoons, surely belong only to the lowest species of comedy. They might divert travellers in a humour to be pleased with every thing ; but how could a man of taste reflect on them the day after ? They are less offensive, however, than the infirmities of the poet, which occur more than once ; the plasters which he applies to his eyes, and the nasty accident which befel him in the night. The maxim, that every thing in great men is interesting, applies only to their minds, and ought not to be extended to their bodies. What unworthy objects for the attention of Horace, when the face of the country and the manners of its inhabitants in vain offered to him a field of instruction and pleasure ! Perhaps this journey, which our poet made in company with Mecenas, creating much envy against him *, he wrote this piece to convince his enemies, that his thoughts and occupations on the road were far from being of a serious or political nature.

2. In the year of Rome 702, a decree of the senate entrusted Cicero with the government of Cilicia. In compliance with the decree, he quitted a city the theatre of his glory, and went to gather laurels on Mount Amanus. Atticus and his other friends

* V. Horat. Serm. ii. 6. v. 20—60.

tous ses amis étoient chargés de veiller à ses intérêts, et d'abrégér autant qu'ils pourroient, le terme de son exil. Il eut de la peine à s'arracher des environs délicieux de la capitale. Il se promena de maison en maison, avant que de se mettre sérieusement en route. Il partit de Rome le premier de Mai * ; le dix du même mois, je le retrouve à son chateau de *Pompeii*. Voici le partage le plus naturel qu'on pourroit faire de ces neuf jours. 1 *Mai*, Cicéron n'alla que jusqu'à la maison qu'il avoit auprès de *Tusculum*. Il parle de la conférence qu'il y eut avec Atticus, qui l'accompagna peut être jusqu'à cet endroit charmant. Il s'y fera assurément reposé ce soir-la. 2 *Mai*, de *Tusculum* à *Arpinum*, il y a environ 63 milles. La journée seroit trop forte pour un homme qui n'alloit pas en courier. J'aime mieux la couper en deux, et supposer que Cicéron s'arrêta à *Terentinum*. 3 *Mai* : en ce cas-la il n'avoit plus qu'une vingtaine de milles jusqu'à son chateau d'*Arpinum*. Le plaisir de revoir ses concitoyens, et de recevoir les complimens d'un peuple qui regardoit sa gloire comme la sienne propre, devoit l'occuper le reste du jour. 4 *Mai* : ce jour, moins agreable que le précédent, est marqué très distinctement. Il dîna au chateau de son frere Quintus à *Arca-*

* Pour le détail de ce voyage il faut consulter les épîtres à Atticus, L. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, et 10. L'Histoire de Cicéron, et par Fabricus, et par M. Middleton, à l'an de Rome 702.

num,

were requested to attend to his interests, and to shorten as much as possible the term of his banishment. It was with difficulty that he could tear himself from the delightful neighbourhood of the capital. He travelled from one villa to another, before he could seriously set out on his journey. He left Rome the first of May † ; the tenth of the same month, I find him at his villa near Pompeii. The following is the most natural division of these nine days. The 1st : Cicero went no further than to his house near Tusculum. He mentions the conversation he had there with Atticus, who probably accompanied him to that charming villa ; where he would certainly sleep that night. The 2d May : Tusculum is sixty-three miles from Arpinum. This would have been too great a journey for a man who did not travel with the speed of a courier. I therefore divide it into two, and suppose that Cicero stopt short at Terentinum. 3d May : in that case he had but twenty miles to travel to his villa at Arpinum. The pleasure of seeing his fellow-citizens, and receiving the compliments of a people who considered his glory as their own, would detain him there the remainder of that day. The 4th May : this day, which was less agreeable than the preceding, is marked very dis-

† For the detail of this voyage it is proper to peruse the epistles to Atticus, L. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. The History of Cicero, by Fabricus, and by Middleton, the year of Rome 702.

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num, peu éloigné d'*Arpinum*. Il y vit une scène domestique, où la mauvaise humeur de la femme de Quintus troubla les plaisirs d'une fête, et laissa la patience de son mari et de son beau-frère. Cicéron coucha ce soir à *Aquinum*, à 15 milles seulement d'*Arpinum*. 5 et 6 Mai : d'*Aquinum* à *Cumæ* il y a 65 milles *. La traite seroit un peu longue. D'ailleurs pour passer d'*Aquinum* sur la voye Latine à *Minturnæ* sur la voye Appienne, il falloit prendre un chemin de traverse. Encore ne suivoit on la grande route que pendant neuf milles. Il falloit la quitter de nouveau à Sinuessè pour s'enfoncer dans les marais du *Vulturnus*, et dans les sables de *Liturnum*. Je pense que Cicéron aura couché à l'un de ces endroits pour ne se rendre que le lendemain à sa maison auprès de *Cumæ*. Le 7 Mai, Cicéron a dû le passer tout entier à *Cumæ*, pour y recevoir les visites du voisinage. Je sais que toute la Baye de Naples étoit ornée de maisons de plaisance qui se touchoient ; mais il falloit bien un jour pour rassembler une petite Rome dans celle de Cicéron. Le 8 Mai, il alla à son château de *Pompeii*. Il y avoit 39 milles par terre par *Puteoli*, *Naples*, et *Herculaneum*. Mais il pouvoit l'abrégier de beaucoup en traversant la Baye. Cependant on peut toujours lui donner une

* Toutes les distances dont il n'est pas fait mention dans les Itinéraires, je les ai mesurées sur la carte de M. Delille.

journée

tinctly. Cicero dined at the villa of his brother Quintus at Arcanum, not far from Arpinum; and witnessed a domestic scene, in which the bad humour of Quintus's wife disturbed the pleasure of the entertainment, and tired the patience of her husband and brother-in-law. Cicero slept that night at Aquinum, only fifteen miles from Arpinum. The 5th and 6th of May: from Aquinum to Cumæ the distance is sixty-five miles †. The journey would have been rather too long. Besides, in passing from Aquinum, which is on the Latin way, to Minturnæ, which is on the Appian, it was necessary to cross the country; since the highway extended in that direction only nine miles. It was necessary to quit it again at Sinuessà, to wade through the marshes of Vulturnus and the sands of Liturnum. I imagine that Cicero slept at one of these places, and proceeded next day to his house at Cumæ. The 7th of May must have been spent entirely at Cumæ. I know that the whole bay of Naples was adorned by country-houses contiguous to each other; but it must have required at least one day to assemble a little Rome in the house of Cicero. The 8th of May, he went to his villa at Pompeii. The distance was thirty-nine miles by land, through Puteoli, Naples, and Herculaneum.

† All the distances not noticed in the Itineraries, I have measured on the chart of M. Delille.

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journée pour cette promenade. *Le 9 Mai*, il le passa sûrement à *Pompeii*. Il lui falloit quelque motif, ou de plaisir, ou d'affaires, pour l'engager à s'écarter autant de sa route.

On reconnoit dans cette promenade un grand seigneur qui voyage dans les environs d'une capitale, qui fait de grandes journées sans se presser, et qui jouit partout de ses aïssances. Parmi les anciens, ces commodités n'étoient que pour les grands, parcequ'il falloit se les procurer par soi même, suppléer aux postes par des relais, et aux bonnes auberges par ses propres maisons. Aujourd'hui que l'intérêt a établi pour le public toutes ces commodités, chacun peut se les approprier, dèsqu'il en a besoin. *Le 10 Mai*, Cicéron partit de *Pompeii* pour aller coucher dans une maison de campagne, qu'un de ses amis avoit auprès de *Trebula*; 30 milles. Il commençoit à se mettre sérieusement en route, et comme il le dit lui même à Atticus, il ne veut plus faire que des bonnes journées, *justa itinera*. *Le 11 Mai*, il arriva à *Beneventum*; 30 milles. *Le 12 Mai*, il me paroît qu'il s'y arrêta. Il parle d'une lettre qu'il y reçut de très bonne heure, et d'une autre qui ne lui parvint que plus tard. *Le 15 Mai*, il partit de *Venusia* pour grimper le Mont *Vultur*, pour descendre dans la pleine de le Lucanie, et pour arriver à *Tarentum* le 18 *Mai*. Cette ville est éloignée de *Beneventum* de 155 milles. Il passa trois jours avec le grand Pompée, occupé à affermir les bons principes

He might have much shortened it by crossing the bay: yet one day must be allowed for this journey. The 9th day was surely spent at Pompeii. Some motive of business or pleasure must have carried Cicero so far out of his road.

In this journey, we see a great man travelling in the neighbourhood of the capital, making great journies without being in haste, and every where enjoying his conveniencies. Among the ancients, these conveniencies could only be enjoyed by the great; because it was necessary to procure them for one's self, to supply the want of posts by relays, and the want of good inns by private houses. In modern times, the interest of individuals supplies to the public all these conveniencies, which each man may purchase whenever he stands in need of them. On the 10th of May, Cicero left Pompeii; and went to sleep in a country-house which one of his friends had at Trebula; thirty miles. He began to travel seriously; and writes to Atticus that he purposed in future to make good journies, *justa itinera*. The 11th of May brought him to Beneventum, thirty miles. The 12th of May, he seems to have stopped there, since he speaks of a letter received early, and one which came later. The 15th of May, he left Venusia to climb Mount Vultur, and thence descend into the plain of Lucania. He arrived at Tarentum on the 18th of May: this place is 155 miles from Beneventum. He spent three days with the
great

cipes dans le cœur d'un citoyen qui tenoit encore, ou du moins qui croyoit tenir la balance de la république. Le 22 Mai, Cicéron alla à *Brandusium*, qui étoit à 43 milles de *Tarentum* *. Les vents contraires et ses affaires le retinrent plusieurs jours dans ce port. Ce ne fut que le 15 Juin qu'ayant mis à la voile il arriva à *Actium*. Il se remit de nouveau en chemin; traversa l'*Achelous* et l'*Evenus*; et ayant passé par les villes de *Delphi*, *Thespiæ*, *Megara*, et *Eleufis*, il se trouva à *Athenes* le 25 Juin, après un voyage de 205 milles depuis *Actium* †. Je ne le pousserai pas plus loin (ce voyage de Cicéron). Je remarquerai seulement que depuis *Pompeii* jusqu'à *Athenes* il fit 463 MILLES ROMAINS (environ 417 milles d'Angleterre) dans dix neuf jours de marche. C'est à raison de $24\frac{1}{2}$ milles Romains par jour.

Je m'étonne un peu de la lenteur de ce voyage de Cicéron, dont les journées ne surpassoient guères la marche qu'un fantassin Romain, chargé de ses armes et de tant d'autres fardeaux, pouvoit faire dans cinq heures d'été (environ six heures équinoctiales). Ma surprise n'est diminuée que par les réflexions suivantes. 1. Cicéron s'expatrioit sans savoir le terme précis de son exil. Combien de préparatifs de toutes espèces étoient nécessaires pour

* Itinerar. p. 119. Plin. Hist. Nat. iii. 16. ne compte que 35 milles.

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great Pompey, employed in fortifying the good principles of a man who yet held, or believed that he held, the balance of the republic. On the 22d of May, Cicero proceeded to Brundisium, forty-three miles from Tarentum †. Contrary winds and business detained him several days in that harbour. He at length sailed the 15th of June, and arrived at Actium. He again set out, crossed the Achelous and the Evenus, passed through the cities of Delphi, Thespiæ, Megara, and Eleufis, and arrived at Athens on the 25th of June, after travelling 205 miles from Actium †. I shall not dwell longer on this journey of Cicero; but only remark, that from Pompeii to Athens he travelled 463 Roman, about 417 English miles, in nineteen days: which gives $24\frac{1}{2}$ Roman miles for each day's journey.

This slowness is surprising, since Cicero did not travel in a day farther than a Roman soldier, loaded with his arms and so many other burdens, advanced in five hours of summer (about six equinoctial hours). My surprise is however diminished by the following considerations. Cicero left his country without knowing precisely how long his absence from it was to continue. A multitude of preparations were necessary for a governor,

† Itinerar. p. 119. Pliny says 35 miles. Nat. Hist. iii. 16.

‡ Itinerar. p. 325—326.

un gouverneur qui alloit établir une grande maison dans une province éloignée et barbare. Cicéron dépendoit d'un nombre de choses qui se rassemblaient pour lui à *Beneventum*, à *Tarentum*, à *Brundisium*, et dont le retard influoit nécessairement sur le voyage. Je ne sais si je me trompe, mais je crois voir dans toutes les lettres de notre orateur, qu'il n'avoit pas un génie merveilleux pour ses arrangemens économiques. 2. La maison d'un proconsul étoit trop nombreuse pour lui permettre de précipiter sa marche. Un questeur, quatre lieutenans, douze tribuns accompagnoient Cicéron, pour remplir leurs fonctions respectives dans son gouvernement. Une foule de jeunes Romains de condition, le suivoit, pour apprendre sous ses auspices l'art de la guerre, dirai-je, ou celui de la politique. A cette troupe illustre, il en faut ajouter une autre bien plus nombreuse d'officiers, de licteurs, de commis, d'affranchis, et d'esclaves, tant du proconsul lui même, que de ses compagnons. Ce petit corps d'armée marchoit avec lenteur ; il avoit trop d'embarras et trop de besoins, pour suivre la route d'un voyageur ordinaire. Cicéron auroit mieux aimé aller par mer d'*Actium* à *Patras*. Mais il auroit fallu se servir des petites barques du pays, et ce trajet ne se feroit pas fait avec la dignité d'un ministre public, qui vouloit en imposer aux Grecs, autant par la magnificence de son équipage, que par la modération de sa conduite. 3. Il a du trouver de mauvais chemins d'*Actium* à Athènes. Le principe de

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who was going to establish a great household in a distant and barbarous province. He had to wait for a number of conveniencies which were collecting for him at Beneventum, Tarentum, and Brundisium, and which could not but retard his journey. It is possible that I may be mistaken ; but I think it apparent in all our orator's letters, that such economical arrangements were by no means suited to his genius. 2. The family of a proconsul was too numerous to admit of dispatch in travelling. A questor, four lieutenants, twelve tribunes, accompanied Cicero to execute their respective functions under his government. A crowd of young Romans of high rank followed the proconsul, to learn under his auspices the art of war, or rather that of politics. To this illustrious band we must add one, far more numerous, of officers, licitors, clerks, freed men, and slaves, belonging to the proconsul himself, or to the companions of his journey. This little army was embarrassed with too many wants to allow him to proceed with the expedition of an ordinary traveller. He would have preferred going by sea from Actium to Patras : but in that case he must have made use of the little barks of the country ; and the passage would not have been performed with the dignity of a public minister, who wished to surprise the Greeks as much by the magnificence of his equipage, as by the moderation of his conduct. 3. The roads must have been very

la construction des chemins, n'étoit ni la commodité des provinces que les vainqueurs Romains ont toujours méprisées, ni le commerce, dont ils n'ont jamais connu le prix ; mais les troupes dont ils vouloient faciliter la marche. La Grece, devenue de très bonne heure une province intérieure et soumise, ne se trouvoit pas même sur ces grandes routes qui unissoient Rome et les frontières. Pendant que les autres parties de l'empire étoient coupées par les voyes militaires dans tous les sens possibles, la Grece n'en a jamais eu qu'une seule. Elle a pu servir au voyage du proconsul, si elle étoit déjà construite ; mais dans l'ignorance où nous sommes de cette époque, nous devons croire qu'elle ne l'étoit pas. La plus part des chemins provinciaux sont l'ouvrage des empereurs *. 4. La Grece attira peu l'attention du gouvernement Romain ; mais qu'elle étoit digne de celle de Cicéron ! Le moyen de parcourir rapidement un pays dont chaque bourgade étoit célèbre dans l'histoire, ou dans la fable ? L'homme de lettres, qui admiroit d'autant plus les Grecs qu'il cherchoit à les surpasser, l'antiquaire curieux, qui avoit déterré le tombeau d'Archimède, le philosophe éclairé, qui dévoila les fourberies de *Delphi*, devoit s'arrêter par tout, pour y voir cent objets inconnus, ou indifférents aux yeux vulgaires. Que je voudrois suivre un pareil guide dans un tel voyage !

A ras-

bad between Actium and Athens. The motive of the Romans in making roads was neither the benefit of the provinces, which those conquerors always despised, nor the conveniency of commercial intercourse, of which they never knew how to estimate the value ; but merely to facilitate the marches of their troops. Greece, which early became an interior and submissive province, was not in any of the direct lines which united Rome with the frontiers ; and had but one only road, while the other parts of the empire were intersected by military ways, in all possible directions. The proconsul might have followed this road, if it was then made ; but as we are ignorant of its æra, we ought rather to think that it was not so early. Most of the Roman roads are works of the emperors *. 4. Greece attracted but weakly the attention of the Roman government ; but how well did it deserve that of Cicero ! How could he rapidly traverse a country, each village of which was illustrious in history or fable ? The man of letters, who admired the Greeks in proportion as he was eager to surpass them ; the curious antiquary, who had discovered with such transports the tomb of Archimedes ; the enlightened philosopher, who had unveiled the frauds of Delphi ; must have been arrested at every step by an hundred objects unknown and indifferent to vulgar eyes. With what pleasure would I follow such a guide in such a journey !

* Bergier Hist. des Grands Chemins de l'Empire, L. i. C. ix. p. 27.

A rassembler les 369 milles Romains qu'Horace auroit pu faire en dix jours et demi, et les 463 milles que Cicéron fit en dix neuf jours, nous aurons le terme moyen de 30 milles Romains pour une journée ordinaire. J'aime cependant mieux la pousser à 33 milles (30 milles d'Angleterre). La lenteur de Cicéron est mieux constatée que la précipitation qu'on pourroit soupçonner à Horace.

Je ne m'étendrai point ici sur les postes des Romains, sur leurs auberges, ni sur leurs voitures. A en juger par les monumens qui nous restent, celles-ci étoient petites, ouvertes, et assez peu commodes; posées sur deux, ou sur quatre roues, sans être suspendues, elles devoient fatiguer les voyageurs sur le pavé des voyes militaires. Il y en avoit de plusieurs especes, et ce qui paroît singulier, les Romains les avoient presque toutes empruntées des Gaulois. Ils les ornoient quelquefois d'argent, d'or, et mêmes de pierres précieuses; faste barbare et déplacé, qui annonçoit plus de richesse que de goût. Mais il étoit réservé aux modernes d'inventer ces machines douces et élégantes, qui satisfont à la fois, à la mollesse du voyageur, à sa paresse et à son impatience*.

Je parlerai peu d'un autre genre de voyage, des marches des troupes. Des idées générales, et les exercices dont je viens de faire mention, me per-

suadent

In uniting the 369 Roman miles which Horace travelled in ten days, with the 463 which Cicero travelled in nineteen, we shall have the middle term of 30 Roman miles for an ordinary day's journey. I should prefer, however, extending it to 33 Roman, or 30 English miles; the slowness of Cicero being better ascertained than the supposed rapidity of Horace.

I shall not expatiate on the posts, the inns, or the carriages of the Romans. The last, if we may judge of them by subsisting monuments, were small, open, and inconvenient. They had two or four wheels; but, not being suspended, must have been very fatiguing to travellers on the paved military roads. These carriages were of various kinds; and what is extraordinary, almost all the different kinds had been borrowed from the Gauls. The Romans adorned them with silver, gold, and sometimes with precious stones; a barbarous and misplaced luxury, indicating more riches than taste. It was reserved for modern times to invent those soft and elegant machines which gratify at once the effeminacy, laziness, and impatience of travellers*.

I shall speak briefly of another kind of travelling, the march of troops. These marches, I am inclined to think, both by the exercises (of which I have made mention)

* V. l'Antiquité expliquée du P. Monfaucon.

suadent qu'elles étoient plus fortes que les notres. En attendant que j'aye fait les recherches nécessaires pour les déterminer avec plus de précision, je jetterai un coup d'œil sur la marche la plus hardie et la plus forte que je connoisse dans l'histoire ancienne ou moderne.

Les affaires des Carthaginois ne se soutenoient plus en Italie que par la conduite d'Annibal, lorsque Asdrubal passa les Alpes avec une armée nombreuse. La république craignoit de succomber sous leurs efforts réunis. Le Consul Néron observoit tous les mouvemens d'Annibal, qui épuisoit en vain toute la science des marches, et des contremarches. Le général Romain comprit qu'il falloit prévenir par un coup hardi, tant de dangers qui menaçoient sa patrie. Avec un corps choisi de mille cavaliers, et de six mille fantassins, il s'échappe de son camp, trompe la vigilance du Carthaginois, exécute sa jonction avec son collègue en Ombrie, sauve la république à la bataille du Metaurus, et revient avec la même rapidité, annoncer la mort de son frere à Annibal, qu'il retrouve toujours dans l'étonnement et dans l'inaction*. Il avoit laissé Annibal dans les environs de *Canusum*. Il trouva le consul Livius dans ceux de *Sena Gallica*. La route qu'il prit par les pays des *Larinates*, *Frentani*, *Marrucini*, *Pratutii*, et par le *Picenum*, dans l'Ombrie, étoit

and by my general opinion on the subject, were longer than ours; but, previously to making the researches necessary for determining this matter with precision, I shall cast a glance on the longest and boldest march which I have ever met with in history, either ancient or modern.

The fortune of the Carthaginians was sustained in Italy by the exertions of Hannibal, when Asdrubal crossed the Alps with a numerous army. The republic was in danger of sinking under their united efforts. Nero the consul observed the motions of Hannibal, who exhausted the whole science of marching and countermarching. The Roman general perceived that a bold stroke only could ward off the dangers which threatened his country. With a chosen body of a thousand horse, and six thousand foot, he marched from his camp, deceived the vigilance of the Carthaginians, effected a junction with his colleague in Umbria, saved the republic at the battle of Metaurus, and returned with the same celerity, announcing to Hannibal the death of his brother, and finding that general himself still astonished and inactive*. He had left Hannibal in the neighbourhood of Canusum; he found the consul Livius in that of Sena Gallica. His route through the territories of the Larinates, Frentani, Marrucini, Pratutii, and

* Tit. Liv. xxvii. 43—51.

étoit d'environ 270 milles Romains *. J'ignore le tems qu'il y mit, mais je fais que dans son retour, il n'employa que six jours †. La nécessité de la diligence devenoit plus grande tous les jours, et ce n'est pas une petite tache à la gloire d'Annibal d'avoir ignoré pendant une douzaine de jours, qu'il n'avoit plus un consul en tête. Je crois qu'Asdrubal s'en feroit apperçu à sa place, et qu'il auroit détruit une armée déjà affoiblie par la perte de son général, et d'un gros détachement § : 270 milles dans six jours nous donnent par jour 45 milles Romains (40½ d'Angleterre). Le fait est presque incroyable. Je sens que le corps de Néron étoit choisi sur toute l'armée, qu'il marchoit jour et nuit, et que les soins du général et le zele des allies, lui prodiguoient les soulagemens et les secours propres à adoucir ses fatigues, et à ranimer ses forces. Avec tout cela, cette marche seroit impossible à nos troupes. Il falloit des Romains du tems de Scipion. Legionnaires, leurs corps étoient endurcis à la peine et au travail ; citoyens, ils avoient une patrie, ils combattoient pour elle. Leurs efforts étoient bien différens de ceux d'une troupe de mercenaires, qui n'espère que sa paye, et qui ne craint que les chatimens.

C'est ici une ébauche du chapitre dont j'ai parlé, mais quelle est encore imparfaite !

* Itineraria Auton, p. 312, 313, 314, 315. J'ai mesuré sur la carte de Delisse la distance de Canusium à Larinum.

Picenum, into Umbria, was about 270 Roman miles †. I know not how many days he employed in marching thither ; but I know that only six were spent in his return †. Expedition became daily more necessary ; and it is not a small stain on the glory of Hannibal that he remained ignorant for twelve days of the departure of the Roman general. I think this would not have escaped the vigilance of Asdrubal ; and that he would have destroyed an army weakened by the absence of its general, and by a powerful detachment §. 270 Roman miles in six days give 45 Roman, or 40½ English miles for each daily march. The fact is scarcely credible. Nero's forces, indeed, were selected from the whole army ; he marched night and day ; and the zeal of the allies co-operated with the attentions of the general in procuring for them in abundance every comfort and assistance proper for softening their fatigues and reviving their strength. With all these advantages, it would be impossible for modern troops to make such a march. To accomplish it required Romans, and Romans of the age of Scipio. As soldiers, their bodies were patient of fatigue and toil ; as citizens, they had a country for which to fight. Their exertions were quite different from those of a herd of mercenaries, whose only hope is that of pay, and whose only fear is that of punishment.

This is a sketch of the chapter which I said was wanting ;—but still, how imperfect have I left it !

† Itineraria Auton, p. 312, 313, 314, 315. I have measured on the chart of Delisse the distance from Canusium to Larinum.

‡ Tit. Liv. xxvii. 50. xxviii. 9.

§ Tit. Liv. xxvii. 46.

N° IV.

à LAUSANNE.

IL y auroit bien des connoissances philosophiques et théologiques à tirer des *Fastes d'Ovide*. La religion des Romains, ses rapports et ses différences d'avec celle des Grecs, sont un sujet aussi curieux qu'il est neuf. Je ne compte pour rien les recherches d'un *Coyer*.

Quant à la poésie des *Fastes*, j'y trouve bien plus à reprendre qu'à louer. Je reconnois avec plaisir tout le mérite d'Ovide ; une imagination étonnante, une élégance soutenue, et beaucoup d'aménité dans l'esprit. Je suis frappé surtout de la variété, de la souplesse, et, pour ainsi dire, de la flexibilité de son génie, qui passe avec rapidité aux sujets les plus opposés, qui s'y livre avec aisance, et qui les présente avec tout l'agrément dont ils sont susceptibles. La pensée convient presque toujours à son objet, et rarement son expression manque à bien rendre sa pensée. Dans les *Fastes* l'idée du *lendemain* revient à chaque instant ; mais l'image du poëte est toujours différente. Les endroits des *Fastes* qui m'ont fait le plus de plaisir, sont : 1. L'origine des sacrifices des animaux. 2. L'aventure de Lucrece. 3. La fête d'Anna Perenna,

N° IV.

LAUSANNE.

MUCH philosophical and much theological knowledge may be derived from Ovid's *Fasti*. The religion of the Romans, the points in which it agrees with or differs from that of the Greeks, is a subject as curious as it is new. I reckon for nothing the researches of a *Coyer*.

The poetry of the *Fasti* appears to me more liable to blame than worthy of praise. I acknowledge with pleasure all the merit of Ovid ; his astonishing fancy, a perpetual elegance, and the most agreeable turn of mind. I principally admire his variety, suppleness, and (if I may say so) his flexibility of genius, which rapidly embraces the most opposite subjects, assumes the true style of each, and presents them all under the most pleasing forms of which they are susceptible. The thought almost always suits the subject ; and the expression rarely fails in being suitable to the thought. In the *Fasti*, the same ideas are perpetually recurring ; but the images under which they are represented are continually different. The passages of the *Fasti* which have given me most pleasure are, 1. The origin of sacrifices : 2. The adventure of Lucretia : 3. The festival

renna. 4. L'origine du nom de Mai. 5. La dispute des déesses pour celui de Juin.

Voici d'un autre coté quelques défauts dans le caractère du poëte, ou dans celui de son sujet, que je n'ai appercu qu'avec peine. 1. Ovide me paroît sans nerf, et sans élévation. Son esprit perd en profondeur ce qu'il a gagné en superficie. S'agit-il d'un tableau de la nature ? ses traits sont vagues et rarement caractéristiques. Dans ceux des passions, il est rarement juste, trop foible, ou trop outré, et presque toujours trop diffus ; il cherche toujours le chemin du cœur, mais il ne le trouve presque jamais. Son caractère tendre et léger, amolli par les plaisirs, et rendu plus touchant par le malheur, lui avoit un peu fait connoître le ton de la tristesse, et celui de la joye. Il fait gémir sur le sort d'une amante abandonnée, ou célébrer la victoire d'un amant heureux. Mais les grandes passions, la fureur, la vengeance, la force, ou la férocité d'une ame qui subjugue ses mouvements impétueux, ou qui leur laisse un libre cours, lui sont assez inconnues. Ses personnages sont plus occupés des lecteurs que d'eux mêmes ; et le poëte, qui doit être caché, paroît à tout instant, pour les louer, pour les blamer, ou pour les plaindre. Ovide avoit fait une tragédie ; quoiqu'en dise Quintilien, je ne saurois la regretter beaucoup. 2. Il connoissoit peu l'art des proportions, cet art si nécessaire

festival of Anna Perenna: 4. The origin of the name of May: 5. The dispute of the goddesses for that of June.

The following are some of the faults in the character either of the poet or of his subject ; which it is painful to perceive. Ovid appears to me defective in point of strength and elevation ; and his genius loses in depth what it gains in surface. In painting nature, his strokes are vague, and without character. His expression of the passions is rarely just ; he is sometimes weak, sometimes extravagant, always too diffuse ; and though he continually seeks the road to the heart, is seldom fortunate enough to find it. His light and tender character, softened by pleasure, and rendered more interesting by misfortune, made him acquainted with the tones of sadness and joy. He knows how to lament the misery of a forsaken mistress, or to celebrate the triumphs of a successful lover. But the great passions are above his reach ; fury, vengeance, the fortitude or ferocity of the soul, which either subdues its most impetuous movements, or precipitates their unbridled career. His heroes think more of the reader than of themselves ; and the poet, who ought to remain concealed, is always ready to come forward, and to praise, blame, or pity them. Ovid wrote a tragedy ; but, notwithstanding the judgment of Quintilian, I cannot much regret its loss.

nécessaire à un écrivain qui marque à chaque idée sa place et son étendue, selon sa nature, et le but de celui qui l'emploie. Chez Ovide je vois des pensées essentielles, des récits qui tiennent au fond de l'ouvrage, passer légèrement sans laisser de traces, pendant qu'il s'appesantit sur des ornemens frivoles et peu nécessaires. Croiroit on que l'enlèvement de Proserpine est décrit en deux vers, mais que le dénombrement des fleurs qu'elle alloit cueillir dans les campagnes d'*Enna*, en avoit occupé seize *. Je conviens que le sujet des *Fastes*, l'exposoit à se tromper souvent sur les proportions. Il est lié avec toute la mythologie des Grecs, il y entre beaucoup d'histoire Romaine. Quelquefois il falloit raconter toute une fable ; dans d'autres occasions il suffisoit de la rappeler, ou même de la supposer. Il s'agissoit de décider jusqu'à quel point elle devoit être déjà connue d'un lecteur un peu instruit, et combien cette connoissance étoit essentielle à celle de l'ouvrage. Cette décision étoit des plus délicates. 3. Quelques critiques ont loué dans Ovide, la finesse et l'art de ses liaisons dans un sujet aussi varié que les métamorphoses. Mais ce sujet, sans avoir l'unité de l'épopée, lui fournissoit des rapports très naturels. Celui des *Fastes* est entièrement décomposé.

Une

2 He was ignorant of the rules of proportion, rules so necessary to a writer who would give to each sentiment its due extent, and arrange it in its proper place, agreeably to its own nature, and the end for which he employs it. In Ovid, you may perceive thoughts the most interesting, and narratives closely connected with the very essence of his subject, pass away lightly without leaving a trace behind ; while he dwells with complacency on parts merely ornamental, frivolous, or superfluous. Can it be believed that the rape of Proserpine should be described in two verses, when the enumeration of the flowers which she gathered in the garden of *Eden* had just filled sixteen *? I acknowledge that the subject of the *Fasti* exposed him to faults in proportioning the parts of his work. That subject is connected with the whole of the Greek mythology ; it contains, also, much of the Roman history. It was sometimes necessary to relate the whole fable ; at other times, to hint at or even to suppose it, was sufficient. It was requisite for him to decide how far each story was likely to be known by an ordinary reader, and how much the knowledge of it contributed to that of his subject : but the principles of such decisions are extremely delicate. 3. Some writers have praised Ovid for the artfulness of his transitions in a work so various as that of the *Metamorphoses*. Yet this subject, without possessing the unity of epic poetry, supplied him with very natural principles of connection. But the *Fasti* is a subject

* Ovid *Fast.* L. iv. p. 583.

totally

Une cérémonie, une fête, est tout à fait isolée de celle qui la suit; encore ne la suit elle que par une chronologie imaginaire. L'époque de leur institution, que le poète recherche toujours, tombe, si l'on veut, au mois de Janvier; mais ce sont souvent des mois de Janvier d'une année, ou même d'un siècle différent. Ovide a si bien senti ce défaut, qu'il a voulu lier en quelque sorte, les fêtes de la terre avec les phénomènes du ciel, qui ont donné une liaison plus réelle, mais très peu intéressante, à son calendrier.

4. Ovide a reçu de la bouche des dieux toute la science de leur culte, la raison et l'origine de chaque fable, et de chaque cérémonie. Tel est l'esprit humain. Dans la fiction il faut une apparence de vérité. L'invention du poète ne doit jamais travailler sous nos yeux. Mais le notre laisse trop entrevoir que toutes ses conversations ingénieuses avec les dieux, n'ont eu lieu que dans son esprit. S'il en parle sérieusement une fois, à l'occasion de Vesta, c'est pour renverser l'édifice entier d'un seul trait. Je conviens que le mélange de sérieux et d'imaginaire, confondu avec la religion poétique qui étoit en même tems celle de l'état, devoit embarrasser un poète Romain. Chez les premiers Grecs, l'inspiration d'Homère ne différoit point de celle de Calchas; ses ouvrages et ceux de ses successeurs, étoient les livres saints de la nation. Chez nous au contraire ce n'est qu'une illusion volontaire et passagère,

totally disjointed. Each ceremony, and each festival, is altogether distinct from that which follows it, and which follows it only by an imaginary chronology. The poet always traces the æra of their institution, which falls, if you will, on the month of January; but they are Januaries of different years, or rather of different centuries. Ovid was so sensible of this defect in his subject, that he endeavours to associate festivals on the earth with the phenomena of the heavens, in order to give a connection more real, but extremely uninteresting, to his calendar. 4. Ovid heard from the mouth of the gods the laws of their worship, the origin and principle of each fable, and of each ceremony. Such is the nature of the human mind; even in fiction we require the appearance of truth. We cannot bear to see the poet's invention at work. But Ovid shews to us too plainly, that all his ingenious conversations with the gods are the work of his own brain. When he speaks seriously, as he once does in mentioning Vesta, it is to overturn the whole fanciful fabric at one blow. I acknowledge, that a Roman poet must have been perplexed by the perpetual mixture of the serious with the fantastic, and by a poetical religion which was also that of the state. Among the early Greeks, the inspiration of Homer did not differ from that of Calchas. His works and those of his successors were the scriptures of the nation. With us, on the other hand, the inspiration of poets is merely a transient and voluntary

fagère, un langage de convention. Mais parmi les Romains qui croyoient un peu à leurs dieux, quoiqu'ils s'en moquassent très souvent, mais qui n'avoient nulle foi à leurs poètes, le rôle de ceux-ci étoit très difficile à soutenir. 5. Je ne dois pas compter la mesure des vers élégiaques pour un défaut particulier, quoique le caractère des Fastes eût fort bien comporté la mesure héroïque. Quoiqu'il en soit, la première m'a toujours ennuyé. Elle est obligée de placer régulièrement le repos du pentamètre sur le milieu du troisième pied, et de renfermer un sens complet dans les deux vers. Cette monotonie fatigue bientôt l'oreille, et des bornes aussi étroites produisent bien des chevilles. Il y a tout autrement de variété, de liberté et de vraie harmonie, dans la marche des vers héroïques.

N° V.

à LAUSANNE.

AL'occasion du traité d'Addison, je ferai deux ou trois remarques sur les êtres allégoriques qu'on voit sur les revers des médailles. Que l'esprit humain est borné ! ses inventions les plus hardies ne sont que des copies.

1. On a voulu donner à tous ces êtres une figure humaine. Nos yeux, accoutumés à ne voir la raison que sous cette forme, exigeoient ce sacrifice.

Mais

illusion to which we submit ourselves. But among the Romans, who alternately believed in and laughed at their gods, but who had no faith whatever in their poets, the part of these last was very difficult to act. 5. I ought not to reckon the employment of elegiac verse as a particular fault, though heroic measure would have been well adapted to the subject of the Fasti. Elegiac verse has always tired me. The pause constantly recurs on the middle of the third foot of the pentameter ; and the sense must always be included in a couplet. This monotony fatigues the ear ; and causes the introduction of many useless words merely for the sake of the measure. There is far more variety, liberty, and true harmony in the flow of heroic verse.

N° V.

LAUSANNE.

IN consequence of reading Addison's treatise, the following remarks have occurred to me on the allegorical beings which we find on the reverses of medals. How limited is the human mind ! its boldest inventions are mere copies.

1. All those beings are represented under the human figure. Our eyes, accustomed to behold the exercise of reason, only under this shape, required such a sacrifice. Yet,
by

Mais notre esprit incapable d'une abstraction nécessaire, hors d'état de séparer de la figure humaine, des idées qui l'accompagnent ordinairement, demandoit encore que le sexe fut déterminé. Ce sexe renfermoit cependant des images grossières, qui convenoient mal à la pureté des vertus et à la spiritualité des êtres métaphysiques. Après avoir fait ces deux sacrifices aux yeux et à l'imagination, il en falloit un troisième pour l'oreille. Pour distinguer le sexe, on ne rechercha point des caractères, des attributs qui pouvoient avoir quelque rapport avec ceux de la femelle ou du mâle. Cette méthode auroit fourni quelques allégories passables. On suivit sans réflexion les genres de leurs noms, qui n'ont été réglés dans toutes les langues que par le caprice et l'ignorance des premiers hommes. En Grec aussi bien qu'en Latin, la plus part de ces noms sont féminins. La plus part de ces êtres sont par conséquent représentés en femmes. Je dis la plus part, car malheureusement encore il y en a de masculins. Quelquefois il y a deux synonymes de genres opposés, et le même être se voit travesti en homme ou en femme, selon le mot par lequel on le désigne. Je ne citerai que l'exemple de *Gloria* et d'*Honos*. Par la suite nécessaire d'un arrangement aussi mal imaginé, le caractère du sexe et celui de l'être, sont souvent compromis. Les vertus ne peuvent se contrarier, et l'on ne peut imaginer la vérité, la justice,

by our inability of separating from the idea of the human figure the circumstances which commonly accompany it, our fancy requires, also, that the sex should be determined. The circumstance of sex, however, implies gross images, which ill correspond with the purity of the virtues, or the spirituality of metaphysical beings. After having made those two sacrifices to the mind and the eyes, a third was still required by the ear. The distinction of sex was not marked by characteristic attributes appropriated to the male and female. This method might have furnished some tolerable allegories. But the genders of their names was injudiciously chosen as the only foundation of distinction, since in all languages those genders have been determined by the caprice and ignorance of the first persons who spoke them. In Greek and Latin, most of those names are feminine. The beings whom they express are therefore, for the most part, represented by female figures. I say for the most part, for they are sometimes unfortunately masculine: and at other times we have two synonymous words of different genders; and the same being assumes the male or female form, according to the word employed as its name. I shall mention only the example of *Gloria* and *Honos*. In consequence of so faulty an arrangement, the character of the being is often at variance with that of its sex. True virtue is consistent; and we cannot conceive the truth, justice, or humanity of a woman exercised at the expence of chastity and decency. Yet

tice, ou l'humanité d'une femme qui se déploie aux dépens de la chasteté, ou de la décence de son sexe. Dèsque la nudité cependant paroît convenir aux attributs d'un être moral, on fait paroître la Valeur, l'Équité, ou l'Espérance, dans un état à faire rougir une femme modeste. On a beau me dire que ce ne sont pas des femmes, mais des figures féminines. Ma raison saisit la différence, mais c'est à l'imagination qu'il faut parler ici.

2. On a beau inventer des symboles, on ne peut représenter que des qualités humaines, sous une figure humaine. La piété n'est qu'une femme pieuse, le courage n'est qu'une femme intrepide, &c. C'est déjà beaucoup que de purger l'ame humaine de toutes les passions, à l'exception d'une seule qui l'occupe toute entière, et qui se montre à découvert dans ses actions, dans son air, dans son maintien, et jusque dans sa parure. Mais cette abstraction a existé, quoique bien rarement. On peut au moins en concevoir la possibilité, et dès lors elle peut être représentée. Encore ces symboles ne sont ils jamais si frappans, que lorsqu'ils sortent du pays des chimères, pour nous ramener à des idées précises, et à la vérité des choses. Je ne connois point de symbole plus frappant que celui de la piété en Vestale Romaine. Le sénat a outré ce principe un peu, lorsqu'il a fait graver les vertus sous les traits de ses princes. Parmi les qualités humaines; celles qui son permanentes et déterminées, se marquent avec plus de force, que celles qui sont
vagues

when the attributes of an allegorical being require that it should be represented naked, we see Valour, Justice, and Hope exhibited, in a manner in which a modest woman would blush to appear. It is useless to tell me, these are not women, but female figures. My understanding perceives the difference; but the imitative arts must speak to the fancy.

2. Whatever symbols we invent, human qualities alone can be represented under human figures. Piety is only a pious woman; and Courage, a courageous one, &c. Much is done when the soul is purged of all passions but one, which occupies it entirely, and shews itself manifestly in air, action, demeanour, and even dress. This abstraction has been realized, though rarely; it may be conceived by the fancy, and may therefore be represented. But those symbols are always most striking which quit the region of chimeras, and give us ideas that are precise and conformable to the nature of things. One of the most interesting is that of Piety under the form of a Roman vestal. The senate carried this principle too far, when it represented the virtues under the portraits of its princes. Of human qualities, those that are fixed and permanent are marked with more force than those that are uncertain and transient. The latter are
expressed

vagues et passagères. Les dernières ne s'expriment que par l'attitude et l'air ; les premières peuvent y ajouter les traits, la figure, et l'habillement. Les symboles de la Chasteté ou de la Vertu, sont bien plus sensibles que ceux de l'Espérance ou de la Crainte.

Toutes les autres idées abstraites dont on a voulu faire des personnes réelles, la Victoire, l'Eternité, l'Abondance, &c. ne se font connoître que par quelqu'uns de leurs effets sensibles, ou par quelque objet réel dont l'idée est liée avec la leur. Encore seroit on fort embarrassé à les trouver au besoin, si la fable et les institutions des hommes, ne fournissent beaucoup de signes arbitraires, qui n'ont leur valeur que par une convention tacite. Pour la femme dans le symbole, elle n'est qu'un hors d'œuvre. L'éternité est assez bien représentée par un globe et un *phoenix*. Dans la treizième médaille de la première suite, une femme assise les soutient dans la main. Dans la cinquième médaille on ne voit point de femme, mais l'idée est toujours la même. Elle y a si peu de part, que sa présence ou son absence n'y apportent pas le moindre changement. Qu'on réitere l'expérience sur toutes ces médailles, la femme n'y est que pour figurer. Elle n'est jamais *symbole* elle même. Les provinces sont d'un genre moyen. Comme pays, elles ne sont point symboliques, mais elles le sont très souvent pour représenter le génie et les mœurs de leurs habitants.

3. M.

expressed alone by the air and attitude ; in the representation of the former, one may add to these characteristics, the features, figure, and dress. The symbols of Virtue or Chastity may be far more distinctly characterised than those of Hope or Fear.

The other abstractions which have been represented by human figures, Victory, Eternity, Abundance, &c. are recognised only by some of their perceptible effects, or by some real object whose idea is associated with their own. We should have much difficulty in inventing them, when wanted, if history and fable did not supply a number of arbitrary signs, which receive their meaning merely from convention. In the symbolic representation, the woman is merely an accessory. Eternity is very well represented by a globe and a phoenix : in the thirteenth medal of the first series, a woman sitting holds them in her hand. In the fifteenth medal there is no woman, though the idea is still the same ; and if we examine all the other medals, we shall find that women are there merely to make a figure, but never answer the purpose of symbols. The provinces are of a middle kind ; they are never symbols of countries, but are often so of the genius and manners of their inhabitants.

3. Mr.

3. M. Addison propose une explication de l'ode trente cinquième du premier livre d'Horace, à l'occasion d'une médaille qui représente la *Sécurité* qui s'appuie sur une colonne *.

*Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam.*————

Ils craignoient que la Fortune ne renversât la colonne de leur confiance. Mais la crainte et la sécurité subsistent mal ensemble. D'ailleurs Horace se seroit il servi d'une allusion aussi fine, et aussi éloignée, sans en avertir le lecteur, au moins par une seule épithète? Pourquoi ne pas rapporter tout uniment ces paroles à toutes ces statues, ces colonnes, que l'adulation érigeoit aux tyrans, et qui devenoient les premières victimes de la fureur populaire dans une révolution? Je soupçonne même que le poète pouvoit avoir en vue le roi des Parthes, le plus puissant monarque de l'Orient. Le meurtrier de son pere et de toute sa famille, avoit raison de craindre la Fortune. Son inquiétude étoit sous les yeux des Romains; il avoit donné à Auguste plusieurs

3. Mr. Addison proposes an explanation of the thirty-fifth ode of the first book of Horace, in speaking of a medal which represents Security resting on a pillar *.

*Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam.*————

They feared lest Fortune might overturn the pillar of their security. But fear and security are inconsistent. Besides, Horace would not probably have made use of so subtle and far-fetched an allusion without giving warning of it, at least, by some epithet. Why may not these words be applied literally to those statues and pillars which flattery erects to tyrants, and which are commonly the first victims of popular fury at the time of a revolution? I conjecture that the poet might allude to the king of the Parthians, the most powerful monarch of the East. Fortune might justly be dreaded by the murderer of his father, and of his whole family. The Romans had seen proofs of his anxiety. He had given to Augustus several of his nearest relations as hostages,

* Dialogues upon Medals, Dial. ii. p. 47.

fleurs ôtages, de ses proches parens, que ce prince faisoit élever à Rome. Le superbe Phrahate cherchoit moins à flatter les Romains par cette démarche humiliante, qu'à priver les mécontents de chefs d'une révolte *.

N° VI.

à FLORENCE, le 5 Aout 1764.

J'AI lu un petit ouvrage intitulé, *Littera Critica del Cavaliere Lorenzo Guazzesi Aretino, all'Illustriss. Sig. Dottore Antonio Cocchi, Medico Antiquario de S. M. C. intoruo ad Alcuni fatti della Guerra Gallica Cisalpina, seguiti l'Anno di Roma 529, in Arezzo 1752, in 12mo. pp. 103.* J'y trouve du savoir et de l'esprit, une bonne critique, et une très grande connoissance du local. Son défaut principal est celui de sa nation; un style Asiatique, ennemi de la force, de la précision et de la brièveté. Je vais rassembler sur ce sujet ce que M. Guazzesi m'a appris, et les idées que ma propre réflexion y a ajoutées. Cette ébauche seroit moins imparfaite, si j'avois un Polybe sous les yeux.

1. Je ne saurois concevoir un événement plus dangereux pour la grandeur Romaine, que ne l'auroit été la réunion des Gaulois et des Carthaginois dans
la

whom that emperor caused to be educated at Rome. The haughty Phrahates intended less to flatter the Romans by this humiliating measure, than to deprive his discontented subjects of men fit to head their revolt*.

N° VI.

FLORENCE, 5th August 1764.

I HAVE been reading a little work, intitled, *A Critical Letter of the Chevalier Lorenzo Guazzesi Aretino, to Doctor Anthony Cocchi, Physician and Antiquary of his Catholic Majesty; respecting some Transactions in the Cisalpine Gallic War, in the Year of Rome 529: Arezzo, 1752; in 12mo. pp. 103.* I find in this little work, erudition, good sense, sound criticism, with much local knowledge. Its chief fault is that of the Chevalier's country, an Asiatic style, prejudicial to strength, precision, and brevity. I shall unite, under one point of view, what I have learned from him on the subject, and the additions which my own reflections have made to it. This sketch would be less imperfect, had I a Polybius at hand.

1. I cannot imagine any event that would have more endangered the greatness of Rome than the union of the Gauls and Carthaginians in the first Punic war. Both

• Tacit. Annal. ii. 1.

la première guerre Punique. Ils étoient redoutables les uns et les autres à ce peuple ambitieux ; la politique la mieux entendue joignoit ses conseils à ceux de la haine. Chacun auroit mis dans l'alliance ce qui manquoit à son ami. Carthage se faisoit craindre par ses trésors, sa marine, et sa discipline militaire. Le nombre, la valeur, et la situation avantageuse des Gaulois, faisoient toujours regarder une guerre Gauloise comme une crise très dangereuse pour la république. Si les allies avoient réussi, la différence de leurs vues et de leurs caractères, auroit facilité les partages, et cimenté leur amitié. Mais la politique timide et bornée des Carthaginois, et l'insensibilité paresseuse, si naturelle à une nation de barbares, qui ne prévoit jamais les dangers, épargnerent aux Romains tous les perils de cette alliance. Je pense que cette république qui savoit dissimuler et son ambition et sa vengeance, ménageoit les barbares avec soin, et qu'elle attendoit tranquillement pour les irriter, le moment où ils n'auroient de ressource qu'en eux-mêmes.

L'an de Rome 470 les Gaulois *Senones* furent presque exterminés. On envoya les colonies de *Castrum* et *Sena*, dans leurs pays qui s'étendoit de l'*Æsis* à l'*Ufens* ; et tout leur territoire, l'*Ager Gallicus*, fut ajouté au domaine de l'état. Au bout de cinquante huit ans, un tribun avide de popularité, fit passer une loi, pour diviser parmi les citoyens ces terres de la république.

these nations were formidable to that ambitious republic ; and in both the projects of vengeance would have been directed by the wisest policy. Each would have brought with it the advantages in which its ally was deficient. Carthage was powerful in wealth, shipping, and military discipline. The populousness, valour, and advantageous situation of the Gauls made the Romans always consider a Gallic war as an event big with alarm and danger. Had the allies succeeded, the difference of their views and character would have facilitated the friendly division of their conquests, and cemented their union. But the cautious and narrow policy of the Carthaginians, and the lazy insensibility natural to improvident Barbarians, delivered the Romans from the danger of this alliance. The republic, I imagine, who knew how to dissemble her hatred as well as her ambition, was careful to keep on good terms with the Gauls ; and, before provoking their repentment, patiently waited until they should have no other resource than in themselves.

In the year of Rome 470, the Galli *Senones* were almost extirpated. The colonies of *Castrum* and *Sena* were sent into the country extending from the *Æsis* to the *Ufens* ; and the whole of their territory, the *Ager Gallicus*, was added to the dominions of the state. Fifty-eight years afterwards, a tribune, ambitious of popularity, obtained a law for dividing this public property among the citizens. It is difficult to perceive why

lique. On a de la peine à voir comment cette nouvelle distribution d'un bien qui n'étoit plus aux Gaulois, a pu allumer sur la champ une guerre aussi vive qu'elle fut générale. Je comprends seulement que les *Boii* limitrophes jouissoient de l'avantage du paturage public, moyennant cette redevance légère qu'on nommoit *Scriptura*, et que des particuliers étoient intéressés peut être dans les sousfermes de ces domaines. L'avidité des nouveaux habitants, aura chassé de leurs azyles, quelque foibles restes des *Senones*, que la sage modération du gouvernement avoit oubliés. Le voisinage des Romains devenoit plus dangereux aux Gaulois, à mesure que cette frontière se fortifioit et se peuploit d'une colonie rivale et guerrière. Quoiqu'il en soit, cette loi répandit la crainte et la fureur dans toute la Gaule Cisalpine. Ces nations prirent les armes, et ils appelèrent encore en Italie, un corps nombreux de mercenaires tirés des peuples Transalpins. Les Romains se préparèrent à soutenir l'orage. Par le dénombrement qu'ils firent de toute l'Italie, ils virent bientôt qu'ils pouvoient y opposer 700,000 fantassins, et 70,000 cavaliers. Le consul *Æmilius*, avec une nombreuse armée, se posta à *Ariminum* pour couvrir l'*Ager Gallicus*, l'objet de la guerre; et un des préteurs fut chargé de la défense de l'Etrurie. L'autre consul, *Atilius*, étoit déjà passé en Sardaigne, occupé à soumettre les barbares de cette île.

2. II

this distribution of lands, which had ceased to belong to the Gauls, should at once provoke a war as fierce as it was general: all that I understand is, that the neighbouring *Boii* enjoyed the right of public pasturage, on paying a small quit-rent called *Scriptura*; and that the lands were perhaps subfarmed by individuals. The avarice of the new proprietors may be supposed to have expelled the feeble remnant of the *Senones*, which the wise moderation of government had left unmolested. The neighbourhood of the Romans would grow more formidable to the Gauls, in proportion as that frontier was fortified and peopled by a rival and warlike colony. Whatever were the reasons, it is certain that this law spread dismay and fury through the whole of Cisalpine Gaul. These nations flew to arms, and invited into Italy numerous mercenaries from beyond the Alps. The Romans prepared for resisting the storm. By an enumeration of their forces in Italy, they found they could send into the field 700,000 foot and 70,000 horse. The consul *Æmilius*, at the head of a numerous army, took post at *Ariminum*, to defend the *Ager Gallicus*, the object of the war; and one of the prætors was entrusted with the defence of Tuscany. *Atilius*, the other consul, had sailed to Sardinia, with a view of conquering the barbarians of that island.

2. Il importe peu de savoir par quelle route les barbares vinrent fondre sur l'Etrurie, qu'ils avoient choisie pour le premier théâtre de la guerre. Le préteur étoit naturellement posté auprès d'Arezzo, la grande place d'armes des Romains dans la Toscane. Si les Gaulois ont suivi la route de la mer, ils peuvent avoir trompé sa vigilance ; s'ils prirent celle de Bologne et du Valdimugello *, ce commandant, trop foible pour les attaquer, se fera vu obligé de les laisser ravager et piller impunément les riches paturages de la Toscane †. Ils y firent un butin immense en troupeaux et en esclaves. Fiers de marcher sur les traces de leur ancêtres, ils osèrent pousser jusqu'à Clusium, sur la grande route de la capitale. Ce fut là qu'ils apprirent la nouvelle que le préteur, qui avoit peut être reçu des renforts, les poursuivoit à grandes journées. Ils firent volte face pour aller à sa rencontre, et déjà le soir du premier jour de marche, les deux armées se trouverent en présence. Chacun y fortifia son camp. Si nous suivons la route de Clusium à Arezzo, dans la Valdichiana, nous trouverons les villages de Lucignano et de Sinalunga à une distance assez convenable ‡. Les Romains avoient pris un poste excellent ; et ces barbares, malgré leur impétuosité, songerent plutôt à le leur faire abandonner qu'à les y attaquer. Ils partirent avec toute l'infanterie,

2. It is not material to determine by what route the barbarians penetrated into Etruria, which they thought fit to render the first theatre of the war. The prætor had naturally posted himself near to Arezzo, the principal fortress of the Romans in Tuscany. If they marched by the sea-side, the Gauls might have deceived his vigilance ; if they pursued the road of Bologna and Valdimugello *, the general must have been too weak to resist them, and therefore felt the necessity of allowing them to ravage with impunity the rich Tuscan pastures †. They got possession of an immense booty in cattle and slaves. Proud of following the footsteps of their ancestors, they advanced to Clusium, on the straight road to the capital. There they heard that the prætor, who had perhaps received a reinforcement, pursued them by forced marches. They changed their direction, in order to meet him ; and on the evening of the first day's march, the two armies were in sight of each other. Both sides fortified their camp. If we examine the road by Clusium to Arezzo in the Valdichiana, we shall find the villages of Lucignana and Sinalunga situated at a convenient distance ‡. The Romans had occupied an excellent camp ; and the barbarians, notwithstanding their impetuosity, thought it wiser to withdraw them from it by stratagem, than to dislodge them by force. They

* Littera Crit. p. 37.

† Id. p. 39.

‡ Id. 54.

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rie, laissèrent des feux allumés pour tromper les Romains, et leur cavalerie pour les harceler, et les attirer insensiblement à l'endroit où ils les attendoient. Le préteur donna dans le piège, et paya sa crédulité d'une défaite sanglante. Il se retira avec difficulté sur une hauteur, où il se défendit jusqu'à l'arrivée du consul Emilius, qui avoit forcé de marches et passé l'Apennin. Sa présence sauva le préteur, et les Gaulois ne songèrent plus qu'à mettre leur butin en sûreté, et à faire leur retraite le long de la mer. Ce récit est clair, et si Casaubon avoit aussi bien pris le sens de Polybe que M. Guazzesi, le texte de ce grand historien n'offriroit plus de difficultés géographiques. Il avoit dit de la retraite de Gaulois, Ποισάμενοι την υποχωρησιν ὡς ἐπὶ πόλιν φαισολάν. Si on le traduit *Fæfulas tendunt*, on fait faire aux Gaulois une marche presque incroyable, et une manœuvre ridicule, puisqu'elle suppose que les Romains poursuivirent leur cavalerie soixante milles, sans la mettre en déroute. Ces embarras augmentent, lorsqu'on a conduit les Gaulois jusqu'à *Fæfulæ*, et au pied de l'Apennin; et comme on ne conçoit point comment ils ont pu rétrograder jusqu'à Telamon, on prend le parti avec Cluvier, de préférer l'autorité d'Orose à celle de Polybe, et de supposer que la dernière bataille s'est donnée auprès d'Arezzo. Pourquoi ne pas rendre ὡς ἐπὶ φαισολάν *versus Fæfulas*, du côté de *Fæfulæ*, selon la signification

marched with their whole infantry, left their fires burning to deceive the Romans, as well as their cavalry, who might continually harass them until they were drawn to the place to which they wished to decoy them. The prætor fell into the snare, and was punished for his credulity by a bloody defeat. He with much difficulty retired to an eminence, and defended himself till the arrival of the consul Emilius, who by forced marches had passed the Apennines. His arrival saved the prætor; and the Gauls now thought only of securing their booty, and making their retreat along the sea coast. The narrative of Polybius is clear; and if Casaubon had taken the sense of the passage as well as Mr. Guazzesi, the text of this great historian would no longer contain any geographical difficulties. He says of the retreat of the Gauls, Ποισάμενοι την υποχωρησιν ὡς ἐπὶ πόλιν φαισολάν. If we translate the words *Fæfulas tendunt* we suppose the Gauls to perform a march almost incredible, and to make a movement altogether absurd, since it implies that the Romans pursued their cavalry sixty miles without putting them to the route. These difficulties are increased when we follow the Gauls to *Fæfulæ* and the foot of the Apennines; and as it is impossible to understand how they can retreat to Telamon, we adopt the opinion of Cluverius, in preferring on this occasion the authority of Orosius to that of Polybius, and supposing that the last battle was fought near to Arezzo. Why should not the words ὡς ἐπὶ φαισολάν *versus Fæfulas* be translated in the direction of *Fæfulæ*,

nification la plus naturelle, et la construction la plus facile? Les Gaulois suivirent donc la route de *Clusum* à *Fæfulæ*, mais on peut penser qu'ils s'étoient à peine masqués derrière cette chaîne de collines, qui sépare la Seigneurie de Florence, du territoire de Sienne, lorsque l'affaire s'engagea. Grâce à cette idée heureuse de M. Guazzesi, le système entier de cette campagne, se dévoile à nos yeux *. Les Romains se retirèrent sur une de ces collines; et ce fut en faisant passer quelques coureurs à travers les bois qui les couvroient, qu'ils communiquèrent au consul leur situation.

Pourquoi les barbares préférèrent ils le chemin des côtes, à celui du *Valdimugello*, qui étoit beaucoup plus court? Pourquoi n'ont ils pas traversé le pays en droiture, pour arriver à l'embouchure de l'Arne, et pour cotoyer en suite jusqu'aux gorges de la *Valdimagra*? Il est toujours certain que le Port de Telamon est plus près de Rome que les montagnes de Sienne. M. Guazzesi répond très bien à ces difficultés, par les changemens que le tems a apportés au pays, et par l'ignorance où nous sommes, si cette route n'étoit pas la seule praticable pour une armée, par la préférence que les Gaulois donnoient à la plaine, où ils pouvoient faire agir leur cavalerie nombreuse, et par l'espérance de se servir des vaisseaux corsaires Liguriens et Gaulois, pour transporter

Fæfulæ, according to the most natural signification and the easiest construction? The Gauls then pursued the road from *Clusum* to *Fæfulæ*, but had scarcely concealed themselves behind the chain of hills which separates the Duchy of Tuscany from the district of Sienna, when they were obliged to come to an engagement. Thanks to the happy discovery of Mr. Guazzesi, the whole plan of the campaign is unravelled *. The Romans retired to one of those hills; and by dispatching couriers across the thick woods by which they were covered, communicated the news of their situation to the consul.

Why did the Barbarians prefer the road by the coast to that of *Valdimugello*, which is far shorter? Why did they not traverse the country in a right line, in order to arrive at the mouth of the Arno, and then follow the coast to the openings of the hills of *Valdimagra*? We are sure that Port Telamon is nearer than the mountains of Sienna to Rome. Mr. Guazzesi well explains these difficulties, by the changes which time has effected in the nature of the country, and by our ignorance whether this route was not the only one practicable for an army; by the preference given by the Gauls to the plain country, where they could avail themselves of their numerous cavalry, and by the hope of meeting with piratical vessels belonging to their own nation or the

* V. Surtout *Littera Crit.* p. 41—58.

transporter tout leur butin, sans danger et sans difficulté. Mais je crois qu'il faut pénétrer jusqu'aux ressorts qui ont fait mouvoir les conseils Gaulois, pour bien apprécier une conduite qui passe de la fureur au découragement, qui menace la capitale, et qui ne cherche ses ennemis que pour se retirer de devant eux, après avoir goûté les prémices de la victoire. Les Gaulois étoient gouvernés en effet par deux esprits très différens. Les peuples Cisalpins ne sentoient que trop, qu'une pareille guerre ne pouvoit finir que par leur destruction, ou celle de Romains. Ils combattoient avec cette ardeur qu'inspirent les plus grands intérêts; mais ils ne trouvoient point la même façon de penser dans les *Gesates* leurs alliés. Ces troupes, qui étoient moins une nation, qu'un corps d'aventuriers rassemblés de plusieurs peuples différens, n'avoient d'autre motif pour passer les Alpes, que l'espérance du butin, et ne songeoient qu'à conserver ce butin par une prompte retraite, sans s'exposer davantage dans une guerre qui leur étoit étrangère. Ce fut Anocreste leur chef, qui ouvrit le premier cet avis; et dans l'ignorance générale où l'on étoit de la géographie spéculative, des barbares qui ne connoissoient ni le pays, ni la langue du pays, ne pouvoient se guider que par le cours des rivières dont les torrens se frayent ordinairement un chemin dans les vallons les moins difficiles. Ils se trouvoient alors vers le source de l'Ombro, et comme cette rivière coule du côté du Sud-Ouest, ils s'étoient rap-

Ligurians, in which they might transport their booty without difficulty or danger. But I believe it will be necessary to penetrate into the motives by which the Barbarians were actuated, before we can fairly appreciate their conduct in passing from fury to dismay; and in marching up to their enemies, merely that they might fly before them, especially after they had just tasted the sweets of victory. The Gallic army was governed by two principles extremely different. The Cisalpine nations perceived that such a war could only terminate in their own destruction or that of the Romans. They fought like men, who had their dearest interests at stake; but their allies the *Gesatæ* were not animated by a similar spirit. These troops were not a nation, but rather an assemblage from different nations, who had passed the Alps merely for the sake of plunder, and who wished to secure their booty by a speedy retreat, without longer exposing their persons in a war which did not concern them. Their leader Anocrestes was the first who proposed this measure; and as the age was ignorant of the principles of geography, and the Barbarians were unacquainted both with the country and the language, they could only shape their route by the course of those rivers which, swelled to torrents, had forced their passage through the least obstructed vallies. They were then near the source of the Umbro; and as that river flows from the south-west, they must have

rapprochés de Rome; lorsqu'ils étoient parvenus à son embouchure auprès du Port de Telamon. Si les Cispalpins, qui connoissoient le mieux ce pays, ne le quittoient qu'avec peine; on peut soupçonner qu'ils profiterent avec plaisir de cette circonstance.

J'ai dit qu'ils suivèrent l'Ombro jusqu'à son embouchure, quoique le Port de Telamon soit à dix huit milles plus près de Rome. Mais on fait par un passage des stratagèmes de Frontin, que ce fut auprès de Colonia qu'ils descendirent dans la plaine, et que les Boii jetterent dix milles hommes dans un bois auprès de cet endroit. Le consul *Æmilius* découvrit l'embuscade, et les tailla en pieces. Les critiques qui ne connoissoient point cette *Colonia*, ont voulu l'expliquer, ou la corriger à leur manière. *Colonia*, nommée *Columnata* dans le moyen age, et la *Colonna* à présent, n'est qu'un village du territoire de Grossetto entre l'embouchure de l'Ombro et le lac Castiglione ou Aprilis*. Voila le lieu de la bataille. Le Port Telamon, endroit bien plus connu, lui a donné son nom.

On fait que le consul *Æmilius* suivit toujours l'armée des barbares, sans vouloir engager une bataille, et que par un hazard singulier, son collègue *Attilius*, qui avoit débarqué son armée à Pise, et qui revenoit à Rome par la voye Aurelienne, rencontra sans s'en douter, l'avant garde des Gaulois; que
le

have approached Rome, as they came to its mouth near Port Telamon. If the Cisalpine Gauls, who were better acquainted with the country, were loath to leave it; there is reason to think that they would with pleasure avail themselves of this circumstance.

I say that they followed the course of the Umbro till they came to its mouth, although Port Telamon be eighteen miles nearer to Rome. But we learn from a passage of Frontinus's Stratagems, that they entered the plain at Colonia; and that the Boii posted ten thousand men in a wood in that neighbourhood. The consul *Æmilius* discovered the ambush, and cut the enemy in pieces. Critics, to whom the name of Colonia was unknown, have endeavoured in their usual way to explain or correct it. This place, now Colonna, was called Columnata in the middle ages; it is a village in the territory of Grossetto, between the mouth of the Umbro and Lake Castiglione, or Aprilis*; and was the scene of the battle, which derives its name from Port Telamon, a place far better known.

History informs us, that the consul *Æmilius* continued to follow the army of the Barbarians without venturing to provoke them to a battle; and that, by a singular chance, his colleague *Attilius*, who had disembarked his army at Pisa, unexpectedly

* Littera Crit. p. 77—87.

le combat s'engagea, et que le consul y fut tué, mais qu'Æmilius, qui les attaquoit de son côté, remporta une victoire complète, et que l'armée entière des barbares perit dans cette bataille, qui porta le coup mortel à la liberté des Gaulois en deçà des Alpes. De toutes ces circonstances, il n'y a que la surprise d'Atilius qui me paroît inconcevable. Il n'avoit pu quitter la Sardaigne sa province, sans les ordres du sénat, et parmi ses instructions, il avoit certainement celui de s'informer des mouvemens de l'ennemi, et de ceux de son collègue, pour agir de concert avec lui. Cette tâche s'exécutoit d'elle même dans un pays ami, où la désolation du peuple et la fuite des paysans, lui annoncoient assez l'approche des barbares. Quoiqu'il en soit, quand je vois les Gaulois pris en front et par derrière, par deux armées Romaines qui arrivent de deux côtés opposés, cette marche m'a plutôt l'air d'un projet très bien entendu, que d'une négligence à peine concevable.

* * * * *

M. Guazzeff croit qu'anciennement la Toscane avoit beaucoup de forêts, que le territoire de Cortone, d'Arezzo, et de Fesule en étoient couverts. On connoit l'étendue de la forêt Ciminienne. Il y en avoit auprès de *Clusium*,

fell in with their vanguard; that a battle ensued, in which that consul was slain; while Æmilius, on his side, having also attacked the enemy, obtained a complete victory, destroyed the whole Barbarian army, and gave the mortal wound to the liberty of the Cisalpine Gauls. Of all those circumstances, I find most difficulty in understanding the surprise of Atilius. He could not have left his province of Sardinia without the orders of the senate. His instructions must have required him to gain information, both of the motions of the enemy and of those of his colleagues, in concert with whom he was to act. This duty was easily performed in a friendly country, where the consternation of the people and the flight of the peasants loudly proclaimed the approach of the Barbarians. In whatever manner this may be explained, the Gallic army, attacked in front and rear by two Roman consuls, advancing in contrary directions, will always, in my opinion, wear the aspect of a well-combined project, rather than of a military neglect, hardly conceivable. * * * * *

* * * * *

Mr. Guazzeff is of opinion that Tuscany formerly abounded in forests; and that the districts of Cortona, Arezzo, and Fesula were entirely covered with them. The extent of the Ciminian wood is well known. In the year of the city 444, Livy tells us,

* Littera Crit. p. 59 - 64.

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that

sum, A. U. C. 444, selon Tite Live. Dans les guerres Puniques les Romains tiroient leurs bois de construction, des pays de *Rusellæ*, de *Perugia* et de *Clusium*; et on fait que les territoires de Sienne, de Volaterra, et celui de *Populonium*, où l'on travailloit le fer de l'île d'*Elba* avoient beaucoup de bois. Flavius Vopiscus marque que du tems d'Aurelien, ley en avoit beaucoup auprès de la voye Aurelienne, et Strabon l'affirme de toute la Toscane. Pour peu qu'on creuse dans la Valdichiana, on trouve des arbres d'une grandeur démesurée, qui sont devenus fossiles. Faut il encore en appeller aux anciens noms de ce pays, la *Farneta*, *Alberofo*, *Frassineto*, *Cereto*, la *Selve*, et à l'obligation que ces communautés retinrent jusqu'à l'onzième siècle, de livrer les sangliers tous les ans à leurs seigneurs ?

that there was a forest near Clusium. During the Punic wars, the Romans brought their timber for ship-building from Rusellæ, Perugia, and Clusium; and wood abounded in the territories of Sienna, Volaterra, and Populonium, whose inhabitants wrought the iron from the island of Elba. Flavius Vopiscus observes, that in the time of Aurelian there was a great quantity of wood near the Aurelian way; and Strabo extends the remark to all Tuscany. By digging into the Valdichiana, even near the surface, the workmen still find trees of a prodigious size, which are now petrified. Need we appeal to the ancient names and epithets of the country, *la Farneta*, *Alberofo*, *Frassineto*, *Cereto*, *la Selve*; or to the obligations imposed on the communities in those parts, as late as the eleventh century, of furnishing yearly to their lords a certain number of wild boars?

N° VII.

Sur les TRIOMPHES des ROMAINS.

à ROME, le 28 Novembre 1764.

ROMULUS se vit bientôt forcé de prendre les armes contre les petites cités des Sabins, que l'enlèvement de leurs filles n'avoit que trop justement irrités contre son état naissant. Acron, roi des Cininiens, fut la première victime des armes Romaines. Il tomba sous les coups de Romulus, et son peuple fut trop heureux de se perdre dans la nouvelle colonie. Le vainqueur voulut jouir des prémices de sa gloire. Chassant devant lui des troupeaux et des prisonniers, suivi des compagnons de sa victoire, et entouré de l'allégresse publique, il rentra dans sa ville, et monta sur le Mont Capitolin, pour déposer dans un temple qu'il y avoit dédié à Jupiter Feretius, sa reconnaissance et ses trophées. Par cette cérémonie, il associa pour jamais dans l'esprit de ses Romains la religion et la vertu militaire. Ce fut là l'origine des triomphes, *institution qui devint dans la suite, la cause principale de la grandeur de Rome* *. Trois cens vingt de ces triomphes † la conduisirent à ce faîte de la

* Montesquieu Grandeur et Décadence des Romains, C. i. p. 2.

† Onuphr. Panvin. de Triumphis. Il a pris ce nombre dans Orose.

grandeur,

N° VII.

Upon the TRIUMPHS of the ROMANS.

ROME, 28th November 1764.

ROMULUS was soon obliged to take arms against the little cities of the Sabines, whom the rape of their daughters had justly provoked against his rising state. Acron, king of the Cininians, was the first victim of Roman valour. He fell by the hand of Romulus; and his subjects had the good fortune to be allowed to unite with the new colony. The conqueror was eager to reap the first fruits of his glory. Driving before him herds and prisoners, and attended by the companions of his victory, he entered the city amidst public acclamation, and ascended the Capitoline hill, in order to deposit his trophies and his gratitude in the temple which he had dedicated to Jupiter Feretius. By this ceremony, military virtue was for ever associated with religion in the imagination of the Romans. Such was the origin of the triumph, *an institution which proved the principal cause of the greatness of Rome* †. Three hundred and twenty triumphs §

† Montesquieu on the Greatness and Decline of the Romans.

§ Onuphr. Panvin. on Triumphs. The number is taken from Orosius.

grandeur, où elle se trouva sous l'empire de Vespasien. Je vais hasarder quelques réflexions sur le droit de triomphe, sur le chemin que suivoient les triomphateurs, et sur le spectacle lui même.

Le droit de triomphe peut s'envisager de trois manières différentes.

1. L'autorité qui l'accordoit : 2. les personnes à qui on l'accordoit ; et,
3. les raisons pour lesquelles on l'accordoit.

1. Je pense que les rois, dont l'autorité étoit aussi indépendante sur le militaire, qu'elle étoit bornée dans le civil, rentroient dans la ville en triomphe, toutes les fois qu'ils s'en croyoient dignes, et qu'ils se décernoient eux mêmes cet honneur que leur prédécesseur avoit institué. Après l'expulsion de Tarquin, le sénat, déjà le conseil du prince et de la nation, devint encore l'arbitre des récompenses militaires*. Il accorde à Valerius Publicola l'honneur du triomphe pour cette victoire remportée sur les Tarquins, dans laquelle Brutus perdit la vie. Depuis cette époque, le triomphe acquit un prix réel aux yeux de quiconque connoissoit la véritable gloire. Cette cérémonie n'étoit plus une vaine pompe qui éblouissoit la populace : un consul y trouvoit désormais le plus beau de tous les éloges, l'approbation de nos égaux, et de nos émules. Quelques uns des sénateurs avoient eux mêmes obtenu

raised her to that exaltation, which she had attained under the reign of Vespasian. I venture to submit the following reflections on the right of triumph, the road through which it proceeded, and the show itself.

The right of triumph may be considered under three aspects. 1. The authority by which it was conferred ; 2. the persons upon whom ; and, 3. the reasons for which it was granted.

1. Under the royal government, I should suppose that the kings, whose authority was as independent in military as it was limited in civil affairs, entered the city in triumph, whenever they thought themselves entitled to that honour ; and thus dispensed in their own favour the benefits of an institution which had been established by their predecessor. After the expulsion of Tarquin, the senate, which had been the council of the prince, and was now that of the nation, naturally assumed the power of dispensing military rewards *. The senate conferred on Valerius Publicola the honour of a triumph for having defeated the Tarquins in that battle in which Brutus was slain. From this æra, the triumph possessed a real value in the opinion of all acquainted with true glory. This ceremony was no longer a vain show, fitted merely to dazzle the populace ; but a solemnity in which a meritorious consul found the best of all panegyrics ; the praise of his equals and of his rivals. Some senators had attained, many

* Tit. Liv, L. ii. Dionys. Halicarn. L. v.

obtenu cette gloire, il y en avoit peu qui n'y aspirassent. Tous intéressés à ne point avilir un honneur qui étoit le leur, ils jugeoient le candidat avec une sévérité salubre pour l'état, et glorieuse pour lui même. Le sénat regardoit ce droit comme la plus belle de ses prérogatives : il le conserva jusqu'aux derniers jours de la république, et parut le conserver jusqu'au plus bas tems de l'empire. Il eut une fois la douleur de s'en voir privé, et de sentir encore qu'il méritoit de le perdre. L'an de Rome 305, Valerius et Horatius, ces deux consuls qui avoient chassé les Décemvirs, remportèrent deux victoires complètes sur les Volques, les Eques, et les Sabins ; mais leur conduite trop populaire, et leur ardeur à poursuivre les Décemvirs, leur avoient attiré la haine des chefs du sénat, qui plaignoient leurs coupables parens, quoiqu'ils détestassent leurs forfaits. Le sénat refusa aux consuls le triomphe qu'ils demandoient *, et donna cet exemple si pernicieux dans un état libre, celui de distribuer les graces militaires selon le parti que suivent les Généraux dans les affaires politiques. Un tribun appella au peuple de cette injustice, et ce peuple fut charmé d'étendre ses droits en récompensant ses favoris. Valerius et Horatius triomphèrent sans le consentement du sénat : mais le peuple, content de sa victoire, rendit au sénat le droit qu'il s'étoit arrogé

of them aspired to, the triumph ; and as all of them felt an interest in keeping untarnished an honour which was in some measure their own, they judged the candidate with a severity as salutary for the state as glorious for himself. The senate considered this right as its most precious prerogative ; preserved it in reality to the last days of the republic ; and affected to preserve it to the latest times of the empire. It once had the pain to see itself divested of this right, and to feel that it justly merited the punishment. In the year of Rome 305, Valerius and Horatius, the two consuls who had abolished the Decemvirate, gained two complete victories over the Volsci, the Equi, and the Sabines ; but their conduct too partial to the populace, and their eagerness in prosecuting the Decemvirs, drew on them the hatred of the leaders of the senate, who pitied their unfortunate kinsmen, at the same time that they detested their crimes. The senate refused to these consuls the honour of a triumph * ; affording therein an example highly pernicious in a free state, of being influenced in the distribution of military favours by the party which the generals take in politics. In consequence of this injustice, a tribune appealed to the people, who seized with pleasure the opportunity of at once rewarding their favourites, and of extending their own power. Valerius and Horatius triumphed without the consent of the senate ; to which, however, the people restored a prerogative, which they themselves had usurped on this particular occasion.

* Tit. Liv. L. iii. Dionys. Halicarn. L. xi.

arrogé dans cette occasion. Je crois que ce corps habile, qui a eu des siècles de sagesse et des momens de passion, chercha dans l'impartialité et la prudence de ses décrets, l'affermissement d'une autorité aussi précaire, et que l'état profita de ses craintes. Il devoit craindre en effet la décision d'une question délicate sur la constitution. Puisque les arrêts du peuple pouvoient déroger aux droits les mieux reconnus du sénat, ce sénat qu'étoit-il, si non une commission établie par le peuple, à laquelle il avoit délégué l'exercice de ses droits, qu'il étoit toujours le maître de reprendre ? Le parti patricien en auroit voulu faire les représentans de son ordre, comme les comices des tribus l'étoient de celui des plébéiens. Selon ces principes, ces deux corps se réunissoient pour former la république ; mais chacun y avoit ses droits sacrés et inviolables. Le consentement du sénat ouvroit les portes au char du triomphateur ; mais il dépendoit encore du peuple de l'arrêter. Tout commandement militaire se perdoit en passant le *Pomerium*. Généraux au dehors, les consuls n'étoient que magistrats dans une ville, qui ne connoissoit de force que celle des loix. Cependant le triomphateur rentroit à la tête de ses légions, revêtu de son caractère militaire. Pour concilier la gloire du chef, et le respect qu'on devoit aux loix, le sénat proposoit toujours au peuple de lui continuer le commandement militaire, pendant le jour de

I am not ignorant that this politic council, which had ages of wisdom and only moments of passion, endeavoured, by the impartiality and prudence of its decrees, to confirm its precarious authority ; and that the public at large profited by its fears. It could not indeed but fear the decision of a delicate question respecting its own constitution. Since the decrees of the people superseded the best established rights of the senate, in what other light could that senate be regarded, but as a commission delegated by the people, for the purpose of exercising rights, which those who had conferred them might at pleasure resume ? The patrician party were glad to have the senate considered as the representatives of their own order, as the comitia tributa represented the plebeians. Agreeably to this principle, these two bodies united composed the commonwealth ; but each of them apart enjoyed its sacred and inviolable rights. The consent of the senate opened the gates to the triumphal car ; but the people were entitled to stop its career. Upon entering the *Pomærium*, all military command ceased ; and the consuls, who were generals abroad, became simple magistrates in Rome ; which acknowledged no other authority than that of the laws. Yet the triumphant general returned at the head of his legions, and continued to appear in a military character. To reconcile respect for the laws with the glory due to conquerors, the senate always proposed continuing the general in his command during the day of

de son triomphe. L'assemblée déferoit presque toujours à l'autorité des peres, mais elle pouvoit la rejeter; et on l'a vu prête à user de son droit pour arrêter le triomphe de Paul Emile.

2. Pour oser demander le triomphe il falloit avoir eu le commandement. La discipline des Romains n'auroit jamais permis qu'un tribun, ou qu'un lieutenant, se presentât au sénat pour y demander le prix qu'il avoit mérité par ses services; qu'avoit il pu mériter ce subalterne, lui dont les vertus n'étoient que la valeur et l'obeissance? C'étoit à son chef à les récompenser. Cette idée de la subordination étoit portée si loin, que le général jouissoit de la gloire de ses lieutenants les plus éloignés*, et qu'ils étoient censés ne vaincre que par les ordres qu'il avoit donnés†. C'est ainsi que les empereurs, seuls chefs de la milice, se réservaient seuls les honneurs du triomphe pour les victoires que leur génie remportoit à la fois sur le Rhin et sur l'Euphrate. On s'apperçoit encore ici de l'association constante parmi les Romains, de la religion et de la politique. Le peuple en confiant à ses magistrats le commandement suprême, lui confioit le droit de prendre les auspices, et d'interroger la fortune publique de la nation. Ce caractère sacré les mettoit (pour m'exprimer ainsi) en liaison avec les dieux de la république.

his triumph. The people usually acceded to this proposal; which they were entitled, however, to reject; and which they had nearly rejected, in order to hinder the triumph of Paulus Emilius.

2. Those only could demand a triumph who had been invested with supreme command. The discipline of the Romans would never have allowed a tribune or a lieutenant, to apply to the senate for the reward of his services. What reward could a subaltern deserve, whose only virtues were those of valour and obedience; virtues which it was the duty of his general to remunerate. The principle of military subordination was carried so far, that a commander in chief appropriated the glory of his most distant lieutenants*, who were considered as indebted for their success merely to the orders which he had given to them†. The emperors therefore, as sole heads of the army, were alone entitled to triumph for the victories which their genius had obtained, at the same time on the Rhine and the Euphrates. On this occasion, also, we may perceive the perpetual connection, among the Romans, of religion and policy. The people, in conferring the supreme command, conferred with it the right of taking the auspices, and of interrogating the gods, concerning the fortune of the state. This

* Cicér. in Pison, C. xxiii.

† See the Abbé Bleterie's Dissertation on the title Imperator. Mém. de l'Academ. des Belles Lettres, tome xxi.

republique. Eux, et eux seuls, pouvoient les interroger, et les solliciter par des vœux, que l'état étoit obligé de remplir. Il n'y avoit donc qu'eux, à qui il convenoit de leur offrir des actions de grâces, lorsque ces dieux avoient exaucé leurs prières, et d'apporter à leurs pieds les dépouilles des ennemis et les trophées de leurs victoires. Dans la théologie toute martiale des Romains, on ne pouvoit leur présenter des offrandes plus agréables.

Dans les premiers siècles, les consuls et les préteurs réunissoient facilement des campagnes qui ne consistoient qu'en quelques jours de marche, suivis d'un combat, avec l'administration politique. Mais lorsque la république étoit forcée de se défendre et d'attaquer tout à la fois dans toutes les provinces de l'Italie, dans la Sicile, dans l'Espagne et dans l'Afrique, il falloit multiplier les chefs, et continuer aux consuls et aux préteurs le même commandement, lorsque le terme de leur magistrature étoit expiré. Ces proconsuls et propréteurs devinrent à la fin les seuls généraux de l'état; et quoique les mêmes personnes exerçassent les fonctions civiles et militaires, elles ne les exercoient plus en même tems, effet naturel de l'étendue de l'empire, et de la grandeur des affaires. Ces magistrats extraordinaires, qui jouissoient des mêmes droits et des mêmes auspices, que lorsqu'ils étoient consuls ou préteurs, obtenoient toujours le triomphe, quand ils l'avoient mérité. Pouvoit
on

sacred prerogative established a peculiar connection between the general and the gods of his country. He alone could interrogate them, and solicit their favour by vows, which the state was bound to perform. When his prayers were heard, it belonged, therefore, to him in particular, to demonstrate the public gratitude to the gods; and to lay at their feet hostile spoils and victorious trophies. To the martial superstition of the Romans, no offerings could appear more acceptable.

In the first ages of the republic, it was easy for the consuls and prætors to unite with their civil functions the management of campaigns, which consisted only in marches of a few days, immediately followed by a battle. But when Rome was obliged to act, both offensively and defensively, in all the provinces of Italy; in Sicily, Spain, and Africa; it became necessary to increase the number of generals, and to extend the military command of the consuls and prætors beyond the term assigned for their civil authority. These proconsuls and proprætors finally became the only generals of the state; and in consequence of the weight of affairs which increased with the extent of the empire, although the same persons continued to exercise both civil and military functions, yet they ceased to exercise them simultaneously. These extraordinary magistrates, who enjoyed the same sacred prerogatives as when they were consuls and prætors, were entitled also to demand a triumph, when their exploits merited that
honour.

on en effet flétrir leurs lauriers, parceque la distance des lieux et la difficulté de la guerre, ne leur avoient pas permis de la terminer dans une seule campagne. Mais pendant la seconde guerre Punique, le jeune Scipion vint demander ce triomphe qu'il avoit si bien mérité, en vengeance la mort de ses oncles, et en rendant à la république la grande province d'Espagne. Sa situation étoit singulière comme ses exploits. Sa propre hardiesse et la faveur du peuple, l'avoient élevé au commandement à l'âge de vingt quatre ans. Il étoit général sans avoir été magistrat. Il paroïssoit dangereux d'accoutumer les favoris du peuple à mépriser les emplois de l'état, et à s'ouvrir des voyes plus abrégées. En lui refusant le triomphe, on protestoit en faveur des maximes même qu'on avoit violées; on faisoit sentir au peuple combien étoient différentes ses loix et son autorité, et l'on refroidissoit les desirs téméraires que le succès de Scipion auroit excités, en séparant le prix de la gloire de celui de l'ambition. Le sénat prit le parti de la sagesse et de la discipline; et le vainqueur se soumit à son refus. Ce décret fondé sur des raisons qu'on sentit plutôt qu'on ne les énonça, s'introduisit dans la jurisprudence des triomphes; et il parut constant que le sénat n'en avoit jamais accordé à ceux qui n'étoient point magistrats: l'exemple de Scipion sembloit décider de l'avenir. Dans le sens propre, ce décret n'ouvroit le triomphe qu'à

honour. It would have been unjust indeed to debar them from this reward, and to blast their laurels, because the distance of the province and the difficulty of the war had prevented them from terminating it in a single campaign. During the second Punic war, young Scipio demanded a triumph, which he had fairly earned, by avenging the death of his uncles, and by recovering for the republic the great province of Spain. His situation was as singular as his services. His own boldness and the favour of the people had raised him to supreme command at the age of twenty-four. He became a general without having ever been a magistrate. It appeared dangerous to accustom the favourites of the people to despise civil employments, and to open for themselves shorter roads to power. By refusing a triumph to Scipio, the Romans protested in favour of maxims which themselves had violated: the people were taught to understand that their authority was subordinate to the laws; and that rash ambition was suppressed, which might too probably have been inflamed by the success of Scipio in separating the reward of military glory from the honours of civil magistracy. The senate maintained the cause of wisdom and of discipline; and the conqueror submitted to their refusal. This decree, which was founded on reasons of state, rather felt than expressed, came to be considered as the law of triumphs; which the people never granted to any but magistrates: the precedent in the case of Scipio was thenceforth

qu'à ceux d'entre les consuls et les préteurs, à qui le sénat continuoit l'exercice de cette magistrature qu'il leur avoit confiée; mais je vois que l'usage et la raison l'étendirent sans difficulté à ces citoyens à qui l'autorité publique accordoit le pouvoir de ces magistratures*, qu'ils avoient une fois exercées, et que l'indulgence du sénat supprimoit, pour ainsi dire, les années qui s'étoient écoulées depuis l'expiration de leurs charges, et les considéroit toujours comme revêtus du caractère qu'ils avoient une fois porté. J'ignore jusqu'à quel point le sénat auroit poussé son indulgence, et s'il eût accordé le triomphe aux exploits d'un ancien préteur, par exemple, revêtu de l'autorité proconsulaire. Je crois que ce sage conseil ne décida point d'avance un cas qui n'étoit pas arrivé; et qu'il auroit jugé selon les circonstances jusqu'à un proconsul, qui n'auroit jamais joui que de la dernière des magistratures, l'édilité. Cet édile, agé au moins de trente huit ans, devoit être connu depuis vingt ans dans les troupes et dans la ville. Il devoit avoir fait connoître ses talens et son caractère dans la *questure*, et ses principes de politique dans le sénat. Mais le sens et la lettre de ce décret excluient de l'honneur du triomphe, tout particulier, tout chevalier Romain, qui auroit donné l'exem-

* Je ne puis renvoyer qu'à Tite Live et aux Fastes du sixième et septième siècles de Rome.
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decisive. The strict sense of this decree allowed a triumph only to those consuls and prætors whose magistracies had been prolonged by the people; but both reason and custom extended this honour to citizens invested by public authority with the power belonging to offices † which they had formerly filled; the indulgence of the senate obliterating, as it were, the years which had elapsed since the term of their employment, and considering them as still bearing a character which they had once honourably sustained. I know not how far the senate extended this indulgence; and whether it allowed, for example, the triumph to a prætor of a former year, when invested with proconsular authority. I am inclined to think that this wise council never anticipated the decisions of cases which had not actually happened; and that according to circumstances it would have extended the right of triumph even to a proconsul, who had never held any other magistracy than the ædileship. The ædile having attained at least the age of thirty-eight, must have been known for twenty years in the army and in the city. His talents and his character might have been appreciated by his behaviour in the quæstorship, and his political principles could not fail of being discovered in the senate. But both the letter and the spirit of this decree excluded from triumphal honours the simple citizen or knight, that the laws might not be suspended even in favour of

* I can only cite the authority of Livy and the Fasti of the sixth and seventh centuries of Rome.
the

ple pernicieux de faire déroger aux loix, en faveur même du mérite le plus distingué. Il établit si bien l'honneur de ces loix et du triomphe, que le peuple ne distribua plus ses graces, que selon l'ordre établi. Je fais que le jeune Pompée, encore chevalier, arracha au dictateur Sylla les honneurs du triomphe, dans ces tems malheureux où les loix se taisoient devant les particuliers trop puissans *. Si le sénat lui accorda ensuite une grace pareille, l'autorité de Pompée et la faveur du peuple justifioient assez une indulgence qui étoit sans conséquence pour lui.

3. On fait assez que le Général victorieux à son retour à Rome, faisoit assembler le sénat dans un temple hors de l'enceinte des murs, et qu'il lui exposoit ses prétensions au triomphe, en lui fournissant en même tems des mémoires exacts de sa victoire, dont il étoit obligé de constater la vérité par son serment solennel. La manière dont Claudius Néron et Livius Salinator demandèrent le triomphe pour leur victoire de Metaurus, étoit selon Tite Live la forme usitée de tous les Généraux. Il supplièrent qu'on rendît graces aux dieux, et qu'il leur fût permis d'entrer en ville en triomphe, pour avoir administré la république avec courage et avec fidélité †. Je pense que cette condition, dont l'interprétation se prêtoit facilement à la prudence et à l'équité des juges, étoit seule essentielle, quoique plusieurs

the most distinguished merit. The authority of these laws became so thoroughly established, that the people no longer sought to dispense their favours, but agreeably to the order which they prescribed. I know that young Pompey, while yet a simple knight, forced the dictator Sylla to grant him a triumph, at that unhappy crisis when the laws were overwhelmed by the power of individuals *. Although the senate afterwards bestowed on him a similar power, the authority of Pompey, and the enthusiastic admiration of the multitude, justified an indulgence which would not be construed into a precedent.

3. It is well known that the victorious general, at his return to Rome, assembled the senators in a temple without the walls, and explained to them his just pretensions to a triumph, by supplying them with a written narrative of his victory, confirmed by a solemn oath. The form by which Claudius Nero and Livius Salinator demanded a triumph for their victory at Metaurus was that employed by the subsequent generals. They requested that thanks might be rendered to the gods; and that they themselves might be allowed to enter the city in triumph, for their faithful and courageous management of the affairs of the republic †. I am of opinion that this condition, which admitted of great latitude of interpretation from the prudence and equity

* Appian de Bell. Civl. L. i. Cicér. pro leg. Marcil.

† Tit. Liv. xxviii.

seurs écrivains y ayent substitué une multitude de petites loix, qui arrêtoient les délibérations du sénat, et le mettoient à chaque instant dans l'impuissance, ou dans la nécessité d'accorder l'honneur du triomphe à ceux qui le sollicitoient*. Eux mêmes n'ont point pu découvrir des loix dignes de ce nom sacré. Celles qu'ils nous ont données, ne sont appuyées que sur quelques exemples particuliers, qui sont détruits à leur tour par des exemples opposés; et l'on doit sentir que celui qui nie, détruit, d'un seul fait, toutes les vraisemblances qu'on peut accumuler contre lui.

C'est ainsi qu'ils ont statué qu'un Général ne pouvoit prétendre au triomphe, à moins que dans une seule bataille rangée, il n'eut fait périr cinq mille des ennemis; et à les entendre, cette seule condition remplit l'autorisoit à le demander comme une récompense qui lui étoit due. J'ai cependant de la peine à me persuader que le sénat eut voulu s'affujettir à juger du mérite, sur une règle aussi incertaine que le nombre des morts. Dans combien d'occasions un Général pouvoit-il rendre à la république des services, qui méritoient toute sa reconnoissance, sans avoir satisfait à ces calculateurs scrupuleux, qui mesurent le sang humain avec tant d'exactitude? S'il avoit affaire aux peuples efféminés de l'Orient, qui osoient à peine sou-

tenir

of the judges, was the only one essential, although several writers suppose a variety of particular laws, which controlled the deliberations of the senate, and compelled them either to admit or to reject the pretensions of those who demanded a triumph*. Yet those writers have not been able to bring forward, on this subject, any thing deserving the sacred name of a law. The particulars which they mention are inferred from a few examples, the force of which is destroyed by others directly opposite; and they cannot but perceive that he who maintains the negative against them, overturns, by a single fact, all the probabilities which they can accumulate.

They lay it down as a law of the triumph, that a general could not claim that honour, who had not in a pitched battle killed five thousand of the enemy; and suppose that he was entitled to demand it, upon fulfilling this single condition, as the due recompense of his merit. Yet it is not easy to believe that in appreciating military services, the senate should have been guided by a circumstance so exceedingly uncertain as the number of the slain. On how many occasions might a general deserve the warmest gratitude of the republic, without contenting those nice arithmeticians who calculated the quantity of human blood with such scrupulous accuracy? If he carried on war against the effeminate nations of the East, whose cowardice was alarmed even by

* V. Onuphr. Panvin. de Triumphis, et Appian in Lybicus.

renir le cri de guerre des légions, une victoire très peu sanglante, pouvoit lui livrer un royaume entier. Un Général fagement avare du sang des citoyens, pouvoit penser qu'une campagne savante et heureuse déployoit bien mieux les talens militaires, que l'aveugle fortune d'un jour de combat. Ses manœuvres bien concertées et bien soutenues, pouvoient enlever à l'ennemi toutes ses ressources, sans lui laisser même celles d'une bataille, et le reduire à la nécessité de mettre bas les armes, et de se rendre avec une armée encore entière, et que les combats n'avoient point diminuée. Des places fortifiées par l'art ou par leur situation, et défendues par une garnison intrépide plutôt que nombreuse, pouvoient offrir de toutes parts des obstacles dignes de toute la constance des troupes, et de toute la science du Général, qui aura achevé par cette conquête, des guerres aussi onéreuses pour la république, qu'elles étoient pernicieuses aux provinces. Je ne citerai que le dernier de ces cas, et je ne rappellerai que l'exemple du second des Scipions qui égala la réputation de son oncle, sans avoir jamais vaincu Annibal, et qui triompha deux fois, sans avoir livré une seule bataille rangée. Les sièges de Carthage et de Numance lui valurent ces deux triomphes, et deux surnoms encore plus glorieux. Il ne seroit cependant pas possible d'y trouver un combat où il ait pu périr cinq mille hommes. Il y a même des auteurs qui nous assurent que ces Numantins qui osèrent lutter avec tant de succès et
de

the war-shouts of the legions, a victory almost bloodless might put him in possession of a whole kingdom. A commander, sparing of the blood of his fellow-citizens, might think military talents more honourably displayed in the skill and success of a campaign, than in the blind fortune and havock of a day of battle. His well-contrived and well-executed movements might deprive the enemy of every resource, without excepting that of an engagement; and compel them to surrender their arms and their persons, a prize undiminished by any loss in the field. Towns strongly fortified by art or nature, and defended by garrisons more obstinate than numerous, might oppose obstacles worthy of exercising all the skill and perseverance of a general; who, by carrying such places, might often terminate wars as burdensome to the republic as pernicious to the provinces. I shall exemplify only the second of those cases; and my example shall be that of the younger Scipio, whose glory equalled that of his uncle, though he had never conquered an Hannibal; and who triumphed twice, without having ever fought a single pitched battle. By taking Carthage and Numantium, he obtained those triumphs, and two surnames, still more glorious. Yet, in the course of those sieges, it is impossible to find an action in which five thousand of the enemy perished; and there are authors who affirm, that those brave Numantines who resisted

de constance contre les forces de la république, ne monterent jamais à plus de quatre mille hommes, qui ne multiplient leur nombre que par leur valeur *.

Nous devons à ces mêmes écrivains un autre règlement aussi sage, et par bonheur aussi bien fondé que le premier. Pour obtenir, disent-ils, l'honneur du triomphe, il falloit avoir soumis quelque peuple qui n'avoit jamais reconnu l'autorité des Romains ; il n'auroit pas suffi de réduire une province révoltée ; le sénat ne comptoit que ces victoires qui reculoient les frontières de l'empire. Il me semble qu'on a voulu faire honneur à une certaine grandeur d'ame un peu romanesque, aux dépens de la prudence et du véritable honneur. En effet la possession d'une province importoit elle moins à la république, parcequ'elle l'avoit déjà possédée, et qu'elle l'avoit rendue d'un prix bien plus considérable, en versant dans son sein des colonies nombreuses, et en faisant valoir tous les avantages naturels ou artificiels du pays ? Son honneur étoit-il plus intéressé à soumettre des nations libres, qui connoissoient à peine le nom de Rome, qu'à réduire des rebelles dont la révolte accusoit la justice de la république, bravoit sa puissance, et donnoit aux autres sujets un exemple dangereux et séduisant ? Trouvoit-on une résistance moins opiniâtre parmi ces peuples réduits à opter entre la victoire et la mort, et dont les chefs, et même les troupes, avoient appris l'art de la guerre

with such perseverance and success the forces of the republic, never exceeded four thousand men, whose numbers were multiplied only by their valour *.

Another regulation is mentioned, not less wise, and just as well founded as that already stated. A triumph, it is said, could be obtained only by the conquerors of nations, who had never previously acknowledged the authority of the Romans ; the reduction of a revolted province did not suffice ; the senate made no account of victories which did not extend the frontiers of the empire. In this supposed regulation, it seems to me as if the heroism of romance were substituted instead of the dictates of prudence and true honour. Was a province the less valuable to the Romans because it had been long in their possession, peopled by their numerous colonies, and enriched by their attention in improving its natural and artificial advantages ? Was the honour of the republic more concerned in subduing free nations, who had scarcely ever heard of the name of Rome, than in suppressing the rebellion of a revolted province, which upbraided her injustice, defied her power, and seduced by a dangerous example the allegiance of her other subjects ? Was a less obstinate resistance to be expected from a people who had no other choice than victory or death, whose generals and even sol-

* V. Flori Epitom. Orosum, T. Liv. lv. Auctor de Vir. illustr.

guerre sous les drapeaux Romains, que parmi des nations de barbares dont le sénat accepta avec plaisir les soumissions les plus légères, content d'imposer d'abord le joug, pour ne l'appesantir que dans la suite ? En un mot, ces guerres étoient-elles d'une si petite importance, qu'on dût en dégoûter les bons Généraux, en refusant à leurs exploits, la seule récompense qui en étoit digne ? Pour me persuader que le sénat eût établi un pareil règlement, il faudroit des faits aussi décisifs en sa faveur, qu'ils lui sont opposés. Je ne veux pas me prévaloir de tous ces triomphes sur des peuples déjà cent fois vaincus, auxquels les Romains avoient accordé la paix à des conditions très inégales, et dignes plutôt de sujets que d'allies * ; mais lorsque Titus et son pere triomphèrent des Juifs, et que le sénat éternisa leurs victoires par des médailles et par cet arc de triomphe que nous voyons encore, ils ne triomphèrent que de la réduction d'une province révoltée, jadis soumise par Pompée, et gouvernée par des magistrats Romains depuis cinquante ans. Je conviens avec Onuphrius Panvinus, que Fulvius ne triompha point de l'importante conquête de Capoue. J'ignore les raisons du sénat, et si la justice ou les intrigues ont fait échouer ce proconsul ; mais je sais que vers le même tems, Fabius Maximus obtint cet honneur, pour avoir pris *Tarentum* †, ville qui reconnoissoit la domination Romaine depuis la fin de la guerre de Pyrrhus.

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diers had learned war under the Roman standard, than from those barbarous nations, whose slightest submissions were readily accepted by a senate, always content with merely imposing the yoke at first, that its weight might afterwards be more severely felt ? In one word ; were the wars against revolted provinces regarded as too unimportant to merit the only reward worthy of a victorious general ? The existence of such a regulation could be proved only by the most decisive facts ; but the facts on record are directly against it. I will not avail myself of the numerous triumphs over communities, an hundred times conquered, to which the Romans granted very unequal conditions of peace, and treated rather as subjects than allies * ; but when Titus and his father triumphed over the Jews, and when the senate commemorated their victories by medals and that triumphal arch which has subsisted to the present day, they did nothing more than triumph over a revolted province, which had been subdued by the arms of Pompey, and governed by Roman magistrates for the space of fifty years. I agree with Onuphrius Panvinus, that Fulvius did not obtain a triumph for the important conquest of Capua. Of the reasons which made the senate refuse it to him, I am ignorant ; it is uncertain whether justice or intrigue defeated the prospects of this proconsul ; but I know that nearly about the same time, Fabius Maximus triumphed for the conquest of Tarentum †, a city which had acknowledged the sovereignty of Rome ever since the war against

* V. Joseph. Antiq. Judaic. et de Bell. Judaico.

† Tit. Liv. xxvii.

Je dis plus ; Rome s'est trouvée dans des situations malheureuses, où elle a du prodiguer toute sa reconnoissance à ces Généraux qui avoient protégé la patrie, sans ajouter ni rendre à sa domination un pouce de terrain. Ce ne sont pas Scipion ou Pompée, mais Camille et Marius, que la reconnoissance publique a associés avec Romulus dans le titre de fondateur de Rome. Ces grands hommes ont repoussé les débordemens des barbares ; ils en ont exterminé les armées, mais ils n'ont jamais songé à les poursuivre, pour les attaquer dans leurs pays dont ils connoissoient à peine la situation. Que pourroit-on penser d'une loi, dont la conséquence immédiate et naturelle auroit refusé des triomphes à de pareils hommes, pour les accorder à des propréteurs qui ne doivent leur souvenir qu'aux fastes Capitolins ?

*Hic tamen et Cimbros, et summa pericula rerum
Excipit, et solus trepidantem protegit urbem.
Atque ideo postquam ad Cimbros, stragemque volabant
Qui nunquam attigerant majora cadavera corvi,
Nobilis ornatur lauro collega secundâ*.*

On demanderoit avec plus de vraisemblance, si le sénat se contentoit d'une victoire, et s'il ne falloit pas achever la guerre par la soumission de l'ennemi,

Pyrrhus. I go farther ; and observe, that Rome more than once experienced those disasters, which made it her duty to bestow the highest marks of her gratitude on those generals who had saved their country, without adding a foot of ground to its territory. Neither Scipio nor Pompey, but Camillus and Marius, were associated with Romulus, in the honourable appellation of Founders of Rome. These great men repressed the inundations of the Barbarians, and destroyed their armies ; but never thought of pursuing them into their own wilds, with the situation of which they were scarcely acquainted. What must have been the absurdity of a law, which denied to such men the triumph, while it lavished that honour on proprætors, whose names are known only by the Capitoline records ?

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Nobilis ornatur lauro collega secundâ*.*

It may be asked with greater probability, whether the senate was satisfied with a single victory ? or whether, to have a right to demand the triumph, it was not neces-

* Juvenal Satyr. viii. 249, et seq.

mi, ou du moins par un traité avantageux pour la république, pour oser lui demander un triomphe. Je ne verrois dans un pareil règlement, que la sagesse d'un sénat qui craignoit d'avilir ses récompenses en les prodiguant, mais qui toujours libre et souverain, favoit aussi refuser cet honneur à un Général présomptueux qui ne lui auroit offert que des ennemis et des conquêtes indignes de ses armes. Mais en interrogeant les faits (et ce sont les faits qu'il faut interroger), je vois que la conduite du sénat a varié dans les différens siècles de la république; et je trouve la cause de cette variation dans un usage accessoire et étranger au mérite du chef. C'est celui qui associoit aux honneurs de son triomphe, ces braves citoyens qui avoient partagé ses dangers. Les soldats suivoient le char du triomphateur, couronnés de lauriers, et ornés des récompenses militaires que leur valeur avoit méritées *. Ils s'approprioient toute la gloire de leur chef, et ce chef trouvoit dans les éloges de ses légionnaires, et encore mieux dans ces railleries rustiques, preuves de leur franchise et de leur estime, le prix le plus doux de ses travaux. Dans les premières guerres de la république, lorsqu'elle ne luttoit que contre des ennemis peu éloignés, et qui n'avoient point des troupes réglées, le consul victorieux ramenoit ses légions à Rome, et les soldats n'avoient d'autres
quartiers

fary to terminate the war by subduing the enemy, or at least by making a treaty advantageous to the republic. In such a regulation, I should perceive nothing but the wisdom of the senate, which was careful not to debase its honours by too lavish a prodigality; and which itself, always sovereign and free, knew how to refuse to a presumptuous general, who courted the triumph by inglorious conquests over unworthy enemies. But in deciding according to facts, and by facts we ought to decide, I perceive that the conduct of the senate varied in different ages of the republic; and that the cause of this variation depended on a circumstance altogether distinct from the merit of the general. It was customary that the brave citizens who had shared his dangers should also partake of the glory of his triumph. The foldiers followed his chariot, crowned with laurels, and decorated with the military ornaments, which their valour had merited *. They appropriated to themselves the honours conferred on their commander; and this commander derived his sweetest reward from the praises of his soldiers, and still more from their coarse raillery, the surest mark of their frankness and esteem. During the first wars of the republic, while Rome contended against enemies in her neighbourhood, and unprovided with regular troops, the victorious consul brought back his legions to the capital, and the troops needed no other winter-quarters

* See the Oration of M. Servilius. Tit. Liv. xlv.

quartiers d'hiver que leurs foyers domestiques. Je vois dans ces siècles les plus attachés à la discipline, que le sénat accordoit sans peine les triomphes pour ces victoires qui décident du fort de la campagne, sans terminer la guerre. Il permet à Fabius Rullianus de triompher des Etrusques, des Umbriens, des Samnites, et des Gaulois *. Il savoit cependant que cette alliance étoit vaincue, sans être soumise, et que la victoire de Fabius n'avoit amené ni la conquête, ni la paix. Dans la guerre d'Annibal, sa conduite fut différente, mais ses principes étoient invariables. Il se défendoit à la fois dans toutes les provinces de l'Italie. Si tôt qu'une victoire considérable lui permettoit de retirer d'une de ces provinces, l'armée qui y avoit combattu, il accordoit le triomphe à son Général qu'il ne séparoit point de ses légions. Lorsqu'il le décerna à Livius Salinator †, son collègue Néron suivit son char à cheval, et grossit le cortège de celui qu'il avoit fait vaincre. Une des raisons qui causèrent cette différence, étoit que l'armée du premier étoit revenue à Rome, et qu'on ne pouvoit rappeler les troupes de celui-ci, qui étoient opposées à Annibal: Lorsque la république attaqua les grandes puissances de la Grèce, de l'Orient, et de l'Afrique, les légions ne repassèrent la mer, qu'après avoir soumis les pays qu'elles avoient attaqués. Le triomphe ne s'achetoit que par les conquêtes; et par un effet admirable de ces loix qui s'exéc-

than their respective homes. I perceive that in ages the most observant of discipline, the senate granted triumphs for victories which decided the fortune of a campaign, without terminating the war. Fabius Rullianus was allowed to triumph over the Tuscans, Umbrians, Samnites, and Gauls *. The senate well knew that the confederacy of those nations was conquered without being subdued; and that the victory of Fabius had given neither possessions nor peace to his country. In the war against Hannibal, the senate indeed varied its conduct, but its principles were unalterable. Rome was obliged to act on the defensive in all the provinces of Italy at once. Whenever a considerable victory allowed her to withdraw the army employed in one of those provinces, she granted a triumph to its general, that he might not be separated from his troops. When the senate decreed a triumph to Livius Salinator †, his colleague Nero followed his car on horseback, and swelled the train of him whom he had enabled to conquer. One reason for this was, that the army of Livius had returned to Rome, and that the troops commanded by Nero could not be recalled because they then opposed Hannibal. When Rome attacked the great powers of Greece, the East, and Africa, her legions did not recross the sea until they had subdued the countries which they invaded. Triumphs in those wars were purchased only by conquests; and, in consequence of

* T. Liv. x.

