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THE
Third VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

Wri by a
Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years,
Undiscovered, at

PARIS:

GIVING AN IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT TO
the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most
remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; and
discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets*
of the *Christian* Courts (especially of
that of *France*) continued from the Year
1645, to the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into Ita-
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tor of the First VOLUME.*

The Eighth Edition.

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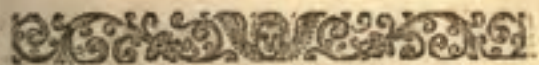
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TO THE

READER.

UR *Arabian*, having met with so kind Entertainment in this *Nation* since he put on the *English* Dress, is resolved to continue his Garb, and visit you as often as Convenience will permit.

He brings along with him many foreign Commodities, to gratify the various Expectations of People. His *Cargo* consisting of Jewels and other Rarities, which are the genuine Product of the *East*; and some kinds of Merchandise, which he has purchased here in the *West*; during his Residence at *Paris*.

It will be pity to affront this honest *Stranger*, by raising Scandals on him, as if he were a Counterfeit, and I know not what. This will appear inhospitable, and unworthy of the *English* Candor and Generosity.

To speak without an *Allegory*, in this *Third Volume of Letters*, as in the former

A. 3.

. 1702.

TO THE READER.

1200, you'll find an exact Continuation of *modern History*, acquainting you with all the memorable Sieges, Battles and Campaigns, that were in *Europe*, from the Year 1645, to 1649. As also, with all the remarkable *Negotiations* and *Transactions* of *State*, *Embassies*, *Leagues* and *Overtures* of *Princes*; the *Policies* and *Intrigues* of *publick Ministers*, especially those of *Cardinal Mazarini*; the great and stupendous *Revolutions* and *Civil Wars* in *England*, *China*, *Naples*, *Turky* and *Paris*; the prodigious Rise of a poor young beardless *Fisherman*, to the Height of *sovereign Power*; the dismal *Tragedies* of an *English King*, and *Chinese Emperor*; with the Murder of a *Turkish Sultan*. And all these intermix'd with proper and useful *Remarks*, pleasant and agreeable *Stories*; couch'd in a *Style*, which being peculiar to the *Arabians*, cannot be match'd in any other *Writings* that are extant.

If his *Philosophy* will not abide the Test of our learned *Virtuosi*, yet it may pass Muster in a *Mahometan*; since it is taken for granted, that the Men of that *Faith* rarely apply themselves to such *Studies*; or, at least, not in the Method used in *Christian Schools*. They may have the
same

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same *Idea's* of *natural* Things as we; but they express themselves in a different Manner.

As for his *Morals*, they are solid and grave, and such as could not be reprehended even in a *Christian Writer*, if we reduce what he says to *Universals*. For abstracting from the particular Obligations he had to his *native Religion*, and to the *Grand Signior*, whose *Slave* he was, there will be found little Difference between his *Etbicks* and ours. He every where recommends Loyalty, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence, and all those other Virtues which are requisite to fill up the *Character* of a *Hero*, or a *Saint*.

And who will not bear with him, for patronising the *Religion* and *Interest* in which he was bred? it being natural for all Men, to adhere to the *Notions* they have suck'd in with their *Mother's Milk*? In this also he shews great Moderation, and a more unbiass'd Temper, than one would expect from a *Turk*; which may, in part, be ascribed to his studying in the *Christian Academies*, his Conversation with the learned't Men in *Paris*, and some of the most accomplish'd Persons in the World. Hence it was, that he was

To the READER.

accus'd by his *Superiours* at the *Ottoman Port*, of inclining to *Christianity* or *Abeism*; as he takes notice, in his *Apology* to a *religious Dignitary*, in the first *Letter*, of the third *Book* of this *Volume*, Page 202, to which the Reader is referred for farther Satisfaction.

In his most familiar *Letters*, such as this last mention'd, and others to his intimate Friends, you will find some Expressions, discovering a certain Fineness and Strength of Thought, which is not very common in *Christian Writers*. Which is an Argument, That the *Mahometans* are not all such Blockheads as we take them for.

And though his *Picture*, which we have affix'd to our *Translation*, since we had the *Italian Tomes*, represents no extraordinary Person, yet you know *Juvenal's* Remark *Fronti nulla Fides*. And it has been a common Observation of one of the greatest *Philosophers* in this Age, That by his outward *Aspect*, no Man would guess what an illustrious Soul lodg'd within.

If you would know how the *Italian* came by this *Picture*, (for, in his *Preface*, he asserts it to be the true *Effigies* of this *Arabian*) he says, That being acquainted with the *Secretary* of *Cardinal Mazarini*,
and

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and frequenting his House, he saw a *Picture* hang in his *Closet*, with this *Inscription* at the Bottom, TITUS DE MOLDAVIA, CLERICUS. *Ætatis suæ* LXXII. He asked the Gentleman who this *Titus* was, who inform'd him, That he was a great *Traveller*, and understood many *Languages*, especially the *Sclavonian*, *Greek* and *Arabick*; on which Account *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*, had made great Use of him; and that the latter had caused that *Picture* of the *Moldavian* to be drawn and hung up in his *Closet*; from whence he had it. Our *Italian* being satisfy'd after some Discourse about him, that this *Stranger* was the very *Arabian*, whose *Writings* he had so happily found, got leave of the Gentleman to have a Draught of the *Picture* taken, by a skillful *Limner*, which he afterwards placed in the *Front* of his *Translation*.

There is one of these Letters, Page 242. wants a Beginning in the *Italian* Copy. Which the *Author* of that *Translation* takes Notice of in his *Preface*, saying, That by some Accident or other, the *Arabick* Paper had been torn asunder, and one Part was missing.

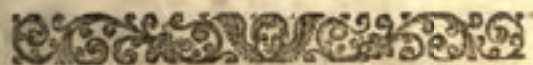
To the READER.

There needs no more to be said, but to acquaint the Reader, that we are going forward with the *English Translation* of these *Letters*, as fast as we can. So that in all Probability, you may expect a *Fourth Volume* before *Christmas*. Wherein you will find more particular Remarks on our *English Affairs*, with political Discourses on the Original and Dissolution of Governments. As also many curious Passages during the *Wars of Paris*, which have not hitherto come to publick View. In fine, you will there be inform'd of all the *remarkable Events* that happened at that Time, either in *Peace* or *War*, on the whole *Globe*.

Adieu.



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L E T.

LETTERS

Writ by
A SPY at PARIS.

V O L. III.

B O O K I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut, *an Arabian at Paris*, to Nathan Ben Saddy, *a Jew at Vienna*.

I BELIEVE the News of my Imprisonment might fill thee with Doubts of thy own Liberty, and make thee careful to avoid at *Vienna*, such a Misfortune as besel me at *Paris*. Yet if thou wert much surprized at this Accident, it is an Argument that thou art but a Novice in the World, and art yet to learn the first Rudiments of useful Wisdom, which teach us, *That there is no Steadfastness in Humane Affairs.*

There has nothing happen'd to me in this, which I was not before provided for; neither did the Suddenness of the Event make me change Countenance. I smiled at the fulfilling my own Presages, and went to Prison as unconcerned,

B

cerned,

cern'd, as I would have gone home to my Lodg^{ing}. Not that I would have thee think, I wa^s insensible of a Loss so afflicting as that of Liberty; but my Chains did not appear so very formidable, having made them familiar to my Thoughts long before.

When I first came to *Paris*, I look'd on my self but as a Prisoner at large, owing the Freedom I had to walk about, only to the Carelessness of the *State*, and the Favour of *Destiny*. So that when that Indulgence was retrench'd, no new Thing happen'd to me. What I had expected for Seven Years together could not seem strange when it came to pass.

By what I have said, thou may'st learn to prepare thy self for the worst Events, which commonly steal upon the secure and unthinking, being wrapp'd up in greater Darkness and Silence, than the Moments which bring them to Light. These slide away without our Advertisement, unseen, unheard: Neither can our Watches or Dials inform us any thing of them, 'till they are pass'd. So there is no *Index* to point out to us the *hidden Decrees* of *Fate*, 'till they are accomplish'd; no *Ephemeris* of *Destiny*, but our own Experience.

Thou, and all thy Nation, are suspected by the *Christians*: They esteem you Enemies of their *Interest*, as well as of their *Law*. They despise and vilify you, calling you, *The accursed of God*. Yet they admit you as Members of their Commonwealth. They receive you to the Protection of their Laws, and entrust you with their Secrets, that they may serve themselves of your Money. Thus are you become Bankers for your sworn Enemies: And while you profess an Eternal Obedience to the Injunctions of *Master*, you make underhand Leagues with the *Disciples*
of

of *Jesuit*. I do not accuse your Commerce with these Infidels: but, I say, you have Reason to be upon your Guards, when you are environed with so many Millions of Enemies. They are not ignorant of the Intimacies between the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, and those of thy Nation: It is common in the Mouths of the *French*, *That the Jews are the Turks Intelligencers.* Thou oughtest therefore to have a special Regard to thy Conduct, that no imprudent Action may expose thee to the Jealousy of the *State* where thou residest. That *Court* is full of *Eyes*; and thou hast need of a stricter Veil, than what thou wearest in the *synagogue*. The very Walls of thy House will betray thee, and thy Domesticks may prove thy greatest Enemies: Yet suspect none more than thy self. This will not seem harsh Counsel, if thou reflectest twice on it, there being nothing more certain, than that it is not so easy to defend ones self from him in whom we confide, as from one we are jealous of: And every Man is apt to put too much Trust in himself. I believe thou art faithful and abhorrest Treachery; yet at the same Time, thou may'st be remiss and weak: What could not be extorted from thee by an open Enemy, may be discovered by the Insinuations of a pretended Friend. Thy own good Nature may cajole thee; and therefore it will be no small point of Wisdom, *To beware of thy self.* As for Contingencies, I advise thee not to be perplexed about them, or be uneasy. Thou canst not avoid the inevitable Appointments of *Heaven*. Only be ready for the worst that may happen, since thou canst never be certain of any Thing.

Thy Predecessor *Caresse* was a Man of exquisite Forecast, always on his Watch, prying into the dark Orb of Futurities; yet an Accident

surprized him once, of which his strictest Caution never gave him Warning. I read it in one of his Letters to the *Kaimacham*, which thou sentest me from *Vienna*. The Story is this: As he was one Day writing *Dispatches* to the *Pert*, a certain tame Bird which he kept for his Divertisement, snatches from the Table the Paper on which he was writing to the *Tefterdar*; and the Window being open flies with it out into the Streets. The Paper was dropped in the Garden of the *Augustin Friars*, the very Moment when the *Spanish Ambassador* was walking there with the *General* of that Order. 'Tis true, the Letter was unfinish'd, no Name subscribed, and so *Carcas* escaped an imminent Hazard of his Life. But the Secrets therein contain'd gave a vast Suspicion to the *Imperial Court*, it being soon carried to the *principal Secretary of State*, and by him communicated to the *Emperor* and *Divan*. Strict Inquisition was made throughout the City for the Author of that Letter. A Reward of a thousand *Rix-Dollars* promis'd to any that would discover him. The Bird was seen by many to fly along with a Paper in her Bill, but from whence she came, none knew. Nor had any curious Eye attended her uncertain Motions back: No man divining, that that Paper was designed to transmit to the *our happy Port*, the most important Counsels of the *German Empire*. Neither was *Carcas's* Hand taken notice of. having lived very privately, and used another Character in his common Dealings. But how near was he to a Discovery, when he says himself in his Letter, that he wanted but five Words to the Conclusion, where he would have subscribed his Name!! From hence thou may'st learn. that a *Mariner* in a Tempest, amongst Rocks and Sands, runs not greater Hazards, than he who acts in thy *Station*.

However, thou may'st now continue thy Advices to *Paris*, but observe the Directions of *Eliachim*, who brings thee this Letter. He will inform thee of whatsoever is necessary for thee to know, taking this Journey on purpose to prevent the wakeful Jealousy, and active Inquisition of *Cardinal Mazárin*, from whom nothing can be hid that's trusted to the *Post*. Receive him with singular Honour; he is an incorruptible Friend of the *Ottoman Port*. From him thou shalt learn the safest Methods of our future Correspondence. He is the *Apoll* of thy Nation; and his Wisdom and Fidelity will be recorded in the *Register* of that *Empire*, which shall know no earlier Period than the *Moon*, whose *Crescent* is her *Arm*, and the happy *Omen* of her increasing *Lustre*.

When thou beholdest that noble *Ensign* of *Mahomet* on the Top of the chief *Temple* of *Jesus* in *Vienna*, let it augment thy Veneration of our *Law*, and convince thee, that all Nations must submit to the *Messenger* of *God*, and *Seal* of the *Prophet*. Be faithful and wise, and thou canst not miss of Happiness.

Paris, 28th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1643,
According to the Christian Style.

L E T T E R I I .

To the Kaimacham.

SINCE my Release, I have informed my self of some Passages, to which I was a Stranger during my Restraint. The *Transylvanian Agent* continues still at this Court; and his *Negotiation* is not now a Secret. *Monsieur Croissy* is gone *Ambassador Extraordinary* to *Prince Ragotzki*, on the same Errand from this Crown. The subject Matter of both their *Embassies*, is a League. *Cardinal Mazarini* suspected *Tergiversation* in that *Prince*, and that he would privately treat with the *Emperor*, if the *Grand Seigneur* should withdraw his Assistance and Protection from him; or if he himself should grow weary of the War. Wherefore *Monsieur Croissy* according to the *Cardinal's* Instructions would not sign the *League*, till *Ragotzki* had called home his *Ambassadors*, who were treating with the *Imperialists* at *Tyrne*, and sent away the *German Envoy* from his Camp.

The *League* being concluded, he insisted on the Necessity the *Prince* lay under, of marching his Army nearer to *Turben* the *Swedish General*, that so they might support one another against the *German Forces*.

This was the Pretence; but in Reality it was designed to engage the *Transylvanians* beyond the Power of a Retreat, and to post them under the Eye of the *Swedish General*, who soon after possessed himself of *Tyrne*, the Place appointed for Treaty between the *Imperialists* and *Prince Ragotzki*.

It is a Town in the Lower *Hungary*, not far from *Preiburg*. The *Swedes* enter'd this Place the
17th.

17th of the 5th *Month*, but left a Garrison in it of Seven hundred *Hungarian* Horse, and Three hundred Foot, according to their *Articles* with the Besieged.

These were soon forc'd to quit the Town by *Count Fergatich*, an *Imperialist*, the *Swedes* and *Transilvanian*. being march'd a great Distance off: And 'tis said, this *Hungarian* Garrison yielded not unwillingly to the *Imperial* Arms.

'Tis certain, *General Torstenson* puts but small Confidence in the *Hungarian* Soldiers: For above Six hundred of the common Sort deserted him, the 19th of the 5th *Month*, and the rest rais'd such frequent Tumults and Mutinies, that their Commanders stood in more fear of them, than of their Enemies. It's reported likewise, That there has been lately no good Understanding between *Ragotzki* and *Torstenson*, about the designed Siege of *Presburgh*: The former seeming too much to favour the *Hungarians*, and being rather inclined to carry his Arms into the *Emperor's* Hereditary Countries. Yet he would not consent, that *Presburgh* should be in the Hands of the *Swedes*.

The *French* say, that the *Prince* is humorous and wavering, yet of a fair Intention; but that the greatest part of his Officers, are corrupted by the *Emperor*: And that therefore, both they and the common Soldiers were for Peace; only his Wife, his Son, and some few of his Councillors, persuaded him to adhere to the *Swedes*.

They add, that the *Young Prince*, being instructed by his Mother, one Day in a full Assembly of the chief Commanders, made the following *Oration*, *Ragotzki* himself being also present.

* PErmit me, most Serene and Illustrious Prince.
 * my Royal Father, to perform the part of
 * a dutiful Son, a faithful Counsellor, and a loyal
 * Subject. The *Law of Nature* and of *Nations*,
 * entitles you to my *Obedience*; and the particular
 * Honour you have done me, in admitting me to
 * your Cabinet, obliges me to exemplify it, in an
 * humble Remonstrance of my Sentiments, at a
 * Time when the Interest of *Transylvania* calls for
 * Freedom of Advice.

* It is with no small Complacency that I now
 * behold you encompassed with a Circle of *Heroes*,
 * whose Valour and Fidelity may give such a Lu-
 * stre to your victorious Arms, as shall eclipse the
 * Glory of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Conquerors.
 * The *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Scipio*, and *Hannibals*,
 * shall no longer draw the World into an Admi-
 * ration of their obsolete Achievements. The
 * Register of your *Deeds* shall foil their *antiquated*
 * *Histories*; whilst *Plutarch*, *Tacitus* and *Livy*
 * must veil to *modern Pens*, the *Recorders* of your
 * matchless *Allians*.

* Let not the crafty Insinuations of the *Ger-*
 * *man Court*, warp your Resolutions, and cajole
 * you with the deceitful Umbrages of *Peace*, only
 * to gain Time, that they may more successfully
 * carry on the War. Neither suffer your selves,
 * already in part victorious, to be amus'd with
 * feign'd Treaties, and Overtures which you can-
 * not but suspect. We are now in a Condition
 * to give the Law; and should *Fortune* turn the
 * Scale, it will still be in our Power to make
 * our own Terms of Composition. The *Alliance*
 * of *Sweden* and *France*, have raised us to a Ca-
 * pacity of braving all *Europe*; whilst the one
 * with a potent Army on the *Rhône*, the other on
 * the *Danube*, keep the *Imperialists* in such perpetual

' tual Action, that it will be impossible for them
 ' to barrier *Germany* from our conquering Arms.
 ' Now is the Time to raise *Transylvania* above
 ' the Title of a *Tributary Province*, and restore
 ' this *Kingdom* to her ancient Renown. If we
 ' miss this Opportunity, we must for ever be
 ' *Slaves* to the *Turks* or *Germans*. Let us not
 ' seek any longer Protection, but from the Justice
 ' of our Cause, and the Dint of our Swords. Let
 ' not *France* and *Sweden* boast of their *Turenne*,
 ' their *Torstenson*, as if no other Nations could
 ' furnish the World with famous *Generals*! Whilst
 ' *Prince Ragotzki* lives, and lives at the Head of
 ' such an Army, your Fidelity and Courage shall
 ' render his Name more terrible than that of *Ta-*
 ' *merlain*, and his Attempts more prosperous than
 ' those of *Scanderbeg*. And our Posterity shall be
 ' obliged to raise *Pyramids* to your Honour; and
 ' from your present Atchievements to date a new
 ' *Epocha*, the eternal *Memoir* of *Transylvania's*
 ' Redemption.

'Tis said, That *Ragotzki* was not very well
 pleased with his Son's *Speech*, suspecting that he
 held some private Correspondence with *Torsten-*
son, for whom he had no great Affection. Last
Month he insisted earnestly on the Money and Men
 promised him by *Rebenstock*. But *General Torsten-*
son thought it sufficient, that he himself was so
 near him with his Forces. Yet lest he should
 take an Occasion of Discontent, he sent him a
 Supply of Money; though he was not without
 some Apprehensions that the *Prince*, having re-
 ceived it, would under-hand treat with the *Em-*
peror.

'Tis said here, that a *Chian* was arrived in the
Transylvanian Camp, expressly forbidding *Ragotzki*
 to enter into the *Hereditary Provinces* of the

Emperor. But that he, trusting to the Strength of his Army, (which consists of Five and Twenty thousand Germans, Transylvanians, Hungarians and Walachians) was resolv'd to pursue his first Resolution.

Thou knowest what Reasons the *Pope* had, to send him this Prohibition. The *French* say, 'twas out of Fear that he would join with the *Emperor's* Forces.

By this thou mayest know what Opinion the *Infidels* entertain of the Measures taken by the *Sovereign Divan*. They descant at Liberty, whilst I send up *Vows* to Heaven for the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 4th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

L E T T E R III.

To the *Instructed* in all Knowledge; the
Venerable *Mufti*.

HA I L, *Holy Interpreter* of the *Sacred Law*; may the *Divine Light* guide thee beyond the Errors of *Humane Frailty*. I am amongst *Infidels*, Enemies to the Truth; who yet seem as certain of being in the *Right*, as thou art sure they are in the *Wrong*. They hate us with an inevitable Hatred. I must dissemble my Resentments; whilst, with the lowest Prostrations to the *Unity*, I celebrate his Glorious Mercy, who has sent us such a *Star* to guide our Feet into the *Way* of *Peace*.

The *Christians* scoff at the *faithful People*, as divided into several *Sects*. Would my Death could wipe

wipe out those Reproaches, and vindicate the Honour of the *Holy Profession*. I could retort, that Error shews it self infinite in them; but I must hold my Peace, and restrain my self, lest my Zeal transport me beyond Discretion; remembering I am not sent here to dispute, but to act secretly for my *great Master*, whose *Empire* be extended over all the *habitable World*.

These poor Wretches boast much of their *Traditions*, their *Sacred Synods* and *Fathers*, as if we ever wanted *Holy Men*, working *Wonders*, and penetrating into the profoundest *Mysteries*, but only wiping their *Eyes* with the *Dust* of their *Feet*.

They talk much of *Faith* and *Reason*; at which I smile, as knowing it to be only *Education*. Yet, as the *west* of People have something that is *good*, so these are not wholly destitute of *Devotion*. They pray often, but not so often as the *true Believers*; it being, as thou knowest, a just Exception against a Witness amongst us, *That he prays not six times a Day*. They pray to Men and Women deceased, whereas, thou knowest, there is no *Deity* but *One*. They fast often, but not so strictly as the assisted with the *Vertue* of the *supreme Dispenser* of *Graces*. They are charitable, but this hinders 'em not from excluding all from the *bliss Abodes*, who are not of their *Belief*: Whereas thou affirmest (who art the *Resolver* of all the *Problems* of *Faith*) that it will go well at the *last Day* with all honest People, seeing these have all the *same Object* of *Worship*; and their *different Religions* are but as so many *different Ways*, which lead a Man to the *same Place* of *Rest*, like *various Roads* to the *same City*.

These *Christians* whip themselves often with small Cords; which Humour, say they, was set on Foot by an *Hermits*'s Preaching and Example. Not many Countries distant from that where I

am, there happen'd such an odd Instance of this extravagant Zeal (which was to be heighten'd, it seems, with the Fumes of Wine) as plainly justifies our *Prophet's* Wisdom, in charging the *Faithful* to avoid it. It was particularly the Custom of several People in this Place, in their *Processions*, to whip themselves, 'till the Blood streamed down their Frocks, which were so made as to cover their Faces, and leave only their Backs bare. One of these *Zealots*, distrusting the Firmness of his Constitution, had taken such large Draughts of this intoxicating Liquor, that reeling up and down with his Whip in his Hand, and his Head against the Walls, he was followed by all the Boys of the Town hooting after him, which so lessened the Repute of this *fortis Religion*, as made them abstain for the future from this pompous Usage of it. What low Thoughts have these People of the *Almighty Lord of all*; when, allowing him to be *Omnipotent*, yet represent him to themselves and others, as delighting in Cruelty; whereas, thou knowest, this Passion is only to be found amongst the weak and miserable.

That the *Divine Preserver* of Men may continue thee long for the Edification of his *Elect*, are the passionate Wishes of the meanest of thy Servants, *Mahmut*.

Paris, 4th of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

WOULD to GOD I could converse with thee Face to Face in the *Seraglio*; as in former Times. I vent many passionate Wishes to *Constantinople*, that happy Residence of my best Friends, the Nursery of my Childhood, the School of my Youth, and I hope, the future Repository of my old Age. When I think of that City, 'tis with a Passion hardly second to that, which I cherish for the Place of my Nativity. In *Arabia* 'tis true, I first saw the *Light* of the *Sun*, but 'twas in *Greece* I received the more friendly *Illumination* of the *Morn*, the *Splendors* of the *true Faith*; which though they disclose not to us so clear a Prospect of the *Earth* and all its Gayeties, yet they present us with an unveiled Discovery of the *Heavens* and *Stars*; shewing us *Paradise*, with its glittering Inhabitants the purpled *Colonies* of *true Believers*, *Champions* and *Martyrs* of the *Eternal Unity*. In the *Desart* I left my Father, or rather he left me before I found my self, being but an Infant when he died, but in the City I found Friends, which is not a less endearing Title. He gave me but my Birth, whereby I entered on the Stage of Miseries: with which he soon after left me to struggle, before I could distinguish Misery from Happiness. But they gave me Education, which taught me how to shun these Evils, which are the natural Consequences of our Birth. So that in the main, I am more indebted to them than to him. Let it be how it will, I cannot cease to love them, and often wish my self with them. This

is a second Nature. And because I cannot have my Desires fulfill'd in that, I gratify my self by often writing to them. Should I make Comparisons, thou wilt say I am a Flatterer. Suffice it to tell thee, that thou art one of the Number, whose Remembrance affects me with sensible Complacency. Yet I cannot write to thee, nor any of my Friends, so often as I would, without entrenching on the Obligations I have to the other *Ministers* of the *sublime Part*. I send *Dispatches* to all by turns, sacrificing my private Regards to the *Expectations* of the *State*, and the *Pleasure* of my *Superiors*.

Had I been at Liberty, I could have sent thee the earliest News, of the Slaughter which the *Germans* made three *Months* ago in the *French Army* at *Mergenheim*. 'Tis not too late now to say something of it. The *Imperialists* owe that Triumph to the Candor of *Turinne*, and the degenerate Craft of the *Duke of Bavaria*; who, to lull the *French* in a fatal Security, sent an *Agent* into *France* to negotiate a *Treaty*, with deceitful Overtures and Umbrages; commanding also, that none of his Soldiers should dare to call the *French* their Enemies. Yet some lay the Blame of this Overthrow to the *Swedes*, whose unseasonable Suspicion of a *private Treaty* between the *French* and *Germans*, hinder'd *Treitschsen* from joining with the former; and expos'd *Turinne*, with his raw and unexperienc'd Forces, to the numerous Army of *Veterane Imperialists*.

'Twas a fatal Engagement, and the *French* lost many brave Men; besides an Hundred and fifty Commanders taken Prisoners, Fifteen hundred of the common Soldiers, Fifty Ensigns, with many Waggon, and Four Mules laden with Money.

It

It is reported, that whilst *Turenne*, in the general Retreat and Flight of his Army, betook himself to *Mergensheim*, as he lay on his Bed the first Night, one of his Officers was coming to alarm him with the News of the *Germans* Approach to that Town, but unfortunately stumbled at his Chamber-Door, with the Noise of which *Turenne* awaked; and fearing some Attempt on his Life, leaped off his Bed with his drawn Sword, and making toward the Door, just as the Officer opened it, he run him into the Heart. By which Mistake, he himself, and the Troops that were in the Town with him, had like to have fallen into the Hands of the *Bavarians*. But receiving Notice of their Approach accidentally by some other Means, he withdrew his Troops out of the Town by a contrary Road, and escaped the Pursuit of his Enemies.

This Victory has given new Courage to the *Imperialists*, and has not much dispirited the *French*, who are by this Loss enflamed with greater Ardors, mediating a speedy Revenge. The *Genius* of this *Course* seems to be undaunted, breathing nothing but War.

I shall not fail to send thee such Intelligence, as will demonstrate, that *Mahmut* passes not away his Time in vain.

I pray the *Sovereign* of as many *Empires* as there be *Worlds*, to distinguish thee by some particular Mark of his Favour, from the Crowd of those he makes happy.

Paris, 4th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

L E T-

LETTER V.

To Shashim Istham, a Black Eunuch.

AT length thou hast condescended to beg my Pardon, for the Calumnies thy Tongue has loaded me with. I am not ill pleased with thy Letter. It abounds with elegant Expressions of thy Sorrow, for an Offence to which thou hadst no Provocation. Thy Submission, though late, abates my Resentment; and, if thou performest thy Promise, 'tis banished. The first Crime so ingenuously acknowledged, claims a Title to Forgiveness. Let eternal Oblivion seal it. I am not by Nature revengeful. I rather blush for Shame, than grow pale with Anger, at him that injures me. Yet Self-Preservation will rouse our Choler, which is the most active Humour, and precipitates many to violent Courses. The Effect it has on me is to put me on my guard, lest he who has wronged me, without any Signs of Repentance, should continue his Malice to my Destruction. But thou hast dispersed all my Suspicions by thy seasonable Address; and if I cannot pronounce thee innocent, I will believe thou art not Incorrigible. The best Advice I can give thee is, henceforwards to attend to thy own Affairs, and refrain from those of others; remembering the *Arabian Proverb*, *He that peeps in at his Neighbour's Window, may chance to lose his Eyes*. There is a great deal of Wisdom couch'd in these short Sentences. They are not the Product of one Man's Experience, nor of a few; but they are the Result of *universal Observation*. And our Contry has been happy above others in the Choice of her *Proverbs*. This
that

that I mention'd is peculiar to the *East*, Yet I can produce an Instance, whereby 'twas lately verified in the *West*.

There is hardly a Night passes in this populous City, wherein some Murder is not committed in the Streets. Two Nights ago a Man was found dead on the Ground; whereupon a Tumult was gather'd about his bleeding Carcase. Amongst the rest, a Fellow came crowding in, inquisitive what should be the matter. Those who stood by beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not sensible of himself, seized on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks encreas'd their Jealousy; and the incoherent Words with which he endeavour'd to excuse himself, render'd him guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a *Cadi*, by whom he was strictly examin'd: He stoutly denied the Fact; and no Proof could be brought against him, but his stained Cloaths. 'Tis the Custom here, to put to the Torture Persons suspected of capital Crimes, in order to draw a Confession of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch; and in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledged he had killed his Wife that Evening, but was altogether innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was murder'd in the Streets. All the Torments they inflict'd, could force no other Confession from him, save that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which he was condemn'd to Death, according to the Laws. Thou seest by this, that had he gone about his Business, without prying into other Mens Matters, he might have escap'd a Discovery. But that meddling Itch of the Imprudent betray'd him (not without the particular Direction of *Fate*) to a Death, which indeed he merited, but
not

not on the Score of the murder'd Man, whom he went out of his way to see.

Thou wilt say, this Story is not applicable to thy Case, since thou hast never yet embro'd thy Hands in any Man's Blood. I tell thee, what I have said, was not design'd as a Reflexion on thy past Offence (let it be forgotten;) but as a Caution for the future, not to engage thy self in Matters out of thy Sphere. For, a busy Body is never without Troubles.

Above all, I counsel thee, to practise the Government of the Tongue, which is a great Vertue, especially in the Courts of Princes. The Arabians say, *That the Wise Man's Soul resides at the Root of his Tongue; but, a Fool's is ever Dancing on the Tip*

Thou hast no reason to take in ill part, the Freedom with which I advise thee for thy Good: Unless thou thinkest thy self too old to learn. But, I have a better Opinion of thee, than to rank thee among *Pythagoras's Asses*.

I have said enough for a Friend; too much for an Enemy. It is in thy own Choice to make me which thou pleasest. Adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VI

To Zelim of Rhodes, Captain of a Galley.

THOU hast never vouchsafed to acknowledge the Advice I sent thee some Years ago, of a *Christian's* Design against thy Life. Perhaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge

Revenge in Execution that way; and therefore, the Caution I gave thee looked like a false Alarm. Thou trustest in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Vessel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy *Slaves*, and thinkest thy self invulnerable. But, let me tell thee, that neither thy Courage, nor thy Vessel, can defend thee from the *stroke* of *Destiny*; and thou hast no greater Enemies than those who eat thy Bread. Whether it be the Continuance of thy Cruelty, or the natural Regret of Servitude has rendered them so, I know not; but, if what I am informed of be true, thou art the miserablest Man in the World. Wert thou only in Danger to lose thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the swift Effects of Poison, it would be a Happiness, in Comparison of the Method that is now taken to destroy thee. And the invisible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a *Prayer-Book*, would have been soft as the Stroke of *Cupid's Arrow*, in Respect of the *Tragical and Unheard of Fate*, which is now preparing for thee. Think not I go about to amuse or affright thee with *Chimera's* and *Tales*, such as Nurses use to awe their Children into Compliance and good Manners. What I tell thee is Matter of Fact, and confirmed by many Letters from *Italy*, to several eminent *Merchants* in *Paris*, I have seen some of them, and hear that the rest agree in the same Relation.

They give an Account, that at *Naples*, on the second of the last *Month*, three *Witches* were seized, and accused of practising *diabolical Arts*; of enchanting several Persons; of doing great Mischief, and, in fine, of having private Commerce with the *Devil*. They stoutly denied all at first, and made very subtle and plausible Apologies. Inasmuch, as the *Inquisitors* were almost persuaded of their Innocence; till it was suggested,

gested, that their Houses should be search'd. *Officers* were sent accordingly; who after a narrow Scrutiny, found some *magical* Books, several Vials of strange Liquors, Pots of Ointment, with an *Image* of *Wax*, resembling a Man, but partly melted. There were imprinted on the Breast of the *Image* several unknown Characters, Figures and *magical* Symbols: And on the Forehead was to be read *ZELIM EBEN S AGRAN*. All these were brought, and expos'd before the *Inquisitors* (of whose Office thou art not ignorant) great Deliberation was had about this unusual Emergency. The *Imams* and *Chelks* were sent for and consulted. The *Witches* were examined apart, and put to the Torture, as is the Custom in Capital Crimes. Admirable was their Constancy for a considerable Time; but at length, overcome by the Continuance and Sharpness of their Pains, they confessed they had for some Years practis'd *magick Arts*, convers'd with *familiar Spirits*, rais'd Tempests, Earthquakes, and done other-wicked Feats. Being examined about the *Image* of *Wax*, they declared, That it was the *Image* of a *Turkish Captain* of a *Galley*, whose Name was written on the Forehead: And that they were hired by certain *Italians*, who had been *Slaves* in the *Galley* of the said *Captain*, to bewitch him to Death, in the most lingering Method they could invent; that in order to this, they had made this *Image*; that every Night they met together, with a *fourth* of their Gang, (who was not to be found) and made a Fire of the *Bones* of *dead Men*, which they stole from the *Graves* and *Charnel-Houses*. That they laid this *Image* down at a convenient Distance before this Fire, repeating certain *magical Words* and *Charms*; and, as this *Image* gradually melted, so the Body of the said *Turkish Captain* did insensibly

sibly waste and decay. And, to add to his lingering Death an intolerable Torment, they basted the melting *Image* with the Oils, and other Liquors which were contained in the Vials and Pots: That by this Means he was perpetually racked with most pungent and acute Pains in his Bowels, Head, and all Parts of his Body, raging under most violent Fevers, insatiable Thirst, and want of Sleep. Finally, that this lingering kind of Death would continue, as long as they pleas'd to protract the Dissolution of the *waxen Image*.

This *Confession*, tho' extorted from the *Witcher* in the midst of insufferable Torments, yet was deliver'd without any Inconsistences, and with all the Demonstrations of a real *Penitence*. And being seconded with the Testimonies of many credible Witnesses, who had overseen them in some of their *nocturnal Ceremonies*; the *Inquisitors*, mov'd with a just Horror of so nefarious Abominations, sentenced them, *To be burnt, and their Ashes to be scattered into the Sea*. Which was accordingly executed on the sixth of the last *Month*, in the Presence of infinite Spectators.

The News of this extraordinary Event is fresh in the Mouths of almost all the Inhabitants of this City; yet no Man, I dare say, hears it with that Concern for the *Turkish Captain*, as I do. Even those among the *Christians* who abhor *Witchcraft*, would nevertheless rejoice, if not only thou, but all the *Musselmans* were destroyed with *Enchantments*; since they can never hope it will come to pass by the Success of their Arms.

I am not credulous of every Story that is related of *Witcher*, being satisfied, that *Superstition* and *Ignorance* has list'd many in that *infernal* Number, who were innocent and never deserved it; some having been forced by Racks and Tortures

tures, to confess themselves guilty of practising *Enchantments*, when, after their Execution, there have appeared evident Proofs to the contrary. Yet I cannot be sure, but that there have been some in all Ages and Nations, who have entered into Leagues and Associations with *Devils*, and have been enabled thereby to perform Things above the Power of *Nature*. However, I have a particular Desire to hear from thee, and to be informed, whether thou hast experienced the Effect of their *Enchantments*. If thou hast not, bless thy Stars that thou wert born and bred a *Musliman*, against whom the *Magick* of the *Infidels* cannot prevail; and that thou hast swallowed the *Impression* of *Mahomet's Seal*, which is of Force to dissolve and make invalid, all the *Charms* of *Men* and *Devils*. But if thou hast felt the Force of their *Enchantments*, and pinest away with unaccountable Pains and Languors; then think with thy self that thou art defective in keeping some *Point* of our *Holy Law*; that *Mahomet* is angry with thee, withdraws his Protection, and exposes thee to the Malice of *Evil Spirits*. Neither persuade thy self, that because the *three Witches* are put to Death, thou shalt presently recover thy former Health and Ease again: For, so long as there is a *fourth* living, and out of the reach of *Justice* thou art not safe. Nay, if she were taken and executed too, so long as thy Enemies are yet alive, who first employed these *Hags*, thou art still at their Mercy. They will search every corner of *Italy*, and of all *Europe*, but they will find Instruments of their Revenge. They will rummage *Hell* itself, to gratify their Fury. The best Counsel I can give thee in this Case is, To pacify thine Enemies, by extraordinary Acts of Civility to the *Christians*, wherever thou meetest them; by using thy *Slaves* mildly,

mildly, and giving them their Freedom, after a limited time of Service, without exacting a Ransom, which neither they nor their Relations and Friends can ever be able to pay. This will abate the Rancour of the *Infidels*, and turn their Revenge into Kindness and Love. Thou wilt every where be free from Dangers; and those very Persons, who now study all means to take away thy Life, will then hazard their own to preserve thee from Death.

Think not that I go about to perswade thee to change Temper with thy *Slaves*, and from the Resolution and Bravery of a true *Mussulman*, to sink into the abject Timorousness of a *Christian*. Be fearful only of *thy self*, and stand in Awe of none more than of thy *own Conscience*. There is a *Cate* in every Man, a *severe Censur* of his *Manners*; and he that reverences this *Judge*, will seldom do any thing he need to repent of. Let not the *Authority* of any *Station*, tempt thee to be cruel and unjust; but, in all things, *Do as thou wouldst be done unto*. This is a *Precept* engraven on every Man's Heart; and he whose Actions write after this Copy, will always be at ease here, and transcendantly *happy hereafter*. Follow this *Rule*, and thou wilt experience the *Effect*. Adieu.

Paris, 1st of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

L E T-

LETTER VII.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

IF one may judge of future Events, by applying to them the Symptoms of Things past; and if a Man may compare one Kingdom with another, I should think that *France* will in time extend the *Limits* of her *Empire*, as far any of the *four great Monarchies*, that have been recorded in *Histories* for their *universal* Sway. I will not say, as far as the wide-stretch'd *Empire* of the ever-victorious *Osman*: Yet the *Genius* of this Nation seems in some manner to inspire the *French* with as ardent a Thirst of Glory and Conquest, as that which has in all Ages appear'd to be the *insuperable* *Virtue* of the *Mussalmans*. They press forward to the Mark for which they take up Arms; that is, to subdue all before them, and lay Kingdoms, Provinces and Cities, at the Feet of their *Sovereign*. They are not discouraged at Difficulties and Losses. The Checks and Oppositions they meet with, do but animate them with new and fresh Vigours. So that it is become a sure Prognostick of some great Success to that Nation, when at any time they receive ill News from their Armies. In this, their Courage seems to be of the Quality of *Naphtha*, which by pouring on of Water takes Fire, although, thou knowest, these two *Elements* be contrary to each other. So this Warlike People, instead of being dejected, or made timorous by any Defeat given to their Armies, are rather inflam'd with more active and valiant Resolutions, as will appear by the Repulse given them by the *Duke of Bavaria*, not many *Months* ago.

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As soon as that News arrived in this City, one would have expected to have seen some Tokens of Fear in the People, but it wrought a contrary Effect. No Tears of Women and Children, no compassionate Sighs for their slain Husbands, Fathers or other Relations; no down-cast Looks, or ominous shaking of Heads; no melancholy Whispers or portentous Stories were murmured in the Ears of the Multitude: But all Things appeared lively and prosperous; the very Women exciting the young Men to list themselves Soldiers, and the Boys in the Streets making all their Pastimes consist in imitating the *Men of Arms*, and learning the *Discipline of War*. There was no need to force Men to the Field. No sooner was the King's Intentions to raise new Forces divulged in the *Provinces*, but thousands came voluntarily, and took up Arms, chusing rather to seek honourable Deaths in the Toils and Hazards of War, than to lead inglorious Lives at Home, in the soft Enjoyments of Peace.

These Things appeared to me as certain Pre-
sages of the rising Greatness of this *Monarchy*,
and an evident Sign that the *French Nation* in
this Age, shall out-do their *Ancestors* in *Warlike*
Deeds.

The Stage of that bloody Combat, between the Forces of the *Duke of Bavaria*, and those under the Command of *Mareschal Turanne*, was *Mergentheim*. Since which there has been a more fierce Encounter between the *French* and *Imperialists* at *Allesheim*. Wherein the former have recovered the Honour they seemed to have lost in the *Spring*, owing much to the Bravery of the *Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel*, who, with his Regiments, had a considerable Share in the Actions of this Day; and therefore has been presented

with magnificent Gifts by the *Queen Regent*. The *Bavarians* lost in this Battle above Two thousand common Soldiers, besides many Officers of Note. On the *French* side, the Duke of *Enguien* (who had newly joined his Forces to those of *Turaine*) was wounded in the Arm, with two other Commanders. *Monsieur Grammond* was taken Prisoner, but honourably treated and sent away with Presents by the Duke of *Bavaria*, together with Instructions about a Neutrality, who is exchanged for a *German* of equal Quality. The *French* have also lost in this Battle above a Thousand of the common Soldiers; so that their Victory cost them dear.

The Duke of *Enguien*, notwithstanding his Wounds, marches on the next Day with his Army to *Norlingben*, offering to that Town a Neutrality and Liberty for the Garrison to march out, which consisted of Three hundred *Bavarians*. But receiving a fierce Answer from the *Gouverneur*, he caused the Approaches to be made in order to an Assault, which was begun that very Night, and a Breach made in the Walls; upon which the Inhabitants were forced to intercede with the Duke, that there might be a Cessation of Violence till the next Morning, promising that then the Soldiers should surrender at Discretion; which was done accordingly.

There he tarried eight Days to refresh his Army. Then he marched to *Dunkenspale*, which was defended by a Garrison of Five hundred *Bavarians*. He took this Place by Storm, yet gave Quarters to the Soldiers, who laid down their Arms, and yielded themselves Prisoners. Leaving a Garrison of three hundred *French* in the Town, he removed his Forces toward *Heilbrun*. But in regard this Place was defended by Fifteen hundred Men he forbore to assault it, and only quartered

quartered his Army in the neighbouring Villages.

Since that Time, which was about the middle of the last *Month*, there has been no considerable Action between the *French* and the *Germans*. Yet those who pretend to be vers'd in *military* Affairs, laugh at the ill Conduct of the *Arch-Duke Leopold*, who when he had the *French* shut up in a narrow *Streight*, through which it was impossible for them to pass but by single Files, neglected that Opportunity to cut them off, deferring the Victory (whereof he was too secure) till the next Day, by reason of the present Weariness of his Soldiers. In the mean Time *Turenne*, with his whole Army, pass'd the *Streight* in the middle of the Night, and came to *Phillipsburgh*.

This Oversight of the *General* is much talk'd of because, had he pursued his Advantage he had not only entirely defeated the *French*, but in all probability, falling with the whole Force of the *Empire* on the *Swedes*, he had likewise vanquished them, and so put an End to the War. But it seems as if the *inseparable Providence* had determined to infatuate the Minds of the *Germans*, and reserve those two potent Nations, their Enemies, to be a farther Scourge to the *Empire*.

Adieu, great Guardian of the *eternal Monarchy*, and believe *Mahmut*, when he solemnly swears by *Mount Sinai*, and by the *twelve Nights* of the *Month*, that he adores thy consummate Virtue and Wisdom, which never fail thee in Extremities.

Paris, 8th of the 9th *Month*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

I AM weary of writing News of Battles and Sieges to the *Grandees*; and I know, thou seldom troublest thy self with the Care of foreign Transactions. Besides, I have no certain Intelligence of Moment to communicate. But I can acquaint thee with something more agreeable to thy Studies and *Genius*.

Here is a Man in this City who was not born blind, but by some ill hap lost the Use of his Eyes. Yet *Nature* seems to have recompens'd that Misfortune, in the Exquisiteness of his *Feeling*. Thou wouldest say he carried Eyes in his Fingers ends, since he distinguishes those Things by his *Touch*, which are the only proper Objects of *Sight*. Believe me, I think, there can be no Deceit of Confederacy, whereby he might blind others, instead of being so himself. I saw him muffled up with a Napkin which covered all his Face, then divers Pieces of *Eastern Silks*, of various Colours, were laid on the Table before him. He felt them attentively, and told us the Colour of each Piece exactly. I who was never over-credulous of extraordinary Pretences, suspecting that either the Fineness of the Linen which veiled his Face, might give him some Glimpse of the different Colours, or that some By-stander, with appointed Signs, might inform him, caus'd all the Company to withdraw, except a learned *Dervise*, who was intimate with me. We threw a thick Velvet Mantle over his Face which reach'd down to his Navel, girding it
about

about his Waist, so as to leave his Arms at Liberty. Then I procured small Shreds of Silks, such as I could conceal in the Palm of my Hand: These I caused him to touch with his Fingers, brought up as high as his Chin, so that 'twas impossible for him to see them, had he had the Use of his Eyes; yet he made not the least Mistake in five several Colours. We changed the Order of the Silks, and sometimes gave him the same Piece four or five Times together; yet, as soon as he had felt it, he readily told us, 'twas the same Colour.

I tell thee, O learned *Hali*, such an uncommon Experiment, afforded me Matter both of Delight and Wonder. I concluded from hence, that *Nature* is no Niggard in her Gifts, but supplies the Defects of one Sense, by the Super-abundant Accuracy of another. We asked this blind Person, By what Distinction he thus knew one Colour from another, without the Help of his Eyes. He was not able to express the particular Manner of this discriminating Sensation; but only told us in general, that he felt as much Difference between the *red* Silk and *black*, as he had formerly done during the Enjoyment of his Eye sight, between the *Silks* of *Persia*, and the *fine Lincen* of *Europe*: Which, thou knowest, are as different to the Touch as fine Paper and Vellum.

Thou that daily pryest into the Faculties of Humane Bodies, art better able to judge whether this Man's Excellency lay in the Tenuity and Fineness of his Skin, the Subtilty of his Spirits, or some unusual, powerful, yet delicate Energy of his Soul; or, whether it consisted in all these together.

The *Devise* who was with me, seemed not much to admire at this rare Quality of the blind Man: Telling me moreover, That about ten

Years ago in his Travels, he had seen a blind *Statuary* at *Florence*, who undertook to make the Resemblance of an *Image* in the chief *Temple* of that City, which he finish'd so much to the Life, that his Work could no otherwise be distinguish'd from the Original, than by the Difference of the Materials, *that* being *Alabaster*, *his* white Clay; which he so tempered and moulded with his Fingers, as he continually felt of the other, that no Lineament was left unexpress'd.

Indeed, when I reflected on our *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*, and the unaccountable Sagacity with which they apprehended those Words which they never heard, I ceas'd to be surpriz'd at what I had seen the blind Man perform, or what the *Der- vise* had said of the *Statuary*. I remember in *Sol- tan Amurat's* Time there was a *Mute*, in whom the *Grand Signior* took infinite Delight. For, besides a thousand pretty Gestures and Tricks, with which she used to divert that *Prince*, he often made her his *Secretary*, employing her in writing Letters to his *Bassa's* and others, whilst he dictat- ed to her by Signs. Although she could never receive the Sound of Words, nor utter any that were articulate; yet I have seen her transcribe a whole *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, containing a hun- dred and seventy *Versicles*, in as fine a Character, as the most celebrated *Scribes* of the *Empire*; and when she had done, would explain what she had thus written by Signs, which made it evident that she perfectly understood the *Alcoran*.

These are rare Gifts, my Friend; yet were all the *Mutes* educated with as much Diligence and Care, as was *Saqueia*, (so she was called) 'tis pos- sible they would attain to greater Perfection. I have been told, that her *Tutor*, one of the learn- ed'st Men in *Arabia*, bestowed many Years in teaching her this Method of Reading, Under- standing and Writing. This

This puts me in mind of a Man who was bred a *Mahometan*, but being taken Captive by the *French*, embraced their Religion, not in his Heart, but only in outward Profession. When I first came to *Paris*, I fell into his Company by accident, and understanding that he was an *African*, I desired to ask him some Questions, but he was dumb, so that I had almost laid aside my Hopes of conversing with him; till perceiving that he moved his Lips, and opened his Mouth as one that was talking, I offered him Pen, Ink, and Paper, making Signs to him, that I would gladly know his Mind in Writing. He accordingly writ in *Moresco*, That he was struck deaf and dumb about eighteen Years since; telling me also the Place of his Nativity, and how he came hither; I took the Pen, and in the same Language express'd my Compassion of his Misfortunes. When he saw that I understood *Moresco*, he writ again, signifying to me, That if I opened my Mouth wide at the pronouncing of every Syllable, he could understand my Meaning by the Posture of my Lips and Tongue. I found his Words true, to my no small Admiration; for he would write down what I had said. We conversed together often; and at length I procured his Escape. in the Retinue of a *Chiaus* that was returning from hence to *Constantinople*.

I beseech the *wise Architect* of Nature, and *Repairer of Humane Defects*, either to continue to us the Use of our Senses, or to supply that Want by some superlative Endowments of the Mind.

Paris, 20th of the 9th Month,
of the Year 1645.

L E T-

LETTER IX.

To Useph Bassa.

THOU wilt say, I am unmindful of my Duty in not congratulating thy *new Honour* before this; and that I forget the good Offices which formerly pass'd between us in the *Seraglio*. I tell thee my Obligations are infinite, not only to thee, but to many others of my Friends at the *Parr*: It is impossible for me to acquit my Self of so many Engagements. As for the *Dignity* to which the *Sultan* has raised thee, I received the first News of it within these fourteen Days. And I dare affirm, That none of thy Friends, or of those whose Dependence is on thee, could with greater Complacency behold thee vested by our most *august Emperor*, than I read the Letter which conveyed to me this welcome Intelligence.

Long mayest thou live to enjoy the Blessings which thy good Fortune has heaped on thee. Yet I counsel thee to enjoy them so, as not to forget thou must die. Let not the *Grandeur* of thy *Station* render thee proud and wilful: But remember, when thou art surrounded with a Crowd of adorning Suppliants, that *Death* shall level thee with the *meanest* of thy *Slaves*. Thus the ancient *Philosophers* spared not to perform the Office of Monitors to their *Kings* and *Princes*: And I hope thou wilt not take in ill Part the wholesome Advice of *Mahmet*, who discovers a Temper void of Hypocrisy, in the Freedom he assumes. If thou givest Ear to Flatterers, they will complement thee to thy Ruin; and when thou art on the Brink of a Precipice, they will

will persuade thee there is no Danger, though, if thou goest on, they know thy Fall is inevitable. They will pride themselves in the Dexterity of their Malice, and insult over thee with scornful *Sarcasms*, whom not long ago they idolized.

The eminent Command thou hast, requires thy frequent Presence in the *sovereign Divan*: And that thou may'st not sit there, only as an Auditor of other Men's Counsels, and incapable of making one in the Number of those, who become remarkable by their Orations, or Reports of foreign Events; I will now entertain thee with some Passages, which have happened in *Europe* since the Beginning of this Year, whereof the other *Bass's* may possibly be ignorant.

The *Diet* of *Frankfort*, which had continued for three Years, was dissolved on the 13th of the 4th *Month*. This may be known at the *Paris*, while they remain Strangers to the Reason of it. There are a sort of *Christians* in *Germany*, whom they call *Evangelicks*. These are opposite to the *Roman Church*, both in *Religion* and *Interest*; and their Cause is chiefly espoused by the *Dukes* of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*. It was to comply with these, that an *Assembly* was appointed at *Ofenburgh*; but the *Emperor* and the *Catholicks* were either for continuing that at *Frankfort*, or translating it to *Munster*. While the contending Parties were bickering, and striving to gain their several Ends, the *Deputy* of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, tired out with such intolerable Delays, departed from *Frankfort*, whom the rest of the *Deputies* followed. And this thou mayest report for the true Occasion of the *Dissolution* of 't at *Diet*.

Thus, at the Beginning of the Year, the *Disputes* which those *Infidels* raised about safe Con-

duſt, Exactneſs of Titles, Priority of Addreſs, and many other vain *Punctilio's*, hindered them from coming to any Concluſion about a *Peace*, which was the principal Cauſe of their aſſembling. And this is a Folly peculiar to the *Norwegians*, that in a'l *publick Aſſemblies* the very Strength and Vitals of their Counſels, are ſpent in a vain adjusting of *empty Ceremonies*.

It is credibly reported here, That the King of *Poland* earneſtly ſolicites a Match with Queen *Chriſtina* of *Swedenland*, but has not hitherto had any poſitive Answer, or effected any thing in it. In the ſecond *Month* of this Year, that Queen ſent an *Ambaſſador*, to give the King of *Poland* an account, That ſhe had taken the *Government* upon her. While he tarried in the *Polish Court*, there were not wanting ſuch, as by the King's Order, ſifted his Inclination, in Reference to this Affair. It was propoſed to him that this *Match* would be a happy Occaſion to unite the two *Kingdoms* in a firm and durable *League*: That the *Evangelicks* in *Poland* would be much eaſed thereby: That *Uladiſlaus* was not much decayed in his natural Vigour: That *Swedenland* might in the mean while be governed by the *Council*; with many other Propoſals and Encouragements to this Purpose. Among which I muſt not omit, that it was ſuggeſted, how eaſy 'twould be for two ſuch potent Crowns, in *Conjunction*, not only to humble the *Germans*, but alſo to put a Stop to the victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*. But all this came to nothing, that wary Queen ſuſpecting that there was a deeper Deſign in the Courtſhip of this old Fox; and that by ſuch a *Match*, the *Kingdom* of *Swedenland*, in Default of the *Iſſue Royal*, might be ſubjected to a *foreign Crown*.

However,

However, it is easy to apprehend from this that if the *Poles* maintain at present their Accord with the *sublime Port*, 'tis for want of Strength to break it; and that they only wait an Opportunity to make some potent and firm *Alliance*, which may second the Designs formed by that *Power* against the *first Throne on Earth*, whereof thou art one of the *principal Pillars*.

Remain firm in thy *Station*, and let neither the Tempests of War, nor the Convulsions of State, which are the too frequent Products of Peace, shake thy Constancy. But above all, suffer not thy *Integrity*, which is the *Basis* of all *Virtues*, to be undermin'd by *Bribes*.

If thou followest this Counsel, *God* and his *Prophet* shall establish thee, all Men will honour thee, thy *Sovereign* shall exalt thee; and *Mahmut* will rejoice to see thee in Time become the *Atlas* of the *Eternal Empire*.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER X.

To Ichingi Cap' Oglani, Præceptor to
the Royal Pages of the Seraglio.

THERE is a vast Difference between thy Letter, and that of *Sbashi Isbam*. He is eloquent in the Acknowledgment of his Crime, thou rhetorical in thy own Justification. Thou hast plundered *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, and robb'd em of all the *Flowers* and *Traps* of *Oratory*, to dress up a faint, lifeless Excuse. Such an artificial Apology, instead of cancelling, heightens thy Offence. It might

might have procured thee the Applause of the *Academy*; but it comes short of giving me Satisfaction for the Injuries I have received at thy Hands. I have Reason to esteem them such; because so design'd, altho' they took no Effect. For Wrongs of this kind ought to be measured by the Intention of the Author, not by their Success. The *Ministers* of the *Divan* will hardly be prevailed to suspect *Mahmut*, who has given substantial Proofs of his Fidelity.

Tell me, in the Name of *God* and *Mahomet*, what was the Motive that induced thee to slander me? Wherein have I merited this Persecution at thy Hands? It could not be Revenge, because I never gave the Occasion; unless thou still retainest a Grudge on the Score of my Studying in the *Academies*; and that at my Return from *Palermo*, thou wert not able to expose me in the Presence of the *Masfi*, in any Point of Language or Learning. But I had rather charitably believe 'twas thy Ambition, not thy Malice, which gave Birth to those Calumnies thou hast ventured against me. Thou enviest me the Honour of serving the *Grand Seigneur* in this Station, thinking thy self capable of discharging this Office more successfully than *Mahmut*. I censure not thy Abilities; but think 'tis best for every Man to be content with his own Condition, since *Destiny* distributes the Employments of the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

Thou art Master of the *French* Tongue; but dost thou think that a complete Qualification for a Man in my Post? Art thou fit to converse in the *Court* of a *foreign Prince*, who canst not govern thy Tongue in *that* of thy *native Sovereign*? Thou art yet to learn a *Courtier's* Master-piece, which is, To dissemble even the necessary
Art

Art of Dissimulation. That is, as the *Arabians* say, *To have a Veil upon a Veil*; or as the *Italians*, *To have a Mask with a natural Face on the outside*. Thou art so far from this, that thou canst not yet draw perfectly the first rough Strokes of a Counterfeit.

To speak plain, hadst thou by any artificial feigning of Friendship to me, made Way to insinuate thy Story into the Belief of the *Grandees*, thou mightest have praised me to my Ruin. But to go bluntly to Work, without preventive *Encomiums*, discovered at once the Weakness of thy Judgment, and the Strength of thy Passion; giving the *Ministers* Occasion to think there was less of Truth, than of Design in thy Accusations.

For the future, I advise thee to mind thy Books and Scholars, and meddle not with *Mahmat*, whose Business is to study Men. Adieu.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Month,
of the Year 1645.

L E T T E R X I.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of State.

WITH extreme Joy I have received the certain News of the taking of *Canea* by the invincible *Ottoman* Arms.

I must confess, when I first apprehended the Intentions of *Sultan Ibrahim*, to make War with the *Republick of Venice*, I was apt to hearken to some thinking Men in this *Court*, who, making their Observations of the *Sultan's* indulging him-

himself in Female Pleasures, conjectured from thence (as by a common Rule) that he would not have discovered such a martial and active Spirit, in asserting the Honour of the *Ottoman Empire*. His dextrous concealing his Designs, even to the very Execution of them, has struck a Damp into all the *Courts in Europe*, insomuch as *Cardinal Mazarini* this Day told the *Queen Regent*, That he doubted lest *Sultan Ibrahim* would prove another *Junius Brutus*, who being the *Nephew* of *Tarquin*, one of the *Primitive Kings* of *Rome* for some Years, counterfeited an extraordinary Simplicity and Weakness of Spirit; But having privately secured a Faction to his own Interests by popular Arts, he, to gain the *Sovereignty*, changed the *Form of Government*, procured himself to be made *Consul*, and discovered a *Genius*, surpassing in Policy and mature Judgment, all his Predecessors.

Though the *Cardinal's* Comparison be disproportionate to the *Grandeur* of the *sovereign Emperor* of the *World*, who cannot without a vast Injury be postpon'd in Virtue, Wisdom or Power, as a *Second* or *Imitator* of any *Prince* upon *Earth*: Yet the Character holds good in the main. That he has timely and maturely dissembled the most sublime Abilities and Endowments a *sovereign Prince* is capable of, rendering thereby his Enemies secure and careless; till at length all those illustrious Attributes exert themselves on a sudden, breaking forth like the *Sun* from an *Eclipse*; at once dazzling the astonish'd *World*, and surprising the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*, in the Slumbers which proceeded from the Contempt of his *sacred Majesty*.

I thought indeed once that the *Venetians* would have been in a Condition to have faced the *Ottoman Navy*, and disputed their farther Progress

on the Seas. I expected no less than that they would have made some huffing Attempts on the *Iles of Archipelago*; that they would have enter'd the *Hellespont*, braved the *Dardanelis*, and sailing forward would have block'd up the *Ottoman Navy* in the *Propontis*, or driven them into the *Euxine Sea* for Shelter. And who could have thought otherwise, had they been provided for a War? But our sage *Emperor*, by Secrecy, which is the very Soul of all great Undertakings, has anticipated their very Fears, and leap'd upon the Prey while the Keepers were asleep.

Had the *Christian Princes* and *States* laid aside their private *Panfillo's* and *Animosities*, when the *Venitians* first made their Application to them for Assistance, it might have proved a doubtful War. But instead of generously uniting their Forces in the common Defence of *Christendom*, they begin to divide their Interests and Hearts one from another, and that upon the vainest Motives in the World, one *State* disputing with another about Precedency of Posts in the Army, which proceeded to that Height, as to frustrate the main Design: For the *Pope* himself at last is forced to raise the greatest Aids the *States of Venice* are like to have; joining his Gallies with theirs, and sending a thousand Foot on Board at his own Cost.

Thus does *Divine Providence*, out of the Discords of *Christian Princes*, draw Occasions to enlarge the *sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*, and to spread the *Ottoman Conquests* o'er the *Western World*.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Month,
of the Year 1645.

L E T T E R XII.

To the Magnificent and Redoubtable
Vizir Azem.

IT appears that the *Queen of France* is very indulgent to her *Generals*, having called home the *Duke of Enghien* from the Toils of War. This *Prince* neglecting the Wounds he received in the Battle of *Alersheim*, not many Days after, fell into a violent Fever; so that he was carried in a Horse-Litter to *Philipsburg*, with no small Danger of his Life. As soon as he recovered his Health, he was commanded to return to *France*, and the Charge of the whole Army committed to *Marschal Turenne*.

Such Tenderness is never shew'd to the invincible *Ottoman Generals*, neither would they esteem it a Favour, but a Disgrace. When they go to the Wars, they make no underhand Leagues with the Elements to spare their Bodies, but are resolv'd to combat with Cold, Heat, Hunger, Thirst, and all the Hardships to which Soldiers are liable, as well as with the Swords of their Enemies. They take no other Armour against the rigorous Frosts of a *Russian* Winter, or the scorching Sands of a *Persian* Summer, but an unshaken Resolution, an invincible Patience, and a Mind incapable of bowing under the worst Misfortunes. They are not angry with the Weapons of their Adversaries, when they carve in their Limbs, the Marks of an Honour, which will far outlast the Pain of their Wounds; and in their Flesh hew deep Characters of an immortal Fame, and a Renown which shall know no Period. They are not parsimonious of their
Blood,

Blood, but court their Enemies to spill it on the Ground, from whence it will spring up in Laurels and Wreaths, to crown them with Triumphs and Glory whilst they live, and for to sweeten their Memory with the Praise of future Generations

Thus, Magnanimous *Vizir*, do the *Mussulman Heroes*, the *Princes* of the *best Empire*, manifest their Courage, in defying of Dangers and Wounds, and scorning to capitulate with Fortune for Ease and Exemption from Death. They know, that when they march against the *Infidels*, 'tis in Vindication of the *eternal Unity*; and therefore, instead of endeavouring to shun, they court a Death so glorious, as that which will immediately transport them to the *possession* of our *holy Prophet*, and to the *inexpressible Delights* of the *Gardens of Eden*. Where this Truth is firmly rooted, there is no Room for Fear to plant it self. But the Case is otherwise with *Infidels*, who blaspheme that purest *undivided Essence*. They assert and believe a *Plurality of Gods*, and therefore, in Time of Danger, amongst so many *Deities*, they know not whom to address, or whom to confide in. The Apprehension of Death is terrible to them, whose Hope is only in this Life; whose Consciences are stained with a thousand Pollutions, and yet renounce the very Method of being clean. Who not only err themselves, but by their evil Example and Influence, (for I speak of the *Princes* and *Great Ones*) draw innumerable after them, to taste of the *Tree Zaccu*, which grows in the *middle of Hell*.

People speak variously of the *Duke of Enguim's* Conduct in the Battle of *Altostrim*. His Creatures extol his Valour and Experience with *Hyperboles*; whilst his Enemies endeavour to lessen his Reputation. Some say, he owes his
Revo-

Revocation to the *Queen's* Dislike; others attribute it to the extraordinary Concern she has for his Health. But such as would be esteemed the wiser sort say, His Return is voluntary and sought by himself, scorning to hold his *Commission* any longer at the Pleasure of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, 'tis thought, first procured him this Employment, only to have him out of the way, and take off his Application from the *domestick* Affairs of *France*. These are the Discourses of the People at present, who yet perhaps may change their Opinions before the Sun goes down. They will always be censuring and descanting on the Actions of their *Superiors*; few being willing to think their Tongues were given them to lie idle. It is but a little Member, but often does great Mischief by its Activity. One of the *Ancients* gave no good Character of it, when he called it a *Demon*. Yet we are not bound to believe all that the *Philosophers* said. *Aesop* gave the most impartial Account of this Member, when he said, 'Twas the best, and the worst. Sometimes I sit silent many Hours together; not for want of Company, (for here's a Glut of that in this populous City;) nor because I know not what to say, (for I could speak a great deal more than 'tis fit for others to hear) but that I may study with less Interruption, how to serve my *great Master*. For much talking enervates the Judgment, and evaporates the Mind into Air. Besides, by thus practising Silence in private I learn the Art of restraining my Words in publick, when it is requisite to promote the Ends at which I aim. 'Tis not for a Man in my Station to be open and talkative, but to distinguish Persons and Seasons; to understand the due Stops and Advances of my Tongue; sometimes to say much in a little, at other times

to say little or nothing at all; but ever so to speak, as not to lay my self naked to the Hearers; yet to seem a very frank, open-hearted Man, in what I discourse of.

I would not have thee conclude from what I have said, that *Mahmut* uses any Reserve to the *Ministers* of the *Diwan*, who are *Minst* of *Science* and *Wisdom*, and can easily discern the Heart thro' the most artificial Veil of Words. But it is absolutely necessary for me to use Dissimulation in this *Court*, seeming many times ignorant of what I really know, that I may not be thought to know more than they would have me. I was never yet so indiscreet, as to publish any Secret that was committed to my Charge, whereby I have gain'd great Confidence with Men who delight to unboosome their Intelligence. They esteem me a Man of Integrity, and fit to be trusted. Thus am I made privy to many Intrigues of the *Grandeess*, and a Repository of the *Cauz* News: Whilst they whisper in *Mahmut's* Ear what is transacted in the Royal Bed-Chambers, and private Apartments.

By this Means I came acquainted with an Amour of *Cardinal Mazarini*, which is known but to a few. This *Minister* has none of the worst Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape: Much addicted also to the Love of Women; yet he manages his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expose the Honour of his *Function*. Among the rest, he had frequent Access to the Chamber of a certain *Countess Dowager*, her Husband being lately deceased. This was not carried so privately, but 'twas whispered about that a Man was seen often to come out of this Ladies Chamber a little before Day; but no Body knew who it was (for the *Cardinal* went disguised) At last it came to
the

the *Queen's* Ear, who was resolved to unravel this Intrigue. She caused *Spies* to be placed at a convenient Distance from the Lady's Chamber-Door, which opened in a Gallery of the *Royal Palace*, with Orders to trace him home. That Night the designed *Watch* was first set, it fortun'd that the *Cardinal* being in the *Countess's* Chamber, her Maid, who was privy to this *Amour*, overheard these *Spies* talking to each other concerning her Lady, which made her more attentive (being in a Place where she could not be seen) till at length she plainly discovered, That they lay in wait to find out who it was that had been seen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the *Countess* with this News. She consults the *Cardinal* what was best to be done to avoid Discovery. In fine, it was agreed between them, that the *Countess* should put on the *Cardinal's* Disguise, and he a Suit of her Cloaths; that she should go out at the usual Hour of his Retreat, and walk in the Gardens; that if examined, she should pretend this Disguise was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night-Time, would not fail to offer some Incivilities; that soon after her Departure, the *Cardinal* should go forth in her Dress, and shift for himself. This was perform'd accordingly. The *Countess* walked into the Gardens in the *Cardinal's* Disguise, followed by the *Spies*, whilst he goes to an intimate Friend's House, (an *Italian*, whose Fortune depended on this *Minister*) and changes his Female Accoutrements for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The *Countess* having walked about half an Hour in the Garden, was seized on by some of the *Guards*, under Suspicion of some ill Design. She was carried before the *Queen*, and examined. She then

then discovered herself, begging the *Queen's* Pardon, and telling her, That a particular Devotion had obliged her to take that Course for several Mornings; but if it offended her *Majesty*, she would hold her self dispensed with, and would forbear. The *Queen* seeming satisfied with this Answer, dismissed her. Thus the Amours of the *Cardinal* and the *Countess* remained a Secret; and there are but three Persons (besides themselves) that know any thing of it, among which *Mahmut* is one.

Thou see'st, *Illustrious Minister*, that the Reputation of my Secrecy, has gained me the Confidence of one of the *Cardinal's* *Privado's*; for I had this Relation from the *Italian* whom I mentioned, at whose House the *Cardinal* changed his Disguise. I am not without Hopes, by the prudent Management of this Discovery, to penetrate farther into the *Court* Intrigues. For he that told me this Story, considered not that he made me thereby Master of his Fortune, and that it is no longer safe for him to deny me any Intelligence I require of him. He has put a Key into my Hand, which will open his Breast at my Pleasure.

Yet I need not magisterially claim Discoveries from him, as the only Conditions on which he is to expect my concealing what he has already disclosed. There is a more dextrous and serviceable way to become his *Confessor*, without such an ingrateful Insult; whilst with a well acted Candour I feign a Relation of such Things as I suspect, yet cannot be certain are true, till attested by himself, professing at the same Time not to believe those pretended Reports I heard. If I shall be so happy as to do any effectual Service to the *Grand Seigneur* by this Engagement, it will answer my Ends, and I shall not repent of my Craft.

Mahmut salutes thee, *sovereign Bassa*, in the humblest Posture of Adoration, lying prostrate on the Ground, in Contemplation of thy Grandeur. Beseeching *God* that he would grant this Favour to thee, To live happily, and to die in thy Bed.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Egri Boignou, a White Eunuch.

THOU givest me abundant Proofs of thy Affection and Friendship, in frankly telling me what they say of *Mahmut* in the *Seraglio*. I do not expect to be free from Censure; and am so far from being discouraged at the Obloquies some Men fasten on me, that it adds to my Comfort; it being an assured Mark of Innocence, to be traduced. I am not desirous that the *Arabian Proverb* should be verified in me, which says, *That he deserves no Man's good Word, of whom all Men speak well.* I dread to be popular at such a Price, and will rather court the Slanders of the envious, by a stedfast Perseverance in my Duty, than lay a Train for the Complements of Flatterers, by favouring Sedition. Thou knowest what Reason I have to say this. There needs no Interpreter between us. Though the *Black Eunuch* has recanted his Aspersions, yet there are others who persist in their Malice; and it will be difficult for the *Master of the Pages*, with his best *Rhetoric*, to exempt himself from the Number.

I have

I have received both their Apologies, and have answer'd them. I wish they would reform this Vice; not so much for my sake, who am Proof against their Accusations, as for their own: For the Injury they intended to do me, will redound most to themselves. Misery is on him that persecuteth his Neighbour.

He that is merciful and gracious, who hath separated the Brightness of the Day from the Obscurity of the Night, defend both thee and me from the Malice of Whisperers, from the Enchantments of Wizards, and such as *breathe thrice* upon the *Knot* of the *Triple Cord*.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XIV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THOU wilt laugh at the Hypocrisie and Folly of the *Nazarenes*, when thou shalt know the *Articles* agreed upon between the *Elektor* of *Saxony* and *Königsmark*, one of the *Swedish Generals*, on the 27th of the 8th Moon.

The *Swedes* had prevail'd on the Son of the *Elektor*, to intercede with his Father for a *Truce*; but the old Duke would not hearken to any thing of that Nature, till *Torstenſon* gave Orders to the *Swedish Army* in those Parts, that they should oppress the *Elektor's* Subjects, by exacting from them unreasonable Taxes and Contributions; and that they should lay desolate all the Countries about *Dresden*, if they refused to pay what was demanded of them. Accordingly they took a
Castle,

Castle, which commanded a large Valley of Meadows and Corn-Fields. The *Swedes* burnt the Corn on the Ground, led away the Peasants Captives, and demolished many Towns and Villages; yet not without some Loss on their side: For the *Saxons* one Night stole upon them while they were securely sleeping, and slew an hundred and Twenty, taking above Three hundred Prisoners. Those who were left in Possession of the Castle, met with no better Fortune; being compelled in a few Days to surrender this their new Conquest, with Five Ensigns and a Hundred and fifty Prisoners, which were all carried in Triumph to *Dresden*.

One would have thought that these Successes should have confirmed the *Electer* in the Aversion he had already conceived for a *Treaty*, that he would rather have pursued his good Fortune with Arms; especially when by entering into a private separate *Treaty* with the *Swedes*, he must needs give a great Suspicion to the *Assembly* of the *Deputies*. But the old Duke doted; and what neither the repeated Solicitations of his Son, nor the continual Ravages which *General Koningmark* made in his Territories, could procure from him, that he granted to the charming Addresses of a beautiful Lady.

The *Electer's* Son adhering much to the *Swedish* Interest, and finding all other Means ineffectual to oblige his new Friends; it was agreed upon between him and *Koningmark*, that he should at least, persuade his Father to a *Truce* of a few Days: That, during the Cessation of Arms, the Son should invite his Father to a Banquet, where *Koningmark* should be present, with some of the principal *Swedes* in his Army. All this succeeded according to their Wishes. The good old Man consented to a Cessation of Arms,
and

and to give *Königsmark* a Meeting at his Son's Banquet. The *German Gallantry*, and indeed that of all *North Europe*, consists much in their excessive Drinking: He is esteemed the most polite Man who can bear most Wine, with least Alteration of his Temper. This they call *Careoufing*. The *Soa* had provided Plenty of those Wines which grow on the Banks of the *Rhine*, esteem'd the wholesomest and most delicious of all these Parts. It is not necessary to repeat particularly their first Salutes and Addresses: Both Parties seem'd emulous to exceed in Civilities: They fell to their Wine with Freedom and Mirth, after the manner of the Country. When in the midst of their Glasses, whilst the Heart of the old *Duke* was elevated with the Juice of the Grape, came into the Room a tall Personage all in Armour, and making his Obedience to the Company, delivered a Letter to *General Königsmark*; the General having received it, the Stranger was invited by the *Eldest's* Son to sit down with them. He was Master of the Feast, and only *Königsmark* and the Stranger, besides himself, were privy to the Intrigue.

The Stranger unbuckled his Helmet, and pulling it off (for all the rest of the Company were uncovered, it being the hottest Day in all the *Summer*) discovered a Face and Hair, much like one of those *Nymphs* described by *Poets* and *Painters*.

The *Duke* could not withdraw his Eyes from this surprizing Beauty, nor fix his roving Thoughts: Sometimes it put him in mind of *Ganymede*, the discarded Minion of *Jupiter*; but *Ganymede* was never seen in Armour. Then he thought of *Adonis*, then of the *Babylonian Pyramus*, the *Indian Atys*. In fine, he run over all the celebrated Youths of the *East*, to match the

Beauty of this illustrious Stranger. He drank and gaz'd, whilst his Son and *Ramingseark* were pleas'd to see the Baits take. From ruminating on our Sex, he pass'd to that of Women; And remembering that in some former Battles between the *Swedes* and *German*s, several Ladies had disguised themselves in Armour, and followed General *Torstenjau* to the Field, he concluded presently, that this was some beautiful Female of *Sweden*.

This Thought put the old Duke into a pleasant Fit of Raillery, yet not without some Mixture of Passion for this lovely *Hersine*. There was something so peculiarly graceful in all her Carriage and Adress, as charm'd the *Electors* Heart. The Women in those Parts of *Europe*, are not so precise in their Conversation with Men, as in the *East*. And 'tis a great Point of Education, so to adjust the *Punctilio's* of their Deportment, as neither to appear too open, nor too reserv'd. This was her Master piece, for she so equally divided the Parts she was to act, both of a Maid and Soldier, that neither entrenched on the other, but she acquitted herself with exquisite Honour and Gallantry.

The next Day after the Banquet, the Son renewed his Mediation for a *Treaty*, but the *Electors* seem'd cold, All his Thoughts were busied in ruminating on his fair Enemy.

Not to detain thee longer in Expectation of the Issue, the Love of this young *Amazon* had taken so deep Root in his Heart, that he would grant nothing but for her sake, neither could he deny anything which she desired. Thus, by this Stratagem, they accomplish'd their Aims, and he consented to a *Treaty*, after fourteen Days Debate on the *Articles*: Of which I here send thee a true and particular Copy, that thou mayest find some Divertisement in the Folly of the *Sphecks*. The *Articles* are as follow:

T H A T

THAT it should be lawful for the *Duke* to keep due *Faith* to the *Emperor*; nor should he be obliged to admit any thing contrary to the *Interest* of the *Empire*.

That the *Electer* should not lend the *Emperor* above three Regiments of Horse, nor should permit him to raise Soldiers in his *Principality*.

That the *Swedes* should have free and safe Passage, through *Saxony*, provided they came not within three Miles of *Dresden*.

That there should be free Traffick between the *Electer's* Subjects and the *Swedes* by Land and Water.

That at the end of three Months, each Party should be obliged to declare, Whether they would prolong the *Truce*, or break it off.

That the *Electer* should again enjoy his Revenues, except those which were drawn from *Leipzig*. That he should pay the *Swedes* Eleven thousand Rix Dollars a Month, and a certain Quantity of Corn.

That the *Electer* should do nothing which might hinder the Siege of *Magdeburgh*.

Those *Articles*, at first Sight, appeared to be equally favourable to the *Saxons* and to the *Swedes*. But in reality they served only as an Umbrage to deeper Designs, which the *Swedes* had in Agitation. For this was the first Step to draw the *Saxons* off from the *Emperor's* Party; and *Torstenson* was now secure, that whilst the *Swedes* rushed farther into *Germany*, the *Saxons*, would not molest them behind.

For my Part, I neither understand the *Policy*, nor the *Integrity* of the *Electer*, in signing these *Articles*; nor how he can reconcile the first of them with any of the rest: To give safe Con-

duſt, and kind Entertainment to the Enemies of his *Sovereign*: To be obliged not to lend him any more Aſſiſtance than his Enemies ſhall allow, nor ſuffer him to raiſe Forces at his own Charges: To be cheated of his own Revenues, and tamely yield to pay a monthly Tribute beſides: To be tied up from ſuccouring one of the principal Towns in his *Principality*, at that time beſieged by the *Swedes*; this is a new Method of keeping due *Paſſ* to *Sovereigns*, or of obſerving common Prudence for ones ſelf. But *Women and Wine cauſe a wiſe Man to ſtumble*, as the *Arabians* ſay. And this old Prince is bleſſed in a hopeful Son, who is not aſhamed to turn *Pimp*, that ſo he may betray his Father to his mortal Enemies. But let the *Chriſtian* proceed in their Fallhood and Treachery one againſt another, whiſt every good *Muſſulman* proſtrates himſelf *five times* a Day; and prays in his Integrity for the Conſummation of that Time, wherein *God* has determined to put a Period to the *Nomarchies* of theſe *Infidels*, and to reduce them to the Faith and Obedience of his *holy Law*.

I wiſh ſome of my Friends would ſend me ſome Relation of what paſſes in the *East*: I have heard nothing of Moment out of *Aſia* theſe many *Months*. I could almoſt think my ſelf baniſhed from the *eternal Providence*, whiſt I reſide among theſe *uncircumciſed*.

Think ſometimes on *Mabruſ*; and if thou canſt not relieve his Melancholy, at leaſt pity him whom all the Honours and Pleaſures of theſe *Western* Parts, would not be able to exhilarate. ſo long as he apprehends himſelf forgotten by his Friends at *Conſtantinople*.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Month,
of the Year 1645.

L E T-

L E T T E R. XV.

To Mahummed Hogia, Dervise, Eremit,
*Inhabitant of the Sacred Cave, at the Foot
of Mount Uriel, in Arabia the Happy.*

TH Y Remembrance is as the Dew of the Evening, or the Midnight Breezes in *Africa*; after the scorching Fervours of a Summer's Day, when neither Trees, nor Houses, nor highest Mountains afford any Shadow. Such are the Employments of State, keeping the Mind in as restless an Activity, as that which the *Philosophers* say is the Occasion of Heat. Such also is the Refreshment I find in thinking on thee, whose Soul is a Mansion of Tranquility, an *Umbrella* of Temperance, and all Virtue. Thither I retreat for Respiration from the Fatigues of worldly Business. Pardon the bold Access of an humble Slave who cannot be so happy as to visit thee: any otherwise than by Letters, yet would be miserable in the want of this Privilege.

Ever since I had the Honour to kiss the Dust of thy Feet in that *sacred Retirement*, I was filled with Love and Admiration of thy Sanctity. Thrice happy are the neighbouring Shepherds, whose Flocks feed under thy auspicious Protection. No fierce Lions, no ravenous Tigers, dare violate that Sanctuary, or hunt for Prey within those Meadows, consecrated by thy Presence. That rich and flow'ry Vale, was first secured with an eternal Immunity from Spoil and Rapine, by the Blessing of our *holy Prophet*. Now that Blessing seems to be redoubled by thy Prayers and Abstinencies, who inheritest his Spirit as well as his Abode. 'Twas in that *holy*

Cave, the *Messenger of God* fasted for the space of three *Months*: Thy whole Life there is one continued Abstinence. When thou liftest up thy venerable Hands to Heaven in Prayer, the Enemies of our *holy Law* are seiz'd with Fear and Trembling: Thou art the *Guardian Angel* of the *Ottoman Empire*. Thy Body attenuated with twenty Years Fasting, is purified almost to *Immortality*: Thou art become a *Divinity* among the *Spirits*. Neither the Beasts of the Earth, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fish of the Sea, will charge thee with their Blood. Thy Table never smok'd with slaughtered Dainties. Every Tree affords thee a Feast, and the Meadows regale thee with a thousand harmless Delicacies. Thy Thirst is allay'd with the Crystal Streams; and when thou art disposed to banquet, the *Arabian* Sheep supply thee with *Nectar*. Thus, like a prudent Traveller, thou accustomest thy self before hand, to the Diet of the Countrey whither thou art going: Thou livest the Life of *Paradise* here on Earth.

Thou art not privy to the Wickedness of the Age: That Cell guards thee from other Mens Vices, while thy incomparable Humility defends thee from thy own Virtues. Thou art not puffed up with thy sublime Perfections. Pride is a Serpent which commonly poisons the Root of the fairest Endowment. But thou hast crush'd this Serpent in the Egg.

In that Solitude the *Angel* opened the Heart of the *Sent of God*, and took out from thence the *Devil's Seed-Plot*. When *Mahomet* awaked (for this was done while he lay in a *Trance*) he said, *I am a Worm*. When *Gabriel* saw his Humility, he pronounced a blessing on the Place, (That whoever would dwell in that *Cave*, should be wick as *Abraham*, chaste as *Joseph*, and temperate as *Ismael*.)

Israel. Thou hast experienced the Effect of his Benediction.

There is another Happiness also attends thy Retirement; thou livest free from Cares and Anxieties; thou committest the publick Good to the Conduct of thy Sovereign, and thy private Welfare, to the Protection of Providence; neither disquieted for the one, nor solicitous for the other. Who rises, and who falls, in the Favour of the *Sultan*; who purchases the Government of the *Empire* by their Merits, or who by their Money; whether it be better to remain in the *Siraglio*, or to be made *Bassa* of *Aegypt*, are Cares that never molest thee. Thou canst sit in that *Sanctuary of Peace*, and pity those whose Ambition, and the Love of Glory, has driven into the *Tails of War*. Thou canst behold with Compassion the burthensome Attendants of the Great; their Labours by Day, and their Watchings by Night; their restless Thoughts and busy Actions; macerated Bodies, and uneasy Souls; while with indefatigable Pains they pursue mere Shadows, and endeavour to grasp the Wind, or secure to themselves a Bubble, which is no sooner touched, than it vanishes. Thou in the mean time art filling thy Mind with solid Knowledge, and laying up Possessions which shall never be taken from thee: For the Soul carries her Goods along with her to that other World.

I often with my self with thee; and the Remembrance of what I once enjoyed in thy Conversation, cannot be effaced by Distance of Time and Place. The farther I am from thee, the more ardently do I long to see thee. But even in these innocent Desires, there is a necessary Mortification; since we are not born for our selves, but to comply with the *mysterious* Ends of *Fate*. I am appointed to serve the Grand *Signior*

in this Place; where I endeavour to acquit my self a *faithful Slave*, and a *good Mussalman*. If I fail in the *first*, my *great Master* will punish me; if in the *last*, *God* and his *Prophet* will revenge it. Yet I hope every Frailty will not be esteemed a Transgression, since the Heart and the Hands go not always together. I often strive to imitate thy Abstinence, but my Appetites are too strong for me: I return to my old Course again, like a Bow that is forcibly bent. Yet I sin not in this, since it is not required at my Hands.

Pray for me, *holy Man of God*, that while I aim at the *best Things*, I may not fall into the *worst*; and by striving to aim at *Perfection*, I may not crack those Powers which are requisite to keep me stedfast in the High-way of *moral Virtue*. I leave thee to thy Contemplations, and the Society of thy courteous *Angels*, who ever wait at the Door of thy Cell.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVI

To Useph Bassa.

I Formerly acquainted thee, That *Uladislaus*, King of *Poland*, sought *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*, in Marriage; but that his Proposal was rejected. Now thou may'st know that this *Monarch* has made a more successful Amour being married to *Louise Marie de Gonzague*, *Princess of Mantua*. The *Nuptial Solemnities* were perform'd in this City by the *Ambassador of Poland*, who was his *Master's Proxy*. The greatest part of the last *Month* was spent in *Masks*, *Banquets*, and *Court-Revels*, to honour the *Esposals* of this

new Queen, who is since gone towards *Poland*, being attended to the Frontiers by a numerous Train of the *Nobility*, with all the Ceremonies and Regard due to a Person of her Rank.

The *French*, who are never sparing in Words, are too liberal in the Praises they bestow on this Princess. For if all were true they say of her, she might be listed in the Number of *Angels*; whereas some more impartial Eyes have discovered such Imperfections, as speak her yet on this side a *Saint*. But ordinary Virtues in *Princes* dazzle the Multitude, borrowing a greater Lustre from the Nobility of their Blood, and the Eminence of their Quality; whilst their Vices are either shrouded from the Vulgar, or made to pass for Virtues, in the artificial Dress which Flatterers put on them. 'Tis under this Advantage the new Queen of *Poland* is cry'd up for a *Diana*; tho' a late *Satyr* vindicates her from being half so cruel as that *Goddess*. It being no Secret that a young *Italian Marquis* had something kinder Usage than had *Allan*, when he accidentally encountered this Princess, as she was walking alone one Evening in a Grove belonging to her Palace.

I am no Patron of Libels; nor would I speak irreverently of those whose Royal Birth claims Respect from all Mortals. But the Stupidity of the *Nazarenes* provokes my Pen, who allow their Women all the uncontrollable Freedom and Opportunities, that commonly give Birth to the most irregular Amours, and yet believe 'em innocent. They are perfect Idolaters of that Sex, not having learned, with the illuminated *Messians*, That Women are of a Creation inferiour to that of Men, have Souls of a lower Stamp, and consequently more prone to Vice; and that they shall never have the Honour to be admitted into our *Paradise*.

But thou who believest the Doctrines clear and intelligible, and hast kiss'd the Garment of the Seat of G-d, wilt not suffer thy Reason to be blinded by the Enchantments of these deluding fair ones; but so love Women, as still to remember thou art a Man, which is something more sublime.

Paris, 1st of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is hard to guess where the *French* Victories will terminate. Either Fear, or the Desire of Novelties, opens the Gates of most Cities to them; and when that will not do, the Force of their Cannon makes a Passage into the strongest Holds of their Enemies, and puts whole *Provinces* under their Subjection.

Their Enemies say, that the *French* never besiege a Town, but their first Assaults are made with Bullets of Gold; and when that will neither prevail on the *Governour*, nor win a Party, then they only try the Force of the coarser Metal. Yet this will appear but a Slander, if thou considerest a late Action of the *Duke of Orleans*, when he lay down before *Buribourgh*.

He had scarce finished his Trenches, when the next Morning an Arrow was found with a Letter fastned to it, not far from his Tent. The Letter was directed to the *Duke*, and subscribed by the *Governour* of the Town. The Contents of it were, to signify to him, *That if he would give him*
Iliry

Fifty thousand Pieces of Gold, and continue him in his Office, he would the next Night open the Gates, and let in his Army; and that before Mid-day he wou'd send a Messenger to know his Pleasure. The Duke waited the Arrival of the Messenger, who seconded what his Master had said. But the magnanimous Prince, instead of accepting his Offer sent him back to his Master with this Message, *That he came not before the Town as a Merchant, to purchase it at the Price of a needless Trojan; but as a Soldier, at the Head of an Army, bestid with continual Victories; summoning him forthwith to surrender at Discretion, That being the only way to experience his Generosity.*

This Year has been signalized with much Action in Flanders, Catalonia, and Italy. The Field was shared among many brave Generals.

The Duke of Orleans had the Command of the Army in Flanders, where he took the Forts of Paudoval, Bourbourg, Link, Dringhin, Brabant, S. Venot, Gafsa, Leuz, Mandjke, Libers, Mening, and Armentiers.

These Places were won by several Parties, under the Command of the Marechals de Gassion, de Rantouy, and the Duke of Guise, who all acted in separate Bodies, under the Duke of Orleans.

Not was the Count d'Harcourt idle in Catalonia, where he succeeded in the Charge of the *Mar-schal de la Morte*. The first Effort of his Arms was the retaking of *Agramoni*, which the Spaniards had seized; a strong City, and which kept a large part of Catalonia in Subjection.

From hence he marched towards *Roses*, one of the most important Places for Strength under the Spanish King's Dominions, and governed by an experienced Soldier, who failed not to defend the Place to the last Extremes, but after a Siege of two Months, was compell'd to yield for want of Provisions.

After this, the *French General* cut off Seven hundred *Spaniards*, who were posted to hinder his Passage over the River. The next Day the whole Armies meeting in the Plains of *Lierens*, there was a furious Encounter, in which the *Spaniards* lost ten Regiments of Horse on the Spot; the rest threw down their Arms and yielded. The *Marquis of Montarr*, one of the *Spanish Generals*, was taken Captive with other Persons of Note; among which was the *Standard-Bearer of Spain*.

Yet this was but the Engagement of one *Wing*. For when the other entered the Combat, the Slaughter was dreadful. Of the *Spaniards* were slain Six thousand Horse, and Sixteen hundred Foot; and Three and Twenty hundred of them were made Prisoners. The *French* lost not above Three Hundred in all, and they had but a few wounded.

This Battle has brought infinite Glory to the *Count d'Harcourt*. After which, there happened nothing remarkable in *Catalonia*, save the taking of *Balaguer*, which is like to end this Year's Campaign on that Side.

Prince Thomas of *Savoy* commanded in *Italy*, but had no great Number of *French* in his Army, the main Body being drawn off to serve in *Catalonia*. Yet vexed to see the Success of the *Spaniards*, who had possessed themselves of a strong Castle, and kept the Field in a *Bravado*, as if he were not able to face them; he raised some Recruits, and enter'd the *Milanese*, where he took the City and Castle of *Vigevano*. After this, designing to return into *Piedmont*, he found all the Passages block'd up by the *Spaniards*, who had a far greater Army than his. Yet assuming Courage, he attempted to pass the River *Mourra*; and the Enemy presenting themselves to oppose his Design, he gave them Battle, and killed Five hundred

hundred and threescore of them; among which were nine Officers of principal Command and Quality: On his side were lost Two hundred common Soldiers, and twelve Officers; among which was his Brother *Prince Maurice of Savoy*, These are the chief Actions on that Side. As for *Portugal*, there has happened nothing in that Kingdom worthy of Remark.

I have in this Letter, sage Governour of the *Imperial City*, observed the Method thou enjoym'dst me. I have acquainted thee, with whatsoever has occurred in the present Wars of *France* and *Spain* during this Year.

'Tis discours'd here, that the *Venetians* will lay Siege to *Canea* next Spring, in hopes to recover that important Place from the Arms of the victorious *Ottomans*.

The *Duke of Orleans* will be on his March to *Flanders*, towards the latter end of the next *Month*, resolving to make an early Campaign, being alarm'd with the late Loss of *Nordyke*, which the *Spaniards* took by Surprize, without much Bloodshed, having not the fourth part of a hundred Men killed on their Side. Whereas, when the *French* took it from them, it cost Five thousand Lives of the best Soldiers the King of *France* had in his Army.

The Hour of the Post will not permit me to say more, than that I am the humblest of thy Slaves.

Paris, 14th of the 12th *Month*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Og'ou.

I Will not make Tryal of the Virtue of Friendship at this Time, in the Way that *Philosophers* propose to be used between such as own that Title. I will not complain of the Dolors I undergo, that so by making thy Compassion share them with me, I may ease my self of a Part. It appears to me a pusillanimous, if not an unjust Action, for a Man to transfer his Sufferings by discovering 'em to his Friend, and designedly throw that upon another, which is scarce tolerable to himself.

I am sick, and Custom has rendered this almost as natural to me as Health! My Constitution is not Proof against the envenom'd Arrows that are shot from the *Stars*. Nor am I constellated, to resist the secret Contagions that lurk in the *Elements*. The Herbage of the Field languishes, when poison'd with invisible *Spores* from above; and all the Leaves of the Forest wither, when touch'd with the baneful Emissions of certain *Astercs*, or scorched with the winged Exhalations of the Night. So our Bodies receive a thousand Impressions from Things without us, and not a few Ma'adies from our selves. The very Channel of Life proves many Times the Vehicle of Death, while our Lungs suck in unwholsome Airs, and our very Breath becomes our Ilane. We have radical Poisons in our Complexions, which though they do us no hurt, while we let them lie dormant, yet once excited by our Passions and Vices, they become noxious and fatal, hurrying us into the Chambers of
Death,

Death, by unaccountable Diseases, and Pains which are under no *Predicament*.

This makes me bear my present Dislemper with an equal Mind, because I know its Original, and 'tis not in the List of those Maladies which have no Name; whereby I can easily calculate its Duration, and almost point to a Day when I shall be well again. For 'tis in the Number of those, *Physicians* call *Acute*; and the Anguish it inflicts confirms that *Title*.

Take not this for a Complaint, nor what I am about to say for a *Paradox*, when I tell thee, That I know not which is greater, my Pleasure or Pain, during this excruciating *Fever*. These Afflictions border so near upon one another, that I find it difficult to distinguish them. They seem to be Inmates to each other, and blended together in their Roots. Sure I am, they are so twisted and interwoven in my Constitution, that I never felt one without the other. Every Man may experience, That his strongest Desires are compounded of these two Passions, and the very Moment of Fruition itself, cannot separate them. The Minute of Enjoyment is but consecrated to his Loss, while the Height of his Joy is the Rise of his Grief, since the smallest Particle of Time cannot distinguish the Life and Death of his Pleasure.

Do but reverse this Contemplation, and apply it to my Sickness, and thou wilt find no Riddle in my Words, when I assure thee, that as the Torment of my *Fever* advances, so does my Ease, Pleasure and Pain, sit and shake Hands in my Heart, embrace, and equally divide its *sympole* and *Diaipole* between them.

Yet I must needs own, I am indebted for this Allay of my Dolours, to the Presence of my Mind, which I suffer not to be torn from itself,

Or carried away by the violent Motion of my agitated Spirits. Were it not for this, a *Fever* would prove a *Hell* upon *Earth*, and every *Pulse* a tormenting *Fury*. My very Drink (which is all my Subsistence now) would appear but the loathsome Distillation of that *Tree*, whose *unpalatable* and *scalding Gum*, is appointed for a *Beverage* to the *Damned*. The softest Entertainment of my Bed, while awake, would but be a Translation of the Torments of *Ixion* and *Sisyphus*; and the flattering Intervals of Sleep, would but renew the Sufferings of *Tantalus*. Whereas now, whether asleep or awake, my Mind keeping aloft in her proper Sphere, busied in the Contemplation and Enjoyment of her self and superiour Objects, partakes not in the *Fever* of my Body, but as if on the cool top of some high Mountain, surveys all the Valleys beneath, without being sensible of their raging Heats.

I owe this Tranquility, in the midst of bodily Perturbations, to the *Examples* of ancient *Philosophers*, which thou knowest have far more Influence than *Precepts*. Ever since I read that *Plotinus* could chase away the racking Tortures of the Gout and Stone, by the sole Force of his Thought, I daily try'd the Experiment, spur'd on by Emulation of his Virtue; as judging it ignoble in a *Musliman* to give the Palm to a *Pagan* in any Point of masculine Bravery.

'Tis recorded of the same *Philosopher*, that by the mere Strength and Majesty of his Mind, he dissipated the *Enchantments* of *Apollonius Tyaneus*; and the *infernal Spirits*, confess'd they were baffled by that *thinking Man*: As if his Soul were of the Nature of *Medusa's Head*, which turn'd all into unactive *Statues*, who did but look on it.

Surely, great is the Efficacy of Contemplation, hinted at in the *Arabian Proverb*, which says,

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He that can see his own Eyes without a Glass, shall be able to move the Bulls Horns. Which mysterious Expression is thus interpreted by the learned *Avicenn*. A Prophet or Spiritual Man, who always converses within, shall have Power to shake the Foundations of the Earth; which, thou knowest, rests on the Horns of a Bull, according to the *Doctrine* of the Holy Law-giver.

I need say no more to convince thee, that I am in a *Power*. My thus expatiating and running from one thing to another (when I thought to have said all in a few Words) will satisfy thee what Temper I am in. Yet recollecting my self with Comfort that I know my Distemper, I will crave Leave to tell thee a short Story of a Man who was sick for many Years, and yet the ablest *Physicians* in *Paris*, could not discern his *Malady*.

This Person was an *Officer* of the City, whose Business 'twas to arrest Men that were in Debt. He was observed to be the subtlest of all his Brethren, and the most dextrous at plotting another Man's Ruin. This augmented his Estate, and he grew extremely rich. But in the one and fortieth Year of his Age, he was seized with an unknown Malady, a Distemper to which the most skilful were Strangers. He languished five Years in a Condition which moved all Men to Pity. It will be tedious for to recount the Symptoms of his Illness. At length he died; and according to his own Will was dissected. The *Physicians* found all Parts of his Body decayed and wasted; but when they came to his Head, they were above measure astonished to see a Nest of *Serpents* instead of Brains. This was concluded by all to be the Source of his Distemper: and People descant variously on it. Some say, 'twas a *Judgment* of God inflicted on him, for his cruel Subtilty, in trappanning Men out of their Liberties

Liberties by a thousand Wiles. Others are of Opinion, that it is a *natural* Product, it being usual in some Constitutions, for this sort of Creature to be bred out of their Vitals. A *Merchant* that had been in *Peru* told me, That in a *Province* of that *Empire*, there were People, who by drinking the Water of a certain River, had *Serpents* often engendred in their Bowels; that he had seen one presented to the *King* of *Spain* which was taken out of a dead Man's Heart, a Cubit in length. He said 'twas of a crimson Colour, without Scales or Eyes; neither was it venomous. This he asserted very solemnly, and with Imprecations.

I tell thee, dear Friend, if these Things be true, who can be sure he harbours not some such loathsome Inmate in his Body; yet I would not have thee grow melancholy upon it, and disturb thy Repose. The Day will come, when we shall all be metamorphosed into *Worms* and *Serpents* in the *Grave*.

In the mean while live thou happily, in the *Favour* of thy *Sovereign*, in the *Enjoyment* of thy *Health* the *Vigour* of thy *Senses*, and have sometimes in thy Thoughts a Man full of *Infirmities*, without murmuring. *Mahomet*, that loves his Friend in all Conditions.