† Id. xxviii.

s'exécutent par la nature des choses, plutôt que par les passions des hommes, la majesté du triomphe s'élevoit avec la grandeur de l'état. Mais depuis le tems de Marius, qui fit entrer la populace dans les légions, la guerre devint un métier au lieu d'un devoir; on laissoit des troupes dans les provinces, et la politique plutôt que la justice, décidait le sénat sur le corps qu'il licencioit, ou qu'il rappelloit. On commençoit à couronner les Généraux qui, après avoir vaincu un ennemi, laissoient à leur successeur le soin de le soumettre, et qui ne ramenoient à Rome qu'une petite troupe d'officiers et de soldats qui leur étoient attachés, ou qui pouvoient le mieux orner leur triomphe. Je ne citerai que l'exemple de Lucullus. Il reçut le triomphe qu'il avoit mérité par ses victoires sur ce grand Mithridate, vaincu si souvent, et toujours si redoutable. Un coup d'œil sur la harangue pour la loi *Manilia*, peut nous convaincre qu'aux yeux des Romains, cette guerre n'étoit point terminée.

Ces réflexions peuvent nous convaincre qu'il n'a jamais existé ce code des lois du triomphe, qu'Appien d'Alexandrie, et Onuphrius Panvinus ont essayé de compiler, et que le rhéteur Egyptien, et l'hermite Augustin, peu faits pour sonder les profondeurs de la politique du sénat, ont vu des lois générales, où il ne falloit voir que des exemples particuliers. L'esprit de ce corps habile, sûr interprète de la justice et de la prudence, formoit une loi

the excellence of those laws whose execution varies with the nature of things, rather than with the passions of men, the increasing majesty of the triumph kept pace with the growing greatness of the state. But from the time that Marius polluted the legions by a mixture of the vilest populace, war became a trade instead of a duty; the troops remained in the provinces; and, in disbanding or calling home the legions, the senate obeyed the maxims of policy rather than those of justice. It became the custom to crown generals, who, after once conquering an enemy, left it for their successors to subdue him, and who conducted back to Rome only a small band of officers and soldiers who were peculiarly attached to them, and who were best qualified to grace their triumph. I shall cite only the example of Lucullus. He triumphed for his victories over the great Mithridates, so often conquered, yet always so formidable. A glance at Cicero's oration in favour of the Manilian law, will convince us that the Romans were far from thinking this war concluded.

These observations are sufficient to prove that there never existed a code of triumphal laws, such as the fancies of Appian of Alexandria and Onuphrius Panvinus have thought fit to compile. The Egyptian rhetorician and Augustine hermit, being alike unqualified for founding the profound policy of the senate, have considered as general laws what were only particular examples. The spirit of this wise tribunal, which knew so well how to unite prudence with justice, formed to itself a living law, which comprehended

loi vivante, qui embrassoit toute cette variété de circonstances, sur lesquelles les loix écrites seroient muettes, imparfaites, ou contradictoires. Il combinait l'habileté du Général avec le caractère de l'ennemi, l'importance de l'acquisition avec la fortune qui avoit secondé la sagesse, et la facilité de la conquête avec les moyens qu'on y avoit employés. Les anciens sénateurs, dont l'autorité entraînoit les suffrages, avoient vieilli dans le commandement des armées, ils accorderoient des récompenses dont ils connoissoient le prix, à des généraux dont ils étoient dignes d'apprécier le mérite. Je vois même qu'aussi attentifs au salut des citoyens qu'à la gloire de l'état, ils ont scu refuser plus d'un fois les triomphes aux consuls victorieux, qui avoient acheté leur victoire en prodiguant sans nécessité ou sans utilité le sang Romain *. Il leur importoit de réprimer l'ambition cruelle des chefs, en leur refusant l'entrée dans une ville que leur exploits avoient remplie de deuil.

Je ne connois qu'une condition précise que le sénat paroît avoir toujours exigée, c'est la qualité des ennemis. Il auroit cru avilir le triomphe en l'accordant aux vainqueurs des esclaves ou des corsaires : ce sang trop vil, ou celui trop précieux des citoyens, flétrissoit également les lauriers du Général victorieux.

C'est

all that variety of cases, concerning many of which the dead letter of written laws must ever be silent, imperfect, or contradictory. The senate compared the abilities of the general with the character of the enemy, the importance of the acquisition with the wisdom or good fortune with which it had been obtained, and the facility of the conquest with the means employed in effecting it. The aged senators, whose authority guided the votes of their assessors, had grown old in military command; and granted rewards whose value they could estimate, to generals whose worth they were capable of appreciating. I perceive also, that they were not less attentive to the safety of the citizens than to the glory of the state; and more than once refused triumphs to victorious consuls, who had purchased their advantages by an unnecessary or useless prodigality of Roman blood *. They thought it their duty to repress the cruel ambition of leaders, by refusing to them a triumphant return into a city which their exploits had filled with mourning.

There was, as far as I can discover, but one precise condition always required by the senate, namely, the rank or quality of the enemy. The triumph would have been disgraced by granting it for victories over slaves or pirates; *their* blood too vile, and that of the citizens too precious, equally blasted the laurels of a victorious general.

* Tit. Liv. x.

C'est au magistrat plutôt qu'au Général, à réprimer l'audace des malfaiteurs, qui osent braver les lois et la justice. Si des troupes de brigands sont quelquefois devenues assez nombreuses, pour attirer les armes du souverain, on a toujours envisagé ces expéditions comme plus nécessaires que difficiles, et plus difficiles que glorieuses. Cependant la faiblesse et la tyrannie des maîtres encouragèrent deux fois les esclaves Siciliens à secouer le joug. On rougit d'envoyer contre ces malheureux les légions Romaines, mais on rougit encore plus de les voir vaincues ; et lorsque leurs Généraux eurent soumis ces rebelles, le sénat devoit sentir qu'il avoit accordé le triomphe à des exploits moins considérables. Le nom d'esclave cependant l'emporta ; on craignoit de profaner le triomphe ; un refus paroïssoit sans conséquence. On n'accordoit aux Généraux victorieux que l'ovation, qui les couronnoit de myrte au lieu de laurier, et qui ne leur donnoit qu'un cortège de citoyens pacifiques, à la place d'une troupe militaire. On espéra avec raison que la discipline effrayante qu'on avoit établie parmi les esclaves, préviendroit à jamais de semblables révoltes. Mais dans ce même siècle, par une combinaison unique de circonstances, la république se vit obligée de soutenir contre des gladiateurs et contre des corsaires deux guerres opiniâtres, dont celle-ci attaquoit le commerce et la dignité de l'empire, et dont la première mena-

çoit

It belongs to the civil magistrate, rather than to the military commander, to curb the audacity of malefactors, who set at defiance justice and the laws. When bands of robbers become so numerous that they must be opposed by a military force, such wars have always been regarded as more necessary than difficult, and more difficult than glorious. The weakness and tyranny of masters made the slaves in Sicily twice shake off the yoke. The Romans were ashamed to employ their legions against such ignoble adversaries ; but their shame was greater to see those legions defeated ; and when their generals finally succeeded in repressing the insurrection, the senate was sensible that it had often decreed a triumph for less meritorious exploits. Yet the name of slave was not to be got over ; the senate feared lest the triumph should be profaned ; to deny it seemed not pregnant with very evil consequences. The victorious generals, therefore, were honoured only with an ovation ; which gave to them crowns of myrtle, instead of those of laurel ; and entitled them to be attended with a train of peaceful citizens, not by a military procession. The Romans reasonably expected that the dreadful discipline thenceforth established respecting slaves would in future prevent similar revolts. But, by a strange combination of circumstances, the republic was obliged in the same age to carry on two obstinate wars against pirates and gladiators ; the one of which endangered the commerce and dignity of the empire, and the other threatened the destruction of

çoit de la destruction du nom Romain. On peut juger si l'on avoit prévu ce cas, et si des loix pouvoient déterminer d'avance la conduite du sénat. Mais lorsque Crassus eut exterminé l'armée de Spartacus, ce corps sage, qui connoissoit le pouvoir d'un nom, craignoit d'éterniser la honte de l'état, plutôt que la gloire du général, en lui accordant pour une guerre servile les honneurs du triomphe. Je conçois que les partisans de Pompée employoient dans cette occasion le langage de Cicéron, et que le peuple les écoutoit avec plaisir, lorsqu'ils accorderoient à son favori presque tout le mérite de cette guerre. Dans la suite, lorsque ce même Pompée eut soumis les corsaires, l'orgueil de deux triomphes et les nouveaux lauriers qu'il alloit cueillir dans la guerre de Mithridate, ne lui permirent pas de s'abaisser jusqu'à une ovation, que Crassus avoit acceptée, et qui s'établit bientôt dans l'esprit des Romains comme la récompense digne de ces victoires.

L'orgueil, tout opposé qu'il est au mépris, produisit ici les mêmes effets ; on ne voulut pas triompher des esclaves qu'on méprisoit, ni des citoyens, parcequ'on les estimoit. Les vainqueurs des guerres civiles pouvoient arracher au sénat les récompenses qui auroient le mieux flatté leur vanité ; mais s'ils étoient maîtres des lois, ils respectoient l'opinion publique, et des préjugés qui étoient peut être encore les leurs. Ils auroient craint d'avilir la
dignité

the Roman name. Could the senate foresee such events, or uniformly decree the triumph according to rules previously established ? But when Crassus had ruined the army of Spartacus, the wisdom of the senate perceived that the public disgrace would be commemorated rather than the glory of the general, by granting to him a triumph for terminating a servile war. The partisans of Pompey would naturally employ on this occasion the eloquence of Cicero ; and would be themselves heard with pleasure by the people, when they ascribed to their favourite almost the whole merit of this exploit. Afterwards, when the same Pompey subdued the pirates, the pride of two triumphs, and the laurels which he expected to reap in the Mithridatic war, made him disdain the honour of an ovation, which Crassus had accepted ; and which thenceforth became, in the estimation of the Romans, the natural reward for such victories.

Pride, opposite as it is to contempt, produced in the present case precisely the same effects ; the Romans refused to triumph over slaves, the objects of their contempt ; and over citizens who were the objects of their esteem. The conquerors in the civil wars might have extorted from the senate the rewards most flattering to their vanity ; but, though masters of the laws, they still respected the public opinion, and the prejudices of their country, from which they themselves were not perhaps totally exempted. They were afraid of degrading the dignity of the Roman name by treating their fellow-

dignité du nom Romain, en traitant leurs concitoyens comme des rois vaincus ; et ce Sylla qui osa proscrire tant de sénateurs et de chevaliers, eût rougi peut être de les enchaîner à son char, et de remercier les dieux du capitol pour ces tristes victoires qu'il eût fallu ensevelir dans l'oubli. Je crois que ces tyrans de la patrie, Sylla, César, et Auguste, qui connoissoient la dignité des lois qu'ils avoient violées, et le génie du peuple qu'ils opprimoient, craignoient d'irriter son désespoir en exposant à ses yeux avec un faste insultant, le tableau de la liberté qu'il avoit perdue, et des victimes illustres qu'ils avoient immolées à leur ambition. César lui même eut la mortification d'entendre les cris de la douleur publique, lorsqu'il fit passer à la suite de son triomphe Africain, les images de Scipion, de Caton, et de Petreius *. S'il n'avoit pas eu la prudence de lui dérober celle du Grand Pompée, le cri de la douleur seroit peut être devenu celui de la fureur, dans un peuple qu'on ne pouvoit encore consoler de son esclavage qu'en le lui cachant. Mais si d'un coté, l'ambition satisfaite pouvoit se rendre la justice de se sentir indigne des récompenses de la vertu, la liberté vengée pouvoit décerner à ses sauveurs la couronne de laurier aussi bien que la couronne civique. Dans la courte joye que le sénat éprouva à la nouvelle de la bataille de Modène, Cicéron † ouvrit un avis vigoureux que Caton auroit suivi avec plaisir.

citizens like conquered kings; and even Sylla, who ventured to kill by his proscriptions so many senators and knights, would have been ashamed to drag them after his triumphal chariot, and to have thanked the gods of the capitol for melancholy victories, which it was his duty to wish buried in eternal oblivion. I am persuaded that those tyrants of their country, Sylla, Cæsar, and Augustus, who knew the dignity of the laws which they violated, and the disposition of the people whom they oppressed, dreaded to provoke their despair, by presenting to the public eye, in an offensive show, the picture of lost liberty, and the illustrious victims sacrificed to ambition. Cæsar himself was mortified at hearing the lamentations of public sorrow, when the images of Scipio, Cato, and Petreius passed in the train of his African triumph *. If the image of the great Pompey had not been cautiously concealed, what was grief might have become fury in a people, whose only consolation for slavery was, that it was artfully disguised. But if, on one hand, satiated ambition could still retain the justice of feeling itself undeserving of the rewards of virtue, avenged liberty might surely decree to its restorers the laurel as well as the civic crown. During the short joy inspired into the senate by the news of the battle of Modena, Cicero † proposed a

* Appian de Bell. Civil. L. ii.

† Cicero. Philippic xiv. pass. 5.

resolution

plaisir. Il accordoit aux consuls et au jeune Octave, une supplication de cinquante jours, et le nom d'*Imperator*. La conséquence de cet avis ne lui auroit pas permis de leur refuser le triomphe, qui en étoit la suite ordinaire ; et l'on sent qu'il prévoyoit cette conséquence sans en être effrayé. " Accordez nous," disoit-il aux sénateurs, " ces honneurs à des chefs qui ont fait périr un millier de barbares, pour le refuser aux sauveurs de la république. Oublions dans Antoine et dans ses partisans cette qualité de citoyens, dont ils ont méprisé tous les devoirs. Rome ne doit voir en eux que des ennemis aussi cruels, et cent fois plus coupables qu'Annibal." On n'auroit pu lui opposer que la défaite de Catilina, dont le vainqueur n'avoit point obtenu le triomphe. Mais ce vainqueur étoit le foible Antonius, qui n'osa être ni conjuré ni citoyen, et qui ne fut que spectateur du massacre de ses anciens amis par les armes de son lieutenant Petreius. Cicéron auroit ajouté avec plaisir qu'il avoit lui même vaincu Catilina dans le sénat, et que ce conjuré redoutable à Rome, ne devint du moment de sa fuite qu'un chef de brigands méprisables.

Les vainqueurs de la liberté, qui craignoient de voir tomber dans l'oubli les exploits qu'ils avoient faits, lorsqu'ils étoient armés contre la patrie, songerent, comme

resolution to which Cato would have been happy to have acceded. He granted, in honour of the consuls and young Octavius, a supplication or thanksgiving of fifty days ; and the name of *Imperator*. He could not have refused them the triumph which usually followed these honours ; and it appears that he foresaw the consequence without alarm. " Shall we grant," he observed in the senate, " rewards to those who have killed a thousand Barbarians, which we deny to the saviour of the republic. Let us forget in Antony and his adherents the character of citizens, justly lost by their violation of all its duties. Rome ought to see in them nothing but enemies equally cruel, and an hundred times more deserving of punishment than Hannibal himself." The only objection that could have been made to Cicero was the defeat of Catiline, whose conqueror had not obtained a triumph. But that conqueror was the feeble-minded Antonius, who had not spirit to act the part either of a conspirator or of a citizen, and who tamely submitted to behold the destruction of his ancient friends by the arms of his lieutenant Petreius. Cicero would have been pleased to add, that Catiline had been conquered by himself in the senate ; and that this conspirator, who was formidable only in Rome, became, from the moment of his flight from the capital, no better than the leader of a miserable band of robbers.

The subverters of liberty, who were unwilling that their exploits should be forgotten in fighting against their country, endeavoured, like the great Condé, to contrive means for

comme le grand Condé, à employer des ressources adroites pour éterniser leur gloire sans perpétuer le souvenir de leurs crimes. 1. Ils substituerent aux fastes du triomphe, l'ovation, cérémonie plus modeste et plus humaine, qui célébroit la victoire, sans insulter aux vaincus. C'est ainsi qu'Auguste rentra à Rome après la défaite de Brutus et de Cassius, et après la guerre de Sicile et sa victoire sur le jeune Pompée. 2. Comme les guerres civiles intéressoient tout l'univers, et que chaque chef de parti trainoit à sa suite des rois et des nations ses alliés, on triomphoit de ces alliés, et on laissoit à l'imagination des spectateurs à suppléer aux objets qu'on avoit le ménagement de paroître vouloir lui cacher. Auguste triompha pour la défaite de la flotte Egyptienne à Actium, et pour la conquête de l'Egypte. Il supprimoit le nom de Marc Antoine et de ses partisans, mais qui ne les associoit pas avec celui de Cléopâtre ? On se souvint de cette ruse jusqu'au tems de Vespasien *, où l'on employa le nom des Sarmates, pour justifier les honneurs du triomphe que le sénat décerna à Mucianus pour la guerre civile.

J'aurois plusieurs autres observations à faire sur les droits de triomphe, sur le titre d'*Imperator*, sur les triomphes du Mont Alban, et sur les ornemens

immortalizing their glory without perpetuating the memory of their crimes. 1. For the ostentation of a triumph, they substituted the more modest ceremony of an ovation, in which the victors were honoured, and the vanquished were not insulted. It was thus that Augustus returned to Rome after the defeat of Brutus and Cassius; and after the war in Sicily, and his victory over young Pompey. 2. As the civil wars involved the whole Roman world, and each factious leader had kings and nations for his allies, the triumph openly exposed only those foreign allies, and left to the imagination of the Romans the supplying of the domestic victims which the conqueror had the address to appear willing to conceal. Augustus triumphed for the defeat of the Egyptian fleet at Actium, and the conquest of Egypt. He suppressed the name of Anthony and his lieutenants; but who did not recollect them at hearing that of Cleopatra? This artifice was employed so late as the reign of Vespasian *, when the name of the Sarmatians was used to justify the triumphal honours decreed by the senate to Mucianus for his services in the civil war.

There remain many observations to be made on the right of triumphs; the title of *Imperator*; the triumphs on Mount Alba; and the triumphal ornaments. But we

* Tacit. Hist. iv. 4.

mens du triomphe. Mais c'est trop long tems arrêter nos Généraux aux portes de Rome, il est tems de les introduire dans la ville, et de rechercher la route qu'ils suivoient pour monter au capitol.

Sur le CHEMIN des TRIOMPHEs.

J'AI d'abord cru que les triomphe^s ne suivoient point un chemin déterminé, et que la porte par laquelle ils entroient dans la ville, et les rues par lesquelles ils passaient, pour arriver au pied du Capitole, dépendoient du pays qui avoit été le théâtre de la guerre. Les triomphe^s, me suis je dit, n'étoient que l'image du retour du Général. On aura voulu leur conserver un air naturel parmi tous les apprêts recherchés de l'orgueil et de la magnificence. Lorsque Paule Emile revint de la conquête de la Macédoine, il aura suivi la voye Appienne jusqu'à la porte *Capena*; et les vainqueurs des peuples du nord, seront entrés à Rome par les portes *Flaminia* ou *Collina*. Cicéron m'a détrompé. Cet orateur, dans sa sanglante invective contre Pison, lui met devant les yeux son retour honteux, mais digne de l'administration qu'il terminoit. Il oppose au cortège nombreux, aux acclamations, à la joye publique,

have already detained our generals too long at the gates of Rome. It is time to conduct them into the city, and to examine the road which they followed in ascending the capitol.

Concerning the TRIUMPHAL ROAD.

I AT first thought that the triumphs did not follow any particular road; and that the gate through which they entered into the city, as well as the streets through which they passed to the foot of the capitol, depended on the situation of the country which had been the theatre of the war. The triumphs, I considered, were nothing but a picture of the general's return. Amidst all the artificial decorations of pride and magnificence, there must have been an inclination to confine them within the bounds of nature and probability. When Paulus Emilius returned from the conquest of Macedon, he must have pursued the Appian way to the Porta Capena; and the conquerors of the northern provinces must have entered Rome through the gates distinguished by the names Flaminia and Collina. A passage of Cicero first made me change this opinion. In his bloody invective against Piso, the orator sets before his eyes his shameful return to Rome, a return truly worthy of his scandalous administration. To the numerous train,

publique, qui accompagnoient les proconsuls victorieux, et qui leur faisoient goûter les prémices du triomphe, ce mépris, cet abandon général, qu'éprouva le gouverneur d'une province si féconde en lauriers pour tout autre que lui * : " Craignant," lui dit-il, " le jour et les regards des hommes, vous " avez congédié vos licteurs à la porte *Cælimontana*."—" Vous vous trompez," interrompit Pison, avec une effronterie assez sotte, " je suis entré par " la porte *Esquiline*."—" Peu m'importe," répondit l'orateur, " pourvu " que ce ne soit pas par la porte triomphale, porte qui a toujours été ouverte " à vos prédécesseurs."—La conséquence est facile : les triomphateurs avoient une porte qui ne s'ouvroit que pour eux. Cette institution qui relevoit la dignité du triomphe, en le distinguant encore mieux d'un retour ordinaire, n'étoit pas indigne de la politique Romaine qui savoit que rien n'est indifférent, lorsqu'il faut parler à l'imagination des peuples. Le témoignage de Cicéron me prouve que cet usage étoit établi de son tems, et la nature même des choses me persuade qu'il étoit très ancien. Ce n'est pas dans un siècle éclairé, qu'on ose instituer des usages qui ne sont respectables que par leur but. Le peuple qui suit avec respect la sagesse de ses ancêtres, mépriseroit celle de ses contemporains, et n'envisageroit ces institutions que
du

train, the acclamations, and the public joy by which victorious proconsuls were constantly attended, and which already gave them a foretaste of their triumph, he sets in opposition the contempt or obscurity with which Piso had returned from a province, that would have afforded laurels to every man but himself * : " Dreading," he observes, " to meet the light and the eyes of men, you dismissed your licitors at the *Cælimontane* gate." Piso foolishly enough interrupted him, " You are mistaken ; I entered by " the *Esquiline*." " What matters that," rejoined the orator, " provided you did not " enter by the *porta triumphalis*, a gate always open to your predecessors ?" The consequence naturally follows ; that triumphant generals entered by a gate which was open for them alone. This custom raised the dignity of the triumph by clearly distinguishing it from an ordinary return ; and was worthy of the policy of the Romans, who regarded no circumstance as unimportant which had a tendency to affect the imagination of the multitude. Cicero's authority proves that such an institution prevailed in his time ; and the nature of the thing persuades me that it was still more ancient. In enlightened ages, men seldom venture to establish customs which are respectable only in their end and purpose. The people, who respectfully follow the wisdom of their ancestors, would despise that of their contemporaries ; and would regard such establishments

* Cicer. in Pison. C. xxiii.

du côté où elles pourroient se prêter au ridicule. Romulus d'ailleurs qui institua le triomphe, donna l'exemple du lieu qu'il choisit pour déposer ses trophées, et du chemin qu'il suivit pour y monter. Tous les siècles l'ont imité. Tous les triomphateurs sont venus adorer le Jupiter du capitol. J'ose penser qu'ils ont également suivi la route qu'il leur avoit tracée, et qui a du prendre à leurs yeux un caractère sacré. Qui eut osé le premier changer la marche de cette ancienne procession, mépriser une autorité qui se fortifioit en vieillissant, et désertir les vestiges du fondateur de Rome et du triomphe ? Et par quel motif les auroit-il déserté, lorsque cette seule autorité pouvoit déterminer un choix indifférent en lui même ? S'il étoit trouvé parmi les triomphateurs, ce caractère si singulier parmi les hommes, qui méprise les anciennes cérémonies, lorsqu'elles flattent les intérêts de notre gloire, le sénat se seroit-il prêté à son caprice ? Auroit-il substitué à une autorité ancienne et révérée, un changement sans poids et sans motif ? Romulus lui-même, qui choisit le Mont Capitolin comme un lieu

Religione patrum, et sævâ formidine sacrum,

suivit sans doute le chemin le plus naturel et le plus commode dans son retour de Cenine. La diversité des auteurs à l'égard de cette ville, nous donne une
idée

merely in that point of view which laid them open to ridicule. Romulus, besides, when he instituted the triumph, fixed by his example, not only the place where the trophies were to be deposited, but the road which the procession was to follow. Conformably to this example, all those who afterwards entered in triumph came to adore the Jupiter of the capitol. I am persuaded they also came by the same road which Romulus had traced ; and which, in the eyes of posterity, must have acquired the character of sanctity. Who would have been the first to venture to change the route of this ancient procession, to despise an authority fortified by time, and to forsake the footsteps of the founder of Rome and of the triumph ? What could be the motive for such an innovation, since the example of Romulus was surely sufficient to determine a choice totally indifferant in itself ? Had there been any of the triumphant generals of so very extraordinary a temper as to despise ancient ceremonies which were highly flattering to their own personal glory, would the wisdom of the senate have indulged so very unreasonable a caprice ; and have substituted, for the revered institution of their ancestors, an innovation proceeding from no warrantable motive, and terminating in no useful end ? Romulus chose the Capitoline Mount as a place

Religione patrum, et sævâ formidine sacrum ;

and doubtless pursued the shortest and most convenient road in his return from Cenina. Amidst the different accounts of authors concerning this city, we may form a general
notion

idée générale de sa situation. Les uns la placent parmi les Sabins, les autres parmi les Latins ; ce qui me persuade qu'elle se trouvoit dans cette lisière des deux bords de l'Anio, où les colonies des deux nations étoient entremêlées au point de se confondre *. Les routes différentes qu'on pourroit tirer de ce canton se réunissoient dans le Champ de Mars. Le côté du Mont Capitolin, qui y est opposé, a toujours été jusqu'aux derniers tems, rude et presque inaccessible. Romulus a dû le tourner, ou par le vallon entre le Quirinal et le Capitole, ou par la plaine entre celui-ci et le Tybre. La porte que nous cherchons devroit être dans l'un ou dans l'autre. Un enchaînement de conjectures m'a conduit à cette conclusion ; c'est aux faits seuls à la justifier †. Parmi les honneurs extraordinaires qu'on destinoit à la mémoire d'Auguste, on proposa que son enterrement sortiroit par la porte triomphale. On savoit cependant que son sépulcre étoit déterminé. Tous les citoyens avoient devant les yeux ce superbe mausolée qui avoit déjà reçu une partie de sa famille. Celui-ci étoit placé dans le Champ de Mars. La porte triomphale doit se trouver du même côté de la ville.

Avec ces notions préliminaires, il n'est pas difficile de suivre la marche des triomphes, et surtout de ceux de Paul Emile, et de Vespasien. Ce dernier, après

notion of its situation. Some place it in the territory of the Sabines, others in that of the Latins ; which makes me believe that it stood in that slip of ground on the banks of the Anio, where the colonies of the two nations were mixed and confounded with each other *. The different lines which may be drawn from this district to Rome meet in the Campus Martius. The side of the Capitoline hill which faces the Campus Martius is rude and almost inaccessible. Romulus therefore was under the necessity of making a circuit, either by the valley between the Quirinal and Capitoline hills, or by the plain which lies between the latter and the Tiber. The gate of which we are in quest ought to be found within these limits. A chain of conjectural evidence leads me to this conclusion, which facts alone can substantiate †. Among the extraordinary honours designed for the memory of Augustus, it was proposed that his funeral procession should pass through the triumphal gate. The place of his sepulchre was already fixed. The citizens constantly beheld before their eyes that lofty mausoleum which already entombed a part of his family. It stood in the Campus Martius. The triumphal gate therefore could not be far distant from it.

Guided by such preliminary notions, we may easily follow the triumphal processions, particularly those of Paulus Emilius and Vespasian. The latter, after spending the

* Plutarch et Stephanus, Tit. Liv. Dionys. Halicarn. et Festus.

† Tacit. Annal. i. 8. Sueton. in Aug. C. 100.

après avoir passé la nuit dans le temple d'Isis, vint à la rencontre du sénat qui l'attendoit dans le portique Octavien. Ces deux circonstances nous fixent au Champ de Mars, et nous approchent même du théâtre de Marcellus. Au triomphe de Paul Emile, le peuple éleva des échaffauts dans les cirques, pour y voir passer la pompe. Elle poursuivoit donc sa marche au travers le cirque de Flaminius, et celui connu sous le nom de *Maximus*. Enfin Horace s'applaudit déjà dans l'espérance de voir un jour des Bretons enchainés descendre la *Via Sacra*. Le mot *descendre*, combiné avec la supposition que la porte triomphale étoit du côté du Champ de Mars, nous trace la route entière des triomphateurs. Ici je n'ai pu que suivre le Pere Donati en l'abrégeant *. Cet habile antiquaire a traité cette question avec un goût et un savoir qui ont su dissiper presque toutes ces difficultés.

On peut donc supposer avec vraisemblance, que les triomphateurs, après avoir rassemblé tout leur cortège dans une place ouverte, telle que les *Equiria*, ou le Champ de Mars proprement dit, devant le mausolée d'Auguste, passoient par le cirque de Flaminius, pour entrer dans la ville par la porte triomphale, entre le capitol et le Tybre ; qu'après avoir passé le *Velabrum* ils traversoient le Grand Cirque dans toute sa longueur, et qu'ils achevoient le tour du Mont Palatin, en descendant par la *Via Sacra* dans le

Forum,

night in the temple of Isis, met the senate, which waited for him in the Octavian Portico. These two circumstances bring us to the Field of Mars, and even to the vicinity of the theatre of Marcellus. At the triumph of Paulus Emilius, the people raised scaffoldings in the two circuses to see the procession pass. It proceeded therefore by the circus of Flaminius, as well as by that distinguished by the epithet of Maximus. Horace, moreover, indulged the hope of one day seeing the Britons in chains descend the *Via Sacra*. This word "descend," combined with the supposition that the triumphal gate was near to the Campus Martius, enables us to trace the whole progress of the procession. On this subject, I could only follow and abridge Father Donati *, a skilful antiquary, who has treated this question with a degree of taste and erudition, which fully removes all difficulties.

It may be supposed, therefore, with much probability, that the triumphal train having assembled in an open space, such as the *Equiria*, or that properly called the Campus Martius, immediately under the mausoleum of Augustus, passed through the circus of Flaminius, entered the city by the triumphal gate between the capitol and the Tiber, traversed the place called the *Velabrum*, as well as the whole length of the Circus Maximus, and completed the circuit of the Palatine Mount by descending through the *Via Sacra* into the Forum, in order again to mount to the capitol by the

* Donat. Roma Vetus, L. i. C. 22. p. 79—88.

Forum, pour monter ensuite au capitolé par ce chemin qu'on appelloit *Clivus Capitolinus*, et qui commençoit à l'arc de Septime Sévere. Cette hypothèse appuyée, comme nous l'avons vu sur des temoignages formels de l'antiquité, embrasse encore toutes les convenances que nous pouvons y désirer. Romulus (pour reprendre notre première idée) ne pouvant guères traverser sa nouvelle colonie, qui n'occupoit alors que le sommet escarpé du Palatin, aura du moins voulu en faire le tour, pour étaler aux yeux des citoyens les monumens de sa première victoire. Dans la suite, lorsque la ville embrassoit les sept collines, cette procession passoit dans les quartiers les plus considérables et les mieux peuplés. Une foule innombrable, assise à son aise dans les cirques et dans les portiques du Forum, la voyoit passer devant ses yeux ; et il y avoit peu d'habitans du Palatin, et d'un côté de l'Esquilin et de l'Aventin, qui ne la vissent dans l'éloignement depuis les toits des maisons et des temples. On y trouve encore des arcs de triomphe de plusieurs des empereurs qui ont en effet triomphé, tels que Constantin, Titus et Septime. Il est difficile à la vérité de se faire une idée exacte du procédé du sénat à cet égard. Je croirois assez qu'après avoir décoré le chemin du triomphe, d'arcs de bois qui n'étoient que pour l'occasion, il choisissoit souvent, pour les éterniser en pierre ou en marbre, quelque endroit qui n'étoit pas déjà trop rempli de ces monumens. A l'égard des princes qui n'avoient
jamais

Clivus Capitolinus, which begins at the arch of Septimius Severus. This hypothesis, which is supported by the direct testimony of ancient authors, also corresponds with all the circumstances known respecting the triumph. Romulus (to resume our first conjecture) not being able to traverse his new colony, which then occupied only the craggy top of Mount Palatine, naturally resolved to make a circuit round it, in order to display before the citizens the monuments of his first victory. When Rome afterwards extended over the seven hills, the procession would naturally advance along the most considerable and best peopled parts of the city. A numerous crowd of people, seated at their ease in the circuses and porticoes of the Forum, beheld it pass under their eyes ; and there were few of the inhabitants of the Palatine, or of one side of the Esquiline and Aventine, who might not perceive it at a distance from the tops of their houses and temples. We still find triumphal arches of several of the emperors, Constantine, Titus, and Septimius ; all of whom really triumphed. It is difficult to determine how the senate proceeded in raising them. I am inclined to think, that after adorning the triumphal road by temporary wooden arches, more solid ones were afterwards erected of stone or marble, in such places as were least crowded with those monuments. As to the arches of those emperors who never actually triumphed, it should seem that their

Jamais triomphé, leur volonté, le goût du sénat, ou quelque circonstance particulière, décidait seuls du lieu, ou s'élevoient ces preuves éternelles de leur vanité, et de la bassesse des Romains.

Je ne crains pas ici de m'opposer seul à l'autorité réunie de Nardini et de Donati *. Ils diffèrent à la vérité sur la situation de la porte triomphale. Celui-ci la place entre le capitole et la rivière ; celui-la détermine son emplacement entre le Quirinal et le Capitole ; mais ils s'accordent à séparer la porte Flaminia de la porte des triomphes, et à reléguer l'une dans l'endroit d'où ils ont exclu l'autre ; au lieu que la proximité de ces deux portes, me paroît un point essentiel à toute hypothèse vraisemblable. Je pourrais me contenter de faire combattre ces deux antiquaires, laisser prouver à Nardini que la porte *Flaminia* (la même que la *Flumentana*) étoit par conséquent dans le voisinage de la rivière, et à Donati que la porte triomphale étoit entre le Capitole et le Tybre, et tirer une conclusion générale de leurs preuves partielles. Mais j'aime encore mieux en appeler à ces vraisemblances simples, mais plus convaincantes, qu'à tout l'étalage d'une vaine érudition. Je vois clairement, 1. Qu'on a du ménager à un des chemins les plus fréquentés, un abord libre, et qui communiquât facilement aux quartiers et aux édifices les plus considérables. 2. Que le triomphe a du pareillement s'approcher

their own will, the choice of the senate, or some particular circumstance, determined the site of those eternal proofs of imperial vanity and Roman meanness.

On this subject I am not afraid to oppose the united authority of Nardini and Donati *. They differ from each other with respect to the situation of the triumphal gate. Nardini places it between the Capitol and the Tiber ; Donati, between the Quirinal and the Capitol ; and both of them remove it to a part of the city far distant from the Porta Flaminia ; whereas its proximity to that gate seems to me essentially connected with every probable hypothesis on the subject. I might content myself with allowing these antiquaries to dispute with each other ; and listen to Nardini, while he proves that the Porta Flaminia was the same with the Flumentana, and therefore near to the river ; and to Donati, while he maintains that the triumphal gate stood between the Capitol and the Tiber ; and from the particular facts which they prove, might infer a general conclusion. But instead of displaying vain erudition, I choose rather to appeal to the following plain and convincing reflections : 1. There must have been an easy access to one of the roads most frequented, and communicating with the principal streets and buildings of the city. 2. The triumphal

* Donat. loc. citat. L. i. C. 21. p. 72. Nardini Roma Antica, L. i. C. 9. p. 38 ; et C. 10. p. 47—50.

s'approcher de la ville par la route la plus célèbre, et au milieu des édifices les plus connus. Je ne change rien à cette supposition en la renversant. Si le chemin du triomphe a été celui de Romulus, la vanité des censeurs n'aura rien épargné pour le décorer d'une manière digne de sa destination. 3. Que la porte triomphale ne s'ouvrant qu'aux triomphateurs, en demandoit une autre à côté d'elle, pour recevoir cette foule innombrable qui se rendoit à Rome par le chemin des triomphes, que je confonds à l'exemple de Martial, avec celui de Flaminius *. Comparons sur ces principes les deux endroits où l'on peut placer les portes triomphale et Flaminienne. Dans l'un je trouve les plus anciens bâtimens du Champ de Mars, et le commencement du Faubourg, qui s'étendoit déjà hors de la porte Carmentale dans le sixième siècle de Rome, le théâtre de Marcellus, plusieurs temples, et parmi ces temples celui de Bellone, où les Généraux assembloient le sénat pour y solliciter le triomphe, le portique d'Octave et le cirque de Flaminius, où Lucullus distribua la donative et les récompenses militaires. Dans l'autre, je ne vois presque rien plus ancien que le siècle de Trajan, lorsque ce prince coupa une partie du Quirinal, élargit le vallon entre cette montagne et le capitol, et l'orna d'un *forum* magnifique. Il étoit très naturel qu'on tirât
bientôt

procession must also have entered Rome by one of the broadest roads, and through the midst of the most distinguished buildings. This supposition may be overturned without affecting my inference. If the triumphal road was that followed by Romulus, the vanity of the censors would spare no pains to adorn it in a manner suited to its high destination. 3. As the triumphal gate was open only to the conqueror and his train, another was requisite for admitting the vast crowds of people who flocked to Rome by the triumphal road, which I consider with Martial to have been the same with the Flaminian *. Let us examine, according to these principles, the two most probable sites of the Triumphal and Flaminian gates. In the one, I find the most ancient edifices of the Campus Martius, and the beginning of the suburbs, which, as early as the sixth century of Rome, extended beyond the Carmentale gate; I find also the theatre of Marcellus; several temples, particularly that of Bellona, where the general convened the senate to solicit his triumph; the Octavian portico, and the Flaminian circus, in which last Lucullus distributed a donative to his troops. In the other of those sites, I scarcely discover any thing more ancient than the age of Trajan, when that prince dug through part of the Quirinal, extended the valley between that mountain and the capitol, and at the same time adorned it with a magnificent forum. It was extremely natural that a new road called the Broad-way should soon afterwards

* Martial Epig. x. 6.

bientôt de la *Via Flaminia* une nouvelle rue, à laquelle on donna le nom de *Via Lata*. Pourquoi dissimuler ici une conjecture sur la porte triomphale, qui m'a paru revêtue de plusieurs caractères de vraisemblance? Je pense que cette porte n'étoit point différente du fameux *Janus Geminus*, appelé souvent Temple de Janus, dont les portes ouvertes ou fermées servoient, depuis l'institution de Numa, à désigner la paix et la guerre. Voici quelques uns des caractères qui m'ont fait goûter une idée qui a d'abord un air de paradoxe.

1. Parmi les obscurités qu'on a trouvées, ou qu'on a cru trouver dans les anciens au sujet du *Janus*, je choisirai pour mon guide ce Varron qui a mérité des Romains, contemporains de Cicéron, l'éloge de les avoir comme introduits dans leur propre ville. Cet antiquaire décrit le *Janus*, lorsqu'il parle des portes de la Rome de Romulus: *Tertia Janualis dicta ab Jano, et ideo ibi positum Jani signum, et ejus institutum a Numa Pompilio, ut scribit in annalibus L. Piso, ut sit clausa semper, nisi cum bellum sit.*—On fait que l'enceinte de Romulus, en s'étendant de tous les autres côtés, demeura toujours la même vers le Capitole et le Tybre; et les expressions de Varron se rapportent assez clairement à une porte qui subsistoit encore de son tems, ou du moins de celui de Pison. C'est encore l'idée que nous puisons dans les auteurs les plus exacts de l'antiquité. Je connois trop le danger des propo-

be made between the Flaminian road and the city. Why should I here conceal a conjecture respecting the triumphal gate, which appears to me characterised by several marks of probability? I think that this gate was really no other than the famous Janus Geminus, called often the Temple of Janus, the gates of which, as they were open or shut, were appointed by Numa to denote respectively the conditions of war and peace. The following are some of the circumstances which persuade me of the truth of a supposition that may at first sight appear paradoxical. Among the real or pretended obscurities of the accounts of the ancients on the subject of Janus, I shall choose for my guide the learned Varro, who deserved from the Roman contemporaries of Cicero the praise of introducing them to the knowledge of their own city. That antiquary thus describes Janus, in speaking of the gates of Rome, in the time of Romulus: *Tertia Janualis dicta ab Jano, et ideo ibi positum Jani signum, et ejus institutum a Numa Pompilio, ut scribit in annalibus L. Piso, ut sit clausa semper, nisi cum bellum sit.*—It is known that the wall built by Romulus, though it was extended in all other directions, remained always the same on the side of the Capitol and the Tiber: and the expressions of Varro clearly refer to a gate which existed in his own time, or at least in that of Piso. The same sense may be extracted from the most correct writers of antiquity. I too well know the danger of exclusive propositions to affirm, that the phrase

propositions exclusives, pour assurer que l'expression, *Temple de Janus*, n'est point en usage parmi les écrivains des bons siècles ; mais je vois que Tite Live, Horace, Suetone et Pline *, le désignent toujours par la dénomination simple et propre de *Janus Geminus*, ou de *Janus Quirini*, ou *Quirinus*. Virgile, qui décrit tous les anciens usages avec le feu d'un poète, et la précision d'un antiquaire, a introduit parmi ses Latins cette ancienne institution. Il n'y emploie jamais le mot *temple*, dans le tems qu'il décrit ces portes de la guerre.

*Sunt geminæ belli portæ, (sic nomine dicunt,)
Religione sacræ et sævi formidine Martis :
Centum ærei claudunt vèstes, æternaque ferri
Robora : nec custos absistit limine Janus †.*

Tout réveille ici l'idée d'une arcade, telle que les portes des villes, fermée des deux côtés par des portes de bronze, et consacrée par la statue de Janus, placée peut être dans une niche dans la muraille. Si les modernes ont voulu faire du *Janus Geminus*, un temple célèbre, leur peu d'exacritude ne m'empêchera pas de le rappeler à son idée primitive, qui s'accorde très bien avec les expressions de Varron. Le Janus et la porte triomphale ont du être des portes de la même enceinte. J'en conclus seulement que leur identité

“ Temple of Janus” is not to be found in any writer of pure Latinity ; but I perceive that Livy, Horace, Suetone, and Pliny * always employ the proper expression of Janus Geminus, or Janus Quirini, or Quirinus. Virgil, who describes ancient customs with the fire of a poet, and the accuracy of an antiquary, makes mention of this institution among the ancient Latins ; but never introduces the word “ temple” in speaking of the gates of war.

*Sunt geminæ belli portæ, (sic nomine dicunt,)
Religione sacræ et sævi formidine Martis :
Centum ærei claudunt vèstes, æternaque ferri
Robora : nec custos absistit limine Janus †.*

In this description, every word indicates an arcade, such as that of the gates of cities, shut on both sides by doors of bronze, and consecrated by a statue of Janus, placed perhaps in a niche in the wall. Although modern writers have endeavoured to convert the Janus Geminus into a celebrated temple, their want of accuracy needs not hinder me from giving to the words their primitive sense, which perfectly accords with the expressions of Varro. The triumphal gate and that of Janus belonged, therefore, to

* Tit. Liv. L. i. Sueton. in August. xxii. et in Neron, xiii. Horat. Carm. iv. 15. Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxiv. 7.

† Virgil. *Æneid*, L. vii, 608.

tité n'a rien d'impossible. 2. Pour changer cette possibilité en vraisemblance, il faut rapprocher les objets, et fixer la situation du *Janus Geminus*. Selon Tite Live*, Numa Pompilius institua le *Janus* à l'extrémité inférieure de l'*Argiletum*, pour être l'indice de la guerre et de la paix. Nous savons en général que l'*Argiletum*, qui n'a rien d'incertain que son étymologie, étoit situé au pied de la roche Tarpéienne peu éloignée du Tybre †; et Servius le détermine encore mieux par son voisinage du théâtre de Marcellus. La porte des triomphes et le *Janus Geminus* se trouveront également dans cette petite partie de l'enceinte, qui s'étend de la roche Tarpéienne à la rivière. Nous sommes déjà obligés d'y placer trois portes, la *Flumentana* ou *Flaminia* auprès de la rivière, la *Carmentale*, au pied des rochers, et la *Triumphale*, qui se trouveroit ainsi au milieu des deux autres. Dans une étendue de cent toises ‡, hérissée de tours, est il fort naturel de supposer une quatrième porte? Ne se sent on pas porté à confondre cette quatrième avec une des trois premières? Cette idée du Janus dans l'*Argiletum*, formellement énoncée par Tite Live et Servius, et très conforme à Varron, n'éprouve de difficulté que dans l'autorité de Procope ||, qui place le Temple

† Je l'ai mesurée sur le grand plan de Rome de Nolli.

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the same wall. I may thence venture to conclude that their identity is possible. 2. But to render the thing probable, we must endeavour to fix more accurately the situation of the Janus Geminus *. According to Livy, Numa Pompilius erected it at the lower extremity of the Argiletum, to serve as the index of war and peace. We know that the Argiletum, though its etymology is uncertain, was situate near the foot of the Tarpeian rock not far from the Tiber †; and Servius fixes its site still more precisely, by saying it was in the vicinity of the Temple of Marcellus. The triumphal gate and that of Janus must also have stood within the limits of this small portion of the wall, extending from the Tarpeian rock to the river. Within the same limits, therefore, we are obliged to place three gates, the Flumentana or Flaminia near to the river, the Carmentalis at the foot of the rock, and the Triumphal in the middle between the two others. In an extent of only an hundred fathoms § of a wall crowded with towers, is it natural to suppose a fourth gate; or is it not more probable that this supposed fourth gate was merely a different name for one of the others? The placing of Janus in the Argiletum, which is done expressly by Livy and Servius, and which is quite consistent with the terms of Varro, is opposed by no other authority than that of Procopius ||, who says, that the

* Tit. Liv. L. i. Serv. ad Æneid VII. Nardini Roma Antiqua, L. vii. C. 4. p. 439.

† Donati Roma Vetus, L. ii. C. 26. p. 212.

§ I measured the distance on Nolli's great map of Rome.

|| Procope de Bell. Gothic, L. i.

de Janus vis-à-vis du Capitole, et au milieu du Forum. Mais ce même Procope ne détermine point que ce temple fût le *Janus Geminus* ; et en tout cas, j'aimerois mieux rejeter l'autorité d'un soldat du sixième siècle, qui décrit un monument qui n'existoit déjà plus, que de supposer avec Nardini *, qu'il y avoit deux *Janis*, indices de la paix et de la guerre ; l'un l'ancienne *Porta Janualis* que Numa convertit en temple ; l'autre un temple qu'il construisit dans l'*Argiletum*. Ces deux Janus sont inconnus à toute l'antiquité, et Varro pose en fait, ce que Tite Live insinue assez clairement, que Numa institua un nouvel usage, sans construire un nouvel édifice. 3. Les portes de la guerre et celle du triomphe étoient donc si près l'une de l'autre, qu'il est difficile de les distinguer ; mais un autre caractère singulier qu'elles possédoient en commun, me dispose encore à les confondre. C'est celui d'être consacrées par l'opinion publique, et les cérémonies de la religion. Dans la discipline Etrusque †, les murailles étoient sacrées, mais les portes étoient profanes ; et lorsqu'on tracoit le sillon sacré du *Pomærium*, on interrompoit de tems en tems l'action de la charrue, pour ménager à la commodité de la ville ces sorties nécessaires pour les usages vils et impurs, auxquels on les employoit si souvent. La porte des triomphes, destinée uniquement à introduire dans
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Temple of Janus stood opposite to the Capitol, and in the middle of the Forum. But Procopius does not say that this temple was the Janus Geminus ; and whatever he might say, I should be inclined rather to reject the authority of a foldier of the sixth century, who spoke of a monument no longer in existence, than to suppose with Nardini * that there were two Januses, employed as tokens of war and peace ; one of which was the ancient Porta Janualis, which Numa converted into a temple ; and the other a temple which he afterwards built in the Argiletum. These two Januses are totally unknown to ancient authors ; and Varro directly says what Livy plainly insinuates, that Numa instituted a new ceremony without building a new edifice. 3. The gates of war and triumph were therefore so near to each other, that it is difficult to distinguish them ; and a peculiarity which they possessed in common makes me inclined to consider them as the same. Both these gates were consecrated by public opinion and the ceremonies of religion. According to the institutions of the Tuscans †, walls were sacred, but gates were profane ; and when they traced the sacred site of the Pomærium, it was customary at times to interrupt the action of the plough, that spaces might be left free for these necessary outlets, which, for the conveniency of the city, must often be defiled by impurities. But the triumphal gate, which was destined solely for

* Nardini Roma Antica, L. i. C. iii. p. 13. et L. v. C. vii. p. 256—257.

† Plutarch in Romul.

la ville la procession la plus respectable de la religion, ne méritoit point d'être comprise dans cette loi. Les honneurs qu'on proposa pour la mémoire d'Auguste, me persuadent qu'elle ne l'étoit pas *. On voit que Tibere fit rejeter ces propositions qui bleissoient la loi de la religion, et que la proposition de faire passer un corps mort par la porte triomphale, y parut aussi contraire que de faire recueillir ses os par les prêtres, et d'empiéter sur les droits des dieux, en déterminant par la vie d'Auguste la durée d'un siècle. C'étoit aux dieux à distribuer et à annoncer par des prodiges la durée de chaque période. 4. L'identité supposée des deux portes (dont la ressemblance est aussi marquée) explique parfaitement l'institution de Numa, et la raison pourquoi la porte s'ouvroit avec la guerre, et se fermoit avec la paix. Les symboles contraires paroîtroient beaucoup plus naturels. Un abord libre et ouvert annonce la tranquillité de la ville. Ce n'est que lorsque la crainte et la défiance, précédées de la guerre contre les ennemis voisins, se présentent aux portes, qu'on songe à les fermer, et à employer chaque moyen de défense. Mais dans l'institution de Numa, le consul ouvroit les portes de la gloire avec celles de la guerre. Elles demeuroient ouvertes pour ce petit nombre de grands hommes qui s'étoient acquis le droit d'y entrer. Elles se fermoient, lorsque le retour de la paix avoit interrompu le chemin des triomphes.

admitting into the city a most venerable religious procession, needed not to be included under this law; and that it certainly was not, appeared from what happened respecting the honours which it was proposed to bestow on the memory of Augustus *. Tiberius rejected these, however, as offensive to religion; to which the proposition of making a dead body pass through the triumphal gate was reckoned as contrary as that of collecting the bones of Augustus by the hands of priests, and of determining the age or century by the length of his life. It belonged to the gods alone to mark by prodigies the duration of each period. 4. The supposed identity of the two gates, whose resemblance is very striking, perfectly explains the institution of Numa, and the reason why Janus was open in war and shut in peace. The contrary symbols might appear more natural. A free and open access to a city bespeaks the security of peace. Amidst the fear and distrust occasioned by war against neighbouring enemies, the shutting of the gates is employed as the most natural means of defence. But by the institution of Numa, the gates of war were opened, because they were the gates of glory; and they continued open, to admit the small number of great men, who were entitled to pass through them. They were, on the other hand, shut when the return of peace shut up

* Sueton. in Aug. C. 100. Tacit. Annal. I. 8.

omphes. Les Romains ne l'ont que rarement interrompu. L'exercice de cette fonction ne dépendoit pas seulement de la paix actuelle, dont la république a très souvent joui, mais encore de la disposition du sénat à l'entretenir, disposition qu'il n'a éprouvée que sous les regnes tranquilles de Numa et d'Auguste, et dans cet état d'épuisement qui suivit la première guerre Punique.

Sur le SPECTACLE.

IL faut s'arrêter. Ce chapitre menace de devenir un volume. Renvoyons aux antiquaires le soin de détailler le spectacle du triomphe, les victimes, les sacrificateurs, les vases d'or et d'argent, et les couronnes. Je ne veux m'attacher qu'à une seule réflexion plus digne d'un philosophe, et qui distinguoit si avantageusement cette cérémonie, de ces pompes si vaines et si fatigantes qui n'inspirent que le mépris et l'ennui. Cette cérémonie rendoit les spectateurs eux-mêmes acteurs, en leur présentant des objets grands, réels, et qui ne pouvoient que les intéresser.

Les spectacles les plus brillans des cours, les caroufels de Louis XIV. ou les fêtes du Duc de Wirtemberg, prouvent toujours la magnificence, et souvent

the triumphal road. Among the Romans, indeed, this road was rarely interrupted. For the ceremony of shutting Janus required not merely an actual peace, which the Romans often enjoyed, but an inclination also in the senate to render that peace lasting; an inclination which that body testified only during the tranquil reigns of Numa and Augustus, and during that period of national weakness which was occasioned by the first Punic war.

On the TRIUMPHAL SHOWS and CEREMONIES.

IT is here necessary to pause. This chapter might become a volume. We may commit to antiquaries the care of describing the triumphal show; the victims, sacrifices, vases of gold and silver, and crowns. I shall dwell on one circumstance alone, more deserving the attention of a philosopher, because by it this institution is honourably distinguished from those vain and fatiguing solemnities which create nothing but weariness or contempt. The triumph converted the spectators into actors, by shewing to them objects great, real, and which could not fail to move their affections.

The most brilliant shows in courts, the caroufals of Lewis XIV. or the festivities of the Duke of Wurtemberg, attested the wealth, and sometimes the taste, of princes.

vent le goût du monarque. On peut quelquefois y jeter un coup d'œil, pour remarquer l'état des mœurs et les progrès des arts dans un siècle ou dans un pays ; mais ce coup d'œil devient bientôt triste et languissant ; je vois que ces frais immenses se terminent à rassasier la vanité, et à charmer les ennuis d'un seul homme ; je vois des troupes de courtisans indifférens ou ennuyés, qui s'occupent tristement à masquer le dégoût sous les traits du plaisir. J'entends les cris plaintifs d'un peuple qui éprouva dans une chasse brillante, la désolation d'une province, et qui voit dans ces lambris dorés, les traces de cent chaumières écrasées sous le poids des impôts, et je détourne les yeux avec horreur. Les cérémonies de la religion, lorsqu'elles se présentent au peuple avec un appareil imposant, doivent intéresser les spectateurs par les endroits les plus sensibles ; mais pour éprouver leur influence complètement, il faut recevoir avec foi le système théologique sur lequel elles sont fondées, et se trouver même dans cette disposition d'esprit, qui ouvre l'ame aux craintes de la superstition. Si ces cérémonies n'excitent pas le respect, on les envisage avec le mépris de la plus ridicule pantomime.

Dans les triomphes tout étoit grand et intéressant. Pour éprouver les sensations qu'ils excitoient, il suffisoit d'être homme et Romain. Le citoyen spectateur voyoit l'image, dirai-je, ou la réalité de la gloire de sa république.

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princes. We may throw a glance on them, to remark the state of arts and manners in a certain age or country ; but our eyes are soon tired or disgusted by perceiving that these immense expences are consumed in relieving the languor or gratifying the vanity of one man. I perceive crowds of courtiers indifferent, or yawning, or wretchedly occupied in concealing, under the mask of pleasure, their inward uneasiness. I hear the loud complaints of a whole people ; who have felt, in an expensive hunting-match, the desolation of a province ; and can trace, in a gilded dome, the marks of an hundred cottages, overwhelmed by the weight of taxes. From such objects I remove my attention with horror. The ceremonies of religion, when presented to mankind in a venerable garb, ought powerfully to interest their affections ; but their influence cannot be completely felt, unless the spectators have a firm faith in the theological system on which they are founded ; and unless they also feel in themselves that particular disposition of mind which lays it open to religious terrors. Such ceremonies, when they are not viewed with respect, are beheld with the contempt excited by the most ridiculous pantomime.

In the triumph, every circumstance was great and interesting. To receive its full impression, it was enough to be a man and a Roman. With the eyes of citizens, the spectators saw the image, or rather the reality of the public glory. The treasures
which

Les trésors qui passaient devant ses yeux, les monumens les plus précieux des arts, les dépouilles sanglantes des ennemis, lui retraçoient le tableau fidele de la guerre, et l'instruisoit de l'importance de la conquête. Un langage muet, mais facile, lui racontoit les dangers et la valeur de ses compatriotes ; des symboles choisis avec goût, lui exposoient sans peine les villes, les rivières, les montagnes, théâtre des exploits des Romains, et jusqu'aux dieux des nations qu'ils avoient soumis au Jupiter du Capitole. L'orgueil, la curiosité, la dévotion, que des faveurs si récentes et si sensibles portoient jusqu'au fanatisme, se confondoient en un sentiment fort et dominant. Quelquefois une passion plus tendre s'insinuoit dans son ame, lorsqu'il voyoit son fils, son frere, ou son ami, qui suivoit le char de triomphe, échappé aux périls de la guerre, et couronné des récompenses de sa valeur. La gloire du Général lui même ne se bornoit point à sa famille, ni à ses amis. Elle s'étendoit à chaque citoyen qui se réjouissoit de la nouvelle dignité qu'elle répandoit sur le nom Romain, et qui se souvenoit peut être qu'il avoit lui même donné son suffrage, pour élever au consulat ce grand homme dont sa pénétration avoit démêlé le mérite, et que son désintéressement avoit préféré à tous ses émules.

Lorsque

which were carried in procession, the most precious monuments of art, the bloody spoils of the enemy, exhibited a faithful picture of the war, and illustrated the importance of the conquest. A silent but forcible language instructed the Romans in the exploits and valour of their countrymen: symbols chosen with taste shewed to them the cities, rivers, mountains, the scenes of their national enterprize, and even the gods of their prostrate enemies, subdued under the majesty of Capitoline Jupiter. Under the impression of recent and manifest favours, pride, curiosity, and devotion warmed into one strong and prevailing passion of enthusiasm. Sometimes sentiments more tender penetrated the citizen's heart, when he beheld a son, a brother, or a friend, escaped from the dangers of war, following the triumphal chariot, and crowned with the rewards of his valour. The general's glory was not confined within the narrow sphere of his own family and friends. It redounded to the honour of every citizen, who rejoiced at the new dignity thereby acquired to the Roman name; and who remembered, perhaps, that his own vote had helped to raise to the consulship the great man, whose merit he had the discernment to perceive, and whom he had the disinterestedness to prefer to all his rivals.

When

Lorsque le citoyen jettoit un regard sur les rois vaincus, qu'on trainoit devant le char du vainqueur, son orgueil triomphoit en même tems de ces rois et de l'humanité outragée. Si un sentiment de pitié perçoit à travers ses fiers préjugés, s'il s'attendrissoit sur la chute du monarque, ou sur l'innocence de ses enfans qui sentoient à peine ce qu'ils avoient perdu, il étoit payé de ses larmes par cette sensation délicieuse que la nature a su y attacher.

On ne connoit que trop le sort infortuné de ces princes; victimes de la raison d'état, et de l'orgueil Romain, ils ne terminoient une captivité honteuse, que par une mort infame, qu'on n'avoit retardée que pour les avilir encore mieux par le spectacle du triomphe. Je trouve cependant dans la conduite des Romains à cet égard, une bizarrerie assez difficile à expliquer. En voici un exemple singulier. Après la conquête de la Macédoine et le triomphe de Paul Emile, le sénat relégua Persée à Alba Facetia, dans le pays des Marfes; il lui procura toutes les douceurs qui peuvent se séparer de la liberté, et après sa mort il lui fit des funérailles publiques et honorables: traitement bien différent de celui qu'éprouva le malheureux Jugurtha, qui expira dans un cachot, après avoir ressenti tous les tourmens de la faim et du

When the citizen cast his eye on the vanquished kings dragged in triumph, his own pride triumphed at once over them and insulted humanity. But if a sentiment of compassion overcame his stern prejudices, and he melted at the sight of a fallen monarch, and his innocent children still unconscious of their misfortune, his tenderness must have been rewarded with that delightful pleasure with which nature repays such tears.

The lot of those unfortunate princes is but too well known. Victims of state-policy and Roman pride, they ended a shameful captivity by an ignominious death, which had been delayed only by their disgrace of being led in triumph. In the conduct of the Romans toward them, there was however a singular capriciousness, which it is not easy to explain. Of this, the following is a memorable example. After the triumph of Paulus Emilius for the conquest of Macedon, the senate banished Perseus to Alba Facetia, in the territory of the Marfi, supplied him with every comfort that can be enjoyed without liberty, and honoured his remains with the pomp of a public funeral. This treatment was totally the reverse of that experienced by the unhappy Jugurtha, who expired in a dungeon, after enduring the torments of hunger and despair; torments the more horrible in his forlorn and solitary state, unrelieved by the hope

du désespoir ; tourmens d'autant plus horribles que l'ame abandonnée à elle même, n'est point soutenue par l'espérance de la gloire, la présence des spectateurs, et l'appareil même de ces supplices, qui la fortifie en l'effrayant. Pourquoi cette différence dans le sort de ces deux princes ? L'un et l'autre, ennemis jurés du nom Romain, étoient teints du sang d'un frere ami de la république. A ces crimes Persée avoit ajouté l'assassinat d'un roi allié du sénat, et l'entreprise d'empoisonner les ambassadeurs de Rome. Mais Persée étoit un monument de la vertu des Romains, qui revoyoient avec plaisir tous les vestiges d'une guerre aussi glorieuse, pendant qu'ils auroient voulu ensevelir avec Jugurtha la mémoire de leur honte. Les légions Romaines envoyées sous le joug, les consuls, les ambassadeurs, le sénat entier, corrompus par ce prince, toute la turpitude de la république dévoilée à l'univers : voila les forfaits de Jugurtha, et ceux que Rome ne pouvoit jamais lui pardonner.

à ROME, le 13 Décembre 1764.

hope of glory, the presence of spectators, or the show of a public execution, which, while it frightens, fortifies the mind. What was the reason for making this difference ? Both princes were sworn enemies of the Roman name, and each was stained with the blood of a brother who had been a friend to the Romans. To these crimes Perseus had added the assassination of a king allied to the senate, and an attempt to poison the Roman ambassadors. But Perseus was a monument of the virtue of the republic. With him was associated the idea of a glorious war ; but, with Jugurtha, the Romans must have wished to bury for ever the memory of their own disgrace ; their legions made to pass under the yoke ; consuls, ambassadors, the whole senate, corrupted by the bribes of that prince ; the concealed baseness of the republic unveiled to the whole world. Such were the crimes of Jugurtha, crimes for which the Romans could never possibly forgive him.

ROME, 13th December 1764.

N° VIII.

à ROME, le 29 Novembre 1764.

J'AI eu entre les mains un MS. de l'Abbé Gio Vincenzo Gravina, qui appartient à M. Lumsden, gentilhomme Anglois, et ami de M. Byers qui me l'a procuré. Il est intitulé *Del Governo Civile di Roma*; in 4to. pp. 76; et traite principalement des révolutions qu'a éprouvées cette ville depuis la chute de l'empire Romain; sujet qui m'intéresse beaucoup. Cet ouvrage est un abrégé très bien fait; mais, à dire vrai, ce n'est qu'un abrégé. L'auteur n'a point approfondi son sujet, il n'a point fouillé dans les archives. Il cite rarement, et ne cite que les auteurs très connus, tels que Baronius, Blondus, ou Sigonius. Détachons cependant, sans suite et sans méthode, quelques circonstances dont je dois la connoissance à cet ouvrage.

P. 7. Après la fondation de Constantinople, la Nouvelle Rome cédoit par tout le pas à sa sœur aînée. Le consul pour l'Occident passoit devant celui de l'Orient.—*Procope Histoire Secrète.*

M. Gra-

N° VIII.

ROME, 29th December 1764.

I HAVE been reading a MS. of the Abbé Geo. Vincenzo Gravina, which belongs to Mr. Lumsden, a Scotch gentleman, and a friend of Mr. Byers, through whose means I procured it. The title of it is, *Del Governo Civile di Roma*; in 4to. pp. 76: and its principal subject, the revolutions of the city after the fall of the empire; a subject which interests me much. This performance is an excellent abridgment, but merely an abridgment; the author not having sounded the depths of his subject, nor ransacked archives. His citations are few; and those only of well-known authors, such as Baronius, Blondus, or Sigonius. It may, however, be worth while to extract, without order or method, the particulars which I have learned from this work.

P. 7. After the foundation of Constantinople, New Rome yielded in all matters of ceremony to her elder sister. The consul preceded the consul of the East.—*Procopius's Secret History.*

Mr. Gra-

M. Gravina adopte les donations de Pepin et de Charlemagne ; mais dans son système ces princes donnerent le duché de Rome et l'exarchat de Ravenne aux Papes, comme aux chefs du sénat et de la république Romaine, souverains légitimes de l'Italie pendant la vacance de l'empire. p. 8.

Dans le soulèvement des Romains contre le Roi Hugues et Marozia, ils établirent leur gouvernement ancien des deux consuls annuels et des tribuns. Le jeune Alberic fut un des premiers consuls. Gravina cite Blondus ; mais Muratori, qui place cet événement en 932 au lieu de 928, ne parle point de consuls. Je suis cependant très porté à y ajouter foi. Ils ont été certainement rétablis vers ce tems là. p. 13, 14.

M. Gravina pense qu'Othon III abolit le consulat en 995, après la mort de Crescence. La chose paroîtroit vraisemblable ; mais il ne cite personne ; et l'on a des preuves que le consulat subsistoient immédiatement après, aussi bien que dans le siècle suivant. p. 21.

Innocent III. reçut l'hommage du préfet de Rome, et lui donna l'investiture de son emploi. *Sigon. de Regn. Ital.*—A la prière du peuple il créa cinquante sénateurs pour gouverner la ville ; mais comme ils abusèrent extrêmement

Mr. Gravina believes in the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne. But, according to him, these princes gave the duchy of Rome and the exarchate of Ravenna to the popes, as chiefs of the senate and Roman republic during the vacancy of the empire. p. 8.

In the insurrection of the Romans against King Hugh and Marozia, they established their ancient government by two annual consuls and tribunes. Young Alberic was one of the first consuls. Gravina cites Blondus ; but Muratori, who places this event in the year 932 instead of 928, does not speak of consuls. I am inclined however to believe Gravina. The consuls were certainly re-established about that time. p. 13, 14.

Mr. Gravina thinks that Otho III. abolished the consulship in 995, after the death of Crescentius. The observation seems probable ; yet he does not give his authority ; and it is proved that the office of consul subsisted immediately afterwards, as well as in the following age. p. 21.

Innocent III. received the homage of the prefect of Rome, and granted to him the investiture of his office. *Sigon. de Regn. Ital.*—At the request of the people, he created fifty senators to govern the city ; but as they exceedingly abused their power, he re-

trêmement de leur pouvoir, ils les réduisit à un seul, établi pour rendre la justice. *Cantilius de Romana Historia à Carlo Magno.*

- P. 55, 56. Sous le pontificat de Martin IV. les Orfini, pour se venger de l'affront qu'ils avoient reçu des Annibaldefi (qui les avoient chassés de Viterbe, après la mort de leur oncle Nicolas III.), entrèrent à main armée dans Rome qu'ils remplirent de massacres et d'incendies. Ils brulerent alors ces anciens édifices sur la descente du Mont Capitolin, dont nous voyons encore les ruines.
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duced them to one only, appointed to distribute justice. *Cantilius de Romana Historia Carolo Magno.*

- P. 55, 56. Under the pontificate of Martin IV. the Orfini, to avenge the affront which they had received from the Annibaldefi (who had driven them from Viterbo after the death of their uncle Nicholas III.), entered with an armed force into Rome, which they ravaged with fire and sword. At that time were burnt the ancient edifices whose ruins are still visible on the declivity of the Capitoline hill.

O U T L I N E S

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

The NINTH CENTURY.

300—900.

THE more civilized part of the globe was divided between the Christians and the Mahometans; the former under two emperors, the latter under two caliphs. 1. The newly-erected empire of the Franks extended over France, Germany, and Italy, and even the Christian princes of Britain and the mountains of Spain respected the power and dignity of Charlemagne. 2. The empire of the Greeks, or as they vainly styled it, of the Romans, had preserved only Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia Minor. 3. The caliphs of the house of Ommiyah reigned in Spain. 4. Africa, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Persia, were subject to the Abassides. Whatever lay beyond the limits of these four empires was still pagan, and, excepting China, still barbarous.

The overgrown monarchy of the Abassides soon declined. The powerful viceroys of great and distant provinces gradually usurped the prerogatives, though they still respected the dignity of the caliph. The reigns of Al Rashid, Al Mamûn, and Al Motasssem were, however, wise and prosperous: but their feeble successors, immersed in the luxury of the seraglio, resigned the guard of their throne and person to a body of Turkish mercenaries, who, as their interest or passions might dictate, deposed, massacred, and created the lieutenants of the prophet. At length they began to experience the dire effects of the enthusiasm to which they owed their grandeur. A sect of desperate fanatics

776—809.

813—833.

833—841.

866—869.

870.

892.

fanatics, called Karmathians, disturbed Irack and Arabia. The assassins of Syria, so much dreaded during the crusades, were the last remains of them.

The ruin of the French empire was more precipitate and attended with greater calamities. It is chiefly to be ascribed to the fierce spirit of the Franks, unable to support either an arbitrary or a legal government; to the incapacity of Lewis the Debonnaire, and to the ambition of his four sons, who, in one battle, destroyed a hundred thousand of their subjects. The dignity of the throne and blood of Charlemagne was eclipsed, as every prince divided his dominions among his children; and the spirit of union was irrecoverably lost. Charles the Bald disgraced the imperial purple by acknowledging that he held it from the favour of his subject the bishop of Rome. Another Charles, as unworthy as the former, was deposed by his subjects, and the vacant empire usurped by the kings of France, of Burgundy, of Arles, of Germany, and of Italy, all strangers to the family of Charlemagne. The dukes and the counts who had served their ambition, converted their governments into hereditary possessions, which they shared among their barons, and these again among their followers; the superior still reserving the faith, homage, and military service of his vassal. The people, both of the cities and country, was reduced to a state of slavery. The clergy sometimes imitated, and sometimes moderated the tyranny of the military order.

In the mean while the Normans from the North, the Hungarians from the East, and the Arabs, or Saracens, from the South, assailed this defenceless empire on every side. Rome and Paris were besieged, and these invaders often met each other in the centre of the ruined provinces. The Normans especially, animated by the Saxons, great numbers of whom had retired into Scandinavia to escape the bloody baptism of Charlemagne, inflicted a dreadful revenge on the persons and property of the Christian priests.

The union of the Saxon heptarchy was effected by Egbert, king of the West Saxons, who had been trained to arms and policy in the school of Charlemagne; but it was scarcely yet cemented, when England experienced the same calamities as the Continent from the Danes or Normans. They were with much difficulty expelled, or subdued, by the victories of Alfred. Amidst the deepest gloom of barbarism, the virtue of Antoninus, the learning and

and valour of Cæsar, and the legislative genius of Lycurgus, shone forth united in that patriot king. Several of his institutions have survived the Norman conquest, and contributed to form the English constitution.

The Arabs, whether subject to the house of Abbas or to that of Ommyah, formed but one people. The Christians of the western and eastern empires had scarcely any common resemblance, except of religious superstition. The Franks had almost forgotten to read or write, in the most literal sense of these words. The Greeks preserved their ancient authors without attempting to imitate them. But the Arabs were poets and philosophers; bewildered themselves very ingeniously in the maze of metaphysics, and improved the more useful sciences of physic, astronomy, and the mathematics. The arts, which minister to the convenience and luxury of life, were known only in the East, and at Constantinople.

From these arts the Arabs derived their splendor, and the Greeks their existence. A people without valour or discipline, and a throne perpetually stained with blood and occupied by weak princes, could not long have withstood the numerous enemies which on every side surrounded them. Constantinople alone, attracting by its situation and industry the commerce of Europe and Asia, supplied the absolute monarch with an inexhaustible source of wealth and power.

THE TENTH CENTURY.

900—1000.

OUT of respect to Charlemagne's memory, Charles the Simple and his descendants to the third generation, were permitted to hold the crown of France: but it was a crown without either power or splendor. Italy, with the imperial dignity; Germany, with the neighbouring provinces of Lorraine, Alsace, Franche Comté, Dauphiné, and Provence, were separated from the French monarchy. The last Carlovingian princes, reduced to the city of Laon, beheld the misery of their country, and the wars among their great vassals. Of these the most powerful were the dukes of France, of Normandy, of Burgundy, and of Aquitaine; the counts of Flanders, of Champagne, and of Thoulouse. Rollo, the first duke of Normandy, acquired that fertile province by conquest and by treaty: his barbarian followers readily adopted the French manners, religion, and language. Hugh Capet, duke of France, and count of Paris and Orleans,

898—987.

912.

987—996.

wrested

987. wrested from the last of the Carlovingsians the sceptre, which still remains in the hands of his posterity : but his new regal title scarcely gave him any authority over his *peers*, and his ample fiefs composed a very inconsiderable kingdom.

The Germans, freed from the French yoke, elected for their king Conrad duke of Franconia, and after him a line of Saxon princes. Henry the Fowler chastised the Hungarians, civilized his rude subjects, and was the first founder of cities in the interior parts of Germany. His son, Otho the Great, passed the Alps, gave laws to Italy and to the popes, and for ever fixed the imperial dignity in the German nation. He imposed a tribute on the vanquished Danes and Bohemians, and since that time the King of Bohemia has acknowledged himself the first vassal of the German empire, which was treated with contempt by the Greeks, reluctantly submitted to by the Italians, but respected by the rest of Europe. The second and third
973-983.
983-1002. Otho, son and grandson to the first, supported, though with less vigour and capacity, the claims which he transmitted to them.

Spain flourished under the happy government of the Omniades more than in any former or later period. Their capital, Cordova, is said to have contained two hundred thousand houses, and the adjacent country twelve thousand villages. The active genius of the Arabs was at once employed in war, science, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The annual revenue of the caliph Abdoubrahman III. exceeded six millions sterling, and probably surpassed that of all the Christian kings united. Under the reign of his grandson, the viziers became masters of the palace, and the governors of their provinces.
912-961.
976-1006.

The Christian princes of Gothic or Gascon extraction, who had maintained their independence in the Pyrenean and Asturean mountains, and of whom the king of Leon was the most considerable, prepared to take advantage of the intestine divisions of the Mahometans.

A new empire arose in Africa. Obeidollah, who styled himself the descendant and avenger of Ali, reduced under his obedience the whole country from the Atlantic ocean to the frontiers of Egypt, together with the island of Sicily ; and founded the dynasty of the Fatimite caliph. Moez Ledinilla, the fourth in descent and succession from him, conquered Egypt and Syria, and built Grand Cairo on the banks of the Nile, which soon became one of the first cities of the world. But in proportion as the Fati-
969.

mite caliphs extended their conquests towards the East, their western dominions of Africa escaped from their yoke. In the mean while the Arabs of Mauritania, who still retained their pastoral life, spread the terror of their arms and the law of Mahomet among the negro nations in the interior parts of Africa.

The empire of the Abassides was dismembered by twenty dynasties, 936. Arabs, Turks, and Persians. The caliph of Bagdad, a prisoner in his palace, enjoyed the vain honour of being named first in the public prayers, and of granting the investiture of his provinces to every fortunate usurper. The Greeks seized the favourable opportunity, recovered Antioch, and once more extended their power as far as the banks of the Euphrates.

As England formed a separate world, which maintained very little intercourse with other nations, it may be reserved for the last place. Edward the elder and Athelstan inherited the military virtues of Alfred. The great 900—924.
grandson of that prince, Edgar, is celebrated by the monks for his profuse 924—940.
devotion to their order; and by rational men, for the attention he gave to the 959—975.
natural strength of his kingdom, a maritime power. The Danes, who since the time of Alfred had respected the coasts of England, renewed their attacks as soon as they discovered the weakness of young Ethelred, the son of Edgar.

While the Musulmans, notwithstanding their intestine troubles, preserved 978—1016:
the light of science, Europe sunk still deeper into ignorance, barbarism, and superstition. The Benedictine abbeys, though they nursed the last of these monsters, opposed some faint resistance against the two former. They transcribed ancient books, improved their lands, and opened an asylum for the slaves of feudal tyranny, which had every where erected fortified castles on the ruins of cities and villages. The inhabitants of the rocks of Genoa, and of the marshes of Venice, began to seek, first a subsistence, and soon afterwards wealth and power, in the useful employments of trade and navigation.

THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

THE general history of this age may be comprehended under four great 1000—1100.
events. 1. The empire of the Turks in Asia. 2. The disputes between the emperors and the popes. 3. The conquest of England and Naples by the Normans; and, 4. The crusades against the Mahometans.

1. Mahmud of Gafna was the first prince, who, under the empire of the caliphs, assumed the title of Sultan. He reigned over the eastern parts of Persia, and invaded the rich and peaceful nations of Hindostan, several of which bowed to his yoke, and to that of the Alcoran. As he had occasion for great armies, he invited into his service the tribe of Seljuk, one of the bravest and most numerous among the Turks. They served the father, but
1031. rebelled against the son. The several dynasties of Persia fell successively
- 1038—1063. before the sword of Togrul Beg, their first sovereign. The feeble caliph of Bagdad was obliged to grant him the investiture of his conquests, and to receive a Turk for his protector and his son in law. Alp Arslan, the successor of Togrul, took the Emperor Romanus Diogenes prisoner in a great battle, and treated him with a generous courtesy that would have done
1055. honour to the most civilized nations. Asia Minor, a part of the Greek empire, and Syria and Palestine, then subject to the caliphs of Egypt, were
- 1063—1072. subdued by the victorious Turks. The empire of Malek Shah extended from India to the Hellespont: his court was the seat of learning, justice, and magnificence. The Turks, who had adopted the religion and manners of the Arabs, studied to conceal from the nations of Asia that they had changed their masters.
- 1002—1024. 2. The emperor Otho III. was succeeded by his cousin Henry II. surnamed the Saint, because he chose to be the last of his family. The
- 1024—1043. Franconian princes, Conrad the Salic, Henry III. and Henry IV. succeeded to the house of Saxony. These emperors possessed as much power as
- 1043—1056. was compatible with the feudal system. Their great vassals were more accustomed to order and obedience than those of France. They enjoyed a large domain and revenue in Germany. Italy, once the mistress, and since
- 1056—1106. the slave of the nations, was treated as a conquered country. The right of granting the investiture of benefices, and even of the see of Rome, became
- 1073—1085. in their hands an inexhaustible source either of power or of profit. Gregory VII. a monk of a daring and obstinate spirit, embraced the pretence of abolishing simony, and the opportunity of delivering himself and his successors from an odious yoke. The emperor was excommunicated and deposed, and these spiritual arms were seconded, either from interested or pious motives, by the Normans, by the Countess Matilda, by the princes of Germany, and even by the sons of Henry. Though he defended himself with vigour, and was victorious in sixty-six battles, the church still maintained

tained the war with new resources, and inflexible resolution; and the Roman pontiff exalted his mitre above all the crowns in Europe.

3. In this century, England was twice subdued by foreign invaders. Sweyn the Dane ravaged the country; but his son Canute, who had embraced Christianity, was acknowledged king by the nation, and shewed himself as mild in peace as he had been terrible in war. The dominion of the Danes expired with the sons of Canute, and Edward the Confessor ascended without opposition the vacant throne. The more than doubtful testament of this weak prince, the last of the Saxon line, was however the best pre-
 tence with which William, the bastard Duke of Normandy, could colour his invasion of England. In the decisive battle of Hastings, the valour of the English was unable to withstand the flower of Europe's chivalry, led on by an experienced general, and supported by the thunder of a papal excommunication. William secured his conquest, at first by the most gentle, afterwards by the most violent measures. He attempted to abolish the laws and language of the Anglo-Saxons, and divided their country among the companions of his victory. Fourteen hundred manors, which he reserved for the crown, formed an ample and independent revenue. Sixty thousand knights were bound by duty and interest to support the throne of their benefactor. The government was military; and a military government always verges towards despotism. The only compensation which England received for so many calamities, was a system of manners somewhat more polished, and a more extensive influence on the Continent. The power of William the Conqueror and of his son, William Rufus, eclipsed their sovereigns the kings of France. Robert, Henry I. and Philip I. the successors of Hugh Capet in lineal descent, wanted both talents and opportunity to wrest the prerogatives and provinces of their crown from the great vassals on whose usurpations time had almost bestowed a legal sanction.

The Normans were at that time renowned in arms beyond all the European nations. A few private gentlemen of Normandy, who visited the southern parts of Italy as pilgrims, and served there as mercenaries, soon formed themselves into a little army of conquerors, and erected a formidable power on the ruins of the Greeks, the Arabs, and the Lombards. Robert Guiscard, the greatest of their chiefs, who passed the Alps with only six horsemen and thirty foot, attained the honour of protecting Gregory VII. and of seeing both the emperors of the West and of the East successively fly

before him. His vast projects against the latter of these empires were interrupted only by an untimely death. The devotion, or the policy of the Normans, engaged them to put their conquests under the protection of St. Peter; and, since that time, the kingdom of Naples has been a fief of the church of Rome.

1038. 4. As soon as the caliphate of Spain was destroyed, the Christians emerged from obscurity, and in their turn attacked the Moors or Arabs, now divided into twenty petty sovereignties. While each Mahometan prince defended himself separately, all were vanquished, but the victory was long doubtful and bloody. Every district cost a battle: every city a
1085. siege. The siege of Toledo lasted a year, and the reputation of the Spanish general, celebrated in history and romance under the name of the Cid, attracted the bravest knights of Italy and France to his standard. The do-
1065—1109. minions of his master, Alfonso VI. comprehended both the Castiles, Leon, Biscay, Asturias, and Galicia. The Spanish princes of Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia were still confined between the Ebro and the Pyrenees.
1072. About the same time Count Roger, the Norman, brother of Robert Guiscard, expelled the Arabs from the island of Sicily, and pursued them to the coast of Africa.

These advantages were preludes to the great enterprize of the crusades. When we recollect that arms and devotion were the ruling passions of the independent barons and their numerous followers, and that fame, riches, and Paradise were held forth as the sure rewards of this holy warfare, we shall be the less surprized that more than a million of men enlisted under the banner of the Cross. Of this undisciplined multitude, the far greater part perished in Hungary and Asia Minor. Godfrey of Bouillon, and the other Christian leaders, arrived on the banks of the Jordan with only twenty
1099. thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse; but even this handful of warriors was sufficient to recover the holy sepulchre, and to establish a feeble and transitory dominion over Jerusalem, Antioch, Tripoli, and Edessa. The French and Normans had the greatest share in the folly and glory of the first crusade, which roused Europe from its long and profound lethargy, and was productive of much unforeseen benefit to the popes, the kings of France, and the commercial states of Italy.

Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary adopted the Christian, or rather Popish faith, a more civilized life, and the first rudiments

rudiments of feudal policy. The conversion of Russia was the work of the Greek church. The Slavonian tribes on the coasts of the Baltic, from the Elbe to the gulph of Finland, still preserved their ancient religion and savage independence.

The TWELFTH CENTURY.

1100—1200.

THE popes prevailed against their ancient sovereigns the emperors of Germany, and deprived the unfortunate Henry IV. of his dominions, his reputation, his life, and the last honours of a grave. To escape a similar fate, Henry V. resigned the long-contested right of investitures, which was gradually usurped by the Roman pontiff. The clergy, instead of regaining their liberty, soon experienced a yoke, still heavier when imposed by one of their own order. The fictitious donation of Constantine, and the will of Matilda, were likewise asserted by the popes, but with less success; and they found it easier to shake the thrones of other princes than to establish their own temporal dominion. A jealous truce subsisted between the church and empire during the reigns of Lothaire II. and Conrad III. the latter of whom was the first of the house of Swabia. The war was renewed between the emperor Frederic I. surnamed Barbarossa, and Pope Alexander III. each of whom pretended that the other was his creature and vassal. The cities of Lombardy, enriched by commerce and aspiring to liberty, ranged themselves under the papal banner. Though Frederic maintained his lofty claims with the greatest resolution and ability; though he set up an anti-pope, marched six times into Italy, besieged Rome, and levelled Milan with the ground, yet he was at last obliged to bend before the throne of Alexander, and confirm all the immunities of the Italian confederacy.

This emperor and his successor Henry VI. were, however, dreaded and obeyed in Germany, now enlarged by the forced conversion of the Vandals of Mecklenburgh and Pomerania. In the north of Italy the Imperial authority was almost lost: but in the south, Henry VI. acquired the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, by marrying Constantia, the daughter of Roger I. who had united the Norman conquests, and assumed the regal title. A powerful party was unable to resist the right and the arms of Henry, but he sullied his victory with cruelty and avarice.

The

The kings of France still remained the feeble heads of a great body. In private quarrels, the most inconsiderable baron was able to wage war against his sovereign: but when Lewis VI. assembled the national force against a foreign enemy, two hundred thousand men appeared under the banner of the Oriflamme. Lewis VII. was a prince of slender abilities, who lost the great duchy of Aquitain by divorcing his wife Eleanor on a jealous suspicion. His minister Suger, and his son Philip Augustus, deserve to be considered as the founders of the French monarchy. The former was an honest statesman and a monk, without the prejudices of a convent. The fortune of the latter was equal to his genius.

In England the weak title of Henry I. youngest son of the conqueror, his marriage with a Saxon princess, and above all the hand of time, gradually uniting the Normans and the English into one people, contributed to abolish the memory of the conquest, and to relax the chains of despotism. After the death of Henry, England was afflicted with a civil war between his daughter Matilda and his nephew Stephen, till at length the contending parties acknowledged Henry II. the son of Matilda, an active, powerful, and fortunate monarch. From his mother he inherited England and Normandy; from his father, Fulk Plantagenet, the counties of Anjou, Maine, and Touraine. By the marriage, which he most eagerly contracted with the repudiated Eleanor, he obtained the provinces of Aquitain and Poitou. He disposed of the duchy of Brittany in favour of his third son Jeffrey. The king of Scotland did him homage, the Welch dreaded his power, and to the adventurous valour of some subjects he was indebted for the sovereignty of Ireland; a conquest at that time of little value, but which now contains more wealth and industry than the extensive empire of Henry II. His reign was however disturbed by the ambition, and still more by the murder of Becket; by the intrigues of the French king, and by the ingratitude of his sons. Richard the First, the second of them, possessed only the personal courage of a soldier. John, the youngest, (who usurped the crown in prejudice to his nephew Arthur, the son of Jeffrey,) was even devoid of that vulgar merit. The crusade and captivity of Richard exhausted England, and impoverished the crown.

The Christians of Spain acquired a manifest superiority over the Infidels. The kingdom of Castile was already a considerable power, and Alfonso VIII. vainly styled himself emperor of Spain. The little kingdom of Navarre still

still remained among the Pyrenees; but the kings of Arragon (one of whom married the heiress of Catalonia) descended from the mountains into the plain, took Saragossa, and carried their arms to the frontiers of Castile and Valentia. The progress of the kingdom of Portugal was still more rapid. A prince of the house of France had received from Alfonso VI. the city of *Porto Calle*, with the title of count; his successor assumed that of king, took Lisbon, with the assistance of some English and Flemish crusaders, and subdued the western coast of Spain, from Galicia to the Algarves. All these victories were attended with the greater difficulty and glory, as the Moors, both of Spain and Africa, were united under the empire of the Miramolins; in whom were revived the zeal, the valour, the learning, and the magnificence of the caliphs. Their capitals, Fez and Morocco, were superior to any cities in Christendom.

Each state, unconnected with its neighbours, had its own revolutions; but the expeditions to Palestine were the common business of Europe. Though the sermons of St. Bernard excited a second crusade more formidable than the first, the far greater part of the numerous armies which followed the emperor Conrad and Lewis VII. of France, perished by the artifices of the Greeks, and the arms of the Turks; and those monarchs appeared in the Holy Land rather as pilgrims than as conquerors. The most dangerous enemy of the Christians was Saladin, who abolished the Fatimite caliphs, and raised himself from a private station to the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria. Zeal and policy forbade him to suffer a Christian kingdom in the heart of his dominions. Jerusalem yielded to his arms, and the Christians experienced a generous treatment, as unexpected as it was undeserved. The news of this loss filled Europe with shame, grief, and indignation. Suspending their domestic quarrels, the military force of Germany, France, and England marched into the East, under their respective monarchs. Frederick Barbarossa died in Asia Minor, in a career of useless victories. Philip, Augustus, and Richard I. who preferred the safer but more expensive method of transporting their troops by sea, took the inconsiderable town of St. John D'Acre after a siege of two years. This third crusade was followed by the death of Saladin, who left a name admired in Asia, dreaded and esteemed in Europe.

The provinces beyond the Tigris no longer obeyed the house of Seljuk. New princes (to use the Eastern expression) had arisen from the dust before their

their throne. A race of slaves, the governors, afterwards sultans of Carizme, enriched by their favour, and spared by their clemency, deprived the
 1192. last of these monarchs of his sceptre and life. The caliphs of Bagdad,
 1136-1160. with a juster title, had recovered their independence and the adjacent provinces of Irak. Two younger branches of the house of Seljuk still reigned in Kerman and Asia Minor.

Under the feudal system, the rights, natural as well as civil, of mankind, were enjoyed only by the nobles and ecclesiastics, who scarcely formed the thousandth part of the community. In this century they were gradually diffused among the body of the people. The cities of Italy acquired full liberty: the greater towns of Germany, England, France and Spain became legal corporations, and purchased immunities more or less considerable; even the peasant began to be distinguished from the rest of the cattle on his lord's estate.

With the liberty of Europe its genius awoke; but the first efforts of its growing strength were consumed in vain and fruitless pursuits. Ignorance was succeeded by error. The civil and canon jurisprudence were blindly adopted, and laboriously perverted. Romances of chivalry, and monkish legends still more fabulous, supplied the place of history. The dreams of astrology were dignified with the name of astronomy. To discover the philosopher's stone was the only end of chymistry. Superstition, instead of flying before the light of true philosophy, was involved in thicker darkness by the scholastic phantom which usurped its honours. The two great sources of knowledge, nature and antiquity, were neglected and forgotten.

1200-1300.

The THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

WE may now contemplate two of the greatest powers that have ever given laws to mankind; the one founded on force, the other on opinion: I mean the Tartar conquerors, and the Roman pontiffs.

The Moguls. Birth-right, election, personal merit, force of arms, and some claims to
 1203. a divine mission, invested Zingis Khan with the absolute command of all the Tartar and Mogul tribes. As soon as he had introduced a degree of order and discipline among his barbarous host, he invaded the empire of
 1211. China, took Pekin, and subdued the northern provinces. From thence he
 1218. marched into Persia against Mohammed, sultan of Carizme, who, by putting

ring to death the Mogul ambassadors, drew ruin on himself, his family, and his dominions. From the Jaxartes to the Tigris, nothing could withstand the numbers and fury of the Moguls. Carizme, Bocara, Samarcand, &c. were levelled with the ground, and the rich provinces to the east and to the south of the Caspian Sea were changed from a garden to a desert. Zingis died loaded with the spoils and curses of Asia. His successors trod in the same paths of rapine and conquest. About the same time, one army of Moguls completed the reduction of the northern empire of China, and penetrated to the farthest point of Corea, almost within sight of the shores of Japan; a second over-ran Russia, Poland, and Hungary, threatened Constantinople, and won the battle of Lignitz in Silesia; a third army took Bagdad, destroyed the empire of the caliphs, and laid waste Asia Minor and Syria. The Mogul princes of Persia and the Western Tartary long hesitated between the Gospel and the Alcoran. Their conversion would have been of greater benefit to the church than all the crusades; but at length they preferred the faith of Mahomet, and renounced all intercourse with the great Khan, who still adhered to the worship of the Dalai Lama. Cublai Khan, the grandson and fourth successor of Zingis, united, by the extinction of the dynasty of the South, the whole Chinese monarchy with Eastern Tartary, adopted the laws and manners of the conquered people, encouraged the arts and artists of every nation, and is reckoned by the Chinese themselves among their best emperors.

1227.

1234.

1253.

1292.

1273.

The Roman pontiffs claimed an universal monarchy, temporal as well as spiritual; and maintained that all inferior powers, emperors, kings, and bishops, derived from the chair of St. Peter their delegated authority. Of all the popes, none asserted these lofty pretensions with more spirit and success than Innocent III. By establishing the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the tribunal of the Inquisition, he obtained the two most memorable victories over the common sense and common rights of mankind. He reduced the schismatic Greeks, exterminated the Albigeois heretics, despoiled Raymond count of Thoulouse of his dominions, excommunicated two emperors, a king of France, and a king of England; the last of whom confessed himself the vassal and tributary of the see of Rome. Innocent reigned in Rome as the successor of Constantine, and in Naples as the natural guardian of young Frederic the son of Henry the Sixth; who, after Philip of Suabia and Otho IV., was acknowledged Emperor of Germany.

The popes:

1198—1216.

- The empire. The superior abilities of Frederic II., his Italian education, the Imperial
 1215—1250. sceptre, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the vast possessions of the
 House of Suabia, rendered him formidable to the popes, who, unmindful
 of their accustomed policy, had rather assisted than checked his elevation.
 This fatal error could be retrieved only by the destruction of the House of
 1227—1268. Suabia, and the design was prosecuted during more than forty years with a
 constancy worthy of the ancient senate. The Roman pontiffs seized the first
 ground of dispute, rejected all terms of peace, and convinced both their
 friends and their enemies that they were resolved either to perish or to
 conquer. The parties of the church and of the empire, under the names
 of Guelphs and Ghibellins, divided and desolated Italy. Amidst this con-
 1245. fusion, Innocent IV. solemnly deposed Frederic in the council of Lyons,
 1250. and pursued that unfortunate monarch to the grave. After his decease, the
 name of emperor was assumed for a short time by his son Conrad IV., and
 the kingdom of Naples was defended by his bastard Mainfroy, till the papal
 arms were entrusted to Charles count of Anjou, the brother of Lewis IX.
 1266. Followed by the bravest and most pious warriors of Christendom, that
 active prince passed the Alps, and in a single battle deprived Mainfroy of his
 sceptre and his life. Conradin, the grandson of Frederic, and the last of
 1268. that unhappy line, lost his head on a scaffold at Naples, after a brave, but
 unsuccessful attempt to recover the throne of his ancestors. His blood was
 1282. soon revenged by the blood of eight thousand French in the Sicilian vespers,
 who fell the just victims of their licentious insolence. A long and bloody
 quarrel commenced between the House of Arragon, which was called by the
 oppressed people to the throne of Sicily, and the House of Anjou, which
 still remained in possession of Naples.
- Italy. The free cities of Italy, now delivered from the German yoke, began to
 enjoy and to abuse the blessings of wealth and liberty. Of a hundred inde-
 pendent republics, every one, except Venice, was destitute of a regular go-
 vernment, and torn by civil dissensions. The Guelphs and the Ghibellins, the
 nobles and the commons, contended for the sovereignty of their country.
 The most trifling incident was sufficient to produce a conspiracy, a tumult,
 and a revolution. Among these troubles, the dark, insidious, vindictive
 spirit of the Italians was gradually formed.
- Germany. In Germany, the death of Frederic II. was succeeded by a long anarchy.
 1250—1272. The prerogatives and domains of the emperors were usurped by the great
 vassals.

vassals. Every gentleman exercised round his castle a licentious independence; the cities were obliged to seek protection from their walls and confederacies; and from the Rhine and Danube to the Baltic the names of Peace and Justice were unknown. It was at length discovered, that without an appearance of union the Germanic body could not subsist. The great princes, who began to assume the title of *electors*, agreed to invest a first magistrate with the dignity, but not with the power, of their ancient emperors. Their jealous caution successively fixed on Rodolph count of Haps- 1272—1291, burgh, and Adolph count of Nassau; whose fortune was far inferior to 1292—1298. their birth and personal merit. The former, however, who was father of the House of Austria, transmitted to his son Albert such ample hereditary dominions, as enabled him to form a party against the emperor Adolph, to wrest from him the sceptre, and to display that ambitious pride which has ever 1298—1308. since been the characteristic of that family.

The aggrandisement of the French monarchy bore the appearance of an act of justice. Philip Augustus summoned John, king of England and peer of France, before the parliament of Paris, to justify himself of the murder of his nephew Arthur. The parliament punished the contumacious vassal by the confiscation of his fiefs, and the king executed the sentence before the indignation of the other peers could subside into a sense of their common interest. Normandy, Anjou, Maine, and Poitou were united to the crown. Aquitain, or Guyenne, still remained in the hands of the English. The victory of Philip over the empire was more splendid, but less useful. In the decisive and well-fought battle of Bovines, he defeated Otho IV. at the head of two hundred thousand Germans. His navy threatened England; and his son Lewis, afterwards Lewis VIII., was for a time acknowledged king by the English nation. The reign of that prince was short and inglorious: but France owes as much to the laws of Lewis IX. as to the arms of Philip Augustus his grandfather. Lewis IX., notwithstanding he has been disgraced by the title of Saint, possessed uncommon virtues and abilities. To abolish private hostilities and judicial combats; to introduce an uniform and equitable jurisprudence; to receive appeals from the barons' courts; to protect and extend the liberties of the people; to acquire the esteem and confidence of his neighbours, were the honest arts of his wise policy. Notwithstanding his mad passion for the crusades (the only blemish of this accomplished character), he left his son, Philip III. surnamed 1270—1285.

France.

1180—1223.

1203.

1204.

1214.

1213.

1216.

1223—1226.

1226—1270.

1271. the Bold, the most flourishing kingdom of Europe, which was soon augmented by the re-union of the rich county of Thoulouse. Philip III. was
 1285—1315. succeeded by his son Philip IV. surnamed the Fair.
- England. To break the fetters which had been forged at the Norman conquest was the great business of the English barons. John, whose misfortunes deserve no pity, lost his reputation and foreign power by his contests with Rome and
 1215. France; and his domestic authority, by signing Magna Charta, which contains the rude outlines of British freedom. The fifty-six years of his son
 1216—1272. Henry III. were a long minority; during which, the reins of government were successively resigned to foreign favourites, and usurped by the turbulent
 1258. barons, under their leader Simon de Montfort earl of Leicester. Edward I. then only the heir apparent, rescued his father, vanquished Montfort and his
 1265. adherents in the field, and restored the royal authority; but his good sense
 1272—1307. soon taught him to respect the new barriers raised against it, to confirm Magna Charta, and to desist from a rash attempt to resume the alienated crown-lands. Amidst these troubles, the House of Peers became less numerous and more powerful; the Commons were admitted to a share of the legislature, the common law and courts of justice received their present form, and the first statutes were enacted against the avarice of Rome. Edward the First, to whose wisdom we owe many of those advantages, conceived, and almost executed, the great design of uniting the whole island under one dominion. The Welsh lost their ancient independence, but for several ages
 1283. preserved their savage manners. The throne of Scotland was disputed, almost
 1291. with equal claims, by several candidates. Edward, who was acknowledged
 1292. as umpire, awarded the crown to Baliol, the most obsequious of the competitors, treated him first as a vassal, and soon afterwards as a rebel; endeavoured by every expedient to break the spirit of a haughty nation, and
 1298. sullied his glorious end, by the injustice and cruelty of the means which he used to attain it.
- Spain. The empire of the Miramolins was destroyed by the greatest battle ever
 1212. fought between the Moors and the Christians. The latter pursued their
 1236—1248. advantage; Seville and Cordova were taken, and the provinces of Estramadura, Andalusia, and Murcia were, in about forty years, annexed to the crown of Castile. The kings of Arragon were not less successful. They wrested from the Moors the fertile kingdom of Valencia, and established a
 1238. naval power by the conquest of the islands of Majorca and Minorca. The
 1229. bravest

bravest of the Moors took refuge in the kingdom of Grenada, and displayed as much industry in the improvement, as they exerted valour in the defence of this last remnant of their extensive conquests. The kings of Castile who acquired the greatest reputation were Ferdinand III., and Alphonso the astronomer; the former for his political wisdom, the latter for his speculative knowledge.

Four great crusades, besides many smaller expeditions, were undertaken in this century; but though Palestine was still the object of the war, it was no longer the scene of action. The French and Venetians of the fourth crusade turned their arms against the schismatic Greeks, took Constantinople, and divided the empire. Constantinople was indeed recovered by the Greeks, but the trade and dominions which had once belonged to that capital were irretrievably lost. John de Brienne, a soldier of fortune, and titular king of Jerusalem, invaded Egypt, took Damietta (the old Pelusium) after a siege of two years; but soon thought himself happy to purchase a safe retreat, by surrendering that important place. The crusade of Lewis IX. was more splendid at first; but, in the end, more unfortunate. It seemed impossible that Egypt, subdued as often as it had been attacked, should withstand a young hero, at the head of sixty thousand valiant enthusiasts. The army was, however, destroyed, and the French monarch remained a prisoner among the infidels. Rather from a vague passion of combating the Mahometans, than from any rational prospect of recovering the Holy Land Lewis IX. led another crusade to Africa, and died of the plague under the walls of Tunis. The few places yet held by the Christians on the coast of Syria were swept away by the sultans, the successors, but no longer the descendants of Saladin. The Mamalukes, a body of Circassian and Tartar slaves, had dethroned their masters, usurped the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria, and established a military government, oppressive at home, but formidable abroad.

Of these seven great armaments, which shook Asia, and depopulated Europe, nothing remained except the kingdom of Cyprus in the House of Lusignan, and the three military orders. The Templars, by their luxury and pride, hastened their dissolution. The Hospitaliers and Teutonic Knights preserved themselves by their valour. The former conquered Rhodes, and are still settled at Malta: the latter formed a great dominion in Prussia and Courland, at the expence of the idolaters, whom they compelled to become Christians.

Christians and subjects. A great part of the old nobility of Europe perished in the crusades, their fiefs reverted to their lords, and their place was supplied by new men, raised by wealth, merit, or favour; and who soon imbibed the vanity, though not the independence, of their predecessors.

Learning. The numerous vermin of mendicant friars, Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustines, Carmelites, who swarmed in this century, with habits and institutions variously ridiculous, disgraced religion, learning, and common sense. They seized on scholastic philosophy as a science peculiarly suited to their minds; and, excepting only Friar Bacon, they all preferred words to things. The subtle, the profound, the irrefragable, the angelic, and the seraphic Doctor acquired those pompous titles by filling ponderous volumes with a small number of technical terms, and a much smaller number of ideas. Universities arose in every part of Europe, and thousands of students employed their lives upon these grave follies. The love-songs of the Troubadours, or Provençal bards, were follies of a more pleasing nature, which amused the leisure of the greatest princes, polished the southern provinces of France, and gave birth to the Italian poetry.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

1300—1400. BOTH the popes and the emperors, the conquerors and the vanquished, withdrew from Italy, their field of battle. The former, invited by the kings of France, and disgusted with the rebellious spirit of the Romans, established the papal residence at Avignon during more than seventy years. These French pontiffs were more strongly possessed by the love of money than the love of power. John XXII., by the sale of benefices, indulgences, and absolutions, accumulated a treasure of twenty-five millions of gold florins. At the repeated solicitations of the Romans, who felt their error when it was too late, Gregory XI. returned to his capital; but his eyes were scarcely closed, when the enraged people surrounded the conclave, threatening the cardinals with instant death unless they chose an Italian pontiff. The affrighted Frenchmen yielded to their fury, but were no sooner at liberty, than they protested against their first election, and nominated one of their own countrymen. Europe was divided between the two rivals. Italy, Germany, and England acknowledged the pope of Rome: France and Spain sided with the pope of Avignon. Each had his adherents, his doctors, his saints, and his miracles;

racles; but their mutual excommunications, which at another time might have produced a battle of swords, only occasioned a war of pens.

Emperors, whose authority in Germany was so much circumscribed, ^{The emperors.} could not invade with any success the confirmed liberty of the Italians. Henry VII. of Luxembourg, and Lewis V. of Bavaria, entered Rome in triumph; but their triumph was not attended with any solid or permanent advantages. The grandson of Henry of Luxembourg, Charles IV., emperor and king of Bohemia, was invited by the eloquent Petrarch to assume the station and character of the ancient Cæsars. The Bohemian Cæsar marched into Italy; but it was only to see himself excluded from every fortified city as an enemy, or cautiously received as a prisoner. He was crowned at Rome, but quitted it the very day of his coronation; meanly, or perhaps wisely, resigning to the popes all the ancient rights which he derived from Charlemagne and Otho. His son Wenceslaus would gladly (to use his own expression) have relinquished the empire, with its remaining prerogatives, for a few hogsheds of Rhenish or Florence wine. 1308—1313,
1314—1347.
1347—1378.
1378—1400.

Although neither leisure, independence, nor ingenuity were wanting to the Italians, they were never able to connect themselves into a system of union and liberty. Naples flourished under the administration of Robert, the grandson of Charles of Anjou, but was almost ruined by his grand-daughter Joan. By the murder of her first husband Andrew, she drew down the vengeance of his brother, the stern king of Hungary; by adopting Lewis duke of Anjou, the brother of Charles V., entailed on her dominions a civil war, of which she was herself the first victim. Rome saw, for a moment, her tribunes, her freedom, and her dignity restored by Nicholas Rienzi, whose extraordinary character was a compound of the hero and the buffoon. Florence, like Athens, experienced all the evils incident, or rather inherent, to a wild democracy. The *Venetians* and the *Genoese* wasted each other's strength in naval wars, which allowed not the latter a moment's respite from their intestine dissensions. The free cities of Lombardy and Romagna were oppressed by domestic tyrants, under the specious titles of vicars of the church or of the empire; but these petty usurpers were gradually swallowed up in the power of the Visconti, first lords, and afterwards dukes of Milan. Italy.
1309—1343.
1343—1382.
1347.
1350—1355.
1377—1381.
1317.
1395.

The more phlegmatic Germans, though poor and barbarous, maintained, and even improved, the form of their constitution. Whatever concerned the election and coronation of the emperors, the most fruitful source of civil discord, Germany.

1356. cord, was finally regulated by the golden bull published by Charles IV. in a general diet. The title and power of electors were confined to seven great princes, the Archbishops of Mentz, Treves, and Cologne, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Saxony, the Margrave of Brandenburg, and the Count Palatin. These electors soon asserted over the emperor Wenceslaus their right of deposing an unworthy sovereign.