Paris, 26th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XIX.

To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword Bearer to
his Highneſs.

I Wiſh I could time my Letters ſo, as to gratify all the *Minifters* of the *bleſſ'd Part*, by making each alternately, the firſt Relater of ſome acceptable News in the myſterious *Drum*, where all Human Events are ſcanned with impartial Judgment. But every *Month* does not preſent us with Sieges or Battles; neither can I receive Intelligence of all remarkable Events, ſo ſoon as they come to paſs. What I ſhall now tranſmit to thee, is an Account of what has been omitted in my *Diſpatches* to the other *Minifters*.

Europe is a Field, fertile in *Rebellion*, *Tumults*, *Diſorders*, and *unnatural Wars*. No Part of *Chriſtendom*, which is not polluted with Treasons, Perfidies, and *Maſſacres*; no Corner undefiled with humane Blood. The Son conſpires the Death of him who firſt gave him his Life. The Brother lays Trains to enſnare the Partner of his Blood, the Off ſpring of her that bore himſelf. No Bond of Affection or Tye of Conſanguinity, is of Force to reſtrain theſe *Infidels* from purſuing each other with Malice. Neither has their Religion any more Influence on their Paſſions, than the *Fables* of the ancient *Poets*. In publick and private, all things are governed by Intereſt. Thus, while every Man and every *State*, are only byaſ'd by the narrow Principles of Self Preſervation; they abandon the general Good of *Chriſtendom*, and expoſe it as a Prey to the next daring Invader.

Ther

There is no Reason that we should grieve at this Folly of the *Nazarenes*. 'Tis from their Impiety and Vices, the Virtue and Wisdom of the victorious *Mussulmans* receive the greater Lustre, who are created to displant these *uncircumcised*, and instruct the Nations which they possess'd, in the *Faith free from Blemish*.

Yet since the Depredations which the *Swedes* have made in *Germany* and *Denmark*, the neighbouring *Crown* and *States*, notwithstanding their Insincerity, have seemingly interposed their Endeavours, to prevent the worst Effects of a War, so destructive to the common Interest of *Christendom*. *Deputies* were sent from all Parts, to *Munster* and *Osnaburg*, with Instructions from their respective *Sovereigns*. They have squandered away much time in vain Overtures of *Peace*; whilst the *Swedes* daily get Ground on one side of the *Empire* and the *French* are not unsuccessful on the other.

The Enemies of *France*, sensible that they cannot reduce this *Crown* by open Force, have Recourse to Artifice. They endeavour to corrupt her Allies, and insinuate into the Minds of the *United States* of the *Low-Countries*, all those Apprehensions which may serve to improve the Jealousy they had already conceived of the *French* Neighbourhood. Suggesting, that the *Spanish Netherlands* are the only Bar which stops the Armies of *France* from over-running *Holland*, and the rest of the *United Provinces*. In fine, they have prevailed on them to enter into a separate *Alliance*, and not to treat in Conjunction with the *Ministers* at *Munster*.

On the other side, the *French*, by their *Agents* in *Holland*, endeavour to unmask the Artifice of the *Spaniards*; representing, that they have no other Design in, these Insinuations
but

but to breed an ill Understanding between this Crown and the *United Provinces*; that so, by their ill Offices, in time Things may come to a Rupture, and the *States* be deprived of the Friendship and Protection of *France*, which alone is able to support that *Commonwealth*, against the Pretensions of their old Enemies, the *Spaniards*. All *Europe* is astonish'd to see, that notwithstanding the utmost Condescensions of the *French Court*, to conserve Peace, yet the *States*, led by their ill *Destiny*, should embrace the Proposals of *Spain*. This makes a great Impression on all the *Ministers* assembled at *Munster* and *Osnaburgh*, who now conclude, that the *Spaniards* only seek Occasions to perpetuate the War in *Europe*; that whilst the *Princes* of the *Empire* are engaged in a Defence of their Territories, and the *Swedes* and *French* are busied in pursuing their Conquests, they may pick a Quarrel with their new Friends, whom they have deprived of a more powerful Protection, and re-establish themselves in the *revolted Provinces*.

The *Deputies* have had several Conferences about this important Affair; and the Result of their Counsels, is to sollicite the *French Court*, to use its utmost Power to prevent the ill Consequences which this *separate Treaty* will bring along with it.

'Tis discours'd here, that *Monsieur de la Taillerie* will be recalled from the *Court* of *Swedenland*, being esteem'd the fittest Man to dissuade the *Hollanders* from this new *Alliance*; he having been already employed in several Negotiations with the *States*, and is well vers'd in the Methods of treating with that Nation.

This some judge to be the Reason of the *Sieur Chanu's* being sent to *Swedenland*, that he may reside at *Stockholm*, and continue to act there in the Absence of *la Taillerie*.

So nice and delicate in this Affair, that all France cannot afford another Man duly qualified, to manage it with any Probability of Success. If he shew not more Candour in this Negotiation, than he did when he was sent to mediate a Peace between *Sweden* and *Denmark*, he will receive but slender Thanks at his Return. But if he succeeds, 'tis said, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has declar'd, he will merit to be install'd in the Order of the Holy Spirit. I have formerly spoke of this in one of my Letters, as the most eminent Order of Knights in France.

I wish the *Christians* may ever find Difficulties to obstruct the Measures they take to establish an universal Peace, and may continue to amuse and vex one another, till the Day of the Scourge.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
to the Ottoman Empire.

IT is not yet publickly known what Designs I have mov'd this Court to order a mighty Fleet to be fitted out to Sea: But it is privately whisper'd, That they will sail to the *Levant*, to assist the *Venetians* against the *Turks*.

People discourse variously, according to the Strength or Weakness of their Reason; and Five Days ago an old Man went to *Cardinal Mazarin*, pretending to speak by *Inspiration*: He told him, That 'twas in vain to trust to their winged

winged Castles, (so he called the Ships) the Multitude of their Armies, or in the Treasures of their Money; for a Decree was sign'd in Heaven against all the Nations in Europe; that the War was begun above, between the Potentates who have the Custody of Kingdoms and Empires; that they should soon see the Banner of the Eternal display'd in the Firmament; that the Stars should fight in their Courses, against the wicked Professors of Christianity; that the Ishmaelites should come out of their Holes, and should flow down like a Torrent from the Mountains of the East, over-running all Christendom. In fine, that Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, should be laid desolate, their beautiful Cities sack'd and the Inhabitants led into Captivity, that the Pope, with all his Priests, should be exterminated; and, that all Nations should embrace *our Law*.

They put him in Prison, but he was found walking next Day in the Streets. The Keeper chain'd him in Irons, but in the Morning he was standing at the Gate of the Prison, preaching to the People. Some say he is a *Ghymist*, and has found out the *Master-Secret*; others say, He is a *Prophet*; but most judge him to be a *Magician*. He seems now to have lost his Vigour, not being able to release himself from the Chains, which fasten him to the Ground where he lies, yet he continues to foretel the Ruin of *Christendom*. 'Tis said he will be sent to Rome, there to receive Sentence of the Holy Father; according to his Demerits. I am no Admirer of *Visionaries*; yet there appears something extraordinary in the Constancy of this Man. Time will demonstrate, whether he be a *true* or a *false Prophet*.

A Courier came to this City last Night from *Sweden*; who brings Letters from *Monsieur Chanut*, which say, That he has received great Encouragement

agement to hope for the Ships which he was to buy in *Swedeland*. Thou hast already heard, that *Monsieur la Tuilleries*, *Ambassador* from this *Crown* to *Queen Christina*, was thought the only proper Instrument to dissuade the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, from entering into a separate *Treaty* with *Spain*; and that therefore *Monsieur Chanut* was sent to reside in his Absence at *Stockholm*, to observe what passes, and to continue the *Alliance* between the two *Crowns*.

This *Minister* arrived in *Swedeland*, the 15th Day of the *Month* of *December*, in the last Year; where *Monsieur la Tuilleries*, had prepared all things ready for a speedy Dispatch of his Negotiation: having the Day before his Arrival made known to that *Court* the Pleasure of the *King* of *France*, and the *Queen Regent*, whose Letters were receiv'd by *Queen Christina*, with all the Marks of Royal Affection; she telling the *Ambassador*, that she infinitely honoured the Persons of the *King* and the *Queen Regent*; and, that she would give them such Proofs of the Integrity of her Friendship, as would demonstrate, That she was sensible of her Obligations to them, for what they had contributed to the good Success of her Affairs: And that there was nothing more dear to her, nor more fixed in her Resolution, than to conserve inviolably the *League* that was between them. She farther told the *Ambassadors*, that it was with no ordinary Complacency she now beheld two *Ministers* of *France* in her *Court*, after she had been without any for a long Time. In fine, she assured them, That whatsoever could be spared from the necessary Defence and Service of the Kingdom, whether Ships, Arms or Men, should not be wanting to the Aid of the *King* of *France*.

By this thou mayest perceive, That though the *King* of *France* has powerful Armies by *Land*,

yet

yet he is defective in *Naval Forces*: Or, if he has Ships enough to defend his own Realms by Sea, and to serve as Convoys to his Merchants, it must be concluded, that some foreign Expedition is design'd, which has put him upon this extraordinary Method to encrease his Fleet.

I thought it highly necessary to acquaint thee with this Passage, that the *Ministers* of the *Port*, august and ever happy, may consult what Measures to take with this *Prince*, if it be true, That he designs to break the *League* which he made with *Sultan Ibrahim* four Years ago. There is but little Confidence to be reposed in the most solemn Oaths of *Christian Monarchs*, who hold not themselves obliged to keep *Faith* with those whom they esteem *Infidels*; and, thou knowest, that is the best Title they can afford the *Observers* of the most perfect Law in the *World*. Yet the *French*, among all the Nations of the *Mosque*, seem to bear the greatest Respect to the *Ottoman Empire*. But they are inconstant and changeable, which is an Argument of Insincerity: They are very prompt and warm in contracting Friendships, and as ready to infringe those sacred Bonds, on the least Occasion, especially where Interest and Ambition have the Ascendent.

The *Venetian Resident* at this Court makes daily Visits to the *Queen Regent*, and has frequent Conferences with *Cardinal Mazarini*. Many *Couriers* pass between *Munster*, *Stockholm*, and this City. Yesterday one arrived from the *Venetian Ambassador* at *Munster*, giving an Account that the *Secretary* of that *Embassy*, whom he had sent to *Queen Christina*, was return'd with the Promise of eight Ships of War, lent by the *Queen* to the *Republick*, to assist them against the *All conquering Mussulman*.

It seems as if *Sweden* were become the common *Arsenal* of *Europe*, from which the other Kingdoms are supply'd with all the Instruments of War. But what is most observable, is, that the *Venetians* obtain'd not this Favour, without the Mediation of the *French Ministers* at *Stockholm*. By which it seems evident, that this *Court* has newly enter'd into a private *League* with the *Republick*; and that they design to surprize the *Ottomans* with some sudden Enterprize by Sea.

I shall not let a Moment escape, which may present me with the least Opportunity, to discover what is in the Hearts of the *Infidels*.

If thou wilt favour me with thy Instructions, I shall make the safer Steps. *God*, whose Eye penetrates into all Obscurities, enlighten us with a Ray to that Wisdom, which once revealed to his *Messenger* the secret Conspiracy of the *Cares*'s when they plotted to destroy the *Temple* built without *Hawds*.

Paris, 17th of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R XXI.

To William Vospel, a Recluse, at Halmerstadt in Austria.

I Received thy Letter with abundance of Complacency, in that it argues the Continuance of thy Friendship; and that I trace therein no Footsteps of an angry Pen, notwithstanding the Liberty I took to descant on thy manner of Life. On the contrary, thou sendest me an Apology

logy full of Meekness. Thy Reasons have a marvellous Force in them; they seem to spring from a Soul vegete and living, yet dead to Passion. Thou almost persuadest me to affect a *monastick* Life, which may not unfitly be term'd a *social* Solitude.

I much admire what thou say'st concerning *Silence*, and wish I could practise that *passive* Virtue. It is the first Step of Wisdom, the Nurse of Peace, and the Guardian of Vertue. Words do but ruffle and discompose the Mind, betraying the Soul to a thousand Vanities. Therefore *Pythagoras* enjoyn'd his Disciples five Years Silence, before he admitted them to his *mysterious* Philosophy.

But tell me why thou didst not rather chuse to live in a *Desart* remote from Men, where thou wouldest have no Temptation to speak, unless thou wert dispos'd to hold a Conference with the Trees or Breasts, or hadst a mind to sport thy self, and have thy Words retorted by mocking *Echs's*? If a *Recluse* Life be thy Choice, for the sake of Contemplation, I would advise thee to turn *Hermit*. But perhaps thou dar'st not venture thy self among the *Savys* of the *Wilderness*, or thou art afraid of the Wild Beasts. As for the first, they are either the Dreams of *Poets*; or if there be any such Beings in reality, they will not hurt thee, since thou voluntarily forsakest the Company of Men, to become a *Sylvan*, as they are. As for the latter, I must confess, I cannot discommend thy Fear, there being no Friendship or Intelligence common between us and the Lyons, Tygers, Bears, &c. of the Forest. Yet I can tell thee for thy Comfort, that by long and assiduous Practice, the fiercest of these Creatures have been taught to converse with Men, to obey their Commands, and to perform

the Parts of diligent Servants, and faithful Friends.

This *Wilderness* will afford thee a fair Opportunity of studying the Natures of Plants and Animals, the various Alterations in the Elements, the Influence of the Winds and Rains, Meteors and Exhalations, with many other Secrets which are hid from the greatest part of Men, who are buried alive in populous Towns and Cities, banish'd from the Familiarity of their Mother Earth, and most of her genuine Products.

In the *Desart*, the unforced Harmony of Birds shall lull thy Soul in innocent and grateful Slumbers; the gentle Winds shall waft immortal Whispers to thy ravish'd Ears, breathing unutterable Sounds from *Paradise*. The murmuring Streams shall warble forth their soft and sweet eternal *Stories*. All shall conspire to serve thy Contemplation, and to transport thy Mind with *sacred Ecstasies*.

If after all this thou shalt prefer the *monastick* Enclosure, follow thy Resolution, and be happy. Only remember, That though thy Body be shut up within those Walls, yet if thy Mind straggle in vain and worldly Thoughts, thou art no longer a *Recluse*. Adieu.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXII.

To the Captain Bassa.

I F all be true that I have Reason to suspect, thou wilt find a wram Divertisement at Sea this spring. Though the *Europeans* have seem'd slow in their Preparations to assist the *State of Venice*, suffering their separate Interests to supersede the Care of that *Republick*, yet now they turn their Eyes thither. Their Backwardness hitherto is owing to the Secrecy with which our sage *Emperor* meditated the present War. His Counsels were never whisper'd out of the *Seraglio*, 'till the same Winds transported the News, which waisted our *invincible Fleet* to the Shore of *Gandy*. Now they behold the Ocean cover'd with the Ships of the *Eastern Empire*, Fear surprizes them; the *Princes* of the *Nazarenes* tremble. They look no longer on the *Republick* of *Venice* with the Eyes of Envy, because of her Preheminence in Traffick, but with another Regard: They consider her as the *Bulwark* of *Christians*, the only Bank of which has hitherto stemm'd the Tide of the *Ottoman* Puissance, and stopp'd our victorious Armies from overflowing all *Europe*.

I have inform'd the *Rais Effendi*, of what I knew concerning the *naval* Forces which are fitting out in several Parts of the *North* and *West*, to aid the *Venicians*; but I have not told him what the *Christians* say of thee, neither am I willing to believe it. They speak of thee, as of a Man not more difficult to be corrupted, than was thy Predecessor, who was strangled by the Order of the *Sultans* *Stolber*. This Censure, I hope, is an Effect of their Impotence; while

they flatter themselves with the Imagination of bribing him, from whose Courage and Fortune they can expect nothing but Defeats.

They trust much in the Force of thy Birth and Education, and discourse of a certain *magical* Character, imprinted on thy Soul, when thou wast baptized, which, they say, is indelible; and they promise themselves, that thy native *Christianity* has more Influence on thy Heart, than forced *Circumcision*; and that thou wilt not fight with any Zeal, against Men of the same Principle, as those who gave thee thy Breath. But they confide more in the Charms of their Gold, with which they design to bribe thee. In fine, they drank Healths to the *banish Renegads*. So they term him, who commands the whole Fleet of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I do not give Credit to these Calumnies, having good grounds to boast of thy Integrity. However, I counsel thee, by some extraordinary Service to thy *Master*, to give the Lye to these *Infidels*; And suffer not that, which at present may be but a bare Suspicion, to be improved by thy Neglect or Cowardice, into a palpable Evidence, that thou art false and perfidious to the *Supreme Lord* of the *Globe*.

Paris, 6th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXIII.

To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.

NOW thou art fix'd, 'tis time to write to thee. Thou hast been a Rambler these three or four Years, and no Body knew where to find thee. I have received eleven *Dispatches* from thee, since thy first Departure from *Genova*; wherein thou hast informed me of many Passages of *State*. Now I desire thee to send me some Remarks, of the different Nature of the People thou hast seen, their various Customs and Laws, with whatsoever was worthy Observation in thy *Travels*.

Italy is a fair Field, yet produces *Darnel* as well as *wholesome Corn*. It is a beautiful Garden, yet bears *Acanthe* intermix'd with her *Rosets*: Great Virtues, and no less Vices. This Region is famous for the Wisdom of its Inhabitantes, and for their *Proverbs*: It is the *Arabia* of *Europe*, in many Senses; yet much lessen'd in its Renown, since the Decline of the *Roman Empire*. The *Goths* and *Vandals* turned all into *Desarts* where they came, and have left such Impressions of their *Northern Barbarism* behind them, as made the People they conquer'd half Savages. Hence came the general Decay of Learning and Knowledge in these *Western* Parts: Hence the Corruption of ancient Manners. The Great, the Noble, and the Wise, bow'd under the Yoke of their *New Masters*, learn'd their Fashions, and gloried in their Shame. Their Examples influenced the Vulgar; Debauchery became modish and authentick. Thus a general Depravation of pristine Integrity took place, and Men became vicious by a Law.

Neither has Wickedness planted it self only in *Europe*: The *Sea* could not stop this boundless Evil. *Asia* is infected also, and the Vice of *Italy* is transported to the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. Thou hast seen all the chief Cities between the *Alps* and *Rhegium*, which is the utmost Angle of *Italy*, to the *South*: Tell me, whether *Sodom* could exceed any of them in Licentiousness: We will not except even *Rome*, the Seat of the *Christian Nasts*. These *Uncircumcised* have learned of thy Nation, to call the *ancient Philistines, Infidels*. But had any of those *Sages* lived to see the Abominations of the *modern Nazareans*, they would have despised the *Faith* which produced no *better Works*.

Adenal put in Practice the Import of thy Name, be *Lord* of thy self; and if thou stumblest at the *Light* of the *Mussulmans*, walk in that of *Moses*, but shun the *Paths* of the *Christians*; for they are enveloped in *Darkness*, and grope at *Mid-day*. Live according to *Reason*, and thou shalt be happy. *Adieu*.

Paris, 18th of the 3d Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THE present War of *Candy* is like to render that *Island* as much the Subject of the *World's Discourse*, as it was formerly famous, for being the *Cradle* of *Jupiter*. In those Days it was called *Crete*, much celebrated in the *Writings* of the *Greek Poets*. Afterwards it became

became a *Province* of the *Roman Empire*; than of the *Greeks*; next it submitted to the *Saracens*. But in the Time of the *Christian Expeditions* in *Palstine*, when *Baldwin Earl of Flanders* was crown'd *Emperor of Constantinople*, this *Island* came into his Possession; which he gave to a certain valiant Commander in his Army, a Man of a noble Descent, of whom the *Venetians* purchased it; and in their Hands it has continued ever since. But now, in all probability, it will be the Prize of Arms which nothing sublimary can resist.

The Posts from *Italy* and the Sea Coasts of this Kingdom confirm each other's News; all agreeing, That notwithstanding the utmost Efforts of the *Venetians* and *Candians*, to hinder the Relief of *Canea*, yet our *General* is got into that Haven with vast Quantities of Provisions, and a sufficient Reinforcement of Men. They add, that Forty thousand of our Soldiers have made a Descent in another Part of the *Island*, have gain'd the Forts of *Cisternes Calmi*, and *Bicornis*, and were on their March towards *Suda*, with a Design to besiege that Place. They accuse our *General* of barbarous Cruelty, in that he caused Five of the principal *Noblemen* of that Kingdom to be put to Death, because they refused to betray their Country, or enter into the Interests of the *Grand Signior*.

I must confess, magnificent *Aga*, that whatever may be said in Commendation of this *General's* Policy, and Fidelity to his *Master*; it is no Argument of the Goodness of his Disposition. I rather admire the Temper of the *Duke of Orleans*, who, when *Graveling* was surrendered to him, just as he enter'd the Town, was heard to say these Words; *Let us endeavour, by generous Actions, to win the Hearts of all Men, so may we hope*

for a daily Victory. Let the French learn from me, this new Way of Conquest, to subdue Men by Mercy and Clemency.

These are heroick Sentiments, and agree well with the Character of this Prince, who is said never to have been the Author of any Man's Death, nor to have revenged himself of any Injury; yet a valiant Soldier, an expert Commander, and no bad Politician.

It is not hid from the Court, with what a matchless Virtue he dismiss'd a Gentleman that was hired to murder him. This *Assassin* was suffer'd to pass into the Duke's Bed-Chamber one Morning early, pretending Business of great Moment from the Queen. As soon as the Duke cast his Eyes on him, he spoke thus; *I know thy Business, Friend; thou art sent to take away my Life: What hurt have I done thee? It is now in my Power, with a Word, to have thee cut in Pieces before my Face. But I pardon thee; go thy way, and see my Face no more.*

The Gentleman, stung with his own Guilt, and astonish'd at the excellent Nature of this Prince, fell on his Knees, confess'd his Design, and who employ'd him: And having promised eternal Gratitude for this Royal Favour, departed without any other Notice taken of him; and fearing to tarry in France, enter'd himself into the Service of the Spanish King. It was his Fortune afterwards to encounter the Duke of Orleans, in a Battel in Flanders. The Duke, at this Instant, was oppress'd with a Croud of Germans who surrounded him, and, in the Conflict, he lost his Sword. Which this Gentleman perceiving, nimbly stepp'd to him and deliver'd one into the Duke's Hands, saying withal, *Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency. Thou gavest me my Life, now I put thee in a Capacity to defend thy own.* The Prince,

Prince, by this means, at length escaped the Danger he was in; and that Day the Fortune of War was on his side. The *French* had a considerable Victory.

Thou seest by this, that heroick Actions have something *divine* in them, and attract the Favours of *Heaven*. No Man ever was a loser by good Works; for tho' he be not presently rewarded, yet in Tract of Time some happy Emergency or other arises to convince him, *That virtuous Men are the Darlings of Providence*.

Thou that art near the Person of the *Grand Signior*, may'st find an Opportunity to relate this Story to him, which may make no unprofitable Impression on his Mind. *Princes* ever stand in need of faithful Monitors.

Adieu, great Minister, and favour *Mahmut* with the Continuance of thy Protection and Friendship.

Paris, 25th. of the 3d Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXV.

To Nassuf, Bassa of Natolia.

I Received thy Letter as an Argument of the Continuance of that Friendship which was between us, when we lived together in the *Seraglio*. Since that time thou and I have been employed abroad, in different Services of our *August Emperor*, who now rewarded thy Fidelity with a Command; which, if it be not adequate to thy Merit, is nevertheless agreeable to thy Wishes.

I congratulate thy Honour, and wish thee a gradual Increase of it; for sudden and violent Leaps are dangerous. But our glorious *Sultan* discovers his Abilities in nothing more eminently, than in adapting Places of Trust to the Deserts and Capacities of his faithful *Slaves*. So that if he should in time think fit to exalt thee to the highest Dignity in the *State*, we might from the Choice of so wise a Prince preface thee a better Fortune than besel one of thy Name, in the Reign of *Sultan Achmut III.* who from a *Slave* sold in the Market for three Sequins, was advanced to an Honour too weighty for his Virtue; being made *Vizir Azam*, and *Lord* of the most delicious *Provinces* in *Asia*. But being ambitious of absolute *Sovereignty*, he plotted Treason against his *Master*, which being discover'd, the fatal *Firm* was sign'd, and all his Designs were stifled with a Bow-string.

By this thou may'st comprehend, how necessary it is for *Princes* not to over-load any Man with *Dignities*, beyond the Proportion of his Humility and Faithfulness. Yet Rewards well placed, give new Vigour to the Endeavours of a *Slave*, whereas when good Services are slighted, it does but quench the Ardour with which they were perform'd. Few Men are so spiritual, as to do great and heroick Things, purely for the sake of internal Complacency. And I doubt not but the *Deeds* themselves, in so freely sacrificing their Lives for their Country, had regard to Human Glory. Even *Senecca*, whom one would take for the most mortify'd *Stoick* of that Age by his *Writings*, yet is conceived to have found more Encouragement in the Treasures of Gold, with which *Nero's* Bounty had fill'd his Coffers; than all his *Morals*, of which he had such refined Sentiments, and elegant Expressions,

What

What I have said, thou hast Wisdom enough to apply to thy self, without being vain-glorious: Let those whom thou employest in any meritorious Services, and who discharge their Trust well, be encouraged with the same Proportions of Bounty. Munificence will not only add to thy Glory, but also advance thy Interest, since thou wilt ever have Occasion for thy *Slaves*: And he who has once tasted thy Liberality as a Reward for any eminent Performance, had he no other Motive than the Pleasure of renewing so profitable an Experiment, will freely hazard his Life to serve thee in an Extremity.

This Method thou wilt find of no small Use to thee, in the Wars to which thou art going, where it will be necessary for thee to recompense the least singular Bravery of the meanest Soldier, not only with Applause, but with some Preferment in the Army. This will not only prove a Spur to others, but even to the Person so rewarded; and put him upon new Efforts of Courage, to attract the Eyes of his munificent General. This will be the way for thee, in time, to have an Army composed all of Captains, or Men qualified for such.

Yet let not this diminish the Severity of that Discipline, which is requisite to retain a prosperous Army in their Obedience. I counsel thee to be strict in requiring the least military Duty, and industrious in performing thy own part, which will be an Example to the rest; yet rather be forward to lead in Labours, than in Dangers: In regard thou wilt be more serviceable in a Battel, by thy counsels and Orders, than by personally entering the Combat. In all things prefer the Welfare of the *Ottoman Empire*, to whatsoever else is most dear to thee, even to thy own *Honour*, which yet ought to be dearer to thee than thy *Life*.

If thou thinkest I have taken too much Liberty to advise thee, accuse thy self for having honour'd me with thy Friendship, which admits of no Reserves in Conversation.

Paris, 7th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is a vast Disappointment to the *Venetians*, that our General in *Candy* has so opportunely re- victuall'd *Ganea*, and increas'd the Garrison there. *Moribus* is blam'd for this, by those that wish him no Good. What will not Envy suggest, when it beholds a Man on the Top of Honour? This General, to give an Enemy his Due, is a Man of Spirit and true Fortitude; neither courting, nor shunning Dangers in the Service of his Country; but when once engaged in Perils for that Cause, he is fearless as a Lion. If he has not hitherto had Occasion to give the State so desperate a Proof of Loyalty, as once did the *Roman Curtius* (who bravely gallop'd into the bottomless *Chasm* to pacify their angry Gods;) yet he has often demonstrated, that his Courage and Fidelity come not short of the ancient *Heroes*. In a Word, he has done too much for the *Republick of Venice*, to escape the Spleen of other Grandees. All must be *Generals*, or the War will not prosper. Each Man's Ambition dictates this to the *State*, that a Man of Conduct would soon expel the *Turks* out of that *Island*: Thus in his Conceit, laying a Train for his own Promotion,

Would it

Would'st thou know *Morofini's* Crime, that excites all this Passion? To speak the Truth, it was an Oversight advantageous to the *Ottomans*. He put out with his whole Fleet to Sea, and left the *Port* of *Canea* open. By which means, three of our Ships got in with Plenty of Provisions. So that the Town is now in a Condition to sustain a long Siege, and the *Venetians* despair of ever recovering it. Yet *Morofini* has made so plausible an Apology, that the *Senate* have acquitted him, not judging it consistent either with Justice or their Interest, to suffer one Miscarriage, the Effect of a fair Intention, to out-weigh his numerous Merits and Services. For, the Occasion of his thus suddenly abandoning the Avenue of that Haven was, to chase some of our Vessels, then under Sail, not many Leagues off; and the taking of those Vessels, on Board of which were abundance of *Slaves*, justified to the *Senate*, the Truth of his Pretensions. However, there are not wanting such as say, he held a private Correspondence with our *General*: Others, that the present *Governour* of *Canea* has formerly taken Captive at Sea a Son of *Morofini's*, whom he now offer'd to restore, in case he would withdraw his Ships from before the Haven for a few Days. I know not how far this may be credited. But 'tis a certain Truth that *Morofini* has his Son again, and he defended himself by pleading, that he redeem'd him by exchanging a *Mahometan* Captive of equal *Quality*, whom he had aboard his Ship.

And, thou knowest, that this manner of Barter is lawful in War. *Adnai* the *Jew* sends me this Intelligence, and I dare believe him. For since the Instructions I sent him to *Genova*, he has taken care to ascertain his Reports. I wish it were as true, that *Morofini* could be prevailed

on to accept the Friendship of the *sublime Part*. But the Character of that *General* gives me no Encouragement to hope for so fortunate a Treachery, from his severe Virtue.

However, I will hope and believe, that the *eternal Patron of true Believers*, will give such a happy Issue to the *Ottoman Arms in Gaudy*, and all other Parts, as shall dispose the *Nazarenes* that remain unconquer'd, to honour *HIM* whom they have hitherto despis'd and blasphemed; even the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read.

Paris, 7th. of the 4th Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXVII.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

THE Time of the Year is now come, where-
in the Earth turns her inside out, and Nature calls forth the hidden Virtues of that Element, to grace the World with an infinite Variety of pleasant Forms and Colours. The Eye is lost in such a Croud of different Beauties, and every Sense is ravish'd with delightful Objects. The young Men and Virgins throng the Fields, to behold the Resurrection of Flowers and Herbs; and the Old feel new Vigours springing in their Bodies, as though they had been in *Moses's* Cauldron. Even *Makmor* himself who has droop'd all the Winter, now begins to lift up his Head, and partake in the common Restauration of all Things.

If I am capable of guessing at the Occasion of my frequent Sickness, I believe it may in part be attributed to the want of fresh Air, in the place where I lodge. There is a vast Difference between the Streets of *Paris*, and those of *Constantinople*. I seem to my self to be buried alive in this close City, where my Chamber-Window affords me no farther Prospect than I can see; whereas in *Constantinople* the Gardens are so intermix'd with Houses, that it looks like a City in the midst of a Forest; and by the Advantage of its Situation, is always refreshed with Breezes from the Sea.

Besides the Impurity of these *Isfets*, who empty all their Filth in the Streets, so that the Dirt of *Paris* may be smelt some Miles off; the Uncleanliness of their Diet, contributes in no small measure to my Distemper; being forced either to feed on Flesh with the Blood in it, or live on Herbs. They laugh at the Niceness of the *Mussulmans*, who will eat no Meat that was knock'd down or strangled. They seem to be greedy of Blood, saving it in Vessels, and mixing it with Flower of Wheat, make a certain Bread thereof, which they devour without the least Squeamishness. A true Believer would tremble at the Sight of such Impiety. I tell thee, it is impossible to live among them, and not be polluted; They have no Methods of Purification. They wallow, and hug themselves in their Uncleanliness: They are worse than the Beasts.

Now the *Spring* has provided a New Banquet, wherein there is no Impurity, I am resolv'd to live like a *Mussulman*, and conform to the Precepts of our *holy Lawgiver*; who when he beholds my Zeal and Abstinence, will send the *Angel of Health* from his *Paradise*, to repair my decay'd Constitution.

The

The *French Philosophers* are busied in an inquiry after certain kinds of Birds, which from the second Day of this *Month* they say are not to be found in the whole Kingdom, though the Woods and Fields were full of them during the *Winter*. Some are of Opinion, That they fly to the *Moon*; asserting, That if their Wings will but carry them beyond the *magnetic* Force of the Earth, it will be no Pain to glide through the upper airy Region, 'till they arrive within the attractive Energy of that *Planet*, where they will *naturally* seek Rest. Others, with more Probability, say, That these Birds take their Flight to some other Region on Earth, whose Climate is more agreeable to their Natures, at this time of the Year.

I wish I could as easily once a Year take my Flight to *Constantinople*, where my Heart is *Winter* and *Summer*. Adieu, dear *Hall*, and pity *Mabmus*, who counts himself unhappy in nothing so much, as in being absent from his Friends.

Paris, 7th of the 4th *Month*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER. XXVIII.

To the *Treasury*, or Lord-Treasurer.

IT appears, that *France* has some extraordinary Design by Sea: When and where 'twill be put in Execution, is not yet known; but the vast Preparations that are making seem to threaten some foreign Invasions, rather than a Naval Combat: It looks as if they had an Expedition in Hand greater than that of *Xerxes*; to make a
 Bridge

Bridge over the Ocean, and join the separated Parts of the World together. New *Arsenals* are built in several Maritime Towns, and all the Forests are cut down to fill them with Timber for *Ships of War*: The Mountains are left naked of Trees, and the stately Woods are transplanted into the Heavens. An infinite Number of Men are employ'd in making Cordage, Chains, Bullets, Anchors, Ordnance, and all other Necessaries belonging to a Navy.

This is *Cardinal Mazarini's* Project, under Pre-
 tence of setting the Poor of the Kingdom at Work, and Disburthening the *Commonwealth* of Vagabonds and idle Persons. But *Mabius* is not placed here, to be amused with State-Umbrages. It is evident, that this *Minister* designs to render his *Master* formidable on both Elements. *Agents* are sent to buy Ships in all Parts; and the very Peasants are forced from the Vineyards and Fields, to man the greatest Fleet that ever this Kingdom fitted out to Sea.

Last Moon the *Sieur de Quesne* was sent to assist *Monsieur Chanut*, in purchasing Vessels in *Swedenland*. It seems there had been some Demurs in his Negotiation; to remove which this latter was sent with fresh Instructions. But *Monsieur Chanut* rejected him; and ten Days ago came an Express from that Minister, desiring, that a more intelligent Colleague might be sent him, in regard he found it difficult to treat successfully with a People too much elated with continual Victories.

Upon this, the Court have sent a *Courier* to *Stockholm* with new Orders, whereby he is forbid to make any further Overtures in order to the Continuance of the League between these two Crowns: That *France* may not always appear in a suppliant Posture, whilst the *Swedes* seem careless

careless to conserve a Friendship which they themselves first coveted.

These Misunderstandings may in a short time proceed to a greater Alienation; and in the End, to an open Rupture. Which has the more Probability, is that General *Königsmark* lately stopped some *French* Troops in their March, under Pretence of seeing their Pass-ports; but really, as 'tis thought, to corrupt the Soldiers, and withdraw them from the Fidelity they owe their Sovereign.

This is highly resented here; and they begin to discourse of making *Peace* with *Germany*.

What the Issue of these Things will be, is yet in the dark; but *God*, from whose *Throne* hangs the *Chain of Destiny*, which reaches to the Center of the Earth, will, I hope, so dispose of all Human Events, that the Quarrels of the *Nazarines* shall minister occasion to the *Osmans* to encrease the Territories of our puissant *Emperor*.

Paris, 1st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXIX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Cannot but highly applaud the Resolution thou hast taken, as thy Letter intimares, to enquire into the *Grounds* of the *Religion* thou art of. This shews, that thou settest a Value on thy Reason, and thinkest thy self beyond the Pupillage of a Child; that thou esteemest thy self of Years to make a Choice of thy *Religion*, and not to take it up on the bare *Credit* of thy *Fere-fatheri*. 'Tis certain,

certain, that *Error* may be *traditional* as well as *Truth*: and the *Pagan Idolaters* pleaded a greater *Antiquity* for the *Altars* of their *Gods*, than could the *Followers* of *Moses*, for the *Temple* of *Jerusalem*, the *Tabernacle* in the *Desart*, or the *Promulgation* of the *Law* it self on *Mount Sinai*: Since there was scarce a *Region* on the *Continent*, which had not *establiſh'd Rites* and *Ceremonies* of *Worſhip*, long before *Moses*, or even *Jacob*, the great *Father* of the *Israelites*, were born.

Among the rest of the *Nations*, *Arabia*, my native *Country*, was peculiarly blessed with the *Footsteps* of the *Illuſtrious Ibrahim*, Grandfather to *Israel*, from whom the *Jews* descend. In this happy *Country* that renown'd *Prophet* sojourn'd, conversed with *Angels*: And, with the *Majesty* which cannot be utter'd. He preached the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, converted the *People* from their *Idolatry*, built an *Oratory* at *Mecca*, and was taken up into *Paradise*.

Ismael his eldest *Son*, and *Heir* of his *Father's* Spirit, as of his *Territories*, trod in the *Footsteps* of the *Aſſumpt* of *God*. He brake down the *Idols*, asserted *one God*, the *Reſurrexion*, the *Day* of *Judgment*, the *Joy* of *Paradise*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. His *Offspring* multiplied, and peopled all the *East*: The *Princes* of this *holy Line* subdued the *Infidel Nations*, and rooted themselves in the most fertile *Regions* of *Aſia*, professing themselves *Muſſulmans* or true *Believers*. Thus passed the *Light* of *God* from the *Face* of *Ibrahim*, to his *Posterity* by successive *Generations*; 'till at length it rested on the *Face* of *Mahmut*, our *holy Lawgiver*, and was encreased with admirable *Splendor*, by the frequent *Visits* of the *Angel Gabriel*. He took the *Rest* of *Evil* out of the *Prophet's* Heart, brought him down the *Alcoran* from *Heaven*, and gave him *Victory* and *Honour*;
call'd

call'd him by a new Name, *THE SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*; carried him to the *Throne of God*, through *Legions of Devils*, that waited below the *Moon* to destroy him. And finally, made his *Sepulchre* glorious and resorted to, by the *Believers* of all Nations on the Earth.

I send thee this *Abstract* of the *Mussulman History*, to the end thou may'st see what Pretensions the *Children of Ismael* have to the *free Law*, which you, of the *Posterity of Isaac*, would monopolize to your selves: As if *God* had not sent *Prophets* to all Nations, to lead them into the right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*. Nevertheless, take not these things on my Credit, but examine the *Records* of thy *own Nation*, and the *History of past Times*. Weigh all things in the *Ballance*; consult thy *Reason*, which is an *indeficient Light* to those who follow it. Your *Law* was once pure and uncorrupted; but in time the *Devil* inserted many Errors: He seduced your *Fathers*; they return'd upon their Steps, and fell back into *Idolatry*. Then *God* raised up the *Messias*, to reform all Things; but him ye rejected. And when he was taken up into *Paradise*, ye reported, *That he was hang'd on a Tree*. In this the *Nazareans* are your Fools, and fight against themselves; Whilst they assert, as you do, *That he who is Immortal and Triumphant*, among the *Hundred and twenty four thousand Prophets*, *was crucified between two Thieves*: Thus bringing a *Reproach* on the *Apostle of God*, and on their *own Faith*, in believing things inconsistent with the *Goodness and Power of the Divine Majesty*. Without doubt, *Jesus* the *Son of Mary*, is ascended *Body and Soul* into *Paradise*; who, whilst he was on *Earth*, said, *Worship One God, your Lord and mine*.

Let me not seem importunate, or troublesome, I seek not to circumvent thy Reason, but to direct it. Think seven times before thou change once. I will procure the Books of our *Law*; peruse them with Judgment, and tell me then; whether thou hast ever seen any *Writing* comparable to the *Alcoran*? The *Majesty* of the *Style* speaks it above *Human Original*: It is exempt from Contradiction, from the Beginning to the End: It confirms the *Old Testament*, which thou believest: It is also over cloathed with Light. Doubtless it is no other than a Transcript of the *Book* written in *Heaven*.

If after all thy Search thou shalt determine otherwise, follow thou *thy Law*, and I will follow *mine*. We both worship *one God*, *Lord* of the *Universe*.

Paris, 10th of the 5th Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

LET not the Fear of displeasing those of thy Nation hinder thee from embracing the *Truth*. *God* shall protect thee from the Malice of *Unbelievers*. Thy Interest is already great among the *Mussulmans*; our *August Emperor* will augment both that and thy Honour. Take hold of the strongest Knot, and adhere not to *Tages*. The Cleanliness and Delicacy of the *Mussulmans*: may invite thee, which far exceeds that of the *Jews*, and yet is void of *Superstition*:
We

We only obey the sincere Dictates of *Nature*, which teach us, that so long as the Soul dwells in this Mansion of *Flesh*, it partakes of bodily Pollutions. 'Tis to avoid these, we abstain from certain Meats and Drinks, which cannot be touch'd without Contamination. To this End, do we observe that superlative Niceness, in our Washings and Purifications, which discriminates us from all the World beside. Doubtless, our *Law* is but the *Law of Moses*, refined and sublimated from the Dregs of adventitious Error.

Write often to me, and whatever Reasons may prevail on thee not to change thy *Religion*, let no Arguments tempt thee to swerve from thy *Fidelity* to the *Sovereign of Sovereigns* on Earth, the *Grand Signior*, in whose Veins run the most exalted Blood of Human Race.

Here is a Report in this City, that the *Electer Brandenburg* will demand the *Queen of Sweden* in Marriage. Let me know if it be true, that I may inform the *Ministers* of the *lefty Part*, from whom nothing ought to be concealed, that occurs of Moment betwixt the two *Poles*.

Inform me also, what passes remarkable in the *Assembly* of the *Deputies* at *Münster*, and whether it be true, that the *Danube* has lately over-flow'd its Banks, and carried away Four hundred Houses in its rapid Course.

Such Stories are told here, by those who know not how to pass away their time, but in hearkening after foreign News, to furnish themselves with Matter to amuse the credulous, and beget Admiration of their Intelligence.

I have sent thee a *Watch* of my making: If thou acceptest it with good Will, 'tis a sufficient Acknowledgment.

May God, whose Presence fills the *Universe*, disclose himself to thee, in the way of *Salvation*, and continue to breathe good Motions into thy Soul.

Paris, 10th of the 5th Mon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Kaimacham.

ADONAI the Jew has much improv'd himself, in his late Progress through *Italy*. He is grown a perfect *Statesman*; having found out the way to penetrate into Secrets, and to dispatch Business without any Noise. He may prove very serviceable at *Venice*, during the present War of *Candy*. His Acquaintance in that City gives him Access to the Cabals of the *Senators*, who spare not, over their Wine, to whisper the Counsels of the *State*, and to descant upon the Measures that are taken to defend the *Republick*, against the invincible Prowess of the *Osseman* Armies.

It is publickly known, that they have sent *Embassadors* to the *Crown of Muscovy*, that of *Poland*, and to the *Cossacks*, inviting them to enter into a *League* against the *Grand Signior*. But few are acquainted with the private *Treaty*, they are making with the *Basha of Aleppo*. We owe this Discovery to the Diligence and Wit of this *Son of Israel*. He has drawn the Secret from the Mouths of several eminent *Counsellors of State*; and assures me, That the *Senate* have made such Propo-

sals to the *Governor*, as cannot fail of inducing him to revolt.

This may prove of ill Consequence, if not timely prevented: The pernicious Example of this *Bassa* may incite others to tread in his Steps, especially his Neighbours of *Sidon* and *Damascus*, who have for a long time meditated a Sovereignty, independant of the *Throne*, which first establish'd them in those Charges. Besides, the single Forces of this *Bassa* will be able to give a powerful Diversion to the Arms of the *Empire*, already engaged in *Candy*, *Dalmatia*, and others Parts, by Sea and Land. He says, The *Venitians* speak much in the Praise of this *Bassa's* Justice, whereof they relate many Examples; among the rest, a certain *Cook* among the *Franks* of that City, was accused of dressing and selling putrify'd Flesh, whereby many that did eat thereof were infected with the *Plague*. Complaint being made of this to the *Bassa*, he sends for the *Cook*, and examines him about it: He reply'd, That he sold none but good and wholesome Meat; for if it happen'd that at any time he was forced to keep any Flesh in his House above three Days, he so season'd it with Spices and Herbs, as made it very savoury, and without any ill Scent.

The *Bassa*, not having Patience to hear any more of this fetid Apology, commanded his Arms and Legs to be cut off, and the Veins to be sear'd up; ordering, That during the short time he had to live, he should have no other Food, but what was made of his own Limbs.

They relate one more Passage, of a Complaint that was made by a Peasant, whose Daughter this *Bassa's* only Son had ravish'd: The *Bassa* compelled him to marry her, with this Charge, *Let me hear*

hear no more Complaints of this, except thou art resolved to leave me without a Son.

It is reported here, That the King of Persia has made a Peace with the Great Magul; and that they will both turn their Forces against our august Emperor.

Here is also a Courier arrived from *Marfeiler*, who brings News of the Revolt of *Cavarrá*; the Inhabitants of that Place having shaken off the Obedience they owe to the Sultan, and put themselves under the Protection of the *Venicians*; and that General *Grimani* has taken four Ships of *Ragusa*, laden with Ammunition for our Army. He adds also, That *Muriscni* has thirty small Vessels, besides Gallies, under the very Walls of the *Dardanelle*. I long ago suggested to the *Piazir Azim*, that the Weakness of those Castles would, one time or other, encourage the *Christians* to perform some notable Exploit in the *Hellepont*. But *Mahmud's* Counsel was not regarded: Now the Event justifies my Advice, the *Piazir* will consult the Security of that Avenue. I wish they do not practise the *Trojan* Wisdom. The *Venicians* have a powerful Fleet: If they block up the *Hellepont*, and hinder our Ships from sailing into the *Archipelago*; and the *Cossacki*, in the mean while, cover the *Black Sea* with their Barks, committing a thousand Piracies and Ravages, what will become of the *Imperial City*? Whence will they provide Sustenance for so many Millions of People as inhabit that City, and the Parts adjacent.

These Things are worthy of Consideration: And thou, who hast the Care of that capital Seat of the *Ottoman Empire*, wilt not blame *Mahmud*, for putting thee in mind of the Danger which threatens even the *Seraglio* it self at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, sage Minister,

and refer the rest to thy Wisdom. My Letters are all register'd ; and if Affairs should succeed ill, it will be manifested, that *Mahmet*, who watches Night and Day to serve the *great Master* of the *World*, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the *Monarchy* of the *true Faithful*.

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Justice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for thy *Master* and mine, renders worthy of Excuse.

Paris, 19th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY *at* PARIS.

V O L. III.

B O O K II.

LETTER I.

To the most Magnificent and Illustrious
Vizir Azem, at the Port.

OSMIN the Dwarf, whom I formerly mention'd, remains still in the Court; and continues his good Offices, in communicating to me such Passages as come to his Knowledge. He has a subtle Wit, and bears no hearty love to the *Christians*, tho' he be one himself in *Profession*. He frequently visits me, and trusts me with his Secrets. One Day he convinced me by evident Circumstances, that *Cardinal Mazarin* was projecting to give some secret and sudden Blow to the *Ottoman Empire*, for which *Osmin* seems to be concern'd by a natural Inclination; being, as I told thee, born of *Mahometan* Parents, he was uneasy, 'till he had

acquainted me with his Apprehensions; and I gave him such Instructions, as I thought most proper on this Occasion. I set my Thoughts on the Rack, to prevent so dire a Mischief. And having premeditated well on this Affair, I pitch'd on a Course, which would at once clear me from the Cardinal's Suspicion; and by seeming to favour his Designs, would absolutely overthrow them. I went to him boldly one Day, and being admitted to his *Closet*, I thus address'd that *Politian*.

THERE are now nine Years elaps'd, great *Minister*, since I first breath'd the Air of *France*; during all which time, I have not only shated in common with the Natives, the Benefits which have accrued to this noble Kingdom, under the auspicious *Ministry* of Cardinal *Richelieu*, and his no less eminent Successor; but have also received many particular Honours from that illustrious *Prince* of the *Church*, to which your *Eminence* has been pleas'd to make some undeserv'd Additions. 'Tis to you both I owe the Character which has introduced me into the Acquaintance and Favour of the *Nobility*, who on that score have thought me worthy to instruct their Children in the *Greek* and *Arabick* Tongues; have vouchsafed to admit me to their *Salt*, and to encourage me with the Hopes of finding a comfortable Repose in the Bosom of the *Gallican Church*, after a tedious Peregrination from my own Country.

When I reflect on all the accumulated Blessings I enjoy, under the Protection of your *Eminence*, Blessings equally transcending my Ambition, as they do my Merits; I apply all my Studies, to find out some acceptable way of

Acknow,

Acknowledgment to my gracious *Benefactors*.
 And because nothing can be more welcome to
 the *Guardian of France*, than the Means of ad-
 vancing the publick Good of the Kingdom com-
 mitted to his Care: I now presume, as a Testi-
 mony of my Gratitude, to propose to your *E-*
minence some Speculations, which if put in Exe-
 cution, will, in my Judgment, not only render
France the most formidable and absolute *Monar-*
chy on Earth, but also the whole *Catholick*
World in eternal Obligations to her; and give
 just Reason to change the *Style* of his most *Chri-*
stian Majesty, from the the *eldest Son of the Church*,
 to that of *Father of all Christendom*.

Your *Eminence* will not wonder at the Zeal
 of a Stranger, or the Care that *Titus of Molda-*
via takes for *France*: In being solicitous for
 this Kingdom, I consult the Welfare of my
 own Country, and of all the Nations which
 profess the Faith of *Jesus*; since it is easy to
 see, that in the Fate of *France*, that of all *Europe*
 is involv'd.

It is a long time since the dismember'd Re-
 liques of the *Roman Empire*, bordering on *Asia*,
 found themselves too weak to resist the Puif-
 sance of the *Ottoman Arms*. All *Greece* was
 soon over-run by the War-like *Turks*. *Tran-*
sylvania, Wallachia, Moldavia, with the greatest
 part of the *Upper Hungary*, quickly became *Tri-*
butaries to the inveterate Enemies of the *Chri-*
stian Name. And *Germany* it self is so enfeebled
 by their repeated Incursions, that all the *Em-*
per can do, is to make dishonourable and
 costly Compositions, buying a precarious Peace
 with little less Charges, than would serve some
 more fortunate Prince, to carry on a glorious
 and successful War. Neither is the *State* of
Venice in any better Condition of Defence, the

* *Turks* having pared away whole *Provinces*, from
 * that once flourishing *Commonwealth*, and by
 * their continual Invasions and Hostilities, re-
 * duced her to a Necessity of merchandizing with
 * the *Ottoman Port* for Peace. Which is no
 * sooner concluded, but on the least Pretence
 * is broke again, by those who hold themselves
 * not obliged to keep *Faith* with *Christians*. Be-
 * hold, at this time without Provocation on the
 * part of *Venice*, or a Declaration of War by the
 * *Grand Signior*, the late *League* broken on a sud-
 * den, and in a most clandestine manner. Behold,
 * *Candy* environ'd with their *Fleet* by *Sea*, and her
 * fertile Plains cover'd with *Armies* of *Mahomet-*
 * *tans* by *Land*. Behold her Cities in the Hands
 * of her Enemies, and her Villages laid desolate;
 * her *Nobles* put to the Sword, and her *Merchants*
 * led into Captivity. In fine, behold that af-
 * flicted *Commonwealth* yet struggling with her
 * *Fate*, and sending her *Ambassadors* to all the
 * *Princes* and *States* of *Christendom*, demanding,
 * or rather, in a suppliant manner, imploring
 * their Assistance. Yet she finds little or no
 * help from any but the *Pope*, and the *Knights*
 * of *Malta*. And his *Holiness* has enough to
 * do to preserve the *Patrimony* of the *Church*
 * from Violence. The *State* of *Genova* is too
 * intent upon her Traffick, to regard the Cala-
 * mities of her Neighbours. And all the *Princes*
 * of *Italy* have such Diversions at home as
 * render their Application to Things abroad ve-
 * ry cold and indifferent. In the mean whi'e,
 * the *Turks* gain Ground, double their Strength,
 * and encrease their Victories! O deplorable
 * State of *Christendom*! Is there no Redress for
 * these Miseries? Yes surely, there is! And
 * such a Redress, as only lies in your Power,
 * great *Minister*, to apply; which in the
 * Expe-

Experiment, I dare assure: will prove effectual

I do not pretend to the *Visions* and *Inspirations* of *Peter the Hermit*, who garbled *secular* and *Alvine* Offices; and armed himself in Habitment of *Steel*, went dragooning up and down *Christendom*, at the Head of a confused Rabble, to render himself popular and acquire the triple Character of *Pilgrim*, *Priest* and *Captain*. The ill Success of his rash *Expedition* shew'd, that he was only stung with a *religious Caprice*, and that *God* approved not his *Folly*. I do not go about to propose another *Crusade*, or contrive a Way to shed whole *Deluges* of *Human Blood*, with no other consequence, than to stain *History* with the sanguine *Memories* of *Christendom's* Vanity and Misfortune. Besides, that would be found impracticable in this Age, which was easie to put in Execution, Five or Six hundred Years ago: The World is not so *devout* now, as it was in those Days; neither are Men so prompt to run the Risque of their Lives on *religious Errands*, for the Honour of being esteem'd *Martyrs*. 'Twill be difficult to find out a new *List* of *Godfrey's*, *Baldwin's*, *Gay's*, and other *Heroes*, to lead the *Champions* of the *Cruse* through all the Hardships of the Sea and Land, so many hundred Miles; into remote and desolate Regions, to combat not only with *Flesh* and *Blood*, but with *Famine*, *Pestilence*, and all the Miseries of *Human Life*: And, as if this were not enough, to sheath their *Swords* also in each others *Bowels*, for *Punillie's*, mere *Trifles* of mistaken Honour, and ill-timed Emulation: And all this only to purchase the empty Title of *King* of *Jerusalem*; or the precarious Authority of a *Grecian Emperor*; Both shorc

liv'd Honours ; the one to be lost in a little
 time, with all *Palestine*, to the *Saracens* ; the
 other depending only on the Pleasure of the
 Multitude ! Such were the glorious Fruits of
 the *Christian Arms* in those days ! Such the Tri-
 umphs attending our Victories ! These the Tro-
 phies which our *Fathers* erected to their own
 Disgrace ; when after a War of so many Years
 they left the *Holy Land* in a worse Condition
 than they found it ; and of so many Hundred
 Thousand Men as marched thither, threatening
 the utter Subversion of the *Saracen Empire* ;
 there scarce return'd enough to disperse the
 News of their own Overthrow.

Waving therefore these visionary rash *Expedi-*
tions, I now propose to your *Eminence* an Un-
 dertaking, which tho' it may make less Noise
 in the World, yet carries more Probability of
 Success, and will not only promote the Interest
 of *France*, but redound to the Advantage of all
Europe.

No Man who is acquainted with *History*, can
 be ignorant what Claims the *Kings of France*
 have made to the *Empire of the West*, since the
 Days of *Charlemaine*, the Royal Predecessor of
 his present *Majesty*, who was dignified with the
Imperial Title, by the *Sovereign Bishop*. Neither
 is it unknown, by what Artifices the *House of*
Austria have procured the *Translation* of the
sacred Authority to their own *Family*.

Your *Eminence* is sensible by what Tyran-
 nous and unjust Methods they have main-
 tain'd themselves in this highest Pitch of Hu-
 man Glory ; and not content with this, how
 they have aspired after the *Monarchy* of the
whole World ! All the *North* have groan'd under
 the Burden of that insupportable *Tyranny*.
 And their Encroachments on the *South*, have
 render'd

render'd that *Line* little less infamous. They spare neither *Civil* nor *Ecclesiastical* Rights, in the Pursuit of their Ambition, not even the *Patrimony* of *St. Peter*, which has ever been esteem'd *sacred* and *inviolable* by *Christian* *Princes*. They have sack'd *Rome* it self, and led the *supreme* *Pastor* of the *Church* into *Captivity*. What should I speak of the *Hollanders*, *Swizzers*, *Grison*, and other Nations, which, impatient of the *Austrian* Yoke, revolted from their *cruel* *Masters*; and have ever since asserted their Liberty by the Force of their Arms? What should I mention the frequent Troubles in *Bohemia*, *Transylvania* and *Hungary*, when the Inhabitants of those Countries, grown desperate with their daily Oppressions, have bravely endeavour'd to redeem themselves and their Posterity from perpetual Servitude; but for want of a powerful *Protector*, have been forced to yield to their *old* *Masters*? That *intestuous* *Race* are grown odious to the whole World: Even the *Princes* of the *Empire* are forc'd to smother their Resentments, when they elect one to possess the *Imperial* *Diadem*, whom they cannot but hate!

That therefore which I aim at in this Address, is, To represent to your *Eminence*, how easy it will be in this Juncture, for his most *Christian* *Majesty* to recover the *Imperial* *Crown*, which of Right belongs to none but the *Successors* of the renown'd *Charlemaine*; and which even the greatest part of the *German*s themselves, wish to see placed on the Head of *Lewis* *XIV.* Most of the *Electors* are already inclining to the Interests of *France*: It will not be difficult to win the rest. The *Hungarians*, &c. long for a Deliverer: And the other *Provinces* beyond the *Danube*, will freely open the Gates of their

their Cities, to let in *his* Armies, whom they look on as the *Hope* of all *Christendoms*. The *Helvetians*, who are *Allies* of this *Crown*, will not fail to perform their part. The *Swedes* have already pluck'd many *fiakers* from the *ravenous Eagle*. And the Forces of this *Crown* have blunted her *Talons*. Another Campaign will quite deplume her, enervate her last *Vigour*, and end the tedious Controversy.

Let not therefore an untimely Peace with the *Emperor*, so much talk'd of, stop the Current of the *French* Triumphs! Let not the sinister Practice of *German Pensioners* in the *Swedish Court*, occasion a Rupture between two the most potent and victorious *Crowns* in *Europe*? Or rather, let no *Queen Christina*, reap the sole Glory of so fortunate and profitable a War! His *Majesty* has a formidable *Army* by *Land*; and in a short time, will have an invincible *Fleet* by *Sea*. Continual Victories court the Perseverance of the *French* Valour; whilst the Justice of your Cause invites to the *Battel*.

All Things conspire to put a Period to the *Austrian* Grandeur. Only snatch the present Opportunity, which once lost, may never be recover'd again. 'Twas only the sudden and unexpected Fate of *Henry IV.* this King's Grandfather, of eternal Memory, that hinder'd him from putting in Execution the same Design I now propose. And if *Lewis XIII.* did not prosecute it, 'twas because he wanted a favourable Juncture. Now, behold, it offers it self: 'Tis in your Power, *Supreme Director* of the *State*, under his *Majesty*, to build the *Pyrene* of *France* so high, that all the *Nations* of *Christendom* may repose under its *Shadow*. Pursue the Success which *Heaven* has already

already granted. And when all *Europe* is thus settled in a durable *Peace*, either making honourable Friendships with, or entirely submitting to the new *Gallick Empire*; then will be the Time to call the *Ottomans* to an Account, for the Ravages and Spoils they have committed in *Christian Countries*, and to carry our Arms to the Walls of *Constantinople*, and drive these *Barbarians* back to their primitive Rocks and Desarts, from whence they have thus long straggled, to ruin the most desirable *Provinces* of *Asia* and *Europe*; nay, and of the whole *World*.

There is no other way but this, in my Judgment, to stop the Progress of the *Turkish* Victories. Since it is impossible to make a durable *Peace* among *Christian Princes*; but by Conquest; I mean such a *Peace*, as will inspire them with the Resolution, and put them into a Capacity, to unite all their Forces in a War against the *Mahometans*. As for the present Condition of the *Republick*, if their Losses were greater than they are like to be, yet they will be inconsiderable, in Comparison to the mighty Gain which will afterwards accrue, not only to them, but to all the *Christian Nations*, by advancing the *French Crown* to that height of Grandeur, design'd for it by *Fate*. Hitherto the *Christian Princes* have only endeavour'd to apply a Remedy to the Part particularly affected; from whence if by Fortune they chased the Distemper, it soon brake out in some other Member; whence it came to pass that we lost *Provence* after *Provence*, and the *Turks* are almost gotten into the *Heart* of *Europe*. If therefore we design to drive them thence, it is necessary to follow this Method, which will be found the only way to pluck this Evil up by the Roots.

Go on then, most prudent and illustrious
Guardian of the *Crown*, destin'd to command
 the *Earth*: Go on, and lift up our great
Master to the Wreath with which the *Tutelar*
Angel of *Europe* is ready to environ his *Sacred*
Temples. Let not the *German Deputies* at *Mun-*
ster any longer amuse you with feigned *Overtures*
 of *Peace*. But pursue the propitious *Fate*
 of *France*, which waits to lead our Armies to
Victories, *Triumphs*, and *Glories*, and to e-
 stablish a new *Empire* in the *World*, to which
 all Nations shall pay *Homage*, and fly for
 Protection.

Thou seest, illustrious and serene *Vizir*, that I
 have used much Flattery in this Address. It is a
 necessary Vice in the *Court* of *France*, where no
Dilegents can have Audience. It cannot be ex-
 pected that I should discover by the *Cardinal's* An-
 swer, what his Sentiments were of my Project.
 He is of a debonair Humour, and would rather
 feign *Virtues* to commend in another Man, than
 put him to the Blush by mentioning his real *Vices*.
 This is an Effect of his *natural Dispositions*, which
 he is wise enough to improve to the *Ends* of *Pe-*
lity. There being no subtler Artifice to gain a
 popular Esteem, than by the Reputation of a
 generous Temper.

However, I think I said Nothing that could
 justly offend him, unless he were endued with
 the incommunicable Gift of discerning Hearts,
 For otherwise, at the worst, he could but
 tax me with a Loyal Presumption and Mi-
 stake, in proposing Things altogether impracti-
 cable.

These were such as thou wilt easily discern,
 when thou considerest, that though they appear
 fair and easy in the Attempt, as the Circum-
 stances

stances of *Europe* are at present; yet the Revolution of a few *Mons* may quite change the Face of Affairs; new and unthought of Difficulties may arise: The *Emperor* may make a *Peace* with *Swedenland*; the *Pope* might interpose his Mediation and Authority, the *Assembly* at *Munster* might have a Conclusion according to their Wishes; the *Electoral Princes* might be more firmly fastened to the Interest of the *Empire*. Besides, another Campaign may prove as fatal to the *French*, as the former have been prosperous. After all, if they should find Encouragement to begin this Enterprize, and should meet with answerable Success in the Prosecution of it, yet a thousand Occurrences would emerge, to hinder them from enjoying their new gotten *Empire* long; or from being able to maintain a War against the *Empire*, whose Subjects are infinite, and Treasures inexhaustible.

If thou, who art the Light of the *Osman* Monarchy, shalt approve of what I have done, my Happiness will be great; nevertheless thy Reproofs will not make me miserable, since they are Arguments of thy Condescension and Favour.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Mon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER II.

To Ismael Mouta Faraca, a White Eunuch.

THY Letter is come safe to my Hands, accompany'd with a munificent Present from *Egy Bivus*, who thou tellest me is deprived of his Eyes by the *Grand Signior's* Order. I condole the Calamity of my Friend, yet accuse not the Justice of him who is *Master* of us all. We are *Mus-fumant*, and must not dispute the *Pleasure* of Heaven, or the *Commands* of our *Sovereigns*. It is an Argument of their Clemency, when they retrench their Anger, and spare the Lives of their *Slaves*. The *Sultan* is merciful in a higher Degree, in not extending his Hands to the Wealth of our Friend; but has left that and his Liberty untouched; whereby he is still in a Capacity of enjoying many Pleasures, which are denied to thousands who have their Sight.

I do not write this, as if I were void of Compassion toward my Friend. I owe him still the same Affection, as when he was able to read the Sincerity of it in my Face. But I would not have the Loss of his Eyes abate the Sight of his Soul, which is his Reason. Let him remember, that a famous *Philosopher* has done that voluntarily to himself, for the sake of a less interrupted Contemplation, which is imposed on our Friend as a Punishment. There is no outward Disaster can hurt the Opticks of a Mind guarded with Patience, and shut up within the Circles of its own Light. Such a Soul is invulnerable against all the Assaults of *Fortune*, and Triumphs over *Destiny* it self.

Besides,

Besides, our beloved *Eunuch* can still converse with his Friends, which is a Privilege the *Deaf* would almost give their *Eyes* to enjoy. It is hard to determine which of those two *Senses* would be miss'd with least *Règrèt*, especially to a Man, who, by his excellent Voice and Skill in *Singing*, seems to be the very *Soul* of *Musick*.

What is it in all this infinite Variety of visible Objects, that affects the Eye with so refin'd a Pleasure, but the harmonious Disposition and Symmetry of the Parts, which compose the whole Scene of the Universe? And may not that Pleasure be translated to the Ear, when it receives the proportionate Measures, and exquisite Cadences of Sounds? Certainly *Musick* is no other than Beauty to the Ear, as Beauty is *Musick* to the Eye.

But our Friend *Egy* needs not these Encouragements: He understands the Way to make himself happy, and has Wisdom enough to put it in practice.

The *Grand Signior's* Fury is pacified. *Egy* lives. He has Houses and Gardens; Gardens replenish'd with all manner of Fruits and Flowers to gratify his *Taste* and *Smell*. He is Master of much Treasure in Silver and Gold, and of many *Slaves*. If all these cannot contribute to his Felicity, he is Master of himself, which is *essential Happiness*.

Thou who succeedest him in that honourable Post, and guardest the Avenue of the *majestick Chamber*, where the Addresses and Supplications of all the *Princes* of the Earth are made at the Feet of our *august Emperor*, watch thy Senses, and obey thy Reason. Remember thy *Predecessor's Fate*, and forget not *Mahmur*; but above all things forget not thy self. Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 6th Month,
of the Year 1646.

L E T.

L E T T E R III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM extremely surprized, and equally troubled at the severe Punishment which *Sultan Ibrahim* has inflicted on *Egry Dainou*. His Successor, *Ismael Menta Faraca*, sent me the first News of it, but said nothing of the *Eunuch's* Crime. Neither would I request that Satisfaction of a Man, who derives a new Lustre from the tragical Eclipse of my Friend, lest my Love should have betray'd my Discretion, and tempted me to utter that, which is not proper for a *Slave* of the *Sultan's* to express. Our Thoughts are our own whilst we keep them chain'd up in our Breasts, but if once we suffer them to take Air in Words, they become another Man's, who may make use of them to our Ruin. I never had Familiarity enough with *Ismael*, to trust him with Reflections of this Nature. Besides, his own Letter to me discover'd too much Freedom to be void of Design, it being the first that ever pass'd between us; which for that Reason ought to have been dictated in a Style more reserv'd. I set him a Pattern in my Answer, not letting a Word escape my Pen, which might speak less Resignation to the Will of our *Master*, than Tenderness for my Friend's Suffering.

But with thee I dare use greater Freedom: My long Experience of thy Integrity, will justify this Boldness. Tell me, my *Dgnet*, was it not the Blindness of *Sultan Ibrahim's* Passion, which has robb'd *Egry* of his Sight? Answer me without Disguise; Was it not some Caprice of Jealousy? Was it not because the *Master* thought

he saw too much, that the *Slave* sees not now at all? If that Sense was not judg'd criminal in *Egypt*, why was it in particular punish'd? But 'tis in vain to measure the cruel Frolicks of a *Sovereign Monarch* by a *Rule*, who makes his *Will* a *Law*.

The *Christians* say, The *Ottoman Princes* are Butchers, and the *whole Empire* a *Shambles*; where Persons of all Degrees are sacrificed to the Lust or Passion of a *Tyrant*. I tell thee, though I approve not the licentious Tongues of these *Infidels*, yet it appears too true, that so uncontrollable a Power as the *Eastern Monarchs* are invest'd with, prompts them to commit many Violences, for which Justice can make no Plea. It were to be wish'd, That the Practices of the *Sublime Seraglio*, did not too often verify it. Suffer me to be exasperated a little, for the cruel Sentence executed on my Friend, the most accomplish'd Person within the Walls of that magnificent *Palace*. Doubtless, he owes the Loss of his Eyes to the Grudge of some envious Minion, who would not brook so dangerous a Rival in the *Sultan's* Favour. For this unfortunate *Bunarb*, who charm'd all Hearts, made some Impression also on the cruel *Ibrahim's*. He often lov'd to hear him sing the lively *Dervick* Strains, to chase away his Melancholy: For *Egypt* is a second *Orpheus*, whose Voice, thou knowest, inspir'd the Trees and Rocks with Passion: Besides, he has many other Gifts, which render'd his Person and Conversation delectable to all; and taught the whole *Seraglio*, new Lessons of *Galante* Love.

When thou hast received this, I desire thee to give him a Visit: Thou knowest his House at *Galata*. Embrace him in my Name, and give him a Kiss of faithful Friendship. Forget not

also

also to return him my Acknowledgments, for the *Diamonds* he sent me. And cheer him with this Thought, that one Day his Eyes shall be renew'd in *Paradise*, far brighter than those glittering *Jewels*. Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 6th Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER IV.

To Dicheu Hussein Bassa.

TIS not easy to guess at the Motive, which induced the *Duke of Orleans* to begin this Year's Campaign in so rigorous a Season. It was the first *Month*, and the Ground was cover'd with deep Snows (an ill-time to march in an Enemies Country.) And when these Snows were dissolv'd, Floods follow'd. It seems as if he were thirsty of Fame, and would acquire the Character of a *hardy Warrior*; resolving to shun no Fatigue, which might advance the Reputation of his Arms.

The *Duke of Enguien*, spurr'd on with a glorious Emulation, soon follow'd with another Army, but by a different Road. There are Four *Marschals* of *France* gone with them. These early Marches make a great Noise. But little of Action could be expected, while the wary *Flemings* knowing the Passes of the Country, and the Force of the Floods, having kept their *Winter Quarters*, spending that Time at ease, in preparing all Things necessary for a more seasonable Campaign, which they have now begun.

In this the *Spanish* Policy deserves Commendation; who would not expose the Health and Lives of their Soldiers to unnecessary Rigors, but waited 'till the *Sun* had well dry'd up the unwholesome Damps of the Earth, and shedding his benignant Influence through the Air, invited them forth into the Field. But when I thus approve the Wisdom of the *Spaniard*, think not that I condemn the sprightly *Genius* of the *French*, who seem to approach nearest the Bravery of the *Musulman* Armies.

The Action of a *French* Officer was worthy of Remark, who being sent from the Camp with Letters to the King and Queen, arrived at the Court the 24th Day of the Second *Month*, whilst the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had deliver'd his Message, the *Chamberlain* of the *Royal Household* appointed him a Lodging for that Night in the King's *Palace*; he being to return to *Flanders* the next Day. But he generously refused it, saying, *It became not him to lie in a Bed of Down, when his General, with the whole Army, were forced to sleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore, causing some Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repose thereon in the open Air. The young King, extremely pleas'd with his Gallantry, order'd him a hundred *Pieces of Gold*, and recommended him to the *Duke of Orleans*, as one of the bravest Men in his Army.

I swear by the whistling of the Winds, and the rustling of the Leaves, that I honour such Vertue, even in an *Infidel*.

Paris, 20th of the 6th *Month*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER V.

To Kerker Haffan, Bassa.

THY Letter is come to my Hands, with the Present of *Rapba*, which is so much the more acceptable, because thou broughtest it thyself from the *Valley* of *Imain*, the Place of my Nativity. It is an evident Sign that thou hast not forgot thy Countryman, in that thou condescendest to oblige him in so peculiar a Manner. The Place where we drew our first Breath, is always dear to Mortals; and the Remembrance of that delicious Vale, affects *Mahomet* with singular Delight. 'Tis true indeed, I was brought from thence before I could distinguish once Place from another; but I have visited that Region since, and have Reason to pronounce it the most delectable Part of *Arabia*. Had the *Grecian Poets* seen that *Paradise*, they would not have so extoll'd the celebrated Fields of *Trope* in *Thessaly*. This happy Vale is the *Elyzium* of the *World*, bless'd with an *eternal Spring*.

Thou art highly oblig'd to the *Sultan* for the Liberty he has given thee to visit the Place of thy Cradle, and to sojourn so long among thy Kindred. Thy Father was famous in that Country for hunting of *Lions*, and other *Beasts* of *Prey*. I have heard some of our *Tribe* praise his Valour and Dexterity, in the chase of those fierce Animals. They told me, That in the Space of two Years, he had presented the *Beglerberg* with twenty *Lions* Heads, kill'd by his own Hand: That he had three tame ones in his House, which he had taken when Whelps, from a *Lioness* of prodigious Bulk. That the Walls of his House were hung

hung with the Skins of *Tigers*, *Panthers* and *Lions*, the Trophies of his indefatigable Diligence, Skill and Courage, in Pursuit of wild Beasts. In a word, they said, He was the most successful Hunter in all *Arabia*. If thou inheritest his *Inclinations* as well as his *Blood*, (for they commonly go together) thou hast had a fair Time to range the Forests, and purge the *Desart* of those ravenous Creatures. Were it not for the Enmity of the *Gnats*, the *East* would be over-run with these Savages. They say, This little despicable *Insect* destroys more *Lions* than all the *Huntsmen* in *Asia*. For swarming about them in the Heat of *Summer*, they chiefly fasten on their Eye-lids, which they sting so vehemently, that the *Lions* thinking to ease themselves by scratching, often tear their own Eyes out, and so are famish'd.

To understand well the different Natures of Beasts, is a Study fit for Kings. 'Twas the Glory of *Salomon*, to be accurate in this Knowledge: And *Alexander the Great* had such an Esteem for it, that he bestowed on *Aristotle* the *Philosopher* Eight hundred Talents, only for writing a *Treatise* of *Animals*. Our *holy Prophet* was eminent above all other Mortals, for his Familiarity with the Brutal Generation, understanding their Qualities and Language, and often discoursing with them. When he lived in the *Desart*, a *Libard* continually waited at the Door of his *Cave*, and did all the Offices of a kind and faithful *Servant*. Such Grace is given but to few.

But I forget my own Opportunity, of venting my Affections to my Country and my Friends. I forget that I am writing to one who is newly come from *Arabia*: Would to *God* I could see thee, were it but for an Hour. I have a thousand Questions to ask about my *Relations*, and what Changes have happen'd since I was there.

But

But I must sacrifice these natural Fondnesses to the Will of *Destiny*. I am a double Exile: And since it is for the Service of the *Grand Signer*, I am resign'd.

Adieu, happy *Minister*; and if *Mahmut* may be admitted sometimes to mingle with the Train of thy better Thoughts, he shall count himself happy where ever he is.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VI.

To Hussein Bassa

THE taking of *Retims* in *Candy*, had fill'd the *Nazarens* with Apprehensions of greater Calamities.

The first fortunate Strokes in a War, make deep Impressions on the Enemy; the Vulgar looking on them as the *Index* of their future *Destiny*. But repeated Successes chill their Vitals, bereave them of Courage and Hope, leaving them nothing but ominous Portents, and superstitious Presages of their approaching Ruin. So hard a thing it is to judge of Humane Events, without being carried into Extremes. They already give over the whole *Island* for lost. I wish and believe it may prove true. Yet at the same time I know the Fortune of War is uncertain, and another Campaign may repair or revenge the Damage they have sustained in *this* and the former.

The *Venetians* lost Five thousand Men before the Walls of that Town, among whom was
General

General Cornaro, the *Viceroy* of the *Island*, slain in the first Onset, besides what were kill'd by our Soldiers when they enter'd with the retreating *Cavaliers*, and sacrificed all to the Heat of Martial Passion.

But that which appear'd most ominous to their Cause, tho' the present Damage were less, was the falling out of the *Supra-veditor*, and the *Procurator* of the *Ist*: Who not agreeing about the Extent of their different *Commission*, form'd two Parties; between whom there happen'd a furious Encounter, in which Four hundred were slain on both Sides.

These sinister Events occasion'd the *Republick* to make fresh Applications to the *Court of France*; and an *Ambassador* is sent from this *Crown* to *Constantinople*, in order to meditate a *Peace*. They call him *Monsieur de Varannes*, a Man of a presumptuous Disposition, and who delights to attempt difficult Things. When there could not be found a Person, willing to undertake a Negotiation, which carries so little Probability of succeeding, this Gentleman, in a *Bravado*, offer'd himself; telling the *Queen*, that he made no doubt of so representing Matters to the *Grand Signior*, as would infallibly produce a *Peace*.

It had been easy for *Cardinal Mazarini* (whose Counsel the *Queen* follows in all Things) to have hinder'd this Man's Voyage. But those who are acquainted with the Pique that is between them, conclude, That the *Cardinal* consented to his *Commission*, on purpose to lay a Train for his future Disgrace; as knowing the Boldness of his Temper, was far from being seconded with equal Wisdom and Conduct; and that though he was prone to undertake great and hazardous *Actions*, yet he never had the good Fortune to accomplish any thing of Moment.

They that know this Gentleman's Character, say, That any Example will encourage him to rush into Labyrinths and Perils. And where Examples are wanting, he is ambitious to be made one himself. He fears not to tread in the Footsteps of such as have miscarried in the most desperate Enterprizes; but promises himself Success, where a Thousand have fail'd. In fine, he is esteem'd the rashest Man living

I send thee this Description of the *French Ambassador*, that thou may'st communicate it to the *Sovereign Divan*. It will be no small Advantage, to know the Temper and Qualifications of *foreign Ministers*, residing at the *august Port*: Especially at this Juncture, whereon the *Fate of Christendom* depends. Besides, there cannot be too great Caution us'd, to obviate the subtle Trains of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, I fear, is contriving no kind Offices to the *Ottoman Empire*.

I kiss the Hem of thy Vest, *illustrious Basha*, and bid thee adieu.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

THE Captain *Basha* has the Reputation of a good *Seaman* among the *French*. They highly applaud his expeditious Relief of *Canea*, and no less commend the Secrecy with which he landed his Army, and took the Town of *Retimo*. The *French* are generally great *Criticks* in *Military Affairs*, and are not so partial to the Honour
of

of the *Christians*, as to deny the Praises that are due to an expert *Leader* among the *Mussulmans*. Yet they are inconstant, and seldom retain the same Sentiments long. Every Circulation of their Bloods, begets new Friendships, new Opinions, new Censures. In this they seem to inherit the Vices of the ancient *Gauls*, as well as their Country.

A *Roman Emperor*, who made War in this Nation, hath left excellent *Memoirs* behind him; wherein among other things, he describes the *Nature* of the *Gauls*, their *Dispositions*, and *genial Inclinations*. He that shall read his *Writings* which were penn'd above Sixteen hundred Years ago, and shall converse with the present *French*, will easily conclude, That the *latter* are a living Transcript of the *former*; and that their Humours and Actions are exactly copied from his Words. Yet in nothing does the Character of the primitive *Gauls*, suit more truly to the present Inhabitants, than in their furious Onsets in a Battle, and their equal Readiness to Flight. Their *first* Assault seems to speak 'em more than Men, their *second*, less than Women; and they seldom venture on a *third*.

Wilt thou know then, how they obtain so many signal Victories? It is by Stratagems and Money. Where they cannot circumvent their Enemies, they corrupt a Party of 'em with Bribes and Pensions. Thus they purchase their Conquests, with a more powerful Metal than Steel: The Force of Gold, to which all things yield, lays *Cities* and *Provinces* at the Feet of this invincible *Monarch*.

But, I pray *Heaven*, so to prosper the Armies of the *Empire* founded on *Virtue*, that this *Infidel Prince*, and all the *Nazarenes*, may experience their Gold to be as ineffectual as their *Swords*, a-

against the Valour and just Revenge of the *true Believers*.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign Guide
of the True Believers.

THOU, who art all Goodness, the Arch-Type of Clemency and Virtue, wilt not number me among the importunate, for so often troubling thee with Disputes of our *holy Law*. I ask thee no common Questions, neither am I captious, seeking Occasions to darken what is apparent, or invalidate the Testimony of *him* who touch'd the *Hand of God*. I revere the *holy Oracles*, and the *Book* not dictated on *Earth*. Every *Chapter* I read in the *Alcoran*, makes me bless the *Angel* who took so many Flights, to bring down the *sacred Pages* from *Heaven*. And my Reverence is increas'd towards that *Volume of Glory*, when I consider it was not hastily compos'd; every *Verse* being the Product of *Divine* Premeditation. Doubtless it excels all the *Writings* in the World. No *Scripture*, before or since, has approach'd to the *mysterious* Elegance of those *Celestial Lines*. Yet methinks I find a great Profundity of *Wisdom* in the *Treasures* of the *Ancients*.

Thou wilt say, my Station requires me to read Men more than Books, being not sent hither to contemplate, but to act for the Interest of my *Master*, and the *Ottoman Empire*. 'Tis
turo

true, my Business now is to unravel the Designs of the *Isfidels*; but bear with me, if I tell thee, that in order to this I took no wrong Courses when in my younger Years I apply'd my self to Books, which are but Men turn'd inside out, or metamorphos'd into Letters; against whom, thus surviving themselves the Stroke of Death cannot prevail.

Those who have erected Statues of Gold, Silver, Brass, or Marble, to the Memory of departed *Heroes*, can but transmit the *Effigies* of their Bodies to Posterity; which, thou knowest, is the ignobler Part of Man. And herein they come short of the *Egyptians*, who have the Art of preserving the Bodies themselves incorruptible for a thousand Generations. But they who left their *Writings* to Posterity, have obliged the World with an immortal and lively Image of their Mind: This is properly the Man, and lives for ever; when the Body is consumed in the Grave, and the Statue perhaps is eat up by Time, or demolish'd by *Envy*.

Pardon this Digression, *eraculous* and *unerring Mouth* of God. I have a great deal to say, and cannot comprehend it in a few Words. It has been enjoin'd by our *holy Doctors*, That a *Wasserman* should not read the *Books* of *prophane Isfidels*. But tell me, thou who art the *Resolver* of *Doubts*, whether this *Precept* is extended to all, without Exception; or, whether a *Dispensation* may not be allow'd to such as read those *Books* with one Eye, whilst the other is fix'd on the *Law*, which balances the Mind with Truth? The *Alcoran* tells us, that the *Devil* has inserted some *Falsities* in the *best Writings*: But, is it not possible for a Man to separate the *good* from the *bad*? I read in the *Book* of *Glory*, many remarkable Things concerning *Alexander the Great*: But is it unlaw-

ful also to peruse what has been writ by others, of the *Life* of that famous *Warrior*, and *holy Prophet*? Both *Grecian* and *Roman Historians* have related his *Adventures* in *Asia*, his *Battels* with *Darius* the *Persian Monarch*, and *Porus* the *Indian*. They praise his *Continence* and *modest Regard* to *Syngambis* and her *Daughters*, when they were his *Captives*; his *inviolable Friendship* to *Ephesus*, whilst living, and the *affectionate Tears* he shed for him after his *Death*. Yet they condemn him of *cruel Ingratitude*, for *sacrificing Claws* to his *Choler*, and the *Fumes of Wine*, who was a *faithful Friend*, a *valiant Soldier*, and once had saved his *Life* in a *Battel*. They cannot pass over the *Burning of Persopolis*, without some *Reflections* on the *unmanly Softness* of this *Warrior*; who, to please his *Concubine*, gave *Orders*, that the *fairest and most magnificent City* in *Asia* should be set on *fire*. The *Persians* boast, that that *City* was built all of *Cedar*; that *Cyrus* had wholly *displanted*, not only *Mount Libanus*, but the *choicest Nurseries* of that *fragrant Wood*, through all *Asia*, to build this *glorious City*, in *Emulation* of *Solomon King* of the *Jews*, who was by other *Princes* thought to value himself too high, for building the *Temple of Jerusalem* of the same *Materials*. They add, That *Alexander* found in this *City* *ninety Millions* of *Caracks* in *Gold*; that after the *Debauch* was over, and the *Flames* had *consum'd* to *Ashes* this *Phoenix* of *Asia*, the *Conqueror* wept, and commanded the *Money* he had found there should be expended in raising another in its *room*, more *glorious* than the former: But that *Thais*, who had *persuaded* him to ruin it, was the only *Obstacle* to its *Re edification*. For such was her *Empire* over this *Monarch*, that he could deny her nothing.

What

What I have said of *Persepolis*; is recorded by *Persian Historians*; other Writers make some Mention of it, but not so particularly. There are some also who mention his demolishing of *Tyrus*, a City so ancient, That 'tis said to be first built by one of the *Grand Children* to *Noah*, of whom, thou knowest, the *Alexan* speaks often. They tax him also with Cruelty, in causing Two thousand of the chief *Tyrans* to be crucified, as a *Sacrifice* to *Hercules*. Thou art best able to judge, whether this be agreeable to Truth; for what *Muffelman* will believe, that the victorious *Prophet* was guilty of so barbarous an *Idolatry*?

The Method he took to subdue this impregnable City, is an Argument of his invincible Courage; and that there is nothing impracticable, to a Mind arm'd with Resolution and Perseverance.

Tyrus was situated above half a Mile in the Sea, when the *Macedonian* demanded a Surrender. The Citizens trusting to the Strength and Height of the Rock whereon they liv'd, (for 'twas a perfect *Island*) and to their Distance from the Shore of the *Continent*; bid Defiance to him, whom *God* had ordain'd to subdue all Nations, betwen the Extremities of *India*, and the *Pillars* of *Hercules*. The *Conqueror*, inflam'd at their Refusal of offer'd *Peace*, prepares for an Assault. He attempted, without the *Miracle* of *Moses*, to make a Path for his Army through the Sea. He follow'd the Steps of the *Babylonian Monarch*, who, not three Ages before, had join'd this proud Nest of Merchants to the firm Land. Twice his industrious Soldiers raised a Causey above the Waves to the very Walls of *Tyrus*; and as often was their Labour defeated by the watchful *Tyrans*. When the third time he proved success-

ful; and in spite of all their Resistance by Fire and Sword, after a Siege of Six *Months*, he scal'd the Walls of that Queen of Maritime Cities; and convinc'd the World, that no Human Force could put a Stop to his Conquests, whom *Darius* had appointed to chastise the *Nations* of the *Earth*.

That *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, which speaks of this renowned *Warthy*, tells us, *That he marched so far Eastward, 'till he came to a Country where the Sun rises.* This Passage the *Christians* ridicule, saying, that the *Sun* rises and sets in all Countries; and that there is no stated Point of *East* and *West*, in the Fabrick of the World; since the same Place which is *East* of one Country, is *West* of another. Thus the Despisers of our *holy Law* cavil at the *Alcoran*, and say, 'tis composed of *old Wives Tales*; a rude indigested Collection of *Eastern Romances*, and superstitious Fables, calculated for the Meridian of Ignorance, first promulged in the savage and unpolish'd *Deserts* of *Arabia*, and afterwards propagated by the Sword through those Countries, whose Vices had banish'd their Learning, and render'd them flexible to a *Religion*, whose highest Pretensions consisted in *gratifying the Senses*.

These *Criticks* consider not at the same time, that they argue against the *Old* and *New Testament*, (which is esteem'd the *Alcoran* of the *Christians*) wherein there is often Mention made, of the *rising* and *going down* of the *Sun*; of *East* and *West*, as proper Points or Marks, from which to take the Situation of Countries. Assuredly in this they are captious: For tho' there be no stated Point of *East* or *West* in the *Globe*, yet *India* being the nearest Region of this *Continent*, to that Part of the *Horizon* where the *Sun* daily first appears. It has not without

without Reason, gain'd the additional *Epithet* of *East*. And 'twas here the *Macedonian Hero* sweat, because he could conquer no farther, unless he would have begun a War with the *Emp* of the *Sea*.

There are many other Passages related of *Alexander's* Temperance, Moderation, Justice, Fortitude, and such like Virtues, and something of his Vices. But I will not tire thee with all that is said of this invincible *Monarch*; nor trace him in all his Marches through *Asia*. I will not trouble thee with what they say of his Journey into *Egypt*, and aspiring to be call'd the *Son of Jupiter Ammon*; his being poison'd at *Babylon*, in the height of all his Triumphs; and the cantonizing his *Empire*, among his chief *Captains*. Whatsoever in these *Histories* is agreeable to the *holy Alcoran*, I acquiesce to; what is repugnant to that Summary of Truth, I reject as a *Fable*.

Tell me, thou *sovereign Resoluer* of *Doubts*, whether on these Terms I may not read the *Writings* of *Infidel's* Books are a Relief to the Mind oppress'd with melancholly, and especially *Histories*, which also bring Profit, by rightly informing us of the Transactions of past Ages: So that Things, which were done thousands of Years ago, are made present to us! Where then is the Crime in reading these *Memoirs* of the *ancients*? Is it not consistent with the *Faith* of a *Musliman* to read these *Histories*, because they were penn'd by *Heathens*? Must we reject all that the *Pagans* did or said? Why then are the *Works* of *Plutarch* had in such Veneration by the *Princes* of our *Law*? I tell thee, I not only read *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, with many other *Historians* that were *Pagans*, but I improve by their *Writings*. Such rare Examples of Virtue, such

illustrious Patterns of Justice. Such solid Precepts of Morality as these Authors abound with, cannot in my Opinion, hurt any Man, who desires to square his Life by the best Rules.

I read also the *Poets*, whose *Fables* and *Parables*, seem to me but to veil many excellent and profitable *Maxims* of *Human Ease*.

The *Story* of the Birth of *Typhon*, his warring with *Jupiter*; and his final Overthrow, denotes the monstrous Rise of *Factions* in a *State*, and their Ruin.

The *Cyclops* being employ'd by *Jupiter* in making *Thunderbolts*, and killing *Æsculapius*, for which they themselves were afterwards slain by *Apollo*, intimates the Use which *Sovereign Princes* make of cruel, covetous and unjust *Officers*: who when they have fulfill'd the Pleasure of their *Masters*, are abandon'd by them to the *Revenge* of the oppress'd *Subjects*. This is commonly experienc'd in all *Monarchies*, and especially in the mighty *Empire* of the *Osmanis*; where the *Bassa's*, though the *Grand Signior*, for the Ends of *State*, connives a while at their unjust *Oppression* of the *Mussulmans* under their *Government*, yet in due time, to shew his *Abhorrence* of their *Villanies*, consigns 'em over to the *Executioner*. Thou knowest to whom the *Bow-string* was sent last; I wish his *Successor* may not equally merit it.

Allan's being devour'd by his *Dogs*, only for seeing *Diana* in a *Back*, might have serv'd as a *Warning* to *Usuph* the *Black Eunuch*, who could not restrain his *Tongue* from babling out the private *Amours* of *Sultan Ibrahim*. It was *Danger* enough to know the *Secret*; but to divulge it, was a sure way to incur the *Revenge* of the *Prince*.

Not much unlike was his Error, who tho' he did not report it to others, yet had the Presumption to check his Sovereign to his Face, and reproach him with Luxury. Had he been acquainted with the *Fable of Endymion* and the *Moon*, it would perhaps have taught him, that it is not the part of a *Favourite* to take notice of his *Master's* stolen Pleasures, but rather to invite him sometimes from the *Tails of State*, and unbend his *Mind* with *Recreations*.

There are many other profitable Remarks hidden under the Fictions of the *Poets*; which, tho' they may seem *mysterious* at first View, yet being examin'd with a little Attention, proves as easy to be understood, as the *Hiærogliphicks* were of old to the *Egyptians*, who knew no other Letters

God, the first Intellect, who imprinted his *Mind* on *Tablets of Marble*, in *Letters of Arabick*, and writ the *Decalogue* with a *Beam of his Glory*; having also inspired all Nations with the knowledge of *Letters*, grant, That whilst I read the *Records* of the *Gentiles*, I may not forget the *Precepts* of the *Alcoran*.

Paris, 23^d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER IX.

To Muret Bassa.

A Courier came to this City last Night, bringing News of the taking of *Constray* by the *French Army*. This is a considerable Town in *Flanders*, and commands a great part of the Country. The *Duke of Orleans* invested it on the

ninth of the last *Month* and on the eighteenth lay down before it with the whole Army. The *Spanish General* hasten'd to its Relief, and brought Thirty thousand Men of Six Nations, to combat with the *French*. But they quarrel'd about Precedency of Post. High Words pass'd between the *Duke of Lorraine* and *General Lamboy*. Thus, while they spend their Time in needless Contests, the *French* took the Town: And having left a strong Garrison there, part of the Army commanded by the *Marschal de Grammont*, is march'd to join the *Hollanders*, with Design to attack *Antwerp*; and the rest follow the *Duke of Orleans*, who' they say, intends to besiege *Mardyke*. This is a Sea Town that has nothing in it considerable enough to tempt a *Conqueror*, save the Haven, which is of great Importance in those Seas.

We have had no Rains here these three *Months*, which makes the People fear a *Famine*. Provisions of all sorts are very dear; and those who have great Quantities of Corn will not bring it to the Markets. The Fruits are all blasted, and a Distemper rages in the City, which fills all Places with Death and Mourning. The Cattel drop down dead in the Fields, and the Rivers are almost dried up. Men languish and wither, as if parch'd up by some inward Fire. Fearful *Apparitions* are seen in the Air; each Night brings forth new *Prodigies*. The People lament the *present*, and presage greater Calamities to come. While *Mahomet* perseveres unmov'd, and neither molests himself nor others, about the *inevitable Decrees* and *Destiny*: I keep in the Path of my Duty, without turning to the *Right Hand* or to the *Left*. I serve the *Grand Signior* faithfully: I pray for his Health, and for the Welfare of the *Empire*. I neither give Alms to the *Infidels*,
nor

nor do them any Injuries. In fine, if I cannot reap any Profit from other Mens *Virtues*, I take care their *Vices* shall do me no harm.

'Tis said there will be a *Procession* here shortly, whereat the *King*, the *Queen Regent*, and the who's *Court* will assist bare foot, for an Example of others. The Body of a certain Female *Saint*, whom they esteem the *Patroness* of this City, will be taken out of the *Church* where it lies, and will be carried with other *Reliques* of *Saints* thro' the Streets of *Paris*, to atone the Wrath of *Heaven*; which seems to be kindled against them.

In the mean time I pray *Heaven* to send down its Blessings on the *Ottoman Empire*, and preserve the true Faithful from the three *Scourges* of *God*.

Paris, 23^d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER X.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Perceive thou hast follow'd the Advice I formerly gave thee, to read *Histories*, wherein thy Letter speaks thee very conversant. Thou wilt have no Reason to repent of a Labour that affords so agreeable a Diversion, especially to a *Soldier* and a *Statesman*. They open the Graves, and call forth the Dead, without disturbing their Repose; and present to us those *Heroes* living, talking and acting great Things, whose Bodies have lain buried in Silence and Obscurity many Ages. They introduce us into the Closets of
Princes,

Princes, revealing their most secret Counsels. They make us familiar with the *Intrigues* of *Politicians*, and the *Stratagems* of *Warriors*. In fine, there is nothing publick or private, in the *Courts* or *Camps* of the greatest *Annals*, to which an *Historian* is a Stranger.

I applaud the Choice thou hast made of *Grecian* *Histories*, and others of the *East*; yet I counsel thee, not to neglect those of the *West*. The ancient *Roman* *Writers* are full of rare *Examples*; and modern *France*, which emulates all great and glorious *Undertakings*, takes equal Care to commit to *Posterity*, the *Deeds* of illustrious *Persons*. I say not this, in Contempt of other *Countries* in *Europe*. The *Christians* of these *Parts* in general are accurate *Historians*. They are universally *Learned*, in regard their is no *Kingdom* in *Europe*, where they have not *Schools* and *Academies*, where all *Languages* and *Sciences* are taught. The *Plough* men in the *Field* speak *Latin* and *Greek*, which thou knowest are now grown obsolete, and no where to be learn'd but in *Books*. The *Mechanicks* are *Philosophers*; and every *Man* sets up for an *Historian*, or an *Antiquary*. It was not so in former *Times*, when the *Ecclesiasticks* had engross'd all manner of *Learning* to themselves, except some few of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, who had the Advantage of *Patrimonial* *Libraries*, and *Leisure* to apply themselves to *Study*. For then it was difficult to purchase *Books*, there being but few; and for those, they were obliged to the *Labour* of the *Scribe*. Hence it came to pass, that only such as had *Plenty* of *Money*, and a strong *Inclination* to *Knowledge*, monopoliz'd the chiefest *Manuscripts* into their *Hands*, and bequeath'd them as a *Legacy* to their *Offspring*. But, since the *Invention* of *Printing*, *Books* are infinitely multiplied,

ed, grown cheap and common: And those *Histories* and *Sciences*, which before were shut up in the *Latin, Greek, or some of the Oriental Languages*, are now translated into the vulgar speech of every Nation; whereby the lowest sort of People who can but read, have the Privilege to become as knowing as their *Superiors*, and the *Slave* may vie for Learning with his *Sovereign*. This makes the *Nazarines* upbraid the *true Faithful*, with Ignorance and Barbarism, because *Printing* is not suffer'd throughout the *Musliman Empire*. They consider not the bad Consequences of this *Art*, as well as the good: And, that the Liberty of the *Press* has fill'd the World with Errors and Lies: Besides, they are Strangers to the Education of the *Muslimans*, who are generally taught the *Arabick* and *Persian* Tongues from their Childhood: In which Two *Languages*, how many famous *Histories* have been writ? There is no point of useful Wisdom, which is not compriz'd in the *Writings* of the *Eastern Sages*. And as for unprofitable Treatises and Pamphlets with which the *Europeans* abound, they are superfluous and burdensome, bringing a double Loss, both to Writer and Reader; while they rob them of their Time and Money, and commit a Rape on their Understandings. Add to this, the fatal Effects which this depraved Indulgence of *Printing* has produced in *Christendom*. What Sacrileges, Massacres, Rebellions and Impieties, have overflow'd most Parts of the *West* in this licentious Age? What Hatred among *Christians*, what Seditions among Subjects, Diversities in Religion, Contempts of all *Law*, both *Divine, Natural*, and those of *Nations*? The Vices, at which former Times would have blush'd; nay, at the very naming of which our *Fathers* would have start'd, as at a *Prodigy*, are in these Days committed openly,

openly, without Shame, without Contradiction; whilst there are Authors who dare publickly assert the Cause of Impiety, and patronize all manner of Prophanations.

But thou, who hast the Honour to guard the *incorruptible Seat of Justice and Virtue*, the bright *Throne of the Osman Emperors*, who are the *shadows of God on Earth*, hast made such a Choice of *Books*, as commends thy Wisdom, and the Sincerity of thy Morals. Thou wilt not suffer thy Imagination to be tainted, with those enchanting *Ideas* of Evil, which are drawn by the Pens of some elegant *Writers*. All that thou seekest in *Books*, is to inform thy Understanding, rectify thy Judgment, and enflame thy Affections with the Love of Virtue. To this end serve the *divine Precepts* of our *holy Doctors*, and other learned Sages; the *Writings* of *Philosophers*, and the Examples of renown'd *Heroes*. From these thou gatherest Strength, to practise the four *material Virtues*, and all the good Qualities that spring from those *Roots*.

Go on, and increase in the Graces and Accomplishments, which shall render thee worthy to be made the *Subject* of a particular *History*; while the old shall recommend, and the young shall covet, nothing more passionately, than to read the *Life of Cassim Hall, Janizar Aga*.

Mahmut salutes thee with a Kiss of Affection. Reverence thy self, and all Men will honour thee. So taught *Pythagoras*.

Paris, 17th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER. XI.

To the same.