Switzerland. The Swiss owe their reputation to their freedom, and their freedom to their valour. The peasants of three vallies among the Alps, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwald, oppressed by the officers of the emperor Albert, entered into a strict alliance, at first for seven years, and afterwards for ever. Leopold duke of Austria, and son of Albert, marched against them at the head of twenty thousand men; but was overthrown in the battle of Morgarten by 1300 Swiss. The little communities of Zug and Glaris, and the cities of Lucerne, Zurich, and Berne, gradually acceded to the confederacy which was cemented with the blood of another Duke Leopold, who fell, with the flower of the Austrian nobility, in the battle of Sempach. Zurich and Berne were allowed the first rank among the eight cantons; the former for its wealth, the latter for its military power. In the five rustic communities the government was a pure democracy; in the three cities, it was tempered with a small mixture of aristocracy, which time and circumstances have very much strengthened. The whole commonwealth, disclaiming the tyranny of the House of Austria, retained their ancient allegiance to the German empire.

- France. The constitution of the French monarchy received new strength and harmony from the following events: 1. In the memorable quarrel between Pope Boniface VIII. and Philip the Fair, the greater part of the French clergy remembered that they were subjects as well as priests. *The liberties of the Gallican church* were asserted with spirit and success; and the crown was in some degree delivered from a servile dependence on a foreign prelate.
1303. 2. *The States General*, composed of the clergy, the nobility, and the commons, were assembled by Philip the Fair, for the first time since the decline of the Carlovingian race. As their meetings were short and irregular, they never acquired the authority of legislators, and their tumultuous opposition commonly subsided into an obsequious compliance with the demands of the court.
1301. 3. The parliament of Paris was styled the Court of Peers, and should have been composed of the great vassals of the crown; but as they disdained

disdained the humble office of judicature, their place was supplied by the bishops, the barons, and the principal officers, whose *noble* ignorance was directed by some plebeian assessors. The servants gradually supplanted their masters, combated the violence of the nobility with the subtilties of law, and laboured to erect a pure monarchy on the ruins of the feudal system. For a long time these magistrates held their places only during the king's pleasure.

4. *The Salic law*, though of the most lasting benefit to the monarchy, occasioned the long and destructive wars between France and England. After a series of eleven kings, in lineal and male descent from Hugh Capet, 1314—1317. Lewis X. Hutin, was succeeded by his brothers Philip V. and Charles IV., 1317—1322. and afterwards by his first cousin, Philip VI. of Valois, on the acknowledged 1322—1328. principle that females were incapable of inheriting the crown of France. 1328—1350. Whether that principle be admitted or rejected, the claim of Edward III. of England is equally indefensible. The question was not, however, decided by arguments, but by arms. Both nations signalized their valour in the battles of Crecy and Poitiers; but the discipline of the English triumphed over the numbers of the French. The captivity of John, who had succeeded to the crown and misfortunes of his father Philip, exposed France to a total dissolution of government, with all its attendant calamities. However, though Edward was able to ruin, he was unable to conquer that great kingdom. By the treaty of Bretigny, he accepted of three millions of gold crowns, the city of Calais, and seven provinces adjacent to Guyenne; but the last were soon wrested from him by the arms and policy of Charles V., whose wife administration healed the wounds of his country. 1360. They bled afresh under his unhappy son Charles VI.: first a minor, and afterwards deprived of his senses, 1369. he was ever a victim of the ambition and avarice of his uncles. In this century, Champagne and Dauphiné, the first by inheritance and treaty, the second by donation, were re-united to the crown. 1364—1380. 1380—1422.

The iron fetters, in which Edward I. seemed for ever to have bound Scotland, were broken by the valour and fortune of Robert Bruce, a descendant of the ancient kings. To resist the heroic leader of a brave nation, combating for freedom and a throne, required all the powerful genius of Edward I., and was a task by far too arduous for his feeble son. The victory of Bannocks Boarn secured to Robert a sceptre, which, by the marriage of his daughter, was transmitted to the House of Stuart. Edward II., vanquished by his enemies, despised by his subjects, governed by his favourites, betrayed by his

England.

1306.

1307—1327.

1315.

1371.

brother, his wife, and his son, descended from a throne to a prison, and from a prison to an untimely grave. The English dwell with rapture on the trophies
 1327—1377 of Edward III. and his gallant son the Black Prince; on the fields of Crecy and Poitiers; and on the kings of France and Scotland, at the same time prisoners in London. To a thinking mind, Edward's encouragement of the woollen manufacture is of greater value than all these barren laurels. Richard II., son of the Black Prince, affords the second instance in this century of an English king deposed and murdered by his subjects. The House of Commons acquired its present form, and a dignity unknown to the third estate in any other country, by the junction of the knights of shires, or representatives of the lesser nobility, who, about this time, separated themselves from the peers. After the deposition of Richard, Henry IV. son of John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, the third son of Edward III., usurped the crown. The posterity of the second son, Lionel of Clarence, was disregarded, but still existed latent in the House of York.

Spain. The Mahometan kingdom of Grenada, and the four Christian monarchies of Castile, Arragon, Navarre, and Portugal, preserved their respective laws and limits. The constitution of the Christian states was suited to the haughty and generous temper of the people. The judiciary of Arragon, a name dreadful to royal ears, possessed the noble but dangerous privilege of declaring *when* the subjects were justified in taking arms against their sovereign. The Castilians, without waiting for the sentence of a magistrate, knew how
 1366—1368 to resist a tyrant, either in the *Cortez* or in the field. The civil war between Peter the Cruel, king of Castile, and his brother Henry occasioned a great revolution, in which France and England took the opposite sides, rather from a wild love of enterprize, than from any rational motives of policy. After several turns of fortune the bastard was victorious, transmitted the crown to his posterity, and ratified a strict union with his French allies; binding France and Castile to each other, king to king, people to people, and man to man.

Africa, relapsing into its native barbarism, no longer merits our attention. Egypt and Syria continued to groan under the tyranny of the Mamalukes; although some of those sultans corrected, by their personal virtues, the defects of their institution. In the East, two formidable powers arose. The greatness of the Othman Turks was gradual and permanent; the conquests of Timur were rapid and transitory.

During the anarchy which overspread Asia Minor on the fall of the Seljukian dynasty, the Greeks recovered many of the maritime places, and every Turkish emir made himself independent within his jurisdiction. Othman first erected his standard near Mount Olympus in Bithynia; and as he commanded only a small tribe of shepherds and soldiers, he was branded with the name of robber. A more numerous army, and the reduction of Nice, Nicomeda, and Prusa, bestowed on his son Orcan the appellation of Conqueror. The imprudent Greeks, in the madness of civil discord, invited the Turks, opened the Hellespont, and betrayed Christendom. Adrianople became the capital of the Othman power in Europe; and the Eastern empire, reduced to the suburbs of Constantinople, was pressed on either side by the arms of Amurath I. That sultan instituted the janizaries, a body of infantry, from their arms, discipline, and enthusiasm, almost invincible. The flower of the Christian youth, torn in infancy from their parents, were gradually aggregated to the Turkish nation, after they had lost, in the severe education of the seraglio, all memory of their former country and religion. Bajazet I. deserved his surname of Ilderim, or Lightning, by the rapid impetuosity with which he flew from the Euphrates to the Danube. He triumphed by turns over the Mahometans of Asia Minor, and the Christians of Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and Greece; and the total defeat of an army of French in the battle of Nicopolis, spread the terror of his name to the most remote parts of Europe.

Timur, or Tamerlane, raised himself from a private, though not a mean condition, to the throne of Samarcand. His first dominions lay between the Jaxartes and the Oxus in the country called Sogdiana by the ancients, Maurenahar by modern Persians, and by the Tartars Zagatay, from one of the sons of Zingis. The lawful successor of Zagatay, rather mindful of his situation than of his descent, served with humble fidelity in the army of the usurper. After reducing the adjacent provinces of Carizme and Khorasan, Timur invaded Persia, and extinguished all the petty tyrants who had started up since the decline of the House of Zingis. The khan of the Western Tartary (who ruled the kingdoms of Cazan and Astracan, and exacted a tribute from the grand duke of Muscovy) was unable to elude the pursuit, or to resist the arms of Timur. From the deserts of Siberia he marched to the banks of the Ganges, and returned from Dehli to Samarcand laden with the treasures of Hindostan. He knew how to reign as well as how to conquer.

quer. Although very profuse of the blood of his enemies, he was careful of the lives and property of his subjects. He loved magnificence and society: encouraged the arts, and was versed in the Persian and Arabian literature. His zeal for the Mussulman faith inflamed his natural cruelty against the Gentoos of India and the Christians of Georgia.

1370. The empire of the Moguls in China, founded on violence, and maintained by policy, was at length dissolved by its own weakness. The Chinese placed a dynasty of their countrymen on the throne, whilst the Tartars, returning to the pastoral life of the desert, gradually recovered the martial spirit which they had lost amidst the arts and luxury of the conquered provinces.

Commerce. A more diffusive commerce began to connect the European nations by their mutual wants and conveniences; the discovery of the compass inspired navigators with greater boldness and security. The Hanseatic cities of Prussia and Saxony formed a powerful association, engrossed the fishery, iron, corn, timber, hides, and furs of the North; and contended for the sovereignty of the Baltic with the kings of Denmark and Sweden. The exchange of money, the finer manufactures, and the trade of the East were in the hands of the Italians. The merchants of Venice and of Dantzic met at the common mart of Bruges, which soon became the warehouse of Europe. The Flemings, animated by the spectacle of wealth and industry, applied themselves with great ardour to the useful arts, and particularly to the making broad cloth, linen, and tapestry.

Literature. The advantages of trade were common to several nations; but the pleasures and glory of literature were confined to the Italians, or rather to a few men of genius, who immersed from an ignorant and superstitious multitude. The writings of Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch, for ever fixed the Italian language. The first displayed the powers of a wild but original genius: the Decameron of the second contains a just and agreeable picture of human life. A few stanzas on Laura and Rome have immortalized the name of Petrarch, who was a patriot, a philosopher, and the first restorer of the Latin tongue, and of the study of the ancients. If any barbarian on this side the Alps deserves to be remembered, it is our countryman Chaucer, whose Gothic dialect often conceals natural humour and poetical imagery.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

1400—1500.

AFTER breaking the power of the Mamalukes, and ruining the cities of Bagdad, Aleppo, and Damascus, Timur advanced towards the frontiers of Bajazet. The situation and character of the two monarchs rendered a war inevitable. The armies met in the plains of Angora, and the contest was decided in the Tartar's favour, by the total defeat and captivity of his rival. After this victory, the empire of Timur extended from Moscow to the Gulph of Persia, and from the Hellespont to the Ganges; but his ambition was yet unsatisfied: death surprized him as he was preparing to invade China, to assert the cause of his nation and of his religion. His feeble successors, far from meditating new conquests, saw province after province gradually escape from their dominion, till a few cities near the Oxus were the only patrimony that remained to the House of Timur.

The Turks had been defeated, but not subdued. As soon as Timur was no more, they collected their scattered forces, replaced their monarchy on its former basis, and under the conduct of Mahomet I. were again victorious both in Europe and Asia. Amurath II. swayed the Othman sceptre with the abilities of a great monarch, and twice resigned it with the moderation of a philosopher. He was forced from his retreat to chastise the perfidy of Ladislaus king of Hungary, who, at the instigation of the court of Rome, had violated a solemn truce. That act of justice was most completely executed in the decisive battle of Warna, which was fatal to the king, to the papal legate, and to the whole Christian army. The easy but important conquest of Constantinople was reserved for Mahomet II. The little empire of Trebizond, and the other independent provinces of Greece and Asia Minor, soon experienced the same fate. Though Mahomet was obliged to raise the sieges of Belgrade and Rhodes, though he was for a long time stopped by Scanderbeg in the mountains of Albania, yet his arms were generally successful from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, on the banks of which he vanquished Uzun Hassan, a Turcoman prince, who had usurped Persia from the posterity of Timur. The conquest of Rome and Italy was the great object of Mahomet's ambition; and a Turkish army had already invaded the kingdom of Naples, when the Christians were delivered from this imminent danger by the seasonable death of Mahomet, and the inactive dispo-

Timur.

1402.

1405.

1470.

The Turks.

1413—1421.

1421—1451.

1444.

1453.

1451—1481.

1462.

1481—1512. disposition of his son Bajazet II. But the valour and discipline of the Turks were still formidable to Christendom, and the passion for crusades had ceased at the very time when it might have been approved by reason and justice.

Popes and
councils.
1409.
1414—1418. The council of Pisa, by the election of a third pontiff, multiplied, instead of extinguishing, the evils of the great schism. The council of Constance, in which the five great nations of Europe were represented by their prelates and ambassadors, acted with greater vigour and effect. They rejected the defective title of two pretenders, and judicially deposed the third, by whose authority they were assembled. The election of Martin V. restored peace to the church; but the spirit of independence, which had animated the fathers of Constance, revived in the council of Basil. The assembled bishops of Christendom attempted to limit the despotic power which the bishop of Rome had usurped over his brethren; but the treasures of the church, distributed with a skilful hand, silenced the opposition; and nothing remains of those famous councils but a few decrees, revered at Paris, detested and dreaded at Rome. Amongst these disorders, the laity of some countries discovered as much discontent at the riches of the clergy, as the clergy expressed at the power of the popes. John Hufs and Jerom of Prague, two Bohemian doctors, who taught principles not very different from those of the protestants, were committed to the flames by the council of Constance, before which they appeared under the sanction of the public faith. From their ashes arose a civil war, in which the Bohemians, inflamed by revenge and enthusiasm, for a long time inflicted and suffered the severest calamities.

Italy. Italy, undisturbed by foreign invasions, maintained an internal balance, through a series of artful negotiations and harmless wars, attended with scarcely any effusion of blood. The sword, which had fallen from the hands of the Italian sovereigns, was taken up by troops of independent mercenaries, who acknowledged no tie but their interest, nor any allegiance except to leaders of their own choice. The five principal powers were, the popes, the kings of Naples, the dukes of Milan, and the republics of Florence and Venice. 1. The popes, after the council of Constance and Basil, applied themselves to reconcile the Roman people to their government, and to extirpate the petty usurpers of the ecclesiastical state. 2. Their great fief the *kingdom of Naples* was the theatre of a long civil war between the Houses of Anjou and Arragon. It flourished under the administration of Alphonso the

1442—1458. Wife,

Wife, who preferred Italy to his Spanish dominions. Ferdinand his natural son succeeded him in Naples only, oppressed the barons, protected the people, and was delivered by a seasonable death from the arms of Charles VIII. king of France. 3. After the death of the last of the Visconti, the duchy of Milan, superior in value to several kingdoms, was claimed by the duke of Orleans in right of his mother; but was usurped by Francis Sforza, the bastard of a peasant, and one of the most renowned leaders of the mercenary bands; who, with a policy equal to his valour, left Milan the peaceable inheritance of his family. 4. The elevation of the Medici was the more gradual effect of prudence and industry: Cosimo the father of his country, and Lorenzo the father of the muses, in the humble station of citizens and merchants, revived learning, governed Florence, and influenced the rest of Italy. The old forms of the commonwealth were preserved, and it was only by an unusual tranquillity that the Florentines could be sensible of the loss of their freedom. 5. The wisdom of the Venetian senate, the arts and opulence of Venice, an extensive commerce, a formidable navy, the possession of a long tract of sea-coast in Dalmatia, with the islands of Candia, Cyprus, &c. formed the natural strength of a republic respected in Europe as the firmest bulwark against the Turkish arms. The imprudent conquests in Lombardy, from which the Venetians were not able to refrain; the Friul, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, and Bergamo, drained the treasury of St. Mark, and excited the jealousy of the Italian powers.

The reign of the emperor Robert Count Palatin was obscure and inglorious. Though Sigismund of Luxembourg presided with some dignity at the council of Constance, his administration was rather busy than active. After his death, the Imperial crown returned for ever to the House of Austria, first in the person of Albert II. and then of Frederic III.; the latter possessed the title of emperor above half a century without either authority or reputation. Germany was without influence in Europe; but judicious foreigners began to discover the latent powers of that great body, when once roused into action by the necessity of its own defence. The levity of Maximilian I. engaged him in perpetual wars and treaties, which commonly ended in his disappointment and confusion. However, he may be considered as the founder of the Austrian greatness, by his marriage with Mary of Burgundy; and as the founder of the *public law*, by his useful institutions of the circles and of the Imperial chamber.

The

England. The usurpation of the House of Lancaster was supported by the fortune and abilities of Henry IV. His warlike son Henry V. asserted, by the victory of Azincourt the claim of the Plantagenets to the French monarchy. The conquest of it was a task much too difficult for a prince whose revenue did not exceed an hundred and ten thousand pounds of our present money, and whose subjects were neither able nor willing to make any extraordinary efforts to render England in the end a province of France. The vindictive spirit of Queen Isabella, and of Philip duke of Burgundy, betrayed their country and posterity. The English monarch was *solicited* to sign the treaty of Troyes, and to accept, with the hand of the princess Catharine, the quality of regent and heir of France. His infant son Henry VI. was proclaimed at Paris as well as at London. His reign was a series of weakness and misfortunes. The French conquests were gradually lost, and the English barons returned into their island exasperated against each other, habituated to the power and licence of war, and as much discontented with the monkish virtues of Henry, as with the masculine spirit and foreign connections of his queen Margaret of Anjou. The pretensions of Richard duke of York, and of his son Edward IV., inflamed the discontent into civil war. Hereditary right was pleaded against long possession; the banners of the white and red roses met in many a bloody field, and the votes of parliament varied with the chance of arms. Edward of York assumed the title of king, revenged the death of his father, and triumphed over the Lancastrian party: but no sooner was the imprudent youth seated on the throne, than he cast away the friendship of the great earl of Warwick, and with it the English sceptre. That warlike and popular nobleman, impatient of indignities, drove Edward into exile, and brought back Henry (scarcely conscious of the change) from the tower to the palace. Edward's activity soon retrieved his indiscretion. He landed in England with a few followers, called an army to his standard, obtained the decisive victories of Barnet and Tewksbury, and suffered no enemy to live who might interrupt the security and pleasure of his future reign. The crimes of Richard III., who ascended the throne by the murder of his two nephews (Edward V. and his brother), reconciled the parties of York and Lancaster. Henry Tudor earl of Richmond was invited over from Brittany as the common avenger, vanquished and slew the tyrant in the field of Bosworth, and uniting the two roses by his marriage with the eldest daughter of Edward IV., gave England a prospect

of sereener days. The kingdom had however suffered less than might be expected from the calamities of civil war. The frequent revolutions were decided by one or two battles; and so short a time was consumed in actual hostilities as allowed not any foreign power to interpose his dangerous assistance: no cities were destroyed, as none were enough fortified to sustain a siege. The churches, and even the privilege of sanctuaries were respected, and the revenge of the conquerors was commonly confined to the princes and barons of the adverse party, who all died in the field or on the scaffold. The power and estates of this old nobility were gradually shared by a multitude of new families enriched by commerce, and favoured by the wise policy of Henry VII.; but between the depression of the aristocracy and the rise of the commons, there was an interval of unresisted despotism.

The factions of Burgundy and Orleans, who disputed the government of Charles VI., filled France with blood and confusion. The duke of Orleans was treacherously murdered in the streets of Paris, and John duke of Burgundy, who avowed and justified the deed, was some years afterwards assassinated in the presence, and probably with the consent of the young Dauphin. That prince, persecuted by his mother, disinherited by the treaty of Troyes, and on every side pressed and surrounded by the victorious English, assumed the title of Charles VII. on his father's death, and appealed, though with little hopes of success, to God and his sword. The French monarchy was on the brink of ruin, but, like the Othman empire in the same century, rose more powerful from its fall. A generous enthusiasm first revived the national spirit, and awakened the young monarch from his indolent despair. A shepherdes declared a divine commission to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown him in Rheims. She performed her promises; and the consternation of the English was still greater than their real loss. The genius of Charles, seconded by his brave and loyal nobility, seemed to expand with his fortune. The duke of Burgundy was reconciled to his kinsman and sovereign, Paris opened its gates with willing submission, and at length, after some years of languid operations or imperfect truces, the French recovered Normandy and Guyenne, and left the English no footing in their country beyond the walls of Calais. The last years of Charles VIIth's reign were employed in reforming and regulating the state of the kingdom. He is the first modern prince who has possessed a military force in time of peace, or imposed taxes by his sole authority. The former were composed of 1500 lances, who

France,

with their followers made a body of 9000 horse. The latter did not exceed 360,000 pounds sterling. This great alteration was introduced without opposition, and felt only by its consequences, which gradually affected all Europe.

The feudal system, weakened, in France, by these innovations, was annihilated by the severe despotism of Lewis XI., into whom the soul of Tiberius might seem to have passed. As it was his constant policy to level all distinctions among his subjects, except such as were derived from *his* favour, the princes and great nobility took up arms, and besieged him in Paris: but their confederacy, surnamed of the *public good*, was soon dissolved by the jealousy and private views of the leaders, few of whom afterwards escaped the revenge of a tyrant, alike insensible to the sanctity of oaths, the laws of justice, or the dictates of humanity. The Gendarmerie of the kingdom was increased to 4000 lances, besides a disciplined militia, a large body of Swiss infantry, and a considerable train of artillery, the use of which had already altered the art of war. The revenue of France was raised to nearly a million sterling, as well by extraordinary impositions, as by the union of Anjou, Maine, Provence, Roussillon, Burgundy, Franche-Comté, and Artois, to the body of the French monarchy, which, under this wise tyrant, began to improve in domestic policy, and to assume the first station in the great republic of Christendom.

The revolution which restored Burgundy to the French monarchy merits more than common attention. Charles the Bold, of the house of France, duke of Burgundy, and sovereign of the Netherlands, was the natural and implacable enemy of Lewis XI. His subjects of Burgundy were brave and loyal; those of Flanders, rich and industrious; his revenue was considerable; his court magnificent; his troops numerous and well disciplined; and his dominions enlarged by the acquisition of Guelders, Alsace, and Lorraine. But his vain projects of ambition were far superior either to his power or his abilities. At one and the same time he aspired to obtain the regal title, to be elected king of the Romans, to divide France with the English, to invade Italy, and to lead a crusade against the Turks. The Swiss Cantons, a name till then unknown in Europe, humbled his pride. Many writers, more attentive to the moral precept than to historic truth, have represented the Swiss as a harmless people, attacked without justice or provocation. Those rude mountaineers were, on the contrary, the ag-

gressors: and it appears by authentic documents, that French intrigues, and even French money, had found a way into the senate of Berne. Lewis XI., who in his youth had experienced the valour of the Swiss, inflamed the quarrel till it became irreconcilable, and then sat down the quiet spectator of the event. The Gendarmerie of Burgundy was discomfited in three great battles, by the firm battalions of Swiss infantry, composed of pikemen and musqueteers. At Granfon, Charles lost his honour and treasures; at Morat, the flower of his troops; and at Nancy, his life. He left only an orphan daughter, whose rich patrimony Lewis might perhaps have secured by a treaty of marriage. Actuated by passion, rather than sound policy, he chose to ravish it by conquest. Burgundy and Artois submitted without much difficulty; but the Flemings, exasperated by the memory of ancient injuries, disdained the French yoke, and married their young princess Mary to Maximilian, son of the emperor Frederic III. The Low Countries became the inheritance of the house of Austria, and the subject, as well as theatre, of a long series of wars, the most celebrated that have ever disturbed Europe.

Such was the growing prosperity of France, that even the disturbances of a minority proved favourable to its greatness. Brittany, the last of the great fiefs, escaped a total conquest only by the marriage of Anne, heiress of that great duchy, with Charles VIII., son and successor of Lewis XI. The expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy displayed his character, and that of the nation which he commanded. In five months he traversed affrighted Italy as a conqueror, gave laws to the Florentines and the Pope, was acknowledged King of Naples, and assumed the title of Emperor of the East. Every thing yielded to the first fury of the French; every thing was lost by the imprudence of their councils. The Italian powers, recovered from their astonishment, formed a league with Maximilian and Ferdinand, to intercept the return of Charles VIII. The kingdom of Naples escaped from his hands, and the victory of Fernova only served to secure his retreat. He died soon afterwards, leaving his kingdom exhausted by this rash enterprize, and weakened by the imprudent cession of Roussillon to the Spaniards, and of Franche-Comté and Artois to the house of Austria.

Spain was hastening to assume the form of a powerful monarchy. Castile and Arragon were first united under the same family, and not long afterwards under the same sovereigns. Henry IV., King of Castile, a prince

Spain.

odious for his vices, and contemptible for his weakness, was solemnly deposed in a great assembly of his subjects; who, despising the suspicious birth of his daughter Juanna, placed the crown on the head of Isabella, his sister. The marriage of that princess with Ferdinand of Arragon completed the salutary revolution. The Spaniards celebrate, with reason, the united administration of those monarchs; the manly virtues of Isabella, and the profound policy of Ferdinand the catholic, always covered with the veil of religion, though often repugnant to the principles of justice. After a ten years' war, they executed the great project of delivering Spain from the infidels. The Moors of Granada defended that last possession with obstinate valour, and stipulated, by their capitulation, the free exercise of the Mahometan religion. Public faith, gratitude, and policy ought to have maintained this treaty; and it is a reproach to the memory of the great Ximenes that he urged his masters to violate it. The severe persecutions of the Mahometans, and the expulsion of many thousands of Jewish families, inflicted a deep but secret wound on Spain, in the midst of its glory. The prosperity of Ferdinand and Isabella was embittered by the death of their only son. Their daughter Juanna married the Archduke Philip, (son of the emperor Maximilian, and of Mary of Burgundy,) and the great successions of the houses of Austria, of Burgundy, of Arragon, and of Castile, were gradually accumulated on the head of Charles V., the fortunate offspring of that marriage.

The dominion of Spain was extended into a new hemisphere, which had never yet been visited by the nations placed on our side of the planet. Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, obtained from the ministers of Isabella, after long solicitations and frequent repulses, three small barks and ninety men, with which he trusted himself to the unknown Atlantic. His timid and ignorant sailors repeatedly exclaimed, that he was carrying them beyond the appointed limits of Nature, whence they could never return. Columbus resisted their clamours, and at the end of thirty-three days from the Canaries, shewed them the Island of Hispaniola, abounding in gold, and inhabited by a gentle race of men. In his subsequent voyages, undertaken with a more considerable force, he discovered many other islands, and saw the great continent of America, of whose existence he was already convinced from speculation.

The discoveries of Columbus were the effort of genius and courage; those of the Portuguese, the slow effect of time and industry. They sailed

round the continent of Africa ; found, by the Cape of Good Hope, a new and more independent route to the East Indies, and soon diverted the commerce of the east from Alexandria and Venice to Lisbon.

A new world was opened to the studious as well as to the active part of mankind. It was scarcely possible for the Italians to read Virgil and Cicero, without a desire of being acquainted with Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes. Their wishes were gratified by the assistance of many learned Greeks, who fled from the Turkish arms. The manuscripts which they had saved, or which were discovered in old libraries, were quickly diffused and multiplied by the useful invention of printing, which so much facilitated the acquisition of knowledge. For some time, however, the genius of the Italians seemed overpowered by this sudden accession of learning. Instead of exercising their own reason, they acquiesced in that of the ancients ; instead of transfusing into their native tongue the taste and spirit of the classics, they copied, with the most awkward servility, the language and ideas suited to an age so different from their own.

Italy.

If we turn from letters to religion, the Christian must grieve, and the philosopher will smile. By a propensity natural to man, the multitude had easily relapsed into the grossest polytheism. The existence of a Supreme Being was indeed acknowledged ; his mysterious attributes were minutely, and even indecently, canvassed in the schools ; but he was allowed a very small share in the public worship, or the administration of the universe. The devotion of the people was directed to the Saints and the Virgin Mary, the delegates, and almost the partners, of his authority. From the extremities of Christendom thousands of pilgrims, laden with rich offerings, crowded to the temples and statues the most celebrated for their miraculous powers. New legends and new practices of superstition were daily invented by the interested diligence of the mendicant friars ; and as this religion had scarcely any connection with morality, every sin was expiated by penance, and every penance *indulgently* commuted into a fine. The popes, bishops, and rich abbots, careless of the public esteem, were soldiers, statesmen, and men of pleasure ; yet even *such* dignified ecclesiastics blushed at the grosser vices of their inferior clergy.

E S S A I
SUR
L'ÉTUDE
DE LA
LITTÉRATURE.

VOL. II.

3 K 4

☞ *The following is in Mr. GIBBON's hand-writing, on the back of the title-page of the interleaved copy already mentioned.*

MES amis me firent publier cet ouvrage, pour ainsi dire, malgré moi. Cette excuse banale des auteurs ne l'est point cependant pour moi. Mon pere voulut me le faire publier l'hyver passé. Ma jeunesse, et un fonds d'orgueil qui me rend beaucoup plus sensible aux critiques qu'aux eloges, m'empêcherent de goûter son projet. Mais me trouvant à la campagne avec lui au mois de Mars, il renouvela ses instances d'une manière si vive que je ne pus m'en défendre. M. Mallet me fit connoître un libraire nommé Becket, à qui je cédaï mon manuscrit, moyennant quarante exemplaires pour moi. M. Maty corrigea les feuilles. L'impression de l'ouvrage, entreprise au commencement de Mai, ne fût achevée qu'à la fin de Juin, et mon livre ne se débitoit que vers le milieu du mois suivant. M. Mallet se chargea de la distribution d'une bonne partie des présens que j'avois envie d'en faire. Voici l'extrait d'une lettre qu'il m'écrivit le 9 Juillet 1761.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE executed the orders you gave me, and all the books have been
“ delivered some days. Lord Chesterfield returns you his thanks ; I expect
“ in writing, and have had Lady Harvey's in that manner. Lord Hard-
“ wicke, with his compliments for the book to himself, assured me he would
“ send the other to his son, and recommend you to his acquaintance. Lord
“ Egremont will be glad to know you, if ever you should think of a jour-
“ ney to Augsbourg. I found Lord Granville reading you, after ten at
“ night; his single approbation, which he assures you of, will go for more
“ than that of a hundred other readers. I have gone further, in sending
“ one copy to the Count de Caylus, another to the Ducheſs d'Aiguillon, and
“ in giving a third to M. de Buffy.”

To EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire.*

DEAR SIR,

No performance is, in my opinion, more contemptible than a Dedication of the common sort; when some great man is presented with a book, which, if Science be the subject, he is incapable of understanding; if Polite Literature, incapable of tasting: and this honour is done him as a reward for virtues, which he neither does, nor desires to possess. I know but two kinds of dedications, which can do honour either to the patron or author. The first is, when an unexperienced writer addresses himself to a master of the art, in which he endeavours to excel; whose example he is ambitious of imitating; by whose advice he has been directed; or whose approbation he is anxious to deserve.

The other sort is yet more honourable. It is dictated by the heart, and offered to some person who is dear to us, because he ought to be so. It is an opportunity we embrace with pleasure of making public those sentiments of esteem, of friendship, of gratitude, or of all together, which we really feel, and which therefore we desire should be known.

I hope, dear Sir, my past conduct will easily lead you to discover to what principle you should attribute this epistle; which, if it surprises, will, I hope, not displease you. If I am capable of producing any thing worthy the attention of the public, it is to you that I owe it; to that truly paternal care which, from the first dawnings of my reason, has always watched over my education, and afforded me every opportunity of improvement. Permit me here to express my grateful sense of your tenderness to me, and to assure you, that the study of my whole life shall be to acquit myself, in some measure, of obligations I can never fully repay.

I am, dear Sir, with the sincerest affection and regard,

Your most dutiful son, and faithful servant,

E. GIBBON, junior.

May the 28th, 1761.

A V I S A U L E C T E U R.

C'EST un véritable essai que je produis au grand jour. Je souhaiterois me connoître. Ma prévention et celle de quelques amis, m'en inspirent des idées trop avantageuses, si mon Apollon *, cette voix secrète que je ne puis faire taire, ne m'avertissoit souvent de me défier de leurs éloges. Dois-je me borner à recueillir avec reconnoissance les bienfaits de mes prédécesseurs ? Puis-je espérer d'ajouter quelque chose au trésor commun des vérités ou du moins des idées ? Je tâcherai d'entendre l'arrêt du public et même son silence, et je ne l'entendrai que pour m'y soumettre. Point de Philippiques contre mon siècle, point d'appel à la postérité.

L'envie de justifier une étude favorite, c'est-à-dire, l'amour propre un peu déguisé, fit naître les réflexions suivantes. Je voulois affranchir une science estimable, du mépris où elle languit aujourd'hui. Il est vrai qu'on lit encore les anciens, mais on ne les étudie plus. On n'y apporte plus cette attention, et cet appareil de connoissances que Cicéron et Bossuet exigent de leurs lecteurs. Il est encore des gens de goût, mais il est peu de littérateurs ; et ceux qui savent que les gens de lettres peuvent se passer des récompenses plus aisément que de l'estime du public, ne s'en étonneront point.

C'est un essai, je le repete encore ; ce n'est point un traité complet qu'on va lire. J'ai envisagé la littérature sous quelques points de vue qui m'avoient frappé. Plusieurs, sans doute, me sont échapés. J'en ai négligé quelques autres. Je ne suis point entré dans la carrière immense des beaux-arts, des beautés qu'ils empruntent de la littérature, et de celles qu'ils lui rendent. Que ne suis-je un Caylus ou un Spence † ! J'élèverois un monument éternel à leur alliance. L'on y verroit l'image de Jupiter éclore dans le cerveau d'Homère, et venir se placer sous le ciseau de Phidias. Mais je ne me suis point dit avec le Corrège ; “ et moi aussi je suis peintre.”

Le 3 Fevrier, 1759.

* — Cynthus aurem
Vellit et admonuit.

† Auteur d'un ouvrage nommé Polymetis. La mythologie des poëtes y est combinée avec celle des sculpteurs. Cet ouvrage plein de goût et de savoir mériteroit d'être plus connu en France.

Après

Après avoir gardé, pendant deux ans, ce petit ouvrage, l'amusement de mon loisir à la campagne, je me hazarde enfin à le donner au public. J'ai besoin de son indulgence pour le fond des choses, et pour le langage. Ma jeunesse m'y donne un juste titre pour l'un, et ma qualité d'étranger me la rend bien nécessaire pour l'autre.

Le 16 Avril, 1761.

A L' A U T E U R.

JE reçois, mon cher MONSIEUR, les feuilles de votre ouvrage, toutes mouillées au sortir de la presse. Le sentiment qui vous engagea à me les communiquer, est passé dans mon cœur. Ne me demandez plus mon jugement, il ne peut être que partial.

Mais le public aura-t-il les yeux d'un ami ; Cet essai de vos forces, ce germe heureux d'ouvrages plus considérables, sera-t-il accueilli, sera-t-il épargné ? inquiétude naturelle à un jeune auteur ! Elle l'honore, elle n'est permise qu'à lui. A Dieu ne plaise que vous perdiez de long tems cette précieuse défiance de l'approbation du public, qui vous mit en état de la mériter ! Si jamais vieux écrivain vous prenez moins de peine, c'est que vous vous connoîtrez mieux et craindrez moins vos juges.

Voudrois-je ôter à la jeune beauté la modeste rougeur qui lui fait méconnoître ses charmes, et qui ne cessera que quand ils ne seront plus ? Non, Monsieur, je ne vous rassure point ; je veux jouir de vos allarmes ; vos censeurs vont paroître ; armez-vous d'intrépidité.

Avez-vous pu croire qu'on pardonneroit à un homme né pour assister aux assemblées tumultueuses du sénat, et à la destruction des renards de sa province, des discussions sur ce qu'on pensa, il y a deux mille ans, sur les divinités de la Grece, et sur les premiers siècles de Rome ? Quoi pas la moindre allusion à ce qui se passe de nos jours ! Une brochure, où il n'est question ni de la guerre ni du commerce, où l'on ne prescrit point de limites ni ne propose aucune réduction, où l'on ne fait aucun compliment au prince, ni de leçon à ses ministres ! En vérité je vous admire, et qu'en dira-t-on, je vous le demande, en Hampshire ?

Le Grec doit être laissé au collège et à la roture ; ainsi l'a-t-on peut-être décidé chez nos voisins, et cette mode menace de devenir contagieuse. Je fais que Paris ne se croit pas encore déshonoré d'un Caylus et d'un Nivernois, et que votre île compte avec plaisir ses Lyttelton, ses Marchmont, ses Orrery, ses Bath, ses Grandville. Mais vous êtes jeune, et l'on soupçonne ceux que je viens de vous nommer d'être un peu du siècle passé. Vos notes sont savantes, mais qui à Newmarket ou dans le café d'Arthur peut les lire ?

Point d'ordre ni de liaison, dira le géomètre piqué. N'en soyez point surpris, il voit en vous un transfuge. Vous n'avez point donné la pomme à sa Vénus, et il juge un écrit de goût sur le pied des élémens d'Euclide.

Parmi vos critiques je vois le littérateur lui-même. Je ne dirai pas que vous pensez, et lui laissez le soin de recueillir. Je vous respecte trop pour voler ce bon mot à Voltaire. Mais vos notes ne consistent point en corrections de passages. Quel vers d'Aristophane avez-vous restitué ? De quel manuscrit vous appuyez-vous ? D'ailleurs vous envisagez quelques objets sous un point de vue ou nouveau ou singulier. Votre chronologie est celle de Newton ; vous justifiez l'anachronisme de Virgile ; vos Dieux ne sont pas ceux de Craignez la nouvelle édition ; vous aurez place dans ses notes.

Je ne vous reproche point l'obscurité, dirai-je, ou la profondeur de quelques unes de vos pensées, vos phrases coupées, la hardiesse de vos figures. La nation Académique sera moins facile, et frondera quiconque voudroit vous appliquer une de vos notes *, et l'avou modeste de l'orateur Romain, en relisant dans l'âge de la maturité, un morceau applaudi de sa jeunesse. *Quantis illa clamoribus, adolescentuli, il avoit 26 ans, diximus de supplicio parricidarum ? quæ nequaquam satis deferbuisset post aliquanto sentire cepimus . . . Sunt enim omnia, sicut adolescentis, non tam re et maturitate, quam spe et expectatione, laudati †.*

J'ai gardé pour le dernier le plus grand de vos crimes. Vous êtes Anglois, et vous choisissez la langue de vos ennemis. Le vieux Caton frémit, et dans son *Club* Antigallican, vous dénonce, le *punch* à la main, un ennemi de la patrie. “ Mes chers amis, dit-il, la liberté est prête d'expirer. Ce

* P. 493.

† Cicero Orator. 29.

“ peuple, dont nous avons toujours triomphé, regagne par ses artifices plus
 “ que ne lui enlèvent nos armes. N'est-ce pas assez que nous ayons des
 “ baladins, des friseurs, des cuisiniers de Paris, qu'on boive dans notre île,
 “ qu'on boive des vins, qu'on lise des livres François ; faut-il encore, grands
 “ Dieux ! est-ce dans le plus haut période de notre gloire qu'un Anglois
 “ devoit donner ce premier exemple ? faut-il encore qu'on en écrive ? ”

Contre une attaque aussi grave quel rempart vous ferez-vous ? Trouverez-vous des défenseurs où vous n'avez point de complices ? Oserai-je élever ma voix moi, qui, Anglois simplement par choix sans l'être de naissance, n'ai pu, après vingt ans de séjour dans votre île, naturaliser ma langue aussi bien que mon cœur ?

Dirai-je ce que Plutarque, à peu près dans le même cas que moi, auroit dit, que rien ne fut plus vain que la prophétie de l'acre censeur, que le Grec perdrait sa patrie, puisqu'au contraire elle s'éleva au comble de la gloire et du pouvoir dans le tems que les lettres Grecques et l'érudition étrangère y fleurirent le plus *, que ce peuple qui, tant qu'il fut libre, plaça sa grandeur dans ce qui seul fait la grandeur d'un peuple, fit venir ses grammairiens, mais non ses Généraux de la Grèce, au lieu que Carthage y prit ses soldats et ses Généraux, et en défendit la langue † ; que Flaminius, Scipion, Caton même, . . . mais comme eux je parle Grec à votre homme. Il ignore également que Cicéron fut initié à Athènes, et que le nom de Chesterfield se trouve dans les registres d'une célèbre Académie de Paris ; il jureroit que les Edouards et les Henris ne parlèrent ou du moins ne lûrent jamais de François, et si je le pressois, il me soutiendrait peut-être que le roi de Prusse seroit déjà maître de Vienne, s'il n'eût pas écrit, en style de Voltaire, les Mémoires du Brandebourg.

Mépriser sa propre langue, rien sans doute de plus honteux. Mais la méprise-t-on à moins qu'on ne donne l'exclusion à toute autre ? Cicéron, qui écrivit l'histoire de son consulat en Grec, préféra donc cette langue, lui qui n'eut jamais de rival dans la sienne, qui la croyoit, peut-être par préjugé, beaucoup plus riche que la Grecque ‡, et qui, s'il ne la rendit pas telle, étendit les bornes de sa juridiction plus que César celles de l'empire.

S'il étoit vrai que le génie infociable des diverses langues empêche celui qui veut les concilier, d'exceller dans aucune, on auroit tort sans doute de s'ex-

* Plutarch. in Cat. Major.

† Justin. xx. 5.

‡ De Finib. l. iii.

poser au risque de corrompre la pureté de celle qui nous est naturelle, sans pouvoir se flatter de réussir dans celle qui ne l'est pas. Mais tant s'en faut que l'expérience ait confirmé cette prétendue crainte des mélanges. Jamais les Romains n'écrivirent mieux en Latin qu'au sortir des écoles Grecques. Le morceau de Cicéron, dont j'ai parlé, nous a probablement valu les chefs-d'œuvres Latins de Salluste, et sans l'histoire de Polybe, revue par le héros qui avoit été son disciple, nous n'aurions peut être jamais eu ni Tite Live ni Tacite.

Toute langue, qui se suffit, est bornée. La votre, plus que toute autre, s'est enrichie par ses emprunts. Seroit-il impossible que l'Italien ne pût encore la rendre plus douce, l'Allemand plus compréhensive, le François plus précise et plus régulière. Semblables à ces lacs dont les eaux s'épurent et s'éclaircissent par le mélange et l'agitation de celles qu'ils reçoivent des fleuves voisins, les langues modernes ne demeurent vivantes que par leur communication, et si je l'osois dire par leur choc réciproque.

Non, ce n'est point de l'écrivain qui s'exerce à écrire avec pureté dans une langue étrangère, que la sienne a lieu de craindre qu'il ne l'altère mal à propos. Le degré de perfection, auquel elle peut atteindre, est son objet, et l'analogie sa règle. Il connoît trop les richesses de sa langue, pour la charger de mots inutilement transplantés. Il a étudié son caractère, et ne se permet point de constructions forcées, sous prétexte de se faire lire. Respectant même ses bizarreries, il fait qu'un long usage exige de grands ménagemens, et que l'homme sensé ne se distingue jamais beaucoup, et très rarement le premier.

Qui sont donc les véritables corrupteurs des langues ? Ces petits beaux esprits qui, faute de nouvelles idées, n'ont pour se distinguer que leur néologique jargon ; ces jeunes voyageurs qui, de Paris qu'ils ont mal vu, rapportent et font circuler l'expression du jour qu'ils n'ont pas comprise ; et plus futiles que les uns et les autres, ces demi-savans, qui croient donner du relief à leurs paradoxes, et de la variété à leur style, par l'introduction de synonymes barbares, dont leur dictionnaire leur a, peut être à grand-peine, indiqué le sens.

Rarement un étranger parvient-il à écrire dans une langue, qui n'est pas sa sienne, de manière à n'être pas reconnu. Mais faut-il qu'il ne le soit pas ?

Lucullus

Lucullus auroit pu se passer d'affecter des Latinismes, de peur d'être pris pour un Grec, et je ne crois pas que vous vous piquiez d'être moins facile à reconnoître pour un Anglois que Lucullus pour un Romain. Mais c'est cela même qui, aux yeux d'un François, vous donnera un nouveau mérite. Il remarquera un mot, un tour étranger à sa langue, et peut-être souhaitera qu'il ne le fût pas. Ces traits saillans, ces figures hardies, ce sacrifice de la règle au sentiment, et de la cadence à la force, lui caractériseront une nation originale, qui mérite d'être étudiée, et qui gagne toujours à l'être. L'individu ne lui échappera pas, et il saura discerner ce que vous devez à votre île, et ce que votre île vous doit.

Quand on ne fait qu'une langue, c'est par les traductions seules qu'on connoit les auteurs étrangers. Suffisent-elles pour en juger? Feraï-je la satire des personnes qui se consacrent à la pénible tâche de traduire, en affirmant que leur moindre défaut est de nous faire perdre le caractère national et personnel de leurs auteurs? Ah! que ces auteurs n'ont-ils écrit eux mêmes, quoique mal, dans une autre langue! Mon expression est celle qui accompagne ma pensée. Vous qui me traduisez, sentez-vous ce que j'ai senti? Montaigne seroit toujours Montaigne, s'il eût lui-même été le cuisinier Anglois de ses essais, et j'estimerois vingt fois plus un des livres de Milton écrit en François ou en Italien par Milton, que les traductions élégantes de Du Boccage et de Rolli.

Que si, dans vos climats si heureusement isolés, quelques personnes jalouses de l'universalité que le François s'est acquise sur le Continent, se plaignoient que vous rompez la dernière digue qui s'oppose à l'inondation, qu'elles me permettent de ne pas regarder comme un grand malheur, qu'une langue commune lie de plus en plus les états de l'Europe, facilite les conférences des ministres, prévienne les longueurs des négociations et les équivoques des traités, fasse souhaiter la paix, et la rende plus durable et plus chère. Le premier pas qu'on doive faire pour s'accorder, c'est de travailler à s'entendre.

Vous venez, Monsieur, de donner un grand exemple. Au milieu des succès de vos armes vous avez honoré les lettres de vos ennemis. Ce dernier triomphe est le plus noble. Puisse-t-il devenir général et réciproque, et le tems venir, où les divers peuples, membres épars de la même famille,

s'élevant au dessus des distinctions partiales d'Anglois, de François, d'Allemand, et de Russe, mériteront le titre d'homme !

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec des sentimens qui ne dépendent d'aucun climat ni d'aucun siècle,

MONSIEUR,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

M. M A T Y.

Du Musée Britannique,
le 16 Juin, 1761.

E S S A I

S U R

L'ÉTUDE DE LA LITTÉRATURE.

I. **L'**Histoire des empires est celle de la misère des hommes. L'histoire des sciences est celle de leur grandeur et de leur bonheur. Si mille considérations doivent rendre ce dernier genre d'étude précieux aux yeux du philosophe, cette réflexion doit le rendre bien cher à tout amateur de l'humanité.

Idée de l'histoire littéraire.

II. Que je voudrois qu'une vérité aussi consolante ne reçût aucune exception ! Mais hélas ! l'homme ne perce que trop souvent dans le cabinet du savant. Dans cet azile de la sagesse, il est encore égaré par les préjugés, déchiré par les passions, avili par les faiblesses.

L'empire de la mode est fondé sur l'inconstance des hommes ; empire dont l'origine est si frivole et dont les effets sont si funestes. L'homme de lettres n'ose secouer son joug, et si ses réflexions retardent sa défaite, elles la rendent plus honteuse.

Tous les pays, tous les siècles ont vu quelque science l'objet d'une préférence souvent injuste, pendant que les autres études languissoient dans un mépris tout aussi peu raisonnable. La métaphysique et la dialectique sous les successeurs d'Alexandre *, la politique et l'éloquence sous la république

* Ce siècle fut celui des sectes philosophiques, qui combattoient pour les systèmes de leurs maîtres respectifs, avec tout l'acharnement des théologiens.

L'amour des systèmes produit nécessairement celui des principes généraux ; et celui-ci conduit d'ordinaire au mépris des connoissances de détail.

“ L'amour des systèmes, (dit M. Freret), qui s'empara des esprits après Aristote, fit abandonner aux Grecs l'étude de la nature, et arrêta le progrès de leurs découvertes philosophiques : les raisonnemens subtils prirent la place des expériences : les sciences exactes, la géométrie, l'astronomie, la vraie philosophie disparurent presque entièrement. On ne s'occupa plus du soin d'acquiescer des connoissances nouvelles, mais de celui de ranger, et de lier les unes aux autres, celles que l'on croyoit avoir, pour en former des systèmes. C'est

lique Romaine, l'histoire, la poésie dans le siècle d'Auguste, la grammaire et la jurisprudence sous le bas-Empire, la philosophie scholastique dans le treizième siècle, les Belles-Lettres jusqu'aux jours de nos pères, ont fait, tour-à-tour, l'admiration et le mépris des hommes. La physique et les mathématiques sont à présent sur le trône. Elles voyent toutes leurs sœurs prosternées devant elles, enchainées à leur char, ou tout-au-plus occupées à orner leur triomphe. Peut-être leur chute n'est pas éloignée.

Il seroit digne d'un habile homme de suivre cette révolution dans les religions, les gouvernements, les mœurs, qui ont successivement égaré, défolé et corrompu les hommes. Qu'il se gardât bien de chercher un système; mais qu'il se gardât bien davantage de l'éviter.

Renaissance
des Belles-
Lettres.
Goût qu'on
eut pour elles.

III. Si les Grecs n'avoient été esclaves, les Latins seroient encore barbares. Constantinople tomba sous le fer de Mahomet. Les Médicis accueillirent les Muses défolées: ils encouragerent les lettres. Erasme fit plus, il les cultiva. Homère et Cicéron pénétrèrent dans des contrées inconnues à Alexandre, et invincibles pour les Romains. Ces siècles trouvoient qu'il étoit beau d'étudier les anciens et de les admirer*: le notre pense qu'il est plus aisé de les ignorer et de les mépriser. Je crois qu'ils ont tous les deux raison. Le guerrier les lisoit sous sa tente. L'homme d'état les étudioit dans son cabinet. Ce siècle même, qui, content des graces, nous laisse les lumières, embellissoit l'exemple d'une Délie, et fouhaitoit de trouver un Tibulle dans son amant. Elizabeth (ce nom dit tout pour le Sage) apprenoit dans Hérodote à défendre les droits de l'humanité contre un nouveau Xerxès, et au sortir des combats se voyoit célébrée par Eschyle sous le nom des vainqueurs de Salamine † §.

Si

“ là ce qui forma toutes les différentes sectes: les meilleurs esprits s'évaporerent dans les abstractions d'une métaphysique obscure, où les mots tenoient le plus souvent la place des choses, et la dialectique, nommée par Aristote l'instrument de notre esprit, devint chez ses disciples l'objet principal et presque unique de leur application. La vie entière se passoit à étudier l'art du raisonnement, et à ne raisonner jamais, ou du moins à ne raisonner que sur des objets fantastiques.”

Mem. de l'Acad. des B. L. tom. vi. p. 159.

• Feuilletez la Bibliothèque Latine de Fabricius, le meilleur de tous ceux qui n'ont été que compilateurs: vous y verrez que dans l'espace de quarante ans, après la découverte de l'imprimerie, presque tous les auteurs Latins étoient imprimés, quelques uns même plus d'une fois. Le goût des éditeurs n'égalait pas, il est vrai, leur zèle. Les écrivains de l'histoire Auguste parurent avant Tite Live; et l'on donna Aulu-Gelle avant de songer à Virgile.

† Eschyle a fait une tragédie (les Perses), où il a peint avec les couleurs les plus vives, la gloire des Grecs et la consternation des Perses après la journée de Salamine.

V. le Theat. des Grecs du P. Brumoy, tom. ii. p. 171, &c.

§ Écoutez

Si Christine préféra la science au gouvernement d'un état, le politique peut la mépriser, le philosophe doit la blâmer, mais l'homme de lettres chérira sa mémoire. Cette reine étudioit les anciens : elle en considéroit les interprètes. Elle distingua ce Saumaïse, qui ne mérita ni l'admiration de ses contemporains, ni le mépris dont nous nous efforçons de le combler.

IV. Sans doute elle poussa trop loin l'admiration pour ces savans. Souvent leur défenseur, jamais leur zéléteur, j'avouerai sans peine que leurs mœurs étoient grossières, leurs travaux quelquefois minutieux ; que leur esprit noyé dans une érudition pédantesque commentoit ce qu'il falloit sentir, et compiloit au lieu de raisonner. On étoit assez éclairé pour sentir l'utilité de leurs recherches ; mais l'on n'étoit ni assez raisonnable ni assez poli, pour connoître qu'elles auroient pu être guidées par le flambeau de la philosophie.

On le poussa trop loin.

V. La lumière alloit paroître. Descartes ne fut pas Littérateur, mais les Belles-Lettres lui sont bien redevables. Un philosophe éclairé *, héritier de sa méthode, approfondit les vrais principes de la critique. Le Bossu, Boileau, Rapin, Brumoy apprirent aux hommes à connoître mieux le prix des trésors, qu'ils possédoient. Une de ces sociétés qui ont mieux immortalisé Louis XIV. qu'une ambition souvent pernicieuse aux hommes, commençoit déjà ces recherches qui réunissent la justesse de l'esprit, l'aménité et l'érudition, où l'on voit tant de découvertes, et quelquefois, ce qui ne cède qu'à peine aux découvertes, une ignorance modeste et savante.

Quand il devenoit plus raisonnable.

Si les hommes raisonnaient autant lorsqu'ils agissent que lorsqu'ils discourent, les Belles-Lettres seroient devenues l'objet de l'admiration du vulgaire et de l'estime des sages.

VI. C'est de cette époque qu'elles datent le commencement de leur décadence. Le Clerc, à qui les sciences et la liberté doivent des éloges, s'en plaignoit déjà, il y a plus de soixante ans. Mais c'est dans la fameuse dispute des anciens et des modernes qu'elles reçurent le coup mortel. Il n'y a jamais eu un combat aussi inégal. La logique exacte de Terrasson, la

Décadence des Belles-Lettres.

§ Écoutez le Président Hénault. “ Cette princesse étoit savante. Un jour qu'elle entretenoit Calignon, qui fut depuis Chancelier de Navarre, elle lui fit voir une traduction en Latin, qu'elle avoit faite, de quelques tragédies de Sophocle et de deux harangues de Démosthène. Elle lui permit de prendre une copie d'une épigramme Grecque de sa façon ; et elle lui demanda son avis sur des passages de Lycophron, qu'elle avoit alors entre les mains, et dont elle vouloit traduire quelques endroits.”

Abreg. Chronolog. in Quart. Paris 1752. p. 397.

* M. Le Clerc, dans son excellent *Art critica*, et dans plusieurs autres de ses ouvrages.

philosophie déliée de Fontenelle, le style élégant et heureux de la Motte, le badinage léger de St. Hyacinthe, travailloient de concert à réduire Homère au niveau de Chapelain. Leurs adversaires ne leur oppoient qu'un attachement au minuties, je ne fais quelles prétensions à une supériorité naturelle des anciens, des préjugés, des injures et des citations. Tout le ridicule leur demeura. Il en rejaillit une partie sur ces anciens, dont ils soutenoient la querelle : et chez cette nation aimable, qui a adopté, sans y penser, le principe de Milord Shaftsbury, on ne distingue point les torts et les ridicules.

Depuis ce tems, nos philosophes se sont étonnés que des hommes pussent passer une vie entière à rassembler des faits et des mots ; et à se charger la mémoire au lieu de s'éclairer l'esprit. Nos beaux esprits ont senti, quels avantages leur reviendroient de l'ignorance de leurs lecteurs. Ils ont comblé de mépris les anciens, et ceux qui les étudient encore * †.

VII. Je voudrois faire succéder à ce tableau quelques réflexions, qui pourront fixer la juste valeur des Belles-Lettres.

Grands
hommes lit-
térateurs.

Les exemples des grands hommes ne prouvent rien ; Cassini, avant de régler le cours de planetes, crut y lire le destin des hommes. ‡ Cependant, lorsqu'ils sont en grand nombre, ils préviennent avant l'examen, après l'examen ils confirment. On sent d'abord qu'un génie capable de raisonner, une imagination vive et brillante ne goûteroient jamais une science, qui ne feroit que de mémoire. De tous ces hommes qui ont éclairé la terre, plusieurs se sont livrés à l'étude des Belles-Lettres ; beaucoup l'ont cultivée ; aucun, ou presque aucun, ne l'a méprisée. Toute l'antiquité se montroit sans voile aux yeux de Grotius :

* On a ôté à cette étude le nom de Belles-Lettres, qu'une longue prescription sembloit lui avoir consacré, pour y substituer celui d'érudition. (1) Nos littérateurs sont devenus des érudits.

L'Abbé Maffieu traitoit cet dernière expression de Néologisme en 1721. (2) Changeroit-il de ton à présent ? Il seroit mal à un étranger de vouloir le décider. Je connois tous les droits des grands écrivains sur la langue ; mais je voudrois, qu'après avoir reconnu qu'un érudit peut avoir du goût, des vues, de la finesse dans l'esprit, (3) ils ne se servissent pas de ce terme pour désigner un servile admirateur des anciens, d'autant plus aveugle qu'il y a tout-vû, hors leurs graces et leurs beautés. (4)

† Fontenelle dans sa digression sur les anciens et les modernes, et ailleurs.

Oeuv. de Gresset. tom. ii. p. 45.

‡ Fontenelle dans son Eloge.

VOLTAIRE, tom. xvii. p. 79.

(1) V. La Motte & d'Alembert.

(2) Maffieu dans sa préface aux œuvres de Tourneil.

(3) M. Dalem. dans l'art. Erudition de l'Encycl. Française.

(4) M. Dalem. dans le discours préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie, et ailleurs.

éclairé par sa lumière, il développoit les oracles sacrés, il combattoit l'ignorance et la superstition, il adouciſſoit les horreurs de la guerre. Si Descartes, livré tout entier à sa philosophie, méprisoit toute étude qui ne s'y rapportoit pas, Newton* ne dédaigna pas de construire un système de chronologie, qui a eu des partisans et beaucoup d'admirateurs : Gassendi, le meilleur philosophe des littérateurs et le meilleur littérateur des philosophes, expliquoit Epicure en critique, et le défendoit en Physicien : Leibnitz passoit, de ses recherches immenses sur l'histoire, aux infiniment petits. Si son édition de *Martianus Capella* avoit paru, son exemple auroit justifié les Littérateurs, ses lumières les auroient éclairés †. Le Dictionnaire de Bayle sera un monument éternel de la force, et de la fécondité de l'érudition combinée avec le génie.

VIII. Si nous ne faisons attention qu'à ceux qui ont consacré presque tous leurs travaux à la littérature, les vrais connoisseurs sauront toujours distinguer et apprécier l'esprit délicat et étendu d'Erasme, l'exactitude de Casaubon et de Gerard Vossius, la vivacité de Juste-Lipse, le goût, la finesse de Taneguy-le-Febvre, les ressources, la fécondité d'Isaac Vossius, la pénétration hardie de Bentley, l'aménité de Massieu et de Fraguier, la critique solide et éclairée de Sallier, l'esprit profond et philosophique de le Clerc et de Freret. Ils ne confondront point ces grands hommes avec de simples compilateurs, un Gruter, un Saumaise, un Masson, et tant d'autres, hommes à la vérité utiles par leurs travaux, mais qui ne méritent jamais notre admiration, qui excitent rarement notre goût, et qui quelquefois seulement exigent notre estime.

Littérateurs
grands hom-
mes.

IX. Les anciens auteurs ont laissé des modèles pour ceux qui oseront marcher sur leurs traces : des lecteurs aux autres, où ils pourront puiser les principes du bon goût, et remplir leur loisir par l'étude de ces précieuses productions, où la vérité ne se montre qu'embellie de tous les trésors de l'imagination. Les poètes, et le orateurs doivent peindre la nature. Tout l'univers peut leur fournir des couleurs ; mais parmi cette variété immense on peut ranger sous trois classes les images dont ils se servent : l'homme, la nature, et l'art. Les images de la première espèce, le tableau de l'homme, de ses grandeurs, de ses petitesse, de ses passions, de ses changemens, sont celles qui conduisent le plus sûrement un écrivain à l'immortalité. Chaque fois qu'on lit Euripide, ou Térence on y découvre de nouvelles beautés. Ce-

Le Goût.
Trois sources
de beautés.

* Newton réformoit la chronologie ordinaire, et y trouvoit des erreurs de cinq à six cent ans. Voyez mes remarques critiques sur cette Chronologie.

† La vie de Leibnitz par de Neufville, à la tête de sa Theodicée.

pendant.

pendant ce n'est ni à la conduite souvent défectueuse de leurs pièces, ni aux finesses cachées de leur heureuse simplicité, que ces poètes doivent leur renommée. Le cœur se reconnoit dans leurs tableaux vrais et naïfs, et s'y reconnoit avec plaisir.

La nature, toute vaste qu'elle est, a fourni peu d'images aux poètes. Bornés par leur objet ou par le préjugé des hommes, à son écorce, ils n'ont pu peindre que la successive variété des saisons, une mer irritée par les tempêtes, les zéphirs du printems respirant l'amour et les plaisirs. Un petit nombre de génies ont bientôt épuisé ces tableaux.

Images artistiques.

X. L'art leur restoit. J'entens par l'art tout ce dont les hommes, ont orné ou défiguré la nature, les religions, les gouvernemens, les usages. Ils s'en sont tous servis : et il faut convenir qu'ils ont tous eu raison. Leurs concitoyens, et leurs contemporains les entendoient sans peine, et les lisoient avec plaisir. Ils aimoient à retrouver dans les ouvrages des grands hommes de leur nation, tout ce qui avoit rendu leurs ancêtres respectables, tout ce qu'ils regardoient comme sacré, tout ce qu'ils pratiquoient comme utile.

Les mœurs des anciens favorables à la poésie dans l'art militaire.

XI. Les mœurs des anciens étoient plus favorables à la poésie que les nôtres : c'est une forte présomption qu'ils nous y ont surpassés.

A-mesure que les arts se sont perfectionnés, les ressorts se sont simplifiés. Dans la guerre, dans la politique, dans la religion, de plus grands effets ont été produits par des causes plus simples. Sans doute les Maurice et les Cumberland * entendoient mieux l'art militaire que les Achille et les Ajax ;

“ Tels ne parurent point aux rives du Scamandre,
 “ Sous ces murs tant vantés que Pyrrhus mit en cendre,
 “ Ces antiques héros qui montés sur un char
 “ Combattoient en désordre et marchoient au hazard †.”

Cependant les batailles du poète François sont-elles diversifiées comme celles du poète Grec ? Ses héros sont-ils aussi intéressans ? Tous ces combats singuliers des chefs, tout ces longs discours aux mourans, toutes ces rencontres inattendues, prouvent l'enfance de l'art, mais don-

* Je n'ai point cherché à faire un compliment à son A. R. Mgr. le Duc de Cumberland, dont je respecte infiniment la naissance et le rang, sans oser apprécier ses talents militaires. Si l'on se rappelle que les vers suivans sont tirés du poëme sur la bataille de Fontenoy, on sentira que c'est plutôt M. de Voltaire qui parle que moi. Je ne crois pas cette remarque inutile. Des gens d'esprit s'y sont trompés.

† Oeuvres de Volt. tom. ii. p. 300.

nent au poëte le moyen de nous faire connoître ses héros, et de nous intéresser à leur destin. Aujourd'hui les armées sont de vastes machines animées par le souffle du Général. La Muse se refuse à la description de ses manœuvres : elle n'ose percer ce tourbillon de poudre et de poussière, qui cache à ses yeux le brave et le lâche, le chef et le soldat.

XII. Les anciennes républiques de la Grèce ignoroient les premiers principes d'un bon gouvernement. Le peuple s'assembloit en tumulte pour décider plutôt que pour délibérer. Leurs factions étoient furieuses et immortelles, leurs séditions fréquentes et terribles, leurs plus beaux jours remplis de méfiance, d'envie et de confusion* : leurs citoyens étoient malheureux, mais leurs écrivains, l'imagination échauffée par ces affreux objets, les peignoient comme ils les sentoient. La tranquille administration des loix, ces arrêts salutaires qui, sortis du cabinet d'un seul ou du conseil d'un petit nombre, vont répandre la félicité chez un peuple entier, n'excitent chez le poëte que l'admiration, la plus froide de toutes les passions.

Dans la politique.

XIII. La mythologie ancienne qui animoit toute la nature, étendoit son influence sur la plume du poëte. Inspiré par la muse, il chantoit les attributs, les aventures, et les malheurs des dieux. L'Etre infini que la religion et la philosophie nous ont fait connoître, est au-dessus de ses chants : le sublime à son égard devient puerile. Le *Fiat* de Moïse nous frappe † ; mais la raison ne sauroit suivre les travaux de la Divinité qui ébranle sans efforts et sans instruments des millions de mondes, et l'imagination ne peut voir avec plaisir les diables de Milton, combattre pendant deux jours les armées du Tout Puissant ‡.

Dans la religion.

Les anciens connoissoient leurs avantages, et les employoient avec succès. Ces chef-d'œuvres que nous admirons encore en sont la meilleure preuve.

* Voy. le iii. L. de Thucydide.

Diodore de Sicile, depuis le L. xi. jusqu'au L. xx. presque par tout.

La Préface de l'Abbé Terrasson au iii. tom. de sa Traduction de Diodore de Sicile, et Hume's Political Essays, p. 191.

† V. les pièces de Huet et de Despréaux, dans le iii. tom. des Oeuvres de celui-ci.

‡ Le compas d'or dont le Créateur mesure l'univers étonne chez Milton. Peut être chez lui est-il puerile : chez Homère il eut été sublime. Nos idées philosophiques de la Divinité nuisent au poëte. Les mêmes ornemens qui auroient relevé le Jupiter des Grecs, la défigurent. Le beau génie de Milton lutte contre le système de sa religion, et ne paroît jamais si grand que lorsqu'il en est un peu affranchi : pendant qu'un Properce déclamateur froid et foible, ne doit sa renommée qu'au spectacle riant de sa mythologie.

XIV. Mais

Moyens de
sentir les
beautés.

XIV. Mais nous, placés sous un autre Ciel, nés dans un autre siècle, nous perdriions nécessairement toutes ces beautés, faute de pouvoir nous placer au même point de vue, où se trouvoient les Grecs et les Romains. Une connoissance détaillée de leur siècle, est le seul moyen qui puisse nous y conduire. Quelques idées superficielles, quelques lumières puisées au besoin dans un commentaire, ne nous laisseront saisir que les beautés les plus sensibles et les plus apparentes : toutes les graces, toutes les finesses de leurs ouvrages nous échapperont ; et nous traiterons de gens sans goût leurs contemporains, pour leur avoir prodigué des éloges, dont notre ignorance nous empêchera de sentir la justesse. La connoissance de l'antiquité, voilà notre vrai commentaire : mais ce qui est plus nécessaire encore, c'est un certain esprit qui en est le résultat ; esprit qui non seulement nous fait connoître les choses, mais qui nous familiarise avec elles, et nous donne à leur égard les yeux des anciens. Le fameux exemple de Perrault peut faire sentir ce que je veux dire : la grossièreté des siècles héroïques choquoit le Parisien. En vain Boileau lui remontreroit-il qu'Homère vouloit et devoit peindre les Grecs, et non point les François ; son esprit demeureroit convaincu, sans être persuadé *. Un goût antique (j'entens pour les idées de convention) Peût éclairé plus que toutes les leçons de son adversaire.

Images arti-
ficielles ti-
ennent à l'a-
mour de la
gloire.

XV. J'ai dit, il y un moment, que la raison autorisoit ces images artificielles, mais au tribunal de l'amour de la gloire, je ne sais si la décision seroit la même. Nous aimons tous la gloire : mais rien n'est plus différent que la nature et le degré de cet amour. Chaque homme varie dans sa manière de l'aimer. Cet écrivain n'aime que les éloges de ses contemporains. La mort met fin à toutes ses espérances et à toutes ses craintes. Le tombeau qui couvre son corps peut ensevelir son nom. Un tel homme peut sans scrupule employer des images familières aux seuls juges dont il recherche les applaudissemens. Cet autre lègue son nom à la postérité la plus reculée †. Il se plaît à penser que, mille ans après sa mort, l'Indien des bords du Gange, et le Laponois au milieu de ses glaces, liront ses ouvrages, et porteront envie au pays et au siècle qui l'ont vu naître.

Celui qui écrit pour tous les hommes ne doit puiser que dans des sources communes à tous les hommes, dans leur cœur et dans le spectacle de la nature. Le seul orgueil peut l'engager à passer ces limites. Il peut présumer

* V. les Remarques de M. Despréaux sur Longin.

† Vie de Bacon par Mallet, p. 27.

que la beauté de ses écrits lui assurera toujours des Burmans, qui travailleront à l'expliquer, et qui l'admireront encore plus, parcequ'ils l'auront expliqué.

XVI. Non-seulement le caractère de l'auteur, mais encore celui de son ouvrage, influé à cet égard sur sa conduite. La haute poésie, l'épopée, la tragédie, et l'ode emprunteront plus rarement ces images que la comédie et la satire, parcequ'elles peignent les passions, et que celles-ci crayonnent les mœurs. Horace et Plaute sont presque intelligibles à quiconque n'a pas appris à vivre, et à penser comme le peuple Romain. Le rival de Plaute, l'élégant Térence est mieux entendu, parcequ'il a sacrifié la plaisanterie au bon goût, au lieu que Plaute a immolé les bienséances à la plaisanterie. Térence songeoit qu'il peignoit des Athéniens; tout dans ses pièces est Grec, hormis le langage *: Plaute savoit qu'il parloit à des Romains : on retrouve chez lui à Thebes, à Athènes, à Calydon, les mœurs, les loix et jusqu'aux bâtimens de Rome †.

Et à la nature
du sujet.

XVII. Dans les poètes heroïques les mœurs, bien quelles ne fassent pas le fond de leurs tableaux, en ornent souvent le lointain. Il est impossible de sentir le plan, l'art, et les détails de Virgile, sans être instruit à fonds de l'histoire, des loix, et de la religion des Romains, de la géographie de l'Italie, du caractère d'Auguste, de la relation singulière et unique que ce Prince soutenoit avec le sénat et le peuple ‡. Rien de plus frappant, et de plus intéressant pour ce peuple, que le contraste de Rome couverte de paille, renfermant trois mille citoyens dans ses murs §, avec cette même Rome capitale de l'univers, dont les maisons étoient des palais, les citoyens des princes, et les provinces des empires. Puisque Florus a su saisir ce contraste §, on

Contraste de
l'enfance et
de la gran-
deur de
Rome.

* V. Terent. Eunuch. Act. ii. Sc. ii. Heauton. Act. i. Sc. i.

Les *Capedinarii* dont parle Térence ne détruisent point cette réflexion. Ce mot (quand même on n'adopteroit pas la conjecture de Saumaïse) étoit devenu d'un nom propre, un nom appellatif. V. Térence Eunuch. Act. ii. Sc. ii.

† Amphytr. Act. i. Sc. i. Quid faciam nunc, si Tresviri me in carcerem compegerint, &c.

‡ V. les Dissertations de M. de la Bletterie sur le pouvoir des Empereurs. Mem de l'Acad. des Belles-Lettres, tom. xix. p. 357—457. tom. xxi. p. 299, &c. tom. xxiv. p. 261. &c. p. 279. &c.

§ Varron de Ling. Latina, L. iv. Dionys. Halycarn. L. xi. p. 76. Plutarch. in Romul.

§ Voyez ses paroles : " Sora (quis credat ?) et Algidum terrori fuerunt. Satricum et Corniculum provinciæ. De Verulis et Bovillis pudet ; sed triumphavimus. Tibur nunc suburbanum, et æstivæ Præneste, deliciæ, nuncupatis in capitolio votis petebantur. Idem tunc Fæsulæ, quod Carræ nuper. Idem nemus Aricinum, quod Hercynius saltus : Fregellæ quod

on peut croire que Virgile ne l'a pas manqué. Il l'a peint des traits d'un grand maître. Evandre conduit son hôte par ce village, où tout jusqu'au monarque, respiroit la rusticité. Il lui en explique les antiquités, et le poète laisse habilement entrevoir à quoi ce village, ce capitol futur, caché par les ronces, étoit réservé*. Que ce tableau est vif ! Que ce contraste est parlant pour un homme instruit dans l'antiquité ! Qu'il est fade aux yeux de celui qui n'apporte à la lecture de Virgile, d'autre préparation qu'un goût naturel, et quelque connoissance de la langue Latine !

Art de Virgile.

XVIII. Mieux on possède l'antiquité, plus on admire l'art de ce poète. Son sujet étoit assez mince. La fuite d'une bande d'exilés, le combat de quelques villageois, l'établissement d'une bicoque, voilà les travaux tant vantés du pieux Enée. Mais le poète les a annoblis, et il a fû en les annoblissant, les rendre encore plus intéressans. Par une illusion trop fine pour ne pas se dérober au commun des lecteurs, et trop heureuse pour déplaire aux juges, il embellit les mœurs des siècles héroïques, mais il les embellit sans les déguiser †. Le pâtre Latinus et le séditieux Turnus sont transformés en

“ Gessoriacum : Tiberis quod Euphrates. Coriolos, quoque, pro pudor ! victos, adeo gloria fuisse ut captum oppidum C. Marcius Coriolanus, quasi Numantiam aut Africam, non mihi induerit extant, et parta de Antio spolia, quos Mœnius in suggestu fori, captâ hostium classis, sufflavit ; si tamen illa, classis : nam sex fuere rostratae. Sed hic numerus illis initiis navale bellum fuit (1).” Properce a entrevu cette idée, mais confusément.

“ Cossus, at insequitur Veientes caede Tolumni

“ Vincere dum Veios posse, laboris erat.

“ Nec dum ultra Tiberim, belli sonus, ultima præda

“ Nomentum, et captæ jugera terna Coræ (2).”

Mais dans toute la tirade il mêle deux idées, qui par elles mêmes et par leurs effets, sont très différentes. La comparaison de Rome florissante avec Rome naissante, pénètre l'ame d'un sentiment de grandeur et de plaisir. Au lieu que ces campagnes incultes où paroissent à peine les débris de l'ancienne Veies, inspirent la mélancolie et l'attendrissement.

* Virg. *Æneid.* L. viii. V. 185—370.

Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,

Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.

———armenta videbant

Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.

† Rien de plus difficile pour un écrivain élevé dans le luxe, que de peindre sans bassesse des mœurs simples. Lisez l'Épître de Penelope dans Ovide, vous vous y sentirez révolté de cette même rusticité qui vous enchante chez Homère. Lisez Mademoiselle de Scudéry, vous ferez désagréablement surpris de retrouver à la cour de Tomyris la pompe de celle de Louis XIV. Il faut être fait à ces mœurs pour en saisir le ton. La réflexion a tenu lieu d'expérience à Virgile, et peut-être à Fenelon. Ils ont connu qu'il les falloit orner un peu, pour ménager la délicatesse de leurs concitoyens ; mais qu'on choqueroit cette même délicatesse, si on les fardoit beaucoup.

(1) L. Annæi Flori, L. i. C. xi.

(2) Propertii Eleg. L. iv. Eleg. xi. V. 23.

monarques puissans. Toute l'Italie craint pour sa liberté. Enée triomphe des hommes et des dieux. Virgile fait encore faire rejaillir sur les Troyens toute la gloire des Romains. Le fondateur de Rome fait disparaître celui de Lavinium. C'est un feu qui s'allume. Bientôt il embrasera toute la terre. Enée (si j'ose hasarder l'expression) contient le germe de tous ses descendans. Assiégé dans son camp, il nous rappelle César et Alexia *. Nous ne partageons point notre admiration.

Jamais Virgile n'emploie mieux cet art, que lorsque, descendu aux enfers avec son héros, son imagination en paroît affranchie. Il n'y crée point d'êtres nouveaux et fantasques. Romulus et Brutus, Scipion et César s'y montrent, tels que Rome les admira ou les craignit.

XIX. On lit les Georgiques avec ce goût vif qu'on doit au beau, et avec Les Géorgiques. ce plaisir délicieux que l'aménité de leur objet inspire à toute ame honnête et sensible. On pourroit cependant sentir croître son admiration, si l'on découvroit chez leur auteur un but aussi relevé que l'exécution en est achevée. Je puise toujours mes exemples chez Virgile. Ses beaux vers et les préceptes de son ami Horace, fixèrent le goût des Romains, et peuvent instruire la postérité la plus reculée. Mais pour développer mes idées, il faut les prendre d'un peu loin.

XX. Les premiers Romains combattoient pour la gloire et pour la patrie. Les vétérans. Depuis le siège de Veïes † ils recevoient une paye assez modique, et quelquefois des récompenses après les triomphes ‡ ; mais ils les recevoient comme une grace, et non comme une dette. La guerre finie, chaque soldat devenu citoyen, se retiroit dans sa cabane et y suspendoit ses armes inutiles, prêt à les reprendre au premier signal.

Quand Sylla rendit la tranquillité à la république, les choses étoient bien changées. Plus de trois cens mille hommes, accoutumés au carnage et au luxe §, sans biens, sans patrie, sans principes, exigeoient des récompenses. Si le dictateur les leur avoit données en argent, suivant le taux établi ensuite par Auguste, elles lui auroient coûté plus de trente deux millions de notre

* J'aurois dû dire Alexia. Alexia est une leçon fautive de quelques éditions des commentaires ; mais les plus anciens manuscrits, d'accord avec les autres écrivains, portent constamment Alexia (1).

† Liv. L. iv. c. 59, 60.

‡ Liv. L. xxx. c. 45, &c. Arbuthnot's Tables, p 181, &c.

§ Salust in Bell. Catilin. p. 22. Edit. Thyssi.

(1) Notice de l'ancienne Gaule, par M. d'Anville, p. 49.

monnoye *, somme immense dans les tems les plus prospères, mais alors au-dessus des facultés de la république. Sylla embrassa un parti, que la nécessité et son intérêt particulier, plutôt que le bien de l'état, lui dictèrent : il donna des terres aux soldats. Quarante sept légions furent dispersées dans l'Italie. On fonda vingt quatre colonies militaires †. Expédient ruineux : si on les mêloit, ils quittoient leurs habitations pour se retrouver ; si on les laissoit en corps, le premier séditieux y trouvoit une armée toute prête ‡. Ces vieux guerriers ennuyés du repos, et trouvant au-dessous d'eux d'acheter par la sueur ce qui pouvoit ne coûter que du sang §, dissipèrent leurs nouveaux biens par la débauche, et n'espérant de salut que dans une guerre civile, servirent puissamment les desseins de Catilina ||. Auguste, pressé par les mêmes embarras, suivit le même plan, et en craignit les mêmes suites. La triste Italie fumoit encore

“ Des feux qu'à rallumé sa liberté mourante ¶.”

* Ce taux étoit de trois mille drachmes, ou douze mille sesterces pour le simple légionnaire (1), du double pour le cavalier et le centenier, et du quadruple pour le tribun (2). La légion Romaine, depuis l'augmentation de Marius (3), étoit de six mille fantassins, et de trois cens chevaux. Ce grand corps n'avoit que soixante six officiers, savoir soixante centeniers et six tribuns. Voilà le calcul :

Liv. Sterl.

282,000 légionnaires à 3000 drachmes ou 12,000 sesterces, ou 105 l. sterling chacun,	28,905,000
2,820 centeniers et 14,100 cavaliers à 6000 drachmes ou 210 livres sterling chacun,	3,468,600
282 tribuns à 12,000 drachmes ou l. 410 chacun,	115,620

En tout l. 32,489,220

Suivant les calculs de M. Arbuthnot cette somme ne feroit que de l. 30,705,220, la drachme valant $7\frac{1}{4}$ sous d'Angleterre (4). Mais quelques recherches que j'aie faites, la drachme Attique des derniers tems, égale au denier Romain en poids comme en valeur, valoit $8\frac{1}{2}$ de cette monnoye (5).

† Liv. L. lxxxix. Epitom. Freinsheim. Suppl. L. lxxxix. c. 34.

Sur l'article des colonies militaires on peut consulter les Cenotaphia Pisana du Cardinal Noris. Le second chapitre de sa première dissertation contient des détails très instructifs sur cette matière.

‡ Tacit. Annal. xiv. p. 249. Edit. Lipfii.

§ Tacit. de Mor. Germani, p. 441.

|| Salust. in Ball. Catilin. p. 40. Cicero in Catilin. Orat. ii. c. 9.

¶ Racin. Mithrid. Act. iii. Sc. 1.

(1) Dion. Caff. L. liv. Lipf. Ex. ad. L. i. Annal. Tacit. C.

(2) Wotton's History of Rome, p. 154.

(3) Rosin. Antiq. p. 964.

(4) Arbuth. Tables, p. 15.

(5) V. mes Rem. MSS. sur les poids, &c. des anciens. Hooper, p. 108. et Eiffenschmidt, p. 23, &c.

Les

Les hardis vétérans n'avoient acheté leurs possessions que par une guerre sanglante, et leurs fréquens actes de violence monstroient assez qu'ils se croioient toujours les armes à la main*.

XXI. Qu'-y-avoit-il alors de plus assorti à la douce politique d'Auguste, que d'employer les chants harmonieux de son ami, pour les réconcilier à leur nouvel état ? Aussi lui conseilla-t-il de composer cet ouvrage. But de Virgile.

Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue captis ;

Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestes,

Ingrederè ; et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari †.

L'agriculture avoit cependant plus de cinquante écrivains Grecs ‡; les livres de Caton et de Varron étoient des guides plus sûrs, plus minutieux, et plus exacts que ne pouvoit l'être un poëte. Mais il falloit faire goûter à des soldats le repos de la campagne plutôt que de les instruire dans les principes de l'agriculture ? De là toutes ces descriptions touchantes des plaisirs innocens du campagnard, ses jeux, ses foyers, ses retraites délicieuses opposées aux amusemens frivoles des hommes, et à leurs affaires plus frivoles que leurs amusemens.

Il y a dans ce tableau de ces traits vifs et inattendus, de ces détours cachés et heureux, qui montrent dans Virgile, un génie pour la satire, que des vues supérieures et la bonté de son cœur l'empêchoient seules de cultiver §. Quel vétérans ne se reconnoissoit pas dans le vieillard Corycien || ? Comme eux accoutumé aux armes dès sa jeunesse, il trouvoit enfin le bonheur dans une retraite sauvage, que ses travaux avoient transformée en un lieu de délices ¶.

L'Italien las de mener une vie remplie de craintes légitimes, déplorait avec Virgile les malheurs du tems, et plaignoit son prince de se voir emporté par la violence des vétérans,

Ut cum carceribus sese effudère quadrigæ,

Addunt in spatium, et frustra retinacula tendens

*Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas **.*

et recommençoit ses travaux dans l'espoir d'un nouveau siècle d'or.

* V. Donat. in Vit. Virgil. Virgil, Eclog. ix. v. 2, &c.

† Virg. Georg. L. i. v. 40.

‡ Varro de Re Rustic. L. i. c. 1.

§ Hic petit excidiis urbem, miserisque penates,

Ut gemmâ bibat, et Sarrano dormiat ostro.

Virg. Georg. L. ii. v. 505, &c.

|| Virg. Geor. L. iv. v. 125. et seq.

¶ Il étoit du nombre des pirates auxquels Pompée avoit donné des terres. V. Serv. in Loc. et Vell. Pater. L. ii. p. 56.

** Virg. Georg. L. i. v. 512.

Son succès.

XXII. Si l'on adopte mes idées, Virgile n'est plus un simple écrivain, qui décrit les travaux rustiques. C'est un nouvel Orphée, qui ne manie sa lyre, que pour faire déposer aux sauvages leur férocité, et pour les réunir par les liens des mœurs et des loix *.

Ses chants produisirent cette merveille. Les vétérans s'accoutumèrent insensiblement au repos. Ils passèrent en paix les trente ans qui s'écoulerent avant qu'Auguste eût établi, non sans beaucoup de difficulté, un trésor militaire pour les payer en argent †.

LA CRITIQUE.
Idée de la critique.

XXIII. Aristote, qui portoit la lumière dans les ténèbres de la nature et de l'art, est le pere de la critique. Le tems dont la justice lente, mais sûre, met enfin la vérité à la place de l'erreur, a brisé les statues du philosophe, mais a confirmé les décisions du critique. Destitué d'observations, il a donné des chimeres pour des faits. Formé dans l'école de Platon, et dans les écrits d'Homère, de Sophocle, d'Euripide et de Thucydide, il a puisé ses règles dans la nature des choses et dans la connoissance du cœur humain. Il les a éclaircies par les exemples des plus grands modèles.

Deux mille ans se sont écoulés depuis Aristote. Les critiques ont perfectionné leur art. Cependant ils ne sont pas encore d'accord sur l'objet de leurs travaux. Les le Clerc, les Cousin, les Des-maiseaux, les de Sainte-Marthe ‡, nous en offrent des définitions différentes. Pour moi, je les crois toutes ou trop partiales, ou trop arbitraires. La critique est, selon moi, l'art de juger des écrits et des écrivains, ce qu'ils ont dit, s'ils l'ont bien dit, s'ils ont dit vrai §. De la première de ces branches découle la grammaire, la connoissance des langues et des manuscrits, le discernement des ouvrages supposés, le rétablissement des endroits corrompus. Toute la théorie de la poésie et de l'éloquence se tire de la seconde. La troisième ouvre un champ immense, l'examen et la critique des faits. On pourroit donc distinguer la nation des critiques, en critiques grammairiens, en critiques rhéteurs et en

* Sylvestres homines facer interpretæ Deorum

Cædibus et victu sædo deterruit Orpheus ;

Disclus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.

Horat. Ars Poet. v. 391.

† Tillemont. Hist. des Emper. Tacit. Annal. L. i. p. 39. Dionys. L. lv. p. 565. Sueton. in August. c. 49.

‡ Clerici Ars Crit. L. i. c. 1.

§ Il faut borner ce vrai au vrai historique, à la vérité de leurs témoignages et non de leurs opinions. Cette dernière espèce de vérité est plutôt du ressort de la logique que de celui de la critique.

critiques

critiques historiens. Les prétensions exclusives des premiers ont nui non seulement à leur travail, mais à celui de leurs confrères.

XXIV. Tout ce qu'ont été les hommes, tout ce que le génie a créé, tout ce que la raison a pesé, tout ce que le travail a recueilli, voilà le département de la critique. La justesse d'esprit, la finesse, la pénétration, sont toutes nécessaires pour l'exercer dignement. Je suis le littérateur dans son cabinet, je le vois entouré des productions de tous les siècles : sa bibliothèque en est remplie : son esprit en est éclairé, sans en être chargé. Il étend ses regards de tous côtés. L'auteur le plus éloigné du travail de l'instant, n'est pas oublié : un trait lumineux pourroit s'y rencontrer, qui confirmeroit les découvertes du critique ou qui ébranleroit ses hypothèses. Le travail de l'érudit est achevé. Le philosophe de nos jours s'y arrête et loue la mémoire du compilateur. Celui-ci en est quelquefois la dupe, et prend les matériaux pour l'édifice.

Matériaux de critique.

XXV. Mais le vrai critique sent que sa tâche ne fait que commencer. Il pèse, il combine, il doute, il décide. Exact et impartial, il ne se rend qu'à la raison, ou à l'autorité qui est la raison des faits *. Le nom le plus respectable le cède quelquefois au témoignage d'écrivains auxquels les circonstances seules donnent un poids momentané. Prompt et fécond en ressources, mais sans fausse subtilité, il ose sacrifier l'hypothèse la plus brillante, la plus spécieuse, et ne fait point parler à ses maîtres le langage de ses conjectures. Ami de la vérité, il cherche le genre de preuves qui convient à son sujet, et il s'en contente. Il ne porte point la faux de l'analyse sur ces beautés délicates, qui se fanent sous la touche la moins rude ; mais aussi, peu content d'une admiration stérile, il fouille jusques dans les principes les plus cachés du cœur humain, pour se rendre raison de ses plaisirs et de ses dégoûts. Modeste et sensé il n'étale point ses conjectures comme des vérités, ses inductions comme des faits, ses vraisemblances comme des démonstrations.

Opérations du critique.

XXVI. On a dit que la géométrie étoit une bonne logique, et l'on a cru lui donner un grand éloge : il est plus glorieux aux sciences de développer ou de perfectionner l'homme, que de reculer les bornes de l'univers. Mais la critique ne peut-elle pas partager ce titre ? Elle a même cet avantage : la géométrie s'occupe de démonstrations qui ne se trouvent que chez elle ; la critique balance les différens degrés de vraisemblance. C'est en les comparant que nous reglons tous les jours nos actions, que nous décidons souvent de notre sort †. Balançons des vraisemblances critiques.

La critique une bonne logique.

* C'est-à-dire, l'autorité combinée avec l'expérience.

† Il s'agit principalement des élémens de la géométrie et de ceux de la critique.

Controverse
sur l'histoire
Romaine.

XXVII. Notre siècle, qui se croit destiné à changer les loix en tout genre, a enfanté un Pirrhonisme historique, utile et dangereux. M. de Pouilly, esprit brillant et superficiel, qui citoit plus qu'il ne lisoit, douta de la certitude * des cinq premiers siècles de Rome ; mais son imagination peu faite pour ces recherches, céda facilement à l'érudition et à la critique de M. Freret et de l'Abbé Sallier †. M. de Beaufort fit revivre cette controverse, et l'histoire Romaine souffrit beaucoup des attaques d'un écrivain, qui savoit douter et qui savoit décider.

Traité entre
Rome et
Carthage.

XXVIII. Un traité des Romains et des Carthaginois devint entre ses mains une objection accablante ‡. Ce traité se rencontre chez Polybe, historien exact et éclairé §. L'original se conservoit à Rome de son tems. Cependant ce monument authentique contredit tous les historiens. L. Brutus et M. Horatius y paroissent comme exerçant le consulat ensemble, quoiqu'Horatius n'y parvint qu'après la mort de Brutus. Les Romains y ont des sujets qui n'étoient encore que leurs alliés. On entend parler de la marine d'un peuple qui ne construisit ses premiers vaisseaux que dans la première guerre Punique, deux cens cinquante ans après le consulat de Brutus. Quelles conclusions fatales ne tire-t-on pas de cette contrariété ? Elles sont toutes au désavantage des historiens.

Le traité
éclairci.

XXIX. Cette objection a fort embarrassé les adversaires de M. de Beaufort. Ils ont douté de l'authenticité de ce monument original. Ils en ont avancé la date. Tachons par une explication vraisemblable de concilier le monument et les historiens. Séparons d'abord la date d'avec le corps du traité. Celui-ci est du tems de Brutus. Celle-là est de la façon de Polybe ou de ses antiquaires Romains. Les noms des consuls ne se lisoient jamais dans les traités solennels, dans les *fœdera* consacrés par toutes les cérémonies de la religion. Les seuls ministres de cette religion, les *féciaux*, les signoient : et cette circonstance distinguoit les *fœdera* et les *sponsiones*. Nous devons ce détail à Tite Live §. Il fait disparaître la difficulté. Les antiquaires auront

Les consuls.

* Une définition claire de cette certitude sur laquelle on se disputoit, auroit pu abréger la controverse. " C'est la certitude historique." Mais cette certitude varie de siècle en siècle. Je crois en gros à l'existence et aux actions de Charlemagne : mais la certitude que j'en ai, n'est point égale à celle des exploits d'Henri quatre.

† V. Mem. de l'Acad. des Belles-Lettres, tom. vi. p. 14. 190.

‡ Dissert. sur l'Incert. de l'Hist. Rom. p. 33—46.

§ Polyb. Hist. L. iii. c. 22.

§ Sponsonderunt consules, legati, quæstores, tribuni militum, nominaque eorum qui sponsonderunt adhuc extant, ubi si ex fœdere acta res esset præterquam duorum fecialium non extarent.

Tit. Liv. L. ix. c. 5.

pris les féciaux pour les consuls. Mais sans songer à cette méprise, ces antiquaires que rien n'obligeoit à la précision dans l'explication des monumens publics, ont marqué l'année du régifuge, par les noms célèbres du fondateur de la liberté et de celui du capitolé. Il leur importoit peu de s'assurer s'ils exercèrent le consulat ensemble.

XXX. Les peuples d'Ardée, d'Antium, de Terracine n'étoient point Les sujets des Romains. sujets des Romains, ou s'ils l'étoient, les historiens nous ont donné une idée très fautive de l'étendue de la république. Transportons-nous dans le siècle de Brutus, et puisons dans la politique des Romains, une définition du terme d'allié assez éloignée de la notre. Rome, quoique la dernière colonie des Latins, songea de bonne heure à réunir toute cette nation sous ses loix. Sa discipline, ses héros et ses victoires lui acquirent bientôt une supériorité décidée. Fiers, mais politiques, les Romains en usèrent avec une sagesse digne de leur bonheur. Ils comprirent que des cités mal-asservies arrêteroient les armes, épuiferoient les trésors, et corromproient les mœurs de la république. Sous le nom plus spécieux d'alliés, ils furent faire aimer leur joug aux vaincus. Ceux-ci consentirent avec plaisir à reconnoître Rome pour la capitale de la nation Latine, et à lui fournir un corps de troupes dans toutes ses guerres. La république ne leur devoit qu'une protection, marque de sa souveraineté et qui leur coutoit si cher. Ces peuples étoient alliés de Rome, mais ils virent bientôt eux-mêmes qu'ils en étoient esclaves*.

XXXI. Cette explication diminue la difficulté, me dira-t-on, mais ne la dissipe pas. *Υπηκοοι*, l'expression dont se sert Polybe, signifie sujet, dans le sens propre du mot. Je ne le contesterai pas. Mais nous n'avons que la traduction de ce traité; et si l'on accorde à ses copies une confiance conditionnelle pour le fond des choses, il ne doit pas être permis de rien conclure de leurs expressions prises à la rigueur. Les assemblages d'idées sont si arbitraires, les nuances si légères, les langues si différentes, que le plus habile traducteur peut chercher des expressions équivalentes, mais n'en trouve guères que de semblables†. Le langage de ce traité étoit ancien. Polybe se fia aux antiquaires Romains. La vanité leur grossit les objets. *Fœderati* ne signifie pas des alliés égaux: rendons le, dirent ils, par sujets.

XXXII. La marine des Romains embarasse encore nos critiques. Leur marine. Polybe nous assure que la flotte de Duillius fut leur premier essai dans ce

* Tit. Liv. L. viii. c. 4.

Le préteur Anniius appelle le gouvernement des Romains, *Regnum impotens*.

† V. Cleric. Ars Critic. L. ii. c. 2. § 1, 2, 3.

genre *. Eh bien, Polybe se trompe, puisqu'il se contredit ; voilà toute ma conclusion. Mais en admettant même son récit, l'histoire Romaine ne s'écrouleroit cependant pas. Voici une hypothèse qui explique ce phénomène d'une manière raisonnable ; et c'est tout ce qu'on est en droit d'exiger d'une hypothèse. Tarquin opprime le peuple et les soldats. Il s'approprie tout le butin. On se dégoûte de la milice. On équipe de petits bâtimens qui font des courses sur mer. La république naissante les protège, mais met un frein par ce traité à leurs déprédations. Des guerres continuelles, la paye qu'on accorde aux troupes de terre, font négliger la marine ; et dans un siècle ou deux, on oublie qu'elle a jamais existé †. Polybe aura parlé d'une façon un peu trop générale.

XXXIII. D'ailleurs la première marine des Romains ne pouvoit être composée que de bâtimens à cinquante rames. Gelon et Hieron construisirent des vaisseaux plus grands ‡. Les Grecs et les Carthaginois les imitèrent ; et dans la première guerre Punique, les Romains mirent en mer de ces vaisseaux à trois ou quatre rangs de rames, qui étonnent encore nos antiquaires et nos mécaniciens. Cet armement étoit bien propre à faire oublier leurs essais antiques et grossiers §.

Réflexions sur
cette dispute.

XXXIV. J'ai défendu avec plaisir une histoire utile et intéressante. Mais j'ai voulu surtout montrer par ces réflexions, combien sont délicates les discussions de la critique, où il ne s'agit pas de saisir la démonstration, mais de comparer le poids des vraisemblances opposées ; et combien il faut se défier des systèmes les plus éblouissans, puisqu'il y en a si peu qui soutiennent l'épreuve d'un examen libre et attentif.

La critique
une pratique
sans être une
routine.

XXXV. Une nouvelle considération embarrasse la critique d'une nouvelle difficulté. Il est des sciences qui ne sont que des connoissances : leurs principes sont des vérités de spéculation et non des maximes de conduite. Il est plus facile de comprendre stérilement une proposition, que de se la rendre familière, de l'appliquer avec justesse, de s'en servir comme d'un guide dans ses études, et d'un flambeau dans ses découvertes.

* Polyb. L. i. c. 20.

† Je ne dis rien de la flotte qui parut devant Tarente. Je crois que les vaisseaux appartenoient aux habitans de Thuricum. Voyez Frenschim Supplem. Livian. L. xii. c. 8.

‡ Arbuthnot's Tables, p. 225. Hist. du commerce des anciens, par Huet. c. 221.

§ On peut voir une autre hypothèse du célèbre M. Freret. Elle plait par sa simplicité, mais elle me paroît insoutenable. Voy. Mémoires de l'Académ. des Belles-Lettres, tom. xviii. p. 102, &c.

La marche de la critique n'est point une routine. Ses principes généraux sont vrais, mais stériles. Celui qui ne connoit qu'eux, se méprend également, qu'il veuille les suivre ou qu'il ôse s'en écarter. Le génie plein de ressources, maître des règles, mais maître aussi des raisons des règles, paroît souvent les mépriser. Sa route nouvelle et hardie semble l'en éloigner : mais suivez-le jusqu'au bout, vous voyez en lui un admirateur, mais un admirateur éclairé des mêmes règles, qui sont toujours la base de ses raisonnemens et de ses découvertes. Que toutes les sciences fussent *legum non hominum respublica*, voilà le souhait du peuple des savans. Son accomplissement feroit son bonheur : mais on ne fait que trop que le bonheur des peuples et la gloire de ceux qui les éclairent ou qui les gouvernent, sont des objets souvent différens, et quelquefois opposés. Les savans du premier ordre ne veulent que des études semblables à la lance d'Achille : elle n'étoit faite que pour les mains du héros. Essayons de la manier.

XXXVI. Le législateur de la critique a prononcé, que le poète doit rendre les héros tels que l'histoire nous les fait connoître :

Le poète
peut-il s'é-
carter de
l'histoire ?

*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor ; Homereum * si forte reponis Achillen.
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Fura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis, &c. †*

Réduirons-nous donc le poète au rôle d'un froid annaliste ? Lui ôterons-nous ce grand pouvoir de la fiction, ce contraste, ce choc des caractères, ces situations inattendues où l'on tremble pour l'homme, où l'on admire le héros ? Ou bien, plus amis des beautés que des règles, lui pardonnerons-nous plus aisément les anachronismes que l'ennui ?

XXXVII. Charmer, attendrir, élever l'esprit, c'est-là l'objet de la poésie. Les loix partiales ne doivent jamais faire perdre de vue qu'elles ne sont que des moyens destinés à aider ses opérations, et non à les embarrasser. On a vu que la philosophie hérissée de démonstrations, ose à-peine entamer les idées reçues ; comment la poésie pourroit-elle espérer de plaire qu'en s'y prêtant ? Nous nous plaçons à revoir les héros et les événemens de l'antiquité : paroissent-ils travestis, ils produisent la surprise, mais une surprise qui révolte contre les nouveautés. Lorsqu'un auteur veut hasarder quelque changement, il doit réfléchir s'il en naît une beauté frappante ou légère, mais

La loi et rai-
son de la loi.
Exemple de
Virgile.

* V. Bentley et Sanadon au v. 120. de l'Art Poétique d'Horace.

† Horat. Ars Poet. v. 119. et seq.

toujours proportionnée à la violation des loix. Ce n'est qu'à ce prix qu'il peut racheter son attentat.

Les anachronismes d'Ovide nous déplaisent *. La vérité y est corrompue sans être embellie. Que le Mézence de Virgile est d'un caractère différent ! Ce prince ne périt que par les armes d'Ascagne. † Mais quel lecteur assez glacé pour y songer un instant, lorsqu'il voit Enée, ministre des vengeances célestes, devenir le protecteur des nations opprimées, lancer la foudre sur la tête du coupable tyran, mais s'attendrir sur la victime infortunée de ses coups, le jeune et pieux Lausus digne d'un autre père, et d'un destin plus propice ? Que de beautés l'histoire faisoit perdre au poète ! Encouragé par ce succès, il l'abandonne quand il eut dû la suivre. Enée arrive dans l'Italie si désirée ; les Latins accourent pour défendre leurs foyers, tout menace du plus sanglant combat.

“ Dejà de traits en l'air s'élevoit un nuage ;

“ Dejà couloit le sang prémices du carnage ‡.”

Le nom d'Enée fait tomber les armes aux ennemis. Ils craignent de combattre ce guerrier, dont la gloire s'élève des cendres de sa patrie. Ils courent embrasser ce prince annoncé par tant d'oracles, qui leur apporte du fond de l'Asie, ses dieux, une race de héros, et la promesse de l'empire de l'univers. Latinus lui offre un azile et sa fille. || Quel coup de théâtre ! Qu'il étoit digne de la majesté de l'épopée, et de la plume de Virgile ! Qu'on lui compare, si on l'ôse, l'ambassade d'Ilioneus, le palais de Latinus, et le discours du monarque §.

Eclaircissements et restrictions.

XXXVIII. Que le poète, je le répète encore, ôse hasarder, pourvu que le lecteur retrouve toujours dans ses fictions, ce même degré de plaisir que la vérité et les convenances lui eussent offert. Qu'il ne bouleverse pas les annales d'un siècle pour dire une antithèse. L'invention ne trouvera pas cette loi trop sévère, si elle réfléchit que le sentiment appartient à tous les

* En matière de géographie et de chronologie on doit peu compter sur l'autorité d'Ovide. Ce poète étoit d'une ignorance grossière dans ces deux sciences. Lisez la description des voyages de Médée ; *Metamorph.* L. vii. v. 350. à 402. et le xiv. L. des mêmes *Metamorph.* Celle-là est remplie d'erreurs géographiques, qui donnent la torture aux commentateurs-mêmes ; et celui-ci fourmille de bévues chronologiques.

† *Serv. ad Virg. Æneid.* L. iv. v. 620. *Dion. Halycarn. Antiq. Rom.* L. i.

‡ *Racin. Iphig. Act v. Sc. dern.*

|| *Tit. Liv. L. i. c. l.*

§ *Virg. Æneid.* L. vii. v. 148 jusqu'à 285.

hommes,

hommes, que les connoissances ne font le partage que d'un petit nombre, et que le beau agit plus puissamment sur l'ame que le vrai sur l'esprit. Qu'elle se souvienne toute fois qu'il est des écarts que rien ne peut faire oublier. L'imagination forte de Milton, la versification harmonieuse de Voltaire, ne nous reconcilieroient jamais avec César lâche, Catilina vertueux, Henri IV. vainqueur des Romains. Disons en rassemblant nos idées, que les caractères des grands hommes doivent être sacrés; mais que les poètes peuvent écrire leur histoire, moins comme elle a été, que comme elle eut dû être; qu'une création nouvelle révolte moins que des changemens essentiels, parce que ceux-ci supposent l'erreur, et celle-là une simple ignorance; et qu'enfin on rapproche plus aisément les tems que les lieux.

On doit sans doute de l'indulgence aux siècles reculés, où les systèmes des chronologistes font les fictions des poètes, à l'agrément près. Quiconque ose condamner l'épisode de Didon est plus philosophe ou moins homme de goût que moi *.

XXXIX. Plus

* On peut douter cependant si cet épisode blesse la véritable chronologie. Dans le système plausible du Chevalier Newton, Enée et Didon se trouvent contemporains (1). Les Romains devoient mieux connoître l'histoire de Carthage que les Grecs. Les archives de Carthage étoient passées à Rome (2). La langue Punique y étoit assez connue (3). Les Romains consultoient volontiers les Africains sur leurs origines (4). D'ailleurs (et c'est assez pour disculper notre poète) Virgile adopte une chronologie plus conforme aux supputations de Newton qu'à celles d'Eratosthène. Peut-être on ne fera pas fâché de voir les preuves de ce sentiment.

Sept ans suffirent à peine au courroux de Junon et aux voyages d'Enée. C'est Didon qui me l'apprehend;

“ ——— Nam te jam septima portat

“ Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus ætas (5).”

Quelques mois après il arriva au bord du Tibre. Ce fut-là que le Dieu du fleuve lui apparut, lui prédit de nouveaux combats, mais lui fit espérer une fin glorieuse à ses maux. Un prodige confirma l'oracle. Une truie couchée sur le rivage montrait, par ses trente petits qui l'environnoient, le nombre d'années qui devoient s'écouler avant que le jeune Ascagne jettât les fondemens l'Albe :

“ Jamque tibi, ne vana putes hæc fingere somnum,

“ Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus fus,

“ Triginta capitum fœtus enixa, jacebit;

“ Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati.

“ Hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum :

“ Ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis

“ Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam (6).”

(1) V. Newton's Chronology of ancient Kingdoms reformed, p. 32.

(2) Universal History, tom. xviii. p. 111, 112.

(3) Plaut. Penul. Ast v. Sc. 1.

(4) Salust. in Bell. Jugurth. c. 17. Ammian Marcel. L. xxii. Mem. de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres, tom. iv. p. 464.

(5) Virgile Eneid. L. i. v. 755.

(6) Idem. L. viii. v. 41.

LES SCI-
ENCES NA-
TURELLES.

XXXIX. Plus on a approfondi les sciences, plus on a vû qu'elles étoient toutes liées. On a crû voir un bois immense. Au premiere coup d'œil tous les arbres qui le formoient paroïssent isolés, mais a-t-on percé la superficie, on a vû que toutes les racines étoient entremêlées.

Il n'y a point d'étude, pas même la plus chétive et la moins connue, qui n'offre quelquefois des faits, des ouvertures, des objections à la plus sublime et à la plus éloignée des connoissances. J'aime à pefer sur cette considération.

Cette ville demeura pendant trois cens ans le siège de l'empire et le berceau des Romains ;

“ Hic jam ter centos totos regnabitur annos

“ Gente sub Hectorea (1).”

Ce sont-là les expressions que Virgile met à la bouche de Jupiter. Nos chronologistes s'embarassent peu de faire tenir sa parole au Maître du tonnerre. Ils font détruire la ville d'Albe par Tullus Hostilius près de cinq cens ans après sa fondation, et environ cent ans après celle de Rome (2). Mais tout s'applanit dans le système de Newton. La prise de Troyes placée à l'an 504, et suivie d'un intervalle de 337 ans, nous conduit à 567, 60 ans après les Palilia, époque qui quadre au-mieux avec le regne du troisieme successeur de Romulus (3). Une ancienne tradition conservée par Plutarque (4) y coïncide avec précision. On déterra les livres de Numa, An. ant. Chr. 181, quatre cens ans après la mort de ce roi et le commencement du regne d'Hostilius. Numa mourut donc 581 ans avant l'ère Chrétienne. Quel art dans le poëte de saisir le moment où Enée arrive à Carthage, pour répondre à ses critiques, de la seule manière que la rapidité de sa marche et la grandeur de son sujet pouvoient le lui permettre ! Il leur fait sentir que dans ses hypothèses la rencontre de Didon et d'Enée n'est point une licence poétique. Virgile n'est point le seul qui ait revoqué en doute la chronologie vulgaire des rois Latins. Je le soupçonne même d'avoir puisé ses idées dans les ouvrages de son contemporain Trogue-Pompée. Cet historien, le rival de Tite-Live et de Saluste (5), donnoit au royaume d'Albe la même durée de trois cens ans. Si son histoire universelle ne s'étoit pas perdue, nous y verrions apparemment le détail et les preuves de cette opinion. A présent il faut nous contenter d'en lire la simple exposition chez son abrégiateur. “ Albam longam condidit quæ trecentis annis caput “ regni fuit (6).” Tite-live lui-même, ce pere de l'histoire Romaine, qui fait paroître quelquefois tant d'attachement à la chronologie reçue (7), mais qui glisse d'ordinaire sur les endroits scabreux, d'une façon qui montre sa bonne foi et son ignorance, semble se délier de ses guides dans ces siècles reculés. Rien de plus naturel que de marquer la durée du regne de chaque roi Latin dont il rapporte le nom (8) ! Or il se tait sur cet article. Rien de plus nécessaire que de fixer au-moins l'intervale entre Enée et Romulus ; il ne le fait point. Ce n'est pas tout. “ La “ destruction d'Albe, dit il, suivit de 400 ans sa fondation (9).” En retranchant cent ans pour les regnes de Romulus et de Numa, et pour la moitié de celui d'Hostilius, il nous en restera 300 au-lieu de 400 que nous donneroit la chronologie d'Eratosthène. Tite-Live est donc d'accord avec Virgile à peu de chose près ; et cette petite différence affermit leur union plutôt qu'elle ne l'affoiblit. Je prévois une objection, mais des plus minces. Y répondre ce seroit créer des monstres pour les combattre ; ainsi, je finis cette digression déjà trop longue.