I Had forgot to perform in my other Letter, what thou commandedst me. Yet knowing the Esteem thou hast for *Women* of Virtue and rare Endowments, and with what Pleasure thou readest their *Stories*, I should never send any *Dispatch* to thee, wherein there is not a Relation of some *Heroine*. I will be more diligent hereafter, to observe the Disposition of my *Superiors*, and will endeavour to procure a Collection of the *Lives* and *Characters* of all the *famous Women*, that have been recorded in *History*. In the mean while, hear what the *French* say, of *Christina* Queen of *Swedenland*, of whom thou requirest a Description.

She is the only Daughter of *Gustavus Adolphus*, the most victorious *Prince* that ever govern'd that Nation, and one of the most successful *Warriors* in the World. As his whole Life was led in the Field, so there he received an honourable Death, being slain in the Battle of *Lutzen*; Some say, by the Treachery of *Duke Albert*, who had in Appearance deserted the *Emperor*, and offer'd himself a *Voluntier* to *Gustavus Adolphus*. I formerly mention'd this *Duke*, and that he was kill'd by a *Swedish* Lady. If the Suspicion of the *Swedes* be well grounded, and that *Duke Albert* was really guilty of the Murder of *Gustavus*, it may be this was the Motive which brought those *Amazons* into the Field, to revenge the Death of their *Prince*. But it is impossible to be assur'd of the Truth, among so many different Opinions.

When

When the *French* speak of *Gustavus Adolphus*, they cannot restrain their Words on this side a *Panegyrick*. They say, he was a *Prince* above all Praise. 'Tis certain his very Enemies admired his unimitable Courage, and marchless Fortune. I have sent thee the true *Effigies* of his Face, where thou wilt see a most agreeable Mixture of Majesty and Benignity, creating Respect and Love at the same time in the Beholders. He was so familiar with every one, as if he had forgot himself, as well as he was a Stranger to Pride. He was a great Student in his Youth, and made himself Master of *Latin, French and Italian*; being also perfectly skill'd in Ancient and Modern *Histories*. He had a wonderful Faculty in discovering Impostors; a dextrous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being ready at Counsel, and swift in Execution; and as cunning at a Stratagem, as he was bold at an Onset. He was liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit; but a severe Punisher of Disorders in his Army. And that which crown'd all the rest of his Virtues, his Piety to *God* was singular, and worthy of Remark. The *French* relate a memorable saying of this King, when he was once in his Camp before *Werben*. He had been solitary in the Cabinet of his Pavilion some Hours together, and none of his Attendants durst interrupt him; till at length a Favourite of his having some important Matter to tell him, came softly to the Door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his Knees at *Prayers*. Feasting to molest him in that *sacred Exercise*, he was about to withdraw his Head when the King spied him, and bid him come in; saying unto him, *Thou wonder'st to see me in this Posture, since I have so many thousands of Subjects to pray for me. But I tell thee, that no Man has more need to pray for himself, than*

he,

he, who being to render an Account of his Allies to none but GOD, is for that Reason more closely assaulted by the Devil; than all other Men beside.

Gustavus was born in the Year 1594 at which time, they say, a Comet was seen in the Form of a Sword, with its Point directed toward Germany; which the *Astrologers* of those Times interpreted as a Prefage of that King's Warlike Genius, and of his future Conquests in the Empire. He came to the Government before he had seen full seventeen Winters, and was cut off in the eight and thirtieth Year of his Age.

It is said, That a few Days before his Death, when his Soldiers received him with infinite Acclamations and all the Marks of an unusual and intemperate Joy, he seem'd to be troubled at it, saying *That he took that excessive Demonstration of his Soldiers Love, for an Omen of some approaching Disaster: and that he was assured GOD would, by taking him away, teach them, that there is no Confidence to be reposed in any Mortal.*

After the Death of Gustavus, the States of the Kingdom assembling, proclaim'd *Christina* Queen; and, during her Minority, committed her to the Tutelage of Five principal Officers of the Kingdom, who also took on them the whole Care of the Commonwealth.

She is perfect in Seven Languages; well vers'd in Ancient and Modern Philosophy, and a complete Historian. In fine, she has acquir'd the Title of the most learned Princess of her Time.

She is of a graceful and majestick Aspect; has a piercing Eye; wears part of her Hair loose about her Temples, and flowing down in Curls to her Shoulders; the rest braided up behind, in Form of a Wreath. Thus is she represented by her Picture, which I have seen in a Gallery of Cardinal *Manarini's* Palace, who professes

esses a great Veneration for this Queen. Could I have purchased this *Portraiture*, as I did her Father's, I would have sent it thee: But all the Pencils in *Paris* are hardly sufficient to supply the Closets and Galleries of the *Nobles*, with this admired *Figure*. She is become the *Idol* of the *French*.

Many great *Matches* have been offer'd her, but she refuses all, either for Reason of *State*, or Dislike of the Persons, or an Aversion she has for a *married* Life; or through Opposition of her *Nobles*, who seem to covet to be govern'd by a *Maiden Queen*. Soon after her Father's Death, the King of *Denmark* attempted to make her his Wife; but his Address was abruptly rejected.

No better Encouragement did the King of *Poland* lately meet with, who twice solicited the same thing for himself, and was as often repulsed. But this, 'tis thought, proceeded from some political Reasons, he being descended of *Sigismund*, a former *abdicated* King of *Sweden*; all whose *Posterity* are for ever excluded from enjoying the *Swedish Crown*, by a Law.

The *English* also gloried in a *Virgin Queen* the last Age: Her Name was *Elizabeth*, whom thou canst not but have heard of. She was the Daughter of *Henry VIII.* King of that Nation. She was a *Princess* of an extraordinary *Genius*, remarkable for her Wit and Learning. 'Twas one of her Subjects, who the first of all Mortals, sail'd round the *Globe*: And, by his fortunate Service, the vanquish'd the reputed *invincible Armada* of *Spain*. She govern'd her Kingdom with such exquisite Conduct, as made the greatest *Princes* revere her Wisdom. 'Tis to her Bounty the *United Provinces* owe the Rise of their present Grandeur and Riches; when they address'd this
potent

potent Queen in Form of humble Suppliants, entitling themselves, *The Poor Distress'd States*. But now they're *Highb* and *Mighb*, pushing for an Equality with *Sovereign Princes*.

I cannot comprize in a Letter all that may be said of this great Queen. Besides, *Historians* vary in her Character. Those that speak most impartially, say, That she had extraordinary *Virtues*, yet was not free from great *Vices*. We must not expect in any Mortal, a Temper exempt from the common Malediction; much less in that *Sex*, whose natural Weakness claims our Indulgence and Excuse. It is admirable to see or hear of a *Female*, whose active Soul can disengage it self from the common Frailties of *Woman*, and perform things, scarce below the Power of *Masculine* Virrue.

If thou thinkest my Letter too tedious, accuse thy self for commanding me to write of Persons whose uncommon Gifts and transcendent Virtues, the most accurate *Historians* can but render in *Epicems*; and the most durable *Records of Fame* will injure, in not being capable to transmit them to *Eternity*.

We ought not to contemn the Excellencies of the *Nazarenes*; who, though they are unhappy in not knowing the *Alcoran*, yet they have a *Law* engraven on their Hearts; which if they observe, they shall be in the *Number* of the *Bliss'd*.

I am no Stranger to thy Moderation and Justice, being fully satisfied, that thou honour'st *Virtue*, even in the most prejudic'd Enemy of our *holy Profession*. Let the *Parliss's* among the *Mussulmans* or *Christians* say their Pleasure, thou and I shall be conformable to our *holy Lawgiver*, in believing, *That the innocent and good of all Religions shall have no Reason*

Reason to tremble at the second Sound of the Trumpet.

Paris, 17th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R XII.

To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to the Grand Signior.

THE Duke of Orleans is newly return'd from the Campaign in *Flanders*. He ſeems to be either tired with his Fatigues of War, or at leaſt to be ſatisfy'd with his Exploits this Summer.

After the Conqueſt of *Courtray*, of which thou haſt heard in the *Dévan*, this Prince march'd directly to *Bergues*, which he took, after a Siege of Six Days. - Then being join'd by the Duke of *Enguien's* Forces, he lay down before *Nardyke*. This Town had been in the *Spaniards* Poſſeſſion ever ſince laſt Winter. Now it held out to a Miracle; but, after a ſtout Reſiſtance, was at laſt forced to ſurrender. There were ſlain before it, many of the chief *Nobility* of *France*. The *French* enter'd it, on the four and twentieth of the laſt *Month*.

The Churches here are hung with Mourning, and the *Eſcutchons* of the *Heroes*, who loſt their Lives in the Bed of Honour. The Bullets which know no difference between the *noble* and *vulgar*, ſeem in this Battel to have been directed by Art or Envy: As if the Flower of the Army had been cull'd out for Marks.

In a Letter to *Murat Bassa*, I gave an Account of a grievous *Drought* and *Mortality* in these Parts. Now *Heaven* seems to be pacify'd; and the *Angel* of *Death* has put up his sword. Yet the Scarcity of Corn, and other Necessaries, continues still; only there is Plenty of Wine; which the poor, who have most Need of it, abstain from, lest it should enrage their Appetites, already sharpen'd with Hunger, whilst they have little or nothing to eat.

Thou wilt wonder at the Diet of those miserable Wretches, whom Oppression and Poverty has forced to feed on *Frogs* and other *Vermin*; yet they extol it for a dainty Dish. Both poor and rich reckon it a Feast, when they can make an Addition of a few *Mushromes*, which they commonly gather themselves. This is a *Vegitable*, of which the *Italian Proverb* says, *Mushromes well pickled with Spices, may do no harm, but can do no Good.*

God, who has commanded us to separate the clean from the impure, and has taught us what we may eat without Pollution, grant, that we may not, either through Necessity, or to indulge our Appetites, taste of any thing, which has in it the least of the *seven Maledictions*.

Paris, 14th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XIII.

To Abubechir Haii. Merchant, in
Aleppo

THOU tellest me a tragical Story of one of thy *Wives*, that she is become a Fugitive, and gone away with thy *Slave Lorenzo*, whom I remember to have seen at thy House at *Constantinople*. Either thou wert too unkind to them both, or gavest them both too much Liberty: Whichsoever of these Ways thou hast exceeded, thou art in the Fault. Too great an Indulgence, either to a *Wife* or a *Servant*, makes them presumptuous: And too great Severity, hardens them to Despair. However, since it is so, I advise thee to comfort thy self with this Thought, that thou art rid of *two Evils*. Had they prov'd faithful, they would not have merited that *Title*; but now they are neither worthy of thy Grief, nor of thy Revenge.

But if thou art resolv'd to pursue them, ask not my Counsel or Assistance in this Place, where I should have as much Reason to apprehend Danger, as they. 'Tis true, I know thy *Slave*; but were I to meet him in the Streets of this City, I should be very unwilling, by discovering him, to be made known my self. Besides, thy Passion has made thee forget, that the *Nazarenes* would commend his Wit, and rejoice in his Fortune, who being a *Slave* to one whom they esteem an *Infidel*, has now, by his wise Conduct, purchased both his Liberty, and a beautiful Mate, with no small Treasure.

I rather advise thee, to apply thy self to *Jasmir Sgire Rugial*, the little *Affreliger* in *Aleppo*, who
perhaps

perhaps may tell thee some News of 'em. There is not a Star in the eighth Sphere can stir, without his being privy to it. And he pretends to behold in their Motions, whatever is done on Earth.

But to be serious, thy *Slave* was an ungrateful Fellow, thus to abuse all thy Favours. Thou hadst made him in a manner Master of all thy Riches, only reserving thy *Wives* to thy self. And if the Desire of Liberty tempted him to escape, he ought in Justice to have sacrificed his Lust, to the Regards he ow'd thee. But every *Slave* is not a *Joseph*. *Lorenzo's* Villany puts me in mind of the Continnence of an *Italian Marquis*.

This young *Lord* fell in Love with a *Dutchess* of singular Beauty, but knew not how to make her sensible of it. At length *Fortune* favour'd him with an Opportunity, beyond his Expectation. One Evening, as he return'd from Hawking, he pass'd through the Fields of that *Dutchess*, bordering on the *Palace*. The *Duke* her Husband, and she, were walking together, as the young *Lord* came by. The *Duke* seeing his Train, and what Game they had been at, ask'd him some Questions concerning their Sport, and being of an hospitable Disposition, invited him into his *Palace* to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the young Lover. He accepted the Offer, and here commenc'd an Acquaintance, which made way in Time for an Assignation between the *Dutchess* and him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and so conducted privately to her Chamber, where she lay ready in Bed to receive him. After some Compliments, the *Dutchess* said, *My Lord, You are oblig'd to my Husband for this Favour; who, as soon as you were gone from our House, the first time we saw you,*

gave you such Commendations, as made me conceive an immediate Passion for you. Is it true, Madam? (repl'y'd the young Lover already half undress'd) Then far be it from me, to be so ungrateful to my Friend. With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

But it cannot be expected that so much Virtue should be found in a *Slave*. I would not have thee vex thy self, for what cannot be recover'd. Adieu.

Paris, 14th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R XIV.

To Solyman his Cousin.

I Cannot approve thy Singularity, in prescribing to thy self a Rule of Life, different from that wherein thou wert educated, and from the laudable Manners of all true Believers. Thou hast not done well in deserting the publick Congregations of the Faithful, to follow the Superstitions of new upstart *Sects*; who whilst they profess greater Purity than others, do secretly undermine the Credit of our holy Lawgiver, reproach all the *Muslimans* throughout the World, and introduce *Libertinism*, and a Contempt of the Majesty which cannot behold *Uncleannefs*.

Are they wiser than their *Fathers*, who for so many Ages have obey'd the sacred Traditions? Or, Will they pretend to correct the Messenger of God? He commanded us to observe the Purifications taught by the *Angel*; Whence do these Innovators derive their new-founded Authority,
of

of dispensing with the positive Injunctions of Heaven? Will they enter into the *Blasphemy* of the *Infidels*? and say, the *Prophet* was a *Seducer*, and that the *Alcoran* is but a *Collection* of *Fables*? If they believe the *Pages* replenish'd with *Truth* and *Reason*, why do they seek to retrench the *Divine Commandments*, and traverse the *Law* transported from *Heaven*? Is it an *Argument* of their *Piety*, that they carve out to themselves such a *Religion*, as suits with their licentious *Spirits*? And, that they pick and chuse such *Precepts*, as indulge them most in a careless *Life*? Is this to be *Muslimans*, that is, *relign'd*, when they will not obey the *sovereign Lawgiver* of Heaven and Earth, but upon their own *Conditions*? *Cousin*, I counsel thee, to beware of these *Schismatics*; who by breaking the *Union* of the *true Believers*, secretly oppose the *eternal Unity* it self, on which our *mighty Empire* is founded, and rests.

I am obliged to the *Post*, who waits at my Door, till I have finish'd my *Dispatches*. Therefore I cannot now answer thy Letter at large: Another time expect a more ample *Expostulation*. Mean while, I advise thee, To return to the *Practice* from which thou art fallen: Go to the *Assemblies* of those, who pour out *devout Orations*: keep a clear *Skin*, and a pure *Heart*; and make not thy self a *Companion* of *Swine*.

Paris, 24th of the 10th Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XV.

To Hafnadar Bally, Chief Treasurer to
the Grand Signior.

THIS Day *Paris* makes a Figure like ancient *Rome*, when that *Mistress* of the *World* honour'd her *Generals* with publick Triumphs, at their Return from the conquer'd Nations. The Streets are hung with Tapestry, and strew'd with Lawrels; The Shops are shut up. The young Men and Virgins are cloathed in their best Array. They walk up and down in Conforts, singing the *Odes* of *Engulew's* Praise; whilst the old and decrepid sit at their Doors to see the *Hero* make his Entry, and rehearse the *Memirs* of their former Years. With Tears of Joy they heap Blessings on the victorious Youth, as he rides along; And throwing their Age and Crutches by for a while, they consecrate the rest of the Day to the publick *Jubilee*.

Would'st thou know the Occasion of all this Joy: 'Tis to welcome this *Prince* home from the successful Toils of Wars. For let his Courage and Conduct be what it will, if he had made a fruitless Campaign, his Entertainment had been different. But *Fortune* has been propitious to him; and the happy Event of his Arms, crowns him with Glory.

After the Departure of the *Duke of Orleans*, from the Camp, the Command of the whole Army devolv'd on this *General*, whose fiery *Gemins* would not let him rest, till he had done something worthy of the Character he aim'd at.

His first Attempt was on a Place of no great Strength, called *Sarnez*, which he took with Ease.

Then

Then he march'd to *Dunkirk*, one of the strongest Towns in *Europe*. There was in it at that time a Garrison of Five and twenty hundred Foot, and Three hundred Horse, commanded by a Nobleman of great Valour. I think they call him the *Marquis de Leide*. This Governour did so many brave Things in Defence of this Place as even surpass'd his own Fame, and the Expectations of others, though both were very great. Yet at length he was forc'd to yield to the Courage and Fortune of the young Duke; and that at a Time when the other *Spanish Generals* were coming to his Relief. The Town was surrender'd on the 7th of this *Month*. And the Duke having left the necessary Commands to the *Marschalls* his Lieutenants, to come home to receive the Acclamations of the People, the Honour of a publick Triumph, and the particular Caresses of the King, and the whole Court. Amidst all this Applause and Glory, he must be content to stand the Shock of Envy, which always endeavours to lessen the Reputation of the brave and heroick.

As for *Mahmut*, he neither envies nor admires the fading Honours of Mortality: Knowing, That when a Man is on the highest Pinnacle of Humane Glory, he stands uneasy; nor can he descend from thence, but by a Precipice.

Paris, 24th of the 10th *Month*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVI.

To Ibrahim Hali Cheik, *A Man of the Law.*

IF it be a Sign of a flourishing *State*, when *Vices* are suppress'd, one would presage, That *Paris* is in a thriving Condition. The *Governour* of this City has newly publish'd an *Edit*, Forbidding all *Stews* and *Brothel-Houses* under severe Penalties; banishing all *Harlots*, and such as by the Toleration of the Government have hitherto made a Profession of *Whoredom*, getting a Livelihood by debauching the Youth of the City. This appears a great Novelty to the *French*, who in this Matter have been permitted all along to live in an unbridled Licentiousness. The lewder sort exclaim with open Mouth against this unreasonable Rigour, (as they call it;) and those who are ashamed to appear publick Advocates for *Harlots*, yet privately murmur against the *Superiors*, for retrenching a Liberty, without which, they say, their Lives would be uncomfortable.

They give a very favourable Character of a *Whore*; calling her, *A certain kind Creature, born to mitigate the Labours, and soften the Cares, of Humane Life.* They plead, That such Women are necessary Members of a *Commonwealth*; whilst with their Caresses, they restrain libidinous Youth from falling into greater Enormities: That the *States* receive no small Profit from the *Tribute*, which is levied on these *Houses of Pleasure*; and that therefore they have been, and are permitted in all Countries. That the *holy Father* himself tolerates an infinite Number of them in *Rome*, which nevertheless has acquired the

the *Title* of the *Holy City*. That all the *Princes* in *Italy* have follow'd his Example, there being no other way to prevent Adulteries, Incests. and the Vice which ought not to be named. That the *State* regarded not the Morality or Immorality of Mens Actions. any farther than they tended to the publick Welfare: And in fine, that so vast a Number of *Priests*, and *Religious*. served for no other End, but to atone by their Sacrifices, Prayers, Alms and Fasting, for the Sins of the People

These are the Discourses of such as patronize the Corruption of Government; and are unwilling to be wean'd from a Wickedness, establish'd by immemorial Custom in the City. But those who cherish an Esteem for Virtue, and an incorrupt Life, applaud the Wisdom and Resolution of the *Magistrate*. saying, That he deserves a *Statue* to be erected to his Memory, who first had the Courage to check this popular Evil; and introduce an Integrity of Manners.

I, who was bred in the *Profession* of *Purity*, and the *Law* which admits no *Pollution*, cannot but acquiesce to the Sentiments of the latter; our *holy Law-giver* having expressly forbidden the Practice of Uncleanness and Fornication with Strangers, and Women that prostitute themselves to all Lovers. It being sufficient, That to gratify Human Passion, and to sweeten the Toils of Life, he has indulg'd us the Use of four *Wives*, and as many other Females as we can purchase, either by the Sword, or Money.

Adieu, sage *Cheick*; and, if I have interrupted thy more important Studies with so trivial a Subject, believe, That it is for want of a proper Occasion to signify to thee, how much thou art in my Thoughts; and that I would

not have our Friendship die, through too long Silence.

Paris, 24th of the 10th Month,
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R XVII.

To Mustapha, Bassa of Silistria.

THE Fortune of War has ravish'd *Asat* from the *Grand Signior*, but has not robb'd thee of the Glory thou acquiredst three Years ago in the Conquest of that City, nor sullied thy present Arms with any Marks of Disgrace, that were of late so vigorously employ'd to relieve it. Had the *Muscovites* perform'd the same part, when thou didst encircle that Nest of Pyrates with the *Ottoman* Forces, as they have now done, the *Cossacks* would not then so tamely have abandon'd their native Seat, and left the Characters of their Despair, imprinted in the Ruins of their Habitations. The Protection of that potent Crown, has given them new Vigour; and 'tis to the Valour of those *Northern* Salvages, they owe the Liberty they now enjoy, to sit by their own Fires.

The *Muscovites* are a fierce and warlike Nation, inur'd to Hardships from the Womb. The Midwives plunge the new-born Infants in cold Water; and if they out live not that Tryal, the Mother thinks her Child not worth a Tear. The Women have no partial Tendernesses for their Babes, but cherish all for the Service of their Country. They teach them, when young, to
rowl

rowl in Snow, and bathe themselves in Ice dissolv'd to Water. They make them familiar with the Extremities of Heat and Cold Hunger, Thirst and Labour, that when they come of Age, and can bear Arms, they may go boldly to the Wars, and bravely throw their Lives away to serve the publick Good. In this they seem to revive the Wisdom of the ancient Spartans, who gloried in nothing so much, as in educating their Youth hardly, and free from the effeminate Softness of other Nations. They esteem'd Infancy and Youth the Spring-time of Good Manners, when Virtue is in the Blossom: If that be nipp'd or blasted, the Fruit must prove abortive, and unprofitable. Therefore they took Care to season their early Years with wholesome Instructions, and masculine Exercises.

Who, among the Warlike Ossetes, does not laugh at the unmanly Education of the Persian Subjects, who being for so many Years confin'd to the Company and Discipline of Females, seem fitter to be made Overseers of a Nursery, than to ascend a Throne?

But thou wilt say, I take large Leaps from the North of Europe, to one of the most Southern Tracts in Asia. I was discoursing of the Muscovites, and the Assistance they afforded the Cossacks in recovering Asia. I passed from thence to the Manner of their Education. Permit me now to divert thee with something peculiar and uncommon, in the Character of the Russian Women. I am acquainted with a Gentleman in this City, who has travell'd through all that Part of Europe, and resided some Years at Moscow. He says, the Russian Wives think themselves not beloved by their Husbands, unless they beat them every Day. They take his Correction as a Mark of his Favour and Esteem. If these silly Females

are angry or peevish, he has no other way to court them into a better Humour, but by Stripes. This is the only convincing Argument of his Sovereignty over them, the Demonstration of his Manhood, the Charm which fastens both their Love and Obedience.

He highly applauds the absolute Resignation which the People shew to their great *Duke*, in that they pretend not to possess their Estates and Lives, but through his Favour, and during his Pleasure. He says, the *Succession* of the *Czars*, or great *Dukes* of *Russia*, was in former Times determin'd after this manner. A great Stone was placed in a large Field belonging to the City of *Moscow*: When any *Czar* died, his Sons, or the next of Kin, were conducted into this Field, and placed all at an equal Distance from the Stone. Then, at a certain Signal given, they all ran together toward it; and he that first reach'd it, so as to stand on the Top of it, was establish'd in the *Throne*.

The Reverence which these People pay to their *Prince*, may, in part, be ascribed to his seldom appearing in Person to them, and then surrounded with his *Bayars* or *Nobles*, in the most magnificent Equipage that can be supposed proper, to strike a Terror and Awe into his Subjects, and cause them to honour him, as little less than a *God*. The Eyes of the Vulgar are dazzled with so many Splendors, of Silver, Gold and Jewels; and when the great *Duke* makes his solemn Appearance, or Cavalcade, they are almost ready to think, that Heaven has descended to Earth, to do them the Honour of a Visit. These are the Arts of *Russian* Policy, by which such an infinite Number of People are charm'd into an Obedience to the *Sovereign*. Doubtless the *Majesty* of a *King*, receives no small Lustre from
external

external Ornaments; the Multitude being captivated with whatsoever is gay and glittering. Yet our glorious *Sultans* scorn to borrow Advantage from, or owe their Grandeur to, any thing but their exalted Blood, and sublime, innate Virtues.

But every Nation have their peculiar Customs, and distinct Reasons of State. The Constitution of all Government is not alike. The Model of *Lacedaemonian* Policy, would suit ill with *Athens*.

Thou, whose Education was in the *Royal Seraglio* of the *Osman Emperors*; who hast been instructed to imitate the *Bees*, which sucks *Honey* from ever *Flower*: Thou, that knowest how to make a Choice of good Examples, and to reject the ill; practise the Valour of *one* Nation, the Prudence of *another*, the Frugality of a *third*; so shalt thou be consummate in Virtue, and acquit thy self a good *General*.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

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

To Solyman Kyzlar Aga, Chief of the
Black Eunuchs.

I Am just now return'd to my Chamber, from the *Palace* of the *King*. As I pass'd along the Streets, I saw in every Face the Signatures of a profound Sorrow, which seems to have diffused it self over their whole Bodies; for both the

Court and City have put on Mourning, for the Death of *Henry Bourbon*, late Prince of *Condé*.

He was not full sixty Years of Age, when he left this visible World, to be new born in a Region utterly unknown to Mortals. The *French*, not without Reason, lament the Loss of a Man, who, to speak the least of him, buoy'd up the domestick Interest of this Kingdom, which seem'd otherwise inclining to totter. He was the Balance which pois'd the different Passions of the *Court and City*, by his Prudence and Justice, calming both into a peaceable Mediocrity.

He was born some *Months* after his Father's Death, whom the most execrable Method of murdering would not suffer to spin out those Years which *Nature* would have indulg'd him, being snatch'd away by Poison.

Henry IV. so long as he remain'd without Issue, fix'd his Eyes on this posthumous young Prince, and gave him an Education suitable to one whom *Fate* had design'd to be the Heir of the *Crown*. Yet afterwards Jealousy cool'd his Affection, when the Prince had married *Charlotte* the Duke of *Nevers*'s Daughter, whom *Henry IV.* lov'd to a Degree of Passion.

It is dangerous to have a sovereign Prince one's Rival in Love. That Match had well nigh ruin'd the young Prince of *Condé*. He was forced to fly into *Holland* with his Princess, and make that *Province* the Sanctuary of her Honour. From thence he travell'd through *Germany*, and return'd not to *France*, 'till after the Murder of *Henry IV.*

During the Minority of *Louis XIII.* he head'd the Factions, affecting to become popular. Were it not this Ambition, his Life had been without Blemish, and he might have blown out *Dugues*'s *Mid-day Candle*. - But no Man is free

free from Fault. All the Difference between the virtuous and Vicious, consists in this, That one commits fewer Crimes than the others, and those not by Intention or Habit, but through the insuperable Proclivity of *Nature*. Every Man has his *genial* Vices, his *constitutional* Errors; and tho' he may appear a *Saint* in all things else, yet in these he will still be a *Sinner*.

He suffer'd Five Years Imprisonment in the *Bastille*, which is a Place put to the same Use, as the *Castle* of the *seven Towers* in *Constantinople*. The *Princess* his Wife, was his Companion all the time, and shared in his Misfortunes, as well as his Prosperity.

During that tedious Confinement he became Father of a Daughter, who was afterwards married to the Duke of *Langueville*. And when he was set at Liberty, he begot the Duke of *Anguien*, now *Prince* of *Goude*, and the *Prince* of *Gené*.

The *French* speak well of the departed *Prince*. He was of a lively Spirit, cheerful and affable in Conversation, mixing daily Recreations with his severer Business, regularly observing Order in all his Affairs. Yet they say he was covetous, having heaped up great Treasures by a Parsimony, which none of that *Blood* had ever before practised.

On his Death-bed he recommended two things to the Practice of his Son, the Duke of *Anguien*; *Never to revenge a private Injury*; and, *Faithfully to hazard his Life, for the publick Good*.

I chose to transmit to thee the News of this *Prince's* Death, with this brief Account of his Life, and Characters of his Disposition, in regard thou hast seen him in *Germany*, and I remember to have heard thee speak in his Praise.

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who is never forgetful to oblige his Friends.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Month,
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R X I X .

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Post* from *Catalonia* came in last Night, laden with ill News from the Army, which has been forced to decamp from before *Lerida*, leaving the greatest part of their Artillery to the *Spaniards*. That Place was always fatal to the *French*. Yet the Passion of the Court vents its self on the *Count d'Harcourt*, because he could not reverse the *Decrees* of *D. Siny*. All his former meritorious Actions seem now to be cancell'd by this one Disgrace, though it was unavoidable: So peevish are Princes, when their Expectations are cross'd. Some suspect him guilty of private Correspondence; others tax him with Cowardise. All this is during the Heat of their Resentments: The same Persons, it may be, will change their Censure, when they consider, That he had lain before it seven Months, even 'till the Trenches of his Camp were fill'd with Snow, and that his Soldiers died of Famine or Cold: For the *Winter* began to be insupportable, and the Country was barren of all Things necessary to sustain such an Army. I cannot see wherein this General deserves Reproach; unless it be a Crime to be a Man, and to have the Command of such as are made of Flesh and Blood, as well as he.

In *Italy*, the *French* have taken *Piombino* and *Porto Longone*. This latter is the most important Town in the *Iste* of *Elbe*, yet was not able to sustain above nineteen Days Siege.

They say, There is a Fountain in this *Island*, whose Waters flow at the *Sun-rising*, but in the *Evening* are dried up. The *superstitious* have odd Conceits of this Fountain, relishing of the ancient *Pagan* Vanities; but the learned attribute it to *Natural Causes*. So the *Jews* tell of a River in the *East*, that stands still on the *Seventh* Day of the Week. This they adduce as a Confirmation of their *Law*, which commands them to rest from Labours on the *Seventh* Day; because on that Day *God* rested from forming the *Creatures* of the *World*. They say also, That the *Satyrs*, and other *Monsters* of the *Desart*, shun the Light of the *Sun* that Day, hiding themselves in Caverns of the Earth, and cursing the *Sabbath* because it surprized *God* before he had quite finish'd their *Ferms*; for which Reason they are imperfect and monstrous to this Day.

The *Divine Unity*, who is the *Root* of all *Numbers*, and has consecrated the Number *Seven* to many *mysterious* Ends, grant, That neither thou, nor I may forget the Answers we must give to the *Seven* Questions of the *Porter* of *Paradise*.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XX.

To Bajazet, Bassa of Greece.

IT appears to me, by evident Symptoms that there is some deep Design a-foot in this Court. The *Grandees* assemble often, and sit late. Extraordinary *Couriers* are sent out, and come in, at all Hours of the Night. Strange Reports are industriously spread about the City. Trading is at a Stand, the Banquiers reserv'd and little Money stirring, which makes the Populace murmur. They complain of the Times, as is usual in publick Discontents; The *old* discourage and incense the *young*, by making Comparisons of this Age and Reign, with the happy Days of *Henry the Great*. They fill their Ears with golden Stories of former Times; and inspiring into them a Love of the past, they equally introduce a Hatred of the present Government. These are the common Artifices of Faction; and though none appears yet under any distinct Name or Title, yet 'tis easie to prognosticate, from these Preludes, that o'er long the Mask will be taken off, and Sedition will shew her self bare-faced.

To other Day a Fellow run crying through the Streets, *God save the King, but the Devil take the Italian*. He was follow'd by a few, and those of the most contemptible. Yet no Officer or Magistrate in this City would cause him to be apprehended, or attempt to suppress the Mutiny he was raising. The Citizens smil'd at his Boldness, and Money was brought him from unknown Hands: The Women bless'd him as a *Prophet*, and the Virgins fell down before the

Alia's,

Altars, on his Behalf: The *Temples* were crowded with *Votaries*; or rather with the *Patrons* of this new *Sedition*; as if they strove to draw their *Gods* into the *Cabal*, and would make *Heaven* itself abet their *Tumults*. His *Train* increas'd as he measur'd the *Streets*; till at length he was seiz'd by the *Royal Guards*, the *Rabble* dispersed and all things restored to *Quiet*. That *Night* a double *Watch* was kept throughout the *City*; the *Fellow* was strictly examin'd, and put to the *Rack*; yet no *Confession* could be extorted from him, save, *That the Publick Good induced him to take this Course*: *That the Tyranny and Oppression which Cardinal Mazarini exercised, were insupportable*: *And, That he was ready to sacrifice his Life for the Welfare of his Country*. He is condemn'd to the *Gallies*, during his *Life*. And great *Endeavours* are used to find out the *Author's* of this *Novelty*. For he is looked on but as an *Instrument*: set at work by some *Male-content*s of higher *Quality*, and the *Forerunner* of some more formidable *Insurrection*.

Proclamations are issued out, to forbid all *Discourse* of *State Matters*: But the *People* spare not to whisper their *Sentiments*.

The young *King* is taken ill, which augments the publick *Jealousie*: Men shake their *Heads*, and look dejected, as they walk along the *Streets*. Some menace *Revenge* with their furrow'd *Brows*; others speak openly, *That the Kingdome is sold to Strangers*. A general *Consternation* and *Disorder* has seiz'd all, while their *Fears* prompt them daily to expect a *Change*. To obviate the *Mischiefs* which those popular *Passions* threaten; *Soldiers* are drawn from divers *Parts* of the *Country* by *Mazarini's* Order, and by insensible *Companies* quarter'd up and down *Paris*. Between these and the *Citizens*, there happen
divers

divers Quarrels, frequent Murders are committed; While the Night, which covers all Things with Darkness, serves to shroud their mutual Outrages, and private Revenges. Thus the publick Calamities are cherish'd: What will be the Issue, Time will evince.

In the mean while, the Affairs of *Germany* and *Sweden*, seem to be in a fair way of Composure. Divers *Treaties* are on Foot, in order to a general Peace in *Christendom*. The *Embassadors* and *Deputies* of the several contending *Crowns*, have frequent Conferences. But each Party insists so vehemently on Circumstantial, that nothing but fruitless Demurs conclude their Meetings. *France* has a great Stroke in all these Affairs: And 'tis grown to a Proverb, That Cardinal *Mazarini* carries all the Courts of Europe in his Bosom.

The *Swedes* treat like *Villiers*; and the *Germans*, tho' much enfeebled, yet cannot forget the Majesty of the *Imperial Sceptre*. The *Danes* have an Interest to prosecute, and the *Poles* are not without their Pretensions. *National Pride* and Honour have a great Influence on these *Crowns*. But the *Hollanders*, like Merchants, act according to the Rules of Profit. They stand on no *Punctilio's*, but such as advance their Traffick, knowing that Money is the Nerves of War. In this they are to be esteem'd wise, their *Commonwealth* being as yet but in her Nonsense: her Strength not knit, nor she in a Capacity to wrestle with her potent Neighbours.

England finds Business enough at home, to employ both her Money, Wit and Arms. Nor can she be at Leisure to attend to foreign Transactions.

Spain ever follows the Interest of the *German Court*, it being the unalterable *Maxim* of the
Hause

House of Austria, to remain united, and aggrandize it self.

Italy has various Interests; and *Venice* in particular, is in strict Friendship with this Court.

Portugal is still upon her Guard, against the restless *Spaniards*: And *Don Juan de Braganza*, makes foreign alliances.

The *supreme Monarch* of the *visible and invisible Worlds*, who sits on the *Throne of Adamant*, under the *Covers* of the *eternal Tree* grant, That the *Distractions* of these *Infidel Princes* and *States* may continue, till the *Time* appointed by *Fate* shall come, wherein the *faithful Osmani* shall possess the *Red Apple*.

Paris, 25th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXI.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

I Thought my self forgotten by the *Sen* of my *Mother*, who has suffer'd so many *Dreads* of *Moons* to measure out the *Term* of his unkind *Silence*, and of my *Melancholy*. 'Tis now three *Years* since I heard from thee: But I will not complain of a *Fault* so ingenuously expiated, though late. Thou hast made me ample *Amends*, in sending me such an elaborate and succinct *History* of thy *Travels*: In reading of which, I know not whether my *Pleasure* or *Profit* is greater. Thou hast so interwoven delightful *Adventures* of thy own, and pleasant *Passages* of others, with curious and solid *Observations*

servations, that a Man improves himself insensibly, whilst the charming Language and Miscellany, serve as a Spur at once to rowze and fasten his Attention, to Points of most useful Knowledge.

The *Ch-istians* are apt to despise the *true Believers* as a Company of ignorant People, unacquainted with the World, unpolish'd both in their Understandings and Manners, not vers'd in the *liberal Sciences*, nor, addicted to the Study of any thing but Riches and Honour, and how to augment the *Mosulman Empire*. They consider not at the same time, That *God* has made us *rational* Creatures as well as them; has endued us with the same *natural* Faculties; and, That in all *Nations* he has inspir'd some with a Thirst of Knowledge, furnishing them also with the Abilities and Means to attain it. They consider not, That if *Printing* be prohibited among us, 'tis to suppress the Multitude of unprofitable *Books*, with which *Europe* too much abounds: And That in their stead we have many thousands of industrious *Scribes*, whole whole Employment is to translate the most excellent and learned *Treatises* of the *Ancients*. And, That consequently, a studious *Mosulman* cannot be destitute of such *Books*, as may instruct him in *true Philosophy*, sound *Morals*, and *History* of the most memorable Transactions in the World. Assuredly, our *Arabia* may boast of her *Avicens*, *M-sues*, *Averroes*, *Halls*, and *Albuzarars*; and that she has brought forth many others who need not in any Point of *Humane* or *Divine Learning*, yield the *Palm* to the most eminent *Doctors*, *Philosophers*, *Orators* and *Poets*, among the *Christians*.

Add to this the equal Benefit some of our *Believers* reap, by travelling into foreign Countries, which crowns all their Studies with experimental

rimental Knowledge and Wisdom; rendering them as familiar with the different *Natures* of *Men*, and the various *Constitutions* of *Government*, as before they were with *Books*.

This appears evident in thy Letter, which is replenish'd with so many solid Remarks and sage Comments, on the *Laws* and *Customs* of the *Region*, through which thou hast pass'd, their *Religions*, *Strength* and *Riches*, and whatsoever else was worthy a *Traveller's* Notice; that were this *Narrative* publish'd in *Christendom*, the *Nazarenes* would forbear to speak so contemptibly of the *true Believers*.

But they flatter themselves with a false Notion, that the *Ottomans* never travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*, except the *publick Embassies*, who are sent by the *Grand Signior*. They are ignorant, that the *august Port* maintains *private Agents* in all *Nations*; and that there is hardly any *Prince's Court* in *Christendom* without a *Musliman* in it one time or other. 'Tis true, we appear not in the *Garb* peculiar to the *East*. Our *Mission* requires a *Conformity* to the *Fashions* of the *People* where we reside. But we still retain the interior Vestment of *Mahometan Purity*, being in a double Sense *circumcised*. Thus we become Masters of the *Christians* Secrets, whilst they account us stupid, ignorant, and Men void of common Sense.

Besides, had we not this Advantage in these *Western Parts*, yet the universal Privilege of travelling and maintaining free Commerce over all the *East*, must needs afford great Opportunities of Accomplishment, to some among the *Caravans* of so many thousands as visit *Persia*, *India*, *China*, *Tartary*, and all Places where the *Faith* of the *Mission* of *God* is professed.

I am extremely pleas'd with thy fortunate Escapes from *Robbers* on the Road, whose Malice, rarely extends farther than to deprive a Man of those *outward Goods*, which, if he be *wise*, he will not call *his own*. Much more am I delighted with thy Deliverance from those *Female Thieves*, who steal from Men their Hearts and Reason, which last is our noblest, and only proper Inheritance. All *Persia* and the *Indies* abound with *Courtesans*; and he had need of *Osian's* Chastity, who would withstand so many and strong Temptations.

Thou needest not wonder at the Effeminacy of the present *Mogul*, who suffers himself and his *State* to be govern'd by *Women*. That subtle and aspiring *Sex*, have always sought to undermine or over reach our *Race*. They keep behind the *Scenes*, yet act their Parts in all the *Tragedies* and *Revolutions* of the *World*. The Father of the present *Indian King* made an absolute Resignation of his *Soverignty* to his Queen, for four and twenty Hours. This *Prince*, by a strange Affectation, called himself *King of the Mo la*. His Wife was the Daughter of an *Arabian Captain*, who had served him in the Wars: But having forfeited his Head by some notorious *Treason*, his Daughter went and threw her self at the *Mogul's* Feet to beg his Life. He fell passionately in Love with her, (for she had not her Equal for Beauty in all the *East*) granted her *Petition*, and married her. Afterwards she got such an *Empire* over him that he would do nothing without her Advice and Consent. At her Instigation he made *War* or *Peace*: And to please her cruel Humour, he put out the Eyes of his eldest Son. But, not satisfied with these Discoveries of his Love, and resolving to make her self famous by some extraordinary Action, she

she never ceas'd soliciting the King, with all the Arts of Female Policy, till she had prevail'd on him, to surrender up his Authority to her for the Space of a Day. In which Time (having prepared all things before hand ready for her Purpose) she caus'd two Millions of *Roupees*, in Silver and Gold, to be coin'd and stamp'd with the *twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*, contrary to the *fundamental Law* of the *Empire*, the *express Prohibition* of our *holy Prophet*, and the *universal Practice* of the *Mussulmans* throughout the *World*, who admit not the *Representations* of any *Creatures* that have *Life*. This Relation I had from my Uncle *Useph*, who resided in the *Indian Court* Eleven Years. He added moreover, That during this short *Royal* Reign, she cut off the Heads of Seven *Grandes*, the most zealous for the *Mussulman Faith* among all the *Indian Princes*, and establish'd as many *Idolaters* in their *Places*: And that, if her Orders had been fully executed, she had quite changed the *Government*, consecrated the most beautiful *Mosques* to the *Service* of *Idols*, exterminated the *true Faithful*, and restored the *ancient Abominations* of the *Infidels*; which thou wilt not think impracticable, when thou considerest, That the Number of the *Uncircumcised* in the *Indies*, far exceeds that of the *Mussulmans*, there being ten thousand of those, to a hundred of such as profess the *Unity* of the *divine Nature*. But however there was *Loyalty* found even among those *Pagans*; and they would not suffer a *blind Zeal* for the *Worship* of their *Gods*, to supplant the *Duty* they ow'd their *King*.

The Description thou hast made of *Candahar*, and the Method thou had projected to take that *Impregnable City*, discover at once thy Conduct and Diligence, in procuring Liberty to survey so narrowly, the most important Place of the

Indies;

Indies; and thy Skill in Fortifications, with the Quickness of thy Invention, which has suggested to thee that which all the *Engineers* of *Asia* have never so much as dreamt of. This is the right Use of Travelling, when a Man returns from foreign *Nations*, cultivated with experimental Knowledge, and stock'd with Improvements, that may render him serviceable to his Country.

Thou condemnest the Injustice and Avarice of the *Indian Mogul*; who, as soon as any of the *Omrahs*, or great Men die, cause all his Estate and Goods to be seiz'd, to their own proper Use. Whereby it comes to pass, that the Widow and Children of the Deceased, are reduced to the lowest Condition of Poverty, being many times forced to beg for a Subsistence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppression not to be justified, especially in those who profess to believe in our God Creator of all Things; the *interrupt Judge* of the *Universe*. But what thinkest thou then of our *Sultans*, who not having Patience to wait till a natural Death shall make them *Heres* to the *Wealth* of a *Bassa*, generally secure their *Title*, and hasten their Possession by a *Bow-string*? These are *Royal Violences*: Though the Resignation of *Subjects* must not tax them, with any Crime, who are accountable to none but *God*.

It was however a notable Piece of Raillery with which the Widow of a rich *Merchant* reproved this unreasonable Custom in the present *Mogul*. Her Husband was an *Idolater*, who had heaped together an infinite Treasure by Trading and Usury; and when he died, left her worth Two hundred thousand *Roupiers*. Her Son, some Years after coming of Age, demanded of her a Stock to set up with as a *Merchant*. Which she, either out of Avarice, or for other Ends, refused

refused him; furnishing him only with such small Sums, as served to nourish his Discontent, and tempt him to a lowd, careless Life. But at length, not being able to prevail on his Mother, to part with so much as would answer his Expectations, he complain'd to the *Mogul*, disclosing also what Estate his Father had left. The *Mogul* being informed of so much Riches, sent for the young Man's Mother, and commanded her to send him half her Money, ordering, That the other half should be divided between her self and her Son. The Widow, not being at all surprized, or cast down at this unjust Proposal, made the *Mogul* this short Reply: *O King, may the Gods make thee happy. My son has some Reason to require his Share of his Father's Estate, having his Blood running in his Veins; but I desire to know, what Relation thou art to my Husband or me, that thou claimst a Share in his Inheritance.* The *Prince* abash'd at so smart and bold an Address, commanded her to give half her Estate to her Son, and so dismissed her.

I have heard some of our *Chianxes* praise the *Magnificence* of the *Mogul's Court*, the infinite Number of his Attendants: But above all, they extol the inimitable Grandeur of his *Throne*, which is adorn'd with so many *Topazies*, *Rubies*, *Emeraulds*, *Pearls*, and *Diamonds*, as amount to thirty Millions of *Roupiers*. But were it not much better, if instead of all this needless Glory, he could best, That his *Empire* is founded in the Hearts of his *Subjects*: He does not consider, That such prodigious Heaps of envied Treasure are but so many glittering *Snares*, golden *Manacles*, which serve for no other Use, but to chain him up from that Freedom, and those more innocent Delights, that the meanest of his Subjects enjoy.

Thou hast, I perceive, discoursed with the *Indian Bramins*: Dost not thou discover, even in these *Idolaters*, a Contempt of Riches? What mean Thoughts have they of the Splendor and Gayeties of the Court? What a low Esteem of the long and proud *Series of Titles*, with which the *Magals* endeavour to exalt themselves? Whilst they are called the *Lights of the World*, and *Companions of the Sun*; these poor *Philosophers* know, That in a little time they shall be laid in *Darkness*, and have no better *Society* than that of *Worms*. What signifies their *Pedigree*, or, That the present *Nagal* is but the *tenth Descendant* from the mighty *Towarlew*, who made all *Asia* tremble, if he has lost the *Virtue* of his *glorious Ancestor*? 'Tis that alone makes all Men *truly noble*.

Thou tellest me, That the *Empire* of the *Nagal* affords him more *Revenues* than the *Dominion* of any two the most potent *Monarchs* on Earth. I have heard as much from others, which convinces me, that thou hast inform'd thy self rightly of the *present State* of the *Indies*. But dost thou therefore esteem this *Monarch* the richer? Consider the vast *Extent* of his *Dominions*, which are said to contain more than Six hundred *Leagues* in length, and thou wilt find, that to maintain so great a *Traffic* of *Ground*, both against his *foreign* and *domestick* *Enemies* he is oblig'd to keep in constant *Pay*, some *Millions* of his *Subjects* and *Strangers*: For he is in the midst of *Enemies*, even among his own *Subjects*. There are above an hundred *sovereigns*, in his *Empire*, who perpetually by turns molest his *Government*, refusing to pay *Tribute*, and raising *Armies* against him: Whereby it comes to pass, that he is at an infinite *Expence* to defend himself, and carry on those endless *Wars*; thou thy self having observ'd, that once in two *Years* there is an indispensable *Necessity* of paying these

these prodigious Armies: Not a Soldier throughout his *Empire* having any thing to live on, save the Wages he receives of the King.

Consider also, that this *Monarch* always keeps some thousands of the finest Horses in the World near his Person, such as cost him thousands of *Roupees* a-piece; besides a thousand Elephants; with an incredible Number of Mules, Camels, and other Beasts of Burden, to carry his Wives, his Goods and Provisions, when he takes the Field: That whole Cities, even as large as *Constantinople*, are obliged to follow the King's Camp for Subsistence, their Livelihood altogether depending on the Army. Add to this, the immense Charges of his *Seraglio*, his Castles and Sea-Port Towns, with all the other necessary Expences of the *State*, and thou wilt conclude, That when this *Potentate* comes to cast up his Accounts, he will find himself a poor Man.

But I shall cloy thee with a Rehearsal of such things, as thou canst not be a Stranger to.

Only tell me, Whether one of the *Rajahs* or *Princes* subject to the *Mogul*, be the real *Descendant* of *Purus*, the ancient King of *India*, in the Time of *Alexander the Great*? I have been told by several Travellers, That there is such an one, that his Name is *Rama*, and that an hundred of the *Idolatrous-Princes* pay Homage to him, as to their *natural Sovereign*.

Thou confirmest the Truth of what has been so often reported in these Parts, That the *Prince* of *Java* had six Fingers on each Hand, and as many Toes on his Foot.