(1) Virgile *Eneid.* L. i. v. 272.

(2) V. les *Tables Chronolog.* d'Helvicus. è l. ann. A. C. 656, &c.

(3) Newton's *Chronology*, p. 52, &c.

(4) V. Plutarch. in Numa.

(5) Flav. Vopisc. in *Proem.* Aurelian.

(6) Tit. Liv. L. i. c. 18. et alibi passim.

(7) Tit. Liv. L. i. c. 29.

(8) Tit. Liv. L. i. c. 29.

(9) Idem. l. i. c. 29.

Il faut faire voir aux nations et aux professions différentes, leurs besoins réciproques. Montrez à l'Anglois les avantages du François ; faites connoître au physicien les secours que la littérature lui présente ; l'amour propre supplée à ce que la discrétion vous a fait supprimer. Ainsi la philosophie s'étend : l'humanité gagne. Les hommes étoient rivaux ; ils sont frères.

XL. Dans toutes les sciences nous nous appuyons sur les raisonnemens et sur les faits. Sans ceux-ci nos études seroient chimériques ; privées de ceux-là elles ne sauroient être qu'aveugles. C'est ainsi que les Belles-Lettres sont mê-
Liaison de la physique et de la littérature.
 langées. Toutes les branches de l'étude de la nature, qui cache souvent sous une petitesse apparente une grandeur réelle, le sont pareillement. Si la physique à ses Buffons, elle a aussi (pour parler le langage du tems) ses érudits. La connoissance de l'antiquité leur offre aux uns et aux autres, une riche moisson de faits propres à dévoiler la nature, ou du moins à empêcher ceux qui l'étudient, de prendre un nuage pour une divinité. Quelles lumières le medecin ne puise-t-il pas dans la description de la peste qui désola Athènes ? J'admire avec lui la force majestueuse de Thucydide *, l'art et l'énergie de Lucrèce † ; mais il va plus loin : il étudie dans les maux des Athéniens ceux de ses concitoyens.

Je fais que les anciens s'appliquoient peu aux sciences naturelles ; que destitués d'instrumens, et isolés dans leurs travaux, ils n'ont pû rassembler qu'un petit nombre d'observations mêlées d'incertitudes, diminuées par les injures du tems, et jettées au hazard dans un grand nombre de volumes ‡ : mais la pauvreté doit-elle inspirer la négligence ? L'activité de l'esprit humain s'excite par les difficultés. La nécessité, mere du relâchement, seroit un assemblage étrange.

XLI. Les partisans mêmes les plus zélés des modernes, ne disconviendront pas, je pense, des secours que les anciens possédoient et dont nous manquons. Je rappelle en frémissant les spectacles sanglans des Romains. Le sage Ciceron les détestoit et les méprisoit ||. La solitude et le silence l'emportoient
Avantages des anciens. Spectacles de l'amphithéâtre.
 de

* Thucyd. l. i.

† Lucret. de Rer. Natur. L. vii. v. 1136, &c.

‡ M. Freret croyoit les observations philosophiques des anciens plus exactes qu'on ne le pense. Quiconque connoît le génie et les lumières de M. Freret, sent le poids de son autorité. V. Mem. de l'Academ. des Belles-Lettres, tom. xviii. p. 97.

|| Ciceron envie le sort de son ami Marius qui passa à la campagne les jours des jeux magnifiques de Pompée. Il parle avec assez de mépris du reste des spectacles : mais il s'attache sur-
 tous

de beaucoup chez lui, sur ces chefs-d'œuvre de magnificence, d'horreur et de mauvais goût *. En effet, se plaire au carnage, n'est digne que d'une troupe de sauvages. On ne pouvoit élever des palais, pour y faire combattre des bêtes, que chez un peuple qui préféreroit les décorations aux beaux vers, et les machines aux situations †. Mais tels étoient les Romains ; leurs vertus, leurs vices, et jusqu'à leurs ridicules étoient tous liés à leur principe dominant, l'amour de la patrie.

Cependant ces spectacles, si affreux aux yeux du philosophe, si frivoles à ceux de l'homme de goût, devoient être bien précieux pour le naturaliste. Qu'on se représente le monde épuisé pour fournir ces jeux, les trésors des riches et le pouvoir des grands mis en œuvre pour déterrer des créatures singulières par leur figure, par leur force, ou par leur rareté, pour les amener dans l'amphithéâtre de Rome, et pour mettre en jeu l'animal entier ‡. Ce devoit être une école admirable, surtout pour cette partie la plus noble de l'histoire naturelle, qui s'applique plutôt à étudier la nature et les propriétés des animaux, qu'à décrire leurs os et leurs cartilages. Souvenons-nous que Plinè a fréquenté cette école, et que l'ignorance a deux filles l'incrédulité et la foi aveugle. Ne défendons pas moins notre liberté contre l'une que contre l'autre.

tout aux combats des bêtes sauvages. "Reliquæ sunt venationes, (dit il) binæ per dies "quinque ; magnifice, nemo negat, sed quæ potest hominì esse polito delectatio, cum aut "homo imbecillus à valentissimâ bestia laniatur at præclara bestia venabulo transverberatur."

* Cicero ad Famil. L. vii. Epist. 1.

† Horat. L. iii. Ep. 1. v. 187.

‡ V. Essais de Mont. vol. iii. p. 140.

Mon exemple étoit très bon, ma citation fort mauvaise. J'aurois du recourir à l'original, (1) Vopiscus. Cet auteur rapporte à l'occasion du triomphe de Probus, qu'on amena dans l'amphithéâtre cent lions, autant de lionnes, cent leopards Libyens, le même nombre de Syriens, et trois cens ours. Je ne connois point de spectacle plus nombreux, mais les animaux que Gordien avoit assemblés, et dont se servit Philippe dans ses jeux séculaires étoient plus curieux par leur variété et par leur rareté. Il y avoit trente-deux éléphants, dix élans, dix tigres, soixante lions apprivoisés, trente léopards apprivoisés, dix hyènes, un hippopotame, un rhinoceros, dix *agriolcontes* (2), dix *camelopardali*, vingt ânes sauvages, et quarante chevaux sauvages (3). C'est principalement dans la décadence de l'empire et du goût, qu'il faut chercher cette magnificence.

(1) V. Vopisc. in vit. Prob. p. 240. edit. Salmas. Paris 1620.

(2) On ignore ce qu'ils sont, Saumaïse lit *argolcontes*, des lions blancs (a) ; Casaubon et Scaliger (b) *agriolcontes* des lions sauvages.

(3) Jul. Capitolin. in Gordian. p. 164.

(a) Comment. Salmas, in Hist. Aug. 263.

(b) Comment. Casaub. in cand. Hist. p. 169.

XLII. Si l'on sort de ce théâtre, pour entrer dans un autre plus vaste, et pour examiner quelles étoient les contrées soumises aux naturalistes et aux physiciens de l'antiquité, nous ne les plaindrons pas.

Pais où les
physiciens
anciens étu-
dioient la
nature.

Je fais que la navigation nous a ouvert un nouvel hémisphère ; mais je fais aussi que la découverte d'un matelot et le voyage d'un marchand, n'éclaircissent pas toujours le monde, comme ils l'enrichissent. Les limites du monde connu sont plus étroites que celles du monde matériel ; et les bornes du monde éclairé sont encore plus resserrées. Du tems des Plin, des Ptolomée, et des Galien, l'Europe à présent le siège des sciences, l'étoit également ; mais la Grece, l'Asie, la Syrie, l'Egypte, l'Afrique, pais féconds en miracles, étoient remplis d'yeux dignes de les voir. Tout ce vaste corps étoit uni par la paix, par les loix et par la langue. L'Africain et le Breton, l'Espagnol et l'Arabe se rencontroient dans la capitale, et s'instruisoient tour-à-tour. Trente des premiers de Rome, souvent éclairés eux mêmes, toujours accompagnés de ceux qui l'étoient *, partoient tous les ans de la capitale pour gouverner les provinces, et pour peu qu'ils eussent de curiosité, l'autorité aplanissoit les routes de la science.

XLIII. C'étoit sans doute de son beau-pere Agricola, que Tacite apprit que l'océan inondoit la grande Bretagne, et rendoit ce pais un amas de marais †. Herodien nous confirme ce fait ‡. Cependant aujourd'hui, à quelques endroits près, le terrain de notre île est assez élevé §. Pourroit-on ranger ce fait parmi ceux qui confirment le système de la diminution des eaux ? Trouvera-t-on dans les ouvrages des hommes, de quoi affranchir le pais du joug de l'océan ? Le sort du marais de Pomptine || et de quelques autres, nous

La grande
Bretagne in-
ondée par
l'océan.

* V. Strab. L. xvii. p. 816. Edit. Casaub.

† Tacit. in Vit. Agricol. c. 10.

‡ Herodian. Hist. l. iii. c. 47.

§ Voici les paroles d'Herodien, “ Τα γὰρ πλεῖστα τῆς βρετανικῆς χώρας ἐπικλύζονται αἱ τῶν ἡμετέρων συνεχῶς ἀμπωτισιν ἰσάδῃ γίνεται.

Tacite s'exprime d'une manière encore plus forte. “ Unum addiderim (dit-il) nusquam “ latius dominari mare ; multum fluminum huc atque illuc ferri, nec littore tenus accrescere aut “ reforescere, sed influere penitus atque ambire ; etiam jugis atque montibus influere velut “ in suo.”

|| Le consul Cethegus dessécha ce marais. A. U. C. 592. Du tems de Jules-César il étoit derechef inondé. Ce dictateur avoit dessein d'y faire travailler. Il paroît qu'Auguste le fit ; mais je doute que ses travaux ayent mieux réussi que les premiers. Du-moins Plin l'appelle encore marais. Horace l'avoit en quelque sorte prédit.

“ Debemur morti nos nostraque

“ Sterilis ut palus dudum aptaque remis

“ Vicinas urbes alit et grave sensist aratrum.”

Frenschim. Supp. L. xvi. c. 44. Sueton. L. i. c. 34. Plin. Hist. Nat. L. iii. c. 5.

donneroit d'assez minces idées de leurs travaux. Quoiqu'il en soit, content d'avoir fourni les matériaux, j'en laisse l'emploi aux physiciens. Ce n'est pas chez les anciens qu'on apprend à n'approfondir rien, à effleurer chaque chose, et à parler avec le plus de hardiesse des sujets qu'on entend le moins.

L'ESPRIT
PHILOSOPHIQUE.

Prétensions
à l'esprit phi-
losophique.

XLIV. "Après l'esprit de discernement, ce qu'il y a de plus rare au monde (dit le judicieux la Bruyère) ce sont les perles et les diamans."

Je mets sans balancer l'esprit philosophique avant celui de discernement. C'est la chose du monde la plus pronée, la plus ignorée et la plus rare. Il n'y a point d'écrivain qui n'y aspire. Il sacrifie de bonne grace la science. Pour peu que vous le pressiez, il conviendra que le jugement sévère embarrasse les opérations du génie : mais il vous assurera toujours que cet esprit philosophique qui brille dans ses écrits, fait le caractère du siècle où nous vivons. L'esprit philosophique d'un petit nombre de grands hommes, a formé, selon lui, celui du siècle. Celui-ci s'est répandu dans tous les ordres de l'état, et leur a préparé à son tour de dignes successeurs.

Ce qu'il n'est
pas.

XLV. Cependant si nous jettons les yeux sur les ouvrages de nos sages, leur diversité nous laisseroit dans l'incertitude sur la nature de ce talent ; et celle-ci pourroit nous conduire à douter s'il leur est tombé en partage. Chez les uns il consiste à se frayer des routes nouvelles, et à fronder toute opinion dominante, fut-elle de Socrate ou d'un Inquisiteur Portugais, par la seule raison qu'elle est dominante. Chez les autres cet esprit s'identifie avec la géométrie, cette reine impérieuse qui, non contente de regner, proscriit ses sœurs, et déclare tout raisonnement peu digne de ce nom, s'il ne roule pas sur des lignes et sur des nombres. Rendons justice à l'esprit hardi, dont les écarts ont quelquefois conduit à la vérité, et dont les excès mêmes, comme les rébellions des peuples, inspirent une crainte salutaire au despotisme. Pénétrons-nous bien de tout ce que nous devons à l'esprit géomètre : mais cherchons pour l'esprit philosophique, un objet plus sage que celui-là, et plus universel que celui-ci.

Ce qu'il est.

XLVI. Quiconque s'est familiarisé avec les écrits de Cicéron, de Tacite, de Bacon, de Leibniz, de Bayle, de Fontenelle, de Montesquieu, s'en sera fait une idée aussi juste et bien plus parfaite que celle que j'essaierai de tracer.

L'esprit philosophique consiste à pouvoir remonter aux idées simples ; à saisir et à combiner les premiers principes. Le coup d'œil de son possesseur est juste, mais en même tems étendu. Placé sur une hauteur, il embrasse une grande étendue de pays, dont il se forme une image nette et unique, pendant

que des esprits aussi justes, mais plus bornés n'en découvrent qu'une partie. Il peut être géomètre, antiquaire, musicien, mais il est toujours philosophe, et à-force de pénétrer les premiers principes de son art, il lui devient supérieur. Il a place parmi ce petit nombre de génies qui travaillent de loin-en-loin à former cette première science à laquelle, si elle étoit perfectionnée, les autres seroient soumises. En ce sens cet esprit est bien peu commun. Il est assez de génies capables de recevoir avec justesse des idées particulières; il en est peu qui puissent renfermer dans une seule idée abstraite, un assemblage nombreux d'autres idées moins générales.

XLVII. Quelle étude peut former cet esprit? Je n'en connois aucune. Le secours qu'il peut tirer de la littérature. Don du ciel, le grand nombre l'ignore ou le méprise; les sages le souhaitent; quelques uns l'ont reçu; nul ne l'acquiert: mais je crois l'étude de la littérature, cette habitude de devenir, tour-a-tour, Grec, Romain, disciple de Zénon ou d'Epicure, bien propre à le développer et à l'exercer. A-travers cette diversité infinie d'esprits, on remarque une conformité générale entre ceux à qui leur siècle, leur pays, leur religion ont inspiré une manière à-peu près pareille d'envisager les mêmes objets. Les âmes les plus exemptes de préjugés, ne sauroient s'en défaire entièrement. Leurs idées ont un air de paradoxe; et en brisant leurs chaînes, vous sentez qu'elles les ont portées. Je cherche chez les Grecs des auteurs de la démocratie; des enthousiastes de l'amour de la patrie chez les Romains; chez les sujets des Commode, des Sévère ou des Caracalla, des apologistes du pouvoir absolu; et chez l'Epicurien de l'antiquité*, la condamnation de sa religion. Quel spectacle pour un esprit vraiment philosophique de voir les opinions les plus absurdes reçues chez les nations les plus éclairées, des barbares parvenus à la connoissance des plus sublimes vérités, des conséquences vraies, mais peu justes, tirées des principes les plus erronés, des principes admirables qui approchoient toujours de la vérité sans jamais y conduire, le langage formé sur les idées, et les idées justifiées par le langage, les sources de la morale partout les mêmes, les opinions de la contentieuse métaphysique partout variées, d'ordinaire extravagantes, nettes seulement pendant qu'elles furent superficielles, subtiles, obscures, incertaines, toutes les fois qu'elles prétendirent à la profondeur! Un ouvrage Iroquois, fut-il rempli d'absurdités, seroit un morceau impayable. Il offriroit une expérience unique de la nature de l'esprit humain, placé dans des circonstances que nous n'avons jamais éprouvées, et dominé par des mœurs

* Depuis qu'Epicure eut répandu sa doctrine, on commença à se déclarer assez publiquement sur la religion dominante, et à ne la regarder que comme une institution. V. Lucret. de Rer. Natur. L. i. v. 62, &c. Salust. in Bell. Catilin. c. 51. Cicero pro Cluent. c. 61.

et des opinions religieuses totalement contraires aux nôtres. Quelquefois nous serions frappés et instruits par la contrariété des idées qui en naîtroient ; nous en chercherions les raisons ; nous suivrions l'âme d'erreur en erreur. Quelquefois aussi nous reconnoîtrions avec plaisir nos principes, mais découverts par d'autres routes, et presque toujours modifiés et altérés. Nous y apprendrions non seulement à avouer, mais à sentir la force des préjugés, à ne nous étonner jamais de ce qui nous paroît le plus absurde, et à nous défier souvent de ce qui nous semble le mieux établi.

J'aime à voir les jugemens des hommes prendre une teinture de leurs préventions, à les considérer qui n'osent pas tirer des principes qu'ils reconnoissent pour être justes, les conclusions qu'ils sentent être exactes. J'aime à les surprendre qui détestent chez le barbare, ce qu'ils admirent chez le Grec, et qui qualifient la même histoire d'impie chez le Payen, et de sacrée chez le Juif.

Sans cette connoissance philosophique de l'antiquité, nous serions trop d'honneur à l'espèce humaine. L'empire de la coutume nous seroit peu connu. Nous confondrions à tout moment l'incroyable et l'absurde. Les Romains étoient éclairés ; cependant ces mêmes Romains ne furent pas choqués de voir réunir dans la personne de César un Dieu, un prêtre et un Athée *. Il vit élever des temples à sa clémence †. Collègue de Romulus, il recevoit les vœux de la nation ‡. Sa statue étoit couchée, dans les fêtes sacrées, auprès de ce Jupiter qu'un instant après il alloit lui-même invoquer §. Fatigué de cette vaine pompe, il cherchoit Panfa et Trébatius pour se moquer avec eux de la crédulité du peuple, et de ces Dieux l'effet et l'objet de sa terreur ||.

XLVIII.

* Athée en niant sinon l'existence, du-moins la providence de la divinité ; car César étoit épicurien. Ceux qui ont envie de voir comment un homme d'esprit peut rendre obscure une vérité claire, liront avec plaisir les doutes que M. Bayle a su répandre sur les sentimens de César. V. Dict. de Bayle à l'article César.

† V. Mémoires de l'Acad. des Bell. Lett. tom. i. p. 369, &c.

‡ Cicero ad Attic, L. xii. epist. 46, &c. L. xiii. epist. 28.

§ César étoit souverain pontife, et ce sacerdoce n'étoit point pour les empereurs un vain titre. Les belles dissertations de M. de la Bastie sur le pontificat des empereurs convaincront les incrédules, s'il en est, sur cet article. Consultez surtout la troisième de ces pièces insérée dans les Mem. de l'Acad. des Belles-Lettres, tom. xv. p. 39.

|| Lucrèce né avec cet enthousiasme d'imagination, qui fait les grands poètes et les missionnaires, voulut être l'un et l'autre. Je plaindrois le théologien qui ne feroit pas grace au dernier en faveur du premier. Lucrèce, après avoir prouvé la Divinité malgré lui-même, en rapportant les phénomènes de la nature à des causes générales, cherche comment l'erreur qu'il combat

XLVIII. L'histoire est pour un esprit philosophique, ce qu'étoit le jeu pour le Marquis de Dangeau *. Il voyoit un système, des rapports, une suite, là, où les autres ne discernoient que les caprices de la fortune. Cette science est pour lui celle des causes et des effets. Elle mérite bien que j'essaye de poser quelques règles propres, non à faire germer le génie, mais à le garantir des écarts : peut-être que si on les avoit toujours bien pesées, on auroit pris plus rarement la subtilité pour la finesse d'esprit, l'obscurité pour la profondeur, et un air de paradoxe pour un génie créateur.

L'histoire est la science des causes et des effets.

XLIX. Parmi la multitude des faits, il y en a, et c'est le grand nombre, qui ne prouvent rien au-delà de leur propre existence. Il y en a encore qui peuvent bien être cités dans une conclusion partiele, d'où le philosophe peut juger des motifs d'une action, et d'un trait dans un caractère : ils éclaircissent un chainon. Ceux qui dominent dans le système général, qui y sont liés intimément, et qui en ont fait mouvoir les ressorts, sont fort rares ; et il est plus rare encore de trouver des esprits qui sachent les entrevoir dans le vaste cahos des évènements, et les en tirer purs et sans mélange.

Règles pour choisir les faits.

A ceux qui ont plus de jugement que d'érudition, il paroîtra peu nécessaire d'avertir qu'on doit toujours proportionner les causes aux effets, ne pas bâtir sur l'action d'un homme le caractère d'un siècle, ne pas chercher dans un effort unique, forcé et ruineux, la mesure des forces et des richesses d'un état, et se souvenir que ce n'est qu'en rassemblant qu'on peut juger, qu'un fait éclatant éblouit comme un éclair, mais qu'il instruit peu, si l'on ne le compare avec d'autres de la même espèce. Le peuple Romain fit voir en

combat a pu s'emparer de tous les esprits. Il en trouve trois raisons : I. Nos songes ; nous y voyons des êtres et des effets que nous ne rencontrons point dans ce monde ; nous leur accordons aussitôt une existence réelle et une puissance immense. II. Notre ignorance de la nature, qui nous fait recourir par tout à l'action de la Divinité. III. Notre crainte, l'effet de cette ignorance ; elle nous engage à fléchir devant les calamités qui ravagent la terre, et nous fait essayer d'apaiser par nos prières quelque être invisible qui nous afflige. Lucrèce exprime cette dernière raison avec une énergie et une rapidité qui nous enlève. Il ne nous accorde point le tems de l'examiner.

“ Præterea cui non animus formidine Divûm,
 “ Contrahitur ? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
 “ Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
 “ Contremittit, et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum ?
 “ Non populi, gentesque tremunt ? Regesque superbi
 “ Conripiunt Divûm perculsi membra timore,
 “ Ne quod ob admissum fœde dictumve superbe
 “ Pœnarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum.”

Lucret. de Rer. Natura, L. v. ver. 1216, &c.

* Fonten. dans l'Eloge du Marq. de Dangeau.

élistant Caton, qu'il aimoit mieux être corrigé que flaté *, dans ce même siècle, où il condamna la même sévérité dans la personne de Livius Salinator †.

L. Déferez plutôt aux faits qui viennent d'eux-mêmes vous former un système, qu'à ceux que vous découvrez après avoir conçu ce système. Préférez souvent les petits traits aux faits brillans. Il en est d'un siècle ou d'une nation comme d'un homme. Alexandre se dévoile mieux dans la tente de Darius ‡ que dans les champs de Guagmela. Je reconnois tout autant la férocité des Romains à les voir condamner un malheureux dans l'amphithéâtre, qu'à les considérer qui étranglent un roi captif au pied du capitole. Il n'y a point d'apparat dans les bagatelles. On se déshabille lors qu'on espère n'être pas vu ; mais le curieux cherche à pénétrer dans les retraits les plus secrètes. Pour décider si la vertu triomphoit chez un peuple dans un certain siècle, j'observe plutôt ses actions que ses discours. Pour le condamner comme vicieux, je fais plus attention à ses discours qu'à ses actions. On loue la vertu sans la connoître, on la connoît sans la sentir, on la sent sans la pratiquer ; mais il en est bien différemment du vice. On s'y porte par passion ; on le justifie par raffinement. D'ailleurs, il y a toujours et partout de grands criminels ; mais si la corruption n'est pas générale, ceux-ci même respectent leur siècle. Si le siècle est vicieux, (et ils sont habiles à le discerner,) ils le méprisent, ils se montrent à découvert, ils bravent ses jugemens ou ils espèrent de se les rendre favorables. Ils ne se trompent guères. Celui qui dans le siècle de Caton eût détesté le vice, se contente d'aimer la vertu dans celui de Tibère.

Le siècle de
Tibère le
plus vicieux
de tous.

LI. J'ai choisi ce siècle avec réflexion. Le vice parvint alors à son comble. La cour de Tibère me l'apprend, mais un petit fait conservé par Suétone et par Tacite, m'en assure encore mieux ; le voici : la vertu des Romains punissoit de mort l'incontinence chez leurs femmes §. Leur politique permettoit la débauche chez les courtisannes || : et pour régler le désordre même

* Liv. L. xxxix. c. 40. Plutarch. in Caton.

† Liv. L. xxix. c. 37.

‡ Quint. Curt. de Reb. Gest. Alexandri, L. iii. c. 32.

§ Les Romains confioient le soin de la vertu des femmes à leur famille. Celle-ci s'assembloit, la jugeoit, si elle étoit accusée, la condamnoit à mort et exécutoit la sentence, si elle se trouvoit coupable. La loi pardonnoit aussi au courroux du mari ou du père qui tuoit le galant, surtout s'il étoit de condition servile. V. Plutarch. in Romul. Dionys. Halicarn. L. vii. Tacit. Annal. L. xiii. Valer. Maxim. L. vi. c. 3—7. Rosin. Antiq. Rom. L. viii. p. 859, &c.

|| Le discours de Micio dans Terence, la manière dont Cicéron excuse les débauches de son client, et l'exhortation de Caton, peuvent nous faire connoître la morale des Romains à cet égard. Ils ne blâmoient la débauche que lorsqu'elle détournait le citoyen de ses devoirs essentiels.

Leurs

même, on les forma en corps. Sous Tibère un grand nombre de femmes de condition, ne rougirent point de se présenter publiquement devant leurs édiles, de se faire inscrire dans le rôle des courtisannes, et de briser par leur propre infamie, la barrière que les loix opposoient à leur prostitution*.

LII. Choisir les faits qui doivent être les principes de nos raisonnemens, on sent combien la tâche est difficile. La négligence ou le mauvais goût d'un historien, peuvent nous faire perdre à-jamais un trait unique, pour nous étourdir du bruit d'un combat. Si les philosophes ne sont pas toujours historiens, il seroit du-moins à souhaiter que les historiens fussent philosophes.

Parallele de
Tacite et de
Tite-Live.

Je ne connois que Tacite qui ait rempli mon idée de cet historien philosophe. L'intéressant Tite-Live lui-même ne sauroit en ce sens lui être comparé. L'un et l'autre ont bien su s'élever au-dessus de ces compilateurs grossiers qui ne voyent dans les faits que des faits : mais l'un a écrit l'histoire en rhéteur, et l'autre en philosophe. Ce n'est pas que Tacite ait ignoré le langage des passions, ou Tite-Live celui de la raison : mais l'un plus attaché à plaire qu'à instruire, vous conduit pas-à-pas à la suite de ses héros, et vous fait éprouver tour-à-tour, l'horreur, l'admiration et la pitié. Tacite ne se sert de l'empire que l'éloquence a sur le cœur, que pour lier à vos yeux la chaîne des évènements, et remplir votre ame des plus sages leçons. Je gravis sur les Alpes avec Annibal ; mais j'assiste au conseil de Tibère. Tite-Live me peint l'abus du pouvoir, une sévérité que la nature approuve en fremissant, la vengeance et l'amour qui s'unissent à la liberté, la tyrannie qui tombe sous leurs coups † : mais les loix des décemvirs, leur caractère, leurs défauts, leurs rapports enfin avec le génie du peuple Romain, avec le parti des Décemvirs, avec leurs desseins ambitieux, il les oublie totalement. Je ne vois point chez lui comment ces loix faites pour une république bornée, pauvre, à demi-sauvage, la bouleversèrent, lorsque la force de son institution l'eut portée au faite de la grandeur. Je l'aurois trouvé dans Tacite. J'en juge, non-seulement par la trempe connue de son génie, mais encore par ce

Leurs oreilles n'étoient pas plus chastes que leur conduite : peu de gens connoissent la *Caïna* de Plaute, mais ceux qui ont lu cette misérable pièce, ne peuvent comprendre qu'il n'y ait eu que quarante à cinquante ans de cette farce à l'Andrienne. Une intrigue sale d'esclaves, n'y est relevée que par des pointes et des obscénités dignes d'eux. C'étoit cependant la comédie de Plaute qu'on voyoit avec le plus de plaisir, et qu'on redemandoit le plus souvent. Voilà les mœurs de la seconde guerre Punique, de cette vertu que la postérité des anciens Romains regrettoit et admiroit. V. Terent. *Adelph.* Act. i. Sc. 2. v. 38. Cicero pro *Cœlio*, c. 17. Horat. *Satyr.* L. i. Sat. 2. v. 29. II. Prolog. ad *Casin.* Plant.

* Sueton. L. iii. c. 35. Tacit. *Annal.* L. ii. c. 85.

† Liv. L. iii. c. 44—60.

tableau énergique et varié qu'il offre des loix, ces enfans de la corruption, de la liberté, de l'équité et de la faction *.

Remarque
sur une idée
de M. d'A-
lembert.

LIII. Ne suivons point le conseil de cet écrivain qui unit, comme Fontenelle, le savoir et le goût. Je m'oppose, sans crainte du nom flétrissant d'érudit, à la sentence par laquelle ce juge éclairé, mais sévère, ordonne qu'à la fin d'un siècle on rassemble tous les faits, qu'on en choisisse quelques uns et qu'on livre le reste aux flammes †. Conservons-les tous précieusement. Un Montesquieu démêlera dans les plus chétifs, des rapports inconnus au vulgaire. Imitons les botanistes. Toutes les plantes ne sont pas utiles dans la médecine, cependant ils ne cessent d'en découvrir de nouvelles. Ils espèrent que le génie et les travaux heureux y verront des propriétés jusqu'à-présent cachées.

On a fait les
hommes trop
systématiques
ou trop capri-
cieux.

LIV. L'incertitude est pour nous un état forcé. L'esprit borné ne fau-
roit se fixer dans cet équilibre dont se piquoit l'école de Pyrrhon. Le
génie brillant se laisse éblouir par ses propres conjectures : il sacrifie
la liberté aux hypothèses. De cette disposition naissent les systèmes.
On a vu du dessein dans les actions d'un grand homme ; on a aperçu
un ton dominant dans son caractère, et des spéculatifs de cabinet ont
aussitôt voulu faire de tous les hommes, des êtres aussi systématiques dans
la pratique que dans la spéculation. Ils ont trouvé de l'art dans leurs
passions, de la politique dans leurs faiblesses, de la dissimulation dans leur
inconstance ; en un mot, à-force de vouloir faire honneur à l'esprit hu-
main, ils en ont souvent fait bien peu au cœur.

Justement choqués de leur raffinement, et fâchés de voir étendre à tous les
hommes, des prétentions qu'on eût du borner à un Philippe ou à un César,
des esprits plus naturels se sont jettés dans l'autre extrême. Ils ont banni
l'art du monde moral, pour y substituer le hasard. Selon eux les faibles
mortels n'agissent que par caprice. La fureur d'un écervelé établit un em-
pire : la faiblesse d'une femme le détruit.

Causes gé-
nérales, mais
déterminées.

LV. L'étude des causes déterminées, mais générales, doit plaire aux uns et
aux autres. Ceux-ci y voyent avec plaisir l'homme humilié, les motifs de ses
actions inconnus à lui-même, lui-même le jouet des causes étrangères, et de
la liberté de chacun, l'origine d'une nécessité générale. Ceux-là y retrouvent
l'enchaînement qu'ils aiment, et les spéculations dont leur esprit se nourrit.

* Tacit. Annal. L. iii. p. 84. edit. Lips.

† D'Alemb. Mélanges de philosophie et de littérature, vol. ii. p. 1.

Qu'une vaste carrière s'ouvre à mes réflexions ! La théorie de ces causes générales feroit entre les mains d'un Montesquieu, une histoire philosophique de l'homme. Il nous les feroit voir réglant la grandeur et la chute des empires, empruntant successivement les traits de la fortune, de la prudence, du courage, et de la foiblesse, agissant sans le concours des causes particulières, et quelquefois même triomphant d'elles. Supérieur à l'amour de ses propres systèmes, dernière passion du sage, il auroit su reconnoître que, malgré l'étendue de ces causes, leur effet ne laisse pas d'être borné, et qu'il se montre principalement dans ces évènements généraux, dont l'influence lente mais sûre change la face de la terre, sans qu'on puisse s'appercevoir de l'époque de ce changement, et surtout dans les mœurs, les religions, et tout ce qui est soumis au joug de l'opinion. Voilà une partie des leçons que ce philosophe eût tirées de ce sujet. Pour moi, j'y trouve simplement une occasion de m'essayer à penser. Je vais indiquer quelques faits intéressans, et tâcherai ensuite d'en rendre raison.

LVI. Nous connoissons le paganisme, ce système riant, mais absurde, qui peuple l'univers d'êtres fantastiques, dont la puissance supérieure ne les rend que plus injustes et plus insensés que nous-mêmes. Quelle fut la nature et l'origine de ces dieux ? Furent-ils des princes, des fondateurs de sociétés, des grands hommes inventeurs des arts ? Une reconnaissance ingénieuse, une admiration aveugle, une adulation intéressée plaça-t-elle dans le ciel, ceux qui pendant leur vie avoient été nommés les bienfaiteurs de la terre ? Ou bien faut-il reconnoître dans ces divinités, autant de parties de l'univers auxquelles l'ignorance des premiers hommes avoit accordé la vie et la pensée ? Cette question est digne de notre attention : elle est curieuse, mais elle est difficile.

Système du
paganisme.

LVI. Nous ne connoissons guères le système du Paganisme que par les poètes* et par les pères de l'Eglise ; les uns et les autres très adonnés aux fictions†. Les ennemis d'une religion ne la connoissent jamais, parcequ'ils la haïssent, et souvent la haïssent parcequ'ils ne la connoissent pas. Ils adoptent contr'elle, avec empressement, les calomnies les plus atroces. Ils imputent à leurs adversaires des dogmes qu'ils détestent, et des conséquences auxquelles ils n'ont jamais songé. Les sectateurs d'une religion,

Difficulté de
connoître une
religion.

* Il faut cependant distinguer Homère, Hésiode, Pindare, et les poètes tragiques, qui vécut pendant que la tradition étoit plus pure.

† Voyez sur cette article la Recherche Libre du Docteur Middleton, et l'Histoire de Manichéisme de M. de Beausobre, deux beaux monumens d'un siècle éclairé.

de l'autre côté, remplis de cette foi, qui se fait un crime de douter, sacrifient pour sa défense, leur raison et même leur vertu. Forger des prophéties, ou des miracles, pallier ce qu'ils ne peuvent défendre, allégoriser ce qu'ils ne peuvent pallier, et nier hardiment ce qu'ils ne peuvent allégoriser, sont des moyens, que jamais dévot n'a rougi d'employer. Rappelons-nous les Chrétiens et les Juifs. Interrogez leurs ennemis sur leur compte, c'étoient des magiciens et des idolâtres *, eux, dont le culte étoit aussi épuré, que leurs mœurs étoient sévères. Jamais Musulman n'a hésité sur l'unité de Dieu †. Cependant combien de fois nos bons ayeux ne les ont-ils pas accusés d'adorer les astres ‡ ? Dans le sein même de ces religions, il s'est élevé cent sectes différentes, qui, s'accusant les unes les autres d'avoir corrompu leurs dogmes communs, ont inspiré la fureur aux peuples et la modération aux sages. Cependant ces peuples étoient civilisés, et des livres reconnus pour être émanés de la divinité fixoient les principes de leur croyance. Mais où trouver ces principes, dans un amas confus de fables, qu'une tradition isolée, contradictoire, altérée, dictoit à quelques tribus de sauvages dans la Grece ?

Le raisonnement nous aidera peu.

LVII. Le raisonnement nous est ici d'un faible secours. Il est absurde de consacrer des temples à ceux dont on voit les sépulcres. Qu'y a-t-il de trop absurde pour les hommes ? Ne connoît-on pas des nations très éclairées, qui en appellent au témoignage des sens pour les preuves d'une religion, dont un dogme principal contredit ce témoignage ? Cependant si les dieux du paganisme avoient été des hommes, le culte réciproque || que leurs adorateurs leur rendoient, eût été bien peu raisonnable, et une tolérance peu raisonnable n'est pas l'erreur du peuple.

Pensée sur le culte réciproque des sectes Payennes.

Crépus envoie à Delphes.

Alexandre consulte l'oracle de Jupiter Ammon.

LVIII. Crépus fait consulter l'oracle de Delphes §, Alexandre traverse les sables brulans de la Lybie pour demander à Jupiter Ammon s'il est son fils ¶. Mais ce Jupiter Grec, ce roi de Crète, devenu le maître de la foudre, n'en eût-il pas écrasé cet Ammon, ce Lybien, ce nouveau Salmonée, qui tentoit de la lui arracher ? Deux rivaux se disputent l'empire de l'univers, peut-on

* Tacit. Hist. L. v. Fleury. Hist. Eccles. tom. i. p. 369. et tom. ii. p. 5. et les Apologies de Justin Martyr et de Tertullien, qui y sont citées.

† D'Herbelot. Bibliot. Orient. Artic. Allah. p. 100, et Sale's Alcoran. Prelim. Disc. p. 71.

‡ Reland. de Rel. Mahomm. Part ii. c. 6 & 7.

|| V. Warburton's Divine Legation, tom. i. p. 270—276.

§ Herodot. L. i.

¶ Diodor. Sic. L. xvii. Quint. Curt. L. iv. c. 7. Arrain. L. iii.

à la fois les reconnoître tous deux ? Mais si l'un et l'autre ne furent que l'éther, le ciel, la même divinité, le Grec et l'Africain l'auront désigné par les symboles qui convenoient à leurs mœurs, et par les noms que leurs langues leur fournissoient pour exprimer ses attributs. Mais loin de nous les raisonnemens, ce sont les faits qu'il faut interroger. Écoutons leur réponse.

LIX. Malheureux habitans des forêts, ces Grecs si orgueilleux tenoient tout des étrangers. Les Phéniciens leur apprirent l'usage des lettres ; les arts, les loix, tout ce qui élève l'homme au dessus des animaux, ils le durent aux Egyptiens. Ces derniers leur apportèrent leur religion, et les Grecs, en l'adoptant, payerent le tribut que l'ignorance doit au savoir. Le préjugé ne fit qu'une résistance de bienfaisance, et se rendit sans difficulté, après avoir entendu l'oracle de Dodone, qui décida pour le nouveau culte *. Tel est le récit d'Hérodote, qui connoissoit la Grece et l'Égypte, et dont le siècle placé entre la grossièreté de l'ignorance et les raffinements de la philosophie rend le témoignage décisif.

Le religion
Grecque étoit
d'origine
Egyptienne.

LX. Je vois déjà disparoitre une bonne partie des légendes Grecques, l'Apollon né dans l'île de Délos, le Jupiter enseveli dans la Crète. Si ces dieux habiterent autrefois la terre, l'Égypte et non la Grèce fut leur patrie. Mais si les prêtres de Memphis furent aussi bien leur religion que l'Abbé Banier †, jamais l'Égypte ne donna naissance à leurs dieux. A travers leur métaphysique ténébreuse, la raison luit assez pour leur faire sentir que jamais homme ne peut devenir Dieu, ni jamais Dieu être transformé en simple homme ‡. Mystérieux dans leurs dogmes et dans leur culte, ces interprètes du ciel et de la sagesse, déguisèrent, par un langage pompeux, les vérités de la nature, qu'un peuple grossier eût méprisées dans leur majestueuse simplicité. Les Grecs méconnurent cette religion à bien des égards. Ils l'altérèrent par des mélanges étrangers, mais le fonds demeura, et ce fonds Egyptien fut par conséquent allégorique ||.

La religion
Egyptienne
allégorique,

LXI.

* Herodot. L. ii.

† Dans sa mythologie expliquée par l'histoire.

‡ Herodot. L. ii.

|| Je dois beaucoup, dans ces recherches, au savant Freret de l'Académie des Belles-Lettres. Il a donné des ouvertures dans une route, qui paroissoit vue de tous cotés. Je crois cependant que ses raisonnemens valent mieux, lorsqu'il est question de faits que quand il s'agit de dogmes. Prévenu d'estime pour ce littérateur, je devrai avidement sa réponse à la chronologie Newtonienne ; mais oserai-je le dire ? il ne répondit point à mon attente. Que lui reste-t-il de nouveau, si vous lui otez les principes d'une théologie et d'une chronologie nouvelles, que nous pos-

Le culte héroïque.

LXI. Le culte héroïque, si bien distingué de celui des dieux dans les premiers siècles de la Grèce, nous montre que les dieux n'étoient pas des héros *. Les anciens croyoient que les grands hommes, admis après leur mort aux festins des dieux, jouissoient de leur félicité, sans participer à leur puissance. Ils s'assembloient autour des tombeaux de leurs bienfaiteurs ; leurs chants de louanges † célébroient leur mémoire, et faisoient naître une émulation salutaire de leurs vertus. Leurs ombres évoquées des enfers goûtoient avec plaisir les offrandes de la dévotion ‡. Il est vrai que cette dévotion devint insensiblement un culte religieux, mais ce ne fut que très tard, et lorsqu'on identifia ces héros avec des divinités anciennes, dont ils portoient le nom, ou rappelloient le caractère. Dans le siècle d'Homère, on les distinguoit encore. Hercule n'est point un de ses dieux. Il ne reconnoit Esculape que pour un médecin distingué §, et Castor et Pollux sont pour lui des guerriers morts et enterrés à Sparte §.

Système d'Ephémère.

LXII. La superstition avoit cependant franchi ces limites, les héros étoient devenus des dieux, et le culte qu'on rendoit aux dieux les avoit tirés du rang des hommes ; lorsqu'un philosophe hardi entreprit de prouver qu'ils l'avoient été. Ephémère le Messénien avança ce paradoxe ¶. Mais loin d'en appeler aux monumens authentiques de la Grèce et de l'Égypte, qui auroient dû conserver la mémoire de ces hommes célèbres ; il va se perdre dans l'océan. Une Utopie méprisée de tous les anciens, une île de Panchaïe, riche, fertile, superstitieuse, et connue à lui seul, lui offre dans un temple magnifique de Jupiter une colonne d'or, où Mercure avoit gravé les exploits et l'apothéose

féditions déjà (1), des généalogies défectueuses et très peu concluantes, quelques recherches minutieuses, sur la chronologie de Sparte, une astronomie ancienne, que je n'entends pas trop bien, et la belle préface de M. Bougainville, que je relis toujours avec un goût nouveau ?

* Hist. de l'Acad. des Belles-Lettres, tom. xvi. p. 28, &c.

† V. Mem. de Litter. tom. xii. p. 5. &c. et Ezech. Spanheim in Callim.

‡ Homer. Odyss. L. xi. § Homer. Iliad, L. iv. v. 193. § Id. L. v. v. 241.

¶ Lactant. Instit. L. i. c. xi. p. 62.

“ Antiquus auctor Ephemerus, qui fuit é civitate Messanâ, res gestas Jovis et cæterorum
“ qui Dii putantur collegit, historiamque contexuit ex titulis et inscriptionibus sacris, quæ in
“ antiquissimis templis habebantur, maximeque in fano Jovis Triphyllii, ubi auream colum-
“ nam positam esse ab ipso Jove, titulus indicabat, in quâ columnâ gesta sua perscripsit ut
“ monumentum esset posteris rerum suarum.” Ce récit de Lactance diffère un peu de celui de Diodore.

(1) Dans le Mem. de l'Acad. tom. v. xviii. xx. xxiii.

des héros de sa race *. Ces fables étoient trop grossières pour les Grecs eux-mêmes. Elles ne valurent à leur auteur que le mépris général avec le nom d'Athée † ‡.

LXIII. Enhardis, peut être par son exemple, les Crétois se vantèrent de posséder le tombeau de Jupiter, qui étoit mort dans leur île, après y avoir long tems regné ||. Callimaque se montre indigné de cette fiction, et son scholiaste nous en dévoile l'origine §. On avoit écrit sur un tombeau, *Tombeau de Minos fils de Jupiter*. Le tems ou le dessein fit disparoitre les mots de *fils* et de *Minos*; on lut *Tombeau de Jupiter* ¶. Cependant le système d'Ephémère s'accreditoit lentement malgré ses preuves. Diodore de Sicile parcourut la terre, pour rassembler dans les traditions des divers peuples de quoi l'appuyer **. Mais les Stoïciens, dans leur mélange bizarre du Théisme le plus pur, du Spinofisme et de l'idolatrie populaire, rapportoient ce paganisme, dont ils étoient les zélateurs au culte de la nature brisée en autant de dieux qu'elle a de faces différentes. Cicéron cet académicien, pour

* Diodore de Sicile, L. v. L. 29, 30. et L. vi.

Il y a sur Ephémère une dissertation de M. Fourmont l'ainé, qui contient des conjectures très hardies, et des emportemens fort plaisans (1). Il sied mal à un jeune homme de mépriser quoi que ce soit, mais je ne saurois réfuter cette pièce sérieusement. Celui qui ne voit pas que la Panchaïe décrite dans Diodore de Sicile étoit située au midi de la Gédrosie, et à l'occident peu éloignée de la péninsule des Indes, peut croire avec M. Fourmont que le Golfe Arabique est au midi de l'Arabie heureuse, que le pays de Phank sur le continent est l'île de Panchaïe, que le désert de Pharan est le plus beau lieu du monde, et que la ville de Pierie en Syrie est la capitale d'un petit canton aux environs de Medine.

† Callim. ap. Plut. tom. ii. p. 880. Eratosth. et Polyb. ap. Strab. Georg. L. ii. p. 102, 103. et. L. vii. p. 299. edit. Cafaub.

‡ Gerard Vossius de Histor. Græcis, L. i. c. xi. fait voir que non seulement les Payens lui donnoient ce nom, mais encore Theophile d'Antioche parmi les Chrétiens et Joseph parmi les Juifs; ce qui fait voir qu'Ephémère en attaquant les dieux des Grecs, n'en reconnoissoit point d'autres.

|| Laëtant. Instit. L. i. c. xi. p. 65. Lucian Timon, p. 34. et Jupit. Frag. p. 701. Cicer. de Nat. Deor. L. iii. c. 21.

§ Callimach. Hym. in Jovem, v. 8. et Scholiast. Vet. in loc. edit. Græc.

¶ Tel est le récit du scholiaste adopté par le Chevalier Newton. Mais Laëtant rapporte l'inscription ΖΕΥΣ ΧΡΟΝΟΥ, ce qui m'a l'air bien plus antique. Lucien, car les fables vont toujours en augmentant, nous apprend, que l'inscription portoit que Jupiter ne tonnoit plus, qu'il avoit subi le sort des mortels, *δηλοσσαν ως ηκετι βροντισειν αν ο Ζευς, τεθνεως παλαι.*

** Diodore de Sicile dans les cinq premiers livres, passim.

(1) Mem. de Littér. tom. xv. p. 265, &c.

qui

qui tout étoit objection et rien n'étoit preuve, osé à peine leur opposer le système d'Ephémère *.

Ne pravalut
que sous
l'empire Ro-
main.

LXIV. Ce ne fut que sous l'empire Romain, que les idées du Messénien prirent le dessus. Dans le tems qu'un monde esclave décernoit le titre de dieux à des monstres indignes de celui d'hommes, c'étoit faire sa cour que de confondre Jupiter et Domitien. Bienfaiteurs de la terre, ainsi les appelloit l'adulation, leur droit à la divinité étoit le même ; leur nature, et leur puissance étoient égales. Par politique ou par méprise, Pline lui-même ne se garantit pas de cette erreur †. En vain Plutarque essaya-t-il de revendiquer la foi de ses ayeux ‡. Ephémère regna par tout ; et les pères de l'Eglise, se servant de leurs avantages, attaquèrent le paganisme du côté le plus foible. Pourroit on les blâmer ? Si les dieux prétendus ne furent pas en effet des hommes déifiés, ils l'étoient devenus, du moins dans l'opinion de leurs adorateurs ; et les pères n'en vouloient qu'à leurs opinions.

Enchaîne-
ment des er-
reurs.

LXV. Allons plus loin ; tâchons de suivre l'enchaînement non des faits, mais des idées, de sonder le cœur humain, et de démêler ce fil d'erreurs, qui du sentiment vrai, simple, et universel qu'il y a une puissance au dessus de l'homme, le conduisit par degrés à se faire des dieux, auxquels il eût rougi de ressembler.

Sentimens
confus du
sauvage.

Le sentiment n'est qu'un retour sur nous-mêmes. Les idées se rapportent aux objets hors de nous. Leur nombre, en occupant l'esprit, affoiblit le sentiment. C'est donc parmi les sauvages, dont les idées sont bornées aux besoins, et les besoins simplement ceux de la nature, que le sentiment doit être le plus vif, quoiqu'en même tems le plus confus. Le sauvage ressent à tout moment des agitations, qu'il ne peut ni expliquer ni reprimer. Ignorant et foible, il craint tout, parcequ'il ne peut se défendre de rien. Il admire tout, parcequ'il ne connoît rien. Le mépris bien fondé de lui-même, car la vanité est un ouvrage de la société, lui fait sentir l'existence d'une puissance supérieure. C'est cette puissance, dont il ignore les attributs, qu'il invoque, et dont il demande des grâces, sans savoir à quel titre il en peut espérer. Ce sentiment peu distinct produisit les dieux bons des premiers Grecs, et les divinités de la plus part des sauvages, et les uns et les autres n'en sûrent régler ni le nombre, ni le caractère, ni le culte.

* Cicer. de Nat. Deor. L. iii. c. 21.

† Plin. Hist. Natur. L. vii. c. 51. et. pass.

‡ Plut. de Placit. Philosoph. de Isid. et Osirid.

LXVI. Bientôt le sentiment devint idée. Le sauvage rendit son hommage à tout ce qui l'entourait. Tout devoit lui paroître plus excellent que lui-même. Ce chêne majestueux, qui le couvroit de son feuillage épais, avoit ombragé ses ayeux, depuis l'origine de sa race. Il élevoit sa tête jusqu'aux nues ; le fier Aquilon se perdoit à travers ses branches. Auprès de cet arbre altier qu'étoit sa durée, sa taille, sa force ? La reconnoissance se joignit à l'admiration. Cet arbre qui lui prodiguoit ses glands, cette onde claire où il se desalteroit, étoient des bienfaiteurs qui rendoient sa vie heureuse ; sans eux il ne pouvoit subsister, mais quel besoin avoient-ils de lui ? En effet sans les lumières qui nous apprennent combien la raison seule est supérieure à toutes ces parties nécessaires d'un système intelligent, chacune d'elles est au dessus de l'homme. Mais privé de ces lumières, le sauvage leur accorda à chacune la vie et la puissance. Il se prosterna devant son ouvrage.

Il adore tout
ce qu'il voit ;

pourquoi ?

LXVII. Les idées du sauvage sont uniques, parcequ'elles sont simples. Remarquer les qualités différentes des objets, observer celles qui leur sont communes, et de cette ressemblance former une idée abstraite, qui représente le genre, sans être l'image d'aucun objet particulier ; sont les ouvrages de l'esprit, qui agit, qui se replie sur lui-même, et qui déjà surchargé d'idées, cherche à se soulager par la méthode. Dans le premier état, l'ame passive et ignorant ses forces, ne fait que recevoir les impressions étrangères : ces impressions ne lui rendent les objets qu'isolés, et comme ils sont en eux-mêmes ! Le sauvage rencontroit ses dieux par tout, chaque forêt, chaque prairie en fourmilloit.

Ses idées sont
uniques.

LXVIII. L'expérience développa ses idées ; car les nations, comme les hommes, doivent tout à l'expérience. Son esprit familiarisé avec un grand nombre d'objets étrangers s'aperçut de leur nature commune, et cette nature devint pour lui une nouvelle divinité supérieure à tous ces dieux particuliers. Mais chaque chose qui existe a son existence déterminée à un tems ou à un lieu ; et c'est ce qui la distingue de toute autre chose. L'homme a du se conduire différemment à l'égard de ces deux manières d'exister, l'une sensible et devant ses yeux, l'autre passagère, métaphysique, et qui n'est peut-être que la succession des idées. La nature commune, différenciée uniquement par le tems, a du faire disparaître les natures particulières, pendant que celles qui sont distinguées par les lieux ont pu subsister comme parties de la nature commune. Le dieu des rivières n'a point attenté sur les droits du Tibre où du Cliturne *, mais le vent du Sud qui souffloit hier, et celui que

Il combine
ses idées et
multiplie ses
dieux.

* Hist. de l'Acad. des Belles-Lettres, tom. xii. p. 36. Plin. Epist. L. viii. Epist. 8.

nous ressentons aujourd'hui, ne font l'un et l'autre que ce tyran furieux, qui soulève les flots de la mer Adriatique *.

Suite de ses
combinaisons.

LXIX. Plus on s'exerce à penser, plus on fait de combinaisons. Deux genres sont différens à quelques égards, ils se ressemblent à d'autres : ils sont destinés au même usage, ils font partie du même élément. La fontaine devient rivière, la rivière se perd dans la mer. Cette mer fait partie du vaste océan qui embrasse toute l'étendue de la terre, et la terre elle-même renferme dans son sein tout ce qui subsiste par un principe de végétation. A mesure que les nations se sont éclairées, leur idolatrie a dû se raffiner. Elles ont mieux senti combien l'univers est gouverné par des loix générales ; elles se sont plus rapprochées de l'unité d'une cause efficiente. Jamais les Grecs n'ont su simplifier leurs idées au delà de l'eau, de la terre et du ciel, qui, sous les noms de Jupiter, de Neptune, et de Pluton, contenoient et régissoient toutes choses. Mais les Egyptiens, d'un génie plus propre aux spéculations abstraites, formèrent enfin leur Osiris † le premier des Dieux, le principe intelligent, qui agissoit sans cesse sur le principe matériel, connu sous le nom d'Isis sa femme et sa sœur. Des gens, qui croyoient à l'éternité de la matière, ne pouvoient guères aller plus loin ‡.

Génération
et hiérarchie
des dieux.

LXX. Jupiter, le Dieu de la mer et le noir Pluton étoient frères. Toutes les branches de leur postérité s'étendoient à l'infini, et renfermoient toute la nature. Telle étoit la mythologie des anciens. Pour des hommes grossiers, l'idée de génération étoit plus naturelle que celle de création. Elle étoit plus aisée à saisir, elle supposoit moins de puissance, on y étoit conduit par des liaisons sensibles ; mais aussi cette génération les menoit à établir une hiérarchie, dont ces êtres libres mais bornés ne pouvoient pas se passer. Les trois grands Dieux exercoient une puissance paternelle sur leurs enfans, habitans de la terre, des airs, et des mers ; et la primogéniture de

* Hor Carm. L. iii. Od. 3.

“ ——— Neque Ausfer

“ Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ.”

† Remarquez que cet Osiris et sa sœur étoient les plus jeunes des dieux. Il avoit fallu aux Egyptiens, un grand nombre de siècles, pour parvenir à cette simplicité (1).

‡ Le culte du soleil a été connu de tous les peuples. Je dirai ce qui m'en paroît la raison. C'est peut-être le seul objet de l'univers à la fois sensible et unique. Sensible à tous les peuples, de la manière la plus brillante et la plus bienfaisante, il enlevait leurs hommages. Unique et indivisible, les raisonneurs qui n'étoient pas trop difficiles trouvoient en lui tous les grands traits de la divinité.

(1) Diodore de Sicile. L. i. c. 2.

Jupiter

Jupiter lui donnoit une supériorité sur ses frères, qui lui mérita le titre de roi des dieux, et de pere des hommes. Mais ce roi, ce pere suprême, étoit trop borné à tous égards, pour nous permettre de faire honneur aux Grecs de la croyance d'un être suprême.

LXXI. Ce système, tout mal construit qu'il étoit, rendoit raison de tous les effets de la nature. Mais le monde moral, l'homme, son sort, et ses actions étoient sans divinités. L'éther ou la terre y eut été peu propre. Du besoin de nouveaux dieux naquit une nouvelle chaîne d'erreurs, qui, s'unissant avec la première, ne forma qu'un même Roman théologique. Je soupçonne que ce système nâquit plus tard. L'homme ne songe guères à rentrer en lui-même, qu'après avoir épuisé les objets étrangers.

Dieux de la vie humaine.

LXXII. Deux hypothèses ont toujours été, et seront toujours. Dans l'une, l'homme n'a reçu du Créateur que la raison et la volonté. C'est à lui à décider de l'usage qu'il en fera, et à régler ses actions à son gré. Dans l'autre, il ne peut agir que suivant les loix préétablies de la Divinité, dont il n'est que l'instrument. Le sentiment le trompe, et lorsqu'il croit suivre sa volonté, il ne suit en effet que celle de son maître. Ces dernières idées ont pu naître dans l'esprit d'un peuple à peine sorti de l'enfance. Peu fait aux ressorts compliqués de la machine, les grandes vertus, les crimes atroces, les inventions utiles de ce petit nombre d'âmes singulières, qui ne doivent rien à leur siècle, lui parurent surpasser les forces humaines. Il vit partout des dieux agissans, qui inspiroient le vice ou la vertu aux foibles mortels, incapables de se soustraire à leurs volontés *. Ce n'est pas la prudence qui inspire à Pandare le dessein de rompre la trêve, et de décocher un trait au cœur de Ménélas. C'est Minerve qui le pousse à cet attentat †. La malheureuse Phèdre n'est point coupable. Venus, outrée des mépris d'Hyppolite, allume dans le cœur de cette reine une flamme incestueuse, qui la précipite au crime et à la mort ‡. Un dieu se chargea de chaque événement de la vie, de chaque passion de l'âme, et de chaque ordre de la société.

Systèmes de la liberté et de la nécessité.

Les anciens suivoient le dernier.

• Je ne suis pas trop content de cet endroit. Je donne la meilleure raison que j'ai pu trouver; mais il me semble que dans ces premiers siècles, on eût dû être guidé par le sentiment, et le sentiment est tout entier du côté de la liberté.

† Homer. Iliad. L. iv. v. 93, &c.

‡ Αλλ' ὅτι ταυτη τον δ' ἔρωτα χρη πεισιν.
Δειξω δε Θησει πραγμα, κακφανοιται.
Και τον μεν ημιν πολεμιον πεφυκτα
Κτενει πατηρ αραισι,
Η δ' ευκληνς μεν, αλλ' ομω απολυται
Φαιδρα ————— (1).

(1) Euripid. Hippol. Act. 1. v. 40.

Union des
deux espèces
de dieux.

LXXIII. Mais ces dieux de l'homme, ces passions et ces facultés généralisées et personnifiées de cette manière, n'avoient qu'une existence métaphysique et trop peu sensible pour les hommes. Il falloit les fondre avec les dieux de la nature, et c'est ici que l'allégorie imagina mille rapports fantastiques, car l'esprit veut au moins une apparence de vérité. Il étoit naturel que le dieu de la mer le fut des matelots. L'expression figurée de cet œil qui voit tout, de ces rayons qui percent les airs, pouvoit aisément faire du soleil, un habile prophète, et un archer adroit. Mais pourquoi la planète Vénus est-elle mère des amours ? Pourquoi s'élève-t-elle de l'écume des flots ? Laissons ces énigmes aux devins. Aussi tôt que les départements des dieux de la nature humaine furent établis, ils durent enlever tout le culte des hommes. Ils parloient au cœur et aux passions, au lieu que les dieux physiques, qui n'avoient point acquis n'attributs moraux, rentrèrent insensiblement dans le mépris et dans l'oubli. Aussi n'est-ce que dans l'antiquité la plus reculée que je vois fumer les autels de Saturne *.

Les dieux ont
des passions
humaines.

LXXIV. Les dieux s'intéressent donc dans les affaires humaines. Il ne se passe rien dont ils ne soient les auteurs. Mais sont-ils les auteurs du crime ? Cette conséquence nous effraye : un payen n'hésitoit point à l'admettre, et ne pouvoit en effet hésiter. Les dieux inspiroient souvent des desseins vicieux. Pour les suggérer, il falloit les vouloir, et même les aimer. Il ne leur restoit pas la ressource d'un petit mal permis dans le meilleur des mondes possibles †. Ce mal n'étoit pas seulement permis, il étoit autorisé, et d'ailleurs les différentes divinités, bornées à leurs départemens particuliers, étoient très indifférentes à un bien général qu'elles ne connoissoient point. Chacune suivoit son caractère, et n'inspiroit que les passions qu'elle ressentoit. Le dieu de la guerre étoit fier, brutal, et sanguinaire ; la déesse de la prudence, sage, retenue, peu sincère ; la mère des amours, aimable, voluptueuse, emportée dans ses caprices ; la ruse et la souplesse convenoient au dieu des marchands ; et les cris des malheureux flatoient l'oreille du tyran soupçonneux des morts, du noir monarque des enfers.

Ils ont des
préférences.

LXXV. Un dieu pere des hommes l'est de tous également. Il ne connoit ni la haine, ni la faveur. Mais les divinités partiales doivent avoir des favoris. Ne distingueront-elles pas ceux dont le goût est conforme au leur ? Mars ne peut qu'aimer ces Thraces dont la guerre est l'unique occupation ‡,

* J'entens chez les Grecs ; son culte se conserva long tems en Italie.

† Fontenelle dans l'Eloge de M. de Leibnitz.

‡ Herodot. L. v. c. 4, 5. Meziriac. Comm. sur les Epitr. d'Ovide, tom. i. p. 162.

et ces Scythes dont la boisson la plus délicieuse est le sang de leurs ennemis *. Les mœurs d'un habitant de Cypre † ou de Corinthe, lieux où tout respiroit le luxe et la mollesse, devoient plaire à la déesse des amours. La reconnoissance se joignoit au goût. Des sentimens de préférence étoient dus à des peuples, dont les mœurs n'étoient qu'un culte détourné de leurs dieux tutélaires. Le culte même qu'on leur rendoit se rapportoit toujours à leur caractère. Ces victimes humaines qui expiroient sur l'autel de Mars ‡, ces mille courtisanes qui se dévouoient au temple de Venus §, toutes ces femmes distinguées de Babylone, qui lui immoloient leur pudeur ||, ne pouvoient qu'attirer à ces divers peuples, la faveur la plus distinguée de leurs protecteurs. Mais comme les intérêts des nations ne sont pas moins opposés que leurs mœurs, il falloit que les dieux adoptassent les querelles de leurs adorateurs. “ Quoi ! voir avec patience que cette ville qui m'élève cent temples succombe sous le fer d'un conquérant ? Ah ! plutôt ! . . . ” C'est ainsi que chez les Grecs, une guerre parmi les hommes en allumoit une parmi les dieux. Troye bouleversa le ciel. Le Scamandre vit briller l'égide de Minerve, il fut témoin de l'effet des fleches sorties du carquois d'Apolon, il sentit le redoutable trident de Neptune, qui soulevoit la terre sur ses fondemens. Quelquefois les arrêts inévitables du destin rétablissoient la paix ¶.

Leurs querelles.

* Herodot. L. iv. c. 64, 65.

† M. de Vaugelas m'apprend que lorsqu'il s'agit de l'antiquité il faut toujours dire Cypre, quoique le nom moderne soit Chypre (1). Je vois que MM. de Fenelon (2) et de Vertot (3) ont fait cette distinction.

‡ Herod. L. v. c. 4, 5. Minuc. Fœl. Octav. c. 25. p. 258. Luc. Pharf. L. i. Laclant. L. i. c. 25.

§ Strab. Geog. L. viii. p. 378.

|| Herod. L. i. c. 199.

Elles étoient tenues de se prostituer une fois de leur vie au premier venu, dans le temple de Venus. M. de Voltaire, qui leur impose cette obligation une fois tous les ans, la traite de fable insensée (4). Cependant Hérodote avoit voyagé sur les lieux, et M. de Voltaire a trop lu l'histoire, pour ignorer combien de triomphes pareils la superstition a remportés sur l'humanité et sur la vertu. Que pense-t-il d'un acte de foi ? Je préviens sa réponse. Au reste j'ignorois que Babylone fût la ville de l'univers la mieux policée. Quinte Curce la dépeint comme la plus licencieuse ; Bérofe le Babylonien se plaint lui même que ses concitoyens, franchissant toutes les barrières de la pudeur, vivoient à la manière des bêtes, et le scholiaste de Juvenal nous fait sentir que de son tems ils n'avoient point dégénérés (5).

¶ Mythol. de Banier, tom. ii. p. 487. Ovid. Metam. L. xv.

(1) Rem. de M. de Vaugelas sur la langue Françoisé, tom. i. p. 102, 103.

(2) Dans le Telemaque.

(3) Dans son Hist. de Malthe.

(4) Oeuvres de Voltaire, tom. vi. p. 24.

(5) Quint. Curt. Gest. Alex. L. v. c. 1. et Comment. Freinsheim, in Loc.

Mais le plus souvent les divers dieux convenoient mutuellement de s'abandonner réciproquement leurs ennemis* ; car sur l'Olympe, comme sur la terre, la haine a toujours été plus puissante que l'amitié.

Ils ont la figure humaine.

LXXVI. Un culte épuré eût été peu assorti à de telles divinités. Les peuples veulent des objets sensibles ; une figure qui décore leurs temples, et fixe leurs idées. Il falloit assurément la plus belle de toutes les figures. Mais qu'elle est cette figure ? Demandez le aux hommes, c'est sans doute la leur. Peut-être un taureau répondroit-il un peu différemment †. La sculpture se perfectionne pour servir à la dévotion, et les temples se remplissent de statues de vieillards, de jeunes gens, de femmes, et d'enfans, suivant les attributs différens de chacun des dieux.

Ils éprouvent les plaisirs et les maux corporels.

LXXVII. La beauté n'est peut-être fondée que sur l'usage. La figure humaine n'est belle que parce qu'elle se rapporte si bien aux usages auxquels elle est destinée. La figure divine est la même ; il faut que ses usages le soient aussi, et même ses défauts. Delà cette génération grossière des dieux, qui ne composent plus qu'une famille à la manière des hommes ; delà leurs fêtes de nectar et d'ambrosie, et la nourriture qu'ils reçoivent dans les sacrifices ‡. De là encore leur sommeil §, et leurs douleurs ¶. Des dieux, devenus des hommes très puissans, devoient souvent visiter la terre, habiter dans les temples, se plaire aux amusemens de l'homme, assister à la chasse, à la danse, et quelquefois devenir sensibles aux charmes d'une mortelles et donner naissance à une race de héros.

Événemens généraux.

LXXVIII. Dans ces grands évènements, où, du jeu d'un grand nombre d'acteurs, dont les vues, la situation et le caractère diffèrent, il naît une unité d'action, ou plutôt d'effet ; c'est peut-être dans les seules causes générales qu'il faut chercher la leur.

Mélange de causes dans les évènements particuliers.

LXXIX. Dans les évènements plus particuliers, le procédé de la nature est très différent de celui des philosophes. Chez elle il y a peu d'effets assez simples, pour ne devoir leur origine qu'à une seule cause ; au lieu que nos sages s'attachent d'ordinaire à une cause, non seulement universelle, mais unique. Evitons cet écueil ; pour peu qu'une action paroisse compliquée, admettons y les causes générales, sans rejeter le dessein et le hasard. Sylla se démet du pouvoir souverain. César le perd avec la vie : cependant leurs

* Eurip. Hippolit. Act v. ver. 1327. et Ovid. Metam. passim.

† Cic. de Nat. Deor, L. i. c. 27, 28.

‡ V. les Césars de Julien par M. Spanheim, p. 257, 258. Rem. 876. les Oiseaux d'Aristophane et Lucien presque partout.

§ Hom. Iliad. L. i. v. 609.

¶ Id. L. v. ver. 335.

attentats avoient été précédés par leurs conquêtes : avant de devenir les plus puissans des Romains, ils en étoient les plus renommés. ^{Élévation d'Auguste.} Auguste les suit de près. Tyran sanguinaire *, soupçonné de lâcheté, le plus grand des crimes dans un chef de parti †, il parvient au trône, et fait oublier aux républicains qu'ils eussent jamais été libres. La disposition de ces républicains diminue ma surprise. Egalement incapables de liberté sous Sylla et sous Auguste, ils ignoroient cette vérité sous celui-là : des guerres civiles et deux proscriptions plus cruelles que la guerre, leur avoient appris, du tems de celui-ci, que la république, affaïssée sous le poids de sa grandeur et de sa corruption, ne pouvoit subsister sans maître. D'ailleurs Sylla, chef de la noblesse, combattoit à la tête de ces fiers patriciens, qui vouloient bien l'armer du glaive du despotisme pour les venger de leurs ennemis et des siens, mais non laisser entre ses mains le pouvoir de les détruire eux-mêmes. Ils avoient vaincu, non pour lui mais avec lui : la harangue de Lépide ‡, et la conduite de Pompée § font assez sentir que Sylla aima mieux descendre du trône qu'en tomber. Mais Auguste, à l'exemple de César ||, ne se servit que de ces hardis aventuriers, Agrippa, Mecene, Pollion, dont la fortune attachée à la sienne s'évanouissoit dans une aristocratie de nobles, divisés entr'eux, mais unis pour accabler tout homme nouveau.

LXXX. Des circonstances heureuses, les débauches d'Antoine, la faiblesse ^{Ses causes.} de Lépide, la crédulité de Cicéron travaillèrent de concert pour lui avec cette disposition générale : mais il faut avouer aussi que, s'il ne fit pas naître ces circonstances, il les employa en grand politique. La variété de mes objets, que ne me permet-elle de faire connoître ce gouvernement raffiné, ces chaînes qu'on portoit sans les sentir, ce prince confondu parmi les citoyens, ce sénat respecté par son maître ¶ ! Choisissons en un trait.

* Après la prise de Peruse il sacrifia trois cens des principaux citoyens sur un autel érigé à la divinité de son père. V. Suet. L. ii. c. 15.

† Sueton. L. ii. c. 16.

‡ Salust. Fragm. p. 404. Edit. Thyf.

§ Freinsheim. Supplém. L. lxxxix. c. 26—33.

|| Tacit. Annal. L. iv. p. 109. Sueton. ubi infra.

¶ J'attens avec impatience la suite des dissertations sur ce sujet, que M. de la Bleterie nous a promises. Le système d'Auguste si souvent méconnu y paroîtra dessiné jusqu'à ses moindres rameaux. Cet auteur pense avec finesse et une aimable liberté, il discute sans sécheresse, et s'exprime avec toutes les graces d'un style clair et élégant. Peut-être que, Descartes de l'histoire, il raisonne un peu trop à priori, et qu'il établit ses conclusions moins sur des autorités particulières que sur des inductions générales : mais ce défaut est celui d'un homme de beaucoup d'esprit.

Auguste, maître des revenus de l'empire et des richesses du monde, distingua toujours son patrimoine de particulier du trésor public. Il fit ainsi paroître à peu de frais sa modération, qui laissoit à ses héritiers des biens inférieurs à ceux de plusieurs de ses sujets *, et son amour de la patrie, qui avoit abandonné au service de l'état, deux patrimoines entiers et une somme immense provenue des legs de ses amis défunts †.

Même action
cause et effet.

LXXXI. Une pénétration ordinaire suffit pour sentir lorsqu'une action est à la fois cause et effet. Dans le monde moral il y en a beaucoup qui le sont ; ou plutôt, il y en a très-peu qui ne tiennent plus ou moins de la nature de l'une et de l'autre.

La corruption de tous les ordres des Romains vint de l'étendue de leur empire, et produisit la grandeur de la république ‡.

Mais il faut un jugement peu commun, lorsque deux choses existent toujours ensemble, et paroissent intimement liées, pour discerner qu'elles ne se doivent point leur origine l'une à l'autre.

Les sciences
ne viennent
pas du luxe.

LXXXII. Les sciences, dit-on, naissent du luxe : un peuple éclairé sera toujours vicieux. Je ne le crois pas. Les sciences ne sont point les filles du luxe ; mais l'une et l'autre naissent de l'industrie. Les arts ébauchés satisfont aux premiers besoins de l'homme. Perfectionnés, ils lui en trouvent de nouveaux, depuis le bouclier de Minerve de Vitellius § jusqu'aux entretiens philosophiques de Cicéron. Mais à-mesure que le luxe corrompt les mœurs, les sciences les adoucissent ; semblables aux prières dans Homère, qui parcourent toujours la terre à la suite de l'injustice, pour adoucir les fureurs de cette cruelle divinité ||.

* Toutes déductions faites de ses legs au peuple et aux soldats, Auguste ne laissa à Tibère et à Livie que millies quingenties, trente millions de livres. L'augure Lentulus mort sous son règne, possédoit quater millies, quatre-vingt millions. V. Sueton. L. ii. c. 101. Senec. de Benefic. L. ii.

† Quater decies millies, deux cens quatre vingt millions. V. Suet. Loc. citat et marmor. Ancyran.

‡ V. Montesq. Confid. sur la Grandeur des Romains.

Je distingue la grandeur de l'empire Romain d'avec celle de la république : l'une consistoit dans le nombre des provinces, l'autre dans celle des citoyens.

§ Vitellius envoya des galères jusqu'aux colonnes d'Hercule, pour chercher les poissons les plus rares, dont il remplit ce plat monstrueux. Si nous en croyons M. Arbuthnot, il coûta 765,625 l. sterling. V. Sueton. in Vitellio. c. 13. Dr. Arbuthnot's Tables, p. 138.

|| Μισοπολις της αληθειας κρηται.

Homer. Iliad. L. ix. v. 500.

Voilà quelques réflexions qui m'ont paru solides sur les différens usages Conclusion.
des Belles-Lettres. Heureux si je pouvois en inspirer le goût ! J'aurois trop bonne opinion de moi-même, si je ne sentoie pas les défauts de cet essai ; j'en aurois une trop mauvaise, si je n'espérois pas que dans un âge moins précocce et avec des connoissances plus étendues je pourrai me voir plus en état d'y suppléer. On pourra dire que ces réflexions sont vraies mais usées, ou qu'elles sont nouvelles mais paradoxes. Quel auteur aime les critiques ? Cependant la première me déplairoit le moins. L'avantage de l'art m'est plus cher que la gloire de l'artiste.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

D E S I G N

OF THE

SIXTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.

THE allegorical interpretation which the Bishop of Gloucester has given of the sixth book of the Æneid, seems to have been very favourably received by the Public. Many writers, both at home and abroad, have mentioned it with approbation, or at least with esteem; and I have more than once heard it alleged, in the conversation of scholars, as an ingenious improvement on the plain and obvious sense of Virgil. As such, it is not undeserving of the notice of a candid critic; nor can the enquiry be void of entertainment, whilst Virgil is our constant theme. Whatever may be the fortune of the chace, we are sure it will lead us through pleasant prospects and a fine country.

That I may escape the imputation as well as the danger of misrepresenting his lordship's hypothesis, I shall expose it in his own words. "The purpose of this discourse is to shew that Æneas's adventure to the INFERNAL SHADES, is no other than a figurative description of his INITIATION INTO THE MYSTERIES; and particularly a very exact one of the SPECTACLES of the ELEUSINIAN*." This general notion is supported with singular ingenuity, dressed up with an easy yet pompous display of learning, and delivered in a style much fitter for the Hierophant of Eleusis, than for a modern critic, who is observing a remote object through the medium of a glimmering and doubtful light:

Ibant obscuro, solâ sub nocte, per umbram.

* See Warburton's Dissertation, &c. in the third volume of Mr. Warton's Virgil. I shall quote indifferently that Dissertation or the Divine Legation itself.

His lordship naturally enough pursues two different methods, which unite, as he apprehends, in the same conclusion. From general principles peculiar to himself, he infers the propriety and even necessity of such a description of the mysteries; and from a comparison of particular circumstances, he labours to prove that Virgil has actually introduced it into the *Æneid*. Each of these methods shall be considered separately.

As the learned Prelate's opinions branch themselves out into luxuriant systems, it is not easy to resume them in a few words. I shall, however, attempt to give a short idea of those general principles, which occupy, I know not how, so great a share of the *Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated*.

"The whole system of Paganism, of which the mysteries were an essential part, was instituted by the antient lawgivers for the support and benefit of society. The mysteries themselves were a school of morality and religion, in which the vanity of Polytheism*, and the unity of the First Cause, were revealed to the initiated. Virgil, who intended his immortal poem for a republic in action, as those of Plato and Tully were in precept, could not avoid displaying this first and noblest art of government. His perfect lawgiver must be initiated, as the antient founders of states had been before him; and as Augustus himself was many ages afterwards."

What a crowd of natural reflections must occur to an unbiassed mind! Was the civil magistrate the mover of the whole machine; the sole contriver, or at least the sole support of religion? Were antient laws ALWAYS designed for the benefit of the people, and NEVER for the private interest of the lawgiver? Could the first fathers of rude societies instruct their new-made subjects in philosophy as well as in agriculture? Did they all agree, in Britain as in Egypt, in Persia as in Greece, to found these secret schools on the same common principle; which subsisted nearly eighteen hundred years at Eleusis† in its primæval purity? Can these things be? Yes, replies the learned Prelate, they are: "Egypt was the mysterious mother of Religion and Policy; and the arts of Egypt were diffused with her colonies over the antient world. Inachus carried the mysteries into Greece, Zo-

* At least of the vulgar polytheism, by revealing that the *dii majorum gentium* had been mere mortals.

† From their institution, 1399 years before the Christian æra, (Marm. Arundel. Ep. 14.) till their suppression, towards the end of the fourth century.

“roaster into Persia *, &c. &c.”—I retire from so wide a field, in which it would be easy for me to lose both myself and my adversary. The ANTI-ENT WORLD, EIGHTEEN CENTURIES, and FOUR HUNDRED AUTHORS GENUINE AND APOCRYPHAL †, would, under tolerable management, furnish some volumes of controversy; and since I have perused the two thousand and fourteen pages of the unfinished *Legation*, I have less inclination than ever to spin out volumes of laborious trifles.

I shall, however, venture to point out a fact, not very agreeable to the favourite notion, that Paganism was entirely the religion of the magistrate. The oracles were not less antient, nor less venerable than the mysteries. Every difficulty, religious or civil, was submitted to the decision of those infallible tribunals. During several ages no war could be undertaken, no colony founded, without the sanction of the Delphic oracle; the first and most celebrated among several hundred others ‡. Here then we might expect to perceive the directing hand of the magistrate. Yet when we study their history with attention, instead of the alliance between church and state, we can discover only the antient alliance between the avarice of the priest and the credulity of the people.

* Though I hate to be positive, yet I would almost venture to affirm, that Zoroaster's connection with Egypt is no where to be found, except in the *D. L.*

† See a list of four hundred authors, quoted, &c. in the *D. L.* from St. Austin and Aristotle, down to Scarron and Rabelais. Amongst these authors we may observe Sanchoniatho, Orpheus, Zaleucus, Charondas, the Oracles of Porphyry, and the History of Jeffrey of Monmouth.

The bishop has entered the lists with the tremendous Bentley, who treated the laws of Zaleucus and Charondas as the forgeries of a sophist. A whole section of mistakes or misrepresentations is devoted to this controversy: but Bentley is no more, and W——n may sleep in peace.

I shall, however, disturb his repose, by asking him on what authority he supposes that the old language of the Twelve Tables was altered for the convenience of succeeding ages. The fragments of those laws, collected by Lipsius, Sylburgius, &c. bear the stamp of the most remote antiquity. Lipsius himself (tom. i. p. 206) was highly delighted with those *antiquissima verba*: but what is much more decisive, Horace (*L. ii. Ep. i. ver. 23*), Seneca (*Epiſtol. 114*), and Aulus Gellius (*XX. 1*), rank those laws amongst the oldest remains of the Latin tongue. Their obsolete language was admired by the lawyers, ridiculed by the wits, and pleaded by the friends of antiquity as an excuse for the frequent obscurities of that code.

Had an adversary to the *Divine Legation* been guilty of this mistake, I am afraid it would have been styled an *egregious blunder*.

‡ See Vandalé de Oraculis, p. 559. That valuable book contains whatever can now be known of oracles. I have borrowed his facts; and could with great ease have borrowed his quotations.

For my own part, I am very apt to consider the mysteries in the same light as the oracles. An intimate connection subsisted between them*: Both were preceded and accompanied with fasts, sacrifices, and lustrations; with mystic sights and preternatural sounds: But the most essential preparation for the *ASPIRANT*, was a general confession of his past life, which was exacted of him by the priest. In return for this implicit confidence, the Hierophant conferred on the initiated a sacred character; and promised them a peculiar place of happiness in the Elysian fields, whilst the souls of the profane (however virtuous they had been) were wallowing in the mire†. Nor did the priests of the mysteries neglect to recommend to the brethren a spirit of friendship, and the love of virtue; so pleasing even to the most corrupt minds, and so requisite to render any society respectable in its own eyes. Of all these religious societies, that of Eleusis was the most illustrious. From being peculiar to the inhabitants of Attica, it became at last common to the whole Pagan world. Indeed, I should suspect that it was much indebted to the genius of the Athenian writers, who bestowed fame and dignity on whatever had the least connection with their country; nor am I surprised that Cicero and Atticus, who were both initiated, should express themselves with enthusiasm, when they speak of the sacred rites of their beloved Athens.

But our curiosity is yet unsatisfied; we would press forwards into the sanctuary; and are eager to learn WHAT was the SECRET which was revealed to the initiated, and to them alone. Many of the profane, possessed of leisure and ingenuity, have tried to guess, what has been so religiously concealed. The SECRET of each is curious and philosophical; for as soon as we attempt this enquiry, the honour of the mysteries becomes our own‡. I

too

* The prophet Alexander, whose arts are so admirably laid open by Lucian, instituted his oracle and his mysteries as regular parts of the same plan. It is here we may say, with the learned catholic, “*Les nouveaux Saints me font douter des anciens.*”

† See Diogen. Laert. vi. 39. and Menag. ad loc.

‡ I shall sum them up in a curious passage of the celebrated Freret. “*Les sectes philosophiques cherchoient à deviner le dogme caché sous le voile des ceremonies; et tâchoient de le ramener chacune à leur doctrine. Dans l’hypothèse des Epicuriens, adoptée de nos jours par M. M. Leclerc et Warburton,*” (*Leclerc adopted it in the year 1687; Mr. Warburton invented it in the year 1738.*) “*tout ce qu’on révéloit aux adeptes après tant de préparatifs et d’épreuves, c’est que les dieux adorés du vulgaire, avoient été des hommes, &c. Les Stoïciens et les Hylozoïstes supposoient qu’on enseignoit aux Initiés, qu’il n’y avoit d’autres dieux que les élémens et les parties de l’univers matériel. Enfin suivant les nouveaux Platoniciens,*

too could frame an hypothesis, as plausible perhaps, and as uncertain as any of theirs, did I not feel myself checked by the apprehension of discovering what never existed *. I admire the discretion of the initiated; but the best security for discretion is, the vanity of concealing that we have nothing to reveal.

The examples of great men, when they cannot serve as models, may serve as warnings to us. I should be very sorry to have discovered, that an ATHEISTICAL HISTORY † was used in the celebration of the mysteries, to prove the unity of the First Cause, and that an ANTIENT HYMN ‡ was sung, for the edification of the devout Athenians, which was most probably a MODERN FORGERY of some Jewish or Christian Impostor. Had I delivered THESE TWO DISCOVERIES, with an air of confidence and triumph, I should be still more mortified.

After all, as I am not apt to give the name of Demonstration to what is mere conjecture, his lordship may take advantage of my scepticism, and still affirm, that his favourite mysteries were schools of theism, instituted by the lawgiver. Yet unless Æneas is the lawgiver of Virgil's republic, he has no more business with the mysteries of Athens, than with the laws of Sparta. We will, therefore, reflect a moment on the true nature and plan of the Æneid.

An epic fable must be important as well as interesting: great actions, great virtues, and great distresses, are the peculiar province of heroic poetry.

"niciens, ces symboles servoient à couvrir les dogmes d'une théologie et d'une philosophie sublimes, enseignées autrefois par les Egyptiens & les Chaldéens." Mr. Freret inclines, though with great diffidence, to the last opinion. *Mem. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, &c. tom. xxi. p. 12. Hist.*

* Je ne suis pas si convaincu de notre ignorance par les choses qui sont, et dont la raison nous est inconnue; que par celles qui ne sont point et dont nous trouvons la raison. *Oeuvres de Fontenelle, tom. xi. p. 229.*

† *The Fragment of Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History.* Eusebius and Bishop Cumberland have already observed, that the formation of the world is there attributed to the blind powers of matter, without the least mention of an intelligent cause.

‡ *Orpheus's Hymn to the Muses*, quoted by Justin Martyr, and several other fathers, but rejected as spurious by Cudworth (*Intellectual System*, p. 300,) by Leclerc (*Hist. Eccl.* p. 692), and by Dr. Jortin (*Remarks on Ecclesiastical Hist.* vol. i. p. 199). The first of these, the *immortal Cudworth*, is often celebrated by the Bishop of Gloucester; Leclerc's literary character is established; and with respect to Dr. Jortin, I will venture to call him a learned and moderate critic. The few who may not choose to confess, that their objections are unanswerable, will allow that they deserve to be answered.

This rule seems to have been dictated by nature and experience, and is very different from those chains in which genius has been bound by artificial criticism. The importance I speak of, is not indeed always dependant on the rank or names of the personages. Columbus, exploring a new world with three sloop and ninety sailors, is a hero worthy of the epic muse; yet our imagination would be much more strongly affected by the image of a virtuous prince saved from the ruins of his country, and conducting his faithful followers through unknown seas and through hostile lands. Such is the hero of the *Æneid*. But his peculiar situation suggested other beauties to the Poet, who had an opportunity of adorning his subject with whatever was most pleasing in Grecian fable, or most illustrious in Roman history. *Æneas* had fought under the walls of Ilium; and conducted to the banks of the Tyber a colony from which Rome claimed her origin.

The character of the hero is expressed by one of his friends in a few words; and, though drawn by a friend, does not seem to be flattered:

*Rex erat Æneas nobis; quo justior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major & armis*.*

These three virtues, of JUSTICE, of PIETY, of VALOR, are finely supported throughout the poem †.

1. I shall here mention one instance of the hero's justice, which has been less noticed than its singularity seems to deserve.

After Evander had entertained his guests, with a sublime simplicity, he lamented, that his age and want of power made him a very useless ally. However, he points out auxiliaries, and a cause worthy of a hero. The Etruscans, tired out with the repeated tyrannies of Mezentius, had driven that monarch from his throne, and reduced him to implore the protection of Turnus. Unsatisfied with freedom, the Etruscans called loudly for revenge; and, in the Poet's opinion, revenge was justice.

*Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria justis:
Regem ad supplicium presenti Marte reposcunt ‡.*

* *Æneid*, i. 548.

† M. de Voltaire condemns the latter part of the *Æneid*, as far inferior in fire and spirit to the former. As quoted in the *Legation*, he thinks that Virgil

— s'épuise avec Didon et rate à la fin Lavinie;

a pretty odd quotation for a Bishop; but I most sincerely hope, that neither his lordship nor Mrs. W——n are acquainted with the true meaning of the word *rater*.

‡ *Æneid*, viii. 495.

Æneas,

Æneas, with the approbation of gods and men, accepts the command of these brave rebels, and punishes the tyrant with the death he so well deserved. The conduct of Æneas and the Etruscans may, in point of justice, seem doubtful to many; the sentiments of the Poet cannot appear equivocal to any one. Milton himself, I mean the Milton of the commonwealth, could not have asserted with more energy the daring pretensions of the people, to punish as well as to resist a tyrant. Such opinions, published by a writer whom we are taught to consider as the creature of Augustus, have a right to surprise us; yet they are strongly expressive of the temper of the times; the republic was subverted, but the minds of the Romans were still republican.

2. Æneas's piety has been more generally confessed than admired. St. Evremond laughs at it, as unsuitable to his own temper. The Bishop of Gloucester defends it, as agreeable to his own system of the lawgiver's religion. The French wit was too superficial, the English scholar too profound, to attend to the plain narration of the Poet, and the peculiar circumstances of ancient heroes. We believe from faith and reason: THEY believed from the report of their senses. Æneas had seen the Grecian divinities overturning the foundations of fated Troy. He was personally acquainted with his mother Venus, and with his persecutor Juno. Mercury, who commanded him to leave Carthage, was as present to his eyes as Dido, who strove to detain him. Such a knowledge of religion, founded on sense and experience, must insinuate itself into every instant of our lives, and determine every action. All this is, indeed, fiction; but it is fiction in which we choose to acquiesce, and which we justly consider as the charm of poetry. If we allow, that Æneas lived in an intimate commerce with superior beings, we must likewise allow his love or his fear, his confidence or his gratitude, towards those beings, to display themselves on every proper occasion. Far from thinking Æneas too pious, I am sometimes surprized at his want of faith. Forgetful of the fates, which had so often and so clearly pointed out the destined shores of Latium, he deliberates, whether he shall not sit down quietly in the fields of Sicily. An apparition of his father is necessary to divert him from this impious and ungenerous design.

3. A hero's valour will not bear the rude breath of suspicion; yet has the courage of Æneas suffered from an unguarded expression of the Poet:

*Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra;
Ingemit*.*

* Æneid, i. 96.

On

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE

On every other occasion the Trojan chief is daring without rashness, and prudent without timidity. In that dreadful night, when Troy was delivered up to her hostile gods, he performed every duty of a soldier, a patriot, and a son.

— *Moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.*

Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.*

*Iliaci cineres, et flamma extrema meorum,
Testor, in occasu vestro, nec tela, nec ullas
Vitavisse vices Danaüm; et, si fata fuissent
Ut caderem, meruisse manu †.*

To quote other proofs of the same nature, would be to copy the six last books of the *Æneid*. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning the calm and superior intrepidity of the hero, when, after the perfidy of the Rutuli, and his wound, he rushed again to the field, and restored victory by his presence alone.

*Ipse neque averfos dignatur sternere morti;
Nec pede congressos æquo, nec tela ferentes
Insequitur: solum densa in caligine Turnum
Vestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit ‡.*

At length, indignant that his victim has escaped, his contempt gives way to fury:

*Fam tandem invadit medios, & Marte secundo
Terribilis, seivam nullo discrimine cadem
Suscitat, irarumque omnes effundit habenas ||.*

The heroic character of *Æneas* has been understood and admired by every attentive reader. But to discover the LAWGIVER in *Æneas*, and a SYSTEM OF POLITICS in the *Æneid*, required the CRITICAL TELESCOPE § of the great

* *Æneid*, ii. 353. † *Idem*, ii. 431. ‡ *Idem*, xii. 464. || *Idem*, xii. 497.

§ Others are furnished by criticism with a *telescope*. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind; but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation, which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the contexture of narration, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy. Of all that engages the attention of others they are totally insensible; while they pry into the worlds of conjecture, and amuse themselves with phantoms in the clouds. *Ramble.*

W——n. The naked eye of common sense cannot reach so far. I revolve in my memory the harmonious sense of Virgil: Virgil seems as ignorant as myself of his political character. I return to the less pleasing pages of the *Legation*: so far from condescending to proofs, the Author of the *Legation* is even sparing of conjectures.

“ Many political instructions may be drawn from the *Æneid*.” And from what book which treats of MAN, and the adventures of human life, may they not be drawn? His lordship’s chymistry (did his hypothesis require it) would extract a SYSTEM OF POLICY from the ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

“ A system of policy delivered in the example of a great prince, must shew him in every public occurrence of life. Hence, Æneas was of necessity to be found voyaging, with Ulysses, and fighting, with Achilles *.”

There is another public occurrence, at least as much in the character of a LAWGIVER, as either voyaging or fighting; I mean GIVING LAWS. Except in a single line †, Æneas never appears in that occupation. In Sicily, he compliments Acestes with the honour of giving laws to the colony, which he himself had founded :

*Interea Æneas urbem designat aratro,
Sortiturque domos: hoc Ilium, & hæc loca Trojæ
Esse jubet. Gaudet regno Trojanus Acestes,
Indicitque forum, & patribus dat jura vocatis ‡.*

In the solemn treaty, which is to fix the fate of his posterity, he disclaims any design of innovating the laws of Latium. On the contrary, he only demands a hospitable seat for his gods and his Trojans; and professes to leave the whole authority to king Latinus :

*Non ego, nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
Nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambæ
Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant.
Sacra deosque dabo: socer arma Latinus habeto,
Imperium solemne socer: mihi mœnia Teucri
Constituent, urbique dabit Lavinia nomen §.*

* D. L. vol. i. p. 212.

† Æneid, iii. 137.

‡ Idem, v. 755.

§ Idem, xii. 189.

“ But, after all, is not the fable of the *Æneid* the establishment of an empire ?” Yes, in one sense, I grant it is. *Æneas* had many external difficulties to struggle with. When the Latins were defeated, Turnus slain, and Juno appeased, these difficulties were removed. The hero’s labour was over, the lawgiver’s commenced from that moment ; and, as if Virgil had a design against the bishop’s system, at that very moment the *Æneid* ends. Virgil, who corrected with judgment and felt with enthusiasm, thought perhaps, that the sober arts of peace could never interest a reader, whose mind had been so long agitated with scenes of distress and slaughter. He might perhaps say, like the Sylla of Montesquieu, “ J’aime à remporter des victoires, à fonder ou détruire des états, à faire des ligues, à punir un usurpateur ; mais pour ces minces détails de gouvernement, où les génies médiocres ont tant d’avantages, cette lente exécution des loix, cette discipline d’une milice tranquille, mon ame ne sçauroit s’en occuper *.”

Had Virgil designed to compose a POLITICAL INSTITUTE, the example of Fenelon, his elegant imitator, may give us some notion of the manner in which he would have proceeded. The preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy professedly designed to educate a prince for the happiness of the people. Every incident in his pleasing romance is subservient to that great end. The goddess of wisdom, in a human shape, conducts her pupil through a varied series of instructive adventure ; and every adventure is a lesson or a warning for Telemachus. The pride of Sesostris, the tyranny of Pygmalion, the perfidy of Adrastus, and the imprudence of Idomeneus, are displayed in their true light. The innocence of the inhabitants of Boetia, the commerce of Tyre, and the wise laws of Crete and Salentum, instructed the prince of the various means by which a people may be made happy. From the Telemachus of Fenelon, I could pass with pleasure to the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon. But I should be led too far from my subject, were I to attempt to lay open the true nature and design of that philosophical history. We must return from Fenelon and Xenophon to the Bishop of Gloucester.

His lordship props the legislative character of *Æneas* with an additional support : “ Augustus, who was shadowed in the person of *Æneas*, was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries †. *Ergo, &c.*” This doctrine of types and shadows, though true in general, has on this, as well as on graver occasions, produced a great abuse of reason, or at least of reasoning. To con-

* Oeuvres de Montesquieu, tom. iii. p. 555.

† D. L. vol. i. p. 228.

fine myself to Virgil, I shall only say, that he was too judicious to compliment the Emperor, at the expence of good sense and probability. Every age has its manners; and the poet must suit his hero to the age, and not the age to his hero. It is easy to give instances of this truth. Marc Antony, when defeated and besieged in Alexandria, challenged his competitor to decide their quarrel by a single combat. This was rejected by Augustus with contempt and derision, as the last effort of a desperate man*; and the world applauded the prudence of Augustus, who preferred the part of a general to that of a gladiator. The temper and good sense of Virgil must have made him view things in the same light; yet, when Virgil introduces Æneas in similar circumstances, he gives him a quite different conduct. The hero wishes to spare the innocent people, provokes Turnus to a single combat, and, even after the perfidy and last defeat of the Rutuli, is still ready to risk his person and victory, against the unhappy life and desperate fortunes of his rival. The laws of honour are different in different ages; and a behaviour which in Augustus was decent, would have covered Æneas with infamy.

We may apply this observation to the very case of the Eleusinian mysteries. Augustus was initiated into them, at a time when Eleusis was become the COMMON TEMPLE OF THE UNIVERSE. The Trojan hero could not, with the smallest propriety, set him that example; as the Trojan hero lived in an age when those rites were confined to the natives of Greece, and even of Attica†.

I have now wandered through the scientific maze in which the Bishop of Gloucester has concealed his first and general argument. It appears (when resumed) to amount to this irrefragable demonstration, "THAT IF THE MYSTERIES WERE INSTITUTED BY LEGISLATORS, (which they probably were not,) ÆNEAS (who was no legislator) MUST OF COURSE BE INITIATED INTO THEM BY THE POET."

And here I shall mention a collateral reason assigned by his lordship, which might engage Virgil to introduce a description of the mysteries: the PRACTICE OF OTHER POETS. This proof is so exceedingly brittle, that I

* Plutarch, in Vit. M. Anton. tom. i. 950. edit. Wechel.

† Plutarch, in Vit. Thesei, tom. i. p. 16. Herodot. viii. 65. Cicero de Nat. Deor. i. 42. The gradation of Athenians, Greeks, and mankind at large, may be traced in these passages.

fear to handle it; and shall report it faithfully in the words of our ingenious critic * :

“ Had the old poem under the name of Orpheus been now extant, it
“ would perhaps have shewn us, that no more was meant than Orpheus’s
“ initiation; and that the hint of this Sixth Book was taken from thence.”

As nothing now remains of that old poem, except the title, it is not altogether so easy to guess what it would or would not have shewn us.

“ But farther, it was customary for the poets of the Augustan age to
“ exercise themselves on the subject of the mysteries, as appears from
“ Cicero, who desires Atticus, then at Athens, and initiated, to send to
“ Chilius, a poet of eminence, an account of the Eleusinian mysteries; in
“ order, as it should seem, to insert them in some poem he was then
“ writing.”

The Eleusinian mysteries are not mentioned in the original passage. Cicero using the obscure brevity of familiar letters, desires that Atticus would send their friend Chilius, ΕΥΜΟΛΠΙΔΩΝ ΠΑΤΡΙΑ†, which may signify twenty different things, relative either to the worship of Ceres in particular, or to the Athenian institutions in general; but which can hardly be applied to the Eleusinian mysteries ‡.

“ Thus it appears that both the ancient and modern poets afforded Virgil
“ a pattern for this famous episode.”

How does this appear? From an old poem, of whose contents the critic is totally ignorant, and from an obscure passage, the meaning of which he has most probably mistaken.

Instead of conjecturing what Virgil might or ought to do, it would seem far more natural to examine what he has done. The Bishop of Gloucester attempts to prove, that the descent to hell is properly an initiation; since the

* D. L. vol. i. p. 233.

† Chilius te rogat, et ego ejus rogatû; *εὐμολπίδων πατρία*. Cicero ad Attic. i. 9.

‡ As the B. of G. alleges the authority of Victorius, I shall shelter myself under the names and reasons of Grævius and the Abbé Mongault, and even transcribe the words of the former. “ Non est ut hic intelligantur ritus illi secretiores, qui tantum myllis noti erant, et sine capitis periculo vulgari non poterant, sed illa sacra et ceremoniæ, quibus in Eleusiniis celebrandis utebantur in omnium oculis Eumolpidæ; quasque poetæ et prisci scriptores alii commemorant passim: aut fortè per Eumolpidas intelligit tectè ipsos Athenienses: ut perit Chilius, Atheniensium leges et disciplinam sibi describi et mitti.”

Sixth Book of the Æneid really contains the secret doctrine as well as the ceremonies of the Eleusinian mysteries.

What was this SECRET DOCTRINE? As I profess my ignorance, we must consult the oracle. "The secret doctrine of the mysteries revealed to the initiated, that JUPITER . . . AND THE WHOLE RABBLE OF LICENTIOUS DEITIES, WERE ONLY DEAD MORTALS *." Is any thing like this laid open in the Sixth Book of Virgil? Not the remotest hint of it can be discovered throughout the whole book; and thus, to use his Lordship's own words, SOMETHING (I had almost written EVERY THING) is still wanting "to complete the IDENTIFICATION †."

Notwithstanding this disappointment, which is cautiously concealed from the reader, the learned Bishop still courses round the Elysian Fields in quest of a secret. Once he is so lucky as to find Æneas talking with the poet Musæus, whom tradition has reckoned among the founders of the Eleusinian mysteries. The critic listens to their conversation; but, alas! Æneas is only enquiring, in what part of the garden he may find his father's shade; to which Musæus returns a very polite answer. Anchises himself is our last hope. As that venerable shade explains to his son some mysterious doctrines, concerning the universal mind and the transmigration of souls, his lordship is pleased to assure us, that these are THE HIDDEN DOCTRINES OF PERFECTION revealed only to the initiated. Let us for a moment lay aside hypothesis, and read Virgil.

It is observable, that the three great poets of Rome were all addicted to the Epicurean philosophy; a system, however, the least suited to a poet; since it banishes all the genial and active powers of nature, to substitute in their room a dreary void, blind atoms, and indolent gods. A description of the infernal shades was incompatible with the ideas of a philosopher whose disciples boasted, that he had rescued the captive world from the tyranny of religion, and the fear of a future state. These ideas Virgil was obliged to reject: but he does still more; he abandons not only the CHANCE of Epicurus, but even these gods, whom he so nobly employs in the rest of his poem, that he may offer to the reader's imagination a far more specious and splendid set of ideas:

*Principio cælum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet ‡.*

* D. L. vol. i. p. 154.

† Idem, p. 277.

‡ Æneid, vi. 724.

The more we examine these lines, the more we shall feel the sublime poetry of them. But they have likewise an air of philosophy, and even of religion, which goes off on a nearer approach. The mind which is INFUSED * into the several parts of matter, and which MINGLES ITSELF with the mighty mass, scarcely retains any property of a spiritual substance; and bears too near an affinity to the principles, which the impious Spinoza revived rather than invented.

I am not insensible, that we should be slow to suspect, and still slower to condemn. The poverty of human language, and the obscurity of human ideas, make it difficult to speak worthily of THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE. Our most religious poets, in striving to express the presence and energy of the Deity, in every part of the universe, deviate unwarily into images, which are scarcely distinguished from materialism. Thus our Ethic Poet:

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
“ Whose body Nature is, and God the soul †;”

and several passages of Thomson require a like favourable construction. But these writers deserve that favour, by the sublime manner in which they celebrate the great Father of the Universe, and by those effusions of love and gratitude, which are inconsistent with the materialist's system. Virgil has no such claim to our indulgence. THE MIND of the UNIVERSE is rather a metaphysical than a theological being. His intellectual qualities are faintly distinguished from the powers of matter, and his moral attributes, the source of all religious worship, form no part of Virgil's creed.

Yet is this creed approved ‡ by our orthodox prelate, as free from any mixture of Spinozism. I congratulate his lordship on his indulgent and moderate temper. His brethren (I mean those of former times) had much sharper eyes for spying out a latent heresy. Yet I cannot easily persuade myself, that Virgil's notions were ever the creed of a religious society, like that of the mysteries. Luckily, indeed, I have no occasion to persuade myself of it; unless I should prefer his lordship's mere authority to the voice of antiquity, which assures me, that this system was either invented or imported into Greece by Pythagoras; from the writings of whose disciples Virgil might so very naturally borrow it.

* Quomodo porro Deus iste si nihil esset nisi animus, aut infixus aut *infusus* esset in mundo.
Cicero de Naturâ Deor. L. i. c. 11:

† Pope's Essay on Man, epistle i. ver. 267.

‡ D. L. vol. i. p. 278.

Anchises then proceeds to inform his son, that the souls both of men and of animals were of celestial origin, and (as I understand him) parts of the universal mind; but that by their union with earthly bodies they contracted such impurities as even death could not purge away. Many expiations, continues the venerable shade, are requisite, before the soul, restored to its original simplicity, is capable of a place in Elysium. The far greater part are obliged to revisit the upper world, in other characters and in other bodies; and thus, by gradual steps, to reascend towards their first perfection.

This moral transmigration was undoubtedly taught in the mysteries. As the Bishop asserts this from the best authority, we are surprized at a sort of diffidence, unusual to his lordship, when he advances things from his own intuitive knowledge. In one place, this transmigration is part of the hidden doctrine of perfection*; in another, it is one of those principles which were promiscuously communicated to all†. The truth seems to be, that his lordship was afraid to rank among the secrets of the mysteries, what was professed and believed by so many nations and philosophers. The pre-existence of the human soul is a very natural idea; and from that idea speculations and fables of its successive revolution through various bodies will arise. From Japan to Egypt, the transmigration has been part of the popular and religious creed‡. Pythagoras§ and Plato|| have endeavoured to demonstrate the truth of it, by facts, as well as by arguments.

Of all these visions (which should have been confined to the poets) none is more pleasing and sublime, than that which Virgil has invented. Æneas sees before him his posterity, the heroes of ancient Rome; a long series of airy forms

“Demanding life, impatient for the skies,”

and prepared to assume, with their new bodies, the little passions and transient glories of their destined lives.

Having ¶ thus revealed the secret doctrine of the mysteries, the learned Prelate examines the ceremonies. With the assistance of Meursius**, he pours out a torrent of erudition to convince us, that the scenes through which

* D. L. vol. i. p. 279.

† Idem, p. 142.

‡ See our modern relations of Japan, China, India, &c. and for Egypt, Herodotus, L. ii.

§ Ovid. Metamorph. xv. 69, &c. 158, &c.

|| Plato in Phædro and in Republic. L. x.

¶ I shall mention here, once for all, that I do not always confine myself to the ORDER of his lordship's PROOFS.

** Meursii Eleusinia, sive de Cereris Eleusina sacro.

Æneas passed in his descent to the shades, were the same as were represented to the aspirants in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries. From thence his lordship draws his great conclusion, that the descent is no more than an emblem of the hero's initiation.

A staunch polemic will feed a dispute, by dwelling on every accessory circumstance, whilst a candid critic will confine himself to the more essential points of it. I shall, therefore, readily allow, what I believe may in general be true, that the mysteries exhibited a theatrical representation of all that was believed or imagined of the lower world; that the aspirant was conducted through the mimic scenes of Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium; and that a warm enthusiast, in describing these awful spectacles, might express himself as if he had actually visited the infernal regions*. All this I can allow, and yet allow nothing to the Bishop of Gloucester's hypothesis. It is not surprizing that the COPY was like the ORIGINAL; but it still remains undetermined, WHETHER VIRGIL INTENDED TO DESCRIBE THE ORIGINAL OR THE COPY.

Lear and Garrick, when on the stage, are the same; nor is it possible to distinguish the player from the monarch. In the green-room, or after the representation, we easily perceive, what the warmth of fancy and the justness of imitation had concealed from us. In the same manner it is from extrinsecal circumstances, that we may expect the discovery of Virgil's allegory. Every one of those circumstances persuades me, that Virgil described a real, not a mimic world, and that the scene lay in the infernal shades, and not in the temple of Ceres.

The singularity of the Cumæan shores must be present to every traveller who has once seen them. To a superstitious mind, the thin crust, vast cavities, sulphureous steams, poisonous exhalations, and fiery torrents, may seem to trace out the narrow confine of the two worlds. The lake Avernus was the chief object of religious horror; the black woods which surrounded it, when Virgil first came to Naples, were perfectly suited to feed the superstition of the people†. It was generally believed, that this deadly flood was the entrance of hell‡; and an oracle was once established on its banks, which pretended, by magic rites, to call up the departed spirits§. Æneas, who revolved a more daring enterprise, addresses himself to the priests of

* See D. L. vol. i. particularly p. 280.

† Strabo, L. v. p. 168.

‡ Silius Italicus, L. xii.

§ Diod. Sicul. L. iv. p. 267. edit. Weßeling.

those

those dark regions. Their conversation may perhaps inform us, whether an initiation, or a descent to the shades, was the object of this enterprize. She endeavours to deter the hero, by setting before him all the dangers of his rash undertaking:

—*Facilis descensus Averni :*

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis ;

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,

Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

These particulars are absolutely irreconcilable with the idea of initiation, but perfectly agreeable to that of a real descent. That every step, and every instant, may lead us to the grave is a melancholy truth. The mysteries were only open at stated times, a few days at most in the course of the year. The mimic descent of the mysteries was laborious and dangerous, the return to light easy and certain. In real death, this order is inverted :

—*Pauci, quos æquus amavit*

Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,

Diis geniti, potuere †.