But that seems very strange which thou relatest, of a certain *Language* among the *Indians*, which is not vulgarly spoken; but that all their *Books* of *Theology*, and *Pandects* of their *Laws*, the *Records* of their *Nation*, and the *Treatises* of *Human Arts* and

Sciences are written in it. And that this *Language* is taught in their *Schools, Colleges, and Academies*, even as *Latin* is among the *Christians*. I cannot enough admire at this; for, where and when was this *Language* spoken? How came it to be disus'd? There seems to be a *Mystery* in it, that none of their *Bachmans* can give any other Account of this, save, That it is the *Language*, wherein *God* gave, to the *first Creature* he made, the *four Books* of the *Law*: which according to their *Chronology*, was above *Thirty Millions* of *Years* ago. I tell thee, my dear Brother, this *News* has started some odd *Notions* in my *Mind*: For when I consider, That this *Language*, as thou sayest, Has nothing in it common with the *Indian* that is now spoken nor with any other *Language* of *Asia*, or of the *World*; and yet, that it is a copious and regular *Language*, learn'd by *Grammar*, like the other *material Languages*; and that, in this *obsolete Language*, *Books* are written, wherein it is asserted, That the *World* is so many *Millions* of *Years* old; I could almost turn *Pythagorean*, and believe, The *World* to be within a *Minute* of *Eternal*. And, where would be the *Absurdity*? Since *God* had equally the same *infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness*, from all *Eternity*, as he had *Five or Six thousand Years* ago. What should hinder him then from exerting these *divine Attributes* sooner? What should retard him from drawing forth this glorious *Fabrick* earlier, from the *Womb* of *Nothing*? Suffer thy *Imagination* to start backwards, as far as thou canst, even to *Millions* of *Ages*, and yet thou canst not conceive a *Time*, wherein this fair unmeasurable *Expanse* was not stretch'd out. As if *Nature* her self had engraven on our *Intellects*, this *Record* of the *World's* untraceable *Antiquity*, in that our strongest, swiftest *Thoughts*, are far too weak and slow, to follow *Time* back to its endless *Origin*.

The *Revolution* in *China*, surpasses the common, *Changes* in *Kingdoms* and *Empires*. There is something excessively *tragical*, in the *Catastrophe* of that *Royal House*.

Brother, in beholding that, thou hast seen *Human Nature* in a *Trance*: And thou art so thy self, if, after this, thou canst be fond of any thing on Earth. *Traveller*, Adieu,

Paris, 25th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXII.

To Añis Bassa.

Several *Dispatches* have been lately sent between this *Court*, and that of *Swedeland*, containing rather *Matter of Complement*, than any thing of great *Importance*. *Queen Christina* has been very ill, which has occasion'd *Letters of Condolence* from the *Queen Regent of France*.

Those which come from that *Part*, say, That *General Torstensson* is made a *Count*; and the *Dignity* entail'd to his *Posterity*, in *Recompence* of his eminent *Services* to the *Swedish Crown*.

These *Letters* add, That there have pass'd some high *Words* between *Monsieur Chanut*, and the *Swedish Secretary of State*. And, that the latter, in going out of the *Chamber* where they discoursed, laid his *Hand* upon his *Sword*, with these *Words*: *Monsieur Chanut*, were it not for the *Penetration* the *Law of Nations* has rais'd about your *Person*, I would answer you in another *Language*. To which *Monsieur Chanut* replied, That he wore a *Sword* to defend himself and his *private Honour*, as well as any *Swede* in the *Kingdom*.

The Occasion of this Quarrel was, The great Resort of *Roman Catholick* Strangers to *Monsieur Chanut's* Chapel, which gave Disgust to the *Swedes*, who allow not the *Exercise* of the *Roman Religion* within their Territories. They castrate all the *Priests* of that *Commanien* whom they find, and prosecute the *Laiety* with rigorous Penalties. But *Monsieur Chanut* pleaded the *Law of Nations*: And when the *Secretary* told him, That the *Queens* permitted him and his Family the Liberty of their *Religion*, but desired him not to admit any other Persons, of what *Nation* soever: This *Minister* replied, That he could not receive as a *Favour* or *Permission* from her Majesty, the Liberty of exercising his *Religion* since he held it only of his Master, the *King of France*, who had sent him thither, and that he would not shut the Door of his Chapel against any that would come in: That their *Law*, which, according to their own *Calcule*, was made about *Two thousand Years* after the *Foundation* of their *Estate*, could not abrogate the *Law of Nations*, which is eternal: That this perpetual *Law* gave particular *Privileges* to certain Persons, and especially to the *Ministers of foreign Princes*: That their new *Law*, such as it was, being only made to maintain the publick *Worship*, respected not what was done in the *House of a foreign Minister*, by a special *Privilege*, it being of no *Consequence* to the *State*, whether such *Foreigners* serve *God* or not, or whether they worshipped him in a right or wrong *Way*: That no *Swede* came to his Chapel, but only *four French*, who were *Sojourners* in the *Land*: That they did not use the *Swedish Ambassadors* for in *France*, who admitted whom they pleased into their *Chapels*: That the *House* where he now dwelt, was the *House of the King of France*; and that therefore he could not by *Consequence* refuse any *Catholicks* an *Entrance* into it, especially such

as were born Subjects of his Master: And in fine, That it was very just to oblige him to be the Executioner of this severe Law, in requiring him to shut his Doors upon his Countrymen, against the common Laws of Hospitality, the Honour of a publick Minister, and the Pleasure of the King his Sovereign.

To this the Secretary made something too tart a Reply. Whereupon Words increasing between them, and the French Ambassador being resolute to assert his Privilege, the Secretary broke out into a Passion, as I have before mention'd, laying his Hands upon his Sword, as he was leaving the Room.

The Swedes are naturally a rugged, surly People, as are all the Northern Europeans. They are Strangers to Civility, and the gentle Address of the French. Yet the Queen, when she heard of this Passage, was angry with her Minister, and excused his Rudeness to Monsieur Chauvot; telling him, That the Secretary was a faithful Servant, but had been educated among the Bears of the Forest.

This puts me in mind of a Story, which the French tell of another Ambassador, whom Lewis XIII. sent to the Court of Spain. The Spaniards are of a haughty Temper, expecting more than ordinary Submissions, from those who approach the King's Presence. This Ambassador, on the same Ground, was required to do some Homage, which would not consist with the Instructions of his Master, and therefore he refused to comply. The King of Spain thinking to put him out of Countenance, said aloud, What! has the King of France us'd such Men in his Court. That he said to me such a Fool as this? To which the Ambassador replied, My Master has many wiser Men than my self about him; but to such a King, such an Ambassador.

Thou wilt not perhaps approve such Raillery as this to *Crown'd Heads*, who ought to be treated with Reverence and Gravity. Yet, I believe, thou wilt condemn the Cruelty of a *Duke of Muscovy*, who caus'd the Hat of a *French Ambassador* to be nailed to his Head, for sitting cover'd before him. This is contrary to the *Genius* of the *East*, who abhor to see a Man bare headed.

But every *Nation* has its *Mode*: And I according to the Fashion of my Country, kiss the Border of thy Vest, in Token of my Submission and Respect.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Month,
of the Year 1647.

L E T T E R XXIII.

To the Mufti, most Venerable, and Worthy
of all Honour.

THE *Criticks*, who spend their Time, and manifest their Wit, in descanting on the Court and the *Grandees*, find perpetual Matter of Discourse concerning *Cardinal Mazzini*. His daily Actions furnish them with new Themes, and sometimes they rehearse the old. They compare him with his Predecessor *Richlieu*, and with *Cardinal Ximenes*, a *Spanish Minister*. They term these three, the *Trinity of Christian Statesmen*; thus distinguishing their *personal Characters*. *Richlieu*, they say, was crafty, covetous and revengeful; *Ximenes* was politic, severe, and valiant; *Mazzini* is wise, merciful, and liberal.

The

The first made good his Character, they say, in heaping up such prodigious Treasures; in raising all those of his *Family* or Dependence, to the highest Honours; in occasioning the voluntary Banishment of the *Queen-Mother*; in ruining whomsoever he suspected; and finally, in making himself so much the Master of all Secrets, that the King, however disgusted and averse from him, yet could never sit safe on his *Throne* without him, when *living*, nor venture the Management of the *Publick* to any of his Creatures, when *dead*. Thus speak they of that great *Minister*.

As to *Cardinal Ximenes*, they say, He discover'd the Qualities which they ascribe to him, in the Method he took to raise himself to that envied Greatness; which was, by seeming to shun the Honours at which he secretly aim'd. For being a devoted *Devotise*, or religious *Friar*, he appear'd to be the most mortify'd Man of the whole *Order*; Which being taken Notice of, he was made *Provincial*; from which *Dignity*, he made but one Step more to the *Purple*! And, growing eminent for his Abilities, he was made the *first Minister* in the *Court of Spain*.

He levy'd Sixteen thousand Men at his own Cost, invaded *Barbary*, storm'd their strongest Cities, and reduced the whole Kingdom of *Tripoli* and *Algiers*, to his *Master's* Obedience.

Whilst he was at the Head of his Army, one Day there happen'd a Mutiny among his Soldiers. A certain Fellow, running up and down between the Ranks - and exciting them to chuse a new *General*, saying, *I was a shame to serve a poor spirit'd Friar*; The *Cardinal* perceiving this, stepp'd to the Fellow, and, with one Blow, sever'd his Head from his Body. This struck such a Terror into all, that from that time,

There was not the least Tumult or Disorder in his Army.

They say, he was in the End poison'd by eating of a *Fish*, of which a Friend of his receiv'd Intimation on the Road, as he was riding to the Place where the *Cardinal* was at Dinner. But he came too late, to prevent the Effects of the Poison: For though the *Cardinal* was but just risen from the Table yet he began to void Blood by his Ears, and the Extremities of his Fingers; and in a few Days drew his last Breath. He was tall, and well limb'd: His two fore Teeth of the upper Jaw grew so far out of his Mouth, that he was call'd, *The Ecclesiastical Elephant*. The Sutures of his Skull were so closely indented, that there was no more room for Transpiration of the grosser Vapours, than through the most solid Part of the Bone. On this account he was ever troubled with the Head-ach, contrary to *Cardinal Richieu*, who never felt any Pain in that Part, because he had two little Holes in his Crown, through which the Fumes exhall'd.

These are the Remarks which are made on *Cardinal Ximenes*. As to *Mazarini*, they say, he surpasses both these *Ministers*, in the exquisite Moderation of his Temper: And comes short of neither, in the Contrivance or Success of Affairs, being solid in his Counsels, secret and swift in their Execution. He has this also peculiar in his Conduct, that none are more sure of his Favour, than those who have done him Injuries. He is magnificent in his Expences; building *Palaces*, that may vie with the most celebrated Structures of the ancient *Romans*: A curious Collector of choice Paintings and Sculptures; furnishing the Houses with Utensils of Cedar, Ebony, Silver, Gold, and other Ornaments, befitting the *Palace* of a King. Liberal beyond the
Expectation

Expectation of his Friends and Servants, yet not to Profuseness. He has a wonderful Sagacity in discovering Cheats and Impostors; and no less Dexterity in discerning Men of Merit, though never so much obscur'd by Misfortune.

Not long ago he catch'd a Gentleman in a Crime, which expos'd him to the Laughter and Contempt of the whole Court, but not to the Cardinal's Hatred. He had been recommended to this Minister by a Lady of the Court, for whom he had a great Esteem. On which account he had free Access to the Cardinal's Presence, and would always mix with his *Retinue*.

But his curious *Patron* had observ'd something in his Carriage, which gave him Ground of Mistrust. For he would always place himself as near as he could to a certain Table in the Chamber, where the Cardinal gives Audience. There is a Drawer under this Table, which commonly stands half open, it being the Place where all *Petitioners* throw in their Bribes or Presents; it not being seemly for a *Prince* of the Church, to take Money himself. The Cardinal observ'd, That this Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he cover'd what was there contain'd. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to do his Pleasure; yet still one Accident or other, hinder'd the Gentleman from executing his Design, which was, To borrow some of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length it happen'd, That the Cardinal having appointed some curious *Pageants* to be made in Honour of the King's Birth-day, he, with several of the *Courtiers*, stood looking out of the Windows, to see these triumphant Shows pass by. The Gentleman, taking this Opportunity, whilst he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gayeties

without, slips to the Table and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined that no Body had seen him, and therefore hugg'd himself in the Thoughts of his Booty. When the *show* was over, and the Company withdrew from the Window; after a while, they all took their leave, and departed: And, among the rest, this Gentleman Thief was going out. But the *Cardinal* desired him to tarry, in that he had something to say to him. The Gentleman stung with the Guilt of what he had done, fell a trembling and was ready to drop down at the *Cardinal's* Feet. But he bid him be of good Comfort, saying thus to him; *My Friend, what thou hast done, is not hid from me. If thou hast not Gold enough, I will double thy Sum.* Therewith he gave him another Bag of equal Value; saying withal, *Go thy way, and see my Face no more. I pardon, but cannot trust thee.*

Would'st thou know, by what means the *Cardinal* discover'd this Theft? He always wears on his Finger a Ring, in which is set a *Jewel* of inestimable Value; it being a *Natural Mirror*, and discovering all Things that are done in the Room, though behind a Man's Back. 'Twas on this Stone the *Cardinal* cast his Eye, when the Gentlemen thought he was looking out of the Window. Therein he beheld him go to the Table, take out the Money, and put it in his Pocket. Thou see'st how curious this Minister is, to stock himself with useful Rarities.

May that *great Chancellor* of Heaven, the *Angel* who beholds in the *Divine Essence*, as in a *Mirror*, whatsoever is done on Earth and records all Human Actions in the *Book of Judgments*, never discern any thing in *Malice*, which

which may render him worthy to be excluded
the *Presence of God.*

Paris, 12th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIV.

To Danecmar Kefrou, Kadilifquer
of Romania.

THOU, that art Principal among the Judges
of high Dignity, the illustrious Ornament
of three *Empires*, the strong Support of Equity,
who preservest Reason, and correctest Vice, I
congratulate thy deserved Honour: And in do-
ing so, I wish Increase of Joy to all the *faithful*
Osmans.

The Knowledge which thou hast acquired in
the *Law of Nations*, and in the most perfect San-
ctions of our *august Monarchy*, has made thee fa-
mous through the *seven Provinces* of the *Earth*;
and has vested thee with the Robe of sublime
Honour, the Gift of the *Lieutenant of God.*

I made Choice of this Occasion at once to
perform my Duty, and to acquaint thee with a
National Villany, such a Violation of the *publick*
Faith of a *Kingdom*, as it will be difficult to pa-
rallel.

The *Civil Wars* of *England* are known through-
out the *World*: And thou art no Stranger to the
particular Intelligences I have sent to the *sublime*
Part, concerning that *Nation.*

Since that time the *Rebels* have by degrees
gain'd Ground of their *unhappy King*, chusing
him

him from one Place to another: "Till at length, finding, That neither by *Arm*, or *Treatie*, he could reduce them to any Terms of Reconciliation, and being besieged in one of his Cities, which was not in a Condition to hold out long, this *unfortunate Monarch* was forced to disguise himself, and escape by Night; wandering through unfrequented Ways, and enduring much Hardship. He at length threw himself upon the Faith of the *Scots*, who had solemnly engag'd themselves upon Oath, To defend him against all his Enemies whatsoever.

The *Scots* Army was then in *England*, being hired to assist the *Rebels*. Whence some take Occasion to accuse this *Prince* of Rashness, and too much Credulity, in seeking Protection from those who first began the *Rebellion*, and who had stain'd the *Records* of *Scotland* with the *Blood* of many of their *Kings*. But Innocency is void of Suspicion; and therefore, because his own Intentions were sincere, he knew not how to be jealous of others.

However, the *Scots* at first seem'd to ask the Parts of *loyal Men*. And when they were threaten'd by the *English Rebels*, and their Pay was stopp'd, with *Declarations* also issued out against their Proceedings: they continue to assert the Justice of their Deportment, in receiving and defending their injur'd *King*, who had fled to them for Succour.

They detained him thus, from the 4th of the 5th *Month*, of the Year 1646, to the 30th Day of the 1st *Month* of this present Year. At which time, having agreed with the *English Parliament*, for the Sum of 40000 *Signi*, at the Price of their *sovereign*, they deliver'd him up to the *English Commissioners*, deputed by the *Rebels* for that Purpose.

The

The *French Ambassador* was at that time in the *Scottish Army*; who having been a Witness of their detestable Perjury, took his Leave: And being attended with a *Guard of Light-Horse* to the Sea-Port, at parting he pull'd out a Piece of *English Money*, valued at *Half a Crown*; and asking the *Captain* of the *Guards* into how many Pieces of coined Silver that *Half Crown* might be divided, he answered, *Into thirty*. For so much (replied the *Ambassador*) did *Judas* betray his Master.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Force of this *Repartee*, when thou considerest, that according to the *Christian's Belief*, this *Judas* was a *Slave of Jesus*, the *Son of Mary*; and that for thirty Pieces of Silver, he betray'd that *Prophet* to the *Jews*.

But these *Infidels* have found out Ways, to evade all Engagements and Promises. They couch their Oaths, in Words more ambiguous than the *Oracles of Delphos*. As if they thought, not only to circumvent Men by their Equivocations, but also to deceive him who formed the *Tongue* and the *Ear*; even *God*, who is *perfect in Knowledge*.

Such a *Story* I have read of one *Hatto* a *German Bishop*, whose Perjury is recorded. This *Prelate* had a *Cousin* who was accused of *Treason* against the *Emperor*. On which Account he was closely besieged by the *Imperial Forces*, in a *Castle* seated on the top of an impregnable *Rock*. So that the *Emperor*, despairing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his *Army*; when this *Bishop* came to him, and for a *Sum of Money* promised to betray his *Kinsman* into the *Emperor's* Hands.

The *Bargain* being concluded, the *Bishop* went to visit his *Cousin* at the *Castle*, perswading him to go and humble himself to the *Emperor*, and he would

would engage to procure his *Pardon*: Binding himself with a *solemn Oath*, That if he would rely on him, as he carried him safe out of the *Castle*, so he would bring him back alive and safe again.

His *Kinsman*, deluded with these fair Pretences, and secured by the *Sanction* of an *Oath* trusts himself to the Conduct and Fidelity of the *Prelate*.

When they had rode about half a League from the *Castle*, the *Bishop* pretending he had forgot some Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they return'd back to the *Castle*; and when they had found the Papers, they set forward again toward the *Emperor's* Camp. Being arrived there, the impious Wretch deliver'd his *Kinsman* to the *Emperor*, who condemn'd him to die. He sending for the *Bishop*, reproaches him with the *Violation* of his *Oath*. But the perfidious *Bishop* sought to acquit himself, by saying, *He had perswad'd his Promise, in carrying him back safe to the Castle, when he return'd to seek his Papers.* Thus was his *Kinsman* betray'd by a Quibble, and lost his Head. The *Bishop* acquiring, for that impious Deed, the odious Title of *Hate to the Traitor*. And the *Germans* report, That he was afterwards carried away by *Devils*, and thrown alive into the Hollow of Mount *Æna*: A Voice being heard at the same Instant in the Air, saying, *This is the Reward of Perjury.*

The *Nazarenes* believe this *flaming Mountain* to be one of the *Mounts* of *Hell*: The same Opinion they have of *Stambela* and *Peluvia*. I am not curious, to pry into the Truth of so costly a Secret, but leave the Experiment to the forsworn, treacherous *Scots*, who by this barbarous Action, deserve to follow the *Fate* of *Hate*.

Much

Much greater was the Integrity and Virtue of the ancient *Romans*, whom these *Infidels* number among the *damn'd*. They esteem'd nothing more sacred, than the publick *Faith*; building *Temples* to its *Honour*, and stamping their *Money* with the *Figure* of two *Hands* joined together, having this *Motto*, *THE FAITH OF THE ROMANS*. But the *Scots* shew themselves to be of *Lysander's* Mind, who used to say, *Children must be circumvented with good Words, and Men with Oaths*.

This *Monarch* is now led in *Triumph*, like a *Captive*, by his *rebellious* Subjects, who have confin'd him to one of his *Country Palaces*, suffering none of his *Friends*, or *faithful Servants*, to come near him, but in all things endeavouring to render his *Restraint* insupportable.

Thou who art accurate in interpreting the *Laws* of *Justice*, wilt condemn these *Infidels* of horrid *Treason*, yet canst not acquit the *Mussulmans*, who have often deposed our most *august Emperors*.

I divide my *Intelligence* among the *Ministers* of the *sublime Part*, and the other *Grandees* of the *State*; praying *God*, To guard the *Sultan* from secret *Machinations*, and open *Enemies*; and, To grant, That an *Excess* of *Good-Nature* may not betray him to such *Misfortunes*, as have befallen this *imprison'd Monarch*.

Paris, 21st of the 3^d Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXV.

To Ragel Hamet, Antiquary to the Sultan.

THIS City is pester'd with an innumerable Multitude of *Bats*, and a kind of *Serpents*, which they call *Lizards* or *Newts*. They breed in the Walls of their Houses, and molest the Inhabitants Night and Day, swarming more than ordinary every ninth Year.

The *Perisians* give an odd Reason for this *Plague*. They say, That in former Ages, A certain *Magician* had undertaken to free this City from all *venomous Creatures*; and that, accordingly, he had made several *Images* of those *Animals*, annexing to them *Enchantments*, and hiding them in obscure Places under the Earth; promising also, That so long as those *Images* remain'd untouch'd, *Paris* should not be molested with any hurtful Thing. This succeeded according to his Words; 'till at a certain time, as they were digging up the Foundations of an old *Temple*, the Workmen found several *brass Images*, some representing a *Bat*, some a *Lizard*. They making small Account of those *magical Reliques*, sold them to the next *Brassier* for a Piece of Money; Who being ignorant also of the hidden Force of these *Images*, melted them down for his own Use. And, ever since that time, the City has been over-run with *Bats* and *Lizards*.

I relate this to thee, in regard I have often heard thee speak of the ancient *Statues*, that were in the *Academy* at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the City; particularly of that *Pillar*, which had three *Brass Serpents* winding about it, which when *Nahomet the Great* beheld, the

the Conqueror struck one of them with a *Battle-Axe*, and smote off the *lower Jaw*. Upon which a multitude of *Serpents* infested the City, but were soon exterminated, in regard the *Sultan*, being warned by the Citizens, forbore to do any farther Injury to those *Images*, which were the *Guardians* of the City.

The *Annals* of the *Mossu'man* Empire make Mention of these *Statutes*, as also of *Horse* of *Brass*, and a *Bull* of the same Metal: The one erected as a *Charm* against the *Pestilence*; the other, as an *evocative* Sign, that the Enemies of the *Grecian* Monarchy should in that Place be repulsed, and driven out of the City. Yet it proved otherwise: For the victorious *Mossu'mans* against whom the *Enchantments* of the *Infidels* could not prevail, enter'd the *Market-Place*, where this *Image* stood, and drove from thence the timorous *Grecians*; cutting in *Pieces* all that made Resistance, and rendering themselves *Lords* of *Constantinople*, at that time the richest City in the World.

The *Romans* were extremely addicted to these *superstitious* Vanities; believing the Safety of their *City* and *Empire*, consisted in the Preservation of the *Palladium*, an *Image* which they thought fell down from *Jupiter*; and was transported from *Troy* to *Italy* by *Aeneas*, being afterwards reposit'd in the *Temple* of *Vesta*, but burnt in that dreadful *Conflagration*, which happen'd in the *Reign* of *Nero*.

They had in no less *Penetration* the *Buckler*, which they were taught dropp'd down from *Heaven*, into the Hands of *Numa Pompilius*; whereon the *Fate* of *Rome* was engraven, in *Characters* which none could read. Fearing lest this *Sacred Shield* might be stoln, they caused Eleven others of the same *Figure* to be made,
and

and all to be hung up together in the *Temple of Mars*.

And, to the end, the *Guardian Genius* of the *City*, should not be enticed from them by the *Enchantments* of their *Enemies*, the *true Name* of the *City of Rome* was kept secret, even from its-own *Inhabitants*; insomuch, that *Valerius Soranus* was put to *Death*, for publishing it to one of his *Friends*. Many have guess'd at the *hidden Name*; some saying, It was *Valentia*; others, That it was *Milia*; a third sort call it *Antbusa*. But there is no *Certainty* in their *Conjectures*. For the *Pagans* were, above all things, careful to conceal the *Names* of their *Cities* and *Patron Gods*; knowing, that those *Spirits* would not forsake them, till they were call'd forth by their *proper Names*.

They us'd also to chain the *Images* of their *Gods* to the *Altars*, lest they should depart from them by *Stealth*. Thus the *Tyrrians*, when *Alexander* besieged their *City*, and they understood from the *Priests*, that *Apolla*, the *Guardian* of *Tyre*, was displeas'd with 'em, they fasten'd his *Image* with strong *Fetters* of *Iron*. So dealt the *Spartans* with the *Image* of *Mars*. And this was the common *Practice* among those *Idolatrous Nations*.

As for us, who have received the *Law* clear and intelligible, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*: We use no *Charms* ourselves, neither do we fear the *Magick* of the *uncircumcised*. All our *Confidence* is in *God*, and the *Protection* of his *Prophet*: We go boldly to the *Wars*, whilst we fight in *Defence*, neither of *Statues*, nor *filious Reliquies*, but of the *Volume* replenish'd with *Truth* and *Light*, the *Book* brought down from *Heaven* by an *Angel*.

Paris, 17th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

L E T.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Vizir Azem.

I AM now returned from *Orleans*, which I went in Obedience to thy Appointments; and not without abundance of Pleasure to my self, it being the Time of Year when all things conspire to make a Traveller pass his Time away with Delight.

Yet my Return was melancholy, in regard I could not accomplish what I aim'd at, nor be in a Capacity to render thee that Satisfaction thou requirest, either in buying the *Jewels*, or in establishing any Correspondence. Those who inform'd thee of the *German* inhabiting that City, were mistaken in their Character, they being only a *Society* or *Co-operation* of *Students*, and no ways concerned in Traffick or Merchandize.

They told thee right, in saying, There are a great Number of Strangers in *Orleans*: I think the *Imperial* City, which commands the *World*, cannot boast a greater Diversity of *Languages*, than are spoken daily in the Streets and Houses of *Orleans*. There are some, almost of all Nations, residing in that City.

Would'st thou know the real Occasion of this mighty Conflux of Foreigners. It is, That they may study that which the *Nazarenes* call the *Civil Law* which is there professed as in an *Academy*, erected for that Purpose by *Philip the Fair*, one of the *Kings* of *France*.

If thou knowest not the Meaning of the *Civil Law*, it is, A Collection of the *ancient Roman Laws*, drawn from above Two thousand *Books* of

of their *Scribes*, by the Command of the *Emperor Justinian*, for a *standard of Equity* in those corrupt Times; in that universal Relaxation and Decline of good Government.

This is the Attractive, which draws so many Strangers from all Parts of *Europe*, to that pleasant City: Where, besides the Opportunity of improving themselves in the most honourable *Profession* among the *Nazarenes*, next to that of the *Priesthood*, they enjoy a pure and serene Heaven, a fruitful and delicious Part of the Earth, and the Company of the most obliging and courteous People in all *Fance*.

'Tis for this reason the *Germans*, among other *Nations*, flock to *Orleans*; and, through the Favour of the *French Kings*, have obtain'd a Privilege beyond other Nations; that is, To incorporate themselves into a *Society of Students*. Neither is there any such thing as *Merchandize* known among them.

If I have not answer'd thy Expectation, supreme Prince of the *Bassa's*, blame not *Mahmut*, but accuse the *Germans of Orleans*, for not exchanging their *Studies* for *Traffick*; or rather blame those who presumed to tell thee this far fetch'd *Fable*. In finishing this Letter, I bow my Head to the Floor of my Chamber, and kiss the Paper which shall have the Honour to be touch'd by thy illustrious Hands.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Month,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XVII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

THOU hast heard of the *Affyrian*, *Scythian*, and *Roman Heroines*. These were all valiant Leaders of Armies, Women of Honour and Renown. Now I will inform thee of a *Female* which *France* has brought upon the *Stage of War*.

According to the Orders which I receiv'd from the *Grand Vizier*, I took a Journey to *Orleans* last *Month*; where, on the third Day after my Arrival, beholding a solemn *Procession* in the Streets of that populous *City*, attended with some uncommon Ceremonies and Rejoycings, my Curiosity prompted me to enquire the Occasion of it. Thou may'st imagine, I did not apply my self for Information to the Multitude, who take up Things on the common Credit of Fame, which does not always deliver the Truth. I address'd my self to those that were acquainted with the *Records* of the *Town*; who told me, That this *Solemnity* was yearly observ'd on the Eighth Day of the Fifth *Month*, in Memory of their Deliverance from the *English*, who besieged this *City*, and were beaten from before it by *Jean d'Arc*, a *Maid of Lorraine*, in the *Reign* of *Charles I.* This *Virago* seem'd to be the *Intelar Angel* of *France*: For to her Valour and Conduct, that *Minareh* ow'd the Recovery of his *Kingdom*, almost lost to the *King* of *England*; this being the last Place of Importance which had not receiv'd *English* Garrisons. After she had rais'd the Siege, she pursued the *Enemy*, gave them several Battels, defeated them, took the *Generals* Captive, reduced all the *Cities* to their former Obedience, and never sheath'd her

her Sword, 'till she saw her *Master* solemnly crown'd at *Rhemes*. Yet at length she her self was made a Prisoner by the *English*, and was publickly burnt for a *Witch* at *Rouen*.

The Inhabitants of *Orleans* have erected *brazen Statues* in her Honour. They celebrate her Praises, and esteem her a Woman *divinely inspired* to save her Country. Yet the more intelligent sort say, That she was neither *Witch* nor *Prophetess*, but only a *Maid* of good Wit and Courage, whom some of the *Princes* of the *Blood Royal*, had instructed to act the Part of a *Missionary* from *Heaven*; that so, by pretending *Visions* and *Revelations*, she might raise the Courage of the *French*, now a'most dispirited by their many Losses; and whom nothing less than a *Miracle* could perswade to abide the Field against the victorious *English*. This is certain, That she distinguish'd the *King*, though disguised like a *Peasant*, and in a Crowd of People: She went boldly up to him, and saluted him by his *Title*, to the Astonishment of those that stood by. She sent a Messenger to bring her a Sword of antique Workmanship, that lay hid in a *Tomb* in one of their famous *Mosques*; (for, the *Nazarenes* of the *West* bury the *Dead* in their *Temples*.) This Action extremely enhanced her Reputation. in regard none knew of this Sword but the *King* himself. She was therefore look'd upon as an extraordinary Person; and the People could hardly be restrain'd from paying her *divine* Honours.

When they were encamped on a certain Plain of a vast Extent, where there was no Water to be found, so that the Army was ready to perish through Thirst; the *King* came to the *Tent* of this *Prophetess*, to consult her as a *Oracle* in the general Distress. She had him be of good
Courage,

Courage, and follow her. They went out together to the Door of her Tent, where at a little distance, there grew a Knot of Flowers. The admirable *Maid* struck her Spear into the Ground amidst the Flowers, and incontinently there sprung forth a Fountain of Water, to which the whole Army repaired to allay their Thirst. They say, the Place is shewn to this Day, with an *Image* of this *Maid* standing in an Oratory close by it; a Place of Refreshment and Devotion for Travellers that pass over those barren Plains.

However, whether it were Artifice, or that she was endued with some *supernatural* Gift, it had a marvellous Influence on the Soldiers, who began to re-assume Courage, and feared nothing under the Conduct of such a *General*.

'Twas Revenge without doubt, rather than Justice, that extorted that *cruel Sentence* from the *English*, which put a Period to the *heroick* Actions of this illustrious *Maid*, whose Fame will live for ever.

It is recorded, That whilst she was bound fast to the Stake with strong Cords, they would have kindled the Fire upon her before she had spoke to the Spectators; but that she suddenly became loos'd, and snatching a Lance from one of the Soldiers; she drove the *Guards* before her: Then returning of her own accord to the Stake, she made her last dying Speech, foretelling many Things to come, which afterwards proved true. And having made an end of speaking, she bid the *Executioner* set fire to the Wood; which he did accordingly, and she was burnt to Ashes.

Certainly every Nation may boast of some *Female* Warriour, that at one time or other has done remarkable Service to her Country. And thou art not a Stranger to the History of

the *Amazons*, who excluded Men from their Society, yet became formidable to all the Regions round about them.

Adieu, brave Commander of the *Mussulman* Forces, and let the Memory of these valiant *Females* inspire thee with fresh Ardours, when the *Ottoman* Empire is in Danger.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art the Man that must participate in all my Adventures. And I should be a Churl, in not letting thee share with me, the Pleasure I found in a late Journey to *Orleans*, one of the *presidary* Towns in *France*. It was by the Order of the *Vicer Azem*, I undertook that Journey. Some body had inform'd him, That this Town was full of Merchant-Travellers of several *Nations*, but especially in *Germany*, who brought the choicest Jewels of the *East*, to vend in this Place at ordinary Rates. That *Minister* gave me Commands to buy certain Stones, with Instructions to treat of another Affair, which it is not necessary for thee to know. I accordingly set out from *Paris*, the third Day of the fifth *Month*; and *Eliachim* the Jew (of whom thou hast heard) bore me Company.

I need not describe to thee, the Country through which we pass'd: It exactly resembleth the *Plains* of *S. Mifare*, not far from *Palermo* in *Sicily*.

Sicily. Thou and I have reason to remember that Place of our *Captivity*, carrying the Marks of our *Master's* cruel Anger yet in our Bodies. Those *Plains*, thou knowest, afford a very agreeable Prospect, especially at this Time of the Year, when the Verdure of the Trees, mix'd with the Brightness of the Corn-fields, and the Party-colour'd Meadows, tempt the Eye into a Controversy of Pleasure, a Man neither knowing well how to take it off, nor yet where to fix it, in such an orderly Confusion and Medley of charming Objects.

Such is the *Province* between *Paris* and *Orleans*, which has this Advantage of those *Sicilian Plains*, that here all the way one rides, innumerable magnificent and beautiful Palaces appear, shooting up their glittering Turrets above the lofty Groves, which environ those *Seats of Pleasure*. Indeed this is one of the purest Airs, and the most fertile Soil in all the Kingdom, which invites the *Nobles* and *Gentry* to reside here during the *Summer*, and occasions much travelling on this Road.

About Mid-day, we came to a Town called *Chastres*, where we alighted to refresh our selves. Travellers, in these *Western* Parts, are better accommodated with Provisions than they can be in *Asia*, where they must carry their own Beds with them, and dress their own Victuals, or lie on the naked Floor fasting. This makes the *Nazarenes* call the *East* inhospitable: They consider not at the same time, that 'tis the Niceness and Delicacy of the *Mahometans*, which occasions this Custom. For the *Eastern* People are fearful of defiling themselves, by eating Meat prepared by other Hands than their own, or those of their Servants: As also to lie on a Bed, common to all Passengers.

But these *Infidels* are like the *Swine*, to whom all Meat is welcome, and every Ditch an acceptable Bed. Here are Inns all along the Roads, whereinto when you enter, the *Host* provides you both Bed, and all other Necessaries. A Man must venture to sleep on the same Pillow, where perhaps a *Lepros* has lain the Night before, or some Person infected with a worse Disease. The *Host* examines none, but harbours all alike, provided they have Money to pay him. And as for Victuals, 'tis the Custom of all Travellers to eat together at one common Table, where several Dishes of Meat are served up, and every Man is free to eat what and how much he pleases, paying a stated Price for his Dinner.

Thus no sooner were we come into our Inn at *Côyffres*, but the *Host* saluting us after the manner of the Country, invited us to sit down at the *Ordinary*, (for so they call their publick Dinner in an Inn) We were not so scrupulous as to refuse his Offer, but follow'd him into the Chamber, where the Dinner was prepared. There were many Guests at the Table, and all busy in feeding themselves. We took such Seats as we found vacant, and without much Ceremony, fell to eating. The *Jew* trusted to the Indulgence of *Moses*, and I to that of *Mahomet*, for eating with the *uncircumcised*, whose Meat is seldom free from the *Pollutions* of *Blood*. We knew, that neither *God*, nor his *Prophets*, required us to starve.

There was Plenty of Wine, and that so delicious, as would have tempted an *Hegle* to taste it, without the *Moslems*'s Dispensation; to avoid Singularity, I made a Shew of eating, as the rest; but the greatest part of my Repast consisted in Bread, and some Fruits, with that exhilarating Juice of the Grape.

The

The honest Jew swore 'twas a Banquet prepared by *Cupid*, to render him the most miserable of all Men. For, just in the midst of our Mirth, came in a French Gentleman with a Lady in his Hand, who placed themselves at the Table exactly opposite to us. I perceived evident Symptoms of some Disorder in *Eliachim*, who seem'd to read his Fate in that fair Creatures Face; yet had not Power to check his wand'ring Eyes, or guard them from inevitable Wounds. He'd almost acted o'er the story of the *Egyptian Wives*, whom *Joseph's* Mistress had invited to behold his Beauty, they cut their Fingers for their Meat, whilst gazing on the charming Youth: So poor *Eliachim* was all Confusion, turn'd to a Statue, whilst he look'd on this enchanting *Gorgon*. He had forgot to eat or drink, till I began to rouse him from his Dream. I told him softly in the Ear, This Lady was but the younger Sister of *Jacin's* Mistress. This brought him to his Sense again, but could not restore his Peace. Prudence taught him to dissemble the violent Emotion of his Soul, and not to expose himself in such a Company; but nothing could expel the fatal Poison from his Breast.

When we had sufficiently repos'd our selves, we bid adieu to the Inn, all joining Company, and setting forward to *Orleans*. On the Road, both *Eliachim* and I had many Opportunities of conversing with this young Lady; such Familiarity with Women, being allow'd in *France*. We found her Wit surprizing as her Beauty; and her Mien and Conduct, such as gave Advantage to them both. In a Word, *Eliachim* was lost amidst so many Perfections.

When we came to our Inn at Night, and were in our Chamber together, he vented his Passion in these Words: *Mahmut, I have pass'd these Years*

hitherto, without any other Sentiments of Love, save those which in general I owe to all our Race, and some more particular Regard of Friendship and Duty. But, since I saw this lovely Creature, methinks my Friends, and all that ought to be beloved on Earth, is now contract'd into her. 'Tis not her snowy Skin or matchless Feature, are of Force to move me; though they are such, thy self being Judge, as would have felled Apelles's Art to imitate; But 'tis a Lustre which I can't express! Surely 'twas Lightning darted from her Eyes, those fair Avenues of her brighter Soul! The subtle Flame glanced through my Breast, and in a moment scorch'd my Reason up! The lovely Basilisk shut Death at every Look! Thus sawest how I sat as one transform'd; so lifeless, and without Motion was I, whilst gazing on my Ruin? And is this Hour a fatal Numbness spreads through all my Veins, as if I had touch'd some dire Torpedo

Thus went he raving on, till I interrupted him with Laughter and Railery, endeavouring to cure him of his Love-sick Humour by ridiculing it. I told him my own Experience of this foolish Passion, rehearsed my former Adventures with *Daria*, and how at length I got the Victory of this vain Fondness by Absence, and the Exercise of my Reason. But all that I could say, made no Impression on the stupid Lover. He grew but worse, and so I left him to seek Repose from sleep.

We came not to *O-lean*: till the next Day, where we tarried not long, having no other Business, as it happen'd but to see the Rarities of the Town, and inform our selves of those things it is convenient for Travellers to know. After which we return'd to *Paris*: I with the same Sentiments I had at my first setting out from thence; but it seems the *World* was metamorphos'd in poor *Eliashim's* Opinion. To him

him the Trees had now lost all their Greenness; the Flowers, and Grass, and Corn, look'd wither'd; the Birds sung mournful Notes; the Winds blew hoarse, unlwelcome Sounds; and every thing in *Nature* seem'd to him to droop, because *Falante* was not there (so was the fair one call'd as *Estachin* had learn'd of her,) when we parted from *Orleans*.

In this melancholy Condition, the poor Brain-sick *Jew* has continued ever since. When his Cure will commence, I know not.

If thou yet retainest thy native Liberty, and hast not sacrificed it to unhappy Love, learn by his Misfortune to watch thy *Senses*, which are the first *Traytors* to the *Soul*. Adieu.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Mon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain Bassa.

THOU that hast had thy Education in *Arsenals*, and hast led the rest of thy Life in *Ships of War*, wilt be best able to judge of the Proposal, which a certain bloody *Sea Captain* made to *Cardinal Mazarini* not long ago.

It being the general Discourie of this City, with what Insult and Defiance *Admiral Merasini*, with about thirty *Men of War*, enter'd the *Hellspont*, and braved the *Dardanelis*: This Officer told the *Cardinal*, That if he would furnish him with half that Number of Ships, he would engage to drive the *Sultan* out of his *Seraglio*, lay that *Palace* in the Dust, and beat down the *Towers* of

all the *Mosques* in *Constantinople*, or lose his Life in the Attempt. To which the *Cardinal* replied, *Monfieur*, I believe 'tis impossible, if you could finish your Work, before they would board your Men of War with a Hundred Gallies and Saiques full of armed Men.

It is said; That *Cardinal Richlieu* had such a Project once, which made him propose the Building of prodigious high Ships, whose out-sides should be stuck all over with sharp Spikes, that should render it impossible for Gallies to board them.

By this thou may'st know, that such an Attempt is not thought impracticable by the *Chriftians*. I wish it be not put in effectual Execution by them, when the *Pers* may least dream of it.

Christina, *Queen* of *Swedeland*, has caused a most magnificent *Vessel* to be built, with design to present it to *Cardinal Mazarini*. The inner Work of the Cabin is of Cedar, curiously overlaid with Flowers, and other Imagery of Gold. The Extremity of the Stern, adorn'd with Windows, Statues and Galleries; the wooden Work all overlaid with the same Metal. The Roof of the Cabin presents the story of *Jafon's Expedition* to see the *Golden Fleece*, painted by the best Master in *Swedeland*. All the Furniture speaks the *Royal Bounty* of her that gives it. The Canon are of the purest Brass. The rest of the Tackle such as are fittest to weather the Winds and Waves; from which neither this *Queen's* Sovereignty in *Swedeland*, nor the *Cardinal's* Grandeur in *France*, could exempt either of them, were they expos'd to Sea.

There are those who whisper on this Occasion, That the *Queen* of *Swedeland* has some Inclinations to the *Roman Catholick Religion*; that she has had several Conferences with *Monfieur Clément*, on that
that

that Subject, as also with his *Preests*; that her *Residents* in *Portugal* has openly embrac'd that *Faith*, not without the *Queen's* private Consent and Approbation. It is material to us, what *Religion* the *Infidels* profess, whilst they assert *Doctrines* repugnant to the *Divine Unity*, and the *Truth* of the *Sent* of *God*. I behold, at this time, an evident Sign of his *Unity* in the *Heavens*; it is the *New Moon*, just rising from the *lower Hemisphere*. At the Sight of this *Planet*, the *Messenger* of *God* has commanded me to fall on my Face, and adore the *Eternal*.

Wherefore praying, That her *Influences* may prove propitious to thee, whilst thou art on the *Ocean*, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 23^d. of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by
A SPY at PARIS.

V O L. III.

B O O K III.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Convent of
 Dervises, at Cogni in Natolia.

NOT more welcome are the rich *Perfumes* of *Arabia*, to a Soul almost expiring through Grief and Melancholy, than is thy Letter to *Mahmur*, wherein is contain'd the *Certificate* of thy being yet on this Side the *State of Invisibles*. Methinks all *Nature* flourishes; while thou art alive And I feel a Spirit within me, prompts me to presage, That thy Death, like the fall of Leaves in *Autumn*, will prove the *Harbinger* of the *Worlds last Winter*. Whilst thou livest, thy Prayers and Merits, support the drooping *Elements*, which
 are

are now almost ready to fall, into their primitive *Chaos* and Inactivity. The *Angel* of the *Trumpet*, in Contemplation of thy *Virtue*, delays to sound the *great tremendous Blast*; which, at an Instant, shall puff out the *Light* of the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, and blow the *Breath* out of the *Nostrils* of all the living *Generations*. That *Day* shall be a *Day* of *Darkness*, *Horror* and *Silence*, 'till the *Hour* of *Transmigration* comes: When at the *second Blast* the *Firmament* shall rent asunder, like the opening of *Curtains*; this *old World* shall fly away like a *Shadow*, to the *Right Hand* and to the *Left*. Then shall *naked souls* hang hovering in the *empty Space*, 'twixt *Paradise* and *Hell*. The *Throne* shall be placed, *Judgment* shall be given: And, to wind up the *Mysteries* of *Fate*, a *new* and *immortal* *World* shall at a *Moment* spring forth from the *Womb* of *Eternity*, and possess the *Place* of the *former*.

I write not this to instruct thee, *Venerable Bedwin*, who art a *Mine* of *Knowledge*: But to satisfy thee, that tho' I live amongst *Infidels*, yet I conserve inviolate the *Faith* of my *Fathers*, believing the *Book* brought down from the *eternal Archives*. Thou fearest that I shall turn *Christian*, being accused by some, of *Levity* in my *Opinions*; by others of *Prophaneness* and *Atheism*; by all, of discovering too favourable an *Inclination* to the *Nazarenes*.

Suffer me, O *holy President* of the *Servants* of *God*, to purge my self of these false *Imputations* the *Product* of *Envy* and *Malice*. Permit me to lay at thy *holy Feet*, a *modest Apology* for my *Faith*.

Let not that *Description* of the *Christians Mission*, which I sent thee in my last *Letter*, create in thee an *Opinion* to my *Disadvantage*; nor pre-

vail on thee to think, I can ever swerve from the profound Attach, I owe to the *Sent* of *God*. I honour *Jesus*, the *Son* of *Mary*; and so I do all his *Brethren*, the *Prophets* in *Paradise*: This I am taught in the *Alcoran*. Where is then my *Crime*? If I give *Virtue* its due *Praise*, even in the *Infidels*, I am therefore a *Nazarene*? If I speak with *Reverence* and *Modesty* of *Christian Princes*, am not I therefore a *Mosulman*? Or, does the *Book* of *Glory* teach us *Arrogance*? Surely my *Traducers* will blush, when they shall consider, that our *august Emperors* themselves, (who are *Sovereigns* of all the *Kings* on *Earth*;) when they vouchsafe to write to *Christian Princes*, they dictate their *Letters* in a *Style*, full of *Affection* and *Regard*. They give them magnificent *Titles* at the *Beginning*; and at the *Conclusion*, they wish them *Encrease* of *Felicity*, both *here*, and in *Paradise*. And would it become a *Slave*, to treat crown'd *Heads* with less *Respect*, than does the *Master* of the *Universe*? If I have contracted *Friendship* with some of the *Christian Dervises*, it was to serve the *Ends* of the *sublime Post*, and perform the *Rites* of *Gratitude*. I thought it no *Crime*, to receive a *Kindness* from any *Man*; or to return it, without examining his *Religion*. But perhaps they suspect the *Intimacies* I had with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and still have with his *Succeſſor Mazarini*. Rest assured, O holy *Dervise*, that my *Access* to these *Princes* of the *Roman Church*, is so far from being *criminal*, that without it I never had been capable of *penetrating* into the *Counsels* of the *Infidels*, nor of doing any *ſectual Service* to the *Grand Signior*. The *Countenance* which my *Familiarity* with these two great *Ministers* affords me, has all along facilitated my *Designs*: And, whilst under their *Umbrage*, I am taken for a zealous *Christian*;

I se-

I secretly lay a Foundation, whereon, in due time, shall be built, even in the Heart of *Christians*, triumphal Arches, for the victorious *Muſſulmans*. 'Tis strange, methinks, that after all this, I should be suspected! That notwithstanding I have patiently endured nine Years Confinement, to an obscure and private Life; a melancholy Banishment to a strange Country; yea, to a City for which I have a natural Aversion; a City the most unclean, noisy and vain, in the whole Earth; to be shut up, for the sake of avoiding Discovery, in a Chamber so narrow, that *Suspicion* it self; nay even *Thoughts*, the *Mother* of that little *Passion*, would sweat and be stifled, when once circumscribed within these Walls; and after all this, to be made a *Prisoner of State*, on Jealousy of being a *Mahometan*: To abide that Punishment so many *Months* unmov'd, uncorrupted, and at length to be released, to the Advantage of the *Ottoman* Interest, and yet to be traduced at home, for a *Traitor to God*, his *Prophet*, and my *Sovereign*, has surely something in it inconsistent.

What is then my Crime? Or, why am I thus aspers'd? Let my Slanderers hereafter be silent. Unless they will lay it to my Charge, That in some of my Letters I have discover'd a Mind free from *Superstition*; That I put a high Value on Reason, and have no low Esteem for some of the ancient *Philosophers*; that I endeavour to guard my Sense, and will not suffer it to be muzzled with the Impositions of Ignorance and Prejudice; that I do not think it a necessary Qualification of a *Muſſulman*, to pursue with inexorable Hatred, all Men that differ from me in Opinion. In fine, That in all my Conversation, I strive to comport my self, as one who asserts the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, the

Plurality

Plurality of his Prophets, the determinate Number of the Elect; and who is resolv'd and prepar'd, rather to die a Thousand Deaths, than voluntarily to commit an Impiety against these Principles, or the Interest of the Grand signior, who has a Right to command all Mankind. If these be Crimes, I must own my self culpable: If not, let my Accusers lay their Hand upon their Mouth. And continue thou, sage Director of our holy Law, to instruct me with thy Counsels, to assist me with thy Prayers, and to protect me with thy Friendship. Then shall Mahomet persevere a true Believer, a faithful Slave to the Osman Emperor, and a devout Admirer of thy Longevity and Virtue.

I should fear this might be the last Letter I should have the Honour to send thee, were I not convinced by some near Examples, that old Age, was not restrain'd to the Times before the Flood. Though thou hast far out-pass'd the ordinary Years of Men, yet there is at this time, not far from *Paris*, a Man who has near doubled thy Age. He is an *Hermite*, living on a Hill, where all things necessary for Human Sustainance seem to be wanting. The Walls of his House are built of Mud, with his own Hands. (a weak Defence against Wind and Rains). His Bed is composed of Leaves of Trees. A Stone serves him for his Pillow. His Diet consists of such Herbs and Fruits, as that Mountain affords him. A neighbouring Well allays his Thirst. He has dwelt in this Place, and in this manner, Eighty three Years, after he had travelled most Parts of *Europe* and *Asia*. Ask him by what Means he preserved his Life so long, he answers, *By living free from Care, and by being indifferent to all Things.* He foretels Things to come with marvellous Success, as has often been observ'd; which

which makes the People esteem him a *Prophet*.

The *French* tell me of another who lived longer than he, being Three hundred sixty and one Years old when he died. He was call'd, *John of the Times*, in regard he liv'd from the *Reign* of *Charles the Great*, to that of the *Emperor Conrad*. And being ask'd what Diet he used, his Answer was, *Honey within, and Oil without*.