These heroes, as we learn from the speech of Æneas, were Hercules, Orpheus, Castor and Pollux, Theseus, and Pirithous. Of all these, antiquity believed, that before their death they had seen the habitations of the dead ; nor, indeed, will any of the circumstances tally with a supposed initiation. The adventure of Eurydice, the alternate life of the brothers, and the forcible intrusion of Alcides, Theseus, and Pirithous, would mock the endeavours of the most subtle critic, who should try to melt them down into his favourite mysteries. The exploits of Hercules, who triumphed over the king of terrors,

Tartareum ille manu custodem in vincla petivit,

Ipsius à folio regis traxitque tremantem ‡ ;

was a wild imagination of the Greeks §. But it was the duty of antient poets to adopt and embellish these popular traditions ; and it is the interest of every man of taste, to acquiesce in THEIR POETICAL FICTIONS.

* Æneid, vi. 126.

† Idem, vi. 129.

‡ Idem, vi. 395.

§ Homer, Odyss. L. xi. ver. 623. Apoll. Biblioth. I. ii. c. 5.

After this, we may leave ingenious men to search out what, or whether any thing gave rise to those idle stories. Diodorus Siculus represents Pluto as a kind of undertaker, who made great improvements in the useful art of funerals *. Some have sought for the poetic hell in the mines of Epirus †, and others in the mysteries of Egypt. As this last notion was published in French ‡, six years before it was invented in English §, the learned author of the *D. L.* has been severely treated by some ungenerous adversaries ||. Appearances, it must be confessed, wear a very suspicious aspect: but what are appearances, when weighed against his lordship's declaration, "That this is a point of honour in which he is particularly delicate; and that he may venture to boast, that he believes no author was ever more averse to take to himself what belonged to another ¶." Besides, he has enriched this mysterious discovery with many collateral arguments, which would for ever have escaped all inferior critics. In the case of Hercules, for instance, he demonstrates, that the initiation and the descent to the shades were the same thing, because an antient has affirmed that they were different **; and that Alcides was initiated at Eleusis, before he set out for Tænarus, in order to descend to the infernal regions.

There is, however, a single circumstance, in the narration of Virgil, which has justly surprized critics, unacquainted with any but the obvious sense of the poet; I mean the *IVORY GATE*. The Bishop of Gloucester seizes this, as the secret mark of allegory, and becomes eloquent in the exultation of triumph ††. I could, however, represent to him, that in a work which was deprived of the author's last revision, Virgil might too hastily employ what Homer had invented, and at last unwarily slide into an Epicurean idea ‡‡. Let this be as it may, an obscure expression is a weak

* Diodor. Sicul. L. v. p. 386. Edit. Weffeling.

† Leclerc Biblioth. Universelle, tom. vi. p. 55.

‡ By the Abbé Teraſſon, in his philosophical romance of Sethos, printed at Amsterdam in the year 1732. See the third book, from beginning to end. The author was a scholar and a philosopher. His book has far more variety and originality than Telemachus. Yet Sethos is forgotten, and Telemachus will be immortal. That harmony of style, and the great talent of speaking to the heart and passions, which Fenelon possessed, was unknown to Teraſſon. I am not surprized that Homer was admired by the one, and criticized by the other.

§ See *D. L.* vol. I. p. 228, &c. The first edition was printed in London, in the year 1738.

|| Cowper's Life of Socrates, p. 102.

¶ Letter from a late professor of Oxford, &c. p. 133.

** *D. L.* vol. III. p. 277. †† Idem, vol. I. p. 229. ‡‡ Idem, vol. I. p. 283. basis

basis for an elaborate system; and whatever his lordship may chuse to do, I had much rather reproach my favourite poet with want of care in one line, than with want of taste throughout a whole book*.

Virgil has borrowed, as usual, from Homer his episode of the infernal shades, and, as usual, has infinitely improved what the Grecian had invented. If, among a profusion of beauties, I durst venture to point out the most striking beauties of the Sixth Book, I should perhaps observe, 1. That after accompanying the hero through the silent realms of night and chaos, we see with astonishment and pleasure a new creation bursting upon us; 2. That we examine, with a delight which springs from the love of virtue, the just empire of Minos; in which the apparent irregularities of the present system are corrected; and where the patriot who died for his country is happy, and the tyrant who oppressed it is miserable. 3. As we interest ourselves in the hero's fortunes, we share his feelings: the melancholy Palinurus, the wretched Deiphobus, the indignant Dido; the Grecian kings who tremble at his presence, and the venerable Anchises who embraces his pious son, and displays to his sight the future glories of his race; all these objects affect us with a variety of pleasing sensations.

Let us for a moment obey the mandate of our great critic, and consider these awful scenes as a mimic shew, exhibited in the temple of Ceres, by the contrivance of the priest, or, if he pleases, of the legislator. Whatever was animated (I appeal to every reader of taste), whatever was terrible, or whatever was pathetic, evaporates into lifeless allegory:

—*tenuem sine viribus umbram.*

Dat inania verba,

Dat sine mente sonum, gressusque effingit euntis.

The end of philosophy is truth; the end of poetry is pleasure. I willingly adopt any interpretation which adds new beauties to the original; I assist in persuading myself, that it is just; and could almost shew the same indulgence to the critic's as to the poet's fiction. But should a grave doctor

* Horace seems to have used as unguarded an expression:

Et adscribi quietis

Ordinibus patiar deorum.

Od. L. iii. 3.

The word and idea of *Quietus* are perfectly Epicurean; but rather clash with the active passions displayed in the rest of Juno's speech.

His lordship (D. L. vol. II. p. 140.) accuses Virgil himself of a like inattention; which, with his usual gentleness, he calls an *absurdity*.

lay out fourscore pages in explaining away the sense and spirit of Virgil, I should have every inducement to believe, that Virgil's soul was very different from the doctor's.

I have almost exhausted my own, and probably my reader's patience, whilst I have obsequiously waited on his lordship, through the several stages of an intricate hypothesis. He must now permit me to allege two very simple reasons, which persuade me, that Virgil has not revealed the secret of the Eleusinian mysteries; the first is HIS IGNORANCE, and the second HIS DISCRETION.

1. As his lordship has not made the smallest attempt to prove that Virgil was himself initiated, it is plain that he supposed it, as a thing of course. Had he any right to suppose it? By no means: that ceremony might naturally enough finish the education of a young Athenian; but a barbarian, a Roman, would most probably pass through life without directing his devotion to the foreign rites of Eleusis.

The philosophical sentiments of Virgil were still more unlikely to inspire him with that kind of devotion. It is well known that he was a determined Epicurean*; and a very natural antipathy subsisted between the Epicureans and the managers of the mysteries. The celebration opened with a solemn excommunication of those Atheistical philosophers, who were commanded to retire, and to leave that holy place for pious believers†; the zeal of the people was ready to enforce this admonition. I will not deny, that curiosity might sometimes tempt an Epicurean to pry into these secret rites; and that gratitude, fear, or other motives, might engage the Athenians to admit so irreligious an aspirant. Atticus was initiated at Eleusis; but Atticus was the friend and benefactor of Athens‡. These extraordinary exceptions may be proved, but must not be supposed.

Nay, more; I am strongly inclined to think that Virgil was never out of Italy till the last year of his life. I am sensible, that it is not easy to prove a negative proposition, more especially when the materials of our knowledge are so very few and so very defective§; and yet by glancing our eye over the
several

* See the Life of Virgil by Donatus, the Sixth Eclogue, and the Second Georgic, v. 490.

† Lucian in Alexandro, p. 489.

‡ Cornel. Nepos, in Vit. Attici, c. 2, 3, 4.

§ The life of Virgil, attributed to Donatus, contains many characteristic particulars; but which are lost in confusion, and disgraced with a mixture of absurd stories, such as none but
a monk

several periods of Virgil's life, we may perhaps attain a sort of probability, which ought to have some weight, since nothing can be thrown into the opposite scale.

Although Virgil's father was hardly of a lower rank than Horace's, yet the peculiar character of the latter afforded his son a much superior education: Virgil did not enjoy the same opportunities of observing mankind on the great theatre of Rome, or of pursuing philosophy, in her favourite shades of the academy.

*Adjecere bonæ paulò plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas academi quærere verum*.*

The sphere of Virgil's education did not extend beyond Mantua, Cremona, Milan, and Naples †.

After the accidents of civil war had introduced Virgil to the knowledge of the great, he passed a few years at Rome, in a state of dependance, the *JUVENUM NOBILIUM CLIENS* ‡. It was during that time that he composed his Eclogues, the hasty productions of a muse capable of far greater things §.

By the liberality of Augustus and his courtiers, Virgil soon became possessed of an affluent fortune ¶. He composed the *Georgics* and the *Æneid* in his elegant villas of Campania and Sicily; and seldom quitted those pleasing retreats even to come to Rome ¶.

After he had finished the *Æneid*, he resolved on a journey into Greece and Asia, to employ three years in revising and perfecting that poem, and to devote the remainder of his life to the study of philosophy **. He was at Athens, with Augustus, in the summer of A V C 735; and whilst Augustus was at Athens, the Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated ††. It is

not

a monk of the darker ages could either invent or believe. I always considered them as the interpolations of some more recent writer; and am confirmed in that opinion by the life of Virgil, pure from those additions which Mr. Spence lately published, from a Florence MS. at the beginning of Mr. Holdsworth's valuable observations on Virgil.

* Horat. L. II. Ep. ii. ver. 43.

† Donat. in Virgil.

‡ Horat. L. IV. Od. xii.

§ Donat. in Virgil.

¶ Prope Centies Sestertium, about eighty thousand pounds.

¶ Donat. in Virgil.

** Id. ibid.

†† They always began the fifteenth of the Attic month Boedromion, and lasted nine days. Those who take the trouble of calculating the Athenian calendar, on the principles laid down by Mr. Dodwell (*de Cyclis Antiquis*) and by Dr. Halley, will find, that A V C. Varr. 735, the

not impossible, that Virgil might then be initiated, as well as the Indian philosopher *; but the *Æneid* could receive no improvement from his newly-acquired knowledge. He was taken ill at Megara. The journey increased his disorder, and he expired at Brundisium, the twenty-second of September of the same year 735 †.

Should it then appear probable, that Virgil had no opportunity of learning the SECRET of the mysteries, it will be something more than probable, that he has not revealed what he never knew.

His Lordship will perhaps tell me, that Virgil might be initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries without making a journey to Athens: since those mysteries had been brought to Rome long before ‡. Here indeed I should be apt to suspect some mistake, or, at least, a want of precision in his Lordship's ideas; as Salmasius § and Casaubon ||, men tolerably versed in antiquity, assure me, that indeed some Grecian ceremonies of Ceres had been practised at Rome from the earliest ages; but that the mysteries of Eleusis were never introduced into that capital, either by the emperor Hadrian, or by any other: and I am the more induced to believe, that these rites were not imported in Virgil's time, as the accurate Suetonius speaks of an unsuccessful attempt for that purpose, made by the emperor Claudius, above threescore years after Virgil's death ¶.

II. None but the initiated COULD reveal the secret of the mysteries; and THE INITIATED COULD NOT REVEAL IT, WITHOUT VIOLATING THE LAWS, AS WELL OF HONOUR AS OF RELIGION. I sincerely acquit the Bishop of Gloucester of any design; yet so unfortunate is his system, that it represents a most virtuous and elegant poet, as equally devoid of taste, and of common honesty.

His Lordship acknowledges, that the initiated were bound to secrecy by the most solemn obligations **; that Virgil was conscious of the imputed impiety of his design; that at Athens he never durst have ventured on it; that even at Rome such a discovery was esteemed not only IMPIOUS but INFAMOUS.

the 15th of Boedromion coincided with the 24th of August of the Julian year. But if we may believe Dion Cassius, the celebration was this year anticipated, on account of Augustus and the Indian philosopher. L. LIV. p. 739. edit. Reimar.

* Strabo, L. xv. p. 720.

† Donat. in Virgil.

‡ D. L. vol. I. p. 118.

§ Salmasius ad Scriptores Hist. August. p. 55.

|| Casaubon ad Scriptor. Hist. August. p. 25.

¶ Sueton. in Claud. c. 25.

** D. L. vol. I. p. 147.

mons : and yet his Lordship maintains, that after the compliment of a formal apology,

Sit mihi fas, audita loqui *.

Virgil lays open the whole SECRET of the mysteries under the thin veil of an allegory, which could deceive none but the most careless readers †.

An apology ! an allegory ! Such artifices might perhaps have saved him from the sentence of the Areopagus, had some zealous or interested priest denounced him to that court, as guilty of publishing A BLASPHEMOUS POEM. But the laws of honour are more rigid, and yet more liberal than those of civil tribunals. Sense, not words, is considered ; and guilt is aggravated, not protected, by artful evasions. Virgil would still have incurred the severe censure of a contemporary, who was himself a man of very little religion.

Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum

Vulgârit arcana, sub iisdem

Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum

Solvat phaselum ‡.

Nor can I easily persuade myself, that the ingenious mind of Virgil could have deserved this excommunication.

These lines belong to an ode of Horace, which has every merit, except that of order. That death in our country's cause is pleasant and honourable ; that virtue does not depend on the caprice of a popular election ; and that the mysteries of Ceres ought not to be disclosed, are ideas which have no apparent connection. The beautiful disorder of lyric poetry, is the usual apology made by professed critics on these occasions :

Son style impetueux, souvent marche au hazard ;

Chez elle, un beau desordre est un effet de l'art § ;

An insufficient apology for the few, who dare judge from their own feelings. I shall not deny, that the irregular notes of an untutored muse have sometimes delighted me. We can very seldom be displeased with the unconstrained workings of nature. But the liberty of an outlaw is very different from that of a savage. It is a mighty disagreeable sight, to observe a lyric writer of taste and reflexion striving to forget the laws of composition,

* D. L. vol. I. p. 240.

† Idem, p. 277.

‡ Horat. L. III. Od. ii.

§ Boileau, Art Poétique, L. ii. v. 72.

disjoining the order of his ideas, and working himself up into artificial madness.

Ut cum ratione insaniat.

I had once succeeded (as I thought) in removing this defect, by the help of an hypothesis which connected the several parts of Horace's ode with each other. My ideas appeared (I mean to myself) most ingeniously conceived. I read the ode once more, and burnt my hypothesis. But to return to our principal subject.

The date of this ode may be of use to us; and the date may be fixed with tolerable certainty, from the mention of the PARTHIANS, who are described as the enemies against whom a brave youth should signalize his valor.

Parthos feroces

Vexet eques metuendus hasta, &c.

Those who are used to the LABOURED HAPPINESS of all Horace's expressions * will readily allow, that if the Parthians are mentioned rather than the Britons or Cantabrians, the Gauls or the Dalmatians, it could be only at a time when the PARTHIAN WAR engaged the public attention. This reflection confines us between the years of Rome 729 and 735. Of these six years, that of 734 has a superior claim to the composition of the ode.

Julius Cæsar was prevented by death from revenging the defeat of Crassus †. This glorious task, unsuccessfully attempted by Marc Antony ‡, seemed to be reserved for the prudence and felicity of Augustus; who became sole master of the Roman world in the year 724; but it was not till the year 729, that, having changed the civil administration and pacified the Western provinces, he had leisure to turn his views towards the East. From that time, Horace, in compliance with the public wish, began to animate both prince and people to revenge the manes of Crassus §. The cautious policy of Augustus, still averse to war, was at length roused in the year 734, by some disturbances in Armenia. He passed over into Asia,

* *Curiosa Felicitas.* The ingenious Dr. Warton has a very strong dislike to this celebrated character of Horace. I suspect that I am in the wrong, since, in a point of criticism, I differ from Dr. Warton. I cannot, however, forbear thinking, that the expression *is itself* what Petronius wished to describe; the happy union of such ease as seems the gift of fortune, with such justice as can only be the result of care and labour.

† Sueton. in Cæsar, c. 44.

‡ Plut. in Vit. Anton. Julian in Cæsar, p. 324. edit. Spanheim.

§ Horat. L. I. Od. ii. L. III. Od. v. L. II. Serm. i. v. 15, &c.

and sent the young Tiberius with an army beyond the Euphrates. Every appearance promised a glorious war. But the Parthian monarch, Phraates, alarmed at the approach of the Roman legions, and diffident of the fidelity of his subjects, diverted the storm, by a timely and humble submission :

— *Jus, imperiumque Phraates*
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor *.

Cæsar returned in triumph to Rome, with the Parthian hostages, and the Roman ensigns, which had been taken from Crassus.

These busy scenes, which engage the attention of contemporaries, are far less interesting to posterity, than the silent labours, or even amusements of a man of genius.

— *Cæsar dum magnus ad altum*
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes
Për populos dat jura, viamque adfectat Olympo.
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis aiebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis otii.

Whilst Cæsar humbled the Parthians, Virgil was composing the Æneid. It is well known, that this noble poem occupied the author, without being able to satisfy him, during the twelve last years of his life, from the year 723 to the year 735 †. The public expectation was soon raised, and the modest Virgil was sometimes obliged to gratify the impatient curiosity of his friends. Soon after the death of young Marcellus ‡, he recited the second, fourth, and sixth books of the Æneid, in the presence of Augustus and Octavia ||. He even sometimes read parts of his work to more numerous companies; with a desire of obtaining their judgment, rather than their applause. In this manner, Propertius seems to have heard the SHIELD OF ÆNEAS, and from that specimen he ventures to foretell the approaching-birth of a poem, which will surpass the Iliad.

Actia Virgilium custodis litora Phæbi,
Cæsaris et fortes dicere posse rates.

* Horat. L. i. Epist. xii. Vall. Pater. L. ii. c. xciv. Tacit. Annal. L. ii. c. i. Sueton. in Octav. c. xxi. and in Tiber. c. xiv. Justin, L. xlii. c. v. Dion Cassius, L. liv. p. 736. edit. Reimar. Joseph. Ant. L. xv. c. v. Ovid. Fast. v. ver. 551, &c.

† Donat. in Virgil.

‡ Marcellus died in the latter end of the year 731. Usserii Annales, p. 555.

|| Donat. in Virgil.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE

*Qui nunc Æneæ Trojani fuscitat arma,
 Jactaque Lavinis mœnia litoribus.
 Cedite Romani scriptores, cœcite Graii,
 Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade*.*

As a friend and as a critic, Horace was entitled to all Virgil's confidence, and was probably acquainted with the whole progress of the Æneid, from the first rude sketch, which Virgil drew up in prose, to that harmonious poetry, which the author alone thought unworthy of posterity.

To resume my idea, which depended on this long deduction of circumstances; when Horace composed the second ode of his third book, the Æneid, and particularly the sixth book, were already known to the public. The detestation of the wretch who reveals the mysteries of Ceres, though expressed in general terms, must be applied by all Rome to the author of the sixth book of the Æneid. Can we seriously suppose, THAT HORACE WOULD HAVE BRANDED WITH SUCH WANTON INFAMY, ONE OF THE MEN IN THE WORLD WHOM HE LOVED AND HONOURED THE MOST †?

Nothing remains to say, except that Horace was himself ignorant of his friend's allegorical meaning, which the Bishop of Gloucester has since revealed to the world. It may be so; yet, for my own part, I should be very well satisfied with understanding Virgil no better than Horace did.

It is perhaps some such foolish fondness for antiquity, which inclines me to doubt, whether the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER has really united the severe sense of ARISTOTLE with the sublime imagination of LONGINUS. Yet a judicious critic (who is now, I believe, ARCHDEACON OF GLOUCESTER) assures the public, that his patron's mere amusements have done much more than the joint labours of the two Grecians. I shall conclude these Observations with a remarkable passage from the Archdeacon's Dedication ‡: "It was not enough, in YOUR ENLARGED VIEW OF
 " THINGS, to restore either of these models (ARISTOTLE or LONGINUS) to
 " their original splendor. They were both to be revived; or rather A
 " NEW ORIGINAL PLAN OF CRITICISM to be struck out, WHICH SHOULD
 " UNITE THE VIRTUES OF EACH OF THEM. This experiment was made on
 " the two greatest of our own poets, (Shakspeare and Pope,) and by re-

* Propert. L. ii. El. xxv. v. 66.

† Horat. L. i. Od. iii. L. i. Sermon. v. ver. 39, &c.

‡ See the Dedication of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, with an English commentary and notes.

“ reflecting all the LIGHTS OF THE IMAGINATION ON THE SEVEREST REASON,
 “ every thing was effected which the warmest admirer of ancient art could
 “ promise himself from such a union. BUT YOU WENT FARTHER: by
 “ joining to these powers A PERFECT INSIGHT INTO HUMAN NATURE; and
 “ so ennobling the exercise of literary, by the justest moral censure, YOU
 “ HAVE NOW AT LENGTH ADVANCED CRITICISM TO ITS FULL GLORY.”

POSTSCRIPT.

I WAS not ignorant, that several years since, the Rev. Dr. Jortin had favoured the Public with a DISSERTATION ON THE STATE OF THE DEAD, AS DESCRIBED BY HOMER AND VIRGIL *: but the book is now grown so scarce, that I was not able to procure a sight of it till after these papers had been already sent to the press. I found Dr. Jortin's performance, as I expected, moderate, learned, and critical. Among a variety of ingenious observations, there are two or three which are very closely connected with my present subject.

I had passed over in silence one argument of the Bishop of Gloucester, or rather of Scarron and the Bishop of Gloucester; since the former found the remark, and the latter furnished the inference.

Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos,

cries the unfortunate Phlegyas. In the midst of his torments, he preaches justice and piety, like Ixion in Pindar. A very useful piece of advice, says the French buffoon, for those who were already damned to all eternity:

Cette sentence est bonne et belle:

Mais en enfer, de quoi sert elle?

From this judicious piece of criticism his lordship argues, that Phlegyas was preaching not to the dead, but to the living; and that Virgil is only describing the mimic Tartarus, which was exhibited at Eleusis for the instruction of the initiated.

I shall transcribe one or two of the reasons, which Dr. Jortin condescends to oppose to Scarron's criticism.

* Six Dissertations on different Subjects, published in a volume in octavo, in the year 1755. It is the Sixth Dissertation, p. 207—324.

“ To preach to the damned, says he, is labour in vain. And what if it is? It might be part of his punishment, to exhort himself and others, when exhortations were too late. This admonition, as far as it relates to himself and his companions in misery, is to be looked upon not so much as an admonition to mend; but as a bitter sarcasm, and reproaching of past iniquities.

“ It is labour in vain. But in the poetical system, it seems to have been the occupation of the damned to labour in vain, to catch at meat and drink that fled from them, &c.

“ His instruction, like that of Ixion in Pindar, might be for the use of the living: You will say, *how can that be?* Surely nothing is more easy and intelligible. The muses hear him—The muses reveal it to the poet, and the inspired poet reveals it to mankind. And so much for Phlegyas and Monsieur Scarron.”

It is prettily observed by Dr. Jortin, “ That Virgil, after having shone out with full splendor through the sixth book, sets at last in a cloud.” The IVORY GATE puzzles every commentator, and grieves every lover of Virgil: yet it affords no advantages to the Bishop of Gloucester. The objection presses as hard on the notion of an initiation, as on that of a real descent to the shades. “ The troublesome conclusion still remains as it was; and from the manner in which the hero is dismissed after the ceremonies, we learn, that in those initiations, the machinery, and the whole shew, was (in the Poet’s opinion) a representation of things, which had no truth or reality.

“ *Alterā candenti perfecta nitens elephanto :*

“ *Sed FALSA ad cælum mittunt INSOMNIA manes.*

“ Dreams in general may be called *vain* and *deceitful*, *somnia vana*, or *somnia falsa*, if you will, as they are opposed to the *real* objects which present themselves to us when we are awake. But when *false* dreams are opposed to *true* ones, there the epithet *falsa* has another meaning. True dreams represent what is real, and shew what is true; false dreams represent things which are not, or which are not true. Thus Homer and Virgil, and many other poets, and indeed the nature of the thing, distinguish them.”

Dr. Jortin, though with reluctance, acquiesces in the common opinion, that by six unlucky lines, Virgil is destroying the beautiful system, which it

has

has cost him eight hundred to raise. He explains too this preposterous conduct, by the usual expedient of the Poet's epicureism. I only differ from him in attributing to haste and indiscretion, what he considers as the result of design.

Another reason, both new and ingenious, is assigned by Dr. Jortin, for Virgil explaining away his hero's descent into an idle dream. "All communication with the dead, the infernal powers, &c. belonged to the art of magic, and magic was held in abomination by the Romans." Yet if it was held in ABOMINATION, it was supposed to be real. A writer would not have made his court to James the First, by representing the stories of witchcraft as the phantoms of an over-heated imagination.

Whilst I am writing, a sudden thought occurs to me, which, rude and imperfect as it is, I shall venture to throw out to the public. It is this. After Virgil, in imitation of Homer, had described the two gates of sleep, the horn, and the ivory, he again takes up the first in a different sense :

— QUA VERIS FACILIS DATUR EXITUS UMBRIS.

The TRUE SHADES, VERÆ UMBRÆ, were those airy forms which were continually sent to animate new bodies, such light and almost immaterial natures as could without difficulty pass through a thin transparent substance. In this new sense, Æneas and the Sybill, who were still encumbered with a load of flesh, could not pretend to the prerogative of TRUE SHADES. In their passage over Styx, they had almost sunk Charon's boat.

— *Gemuit sub pondere cymba*

Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem,

Some other expedient was requisite for their return; and since the horn gate would not afford them an easy dismissal, the other passage, which was adorned with polished ivory, was the only one that remained either for them, or for the Poet.

By this explanation, we save Virgil's judgment and religion, though I must own, at the expence of an uncommon harshness and ambiguity of expression. Let it only be remembered, that those, who in desperate cases conjecture with modesty, have a right to be heard with indulgence.

DISSERTATION

ON THE SUBJECT OF

L'HOMME AU MASQUE DE FER.

THE mysterious history of the famous French prisoner, known by the appellation of *l'Homme au Masque de Fer*, is related by M. Voltaire, in the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, and in the *Questions sur l'Encyclopedie*. That writer, the most sceptical and lively of his age, never attempts either to contest the truth, or to reveal the secret of that wonderful affair. *Je ne connois point de fait ni plus extraordinaire ni mieux constaté* is the just conclusion of his first account. In his subsequent additions, he refutes with force and contempt the idle suppositions that this unknown prisoner was the Duc de Beaufort, the Count de Vermandois, or the Duke of Monmouth. At length, breaking off abruptly, he throws out a dark intimation, *qu'il en sait peut être plus que le Pere Grifet, et qu'il n'en dira pas davantage*.

If we are disposed to exercise our curiosity and conjectures upon this historical anecdote, we must steadily remember, that no hypothesis can deserve the least credit, unless it corresponds with and explains the following circumstances:

1. The prisoner who passed his melancholy life in the isles de St. Marguerite and the Bastille was called *Marchiali*. As the name was most assuredly fictitious, this circumstance seems, and indeed is, of small importance. However, in case an Italian was either the author of his birth, or the guardian of his infancy, a name drawn from that language would most naturally present itself.

2. Marchiali was buried secretly and by night, in the parish church of St. Paul's, on the third day of March in the year 1703, as is proved by the journal of the Pere Grifet, who was entrusted with the very delicate employment of confessor to the Bastille. A few days before his death, the unknown prisoner told his physician that he believed himself about sixty years of age: If he reckoned with precision, he was born in the spring of the year 1643, about the time of the death of Louis the Thirteenth. But the dreary hours

of

of a prison move slowly, and the infirmities of age are hastened by grief and solitude. Marchiali could speak only from conjecture; nor is it unlikely that he might be somewhat younger than he supposed himself.

3. He was conducted to the Isles de St. Marguerite on the coast of Provence, some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin; that is to say, about the end of the year 1661, or the beginning of 1662. This is the first among the few events of his life. M. de Voltaire mentions, in one place, a previous confinement at Pignerol; but without being perfectly clear, or even consistent, on that head.

4. Marchiali, whoever he was, had never acted any distinguished part on the public theatre of the world. The sudden absence of such a person, in any part of Europe, would infallibly have occasioned much wonder and enquiry, some traces of which must have reached our knowledge. But in this instance, using the amplest latitude of time, we cannot even discover any one important *death*, that leaves the minutest opening for our most licentious suspicions.

5. An illustrious birth was therefore the only advantage by which the prisoner could be distinguished; and his birth must indeed have been illustrious, since, when Monsieur de Louvois made him a visit, he spoke to him standing, and *avec une considération qui tenoit du respect*. We must ascend very high ere we can attain a rank which that proud and powerful minister of the French monarchy could think it his duty to *respect*.

6. The most extraordinary precautions were employed, not only to secure, but to conceal, this mysterious captive; and his guards were ordered to kill him, if he made the least attempt to discover himself. That order, as well as the silver plate which he threw out of the prison window, after writing something upon it, and which fell into the hands of an illiterate fisherman, sufficiently prove that he was acquainted with his own name and condition. The mask, which he never was permitted to lay aside, shews the apprehension of the discovery of some very striking resemblance.

7. Prisoners of such alarming importance are seldom suffered to live. Of all precautions, the dagger or the bowl are undoubtedly the surest. Nothing but the most powerful motives, or, indeed, the tenderest ties, could have stopped the monarch's hand, and induced him rather to risk a discovery, than to spill the blood of this unfortunate man. He was lodged in the best apartment of the Bastille, his table was served in the most delicate manner, he was allowed to play on the guitar, and supplied with the finest laces and linen, of which he was passionately fond. Every kind attention was studi-

ously

ously practised, that could in any wise alleviate the irksomeness of his perpetual imprisonment.

8. When Monsieur de Chamillard, in the year 1721, was on his death-bed, his son-in-law, the Marechal de la Feuillade, begged, on his knees, that he would disclose to him that mysterious transaction. The dying minister refused to gratify this unseasonable curiosity. "It was the secret of the state, (he said,) and he had taken an oath never to divulge it." The prisoner had then been dead eighteen years, and Louis the Fourteenth almost six. It must have been a secret of no common magnitude that could still affect the peace and welfare of future generations.

Before we proceed to a probable solution of these strange circumstances, let us try to connect them with some facts of a more public and general nature.

1. The doubtful birth of Louis XIV. often occurs, in conversation, as the subject of historical scepticism. The first grounds of the suspicion are obvious. He was born after a sterile union of twenty-three years between Louis the Thirteenth and Anne of Austria. But as such an event, however unfrequent, is neither destitute of possibility, nor even of example, the scandalous rumour would long since have died away in oblivion, had it not derived additional strength from the character and situation of the royal pair.

2. Though Louis XIII. wanted not either parts or courage, his character was degraded by a coldness and debility, both of mind and body, which had little affinity with his heroic father. Had his indifference towards the sex been confined to the queen, it might have been considered as the mere effect of personal dislike; but his *chaste* amours with his female favourites betrayed to the laughing court, that the king was less than a man.

3. Without reviving all the obsolete scandal of the *fronde*, we may respectfully insinuate that Anne of Austria's reputation of chastity was never so firmly established as that of her husband. To the coquetry of France, the queen united the warm passions of a Spaniard. Her friends acknowledge that she was gay, indiscreet, vain of her charms, and strongly addicted at least to romantic gallantry. It is well known that she permitted some distinguished favourites to entertain her with soft tales of her beauty and their love; and thus removed the distant ceremony, which is perhaps the surest defence of royal virtue. Anne of Austria passed twenty-eight years with a husband, alike incapable of gratifying her tender or her sensual inclinations. At the age of forty-three, she was left an independent widow, mistress of herself, and of the kingdom.

4. The civil wars which raged during the minority of Louis XIV. arose from the blind and unaccountable attachment of the queen to Cardinal Mazarin, whom she obstinately supported against the universal clamour of the French nation. The Austrian pride, perhaps, and the useful merit of the minister, might determine the queen to brave an insolent opposition; but a connection, formed by policy, might very easily terminate in love. The necessity of business would engage that princess in many a secret and midnight conference with an Italian of an agreeable person, vigorous constitution, loose morals, and artful address. The amazing anecdote hinted at in the honest memoirs of La Porte, sufficiently proves that Mazarin was capable of employing every expedient to insinuate himself into *every part* of the royal family.

5. If Anne of Austria yielded to such opportunities, and to so artful a lover; if she became a mother after her husband's death, her weakness, and the consequences of it, would have been carefully screened from the eye of curious malignity. When Louis XIV. succeeded to the possession of the kingdom, and of the fatal secret, he was deeply interested in the guard of his own, and of his mother's honour. Had her frailty been revealed to the world, the living proof would have awakened and confirmed all the latent suspicions, diffused a spirit of distrust and division among the people, and shaken the hereditary claim of the monarch. If the strong grasp of Louis XIV. retained the French sceptre, the doubt and the danger were entailed on future ages. In some feeble, or infant reign, an ambitious Condé might embrace the fair pretence to assert the right to his genuine branch, and to exclude from the succession the spurious posterity of Louis XIII.

In a word, the child of Anne of Austria and of Cardinal Mazarin would have been at once the brother and the most dangerous enemy of his sovereign. The humanity of Louis XIV. might have declined a brother's murder; but pride, policy, and even patriotism, must have compelled that prince to hide his face and his existence with an iron mask and the walls of the Bastille.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that I suppose the unfortunate Marchiali to have been that child. If the several facts which I have drawn together blend themselves, without constraint, into a consistent and natural system, it is surely no weak argument in favour of the truth, or at least of the probability of my opinion.

May 27th, 1774.



MEMOIRE JUSTIFICATIF

POUR SERVIR DE

REPONSE à l'EXPOSE' des MOTIFS de la Conduite du Roi de
FRANCE relativement à l'ANGLETERRE.

L'AMBITION d'une puissance, toujours ennemie du repos public, a obligé enfin le roi de la Grande Bretagne à employer dans une guerre juste et legitime ces forces que Dieu et son peuple lui ont confiées.—C'est en vain que la France essaye de justifier ou plutôt de déguiser sa politique aux yeux de l'Europe par son dernier manifeste, que l'orgueil et l'artifice semblent avoir dicté, mais qui ne peut se concilier avec la vérité des faits et les droits des nations. L'équité, la modération, l'amour de la paix, qui ont toujours réglé les démarches du roi, l'engagent maintenant à soumettre sa conduite et celle de ses ennemis au jugement du tribunal libre et respectable, qui prononce sans crainte et sans flatterie l'arrêt de l'Europe, du siècle présent et de la posterité. Ce tribunal, composé des hommes éclairés et désintéressés de toutes les nations, ne s'arrête jamais aux professions, et c'est par les actions des princes qu'il doit juger des motifs de leurs procédés et des sentiments de leurs cœurs.

Lorsque le roi monta sur le trône, il jouissoit du succès de ses armes dans les quatre parties du monde. Sa modération rétablit la tranquillité publique, dans le même instant qu'il soutenoit avec fermeté la gloire de sa couronne, et qu'il procuroit à ses sujets les avantages les plus solides. L'expérience lui avoit fait connoître combien les fruits de la victoire même sont tristes et amers ; combien les guerres heureuses ou malheureuses épuisent les peuples sans aggrandir les princes. Ses actions prouvoient à l'univers, qu'il sentoit tout le prix de la paix, et il étoit au moins à présumer que la raison qui l'avoit éclairé sur les malheurs inévitables de la guerre, et la dangereuse vanité des conquêtes, lui inspireroit la résolution sincère et inébranlable de maintenir la tranquillité publique, dont il étoit lui même l'auteur et le garant. Ces principes ont servi de base à la conduite invariable de sa majesté pendant

les quinze années qui ont suivi la paix conclue à Paris en 1763 : époque heureuse de repos et de félicité, dont la mémoire sera long tems conservée par le souvenir et peut-être par les regrets des nations de l'Europe. — Les instructions du roi à tous ses ministres portoient l’empreinte de son caractère et de ses maximes. Il leur recommandoit comme le plus important de leurs devoirs d’écouter avec une attention scrupuleuse les plaintes et les représentations des puissances, ses alliés ou ses voisins, de prévenir, dans leur origine, tous les sujets de querelle qui pourroient aigrir ou aliéner les esprits, de détourner le fleau de la guerre par tous les expédiens compatibles avec la dignité du souverain d’une nation respectable, et d’inspirer à tous les peuples une juste confiance dans le système politique d’une cour qui détestoit la guerre sans la craindre, qui n’employoit pour ses moyens que la raison et la bonne foi, et qui n’avoit pour objet que la tranquillité générale. Au milieu de cette tranquillité les premières étincelles de la discorde s’allumerent en Amérique. Les intrigues d’un petit nombre de chefs audacieux et criminels, qui abusèrent de la simplicité crédule de leurs compatriotes, séduisirent insensiblement la plus grande partie des colonies Angloises à lever l’étendard de la revolte contre la mere patrie, à qui elles étoient redevables de leur existence et de leur bonheur. La cour de Versailles oublia sans peine la foi des traités, les devoirs des alliés, et les droits des souverains, pour essayer de profiter des circonstances qui paroissoient favorables à ses desseins ambitieux. Elle ne rougit point d’avilir sa dignité par les liaisons secrètes qu’elle forma avec des sujets rebelles, et après avoir épuisé toutes les ressources honteuses de la perfidie et de la dissimulation, elle osa avouer à la face de l’Europe, indignée de sa conduite, le traité solennel que les ministres du roi très Chrétien avoient signé avec les agens ténébreux des colonies Angloises, qui ne fondeient leur indépendance prétendue que sur la hardiesse de leur revolte. La déclaration offensante que le Marquis de Noailles fut chargé de faire à la cour de Londres, le 13 Mars de l’année dernière, autorisa sa majesté à repousser par les armes l’insulte inouïe qu’on venoit d’offrir à l’honneur de sa couronne ; et le roi n’oublia pas dans cette occasion importante ce qu’il devoit à ses sujets et à lui-même. Le même esprit de fausseté et d’ambition regnoit toujours dans les conseils de la France. L’Espagne, qui s’est repentie plus d’une fois d’avoir négligé ses vrais intérêts pour servir aveuglément les projets destructeurs de la branche aînée de la maison de Bourbon, fut engagée à changer le rôle de médiateur pour celui d’ennemi de la Grande Bretagne. Les calamités de la guerre se sont multipliées ; mais la cour de Versailles ne
doit

doit pas jusqu'à présent se vanter du succès de ses opérations militaires ; et l'Europe fait apprécier ces victoires navales, qui n'existent que dans les Gazettes et dans les manifestes des vainqueurs prétendus.

Puisque la guerre et la paix imposent aux nations des devoirs entièrement différens et même opposés, il est indispensable de distinguer ces deux états dans le raisonnement aussi bien que dans la conduite ; mais dans le dernier manifeste que la France vient de publier ces deux états sont perpétuellement confondus. Elle prétend justifier sa conduite en faisant valoir tour-à-tour et presque au même instant, ces droits qu'il n'est permis qu'à un ennemi de réclamer, et ces maximes qui règlent les obligations et les procédés de l'amitié nationale. L'adresse de la cour de Versailles à brouiller sans cesse deux suppositions qui n'ont rien de commun, est la conséquence naturelle d'une politique fausse et insidieuse, incapable de soutenir la lumière du grand jour. Les sentimens et les démarches du roi, qui n'ont point à redouter l'examen le plus sévère, l'invitent au contraire à distinguer clairement ce que ses ennemis ont confondu avec tant d'artifice. Il n'appartient qu'à la justice de parler sans crainte le langage de la raison et de la vérité.

La pleine justification de sa majesté et la condamnation indélébile de la France, se réduit donc à la preuve de deux propositions simples et presque évidentes ; premièrement, Qu'une paix profonde, permanente, et de la part de l'Angleterre sincère et véritable, subsistoit entre les deux nations, lorsque la France forma des liaisons d'abord secrètes, et ensuite publiques et avouées, avec les colonies revoltées de l'Amerique : secondement, Que suivant les maximes les mieux reconnues du droit des gens, et selon la teneur même des traités actuellement subsistans entre les deux couronnes, ces liaisons pouvoient être regardées comme une infraction de la paix, et que l'aveu public de ces liaisons équivaloit à une déclaration de guerre de la part du roi très Chrétien. C'est peut-être la première fois qu'une nation respectable ait eu besoin de prouver deux vérités aussi incontestables, et la justice de la cause du roi est déjà reconnue par tous les hommes qui jugent sans intérêt et sans prévention.

“ Lorsque la Providence appella le roi au trône la France jouissoit de la “ paix la plus profonde.” Telles sont les expressions du dernier manifeste de la cour de Versailles, qui reconnoit sans peine les assurances solennelles d'une amitié sincere et des dispositions les plus pacifiques qu'elle recut dans cette occasion de la part de sa majesté Britannique, et qui furent souvent renouvellées

nouvelles par l'entremise des ambassadeurs aux deux cours, pendant quatre ans jusqu'au moment fatal et décisif de la déclaration du marquis de Noailles. Il s'agit donc de prouver que dans ces tems heureux de la tranquillité générale, l'Angleterre cachoit une guerre secrète sous les apparences de la paix, et que ses procédés injustes et arbitraires étoient portés au point de légitimer du côté de la France les démarches les plus fortes, et qui ne seroient permises qu'à un ennemi déclaré. Pour remplir cet objet il faudroit porter devant le tribunal de l'Europe des griefs clairement articulés et solidement établis. Ce grand tribunal exigeroit des preuves formelles et peut-être répétées de l'injure et de la plainte, le refus d'une satisfaction convenable, et la protestation de la partie souffrante qu'elle se tenoit hautement offensée par ce refus, et qu'elle se regardoit désormais comme affranchie des devoirs de l'amitié et du lien des traités. Les nations qui respectent la sainteté des sermens et les avantages de la paix, sont les moins promptes à saisir les occasions qui semblent les dispenser d'une obligation sacrée et solennelle, et ce n'est qu'en tremblant qu'elles ôsent renoncer à l'amitié des puissances dont elles ont long tems effuyé l'injustice et les insultes.

Mais la cour de Versailles a ignoré ou a méprisé ces principes sages et salutaires, et au lieu de poser les fondemens d'une guerre juste et légitime, elle se contente de semer dans tous les pages de son manifeste des plaintes vagues et générales, exprimées dans une style de métaphore et d'exagération. Elle remonte plus de soixante ans pour accuser le peu de soin de l'Angleterre à ratifier quelques réglemens de commerce, quelques articles du traité d'Utrecht. Elle se permet de reprocher aux ministres du roi d'employer le langage de la hauteur et de l'ambition, sans s'abaisser jusqu'au devoir de prouver des imputations aussi peu vraisemblables qu'elles sont odieuses. Les suppositions gratuites de la mauvaise foi et de l'ambition de la cour de Londres sont confusément entassées, comme si l'on craignoit de s'y arrêter. L'on insinue d'une manière très obscure les insultes prétendues qu'ont effuyés le commerce, le pavillon et même le territoire François, "et on laisse
" échapper enfin l'aveu des engagemens que le roi très Chrétien avoit
" déjà formés avec l'Espagne, pour venger leurs griefs respectifs et pour
" mettre un terme à l'empire tyrannique que l'Angleterre a usurpé et pré-
" tend conserver sur toutes les mers."

Il est difficile de combattre des fantomes, on ne peut répondre d'une manière nette et précise au langage de la déclamation. La juste confiance du roi desireroit

desireroit sans doute de se livrer à l'examen le plus approfondi de ces plaintes vagues, de ces griefs prétendus, sur lesquels la cour de Versailles a si prudemment évité de s'expliquer avec la clarté et le détail qui pourroient seuls appuyer ses raisons et faire excuser ses procédés. Pendant une paix de quinze ans les intérêts de deux nations puissantes et peut-être jalouses, qui se touchent par tant d'endroits différens dans l'ancien et dans le nouveau monde, fournissent inévitablement des sujets de plainte et de discussion, que la modération réciproque sauroit toujours assoupir, mais qui ne sont que trop facilement aigris et empoisonnés par la haine réelle et les soupçons affectés d'un ennemi secret et ambitieux : et les malheurs de l'Amerique étoient très propres à multiplier les espérances, les prétextes et les prétensions injustes de la France. Cependant telle a été la conduite toujours uniforme et toujours pacifique du roi et de ses ministres, qu'elle a souvent réduit ses ennemis au silence, et s'il est permis d'appercevoir le vrai sens de ces accusations vagues et équivoques, dont l'obscurité étudiée décele les traits de la honte et de l'artifice, s'il est permis de démêler des objets qui n'ont point d'existence, on peut assurer avec la hardiesse de la vérité qu'il est plusieurs de ces griefs prétendus qui sont annoncés pour la première fois dans une déclaration de guerre, sans avoir jamais été proposés à la cour de Londres dans le tems qu'elle auroit pu les écouter avec l'attention sérieuse et favorable de l'amitié. A l'égard des plaintes que l'ambassadeur de sa majesté très Chrétienne communicuoit de tems en tems aux ministres du roi, il seroit aisé de donner ou plutôt de renouveler les réponses satisfaisantes qui prouverent aux yeux de la France elle-même la modération du roi, son amour de la justice, et la sincérité de ses dispositions à conserver la tranquillité générale de l'Europe. Ces représentations, dont la cour de Versailles pourroit se dispenser de rappeler le souvenir, étoient rarement marquées au coin de la raison et de la vérité, et il se trouvoit le plus souvent que les personnes en Europe, en Amerique, ou sur les mers, desquelles elle tenoit son intelligence suspecte et malfondée, n'avoient pas craint d'abuser de sa confiance, pour mieux servir ses intentions secrètes. Si les faits que la France faisoit valoir comme le sujet de ses plaintes étoient appuyés quelque fois sur une base moins fragile, les ministres du roi les éclaircissoient sur le champ par la justification la plus nette et la plus entière des motifs et des droits de leur souverain, qui pouvoit sans blesser le repos public punir la contrebande qui se faisoit sur ses côtes, et à qui les loix des nations accordoient le droit légitime d'arrêter tous les vaisseaux.

vaisseaux qui portoient des armes et des munitions de guerre à ses ennemis ou à ses sujets rebelles. Les tribunaux étoient toujours ouverts aux particuliers de toutes les nations, et il faut bien peu connoître la constitution Britannique pour supposer que la puissance royale eut été capable de les exclure des moyens d'appel. Dans le théâtre vaste et éloigné des opérations d'une guerre navale, la vigilance la plus active, l'autorité la plus ferme sont incapables de découvrir ou de réprimer tous les desordres ; mais toutes les fois que la cour de Versailles a pu établir des torts réels que ses sujets avoient éprouvés sans la connoissance ou l'approbation du roi, sa majesté a donné les ordres les plus prompts et les plus efficaces pour arrêter les abus qui bleissoient sa dignité, autant que les intérêts de ses voisins, qui avoient été enveloppés dans les malheurs de la guerre. L'objet et l'importance de cette guerre suffisoient pour démontrer à l'Europe les principes qui ont du régler les démarches politiques de l'Angleterre. Dans le tems qu'elle employoit ses forces pour ramener à leur devoir les colonies revoltées de l'Amerique, est il vraisemblable qu'elle eût choisi ce moment pour irriter par l'injustice ou l'insolence de ses procédés les puissances les plus respectables de l'Europe ? — L'équité a toujours prescrit les sentimens et la conduite du roi, mais dans cette occasion importante sa prudence même est le garant de sa sincérité et de sa modération.

Mais pour établir clairement le système pacifique qui subsistoit entre les deux nations, il ne faudroit qu'en appeller au temoignage même de la cour de Versailles. A l'époque où elle ne rougit pas de placer toutes ces infractions pretendues de la tranquillité publique, qui auroient engagé " un prince " moins avare du sang de ses sujets, à user sans-hésiter de représailles, et à " repousser l'insulte par la force de ses armes," les ministres du roi très Chrétien parloient le langage de la confiance et de l'amitié. Au lieu d'annoncer les desseins de la vengeance avec ce ton de hauteur qui épargne du moins à l'injustice les reproches de perfidie et de dissimulation, la cour de Versailles cachoit la conduite la plus insidieuse sous les professions les plus séduisantes ; mais ces professions mêmes servent aujourd'hui à démentir ses déclarations, et à rappeler les sentimens qui auroient du faire la règle de sa conduite. — Si la cour de Versailles ne veut pas s'accuser de la dissimulation la moins digne de sa grandeur, elle sera forcée de convenir que jusqu'au moment qu'elle dicta au marquis de Noailles la déclaration qui a été reçue comme le signal de la guerre, elle ne connoissoit pas des sujets de plainte

assez réels ou assez importans pour l'autoriser à violer les obligations de la paix, et la foi de traités qu'elle avoit jurés à la face de Dieu et de l'univers, et à se dispenser de l'amitié nationale dont elle avoit réitéré jusqu'au dernier instant les assurances les plus vives et les plus solennelles.

Lorsqu'un adversaire est incapable de justifier sa violence dans l'opinion publique, ou même à ses propres yeux, par les injures qu'il prétend avoir essuyées, il a recours au danger chimérique auquel sa patience auroit pu l'exposer ; et à la place des faits solides dont il est dépourvu, il essaye de substituer un vain tableau qui n'existe que dans son imagination, ou peut-être dans son cœur.—Les ministres du roi très Chrétien qui paroissent avoir senti la foiblesse des moyens qu'ils ont été réduits à employer, font encore des efforts impuissans pour ajouter à ces moyens l'appui des soupçons les plus odieux, et les plus étranges, “ La cour de Londres faisoit dans ses ports des “ préparatifs et des armemens qui ne pouvoient avoir l'Amérique pour objet : “ leur but étoit par conséquent trop déterminé pour que le roi pût s'y mé- “ prendre, et dès lors il devint un devoir rigoureux de faire des dispositions “ capables de prévenir les mauvais desseins de son ennemi, &c. Dans cet “ état des choses le roi sentit qu'il n'y avoit pas un moment à perdre.” Tel est le langage de la France : nous allons faire entendre celui de la vérité.

Pendant les disputes qui s'allumoient entre la Grande Bretagne et ses colonies, la cour de Versailles s'étoit appliquée avec l'ardeur la plus vive et la plus opiniâtre à l'augmentation de sa marine. Le roi ne prétend pas regner en tyran sur toutes les mers, mais il fait que les forces maritimes ont fait dans tous les siècles la sûreté et la gloire de ses états ; et qu'elles ont souvent contribué à protéger la liberté de l'Europe contre la puissance ambitieuse qui a si longtems travaillé à l'affervir.

Le sentiment de sa dignité et la juste connoissance de ses devoirs et de ses intérêts engagoient sa majesté à veiller d'un œil attentif sur les démarches de la France, dont la politique dangereuse, sans motif et sans ennemi, précipitoit dans tous ses ports la construction et l'armement des vaisseaux, et qui détournoit une partie considérable de ses revenus, pour subvenir aux frais de ces préparatifs militaires, dont il étoit impossible d'annoncer la nécessité ou l'objet.—Dans cette conjoncture le roi n'a pu se dispenser de suivre les conseils de sa prudence, et l'exemple de ses voisins ; l'augmentation successive de leur marine a servi de règle à la sienne ; et sans blesser les égards qu'elle devoit aux puissances amies, sa majesté a publiquement déclaré à son parlement assemblé, qu'il convenoit dans la situation actuelle des affaires, que

la défense de l'Angleterre se trouvât dans un état respectable. Les forces navales qu'elle fortifioit avec tant de soin n'étoient destinées qu'à maintenir la tranquillité générale de l'Europe, et pendant que le temoignage de sa conscience dispoisoit le roi à ajouter foi aux professions de la cour de Versailles, il se préparoit à ne point craindre les desseins perfides de son ambition.—Elle ôse maintenant supposer qu'au lieu de se borner aux droits d'une défense légitime, le roi s'étoit livré à l'espérance des conquêtes, et que la "Reconciliation de la Grande Bretagne avec ses colonies annonçoit de sa part un "projet formé de les rallier à sa couronne pour les armer contre la France." Puisque le cour de Versailles ne peut excuser ses démarches qu'à la faveur d'une supposition destituée de vérité et de vraisemblance, le roi est en droit de la sommer à la face de l'Europe, de montrer la preuve d'une assertion aussi odieuse qu'elle est hazardée, et de développer ces opérations publiques, ou ces intrigues secrètes qui puissent autoriser les soupçons de la France, que la Grande Bretagne après un combat long et pénible n'a offert la paix à ses sujets que dans le dessein d'entreprendre une guerre nouvelle contre une puissance respectable avec laquelle elle conservoit tous les dehors de l'amitié.

Après avoir fidèlement exposé les motifs frivoles et les griefs prétendus de la France, on rappelle, avec une assurance justifiée par la raison et par les faits, cette première proposition si simple et si importante, qu'un état de paix subsistoit entre les deux nations, et que la France étoit liée par toutes les obligations de l'amitié et des traités envers le roi, qui n'avoit jamais manqué à ses engagements légitimes.

Le premier article du traité, signé à Paris le 10 Fevrier 1763, entre leurs majestés Britannique, très Chrétienne, Catholique, et très Fidèle, confirme de la manière la plus précise et la plus solemnelle les obligations, que le droit naturel impose à toutes les nations, qui se reconnoissent mutuellement pour amies, mais ces obligations sont détaillées et stipulées dans ce traité par des expressions aussi vives qu'elles sont justes.—Après avoir renfermé dans une formule générale tous les états et tous les sujets des hautes parties contractantes, elles annoncent leur résolution non-seulement à ne jamais permettre des hostilités quelconques par terre ou par mer, mais encore à se procurer réciproquement dans toute occasion tout ce qui pourroit contribuer à leur gloire, intérêts, ou avantages mutuels, sans donner aucun secours ou protection directement ou indirectement à ceux qui voudroient porter quelque préjudice à l'une ou à l'autre des hautes parties contractantes.—Tel fut l'engagement sacré que la France contracta avec la Grande Bretagne,

et

et on ne sauroit se dissimuler qu'une semblable promesse doit s'appliquer avec plus de force encore et d'énergie aux rebelles domestiques qu'aux ennemis étrangers des deux couronnes.—La révolte des Américains a mis à l'épreuve la fidélité de la cour de Versailles, et malgré les exemples fréquens que l'Europe a déjà vu de son peu de respect pour la foi des traités, sa conduite dans ces circonstances a étonné et indigné toutes les nations, qui ne sont pas aveuglement dévouées aux intérêts et même aux caprices de son ambition. Si la France s'étoit proposée de remplir ses devoirs, il lui étoit impossible de les méconnoître ; l'esprit aussi bien que la lettre du traité de Paris lui imposoit l'obligation de fermer ses ports aux vaisseaux des Américains, d'interdire à ses sujets tout commerce avec ce peuple rebelle, et de ne point accorder son secours ni sa protection aux ennemis domestiques d'une couronne à laquelle elle avoit juré une amitié sincère et inviolable. Mais l'expérience avoit trop bien éclairé le roi sur le système politique de ses anciens adversaires pour lui faire espérer qu'ils se conformeroient exactement aux principes justes et raisonnables qui assurent la tranquillité générale.

Aussitôt que les colonies révoltées eurent consommé leurs attentats criminels, par la déclaration ouverte de leur indépendance prétendue, elles songèrent à former des liaisons secrètes avec les puissances les moins favorables aux intérêts de la mere patrie, et à tirer de l'Europe les secours militaires, sans lesquels il leur auroit été impossible de soutenir la guerre qu'elles avoient entreprise. Leurs agens eslayerent de pénétrer et de se fixer dans les différens états de l'Europe ; mais ce ne fut qu'en France qu'ils trouverent un azyle, des espérances et des secours. Il ne convient pas à la dignité du roi de vouloir rechercher l'époque ou la nature de la correspondance qu'ils eurent l'adresse de lier avec les ministres de la cour de Versailles, et dont on vit bientôt les effets publics dans la liberté générale, ou plutôt dans la licence effrénée d'un commerce illégitime. On fait assez que la vigilance des loix ne peut pas toujours prévenir la contrebande habile, qui se reproduit sous mille formes différentes, et à qui l'avidité du gain fait braver tous les dangers, et éluder toutes les précautions ; mais la conduite des négocians François, qui faisoient passer en Amérique non-seulement les marchandises utiles ou nécessaires, mais encore le salpêtre, la poudre à canon, les munitions de guerre, les armes, l'artillerie, annonçoit hautement qu'ils étoient assurés non-seulement de l'impunité, mais de la protection même et de la faveur des ministres de la cour de Versailles.

On ne tentoit point une entreprise aussi vaine et aussi difficile que celle de cacher aux yeux de la Grande Bretagne et de l'Europe entière les démarques d'une compagnie de commerce, qui s'étoit associée pour fournir aux Américains tout ce qui pouvoit nourrir et entretenir le feu de la révolte. Le public instruit nommoit le chef de l'entreprise dont la maison étoit établie à Paris : ses correspondans à Dunkerque, à Nantes, à Bordeaux étoient également connus. Les magasins immenses qu'ils formoient et qu'ils renouvelloient tous les jours furent chargés successivement sur les vaisseaux qu'ils construisoient ou qu'ils achetoient, et dont on essayoit à peine de dissimuler l'objet et la destination. Ces vaisseaux prenoient ordinairement de fausses lettres de mer pour les îles Françaises de l'Amérique, mais les marchandises dont leurs cargaisons étoient composées suffisoient avant le moment de leur départ pour laisser entrevoir la fraude et l'artifice : ces soupçons étoient bientôt confirmés par la direction du cours de ces vaisseaux ; et au bout de quelques semaines l'on apprenoit sans surprise qu'ils étoient tombés entre les mains des officiers du roi qui croisoient dans les mers de l'Amérique, et qui les arrêtoient à la vue même des côtes des colonies révoltées. Cette vigilance n'étoit que trop bien justifiée par la conduite de ceux qui eurent la fortune ou l'adresse de s'y dérober ; puisqu'ils n'aborderent en Amérique que pour livrer aux rebelles les armes et les munitions de guerre dont ils étoient chargés pour leur service.—Les indices de ces faits, qui ne pouvoient être considérés que comme une infraction manifeste de la foi des traités, se multiplioient toujours, et la diligence de l'ambassadeur du roi à communiquer à la cour de Versailles ses plaintes et ses preuves, ne lui laissoit pas même la ressource honteuse et humiliante de paroître ignorer ce qui se passoit et se répétoit continuellement au cœur de ses états. Il indiquoit les noms, le nombre et la qualité des vaisseaux, que les agens du commerce de l'Amérique faisoient équiper dans les ports de la France, pour porter aux rebelles des armes, des munitions de guerre, et même des officiers François qu'on avoit engagés dans les service des colonies révoltées. Les dates, les lieux, les personnes, étoient toujours désignées avec une précision qui offroit aux ministres de sa majesté très Chretienne les plus grandes facilités pour s'assurer de la vérité de ces rapports, et pour arrêter, pendant qu'il en étoit tems, le progrès de ces armemens illicites.—Parmi une foule d'exemples qui accusent le peu d'attention de la cour de Versailles à remplir les conditions de la paix, ou plutôt son attention constante et soutenue à nourrir la discorde et la guerre, il est impossible de tout dire, et il est très difficile de choisir les objets les plus frappans.

frappans. Les neuf gros vaisseaux équipés et fretés par le Sieur de Beaumarchais et ses associés, au mois de Janvier de l'an 1777, ne sont point confondus avec le vaisseau l'Amphitrite, qui porta vers le même tems une grande quantité de munitions de guerre, et trente officiers François, qui passèrent impunément au service des rebelles. Chaque mois et presque tous les joursournissoient de nouveaux sujets de plainte ; et une courte notice du mémoire que le vicomte de Stormont, ambassadeur du roi, communiqua au comte de Vergennes au mois de Novembre de la même année, donnera une idée juste, mais très imparfaite, de l'espèce de torts que la Grande Bretagne avoit si souvent essuïés. “ Il y a à Rochfort un vaisseau de soixante “ pièces de canon, et à l'Orient un vaisseau des Indes percé pour soixante “ canons. Ces deux vaisseaux sont destinés pour l'usage des rebelles. Ils “ seront chargés de différentes marchandises, et fretés par Messieurs Chau- “ mont, Holken, et Sabatier.—Le vaisseau l'Heureux est parti de Mar- “ seilles, sous un autre nom, le vingt-six de Septembre. Il va en droiture “ à la Nouvelle Hampshire, quoiqu'il prétend aller aux Isles. On y a per- “ mis l'embarquement de trois mille fusils, et de deux mille cinq cents livres “ de souffre, marchandise aussi nécessaire aux Américains qu'elle est inutile “ dans les Isles. Ce vaisseau est commandé par M. Lundi, officier Fran- “ çois, officier de distinction, ci-devant lieutenant de M. de Bougainville.— “ L'Hippopotame, appartenant au Sieur Beaumarchais, doit avoir à son “ bord quatorze mille fusils, et beaucoup de munitions de guerre, pour l'usage “ des rebelles.—Il y a environ cinquante vaisseaux François, qui se pré- “ parent à partir pour l'Amérique Septentrionale, chargés de munitions de “ guerre et de différentes marchandises pour l'usage des rebelles. Ils “ partiront de Nantes, de l'Orient, de St. Malo, du Havre, de Bordeaux, “ de Bayonne, et de différens autres ports. Voici les noms de quelques uns “ des principaux intéressés : M. Chaumont, M. Mention, et ses associés, “ &c. &c.”

Dans un royaume où la volonté du prince ne trouve point d'obstacle, des secours si considérables, si publics, si long tems soutenus, si nécessaires enfin à l'entrétien de la guerre en Amérique, annonçoient assez clairement les intentions secrètes des ministres du roi très Chrétien. Mais ils portèrent bien plus loin l'oubli et le mépris des engagemens les plus solennels, et ce ne fut point sans leur permission qu'une guerre sourde et dangereuse sortoit des ports de la France, sous le masque trompeur de la paix, et le pavillon prétendu des colonies Américaines. L'accueil favorable, que leurs agens trou-
verent

verent auprès des ministres de la cour de Versailles, les encouragea bientôt à former et à exécuter le projet audacieux d'établir une place d'armes dans le païs qui leur avoit servi d'azyle. Ils avoient apporté, ou ils sçurent fabriquer, des lettres de marque au nom du Congrès Américain, qui a eu la hardiesse d'usurper tous les droits de la souveraineté. Les associés, dont les vuës intéressées se prêtoient sans peine à tous leurs desseins, firent équiper des vaisseaux qu'ils avoient construits ou achetés. On les arma pour aller en course dans les mers de l'Europe, et même sur les côtes de la Grande Bretagne. Pour sauver les apparences, les capitaines de ces corsaires arboroiént le pavillon prétendu de l'Amérique; mais leurs équipages étoient toujours composés d'un grand nombre de François, qu'on enrôloit avec impunité sous les yeux même des gouverneurs, et des officiers des provinces maritimes. Un essaim nombreux de ces corsaires, animé par l'esprit de rapine, sortoit des ports de la France, et après avoir couru les mers Britanniques, ils rentroient, ou ils se réfugioient dans ces mêmes ports. Ils y ramenoient leurs prises, et à la faveur de l'artifice grossier et foible, qu'on daignoit quelquefois employer, la vente de ces prises se faisoit assez publiquement, et assez commodément sous les yeux des officiers roïaux, toujours disposés à protéger le commerce de ces négocians qui violoiént les loix, pour se conformer aux intentions du ministère François. Les corsaires s'enrichissoient des dépouilles des sujets du roi, et après avoir profité d'une liberté entière de réparer leurs pertes, de pourvoir à leurs besoins, et de se procurer toutes les munitions de guerre, la poudre, les canons, les agrêts qui pouvoient servir à de nouvelles enterprises, ils refortoiént librement des mêmes ports, pour se remettre en mer et en course. L'histoire du corsaire le *Reprisal* peut se citer parmi une foule d'exemples, qui montrent au jour la conduite injuste mais à peine artificieuse de la cour de Versailles. Ce vaisseau, qui avoit amené en Europe le^e Sieur Franklin, agent des colonies révoltées, fut reçu avec ses deux prises qu'il avoit faites en route; il resta dans le port de Nantes aussi long tems qu'il convenoit à ses vues, se rémit deux fois en mer pour piller les sujets du roi, et se retira tranquillement à l'Orient avec de nouvelles prises qu'il venoit de faire. Malgré les représentations les plus fortes de l'ambassadeur du roi et les assurances les plus solennelles des ministres François, on permit au capitaine de ce corsaire de demeurer à l'Orient tout le tems dont il avoit besoin pour radoubier son vaisseau, de se pourvoir de cinquante barriques de poudre à canon, et de recevoir sur son bord tous les matelots François qui vouloiént bien s'engager avec lui. Muni de ces renforts, le *Reprisal* sortit pour la troisième fois

fois des ports de ses nouveaux alliés, et forma bientôt une petite escadre de pirates, par la jonction concertée du *Lexington* et du *Dolphin*, deux armateurs, dont le premier avoit déjà conduit plus d'une prise à la rivière de Bordeaux, et dont le second, armé à Nantes, et monté par un équipage entièrement François, n'avoit rien d'Américain que le nom et son commandant.— Ces trois vaisseaux, qui jouissoient si publiquement de la protection de la cour de Versailles, s'emparèrent en très peu de tems de quinze navires Anglois, dont la plus part furent ramenés et secrètement vendus dans les ports de France.—De pareils faits, qu'il seroit aisé de multiplier, tiennent lieu de raisonnemens et de reproches, et l'on peut se dispenser de réclamer dans cette occasion la foi des traités; et il n'est point nécessaire de démontrer qu'une puissance alliée, ou même neutre, ne peut jamais permettre la guerre sans violer la paix.—Les principes du droit des gens refuseroient sans doute à l'ambassadeur de la couronne la plus respectable ce privilege d'armer des corsaires, que la cour de Versailles accordoit sourdement aux agens des rebelles dans le sein de la France. Dans ses îles la tranquillité publique fut violée d'une manière encore plus audacieuse, et malgré le changement du gouverneur, les ports de la Martinique servoient toujours d'azile aux corsaires qui couroient les mers sous un pavillon Américain, mais avec un équipage François. Le Sieur Bingham, agent des rebelles, qui jouissoit de la faveur et de la confiance des deux gouverneurs successifs de la Martinique, dirigeoit l'armement des corsaires, et la vente publique de leurs prises. Deux vaisseaux marchands, le *Lancashire Hero*, et l'*Irish Gimplet*, qui devinrent la proie du *Revenge*, assurèrent que sur cent-vingt-cinq hommes d'équipage il n'y avoit que deux Américains, et que le propriétaire, qui l'étoit en même tems de onze autres corsaires, se reconnoissoit pour habitant de la Martinique, où il étoit respecté comme le favori et l'agent secret du gouverneur lui même.

Au milieu de tous ces actes d'hostilité, qu'il est impossible de qualifier d'un autre nom, la cour de Versailles continuoit toujours de parler le langage de la paix et de l'amitié, et ses ministres épuisèrent toutes les ressources de l'artifice et de la dissimulation pour assoupir les justes plaintes de la Grande Bretagne, pour tromper ses soupçons et pour arrêter les effets de son ressentiment. Depuis la première époque des troubles de l'Amérique jusqu'au moment de la déclaration de guerre par le marquis de Noailles, les ministres du roi très Chrétien ne cessoient de renouveler les protestations les plus fortes et les plus expressees de leurs dispositions pacifiques; et si la conduite ordinaire de la cour de Versailles étoit propre à inspirer une juste défiance, le cœur

de sa majesté lui fournissoit des motifs puissans pour croire que la France avoit enfin adopté un système de modération et de paix, qui perpétueroit le bonheur solide et réciproque des deux nations. Les ministres de la cour de Versailles tâcherent d'excuser l'arrivée et le séjour des agens des rebelles, par l'assurance la plus forte qu'ils ne trouveroient en France qu'un simple azile sans distinction et sans encouragement.

La liberté du commerce et l'avidité du gain servirent quelquefois de prétexte pour couvrir les entreprises illégitimes des sujets François, et dans le moment qu'on alléguoit vainement l'impuissance des loix, pour prévenir des abus que des états voisins savoient si bien réprimer, on condamna, avec toutes les apparences de la sincérité, le transport des armes et des munitions de guerre, qui se permettoit impunement, pour le service des rebelles. Aux premières représentations de l'ambassadeur du roi, au sujet des corsaires qui s'armoient sous le pavillon de l'Amérique, mais dans les ports de France, les ministres de sa majesté très Chrétienne répondirent par des expressions de surprise et d'indignation, et par la déclaration positive, qu'on ne souffriroit jamais des entreprises aussi contraires à la foi des traités et à la tranquillité publique. La suite des évènements, dont on a déjà vu un petit nombre, montra bientôt l'inconstance ou plutôt la fausseté de la cour de Versailles; et l'Ambassadeur du roi fut chargé de mettre devant les yeux des ministres François les conséquences sérieuses mais inévitables de leur politique. Il remplit sa commission avec tous les égards qui sont dûs à une puissance respectable, dont on desireroit de conserver l'amitié, mais avec la fermeté digne d'un souverain, et d'une nation, peu accoutumés à faire ou à supporter des injustices. La cour de Versailles fut sommée de s'expliquer, sans délai et sans détour, sur sa conduite et sur ses intentions, et le roi lui proposa l'alternative de la paix où de la guerre.—Elle choisit la paix, mais ce ne fut que pour blesser ses ennemis d'une manière sûre et secrète, sans avoir rien à craindre de leur justice. Elle condamna sévèrement ces secours et ces armemens, que les principes du droit public ne lui permettoient pas de justifier. Elle déclara à l'ambassadeur du roi, qu'elle étoit résolue à faire sortir sur le champ les corsaires Américains de tous les ports de France, pour n'y jamais rentrer, et qu'on prendroit désormais les précautions les plus rigoureuses pour arrêter la vente des prises qu'ils auroient faites sur les sujets de la Grande Bretagne. Les ordres qui furent donnés pour cet effet étonnerent les partisans des rebelles, et semblerent arrêter le progrès du mal : mais les sujets de plainte renaissioient tous les jours, et le manière dont ces ordres furent d'abord
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éludés,

éludés, violés ensuite, et enfin tout-à-fait oubliés par les négocians, les cor-
faires, et même par les officiers royaux, n'étoit point excusée par les pro-
testations d'amitié dont la cour de Versailles accompagna ces infractions de la
paix, jusqu'à ce moment qu'elle annonça, par son ambassadeur à Londres, le
traité d'alliance qu'elle venoit de signer avec les agens des colonies révoltées
de l'Amérique.

Si un ennemi étranger, reconnu parmi les puissances de l'Europe, avoit
fait la conquête des états du roi dans l'Amérique, et que la France eût con-
firmé, par un traité solennel, un acte de violence qui dépouilloit, au milieu
d'une paix profonde, le voisin respectable dont elle se disoit l'amie et l'alliée,
l'Europe entière se seroit soulevée contre l'injustice d'un procédé qui violoit
sans pudeur tout ce qu'il y a de plus saint parmi les hommes. La première
découverte, la possession non interrompue de deux cens ans et le consente-
ment de toutes les nations, auroient suffi pour constater les droits de la
Grande Bretagne aux terres de l'Amérique Septentrionale, et sa souveraineté
sur le peuple qui y avoit formé des établissemens avec la permission et sous le
gouvernement des prédécesseurs du roi. Si ce peuple même a osé secouer le
joug de l'autorité ou plutôt des loix, s'il a usurpé les provinces et les pré-
rogatives de son souverain, et s'il a recherché l'alliance des étrangers
pour appuyer son indépendance prétendue; ces étrangers ne peuvent accep-
ter son alliance, ratifier ses usurpations, et reconnoître son indépendance, sans
supposer que la révolte a des droits plus étendus que ceux de la guerre, et
sans accorder aux sujets rebelles un titre légitime aux conquêtes qu'ils n'avoient
pu faire qu'au mépris de la justice et des loix. Les ennemis secrets de la
paix, de la Grande Bretagne et peut-être de la France même, eurent ce-
pendant l'adresse criminelle de persuader à sa majesté très Chrétienne
qu'elle pouvoit, sans violer la foi des traités, déclarer publiquement qu'elle
recevoit au nombre de ses alliés les sujets révoltés d'un roi, son voisin et son
allié. Les professions d'amitié, dont on accompagna cette déclaration que le
marquis de Noailles fut chargé de faire à la cour de Londres, ne servoient
qu'à aggraver l'injure par l'insulte, et il étoit réservé pour la France de se
vanter de ses dispositions pacifiques dans l'instant même que son ambition lui
inspira d'exécuter et d'avouer un acte de perfidie sans exemple dans l'histoire
des nations. “ Cependant, (tel est le langage que la cour de Versailles ôse
“ encore se permettre,) Cependant ce seroit s'abuser de croire que c'est la
“ reconnoissance que le roi a fait de l'indépendance des treize états unis de
“ l'Amérique Septentrionale qui a irrité le roi d'Angleterre: ce prince
“ n'ignore pas sans doute tous les exemples de ce genre que fournissent les

“ annales Britanniques et même son propre regne.”—Jamais ces exemples prétendus n’ont existé.—Jamais le roi n’a reconnu l’indépendance d’un peuple qui avoit secoué le joug de son prince légitime ; et il est triste, sans doute, que les ministres de sa majesté très Chrétienne aient surpris la religion de leur souverain pour couvrir d’un nom aussi respectable des assertions sans fondement et sans vraisemblance, qui sont démenties par le souvenir de l’Europe entière.

Au commencement des disputes qui s’élevoient entre la Grande Bretagne et ses colonies, la cour de Versailles déclara qu’elle ne prétendoit point être juge de la querelle ; et son ignorance des principes de la constitution Britannique, aussi bien que des privileges et des obligations des colonies, auroit dû l’engager à persister toujours dans une déclaration aussi sage et modeste. Elle se seroit épargné la honte de transcrire les manifestes du Congrès Américain, et de prononcer aujourd’hui, “ Que les procédés de la cour de Londres forcerent ses anciennes colonies de recourir à la voie des armes pour “ maintenir leurs droits, leurs privileges et leur liberté.” Ces vains prétextes ont déjà été réfutés de la manière la plus convaincante, et les droits de la Grande Bretagne sur ce peuple révolté, ses bienfaits et sa longue patience, ont été déjà prouvés par la raison et par les faits. Il suffit ici de remarquer, que la France ne peut se prévaloir de l’injustice qu’elle reproche à la cour de Londres sans introduire dans la jurisprudence de l’Europe des maximes aussi nouvelles qu’elles seroient fausses et dangereuses ; sans supposer que les disputes qui s’élèvent au sein d’un état indépendant et souverain sont soumises à la juridiction d’un prince étranger, et que ce prince peut évoquer à son tribunal ses alliés et leurs sujets révoltés, pour justifier la conduite du peuple qui s’est affranchi des devoirs de l’obéissance légitime. Les ministres du roi très Chrétienne s’appercevront peut-être un jour que l’ambition les a fait oublier les intérêts et les droits de tous les souverains. L’approbation que la cour de Versailles vient de donner à la révolte des colonies Angloises ne lui permettroit pas de blamer le soulèvement de ses propres sujets dans le nouveau monde ou de ceux de l’Espagne, qui auroient des motifs bien plus puissans pour suivre le même exemple, s’ils n’en étoient point détournés par la vue des calamités dans lesquelles ces malheureuses colonies se sont précipitées.

Mais la France elle-même paroît sentir la foiblesse, le danger et l’indécence de ces prétensions, et se relâchant dans la déclaration du marquis de Noailles, aussi bien que dans le dernier manifeste, sur le droit de l’indépendance, elle se contente de soutenir que ces colonies révoltées jouissoient dans

le fait de cette indépendance qu'elles s'étoient donnée ; que l'Angleterre même l'avoit en quelque sorte reconnue elle-même en laissant subsister des actes qui tiennent à la souveraineté, et qu'ainsi la France, sans violer la paix, pouvoit conclure un traité d'amitié et de commerce avec les états unis de l'Amérique Septentrionale.—Voici de quelle manière la Grande Bretagne avoit reconnu cette indépendance également imaginaire dans le droit et dans le fait. Deux ans ne s'étoient pas encore passés depuis le jour que les rebelles avoient déclaré leur résolution criminelle de secouer le joug de la mere-patrie, et ce terme avoit été rempli par les évènements d'une guerre sanglante et opiniâtre. Les succès avoient été balancés, mais l'armée du roi, qui occupoit les plus importantes des villes maritimes, continuoit toujours de menacer les provinces intérieures ; le pavillon Anglois regnoit sur toutes les mers de l'Amérique ; et le rétablissement de sa dépendance légitime étoit posé comme la condition indispensable de la paix que la Grande Bretagne offroit à des sujets révoltés, dont elle respectoit les droits, les intérêts et même les préjugés. La cour de Versailles qui annonce avec tant " de franchise et de simplicité " le traité signé avec ces prétendus états de l'Amérique, qu'elle trouvoit dans une situation indépendante, avoit seule contribué par ses secours clandestins à nourrir le feu de la révolte, et ce fut la crainte de la paix qui engagea la France à se servir du bruit de cette alliance comme du moyen le plus efficace pour enflammer les esprits des peuples qui commençoient déjà à ouvrir les yeux sur les suites malheureuses de la révolte, la tyrannie de leurs nouveaux chefs et les dispositions paternelles de leur souverain légitime.

Dans ces circonstances il est impossible de nier sans insulter trop grossièrement à la raison et à la vérité, que la déclaration du marquis de Noailles du 13 Mars de l'année dernière ne dût être reçue comme une véritable déclaration de guerre de la part du roi très Chrétien ; et les assurances " qu'il " avoit pris des mesures éventuelles avec les états unis de l'Amérique, pour " soutenir la liberté d'un commerce," qui avoit tant de fois excité les plaintes légitimes de la Grande Bretagne, autorisoient le roi à considérer dès ce moment la France au nombre de ses ennemis. La cour de Versailles ne peut pas s'empêcher de reconnoître que le roi d'Angleterre après avoir rappelé " son ambassadeur, denonça à son parlement la démarche de sa majesté comme un acte d'hostilité, comme une agression formelle et préméditée." Telle fut, il est vrai, la déclaration que l'honneur et la justice exigèrent du roi, et qu'il communiqua sans délai à tous ses ministres dans les différentes cours de l'Europe, pour justifier d'avance les effets d'un res-

sentiment légitime. Dès lors il est assez inutile de rechercher les ordres qui furent envoyés aux Indes Orientales, de marquer le jour précis auquel les flottes d'Angleterre ou de France sortirent de leurs ports respectifs, ou d'examiner les circonstances du combat avec la *Belle Poule*, et de la prise des deux frégates qui furent effectivement enlevées à la vue même des côtes de la France. Dès lors le reproche qu'on se permet de faire au roi d'avoir si long tems suspendu la déclaration formelle de la guerre, s'évanouit de lui même. Ces déclarations ne sont que des moyens dont les nations sont réciproquement convenues pour éviter la trahison et la surprise ; mais les cérémonies qui annoncent ce changement terrible de la paix à la guerre, les hérauts, les proclamations, les manifestes, ne sont jamais nécessaires, et ne sont pas toujours les mêmes. La déclaration du marquis de Noailles fut le signal de l'infraction publique de la paix : le roi proclama sur le champ à toutes les nations qu'il acceptoit la guerre que la France lui offroit ; les démarches ultérieures de sa majesté étoient du ressort de sa prudence plutôt que de sa justice, et l'Europe peut juger maintenant si la cour de Londres manquoit de " moyens pour justifier une déclaration de guerre, et si elle n'ôsoit pas accuser publiquement la France d'être l'agresseur."

Puisque l'alliance de la France avec les colonies révoltées de l'Amérique avoit été une infraction manifeste de la paix et le motif légitime de la guerre, la cour de Versailles devoit naturellement s'attendre qu'à la première proposition d'un accommodement entre les deux couronnes, le Roi exigeroit de sa part qu'on lui accordât une juste satisfaction sur un objet aussi important, et que la France renoncât à ces liaisons qui avoient forcé sa majesté à prendre les armes. La surprise affectée que les ministres du roi très Chrétien font paroître aujourd'hui de la fermeté de la cour de Londres est assez conforme à l'orgueil qui leur dicta des conditions de paix que les plus grands succès auroient à peine justifiées ; et la proposition qu'ils hazarderent pour engager le roi à retirer ses troupes de l'Amérique, et à reconnoître l'indépendance de ses sujets révoltés, ne pouvoit qu'exciter l'étonnement et l'indignation de sa majesté. Le peu d'ouverture que la cour de Versailles trouva à une espérance aussi vaine, l'obligea bientôt à se replier d'une autre manière ; elle a proposé, par l'entremise de la cour de Madrid, un projet d'accordement moins offensant peut-être dans la forme, mais aussi peu admissible par le fonds. Le roi Catholique, avec le consentement de la France, communiqua aux ministres du roi la proposition d'une trêve à longues années, ou bien d'une suspension générale et indéfinie de toutes hostilités, pendant laquelle les colonies

revoltées, les prétendus états unis de l'Amérique Septentrionale, seroient traités comme indépendans de fait. La réflexion la plus simple suffit pour découvrir l'artifice de ce projet insidieux, et pour justifier aux yeux de l'Europe le refus du roi. Entre les souverains qui se reconnoissent mais qui se combattent, les trêves à longues années, les suspensions d'hostilités sont les moïens doux et salutaires pour applanir les difficultés qui s'opposent à l'entière conclusion d'une paix qu'on renvoie sans disgrâce et sans danger à un moment plus favorable. Mais dans la querelle domestique de la Grande Bretagne et ses colonies, la souveraineté même, l'indépendance de droit ou de fait, est l'objet de la dispute ; et la dignité du roi ne lui permettoit point d'accepter ces propositions qui accordoient dès l'entrée de la négociation tout ce qui pouvoit contenter l'ambition des Américains rebelles, pendant qu'elles exigent de sa majesté que sans aucune stipulation en sa faveur, elle se dissîât pendant un terme long ou indéfini des prétentions les plus légitimes. La cour de Versailles daignoit, il est vrai, consentir que celle de Londres traitât avec le Congrès soit directement, soit par l'entremise du roi d'Espagne. Sa majesté assurément ne s'abaissera point jusqu'à se plaindre de cet orgueil, qui semble lui accorder comme une grace la permission de traiter directement avec ses sujets rebelles. Mais si les Américains eux mêmes ne sont pas aveuglés par la passion et la prévention, ils verront clairement dans le procédé de la France que leurs nouveaux alliés deviendroient bientôt leurs tyrans ; et que cette indépendance prétendue, achetée par tant de malheurs et tant de sang, seroit soumise à la volonté despotique d'une cour étrangère.

Si la France pouvoit vérifier cet empressement qu'elle attribue à la cour de Londres à rechercher la médiation de l'Espagne, un pareil empressement serviroit à prouver la juste confiance du roi dans la bonté de sa cause, et son estime pour une nation généreuse qui a toujours méprisé la fraude et la perfidie. Mais la cour de Londres est forcée à convenir que la médiation lui fut offerte par les ministres du roi Catholique, et qu'elle n'a d'autre mérite que celui d'avoir fait paroître dans toutes les occasions une inclination vive et sincère de délivrer ses sujets et même ses ennemis du fléau de la guerre. La conduite de la cour de Madrid pendant cette négociation fit bientôt connoître au roi qu'un médiateur qui oublioit ses intérêts les plus chers pour se livrer à l'ambition et au ressentiment d'une puissance étrangère, seroit incapable de proposer un accommodement sûr ou honorable. L'expérience confirma ses soupçons : le projet injuste et inadmissible qu'on vient d'exposer fut le seul fruit de la médiation. Et à l'instant même que les ministres du
roi

roi Catholique offroient avec les professions les plus désintéressées sa capitale, ses bons offices, sa garantie pour faciliter la conclusion du traité, ils laissèrent entrevoir dans le fond de l'obscurité, de nouveaux sujets de discussion qui regardoient particulièrement l'Espagne, mais sur lesquels ils refusèrent toujours de s'expliquer. Le refus de sa majesté d'accéder à l'*ultimatum* de la cour de Madrid fut accompagné de tous les ménagemens et de tous les égards convenables ; et à moins que cette cour ne s'arrogeât le droit de dicter les conditions de paix à un voisin indépendant et respectable, il ne se passa rien dans cette conjoncture qui dût altérer l'harmonie des deux couronnes. Mais les démarches offensives de l'Espagne, qu'elle n'a jamais pu revêtir des plus foibles apparences de l'équité, montrèrent bientôt que sa résolution étoit déjà prise, et que cette résolution lui avoit été inspirée par le ministère François, qui n'avoit retardé la déclaration de la cour de Madrid que dans l'espérance de porter sous le masque de l'amitié un coup mortel à l'honneur et aux intérêts de la Grande Bretagne.

Tels sont les ennemis injustes et ambitieux qui ont méprisé la foi des traités pour violer la tranquillité publique, et contre lesquels le roi défend maintenant les droits de sa couronne et de son peuple. L'évènement est encore dans la main du Tout-puissant ; mais sa majesté, qui se confie avec une assurance ferme mais humble dans la protection Divine, se persuade que les vœux de l'Europe appuieront la justice de sa cause, et applaudiront au succès de ses armes, qui n'ont point d'autre objet que de rétablir le repos des nations sur une base solide et inébranlable.



A
VINDICATION

OF

Some PASSAGES in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters

OF THE

History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

PERHAPS it may be necessary to inform the Public, that not long since an Examination of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire was published by Mr. Davis. He styles himself a Bachelor of Arts, and a Member of Baliol College in the university of Oxford. His title-page is a declaration of war; and in the prosecution of his religious crusade, he assumes a privilege of disregarding the ordinary laws which are respected in the most hostile transactions between civilized men or civilized nations. Some of the harshest epithets in the English language are repeatedly applied to the historian, a part of whose work Mr. Davis has chosen for the object of his criticism. To this author Mr. Davis imputes the crime of betraying the confidence and seducing the faith of those readers, who may heedlessly stray in the flowery paths of his diction, without perceiving the poisonous snake that lurks concealed in the grass—*Latet anguis in herba*. The Examiner has assumed the province of reminding them of “the unfair proceedings of such an insidious friend, who
“ offers the deadly draught in a golden cup, that they may be less sensible
“ of the danger”. In order to which Mr. Davis has selected several of the
“ more notorious instances of his misrepresentations and errors; reducing
“ them to their respective heads, and subjoining a long list of almost incredible inaccuracies: and such striking proofs of servile plagiarism, as the
“ world will be surprised to meet with in an author who puts in so bold a

* Davis, Preface, p. ii.

“ claim to originality and extensive reading * ? ” Mr. Davis prosecutes this attack through an octavo volume of not less than two hundred and eighty-four pages with the same implacable spirit ; perpetually charges his adversary with perverting the ancients, and transcribing the moderns ; and, inconsistently enough, imputes to him the opposite crimes of art and carelessness, of gross ignorance and of wilful falsehood. The Examiner closes his work † with a severe reproof of those feeble critics who have allowed any share of knowledge to an odious antagonist. He presumes to pity and to condemn the first historian of the present age, for the generous approbation which he had bestowed on a writer, who is content that Mr. Davis should be his enemy, whilst he has a right to name Dr. Robertson for his friend.

When I delivered to the world the First Volume of an important History, in which I had been obliged to connect the progress of Christianity with the civil state and revolutions of the Roman Empire, I could not be ignorant that the result of my enquiries might offend the interest of some and the opinions of others. If the whole work was favourably received by the Public, I had the more reason to expect that this obnoxious part would provoke the zeal of those who consider themselves as the Watchmen of the Holy City. These expectations were not disappointed ; and a fruitful crop of Answers, Apologies, Remarks, Examinations, &c. sprung up with all convenient speed. As soon as I saw the advertisement, I generally sent for them ; for I have never affected, indeed I have never understood, the stoical apathy, the proud contempt of criticism, which some authors have publicly professed. Fame is the motive, it is the reward, of our labours ; nor can I easily comprehend how it is possible that we should remain cold and indifferent with regard to the attempts which are made to deprive us of the most valuable object of our possessions, or at least of our hopes. Besides this strong and natural impulse of curiosity, I was prompted by the more laudable desire of applying to my own, and the public benefit, the well-grounded censures of a learned adversary ; and of correcting those faults which the indulgence of vanity and friendship had suffered to escape without observation. I read with attention several criticisms which were published against the two last chapters of my History, and unless I much deceived myself, I weighed them in my own mind without prejudice and without resentment. After I was clearly satisfied that their principal ob-

* Davis, Preface, p. iii.

† Davis, p. 282, 283.

jections were founded on misrepresentation or mistake, I declined with sincere and disinterested reluctance the odious task of controversy, and almost formed a tacit resolution of committing my intentions, my writings, and my adversaries to the judgment of the Public, of whose favourable disposition I had received the most flattering proofs.

The reasons which justified my silence were obvious and forcible: the respectable nature of the subject itself; which ought not to be rashly violated by the rude hand of controversy; the inevitable tendency of dispute, which soon degenerates into minute and personal altercation; the indifference of the Public for the discussion of such questions as neither relate to the business nor the amusement of the present age. I calculated the possible loss of temper and the certain loss of time, and considered, that while I was laboriously engaged in a humiliating task, which could add nothing to my own reputation, or to the entertainment of my readers, I must interrupt the prosecution of a work which claimed my whole attention, and which the Public, or at least my friends, seemed to require with some impatience at my hands. The judicious lines of Dr. Young sometimes offered themselves to my memory, and I felt the truth of his observation, That every author lives or dies by his own pen, and that the unerring sentence of Time assigns its proper rank to every composition and to every criticism, which it preserves from oblivion.

I should have consulted my own ease, and perhaps I should have acted in stricter conformity to the rules of prudence, if I had still persevered in patient silence. But Mr. Davis may, if he pleases, assume the merit of extorting from me the notice which I had refused to more honourable foes. I had declined the consideration of their *literary Objections*; but he has compelled me to give an answer to his *criminal Accusations*. Had he confined himself to the ordinary, and indeed obsolete charges of impious principles, and mischievous intentions, I should have acknowledged with readiness and pleasure that the religion of Mr. Davis appeared to be very different from mine. Had he contented himself with the use of that style which decency and politeness have banished from the more liberal part of mankind, I should have smiled, perhaps with some contempt, but without the least mixture of anger or resentment. Every animal employs the note, or cry, or howl, which is peculiar to its species; every man expresses himself in the dialect the most congenial to his temper and inclination, the most familiar to the company in which he has lived, and to the authors with whom

he is conversant; and while I was disposed to allow that Mr. Davis had made some proficiency in ecclesiastical studies, I should have considered the difference of our language and manners as an unsurmountable bar of separation between us. Mr. Davis has overleaped that bar, and forces me to contend with him on the very dirty ground which he has chosen for the scene of our combat. He has judged, I know not with how much propriety, that the support of a cause, which would disclaim such unworthy assistance, depended on the ruin of my moral and literary character. The different misrepresentations, of which he has drawn out the ignominious catalogue, would materially affect my credit as an historian, my reputation as a scholar, and even my honour and veracity as a gentleman. If I am indeed incapable of understanding what I read, I can no longer claim a place among those writers who merit the esteem and confidence of the Public. If I am capable of wilfully perverting what I understand, I no longer deserve to live in the society of those men, who consider a strict and inviolable adherence to truth as the foundation of every thing that is virtuous or honourable in human nature. At the same time, I am not insensible that his mode of attack has given a transient pleasure to my enemies, and a transient uneasiness to my friends. The size of his volume, the boldness of his assertions, the acrimony of his style, are contrived with tolerable skill to confound the ignorance and candour of his readers. There are few who will examine the truth or justice of his accusations; and of those persons who have been directed by their education to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity, many will believe, or will affect to believe, that the success of their champion has been equal to his zeal, and that the *serpent* pierced with an hundred wounds lies expiring at his feet. Mr. Davis's book *will* cease to be read (perhaps the grammarians may already reproach me for the use of an improper tense); but the oblivion towards which it seems to be hastening, will afford the more ample scope for the artful practices of those, who may not scruple to affirm, or rather to insinuate, that Mr. Gibbon was publicly convicted of falsehood and misrepresentation; that the evidence produced against him was unanswerable; and that his silence was the effect and the proof of conscious guilt. Under the hands of a malicious surgeon, the sting of a wasp may continue to fester and inflame, long after the vexatious little insect has left its venom and its life in the wound.

The defence of my own honour is undoubtedly the first and prevailing motive which urges me to repel with vigour an unjust and unprovoked attack;

attack; and to undertake a tedious vindication, which, after the perpetual repetition of the vainest and most disgusting of the pronouns, will only prove that *I* am innocent, and that Mr. Davis, in his charge, has very frequently subscribed his own condemnation. And yet I may presume to affirm, that the Public have some interest in this controversy. They have some interest to know, whether the writer whom they have honoured with their favour is deserving of their confidence; whether they must content themselves with reading the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire as a *tale amusing enough*, or whether they may venture to receive it as a fair and authentic history. The general persuasion of mankind, that where *much* has been positively asserted, *something* must be true, may contribute to encourage a secret suspicion, which would naturally diffuse itself over the whole body of the work. Some of those friends who may now tax me with imprudence for taking this public notice of Mr. Davis's book, have perhaps already condemned me for silently acquiescing under the weight of such serious, such direct, and such circumstantial imputations.

Mr. Davis, who in the last page of his work * appears to have recollected that modesty is an amiable and useful qualification, affirms, that his plan required only that he should consult the authors to whom he was directed by my references; and that the judgment of riper years was not so necessary to enable him to execute with success the pious labour to which he had devoted his pen. Perhaps, before we separate, a moment to which I most fervently aspire, Mr. Davis may find that a mature judgment is indispensably requisite for the successful execution of *any* work of literature, and more especially of criticism. Perhaps he will discover, that a young student, who hastily consults an unknown author, on a subject with which he is unacquainted, cannot always be guided by the most accurate reference to the knowledge of the sense, as well as to the sight of the passage which has been quoted by his adversary. Abundant proofs of these maxims will hereafter be suggested. For the present, I shall only remark, that it is my intention to pursue, in my defence, the order, or rather the course, which Mr. Davis has marked out in his Examination; and that I have numbered the several articles of my impeachment according to the most natural division of the subject. And now let me proceed on this hostile march over a dreary and barren desert, where thirst, hunger, and intolerable weariness, are much more to be dreaded than the arrows of the enemy.

* Davis, p. 284.

I.

QUOTA-
TIONS IN
GENERAL.

“ The remarkable mode of quotation which Mr. Gibbon adopts, must
 “ immediately strike every one who turns to his notes. He sometimes only
 “ mentions the author, perhaps the book ; and often leaves the reader the
 “ toil of finding out, or rather guessing at the passage. The policy, how-
 “ ever, is not without its design and use. By endeavouring to deprive us
 “ of the means of comparing him with the authorities he cites, he flattered
 “ himself, no doubt, that he might safely have recourse to *misrepresent-*
 “ *ation* *.” Such is the style of Mr. Davis; who in another place † men-
 tions this mode of quotation “ as a good artifice to escape detection;” and
 applauds, with an agreeable irony, his own labours in turning over a *few*
 pages of the Theodosian code.

I shall not descend to animadvert on the rude and illiberal strain of this
 passage, and I will frankly own that my indignation is lost in astonishment.
 The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of my History are illustrated by three
 hundred and eighty-three Notes; and the nakedness of a few Notes, which
 are not accompanied by any quotation, is amply compensated by a much
 greater number, which contain two, three, or perhaps four distinct re-
 ferences; so that upon the whole my stock of quotations, which support and
 justify my facts, cannot amount to less than eight hundred or a thousand.
 As I had often felt the inconvenience of the loose and general method of
 quoting which is so falsely imputed to me, I have carefully distinguished the
books, the *chapters*, the *sections*, the *pages* of the authors to whom I re-
 ferred, with a degree of accuracy and attention, which might claim some
 gratitude, as it has seldom been so regularly practised by any historical
 writers. And here I must confess some obligation to Mr. Davis, who, by
 staking my credit and his own on a circumstance so obvious and palpable,
 has given me this early opportunity of submitting the merits of our cause, or
 at least of our characters, to the judgment of the Public. Hereafter, when
 I am summoned to defend myself against the imputation of misquoting
 the text, or misrepresenting the sense of a Greek or Latin author, it will not
 be in my power to communicate the knowledge of the languages, or the pos-
 session of the books, to those readers who may be destitute either of one or
 of the other; and the part which *they* are obliged to take between assertions
 equally strong and peremptory, may sometimes be attended with doubt and

* Davis, Preface, p. ii.

† Id. p. 230.

hesitation. But, in the present instance, every reader who will give himself the trouble of consulting the first volume of my History, is a competent judge of the question. I exhort, I solicit him to run his eye down the columns of Notes, and to count *how many* of the quotations are minute and particular, *how few* are vague and general. When he has satisfied himself by this easy computation, there *is* a word which may naturally suggest itself; an epithet, which I should be sorry either to deserve or use; the boldness of Mr. Davis's assertion, and the confidence of my appeal, will tempt, nay, perhaps, will force him to apply that epithet either to one or to the other of the adverse parties.

I have confessed that a critical eye may discover *some* loose and general references; but as they bear a very *inconsiderable* proportion to the whole mass, they cannot support, or even excuse, a false and ungenerous accusation, which must reflect dishonour either on the object or on the author of it. If the examples in which I have occasionally deviated from my ordinary practice were specified and examined, I am persuaded that they might always be fairly attributed to one of the following reasons. 1. In some *rare* instances, which I have never attempted to conceal, I have been obliged to adopt quotations, which were expressed with less accuracy than I could have wished. 2. I may have accidentally recollected the sense of a passage which I had formerly read, without being able to find the place, or even to transcribe from memory the precise words. 3. The whole tract (as in a remarkable instance of the second apology of Justin Martyr) was so short, that a more particular description was not required. 4. The form of the composition supplied the want of a local reference; the preceding mention of the *year* fixed the passage of the annalist; and the reader was guided to the proper spot in the commentaries of Grotius, Valesius, or Godefroy, by the more accurate citation of their original author. 5. The idea which I was desirous of communicating to the reader, was sometimes the general result of the author or treatise that I had quoted; nor was it possible to confine, within the narrow limits of a particular reference, the sense or spirit which was mingled with the whole mass. These motives are either laudable, or at least innocent. In two of these exceptions, my ordinary mode of citation was superfluous; in the other three, it was impracticable.

In quoting a comparison which Tertullian had used to express the rapid increase of the Marcionites, I expressly declared that I was obliged to quote it
from

from memory *. If I have been guilty of comparing them to *bees* instead of *wasps*, I can however most sincerely disclaim the sagacious suspicion of Mr. Davis †, who imagines that I was tempted to amend the simile of Tertullian, from an improper partiality for those odious heretics.

A rescript of Diocletian, which declared *the* old law (not *an* old law ‡) had been alleged by me on the respectable authority of Fra-Paolo. The Examiner, who thinks that he has turned over the pages of the Theodosian code, informs || his reader that it may be found, l. vi. tit. xxiv. leg. 8.; he will be surpris'd to learn that this rescript could not be *found* in a code where it does not exist, but that it may distinctly be read in the same number, the same title, and the same book of the CODE of JUSTINIAN. He who is severe should at least be just: yet I should probably have disdain'd this minute animadversion, unless it had serv'd to display the general ignorance of the critic in the history of the Roman jurisprudence. If Mr. Davis had not been an absolute stranger, the most treacherous guide could not have persuaded him that a rescript of Diocletian was to be found in the Theodosian code, which was designed only to preserve the laws of Constantine and his successors. “Compendiosam (says Theodosius himself) Divalium Constitutionum scientiam, ex D. Constantini temporibus roboramus.” (Novell. ad calcem Cod. Theod. L. i. tit. i. leg. 1.)

ERRORS OF
THE PRESS.

II. Few objects are below the notice of Mr. Davis, and his criticism is never so formidable as when it is directed against the guilty corrector of the press, who on some occasions has shewn himself negligent of my fame and of his own. Some errors have arisen from the omission of letters; from the confusion of cyphers, which perhaps were not very distinctly marked in the original manuscript. The *two* of the Roman, and the *eleven* of the Arabic numerals, have been unfortunately mistaken for each other; the similar forms of a 2 and a 3, a 5 and a 6, a 3 and an 8, have improperly been transposed; *Antolycus* for *Autolycus*, *Idolatria* for *Idololatria*, *Holsterius* for *Holstenius*, had escaped my own observation, as well as the diligence of the person who was employed to revise the sheets of my History. These important errors, from the indulgence of a deluded Public, have been multiplied in the numerous impressions of three different editions; and for the

* Gibbon's History, p. 551. I shall usually refer to the third edition, unless there are any various readings.

† Davis, p. 144.

‡ Gibbon, p. 593.

|| Davis, p. 230.

present I can only lament my own defects, while I deprecate the wrath of Mr. Davis, who seems ready to infer that I cannot either read or write. I sincerely admire his patient industry, which I despair of being able to imitate; but if a future edition should ever be required, I could wish to obtain, on any reasonable terms, the services of so useful a corrector.

III. Mr. Davis had been directed by my references to several passages of Optatus Milevitanus *, and of the Bibliotheque Ecclesiastique of M. Dupin †. DIFFERENCE OF EDITIONS. He eagerly consults those places, is unsuccessful, and is happy. Sometimes the place which I have quoted does not offer any of the circumstances which I had alleged, sometimes only a few; and sometimes the same passages exhibit a sense totally adverse and repugnant to mine. These shameful misrepresentations incline Mr. Davis to suspect that I have never consulted the original, (not even of a common French book!) and he asserts his right to censure my presumption. These important charges form two distinct articles in the list of *misrepresentations*; but Mr. Davis has amused himself with adding to the slips of the pen or of the press, some complaints of his ill success, when he attempted to verify my quotations from Cyprian and from Shaw's Travels ‡.

The success of Mr. Davis would indeed have been somewhat extraordinary, unless he had consulted the same *editions*, as well as the same places. I shall content myself with mentioning the editions which I have used, and with assuring him, that if he renews his search, he will not, or rather that he will, be disappointed.

Mr. Gibbon's Editions.	Mr. Davis's Editions.
Optatus Milevitanus, by Dupin, fol. Paris, 1700.	Fol. Antwerp, 1702.
Dupin. Bibliotheque Ecclesiastique, 4to. Paris, 1690.	8vo. Paris, 1687.
Cypriani Opera, Edit. Fell. fol. Amsterdam, 1700.	Most probably Oxon, 1682.
Shaw's Travels, 4to. London, 1757.	The folio Edition.

IV. The nature of my subject had led me to mention, not the real origin of the Jews, but their first *appearance* to the eyes of other nations; and I cannot avoid transcribing the short passage in which I had introduced them. "The Jews, who under the Assyrian and Persian monarchies had languished for many ages the most despised portion of their slaves,

JEWISH HISTORY, TACITUS.

* Davis, p. 73.

† Id. p. 132—136.

‡ Id. p. 151—155.

"emerged.

“ emerged from their obscurity under the successors of Alexander. And as
 “ they multiplied to a surprising degree in the east, and afterwards in the
 “ west, they soon excited the curiosity and wonder of other nations *.” This
 simple abridgment seems in its turn to have excited the wonder of Mr.
 Davis, whose surprise almost renders him eloquent. “ What a strange as-
 “ semblage,” says he, “ is here ? It is like Milton’s chaos, without bound,
 “ without dimension, where time and place are lost. In short, what does
 “ this display afford us, but a deal of boyish colouring to the prejudice of
 “ much good history † ?” If I rightly understand Mr. Davis’s language,
 he censures, as a piece of confused declamation, the passage which he has
 produced from my History ; and if I collect the angry criticisms which he
 has scattered over twenty pages of controversy ‡, I think I can discover that
 there is hardly a period, or even a word, in this unfortunate passage, which
 has obtained the approbation of the Examiner.

As nothing can escape his vigilance, he censures me for including the
 twelve tribes of Israel under the common appellation of Jews §, and for ex-
 tending the name of ASSYRIANS to the subjects of the kings of Babylon || ;
 and again censures me, because some facts which are affirmed or insinuated in
 my text, do not agree with the strict and proper limits which he has assigned
 to those national denominations. The name of *Jews* has indeed been esta-
 blished by the sceptre of the tribe of *Judah*, and, in the times which pre-
 cede the captivity, it is used in the more general sense with some sort of im-
 propriety ; but surely I am not peculiarly charged with a fault which has
 been consecrated with the consent of twenty centuries, the practice of the
 best writers, ancient as well as modern, (see Josephus and Prideaux, even
 in the titles of their respective works,) and by the usage of modern lan-
 guages, of the Latin, the Greek, and if I may credit Reland, of the Hebrew
 itself (see *Palestin*, L. i. c. 6). With regard to the other word, that of
 Assyrians, most assuredly I will not lose myself in the labyrinth of the Asiatic
 monarchies before the age of Cyrus ; nor indeed is any more required for
 my justification, than to prove that Babylon was considered as the capital
 and royal seat of Assyria. If Mr. Davis were a man of learning, I might be
 morose enough to censure his ignorance of ancient geography, and to over-
 whelm him under a load of quotations, which might be collected and tran-
 scribed with very little trouble : but as I *must* suppose that he has received a

* Gibbon, p. 537.

§ Id. p. 3.

† Davis, p. 5.

|| Id. p. 2.

‡ Id. p. 2—22.

classical education, I might have expected him to have read the first book of Herodotus, where that historian describes, in the clearest and most elegant terms, the situation and greatness of Babylon: Της δε Ἀσσυρίας τὰ μὲν κού και ἀλλὰ πολισματὰ μεγάλα πολλὰ, τὸ δὲ ονομαστοτάτον και ισχυροτάτον και εὐδα σφι, Νίνου ἀναστατοῦ γενομένης, τὰ βασιλῆα κατεστήκες, ἢν Βαβυλων. (Clio. c. 178.) I may be surpris'd that he should be so little conversant with the Cyropædia of Xenophon, in the whole course of which the King of Babylon, the adversary of the Medes and Persians, is repeatedly mentioned by the style and title of THE ASSYRIAN, Ὁ δὲ Ἀσσυριος, ὁ Βαβυλωνια τε ἔχων και τὴν ἀλλὴν Ἀσσυριαν. (L. ii. p. 102, 103, edit. Hutchinson.) But there remains something more: and Mr. Davis must apply the same reproaches of *inaccuracy, if not ignorance*, to the prophet Isaiah, who, in the name of Jehovah, announcing the downfall of Babylon and the deliverance of Israel, declares with an oath, "And as I have purposed the thing shall stand: to
" crush the ASSYRIAN in my land, and to trample him on my mountains.
" Then shall his yoke depart from off them; and his burthen shall be re-
" moved from off their shoulders." (Isaiah, xiv. 24, 25. Lowth's new translation. See likewise the Bishop's note, p. 98.) Our old translation expresses, with less elegance, the same meaning; but I mention with pleasure the labours of a respectable Prelate, who in this, as well as in a former work, has very happily united the most critical judgment, with the taste and spirit of poetry.