This comforts me with the Hopes of seeing thee on Earth, tho' many Years hence: Since no Man can exceed thee in Abstinence, Sobriety, and the Calmness of thy Mind

The *great Author* of *Life* so grant That if I may not enjoy this Felicity *here*, yet I may not, by any enormous Crimes, merit to be excluded thy Society in *Paradise*.

Paris, 11th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER. II.

To Murat Bassa.

THE *French* are puff'd up with the late Defeat they gave the *Spanish* Fleet in Sight of *Naples*. Their Joy would know no Bounds, were it not curb'd by the Loss of the *Duke of Breze*, who was slain by a Canon Bullet in this *naval* Combat.

The young *Prince of Conde* has been also forced to withdraw his Army from before *Lerida*, that Place being ever fatal to the *French*. This has lessen'd the Disgrace which the *Crown* of *Harcourt* received the last Campaign, in not being

being able to carry that Town, after six Months Siege.

But the News from the *Levant* has elated all the *Franks* beyond Measure: Yet, I hope, the Relations that are scatter'd abroad on that Subject, are rather an Effect of their Wishes, than of any real Success against the *invincible* *Oswans*.

It is reported, That there have been two *Sea Fights* between our *Fleets* and the *Venetians*; that in the former, we lost two thousand Men, seven Gallies, and a *Bassa*; that in the latter, the *Venetians* took forty *Gallies*, six *Coronufals*, and fifty *Saiques*, laden with Men and Ammunition for the Relief of our Army in *Candy*.

The Honour of this last Victory, is ascribed to the Valour and Conduct of *Bernard Morosini*, and *General Grimani*; *Bernard* succeeded his Brother *Thomas Morosini*, who was kill'd, as they say, in the first *Battel*.

The *Christians* every where express great Joy for these Victories. The open Streets are fill'd with Tables, cover'd with all manner of Dainties, at the publick Cost. They feast and revel Night and Day. The Bells ring continually, and Bonfires are made, to celebrate the Triumph of the *Nazarenes*. They presage to themselves, the Conquest of the *Ottoman Empire*, and eternal Victories.

From *Dalmatia*, the *Post*, bring daily News of our Losses and Disgraces. It is known here, That the *Castles* of *Ximonida*, *Novigrade*, *Nadin*, *Carin*, and all the *Places* of *Strength* which we had in our Possession, except *Cliffa*, are taken by the *Venetians*.

They laugh at our Siege of *Sebenico*, where we lost two thousand Men. and at length were forc'd to leave our Camp to the *Christians*, our *General* being frighted away by a few Women.

It seems strange and ominous to me, That those Arms which have formerly crush'd the greatest *Monarchies* to pieces, and have changed the Face of the who'e Earth, should now be foil'd by a few *Desperado's*! I dare be thus far a *Prophet*, that either the Soldiers are disgusted, which will produce a *Revolution*, or the mighty *Empire* of the *Osman* is in its Decline, which *God* avert.

The *Christians*, (who are not ignorant of our Affairs, nor of the very *Secrets* of the *Seraglio*) by an odd kind of Charity, pray for the long Life of *Sultan Ibrahim*: For, they say, our Armies must needs miscarry during his Reign; most of the Officers, being offended at his licentious Life, and cruel Actions. Besides, they tax him with Profuseness, in that he has not spared the private Treasury of Gold, which, by the Frugality of his *Predecessors*, had been heaped together; and, which it was not counted lawful for them to touch, unless in the utmost Peril of the *Empire*. They say, That by the Additions which *Sultan Amurat* had made, this Treasure was augmented to above Thirty Millions of *Sequins*: But that our present *Emperor* has squander'd most of it away on his Pleasure. They compare him to *Helizabalus*, the most effeminate *Prince* that ever reign'd; prailing, at the same time, the Magnanimity and Valour of *Sultan Amurat*; who, they say, was the stoutest Man on Earth. They highly applaud his Bravery at the *Siege* of *Babylon*, when he accepted the Challenge of the *Persian* Soldier; and entering into a single Combat with the unhappy *Redhead*, at one Blow, with his *Sabre*, cleft him (though in *Arms*) to the middle. In Memorial whereof, thou knowest, that *Arms* hangs to this Day in the *Hazard*. In fine, they extol his Justice: Whereof he gave a remarkable Instance, in punishing a certain *Higia*, who

who had cheated a *Pilgrim* of his *Jewels*: Thou remembreſt that *Paſſage*. And the *Stone Mortar*, wherein that miſerable *Wretch* was pounded alive by his own *Sentence*, is yet to be ſeen at the Gate of the *Divan*, a Monument of his Villany, and the *Sultan's* Juſtice.

Theſe Things are not unknown in the *W.ſt*; for the *Nazarenes* have their *Intelligences* in the *Imperial* City. Hence they derive *Occaſions* to cenſure or praiſe the *Actions* of our *auguſt Emperors*, who are *Companions* of the *Sun*, and *Brothers* of the *Stars*.

What I have ſaid, I truſt to thy *Integrity*: Whereof I have had *Experience*. Thoſe who degenerate from that *Virtue*, may their *Souls* find no more *Reſt* in the *other* World than a *French-Man's Hat* has in *this*, which is always in *Motion*. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1647.

L E T T E R III.

To Mahomet Techli, Baſſa of Boſnia, at
his Camp in Dalmatia.

THOU art a fit Man to lead the *Muſſulman* Armies, who durſt not hold up thy *Head* againſt a few *Women*: Perhaps thy *Mother's Milk* hangs yet on thy *Chin*; thou art wean'd from the *Discipline* of the *Nurſery*. Was the ſtrong *Fortreſs* of *ſcénico* of ſo ſmall a *Price*, that thou ſhouldeſt baſely decamp from before it, becauſe a few *Females* appear'd on the *Walls*? Is this the
way

way to aggrandize thy Master? What will the *Christians* say to this Cowardice? Nay, what do they not say already? The News of that Siege had reach'd all Parts of *Europe*; the *Nazaries* were big with Expectation of the Event. Now they know it, they laugh both at thee, and at all the *Mussalmans*. Thou hast brought a Disgrace on the most exalted *Empire* in the *World*.

What if thou didst lose Two thousand Men before the Walls of that Fort? Is that a sufficient Justification of thy raising the Siege? Our glorious *Sultan* do not use to win Cities and Castles without Blood? Neither do they spare to sacrifice the best part of their Army to the Honour of their Arms, whilst our indefatigable Soldiers have mounted on Heaps of slaughter'd *spahis*, and scaled the Battlements of their Enemies. Whereas thou wert afraid of a few Stones, that the Women hurl'd on thy Men from the Walls: Thou art more effeminate than *Sardanapalus*! It were fitter for thee to handle the Distaff, and spin for thy Bread, than to draw a Sword in the *Field of Honour*. It is a wonder thy own Soldiers do not abandon thee being alham'd to serve under so weak a *Commander*.

I counsel thee, speedily to recover thy lost Reputation, by some notable Service. Let not Perils affright thee; but remember, That true Fortitude surmounts all Difficulties; and that thou canst not pass into the *Temple of Honour*, but through that of *Peril*. It is not my part to project for thee: The whole Country is before thee: Thou knowest, or at least oughtest to know, the Motions and Strength of thy Enemies. Do something speedily, that shall speak thee wise and valiant. Thou hadst better lose thy Life so, than by a *Bow-String*.

Take

Take this Advice as a Mark of my Friendship, for *Mahmut* uses not so frankly to reprove those whom he esteems his Enemies. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER IV.

To Achmet Bassa.

NOT long ago arrived here a *Courier* from *Swedeland*, bringing Letters from *Queen Christina* and *Monsieur Chauut*, the *French Resident* at *Stockholm*.

Among other Matters, they give an Account, That on the twenty seventh Day of the seventh Month, that great *Princess* had like to have been slabb'd in the midst of her *Guards*, surrounded with her *Courtiers*, before the *Altar* of her *God*; at an Hour when all the *Subjells* of that *Kingdom* were on their *Knees*, to render *Heaven* propitious to her and the *publick*.

That Day there was a *Fest* proclaim'd through all *Swedeland*; and he was esteem'd no good *Subjell*, who did not repair to the *publick Solemnities*. The *Queen*, to give an Example, went at the third Hour of the Day to the *Masque* of her *Palace*, attended by the *great Officers* of *State*, and a numerous Train of the *Nobility*. When the *Preacher* (as is the Custom) had made an end of speaking, all that were present fell on their *Knees*, to perform the appointed *Devotions*. But it being the Fashion of the *Nazarens* to utter some secret preparative *Oraisons*, the Men cover'd their Faces with their *Hats*, to be more recollected.

While

While all Eyes were thus veil'd, a certain Fellow snatching the Opportunity, steps from his Place, and, without making any great Noise, by large Strides, advances unseen to the *Knills* which enclose the *Pavement* next to the *Altar*, where the *Queen* was on her Knees. But in leaping over, he was perceived by a certain *Nobleman*, who immediately cry'd out to the *Guards*, to *stop the Assassin*. They cross'd their *Partisans*, but the *Villain* hurl'd them one against another with so great Violence, that while they were striving to recover their entangled Weapons, he got quite through them. At which time, the *Queen* also raising her self up at the Noise, push'd the *Captain* of her *Guard*, who kneeled beside her. He starting from his Place, leap'd between the *Queen* and the *Murderer*, who was now within two Paces of her. He seizes the *Wretch*; ; and, upon immediate Search, they found two long sharp pointed Knives about him, without Sheaths; one in his Bosom, the other in his Pocket. The *Prison* being in the *Castle* or *Palace* of the *Queen*, under her very Apartment, she was not willing he shou'd be carried thither, but order'd him to be re-conducted to his own Chamber, which was in the *College* of *Stockholm*, he being an *Ecclesiastick* of the said *College*; commanding also a good *Guard* to be set over him, which was perform'd accordingly.

As soon as the *Wretch* saw himself in his Chamber, he said aloud, *That when he went out in the Morning, he little thought of ever returning again, having undertaken an Action, in doing of which he expect'd to lose his Life.*

They used all Diligence imaginable in discovering the Authors of this intended Murder; but could learn nothing more, Than that this Fellow was a *Lunatick*, whom at certain *Seasons* an unaccountable Fury spurred on to many Extravagancies.

Yet

Yet some suspect, that he was hired by the *Lutheran Clergy* to give this execrable Blow; who were apprehensive, That the *Queen* heark'ning too much to the Insinuations of her *Tutor*, who was a *Calvinist*, would innovate the *establiſh'd Religion* of the Country.

If this be a well-grounded Suspicion, it follows at the best, that Religion which ought to correct the *Morals* of Men, and have an Influence in restraining their exorbitant Passions, is become the Corrupter of their Manners, and the Fomenter of the most enormous Crimes. But this is common among the *Christians*, who being divided into innumerable *Parties*, distinguish'd by as many several Names; yet each *Self* is so sure that their *Way* is the only *right Path* to *Salvation*, that they spare for neither Murders, Sacrileges, nor Treasons, to proselyte the rest to their Opinion, being unwilling that any should live, who are not of the same Mind with them.

The *King of France*, and the *Queen Regent*, receiv'd the News of *Queen Christina's* Delivery from this design'd Blow, with much Joy; the Interests of both *Crowns* being at this time closely intermingled.

I can inform thee of nothing more remarkable at present, save, that certain Letters are intercepted; which the Duke of *Bavaria* had written to the Duke of *Wirttemberg*, and the Elector of *Cologne*: The Contents of which discover, That the Duke of *Bavaria* is not far from a Reconciliation with the *Emperor*; and that, in the mean time, he only waits the Event of Things, to direct him in the Choice of his *Party*.

God confirm thee in thy Integrity, That thou may'st never waver or swerve from the Service and Duty thou owest the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Month,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

THOU hast heap'd many Favours on me ; yet I have never had an Opportunity of making the least Acknowledgement. Accept now a *small Present* from *Mahmut's* Hands, who being not Master of Wealth, can make no *great ones*. I send thee neither Silver, Gold, nor Jewels, which the insatiable Avarice of Mortals, has violently torn from the Bowels of their *common Mother*. Neither shalt thou receive from me any of the more familiar Products of the Earth, such as grow on her Surface. Expect no choice Fruits, or Wine, or Oil ; nor any thing framed by the Art of Man, whether for Delight, or Use. What I send thee is the *Dew of Heaven*, a certain *Refinement* of the *Elements*, an *Ethereal Spirit*, first condens'd into a Vapour, then into a more liquid Substance, and afterwards congealed into a Gum. It is the celebrated *Manna of Calabria*.

Adonai the *Jew* sent it to me out of *Italy* as a *Rarity*. I knew not whom so properly to oblige with this present, as the *Studious of natural Things*, *Hali* the *sage Physician*, and my *Friend*.

The *Philosopher Averroes*, our *Country man*, has written much of this excellent Substance. He calls it, *The Food of the Airy Angels* ; and says, *The young Ravens* crying in their *Nests*, are nourish'd by this heavenly Diet, when the old ones forsake them : And that the *Chowelians* seek no other *Repast* during their *Lives*, but the invisible *Manna*, that every where floats in the Morning

ing Air. He holds it possible, That a Man, after he has pass'd his *great Climacter*, may live without any other Sustainance save what he receives from this *heavenly Distillation*; that he may thus prolong his Life for the Space of seven Years, which will complete the appointed Age of Mortals. Many of the sublimely instructed among the *Arabians*, are of the same Opinion; so are not a few of the *Hebrew Rabbi's*; But the *Christians*, who are Gluttons, laugh at this Doctrine as ridiculous and impracticable; forgetting at the same time what they read in their *Bible*, (which they pretend is the *Rule of their Faith*) that the *Israelites* had nothing else to feed on for a considerable Time in the *Desart*, when they were almost Eight hundred thousand Souls, and the greatest part of them in their full Strength, Men of Arms, and inur'd to the Toils of War.

Certainly it were a desirable Thing, That this *divine Largess* were distributed to all the Regions on Earth. But *God* sends his Blessings to whom, and when he pleases. 'Tis he that directeth the Clouds when they move through the Air, and rest not till they arrive at barren and dry Places, where they pour forth their Water, to refresh the Earth, and render it fruitful. *God!* There is but one *God, Lord of the World!* These are Signs of his *Unity* to *true Believers*, but the *incredulous* have harden'd their Hearts.

It is recorded, That in former Times, the Ground whereon this *Manna* descended, belong'd to a certain *Nobleman* of the *Country*, who, covetous of the unusual *Blessing*, undertook to enclose all that Land within a high Wall, to the end that so rare a Gift might not be made common to every one. But, as soon as the *Workmen* had begun to lay the Foundation of this Enclosure, the *Manna* ceas'd to fall, and so continued, as long as they

they proceeded in that envious Work. Which when the *Lord* of the *Ground* was made sensible of, he commanded the Workmen to desist, saying withal, *The Almighty gives, and the Almighty takes away. Henceforward, I will not seek to restrain the free Gift of Heaven.* Upon which, the *Manna* descended daily, as before, and so has continued to do ever since. Doubtless, this is a Sign of *God's Omnipotence.*

If thou wilt permit me to play the *Philosopher*, I will tell thee my Opinion, why this *Manna* is seen rather in the *Kingdom of Naples*, than in any other *Region* of the *Earth.*

It is well known, That the *Earth* of this *Country* abounds with *Veins* of *Sulphur*, which are diffused up and down through all *Parts*, and heat the *Soil* to an extraordinary *Degree.* Hence it follows, That the *lower Region* of the *Air*, in this *Country*, must needs acquire a greater *Degree* of *Heat* and *Dryness* also, being perpetually rarified by the fiery *Atmospheres*, which every where transpire through the *Pores* of the *Earth*, as from a *Furnace.*

This being so, it is not hard to conceive, That the *Vapours* which are exhaled by the *Sun* into the *upper Region*, in the *Heat* of a *Summer's Day*, and there become impregnated by the *Ethereal Spirit*, (which remains pure and un-cloath'd in those serener *Tracts*, and consequently, is apt to incorporate with any proper *Vehicle*.) naturally descend again in the *Cool* of the *Night*; but not meeting with a congenious *Body* of *Vapours* in the *lower Region*, that *Air* being over purify'd, and grown defecate, through the too near *Neighbourhood* of the burning *Soil*; so that they cannot diffuse themselves through the *Air* for the want of a fit *Medium*, they consisting of *homogeneous* *Parts*, and following

the natural Position of the *Element*, and the *Laws* of *Gravity*; contract themselves into little globular Forms, the lower they descend; thus settling on the Leaves of Trees, on the Grass and Herbs, on Stones, and any part of the Earth, appearing like Grains of transparent Gum.

Hence also I conceive, That the same *Manna*, (which is nothing else but an *Aethereal* Spirit, embodied in light and dulcied Vapours) abounds in the Air of most Countries, but remains invisible, rarely so far condensed, as to settle in a gross Body on the Ground, because the Air of those Regions is not so rarify'd as is that of *Calabria*, having no such *subterranean* Fires to drink the Vapours up; but being moist and thick, the descending *Manna*, instead of contracting it self into globular Bodies, and through its Weight sinking to the Earth, dilates it self, and incorporates with the floating Vapours: Just as if you pour Drops of Water into a Vessel full of the same Element those Drops do not sink to the Bottom, but finding an *homogeneous* Body, they mix with it, and are dispersed every way; whereas, if there be nothing in the way to stop them, they immediately fall to the Ground.

But I shall tire thee with my *Philosophy*, forgetting that I speak to a Man consummate in all *Sciences*. *Aloisi* relates many remarkable Passages of this Country, too tedious for a Letter. I will only tell thee in short, That the *Kingdom of Naples* is esteem'd one of the most delectable *Regions* on *Earth*, the Trees flourishing twice a Year and the Soil abounding to Prodigality with Corn, Wine, Oil and Fruits, and all things necessary for the Life of Man. Yet the Inhabitants have this *Proverb* common among them; *The Kingdom of Naples is a Paradise of Delights, but it is inhabited with Devils*: So corrupted are the Manners of the People.

Adieu,

Adieu, dear *Hali*, and think not *Mabmut* tedious in his Letters, who has no other way, at this distance, to converse with his Friends.

Paris, 19th of the 10th Month,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VI.

To Kerker Hassan Bassa.

WHEN this *Dispatch* shall come to thy Hands, be assured, That *Mabmut* thy Country-man, and *Slave* to the *Slaves* of the *Grand Signior*, wishes thee Multiplicity of Happiness. I have many Reasons to honour thee, besides the natural Affection, which is, or ought to be, between those who were born in the same *Region*. The many Favours thou hast done me, far exceeded the Obligation which arises from the Vicinity of our Birth; though that was so near that a strong Man would have measured the Distance with one Flight of an Arrow.

The *Present* of *Kopba*, for which I return'd thee Thanks in my last, has wrought wonderful Effects on me, being a perfect Cure of the *Melancholly*, to which I was before subject. It has freed me from many Distempers; and I owe the present Ease and Cheerfulness I enjoy to this generous Gift.

Methinks, while I am drinking this excellent Liquor, I am at *Constantinople*, conversing with my Friends. It revives in me the *Genius* of *Asia*; and so advantageously transforms the *Ideas* of Things which I see, that the *Crosses* on the Tops

of the *Christian Temples*, appear to me as *Half-Moons*; and my Imagination presents to me *Turbants* instead of *Hats*, as Men walk along the Streets of *Paris*.

Doubtless, great is the Force of what we eat or drink, which has occasion'd all wise *Law-givers*, among other Sanctions, to prescribe certain Rules of Diet: And the Care of our *holy Prophet* has been exquisite in this Point, his Prohibitions extending to all unclean Meats and Drinks, since they deprave the Constitutions of Men, and encline them to Vice. But, by his own Example, he recommended to us the Use of this admirable Berry; imposing a new Name on the Tree that bears it, when he called it, the *Tree of Purification*. Hence it is, That all the *Mussulmans* affect to partake of the *sanctified* Benefit, it being the universal Beverage of the *Osman Empire*. Were the Virtues of it known in these *Western* Parts, it would match, if not supplant, the Credit of their Wines, since it equally refreshes the Spirits, without intoxicating the Brain.

I know not whether thou hast seen *Pissili-bali*, my Brother, since thy Return from *Arabia*: Or, whether thou hast heard the News he brought with him out of the *East*. He has survey'd the *Indies*, *Tartary*, *China*, *Tunquin*, *Persia*, and other *Regions*, whose Names are hardly known in some Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*. Indeed, we have formerly had but an odd *Idea* of those remote Countries; but especially *China* has been hid from the greatest Part of the Earth.

In my earlier Years, I have heard Men of Gravity, who would be taken for knowing Persons, say, That *China* was but a *tributary Province* of the *Tartars*, a contemptible Corner of *Asia*, and so barren, as it could hardly afford Sustenance for its Inhabitants, which is a Sign it is well Peopled.

Peopl'd. Assuredly our *Fathers* were ignorant of this *Country*; which after the perpetual Monarchy of the *Osman*, may be esteem'd the *second Empire on Earth*.

My Brother says, It contains Sixteen *Provinces*, each as large as a *Kingdom*: And, That all together they fill up a Tract of Ground as big as *Europe*, which thou knowest, is one of the *four Quarters* of the *World*: And that this vast Dominion contains above a Hundred Millions of Inhabitants.

The *Emperor* who reign'd when *Piselli-hall* was there, was call'd *Munchin*, a young *Prince*, not above Thirty Years of Age; in whose Veins ran the *Blood* of Sixteen *Emperors*, his *Progenitors*.

In the Year 1640, two great Officers in his Army, having drawn to their Party an innumerable Company of the Soldiers, and being encouraged by some *Grandees* at the *Court*, made a *Revolt*. The Names of these *Rebels* were *Lycangz* and *Changien*. They soon became Masters of Five *Provinces*: But, quarrelling about their Shares, *Lycangz* caused his Associate to be poison'd; and taking on himself the sole Command of the *Rebels*, was proclaim'd by them, *Emperor of China*. After which, he march'd directly with his whole Forces against *Peking*, a City where the *Emperor* kept his *Court*: Knowing that the Conquest of this Place wou'd secure to him all the remaining *Provinces* of the *Empire*.

The *Chinese* are reputed a most ingenious People, excelling in all manner of *mechanick* Inventions, and the boldest *Architects* in the *World*. They build Bridges from one Mountain to another, to shorten the Travellers Journey o'er the Plain between them, and raise Towers almost up to the Clouds. Some of their Cities are said to be near Thirty Leagues in Compass, ha-

ing double Walls and Ditches. And, my Brother says, That *Pequin* wants not much of this Extent: And, That the *Palace* of the *Emperor* is near a League in Circuit, environ'd by three Walls, and as many Moats, besides Bulwarks, and other Fortifications. He adds, That this mighty *City* and *Palace*, is guarded by an Hundred thousand Soldiers.

This impregnable Place the *Rebels* took by Stratagem, which was able to have resisted all the Force of *Asia*. *Lycwngz* held a private Correspondence with several *Grandees* within the Town and Palace. By whose Connivance he sent great Numbers of the stoutest Men in his Army, disguised in the Habit of *Merchants*, who lodging themselves in divers Quarters of the *City*, on a Day appointed, suddenly appeared in Arms; and surprizing the Guards who defended the Gates, slew them all, and open'd the Gates to the *Rebels*.

Who can express the Confusion and Slaughter that filled all Parts of the *City* with Mourning and Blood? The barbarous *Conqueror* sacrificed all the Loyal and Brave to his unpardonable Ambition; disarm'd those who escaped the first Massacre; and having made himself absolute Master of the *City*, lays a close Siege to the *Imperial Palace*.

The *Emperor* now finding that he was betray'd, and that it was too late to defend himself from the cruel Persecution and Insult of the Traytors, takes Advantage of the short Resistance which some of his faithful Servants made, to consult his own Honour, with that of the *Empress* and his Daughter. He had above Three thousand Wives, for whom he could not provide in that Flood of Calamities, all his Care being employ'd to prevent the last Triumph of his Enemies.

Enemies, in not suffering the *Royal Blood* to be shed by the prophane Hands of those Villains. He enter'd into the *Gardens* of the *Palace*, accompanied only by his *Eupress* and Daughter, with three faithful *Eunuchs*. The young *Princess*, (who was a *Lady* educated in all the *Chinese Learning*) seeing the great Affliction of her *Royal Parents*, the inevitable Ruine of her *Family*, and the universal Desolation fell on her *Knees*, and spoke to her *Father*, as follows:

My Lord,

SINCE it is the Will of the *immortal God*, thus to extinguish the Lustre and Majesty of our *sublime Race*, let their *Decrees* be fulfill'd. But let not me be a *Spectator* of my *Parents* Fall, or survive a *Tragedy*, at which the Earth itself must tremble. Have this *Compassion* on my tender *Years*, and let these *Eyes* be closed, before *Death* seal up yours, from which mine borrow'd all their *Light*. Think not, because I am young, I fear to die: I long to see our *Kindred Gods*, and represent the *Fate* of *China*, so as to provoke their speedy *Vengeance*. Surely our *defiled Ancestors*, at my *Complaint*, would gather all the *Thunder* in the *Heavens*, and shower it down upon these *perjur'd* and *ungrateful Traitors*. Or else, they'd play the *Chymists*, and extract the most envenom'd *Influence* of the Stars, and dart the *heavenly Poison* on the *Rebels*, as they lie before these sacred *Walls*, and thus would put a *Period* to their cursed *Treason*. Make no *Delay*, my *Royal Father*, but try the *Experiment*; release me from these *Chains*, which hinder my *Escape* to *Paradise*: And let me be the *Herald* of such *News*, as ne'er before surpriz'd the *Bless'd* above.

The Emperor, mov'd with this passionate Address of his Daughter, drew a Dagger from his Girdle, and therewith stabb'd her to the Heart; And then, struck with Remorse at so unnatural a Deed, cover'd his Face with a Veil of Silk. Thus Acting *Agamemnon's* Part, when to fulfil the Oracle, he sacrific'd his Daughter *Ithigenia*.

After this, the Empress, overwhelm'd with so many Sorrows, retired into a Grove, and hang'd her self with a silken Cord on a Tree. The Emperor, seeing this mournful Spectacle, was resolv'd no longer to delay his own Death. Wherefore following her Example, he dispatch'd himself likewise by a String. But he first bit a Vein, and with his Blood writ the following Words:

What is there now desirable on Earth, after I am thus betray'd by my own *Subjects*? I accuse not the *Inferior* People: They are innocent! 'Tis to the *Mandarins* I owe my sudden Fall, with the Ruin of this mighty *Empire*. Behold in me, the *Royal Line* extinct. I am the last of sixteen *Emperors*. I, that was Lord of so many spacious *Regions*, *Guardian* of the *Bed-chamber* of the *Sun*, sole *Monarch* of the *Orient*, Lieutenant to the *Gods* of the *Mints*, Possessor of infinite Treasures, at whose Name a hundred Millions of my *Subjects* touch'd the Ground with their Foreheads am now ready to be trampled under Foot by the basest of my *Slaves*. But I will prevent my own Disgrace, and carry this majestic Soul inviolate to my renown'd *Fathers*; whose Vengeance, join'd with that of all the *Gods*, shall fall on the perfidious *Mandarins*, who have betray'd both me and this exalted *State* to Ruin.

A Narrative of these mournful Passages was printed in the *Chinese* Language, supposed to be done by the Order of the *Emperor's* Attendants, who follow'd him into the Garden, and were Witnesses of what was said and done. A Copy of which my Brother procured to be translated into *Arabic*, by a *Merchant* of our Nation who understood the *Chinese* Language, and resided in *Pekin*.

In fine, my Brother says, That when he departed from *China*, he left the Tyrant *Lycuz* in Possession of the *Emperor's* Palace where he found an Hundred Millions of Ingots in Gold and Silver, besides an inestimable Treasury of Pearls and precious Stones. All which Wealth had been heap'd together by the Frugality of the *Chinese* *Emperors*.

By this thou may'st take an Estimate of the Grandeur and Strength of this formidable *Monarchy*, of which we have had such contemptible Notions. Neither shalt thou have Occasion to be surprized at the monstrous Rise, and Fortune of this *Rebel*, who in so short a time was lifted to the Height of Human Sovereignty, when thou considerest, That all Things are subject to Vicissitude and Change.

That *God*, who establishes whom he pleases on the *Throne* of the *Earth*, and, at the determinated *Periods* of *Empires*, deposes such as trust in their Strength and Riches, defend our *Sovereign* from *Treasons*, and from the *Arrows* that fly in *Obscurity*.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Month,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VII.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

WHAT Obligation have I to be concern'd for the *Infidels*? Or, what Interest in the *Uncircumcised*? Yet *Nature* has tied all our *Race*, in some common Bands of *Affliction*; and *Humanity* teaches us, to rejoice at the *Deliverance* of the *Oppressed*.

The *Kingdom* of *Naples* has long groan'd under the Yoke of *Spanish Tyranny*. The Labour of the People sufficed not to pay the unreasonable *Taxes* that were imposed on them. They sweat *Blood* to become yet more miserable; whilst their cruel Masters having steec'd them to *Nakedness*, would take Advantage of their *Poverty*, to rivet their Chains yet deeper, and render their *Servitude* past *Redemption*.

The People were sensible of their Calamity, yet knew not how to shake off the Yoke. It had gall'd them to the Nerves and Sinews; their Strength was gone. Despair of *Redress* had render'd them supine, and took from them the very Power of meditating their *Recovery*. But *Heaven*, which protects the oppressed, has raised up a *Yarb* from among the *meanest* of the People, to assert the *publick Liberty*. A *Fisherman*, who has not seen Four and twenty *Winters*, has undertaken to restore the ancient Privileges of the *Neapolitans*. Who can penetrate into the *Methods* of eternal *Destiny*, which makes use of so contemptible Instruments, to check the Power of the greatest *Monarchs*?

This bold *Yarb*, inspired with a Zeal for the *Publick*, ran one Day into the Streets, crying with a loud

a loud Voice. *Long live the King of Spain, but let the corrupt Officers perish.* He had no other Weapon, save a *Reed* in his Hand, but was soon follow'd by a Multitude of Boys and young Men, with Clubs and Staves, who went along the Streets of that populous City, repeating the Cry after him, *Long live the King of Spain, but let the corrupt Officers perish.* At first, the Citizens laugh'd at the Infant Tumult; but in less than two Hours, this *Fisherman* (whose Name was *Maffaniello*) had enrolled above two thousand Boys.

The next Day his Numbers increased, by the Accession of all sort of lowd and idle Persons, Mal-Contents, Debtors, and such as were desirous of Novelty. Nay, some of the better sort of Citizens shut up their Shops, took Arms, and mingled with the popular Insurrection: So that e'er Mid-day, there were above ten thousand Men and Boys, marching along the Streets, and burning the *Custom Houses*, with all their *Books of Accounts*, throughout the City.

When *Maffaniello* beheld himself at the Head of so vast a Multitude, he thought it time to declare the Reason of his raising this Tumult. Wherefore, getting on an eminent Place in one of the *Markets*, he spake to his Followers to this Effect:

Rejoice, O ye faithful People, and send up Acclamations to the God of Heaven, who hath this Day put it into your Hearts and Hands to be your own Redeemers. As for me, my Spirit burneth within me, to see the publick Oppression; and I set no Value on my Life, when I first began this glorious Enterprize. One of the Princes threaten'd me with the Gallies, if I persisted: But here are thousands my Witnesses, That instead of fearing him, I smote him on the Breast, and sent him away joyful; that

he escaped with his Life. O ye faithful People, trust not the Princes or Nobles: They are the Men who oppress you, and would enslave you. Trust in your Arms, and the Justice of your Cause. God has brought you together; let nothing separate you till you have freed your Country, your selves, your Wives and Children, from perpetual Servitude. Choose you a Leader, a Man of Courage and Resolutions, who is willing to sacrifice his Life for the common Good. As for me, I have hitherto liv'd a Fisherman, and so I intend to die.

The People, exceedingly moved with this Speech, chose him with one Accord for their Leader, crying out with loud Acclamations, Long live Maslainello, the Patron of the Neapolitan Liberties.

The first thing he did after he was confirm'd in this Authority, was to set open the Prisons, and list the Prisoners under the Banner of the People. Then he divided this confused Army into Regiments and Companies; and sent forth a Proclamation throughout Naples, commanding all to take Arms, on pain of having their Houses burnt. So that in a little Time he had above Fifty thousand arm'd Men at his Heels.

Thus accompanied, he marches directly toward the Viceroy's Palace, vested in Cloath of Silver, with a naked Sword in his Hand. He was accompanied by a Cardinal, who undertook to be a Mediator between the Viceroy and the People. His Presence restrain'd the Multitude within some Bounds of Moderation, for they revered him as the Father of the City. Yet they burnt above sixty Palaces of the Nobles to the Ground, with all their Furniture and Goods; and it was present Death for any one to rescue or purloin any thing from the Flames; so rigorously just

was this new *Law-giver*, this *Moses* of the *Neapolitans*. It was in vain for the *Viceroy* to oppose Force against so formidable an *Insurrection*. He entertain'd the young *Fisherman* with Ceremonies due to a *Prince*: And having concluded a *Treaty*, gave him the *Title* of *chief Tribune of the faithful People*. This increased the Veneration the Citizens had already conceiv'd for *Maffianello*: So that in a Day or two more he saw himself at the Head of an hundred and fifty thousand armed Men. He gave out all *Orders* for the *Republick*, publish'd new *Edicts*, and all *Commissions* were issued in his Name. He procur'd the *Gabels* to be for ever abolish'd, restor'd the People to their ancient Liberty: And in fine, was murder'd by his own Followers.

Let me not seem an *Advocate* for *Sedition*, when I tell thee there was something brave and heroick in the *Actions* of this *Youth*. So strange a *Revolution*, in so short a Time, has scarce been heard of in the World: For a beardless *Slave* to raise himself in sixty Days to as absolute and uncontrollable a *Sovereignty*, as the greatest *Monarchs* on Earth enjoys; to be obey'd by an infinite Number of People, without the least *Hesitation* or *Demur*, were it for *Life* or *Death*; and all this, without any *Motive* of *Ambition* or *Interest*, but only to assert the publick Liberty, is a convincing *Argument* of his *Virtue*; and shews, That *Heaven* approv'd his *Enterprize*. But then again, For him to lose all this *Power* in four Days more, to be murder'd in cold Blood by his own *Party*, by the People whose Cause he had so successfully vindicated; this shews the *Instability* of *Human Affairs*, and that there is nothing permanent on this Side the *Moon*.

I pray

I pray God to inspire the *Ministers* of the *sublime Part*, to take such Measures as may preserve the *Mussulman* Peace. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Solyman his Cousin, at Constantinople.

WHEN I clos'd up my last, the Hour of the *Post* was near expired, and the Messenger who carries my Letters to him, hasten'd my *Dispatch*, preventing what I had farther to say to thee.

I am sollicitous for thy Welfare, both, as thou art a *Mussulman*, and so near a Relation. Do not forfeit those Titles, by degenerating from thy Kindred, and from all the *Illuminated* of God. Truth is compriz'd in a little room, but Error is infinite. Thou makest a wrong Inference, from the Moderation and Charity of the *true Believers*, when thou concludest, That because they believe, it shall go well with all honest Men, let their Opinions and Ceremonies be what they will; therefore thou shalt be safe, in retrenching the endless and burthensome *Washings* (as thou termest them) of the *Mussulmans*, so long as thou ledest a good *several* Life

Art thou such a Friend to Idleness and Impurity, that thou wilt by a most pitiful Sophistry, cheat thy self of *Salvation*, rather than take the Pains to wash thy self after the Manner, and at the Times, appointed by the *Prophet* of God, and practised

practis'd by our *Fathers*, and all the *Faithful* throughout the *World*? If it be allow'd, That such as either out of Ignorance, or hinder'd by some other invincible Cause, do not embrace our *holy Law*, are not *circumcised*, and repair not to the *Assemblies* of the *Faithful*, shall nevertheless enter into *Paradise*, provided they obey the *Law* of *Nature*, imprinted on their *Hearts*; does it follow therefore, That one who has been bred up in the *und filed Faith*, who has been *circumcised*, and lifting up his *Right hand* to *Heaven*, has pronounced the *Seven mysterious Words*, which cannot be repeal'd; does it follow, I say, That such an one shall be regarded by *God* or his *Prophet*, any otherwise than as a *Heretick* or an *Infidel*, if he live not up exactly to the *Graces* that have been given him? No, assure thy self, if thou art in the Number of these, thou art an *Apostate*; thy *Virtues* are *Vices*, and all thy good Works are an *Abomination*.

Remember the *Piety* and magnanimous *Zeal* of *Affan Hali* thy *Grandfather*; who, when he was taken *Prisoner* by the *Cossacks*, was entertain'd with extreme *Rigour* and *Severity*. Nevertheless, a certain *Jew* in the *City* who knew him, brought him every *Day*, by *Permission* of the *Keeper*, as much *Water* as would suffice to wash him, and to quench his *Thirst*. But one *Day*, as he went with his *accustom'd Load*, and was entering the *Gate* of the *Prison*, the *Keeper*, either out of *Malice* or *Wantonness*, spilt most of the *Water* on the *Ground*, forbidding the *Jew*, at the same time, to bring any more that *Day*.

The honest *Hebrew* went in with the *Remainder* of the *Water*, and deliver'd it to the *Prisoner*; who presently prepared to wash himself, after the *accustom'd Manner* of the *Mussalmans*.

The

The Jew seeing that, told him, There was not Water enough to quench his Thirst. And therewith related to him what the *Keeper* had done. *I see there is but a little* reply'd the vertuous old Man) *but he that drinks, or eats, before he has wash'd himself, is guilty of defiling his Soul, and is not worthy to be number'd among the true Believers. Therefore it is better for me to die for Thirst, than violate the Law brought down from Heaven, and transgress the Traditions of my Fathers.* Having said this, he wash'd himself, being resign'd to Providence.

Caution, deceive not thy self with vain Opinions, nor suffer *Hypocrites* to seduce thee. Imitate the *Adder*, and stop thy Ears against the crafty Insinuations of *Heretics*. It is reported of this little *Serpent*, that by natural Instinct, being sensible when a *Magician* is about to utter Words, which being heard will ensnare it, lays one Ear close to the Ground, and with its Tail stops the other, to the end the *Enchantment* may have no Effect.

Admit not any Man to thy Conversation, who shall attempt to warp thee from the Simplicity of the *Faith* and *Obedience* which thou owest to the *Applie* of *God*. Without *Water*, there is no *Purity* on this side the *Grave*. That *Element* has a Force in it, of which thou art not aware. 'Tis the third in the Rank of living Principles. 'Tis the *Tabernacle* of the Winds; the *Seyaglis* of the generative Spirit; the Stage of Wonders. In fine, it is the Purifier of every thing that has Breath.

Thou knowest, That to serve the Necessities of the *Prophet* and his Army, *Understanding* and *Speech* was given to a *Fountain* in *Arabia*, which having promised to follow him to the Place of his *Rest*, made a Channel through the *Desart*, and kept Pace with the Troops of the *Faithful*, till they

they came to *Medina Talmah*; that so the *submissiveness* to the *Will of Heaven*, might not want that *Element*, without which Life it self would be a Burden and a Curse.

And yet thou speakest contemptibly of *Water*, as a very indifferent thing, whether we use it or not, any other ways than to quench our Thirst. Thus, making no Difference between the many Advantages we reap from that *Element*, and that common Use to which the Beasts put it. In how many Places of the *Alcoran* does the *Holy Prophet* record the *Mercy of God*, in giving us *Water* that is fresh and not salt? How does he celebrate his *Wisdom and Goodness*, for directing the *Clouds* to barren and dry Places? Thou canst not be ignorant. That it is one of the *Encumbrances of Paradise*. That there are Gardens wherein flow many Rivers: And after all this; wilt thou despise so holy and blessed a Gift, without which; Earth and Heaven, Men and Angels, could not be completely happy?

Go learn then of the *Indian Idolaters*, who have never heard of the *Bisk of Glory*: Go learn of these *Barbarians*, to prize their *sau'ty'd Creatures*. They travel many hundreds of Leagues to bathe themselves in the Waters of *Ganges*. With those incorruptible and all-purging Streams, the *Brachmans* fill certain Vessels, and transport the invaluable Liquor, to the utmost Parts of that wide *Empire*. They travel on Foot, sometimes Two thousand Miles together, each Man with his Load of that precious Water, to supply the Wants of those who live so remote from the River. So that a Bottle of it is many times sold to the *Princes and Nobles*, for two hundred *Sequins*, or eight hundred *Rupies*: And yet, for all this, those very *Princes* would not die with a safe Conscience, had they not at least
once

once in their Lives made a *Pilgrimage* to this renown'd River, and bath'd themselves in the *Waves* which blot out *Sins*.

O *Craſus*, let the Example of these *Infidels* make thee blush at thy Impiety, and excite thee to a diligent and indispenſible Practice of *Cleanneſs*: So ſhalt thou have a ſound Mind, in a healthy Body: And the *Angel* of thy *Nativity* will not ſhun thy Perſon. *Adieu*.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Month,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Defeat of the *Venetians* and *Mirlacks* in *Bosna*, has reach'd these Parts. That News is not unwelcome to *Mahmut*. But I could wish our *General* had used his Victory with more Moderation. The *Christians* term him *Barbarian*, *Salvage*, *Devil incarnate*, and load him with Execrations: For, having taken Prisoner the *Captain* of the *Mirlacks*, he caused him to be ſlay'd alive, and afterwards to be impaled. This *Captain* was an *Eccleſiaſtick*, they call him *Stephano Serich*; and in Honour of his Zeal and Fidelity, they entitle him, *The good Prieſt*. They applaud his Magnanimity and Courage in Battle; and no leſs do they extol his Conſtancy, during the Torments of ſo cruel and ignominious a Death. But I tremble to think of the *Blasphemies* and *Curses* they utter againſt our *holy Preſbet*, and all the *Muſſulmans*! For the cruel Execution has scandalized the *Nazarenes*, and imbitter'd them, even to Fury. Their *Revenge*

is implacable: They would go to *Hell* themselves, provided the *true Faithful* might be *dama'd* for *Company*.

What will our *Divine Law-giver* say? Or, what Apology will our *General* make, when the *Sent* of *God* shall charge him, with driving so many Thousand Souls into an irreconcilable Hatred of the *undisfil'd Faith*? For, they look not on this as the Action of a *private Man*, but of one who represents the *Person* of our *august Sovereign*, the great *Protector* of the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*. They suppose him to be honour'd with the particular Instructions of his *Master*: And therefore they say, The *Sultan* has authoriz'd this unheard-of Cruelty; and, That our Religion countenances Tyranny, and the most nefarious Method of shedding innocents Blood.

I am no Advocate for *Infidels*; yet suffer me to vindicate *Nature*, which is the *common Parent* of us all. Suffer me to be solicitous for the Honour of our *holy Profession*, which is blemish'd by this inhumane Murder. What Offence had this unhappy *Captain* given, that deserv'd so dire a Punishment? Was it, Because he fought valiantly, and perform'd Wonders in Defence of his Country? This is nothing but what becomes every honest Man to do. And, had our *General* been truly brave, he would have entertain'd his Prisoner with a Respect due to his Merit.

Who was a more inveterate Enemy of the *Mussulmans* than the renown'd *Iskenderbeg*, Prince of *Albania*? Who more valiant or successful, against the *Ottoman Armies*? It is recorded of him, That he never shunn'd a Battel, never fled from his Enemies, never shrunk from Perils, nor was ever wounded but once, in all his Life. And yet he sustained a continual War, from two successive

successive *Osman Emperors*; defeated seven *PTAIERS*, with their Forces; took all their Ammunition and Baggage; and, in several Combats, flew with his own Hands above Two thousand *ARMENIANS*.

Our *Fathers* did not basely revenge themselves for all this, but cherish'd a Veneration for this *herick Enemy*, and honour'd the very *Dust* of such an extraordinary Person. For, after his Death, having conquer'd *Albania*, they sought out his *Tomb*, where they perform'd their *Devotions*, as at the *Sepulchre* of a *Prophet*. They open'd the *Durmerity* of the defunct *Warrior*, and, with *religious Solemnity*, took up his *Bones*, sharing the honour'd *Relicks* among them; and wrapping them in Silk, wore them continually at their Breasts, esteeming them as *sacred Amulets* against *Misfortunes*.

Surely our *General* would blush at an Example of so great *Virtue*. But perhaps he was incens'd, because his *Captive* was a *Priest*: Mistaken Zeal might prompt him to this horrid Butchery. Thou, who art *Justice* it self, wilt not approve his bloody Passion, when thou considerest, That the *Priests* of *Jesus* are Men as well as others; and if they live in Error, the Fault is in their Education. However, many of them are humble, chaste, sober, and Lovers of *Virtue*. If there be others, whose corrupt Lives have contradicted this Character, let the Crime and the Punishment rest on their Heads. It is not reasonable that the Innocent should suffer for the Faults of the Guilty. The *Captain* of the *Morlocks* had the Reputation of a devout and just Man, and a stout Champion for his Country: Had he been taken for a *Spy*, or an *Assassin*, the *Law* of *Arms* would have adjudg'd him to Death. Yet such was the Clemency of
Personae,

Porfenna, King of the *Hetrurians*; That, when *Mertius Scurula*, a valiant Roman, came into his Camp, with design to murder him, but by Mistake stabb'd one of the *Captains*, thinking it had been *Porfenna*; and to revenge that Miscarriage on himself, thrust his Hand into the Fire, 'till the Flesh was consum'd to the Bones: The King, astonish'd at his undaunted Spirit, sent him away in Peace, rais'd the Siege of *Rome*, and enter'd into a strict Friendship with that *Nation*: Such Honour he bore to the Fortitude of his Enemy, and design'd Murderer. But the *Captain* of the *Merlacks* was not taken under these Circumstances: He lost his Liberty in the Heat of Battel, bravely combating at the Heat of his Army.

Wouldest thou know the Grounds then of our *General's* Cruelty? It was purely, for the sake of a *Job*. There went a Report, That when this *Priest* was born his Body was all over raw, so that the *Physicians* were forced, by Art, to supply him with a Skin. Our cruel *General*, to sport himself in the poor Man's Misery, commanded him to be slay'd alive; uttering at the same time this inhuman *Sarcasm*; *There was no Reason that he should carry a Skin out of the World, who brought none in.* This is attested by two Gentlemen who were made Prisoners with their *Captain*, heard these Words, saw him executed, and afterwards made their Escape.

The *Nazarenes* vow to revenge this unparalleled Cruelty on all the *Mussulmans* that fall into their Hands, if this *Butcher* (as they term him) be suffer'd to go unpunish'd. I tell thee, such barbarous Actions, draw down the *Vengeance* of Heaven on those, that commit them; and excite the very *Beasts* of the *Earth* to make *War*, and rid the *World* of such *Monsters*.

Thou knowest what Use to make of this Intelligence: I will not pretend to instruct the *second Minister* in the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER X.

To the Mufti.

IF there be any Truth in what the *Astrologers* tell us, That the *Stars* have Influence on the Government of the *Earth*, one would think that *Spain* lies under some malignant *Aspect*.

The Fortune of that *Kingdom* has for a long time run retrograde. They have had nothing but Losses by Sea and Land. The *Revolution* in *Portugal*, the *Revolt* of *Catalonia* and *Rouffion*, the Loss of *Ormus* in *Persia*, and the *Defection* of *Genoa*, with other rich Towns of Traffick in the *Indies*, came one upon the Back of another.

Since which there have been many Towns and Castles taken from the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*. The *French* made an *Insurrection* in *Palermo*, breaking open the Prisons, and releasing the Prisoners: And grew to such a Head, That the *Viceroy*, fearing they would revenge the *Tragedy* of the *Sicilian Vespers*, to pacify the Multitude, was forced, repeal the *Edicts* for Taxes, and disannul them for ever; and to pass an *Act* of general Indemnity, both to the *Rabble*, and to the *Prisoners* whom they had freed.

This tumultuous Spirit pass'd from thence to the *Kingdom* of *Naples*; and there, like an Infection, soon spread it self through all Parts, both
of

of City and Country: Two hundred thousand Men took up Arms, to vindicate the *Privileges* of the *Neapolitans*, under the Conduct of a poor young *Fisherman*. I have already transmitted to the *sublime Port*, a Relation of this formidable *Sedition*; wherein it may be thought, I have discover'd too much *Tenderness* to the *Infidels*, and seem'd to favour the *Violences* of a *Faction*. But I hope thou wilt acquit me, when thou considerest, That these *Governments* of the *Nazarenes* are not to be compared to the sacred *Osman Empire*, which is establish'd by a *Divine Right*; it having been determin'd by the *Angel*, That he who should possess the glorious *Dormitory* of the *Seat* of *God*, should be entituled, *The Sovereign of all the Kings on Earth*. Therefore it would be a *Crime* of the highest Nature, to raise a *Tumult* or *Sedition*, within the *Territories* of our *august Emperor*, whose *Dominion* is confirm'd to him for ever, by a *Patent* from *Heaven*. But the *Case* of the *Nazarene Princes* is different; who being professed *Enemies* to the *Messenger of God*, have no other *Right* to any thing, but what their *Swords* purchase. And therefore, when they prey upon others, and by *Rapine* and *Spoil* augment their *Riches*, it is no wonder if the *great Avenger of Crimes*, stirs up some *undaunted Spirits*, to free their *Country* from *Slavery* and *Ruine*.

Those who are curious, have remark'd many observable *Circumstances* in this *Revolution* at *Naples*: As that it was foretold by an *Astraloger*, a considerable time before it happen'd, who pointed out the very *Year* wherein it should come to pass. The extraordinary *Eruptions* also of *Mount Vesuvius* some *Years* ago, were esteem'd as *Prefages* of some approaching *Troubles* in the *State*: For it rain'd *Ashes* on the *City* of *Naples*.

I spoke

I spoke of this Mountain in one of my former Letters.