The jealousy which Mr. Davis affects for the honour of the Jewish people will not suffer him to allow that they were *slaves* to the conquerors of the East: and while he acknowledges that they were tributary and dependent, he seems desirous of introducing, or even inventing, some milder expression of the state of vassalage and *subservience**; from whence Tacitus assumed the words of *despectissima pars servientium*. Has Mr. Davis never heard of the distinction of civil and political slavery? Is he ignorant that even the natural and victorious subjects of an Asiatic despot have been deservedly marked with the opprobrious epithet of slaves by every writer acquainted with the name and advantage of freedom? Does he not know that, under such a government, the yoke is imposed with double weight on the necks of the vanquished, as the rigour of tyranny is aggravated by the abuse of conquest? From the first invasion of Judæa by the arms of the Assyrians, to

* Davis, p. 6.

the subversion of the Persian monarchy by Alexander, there elapsed a period of above four hundred years, which included about twelve ages or generations of the human race. As long as the Jews asserted their independence, they repeatedly suffered every calamity which the rage and insolence of a victorious enemy could inflict: the throne of David was overturned, the temple and city were reduced to ashes, and the whole land, a circumstance perhaps unparalleled in history, remained threescore and ten years without inhabitants, and without cultivation. (2 Chronicles, xxxvi. 21.) According to an institution which has long prevailed in Asia, and particularly in the Turkish government, the most beautiful and ingenious youths were carefully educated in the palace, where superior merit sometimes introduced these fortunate *slaves* to the favour of the conqueror, and to the honours of the state. (See the book and example of Daniel.) The rest of the unhappy Jews experienced the hardships of captivity and exile in distant lands; and while individuals were oppressed, the nation seemed to be dissolved or annihilated. The gracious edict of Cyrus was offered to all those who worshipped the God of Israel in the temple of Jerusalem; but it was accepted by no more than forty-two thousand persons of either sex and of every age, and of these about thirty thousand derived their origin from the tribes of Judah, of Benjamin, and of Levi. (See Ezra, i. Nehemiah, vii. and Prideaux's Connections, vol. i. p. 107. fol. edit. London, 1718.) The inconsiderable band of exiles, who returned to inhabit the land of their fathers, cannot be computed as the hundred and fiftieth part of the mighty people that had been numbered by the impious rashness of David. After a survey, which did not comprehend the tribes of Levi and Benjamin, the monarch was assured that he reigned over *one million five hundred and seventy thousand men* that drew sword (1 Chronicles, xxi. 1—6), and the country of Judæa must have contained near seven millions of free inhabitants. The progress of restoration is always less rapid than that of destruction; Jerusalem, which had been ruined in a few months, was rebuilt by the slow and interrupted labours of a whole century; and the Jews, who gradually multiplied in their native seats, enjoyed a servile and precarious existence, which depended on the capricious will of their master. The books of Ezra and Nehemiah do not afford a very pleasing view of their situation under the Persian empire; and the book of Esther exhibits a most extraordinary instance of the degree of estimation in which they were held at the court of Susa. A minister addressed his king in the following words, which may be considered as a

commentary on the *despectissima pars servientium* of the Roman historian :
 “ And Haman said to king Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered
 “ abroad, and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy king-
 “ dom ; and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the
 “ King’s laws ; therefore it is not for the King’s profit to suffer them. If it
 “ please the King, let it be written that they may be destroyed ; and I will
 “ pay ten thousand talents of silver to the hands of those that have the charge
 “ of the business, to bring it to the King’s treasuries. And the king took
 “ his ring from his hand, and gave it to Haman, the son of Hammedatha
 “ the Agagite, the Jews’ enemy. And the king said unto Haman, The
 “ silver is given unto thee ; the people also, to do with them as it seemeth
 “ good to thee.” (Esther, iii. 8—11.) This trifling favour was asked by
 the Minister, and granted by the Monarch, with an easy indifference, which
 expressed their contempt for the lives and fortunes of the Jews ; the business
 passed without difficulty through the forms of office ; and had Esther been
 less lovely, or less beloved, a single day would have consummated the uni-
 versal slaughter of a submissive people, to whom no legal defence was al-
 lowed, and from whom no resistance seems to have been dreaded. I am a
 stranger to Mr. Davis’s political principles ; but I should think that the
 epithet of *slaves*, and of *despised slaves*, may, without injustice, be applied
 to a captive nation, over whose head the sword of tyranny was suspended
 by so slender a thread.

The policy of the Macedonians was very different from that of the Per-
 sians ; and yet Mr. Davis, who reluctantly confesses that the Jews were
 oppressed by the former, does not understand how long they were favoured
 and protected by the latter *. In the shock of those revolutions which di-
 vided the empire of Alexander, Judæa, like the other provinces, expe-
 rienced the transient ravages of an advancing or retreating enemy, who led
 away a multitude of captives. But, in the age of Josephus, the Jews still
 enjoyed the privileges granted by the kings of Asia and Egypt, who had
 fixed numerous colonies of that nation in the new cities of Alexandria,
 Antioch, &c. and placed them in the same honourable condition (ιστοπολιταις,
 ισοτιμους) as the Greeks and Macedonians themselves. (Joseph. Antiquitat.
 L. xii. c. 1. 3. p. 585. 596. vol. i. edit. Havercamp.) Had they been
 treated with less indulgence, their settlement in those celebrated cities, the
 seats of commerce and learning, was enough to introduce them to the

* Davis, p. 4.

knowledge of the world, and to justify my *absurd* proposition, that they emerged from obscurity under the successors of Alexander.

The Jews remained and flourished under the mild dominion of the Macedonian princes, till they were compelled to assert their civil and religious rights against Antiochus Epiphanes, who had adopted new maxims of tyranny; and the age of the Maccabees is perhaps the most glorious period of the Hebrew annals. Mr. Davis, who on this occasion is bewildered by the subtlety of Tacitus, does not comprehend why the historian should ascribe the independence of the Jews to three *negative* causes, “Macedonibus” “invalidis, Parthis nondum adultis, et Romani procul aberant.” To the understanding of the critic, Tacitus might as well have observed, that the Jews were not destroyed by a plague, a famine, or an earthquake; and Mr. Davis cannot see, for his own part, any reason why they may not have elected kings of their own two or three hundred years before*. Such indeed was not the reason of Tacitus: he probably considered that every nation, depressed by the weight of a foreign power, naturally rises towards the surface, as soon as the pressure is removed; and he might think that, in a short and rapid history of the independence of the Jews, it was sufficient for him to shew that the obstacles did not exist, which, in an earlier or in a later period, would have checked their efforts. The curious reader, who has leisure to study the Jewish and Syrian history, will discover, that the throne of the Asmonæan princes was confirmed by the two great victories of the Parthians over Demetrius Nicator, and Antiochus Sidetes (see Joseph. Antiquitat. Jud. L. xiii. c. 5, 6, 8, 9. Justin, xxxvi. 1. xxxviii. 10. with Usher and Prideaux, before Christ 141 and 130); and the expression of Tacitus, the more closely it is examined, will be the more rationally admired.

My quotations † are the object of Mr. Davis’s criticism ‡, as well as the text of this short, but obnoxious passage. He corrects the error of my memory, which had suggested *servitutis* instead of *servientium*; and so natural is the alliance between truth and moderation, that on this occasion he forgets his character, and candidly acquits me of any malicious design to misrepresent the words of Tacitus. The other references, which are contained in the first and second Notes of my Fifteenth Chapter, are connected with each other, and can only be mistaken after they have been forcibly

* Davis, p. 8.

† Gibbon, p. 537, Note 1, 2.

‡ Davis, p. 10, 11. 20.

separated.

separated. The silence of Herodotus is a fair evidence of the obscurity of the Jews, who had escaped the eyes of so curious a traveller. The Jews are first mentioned by Justin, when he relates the siege of Jerusalem by Antiochus Sidetes; and the conquest of Judæa, by the arms of Pompey, engaged Diodorus and Dion to introduce that singular nation to the acquaintance of their readers. These epochs, which are within seventy years of each other, mark the age in which the Jewish people, emerging from their obscurity, began to act a part in the society of nations, and to excite the curiosity of the Greek and Roman historians. For that purpose only, I had appealed to the authority of Diodorus Siculus, of Justin, or rather of Trogus Pompeius, and of Dion Cassius. If I had designed to investigate the Jewish antiquities, reason, as well as faith, must have directed my inquiries to the Sacred Books, which, even as human productions, would deserve to be studied as one of the most curious and original monuments of the East.

I stand accused, though not indeed by Mr. Davis, for profanely depreciating the *promised* Land, as well as the *chosen* People. The Gentleman without a name has placed this charge in the front of his battle *, and if my memory does not deceive me, it is one of the few remarks in Mr. Apthorpe's book, which have any immediate relation to my History. They seem to consider in the light of a reproach, and of an unjust reproach, the idea which I had given of Palestine, as of a territory scarcely superior to Wales in extent and fertility †; and they strangely convert a geographical observation into a theological error. When I recollect that the imputation of a similar error was employed by the implacable Calvin, to precipitate and to justify the execution of Servetus, I must applaud the felicity of this country, and of this age, which has disarmed, if it could not mollify, the fierceness of ecclesiastical criticism. (See Dictionnaire Critique de Chauffepie, tom. iv. p. 223.)

As I had compared the narrow extent of Phœnicia and Palestine with the important blessings which those celebrated countries had diffused over the rest of the earth, their minute size became an object not of censure but of praise.

Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant.

* Remarks, p. 1.

† Gibbon, p. 30.

The precise measure of Palestine was taken from Templeman's Survey of the Globe: he allows to Wales 7011 square English miles, to the Morea or Peloponnesus 7220, to the Seven United Provinces 7546, and to Judæa or Palestine 7600. The difference is not very considerable, and if any of these countries has been magnified beyond its real size, Asia is more liable than Europe to have been affected by the inaccuracy of Mr. Templeman's maps. To the authority of this modern survey, I shall only add the ancient and weighty testimony of Jerom, who passed in Palestine above thirty years of his life. From Dan to Bershebah, the two fixed and proverbial boundaries of the Holy Land, he reckons no more than one hundred and sixty miles (Hieronym. ad Dardanum, tom. iii. p. 66), and the breadth of Palestine cannot by any expedient be stretched to one half of its length. (See Reland, Palestin. L. ii. c. 5. p. 421.)

The degrees and limits of fertility cannot be ascertained with the strict simplicity of geographical measures. Whenever we speak of the productions of the earth, in different climates, our ideas must be relative, our expressions vague and doubtful; nor can we always distinguish between the gifts of Nature and the rewards of industry. The emperor Frederick II., the enemy and the victim of the Clergy, is accused of saying, after his return from his Crusade, that the God of the Jews would have despised his promised land, if he had once seen the fruitful realms of Sicily and Naples. (See Giannone Istoria Civile del Regno di Napoli, tom. ii. p. 245.) This raillery, which malice has perhaps falsely imputed to Frederick, is inconsistent with truth and piety; yet it must be confessed, that the soil of Palestine does not contain that inexhaustible, and as it were spontaneous principle of fecundity, which, under the most unfavourable circumstance, has covered with rich harvests the banks of the Nile, the fields of Sicily, or the plains of Poland. The Jordan is the only navigable river of Palestine: a considerable part of the narrow space is occupied, or rather lost, in the *Dead Sea*, whose horrid aspect inspires every sensation of disgust, and countenances every tale of horror. The districts which border on Arabia partake of the sandy quality of the adjacent desert. The face of the country, except the sea-coast and the valley of the Jordan, is covered with mountains, which appear for the most part as naked and barren rocks; and in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem there is a real scarcity of the two elements of earth and water. (See Maundrel's Travels, p. 65, and Reland

Palestin.

Palestin. tom. i. p. 238—395.) These disadvantages, which now operate in their fullest extent, were formerly corrected by the labours of a numerous people, and the active protection of a wise government. The hills were cloathed with rich beds of artificial mould, the rain was collected in vast cisterns, a supply of fresh water was conveyed by pipes and aqueducts to the dry lands, the breed of cattle was encouraged in those parts which were not adapted for tillage, and almost every spot was compelled to yield some production for the use of the inhabitants. (See the same testimonies and observations of Maundrel and Reland.)

——— *Pater ipse colendi*
Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
Movit agros; curis acuens mortalia corda
Nec torpere gravi passus sua REGNA veterno.

Such are the useful victories which have been achieved by MAN on the lofty mountains of Switzerland, along the rocky coast of Genoa, and upon the barren hills of Palestine; and since Wales has flourished under the influence of English freedom, that rugged country has surely acquired some share of the same industrious merit and the same artificial fertility. Those Critics who interpret the comparison of Palestine and Wales as a tacit libel on the former, are themselves guilty of an unjust satire against the latter, of those countries. Such is the injustice of Mr. Apthorpe and of the anonymous *Gentleman*: but if Mr. Davis (as we may suspect from his name) is himself of Cambrian origin, his patriotism on this occasion has protected me from his zeal.

V. I shall begin this article by the confession of an error which candour might perhaps excuse, but which my Adversary magnifies by a pathetic interrogation. “When he tells us, that he has carefully examined all the “original materials, are we to believe him? or is it his design to try how “far the credulity and easy disposition of the age will suffer him to proceed “unsuspected and undiscovered*?” *Quousque tandem abuteris Catilina patientiâ nostrâ?*

In speaking of the danger of idolatry, I had quoted the picturesque expression of Tertullian, “*Recogita sylvam et quantæ latent spinæ,*” and finding it marked c. 10. in my Notes, I hastily, though naturally, added

* Davis, p. 25.

de Idololatria, instead of *de Corona Militis*, and referred to one Treatise of Tertullian instead of another *. And now let me ask in my turn, whether Mr. Davis had any real knowledge of the passage which I had misplaced, or whether he made an ungenerous use of his advantage, to insinuate that I had invented or perverted the words of Tertullian? Ignorance is less criminal than malice, and I shall be satisfied if he will plead guilty to the milder charge.

The same observation may be extended to a passage of Le Clerc, which asserts, in the clearest terms, the ignorance of the more ancient Jews with regard to a future state. Le Clerc lay open before me, but while my eye moved from the book to the paper, I transcribed the reference c. 1. sect. 8. instead of sect. 1. c. 8. from the natural, but erroneous persuasion, that *Chapter* expressed the larger, and *Section* the smaller division †: and this difference, of such trifling moment and so easily rectified, holds a distinguished place in the list of Misrepresentations which adorn Mr. Davis's Table of Contents ‡. But to return to Tertullian.

The *infernal* picture, which I had produced § from that vehement writer, which excited the horror of every humane reader, and which even Mr. Davis will not explicitly defend, has furnished him with a few critical cavils ||. Happy should I think myself, if the materials of my History could be always exposed to the Examination of the Public; and I shall be content with appealing to the impartial Reader, whether my Version of this Passage is not as fair and as faithful, as the more literal translation which Mr. Davis has exhibited in an opposite column. I shall only justify two expressions which have provoked his indignation. 1. I had observed that the zealous African pursues the infernal description in a long variety of affected and unfeeling witticisms; the instances of Gods, of Kings, of Magistrates, of Philosophers, of Poets, of Tragedians, were introduced into my Translation. Those which I had omitted, relate to the Dancers, the Charioteers, and the Wrestlers; and it is almost impossible to express those conceits which are connected with the language and manners of the Romans. But the reader will be sufficiently shocked, when he is informed that Tertullian alludes to the improvement which the agility of the Dancers, the red livery of the Charioteers, and the attitudes of the Wrestlers, would derive from

* Gibbon, p. 553. Note 40.

† Davis, p. 19.

|| Davis, p. 29—33.

‡ Gibbon, p. 560. Note 58.

§ Gibbon, p. 566.

the effects of fire. "Tunc histriones cognoscendi solutiores multo per ignem; tunc spectandus Auriga in flammea rota totus ruber. Tunc "Xystici contemplandi, non in Gymnasiis, sed in igne jaculati." 2. I cannot refuse to answer Mr. Davis's very particular question, Why I appeal to Tertullian for the condemnation of the wisest and most virtuous of the Pagans? *Because* I am inclined to bestow that epithet on Trajan and the Antonines, Homer and Euripides, Plato and Aristotle, who are all manifestly included within the fiery description which I had produced.

I am accused of misquoting Tertullian ad Scapulam *, as an evidence that Martyrdoms were lately introduced into Africa †. Besides Turtullian, I had quoted from Ruinart (*Acta Sincera*, p. 84.) the Acts of the Scyllitan Martyrs; and a very moderate knowledge of Ecclesiastical History would have informed Mr. Davis, that the two authorities thus connected establish the proposition asserted in my Text. Tertullian, in the above-mentioned Chapter, speaks of one of the Proconsuls of Africa, Vigellius Saturninus, "qui *primus hic* gladium in nos egit;" the *Acta Sincera* represent the same Magistrate as the Judge of the Scyllitan Martyrs; and Ruinart, with the consent of the best critics, ascribes their sufferings to the persecution of Severus. Was it my fault if Mr. Davis was incapable of supplying the intermediate ideas?

Is it likewise necessary that I should justify the frequent use which I have made of Tertullian? His copious writings display a lively and interesting picture of the primitive Church, and the scantiness of original materials scarcely left me the liberty of choice. Yet as I was sensible, that the Montanism of Tertullian is the convenient screen which our orthodox Divines have placed before his errors, I have, with peculiar caution, confined myself to those works which were composed in the more early and sounder part of his life.

As a collateral justification of my frequent appeals to this African Presbyter, I had introduced, in the third edition of my History, two passages of Jerom and Prudentius, which prove that Tertullian was the master of Cyprian, and that Cyprian was the master of the Latin Church ‡. Mr. Davis assures me, however, that I should have done better not to have "added this note §, as I have only accumulated my inaccuracies." One

* Davis, p. 35, 36.

† Gibbon, p. 566. N. 72.

‡ Gibbon, p. 609. N. 172.

§ Davis, p. 145.

inaccuracy he has indeed detected, an error of the press, Hieronym. de Viris illustribus, c. 53 for 63 ; but this advantage is dearly purchased by Mr. Davis. *Επιδοσ τον διδασκαλον*, which he produces as the original words of Cyprian, has a braver and more learned sound, than *Da magistrum* ; but the quoting in Greek, a sentence which was pronounced, and is recorded, in Latin, seems to bear the mark of the most ridiculous pedantry ; unless Mr. Davis, consulting for the first time the Works of Jerom, mistook the Version of Sophronius, which is printed in the opposite column, for the Text of his original Author. My reference to Prudentius, Hymn. xiii. 100. cannot so easily be justified, as I presumptuously believed that my critics would continue to read till they came to a full stop. I shall now place before them, not the first verse only, but the entire period, which they will find full, express, and satisfactory. The Poet says of St. Cyprian, whom he places in Heaven,

*Nec minus involitat terris, nec ab hoc recedit orbe :
Differit, eloquitur, tractat, docet, instruit, prophetat ;
Nec Libyæ populos tantum reget, exit usque in ortum
Solis, et usque obitum ; Gallos fovet, imbuit Britannos,
Presidet Hesperia, Christum serit ultimis Hibernis.*

SULPICIOUS
SEVERUS
AND FRA-
PAOLO.

VI. On the subject of the imminent dangers which the Apocalypse has so narrowly escaped *, Mr. Davis accuses me of misrepresenting the sentiments of Sulpicius Severus and Fra-Paolo †, with this difference, however, that I was incapable of reading or understanding the text of the Latin author ; but that I wilfully perverted the sense of the Italian historian. These imputations I shall easily wipe away, by shewing that, in the first instance, I am probably in the right ; and that, in the second, he is certainly in the wrong.

1. The concise and elegant Sulpicius, who has been justly styled the Christian Sallust, after mentioning the exile and Revelations of St. John in the isle of Patmos, observes (and surely the observation is in the language of complaint), “*Librum sacræ Apocalypsis, qui quidem a plerisque aut stulte aut impie non recipitur, conscriptum edidit.*” I am found guilty of supposing *plerique* to signify *the greater number* ; whereas Mr. Davis, with Stephens’s Dictionary in his hand, is able to prove that *plerique* has not *always* that extensive meaning, and that a classic of good authority has used

* Gibbon, p. 563, 564. N. 67.

† Davis, p. 40—44.

the word in a much more limited and qualified sense. Let the Examiner therefore try to apply his exception to this particular case. For my part, I stand under the protection of the general usage of the Latin language, and with a strong presumption in favour of the justice of my cause, or at least of the innocence and fairness of my intentions; since I have translated a familiar word, according to its acknowledged and ordinary acceptation.

But, “if I had looked into the passage, and found that Sulpicius Severus there expressly tells us, that the Apocalypse was the work of St. John, I could not have committed so unfortunate a *blunder*, as to cite this Father as saying, That the greater number of Christians denied its Canonical authority*.” Unfortunate indeed would have been my blunder, had I asserted that the same Christians who denied its Canonical authority, admitted it to be the work of an Apostle. Such indeed was the opinion of Severus himself, and his opinion has obtained the sanction of the Church; but the Christians whom he taxes with folly or impiety for rejecting this sacred book, must have supported their error by attributing the Apocalypse to some uninspired writer; to John the Presbyter, or to Cerinthus the Heretic.

If the rules of grammar and of logic authorise, or at least allow me to translate *plerique* by the *greater number*, the Ecclesiastical History of the fourth century illustrates and justifies this obvious interpretation. From a fair comparison of the populousness and learning of the Greek and Latin Churches, may I not conclude that the former contained the *greater number* of Christians qualified to pass sentence on a mysterious prophecy composed in the Greek language? May I not affirm, on the authority of St. Jerom, that the Apocalypse was generally rejected by the Greek Churches? “Quod si eam (the Epistle to the Hebrews) Latinorum consuetudo non recipit inter Scripturas Canonicas; nec Græcorum Ecclesiæ Apocalypsim Johannis eadem libertate suscipiunt. Et tamen nos utramque suscipimus, nequaquam hujus temporis consuetudinem, sed veterum auctoritatem sequentes.” Epistol. ad Dardanum, tom. iii. p. 68.

It is not my design to enter any farther into the controverted history of that famous book; but I am called upon † to defend my Remark that the Apocalypse was tacitly excluded from the sacred canon by the council of Laodicea. (Canon LX.) To defend my Remark, I need only state the

* Davis, p. 270.

† By Mr. Davis, p. 41. and by Dr. Chelsum, Remarks, p. 57.

fact in a simple but more particular manner. The assembled Bishops of Asia, after enumerating all the books of the Old and New Testament which should be read in churches, omit the Apocalypse, and the Apocalypse alone; at a time when it was rejected or questioned by many pious and learned Christians, who might deduce a very plausible argument from the silence of the Synod.

2. When the Council of Trent resolved to pronounce sentence on the Canon of Scripture, the opinion which prevailed, after some debate, was to declare the Latin Vulgate authentic and *almost* infallible; and this sentence, which was guarded by formidable anathemas, secured all the books of the Old and New Testament which composed that ancient version, “che si dichiarassero tutti in tutte le parte come si trovano nella Biblia Latina, esser “ di Divina è ugual autorita.” (Istoria del Concilio Tridentino, L. ii. p. 147. Helmstadt (*Vicenza*) 1761.) When the merit of that version was discussed, the majority of the theologians urged, with confidence and success, that it was absolutely necessary to receive the Vulgate as authentic and inspired, unless they wished to abandon the victory to the Lutherans, and the honours of the church to the Grammarians. “In contrario della “ maggior parte de teologi era detto . . . che-questi nuovi Grammatici con- “ fonderanno ogni cosa, e farà fargli giudici e arbitri della fede; e in luogo “ de teologi e canonisti, converrà tener il primo conto nell’ assumere a Vescovi e Cardinali de pedanti.” (Istoria del Concilio Tridentino, L. ii. p. 149.) The sagacious historian, who had studied the Council, and the judicious Le Courayer, who had studied his author (*Histoire du Concile de Trente*, tom. i. p. 245. Londres 1736.), consider this *ridiculous* reason as the most powerful argument which influenced the debates of the Council: but Mr. Davis, jealous of the honour of a synod which placed tradition on a level with the Bible, affirms that Fra-Paolo has given another more substantial reason on which these Popish bishops built their determination, That after dividing the books under their consideration into three classes; of those which had been always held for divine; of those whose authenticity had formerly been doubted, but which by use and custom had acquired canonical authority; and of those which had never been properly certified; the Apocalypse was judiciously placed by the Fathers of the Council in the second of these classes.

The Italian passage, which, for that purpose, Mr. Davis has alleged at the bottom of his page, is indeed taken from the text of Fra-Paolo; but the reader, who will give himself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, of perusing

that incomparable historian, will discover that Mr. Davis has *only* mistaken a motion of the opposition, for a measure of the administration. He will find, that this critical division, which is so erroneously ascribed to the public reason of the council, was no more than the ineffectual proposal of a temperate minority, which was soon over-ruled by a majority of artful statesmen, bigotted monks, and dependent bishops.

“ We have here an evident proof that Mr. Gibbon is equally expert in
“ misrepresenting a modern as an ancient writer, or that he wilfully conceals
“ the most material reason, with a design, no doubt, to instil into his
“ reader a notion, that the authenticity of the Apocalypse is built on the
“ slightest foundation *.”

VII. I had cautiously observed (for I was apprized of the obscurity of the CLEMENS. subject) that the Epistle of Clemens does not lead us to discover any traces of Episcopacy either at Corinth or Rome †. In this observation I particularly alluded to the republican form of salutation, “ The church of God inhabiting
“ Rome, to the church of God inhabiting Corinth;” without the least mention of a Bishop or President in either of those ecclesiastical assemblies.

Yet the piercing eye of Mr. Davis ‡ can discover not only traces, but evident proofs, of Episcopacy, in this Epistle of Clemens; and he actually quotes two passages, in which he distinguishes by capital letters the word BISHOPS, whose institution Clemens refers to the Apostles themselves. But can Mr. Davis hope to gain credit by such egregious trifling? While we are searching for the origin of bishops, not merely as an ecclesiastical title, but as the peculiar name of an order distinct from that of presbyters, he idly produces a passage, which, by declaring that the Apostles established in every place *bishops* and *deacons*, evidently confounds the *presbyters* with one or other of those two ranks. I have neither inclination nor interest to engage in a controversy which I had considered only in an historical light; but I have already said enough to shew, that there are more traces of a disingenuous mind in Mr. Davis, than of an episcopal order in the Epistle of Clemens.

VIII. Perhaps, on some future occasion, I may examine the historical EUSEBIUS. character of Eusebius; perhaps I may enquire, how far it appears from his words and actions, that the learned Bishop of Cæsarea was averse to the use

* Davis, p. 44.

† Gibbon, p. 592. N. 110.

‡ Davis, p. 44, 45.

of fraud, when it was employed in the service of religion. At present, I am only concerned to defend my own truth and honour, from the reproach of misrepresenting the sense of the ecclesiastical historian. Some of the charges of Mr. Davis on this head are so strong, so pointed, so vehemently urged, that he seems to have staked, on the event of the trial, the merits of our respective characters. If his assertions are true, I deserve the contempt of learned, and the abhorrence of good men. If they are false, * * * * *

1. I had remarked, without any malicious intention, that one of the seventeen Christians who suffered at Alexandria was likewise *accused* of robbery *. Mr. Davis † seems enraged because I did not add that he was *falsely* accused, takes some unnecessary pains to convince me that the Greek word *ετυχοφαντηθη* signifies *falso accusatus*, and “ can hardly think that any one “ who had looked into the original, would dare thus absolutely to contradict the plain testimony of the author he *pretends* to follow.” A simple narrative of this fact, in the relation of which Mr. Davis has *really* suppressed several material circumstances, will afford the clearest justification.

Eusebius has preserved an original letter from Dionysius Bishop of Alexandria to Fabius Bishop of Antioch, in which the former relates the circumstances of the persecution which had lately afflicted the capital of Egypt. He allows a rank among the martyrs to one Nemefion, an Egyptian, who was *falsely* or maliciously accused as a companion of robbers. Before the Centurion he justified himself from this calumny, which did not relate to him; but being charged as a Christian, he was brought in chains before the governor. That unjust magistrate, after inflicting on Nemefion *a double measure of stripes and tortures*, gave orders that he should be *burnt with the robbers*. (Dionys. apud Euseb. L. vi. c. 41.)

It is evident that Dionysius represents the religious sufferer as innocent of the criminal accusation which had been *falsely* brought against him. It is no less evident, that whatever might be the opinion of the Centurion, the supreme magistrate considered Nemefion as guilty, and that he affected to shew, by the measure of his tortures, and by the companions of his execution, that he punished him, not only as a Christian, but as a robber. The evidence against Nemefion, and that which might be produced in his favour,

* Gibbon, p. 654. N. 75.

† Davis, p. 61, 62, 63. This ridiculous charge is repeated by another *sycophant*, (in the Greek sense of the word,) and forms one of the *valuable* communications, which the learning of a Randolph suggested to the candour of a Chelsum. See Remarks, p. 209.

are equally lost; and the question (which fortunately is of little moment) of his guilt or innocence rests solely on the opposite judgments of his ecclesiastical and civil superiors. I could easily perceive that both the bishop and the governor were actuated by different passions and prejudices towards the unhappy sufferer; but it was impossible for me to decide which of the two was the most likely to indulge his prejudices and passions at the expence of truth. In this doubtful situation I conceived that I had acted with the most unexceptionable caution, when I contented myself with observing that Nemesion was *accused*; a circumstance of a public and authentic nature, in which both parties were agreed.

Mr. Davis will no longer ask, "What possible evasion then can Mr. Gibbon have recourse to, to convince the world that I have *falsely* accused *him* of a gross misrepresentation of Eusebius?"

2. Mr. Davis * charges me with falsifying (*falsifying* is a very serious word) the testimony of Eusebius; because it suited my purpose to magnify the humanity and even kindness of Maxentius towards the afflicted Christians †. To support this charge, he produces some part of a chapter of Eusebius, the English in his text, the Greek in his notes, and makes the ecclesiastical historian express himself in the following terms: "Although Maxentius at first favoured the Christians with a view of popularity, yet afterwards, being addicted to magic, and every other impiety, he exerted himself in persecuting the Christians, in a more severe and destructive manner than his predecessors had done before him."

If it were in my power to place the volume and chapter of Eusebius (Hist. Eccles. L. viii. c. 14.) before the eyes of every reader, I should be satisfied and silent. I should not be under the necessity of protesting, that in the passage quoted, or rather abridged, by my adversary, the second member of the period, which alone contradicts my account of Maxentius, has not the most distant reference to that odious tyrant. After distinguishing the mild conduct which *he* affected towards the Christians, Eusebius proceeds to animadvert with becoming severity on the general vices of his reign; the rapes, the murders, the oppression, the promiscuous massacres, which I had faithfully related in their proper place, and in which the Christians, not in their religious, but in their civil capacity, must occasionally have shared with the rest of his unhappy subjects. The ecclesiastical historian then makes a transition

* Davis, p. 64, 65.

† Gibbon, p. 693. N. 168.

to *another tyrant*, the cruel Maximin, who carried away from his friend and ally Maxentius the prize of superior wickedness; for HE was addicted to magic arts, and was a cruel persecutor of the Christians. The evidence of words and facts, the plain meaning of Eusebius, the concurring testimony of Cæcilius or Lactantius, and the superfluous authority of versions and commentators, establish beyond the reach of doubt or cavil, that Maximin, and not Maxentius, is stigmatized as a persecutor, and that Mr. Davis alone has deserved the reproach of *falsifying* the testimony of Eusebius.

Let him examine the chapter on which he founds his accusation. If in that moment his feelings are not of the most painful and humiliating kind, he must indeed be an object of pity!

3. *A gross blunder* is imputed to me by this polite antagonist *, for quoting, under the name of Jerom, the Chronicle which I ought to have described as the work and property of Eusebius †; and Mr. Davis kindly points out the occasion of my blunder, That it was the consequence of my looking no farther than Dodwell for this remark, and of not rightly understanding his reference. Perhaps the Historian of the Roman Empire may be credited, when he affirms that he frequently consulted a Latin Chronicle of the affairs of that empire; and he may the sooner be credited, if he shews that he knows something more of this Chronicle besides the name and the title-page.

Mr. Davis, who talks so familiarly of the Chronicle of Eusebius, will be surprised to hear that the Greek original no longer exists. Some chronological fragments, which had successively passed through the hands of Africanus and Eusebius, are still extant, though in a very corrupt and mutilated state, in the compilations of Syncellus and Cedrenus. They have been collected, and disposed by the labour and ingenuity of Joseph Scaliger; but that proud critic, always ready to applaud his own success, did not flatter himself that he had restored the hundredth part of the genuine Chronicle of Eusebius. “Ex eo (*Syncello*) omnia Eusebiana excerptimus quæ quidem deprehendere
“potuimus; quæ, quanquam ne centesima quidem pars eorum esse videtur
“quæ ab Eusebio relicta sunt, aliquod tamen justum volumen explere possunt.” (Jof. Scaliger *Animadversiones in Græcâ Eusebii in Thesaurō Temporum*, p. 401. Amstelod. 1658.) While the Chronicle of Eusebius was perfect and entire, the second book was translated into Latin by Jerom,

* Davis, p. 66.

† Gibbon, p. 673. N. 125.

with the freedom, or rather licence, which that voluminous author, as well as his friend or enemy Rufinus, always assumed. “Plurima in vertendo” mutat, infulcit, præterit,” says Scaliger himself, in the Prolegomena, p. 22. In the persecution of Aurelian, which has so much offended Mr. Davis, we are able to distinguish the work of Eusebius from that of Jerom, by comparing the expressions of the Ecclesiastical History with those of the Chronicle. The former affirms, that towards the end of his reign, Aurelian was moved by some councils to excite a persecution against the Christians; that his design occasioned a great and general rumour; but that when the letters were prepared, and as it were signed, divine justice dismissed him from the world. Ἡδη τισι ἐξελαις ὡς αὐ διωγμον καθ’ ἡμῶν ἐγείρειν ἀνεκινεῖτο. πολὺς τε ἦν ὁ παρὰ πᾶσι περὶ τῆς λόγος. μελλόντα δὲ πῶς καὶ σχεδὸν εἰπεῖν τοῖς καθ’ ἡμῶν γραμμασιν υποσημειωμένον, θεία μετείσιν δίκη. Euseb. Hist. Ecclef. L. vii. c. 30. Whereas the Chronicle relates, that Aurelian was killed after he had excited or moved a persecution against the Christians, “cum aduersum nos persecutionem movisset.”

From this manifest difference I assume a right to assert; first, that the expression of the Chronicle of Jerom, which is always proper, became in this instance necessary; and secondly, that the language of the fathers is so ambiguous and incorrect, that we are at a loss to determine how far Aurelian had carried his intention before he was assassinated. I have neither perverted the fact, nor have I been guilty of a gross blunder.

IX. “The persons accused of Christianity had a convenient time allowed them to settle their domestic concerns, and to prepare their answer*.” JUSTIN MARTYR. This observation had been suggested, partly by a general expression of Cyprian (de Lapsis, p. 88. Edit. Fell. Amstelod. 1700.), and more especially by the second Apology of Justin Martyr, who gives a particular and curious example of this legal delay.

The expressions of Cyprian, “dies negantibus præstitutus, &c.” which Mr. Davis most prudently suppresses, are illustrated by Mosheim in the following words: “Primum qui delati erant aut suspecti, illis certum dierum spatium iudex definiebat, quo decurrente, secum deliberare poterant, utrum profiteri Christum an negare mallent; explorandæ fidei præfiniebantur dies, per hoc tempus liberi manebant in domibus suis; nec impedi-

* Gibbon, p. 663.

"bat aliquis quod ex consequentibus apparet, ne fugâ sibi consulerent. Satis hoc erat humanum." (De Rebus Christianis ante Constantinum, p. 480.) The practice of Egypt was sometimes more expeditious and severe; but this humane indulgence was still allowed in Africa during the persecution of Decius.

But my appeal to Justin Martyr is encountered by Mr. Davis with the following declaration *: "The reader will observe, that Mr. Gibbon does not make any reference to any section or division of this part of Justin's work; with what view we may shrewdly suspect, when I tell him, that after an accurate perusal of the whole second Apology, I can boldly affirm, that the following instance is the only one that bears the most distant similitude to what Mr. Gibbon relates as above on the authority of Justin. What I find in Justin is as follows: "A woman being converted to Christianity, is afraid to associate with her husband, because he is an abandoned reprobate, lest she should partake of his sins. Her husband, not being able to accuse her, vents his rage in this manner on one Ptolemæus, a teacher of Christianity, and who had converted her, &c." Mr. Davis then proceeds to relate the severities inflicted on Ptolemæus, who made a frank and instant profession of his faith; and he sternly exclaims, that if I take every opportunity of passing encomiums on the humanity of Roman magistrates, it is incumbent on me to produce better evidence than this.

His demand may be easily satisfied, and I need only for that purpose transcribe and translate the words of Justin, which *immediately* precede the Greek quotation alleged at the bottom of my adversary's page. I am possessed of two editions of Justin Martyr, that of Cambridge, 1768, in 8vo. by Dr. Ashton, who only published the two Apologies; and that of all his works, published in fol. Paris, 1742, by the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maar: the following curious passage may be found, p. 164, of the former, and p. 89, of the latter edition: Κατηγοριαν πεποιται, λεγων αυτην χριστιανην ειναι, και η μιν βιβλιδιον σοι τω αυτοκρατορι αναδειδωκε, προτερον συγχωρηθηναι αυτη διοικησασθαι τα εαυτης αξιστα. επειτα απολογησασθαι περι τε κατηγοματος, μετα την των πραγµατων αυτης διοικησιν. και συνεχωρησας τετο. "He brought an accusation against her, saying, that she was a Christian. But she presented a petition to the Emperor, praying that she might first be allowed

* Davis, p. 71, 72.

“ to settle her domestic concerns; and promising, that after she had settled them, she would then put in her answer to the accusation. This you “ granted.”

I disdain to add a single reflection; nor shall I qualify the conduct of my adversary with any of those harsh epithets, which might be interpreted as the expressions of resentment, though I should be constrained to use them as the only words in the English language which could accurately represent my cool and unprejudiced sentiments.

X. In stating the toleration of Christianity during the greatest part of the reign of Diocletian, I had observed *, that the principal officers of the palace, whose names and functions were particularly specified, enjoyed, with their wives and children, the free exercise of the Christian religion. Mr. Davis twice affirms †, in the most deliberate manner, that this pretended fact, which is asserted on the sole authority, is contradicted by the positive evidence, of Lactantius. In both these affirmations Mr. Davis is inexcusably mistaken.

LACTANTIUS.

1. When the storms of persecution arose, the priests, who were offended by the sign of the Cross, obtained an order from the Emperor, that the profane, the Christians, who accompanied him to the Temple, should be compelled to offer sacrifice; and this incident is mentioned by the rhetorician, to whom I shall not at present refuse the name of Lactantius. The act of idolatry, which, at the expiration of eighteen years, was required of the officers of Diocletian, is a manifest proof that their religious freedom had hitherto been inviolate, except in the single instance of waiting on their master to the Temple; a service less criminal than the profane compliance for which the minister of the King of Syria solicited the permission of the prophet of Israel.

2. The reference which I made to Lactantius expressly pointed out this exception to their freedom. But the proof of the toleration was built on a different testimony, which my disingenuous adversary has concealed; an ancient and curious instruction composed by Bishop Theonas, for the use of Lucian, and the other Christian eunuchs of the palace of Diocletian. This authentic piece was published in the Spicilegium of Dom Luc d'Acheri; as I had not the opportunity of consulting the original, I was contented with

* Gibbon, p. 676. N. 133, 134.

† Davis, p. 75, 76.

quoting it on the faith of Tillemont, and the reference to it immediately precedes (ch. xvi. note 133.) the citation of Lactantius (note 134).

Mr. Davis may now answer his own question, "What apology can be made for thus asserting, on the sole authority of Lactantius, facts which Lactantius so expressly denies?"

DION CASSIUS.

XI. "I have already given a curious instance of our author's asserting, on the authority of Dion Cassius, a fact not mentioned by that historian. I shall now produce a very singular proof of his endeavouring to conceal from us a passage really contained in him*." Nothing but the angry vehemence with which these charges are urged, could engage me to take the least notice of them. In themselves they are doubly contemptible; they are trifling, and they are false.

1. Mr. Davis † had imputed to me as a crime, that I had mentioned, on the sole testimony of Dion (L. lxxviii. p. 1145.), the spirit of rebellion which inflamed the Jews, from the reign of Nero to that of Antoninus Pius ‡, whilst the passage of that historian is confined to an insurrection in Cyprus and Cyrene, which broke out within that period. The reader who will cast his eye on the note (ch. xvi. note 1.), which is supported by that quotation from Dion, will discover that it related only to *this* particular fact. The general position, which is indeed too notorious to require any proof, I had carefully justified in the course of the same paragraph; partly by another reference to Dion Cassius, partly by an allusion to the well-known history of Josephus, and partly by *several* quotations from the learned and judicious Basnage, who has explained, in the most satisfactory manner, the principles and conduct of the rebellious Jews.

2. The passage of Dion, which I am accused of endeavouring to conceal, might perhaps have remained invisible, even to the piercing eye of Mr. Davis, if I had not carefully reported it in its proper place ||: and it was in my power to report it, without being guilty of any *inconsiderate contradiction*. I had observed, that, in the large history of Dion Cassius, Xiphilin had not been able to discover the name of *Christians*: yet I afterwards quote a passage, in which Marcia, the favourite concubine of Commodus, is celebrated as the patroness of the *Christians*. Mr. Davis has transcribed my quo-

* Davis, p. 83.

† Id. p. 11.

‡ Gibbon, p. 622.

|| Id. p. 667. N. 107.

tation, but *he* has concealed the important words which I now distinguish by Italics. (Ch. xvi. note 106. Dion Cassius, or rather his abbreviator Xiphilin, L. lxxii. p. 1206.) The reference is fairly made and cautiously qualified: I am already secure from the imputations of fraud or inconsistency; and the opinion which attributes the last-mentioned passage to the abbreviator, rather than to the original historian, may be supported by the most unexceptionable authorities. I shall protect myself by those of Reimar (in his edition of Dion Cassius, tom. ii. p. 1207. note 34.), and of Dr. Lardner; and shall only transcribe the words of the latter, in his Collection of Jewish and Heathen Testimonies, vol. iii. p. 57.

“ This paragraph I rather think to be Xiphilin’s than Dion’s. The style “ at least is Xiphilin’s. In the other passages before quoted, Dion speaks of “ *impiety*, or *atheism*, or *Judaism*; but never useth the word *Christians*. “ Another thing that may make us doubt whether this observation be entirely Dion’s, is the phrase, “ it is related (*ιστορεῖται*).” For at the beginning of the reign of Commodus, he says, “ These things, and what “ follows, I write not from the report of others, but from my own knowledge and observation.” However, the sense may be Dion’s; but I wish “ we had also his style, without any adulteration.” For my own part, I must, in my private opinion, ascribe even the sense of this passage to Xiphilin. The *Monk* might eagerly collect and insert an anecdote which related to the domestic history of the church; but the religion of a courtesan must have appeared an object of very little moment in the eyes of a *Roman consul*, who, at least in every other part of his history, disdained or neglected to mention the name of the Christians.

“ What shall we say now? Do we not discover the name of Christians in “ the History of Dion? With what *assurance* then can Mr. Gibbon, after “ asserting a fact manifestly *untrue*, lay claim to the merits of diligence and “ accuracy, the indispensable duty of an historian? Or can he expect us to “ credit his assertion, that he has carefully examined all the original materials *?”

Mr. Gibbon may still maintain the character of an historian; but it is difficult to conceive how Mr. Davis will support his pretensions, if he aspires to that of a gentleman.

* Davis, p. 83.

I almost hesitate whether I should take any notice of another ridiculous charge which Mr. Davis includes in the article of Dion Cassius. My adversary owns, that I have occasionally produced the several passages of the Augustan History which relate to the Christians; but he fiercely contends that they amount to more than *six lines* *. I really have not measured them: nor did I mean that loose expression as a precise and definite number. If, on a nicer survey, those short hints, when they are brought together, should be found to exceed six of the long lines of my folio edition, I am content that my critical antagonist should substitute eight, or ten, or twelve, lines; nor shall I think either my learning or veracity much interested in this important alteration.

PLINY, &c. XII. After a short description of the unworthy conduct of those Apostates who, in a time of persecution, deserted the Faith of Christ, I produced the evidence of a Pagan Proconsul †, and of two Christian Bishops, Pliny, Dionysius of Alexandria, and Cyprian. And here the unforgiving Critic remarks, “That Pliny has not particularized that difference of conduct (in the different Apostates) which Mr. Gibbon here describes: yet his name stands at the head of those Authors whom he has cited on the occasion. It is allowed indeed that this distinction is made by the other Authors; but as Pliny, the first referred to by Mr. Gibbon, gives him no cause or reason to use *them*,” (I cannot help Mr. Davis’s bad English) “it is certainly very reprehensible in our Author, thus to confound their testimony, and to make a needless and improper reference ‡.”

A criticism of this sort can only tend to expose Mr. Davis’s total ignorance of historical composition. The Writer who aspires to the name of Historian, is obliged to consult a variety of original testimonies, each of which, taken separately, is perhaps imperfect and partial. By a judicious re-union and arrangement of these dispersed materials, he endeavours to form a consistent and interesting narrative. Nothing ought to be inserted which is not proved by some of the witnesses; but their evidence must be so intimately blended together, that as it is unreasonable to expect that each of them should vouch for the whole, so it would be impossible to define the boundaries of their respective property. Neither Pliny, nor Dionysius, nor Cyprian, mention *all* the circumstances and *distinctions* of

* Gibbon, p. 634. N. 24.

† Id. p. 664. N. 102.

‡ Davis, p. 87, 88.

the conduct of the Christian Apostates ; but if any of them was withdrawn, the account which I have given would, in some instance, be defective.

Thus much I thought necessary to say, as several of the subsequent *misrepresentations* of Orosius, of Bayle, of Fabricius, of Gregory of Tours, &c. *, which provoked the fury of Mr. Davis, are derived only from the ignorance of this common historical principle.

Another class of misrepresentations, which my Adversary urges with the same degree of vehemence (see in particular those of Justin, Diodorus Siculus, and even Tacitus), requires the support of another principle, which has not yet been introduced into the art of criticism ; *that* when a modern historian appeals to the authority of the ancients for the truth of any particular fact, he makes himself answerable, I know not to what extent, for all the circumjacent errors or inconsistencies of the authors whom he has quoted.

XIII. I am accused of throwing out a false accusation against this Fa- IGNATIUS.
ther †, because I had observed ‡ that Ignatius, defending against the Gnostics the resurrection of Christ, employs a vague and doubtful tradition, instead of quoting the certain testimony of the Evangelists : and this observation was justified by a remarkable passage of Ignatius, in his Epistle to the Smyrnæans, which I cited according to the volume and the page of the best edition of the Apostolical Fathers, published at Amsterdam, 1724, in two volumes in folio. The Criticism of Mr. Davis is announced by one of those solemn declarations which leave not any refuge, if they are convicted of falsehood. “ I cannot find any passage that bears the least affinity to what “ Mr. Gibbon observes, in the whole Epistle, which I have read over more “ than once.”

I had already marked the *situation* ; nor is it in my power to prove the *existence*, of this passage, by any other means than by producing the words of the original. Εγω γαρ και μετα την αναστασιν εν σαρκι αυτον οίδα και πιστευω εντα, και οτε προς τας περι Πετρον ηλθεν, εφη αυτοις, λαβετε, ψυλαφησατε με, και ιδετε οτι ουκ' εμι δαιμονιον ασωματον. και ευθυς αυτα ηψαντο, και επιστευσαν.
“ I have known, and I believe, that after his resurrection likewise he ex-
“ isted in the flesh : And when he came to Peter, and to the rest, he said
“ unto them, Take, handle me, and see that I am not an incorporeal dæ-
“ mon or spirit. And they touched him, and believed.” The faith of the

* Davis, p. 88, 90, 137.

† Id. p. 100, 101.

‡ Gibbon, p. 551. N. 35.

Apostles confuted the impious error of the Gnostics, which attributed only the *appearances* of a human body to the Son of God: and it was the great object of Ignatius, in the last moments of his life, to secure the Christians of Asia from the snares of those dangerous Heretics. According to the tradition of the modern Greeks, Ignatius was the child whom Jesus received into his arms (see Tillemont Mem. Eccles. tom. ii. part ii. p. 43.); yet as he could scarcely be old enough to remember the resurrection of the Son of God, he must have derived his knowledge *either* from our present Evangelists, *or* from some Apocryphal Gospel, *or* from some unwritten tradition.

1. The Gospels of St. Luke and St. John would undoubtedly have supplied Ignatius with the most invincible proofs of the reality of the body of Christ, when he appeared to the Apostles after his resurrection; but neither of those Gospels contain the characteristic words of *εκ δαιμονιον σωματος*, and the important circumstance that either Peter, or *those* who were with Peter, touched the body of Christ and believed. Had the saint designed to quote the Evangelist on a very nice subject of controversy, he would not surely have exposed himself, by an inaccurate, or rather by a false, reference, to the just reproaches of the Gnostics. On this occasion, therefore, Ignatius did not employ, as he might have done, against the Heretics, the certain testimony of the Evangelists.

2. Jerom, who cites this remarkable passage from the Epistle of Ignatius to the Smyrnæans (see Catalog. Script. Eccles. in Ignatio, tom. i. p. 273. edit. Erasmi. Basil, 1537.), is of opinion that it was taken from the *Gospel* which he himself had lately translated: and *this*, from the comparison of two other passages in the same work (in Jacob. et in Matthæo, p. 264.), appears to have been the Hebrew Gospel, which was used by the Nazarenes of Beræa, as the genuine composition of St. Matthew. Yet Jerom mentions another Copy of this Hebrew Gospel (so different from the Greek Text), which was extant in the library formed at Cæsarea, by the care of Pamphilus: whilst the learned Eusebius, the friend of Pamphilus and the Bishop of Cæsarea, very frankly declares (Hist. Eccles. L. iii. c. 36.), that *he* is ignorant from whence Ignatius borrowed those words, which are the subject of the present Inquiry.

3. The doubt which remains, is only whether he took them from an Apocryphal Book, or from *unwritten tradition*: and I thought myself safe from every species of Critics, when I embraced the rational sentiment of Casaubon and Pearson. I shall produce the words of the Bishop: "Præ-

" terea

“ terea iterum observandum est, quod de hac re scripsit Isaacus Casaubonus,
 “ *Quinetiam fortasse verius, non ex Evangelio Hebraico, Ignatium illa verba*
 “ *descripsisse, verum traditionem allegasse non scriptam, quæ postea in literas*
 “ *fuerit relata, et Hebraico Evangelio, quod Matthæo tribuebant, inserta. Et*
 “ *hoc quidem mihi multo verisimilius videtur.*” (Pearson. Vindiciæ Ignatianæ, part ii. c. ix. p. 396. in tom. ii. Patr. Apostol.)

I may now submit to the judgment of the Public, whether I have looked into the Epistle which I cite with such a parade of learning, and *how profitably* Mr. Davis has read it over more than once.

XIV. The learning and judgment of Mosheim had been of frequent use MOSHEIM. in the course of my Historical Inquiry, and I had not been wanting in proper expressions of gratitude. My vexatious adversary is always ready to start from his ambuscade, and to harass my march by a mode of attack which cannot easily be reconciled with the laws of honourable war. The greatest part of the Misrepresentations of Mosheim, which Mr. Davis has imputed to me *, are of such a nature, that I must indeed be humble, if I could persuade myself to bestow a moment of serious attention on them. *Whether* Mosheim could prove that an absolute community of goods was not established among the first Christians of Jerusalem; *whether* he suspected the purity of the Epistles of Ignatius; *whether* he censured Dr. Middleton with temper or indignation (in this cause I must challenge Mr. Davis as an incompetent judge); *whether* he corroborates the *whole* of my description of the prophetic office; *whether* he speaks with approbation of the humanity of Pliny; and *whether* he attributed the same sense to the *malefica* of Suetonius, and the *exitibilis* of Tacitus? These questions, even as Mr. Davis has stated them, lie open to the judgment of every reader, and the superfluous observations which I could make, would be an abuse of their time and of my own. As little shall I think of consuming their patience, by examining whether Le Clerc and Mosheim *labour* in the interpretation of some texts of the Fathers, and particularly of a passage of Irenæus, which seem to favour the pretensions of the Roman Bishop. The material part of the passage of Irenæus consists of about *four lines*; and in order to shew that the interpretations of Le Clerc and Mosheim are not *laboured*, Mr. Davis abridges them as much as possible in the space of *twelve pages*. I know not whether the perusal of my History will justify the suspicion of Mr. Davis, that I am

* Davis, p. 95—97. 104—107. 114—132.

secretly inclined to the interest of the Pope : but I cannot discover how the Protestant cause can be affected, if Irenæus in the second, or Palavicini in the seventeenth century, were tempted, by any private views, to countenance in their writings the system of ecclesiastical dominion, which has been pursued in every age by the aspiring Bishops of the Imperial city. Their conduct was adapted to the revolutions of the Christian Republic, but the same spirit animated the haughty breasts of Victor the First, and of Paul the Fifth.

There still remain one or two of these imputed Misrepresentations, which appear, and indeed only appear, to merit a little more attention. In stating the opinion of Mosheim with regard to the progress of the Gospel, Mr. Davis boldly declares, “ that I have *altered the truth* of Mosheim’s history, “ that I might have an opportunity of contradicting the belief and wishes “ of the Fathers *.” In other words, I have been guilty of uttering a malicious falsehood.

I had endeavoured to mitigate the sanguine expression of the Fathers of the second century, who had too hastily diffused the light of Christianity over every part of the globe, by observing, as an undoubted fact, “ that “ the barbarians of Scythia and Germany, who subverted the Roman Monarchy, were involved in the errors of Paganism ; and that even the conquest of Iberia, of Armenia, or of Æthiopia, was not attempted with “ any degree of success, till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox “ Emperor †.” I had referred the curious reader to the fourth century of Mosheim’s General History of the Church : now Mr. Davis has discovered, and can prove, from that excellent work, “ that Christianity, not long after “ its first rise, had been introduced into the less as well as greater Armenia ; that part of the Goths, who inhabited Thracia, Mæsia, and Dacia, “ had received the Christian religion long before this century ; and that “ Theophilus, their Bishop, was present at the Council of Nice ‡.”

On this occasion, the reference was made to a popular work of Mosheim, for the satisfaction of the reader, that he might obtain the general view of the progress of Christianity in the fourth century, which I had gradually acquired by studying with some care the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Nations beyond the limits of the Roman Empire. If I had reasonably supposed that the result of our common inquiries must be the same, should I have deserved a very harsh censure for my unsuspecting confidence ? Or

* Davis, p. 127.

† Gibbon, p. 611, 612.

‡ Davis, p. 126, 127.

if I had declined the invidious task of separating a few immaterial errors, from a just and judicious representation, might not my respect for the name and merit of Mosheim have claimed some indulgence? But I disdain those excuses, which only a candid adversary would allow. I can meet Mr. Davis on the hard ground of controversy, and retort on his own head the charge of concealing a part of the truth. He himself has dared to suppress the words of my text, which immediately followed his quotation. "Before that time the various accidents of war and commerce might indeed diffuse an imperfect knowledge of the Gospel among the tribes of Caledonia, and among the borderers of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates;" and Mr. Davis has likewise suppressed one of the justificatory Notes on this passage, which expressly points out the time and circumstances of the first Gothic conversions. These exceptions, which I had cautiously inserted, and Mr. Davis has cautiously concealed, are superfluous for the provinces of Thrace, Mæsia, and the Lesser Armenia, which were contained within the precincts of the Roman Empire. They allow an ample scope for the more early conversion of some independent districts of Dacia and the Greater Armenia, which bordered on the Danube and Euphrates; and the entire sense of this passage, which Mr. Davis first mutilates and then attacks, is perfectly consistent with the original text of the learned Mosheim.

And yet I will fairly confess that, after a nicer inquiry into the epoch of the Armenian Church, I am not satisfied with the accuracy of my own expression. The assurance that the first Christian King, and the first Archbishop, Tiridates, and St. Gregory the Illuminator, were still alive several years after the death of Constantine, inclined me to believe, that the conversion of Armenia was posterior to the auspicious Revolution, which had given the sceptre of Rome to the hands of an orthodox Emperor. But I had not enough considered the two following circumstances. 1. I might have recollected the dates assigned by Moses of Chorene, who, on this occasion, may be regarded as a competent witness. Tiridates ascended the throne of Armenia in the third year of Diocletian (*Hist. Armeniæ*, L. ii. c. 79. p. 207.), and St. Gregory, who was invested with the Episcopal character in the seventeenth year of Tiridates, governed almost thirty years the Church of Armenia, and disappeared from the world in the forty-sixth year of the reign of the same Prince. (*Hist. Armeniæ*, L. ii. c. 88. p. 224, 225.) The consecration of St. Gregory must therefore be placed A. D.

303, and the conversion of the King and kingdom was soon atchieved by that successful missionary. 2. The unjust and inglorious war which Maximin undertook against the Armenians, the ancient faithful allies of the Republic, was evidently derived from a motive of superstitious zeal. The historian Eusebius (Hist. Eccles. L. ix. c. 8. p. 448. edit. Cantab.) considers the pious Armenians as a nation of Christians, who bravely defended themselves from the hostile oppression of an idolatrous tyrant. Instead of maintaining "that the conversion of Armenia was not attempted with any degree of success till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox Emperor," I ought to have observed, that the seeds of the faith were deeply sown during the season of the last and greatest persecution, that many Roman exiles might assist the labours of Gregory, and that the renowned Tiridates, the hero of the East, may dispute with Constantine the honour of being the first Sovereign who embraced the Christian religion.

In a future edition, I shall rectify an expression which, in strictness, can only be applied to the kingdoms of Iberia and Æthiopia. Had the error been exposed by Mr. Davis himself, I should not have been ashamed to correct it; but *I am* ashamed at being reduced to contend with an adversary who is unable to discover, or to improve, his own advantages.

But, instead of prosecuting any inquiry from whence the Public might have gained instruction, and himself credit, Mr. Davis chooses to perplex his readers with some angry cavils about the progress of the Gospel in the second century. What does he mean to establish or to refute? Have I denied, that before the end of that period Christianity was very widely diffused both in the East and in the West? Has not Justin Martyr affirmed, without exception or limitation, that it was already preached to *every* nation on the face of the earth? Is that proposition true at present? Could it be true in the time of Justin? Does not Mosheim acknowledge the exaggeration? "*Demus, nec enim quæ in oculos incurrunt infitiri audemus, esse in his verbis exaggerationis nonnihil. Certum enim est diu post Justinæ ætatem, multas orbis terrarum gentes cognitione Christi caruisse.*" (Mosheim de Rebus Christianis, p. 203.) Does he not expose (p. 205.), with becoming scorn and indignation, the falsehood and vanity of the hyperboles of Tertullian? "*bonum hominem æstu imaginationis elatum non satis attendisse ad ea quæ litteris consignabat.*"

The high esteem which Mr. Davis expresses for the writings of Mosheim, would alone convince me how little he has read them, since he must have been

been perpetually offended and disgusted by a train of thinking, the most repugnant to his own. His jealousy, however, for the honour of Mosheim, provokes him to arraign the boldness of Mr. Gibbon who presumes *falsely* to charge such an eminent man with *unjustifiable assertions* *. I might observe, that my style, which on this occasion was more modest and moderate, has acquired, perhaps undesignedly, an illiberal cast from the rough hand of Mr. Davis. But as my veracity is impeached, I may be less solicitous about my politeness; and though I have repeatedly declined the fairest opportunities of correcting the errors of my predecessors, yet, as long as I have truth on my side, I am not easily daunted by the names of the most eminent men.

The assertion of Mosheim, which did not seem to be justified † by the authority of Lactantius, was, that the wife and daughter of Diocletian, Prisca and Valeria, had been privately *baptized*. Mr. Davis is sure that the words of Mosheim, “Christianis sacris clam initiata,” need not be confined to the rite of baptism; and he is equally sure, that the reference to Mosheim does not lead us to discover even the name of Valeria. In both these assurances he is grossly mistaken; but it is the misfortune of controversy, that an error may be committed in three or four words, which cannot be rectified in less than thirty or forty lines.

1. The true and the sole meaning of the Christian initiation, one of the familiar and favourite allusions of the Fathers of the fourth century, is clearly explained by the exact and laborious Bingham. “The baptized were also styled *οἱ μεμνημενοι*, which the Latins call *initiati*, the initiated, that is, admitted to the use of the *sacred* offices, and knowledge of the *sacred* mysteries of the Christian Religion. Hence came that form of speaking so frequently used by St. Chrysostom, and other ancient writers, when they touched upon any doctrines or mysteries which the Catechumens understood not, *ισασιν οἱ μεμνημενοι*, the initiated know what is spoken. St. Ambrose writes a book to these *initiati*; Isidore of Pelusium and Hesychius call them *μυσται* and *μυσταγωγητοι*. Whence the Catechumens have the contrary names, *αμυστοι*, *αμυστοι*, *αμυσταγωγητοι*, the uninitiated or unbaptized.” (Antiquities of the Christian Church, L. i. c. 4. No. 2. vol. i. p. 11. fol. edit.) Had I presumed to suppose that Mosheim was capable of employing a technical expression in a loose and equivocal

* Davis, p. 131.

† Gibbon, p. 676. N. 132.

senſe, I ſhould indeed have violated the reſpect which I have always entertained for his learning and abilities.

2. But Mr. Davis cannot diſcover in the text of Moſheim the name of Valeria. In that caſe Moſheim would have ſuffered another ſlight inaccuracy to drop from his pen, as the paſſage of Laſtantius, “ ſacrificio pollui coëgit,” on which he founds his aſſertion, includes the names both of Priſca and Valeria. But I am not reduced to the neceſſity of accusing another in my own defence. Moſheim has properly and expreſſly declared that Valeria imitated the pious example of her mother Priſca, “ Gener Diocletiani uxorem habebat *Valeriam* matris exemplum pietate erga Deum imitantem et a cultu fictorum Numinum alienam.” (Moſheim, p. 913.) Mr. Davis has a bad habit of greedily snapping at the firſt words of a reference, without giving himſelf the trouble of going to the end of the page or paragraph.

Theſe trifling and peeviſh cavils would, perhaps, have been confounded with ſome criticifms of the ſame ſtamp, on which I had beſtowed a ſlight, though ſufficient notice, in the beginning of this article of Moſheim; had not my attention been awakened by a peroration worthy of Tertullian himſelf, if Tertullian had been devoid of eloquence as well as of moderation—“ Much leſs does the Chriſtian Moſheim give our *infidel Hiſtorian* any pretext for inserting that *illiberal malignant inſinuation*, “ That Chriſtianity “ has, in every age, acknowledged its important obligations to FEMALE devotion;” the remark is truly *contemptible**.”

It is not my deſign to fill whole pages with a tedious enumeration of the many illuſtrious examples of female Saints, who, in every age, and almoſt in every country, have promoted the intereſt of Chriſtianity. Such inſtances will readily offer themſelves to thoſe who have the ſlighteſt knowledge of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory; nor is it neceſſary that I ſhould remind them how much the charms, the influence, the devotion of Clotilda, and of her great-granddaughter Bertha, contributed to the converſion of France and England. Religion may accept, without a bluſh, the ſervices of the pureſt and moſt gentle portion of the human ſpecies: but there are ſome advocates who would diſgrace Chriſtianity, if Chriſtianity could be diſgraced, by the manner in which they defend her cauſe.

* Davis, p. 132.

XV. As I could not readily procure the works of Gregory of Nyssa, I borrowed * from the accurate and indefatigable Tillemont, a passage in the life of Gregory Thaumaturgus, or the Wonder-worker, which affirmed, that when the Saint took possession of his episcopal see, he found only SEVENTEEN *Christians* in the city of Neo-Cæsarea, and the adjacent country, “*Les environs, la campagne, le pays d’alentour.*” (Mem. Eccles. tom. iv. p. 677. 691. Edit. Bruxelles, 1706.) These expressions of Tillemont, to whom I explicitly acknowledged my obligation, appeared synonymous to the word *diocese*, the whole territory entrusted to the pastoral care of the Wonder-worker, and I added the epithet of *extensive*; because I was apprised that Neo-Cæsarea was the capital of the Polemoniac Pontus, and that the whole kingdom of Pontus, which stretched above five hundred miles along the coast of the Euxine, was divided between sixteen or seventeen bishops. (See the Geographia Ecclesiastica of Charles de St. Paul, and Lucas Holstenius, p. 249, 250, 251.) Thus far I may not be thought to have deserved any censure; but the omission of the subsequent part of the same passage, which imports, that at his death the Wonder-worker left no more than *seventeen Pagans*, may seem to wear a partial and suspicious aspect.

Let me therefore first observe, as some evidence of an impartial disposition, that I *easily* admitted, as the cool observation of the philosophic Lucian, the angry and interested complaint of the false prophet Alexander, that Pontus was filled with Christians. This complaint was made under the reigns of Marcus or of Commodus, with whom the impostor so admirably exposed by Lucian was contemporary: and I had contented myself with remarking, that the numbers of Christians must have been very unequally distributed in the several parts of Pontus, since the diocese of Neo-Cæsarea contained, above sixty years afterwards, only seventeen Christians. Such was the inconsiderable flock which Gregory began to feed about the year two hundred and forty; and the real or fabulous conversions ascribed to that Wonder-working Bishop, during a reign of thirty years, are totally foreign to the state of Christianity in the preceding century. This obvious reflection may serve to answer the objection of Mr. Davis †, and of another adversary ‡, who on this occasion is more liberal than Mr. Davis of those harsh epithets so familiar to the tribe of poleemics.

* Gibbon, p. 605. N. 156.

† Davis, p. 136, 137.

‡ Dr. Randolph, in Chelfum’s Remarks, p. 159, 160.

PAGI.

XVI. " Mr. Gibbon says *, " Pliny was sent into Bithynia (according to " Pagi) in the year 110."

" Now that accurate chronologer places it in the year 102. See the fact " recorded in his Critico-Historico Chronologica in Annales C. Baronii, " A. D. 102. p. 99. sæc. 2. § 3."

" I appeal to my reader, whether this anachronism does not plainly prove " that our historian never looked into Pagi's Chronology, though he has not " hesitated to make a pompous reference to him in his note †?"

I cannot help observing that either Mr. Davis's dictionary is extremely confined, or that in his philosophy all sins are of equal magnitude. Every error of fact or language, every instance where he does not know how to reconcile the original and the reference, he expresses by the gentle word of *misrepresentation*. An inaccurate appeal to the sentiment of Pagi, on a subject where I must have been perfectly disinterested, might have been styled a lapse of memory, instead of being censured as the effect of vanity and ignorance. Pagi is neither a difficult nor an uncommon writer, nor could I hope to derive much additional fame from a *pompous* quotation of his writings, which I had never seen.

The words employed by Mr. Davis, of *fact*, of *record*, of *anachronism*, are unskilfully chosen, and so unhappily applied, as to betray a very shameful ignorance, either of the English language, or of the nature of this chronological question. The date of Pliny's government of Bithynia is not a fact recorded by any ancient writer, but an opinion which modern critics have variously formed, from the consideration of presumptive and collateral evidence. Cardinal Baronius placed the consulship of Pliny one year too late; and, as he was persuaded that the old practice of the republic still subsisted, he naturally supposed that Pliny obtained his province immediately after the expiration of his consulship. He therefore sends him into Bithynia in the year which, according to his erroneous computation, coincided with the year one hundred and four (Baron. Annal. Eccles. A. D. 103. No. 1. 104. No. 1.), or, according to the true chronology, with the year one hundred and two, of the Christian æra. This mistake of Baronius, Pagi, with the assistance of his friend Cardinal Noris, undertakes to correct. From an accurate parallel of the Annals of Trajan and the Epistles of Pliny, he deduces his proofs that Pliny remained at Rome several years after his consulship, by

* Gibbon, p. 605. N. 157.

† Davis, p. 140.

his own ingenious, though sometimes fanciful theory, of the imperial Quinquennalia, &c. Pagi at last discovers that Pliny made his entrance into Bithynia in the year one hundred and ten. "Plinius igitur anno Christi CEN-
" TESIMO DECIMO Bithyniam intravit." Pagi, tom. i. p. 100.

I will be more indulgent to my adversary than he has been to me: I will admit that he has *looked into Pagi*; but I must add, that he has only looked into that accurate chronologer. To rectify the errors, which, in the course of a laborious and original work, had escaped the diligence of the Cardinal, was the arduous task which Pagi proposed to execute: and for the sake of perspicuity, he distributes his criticisms according to the particular dates, whether just or faulty, of the Chronology of Baronius himself. Under the year 102, Mr. Davis confusedly saw a long argument about Pliny and Bithynia, and without condescending to read the author whom he *pompously* quotes, this hasty critic imputes to him the opinion which he had so laboriously destroyed.

My readers, if any readers have accompanied me thus far, must be satisfied, and indeed satiated, with the repeated proofs which I have made of the weight and temper of my adversary's weapons. They have, in every assault, fallen dead and lifeless to the ground: they have more than once recoiled, and dangerously wounded the unskilful hand that had presumed to use them. I have now examined all the *misrepresentations* and *inaccuracies*, which even for a moment could perplex the ignorant or deceive the credulous: the *few* imputations which I have neglected are still more palpably false, or still more evidently trifling, and even the friends of Mr. Davis will scarcely continue to ascribe my contempt to my fear.

The first part of his critical volume might admit, though it did not deserve, a particular reply. But the easy, though tedious compilation, which fills the remainder *, and which Mr. Davis has produced as the evidence of my shameful *plagiarisms*, may be set in its true light by three or four short and general reflections.

PLAGIARISMS.

I. Mr. Davis has disposed, in two columns, the passages which he thinks proper to select from my two last chapters, and the corresponding passages from Middleton, Barbeyrac, Beausobre, Dodwell, &c. to the most important of which he had been regularly guided by my own quotations. According to the opinion which he has conceived of literary property, to agree is to

* Davis, p. 163—274.

follow, and to *follow* is to *steal*. He celebrates his own sagacity with loud and reiterated applause, and declares, with infinite facetiousness, that if he restored to every author the passages which Mr. Gibbon has purloined, *he* would appear as naked as the proud and gaudy daw in the fable, when each bird had plucked away its own plumes. Instead of being angry with Mr. Davis for the parallel which he has extended to so great a length, I am under some obligation to his industry for the copious proofs which he has furnished the reader, that my representation of some of the most important facts of ecclesiastical antiquity is supported by the authority or opinion of the most ingenious and learned of the modern writers. The public may not, perhaps, be very eager to assist Mr. Davis in his favourite amusement of *depluming* me. They may think, that if the materials which compose my two last chapters are curious and valuable, it is of little moment to whom they properly belong. If my readers are satisfied with the form, the colours, the new arrangement which I have given to the labours of my predecessors, they may perhaps consider me not as a contemptible thief, but as an honest and industrious manufacturer, who has fairly procured the raw materials, and worked them up with a laudable degree of skill and success.

II. About two hundred years ago, the court of Rome discovered that the system which had been erected by ignorance must be defended and countenanced by the aid, or at least by the abuse, of science. The grosser legends of the middle ages were abandoned to contempt, but the supremacy and infallibility of two hundred Popes, the virtues of many thousand Saints, and the miracles which they either performed or related, have been laboriously consecrated in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Cardinal Baronius. A theological barometer might be formed, of which the Cardinal and our countryman Dr. Middleton should constitute the opposite and remote extremities, as the former sunk to the lowest degree of credulity, which was compatible with learning, and the latter rose to the highest pitch of scepticism, in anywise consistent with religion. The intermediate gradations would be filled by a line of ecclesiastical critics, whose rank has been fixed by the circumstances of their temper and studies, as well as by the spirit of the church or society to which they were attached. It would be amusing enough to calculate the weight of prejudice in the air of Rome, of Oxford, of Paris, and of Holland; and sometimes to observe the irregular tendency of papists towards freedom, sometimes to remark the unnatural gravitation of protestants towards slavery. But it is useful to borrow the assistance of so many learned

and ingenious men, who have viewed the first ages of the church in every light, and from every situation. If we skilfully combine the passions and prejudices, the hostile motives and intentions, of the several theologians, we may frequently extract knowledge from credulity, moderation from zeal, and impartial truth from the most disingenuous controversy. It is the right, it is the duty of a critical historian to collect, to weigh, to select the opinions of his predecessors; and the more diligence he has exerted in the search, the more rationally he may hope to add some improvement to the stock of knowledge, the use of which has been common to all.

III. Besides the ideas which may be suggested by the study of the most learned and ingenious of the moderns, the historian may be indebted to them for the occasional communication of some passages of the ancients, which might otherwise have escaped his knowledge or his memory. In the consideration of any extensive subject, none will pretend to have read all that has been written, or to recollect all that they have read: nor is there any disgrace in recurring to the writers who have professedly treated any questions, which, in the course of a long narrative, we are called upon to mention in a slight and incidental manner. If I touch upon the obscure and fanciful theology of the Gnostics, I can accept without a blush the assistance of the candid Beaufobre; and when, amidst the fury of contending parties, I trace the progress of ecclesiastical dominion, I am not ashamed to confess myself the grateful disciple of the impartial Mosheim. In the next volume of my History, the reader and the critic must prepare themselves to see me make a still more liberal use of the labours of those indefatigable workmen who have dug deep into the mine of antiquity. The Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries are far more voluminous than their predecessors; the writings of Jerom, of Augustin, of Chrysostom, &c. cover the walls of our libraries. The smallest part is of the historical kind: yet the treatises which seem the least to invite the curiosity of the reader, frequently conceal very useful hints, or very valuable facts. The polemic, who involves himself and his antagonists in a cloud of argumentation, sometimes relates the origin and progress of the heresy which he confutes; and the preacher who declaims against the luxury, describes the manners of the age; and seasonably introduces the mention of some public calamity, that he may ascribe it to the justice of offended Heaven. It would surely be unreasonable to expect that the historian should peruse enormous volumes, with the uncertain hope of extracting a few interesting lines, or that he should sacrifice whole days to the momentary amuse-

ment of his reader. Fortunately for us both, the diligence of ecclesiastical critics has facilitated our inquiries: the compilations of Tillemont might alone be considered as an immense repertory of truth and fable, of almost all that the fathers have preserved or invented, or believed; and if we equally avail ourselves of the labours of contending sectaries, we shall often discover, that the same passages which the prudence of one of the disputants would have suppressed or disguised, are placed in the most conspicuous light by the active and interested zeal of his adversary. On these occasions, what is the duty of a faithful historian, who derives from some modern writer the knowledge of some ancient testimony, which he is desirous of introducing into his own narrative? It is his duty, and it has been my invariable practice, to consult the original; to study with attention the words, the design, the spirit, the context, the situation of the passage to which I had been referred; and before I appropriated it to my own use, to justify my own declaration, "that I had carefully examined all the original materials that could illustrate the subject which I had undertaken to treat." If this important obligation has sometimes been imperfectly fulfilled, I have only omitted what it would have been impracticable for me to perform. The greatest city in the world is still destitute of that useful institution, a public library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat any large historical subject, is reduced to the necessity of purchasing, for his private use, a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work. The diligence of his book-sellers will not always prove successful; and the candour of his readers will not always expect, that, for the sake of verifying an accidental quotation of ten lines, he should load himself with an useless and expensive series of ten volumes. In a very few instances, where I had not the opportunity of consulting the originals, I have adopted their testimony on the faith of modern guides, of whose fidelity I was satisfied; but on these occasions *, instead of decking myself with the borrowed plumes of Tillemont or Lardner, I have been most scrupulously exact in marking the extent of my reading, and the source of my information. This distinction, which a sense of truth and modesty had engaged me to express, is ungenerously abused by Mr. Davis, who seems happy to inform his readers, that "in ONE instance (Chap. xvi. 164. " or in the first edition, 163.) I have, by an unaccountable oversight, un-

* Gibbon, p. 605, N. 156; p. 606. N. 161; p. 690, N. 164; p. 699, N. 178.

" fortunately

“ fortunately for myself, forgot to drop the modern, and that I modestly disclaim all knowledge of Athanasius, but what I had picked up from Tillemont *.” Without animadverting on the decency of these expressions, which are now grown familiar to me, I shall content myself with observing, that as I had frequently quoted Eusebius, or Cyprian, or Tertullian, *because* I had read them; so, in this instance, I only made my reference to Tillemont, *because* I had not read, and did not possess the works of Athanasius. The progress of my undertaking has since directed me to peruse the Historical Apologies of the Archbishop of Alexandria, whose life is a very interesting part of the age in which he lived; and if Mr. Davis should have the curiosity to look into my Second Volume, he will find that I make a free and frequent appeal to the writings of Athanasius. Whatever may be the opinion or practice of my adversary, this I apprehend to be the dealing of a fair and honourable man.

IV. The historical monuments of the three first centuries of ecclesiastical antiquity are neither very numerous nor very prolix. From the end of the Acts of the Apostles, to the time when the first Apology of Justin Martyr was presented, there intervened a dark and doubtful period of fourscore years; and, even if the Epistles of Ignatius should be approved by the critic, they could not be very serviceable to the historian. From the middle of the second, to the beginning of the fourth century, we gain our knowledge of the state and progress of Christianity, from the successive Apologies which were occasionally composed by Justin, Athenagoras, Tertullian, Origen, &c.; from the Epistles of Cyprian; from a few *sincere* acts of the Martyrs; from some moral or controversial tracts, which indirectly explain the events and manners of the times; from the rare and accidental notice which profane writers have taken of the Christian sect; from the declamatory narrative which celebrates the deaths of the persecutors; and from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, who has preserved some valuable fragments of more early writers. Since the revival of letters, these original materials have been the common fund of critics and historians: nor has it ever been imagined, that the absolute and exclusive property of a passage in Eusebius or Tertullian was acquired by the first who had an opportunity of quoting it. The learned work of Mosheim, *de Rebus Christianis ante Constantinum*, was printed in the year 1753; and if I were possessed of the patience and disingenuity of Mr. Davis, I would engage to

* Davis, p. 273.

find all the ancient testimonies that he has alleged, in the writings of Dodwell or Tillemont, which were published before the end of the last century. But if I were animated by any malevolent intentions against Dodwell or Tillemont, I could as easily, and as unfairly, fix on *them* the guilt of plagiarism, by producing the same passages transcribed or translated at full length in the Annals of Cardinal Baronius. Let not criticism be any longer disgraced by the practice of such unworthy arts. Instead of admitting suspicions as false as they are ungenerous, candour will acknowledge, that Mosheim or Dodwell, Tillemont or Baronius, enjoyed the same right, and often were under the same obligation, of quoting the passages which they had read, and which were indispensably requisite to confirm the truth and substance of their similar narratives. Mr. Davis is so far from allowing me the benefit of this common indulgence, or rather of this common right, that he stigmatizes with the name of *plagiarism* a close and literal agreement with Dodwell in the account of some parts of the persecution of Diocletian, where a few chapters of Eusebius and Lactantius, perhaps of Lactantius alone, are the sole materials from whence our knowledge could be derived, and where, if I had not transcribed, I must have invented. He is even bold enough (*bold* is not the *proper* word) to conceive some hopes of persuading his readers, that an historian who has employed several years of his life, and several hundred pages, on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, had never read Orosius, or the Augustin History; and that he was forced to borrow, at second-hand, his quotations from the Theodosian code. I cannot profess myself very desirous of Mr. Davis's acquaintance; but if he will take the trouble of calling at my house any afternoon when I am *not* at home, my servant shall shew him my library, which he will find tolerably well furnished with the useful authors, ancient as well as modern, ecclesiastical as well as profane, who have *directly* supplied me with the materials of my History.

The peculiar reasons, and they are not of the most flattering kind, which urged me to repel the furious and feeble attack of Mr. Davis, have been already mentioned. But since I am drawn thus reluctantly into the lists of controversy, I shall not retire till I have saluted, either with stern defiance or gentle courtesy, the theological champions who have signalized their ardour to break a lance against the shield of a *Pagan* adversary. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters have been honoured with the notice of several writers, whose names and characters seemed to promise more maturity of judgment and learning than could reasonably be expected from the unfinished studies of

a Ba-

a Bachelor of Arts. The Reverend Mr. Apthorpe, Dr. Watson, the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, Dr. Chelsum of Christ Church, and his associate Dr. Randolph, President of Corpus Christi College, and the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, have given me a fair right, which, however, I shall not abuse, of freely declaring my opinion on the subject of their respective criticisms.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Apthorpe was the first who announced to the Public his intention of examining the interesting subject which I had treated in the Two last Chapters of my History. The multitude of collateral and accessory ideas which presented themselves to the Author, insensibly swelled the bulk of his papers to the size of a large volume in octavo; the publication was delayed many months beyond the time of the first advertisement; and when Mr. Apthorpe's Letters appeared, I was surprised to find, that I had *scarcely* any interest or concern in their contents. They are filled with general observations on the Study of History, with a large and useful catalogue of Historians, and with a variety of reflexions, moral and religious, all preparatory to the direct and formal consideration of my Two last Chapters, which Mr. Apthorpe seems to reserve for the subject of a Second Volume. I sincerely respect the learning, the piety, and the candour of this Gentleman, and must consider it as a mark of his esteem, that he has thought proper to begin his approaches at so great a distance from the fortifications which he designed to attack.

When Dr. Watson gave to the Public his Apology for Christianity, in a Series of Letters, he addressed them to the Author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with a just confidence that he had considered this important object in a manner not unworthy of his antagonist or of himself. Dr. Watson's mode of thinking bears a liberal and a philosophic cast; his thoughts are expressed with spirit, and that spirit is always tempered by politeness and moderation. Such is the man whom I should be happy to call my friend, and whom I should not blush to call my antagonist. But the same motives which might tempt me to accept, or even to solicit, a private and amicable conference, dissuaded me from entering into a public controversy with a Writer of so respectable a character; and I embraced the earliest opportunity of expressing to Dr. Watson himself, how sincerely I agreed with him in thinking, "That as the world is now possessed of the opinion of us both upon the subject in question, it may be perhaps as
" proper

MR. AP-
THORPE.

DR. WAT-
SON.

“ proper for us both to leave it in this state *.” The nature of the ingenious Professor’s Apology contributed to strengthen the insuperable reluctance to engage in hostile altercation which was common to us both, by convincing me, that such an altercation was unnecessary as well as unpleasant. He very justly and politely declares, that a considerable part, near seventy pages, of his small volume are not directed to me †, but to a set of men whom he places in an odious and contemptible light. He leaves to other hands the defence of the leading Ecclesiastics, even of the primitive church; and without being *very* anxious, either to soften their vices and indiscretion, or to aggravate the cruelty of the Heathen Persecutors, he passes over in silence the greatest part of my Sixteenth Chapter. It is not so much the purpose of the Apologist to examine the facts which have been advanced by the Historian, as to remove the impressions which may have been formed by many of his Readers; and the Remarks of Dr. Watson consist more properly of general argumentation than of particular criticism. He fairly owns, that I have expressly allowed the full and irresistible weight of the *first* great cause of the success of Christianity ‡; and he is too candid to deny that the five *secondary* causes, which I had attempted to explain, operated with *some* degree of active energy towards the accomplishment of that great event. The only question which remains between us, relates to the *degree* of the weight and effect of those secondary causes; and as I am persuaded that our philosophy is not of the dogmatic kind, we should soon acknowledge that this precise degree cannot be ascertained by reasoning, nor perhaps be expressed by words. In the course of this inquiry, some incidental difficulties have arisen, which I had stated with impartiality, and which Dr. Watson resolves with ingenuity and temper. If in some instances he seems to have misapprehended my sentiments, I may hesitate whether I should impute the fault to my own want of clearness or to his want of attention, but I can never entertain a suspicion that Dr. Watson would descend to employ the disingenuous arts of vulgar controversy.

There is, however, one passage, and one passage only, which must not pass without some explanation; and I shall the more eagerly embrace this occasion to illustrate what I had said, as the misconstruction of my true meaning seems to have made an involuntary, but unfavourable impression

* Watson’s Apology for Christianity, p. 200.

† Id. p. 202—263.

‡ Id. p. 5.

on the liberal mind of Dr. Watson. As I endeavour *not* to palliate the severity, but to discover the motives, of the Roman Magistrates, I had remarked, "it was in vain that the oppressed Believer asserted the unalienable rights of conscience and private judgment. Though his situation might excite the pity, his arguments could never reach the understanding, either of the philosophic or of the believing part of the Pagan world *." The humanity of Dr. Watson takes fire on the supposed provocation, and he asks me with unusual quickness, "How, Sir, are the arguments for liberty of conscience so exceedingly inconclusive, that you think them incapable of reaching the understanding even of philosophers †?" He continues to observe, that a captious adversary would embrace with avidity the opportunity this passage affords, of blotting my character with the odious stain of being a Persecutor; a stain which no learning can wipe out, which no genius or ability can render amiable; and though he himself does not entertain such an opinion of my principles, his ingenuity tries in vain to provide me with the means of escape.

I must lament that I have not been successful in the explanation of a very simple notion of the spirit both of Philosophy and of Polytheism, which I have repeatedly inculcated. The arguments which assert the rights of conscience are not inconclusive in themselves, but the understanding of the Greeks and Romans was fortified against their evidence by an invincible prejudice. When we listen to the voice of Bayle, of Locke, and of genuine reason, in favour of religious toleration, we shall easily perceive that our most forcible appeal is made to our mutual feelings. If the Jew were allowed to argue with the Inquisitor, he would request that for a moment they might exchange their different situations, and might safely ask his Catholic Tyrant, whether the fear of death would compel *him* to enter the synagogue, to receive the mark of circumcision, and to partake of the paschal lamb. As soon as the case of persecution was brought home to the breast of the Inquisitor, he must have found some difficulty in suppressing the dictates of natural equity, which would insinuate to his conscience, that he could have no right to inflict those punishments which, under similar circumstances, he would esteem it as his duty to encounter. But this argument could not reach the understanding of a Polytheist, or of an ancient Philosopher. The former was ready, whenever he was summoned, or indeed without being summoned,

* Gibbon, p. 625.

† Watson, p. 185.

to fall prostrate before the altars of any Gods who were adored in any part of the world, and to admit a vague persuasion of the *truth* and divinity of the most different modes of religion. The Philosopher, who considered them, at least in their literal sense, as equally *false* and absurd, was not ashamed to disguise his sentiments, and to frame his actions according to the laws of his country, which imposed the same obligation on the Philosophers and the people. When Pliny declared, that whatever was the opinion of the Christians, their obstinacy deserved punishment, the absurd cruelty of Pliny was excused in his own eye, by the consciousness that, in the situation of the Christians, he would not have refused the religious compliance which he exacted. I shall not repeat, that the Pagan worship was a matter, not of *opinion*, but of *custom*; that the toleration of the Romans was confined to nations or families who followed the practice of their ancestors; and that in the first ages of Christianity their persecution of the individuals who departed from the established religion was neither moderated by pure reason, nor inflamed by exclusive zeal. But I only desire to appeal, from the hasty apprehension, to the more deliberate judgment, of Dr. Watson himself. Should there still remain any difference of opinion between us, I shall be satisfied, if he will consider me as a sincere though perhaps unsuccessful lover of truth, and as a firm friend to civil and ecclesiastical freedom.

DR. CHEL-
SUM and DR.
RANDOLPH.

Far be it from me, or from any faithful Historian, to impute to respectable societies the faults of some individual members. Our two Universities most undoubtedly contain the same mixture, and most probably the same proportions, of zeal and moderation, of reason and superstition. Yet there is much less difference between the smoothness of the Ionic, and the roughness of the Doric dialect, than may be found between the polished style of Dr. Watson, and the coarse language of Mr. Davis, Dr. Chelsum, or Dr. Randolph. The second of these Critics, Dr. Chelsum of Christ Church, is unwilling that the world should forget that *he* was the first who sounded to arms, that *he* was the first who furnished the antidote to the poison, and who, as early as the month of October of the year 1776, published his *Strictures* on the Two last Chapters of Mr. Gibbon's History. The success of a pamphlet, which he modestly styles imperfect and ill-digested, encouraged him to resume the controversy. In the beginning of the present year, his Remarks made their second appearance, with some alteration of form, and a large increase of bulk; and the author who seems to fight under the pro-

tection of two episcopal banners, has prefixed, in the front of his volume, his name and titles, which in the former edition he had less honourably suppressed. His confidence is fortified by the alliance and communications of a *distinguished* Writer, Dr. Randolph, &c. who, on a proper occasion, would, no doubt, be ready to bear as honourable testimony to the merit and reputation of Dr. Chelsum. The two friends are indeed so happily united by art and nature, that if the author of the Remarks had not pointed out the valuable communications of the Margaret Professor, it would have been impossible to separate their respective property. Writers who possess any freedom of mind, may be known from each other by the peculiar character of their style and sentiments; but the champions who are enlisted in the service of Authority, commonly wear the uniform of the regiment. Oppressed with the same yoke, covered with the same trappings, they heavily move along, perhaps not with an equal pace, in the same beaten track of prejudice and preferment. Yet I should expose my own injustice, were I absolutely to confound with Mr. Davis the two Doctors in Divinity, who are joined in one volume. The three Critics appear to be animated by the same implacable resentment against the Historian of the Roman Empire; they are alike disposed to support the same opinions by the same arts; and if in the language of the two latter, the disregard of politeness is somewhat less gross and indecent, the difference is not of such a magnitude as to excite in my breast any lively sensations of gratitude. It was the misfortune of Mr. Davis that he undertook to *write* before he had *read*. He set out with the stock of authorities which he found in my quotations, and boldly ventured to play his reputation against mine. Perhaps he may now repent of a loss which is not easily recovered; but if I had not surmounted my almost insuperable reluctance to a public dispute, many a reader might still be dazzled by the vehemence of his assertions, and might still believe that Mr. Davis had detected several wilful and important misrepresentations in my Two last Chapters. But the confederate Doctors appear to be scholars of a higher form and longer experience; they enjoy a certain rank in their academical world; and as their zeal is enlightened by some rays of knowledge, so their desire to ruin the credit of their adversary is occasionally checked by the apprehension of injuring their own. These restraints, to which Mr. Davis was a stranger, have confined them to a very narrow and humble path of historical criticism; and if I were to correct, according to their wishes,

all the particular facts against which they have advanced any objections, these corrections, admitted in their fullest extent, would hardly furnish materials for a decent list of *errata*.

The *dogmatical* part of their work, which in every sense of the word, deserves that appellation, is ill adapted to engage my attention. I had declined the consideration of theological arguments, when they were managed by a candid and liberal adversary; and it would be inconsistent enough, if I should have refused to draw my sword in honourable combat against the keen and well-tempered weapon of Dr. Watson, for the sole purpose of encountering the rustic cudgel of two staunch and sturdy Polemics.

I shall not enter any farther into the character and conduct of Cyprian, as I am sensible that, if the opinion of Le Clerc, Mosheim, and myself, is reprobated by Dr. Chelsum and his ally, the difference must subsist, till we shall entertain the same notions of moral virtue and ecclesiastical power*. If Dr. Randolph will allow that the primitive Clergy received, managed, and distributed the tithes, and other charitable donations of the faithful, the dispute between *us* will be a dispute of words†. I shall not amuse myself with proving that the learned Origen must have derived from the *inspired* authority of the Church his knowledge, not indeed of the *authenticity*, but of the *inspiration* of the *four* Evangelists, *two* of whom are not in the rank of the Apostles‡. I shall submit to the judgment of the Public, whether the Athanasian Creed is not read and received in the Church of England, and whether the wisest and most virtuous of the Pagans § believed the Catholic faith, which is declared in the Athanasian Creed to be absolutely necessary for salvation. As little shall I think myself interested in the elaborate disquisitions with which the Author of the Remarks has filled a great number of pages, concerning the famous testimony of Josephus, the passages of Irenæus and Theophilus, which relate to the gift of miracles, and the origin of circumcision in Palestine or in Egypt ||. If I have rejected, and rejected with some contempt, the *interpolation* which pious fraud has very awkwardly inserted in the text of Josephus, I may deem myself secure behind the shield of learned and pious critics (see in particular Le Clerc, in his *Ars Critica*,

* Gibbon, p. 558, 559. Chelsum, p. 132—139.

† Gibbon, p. 592. Randolph in Chelsum, p. 122.

‡ Gibbon, p. 551, N. 33. Chelsum, p. 39.

§ Gibbon, p. 565, N. 70. Chelsum, p. 66.

|| Chelsum's Remarks, p. 13—19. 67—91. 180—185.

part iii. sect. i. c. 15. and Lardner's Testimonies, Vol. i. p. 150, &c.), who have condemned this passage : and I think it very natural that Dr. Chelsum should embrace the contrary opinion, which is not destitute of able advocates. The passages of Irenæus and Theophilus were thoroughly sifted in the controversy about the duration of Miracles ; and as the works of Dr. Middleton may be found in every library, so it is not impossible that a diligent search may still discover some remains of the writings of his adversaries. In mentioning the confession of the Syrians of Palestine, that they had received from Egypt the rite of circumcision, I had simply alledged the testimony of Herodotus, without expressly adopting the sentiment of Marsham. But I had always imagined, that in these doubtful and indifferent questions, which have been solemnly argued before the tribunal of the Public, every scholar was at liberty to chuse his side, without assigning his reasons ; nor can I yet persuade myself, that either Dr. Chelsum, or myself, are likely to enforce, by any new arguments, the opinions which we have respectively followed. The only novelty for which I can perceive myself indebted to Dr. Chelsum, is the very extraordinary Scepticism which he insinuates concerning the time of Herodotus, who, according to the chronology of some, flourished during the time of the Jewish captivity *. Can it be necessary to inform a Divine, that the captivity which lasted seventy years, according to the prophecy of Jeremiah, was terminated in the year 536 before Christ, by the edict which Cyrus published in the first year of his reign ? (Jeremiah, xxv. 11, 12. xxix. 10. Ezra, i. 1. &c. Usher and Prideaux, under the years 606 and 536.) Can it be necessary to inform a man of letters, that Herodotus was fifty-three years old at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war (Aulus Gellius, Noct. Attic. xv. 23. from the commentaries of Pamphila), and consequently that he was born in the year before Christ 484, fifty-two years after the end of the Jewish captivity ? As this well attested fact is not exposed to the slightest doubt or difficulty, I am somewhat curious to learn the names of those unknown authors, whose chronology Dr. Chelsum has allowed as the specious foundation of a probable hypothesis. The Author of the Remarks does not seem indeed to have cultivated, with much care or success, the province of literary history ; as a very moderate acquaintance with that useful branch of knowledge would have saved him from a positive mistake, much less excusable than the doubt

* Chelsum, p. 15.

which

which he entertains about the time of Herodotus. He styles Suidas “a *Heathen* writer, who lived about the end of the *tenth* century*.” I admit the period which he assigns to Suidas; and which is well ascertained by Dr. Bentley. (See his Reply to Boyle, p. 22, 23.) We are led to fix this epoch, by the chronology which this *Heathen* writer has deduced from Adam, to the death of the emperor John Zimisces, A. D. 975: and a crowd of passages might be produced, as the unanswerable evidence of his Christianity. But the most unanswerable of all is the very date, which is not disputed between us. The philosophers who flourished under Justinian (see Agathias, L. ii. p. 65, 66.) appear to have been the last of the *Heathen* writers: and the ancient religion of the Greeks was annihilated almost four hundred years before the birth of Suidas.

After this animadversion, which is not intended either to insult the failings of my Adversary, or to provide a convenient excuse for my own errors, I shall proceed to select *two* important parts of Dr. Chelsum’s Remarks, from which the candid reader may form some opinion of the whole. They relate to the military service of the first Christians, and to the historical character of Eusebius; and I shall review them with the less reluctance, as it may not be impossible to pick up something curious and useful even in the barren waste of controversy.

MILITARY
SERVICE OF
THE FIRST
CHRISTI-
ANS.

I. In representing the errors of the primitive Christians, which flowed from an excess of virtue, I had observed, *that* they exposed themselves to the reproaches of the Pagans, by their obstinate refusal to take an active part in the civil administration, or military defence of the empire; *that* the objections of Celsus appear to have been mutilated by his adversary Origen; and *that* the Apologists, to whom the public dangers were urged, returned obscure and ambiguous answers, as they were unwilling to disclose the true ground of their security, their opinion of the approaching end of the world †. In another place I had related, from the Acts of Ruinart, the action and punishment of the Centurion Marcellus, who was put to death for renouncing the service in a public and seditious manner ‡.

On this occasion Dr. Chelsum is extremely alert. He denies my facts, controverts my opinions, and, with a politeness worthy of Mr. Davis himself, insinuates that I borrowed the story of Marcellus, not from Ruinart, but from Voltaire. My learned adversary thinks it highly improbable that

* Chelsum, p. 73.

† Gibbon, p. 580, 581.

‡ Id. p. 680.

Origen

Origen should dare to *mutilate* the objections of Celsus, "whose work was, " in all probability, extant at the time he made this reply. In such case, " had he even been inclined to treat his adversary unfairly, he must yet surely " have been with-held from the attempt, through the fear of detection *." The experience both of ancient and modern controversy has indeed convinced me that this reasoning, just and natural as it may seem, is totally inconclusive, and that the generality of disputants, especially in religious contests, are of a much more daring and intrepid spirit. For the truth of this remark, I shall content myself with producing a recent and very singular example, in which Dr. Chelsum himself is personally interested. He charges † me with passing over in " silence the important and unsuspected " testimony of a Heathen historian (Dion Cassius) to the persecution of Domitian; and he affirms, that I have produced that testimony so far only " as it relates to Clemens and Domitilla; yet in the very same passage " follows immediately, that on a like accusation MANY OTHERS were also " condemned. Some of them were put to death, others suffered the confiscation of their goods ‡." Although I should not be ashamed to undertake the apology of Nero or Domitian, if I thought them innocent of any particular crime with which zeal or malice had unjustly branded their memory; yet I should indeed blush, if, in favour of tyranny, or even in favour of virtue, I had suppressed the truth and evidence of historical facts. But the Reader will feel some surprise, when he has convinced himself that, in the three editions of my First Volume, after relating the death of Clemens, and the exile of Domitilla, I continue to allege the ENTIRE TESTIMONY of Dion, in the following words: " and sentences either of death, " or of confiscation, were pronounced against a GREAT NUMBER OF PERSONS who were involved in the same accusation. The guilt imputed to " their charge, was that of Atheism and Jewish manners; a singular association of ideas which cannot with any propriety be applied except to the " Christians, as they were obscurely and imperfectly viewed by the magistrates and writers of that period." Dr. Chelsum has not been deterred by the fear of detection, from this scandalous mutilation of the popular work of a living adversary. But Celsus had been dead above fifty years before Origen published his Apology; and the copies of an ancient work, instead of being instantaneously multiplied by the operation of the press, were separately and slowly transcribed by the labour of the hand.

* Chelsum, p. 118, 119.

† Id. p. 132.

‡ Gibbon, p. 645.

If any modern divine should still maintain that the fidelity of Origen was secured by motives more honourable than the fear of detection, he may learn from Jerom the difference of the *gymnastic* and *dogmatic* styles. Truth is the object of the one, victory of the other; and the same arts which would disgrace the sincerity of the teacher, serve only to display the skill of the disputant. After justifying his own practice by that of the orators and philosophers, Jerom defends himself by the more respectable authority of Christian apologists. "How many thousand lines, says he, have been composed against *Celsus* and *Porphyry*, by *Origen*, *Methodius*, *Eusebius*, *Apollinaris*? Consider with what arguments, with what slippery problems, they elude the inventions of the Devil; and how, in their controversy with the Gentiles, they are sometimes obliged to speak, not what they really think, but what is most advantageous for the cause they defend." "Origenes, &c. multis versuum millibus scribunt adversus *Celsum* et *Porphyrium*. Considerate quibus argumentis et quam lubricis problematibus diaboli spiritu contexta subvertunt: et quia interdum coguntur loqui, non quod sentiunt, sed quod necesse est dicunt adversus ea quæ dicunt Gentiles." (Pro Libris advers. Jovinian. Apolog. tom. ii. p. 135.)

Yet Dr. Chelsum may still ask, and he has a right to ask, why in this particular instance I suspect the pious Origen of mutilating the objections of his adversary. From a very obvious, and, in my opinion, a very decisive circumstance. *Celsus* was a Greek philosopher, the friend of *Lucian*; and I thought that, although he might support error by sophistry, he would not write nonsense in his own language. I renounce my suspicion, if the most attentive reader is able to understand the design and purport of a passage which is given as a formal quotation from *Celsus*, and which begins with the following words: Οὐ μὴν ἐδὲ ἐκεῖνο σκεκτον σε λεγοντος, ως, &c. (*Origen* contr. *Celsum*, L. viii. p. 425. edit. *Spencer*, Cantab. 1677.) I have carefully inspected the original, I have availed myself of the learning of *Spencer*, and even *Bouhereau*, (for I shall always disclaim the absurd and affected pedantry of using without scruple a Latin version, but of despising the aid of a French translation,) and the ill success of my efforts has countenanced the suspicion to which I still adhere, with a just mixture of doubt and hesitation. Origen very boldly denies, that any of the Christians have affirmed what is imputed to them by *Celsus*, in this unintelligible quotation; and it may easily be credited, that none had maintained what none can comprehend. Dr. Chelsum has produced the words of Origen; but on this occasion there is a strange

ambiguity in the language of the modern divine *, as if he wished to insinuate what he dared not affirm ; and every reader must conclude, from his state of the question, that Origen expressly denied the truth of the *accusation* of Celsus, who had *accused* the Christians of declining to assist their fellow-subjects in the military defence of the empire, assailed on every side by the arms of the Barbarians.

Will Dr. Chelsum justify to the world, can he justify to his own feelings, the abuse which he has made even of the privileges of the Gymnastic style ? Careless and hasty indeed must have been his perusal of Origen, if he did not perceive that the ancient apologist, who makes a stand on some incidental question, admits the accusation of his adversary, that the Christians *refused* to bear arms even at the command of their sovereign. “ *Και ἡ συστρατευομένη μὴν αὐτῷ, καὶ ἐπειγῇ.*” (Origen, L. viii. p. 427.) He endeavours to palliate this undutiful refusal, by representing that the Christians had their peculiar camps, in which they incessantly combated for the safety of the emperor and the empire, by lifting up their right hands—in prayer. The apologist seems to hope that his country will be satisfied with this spiritual aid, and dexterously confounding the colleges of Roman priests with the multitudes which swelled the Catholic church, he claims for his brethren, in all the provinces, the exemption from military service, which was enjoyed by the sacerdotal order. But as this excuse might not readily be allowed, Origen looks forwards with a lively faith to that auspicious revolution, which Celsus had rejected as impossible, when all the nations of the habitable earth, renouncing their passions and their arms, should embrace the pure doctrines of the Gospel, and lead a life of peace and innocence under the immediate protection of Heaven. The faith of Origen seems to be principally founded on the predictions of the Prophet Zephaniah (See iii. 9, 10.) ; and he prudently observes, that the prophets often speak secret things (*ἐν ἀπορητῷ λεγούσι*, p. 426.), which may be understood by those who can understand them ; and that if this stupendous change cannot be effected while we retain our bodies, it may be accomplished as soon as we shall be released from them. Such is the reasoning of Origen : though I have not followed the order, I have faithfully preserved the substance of it ; which fully justifies the truth and propriety of my observations.

* Chelsum, p. 118.

The execution of Marcellus, the Centurion, is naturally connected with the Apology of Origen, as the former declared by his actions, what the latter had affirmed in his writings, that the conscience of a devout Christian would not allow him to bear arms, even at the command of his sovereign. I had represented this religious scruple as *one* of the motives which provoked Marcellus, on the day of a public festival, to throw away the ensigns of his office; and I presumed to observe, that such an act of desertion would have been punished in any government according to martial or even civil law. Dr. Chelsum * very *bluntly* accuses me of misrepresenting the story, and of suppressing those circumstances which would have defended the Centurion from the unjust imputation thrown by me upon his conduct. The dispute between the advocate for Marcellus and myself lies in a very narrow compass; as the whole evidence is comprised in a short, simple, and, I believe, authentic narrative.

1. In another place I observed, and even pressed the observation, “ that the innumerable deities and rites of Polytheism were closely interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, of public or of private life;” and I had particularly specified how much the Roman discipline was connected with the national superstition. A solemn oath of fidelity was repeated every year in the name of the gods and of the genius of the Emperor, public and daily sacrifices were performed at the head of the camp, the legionary was continually tempted, or rather compelled, to join in the idolatrous worship of his fellow-soldiers; and had not any scruples been entertained of the lawfulness of war, it is not easy to understand how any serious Christian could enlist under a banner which has been justly termed the *rival of the Cross*. “ *Vexilla æmula Christi.*” (Tertullian de Corona Militis, c. xi.) With regard to the soldiers, who before their conversion were already engaged in the military life, fear, habit, ignorance, necessity, might bend them to some acts of occasional conformity; and as long as they abstained from absolute and intentional idolatry, their behaviour was excused by the indulgent, and censured by the more rigid casuists. (See the whole Treatise de *Corona Militis*.) We are ignorant of the adventures and character of the Centurion Marcellus, how long he had conciliated the profession of arms and of the Gospel, whether he was only a Catechumen, or whether he was ini-

* Chelsum, p. 114—117.

tiated by the sacrament of baptism. We are likewise at a loss to ascertain the particular act of idolatry which so suddenly and so forcibly provoked his pious indignation. As he declared his faith in the midst of a public entertainment given on the birth-day of Galerius, he must have been startled by some of the sacred and convivial rites (*Convivia ista profana reputans*) of prayers, or vows, or libations, or, perhaps, by the offensive circumstance of eating the meats which had been offered to the idols. But the scruples of Marcellus were not confined to these accidental impurities; they evidently reached the essential duties of his profession; and when, before the tribunal of the magistrates, he avowed his faith at the hazard of his life, the Centurion declared, as his cool and determined persuasion, that it does not become a Christian man, who is the soldier of the Lord Christ, to bear arms for any object of earthly concern. “*Non enim decebat Christianum hominem molestiis secularibus militare, qui Christo Domino militat.*” A formal declaration, which clearly disengages from each other the different questions of war and idolatry. With regard to both these questions, as they were understood by the primitive Christians, I wish to refer the reader to the sentiments and authorities of Mr. Moyle, a bold and ingenious critic, who read the Fathers as their judge, and not as their slave, and who has refuted, with the most patient candour, all that learned prejudice could suggest in favour of the silly story of the Thundering Legion. (See Moyle’s Works, Vol. ii. p. 84—88. 111—116. 163—212. 298—302. 327—341.) And here let me add, that the passage of Origen, who in the name of his brethren disclaims the duty of military service, is understood by Mr. Moyle in its true and obvious signification.

2. I know not where Dr. Chelfum has imbibed the principles of logic or morality which teach him to approve the conduct of Marcellus, who threw down his rod, his belt, and his arms, at the head of the legion, and publicly renounced the military service, *at the very time* when he found himself obliged to offer sacrifice. Yet surely this is a very false notion of the condition and duties of a Roman Centurion. Marcellus was bound, by a solemn oath, to serve with fidelity till he should be regularly discharged; and according to the sentiments which Dr. Chelfum ascribes to him, he was not released from his oath by any mistaken opinion of the unlawfulness of war. I would propose it as a case of conscience to any philosopher, or even to any casuist in Europe, Whether a particular order, which cannot be reconciled with virtue or piety, dissolves the ties of a general and lawful obligation?

And whether, if they had been consulted by the Christian Centurion, they would not have directed him to increase his diligence in the execution of his military functions, to refuse to yield to any act of idolatry, and patiently to expect the consequences of such a refusal? But, instead of obeying the mild and moderate dictates of religion, instead of distinguishing between the duties of the soldier and of the Christian, Marcellus, with imprudent zeal, rushed forwards to seize the crown of martyrdom. He might have privately confessed himself guilty to the tribune or præfect under whom he served: he chose on the day of a public festival to disturb the order of the camp. He insulted, without necessity, the religion of his sovereign and of his country, by the epithets of contempt which he bestowed on the Roman gods. “*Deos vestros ligneos et lapideos adorare contemno, quæ sunt idola furda et muta.*” Nay more; at the head of the legion; and in the face of the standards, the Centurion Marcellus openly renounced his allegiance to the Emperors. “*Ex hoc militare IMPERATORIBUS VESTRIS desisto.*” From this moment I no longer serve YOUR EMPERORS, are the important words of Marcellus, which his advocate has not thought proper to translate. I again make my appeal to any lawyer, to any military man, Whether, under such circumstances, the pronoun *your* has not a seditious, and even treasonable import? And whether the officer who should make this declaration, and at the same time throw away his sword at the head of the regiment, would not be condemned for mutiny and desertion by any court-martial in Europe? I am the rather disposed to judge favourably of the conduct of the Roman government, as I cannot discover any desire to take advantage of the indiscretion of Marcellus. The commander of the legion seemed to lament that it was not in his power to dissemble this rash action. After a delay of more than three months, the Centurion was examined before the Vice-præfect, his superior judge, who offered him the fairest opportunities of explaining or qualifying his seditious expressions, and at last condemned him to lose his head; not simply because he was a Christian, but because he had violated his military oath, thrown away his belt, and publicly blasphemed the Gods and the Emperors. Perhaps the impartial reader will confirm the sentence of the Vice-præfect Agricolaus, “*Ita se habent facta Marcelli, ut hæc disciplinæ debeant vindicari.*”

Notwithstanding the plainest evidence, Dr. Chelsum will not believe that either Origen in theory, or Marcellus in practice, could seriously object to the use of arms; “because it is well known, that, far from declining the
“ business

“ business of war altogether, whole legions of Christians served in the Imperial armies *.” I have not yet discovered, in the author or authors of the Remarks, many traces of a clear and enlightened understanding, yet I cannot suppose them so destitute of every reasoning principle, as to imagine that they here allude to the conduct of the Christians who embraced the profession of arms after their religion had obtained a public establishment. Whole legions of Christians served under the banners of Constantine and Justinian, as whole regiments of Christians are now enlisted in the service of France or England. The representation which I had given, was confined to the principles and practice of the church of which Origen and Marcellus were members, before the sense of public and private interest had reduced the lofty standard of evangelical perfection to the ordinary level of human nature. In those primitive times, where are the Christian legions that served in the Imperial armies? Our ecclesiastical Pompeys may stamp with their foot, but no armed men will arise out of the earth, except the ghosts of the Thundering and the Thebæan legions; the former renowned for a miracle, and the latter for a martyrdom. Either the two Protestant Doctors must acquiesce under some imputations which are better understood than expressed, or they must prepare, in the full light and freedom of the eighteenth century, to undertake the defence of two obsolete legions, the least absurd of which staggered the well-disciplined credulity of a Franciscan Friar. (See Pagi Critic. ad Annal. Baronii, A. D. 174. tom. i. p. 168.) Very different was the spirit and taste of the learned and ingenuous Dr. Jortin, who, after treating the silly story of the Thundering Legion with the contempt it deserved, continues in the following words: “ Moyle wishes no greater penance to the “ believers of the Thundering Legion, than that they may also believe the “ Martyrdom of the Thebæan Legion (Moyle’s Works, vol. ii. p. 103.): “ to which good wish, I say with Le Clerc (Bibliothèque A. et M. tom. “ xxvii. p. 193.) AMEN.

“ *Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.*”

(Jortin’s Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 367. 2d Edition, London, 1767.)

Yet I shall not attempt to conceal a formidable army of Christians and even of Martyrs, which is ready to enlist under the banners of the confederate

* Chelsum, p. 113.

Doctors, if they will accept their service. As a specimen of the extravagant legends of the middle age, I had produced the instance of ten thousand Christian soldiers supposed to have been crucified on Mount Ararat, by the order either of Trajan or Hadrian *. For the mention and for the confutation of this story, I had appealed to a papist and a protestant, to the learned Tillemont (Mem. Ecclesiast. tom. ii. part ii. p. 438.), and to the diligent Geddes (Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 203.), and when Tillemont was not afraid to say that there are few histories which appear more fabulous, I was not ashamed of dismissing the *fable* with silent contempt. We may trace the degrees of fiction as well as those of credibility, and the impartial critic will not place on the same level the baptism of Philip and the donation of Constantine. But in considering the crucifixion of the ten thousand Christian soldiers, we are not reduced to the necessity of weighing any internal probabilities, or of disproving any external testimonies. This legend, the absurdity of which must strike every *rational* mind, stands naked and unsupported by the authority of any writer who lived within a thousand years of the age of Trajan, and has not been able to obtain the poor sanction of the uncorrupted martyrologies which were framed in the most credulous period of ecclesiastical history. The two Protestant Doctors will probably reject the unsubstantial present which has been offered them; yet there is one of my adversaries, the *anonymous Gentleman*, who boldly declares himself the votary of the ten thousand martyrs, and challenges me “to discredit a FACT “ which hitherto by many has been looked upon as well established †.” It is pity that a prudent confessor did not whisper in his ear, that, although the martyrdom of these military Saints, like that of the eleven thousand virgins, may contribute to the edification of the faithful, these wonderful tales should not be rashly exposed to the jealous and inquisitive eye of those profane critics, whose examination always precedes, and sometimes checks, their religious assent.

CHARAC-
TER AND
CREDIT OF
EUSEBIUS.

II. A grave and pathetic complaint is introduced by Dr. Chelsum, into his preface ‡, that Mr. Gibbon, who has often referred to the Fathers of the church, seems to have entertained a general distrust of those respectable witnesses. The critic is scandalized at the epithets of scanty and *suspicious*, which are applied to the materials of ecclesiastical history; and if he cannot impeach the truth of the former, he censures in the most angry terms the in-

* Gibbon, p. 654. N. 74.

† Remarks, p. 65, 66, 67.

‡ P. ii, iii.

justice

justice of the latter. He assumes, with peculiar zeal, the defence of Eusebius, the venerable parent of Ecclesiastical History, and labours to rescue his character from the *gross misrepresentation* on which Mr. Gibbon has openly insisted *. He observes, as if he sagaciously foresaw the objection, "That it will not be sufficient here to allege a few instances of apparent credulity in some of the Fathers, in order to fix a general charge of *suspicion* on all." But it *may* be sufficient to allege a clear and fundamental principle of historical as well as legal Criticism, that whenever we are destitute of the means of comparing the testimonies of the opposite parties, the evidence of *any* witness, however illustrious by his rank and titles, is justly to be *suspected* in his own cause. It is unfortunate enough, that I should be engaged with adversaries, whom their habits of study and conversation appear to have left in total ignorance of the principles which universally regulate the opinions and practice of mankind.

As the ancient world was not distracted by the fierce conflicts of hostile sects, the free and eloquent writers of Greece and Rome had few opportunities of indulging their passions, or of exercising their impartiality in the relation of religious events. Since the origin of Theological Factions, some Historians, Ammianus Marcellinus, Fra-Paolo, Thuanus, Hume, and perhaps a few others, have deserved the singular praise of holding the balance with a steady and equal hand. Independent and unconnected, they contemplated with the same indifference, the opinions and interests of the contending parties; or, if they were seriously attached to a particular system, they were armed with a firm and moderate temper, which enabled them to suppress their affections, and to sacrifice their resentments. In this small, but *venerable* Synod of Historians, Eusebius cannot claim a seat. I had acknowledged, and I still think, that his character was less tinctured with credulity than that of most of his contemporaries; but as his enemies must admit, that he was sincere and earnest in the profession of Christianity, so the warmest of his admirers, or at least of his readers, must discern, and will probably applaud, the religious zeal which disgraces or adorns every page of his Ecclesiastical History. This laborious and useful work was published at a time, between the defeat of Licinius and the Council of Nice, when the resentment of the Christians was still warm, and when the Pagans were astonished and dismayed by the recent victory and conversion of the great Constantine. The materials, I shall dare to repeat the invi-

* Chelsum and Randolph, p. 220—238.

dious epithets of scanty and suspicious, were extracted from the accounts which the Christians themselves had given of their *own* sufferings, and of the cruelty of their enemies. The Pagans had so long and so contemptuously neglected the rising greatness of the Church, that the Bishop of Cæsarea had little either to hope or to fear from the writers of the opposite party; almost all of that *little* which did exist, has been accidentally lost, or purposely destroyed; and the candid enquirer may vainly wish to compare with the History of Eusebius, some Heathen narrative of the persecutions of Decius and Diocletian. Under these circumstances, it is the duty of an impartial judge to be counsel for the prisoner, who is incapable of making any defence for himself; and it is the first office of a counsel to examine with distrust and *suspicion* the interested evidence of the accuser. Reason justifies the suspicion, and it is confirmed by the constant experience of modern History, in almost every instance where we have an opportunity of comparing the mutual complaints and apologies of the religious factions, who have disturbed each other's happiness in this world, for the sake of securing it in the next.

As we are deprived of the means of contrasting the adverse relations of the Christians and Pagans; it is the more incumbent on us to improve the opportunities of trying the narratives of Eusebius, by the original, and sometimes occasional, testimonies of the more ancient writers of his own party. Dr. Chelsum * has observed, that the celebrated passage of Origen, which has so much thinned the ranks of the army of Martyrs, must be confined to the persecutions that had already happened. I cannot dispute this sagacious remark, but I shall venture to add, that this passage more immediately relates to the religious tempests which had been excited in the time and country of Origen; and still more particularly to the city of Alexandria, and to the persecution of Severus, in which young Origen successfully exhorted his father, to sacrifice his life and fortune for the cause of Christ. From such unquestionable evidence, I am authorized to conclude, that the number of holy victims who sealed their faith with their blood, was not, on this occasion, very considerable: but I cannot reconcile this fair conclusion with the positive declaration of Eusebius (L. vi. c. 2. p. 258.), that at Alexandria, in the persecution of Severus, an innumerable, at least an indefinite multitude (*μυριοι*) of Christians were honoured with the crown of

* Gibbon, p. 653. Chelsum, p. 204—207.

Martyrdom. The advocates for Eusebius may exert their critical skill in proving that *μυριοι* and *ολιγοι* *many* and *few*, are synonymous and convertible terms, but they will hardly succeed in diminishing so palpable a contradiction, or in removing the suspicion which deeply fixes itself on the historical character of the Bishop of Cæsarea. This unfortunate experiment taught me to read, with becoming caution, the loose and declamatory style which *seems* to magnify the multitude of Martyrs and Confessors, and to aggravate the nature of their sufferings. From the same motives I selected, with careful observation, the more certain account of the number of persons who actually suffered death in the province of Palestine, during the whole eight years of the last and most rigorous persecution.

Besides the reasonable grounds of suspicion, which suggest themselves to every liberal mind, against the credibility of the Ecclesiastical Historians, and of Eusebius, their venerable leader, I had taken notice of two very remarkable passages of the Bishop of Cæsarea. He frankly, or at least indirectly, declares, that in treating of the last persecution, "he has related " whatever might redound to the glory, and suppressed all that could tend " to the disgrace, of Religion *." Dr. Chelsum, who, on this occasion, most lamentably exclaims that we should hear Eusebius, before we utterly condemn him, has provided, with the assistance of his worthy colleague, an elaborate defence for their common patron; and as if he were secretly conscious of the weakness of the cause, he has contrived the resource of intrenching himself in a very muddy soil, behind three several fortifications, which do not exactly support each other. The advocate for the sincerity of Eusebius maintains: 1st, That he never made such a declaration: 2dly, That he had a right to make it: and, 3dly, That he did not observe it. These separate and almost inconsistent apologies, I shall separately consider.

1. Dr. Chelsum is at a loss how to reconcile,——I beg pardon for weakening the force of his dogmatic style; he declares, that "It is plainly impossible to reconcile the express words of the charge exhibited, with any " part of either of the passages appealed to in support of it †." If he means, as I think he must, that the *express words* of my text cannot be found in that of Eusebius, I congratulate the importance of the discovery. But was it possible? Could it be my design to quote the words of Eusebius, when I reduced into one sentence the spirit and substance of two diffuse and

* Gibbon, p. 699.

† Chelsum, p. 232.

distinct passages? If I have given the true sense and meaning of the Ecclesiastical Historian, I have discharged the duties of a fair Interpreter; nor shall I refuse to rest the proof of my fidelity on the translation of those two passages of Eusebius, which Dr. Chelsum produces in his favour*.” “But
 “ it is not our part to describe the sad calamities which at last befel them
 “ (the *Christians*), since it does not agree with our plan to relate their dis-
 “ sentions and wickedness before the persecution; on which account we
 “ have determined to relate nothing more concerning them than may serve
 “ to justify the Divine Judgment. We therefore have not been induced to
 “ make mention either of those who were tempted in the persecution, or of
 “ those who made utter shipwreck of their salvation, and who were sunk of
 “ their own accord in the depths of the storm; but shall only add those
 “ things to our General History, which may in the first place be profitable
 “ to ourselves, and afterwards to posterity.” In the other passage, Eusebius, after mentioning the dissensions of the Confessors among themselves, again declares that it is his intention to pass over all these things. “Whatsoever
 “ things, (continues the Historian, in the words of the Apostle, who was
 “ recommending the practice of virtue,) whatsoever things are honest,
 “ whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there
 “ be any praise; these things Eusebius thinks most suitable to a History of
 “ Martyrs;” of *wonderful* Martyrs, is the splendid epithet which Dr. Chelsum had not thought proper to translate. I should betray a very mean opinion of the judgment and candour of my readers, if I added a single reflection on the clear and obvious tendency of the two passages of the Ecclesiastical Historian. I shall only observe, that the Bishop of Cæsarea seems to have claimed a privilege of a still more dangerous and extensive nature. In one of the most learned and elaborate works that antiquity has left us, the Thirty-second Chapter of the Twelfth Book of his Evangelical Preparation bears for its title this scandalous Proposition, “How it may be lawful and
 “ fitting to use falsehood as a medicine, and for the benefit of those who
 “ want to be deceived.” Οτι δεησει ποτε τῷ ψευδεὶ ἀντι φαρμακῷ χρῆσθαι ἐπὶ
 ὠφελείᾳ τῶν δομμένων τῷ τοιαύτῳ τρόπῳ. (P. 356, Edit. Græc. Rob. Stephani, Paris 1544.) In this chapter he alleges a passage of Plato, which approves the occasional practice of pious and salutary frauds; nor is Eusebius ashamed

* Chelsum, p. 228. 231.

to justify the sentiments of the Athenian philosopher by the example of the sacred writers of the Old Testament.

2. I had contented myself with observing, that Eusebius had violated one of the fundamental laws of history, *Ne quid veri dicere non audeat*; nor could I imagine, if the *fact* was allowed, that any question could possibly arise upon the matter of *right*. I was indeed mistaken; and I now begin to understand why I have given so little satisfaction to Dr. Chelsum, and to other critics of the same complexion, as our ideas of the duties and the privileges of an historian appear to be so widely different. It is alleged, that "every writer has a right to chuse his subject, for the particular benefit of his reader; that he has explained his own plan consistently; that he considers himself, according to it, not as a complete historian of the times, but rather as a *didactic* writer, whose main object is to make his work, like the Scriptures themselves, PROFITABLE FOR DOCTRINE; that, as he treats only of the affairs of the Church, the plan is at least excusable, perhaps peculiarly proper; and that he has conformed himself to the principal duty of an historian, while, according to his immediate design, he has not particularly related any of the transactions which could tend to the disgrace of religion *." The historian must indeed be generous, who will conceal, by his own disgrace, that of his country, or of his religion. Whatever subject he has chosen, whatever persons he introduces, he owes to himself, to the present age, and to posterity, a just and perfect delineation of all that may be praised, of all that may be excused, and of all that must be censured. If he fails in the discharge of his important office, he partially violates the sacred obligations of truth, and disappoints his readers of the instruction which they might have derived from a fair parallel of the vices and virtues of the most illustrious characters. Herodotus might range without controul in the spacious walks of the Greek and Barbaric domain, and Thucydides might confine his steps to the narrow path of the Peloponnesian war; but those historians would never have deserved the esteem of posterity, if they had designedly suppressed or transiently mentioned those facts which could tend to the disgrace of Greece or of Athens. These unalterable dictates of conscience and reason have been *seldom* questioned, though they have been seldom observed; and we must sincerely join in the honest complaint of Melchior Canus, "that the lives of the philosophers have been

* Chelsum, p. 229, 230, 231.

“ composed by Laertius, and those of the Cæsars by Suetonius, with a
 “ much stricter and more severe regard for historic truth, than can be found
 “ in the lives of saints and martyrs, as they are described by Catholic writ-
 “ ers.” (See *Loci Communes*, L. xi. p. 650, apud Clericum, *Epistol. Critic.* v. p. 136.) And yet the partial representation of truth is of far more pernicious consequence in ecclesiastical, than in civil history. If Laertius had concealed the defects of Plato, or if Suetonius had disguised the vices of Augustus, we should have been deprived of the knowledge of some curious, and perhaps instructive, facts, and our idea of those celebrated men might have been more favourable than they deserved; but I cannot discover any practical inconveniences which could have been the result of our ignorance. But if Eusebius had fairly and circumstantially related the scandalous dissensions of the Confessors; if he had shewn that their virtues were tinged with pride and obstinacy, and that their lively faith was not exempt from some mixture of enthusiasm; he would have armed his readers against the excessive veneration for those holy men, which imperceptibly degenerated into religious worship. The success of these *didactic* histories, by concealing or palliating every circumstance of human infirmity, was one of the most efficacious means of consecrating the memory, the bones, and the writings of the saints of the prevailing party; and a great part of the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome may fairly be ascribed to this criminal dissimulation of the ecclesiastical historians. As a Protestant Divine, Dr. Chelsum must abhor these corruptions; but as a Christian, he should be careful lest his apology for the prudent choice of Eusebius should fix an indirect censure on the unreserved sincerity of the four Evangelists. Instead of confining their narrative to those things which are virtuous and of good report, instead of following the plan which is here recommended as *peculiarly proper* for the affairs of the Church, the inspired writers have thought it their duty to relate the most minute circumstances of the fall of St. Peter, without considering whether the behaviour of an Apostle, who thrice denied his Divine Master, might redound to the honour, or to the disgrace of Christianity. If Dr. Chelsum should be frightened by this unexpected consequence, if he should be desirous of saving his faith from *utter shipwreck*, by throwing overboard the useless lumber of memory and reflection, I am not enough his enemy to impede the success of his honest endeavours.

The

The didactic method of writing history was still more profitably exercised by Eusebius in another work, which he has intitled, *The Life of Constantine*, his gracious patron and benefactor. Priests and poets have enjoyed in every age a privilege of flattery; but if the actions of Constantine are compared with the perfect idea of a royal saint, which, under his name, has been delineated by the zeal and gratitude of Eusebius, the most indulgent reader will confess, that when I styled him a *courtly Bishop* *, I could only be restrained by my respect for the episcopal character from the use of a much harsher epithet. The other appellation of a *passionate declaimer*, which seems to have sounded still more offensive in the tender ears of Dr. Chelsum †, was not applied by me to Eusebius, but to Lactantius, or rather to the author of the historical declamation, *De moribus persecutorum*; and indeed it is much more properly adapted to the Rhetorician, than to the Bishop. Each of those authors was alike studious of the glory of Constantine; but each of them directed the torrent of his invectives against the tyrant, whether Maxentius or Licinus, whose recent defeat was the actual theme of popular and Christian applause. This simple observation may serve to extinguish a very trifling objection of my critic, That Eusebius has not represented the tyrant Maxentius under the character of a Persecutor.

Without scrutinizing the considerations of interest which might support the integrity of Baronius and Tillemont, I may fairly observe, that both those learned Catholics have acknowledged and condemned the dissimulation of Eusebius, which is partly denied, and partly justified, by my adversary. The honourable reflection of Baronius well deserves to be transcribed. “*Hæc (the passages already quoted) de suo in conscribendâ persecutionis historia Eusebius; parum explens numeros sui muneris; dum perinde ac si panegyrim scriberet non historiam, triumphos dumtaxat martyrum atque victorias, non autem lapsus jacturamque fidelium posteris scripturæ monumentis curaret.*” (Baron. Annal. Ecclesiast. A. D. 302, No. 11. See likewise Tillemont, Mem. Eccles. tom. v. p. 62. 156; tom. vii. p. 130.) In a former instance, Dr. Chelsum appeared to be more credulous than a Monk: on the present occasion, he has shewn himself less sincere than a Cardinal, and more obstinate than a Jansenist.

3. Yet the advocate for Eusebius has still another expedient in reserve. Perhaps he made the unfortunate declaration of his partial design, perhaps

* Gibbon, p. 704.

† Chelsum, p. 234.

he had a right to make it ; but at least his accuser must admit, that he has saved his honour by not keeping his word ; since I myself have taken notice of THE CORRUPTION OF MANNERS AND PRINCIPLES among the Christians so FORCIBLY LAMENTED by Eusebius *. He has indeed indulged himself in a strain of *loose* and *indefinite* censure, which may generally be just, and which cannot be personally offensive, which is alike incapable of wounding or of correcting, as it seems to have no fixed object or certain aim. Juvenal might have read his satire against women in a circle of Roman ladies, and each of them might have listened with pleasure to the amusing description of the various vices and follies, from which she herself was so perfectly free. The moralist, the preacher, the ecclesiastical historian, enjoy a still more ample latitude of invective ; and as long as they abstain from any particular censure, they may securely expose, and even exaggerate, the sins of the multitude. The precepts of Christianity seem to inculcate a style of mortification, of abasement, of self-contempt ; and the hypocrite who aspires to the reputation of a saint, often finds it convenient to affect the language of a penitent. I should doubt whether Dr. Chelsum is much acquainted with the comedies of Moliere. If he has ever read that inimitable master of human life, he may recollect whether Tartuffe was very much inclined to confess his real guilt, when he exclaimed,

*Oui, mon frere, je suis un mechant, un coupable ;
Un malheureux pécheur, tout plein d'iniquité ;
Le plus grand scélérat qui ait jamais été.
Chaque instant de ma vie est chargé de souillures,
Elle n'est qu'un amas de crimes et d'ordures.*

.

*Oui, mon cher fils, parlez, traitez moi de perfide,
D'infame, de perdu, de voleur, d'homicide ;
Accablez moi de noms encore plus détestés :
Je n'y contredis point, je les ai mérités,
Et j'en veux à genoux souffrir l'ignominie,
Comme une honte due aux crimes de ma vie.*

It is not my intention to compare the character of Tartuffe with that of Eusebius ; the former pointed his invectives against himself, the latter di-

* Chelsum, p. 226, 227.

rected them against the times in which he had lived: but as the prudent Bishop of Cæsarea did not specify any place or person for the object of his censure, he cannot justly be accused, even by his friends, of violating the *profitable* plan of his *didactic* history.

The extreme caution of Eusebius, who declines any mention of those who were tempted and who fell during the persecution, has countenanced a suspicion that he himself was one of those unhappy victims, and that his tenderness for the wounded fame of his brethren arose from a just apprehension of his own disgrace. In one of my notes *, I had observed, that he was charged with the guilt of some criminal compliances, in his own presence, and in the Council of Tyre. I am therefore accountable for the reality only, and not for the truth of the accusation: but as the two Doctors, who on this occasion unite their forces, are angry and clamorous in asserting the innocence of the Ecclesiastical Historian †, I shall advance one step farther, and shall maintain, that the charge against Eusebius, though not legally proved, is supported by a reasonable share of presumptive evidence.

I have often wondered why our orthodox Divines should be so earnest and zealous in the defence of Eusebius; whose moral character cannot be preserved, unless by the sacrifice of a more illustrious, and, as I really believe, of a more innocent victim. Either the Bishop of Cæsarea, on a very important occasion, violated the laws of Christian charity and civil justice, or we must fix a charge of calumny, almost of forgery, on the head of the great Athanasius, the standard-bearer of the Homœousian cause, and the firmest pillar of the Catholic faith. In the Council of Tyre, he was accused of murdering, or at least of mutilating a Bishop, whom he produced at Tyre alive and unhurt (Athanas. tom. i. p. 783. 786.); and of sacrilegiously breaking a consecrated chalice, in a village where neither church, nor altar, nor chalice, could possibly have existed. (Athanas. tom. i. p. 731, 732. 802.) Notwithstanding the clearest proofs of his innocence, Athanasius was oppressed by the Arian faction; and Eusebius of Cæsarea, the venerable father of Ecclesiastical history, conducted this iniquitous prosecution from a motive of personal enmity. (Athanas. tom. i. p. 728. 795. 797.) Four years afterwards, a national council of the Bishops of Egypt, forty-nine of whom had been present at the Synod of Tyre, addressed an epistle or manifesto in favour of Athanasius to all the

* Gibbon, p. 699; N. 178.

† Chelsum and Randolph, p. 236, 237, 238.

Bishops of the Christian world. In this epistle they assert, that some of the Confessors, who accompanied them to Tyre, had accused Eusebius of Cæsarea of an act relative to idolatrous sacrifice. *ἐκ Εὐσεβίου ὁ ἐν Καισάρειᾳ τῆς Παλαιστίνης ἐπὶ θύσιν κατηγορεῖτο ὑπὸ τῶν συν ἡμῖν ὁμολογητῶν.* (Athanaf. tom. i. p. 728.) Besides this short and authentic memorial, which escaped the knowledge or the candour of our confederate Doctors, a consonant but more circumstantial narrative of the accusation of Eusebius may be found in the writings of Epiphanius (Hæref. lxviii. p. 723, 724.), the learned Bishop of Salamis, who was born about the time of the Synod of Tyre. He relates, that, in one of the sessions of the Council, Potamon, Bishop of Heraclea in Egypt, addressed Eusebius in the following words: “How now, Eusebius, “can this be borne, that you should be seated as a judge, while the innocent “Athanafius is left standing as a criminal? Tell me, continued Potamon, “were we not in prison together during the persecution? For my own part, I “lost an eye for the sake of the truth; but I cannot discern that *you* have lost “any one of your members. You bear not any marks of your sufferings for “Jesus Christ; but here you are, full of life, and with all the parts of your “body sound and entire. How could you contrive to escape from prison, “unless you stained your conscience, either by actual guilt or by a criminal “promise to our persecutors?” Eusebius immediately broke up the meeting, and discovered, by his anger, that he was confounded or provoked by the reproaches of the Confessor Potamon.

I should despise myself, if I were capable of magnifying, for a present occasion, the authority of the witness whom I have produced. Potamon was most assuredly actuated by a strong prejudice against the personal enemy of his Primate; and if the transaction to which he alluded had been of a private and doubtful kind, I would not take any ungenerous advantage of the respect which my reverend adversaries must entertain for the character of a Confessor. But I cannot distrust the veracity of Potamon, when he confined himself to the assertion of a fact, which lay within the compass of his personal knowledge: and collateral testimony (see Photius, p. 296, 297.) attests, that Eusebius was long enough in prison to assist his friend, the Martyr Pamphilus, in composing the first five books of his Apology for Origen. If we admit that Eusebius was imprisoned, he must have been discharged, and his discharge must have been either honourable, or criminal, or innocent. If his patience vanquished the cruelty of the Tyrant’s ministers, a short relation of his own confession and sufferings would have formed an useful and edifying

chapter in his Didactic History of the persecution of Palestine; and the reader would have been satisfied of the veracity of an historian who valued truth above his life. If it had been in his power to justify, or even to excuse, the manner of his discharge from prison, it was his interest, it was his duty, to prevent the doubts and suspicions which must arise from his silence under these delicate circumstances. Notwithstanding these urgent reasons, Eusebius has observed a profound, and perhaps a prudent silence: though he frequently celebrates the merit and martyrdom of his friend Pamphilus (p. 371. 394. 419. 427. Edit. Cantab.), he never insinuates that he was his companion in prison; and while he copiously describes the eight years persecution in Palestine, he never represents himself in any other light than that of a spectator. Such a conduct in a writer, who relates with a visible satisfaction the honourable events of his own life, if it be not absolutely considered as an evidence of conscious guilt, must excite, and may justify, the suspicions of the most candid critic.

Yet the firmness of Dr. Randolph is not shaken by these rational suspicions; and he condescends, in a magisterial tone, to inform me, "That it is highly improbable, from the general well-known decision of the Church in such cases, that had his apostasy been known, he would have risen to those high honours which he attained, or been admitted at all indeed to any other than lay-communion." This weighty objection did not surprise me, as I had already seen the substance of it in the Prolegomena of Valesius; but I safely disregarded a difficulty which had not appeared of any moment to the national council of Egypt; and I still think that an hundred Bishops, with Athanasius at their head, were as competent judges of the discipline of the fourth century, as even the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. As a work of supererogation, I have consulted, however, the Antiquities of Bingham (See L. iv. c. iii. f. 6, 7. vol. i. p. 144, &c. fol. edit.), and found, as I expected, that much real learning had made him cautious and modest. After a careful examination of the facts and authorities already known to me, and of those with which I was supplied by the diligent antiquarian, I am persuaded that the theory and the practice of discipline were not invariably the same, that particular examples cannot always be reconciled with general rules, and that the stern laws of justice often yielded to motives of policy and convenience. The temper of Jerom towards those whom he considered as heretics, was fierce and unforgiving; yet the Dialogue of Jerom against the Luciferians, which I have read with in-

finite pleasure (tom. ii. p. 135—147. Edit. Basil. 1536.), is the seasonable and dextrous performance of a statesman, who felt the expediency of soothing and reconciling a numerous party of offenders. The most rigid discipline, with regard to the ecclesiastics who had fallen in time of persecution, is expressed in the 10th Canon of the Council of Nice; the most remarkable indulgence was shewn by the Fathers of the same Council to the *lapsed*, the degraded, the schismatic Bishop of Lycopolis. Of the penitent sinners, some might escape the shame of a public conviction or confession, and others might be exempted from the rigour of clerical punishment. If Eusebius incurred the guilt of a sacrilegious promise, (for we are free to accept the milder alternative of Potamon,) the proofs of this criminal transaction might be suppressed by the influence of money or favour; a seasonable journey into Egypt might allow time for the popular rumours to subside. The crime of Eusebius might be protected by the impunity of many Episcopal Apostates (See Philostorg. L. ii. c. 15. p. 21. Edit. Gothofred.); and the governors of the church very reasonably desired to retain in their service the most learned Christian of the age.

Before I return these sheets to the press, I must not forget an anonymous pamphlet, which, under the title of *A Few Remarks*, &c. was published against my History in the course of the last summer. The unknown writer has thought proper to distinguish himself by the emphatic, yet vague, appellation of A GENTLEMAN: but I must lament that he has not considered, with becoming attention, the duties of that respectable character. I am ignorant of the motives which can urge a man of a liberal mind, and liberal manners, to attack without provocation, and without tenderness, any work which may have contributed to the information, or even to the amusement, of the Public. But I am well convinced that the author of such a work, who boldly gives his name and his labours to the world, imposes on his adversaries the fair and honourable obligation of encountering him in open daylight, and of supporting the weight of their assertions by the credit of their names. The effusions of wit, or the productions of reason, may be accepted from a secret and unknown hand. The critic who attempts to injure the reputation of another, by strong imputations which may possibly be false, should renounce the ungenerous hope of concealing behind a mask the vexation of disappointment, and the guilty blush of detection.

After this remark, which I cannot make without some degree of concern, I shall frankly declare, that it is not my wish or my intention to prosecute

with this *Gentleman* a literary altercation. There lies between us a broad and unfathomable gulph; and the heavy mist of prejudice and superstition, which has in a great measure been dispelled by the free inquiries of the present age, still continues to involve the mind of my adversary. He fondly embraces those phantoms (for instance, an imaginary Pilate *,) which can scarcely find a shelter in the gloom of an Italian convent; and the resentment which he points against me, might frequently be extended to the most enlightened of the PROTESTANT, or, in his opinion, of the HERETICAL critics. His observations are divided into a number of unconnected paragraphs, each of which contains some quotation from my History, and the angry, yet commonly trifling, expression of his disapprobation and displeasure. Those sentiments I cannot hope to remove; and as the religious opinions of this *Gentleman* are principally founded on the infallibility of the Church †, they are not calculated to make a very deep impression on the mind of an English reader. The view of *facts* will be materially affected by the contagious influence of *doctrines*. The man who refuses to judge of the conduct of Lewis XIV. and Charles V. towards their Protestant subjects ‡, declares himself incapable of distinguishing the limits of persecution and toleration. The devout Papist, who has implored on his knees the intercession of St. Cyprian, will seldom presume to examine the actions of the Saint by the rules of historical evidence and of moral propriety. Instead of the homely likeness which I had exhibited of the Bishop of Carthage, my adversary has substituted a life of Cyprian ||, full of what the French call *onction*, and the English, *canting* (See Jortin's Remarks, Vol. ii. p. 239.): to which I can only reply, that those who are dissatisfied with the principles of Mosheim and Le Clerc, *must* view with eyes very different from mine, the Ecclesiastical History of the third century.

It would be an *endless* discussion (*endless* in every sense of the word) were I to examine the cavils which start up and expire in every page of this criticism, on the inexhaustible topic of opinions, characters, and intentions. Most of the instances which are here produced are of so brittle a substance, that they fall in pieces as soon as they are touched: and I searched for some time before I was able to discover an example of some moment where the *Gentleman* had fairly staked his veracity against some positive fact asserted in the Two last Chapters of my History. At last I perceived that he has abso-

* Remarks, p. 100.

† Id. p. 15.

‡ Id. p. 111.

|| Id. p. 72—88.

lutely denied * that any thing can be gathered from the Epistles of St. Cyprian, or from his treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, to which I had referred; to justify my account of the spiritual pride and licentious manners of some of the confessors †. As the *numbers* of the Epistles are not the same in the edition of Pamelius and in that of Fell, the critic may be excused for mistaking my quotations, if he will acknowledge that he was ignorant of ecclesiastical history, and that he never heard of the troubles excited by the spiritual pride of the Confessors, who usurped the privilege of giving letters of communion to penitent sinners. But my reference to the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ* was clear and direct; the treatise itself contains only ten pages, and the following words might be distinctly read by any person who understood the Latin language. “Nec quisquam miretur, dilectissimi fratres, etiam de confessoribus
 “ quosdam ad ista procedere, inde quoque aliquos tam nefanda tam gravia peccare. Neque enim confessio immunem facit ab insidiis diaboli; aut contra tentationes, et pericula, et incursum atque impetum seculares adhuc in
 “ seculo positum perpetuam securitatem defendit: ceterum nunquam in confessoribus, fraudes, et stupra, et adulteria postmodum videremus, quæ nunc
 “ in quibusdam videntes ingemiscimus et dolemus.” This formal declaration of Cyprian, which is followed by several long periods of admonition and censure, is alone sufficient to expose the scandalous vices of some of the Confessors, and the disingenuous behaviour of my concealed adversary.

After this example, which I have fairly chosen as one of the most specious and important of his objections, the candid Reader would excuse me, if from this moment I declined *the Gentleman's* acquaintance. But as two topics have occurred, which are intimately connected with the subject of the preceding sheets, I have inserted each of them in its proper place, as the conclusion of the fourth article of my answers to Mr. Davis, and of the first article of my reply to the confederate Doctors, Chelsum and Randolph.

It is not without some mixture of mortification and regret, that I now look back on the number of hours which I have consumed, and the number of pages which I have filled, in vindicating my literary and moral character from the charge of wilful *misrepresentations*, gross errors, and servile *plagiarisms*. I cannot derive any triumph or consolation from the occasional advantages which I may have gained over three adversaries, whom it is impossible for me to consider as objects either of terror or of esteem. The spirit of resentment, and every other lively sensation, have long since been extinguished;

* Remarks, p. 90, 91.


† Gibbon, p. 661. Note 91.

and the pen would long since have dropped from my weary hand, had I not been supported in the execution of this ungrateful task, by the consciousness, or at least by the opinion, that I was discharging a debt of honour to the Public and to myself. I am impatient to dismiss, and to dismiss FOR EVER, this odious controversy, with the success of which I cannot surely be elated ; and I have only to request, that, as soon as my readers are convinced of my innocence, they would forget my Vindication.

BENTINCK-STREET,
February 3, 1779.



ANTIQUITIES
OF THE
HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

 The following Letter, without any Address to it, was found with the Manuscript of the Memoirs of the House of Brunswick : there can be little doubt of its being the Copy of a Letter to M. LANGER, Librarian to the Ducal Library of Wolfenbutterl; and it is here inserted as relating to these Memoirs.

A ROLLE, ce 12 Octobre 1790.

JE vous aurois plutôt remercié, Monsieur, des soins obligeans que vous avez bien voulu vous donner pour me procurer les *Origines Guelficae*, si d'un côté notre honnête libraire M. Pott ne m'avoit pas appris que vous étiez en voyage, si de l'autre je n'avois pas été moi-même en proie à l'accès de goutte le plus rigoureux, et le plus long que j'aye encore éprouvé. Nous revoici à présent dans notre état ordinaire ; je marche, et vous ne courrez plus. Je vous suppose bien établi, bien enfoncé dans votre immense bibliothèque. Votre curiosité, peut-être votre amitié, désirera de connoître mes amusemens, mes travaux, mes projets pendant les deux ans qui se sont écoulés depuis la dernière publication de mon grand ouvrage. Aux questions indiscrettes qu'on se permet trop souvent vis-à-vis de moi, je réponds avec une mine renfrognée et une manière vague ; mais je ne veux rien avoir de caché pour vous, et pour imiter la franchise que vous aimez, je vous avouerai naturellement que ma confiance est fondée en partie sur le besoin que j'aurai de votre secours. Après mon retour d'Angleterre, les premiers mois ont été consacrés à la jouissance de ma liberté et de ma bibliothèque, et

VOUS

Mr. GIBBON to Mr. LANGER.

SIR,

ROLLE, 12th October 1790.

I SHOULD have acknowledged sooner your kindness in procuring for me the *Origines Guelficae*, if I had not been told by our obliging bookseller, Mr. Pott, that you were on a journey, while I myself was confined with the longest and most severe fit of the gout that I ever experienced. But we are now, both of us, restored to our ordinary state ; I can walk, and you no longer travel post. I suppose by this time you are thoroughly established, and deeply immured in your immense library. Your curiosity, perhaps your friendship, will desire to know what have been my amusements, labours, and projects, during the two years that have elapsed since the last publication of my great work. To indiscreet questions on this subject, with which I am often teased, I answer vaguely or peevishly ; but from you I would keep nothing concealed ; and to imitate the frankness in which you so much delight, will freely confess, that I more readily trust you with my secret, because I greatly need your assistance. After returning from England, the first months were spent in the enjoyment of my liberty and

my

vous ne serez pas étonné si j'ai renouvelé une connoissance familière avec nos auteurs Grecs, si j'ai fait vœu de leur réserver tous les jours une portion de mon loisir. Je passai sous silence ces tristes momens dans lesquels je n'ai été occupé qu'à soigner et pleurer mon ami ; mais dèsque j'ai commencé à me retrouver un esprit moins agité, j'ai cherché à me donner quelque distraction plus forte et plus intéressante que la simple lecture. Le souvenir de ma servitude de vingt ans m'a cependant effrayé, et je me suis bien promis de ne plus m'embarquer dans une entreprise de longue haleine que je n'acheverois vraisemblablement jamais. Il vaut bien mieux, me suis-je dit, choisir dans tous les pays et dans tous les siècles, des morceaux historiques que je traiterai séparément suivant leur nature et selon mon goût. Lorsque ces opuscules (je pourrai les nommer en Anglois *Historical Excursions*) me fourniront un volume, je les donnerai au Public : ce don pourroit être renouvelé jusqu'à ce que nous soyons fatigués, ou ce Public ou moi même : mais chaque volume, complet par lui même, n'exigera point de suite, et au lieu d'être borné comme la diligence au grand chemin, je me promènerai librement dans le champ de l'histoire, en m'arrêtant partout où je trouverai des points de vue agréables. Dans ce projet je ne vois qu'un inconvenient, un objet intéressant s'étend et s'agrandit sous le travail : je pourrois être entraîné au delà de mes bornes, mais je serai doucement entraîné sans prévoyance et sans contrainte.

Mes

my library ; and you will not be surpris'd that I should have renewed my familiar acquaintance with the Greek authors, and vowed to consecrate to them daily a portion of my leisure. I pass'd over in silence the sad hours employ'd in the care of my friend, and in lamentation for his loss. When the agitation of my mind abated, I endeavour'd to find out for myself some occupation more interesting and more invigorating than mere reading can afford. But the remembrance of a servitude of twenty years frighten'd me from again engaging in a long undertaking, which I might probably never finish. It would be better, I thought, to select from the historical monuments of all ages, and all nations, such subjects as might be treated separately, both agreeably to their own nature, as well as to my taste. When these little works, which might be entitl'd *Historical Excursions*, amount'd to a volume, I would offer it to the Public ; and the present might be repeated, until either the Public or myself were tired ; for as each volume would be complete in itself, no continuation would be requisite ; and instead of being oblig'd to follow, like the stage coach, the high road, I would expatiate at large in the field of history, stopping to admire every beautiful prospect that open'd to my view. One inconvenience, indeed, attends this design. An important subject grows and expands with the labour bestow'd on it. I might thus be carried beyond my prescribed bounds ; but I should be carried gently, without foresight and without constraint.

Mes soupçons ont été vérifiés dans le choix de ma première *excursion*, et ce choix vous expliquera pourquoi j'ai demandé avec tant d'empressement les *Origines Guelphicæ*. Dans mon Histoire j'avois rendu compte de deux alliances illustres, d'un fils du Marquis Azo d'Este avec une fille de Robert Guiscard, d'une princesse de Brunswick avec l'empereur Grec. Un premier aperçu de l'antiquité et de la grandeur de la maison de Brunswick, a excité ma curiosité, et j'ai cru pouvoir intéresser les deux nations que j'estime le plus par les mémoires d'une famille qui est sortie de l'un pour regner sur l'autre. Mes recherches, en me dévoilant la beauté de ce sujet, m'en ont fait voir l'étendue et la difficulté. L'origine des Marquis de Ligurie, et peut être de Toscane, a été suffisamment éclaircie par Muratori et Leibnitz ; l'Italie du moyen âge, son histoire et ses monumens, me sont très connus, et je ne suis pas mécontent de ce que j'ai déjà écrit sur la branche cadette d'Este, qui est demurée fidelle à garder ses cendres casanières. Les anciens Guelphs ne me sont point étrangers, et je me crois en état de rendre compte de la puissance et de la chute de leurs héritiers, les Ducs de Bavières et de Saxe. La succession de la Maison de Brunswick au trône de la Grande Bretagne sera très assurément la partie la plus intéressante de mon travail ; mais tous les matériaux se trouvent dans ma langue, et un Anglois devoit rougir s'il n'avoit pas approfondi l'histoire moderne et la constitution actuelle de son pays.

This suspicion was justified in my first excursion, the subject of which will explain the reason why I was so earnest to procure the *Origines Guelphicæ*. In my History, I had given an account of two illustrious marriages ; the first, of the son of Azo, Marquis of Este, with the daughter of Robert Guiscard ; and the second, of a Princess of Brunswick with the Greek Emperor. The first view of the antiquity and grandeur of the House of Brunswick excited my curiosity, and made me think that the two nations, whom I esteem the most, might be entertained by the history of a family, which sprung from the one, and reigns over the other. But my researches showed me not only the beauty, but the extent and difficulty of my subject. Muratori and Leibnitz have sufficiently explained the origin of the Marquisses of Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany : I am well acquainted with the history and monuments of Italy, during the middle ages ; and I am not dissatisfied with what I have already written concerning that branch of the family of Este, which continued to reside in its hereditary possessions. I am not unacquainted with the ancient Guelphs, nor incapable of giving an account of the power and downfall of their heirs, the Dukes of Bavaria and Saxony. The succession of the House of Brunswick to the Crown of Great Britain will doubtless form the most interesting part of my narrative ; but the authors on this subject are in English ; and it would be unpardonable in a Briton not to have studied the modern history and present constitution of his country. But there is an

pays. Mais entre le premier Duc et le premier Electeur de Brunswick, il se trouve un intervalle de quatre cent cinquante ans. Je suis condamné à suivre dans les ténèbres un sentier étroit et raboteux, et les divisions, les sous-divisions de tant de branches et de territoires, répandent sur ce sentier la confusion d'un labyrinthe généalogique. Les évènements sans éclat et sans liaison, sont bornés à une province d'Allemagne, et ce n'est que vers la fin de ce période que je serois un peu ranimé par la réformation, la guerre de trente ans, et la nouvelle puissance de l'Electorat. Comme je me propose de crayonner des mémoires, et non pas de composer une histoire, je marcherois sans doute d'un pas rapide, je présenterois des résultats plutôt que des faits, des observations plutôt que des récits : mais vous sentez combien un tableau général exige de connoissances particulières, combien l'auteur doit être plus savant que son livre. Or cet auteur il est à deux cent lieues de la Saxe, il ignore la langue, et il ne s'est jamais appliqué à l'histoire de l'Allemagne. Eloigné des sources, il ne lui reste qu'un seul moyen pour les faire couler dans sa bibliothèque. C'est de se ménager sur les lieux mêmes un correspondant exact, un guide éclairé, un oracle enfin qu'il puisse consulter dans tous ses besoins. Par votre caractère, votre esprit, vos lumières, votre position, vous êtes cet homme précieux et unique, que je cherche ; et quand vous m'indiqueriez un *suppléant* aussi capable que vous même, je ne m'adresserois

interval of four hundred and fifty years between the first Duke of Brunswick and the first Elector of that family; and the design of my work compels me to follow in obscurity a rough and narrow path; where, by the division and subdivision of so many branches and so many territories, I shall be involved in the mazes of a genealogical labyrinth. The events, which are destitute of connection as well as of splendour, are confined to a single province of Germany; and I must have reached near the end of the period, before my subject will be enlivened by the reformation of religion, the war of thirty years, and the new power acquired by the Electorate. As it is my purpose, rather to sketch memoirs than to write history, my narrative must proceed with rapidity; and contain rather results than facts—rather reflexions than details; but you are aware how much particular knowledge is requisite for this general description, the author of which ought to be far more learned than his work. Unfortunately, this author resides at the distance of two hundred leagues from Saxony; he knows not the language, and has never made the history, of Germany his particular study. Thus remote from the sources of information, he can think of only one channel by which they may be made to flow into his library; which is, by finding in the country itself an accurate correspondent, an enlightened guide, in one word, an oracle, whom he may consult in every difficulty. Your learning and character, as well as your abilities and situation, singularly qualify you for gratifying my wishes; and should you point out to me a substitute equally well qualified with yourself, yet I could not have equal confidence

dresserois pas avec la même confiance à un étranger. Je vous accablerois librement de questions, et de nouvelles questions naitront souvent de vos réponses ; je vous prierois de fouiller dans votre vaste dépôt ; je vous demanderois des livres, des extraits, des traductions, des renseignemens sur tous les objets qui peuvent intéresser mon travail. Mais j'ignore si vous êtes disposé à sacrifier votre loisir, vos études chéries, à un correspondance pénible, sans agremens et sans gloire. Je me flatte que vous feriez quelque chose pour moi, vous feriez davantage pour l'honneur de la Maison à laquelle vous êtes attaché ; mais suis-je en droit de supposer que mes écrits puissent contribuer à son honneur ?—J'attends, Monsieur, votre réponse ; qu'elle soit prompte et franche ; si vous daignez vous associer à mon entreprise, je vous enverrai sur le champ mon premier interrogatoire ; votre refus me décideroit à renoncer à mon dessein, ou du moins à lui donner une nouvelle forme. J'ose en même tems vous demander un profond secret : un mot indiscret seroit répété par cent bouches, et j'aurois le désagrément de voir dans les journaux, et bientôt dans les papiers Anglois, une annonce, peut être défigurée, de mes projets littéraires qui ne sont confiés qu'à vous seul.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

fidence in the assistance of a person unknown to me. I would teaze you with questions, and new questions would often be suggested by your answers ; I would request you to ransack your vast library, and to supply me with books, extracts, translations, and information of every kind, conducive to my undertaking. But I know not how far you are inclined to sacrifice your leisure and your favourite studies to a laborious correspondence, which promises neither fame nor pleasure. I flatter myself, you would do something to oblige me ; you would do more for the honour of the Family with which you are connected by your employment. But what title have I to suppose that any work of mine can contribute to its honour ? I expect, Sir, your answer ; and request that it may be speedy and frank. Should you condescend to assist my labours, I will immediately send you some interrogatories. Your refusal, on the other hand, will make me lay aside the design, or at least oblige me to give it a new form. I venture, at the same time, to entreat that the subject of this letter may remain a profound secret. An indiscreet word would be repeated by an hundred mouths ; and I should have the uneasiness of seeing in the foreign journals, and soon afterwards in the English newspapers, an account, and that, perhaps, an unfaithful one, of my literary projects, the secret of which I entrust to you alone.

A N T I Q U I T I E S

O F T H E

H O U S E O F B R U N S W I C K .

C H A P. I. S E C T. I.

AN English subject may be prompted, by a just and liberal curiosity, to investigate the origin and story of the House of Brunswick, which, after an alliance with the daughters of our kings, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of the Crown. From George the First and his father, the first Elector of Hanover, we ascend, in a clear and regular series, to the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, who received his investiture from Frederick the Second, about the middle of the thirteenth century. If these ample possessions had been the gift of the Emperor to some adventurous soldier, to some faithful client, we might be content with the antiquity and lustre of a noble race, which had been enrolled nearly six hundred years among the Princes of Germany. But our ideas are raised, and our prospect is opened, by the discovery, that the first Duke of Brunswick was rather degraded than adorned by his new title, since it imposed the duties of feudal service on the free and patrimonial estate, which alone had been saved in the shipwreck of the more splendid fortunes of his House. His ancestors had been invested with the powerful Duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, which extended far beyond their limits in modern geography : from the Baltic Sea to the confines of Rome they were obeyed, or respected, or feared ; and in the quarrel of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the former appellation was derived from the name of their progenitors in the female line. But the genuine masculine descent of the Princes of Brunswick must be explored beyond the Alps : the venerable tree, which has since overshadowed Germany and Britain, was planted in the Italian soil. As far as our sight can reach, we discern the first founders of the race in the Marquisses of Este, of Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany. In the eleventh century, the primitive stem was divided into two branches ; the elder migrated

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to the banks of the Danube and the Elbe ; the younger more humbly adhered to the neighbourhood of the Adriatic : the Dukes of Brunswick and the Kings of Great Britain are the descendants of the first ; the Dukes of Ferrara and Modena were the offspring of the second.

This short review may explain and justify the threefold division of these Memoirs, which appropriates a separate book to—I. THE ITALIAN DESCENT ; II. THE GERMAN REIGN ; and III. THE BRITISH SUCCESSION of the House of Brunswick. The obscure interval, from the first Duke to the first Elector, will be connected on either side with the more splendid scenes of their ancient and modern history. The comparative date and dignity of their pedigree will be fixed by a fair parallel with the most illustrious families of Europe. Even the flowers of fiction, so profusely scattered over the cradle of the Princes of Este, disclose a remote and decreasing light, which is finally lost in the darkness of the fabulous age. But it will be prudent, before we listen to the rude or refined tales of invention, to erect a strong and substantial edifice of truth on the learned labours of Leibnitz and Muratori.

The genius and studies of Leibnitz have ranked his name with the first philosophic names of his age and country ; but his reputation, perhaps, would be more pure and permanent, if he had not ambitiously grasped the whole circle of human science. As a theologian, he successively contended with the sceptics, who believe too little, and with the papists, who believe too much, and with the heretics, who believe otherwise than is inculcated by the Lutheran confession of Augsburgh. Yet the Philosopher betrayed his love of union and toleration : his faith in Revelation was accused, while he proved the Trinity by the principles of logic ; and in the defence of the attributes and providence of the Deity, he was suspected of a secret correspondence with his adversary Bayle. The metaphysician expatiated in the fields of air : his pre-established harmony of the soul and body might have provoked the jealousy of Plato ; and his optimism, the best of all possible worlds, seems an idea too vast for a mortal mind. He was a *Physician*, in the large and genuine sense of the word : like his brethren, he amused himself with creating a globe ; and his *Protogæa*, or Primitive Earth, has not been useless to the last hypothesis of Buffon, which prefers the agency of fire to that of water. I am not worthy to praise the *Mathematician* : but his name is mingled in all the problems and discoveries of the times ; the masters of the art were his rivals or disciples ; and if he borrowed from Sir Isaac Newton the sublime method of fluxions, Leibnitz was at least the Prometheus

theus who imparted to mankind the sacred fire which he had stolen from the gods. His curiosity extended to every branch of chemistry, mechanics, and the arts; and the thirst of knowledge was always accompanied with the spirit of improvement. The vigour of his youth had been exercised in the schools of *jurisprudence*; and while he taught, he aspired to reform, the laws of nature and nations, of Rome and Germany. The annals of Brunswick, of the empire, of the ancient and modern world, were present to the mind of the *Historian*; and he could turn from the solution of a problem, to the dusty parchments and barbarous style of the records of the middle age. His genius was more nobly directed to investigate the origin of languages and nations; nor could he assume the character of a *Grammarian*, without forming the project of an universal idiom and alphabet. These various studies were often interrupted by the occasional *politics* of the times; and his pen was always ready in the cause of the Princes and patrons to whose service he was attached: many hours were consumed in a learned correspondence with all Europe: and the Philosopher amused his leisure in the composition of French and Latin *poetry*. Such an example may display the extent and powers of the human understanding, but even *his* powers were dissipated by the multiplicity of his pursuits. He attempted more than he could finish; he designed more than he could execute: his imagination was too easily satisfied with a bold and rapid glance on the subject which he was impatient to leave; and Leibnitz may be compared to those heroes, whose empire has been lost in the ambition of universal conquest.

When he was about thirty years of age, (1676,) the merit of Leibnitz was discovered and adopted by the Dukes of Hanover, at whose court he spent the last forty years of his life, in free and honourable service. In this station he soon became the author, or at least the architect of a monument, which they were ambitious of raising to the glory of their name. With the view of preparing the most authentic documents for the History of the House of Brunswick, he travelled over the provinces of Germany and Italy, their ancient seats. In this learned pilgrimage, he consulted the living and the dead, explored the libraries, the archives, the monasteries, and even the tombs, and diligently collected or copied the books, the manuscripts, and the charters of every age. As the curiosity of the Historian had not been limited to the proper bounds of his subject, the various treasures which he had imported were published in several volumes, with as much speed and care as the multitude of his avocations would allow; and it may be deemed either a
praise

praise or a reproach, that the raw materials are often less valuable than the observations and prefaces of the editor himself. In the year 1695, the nuptials of the Prince of Modena with a Princess of Hanover engaged him to dispell the errors and fables of preceding genealogists, and to restore the true connection of the kindred branches, which were thus united, after a separation of more than six hundred years. This occasional pamphlet was designed as the prelude of the great Latin work which he meditated on the Brunswick Antiquities. With a genius accustomed to draw lines of communication between the most distant sciences, he traced, in his Introduction, the revolutions of the country and its inhabitants; of the country, from the natural remains of fossils and petrefactions; of the inhabitants, from the national vestiges of language and manners. The story of a province and of a family swelled, in his capacious mind, into the annals of the western empire: the origins of the Guelphs, of Bavaria, and the Marquisses of Este, would have been interwoven in their proper place; and the narrative would have been deduced from the reign of Charlemagne (A. D. 769.), to the last Emperor of the Saxon line (1025). But the term of an antediluvian life would have been scarcely adequate to the labours and projects of Leibnitz: the imperfect manuscript of his Annals was buried in the Library of Hanover; and the impression, though long since promised, is still refused to the curiosity of the Public. But the ideas and papers of that great man were freely communicated to his disciple and successor Eccard, and the researches more particularly belonging to the House of Brunswick have formed the basis of the *Origines Guelficæ*, which were compiled by the industrious historiographer. The rashness of Eccard, who changed his service and religion, condemned his work, till envy and malevolence had subsided, to a long oblivion; nor was it till many years after his decease that the *Origines Guelficæ* were printed in five volumes in folio, by the care of the Electoral Librarians. The hands of the several workmen are apparent; the bold and original spirit of Leibnitz, the crude erudition and hasty conjectures of Eccard, the useful annotations of Gruber, and the critical disquisitions of Scheid, the principal editor of this genealogical History.

In the construction of this domestic monument, the Elector of Hanover, ten years after the return of Leibnitz, had dispatched a second missionary (1700) to search the archives of his Italian kinsmen. Their archives were in the most deplorable state: but the Princes of Este were awakened by shame and vanity, and their subject Muratori was recalled from Milan, to re-

form and govern the ducal Library of Modena. The name of Muratori will be for ever connected with the literature of his country : above sixty years of his peaceful life were consumed in the exercises of study and devotion ; his numerous writings on the subjects of history, antiquities, religion, morals, and criticisms, are impressed with sense and knowledge, with moderation and candour : he moved in the narrow circle of an Italian priest ; but a desire of freedom, a ray of philosophic light sometimes breaks through his own prejudices and those of his readers. In the cause of his Prince, he was permitted, and even encouraged, to explore the foundations, and to circumscribe the limits, of the temporal power of the Bishops of Rome : and his victorious arguments in the dispute for Commachio accustomed the slave to an erect posture and a bolder step. One of his antagonists, the learned Fontanini, had been provoked, in the heat of controversy, to cast some reflexions on the family of Este, as if they had been no more than simple citizens of Padua, who, in the thirteenth century, were invested by the Popes with the title and office of Marquis of Anconia. Truth and honour required an answer to this invidious charge ; and the firmest answer was a simple and genuine exposition of facts. The courts of Brunswick and Modena were joined in the same family interest ; and their trusty Librarians, Leibnitz and Muratori, corresponded with the confidence of allies and the emulation of rivals. But the speed of the German was outstripped in the race by the perseverance of the Italian : if the conjectures of Muratori were less splendid, his discoveries were more sure ; and he could examine, with the leisure of a native, the monuments and records which his associate had formerly viewed with the haste of a traveller. After a diligent enquiry of three years, both at home and abroad, he gave to the world the first volume of the *Antichità Estense*, a model of genealogical criticism ; and in the second volume, which was delayed above twenty years, he continues the descent and series to his own times. The more strenuous labours of his life were devoted to the general and particular history of Italy. His Antiquities, both in the vulgar and the Latin tongue, exhibit a curious picture of the laws and manners of the middle age ; and a correct text is justified by a copious Appendix of authentic documents. His Annals are a faithful abstract of the twenty-eight folio volumes of original historians ; and whatsoever faults may be noticed in this great collection, our censure is disarmed by the remark, that it was undertaken and finished by a single man. Muratori will not aspire to the same of

historical genius : his modesty may be content with the solid, though humble praise of an impartial critic and indefatigable compiler.

With such guides, with the materials which they have provided, and with some experience of the way, I shall boldly descend into the darkness of the middle age ; and while I assume the liberty of judgment, I shall not be unmindful of the duties of gratitude.

An old charter of the reign of Charlemagne and the beginning of the ninth century, has casually preserved the memory of BONIFACE the Bavarian ; the count or governor of Lucca, the father of the marquisses of Tuscany, and the first probable ancestor of the house of Este and Brunswick. His name and country, his title and province, I shall separately consider : and these considerations will explain the state of Italy in his time, and that of his immediate descendants.

1. In the origin of human speech, a method must have been wanted, and sought, and found, of discriminating the several individuals of the same tribe, who were mingled in the daily offices, even of savage life. In every language the invention of proper and personal names must be at least as ancient as the use of appellative words. The truth of this remark is attested by the ancient continent from India to Spain, from the lakes of Canada to the hills of Chili, the same distinctions were familiar to the inhabitants of the New World ; and our navigators who have recently explored the islands of the South Sea, add their testimony to the general practice of mankind. As soon as a new-born infant has enjoyed some days, and begins to promise some years of life, he is distinguished as a social being from his present and future companions : the friends of the family are convened to congratulate the parents and to welcome the stranger ; and the festival has been usually connected with some religious ceremony ; the sacrifices of the Greeks, Romans, and barbarians ; the circumcision of the Jews, and the baptism of the Christians. The primitive choice of every word must have had a cause and a meaning : each name was derived from some accident or allusion, or quality of the mind or body ; and the titles of the savage chiefs announced their wisdom in council, or their valour in the field. Such in the book of nature and antiquity are the heroes of Homer ; and the happy flexibility of the Greek tongue can express in harmonious sounds all possible combinations of ideas and sentiments. But in the lapse of ages and idioms, the true

signification was lost or misapplied: the qualities of a man were blindly transferred to a child, and chance or custom were the only motives that could direct this arbitrary imposition. The Christians of the Roman empire were a mixture of Jews, of Greeks, and of Latin provincials: their profane names were sanctified by baptism; those of the Bible were respectable and familiar; and the casual affinity with an apostle or martyr might encourage the pious youth to imitate his virtues. But in the three centuries which preceded the reign of Charlemagne, the western world was overwhelmed by a deluge of German conquerors. After their conversion to Christianity, they long adhered, from pride or habit, to the idiom of their fathers; and their Teutonic appellations, with a softer accent and a Latin termination, were almost exclusively used in the baptism of princes and nobles. Till the tenth or twelfth century, the Old was abandoned to the Jews, and the New Testament to the people and clergy. Adam and David, Peter and Paul, John and James, George and Francis, were neglected as unknown, or despised as plebeian; and Boniface is the only name of ecclesiastical origin which the chiefs of barbaric race condescended to assume. This honourable exception may be justly ascribed to the fame and merit of St. Boniface the First, archbishop of Mentz or Mayence, the missionary of Rome, the reformer of France, and the apostle of Germany, who lost his life in preaching the Gospel to the Frisians. He was born in England, and in his own baptism he had been stiled Winfrid: but with the episcopal character the Saxon received the more Christian appellation of Boniface, which had been illustrated by a martyr and a pope. Of the Hessians, Thuringians, and Bavarians, whom he reclaimed from idolatry, many were ambitious even of a nominal conformity with their patron: and from his age and country, the count of Lucca might be one of the fortunate infants who were baptized by the apostle of Bavaria.

2. The Christian priests who subdued the conquerors of the West, had inculcated the duty of damning their idolatrous ancestors, and persecuting their dissenting subjects. But the toleration which they denied to religious prejudice, was freely extended to the institutions of civil or barbaric life. The Romans of Italy, the great body of the clergy and people, were still directed by the codes of Theodosius and Justinian. The laws of the Lombards were promulgated for their own use; after the fall of their kingdom, they still preserved their national jurisprudence; and the victorious Franks enjoyed the benefit without imposing the obligation of the Salic and Ripuarian codes. The three great nations who successively reigned in Italy, were

every where mingled, and every where separate. A similar indulgence was granted to the smaller colonies of Goths, Alemanni, or *Bavarians*; and so perfect was the practice of civil toleration, that every freeman, according to his birth or choice, might embrace the law by which he himself and his family would be tried. In the acts which have escaped to our times, count Boniface and his descendants profess to live according to the nation and law of the Bavarians: but this profession rather defines the origin of his blood, than the place of his nativity; and it is possible that some generations of his ancestors might have already felt the milder influence of climate and religion. The name of the Bavarians first rises into notice amidst the dying agonies of the Western Empire: but the tribe or troop of adventurers which assumed that name, soon swelled to a powerful kingdom, and covered the province of Noricum from the Danube to the Alps. The vicinity of Italy provoked their desires; the alliance of the Lombards encouraged their hopes: they joined the standard of the invader; and on the confines of Modena and Tuscany the memory of their ancient settlement is not totally extinct. If we compare, however, the smallness of the colony with the numbers of the nation, it may seem more probable that Count Boniface was born in Bavaria, perhaps of noble and idolatrous parents; and that his services were rewarded by Charlemagne with the government of an Italian province. The eye of the vigilant and sagacious emperor pervaded the vast extent of his dominions; and the merit of every subject, in whatsoever country or condition he had been cast, was assigned to the station most beneficial for himself and the State. While the kingdoms of the West obeyed the same sceptre, a native Frank might command on the banks of the Tyber; the frontiers of Britanny were guarded by a loyal Lombard, and the Saxon proselyte would signalize his new zeal for Christianity against the Saracens of Spain. Charlemagne affected to consider all his subjects with the impartial love of a father: but he was not unwilling to transplant a powerful chief into a foreign soil, and he cherished a secret preference of the men and the nations whose sole dependence was on the royal favour. The Franks were jealous of the elevation of an equal; the Lombards might not easily forgive the triumph of a conqueror; but the Alemanni and Bavarians, who had been long oppressed, were devoted, by loyalty and gratitude, to the service of their benefactor.

3. I am ignorant of the parents of Boniface the Bavarian; of his character and actions I am likewise ignorant. But his official title describes him

as one of the principal ministers and nobles of the kingdom of Italy. The Latin appellations of dukes and counts were transferred with the latitude of foreign words to the judges and leaders of the Barbarians: these different titles were applied to the same person or station: they varied according to the fashion of the age and country; and it was not till after the ninth century that the dukes, assuming a clear pre-eminence of dignity and power, stood foremost on the steps of the throne. In the vulgar and legal idiom, the temporal peers (I anticipate the expression of more recent times) were stiled princes, and in their families the kings and emperors of the West might solicit a wife, or bestow a daughter, without degrading the majesty of their rank. It was at once their privilege and their duty to attend the national council; nor could any law acquire validity or effect without the consent and authority of these powerful nobles. In their respective districts of ample or narrow limits, each duke or count was invested with the plenitude of civil and military power, and this union of characters must be ascribed rather to the imperfection of the arts than to the talents of the men. They presided in open courts of justice, and determined all criminal and civil causes, with the advice of their plebeian assessors, their *scabini*, who were somewhat less illiterate than the judge himself. At the royal summons they reared their standard, assembled their freemen and vassals, and marched at their head on every occasion of danger and honour. Such taxes as could be levied on a rude and independent people were shared between the supreme and subordinate chief, and there exists an agreement by which a Lombard duke was permitted to reserve a moiety of the revenue for his public and private use. The prerogative of appointing and recalling these provincial magistrates was esteemed a sufficient pledge of their obedience; and the servants of Charlemagne might obey without reluctance the first of mankind. But the memory of a favour was lost in the grant of an office; and the grant of an office was insensibly consolidated into the right of a freehold possession. The counts and dukes were amenable to the circuits of the *missi*, or royal inquirers: but they were more able to maintain, than willing to suffer, an act of injustice; and it was gradually admitted as a constitutional maxim, that they could not be deprived of their dignity without a charge, a trial, and a conviction of felony. The founder of the Western Empire might sometimes reward the son by the gift or the reversion of his father's province; a dangerous reward, which was often extorted from the fears, rather than from the bounty of succeeding princes. They could not despoil the legitimate heir

heir of his lands, his followers, and his popular name, and it was deemed more prudent to secure the public peace by the indulgence of his private ambition.

4. The province entrusted to the vigilance of Count Boniface is one of the most fertile and fortunate spots of Italy. It is bounded by the rivers Magra and Arno, by the sea and the Appenine; and in the old days of independence, this tract of country had been the debateable land between the Ligurians and Etruscans, till it was finally annexed by Augustus to the region of Etruria. The harbour of Luni is capable of sheltering the navies of Europe; the circumjacent hills of Carara have supplied an inexhaustible store of white marble for the noblest works of sculpture and architecture, and Lucca itself is situate almost on the banks of the Ausar or Serchio, a river which, flowing ten miles farther to the south, is finally lost under the walls of Pisa, in the waters of the Arno. In the best age of the commonwealth, the sixth century of Rome, an allotment of sixty thousand acres was divided among two thousand citizens, who were soon associated with the ancient natives: but the colony of Lucca finally preferred the title and privileges of a municipal town. After suffering some injury from the barbaric storm, Lucca appears to revive and flourish under the Lombards, as the seat of a royal mint, and the metropolis of the whole province of Tuscany. The republic, less extensive, as it should seem, than the command of Boniface, now contains one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, who are enriched by the exportation of oil and silk. But their riches are the fruits of industry, and their industry is guarded by liberty and peace. I am inclined to believe, that this small and happy community is more wealthy and populous than was formerly the Tuscany of Charlemagne; and even in its decay the state of Tuscany still possesses more inhabitants and more treasure, than could have been found in the disorderly and desolate kingdom of the Lombards.

From the interposition of Ildenrand, count of Lucca, it may be suspected that at the time of his father's decease Boniface the Second had not acquired sufficient strength and maturity for the vacant office: but these friends, or rivals, who had exercised the government of Lucca, were soon superseded by the establishment of the lawful heir; and the youth approved himself worthy of his name and honours. The example and impunity of treason could never tempt his loyalty; and while the empire of Lewis the Pious was relaxed by weakness or agitated by discord, Boniface asserted the glory of the

the French and the Christian arms. He had been entrusted with the defence of the maritime coast and the isle of Corsica against the Mahometans of Africa, and his right to command the service of the neighbouring counts may entitle him to the appellation of Duke or Marquis of Tuscany, which was assumed by his descendants. With a small fleet he sailed from Pisa, in search of the robbers of the sea; they had vanished on his approach: he cast anchor on the friendly shores of Corsica, and after providing himself with expert pilots, he steered his intrepid course for Africa, and boldly landed on the coast between Carthage and Utica. The Aglabites, who reigned in Africa as the nominal vicegerents of the caliphs, were astonished and provoked by the insolence of the Christians, whose valour had been hitherto confined to a defensive war. Their camp was immediately surrounded by a formidable host of Arabs and Moors: five times did they mount to the assault: they were repulsed five times with slaughter and shame. The field was covered with the bodies of their slain; in the hot pursuit some adventurous Franks became the victims of their own rashness; but the more prudent chief was satisfied with victory; he embarked the troops, the captives, and the spoil, and returning in triumph to the port of Luni, or the mouth of the Arno, left an example of successful enterprize which was long remembered by the Moslems of Afric, and seldom imitated by the Christians of Italy. The birth, character, and adventures of the empress Judith, will be introduced with more propriety in the story of the Guelphs, and I shall only observe, that after his abject fall and fortunate restoration, Lewis the Pious might still tremble for the safety of a beloved wife. She was confined in a monastery of Tortona, in the power of a rebellious son; and if the ambition of Lothaire was disappointed, the blood of a step-mother might be a grateful offering to his revenge. Boniface, with some loyal subjects, perceived her danger, and flew to her relief. By their celerity and courage Judith was rescued from prison, and they guarded her passage over the Alps till she met the embraces of an impatient husband. This gallant act, which deserved the gratitude of the emperor, exposed the Count of Lucca to the displeasure of Lothaire, who was still master of the kingdom of Italy, and who denied the investiture of their fiefs to all the accomplices of the escape of Judith. Boniface retired to France, where his exile was alleviated by the most honourable employments. In the civil wars, after the death of Lewis, he might secure his pardon without forfeiting his allegiance; and there is reason to believe, that he ended his days in the government of Tuscany.

The

The sword of chivalry was consecrated to the service of religion and the fair; and the African victor, the deliverer of the empress, had fulfilled the duties of a perfect knight.

His son and successor, Adalbert the First, has a more unquestionable right to the appellation of Duke and Marquis of Tuscany. The title of Marquis, or rather Margrave, was introduced into Italy by the French emperors; the Teutonic etymology of the word implies the count or governor of a *march* of a frontier province: his station gave him at least a military command over several of his equals; and in the division of the monarchy the number and importance of these hostile limits was continually multiplied. Yet the life of Adalbert is much less pure and illustrious than that of his father: either an historian was wanted to his actions, or his actions afforded no materials for history; and it is only by the glimmering of old charters, that, during thirty years, his existence is visible. The decay of genius and power in each imperial generation, had confirmed the independence of the hereditary governors; till the failure of the eldest branch, in the person of Lewis the Second, concluded a century of domestic peace, and opened an endless series of revolutions. The election of the kings of Italy was decided by the voices and by the swords of the factious nobles: they chose the object, the measure, and the term of allegiance; and the name of the candidate whom they supported, was a sufficient apology for every act of violence and rapine. A pope of an active and ambitious spirit, John VIII., most bitterly complains of the two marquisses, or tyrants, of Lambert of Spoleto, and of Adalbert of Tuscany, who were brothers in alliance, in arms, and in sacrilege. They solicited the aid of the miscreant Saracens, invaded the ecclesiastical State, entered the city, profaned the churches, extorted an oath of fidelity from the Romans, and dared to imprison the successor of St. Peter. After the departure of these public robbers, as they are stiled, without much injustice, by the pontiff, he affected to display their guilt and his own danger: the sacred relicks were transported from the Vatican to the Lateran palace: the altar was clothed in sackcloth, and the doors of the temple were inhospitably shut against the devotion of the pilgrims. By the apprehension of a second insult John VIII. was driven from the apostolical seat; he fled by sea to the usual asylum of France, offered the two worlds to whosoever would avenge his quarrel, and in the Synod of Troyes proclaimed the vices and pronounced the excommunication of the two marquisses of Spoleto and Tuscany, the enemies of God and Man. Some

political events gave a new turn to his interest and language; *the most glorious* Adalbert and his wife (so lately a robber and an adulteress) are recommended in his epistles to the love and protection of the friends of the church. From such invective and such praise it might be inferred that calumny is a venial sin, or that every sin is obliterated by a reconciliation with the Pope. A casuist less indulgent, I shall not so easily absolve the sacrilegious Marquis of Tuscany: he lived in an age of the darkest superstition, and his assault on the Vatican is truly criminal, since it was condemned by the prejudices of his own conscience.

In the dignity of Duke and Marquis of Tuscany he was succeeded by his son, the second Adalbert, who has been only distinguished from the first by the nice microscope of chronological criticism. Such and so great was the pre-eminence of his wealth and power, that he alone among the princes of Italy was distinguished by the epithet of the *rich*; an epithet of ambiguous praise, since it expresses the liberality of fortune rather than of nature. He married Berta, the daughter of Lothaire king of Austrasia or Lorraine, who was the great grandson of Charlemagne: a distinction rather honourable than singular; since many of the princes of the age were descended by the females from the Imperial stem. His independence was built on the ruins of the empire of Charlemagne: the failure of lawful heirs enlarged the scene of contention: the sceptre was alternately won and lost in a field of battle, and the Italians, from a maxim of policy, entertained the competition of two kings. The dukes of Friuli and Spoleto long disputed the crown; and while Berengarius reigned at Verona, his rivals Guido and Lambert were seated on the throne of Pavia. These princes, the father and son, were the uncle and cousin of Adalbert; but he supported or deserted their standard with licentious perfidy, and one of his attempts did not much redound to the honour or advantage of the Marquis of Tuscany. He marched to surprise Lambert, who hunted without suspicion in a forest near Placentia: but he forgot that discipline and sobriety are most essential to secret enterprize. The tents of the Tuscans, who deemed themselves secure of their royal game, resounded with drunken and lascivious songs; their intemperance subsided in sleep; and at the dead of night they were surprized by the vigilant Lambert, at the head of no more than one hundred horse. The Marquis, who could neither fight nor fly, was dragged from his shelter among the mules and asses of the baggage, and his shame was embittered by the rude pleasantries of the conqueror. "Thy wife Berta," said he, "had promised that thou shouldest

“ be either a king or an ass. A king thou art not, but thy second title I shall not dispute ; and wisely hast thou chosen a place of refuge among the animals of a similar species.” The death of Lambert restored the captive to liberty and dominion : but the character of Adalbert was still the same, and the state of Italy long fluctuated with the vicissitudes of his interest or passions. Berengarius, who was oppressed by his service, sometimes accused and sometimes imitated the example of his ingratitude. A new pretender, Lewis king of Arles, was defeated and dismissed and recalled, and again established and again dethroned as he was the friend or enemy of the Marquis of Tuscany. In a moment of seeming concord, the new sovereign visited Lucca, where he was entertained with the ostentation of expence which vanity will often extort from avarice and hatred. As Lewis admired the numerous and well-dressed ranks of the Tuscan soldiers, the attendance of the palace, and the luxury of the banquet, he softly whispered, “ This Marquis is indeed a king, and it is only in a vain title that I am superior to my vassal.” By the diligence of flattery or malice this whisper was echoed : the pride of Berta was offended, her fears were alarmed ; she alienated her husband’s mind ; he conspired with the disaffected nobles ; and a hasty, perhaps a harmless saying deprived the unfortunate king of Arles of the crown of Italy and his eyes. Adalbert the Second died at Lucca, in a mature age, and his real or imaginary virtues are inscribed on his tomb. We are solicited to believe, that he was formidable to his enemies, liberal to his soldiers, just to his subjects, and charitable to the poor ; that his memory was embalmed in the tears of a grateful people ; and that the public happiness was buried in his grave. An epitaph is a feeble evidence of merit ; yet an epitaph on the dead may prove somewhat more than a panegyric on the living.

Adalbert the Second left behind him three children, two sons, Guido and Lambert, the eldest of whom was acknowledged as Duke and Marquis of Tuscany, and one daughter, Hermenegarda, who married and survived a prince of equal rank on the confines of Piedmont. The pride and power of Berta were not impaired by her husband’s death ; and to her passions I should impute an unequal contest with the emperor and king of Italy, who by fraud or force imprisoned the mother and her son in the fortress of Mantua. But her faithful clients refused to surrender the cities and castles committed to their trust : a treaty was negociated ; the captives were released ; their possessions were restored ; and I must applaud the moderation, perhaps

perhaps the courage, of Guido, who sincerely submitted to forgive and to be forgiven. Of the death of the emperor Berengarius, who was stabbed in his palace by a private villain, Guido was neither the author nor accomplice: but in the subsequent election his voice had a free and decisive weight; and the laudable motives of filial or fraternal tenderness might prompt him to gratify his mother, by supporting the claim of Hugh, or Hugo, count of Provence, her son by a former husband. The Marquis commanded the sea-ports of Tuscany; his sister, an active and popular widow, could shut or open the passes of the Alps. A royal pretender, Rodolph of Burgundy, was chased beyond the mountains: by the unanimous choice of the nobles, Hugh was invited and proclaimed: he landed at Pisa; and the sons of Adalbert were proud to salute their brother as king of Italy. But this event, which seemed to consolidate the fortunes, was the immediate cause of the downfall of their house. The new monarch insensibly betrayed a faithless and ungrateful character: his vices were scandalous, his talents mean; and if his ambition was sometimes checked by fear, it was never restrained by humanity or justice. The death of Berta dissolved the union between the children of her first and her second nuptials. The mild and moderate Guido expired in the prime of life. The Dutchy of Tuscany was occupied by Lambert: but in a hasty and indecent marriage with Marozia, his brother's widow, the king of Italy trampled on the prejudices of mankind. Hugh was already conscious of the public hatred and contempt: he might justly dread the courage, the ambition, the popularity of the Marquis; and his avarice was stimulated by the hopes of a rich forfeiture. Regardless of a mother's fame, he invented, or encouraged the report, that the obstinate barrenness of the wife of Adalbert had tempted that impious woman to procure and substitute two male infants, whom she educated as her own: and the arbitrary sentence of the king, who disclaimed Lambert as a brother, must have denied his right to the succession of Tuscany. Had this cause been argued before a tribunal of law and reason, the advocate for the Marquis would have pleaded the long and tranquil possession of his name and state, and have deprecated the injustice of a charge, which was not advanced till after the decease of both his parents. The orator would have painted in the most lively colours, the absurdity of the supposition, the difficulty of fascinating the eyes and silencing the tongues of a jealous court, and the strong improbability that the Dutchess of Tuscany should have *twice* risked the danger and shame of a discovery. He would have authenticated the

circumstances of her pregnancy and delivery; and after establishing his defence on argument and fact, he might have tried to awaken the tender and indignant feelings of the audience. Instead of such a tedious process, the intrepid Lambert cast down his gauntlet, and challenged to single combat the false accuser of his own and his mother's fame. The challenge was accepted; a champion arose; the lists were opened; and such was the goodness of his cause, or the vigour of his arm, that the Marquis obtained an easy victory in the judgment of God. Even this judgment was not respected by the tyrant. Instead of embracing his genuine brother, he loaded the conqueror with irons, confiscated his dominions, and deprived him of his eyes; while the nobles of Italy, who so often resisted the execution of the laws, most basely acquiesced in this act of cruelty and injustice. The unhappy prince survived his misfortune many years, but he was already dead to his enemies and the world. In a civilized society, the mind is more powerful than the body; and the influence of strength or dexterity is far less extensive than that of eloquence and wisdom. But among a people of barbarians, the blind warrior, who is no longer capable of managing a horse, or of wielding a lance, must be excluded from all the honours and offices of public life.

Such were the five descents in the Bavarian line of the Counts of Lucca and Marquisses or Dukes of Tuscany. The fourth generation of the posterity of Boniface coincides with the age of the Marquis Adalbert, who may be styled the third of that name, if we can safely rivet this intermediate link of the genealogical chain. After a long hesitation and various trials, the active curiosity of Leibnitz subsided, in the opinion that Adalbert the Third, the unquestionable father of the House of Este and Brunswick, was the son of the Marquis Guido, and the grandson of Adalbert the Second: and that his right of succession to the Duchy of Tuscany, which had been superseded by his tender years, was finally lost in the calamity of his uncle. In a mind conscious of its powers, and indulgent to its productions, this idea struck a deep and permanent root. As an historian, Leibnitz was acquainted with the stubborn character of facts: as a critic, he was accustomed to balance the weight of testimony: as a mathematician, he would not prostitute the name of demonstration: but he affirmed that his opinion was *probable* in the highest sense; and the philosopher could not patiently tolerate a sceptic. These historical enquiries he compared to the labour of an astronomer, who frames an hypothesis, such as can explain all the known phænomena of the heavens, and then exalts his hypothesis into truth, by exposing the errors of every

every other possible supposition. From the Library of Hanover, the discovery was transmitted to that of Modena, with an earnest desire of literary, or at least of political union; and the pedigree of Adalbert the Third was ratified by the consent of Leibnitz and Muratori. Yet in this dark and doubtful step of genealogy, impartial criticism may be allowed to pause, and even the silence of a contemporary writer may incline the scale against many loose and floating atoms of modern conjecture. The first fifty years of the tenth century are illustrated by the labour and eloquence of Liutprand, bishop of Cremona, who exposes, with a free and often satirical pen, the characters and vices of the times. He relates the death of Guido, and the succession of Lambert, without insinuating that the former left any children, or that the latter was appointed guardian of their minority. He deplores the fate of Lambert, without informing the reader of the escape of his nephew; by what resources of flight or defence, of prayer or negociation, he escaped the cruelty of the tyrant, and lived to propagate the glories of his race. The Marquis Otbert, the undoubted son of Adalbert the Third, is honourably mentioned; and it might be reasonably expected, that some hint should have been given of his lineal descent from the Tuscan princes, whose names and actions had been already celebrated in the history of Liutprand. Nor can the order of time, that infallible touchstone of truth, be easily reconciled with the hypothesis of Leibnitz. Guido, Marquis of Tuscany, was the third husband of the insatiate Marozia: her second was killed in the year nine hundred and twenty-five; and ten or twelve months must be granted for the shortest widowhood, the term of pregnancy, and the birth of her son Adalbert. No more than thirty-six years after his birth, *his* son, the Marquis Otbert, appears in the world as a statesman and a patriot. Such a precipitate succession, which crowds two generations into one, is repugnant to the whole experience of ages: a fact so strange and improbable could only be forced on our belief by the absolute power of positive and authentic evidence.

In this enquiry, I should disdain to be influenced by any partial regard for the interest or honour of the House of Brunswick: but I can resign, without a sigh, the hypothesis of Leibnitz, which might seem to exhibit the *nominal* rather than the *natural* ancestors of the son of Guido. This doubtful expression is not founded on the absurd and malicious fable, that the two last Marquises of Tuscany were stolen, in their infancy, from an obscure, and perhaps a plebeian origin: Berta was their genuine mother; and their pedigree would not be tainted

tainted with suspicion, if the right of the father could be ascertained with the same clearness and certainty. But in these barbarous times, the valour of the men appears to have been maintained with more high and jealous care than the chastity of the women; and such was the peculiar infelicity of the Marquis Guido, that his wife, his mother, and his two grandmothers, are all accused, in their respective generations, of a slight, or scandalous deviation from the line of virtue. In the Pontifical Epistles, the wife of Adalbert I. is branded with the opprobrious name of *Adulteress*; and without insisting on the Pope's infallibility, it may be fairly urged, that as the character of a public robber was applied to the sacrilegious enemy of Rome, the vices of Rotilda must have afforded some ground, or colour for private reproach. The mother of Berta, the famous Valdrada, long fluctuated between the state of a wife and the shame of a concubine. She might be innocent in the judgment of conscience and reason; but her pretended marriage with Lothair, king of Lorraine, was repeatedly annulled by the sentence of the Roman Pontiff. By an obstinate resistance, her fame might have been preserved: a false and fruitless penitence could only aggravate her sin; and she became alike guilty in the eyes of the Church and of the Public, when she continued to dwell in the embraces of her lover, after a lawful Queen had been restored to the honours of his throne and bed. The pleasures of Berta were subservient to her ambition; and Adalbert the Second appears to have been endowed with the patient virtues of a husband. By the liberal freedom with which she imparted to the nobles of Tuscany every gift in her power to bestow, the Dutchess secured their grateful attachment in the hour of danger; and at the age of threescore, she might be justly vain that her favours were precious, her lovers fond, her friends and clients still mindful of their past obligations. As the infidelity of Hermenegarda could fully only the blood of another family, it is almost needless to mention that the daughter of Berta most faithfully copied the example of her mother. But the satirical eloquence of Liutprand is unable to paint the vices of Marozia, wife of the Marquis Guido: "From her early youth," (exclaims the Bishop,) "she had been inflamed by all the fires of Venus, and again and again did she exact from her lovers the payment of their debts." Her family was powerful at Rome: by the corruption of Marozia, of her mother, and of her sister, the Church and State were polluted and oppressed: their favourites, and their children, were successively promoted to the throne of St. Peter; and in the spiritual Babylon, the city of the Seven Hills, a more inquisitive age would have detected the scarlet whore of the

Revelations. The son of Marozia, the grandson of Berta, and the great-grandson of Rotilda, might be perplexed in the discovery or the choice of his true progenitors.

The hypothesis, that Adalbert III. was the son of the Marquis Guido, will not endure the test of a critical enquiry: but I am disposed to embrace the general opinion of Leibnitz and Muratori, and to believe with them, that the families of Este and Brunswick are descended from a younger branch of the House of Tuscany. A charter commemorates the name of Boniface, son of Adalbert I., and brother of Adalbert II.: his existence is certain; his marriage probable; and, according to the custom of nations, the respectable name of a grandfather and uncle would be naturally repeated in the person of his son. In the last years of the ninth century, we may fix the birth of Adalbert III. who will stand, in the corresponding degree, as the first cousin to the Marquis Guido: the order of nature will be restored, and in the succeeding generation a sufficient space will be left for the growth and maturity of Otbert I. By this early separation from the original stem, we avoid the more scandalous vices of Berta and Marozia. The silence of Liutprand, will no longer surprize or embarrass the critic: Boniface and his son Adalbert the Third were neither the sovereigns nor the heirs of Tuscany: their private fortunes were less splendid, and more secure, than those of the Marquisses, their elder kinsmen; and their names, not conspicuous, perhaps, by crimes or virtues, might escape the memory or the pen of the general historian. As the objections diminish, the presumptive proofs of a connection between the Houses of Tuscany and Este leave a deeper impression on the mind. The repetition of the name of Adalbert has already been noticed as a family feature. In the kingdom, the name of Adalbert was less rare, however, than the title of Marquis, of such recent use and such local application, but which was uniformly used, from the tenth to the fifteenth century, as their hereditary and proper style, by the Princes of Este. The military governors, who commanded on the Alpine or Greek limits, do not suggest any traces of conformity; and our ignorance of the province which was ruled by Adalbert III., and his immediate descendants, will be tempted to believe, that the vague appellation of Marquis, which was common to all, might be cherished by their vanity, as a perpetual attribute and memorial of the long-lost dominion of Tuscany. But the circumstance of the clearest and most substantial presumption arises from the rent-roll of their ancient estates, which were spread over the heart of Tuscany, the counties
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of Lucca and Luna, and even the Isle of Corsica, a remote dependance of the government of Boniface II. Tradition has preserved the name and limits of the *Terra Obertenga*, so often cited in old charters as the lands of the Marquis Otbert I.; and if he received them from his father, it will not be difficult to suppose that they were originally granted to Boniface III., as the portion or patrimony of a younger brother. The perfect and easy coalition of the Marquisses of Tuscany and Este is resisted only by a single obstacle; and the resistance is less insuperable than it may appear at the first glance: the former adhered to the law and nation of the Bavarians, whilst the nation and law of the Lombards was professed by the latter. But we must not forget, that in the barbaric jurisprudence of Europe, a national character might be either conveyed by descent, or adopted by choice; and that each family, each individual, might select and renounce the name and institutions of these political sects. The Bavarians, a minute colony, were almost invisible in the mighty kingdom of the Lombards: their decreasing numbers could not secure a regular supply of judges and witnesses: an Italian prince would be desirous of obliterating the remembrance of his foreign origin, and the smaller rivulets were gradually lost in the master-stream. Such a change of law and nation is agreeable to reason and practice; but in this particular instance, it may not be presumed, it cannot be proved; and the objection must be allowed to counterbalance some grains of probability in the opposite scale.

SECTION II.

A judicious critic may approve the Tuscan descent of the families of Este and Brunswick; but a sincere historian will pronounce, that the Marquis Adalbert is their first unquestionable ancestor; that he flourished in Lombardy or Tuscany in the beginning of the tenth century; that his character and actions are buried in oblivion; and that his name and title alone can be placed at the head of an illustrious pedigree.

This pedigree is animated by his son the Marquis Otbert I., and his life is connected with the revolutions of Italy. If the records of the times were more numerous, they might confirm the probability of his descent from the Marquisses of Tuscany, since the earliest date of his name and honours coincides with the fall of their oppressors, and the first year, or even month of

a new reign. The tyrant Hugh had fled beyond the Alps, loaded with the curies and treasures of the Italians: his son Lothair, a feeble youth, had passed away like a shadow, and after a vacancy of twenty-four days, the Marquis Berengarius, grandson to the Emperor of the same name, was exalted to the throne. A grant of four castles was made to the Bishop of Modena; and in the original deed of gift the new monarch is pleased to declare, that the advice and request of his trusty and well-beloved the Marquis Othbert had moved him to this act of liberality or devotion. His power at court may be ascribed to the recent merits of the election; and the advocate on the behalf of others would not be mute or unsuccessful in his own cause. Of the favours which he received, or of the services which he performed, I am alike ignorant: but at the end of nine years, the counsellor and favourite of Berengarius was transformed into a fugitive and a rebel, who escaped to the Saxon court, inflamed the ambition of Otho, and soon returned with an army of Germans, to dethrone a sovereign, perhaps a benefactor, of his own choice. His conduct appears, at the first glance, to be tainted with ingratitude and treason; and his guilt may be aggravated by the reflexion, that he imposed a foreign yoke on his country, and prepared the long calamities of tyranny and faction. At the distance of eight centuries, I shall not vindicate the pure and rigid patriotism of the father of the House of Brunswick. According to the experience of human nature, we may calculate a hundred, nay a thousand chances, against the public virtues of a statesman: the Marquis viewed the King of Italy, first as an equal, and afterwards as an enemy; and in the loose governments of the feudal system, the duties of allegiance were proudly violated by the members of an armed and lawless aristocracy.

Yet our imperfect view of the history of the times will afford some apology, and may allow some praise for the flight and rebellion of Marquis Othbert. 1. The patriot who, in the cause of political freedom, is false to gratitude and honour, offends against the natural feelings of mankind; but if those feelings are violated by a tyrant, they applaud the sword of the rebel, or even the dagger of the conspirator. Berengarius was a bad subject, and a worse prince: and the most opposite vices were reconciled in the dissolute and flagitious character of his wife Villa. From the revenge or justice of his predecessor, he had been saved by the blind humanity of Lothair the son of Hugh, who cherished the faithless enemy of his crown and life. His suspicious death was followed by the per-

secution of his widow Adelais, the sister of the King of Burgundy. At the age of eighteen a beautiful and innocent Princess was stripped of her land, her jewels, and her apparel, exposed to the brutal repetition of blows and insults, and cast into a subterraneous dungeon, where she endured, above four months, the last extremities of distress and hunger. A pleasing and pathetic tale might be formed of her miraculous escape with a damsel and a priest; of their concealment among the rushes of the Lake Benacus, where they were supported many days by the charity of a fisherman; and of her rescue by a generous knight, who conducted the Princess to his impregnable fortress of Canossa, and defied the vengeance of the King of Italy. The romance would conclude with the arrival of a victorious lover, a royal deliverer: the nuptials of Otho and Adelais were celebrated at Pavia, and her singular adventures were a prelude to the future glories of the Empress and the Saint. The arms of Otho had been seconded by the revolt of the Italians; but in this revolt the name of Otbert is not mentioned; and we should rather accuse than admire the patient loyalty of the Marquis. Before he renounced his obedience and gratitude, the unrepenting tyrant had accomplished the measure of his sins; the Church and State, the rich and the poor, were the indiscriminate victims of the cruelty and avarice of Berengarius.

2. In his first victorious expedition, the prudence or magnanimity of Otho had declined the rigour of absolute conquest, and was content to be styled the Protector of an injured nation. A prostrate enemy was spared and forgiven: after waiting three days before the palace gates, Berengarius was admitted to the royal presence, and the golden sceptre of the kingdom of Italy was again delivered to his hands. But he pronounced an oath of fidelity, a solemn engagement, that he would be ready, in council and in the field, to obey the commands of his sovereign, and that he would govern his people with more equity and mildness than he had hitherto displayed. By this unequal treaty, the right of Otho was established, to judge and punish the crimes of his feudatory: the Marquis Otbert is no longer a rebel, who solicits the aid of a foreign Prince, and all the vassals of Italy might lawfully appeal from their immediate to their supreme lord.

3. The appeal was urged by the most respectable deputies of the Church and State, and their voice was the voice of the kingdom of Italy. The Roman Pontiff dispatched his apostolical legates to complain of the temporal and spiritual wrongs which St. Peter and St. Paul had long suffered from the tyranny of Berengarius. An Archbishop of Milan stood before the King of Germany, to deliver the

sentiments of the oppressed clergy. The *illustrious* Marquis Othert (I copy the words of the historian) spoke in the name and in the cause of his peers; and the powers of these ambassadors were ratified by the secret letters and messengers of almost all the Counts and Bishops of Italy. 4. In the second, as in the first expedition, Otho yielded to the call of justice and freedom: but in the passes of the Trentine Alps, his march was stopped a day and a night by the seeming opposition of sixty thousand Italians. The suspicions of Berengarius had been appeased by their ready obedience to his summons; and in this martial assembly they were the masters of the throne and the representatives of the people. A temperate negotiation was, however, proposed: the timely abdication of the father might have softened their hatred; and they had consented to acquiesce under the government of his son Adalbert. The obstinate despair of the old King provoked them to abjure his name and family: they sheathed their swords, and opened their gates: a hundred banners waved round the royal standard of Saxony: the deliverer was saluted King of Italy, and he received the *Iron Crown* in the cathedral of Milan. The Pope confirmed the revolution; and after a vacancy of twenty-eight years, the title of Emperor of Romans was revived in the person of Otho the Great. 5. The benefits or mischiefs which might arise from the union of Italy and Germany could be decided only by experience; nor could the foresight of the Marquis Othert anticipate the experience of three hundred years. It was enough for a mortal statesman to obey the wishes, and consult the happiness, of the present generation, by placing in the hands of wisdom and power the sceptre of the Italian kingdom.

In one of the annual odes which still adorn or disgrace the birth-days of our British King, the Laureat, with some degree of courtly, and even poetic art, has introduced the founder of the Brunswick race:

“ When Othert left the Italian plain,
 “ And soft Ateste’s green domain,
 “ Attendant on Imperial sway,
 “ Where Fame and Otho led the way,
 “ The Genius of the Julian Hills,
 “ (Whose piny summits nod with snow,
 “ Whose Naiads pour their thousand rills,
 “ To swell th’ exulting Po,)
 “ An eager look prophetic cast,
 “ And hail’d the hero as he pass’d.”

By a lofty prediction of fame and empire, this benevolent genius exalts the courage of the hero, and displays the future greatness of his posterity, from the nuptials of Azo, to the succession of British kings :

“ Proceed. Rejoice. Descend the vale,
 “ And bid the future monarchs hail !
 “ Hail, all hail, the hero cried,
 “ And Echo, on her airy tide,
 “ Pursu’d him, murmuring, down the mountain’s side.”

I shall not presume to enquire whether such distinct and distant views of futurity may not surpass the prescience of a mountain god : but I am compelled to vindicate my own accuracy, by observing some geographical and historical errors of the mortal bard. The possessions of Otbert were not situate in the Venetian plain, but among the mountains of Tuscany ; and we shall soon discover, that the green domain of Este, or Ateste, was acquired by the marriage of his grandson. In his attendance, “ where Fame and “ Otho led the way,” he would have passed, not the Julian, but the Rætian Alps ; he must have followed the high road of Verona and Trent, the great and customary passage between Italy and Germany. The name of the Julian Alps is confined to a low range of hills, soon bounded by the north eastern extremity of the Adriatic, and which opposed, in the tenth century, a feeble barrier to the inroads of the wild Hungarians. The streams which issue from those hills are lost in the sea, or intercepted by the neighbouring rivers ; and of their thousand rills, not a drop can be mingled with the waters of the Po. Even the motive and the date of the passage of Otbert are wantonly corrupted. The patriot, entrusted with the cause of Italy, is degraded into an adventurer, who seeks his fortune in the Emperor’s service : and he bids an everlasting farewell to the country which he was most impatient to revisit and deliver. The poet may deviate from the truth of history, but every deviation ought to be compensated by the superior beauties of fancy and fiction.

Among the followers of his triumphal car, the servants of his fortune, Otho could distinguish the patriot fugitives who had risked their lives and estates to assert his rights, and the freedom of Italy. The most illustrious of these, the Marquis Otbert, was rewarded with riches and honours ; and there is some reason to believe that his vague title was applied to the province of Liguria, which, according to the Roman geography, included the cities

cities of Milan and Genoa. But the descendant of Adalbert I. might advance an equitable, though not a legal claim, to the Duchy of Tuscany: and some suspicion will taint the pedigree of a favourite, who neglects to ask, or fails to obtain, the restitution of a patrimonial dignity. Our surprise will be increased and removed by the discovery of the same fact. Hugh, King of Italy, had granted the Tuscan Duchy, first to his brother, and then to his bastard; it was inherited by the son of that bastard; and succeeding monarchs, the tyrant Berengarius, and the German Otho, respected the possession of these fallen and unpopular princes. So strange an indulgence must have been founded on some secret, but powerful motive; and the same motive, could it now be revealed, might explain either the modest indifference, or the unavailing request, of Othbert himself. But the Marquis (shall I say?) of Liguria was invested with an office far more worthy of his abilities, and far more expressive of the royal confidence. The Count of the sacred palace was the prime minister of the kingdom of Italy; and it was observed, in classic style, that the Dukes, the Marquises, and the Counts submitted to the pre-eminence of his consular Fasces. In an age, when every magistrate was a noble, and every noble was a soldier, the Count Palatine often assumed the command of armies; but in his proper station, he represented the judicial character of the Emperor, and pronounced a definitive sentence, as the judge of all civil and criminal appeals. The city of Pavia, and the castle of Lomello, were his ordinary residence: but he visited the provinces in frequent circuits, and all local or subordinate jurisdiction was suspended in his presence. This important office was exercised above twelve years by the Marquis Othbert: the public acts, the few that have escaped, announce the proceedings of his tribunal at Lucca, Verona, &c.; and he continued to deserve and enjoy the favour of the Emperor. If, in the decline of life, the lassitude of camps and courts had tempted him to seek a cool and independent solitude, I should praise the temper of the philosopher; but the firmest minds are enslaved by the prejudices of the times, and the retreat of Othbert was inspired by the basest superstition. Under the monastic habit, in a Benedictine abbey which he had richly endowed, the Marquis laboured to expiate the sins of his secular life. Pride and ambition are the vices of the world: humility is the first virtue of a monk; and the descendant of princes, the favourite of kings, the judge of nations, was conspicuous among his brethren in the daily labour of collecting and feeding the hogs of the monastery. His sanctity was applauded: but if he listened to that applause,

plause, the penitent was entangled in a more subtle snare of the dæmon of vanity.

After the resignation of the Count Palatine, his office was given to favour or merit : but his patrimonial estates were inherited by the Marquis Otbert, who can only be distinguished by the epithet of the Second, from the similar name and title of his father. The life of the second Otbert was tranquil or obscure : he was rich in lands, in vassals, and in four valiant sons, Azo, Hugh, Adalbert, and Guido : but their valour embittered his old age, and involved the family in treason and disgrace. The reigns of the three Othos, a period of forty years, had been a transient season of prosperity and peace. But on the failure of their direct line, the Germans maintained their right of conquest, the Italians revived the claim of independence, and both were ambitious and resolute to establish a king of their own nation and choice. The princes and lords of Italy were all of barbaric origin ; but as it happens, in the progress of nobility, the strangers of the second were despised by those of the third or fourth generation : and the old settlers, who could boast some ages of usurpation, esteemed themselves the ancient natives, the true proprietors of the soil. In the hostile diets of Mentz and Pavia, two hostile kings were elected, Henry the Saxon, and Arduin the Lombard ; and they disputed the Iron Crown in a civil, or rather a social war, of ten years. The German invaders were long checked, and sometimes defeated, in the passes of the Alps : but their strength and numbers finally prevailed. The fortunate Henry obtained the title of Emperor, and afterwards of Saint ; Arduin was degraded and saved by the monastic habit : and his adherents were pardoned or punished, according to the measure of their guilt or power. Among these adherents, the first to erect the standard, and the last to bow the knee, were the Marquis Otbert II., his four sons, and his grandson Azo II., the immediate founder of the lines of Brunswick and Este. The distance of their fields of battle may prove the extent of their influence, and the obstinacy of their struggle ; they made a vigorous stand in the neighbourhood of Pavia, they raised a dangerous insurrection at Rome, and they were vanquished and made prisoners in the plains of Apulia. A judicial act recites their crimes, and pronounces their condemnation. The six Marquisses were convicted, by the law of the Lombards, of conspiring against the king's life : and such conspiracy was punished, according to the same law, with confiscation and death. Their collateral offences, murder, rapine, and sacrilege, are the inevitable consequences of civil war : but the violation of some oath which had
been

been extorted in the hour of distress, exposed them to the more ignominious reproach of treason and perjury. Yet their lives were spared by the clemency of the pious Emperor: the portion of their lands which had been dedicated to pious uses, he could not restore; but he generously forgave the ample forfeiture which had devolved to the state: and when they resumed their seats in the assembly of the peers, they professed themselves the grateful and loyal servants of their benefactor.

But as the Saxon Henry left neither children nor kinsmen to inherit their obedience and gratitude, the sons of Otbert II. used, or abused their freedom, and again opposed the election of Conrad the First, emperor of the Franconian line. In the hope of foreign aid they offered the iron crown, and promised the Roman Empire, to Robert king of France: and the Marquis Hugo, the second brother, was intrusted with this important embassy: but the son of Hugh Capet was of an inactive temper: his new kingdom was unsettled; and with his approbation, the Italian deputies transferred their offer to William of Aquitaine, a vassal not less powerful than his sovereign. The Duke of Aquitaine behaved on this momentous occasion with a just temperance of courage and discretion. He accepted the crown for his family, protesting that under his reign Italy should enjoy such days as she had never known. His foremost troops were dispatched beyond the Alps, and he visited Rome under the pretence of a pilgrimage. But on a nearer prospect of the scene, the Duke of Aquitaine was satisfied that he could neither encounter his antagonist, nor confide in his party. The temporal peers were inclined to his cause, but the Archbishop of Milan, and the most important prelates, had been promoted by the House of Saxony: they were steady to the German interest; and William rejected the sole effectual measure, that of filling their vacant seats with his own ecclesiastics. He prudently withdrew from the unequal and ruinous contest. In a farewell epistle, he acknowledges the truth and constancy of *one* Italian lord, and this singular expression involves the sons of Otbert in the national reproach of levity or falsehood. During his embassy in France, the Marquis Hugo had been pressed by the monks of Tours to restore some abbey lands which he had usurped in the neighbourhood of Milan. At the distance of six hundred years and six hundred miles, that superstitious rebel was subdued by the apprehension of the vengeance of St. Martin.

By such exploits the memory, or at least the names of the four sons of Otbert II. has been preserved from oblivion. Azo I. the eldest brother, propagated the
race;

race ; and by his first marriage with the niece of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, that chief acquired a rich patrimony, and a commanding influence in the Venetian province. The character of Hugo, his power, and his long reign, had given him a respectable place among the princes of the times : but the title of *Great*, the title of Alexander, Pompey, and Charlemagne, becomes ridiculous when it is necessary to ask, and difficult to find, the reason of the appellation. From the upper to the lower sea, his command extended over the middle regions of Italy : with the right he grasped the Duchy of Tuscany, with the left that of Spoleto ; till on the voluntary or compulsive resignation of the latter, he contracted his domain within the limits of hereditary sway. In the exercise of arms Hugo was strong and fortunate, and in the siege and chastisement of Capua he appeared with dignity as the minister of imperial justice ; but the same sword might be turned against his sovereign ; and Otho III. is said to have betrayed a secret satisfaction when death delivered him from so formidable a vassal. Far different were the feelings of the clergy and people of Tuscany. The former bewailed an humble votary and a liberal benefactor ; a convent at Florence, in which his tomb has been long shewn, is one of the seven monasteries which he richly endowed with lands, slaves, and gold and silver plate, for the service of the altar. In the opinion of the age these virtues were more pleasing in the eye of the deity, than the justice and humanity which he displayed in his temporal administration. The Marquis of Tuscany loved praise, and hated flattery : a nice touchstone which discriminates vanity from the love of fame. In the chase, on a march, he often rode away from his attendants ; visited the cottages ; conversed with the peasants and passengers, to whom his person was unknown ; questioned them freely concerning the character and government of their prince ; and enjoyed the sincere and simple effusions of their gratitude and veneration. The birth of Hugo may at once be stiled base and illustrious ; since he was the doubtful offspring of the bastard son of the King of Italy of the same name ; but his life was deemed of such importance to mankind, that the knowledge of its approaching term was communicated from heaven to earth by a special revelation. After his decease, the Duchy of Tuscany was delegated to a stranger ; but a female might succeed to his private estates ; and his sister had married Peter Candianus the Fourth, Doge or Duke of Venice, of his name and family. In that early period of the republic the magistrates were arbitrary and feeble, and the elective Dukes were alternately the tyrants and victims of a tumultuous democracy. By

this connection with the Tuscan Marquis, the pride of Candianus was elated : he assumed the manners of a feudal lord ; levied a body of Italians, and insulted a free city with the arms and licentiousness of his mercenary guard. A furious multitude encompassed his palace : the gates and the soldiers resisted their assault : they fired the adjacent houses, and in the attempt to escape, the Duke and his infant son were transpierced with a thousand wounds. Such scenes were then frequent at Venice : they may reconcile our minds to the silent and rigid order of the modern aristocracy. The duties of the widow of Peter Candianus were to revenge an husband, and to educate a daughter of the same name, as her own. The daughter, Valdrada, became the wife of the Marquis Albert-Azo the First ; and it is apparent from the date of the birth of their eldest son, Albert-Azo II. that these nuptials were consummated in the lifetime, and approved by the consent of a wealthy and childless uncle, who could only hope to live in the posterity of his niece.

The north-eastern region of Italy, which began to be vivified by the rising industry and splendour of Venice, extends from the shores of the Adriatic to the foot of the Alps. Had experience confirmed the prolific virtues of the climate ; did the Venetian hens lay one or two eggs every day ; did the ewes drop their lambs twice or thrice in a year ; were the women delivered of two or three infants at a birth, the land must soon be over-stocked and exhausted. After translating the Greek fables into simple truth, we shall still acknowledge one of the most pleasant and plentiful regions of Italy, a soil productive of grass, corn and vines, a generous breed of horses, and innumerable flocks of sheep, more precious by the fineness of their wool. Padua, the first of the fifty cities of Venetia, had been so often trampled by the passage of the barbarians, that few vestiges remained of the ancient splendour, which, in the tide of human affairs, she afterwards recovered and surpassed. Fifteen miles to the south of Padua, Albert-Azo the First fixed his permanent and principal seat, in the castle and town of Ateste, or *Este*, formerly a Roman colony of some note : and by an harmless anticipation we may apply to his descendants the title of Marquis of Este ; which they did not however assume till the end of the twelfth century. From Este their new estates, the inheritance of Hugo the Great, extended to the Adege, the Po, and the Mincius. Their farms and cattle were scattered over the plain : many of the heights, Montagnana, Monselice, &c. were occupied by their forts and garrisons ; and they possessed a

valuable tract of marsh land, the island (as it may be styled) of Rovigo, which almost reaches to the gates of Ferrara. The first step in the emigrations of the family was from the neighbourhood of the Tuscan, to that of the Adriatic sea.

The name and character of the Marquis, Albert-Azo the Second, shine conspicuous through the gloom of the eleventh century. The most remarkable features in the portrait are, 1. His Ligurian marquissate. 2. His riches. 3. His long life. 4. His marriages. 5. His rank of nobility in the public opinion. The glory of his descendants is reflected on the founder; and Azo II. claims our attention as the stem of the two great branches of the pedigree; as the common father of the Italian and German princes of the kindred lines of Este and Brunswick.

1. The fair conjecture that the two Otberts, the father and son, commanded at Milan and Genoa with the title and office of Marquis, acquires a new degree of probability for Azo I. and ascends to the level of historic truth in the person of Azo II. Before the middle of the eleventh century the ruins of Genoa had been restored; its active inhabitants excelled in the arts of navigation and trade: their arms had been felt on the African coast, and their credit was established in the ports of Egypt and Greece. Their riches increased with their industry, and their liberty with their riches. Yet they continued to obey, or at least to revere, the majesty of the emperors. In an act, as it should seem of the year one thousand and forty-eight, the Marquis Albert-Azo presides at Genoa in a court of justice, and his assessors, the magistrates of the city, are proud to style themselves the consuls and judges of the sacred palace. The royal dignity of Pavia was gradually eclipsed by the wealth and populousness of Milan, the first of the Italian cities that dared to erect the standard of independence. The government of Milan was divided between the two representatives of St. Ambrose and of Cæsar. The veneration of the flock for the shepherd was fortified by the temporal state and privileges of the archbishop, and his annual revenue of fourscore thousand pieces of gold supplied an ample fund for benevolence or luxury. The civil and military powers were exercised by the Duke or Marquis of Milan (for these titles were promiscuously used), and the voice of tradition is clear and positive that this hereditary office was vested in the ancestors of the house of Este. Some of the prerogatives which they assumed are expressive of the rigour of the feudal system: they were the heirs of all who died childless and intestate, and a fine was paid on the birth of

each infant who defeated their claim: their officers levied a tax on the markets, and their minute inquisition exacted the first loaf of bread from each oven, and the first log of wood from every cart-load that entered the gates. Yet an old historian, more forcibly affected with the calamities of his own days, deploras the long lost felicity of their golden age, which had been equally praised by the blessings of the feeble and the curses of the strong. They drew their swords for the service of the prince and people, but their reign was distinguished by long intervals of prosperity and peace. The distant possessions and various avocations of the Duke or Marquis often diverted him from the exercise of this municipal trust: his powers were devolved on the viscounts and captains of Milan; these subordinate tyrants formed an alliance, or rather conspiracy, with the *valvassors*, or nobles of the first class; and the people was afflicted by the discord or the union of a lawless oligarchy. A private insult exasperated the patience of the plebeians: they rose in arms, and their numbers and fury prevailed in the bloody contest. The captains and nobles retired; but they retired with a spirit of revenge; collected their vassals and peasants of the adjacent country; encompassed the city with a circumvallation of six fortresses, and in a siege or blockade of three years reduced the inhabitants to the last extremes of famine and distress. By the interposition of the Emperor and the Archbishop the peace of Milan was restored: the factions were reconciled: they wisely refused a garrison of four thousand Germans; but they acquiesced in the civil government of the empire. The Marquis again ascended his tribunal, and that Marquis is Albert-Azo the Second. A judicial act of the year one thousand and forty-five attests his title and jurisdiction; and as the representative of the Emperor, he imposes a fine of a thousand pieces of gold. The progress of Italian liberty reduced his office to the empty name of Marquis of Liguria, and such he is styled by the historians of the age. In the next century, his grandson, Obizo I. is invested by the Emperor Frederic I. with the honours of Marquis of Milan and Genoa, as his grandfather Azo held them of the empire; but this splendid grant commemorates the dignity, without reviving the power, of the House of Este.

2. Like one of his Tuscan ancestors, Azo the Second was distinguished among the princes of Italy by the epithet of the *Rich*. The particulars of his rent-roll cannot now be ascertained: an occasional, though authentic deed of investiture, enumerates eighty-three fiefs or manors which he held of the empire in Lombardy and Tuscany, from the marquisate of Este to

the county of Luni : but to these possessions must be added the lands which he enjoyed as the vassal of the church, the ancient patrimony of Otbert (the *Terra Obertenga*) in the counties of Arezzo, Pisa, and Lucca, and the marriage portion of his first wife, which, according to the various readings of the manuscripts, may be computed either at twenty, or at two hundred thousand English acres. If such a mass of landed property were now accumulated on the head of an Italian nobleman, the annual revenue might satisfy the largest demands of private luxury or avarice, and the fortunate owner would be rich in the improvement of agriculture, the manufactures of industry, the refinement of taste, and the extent of commerce. But the barbarism of the eleventh century diminished the income, and aggravated the expence, of the Marquis of Este. In a long series of war and anarchy, man and the works of man had been swept away ; and the introduction of each ferocious and idle stranger had been over-balanced by the loss of five or six perhaps of the peaceful industrious natives. The mischievous growth of vegetation, the frequent inundations of the rivers, were no longer checked by the vigilance of labour ; the face of the country was again covered with forests and morasses ; of the vast domains which acknowledged Azo for their lord, the far greater part was abandoned to the wild beasts of the field, and a much smaller portion was reduced to the state of constant and productive husbandry. An adequate rent may be obtained from the skill and substance of a free tenant, who fertilizes a grateful soil, and enjoys the security and benefit of a long lease. But faint is the hope, and scanty is the produce of those harvests, which are raised by the reluctant toil of peasants and slaves, condemned to a bare subsistence, and careless of the interests of a rapacious master. If his granaries are full, his purse is empty ; and the want of cities or commerce, the difficulty of finding or reaching a market, obliges him to consume on the spot a part of his useless stock, which cannot be exchanged for merchandize or money. The member of a well-regulated society is defended from private wrongs by the laws, and from public injuries by the arms of the state ; and the tax which he pays is a just equivalent for the protection which he receives. But the guard of his life, his honour, and his fortune was abandoned to the private sword of a feudal chief ; and if his own temper had been inclined to moderation and patience, the public contempt would have roused him to deeds of violence and revenge. The entertainment of his vassals and soldiers, their pay and rewards, their arms and horses, surpassed the measure of the most oppressive

pressive tribute, and the destruction which he inflicted on his neighbours was often retaliated on his own lands. The costly elegance of palaces and gardens was superseded by the laborious and expensive construction of strong castles, on the summits of the most inaccessible rocks; and some of these, like the fortrefs of Canossa in the Appenine, were built and provided to sustain a three years siege against a royal army. But his defence in this world was less burthensome to a wealthy lord than his salvation in the next: the demands of his chapel, his priests, his alms, his offerings, his pilgrimages, were incessantly renewed; the monastery chosen for his sepulchre was endowed with his fairest possessions, and the naked heir might often complain, that his father's sins had been redeemed at too high a price. The Marquis Azo was not exempt from the contagion of the times: his devotion was amused and inflamed by the frequent miracles which were performed in his presence; and the monks of Vangadizza, who yielded to his request the arm of a dead saint, were ignorant of the value of that inestimable jewel. After satisfying the demands of war and superstition, he might appropriate the rest of his revenue to use and pleasure. But the Italians of the eleventh century were imperfectly skilled in the liberal and mechanic arts: the objects of foreign luxury were furnished at an exorbitant price by the merchants of Pisa and Venice; and the superfluous wealth, which could not purchase the real comforts of life, was idly wasted on some rare occasions of vanity and pomp. Such were the nuptials of Boniface, Duke or Marquis of Tuscany, whose family was long afterwards united with that of Azo, by the marriage of their children. These nuptials were celebrated on the banks of the Min-cius, which the fancy of Virgil has decorated with a more beautiful picture. The princes and people of Italy were invited to the feast, which continued three months: the fertile meadows, which are intersected by the slow and winding course of the river, were covered with innumerable tents, and the bridegroom displayed and diversified the scenes of his proud and tasteless magnificence. All the utensils of service were of silver, and his horses were shod with plates of the same metal, loosely nailed, and carelessly dropped, to indicate his contempt of riches. An image of plenty and profusion was expressed in the banquet: the most delicious wines were drawn in buckets from the well; and the spices of the East were ground in water-mills like common flour. The dramatic and musical arts were in the rudest state; but the Marquis had summoned the most popular singers, harpers, and buffoons, to exercise their talents on this splendid theatre. Their exhibitions were ap-
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plauded, and they applauded the liberality of their patron. After this festival, I might remark a singular gift of the same Boniface to the Emperor Henry III., a chariot and oxen of solid silver, which were designed only as a vehicle for a hoghead of vinegar. If such an example should seem above the imitation of Azo himself, the Marquis of Este was at least superior in wealth and dignity to the vassals of his compeer. One of these vassals, the Viscount of Mantua, presented the German monarch with one hundred falcons, and one hundred bay horses, a grateful contribution to the pleasures of a royal sportsman. In that age, the proud distinction between the nobles and *princes* of Italy was guarded with jealous ceremony: the Viscount of Mantua had never been seated at the table of his immediate lord: he yielded to the invitation of the Emperor; and a stag's skin, filled with pieces of gold, was graciously accepted by the Marquis of Tuscany as the fine of his presumption.

3. The temporal felicity of Azo was crowned by the long possession of honours and riches: he died in the year one thousand and ninety-seven, aged upwards of an hundred years; and the term of his mortal existence was almost commensurate with the lapse of the eleventh century. The character, as well as the situation of the Marquis of Este, rendered him an actor in the revolutions of that memorable period: but time has cast a veil over the virtues and vices of the man, and I must be content to mark some of the æras, the mile-stones of his life, which measure the extent and intervals of the vacant way. Albert-Azo the Second was no more than seventeen when he first drew the sword of rebellion or patriotism, when he was involved with his grand-father, his father, and his three uncles, in a common proscription. In the vigour of manhood, about his fiftieth year, the Ligurian Marquis governed the cities of Milan and Genoa, as the minister of Imperial authority. He was upwards of seventy when he passed the Alps to vindicate the inheritance of Maine for the children of his second marriage. He became the friend and servant of Gregory VII., and in one of his epistles, that ambitious pontiff recommends the Marquis Azo as the most faithful and best beloved of the Italian princes; as the proper channel through which a king of Hungary might convey his petitions to the apostolic throne. In the mighty contest between the crown and the mitre, the Marquis Azo and the Countess Matilda led the powers of Italy, and when the standard of St. Peter was displayed, neither the age of the one, nor the sex of the other, could detain them from the field. With these two affectionate
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clients the Pope maintained his station in the fortrefs of Canossa, while the Emperor, barefoot on the frozen ground, fasted and prayed three days at the foot of the rock: they were witnesses to the abject ceremony of the penance and pardon of Henry IV.; and in the triumph of the church, a patriot might foresee the deliverance of Italy from the German yoke. At the time of this event the Marquis of Este was above fourscore; but in the twenty following years he was still alive and active amidst the revolutions of peace and war. The last act which he subscribed is dated above a century after his birth; and in that act the venerable chief possesses the command of his faculties, his family, and his fortune. In this rare prerogative of longevity Albert-Azo II. stands alone; nor can I recollect in the *authentic* annals of mortality a single example of a king or prince, of a statesman or general, of a philosopher or poet, whose life has been extended beyond the period of an hundred years. Nor should this observation, which is justified by universal experience, be thought either strange or surprising. It has been found, that of twenty-four thousand new-born infants, seven only will survive to attain that distant term; and much smaller is the proportion of those who will be raised by fortune or genius, to govern or afflict, or enlighten, their age or country. The chance that the same individual should draw the two great prizes in the lottery of life, will not easily be defined by the powers of calculation. Three approximations, which will not hastily be matched, have distinguished the present century, Aurungzeb, Cardinal Fleury, and Fontenelle. Had a fortnight more been given to the philosopher, he might have celebrated his secular festival; but the lives and labours of the Mogul king and the French minister were terminated before they had accomplished their ninetieth year. A strong constitution may be the gift of Nature; but the few who survive their contemporaries must have been superior to the passions and appetites which urge the speedy decay and dissolution of the mind and body. The Marquis of Este may be presumed, from his riches and longevity, to have understood the œconomy of health and fortune.

4: I remember a Persian tale of three old men, who were successively questioned by a traveller as he met them on the road. The youngest brother, under the load of a wife and a numerous family, was sinking into the grave before his time. The second, though much older, was far less infirm and decrepid: he had been left a widower and without children. But the last and eldest of the three brothers still preserved, at an incredible age,

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the vigour and vivacity of the autumnal season : he had always preferred a life of celibacy. The enjoyment of domestic freedom could not however contribute to the longevity of the Marquis Azo : he married three wives ; he educated three sons ; and it is doubtful whether chance or prudence delayed his first nuptials till he had at least accomplished the fortieth year of his age. These nuptials were contracted with Cuniza, or Cunegonda, a German maid, whose ancestors, by their nobility and riches, were distinguished among the Suabian and Bavarian chiefs ; whose brother was invested by the Emperor Henry III. with the Dutchy of Carinthia, and the Marquisate of Verona, on the confines of the Venetian possessions of the House of Este. The marriage of Azo and Cunegonda was productive of a son, who received at his baptism the name of GUELPH, to revive and perpetuate the memory of his uncle, his grandfather, and his first progenitors, on the maternal side. I have already defined the ample domain which was given as a marriage-portion to the daughter of the Guelphs : but on the failure of heirs male, her fortunate son inherited the patrimonial estates of the family, obtained the dukedom of Bavaria, and became the founder of the eldest, or German branch, of the House of Este, from which the Dukes of Brunswick, the Electors of Hanover, and the Kings of Great Britain, are lineally descended. After the decease of Cunegonda, who must have departed this life in the flower of her age, the Marquis of Este solicited a second alliance beyond the Alps : but his delicacy no longer insisted on the choice of a virgin ; the widower was contented with a widow ; and he excused the ambiguous stain which might adhere to his bride by a divorce from her first husband. Her name was Garfenda, the daughter, and at length the heiress of the Counts of Main. She became the mother of two sons, Hugo and Fulk, and the younger of these is the acknowledged parent of the Dukes of Ferrara and Modena. The same liberal fortune which had crowned the offspring of the first, seemed to attend the children of the second nuptials of the Marquis Azo : but *their* fortune was hollow and fallacious, and after the loss of their Gallic inheritance, the sons of Garfenda reluctantly acquiesced in some fragments of their Italian patrimony. Matilda, the third wife of Azo, was another widow of noble birth, since she was his own cousin in the fourth degree ; but this consanguinity provoked the stern and impartial justice of Gregory VII. His friend was summoned to appear before a synod at Rome : the inflexible priest pronounced a sentence of divorce, and whatsoever idea may be formed of the Marquis's vigour, at
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the age of seventy-eight, he might submit, without much effort, to the canons of the church. Besides his three sons, Azo had a daughter named Adalais, who was educated in the family of the Countess Matilda. But the damsel is only mentioned to attest the miraculous virtue of Anselm Bishop of Lucca: she was relieved in the night from a violent fit of the cholic, by the local application of a pillow, on which the Saint had formerly reposed his head.

V. A wealthy Marquis of the eleventh century must have commanded a proud hereditary rank in civil society. In the judgment of the Pope, the Emperor, and the Public, Albert-Azo was distinguished among the princes, and the first princes, of the kingdom of Italy. His double alliance in Germany and France may prove how much he was known and esteemed among foreign nations; and he strengthened his political importance by a domestic union with the conquerors of Apulia and Sicily. I shall not repeat the story of the Norman adventurers, nor shall I again delineate the character and exploits of Robert Guiscard, which, to the readers of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, are sufficiently familiar. But as Duke Robert had four daughters, the choice of his other three sons-in-law may serve as a test, a touchstone, of the comparative weight and value of the House of Este. Michael, Emperor of the Greeks, was the first name in the Christian world. Raymond, Count of Barcelona, was the independent sovereign of a warlike people; and the meanest of the three, a French Baron, of military renown, was the cousin of the Kings of France and Jerusalem, the brother-in-law of the King of Navarre and Arragon. Such were three of the sons, by alliance, of the Norman conqueror, who had previously rejected a proposal for the eldest son of the Emperor Henry IV.: the marriage of a fourth daughter will be most accurately represented in the words of the Apulian poet: “ While the hero
“ resided within the walls of the Trojan city, he received the visit of a certain noble Lombard Marquis, accompanied by many nobles of his country. Azo was his name. The object of his journey was to request that
“ the Duke’s daughter might be granted as a wife to Hugo, his *illustrious*
“ son. The Duke convened an assembly of his chiefs, and with their consent and advice, the daughter of Robert was delivered to the son of Azo.
“ The nuptial rites were solemnized in due form, and the festival was celebrated with gifts and banquets. After the consummation of the marriage,
“ the Duke solicited his Counts and powerful vassals to bestow a free gift,

“ which might grace the joyful departure of the bride and bridegroom, and
 “ he enforced his demand, by reminding them that no subsidy whatsoever
 “ had been given to her sister, the Greek Empress. The demand of a tri-
 “ bute was entertained with a murmur of surprise and discontent; but all
 “ opposition was fruitless, and they presented their sovereign with mules and
 “ horses, and various offerings. He bestowed them on the husband of his
 “ daughter, with an addition from his own treasures: a fleet was prepared,
 “ and both the father and son were transported with great honour to their
 “ native shores.” This evidence of a contemporary poet, or rather his-
 torian, who had no temptation to flatter the Princes of Este, would alone
 be sufficient to establish the nobility and splendour of their family, the
 family of Brunswick, beyond the distant term of seven hundred years. If
 the Marquis Azo were the first of his race whose name and memory had
 been preserved, we might acquiesce in our ignorance, with a just persuasion
 of the dignity and power of his unknown ancestors. Of these illustrious an-
 cestors, the zeal and diligence of Leibnitz and Muratori have discovered
 four probable, and four certain degrees. After the examination of their
 proofs, a scrupulous critic may suspect, that in deriving the Marquisses of
 Este from those of Tuscany, “ the ascent of reason has been aided by the
 “ wings of imagination;” but he must confess, that since the beginning of
 the tenth century, the series of generations flows in a clear and unbroken
 stream.

SECTION III.

THE eldest of the three sons of the Marquis Azo, the fortunate Guelph,
 was transplanted from his native soil, to become the root of the German,
 and, in the fullness of time, of the British line, of the family of Este. By
 his two younger brothers, Hugo and Fulk, the Italian succession was propa-
 gated: but the race of Hugo expired in the second degree; the posterity of
 Fulk still survives in the twentieth generation. The ancestors of Guelph, on
 the father's and the mother's side, and the series of his descendants in Ba-
 varia and Saxony, form the antiquities of the House of Brunswick, and the
 proper subject of this historical discourse: but our curiosity will naturally em-
 brace the collateral branch of the Princes of Este, Ferrara, and Modena,

who have not been unworthy of their first progenitors, and more powerful kinsmen. Without confining myself to the rigid servitude of annals, without resting on every step of a long pedigree, I shall concisely display the most interesting scenes of their various fortunes.

As the right of female succession began to prevail in the feudal system of France, Garfenda, the second wife of Azo, might claim the duchy or county of Maine, which had been successively possessed by her father, her brother, and her nephew. Her pretensions were legitimate; but the heiress of Maine had been married into a distant land: her arms were feeble, her vassals factious, her neighbours unjust. William Duke of Normandy, a famous name, was tempted by the prospect of a fertile and adjacent territory: he muttered some pretence of a gift or alliance: but ambition was his only motive, and his only title was superior strength. Four years the Cenomani, the people of Maine, reluctantly bowed under his iron sceptre; but after the forces of Normandy had been transported beyond the sea, they were encouraged by the absence, rather than awed by the success and glory of the conqueror of England. They solicited the Marquis of Liguria to assert the rights of his wife and son. Azo listened to their call: after the expulsion or massacre of the Normans, the cities and castles were delivered into his hands, the Bishop escaped to the English court, and his new subjects admired the riches and liberality of their deliverer. But in a short time the reign of a stranger became odious and contemptible to the haughty Franks: they discovered that his treasures were exhausted; he perceived that their faith was wavering; and Azo fondly imagined that all discontents would be appeased, and that all parties would be reconciled by his own departure. In the vain hope that the Cenomani would be attached to the daughter and the heir of their ancient princes, he left Garfenda and her infant Hugo under the care of a powerful baron, the guardian of his son, and the husband, as it were, of his wife. But this suspicious or scandalous connection provoked the indignation of the people; the young Prince was dismissed to Italy; Garfenda disappears; and the county of Maine was torn by domestic feuds, till the presence of the conqueror united his rebels in the calm of servitude. Azo still retained a bitter remembrance of his loss and disgrace; and his enemy the Bishop, on a pilgrimage to Rome, was arrested by the revenge, and released by the piety, of the Ligurian Marquis. The death of King William, and the discord of his sons, revived the spirit of the Cenomani, and their deputies invited the sons of Azo to resume the peaceful possession of their

lawful inheritance. Hugo again passed the Alps; but the first acclamations again degenerated into the murmurs of the people, and the anathemas of the clergy. The new Count was destitute of every resource that could reward the service, engage the esteem, or enforce the obedience, of his turbulent vassals. The honour of his alliance with the daughter of Robert Guiscard had been soon obliterated by the shame and scandal of a divorce; his countrymen exposed him, with pleasure, to the toils and dangers of a transalpine reign; and the warlike natives of Gaul despised the effeminate manners of an Italian lord. His fears were increased, and his flight was hastened, by the artful eloquence of a rival, who insinuated that his mild and moderate temper was ill formed to struggle with the furious passions of the Barbarians. The son of Garfenda trembled at the approach or the sound of an hundred thousand Normans, sold his patrimony for a sum of ten thousand pounds, and escaped to Italy, where he soon lost a battle and an army, in the service of the Countess Matilda. A writer of the times, who has preserved the memory of this ignominious event, contrasts the treason or cowardice of the man with the nobility of his race. I must retract the assertion, that all the Princes of Este have been worthy of their name and ancestry: Hugo is an exception; but in the space of seven hundred years Hugo is a single exception.

After the decease of his father Azo, the star of the House of Este appears "shorn of its beams;" their riches and power are visibly diminished; and the *Marquisses* of that name no longer stand foremost in the revolutions of Italy. In the annals of the twelfth century their actions are seldom recorded: and as this oblivion coincides with the increasing light of history, we must seek the probable causes in the division of their property, and the ascendant of the municipal republics. 1. After the acquisition of the Duchy, or rather kingdom of Bavaria, Guelph, the son of Azo, might have generously waved the right of primogeniture, and resigned to his younger brothers the Italian estates of the family, as an equivalent for the loss of their Gallic inheritance. But such generosity is seldom found in the selfish conduct of Princes or brothers; and instead of offering, or accepting, an equal and equitable partition, he claimed as his own the entire property of their common parent. If Guelph were an hypocrite, he might colour his avarice by a pious attachment to the relics of his fathers: and a demand, so repugnant to the maxims of natural justice, seems, however, to have been supported by the matrimonial contract of his mother Cunegonda, which had left no provision

provision for the children of a second marriage. In that lawless age, a civil process was decided by the sword. Hugo and Fulk had the advantage of actual possession and personal influence, and the latter of these princes was the heir, the sole heir, of the courage of their ancestors: they armed their vassals, occupied the passes of the Alps, and opposed the descent of the Duke of Bavaria, though he was assisted by the allied powers of the Duke of Carinthia and the Patriarch of Aquileia. The sons of Garfenda yielded, at length, to the weight of numbers; but their resistance procured more favourable conditions. They preserved a rich domain, from the banks of the Mincius to the Adriatic sea; they resigned the ample estates of Lombardy and Tuscany to their elder kinsmen, the German Guelphs, and their supreme dominion was acknowledged by the Marquisses of Este, till the yoke was lightened and removed by time and distance, and the rapid downfall of Henry the Lion. The law of the Lombards, which was still professed in the Italian branch, disclaimed all right of primogeniture, and the portion of Hugo and Fulk was again divided into equal lots among their eight sons. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, these collateral lines were indeed united in the person of Azo VI., the great-grandson of Fulk; but he was far from uniting the whole inheritance of his ancestors. Many feudal possessions had devolved on the failure of heirs male to the superior lord: many allodial estates had been conveyed, by marriage, into strange families. Much wealth had been consumed, much land had been alienated, to supply the expence of luxury and war: and of all that had been consecrated to pious uses, not an atom could revert to the temporal successor. 2. As I am not writing the history of Italy, I shall not here attempt to delineate the rise and progress of the republics, which revived in that country the spirit of popular freedom and commercial industry. Their revolt against the Cæsars of Germany was embraced as a national cause: in the successful war against Frederic Barbarossa, their independence was maintained by the authority of the church, and the arms of the nobles; and among the nobles, the Marquisses of Este were still conspicuous in their decay. Obizo the youngest, but the last survivor of the five sons of Fulk, appeared at the congress of Venice A. D. 1177. with a retinue of an hundred and eighty followers: he had been engaged in the league of Lombardy; and such was his patriotic guilt, that when the Emperor had yielded every thing in the peace of Constance, the pardon of the Marquis Obizo was one of the last acts of his clemency. As we may not A. D. 1183. suspect these feudal lords of any tender regard for the liberties of mankind,

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it may be fairly supposed that they acted from the passion or the interest of the moment, without discerning that they themselves would be trampled under the feet of the plebeian conquerors. Their pride was insulted, and their poverty was exposed, by the private and public luxury of trade : their subjects of the open country were encouraged to rebel, or tempted to desert ; and as soon as the prejudice of rank had been dissolved, the scale of power was rudely weighed down by the last and most numerous class of society. Even the inhabitants of Este, his peculiar patrimony, presumed to dispute the jurisdiction of the Marquis : and at the distance of fifteen miles, they found an example and a support in the populous city of Padua, which was able to levy an army, and to support a loss of eleven thousand of her sons. The institution of the university must have contributed to the wealth, and perhaps the improvement, of Padua : from the provinces of Italy, from the kingdoms of France, Spain, and England, many thousand students were annually attracted by the reputation of the various professors ; and more than five hundred houses were requisite for the accommodation of the strangers. The lessons of the schools might serve only to perpetuate the reign of prejudice, but the inhabitants were enriched and enlightened by a familiar intercourse with the nations of Europe. In this city, the haughty ancestors of Obizzo I. had erected their tribunal, as the lieutenants of the Emperor : but Obizzo himself was honoured by the choice of a free people, who elected him their *podesta*, or supreme magistrate. In the time of his great-grandson Aldobrandino, a dispute had arisen between the city of Padua and the Marquis of Este. The Paduans raised an army, summoned their allies of Vicenza, invaded his territory, besieged the castle of Este, battered the walls, and even the palace, with their military engines, and imposed the terms of a hard and humiliating capitulation. The Marquis was reduced to adopt the name and obligations of a simple burgher, to swear that he would faithfully obey the laws and ordinances of the commons, and to reside some months or weeks of every year, within the walls of a democracy, in which the lowest magistrate was his superior, and the poorest fellow-citizen his equal. The shame of this temporary submission could only be alleviated by the example of his equals : the Patriarch of Aquileia, with two suffragan bishops, had solicited the honour of being admitted among the citizens of Padua ; and the Count of the Sacred Palace, the immediate representative of Imperial majesty, was detained as a captive and a subject, within the walls of Pavia. The popular states of Lombardy triumphed in the fall of
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the aristocracy ; and the Marquis of Montferrat was the only noble who had strength and courage to maintain his hereditary independence.

Liberty had raised the minds of the Italians ; but faction, her ugly and inseparable sister, corrupted the peace and prosperity of the growing republics. They fought against the Emperor, against their neighbours, against themselves : the necessity of order and discipline compelled them to name a foreign dictator ; and the nobles, most eminent in arms, in policy, in power, often became the captains, and sometimes the tyrants, of the independent cities. The Marquisses of Este, and the Eccelins of Romano, were the two leading families of the Trevisane or Veronese March : the memory of their ancestors, and the habits of command, inspired that lofty and martial demeanor which struck the plébeian with involuntary awe ; and they were sure to gain the hearts of the multitude, when they softened their pride into artful and popular condescension. The first Eccelin was a gallant knight, and a dextrous politician : in Palestine and Lombardy he was elected standard-bearer or general of the confederate armies ; and in the great rebellion against Frederic I., he deserved the confidence of the cities, without forfeiting the esteem of the Emperor. The civil and military virtues of his son, Eccelin the Second, were adorned with the gifts of eloquence : he was the public and private adversary of the House of Este ; and as soon as the Marquis Azo VI. had declared himself chief of the Guelphs, the Ghibelline faction acknowledged the Count of Romano for their leader. When the Emperor Otho IV. descended into Italy, his court was attended by the rival chiefs ; and their interview describes the manners of the time. Eccelin complained, that in a neutral city, in a moment of truce or friendship, his life had been treacherously attacked. “ I was walking,” said he, “ with the Marquis of “ Este, on the place of St. Mark in Venice. On a sudden I was assaulted by “ the swords and daggers of his followers : my friends were slain or made “ prisoners in my fight ; and it was with extreme difficulty that I could dis- “ engage my right arm from the strong grasp of my perfidious companion.” The Marquis explained or denied the fact : but in these hostile altercations, Azo twice declined a challenge of single combat. He could not draw his sword against Eccelin, without violating the majesty of the Imperial presence ; and among his vassals he had many more noble than Salinguerra. His reasons might be good ; his courage was unquestionable ; but—Azo twice declined a challenge of single combat. The next day, as the two leaders were riding on either side of the Emperor, he commanded them to salute

salute each other. "Sir Eccelin, salute the Marquis; Sir Marquis, salute "Eccelin;" and the command was given in the French tongue, which even in that age appears to have been the fashionable dialect. They obeyed: but the superior dignity of the Marquis was maintained, by his receiving and returning the compliment without vailing his bonnet to the humble salute of Eccelin. They soon joined in familiar converse; and before they had rode two miles, the suspicious Emperor, who had been alarmed by their discord, began to be apprehensive of their union. His apprehensions were groundless; and their deadly feuds, in council, in the field, in the cities, continued to rage, with alternate success, till they both slept in the tranquillity of the grave. Their possessions and their quarrels were inherited by their sons, Azo VII. and Eccelin the Third; but in a contest of forty years, the Marquis of Este was long oppressed by the genius and fortune of his rival. The excommunication of Frederic II. exasperated and justified the hostilities of the two factions. From a sermon, a bull, or a crusade, the chief of the Guelphs, the friend of the Pope, might derive some occasional aid: but the leader of the Ghibellines was more strongly supported by the power, and often by the presence, of a warlike Prince, who filled the Trevisane March with his armies of Germans and Saracens. By the authority of the Emperor, his own arts, and the assistance of foreign troops, Eccelin became the captain and tyrant of the cities of Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Trevigi, Feltri, Belluno, Trent, and Brescica: after the loss of his patron, he maintained ten years his independent reign, and proudly boasted, that since Charlemagne, no prince had possessed such absolute sway over the Lombard states. The utmost efforts of his malice and revenge were directed against the Marquis of Este. "Strike the head of the serpent, and you are "master of the body," was his frequent exhortation; from a hill near Padua, he pointed to the towers of Este, and shewed the Emperor the hostile territories which were spread over the plain. Destitute of strength and succour, Azo was compelled to solicit pardon, to swear fidelity, and to purchase a precarious respite, by the captivity, perhaps the death, of Rinaldo, his only son, who was delivered, as an hostage, into the hands of Frederic the Second. The town and castle of Este were at length besieged by the forces of Eccelin: his artillery consisted of fourteen great battering engines, which cast stones of twelve hundred pounds weight; and his pioneers, who were drawn from the silver mines of Carinthia, opened a subterraneous passage for the entrance of five hundred soldiers. The garrison capitulated; and instead

stead of a total ruin, the fortifications were repaired by Eccelin, who affected to reverence the dignity of the place. He had been praised as an hero; he was gradually, and at length generally, abhorred as a tyrant. The seeming virtues of his youth were stained by the jealous and unrelenting cruelty of his old age: and whatsoever deductions may be allowed on a list of fifty thousand victims, his name will be for ever recorded with the savage monsters of Sicily and Rome. The hatred of mankind began to prevail over their fears; and after a long persecution, and a firm resistance, Azo found the moment of victory and revenge. His odious rival had been invited by one of the factions of Milan: the conspiracy was discovered, the enterprize failed: but on his return to Brescia, in the passage of the Adda, at the well-known bridge of Cassano, he was intercepted by the troops of Mantua, Cremona, and Ferrara, under the banner of the Marquis of Este. After a short combat, the valiant Eccelin (he deserves that praise) was wounded in the foot, and taken prisoner: the few remaining days of his life were embittered by the insults of the multitude, and the more insulting pity of the conqueror. Azo VII. was hailed as the saviour of Lombardy: but he derived more glory than advantage from the tyrant's fall. The cause of the Ghibellines revived under new leaders; the cities of the Trevisane March were usurped by the new families of Scala and Carrara; and instead of asserting their ancient right to the government of Milan, the rising ambition of the Visconti was promoted by the arms and alliance of the Marquisses of Este.

It was in the state of Ferrara that they first established a princely dominion, on the basis, and finally on the ruins, of a popular government. The flat country, which is intersected by the branches of the Po, had formerly been a wild morass, impervious to the Roman highways. About the middle of the seventh century, twelve solitary villages coalesced into a fortified town, on the banks of the river: the safe and convenient situation attracted a crowd of settlers; their labours were rewarded by the conversion of the fens into rich and productive land; and the rising colony was distinguished by the seat of a bishop, and the privileges of a city. After the death of the Countess Matilda, Ferrara tasted the blessings and the mischiefs of liberty: the patricians and plebeians, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, disputed, in arms, the command of the republic: thirty-two towers of defence were erected within the walls; and in forty years the factions were ten times alternately expelled. Among the thirty-four noble families of Ferrara, the

pre-eminence of wealth and power was claimed by the rival houses of the Adelardi and Taurelli. About the year one thousand one hundred and eighty, the former were reduced to an infant daughter: the proposal of a conciliatory marriage was rejected by their adherents: the heiress was delivered into the hands of Obizo I.: and his grandson Azo VI. was elected as the future husband of the maid; and the future chief of the name and party of the Adelardi. Marchesella died at the age of eight years, before nature would allow her to produce a child, or the law would permit her to subscribe a will: but the whole inheritance of her fathers was yielded to the Marquis of Este, and his gratitude, or ambition, distributed the fiefs among his friends and followers. By this step, he acquired a commanding influence at Fer-

A. D. 1208. rarra: Azo VI. was declared perpetual lord and governor of the republic; and the act, which is still extant, betrays the madness of party, by the grant of absolute and unconditional power. From this power, his son was degraded to the humiliating permission of an annual visit; a popular and prosperous state was again established by the Ghibellines, and it was not till after thirty-two years of revolutions that the sovereignty of the House of Este was fixed by the valour and conduct of the seventh Azo. At the head of the confede-

A. D. 1240. rate forces of the Pope, of Venice; and of Bologna, he marched against Ferrara: but a humane conqueror might lament that the revolution was effected by the calamities of a siege, and condemned by the retreat of fifteen hundred citizens. These evils were indeed compensated by the wisdom and

A. D. 1264. justice of twenty-four years: his funeral was honoured by the tears of the opposite faction; and at the age of seventeen, his grandson, Obizo II., succeeded to the office, or rather the inheritance, of his father. The reputation of Obizo II. engaged the turbulent republics of Modena and Reggio to accept him for their prince; and at the time of his decease, three populous cities, with their ample territories, were subject to the sway of the Marquisses of Este. Modena and Reggio were indeed lost by the imprudence of his son, the levity of the people, and the arts of the Ghibellines; and the separation lasted thirty years in the one, and an hundred in the other, before the rebellious children were reconciled to their parent. But the submission of Ferrara was pure and permanent, and the lapse of time insensibly erased the forms and maxims of the old republic. After the death of Azo VIII., whose

A. D. 1308. last will preferred a bastard to a brother, Ferrara was oppressed by the avarice of the Venetians, the ambition of the Pope, and the Catalan mercenaries of the king of Naples: but the spirit of patriotism and loyalty still lived in the hearts

hearts of the citizens, and they soon rose to the deliverance and defence of their country under the banner of the *white eagle*. This constant affection is at once the praise of the subject and sovereign. This praise is the more precious, as it must almost be confined to the subjects of the Marquisses of Este. They were ranked among the princes of Italy at a time when the families which afterwards emerged to greatness were confounded with the meanest of the people. They were the first who after the twelfth century acquired by popular election the dominion of a free city. And they still subsist with splendour and dignity, while the tyrants more conspicuous in their day have left only a name, and for the most part an odious name, to the annals of their country.

The states of Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio were fairly won and recovered by the labour and fortune of the Marquisses of Este. But the liberality of the popes and emperors was an easy and profitable virtue: they granted the right to those who had the actual possession; bestowed the title where the substance was lost, and confirmed their pretensions by resigning to others what they were unable to obtain or to hold for their own use. The Court of Rome was informed of the merit and reputation of Azo VI.; and he accepted from the two sovereigns of Christendom, from Pope Innocent III. and the Emperor Otho IV. a double investiture of the marquissate of Ancona, which extended over twelve dioceses and counties between the Adriatic and the Apennine. But this splendid gift was no more than the right without the power of subduing a warlike people, in strong opposition to the church and the empire. This enterprize, which might seem above the strength of Azo, was vigorously prosecuted by his eldest son the Marquis Aldobrandino, who raised the supplies of the war by pawning his younger brother to the usurers of Florence. The war was suspended by his untimely death; the conquest was never achieved; the pledge was never redeemed, and in the third generation the vain title of Marquis of Ancona was silently dismissed. The fens of Ferrara might have been included within the limits of the exarchate, the successors of St. Peter might allege the donations of Constantine, of Pepin, of Charlemagne, and of the Countess Matilda: but in the first century after their election, the Marquisses of Este acknowledged no superior, save God and the people. It was in a moment of distress and exile, that they accepted from Clement V. the title of Vicars of the Church: that they submitted to hold the feudatory possession of Ferrara by an annual payment of ten thousand gold florins. They regained

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their

- their sovereignty without the aid, and against the efforts, of the court of Rome: the treaty was however ratified, and if the tribute suffered some occasional abatement, they could never break the chain of feudal dependence, which was at length fatal to the House of Este. After the recovery of Modena and Reggio, they obtained on more easy terms the title of Vicars of the empire: and the natives of Italy, like those of India, continued to reverence the seal and subscription of their impotent king. Before the end of the fourteenth century, the German emperors, who had been accustomed to the traffic of avarice and vanity, were tempted to revive in Italy the long-
- A. D. 1395. forgotten title of Duke: and at the price of an hundred thousand gold florins the Visconti of Milan were exalted above the heads of their equals. Twenty-two years afterwards, the exclusive dignity of the Dukes of Milan was somewhat impaired by the similar honours of the Dukes of Savoy. The
- A. D. 1417. third candidate was Borso Marquis of Este, the twelfth in lineal descent from the old Marquis Albert-Azo the Second: his reign was wise and fortunate, and the proverb which he left behind him "This is not the time of Duke "Borso," is far more glorious than all the trappings of mortal pride. In the year one thousand four hundred and fifty-two, by the Emperor Frederic the Third, he was created Duke of Modena and Reggio. Eighteen years afterwards the ambitious imitation of Pope Paul the Second conferred on Borso the superior title of Duke of Ferrara; and the crowns, the mantles, and the sceptres used in these pompous investitures, were second only to the majesty of kings. In the sixteenth century, a duke was imposed on the republic of Florence by the arms and authority of Charles V.; and the genius of the great Cosmo soon gave him a rank in the political system of Europe. A dispute for precedence arose between the Dukes of Ferrara and Florence; and if the Este could boast the nobility of their race, and the priority of their creation, the Medici might plead the wealth, the extent, and perhaps the independence, of the state over which they reigned. The courts of Rome and Vienna long balanced their respective claims without risking a final sentence; and the dispute could be appeased only by the invention of
- A. D. 1569. the new title and prerogatives of Grand Duke of Tuscany. In this frivolous contest the powers of France and Spain were interested, and had it been decided by arms, such a war would have added a chapter to the annals of human vanity.

While the honours of the Este were multiplied by popes and emperors, a republic insulted and almost oppressed the Dukes of Ferrara. Had Venice been

been prudent, Venice would have been content with the riches of commerce and the command of the sea. But this maritime empire served only to stimulate the ambition of an Italian conquest: discipline and wealth obtained an easy victory over weakness and discord; and in the fifteenth century the provinces of *Terra Firma* were added to the dominion of St. Mark. Nicholas the Third, Marquis of Este, and Lord of Ferrara, made a feeble effort to assist the Carrara princes, and to save the important barrier of Padua. The Venetians instantly filled the Po with armed vessels; A. D. 1405. his territories were ravaged; his capital was starved, till he left his allies to their fate; implored the mercy of the senate, and resigned himself to such conditions as resentment and avarice could impose. After a servitude of fourscore years, his son Hercules I. was accused of a generous, or criminal revolt: the superior forces of Venice encompassed Ferrara by sea and land, and if a league of the Italian powers protected him from total ruin, the Duke was bound by the new treaty in a closer and more weighty chain. 1. A superior title, and more ample sway, might compensate for the loss of property and command in the neighbourhood of Padua. A. D. 1482.
—1484. But ESTE was still dear and sacred to the princes of that name: the transient recovery of the castle, the town, and the fief, had delighted their hereditary A. D. 1389. pride, and it was not without regret that they beheld that ancient possession, the source of their title, for ever melted into the Venetian state. The *Polesine*, or island of Rovigo, which had once been mortgaged for sixty thousand ducats to the Venetians, was irrevocably ceded by Hercules I.; and not a vestige remained of the patrimonial estates to the north of the Po, which had been acquired five hundred years before by the marriage of Albert-Azo I. 2. The goods and persons of the Venetians who descended the Po, were exempt from all tolls and duties whatsoever: every stranger was shielded under that respectable name; and even the peasants of the borders began to claim the immunities of St. Mark. The same grievance which impaired the revenue, attacked the sovereignty of the Duke of Ferrara, since he was forbidden to raise any forts or barriers, which might obstruct a free passage through his territories either by land or water. 3. With the avarice of a trading power, Venice aspired to a monopoly of salt in the Adriatic Gulph. The Duke was rigorously deprived of the use and profits of his salt-works of Commachio; and his subjects were compelled to purchase in a foreign market one of the necessities of life, which Nature had so profusely scattered on their own shores. 4. A citizen of Venice re-

sided at Ferrara with the title of *Vicedominus* ; he was the proper judge of his countrymen ; but the arrogance of his behaviour insulted the prince, his daily usurpations interrupted the course of justice, and his last act was the imprisonment of a native and a priest. Peace was oppressive ; but war might have been fatal to the House of Este. The three last sovereigns of Padua, a father and his two sons, had been strangled in the prisons of Venice ; the remains of the Carrara and Scala families were proscribed ; and the deliberate cruelty of the senate was justified by the examples of ancient Rome.

Twenty-five years after the last treaty of Hercules I. his son and successor Alphonso I. embraced the fairest hope of liberty and revenge. In the league of Cambray, the four great potentates of Europe united their arms against a single republic ; the Pope, Julius II. ; the Emperor, Maximilian of Austria ; Lewis XII. King of France and Duke of Milan ; and Ferdinand King of Arragon and Naples. Each of the allies had suffered some injuries, had lost some territories, and they all considered the prosperity of Venice with the same sentiments of indignation and envy which are excited in the breast of a noble by the luxury and insolence of a wealthy merchant. While Maximilian delayed, while Ferdinand dissembled, while the Pope pronounced his excommunications, the King of France, at the head of his invincible cavalry, had passed the Alps, and on the banks of the Adda, the mercenary bands of St. Mark were trampled under their horses feet. The firmness of Rome after a great defeat was not imitated by the senators of Venice : they despaired of the republic, evacuated in a day the conquests of an age, and abandoned to the confederates the division of the spoil. Under the wing of these confederates, Alphonso Duke of Ferrara had acceded to the league of Cambray, and accepted the office, or rather the title, of Standard-bearer or General of the Church. The first act of hostility was to vindicate his independence : the county of Rovigo yielded to his attack ; and he received from the Emperor the investiture of Este. In this public shipwreck Venice was saved by the zeal of her nobles, and the fidelity of her subjects : the nobles sacrificed their lives, or at least their fortunes, in their own cause ; the subjects, without speculating on the theory of government, had long enjoyed, and now regretted, the wisdom and justice of a parental aristocracy. The metropolis was impregnable and rich ; the transmarine provinces were untouched ; the navy was entire ; new armies were purchased ; the allies began to feel suspicion, and to affect pity ; and the

the deliverance of Padua announced the rising fortunes of the republic. While the Venetians strove to resist or disarm their more formidable enemies, the rebel Alphonso (such was the style of the senate) was marked as the object of vengeance, to which his station exposed him on every side. Against the advice of their wisest counsellors, their admiral Angelo Trevifano, with eighteen gallies and a train of brigantines, entered the mouth of the Po, spread desolation on either bank, and prepared with forts and bridges the passage of the army and the siege of Ferrara. But the army was called away by a seasonable diversion; and the fleet was destroyed by the valour and conduct of the Duke himself, and his brother the Cardinal Hippolito. Under the shelter of the dykes they had planted their long batteries, which supported an incessant fire: and the affrighted Venetians were suddenly oppressed by the armed vessels which issued from the city. The admiral ignominiously fled with the great standard of St. Mark; two gallies escaped, three were burnt or sunk, and the remaining thirteen followed the triumph of the conqueror, who immediately assaulted and demolished all the works of the siege. His victory might be ascribed to his superior artillery, and that superiority was the effect of his own skill and industry. Three hundred cannons were cast in his foundery, and deposited in his arsenal: he liberally entertained the best engineers; and the well-adapted fortifications of stone, of earth, and of water, had rendered Ferrara one of the strongest places in Italy. The French, who served with their ally, celebrate the politeness, the knowledge, the magnificence of the Duke: and Alphonso expended above three hundred thousand ducats to reward the service, and to secure the friendship, of the Gallic chiefs.

But their friendship soon became dangerous to the House of Este, when the same confederates who had joined with France for the destruction of Venice, conspired with Venice for the expulsion of the French. The new A. D. 1517. league was formed and sanctified by Julius II., who secretly aspired to deliver Italy from the barbarians: and the fidelity of the Duke of Ferrara to his first engagements exasperated the fiercest and most ambitious of the successors of St. Peter. Alphonso was degraded from the rank of a vassal and a Christian: his rich forfeiture was devoured by the avarice perhaps of a papal nephew, and his sentence of condemnation was extended to both worlds. Against him the temporal and spiritual arms of Rome were equally directed: his city of Modena was occupied: in the depth of a severe winter A. D. 1518. the presence of Julius animated the troops, and the aged father of the

Christians pressed the siege of Mirandola with the vigour of a youthful soldier. Ferrara however was saved by its own strength and the Gallic succours: the army of Lewis XII. invaded the ecclesiastical state under the command of his nephew, the valiant Gaston of Foix: in the battle of Ravenna the fury of the French cavalry was encountered by the firmness of the Spanish infantry, and the success of the day might be attributed in some degree to the Duke of Ferrara, who led the vanguard, and directed the infantry. But after the loss of Gaston, the strange retreat of the victorious army, and the rapid evacuation of Italy, the solitary and humble client of France remained without defence under the hand of a merciless oppressor. While he waited as a suppliant in the Vatican, his city of Reggio was surprized and stolen; he was insulted by the proposal of yielding Ferrara for a poor and precarious exchange; and even the validity of his safe conduct was questioned by a perfidious court. The liberty, and perhaps the life of Alphonso were rescued by the grateful friendship of the Colonna: they forced the Lateran Gate, lodged him in the castle of Marino, and watched over his escape in the various disguises of a huntsman, a servant, and a friar. A single event could suspend his ruin; and by that event was his ruin suspended. Julius II. expired: his passions were buried in his tomb; but his policy with a milder aspect still reigned in the councils of his successors. Leo X. was too generous to be just; and the ambition of his family was concealed by the sacred veil of the honour and interest of the church. After the victory of Marignan, Francis I. might have discharged his obligations by an act of equity and power: but instead of commanding he negotiated with the court of Rome. The restitution of Modena and Reggio to his long-suffering ally, was often promised, and as often eluded: the failure of a secret conspiracy provoked the Roman pontiff to thunder a new sentence of excommunication and forfeiture; and one of the medals of Alphonso attests his miraculous deliverance from the *lion's* paw. Adrian VI. had a conscience, a faculty long dormant in the vicars of Christ: but his scruples were removed by the Italian casuists; and he found it more easy to absolve the sins than to restore the states of the House of Este. Clement VII. an illegitimate son, adopted the politics of the Medici; and had his arts been successful, Machiavel, who was still alive, might have been proud of his disciple. After a tedious and treacherous delay, the sword of Alphonso vindicated his own rights; and his prudence seized the fortunate moments of the conclave and the captivity of Clement VII. The gates of Modena and

and Reggio were joyfully opened to their native prince : and on a payment to the Pope of an hundred thousand ducats, his possession was confirmed by the sentence of the Emperor Charles V. whose interest prompted him to establish the peace of Italy. During these revolutions the Duke of Ferrara concluded a truce, and finally a treaty, with the Venetians : his patrimonial estates of Este and Rovigo were for ever lost : but he no longer felt or feared the tyranny of a republic which had been trained to moderation in the school of adversity.

Among the noble marriages of the Este, two princes, Azo VIII. and Hercules I., had been allied to the crown of Naples in the rival houses of Anjou and Aragon. But these lofty connections had not been productive of any solid benefit, and the Venetians signified their displeasure that the Duke of Ferrara had preferred the daughter of a king, instead of chusing a senator for his father and patron. In the next generation, the House of Este was sullied by a sanguinary and incestuous race ; by the nuptials of Alphonso I. with Lucretia, a bastard of Alexander VI., the Tiberius of Christian Rome. This modern Lucretia might have assumed with more propriety the name of Messalina ; since the woman who can be guilty, who can even be accused, of a criminal commerce with a father and two brothers, must be abandoned to all the licentiousness of venal love. Her vices were highly coloured by a contempt for decency : at a banquet in the apostolical palace, by the side of the Pope, she beheld without a blush the naked dances and lascivious postures of fifty prostitutes : she distributed the prizes to the champions of Venus, according to the number of victories which they achieved in her presence. Hercules I. was unwilling to accept such a comfort for his eldest son, but he was apprehensive of the bulls and daggers of the Borgia family : he was tempted by the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand ducats, the city and district of Cento, and the reduction of his annual tribute to a slight quit-rent of an hundred florins. The marriage articles were signed ; and as the bed of Lucretia was not then vacant, her third husband, a royal bastard of Naples, was first stabbed, and afterwards strangled in the Vatican. Perhaps the youth of Lucretia had been seduced by example ; perhaps she had been satiated with pleasure ; perhaps she was awed by the authority of her new parent and husband : but the Dutchess of Ferrara lived seventeen years without reproach, and Alphonso I. believed himself to be the father of three sons. The eldest, his successor, Hercules II. expiated this maternal stain by a nobler choice ; and his fidelity was rewarded by mingling the blood of Este with that of France. By his second

marriage with Anne Dutcheſs of Brittany, Lewis XII. left only two daughters : Claude, the eldeſt, became the wife of his ſucceſſor Francis I. and Renée her younger ſiſter, who had once been promiſed to Charles V. was beſtowed on Hercules II., hereditary prince, and after his father's deceaſe, Duke of Ferrara. Her portion of two hundred and fifty thouſand crowns was paid in a territorial equivalent, the dukedoms of Chartres and Montargis : but Renée was perhaps the true heiress of Brittany, ſince the agreement which ſecured the perpetual independence of the dutchy, might be applied with as much reaſon to a ſecond daughter as to a ſecond ſon. The French princeſs, whoſe mind was more beautiful than her perſon, continued above thirty years to adorn the court of Ferrara : her liberal underſtanding was improved by the learning of the age ; nor was it *her* fault if in the learning of the age ſhe diſcovered and ſtudied the vain ſcience of aſtrology. During a long exile ſhe cheriſhed a tender remembrance of her native country : every Frenchman, according to his degree, who viſited Ferrara, either praiſed her magnificence, or bleſſed her charity : and the relics of a Neapolitan expedition, ten thouſand naked and hungry fugitives, were relieved by the profuſe alms of the Dutcheſs. When her treaſurer repreſented the enormous expence, " They are my countrymen," Renée generously replied, " and had God given me a beard, they would be now my ſubjects." But theſe virtues were the ſplendid ſins of a heretic. From her cradle and in her marriage, the daughter of Lewis XII., the daughter-in-law of Alphonſo I., had learned to hate the tyranny of the Pope : her firm and curious underſtanding was not afraid of religious inquiries ; and ſhe liſtened to the new teachers, who profeſſed to revive the old truths of the goſpel. Cle-

A. D. 1535. ment, Marot, and John Calvin were hoſpitably entertained at Ferrara ; in the converſion of the Dutcheſs, the eloquence of the preacher was ſeconded by the wit of the poet ; and the apoſtle of Geneva was proud to ſpread his conqueſts on the verge of the realm of Antichriſt. But this ſpark, which might have kindled a flame in Italy, was quickly extinguished by the diligence of the inquiſitors, and Hercules II. was apprehenſive of the temporal, as well as the ſpiritual puniſhment of the guilt of hereſy. Calvin and Marot fled beyond the mountains : Renée heard with ſullen conſtancy the ſermons of the popiſh docters ; but after ſuffering the diſmiſſion of her French ſervants, and the hardships of a priſon, ſhe ſubmitted with a ſigh to wear the mask of diſſimulation. A more open profeſſion of Calviniſm after her huſband's death, determined and haſtened her departure from Ferrara : and
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the last fifteen years of Renée of France were spent in her native country. In the bloody scenes of persecution and war, the Dutchess maintained her dignity and protected her brethren. Her castle of Montargis, near Paris, was a sure asylum for the Huguenots; and when it was threatened with a siege, she boldly replied, "the Catholics may assault my residence, they will find me standing in the breach, and prepared to try whether they will fire on the daughter of a king of France." She was the daughter of a king; but the wife of her son Alphonso II. was the daughter and sister of two emperors, of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. of the House of Austria.

The five Dukes of Ferrara, Borso, Hercules I., Alphonso I., Hercules II., and Alphonso II., seem to have been magnified in the eyes of Europe, far beyond the measure of their wealth and power. Their merit was superior to their fortune; they supported with firmness the calamities of war; they improved and enjoyed the prosperity of peace. Near a century before the end of their reign, Alexander VI. in his bull of investiture, applauds the useful labours of Hercules I.; which had increased the numbers and happiness of his people, which had adorned the city of Ferrara with strong fortifications and stately edifices, and which had reclaimed a large extent of unprofitable waste. The vague and spreading branches of the Po were confined in their proper channels by moles and dykes; the intermediate lands were converted to pasture and tillage; the fertile district became the granary of Venice; and the corn exports of a single year were exchanged for the value of two hundred thousand ducats. The triangular island or *delta* of Mesola, at the mouth of the Po, had been recovered from the waters by Alphonso II., who surrounded it with a wall nine miles in circumference: a palace, with its dependencies of stables and gardens, arose in this new creation, and it was reserved by the founder for his favourite amusements of hunting and fishing. Ferrara became one of the most flourishing of the Italian cities: the walls and buildings have survived the loss of the inhabitants, which are now reduced from fourscore thousand to a tenth part: the works of superstition were enriched by each generation: the arsenal, in a long peace, was succeeded by theatres and palaces, and if the hand of the princely architect be most conspicuous, many vacant houses are the monuments of private opulence and taste. Modena and Reggio, more favourably treated by nature, were not abandoned by the House of Este: the course of the Po opened much inland, and some foreign trade; and a colony of Flemish exiles attempted to revive the declining arts of the loom. I am not instructed to define the

revenue of the Dukes of Ferrara : but it is the praise of Alphonso I., that he left a treasure, without increasing his taxes ; it is the reproach of Alphonso II., that, with an increase of taxes, he left behind him a considerable debt. The court of these princes was at all times polite and splendid : on extraordinary occasions, a birth, a marriage, a journey, a festival, the passage of an illustrious stranger, they strove to surpass their equals, and to equal their superiors ; and the vanity of the people was gratified at their own expence. Seven hundred horses were ranged in Borso's stables ; and in the sport of hawking, the Duke was attended to the field by a hundred falconers. In his Roman expedition, to receive the ducal investiture, his train of five hundred gentlemen, his chamberlains and pages, one hundred menial servants, and one hundred and fifty mules, were clothed, according to their degree, in brocade, velvet, or fine cloth : the bells of the mules were of silver, and the dresses, liveries, and trappings, were covered with gold and silver embroidery. The martial train of Alphonso II. in his campaign in Hungary, consisted of three hundred gentlemen, each of whom was followed by an esquire and two *arquebusers* on horseback ; and the arms and apparel of this gallant troop were such as might provoke the envy of the Germans, and the avarice of the Turks. Did I possess a book, printed under the title of the *Chivalries of Ferrara*, I should not pretend to describe the nuptials of the same Duke with the Emperor's sister : the balls, the feasts, and tournaments of many busy days ; and the final representation of the Temple of Love, which was erected in the palace garden, with a stupendous scenery of porticos and palaces, of woods and mountains. That the last shew should continue six hours, without appearing tedious to the spectators, is perhaps the most incredible circumstance. In each generation of the House of Este, a younger brother, with the rank of Cardinal, held some of the richest bishoprics and abbies in Italy and France. These noble and wealthy ecclesiastics were the patrons of every art : the *Villa Estense* at Tivoli, near Rome, is the work of Cardinal Hippolitus, brother to Hercules II. : the palace gardens and water-works exhibit, in their present decay, the spirit of a prince and the taste of the age.

A philosopher, according to his temper, may laugh or weep at this ostentatious and oppressive splendour ; nor will he be disarmed by the patronage and perfection of the finer arts, which flourished in Italy in the sixteenth century. But he will approve the modest encouragement of learning and genius, an expence which can never drain the treasures of a prince. An university

versity had been founded at Padua by the House of Este, and the scholastic rust was polished away by the revival of the literature of Greece and Rome. The studies of Ferrara were directed by skilful and eloquent professors, either natives or foreigners : the ducal library was filled with a valuable collection of manuscript and printed books ; and as soon as twelve new comedies of Plautus had been found in Germany, the Marquis Lionel of Este was impatient to obtain a fair and faithful copy of that ancient poet. Nor were these elegant pleasures confined to the learned world. Under the reign of Hercules I., a wooden theatre, at the moderate cost of a thousand crowns, was constructed in the largest court of the palace ; the scenery represented some houses, a sea-port, and a ship, and the *Menechmi* of Plautus, which had been translated into Italian by the Duke himself, was acted before a numerous and polite audience. In the same language, and with the same success, the *Amphytrion* of Plautus, and the *Eunuch* of Terence, were successively exhibited ; and these classic models, which formed the taste of the spectators, excited the emulation of the poets of the age. For the use of the court and theatre of Ferrara, Ariosto composed his comedies, which were often played with applause, which are still read with pleasure : and such was the enthusiasm of the new arts, that one of the sons of Alphonso I. did not disdain to speak a prologue on the stage. In the legitimate forms of dramatic composition the Italians have not excelled : but it was in the court of Ferrara that they invented and refined the *pastoral comedy*, a romantic arcadia, which violates the truth of manners, and the simplicity of nature, but which commands our indulgence, by the elaborate luxury of eloquence and wit. The *Aminta* of Tasso was written for the amusement, and acted in the presence, of Alphonso II. ; and his sister Leonora might apply to herself the language of a passion, which disordered the reason, without clouding the genius, of her poetical lover. Of the numerous imitations, the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, which alone can vie with the fame and merit of the original, is the work of the Duke's secretary of state : it was exhibited in a private house at Ferrara : but the retreat of the author, from the service of his native prince, has bestowed on Turin the honour of the first public representation. The father of the Tuscan muses, the sublime, but unequal Dante, had pronounced that Ferrara was never honoured with the name of a poet : he would have been astonished to behold the chorus of bards, of melodious swans, (their own allusion,) who now peopled the banks of the Po. In the court of Duke Borso and his successor, Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, was respected as a noble,

noble, a soldier, and a scholar : his vigorous fancy first celebrated the loves and exploits of the Paladin Orlando ; and his fame has at once been preserved and eclipsed by the brighter glories of the continuation of his work. Ferrara may boast, that on her classic ground, Ariosto and Tasso lived and sung ; that the lines of the *Orlando Furioso*, and the *Gierusalemme Liberata*, were inscribed in everlasting characters under the eye of the first and second Alphonso. In a period of near three thousand years, five great epic poets have arisen in the world : and it is a singular prerogative, that two of the five should be claimed as their own, by a short age, and a petty state.

A. D. 1597.
October 27.

But the glory of Ferrara, and perhaps the *legitimate* race of the Este, expired with Alphonso II. As he left neither children nor brothers, his first cousin, Don Cæsar, the son of a younger son of Alphonso I., was the next in the lineal order of descent. His claim to the succession was ratified by the will of the late Duke, who had obtained from the Emperor, though not from the Pope, the privilege of choosing an heir in his own family. And the senate of Ferrara, which still preserved a semblance of election, presented him, with apparent loyalty, the sword of justice, and the sceptre of dominion. The people submitted to a prince, who seemed to unite the various titles of birth, donation, and of the public choice ; the accession of Don Cæsar was announced to the courts of Italy and Europe ; and his reign might have been peaceful and prosperous, had not the ambition of Clement VIII. revived the design of restoring Ferrara to the ecclesiastical state. In the confidence of right, or at least of power, the Roman pontiff sternly rejected the ambassador and obedience of a pretended Duke, who had not expected the approbation of the Holy See. A monitory, or summons, to appear in fifteen days, was affixed on the church doors ; and the Apostolical Chamber demanded the possession of the fief, till the vassal should have cleared his birth and title in the court of his supreme lord. It was in vain that the Duke of Ferrara solicited a delay, that he provoked an inquiry, that he negotiated a compromise, that he submitted his cause to the arbitration of a neutral judge. “ The honour and interest of the Church,” said the inexorable pontiff, “ must not be deserted. In the vindication of St. Peter’s patrimony, I will sell the last chalice of the altar ; I am ready to march in person against the sacrilegious rebel ; and I would die in the ditch of Ferrara, with the holy sacrament in my hands.” This generous resolution was applauded by the Cardinals, and they protested, that if Clement VIII. should be taken from the world, they would impose, by a common oath, the same obligation on

the future Pope. Some forms of judicial proceeding were hastily dispatched ; and before two months had elapsed from the death of Alphonso II., a tremendous bull, of forfeiture, excommunication, and interdict, was thundered against the pretended Duke and his impious adherents. At the same time, the military preparations were urged with incessant vigour, and an army of sixteen thousand horse and foot, which fame had soon magnified to twenty-five thousand, was assembled near Faenza, under the command of Cardinal Aldobrandini, the Pope's nephew and legate. The state of Europe was most favourable to the ambition of Rome, and the prospects of Don Cæsar were on all sides black and comfortless. The Emperor Rodolph II. might be a well-wisher to the House of Este, but his remote and insufficient forces were occupied by the Turks in Hungary. If the rival monarchs of France and Spain should deign to interfere in this pigmy war, the enmity of the one would not ensure the support of the other. Henry IV. had been persuaded, by a selfish agent, to prove the sincerity of his conversion, in the sacrifice of an old and faithful ally ; Philip II., the demon of the south, was now anxious to leave his son and his dominions in peace ; but the revolution was consummated before he could signify his intentions : and the Spanish ministers in Italy were suspected of a secret conspiracy against the Imperial fiefs of Reggio and Modena. The Italian princes balanced between fear and envy : Venice was least desirous of the neighbourhood, and least apprehensive of the resentment, of the Pope : but her words were ambiguous, and her actions were slow. Don Cæsar had been left without troops or treasures ; the fortifications of Ferrara were neglected in a long peace : the people was aggrieved by taxes ; the clergy was seduced by the prejudice of conscience, or the hopes of preferment ; the emissaries of Rome were busy and persuasive ; and the ancient loyalty to the House of Este was corrupted by the promise of a golden age.

But the instant cause of his ruin was in the character of the Duke himself. Had Don Cæsar been endowed with the spirit and constancy of his ancestors, he might have been saved by the resolution to fall. Had he listened to the advice of a veteran, a bold sally on the half-formed camp of Faenza might have dissipated the Pope's soldiers, who would cease to be formidable, when they ceased to be feared. The siege of Ferrara was an arduous enterprize : courage would have given him time, time would have given him friends ; the Venetians would have armed for his interest and their own ; many brave adventurers of France and Italy would have drawn their swords in his quarrel ;

rel; and the novelty of danger, the lassitude of war, the weight of expence, the chances of mortality, would have inclined his enemies to a safe and honourable peace. Far different were the feelings of the successor of Alphonso: he had been educated remote from the council and the field, in the bosom of luxury and devotion: his mild and timid disposition was astonished by the thunder of spiritual and temporal arms; nor could he expect from others the support which he denied to himself. When he entered the cathedral, the priests interrupted their rites, and fled from the altars; his venal ministers exaggerated the danger, and concealed the resources; he was alarmed each hour by the intelligence of secret treason; and a Jesuit persuaded him that Modena and Reggio, that his life, and even his soul, could only be saved by an immediate capitulation. The terms were dictated in the camp by the imperious legate. That Don Cæsar should deliver his eldest son as an hostage, resign the ducal sceptre in the presence of the magistrate, divide his artillery with the Pope, and surrender the *possession* of the duchy of Ferrara, with all its dependencies; and that in return for his submission, he should be absolved from all ecclesiastical censures, and permitted to enjoy the Diamond Palace, with the personal effects and allodial estates of the House of Este. After the conclusion of the treaty, the conqueror was eager to reign, and the exile was anxious to depart. On the twenty-eighth of January, one thousand five hundred and ninety-eight, Don Cæsar evacuated a city, in which his ancestors had reigned near four hundred years. A splendid, but mournful procession, of his family and household, passed slowly through the streets: the Duke of Modena (his remaining title) was seated in an open coach; his eyes were cast down on a letter which he seemed to read, as if desirous of escaping the view of those objects which he must see no more. The minds of the people were already changed: their curiosity was melted into pity: they had neglected the defence, they deplored the loss, of their native prince; and the first evening of his departure, five thousand persons were deprived of their daily bread, which they received from the charity or magnificence of the ducal court. These melancholy reflections were suspended by the triumph of the legate, and the speedy visit of Clement VIII., who was impatient to behold his new conquest. But as soon as the festival of the revolution had subsided, Ferrara was left to the solitude and poverty of a provincial town, under the government of priests: a citadel was erected, to fix the inconstancy of the inhabitants; and within seventeen years after the death of Alphonso II., a fourth of his capital was already in ruins.

Nor were the losses of Don Cæsar confined to the sacrifice of Ferrara: the territory, salt-works, and fishery of Commachio, an Imperial fief, were seized by the hand of power: his allodial property was diminished and disputed by the chicanery of law. Even the duchy of Chartres, and the mortgages of the House of Este in France, were withheld from the heir and creditor, under pretence that he was a foreigner. It was a just observation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, that his brother-in law Don Cæsar might have resisted his enemies, if the million and a half of gold, which his predecessors trusted to the Most Christian King, had been safely deposited in the treasury of Ferrara.

In this singular transaction, ambition and avarice were the motives of Rome. Her forms of judicial proceeding were precipitate, and violent: without evidence or trial, she judged in her own cause, she pronounced in her own favour, and she forcibly seized, for her own use, the valuable object in dispute. But as it is possible, and barely possible, that truth and justice may be supported by the means most adverse to their nature, I shall freely examine the descent of Don Cæsar, and his right of succession, without any interest to corrupt, or any prejudice to mislead, the equity of my decree. After the decease of Lucretia Borgia, his second wife, Alphonso I., who was still in the manly vigour of life, embraced a decent mode of satisfying his passions, without injuring his family. Instead of seeking a third alliance in the courts of Europe, he purchased a maiden of Ferrara, of obscure parentage and exquisite beauty. Laura was entertained several years in the state of a concubine: but this illegal union might in some degree be excused by the dignity of her lover, and her own imitation of conjugal virtue. She became the mother of two sons, Don Alphonso and Don Alphonfino, a title and a name which had been lately introduced into Italy by the prevailing influence of the Spaniards. Their birth is acknowledged to have been illegitimate. In the testament of their father, which is dated fourteen months before his death, they simply are styled the children of a free man by a free woman; nor did he add, in his last illness of several weeks, any clause or codicil to declare a change of their condition. That, according to the laws of the church and state, these bastards were legitimated by a subsequent marriage, is supposed by their advocates; but the supposition cannot be justified by the regular proof of a contract, a certificate, or a witness. In default of such evidence, Muratori produces a large body of presumptions and circumstances: with an artful suggestion, that much more would have been found

by a more early scrutiny : but it was the interest as well as the duty of Laura to establish her own marriage, and the legitimacy of her sons ; and if her neglect be not ascribed to conscious guilt, it must, not, however, militate, as an argument in her behalf. Her faithful champion, the librarian of Modena, has collected many testimonies of poets, orators, historians, and genealogists, some of whom could not mistake the truth, and others could not have any temptation for falsehood : and from their consent he infers the belief and tradition of the times, that the concubine of Alphonso I. was finally promoted to the rank of his wife. The same favourable conclusion may be drawn from the honours which she was permitted to enjoy near forty years, under the reigns of his successors ; the appellation, dress, and attendance of his relict or widow ; the guardianship of her children ; the princely style of most excellent and illustrious ; and, above all, the family name of Este, which she subscribed on all public and private occasions. The title of Dukes of Ferrara was alone wanting ; and when pride and envy were no more, that title was bestowed in the solemn pomp of her funeral, which was attended by the Duke Alphonso II. his brother the Cardinal, the court, the clergy, and the *arts* or corporations of the city. The five sons of Alphonso I., with the sole distinction of primogeniture, were educated as equals and companions. Don Alphonso, the first-born of Laura, was treated as a prince, both at home and abroad : he was invested with the Marquisate of Montecchio, and the French order of St. Michael ; and his wife, the mother of Don Cæsar, was the daughter of the reigning Duke of Urbino. The same honours were transmitted to Don Cæsar himself : he obtained an alliance still more splendid, the sister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany : and, both in his life-time and at his death, Alphonso II. acknowledged him as his cousin and successor. Could we divest our minds of a secret suspicion, arising from the indulgence which, in so many courts and countries, has been lavished on the bastards of princes, such presumptions might amount to the moral, if not the legal proof of a legitimate descent. But the interest, though not the honour, of the Dukes of Modena, reposes on a firmer basis, which would not be shaken by the quality of their female ancestor. The Popes are pleased to forget that they first granted the Duchy of Ferrara to Borso, a natural son of the Marquis Nicholas III., and that the bull of Alexander VI. extends the right of succession to all the descendants whatsoever of Hercules I. They were compelled to renounce the possession of Ferrara, but they have never ceased to assert the justice of their claim. The argu-

ments which the court of Rome has disdained, may one day be heard in the louder tone of the Austrian cannon, and a severe account may be required of the arrears and damages of two hundred years.

The abdication of Don Cæsar is related by Muratori, a loyal servant, under the name of the Tragedy of Ferrara: and in the melancholy tale I have myself been affected by the sympathy which we so generously indulge, to the real or imaginary distresses of the great. Yet, on a cooler survey, I am inclined to doubt whether the last Duke of Ferrara was the most unfortunate of men. His life and liberty were safe: he was neither beheaded on the public scaffold, nor dragged at the chariot wheels of the conqueror, nor cast into a deep and perpetual dungeon. By the soldiers and statesmen of the age he was indeed despised, for the feeble defence and hasty desertion of his ancient seat. But as contempt is seldom deserved where it is felt, it is seldom felt where it is deserved: Don Cæsar was unconscious of the public reproach, and the orators of his reign reserved their panegyric for the milder virtues of discretion and patience. He had lost the most precious jewel of his family: but an easy journey of two days conveyed his court from the palace of Ferrara to that of Modena, where he lived, in prosperity and peace, above thirty years: by the Tuscan Princess he became the father of six sons and three daughters; and the reigning Duke is the fourth in descent, and the sixth in succession, from the eldest of his sons. In this last period of decline, the House of Este has still preserved the external advantages of rank, riches, and power: and these advantages were illustrated by the antiquity of their name and title. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, an Emperor and six Kings were respected as the Chiefs of the Christian republic: but the Dukes of Modena maintained an honourable place in the second class of the Princes of Europe. Their pride was seldom mortified by the presence of a superior: as long as the isles of Sicily and Sardinia were attached to the Spanish monarchy, Italy was not dignified with a regal title; a profane layman was not degraded by kneeling to the Pope, or yielding the precedency to his Cardinals; nor was the native pre-eminence of hereditary rank disputed by the ministerial honours of a doge or a viceroy. After the loss of Ferrara, the successors of Alphonso II. continued to reign over the united duchies of Modena and Reggio; and their territory, about thirty leagues in length, about ten in breadth; was afterwards enlarged by the lordship of Corregio, and the duchy of Mirandola. Their revenue is vaguely computed at one hundred thousand pounds sterling, a sum inadequate to the extraordinary de-

mands of war, but which might support, with decent oeconomy, the expences of a court and government. Perhaps the latter were sometimes sacrificed to the former. When Addison traversed the principalities of Modena and Parma, he was scandalized by the magnificence of those petty courts: he was amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes in Europe who equal them, while, at the same time, they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries, for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers. Yet the annals of Modena describe many public works of use as well as ornament: the plenty of gold and silver is expressed in a single coinage of Francis I., of near half a million sterling: but I am ignorant whether the two hundred and thirty thousand ducats, and the two hundred thousand Spanish doubloons, which were paid to the Emperor for the investitures of Corregio and Mirandola, should be placed to the account of treasure or of debt. In the narrow sphere of their dominions, the Este princes were absolute; nor do I find any example of resistance to their reason or passion. The vanity of the human heart is flattered by the degree, rather than by the extent, of authority: and if the sovereign was conscious of his duties, the man might tremble at accepting the trust of one hundred and fifty thousand of his equals. His equals by nature, they were many of them his superiors in merit: the natives of Modena were distinguished in the arts and sciences; and like the pastoral comedy, the mock-heroic poetry of the Italians was invented by Tassoni, a subject of the House of Este. The state of such a prince would, perhaps be the most desirable in human life, if it were accompanied with that domestic security which a wealthy nobleman enjoys under the protection of a great empire. The long peace of Italy, in the seventeenth century, was interrupted only by some short and bloodless hostilities: but in the three great wars between the Austrian and Bourbon powers, the Duke of Modena has been thrice reduced to the alternative of slavery or exile. His neutrality was violated, his dominions were occupied by foreign troops, his subjects were oppressed by military contributions, and the mischievous expence of fortifications only served to expose his cities to the calamities of a siege.

I have long delayed, and I should willingly suppress, three disgraceful anecdotes, three criminal actions, which sully the honour of the name of Este: of these, the first and the third are piously dissembled by the Librarian of Modena. 1. In his descent to the infernal regions, in the ninth circle of hell,

hell, the poet Dante beheld the condemnation of sanguinary and rapacious men: they were deeply immersed in a river of blood, and their escape was prevented by the arrows of the centaurs. Among the tyrants, he distinguished the ancient forms of Alexander and Dionysius: of his own countrymen, he recognized the black Eccelin, and the fair Obizo of Este, the latter of whom was dispatched by an unnatural son to this place of torment. This Obizo can be no other than the second Marquis of that name, who died only seven years before the real or imaginary date of the *Divine Comedy* (A. D. 1300): his life does not afford the character of a tyrant: but he was one of the pillars of the Guelph faction; and were he not associated with a Ghibelline chief, we might impute his sentence to the prejudices, rather than the justice, of the Tuscan bard. But the parricide of his son, a crime of a much deeper dye, is attested by the commentary of Benvenuto of Imola, who observes from an old chronicle, that Azo VIII. was apprehensive of the same treatment which he had inflicted on his father. It must be added, that this commentary on Dante, which was composed only fourscore years after the event, is dedicated to Nicholas II., Marquis of Este, and great-grandson of Obizo II., who tacitly subscribes to the guilt of his ancestors. 2. Under the reign of Nicholas III., Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By A. D. 1425. the testimony of a maid, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle, by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate: nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent. 3. Guicciardini, the gravest of the Italian historians, records a bloody scene, which, in his own time, had sullied the court of Ferrara; the deed might revive the memory of the Theban brothers; "and the motive was still more frivolous, " if love," says he, " be a more frivolous motive than ambition." The Cardinal Hippolito was enamoured of a fair maiden of his own family: but her heart was engaged by his natural brother; and she imprudently confessed to a rival, that the beauteous eyes of Don Julio were his most powerful attraction. The deliberate cruelty of the Cardinal measured the provocation and the revenge: under a pretence of hunting, he drew the unhappy youth to a distance from the city, and there compelling him to dismount, his

his eyes, those hated eyes, were extinguished by the command, and in the presence of an amorous priest, who viewed with delight the agonies of a brother. It may however be suspected that the work was slightly performed by the less savage executioners, since the skill of his physicians restored Don Julio to an imperfect sight. A denial of justice provoked him to the most desperate counsels: and the revenge of Don Julio conspired with the ambition of Don Ferdinand against the life of their sovereign and eldest brother Alphonso I. Their designs were prevented, their persons seized, their accomplices were executed; but their sentence of death was moderated to a perpetual prison, and in their fault the Duke of Ferrara acknowledged his own. These dark shades in the annals of the House of Este must not be excused by the example of the Italian tyrants; whose courts and families were perpetually defiled with lust and blood, with incest and parricide; who mingled the cruelty of savages with the refinements of a learned and polite age. But it may be fairly observed, that single acts of virtue and of vice can seldom be weighed against each other: that it is far more easy to fall below, than to rise above, the common level of morality: that three or four guilty days have been found in a period of two hundred years: and, that in the general tenor of their lives, the Marquisses of Este were just, temperate, and humane; the friends of each other, and the fathers of their people.

In a more superstitious age, I should boldly oppose to the sins of twenty generations the monastic virtues of Alphonso III., the son and successor of Don Caesar. Yet even these virtues were produced by the blind impulse of repentance and fear. The nature of Alphonso was impetuous and haughty; and a deep indignant regret for the loss of Ferrara was the first sentiment of his childhood. As soon as he had released himself from the authority of a governor whom he hated, and a father whom he despised, the hereditary prince became the slave of his passions and the terror of Modena: his appetite for blood was indulged in the chase, and the city; and he soon considered the life of a man and of a stag as of equal value. One of the most considerable private families in Italy (such is the dark language of Muratori) was provoked by some secret motive to form a design of assassinating Alphonso. Their dagger was turned aside from his breast; their chief was sacrificed to his justice; he threatened to extirpate the whole race; nor could the intercession of princes, or of the Pope himself, avert the rage of persecution and revenge. The only voice that could sooth the passions of the
savage

savage was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love; the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the grand-daughter of Philip II. King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory: his fierce spirit melted into tears, and after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber, to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life. But instead of resolving to expiate his sins, and to seek his salvation in the public felicity, he was persuaded that the habit and profession of a Capuchin were the only armour that could shield him from hell-fire. The two years from the death of his wife to the decease of his father, were dedicated to prayer and penance, and no sooner had Alphonso attained the rank of a sovereign, than he aspired to descend below the condition of a man. With the approbation and blessing of the Pope, who might possibly smile at this voluntary sacrifice, the Duke of Modena, after a reign of six months, resigned the sceptre to Francis his eldest son, a youth of nineteen years of age, and secretly departed to a Franciscan convent among the mountains of Trent: By a special privilege, his noviciate and profession were consummated in the same day: the austere and humble friar atoned for the pride and luxury of the prince, and it was the wish of *brother* John Baptist of Modena to forget the world and to be forever forgotten. But obedience was now his first duty, and the noble captive, for the honour of the order and of religion, was exhibited to the Empéror, the Archdukes, and the people of the Austrian provinces, by whom he was contemplated with curiosity and devotion. Three years he wandered between Venice and Vienna as an itinerant preacher: he had the pleasure in one of his journies to be half drowned in a river, and half starved on a rock, and he vainly hoped to convert the heretics of the North, or to receive from their hands the crown of martyrdom. During the last twelve years he was stationed in the convent of Modena, the humble slave of the subjects of his son: the city and country were edified by his missions and sermons; and as often as he appeared in the pulpit, the contrast of his dignity and dress most eloquently preached the contempt of this world. The conversion of the Jews, the reformation of manners, the maintenance of the poor, afforded a daily exercise to the zeal of the abdicated Duke: but that zeal was always chargeable, often troublesome, and sometimes ridiculous: his death was a relief to the court and people; nor have the Princes of Este been ambitious of adorning their family with the name and honours of

A. D. 1626.

August 22.

A. D. 1632

—1634.

of a saint. The Capuchin might behold, perhaps with pity, and perhaps with envy, the temporal prosperity of his son. In peace and war, in Italy and Spain, in the Austrian and French alliance, the Duke of Modena supported the dignity of his character: and Francis I. in a larger field, would
 A. D.
 1629-1658. have ranked among the generals and statesmen of an active age.

The name of Rinaldo, a name immortalized by Tasso in epic song, had been applied to the youngest son of Duke Francis I.: he might faintly remember the last days of his father, and the short government of his brother Alphonso IV.: but he was no more than seven years of age when his infant nephew Francis II. succeeded to the ducal title. In his early youth Rinaldo was proposed as a candidate for the crown of Poland, a wild, and had it not failed, a ruinous attempt: the example of so many of his kinsmen suggested a more rational pursuit; and in the thirty-second year of his age he was promoted to the dignity of Cardinal, at the request of James II. King of Great Britain, who had married his niece. The long reign and short life of her brother Francis II. was an helpless state of minority and disease: he died without children, and had the right female succession prevailed, the unfortunate race of the Stewarts might have found a safe and honourable refuge in the inheritance of Modena. But as the order of investiture preferred the more distant males, Cardinal Rinaldo ascended without a question the vacant throne of his nephew. The resignation of his hat was accepted by the Pope; but he might marry without a dispensation, a princess of Brunswick, his cousin in the nineteenth degree; and this alliance was soon dignified by the nuptials of her sister with Joseph King of the Romans, the son and successor of the Emperor Leopold. The life of Rinaldo I. Duke of Modena, was extended beyond the term of eighty-three years: in the various fortunes of his long reign he supported a double exile with fortitude and patience; and in the intervals of peace the country was restored by a wise and paternal government. His son Francis III. was of a more active spirit. He signalized his valour in the wars of Hungary; followed the standard of the House of Bourbon; commanded, or seemed to command, in several battles and sieges, and extorted the confession, that, had his advice been followed, the events of the war would have been more successful. His wife was a princess of Orleans, the daughter of the regent: she was noble, beautiful, and rich; but in the true estimate of honour the meanest virgin among his subjects would have been a more worthy consort. Their son

Hercules III., the reigning Duke, acquired a valuable and convenient territory with the heiress of Massa Carrara. Their only daughter, by the command of his inexorable father, was delivered to the Archduke Ferdinand, the Emperor's brother; the marriage has been fruitful in children of both sexes, and the Dutchies of Modena, Reggio, and Mirandola, will soon be the patrimony of a younger branch of the new family of Austria. In the decline of life, Hercules III. is the sole remaining male of the House of Este, and the long current of their blood must speedily be lost in a foreign stream.



AN ADDRESS, &c.

THAT History is a liberal and useful study, and that the History of our own country is best deserving of our attention, are propositions too clear for argument, and too simple for illustration. Nature has implanted in our breasts a lively impulse to extend the narrow span of our existence, by the knowledge of the events that have happened on the soil which we inhabit, of the characters and actions of those men from whom our descent, as individuals or as a people, is probably derived. The same laudable emulation will prompt us to review, and to enrich our common treasure of national glory : and those who are the best entitled to the esteem of posterity, are the most inclined to celebrate the merits of their ancestors. The origin and changes of our religion and government, of our arts and manners, afford an entertaining, and often an instructive subject of speculation ; and the scene is repeated and varied by the entrance of the victorious strangers, the Roman and the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman, who have successively reigned in our stormy Isle. We contemplate the gradual progress of society, from the lowest ebb of primitive barbarism, to the full tide of modern civilization. We contrast the naked Briton who might have mistaken the sphere of Archimedes for a rational creature *, and the contemporary of Newton, in whose school Archimedes himself would have been an humble disciple. And we compare the boats of osier and hides that floated along our coasts, with the formidable navies which visit and command the remotest shores of the ocean. Without indulging the fond prejudices of patriotic vanity, we may assume a conspicuous place among the inhabitants of the earth. The English will be ranked among the few nations who have culti-

* I allude to a passage in Cicero (*de Naturâ Deorum*, L. ii. C. 34.) *Quod si in Britanniam, sphaeram aliquis tulerit hanc, quam nuper familiaris noster effecit Posidonius, cujus singulæ conversiones idem efficiunt in sole, et in luna, et in quinque stellis errantibus, quod efficitur in cælo singulis diebus et noctibus: quis in illa barbarie dubitet, quin ea sphaera sit perfecta ratione?*

vated with equal success the arts of war, of learning, and of commerce: and Britain perhaps is the only powerful and wealthy state which has ever possessed the inestimable secret of uniting the benefits of order with the blessings of freedom. It is a maxim of our law, and the constant practice of our courts of justice, never to accept any evidence, unless it is the very best which, under the circumstances of the case, can possibly be obtained. If this wise principle be transferred from jurisprudence to criticism, the inquisitive reader of English History will soon ascend to the first witnesses of every period, from whose testimonies the moderns, however sagacious and eloquent, must derive their whole confidence and credit. In the prosecution of his inquiries, he will lament that the transactions of the Middle Ages have been imperfectly recorded, and that these records have been more imperfectly preserved: that the successive conquerors of Britain have despised or destroyed the monuments of their predecessors; and that by their violence or neglect so much of our national antiquities has irretrievably perished. For the losses of history are indeed irretrievable: when the productions of fancy or science have been swept away, new poets may invent, and new philosophers may reason; but if the inscription of a single fact be once obliterated, it can never be restored by the united efforts of genius and industry. The consideration of our past losses should incite the present age to cherish and perpetuate the valuable relics which have escaped, instead of condemning the MONKISH HISTORIANS (as they are contemptuously styled) silently to moulder in the dust of our libraries; our candour, and even our justice, should learn to estimate their value, and to excuse their imperfections. Their minds were infected with the passions and errors of their times, but those times would have been involved in darkness, had not the art of writing, and the memory of events, been preserved in the peace and solitude of the cloister. Their Latin style is far removed from the eloquence and purity of Sallust and Livy; but the use of a permanent and general idiom has opened the study, and connected the series of our ancient chronicles, from the age of Bede to that of Walsingham. In the eyes of a philosophic observer, these monkish historians are even endowed with a singular, though accidental merit; the unconscious simplicity with which they represent the manners and opinions of their contemporaries: a natural picture, which the most exquisite art is unable to imitate.

Books, before the invention of printing, were separately, and slowly copied by the pen; and the transcripts of our old historians must have been

rare;

rare ; since the number would be proportioned to the number of readers capable of understanding a Latin work, and curious of the history and antiquities of England. The gross mass of the laity, from the baron to the mechanic, were more addicted to the exercises of the body than to those of the mind : the middle ranks of society were illiterate and poor, and the nobles and gentlemen, as often as they breathed from war, maintained their strength and activity in the chase or the tournament. Few among them could read, still fewer could write ; none were acquainted with the Latin tongue ; and if they sometimes listened to a tale of past times, their puerile love of the marvellous would prefer the romance of Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, to the authentic narratives most honourable to their country and their ancestors. Till the period of the reformation, the ignorance and sensuality of the clergy were continually increasing : the ambitious prelate aspired to pomp and power ; the jolly monk was satisfied with idleness and pleasure ; and the few students of the ecclesiastical order, perplexed rather than enlightened their understandings with occult science and scholastic divinity. In the monastery in which a chronicle had been composed, the original was deposited, and perhaps a copy ; and some neighbouring churches might be induced, by a local or professional interest, to seek the communication of these historical memorials. Such manuscripts were not liable to suffer from the injury of use ; but the casualty of a fire, or the slow progress of damp and worms, would often endanger their limited and precarious existence. The sanctuaries of religion were sometimes profaned by aristocratic oppression, popular tumult, or military licence ; and although the cellar was more exposed than the library, the envy of ignorance will riot in the spoil of those treasures which it cannot enjoy.

After the discovery of printing, which has bestowed immortality on the works of man, it might be presumed that the new art would be applied without delay, to save and to multiply the remains of our national chronicles. It might be expected that the English, now waking from a long slumber, should blush at finding themselves strangers in their native country ; and that our princes, after the example of Charlemagne and Maximilian I. would esteem it their duty and glory to illustrate the history of the people over whom they reigned. But these rational hopes have not been justified by the event. It was in the year 1474 that our first press was established in Westminster Abbey, by William Caxton : but in the choice of his authors, that liberal and industrious artist was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his

his readers; to gratify the nobles with treatises on heraldry, hawking, and the game of chess, and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights, and legends of more fabulous saints. The father of printing expresses a laudable desire to elucidate the history of his country; but instead of publishing the Latin chronicle of Radulphus Higden, he could only venture on the English version by John de Trevisa; and his complaint of the difficulty of finding materials for his own continuation of that work, sufficiently attests that even the writers, which we now possess of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, had not yet emerged from the darkness of the cloister. His successors, with less skill and ability, were content to tread in the footsteps of Caxton; almost a century elapsed without producing one original edition of any old English historian; and the only exception which I recollect is the publication of Gildas (London 1526) by Polydore Virgil, an ingenious foreigner. The presses of Italy, Germany, and even France, might plead in their defence, that the minds of their scholars, and the hands of their workmen, were abundantly exercised in unlocking the treasures of Greek and Roman antiquity; but the world is not indebted to England for one *first* edition of a classic author. This delay of a century is the more to be lamented, as it is too probable that many authentic and valuable monuments of our history were lost in the dissolution of religious houses by Henry the Eighth. The protestant and the patriot must applaud our deliverance; but the critic may deplore the rude havoc that was made in the libraries of churches and monasteries, by the zeal, the avarice, and the neglect, of unworthy reformers.

Far different from such reformers was the learned and pious Matthew Parker, the first protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His apostolical virtues were not incompatible with the love of learning, and while he exercised the arduous office, not of governing, but of founding the Church of England, he strenuously applied himself to revive the study of the Saxon tongue, and of English antiquities. By the care of this respectable prelate, four of our ancient historians were successively published: the *Flores* of Matthew of Westminster (1570); the *Historia Major* of Matthew Paris (1571); the *Vita Elfridi Regis*, by Asserius; and the *Historia Brevis*, and *Upodigma Neustriæ*, by Thomas Walsingham. After Parker's death, this national duty was for some years abandoned to the diligence of foreigners. The ecclesiastical history of Bede had been printed and reprinted on the continent as the common property of the Latin church;

and it was again inserted in a collection of British writers (Heidelberg 1587), selected with such critical skill, that the romance of Jeffrey of Monmouth, and a Latin abridgment of Froissard, are placed on the same level of historical evidence. An edition of Florence of Worcester, by Howard, (1592,) may be slightly noticed; but we should gratefully commemorate the labours of Sir Henry Saville, a man distinguished among the scholars of the age by his profound knowledge of the Greek language and mathematical sciences. A just indignation against the base and plebeian authors of our English chronicles, had almost provoked him to undertake the task of a general and legitimate history: but his modest industry declining the character of an architect, was content to prepare materials for a future edifice. Some of the most valuable writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were rescued by his hands from dirt, and dust, and rottenness (*e situ squalore et pulvere*), and his collection, under the common title of *Scriptores post Bedam*, was twice printed; first in London (1596), and afterwards at Frankfort (1601). During the whole of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the same studies were prosecuted with vigour and success: a miscellaneous volume of the *Anglica Normannica*, &c. (Frankfort 1603), and the *Historia Nova* of Eadmer (London 1623), were produced by Camden and Selden, to whom literature is indebted for more important services. The names of Wheeler and Gibson, of Watts and War-ton, of Dugdale and Wilkins, should not be defrauded of their due praise: but our attention is fixed by the elaborate collections of Twysden and Gale: and their titles of *Decem* and *Quindecim Scriptores* announce that their readers possess a series of twenty-five of our old English historians. The last who has dug deep into the mine was Thomas Hearne, a clerk of Oxford, poor in fortune, and indeed poor in understanding. His minute and obscure diligence, his voracious and undistinguishing appetite, and the coarse vulgarity of his taste and style, have exposed him to the ridicule of idle wits. Yet it cannot be denied that Thomas Hearne has gathered many gleanings of the harvest; and if his own prefaces are filled with crude and extraneous matter, his editions will be always recommended by their accuracy and use.

I am not called upon to enquire into the merits of foreign nations in the study of their respective histories, except as far as they may suggest a useful lesson, or a laudable emulation to ourselves. The patient Germans have addicted themselves to every species of literary labour; and the division of
their

their vast empire into many independent states would multiply the public events of each country, and the pens, however rude, by which they have been saved from oblivion. Besides innumerable editions of particular historians, I have seen (if my memory does not fail me) a list of more than twenty of the voluminous collections of the *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*; some of these are of a vague and miscellaneous nature; others are relative to a certain period of time; and others again are circumscribed by the local limits of a principality or a province. Among the last I shall only distinguish the *Scriptores Rerum Brunswicensium*, compiled at Hanover in the beginning of this century by the celebrated Leibnitz. We should sympathize with a kind of domestic interest in the fortunes of a people to whom we are united by our obedience to a common sovereign; and we must explore with respect and gratitude the origin of an illustrious family, which has been the guardian near fourscore years of our liberty and happiness. The antiquarian, who blushes at his alliance with Thomas Hearne, will feel his profession ennobled by the name of Leibnitz. That extraordinary genius embraced and improved the whole circle of human science; and after wrestling with Newton and Clark in the sublime regions of geometry and metaphysics, he could descend upon earth to examine the uncouth characters and barbarous Latin of a chronicle or charter. In this, as in almost every other active pursuit, Spain has been outstripped by the industry of her neighbours. The best collection of her national historians was published in Germany: the recent attempts of her royal academy have been languid and irregular, and if some memorials of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are lately printed at Madrid, her five oldest chronicles after the invasion of the Moors still sleep in the obscurity of provincial editions (Pamplona, 1615, 1634; Barcelona, 1663.) Italy has been productive in every age of revolutions and writers; and a complete series of these original writers, from the year five hundred to the year fifteen hundred, are most accurately digested in the *Scriptores Rerum Italicarum* of Muratori. This stupendous work, which fills twenty-eight folios, and overflows into the six volumes of the *Antiquitates Italiæ Medii Ævi*, was achieved in years by one man; and candour must excuse some defects in the plan and execution, which the discernment, and perhaps the envy of criticism has too rigorously exposed. The antiquities of France have been elucidated by a learned and ingenious people: the original historians, which Duchesne had undertaken to publish, were left imperfect by his death, yet had reached the end of the thirteenth century; and his additional volume

(the sixth) comes home to ourselves, since it celebrates the exploits of the Norman Conquerors and Kings of England. About years ago the design of publishing *Les Historiens des Gaules et de la France*, was resumed on a larger scale, and in a more splendid form; and although the name of Dom Bouquet stands foremost, the merit must be shared among the veteran Benedictines of the Abbey of St. Germain des Prez at Paris. This noble collection may be proposed as a model for such national works: the original texts are corrected from the best manuscripts; and the curious reader is enlightened, without being oppressed, by the perspicuous brevity of the prefaces and notes. But a multitude of obstacles and delays seems to have impeded the progress of the undertaking; and the *Historians of France* had only attained to the twelfth century, and the thirteenth volume, when a general deluge overwhelmed the country, and its ancient inhabitants. I might here conclude this enumeration of foreign studies, if the *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum* of Langebek and his successors, which have lately appeared at Copenhagen, did not remind me of the taste and munificence of a court and country, whose scanty revenues might have apologized for their neglect.

It is long, very long indeed, since the success of our neighbours, and the knowledge of our resources, have disposed me to wish, that our Latin memorials of the Middle Age, the *Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum*, might be published in England, in a manner worthy of the subject and of the country. At a time when the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire has intimately connected me with the first historians of France, I acknowledged (in a note) the value of the Benedictine Collection, and expressed my hope that such a national work would provoke our own emulation. My hope has failed, the provocation was not felt, the emulation was not kindled; and I have now seen, without an attempt or a design, near thirteen years, which might have sufficed for the execution. During the greatest part of that time I have been absent from England: yet I have sometimes found opportunities of introducing this favourite topic in conversation with our literary men, and our eminent booksellers. As long as I expatiated on the merits of an undertaking, so beneficial to history, and so honourable to the nation, I was heard with attention; a general wish seemed to prevail for its success: but no sooner did we seriously consult about the best means of promoting that success, and of reducing a pleasing theory into a real action, than we were stopped, at the first step, by an insuperable difficulty—the choice of an editor. Among the authors already known to the public, none, after a fair review, could be

found, at once possessed of ability and inclination. Unknown, or at least untried abilities could not inspire much reasonable confidence : some were too poor, others too rich ; some too busy, others too idle : and we knew not where to seek our English Muratori ; in the tumult of the metropolis, or in the shade of the university. The age of Herculean diligence, which could devour and digest whole libraries, is passed away ; and I sat down in hopeless despondency, till I should be able to find a person endowed with proper qualifications, and ready to employ several years of his life in assiduous labour, without any splendid prospect of emolument or fame.

The man is at length found, and I now renew the proposal in a higher tone of confidence. The name of this editor is Mr. John Pinkerton ; but as that name may provoke some resentments, and revive some prejudices, it is incumbent on me, for his reputation, to explain my sentiments without reserve ; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that he will not be displeased with the freedom and sincerity of a friend. The impulse of a vigorous mind urged him, at an early age, to write and to print, before his taste and judgment had attained to their maturity. His ignorance of the world, the love of paradox, and the warmth of his temper, betrayed him into some improprieties, and those juvenile fallies, which candour will excuse, he himself is the first to condemn, and will perhaps be the last to forget. Repentance has long since propitiated the mild divinity of Virgil, against whom the rash youth, under a fictitious name, had darted the javelin of criticism. He smiles at his reformation of our English tongue, and is ready to confess, that in all popular institutions, the laws of custom must be obeyed by reason herself. The Goths still continue to be his chosen people, but he retains no antipathy to a Celtic savage ; and without renouncing his opinions and arguments, he sincerely laments that those literary arguments have ever been embittered, and perhaps enfeebled, by an indiscreet mixture of anger and contempt. By some explosions of this kind, the volatile and fiery particles of his nature have been discharged, and there remains a pure and solid substance, endowed with many active and useful energies. His recent publications, a Treatise on Medals, and the edition of the early Scotch Poets, discover a mind replete with a variety of knowledge, and inclined to every liberal pursuit ; but his decided propensity, such a propensity as made Bentley a critic, and Rennel a geographer, attracts him to the study of the History and Antiquities of Great Britain ; and he is well qualified for this study, by a spirit of criticism, acute, discerning, and suspicious. His edition

of the original Lives of the Scottish Saints has scattered some rays of light over the darkeſt age of a dark country : ſince there are ſo many circumſtances in which the moſt daring legendary will not attempt to remove the well-known landmarks of truth. His Diſſertation on the Origin of the Goths, with the Antiquities of Scotland, are, in my judgment, elaborate and ſatisfactory works ; and were this a convenient place, I would gladly enumerate the important queſtions in which he has rectified my old opinions concerning the migrations of the Scythic or German nation from the neighbourhood of the Caſpian and the Euxine to Scandinavia, the eaſtern coaſts of Britain, and the ſhores of the Atlantic ocean. He has ſince undertaken to illuſtrate a more intereſting period of the Hiſtory of Scotland ; his materials are chiefly drawn from papers in the Britiſh Muſeum, and a ſkilful judge has aſſured me, after a peruſal of the manuſcript, that it contains more new and authentic information than could be fairly expected from a writer of the eighteenth century. A Scotchman by birth, Mr. Pinkerton is equally diſpoſed, and even anxious, to illuſtrate the Hiſtory of England : he had long, without my knowledge, entertained a project ſimilar to my own ; his twelve letters, under a fictitious ſignature, in the Gentleman's Magazine (1788), diſplay the zeal of a patriot, and the learning of an antiquarian. As ſoon as he was informed, by Mr. Nicol the bookſeller, of my wiſhes and my choice, he advanced to meet me with the generous ardour of a volunteer, conſcious of his ſtrength, deſirous of exerciſe, and careleſs of reward ; we have diſcuſſed, in ſeveral converſations, every material point that relates to the general plan and arrangement of the work ; and I can only complain of his exceſſive docility to the opinions of a man much leſs ſkilled in the ſubject than himſelf. Should it be objected, that ſuch a work will ſurpaſs the powers of a ſingle man, and that induſtry is beſt promoted by the diviſion of labour, I muſt answer, that Mr. Pinkerton ſeems one of the children of thoſe heroes, whoſe race is almoſt extinct ; that hard aſſiduous ſtudy is the ſole amuſement of his independent leiſure ; that his warm inclination will be quickened by the ſenſe of a duty reſting ſolely on himſelf ; and that he is now in the vigour of age and health ; and that the moſt voluminous of our hiſtorical collections was the moſt ſpeedily finiſhed by the diligence of Muratori alone. I muſt add, that I know not where to ſeek an aſſociate ; that the operations of a ſociety are often perplexed by the diviſion of ſentiments and characters, and often retarded by the degrees of talent and application ; and that the editor will be

always ready to receive the advice of judicious counsellors, and to employ the hand of subordinate workmen.

Two questions will immediately arise, concerning the title of our historical collection, and the period of time in which it may be circumscribed. The first of these questions, whether it should be styled the *Scriptores Rerum Britannicarum*, or the *Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum*, will be productive of more than a verbal difference: the former imposes the duty of publishing all original documents that relate to the history and antiquities of the British islands; the latter is satisfied with the spacious, though less ample, field of England. The ambition of a conqueror might prompt him to grasp the whole British world, and to think, with Cæsar, that nothing was done while any thing remained undone.

Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.

But prudence soon discerns the inconvenience of increasing a labour already sufficiently arduous, and of multiplying the volumes of a work, which must unavoidably swell to a very respectable size. The extraneous appendages of Scotland, Ireland, and even Wales, would impede our progress, violate the unity of design, and introduce into a Latin text a strange mixture of savage and unknown idiom. For the sake of the Saxon Chronicle, the editor of the *Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum* will probably improve his knowledge of our mother tongue; nor will he be at a loss in the recent and occasional use of some French and English memorials. But if he attempts to hunt the old Britons among the islands of Scotland, in the bogs of Ireland, and over the mountains of Wales, he must devote himself to the study of the Celtic dialects, without being assured that his time and toil will be compensated by any adequate reward. It seems to be almost confessed, that the Highland Scots do not possess any writing of a remote date; and the claims of the Welsh are faint and uncertain. The Irish alone boast of whole libraries, which they sometimes hide in the fastnesses of their country, and sometimes transport to their colleges abroad: but the vain and credulous obstinacy with which, amidst the light of science, they cherish the Milesian fables of their infancy, may teach us to suspect the existence, the age, and the value of these manuscripts, till they shall be fairly exposed to the eye of profane criticism. This exclusion, however, of the countries which have since been united to the crown of England must be understood with some latitude: the Chronicle of Melrofs is common to the borderers of both kingdoms: the *Expugnatio*

Hiberniæ of Giraldus Cambrensis contains the interesting story of *our* settlement in the western isle ; and it may be judged proper to insert the Latin Chronicle of Caradoc, (which is yet unpublished,) and the code of native laws which were abolished by the conqueror of Wales. Even the English transactions in peace and war with our independent neighbours, especially those of Scotland, will be best illustrated by a fair comparison of the hostile narratives. The second question, of the period of time which this Collection should embrace, admits of an easier decision ; nor can we act more prudently, than by adopting the plan of Muratori, and the French Benedictines, who confine themselves within the limits of ten centuries, from the year five hundred to the year fifteen hundred of the Christian æra. The former of these dates coincides with the most ancient of our national writers ; the latter approaches within nine years of the accession of Henry VIII., which Mr. Hume considers as the true and perfect æra of modern history. From that time we are enriched, and even oppressed, with such treasures of contemporary and authentic documents in our own language, that the historian of the present or a future age will be only perplexed by the choice of facts, and the difficulties of arrangement. *Exoriaturs aliquis*—a man of genius, at once eloquent and philosophic, who should accomplish, in the maturity of age, the immortal work which he had conceived in the ardour of youth.



AN
I N D E X
TO THE
S E C O N D V O L U M E.

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- Page 2. line 13. *for* cette *read* cet
 17. *for* suivis *read* suivi
 5. — 8. *for* vue *read* vu
 11. *for* de l'ordonnance et celles du
 détail *read* d'ordonnance et
 celles de détail
 6. — 9. *read* Le Royaume de Naples
 11. *for* change à *read* changea
 13. *for* manque *read* manquent
 8. — 1. *for* Quiconque *read* Quiconque
 12. — 16. *for* membreuse *read* nombreuse
 16. — 6. *for* feodal *read* feodal
 18. — 8. *for* solennelle *read* solemnelle
 94. in the English title, *read* Extracts from the
 Journal
 104. — 14. *for* il y se *read* ils se
 112. — 4. *for* m'ont amusé et m'ont distrait
read m'a amusé et m'a distrait
And for la description *read* les
 descriptions
 121. — 18. *for* qu'un *read* qu'on
 126. — 11. *for* d'agrémens *read* d'agrément
 127. — 7. *for* grands *read* grandes
 129. — 14. *for* donc *read* dont
 130. — 1. *for* d'un lance *read* d'une lance
 133. — 5. *for* une *read* un
 139. — 5. *for* la Champ *read* le Champ
 142. — 16. *for* un *read* une
 143. — 19. *for* Theodorie *read* Theodoric
 148. — 6. *for* d'un *read* d'une
 154. — 11. *for* doncen *read* donton
 14. *for* Thresor *read* Tresor
 157. — 6. *for* d'une *read* d'un
 16. *for* un *read* une

- Page 161. line 15. *for* de pere *read* du pere
 166. — 4. *for* ce fut contenter *read* se fut
 contenté
 171. — 13. *for* de *read* des
 181. — 18. *for* fin *read* fini
 182. — 14. *for* Geneve *read* Genevre
 218. — 17. *for* pur *read* pour
 224. — 14. *for* ce *read* de
 230. — 5. *for* de dogme *read* le dogme
 250. — 16. *for* Braneas *read* Brancas
 253. — 5. *for* un peu *read* en peu
 254. — 6. *for* etoit *read* etoient
 9. *for* cette *read* cet.
 259. — 6. *for* honneur *read* humeur
 266. — 10. *for* utile *read* utiles
 15. *for* Quelle *read* Quel
 268. — 7. *for* un *read* une
 272. — 6. *for* d'Encide *read* de l'Encide
 279. — 15. *for* d'une *read* d'un
 290. — 19. *for* avoient *read* avoit
 293. — 19. *for* d'un *read* d'une
 298. — 3. *for* où l'on apperçoit *read* on l'ap-
 perçoit
 301. — 7. *for* d'une *read* d'un
 305. — 9. *for* anciennes *read* anciens
 315. — 6. *for* le *read* les
 322. — 4. *for* même *read* mêmes
 356. — 1. *for* Gaulios *read* Gaulois
 16. *for* parl a *read* par la
 360. — 6. *for* ley en avoit *read* il y en avoit
 369. — 15. *for* Il *read* Ils
 379. — 1. *for* malfaits eurs *read* malfaiteurs
 399. — 3. *for* l'instruisoit *read* l'instruisoient
 696. — 31. *for* magnificence *read* munificence

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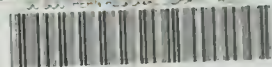
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