'Tis reported also, That about the same Hour wherein *Maffaniello*, the Ringleader of the *Seditious*, was murder'd, there was seen a Man hovering in the Air, over the principle Temple of *Naples*, with a Sword in his Hand, which he was putting up in his Scabbard: And that a Voice was at the same Time heard from on high, to utter these Words, *His Labour is finish'd, give him Rest.*

This is certain, That whilst he was at the Head of an hundred thousand Men, seven *Affassins* were hired by some of the *Princes* to shoot him; yet none of the Bullets could penetrate his Body, tho' unarm'd, and only cover'd with his fishing Rags: And it was evident, that these Bullets smote him in divers Places, his Garments being mark'd with them, and he stagger'd with the Force of the Blows.

These are extraordinary Occurrences, and would tempt one to believe, That this young *Fiserman* was the Instrument of *Providence*, and that *Heaven* protected both *him* and his *Cause*.

'Tis true indeed, it seem'd, at last, as if he were abandon'd by that *Divine Power*, which had carried him through so important an Enterprize, in that he was slain by his own Soldiers. But then it must be remember'd, That this was not done till his *Work* was finish'd, and he went beyond his *Commission*. Want of Sleep, the Multitude of Affairs, and much Wine, had impaired his Reason, and render'd him frantick; so that his Actions were insupportable, and his own Admirers grew weary of him. After his Death his Head was cut off, and carried up and down the Streets on a Lance; and his Body was dragg'd through the Kennel. Yet the very next Day, the Multitude, to shew their own Fickleness, took

took the dead Body out of a Ditch, where they had laid it all Night: They washed and embalm'd it, and having join'd the Head to it, carried it with great Pomp and Solemnity to the principal *Temple of Naples*, attended with Drums and Trumpets, and above a Thousand *Priests*, with Torches in their Hands, a Crown of Gold was put on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand.

Thus the *Neapolitani* honour'd that beardless *Yowé*, who in Ten Days time had caused such a *Revolution*, as is scarce to be parallell'd: For he was an absolute *Monarch*, in effect, during that Time. And of him it may be said, as it was once of an *Emperor*, That during his whole *Reign*, there was neither *Spring*, nor *Autumn*, nor *Winter*: For his *Royalty* begun and ended in the seventh *Month*.

By Letters from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, at *Vienna*. I perceive he is molested with *Scruples* about his *Religion*, being desirous to build upon the *Jewish Foundation*. I sent him the best Advice I could, without making my self a *Hypocrite*; which, thou knowest, is more offensive to *God*, than an open *Sinner*. I drew up an *Abstract* of the *Musliman Records*, and presented him with the faithful *Genealogy*, from *Ismael*, the *Son* of the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, down to our *Holy Prophet*. This I did to rectify an old inherent Error of the *Jews*, who boast, That only the *Son* of *Isaac* were true *Believers*. I endeavour'd not to profelyte him, by *Sophistry* and *Artifice*; but referred him, for better Satisfaction, to the *Writings* of the *Ancients*. I promised to furnish him with *Books* of our *Law*, and the *Comments* of our *holy Doctors*. This is impossible for me to perform, whilst I am in this Place; unless thou, who art a *Guide* of those who seek the *Truth*, vouchsafest

to second my Zeal. I address to thee, *sovereign Prelate of the Faithful*, in Behalf of a *Descendent from the younger Brother of Ijmael*; in Behalf of one *circumcised*, but not in the right Way. Favour him with thy *Divine Instructions*, and supply him with *Treatises of Light and Reason*. A reasonable Application may bring this *Hebrew* into the Number of the *Mussalmans*, for he is already disgusted at the *Synagogue*.

But if I have presumed too far, in endeavouring to snatch a *Soul* from the Paws of *Togus*, correct me in thy Wisdom, for I am but as an *Infant* before thee.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Month,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER IX.

The Beginning of this Letter is wanting in the Italian Translation, the Original Paper being so.

All Mens Hearts are filled with Joy, for this prosperous News, whilst I mourn for the Dishonour of our Arms. Nothing but sad Tidings grate my Ears from those Parts, and more melancholy Presages possess my Soul. Methinks I see thick Clouds gathering o'er the *Imperial City*. My Sleep is disturb'd with fearful Visions: I start in my Bed; and walking lay my Hand on my Sword, as if some Danger were at hand: I dream of Tumults and Disorders Neighing of Horses, and Clashing of Arms in the Streets of *Constantinople*. I pray God avert the Omen.

It is reported here, That *Ali*, the *Sungia-Bey* of *Lippa*, is taken Prisoner; and that his Son was tormented to Death before his Face, in a manner peculiar to the Invention of the most barbarous Tyrants: For they caused sharp Thorns to be thrust between his Nails and his Flesh, which creates an intolerable Anguish: They laid him on a Bed of Iron Spikes, and poured melted Lead Drop by Drop, on all Parts of his Flesh. Then they made a small Fire, and roasted him slowly to Death. If he chanced to groan, or make the least Complaint, in the midst of those grievous Tortures, they bid him remember the good *Priest Sarech*, who set him an Example of Constancy and Courage, in that he never shed a Tear, or so much as sigh'd, when he was *slay'd alive*.

Thou seest that Revenge is sweet, even to those, who having received no Injury in their own Persons, yet are touched to the Quick, with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who prosecute their Enemies with irreconcilable Hatred and Malice whole *Families* being often engaged in executing the Resentments of two single Persons, who first began the Quarrel: But much more forceable is this Passion in those, who have been notoriously hurt themselves. And the Revenge of a certain *Captain* was extravagant; who being inform'd that his *General* had debauch'd his Wife, took an Opportunity to single him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapp'd a Pistol to his Breast, threatening to kill him forthwith, if he moved Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in such Language, as convinced the *General*, his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore he humbled

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himself,

himself, and confessed his Crime; begging of the Captain to spare his Life, and he would prefer him forthwith to the best Office in the Army, next his own. But the furious *Italian* would not sell his Honour so cheap. He forced him to deny God, and utter many *Blasphemies*, in hopes of saving his Life: And when he had thus done, the Captain said; *Now my Revenge is complete, since I shall send thee Body and Soul to the Devil.* With that he pistoll'd him.

But, leaving these *Infidels* to their diabolical Passions, I am concern'd at the Captivity of thy Brother; if it be true which is related here, That he was taken in his Return from *Canea* to *Constantinople*. It will cost the *Bassa* of *Algiers* a thousand Crowns to ransom him.

Adieu *Rinardo*. And, if thou art desirous to raise thy self, take that Method which I have now proposed to thee. God be propitious to thy Endeavours.

Paris, 4th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1648.

L E T T E R XII.

To the Venerable Musti.

THOU wilt say, The *Neapolitans* are a restless People, when thou shalt know, that there have been no less than Forty general *Insurrections* in this Kingdom, since its first Separation from the *Grecian Empire*, whereof it was formerly a Member; and that, in the Space of two Years, they have had five *Kings*, all of different *Abilities*.

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One would have thought, that after the Death of *Massanello*, the Ring-leader of the late *Insurrection*; the popular Heats would have slacken'd, and the People return'd to their Duty; but the passionate Desire of Liberty caused them to continue in Arms; till the Confirmation of their Privileges should come from the King of *Spain*.

In the mean time, *Dou Jabu* of *Austria*, who lay before the City with a Fleet of Fifty Gallies, play'd upon them incessantly with his Cannon by Sea, and the Castles batter'd them by Land.

Cardinal Mazarini, who has the earliest Intelligence of foreign Transactions, has had a principal Hand in somenting this Flame. For as soon as the News of *Massanello's* Death arrived here, he dispatch'd away *Couriers* to *Rome*, with Instructions to the *French* *Embassador* at that Court, requiring him to use all possible Means to cherish the Tumults in *Naples*, and not neglect so fair an Opportunity, of reducing that Kingdom under the Protection of *France*.

It will not appear strange, That this great Genius should aim at the Conquest of *Naples*, when we consider, That this Kingdom abounds in all manner of Riches, to which its fortunate Situation contributes not a little; for it lies in the most temperate Part of the World: And the Inhabitants are not second to any People of *Europe*, in material Courage and Bravery. This is a Bait which tempts the *Cardinal*; who is not ignorant how valiantly the Ancestors of the present *Neapolitans* behaved themselves in the Wars of *Cesar* and *Pompey*, and those between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*. Nor are they less celebrated for the stout Resistance they made against the *Huns*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*. So that this Kingdom, were it once brought under the

French Dominions, would prove a *Nursery*, from whence this *Monarch* might draw many thousands of excellent Soldiers, to serve him in his Wars.

Besides, it would be more commodious for him to make Incurfions from hence into the *Pope's* Territories, if there should arise any Difference between the two *Courts*: as there often do, about the Rights of the *Gallican Church*, the *Franchises* of the *Embassadors* of this *Crown* in *Rome*, and other Privileges, to which they pretend.

Therefore the *French Ambassador*, according to the Instructions of *Mazarini*, sent *Commissioners* to treat privately with the People of *Naples*, offering them Two Millions of Crowns, Twenty Gallions, with Eight and fifty Gallies, and other Vessels. They accepted the Proposal, being weary of the *Spanish* Government, and desirous of Novelty, encourag'd also by what those *Commissioners* represented to them concerning the Success of the *English*, who by standing on their Guard, and using that Power which *God* and *Nature* had given them, for the Defence of their Lives and Liberties, were now, in a manner, become a *free People*, having abolish'd the *Monarchy*, and set up a *Commonwealth*: And this, they told them, Was also done by *Cardinal Mazarini's* Counsels and Assistance. Now all the Cry in *Naples*, was, *Let France and the People of England flourish; and let the faithful Neapolitans assert their own Liberty*. So blind were these People, as not to consider, That in putting themselves under the Protection of the *French*, they did but exchange one Bondage for another, it being impossible for any foreign *Prince* to keep this *Kingdom*, and pay all his Officers, Civil and Military, together with those under
their

their Commands, with much less Charge than the Revenues amount to. And the *French* are as good at inventing new *Taxes*, as any Court in *Europe*.

However, the *Neapolitans* were enchanted with the Thoughts of so much Gold, and other Assistance offer'd by the *French Commissioners*; and sweeten'd with their fair Words, and glorious Promises. So that they immediately sent *Deputies*, to entreat the *Duke of Guise*, who was then at *Rome*, to come and protect them, in taking on him the chief Command of their Arms.

This *Prince* thinking it a generous Action, to relieve the *Oppressed*; and, that at the same time he should do a considerable Service to the King of *France*, in rendering him *Master* of this noble and opulent *Kingdom*, went to *Naples*: Where, at first, he was received with infinite Applause, was made their *General*, took an Oath of Fidelity to the *People*, did many notable Services, but was in the end betray'd, and sent Prisoner to *Spain*.

If the Generosity and brave Resolution of this *Prince* has required Commendation from some, in attempting to rescue these People from the Tyranny of their Governors, yet his Conduct is call'd in Question by others, who say, He discover'd but little Prudence in trusting himself to the *Neapolitans*, who had already sacrificed two of their *Generals*. (For, after the Death of *Maffiavello*, they chose another *Captain*, whom they called the *Prince of Massa*: This *Prince* falling under their Suspicion, was beheaded by the *inconstant People*.)

'Tis certain, That there is little Confidence to be put in the *Multitude*, whose Passions ebb and flow, and are more tempestuous than the Sea. Yet a brave and generous Mind will shun no

Dangers to serve his *Prince* and his *Country*; for whom it is a glorious *Martyrdom* to die. There is no great Undertaking without Hazards; and he that is afraid to venture his Liberty and Life in a good Cause, is not worthy to bear Arms. Had the *Duke of Guise* succeeded, his Conquest of *Naples* had made him *Viceroi* of one of the largest Kingdoms in *Europe*. It is said to be Five hundred Leagues in Circuit, containing Twelve ample *Provinces*; Twenty *Archbishopricks*; *Bishopricks*, one hundred twenty seven; thirty *Castles*; *Barons* one thousand four hundred; *Earls*, fifty three; forty *Marquesses*; thirty four *Dukes*, and twenty *Princes*. The *Inhabitants* of this Kingdom are said to be above two Millions. The ordinary *Revenues* of the King, amount to three Millions of *Crowns* yearly, besides the voluntary *Donatives* which have been given by the *Subjects* of this *State* to their *Kings*, within the space of forty Years, amounting to twenty eight Millions, and six hundred thousand *Duckets*. This Kingdom is water'd by a hundred and fifty *Rivers*, besides ten *Lakes* stored with all manner of *Fish*; among which is one called *Averno*, over which if any *Birds* fly, they immediately drop down dead. The ancient *Pagans* had strange *Opinions* of this *Lake*, it being the *Place* where they used to sacrifice *Men* to the *Infernal Gods*. And, hard by, is the *Cave* of one of the *Sibyls*.

There are thirty high *Mountains* in this *Country*, of which *Adonis* relates many strange and delightful *Passages*. (for 'tis from him I received this *Account* of the *Kingdom*.) I will not trouble thee with a *Repetition* of all that this *Tow* tells me, only one thing is worthy of *Remark*.

He says, That the Bodies of the three young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian Monarch*, because they would not adore his *Idols*, are preserv'd in a *Mosque* on one of these Mountains. And that on the said Hill, no Eggs, Flesh, or Milk, will endure an Hour without Putrefaction, but presently breed an infinite Number of Worms. He speaks in the Praise of these Mountains, which are cloath'd with Vineyards, Gardens and Woods, on the Top and Sides; and in their Bottoms, have very rich Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Crystal, Alabaster, Adamant. In fine, *Admiral*, who has travell'd over all this Kingdom, calls it, The fertilest *Region* of all-*Italy*, which is esteem'd the *Paradise* of *Europe*.

Dost thou not think now, *venerable-Guide* of the *Elle*, that the *Duke* of *Guize* had reason to prefer the Honour of conquering so renown'd a Kingdom, to the Safety of his Person? Or wilt thou not rather conclude, That the Reduction of this happy *State* would be an Expedition worthy of the *Ottoman Arms*? It is certain, that the Riches and Plenty of this *Region*, have tempted more Nations to invade it, than any other Kingdom on Earth: It having been the Prize, at which no less than Five and twenty several Nations have aim'd.

Cardinal-Mazarin is much troubled at the *Duke* of *Guize's* Captivity, and has offer'd great Sums of Money for his Ransom; but the King of *Spain* rejects all Proposals of that Nature. So that 'tis thought, the *Cardinal* will contrive some Way for the *Duke's* Escape, either by bribing his Keepers, or by some secret Stratagem.

I am not much concern'd for the *Infidels*; but it would be no small Joy to hear, That some Care were taken, for the Redemption of *Mahim* &

Celebre, who, thou knowest, has not deserv'd Ill of the *sublime Part*. Adieu, Holy *Patriarch*, and forget not *Makrus* in thy Addresses to *Heaven*.

Paris, 27th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XIII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendent of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THOU to whom the *Issues of Paradise* are revealed, and the *Road of the Angels* when they come down and go up through the *Seven Heavens*! Thou that canst marshal the *Host of the Stars*, and understandest the *Discipline of the Armies* living and strong, the *Orders of the Potentates* encamp'd in the *Fields of Light*, the *dome-sick Guards* of the *Terrace*, blessed for ever; tell me the *Age of the World*, and declare the *Beginning of Time*. Resolve me, Whether this mighty *Fabrick* be but of *Yesterday*, that is, of *Five or six thousand Years* standing, as the *Jews* and *Christians* say; or, Whether the *Years of its Duration* be not past a *Calcule*.

The *Visions* of thy *Progenitor*, the *Lieutenant* to the *Seat of God*, are extant in the *Arabick Tongue*. In them it is written, *My Soul on a sudden became as though it had Wings*; a *Spirit enter'd me*; and a *subtil Wind lifted me up to the Top of Mount Uziel*, where I beheld *marvellous Things*. I looked behind me, and saw the *Ages that were past*; and lo, they were without *Number*, or *Beginning*. I beheld the
four

four Seasons of the Year, ever returning at their accustomed Time, and the Sun forsok not his Course, for a Thousand thousand Generations. I counted a Million of Ages, and yet there appeared not an Hour, wherein Darkness had possess'd the Abyss of Matter, or wherein the endless Firmament was not illuminated by the Moon and Stars. Whilst I consider'd these Things, a Liqueur was given me to drink by an unknown Hand, it was of the Colour of Amber; when I had tasted it, I felt a marvellous Force in my Body, and my Eyes were more piercing than an Eagle's. Another Wind, more powerful than the former, blew out of a Cloud, and carried me up to an exceeding high Place, far above the tallest Mountains: There I trod in the soft Air, as in a Pavement of Marble. I was ravish'd at these Things; and the Exaltation of my State made me forget my Mortality. I beheld the Earth as a vast Distance under my Feet, as one that did not belong to it; it look'd like a shining Globe, not much unlike the Moon, but far bigger. All the living Generation which had successively inhabited the Earth from its Nativity, pass'd by me; and they appeared in various Forms. First came a Race of Centaurs, then of Satyrs, next of Angels, and last of Men. While I marvelled at these Things, a Voice reach'd my Ears, as from behind me, saying, These are the four Ages of the World, and the four Species of Beings, to whom I gave the Possession of the Earth; but, for the Impiety of the Three former, I have exterminated them. And when Men shall have compleated the Measure of their Sins, I will cause the Trumpet to sound, and all things shall retire into the Cave of Silence and Darkness. Having heard this, I found my self in a Moment on the Earth, which I had before seen afar off; then, I knew that I had been in a Trance, &c.

I do not rehearse this *Vision* to teach thee any new Thing, venerable *President* of the *Southern Sages*, (for, I know, the *archives* of thy *College* are replenish'd with all manner of excellent *Treatises*, and that thou art no *Stranger* to the *Writings* of the *Prophets*) but to crave thy Interpretation of so great a *Mystery*, and to reason with thee about the *World's* Duration. My Satisfaction would be small, in contemplating the various Beauties of the *Universe*, the Qualities of the Elements, the Natures of living Things, the Virtues of Plants and Minerals, with the Force of the *Heavenly* Bodies, were I assured that these Things were not always so. That Thought would damp my greatest Enjoyments, if I were convinc'd, That so many Splendors, Riches and Pleasures, as this *visible Frame* affords, were not disclosed for Millions of Ages, but lay hid in the Bosom of *Eternity*. Methinks it is too low an Opinion of the *omnipotent Goodness*, and looks as if the Authors of it suspected *God* of *Envy*: Who, when he might have made infinite *Myriads* of Creatures happy, in these visible Emanations of his *Divinity*, without either Beginning or Ending of Time; yet, according to their *Doctrine*, contented himself, to let only a determinate Number taste of his Munificence, for a few *Centuries* of Years. This is not suitable the Character of that *infinite Being*, the *eternal Source* of all *Perfections*.

What then is meant by those *Four Ages*, and the *Four Species* of *Beings*, which were shew'd to the *exalted* of *God* in that *holy Vision*? Tell me, great *Light* of *Africk*, Is it repugnant to *Reason* or *faith*, to believe, That the *Earth* has been *inhabited* from *Eternity*; since our *holy Doctors* teach us, That it was peopled long before the *Creation* of *Adam*? No *Musliman*, That has ever
gone

gone the *sacred Pilgrimage*, but has visited *Mount Arassa*, where *Adam* first saw *Eve his Wife*. Where he has been instructed in the *History* of that *first Father* of *Mankind*; and how that before his *Time* the *Earth* was inhabited by *Angels*, who being commanded to adore *Adam*, refused it, and were turn'd to *Devils*, being expell'd from the *Earth*. Thou knowest, moreover, That it is in the *sacred Traditions*, That *God* gave to *Adam* a *Wife*, whose Name was *Allith*; but that she, being of the *Race* of these *Devils*, refus'd to obey *Adam*: Whence it came to pass, that they lived in continual Quarrels and Enmity, for the space of Five hundred Years; 'till at length *Allith* flew up into the *Air*, and abandon'd her *Husband*. Of which, when *Adam* complain'd to *God*, he sent Three mighty *Angels* in Pursuit of her, commanding them to tell her, That if she would return to her *Husband*, it should go well with her; but if she would not, a hundred of her Children should die every Day. The *Angels* follow'd her, and over-took her on the *Red Sea*; where they threaten'd to drown her, unless she would return to her *Husband*. But she made Excuses, and told them, *She was created to destroy young Children*. Then the *Angels* laid Hands on her; when she, to pacify them, swore by the *Bottom of Hell*, That whensoever the Names of them Three should be written on any *Schedule*, that she should have no Power to hurt the Infants, they dismiss'd her. After this, *God* compassionating *Adam's Solitude*, gave him another *Wife*, call'd *Eve*.

This *Tradition* confirms the *Vision* of the *Prophet*; and we need not doubt, that the *Earth* was inhabited before *Adam's Time*: And if that be granted, Why might it not be peopled for Millions of Ages, as well as for the smallest Term

Term that Ignorance or Error may assign to its Duration?

I have discoursed with several of the *Jewish Rabbis*, and *Christian Doctors*, on this Subject, Men of abstruse Learning, and sublime Thoughts; yet I can find but a few, who are emancipated from the Prejudices of a superstitious Education. They have been, from their Infancy, prepossess'd with a false Notion of the *Works of God*; believing them to be the *Finite*, both in Extent of *Space* and *Time*. They circumscribe this *visible World*, within I know not what *flaming Circle*; and believe the *first Matter* it self, to be but Five Days older than *Adam*, taking each of those Days for the space of Four and twenty Hours, wherein the Sun finishes his diurnal Circuit through the Heavens. They consider not that, according to their own *Bible*, there was *Light* and *Darkness*, and consequently *Day* and *Night*, before the *Sun* was *created*. But how long those *Days* and *Nights* were, is not determin'd by *Moses*: Yet in another Part of their *Bible*, it is said, That a *Day with God* is a *Thousand Years*; and a *Thousand Years* is a *Day*. So that, according to this Interpretation, *Adam* was not created till above *Five thousand Years* after the *Beginning* of the *World*: Yet when I bring this positive Place of their own *Scripture* against the *Nazarene Sages*, they shuffle it off with empty Evasions; and rather, than believe the *indefinite Antiquity* of the *World*, they contradict their own Sense and Reason. invalidate the Testimony of a *Prophet*, deny their *Faith*, and appear unmask'd *Infidels*.

Both *they* and the *Jews* have corrupted the Truth with many Errors; and we must seek farther, for the original Science of Nature. The *Illuminated of God* have always taught, That the *Earth* was *inhabited* long before the Appearance

pearance of *Adam*. And all the *Eastern Sages* believe a *Series of Generations* to have dwelt on this *Globe*, for indeterminate *Ages*.

I have a Brother lately come from the *Indies*: He relates strange Things of certain *Books*, which are only in the Hands of the *Brachmans*. They are written in a *Language*, which none understand but these *Priests*; yet a *Language* as copious as any other, and taught in their *Colleges* by *Rule*. These *Books* contain a *History* of the *World*, which, they say, is above *Thirty Millions* of *Years* old. They divide the Term of its *Duration* into *four Ages*; three of which, they say, are already past, and a good part of the *fourth*. Now I would fain know, Who wrote these *Books*; and at what *Time*, and where this *Language* was spoken? They call it the *Holy Language*; saying, That it was the *first* spoken on *Earth*. It is strange, That no *History* should mention so *Divine* a *Speech*. We have the *Chronology* of the *Latin* and *Greek*; and can give an *Account* when and where they were spoken, though they are now grown *obsolete*, and no otherwise to be learn'd, but in the *Schools* and *Academies*. This argues the *Antiquity* of the *Brahmins Language* and *Books*, in regard they fall not within any other *Record*, save their own, which says, They are as old as the *World*. For if this *Assertion* were false, the *Imposture* would have been discover'd as soon as broach'd, and the learned *Sages* of the *East* would quickly have disprov'd so manifest a *Lye*. There seems to me something extraordinary, in this *Pretension* of these *Indian Philosophers*, and I would gladly be convinced of the *Truth*. Methinks it is an illustrious *Idea* of the *Divine Perfections*, when one conceives all this vast and endless *Concatenation* of *Beings*, to flow from the *Eternal Nature*, as *Rays* from the *Sun*: And that they can no
more

more be separated from it, than those Beams, can from that *visible Fountain*, of *Light*. It will not be difficult then to interpret the *History* of *Moses*, by this *Register* of the *Bramins*, and reconcile the *six Days* of the one, with the *four Ages* of the other; since a *Day*, in the *Divine Sense*, may amount to Millions of *Years*, as well as to a *Thousand*. And it will be more congruous and agreeable, to believe, That after the Birth of the *first Matter*, there elaps'd many *Ages*, before it was wrought into such an infinite Variety of Appearances, as we now behold; and that the *five Days* which *Moses* computes, before the *Production* of *Adam*, might be some *Millions* of *Years*: In which time, the *divine Architect* gradually drew from the *Myst* of *Matter*, the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, *Plants* and *Animals*, which may serve also to illustrate the *Vision* of the *holy Ancestor*, with which I began this *Discourse*.

Adieu, *sublime Intelligence* of the *Terrid Zone*, and favour *Mahmut* with a Transcript of thy Thoughts concerning these Things. But if thy Silence shall condemn my Presumptions and Importunity, I will wait for thy Answer, till the *Platonick Year*, when, according to the *Doctrine* of that *Philosopher*, we shall all be alive again.

Paris, 19th of the 4th Month,
of the Year 1643.

LET

LETTER XV.

To the Musti.

IN a former Dispatch to thy Sanctity, I have acquainted thee with the *Insurrection* in *Palermo*; mentioning the Fear of the *Viceroy*, lest the *French* in that *Island* should then take their Opportunity to revenge the proverbial Cruelty of the *Sicilian Vespers*. If thou art unacquainted with that *Tragedy*, I will inform thee in brief.

About three hundred and threescore Years ago, there reign'd in *Sicily* one of the *Royal Blood* of *France*, they call him, *Charles of Anjou*. He had *French Garrisons* in all the *Cities* of that *Kingdom*: But these *Soldiers* committed so many *Insolences* as render'd 'em odious and insupportable to the *Natives*, who therefore resolv'd to exterminate them.

The *French* are very licentious in their *Conquests*; neither sparing Men in their Anger, nor Women in their Lust. They make no difference between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*, but sacrifice all the *Regards* of Honour and Civility to their impetuous Appetites.

They were guilty of innumerable *Rapes* and *Violences* in *Sicily* among the *meaner* People; and sometimes extended their *Rudeness* to Persons of the *best* Quality. It was common for them to affront both *Virgins* and *Matrons* as they went along the *Streets*, by thrusting their *Hands* under their *Garments*, on pretence of searching for hidden *Arms*. Among the rest, the *Wife* of a certain *Lord* in *Palermo*, going to pay her *Devotions* at the *Temple*, was seiz'd by the *Command* of the *Captain* of the *Guard*, and stripp'd
naked

naked before all the Soldiers, in order to discover certain treasonable Papers, which they suspected she carried about her; but finding none, she upbraided the *Captain* with Inhumanity, in offering so gross an Affront to a *Lady* of her Rank. He seeming to be sorry for the Indignity she had receiv'd, begg'd her Pardon, and retiring with his Soldiers out of the Room where she was, left her to put on her Apparel. In the mean while he was enflamed with a furious Passion for this *Lady*, (she being very beautiful;) and having sent the Soldiers away, he return'd to the Room where she was: He address'd her with much Courtship; but finding that ineffectual, he forced her.

When this was made known to her Husband, he burn'd with Desire of Revenge: And stirring up all the *Sicilian Nobles* and *People*, it was privately agreed between them, That on a certain *Festival*, when the *Bells* should toll to *Even-song*; all the *Sicilians* should take Arms, and massacre the *French* throughout the *Island*. This Plot was carried so secretly, That before the *French* could get the least Intimation of it, they were all murder'd on the Day appointed.

I forgot to acquaint thee in my last, with a Villany which was discover'd in the late Tumults of *Naples*. As they were marching up and down the Streets burning the *Custom-Houses*, and the Habitations of those who had been concerned in gathering the *Taxes*, they enter'd the House of a certain *Notary* or *publick Scribe* of that City, who had been represented to them, as a Promoter of those unreasonable *Impositions*: They seized on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the Street, in order to be burnt: But as they were rummaging in an Apartment which was toward the Gardens, they heard a great Shrieking, as
of

of Women affrighted; and perceiving the Voice to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they search'd about for a Door to enter into that Place, but finding none, they broke through the Wall; where they found two Women, with their Hair hanging down to their Ancles, and their Nails grown like the Talons of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occasion, the eldest of the Women made this Answer: *The Master of this House is my own Brother, who, when my Father died, was entrusted by him to pay me Six hundred Duckets, which he bequeath'd me as a Legacy for my Maintenance, my Husband being dead; But my Brother, instead of doing me this Justice, immur'd both me and my Daughter, whom you see here, between these Walls, where we have lived these Seventeen Years, being allow'd by this cruel Man, no other Food but Bread and Water.*

The People, incens'd above Measure, at so barbarous a Cruelty, hang'd up the *Nazary*, and gave all his Estate to his Widow and her Daughter. An exemplary Piece of Justice, perform'd by *Mutineers*, which could not have been done by the Law, the Crime not reaching his Life; tho' in the Sense of all Men, he merited Death. This is another Argument, That *Deshay* had a Hand in this *Insurrection*; and that *Massiac's* the *Fisherman*, was the Executioner of God.

I obey thee, sovereign *Prelate*, with an unconditional Devotion, and revere the Idea of thy Sanctity: Vouchsafe to pray for *Mabmar*, That whilst he condemns the barbarous Cruelties of the *Nazarenes*, he may not render himself inexcusable, by doing any Injustice himself.

Paris, 22^d of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Arabian Proverb* says, *There is more Danger to be fear'd from one of the Coreis, than from a thousand Bobecks.* Thou knowest, both these were noble Families in *Mecca*, and sworn Enemies of the *Messenger of God*: But the latter, as their Name imports, were too open in their Councils, to do any considerable Execution against the *Holy One*: Whereas the former were always reserved, and lying of secret Trains.

Such is *Cardinal Mazarini*, the hidden Enemy of the *Ottoman Empire*. There seems to be an Ambition in this great *Genius*, equal to that of his Predecessor *Richieu*, who would be esteem'd the most eminent among Men. Nothing will satisfy this *Minister*, less than a Subversion of all the *Monarchies* on Earth, which appear Obstacles of that *Grandeur*, to which he designs to raise his *Master*. Yet he attempts not this by open Force, knowing that is impracticable: but acts in the dark, striving to undermine those *States* by *Intrigue*, which he cannot subdue by *Arms*. He has his *Agents* in all the *Courts* of *Christendom*; and thou needest not startle, if I tell thee there is Ground to suspect, he is not without his *Creatures* at the *sublime Part*. All *Europe* is sensible, That the late *Revolutions* in *Portugal* and *Catalonia*, the *Insurrections* in *Sicily* and *Naples*, and the *Rebellion* of the *English, Scots, and Irish*, are in part owing to the *Policies* of this *Minister*: And I can tell thee more on that Subject, than is known to every one.

Osmia the Dwarf, who still retains his good Inclinations to the *sublime Poet*, finds an unsuspected Access to all the *Grandeets*, to whom the smallness of his Bulk and Stature, affords no small Diversifement. Besides, they delight to pose him with *Problems*, in regard there is always something so lucky, besides the Wit, in his Answers, as either creates Admiration or Laughter. But their Mirth would quickly be changed into other Passions, were they sensible that their little *Buffoon* is no other than a *Spy* upon them. For *Osmia* having so many Opportunities, lurks in Corners, like a Spider, undiscover'd, and unthought of. He creeps into their Bed-chambers and Cabinets, where he becomes privy to their greatest Secrets. If they should catch him in any of his Concealments, behind the Hangings, or under a Bed, it would only pass for a Frolick to give 'em Diversion; And he never wants for a *Repartee* or a *Jest*, to bring himself off.

I have taught him a *Cypher*, which he makes use of, to transcribe any Letters, or other Papers of Moment; with *Characters* for *speedy Writing*, which comprehend whole Sentences in a Dash or two of the Pen.

'Tis but lately we have pitch'd on this Method; and the first Attempt *Osmia* made, was in *Cardinal Mazarini's* Closet; into which he slipt, under the Skirt of a *Nobleman's* Cloak, who just then went in to speak with the Cardinal. This active Dwarf, taking Advantage of the *Nobleman's* Approach to the Table, dextrously crept under the Carpet which cover'd it, reaching down to the Floor, where he lay unseen till the Cardinal was gone, and the Closet lock'd up.

During the time of their Conference, which was not very long, *Osmia* heard the *Cardinal* speak these Words to the *Lord*: One of the Slaves of that
Bassa

Bassa, (said he) *is an Italian, whom I formerly entertain'd in my Service, and one in whom I confide: He was taken by the Turks at Sea; and as soon as he was sold to this Grandee, he acquainted me, in a Letter, with his Condition; imploring my Assistance towards his Ransom. I promis'd to redeem him, on the Conditions I have told you; and since that, he has not fail'd to perform them; his Master having accepted the Pistols, and enter'd in the Association: So that I hope, in a little Time, to see that proud tyrannical Race exterminated, the Tartars excluded from Succession, and the Empire divided by the Sword of Strangers. Ragotski is the only Obstacle; that Prince is wavering, and we can't trust him. The Bassa of Aleppo, with those of Sidon, Damascus and Babylon, are ready to cover the Fields of Asia with their Armies. If Things were as secure on the Side of Europe, the Blow should soon be given.*

There pass'd some other Discourse between them, which *Oswin* could not distinguish, in regard they removed to the Window, and spoke low. But this was enough to rouse his Curiosity, and put him on a farther Inquisition.

As soon as the Room was void by their Absence, he came forth from his Retirement, and fell to examining the Papers which lay on the Table, hoping to discover more of this *Plot*; but he was disappointed, and only met with a few Letters from his *Agents* in *England*; Wherein, among other Matters they gave the *Cardinal* an Account, *That they had hunted the Lion into the Toils, pass all Hopes of an Escape.* By which, I suppose, they meant the *English King*, whom the *Rebels* have confin'd to a certain *Castle* in their Possession. *Oswin* transcribed some of these Letters, and brought them to me. A Copy of one of them, I here send thee enclosed: 'Twas writ-

ten from the *Council of the Irish Rebels*. By which thou may'st see what a Share the *Cardinal* has in abetting these *Troycors*. Else how could they demand of him, *The Performance of the Queen Regent's Promise, to assist him with Money and Men?*

There is one also dated this present Year, and subscribed by *Monfieur Bellieure*, the *French Ambassador* in *England*: But *Osmin* had not time to transcribe that, being prevented by the *Cardinal's* Return, which made the *Dwarf* snatch up his Tools, and abscond under the *Table*. Yet he remember'd some of the Contents of that Letter, and told them me at his next Visit: The *Ambassador*, in that Letter, informs the *Cardinal*, of a certain *German Prophet*, who foretold, *That there should be a great Revolution in the Government of England, and that one of the mightiest of all the Eastern Princes, should be deposed this Year, and murder'd by his Subjects.* (I pray *Heaven*, avert the *Omen* from the *Seraglio*.) He acquaints this *Minister* also, That he had succeeded in his *Negotiation* with the *Officers of the Rebels Army*. There were other obscure Passages in the Letter, which *Osmin* has forgot. But these are sufficient to demonstrate, how busy the *Cardinal* is, and what a Hand he has in *foreign Affairs*.

Another Opportunity, I hope, will bring to Light more of this *Minister's* Secrets. Adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 6th Moon;
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XVI.

To Peteli-Hali, *his Brother.*

THE oftner I peruse the *Journal* of thy *Travels*, the more I am delighted with it. For it is evident, That the *Countries* through which thou has pass'd, have been as so many *Schools* of *Wisdom* to thee; wherein thou hast learn'd, even from Men's *Vices*, the *Way* to *Perfection*; much more from their *Virtues*. Thou had found, That though Mens *natural* Dispositions differ, as do the *Climates*, which afford them *Breath*; yet they all agree in *common* *Frailties*. There are also *Vices* peculiar to certain *Countries*; 'twere to be wish'd they could be match'd with as many *national* *Virtues*. But *Human Nature* is a *rank Soil*, more fertile in *Weeds*, than *wholesome* *Products*. Yet there are *Gardens*, as well as *Deserts*: And thou hast observed some Persons, illustrious for their Goodness, and the noble Endowments of their Minds

I am extremely pleas'd with that rare Example of Generosity, which thou relatest of an *Indian* Merchant; who, not content to give Alms to all that ask'd him, or whom he knew to be poor, sought daily Occasions to exercise his Charity, hunted out the indigent and unfortunate: And where-ever he discover'd the Lineaments of Poverty in a Man's Face, or traced Footsteps of it in his Behaviour, he could not rest 'till he had relieved his Wants, and made him happy, to his very Wishes. I tell thee, *Poverty* is a *Hell* upon *Earth*; and he that has this Curse, anticipates the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. It eclipses the brightest *Virtues*, and is the very Sepulchre of
bravo

brave Designs: depriving a Man of the Means to accomplish, what *Nature* has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest Thoughts in their *Embryos*. How many illustrious Souls may be said, to have been dead among the Living, or buried alive in the Obscurity of their Condition, whose Perfections have rendred them the *Darlings* of *Providence*, and *Companions* of *Angels*; yet the insuperable Penury of all Things, has rank'd them among the *Cast-aways* of the *Earth*, in the Eyes of Men? To such as these, our *Divine Lawgiver* commands us to extend our Charity, giving us certain Characters and Marks, by which we may distinguish them from the Crowd of the Unfortunate. And, I like the *Indian's* Bounty the better, in that he so exactly seems to comply with this *Precept* of the *Alcoran*, generously preventing the Requests of the Indigent, and by an Excess of Benignity, courting them to accept of Relief. In this he also verifies the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *He gives double, who gives unask'd.*

Thou commendest the Industry of the *Chinese*, the Advances they have made in Arts and Sciences, which, thou concludest, is to be attributed to the Force of their *Laws*, which oblige the Son to follow his Father's Trade, throughout all Generations. In this I must dissent; for, it seems rather a Curb, than a Spur to Ingenuity, to be confin'd to Employments, for which a Man may have an Aversion. The Son not seldom abhorring those Things, wherein his Parents took Delight. Or, if not so, yet he may be cast in a finer Mold, have a more subtle Invention; and consequently, be capable of making greater Improvements, in any Trade of his own Choice: Since, Delights sets an Edge on the Mind, gives Vigour to the Body, and adds Wings

to Business. Besides, I do not think this to be so much thy own Remark, as the Insinuation of some of that Country, who are the most conceited People in the World; ever extolling their own *Policy, Laws and Governments*; and imposing them as a Pattern to all other Nations.

One thing I grant they boast of with a great deal of Truth, that is, their Antiquity and unmix'd Race. Though since the *Conquest* the *Tartars* have made of that Country, they are like to undergo the Fate of other Nations, and corrupt their *Genealogies* with the *Blood of Strangers*.

Thou camest away before that *Conquest* was begun, or, perhaps, before 'twas talk'd of. And I can give thee but a very imperfect Account of it. All the Intelligence we have from that *Kingdom* of late, comes in Fragments: For the Ships which bring this shatter'd News, left *China* in an Uproar and Confusion: Only they assure us, That the *Tartars* had pass'd the celebrated *Wall*, which divides them from *China*: That they enter'd and subdued the *Northern Provinces*, with an Army of Six hundred thousand Men: That very little Resistance was made against them, not even in *Pekin* it self, the *capital Seat* of the *Chinese Empire*, which the Usurper *Lycungz* had abandon'd to the *Conquerors*, carrying away with him all the inestimable Treasures of the *Palace*, and retiring into one of the remote *Provinces*, was never heard of afterwards. Whence it was judg'd, that some of his own Party had murder'd him; partly for the sake of his prodigious Wealth, which they shared among them; and partly to revenge his *Treason* against the *Empire*, and the innumerable Calamities he had brought upon his Country.

Before those *Merchants* came away, the *Cham* of *Tartary* was proclaimed in *Pequin*, and crown'd *Emperor* of *China*. They say, He was not above Thirteen Years old at that Time, which was in the 12th *Month* of the Year 1644. And that having sent for the chief *Nobility* of *Tartary* to *Pequin*, he made Preparations to pursue his Conquests.

This is the best Account we yet have of the Affairs of that *Empire*; by which thou wilt easily be induced to be of my Opinion, That the *Blood* of the *Chineses*, will in Time be mix'd with that of *Strangers*.

We must not seek for the Originals of any People in the Country where they dwell. The most renowned *Kingdoms* and *Empires* in the *World*, had their first Foundations laid by *Vagabonds* and *Fugitives*. Thou art not ignorant how vast an Extent the ancient *Roman Empire* had through *Asia*, *Africa* and *Europe*; yet that City, which was call'd the *Mistress* of *Nations*, the *Governess* of the whole *Earth*, was first built by a handful of *Banditti*, People who lived by Pillage and Robbery, the *Out-Laws* and Scum of *Italy*, assembled together from divers Parts, under the Conduct of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*. Neither had that City proved any better than a Sepulchre to them and their Designs, had they not, by a witty Stratagem, over-reach'd the *Sabine* Women, and so secured to themselves a Posterity, who should not only defend, but enlarge the Dominions of their Fathers: Yet these People, of so obscure and confused an Original, afterwards boasted of the Antiquity and noble Descent of their Families. No Name more venerable in succeeding Ages, than that of a *Roman*.

To look no farther than the great and formidable Empire of the *Osmans*, we shall find it took its first Rise from Colonies of transplanted *Scythians*; so that he that would have the Genealogy of a *Turb*, must look in the Registers of *Greece*; where they now live, but must carry his Search beyond the Mountain *Caucasus*, examine the Borders of *Palus Martis*, or hunt his Pedigree out in *Cberfonesus*. What *Revolutions* have not happen'd in *Asia* and *Africk*, since the *Assumption* of the *Messenger of God* into *Paradise*? Where shall we now find any Remains of the ancient *Saracens*, or *Marmalakis*? The mighty Empire of the *Ottoman* has swallow'd up all. Thus one Nation expels another, and, there is so general a Mixture of *Foreign Blood*, made by the Conversion of innumerable different Nations, to the *Mussulman Faith*, that it is hard to know, whether our *Antecessors* were *Scythians* or *Parthians*, *Jews* or *Greeks*; whether they were of the Mountains or the Valleys, of the Forests or the Plains.

In this I will except my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, and those who seem to approach nearest them in manner of Life the *Turks*; the one dwelling in Tents, the other in Waggon; both in a moving Posture; both happy in this. That they are not confin'd to the Rigors of a cold *Winter*, nor the scorching Heats of the *Summer*; but change their Soil and Climate, as the Season of the Year varies: Thus, ever securing to themselves in all Places, either a blooming flow'ry *Spring*, or a moderate and fruitful *Autumn*. These were never subdued, nor expelled those Regions wherein they take Delight, neither would they ever mix with *strangers*. But, the *Chinese* would excel all the *World* in the *Purity* of their unmix'd *Blood*, were it not for the *Inursions* of their potent and victorious Neighbours.

The

The *French* say, That these People had the Use of *Guns* and *Priming*, many Hundreds of Years before they were found out in *Europe*. But the *German*s claim the Honour of these *Inventions* to themselves.

Thou confirmest the Opinion of the former, in telling me, Thou hast seen some of the Cannon belonging to the City of *Peking*, on which was engraven, in *Chinese Characters*, a Register of their *Age*, which was above Two thousand Years.

I had a great deal more to say, dear *Peñill*, but the *Post* calls on me to hasten; besides, an extreme Dulness and Languishing of my Spirits, with which I have been persecuted, ever since this *Moon* first shewed her *Crescent*: Now she is in the *Wane*, and so, I hope, is my Malady. The Influence this *Planet* seems to have on me, may make thee conclude me a *Lunatick*: We are all so, in one Degree or other. There are not more apparent Symptoms, That the *Flux* and *R-Flux* of the *Sea*, owes its Original to the Neighbourhood and Motion of that *Planet*, than that our *Constitutions* vary, according to its *Monthly Appearance*.

He that created the *Moon*, and the *Constellations*, not without respect to *Mankind*, give us *Wisdom* which shall entitle us to a *Dominion* over the *Sea*.

Paris, 14th of the 3rd Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XXII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

THE Duke of *Castillon* arrived here six Days ago, from the Army in *Flanders*, bringing News of a signal Victory obtain'd by the young *Prince of Condé*, on the *Plains of Lens*. This Battle was fought on the 10th of the last *Month*, the *French* having entirely routed the *Spaniards*, kill'd Three thousand of them on the Spot, taken Six thousand Prisoners, with all their Artillery and Baggage. And, to crown the Day, they have taken *Lens* also.

But though *Fortune* thus favours their Arms abroad, she has mix'd Poison with their Counsels at home. All Things here seem to portend a *Civil War*: The *Parliament* thwart the Proceedings of the *Court*, taking on them the Power of the ancient *Spartan Ephori*: They will be Comptrollers of the *regal* Authority, suppressing the King's *Edicts*, calling his Expences to account; and, pretending to reform the *Court*, they play the *Pedagogues* with their *Sovereign*. On the other side, *Cardinal Mazarini*, the Duke of *Orleans*, and other *Grandees*, do their utmost Endeavours to dissolve the Meetings of this *Senate*. They persuade the young King, That it is but a *precarious* Reign, where the *Sovereign* must be curb'd by his *Subjects*: Thus they instill into his tender Years, those *Maxims* by which they would have him rule, when he comes of Age.

There is a Man in the *Parliament* whom they call *Monsieur Buffets*, one of their great Counsellors, a bitter Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and therefore cry'd up by the *People* for a *Patriot*: He

is of a furious Temper, and mean Abilities; yet his noisy Zeal for the *publick Liberty*, has fasten'd to him the *valgar*: He is become the *Ringleader* of the *Seditious*.

This Man was seiz'd as he return'd from the chief *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was sung Yesterday, for the late Victory in *Flanders*: And some are of Opinion, That 'twas this happy News which embolden'd the *Court* to snatch from the People their *Darling*, their *Idol*, the Man from whose Courage they expect a Redress of all their Grievances. Indeed, one may say, It would seem safer from a Traveller in the Deserts of *Arabia*, to tear from a *Lioness* her young one: For, the *Hands* of the *Faction* waited but for such an Opportunity to set all in a Flame. And the ill Success of the *Court* in this Action, shews, That it is dangerous to provoke the *Mulitude*: For presently we were all in Confusion, the *Burgesses* in Arms, the Shops shut up, the Streets chain'd, and all the Avenues of the Palace barricado'd. The *Rabble* marched up and down the Streets, threatening Destruction to *Cardinal Mazarin*, and all his *Party*. The *Parliament* were forced to become the *Messengers* of the *People*, to carry their *Petitions*, or rather their *Commands*, to the *Court*; being threaten'd also, if they failed of Success: For they process'd unanimously, That they would not lay down their Arms, till the imprison'd *Greenfeller* was released.

The *Queen* appear'd at first inexorable, and sent their *Senators* away with Denial and Scoffs, wishing them Joy of their new Honour in being made the *Parters* of the *Rabble*. And the young *Monsieur*, incens'd to see his *native Loyalty* thus prophaned by his *Subjects*, bent his Brows; and casting a Look, divided betwixt Majesty and Disdain, on the *Senators*, utter'd these

Words, Sirs! Shall it always be a Custom, that to molest the Minority of your Kings? Or, do you think our tender Years incapable of the common Sense of other Mortals, that you presume thus insolently to invade our Rights? Accuse not the Multitude, nor make them an Umbrage to your Sedition: I know the Authors of these Tumults, and shall find a Time to make them feel the Weight of my Displeasure: Think not, that I wear this Sword only for Ornament [laying his Hand fiercely on his Hilt] or, That the Blood of my Renowned Ancestors, is grown degenerate, or turned to Lees within my Veins. Go tell your fallacious Comrades, there sits this Day upon the Throne of France a King, who, though he's young, yet has a Spirit and Memory which will outlast his Pupillage. With that he commanded them out of his Sight.

Yet notwithstanding this. the People threatened to bring their Darling away by Force, if he were not released in two Hours.

There were above a Hundred Thousand of them in Arms, and it might have proved a dangerous *Insurrection*. But, the Queen, at the second return to the *Senators*, hearkning to the Advice of *Mazarin*, and the Duke of Orleans, and remembering the late dreadful Effects of *Maffianelli's* Tumult in *Naples*, releas'd the Prisoner; who was conducted home last Night in Triumph, by an infinite Crowd of People, who filled the Air with Shouts and Acclamations.

It is discours'd here, That the *Prince of Condé* will speedily return to *Paris*: From whom, both the *Court* and the *Palace*, promise themselves new Grounds of Triumph.

During these Commotions, *Mabuat* fails not to act his Part, being at no small Expence, to maintain a certain Number of Strangers, whose

whose whole Dependence is on me: These I instruct to mix themselves with the *Rabble*, to insinuate into them hateful Notions of *Cardinal Mazarini* and the *Court*. They buzz up and down the City, like Flies in this hot Season, and sting the *Multitude* to Fury with their Stories. I spare no Cost to procure the *Cardinal's* Ruin: That pernicious Wit comes not short of his Predecessor *Richelieu*, being as active in embroiling foreign States: Witness the *Revolutions* of *Portugal*, *Catalonia*, *England* and *Naples*; (in all which he had a principal Hand) and is ever projecting, How to aggrandize his *Master*. And the universal Success of the *French* Arms in *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Italy*, and *Spain*, has left them nothing worth a Thought, but the Destruction of the *Osman Empire*.

Eliachin brings me News every Hour, how my *Myrmidon* succeed; for he acts abroad in the Streets while I keep my Chamber, during the Tumults, being of *D. Mithras's* Mind, who, when the *Athenians* were in an Uproar, took Sanctuary in the Temple of *Pallas*, and prostrating himself before the Altar of the Goddess, utter'd these Words; O *Pallas*, I fly to thee for Protection; descend me from Ignorance, Envy, and Intestancy; for I love not the Society of the Owl, the Dragon, and the People.

Yet, whether in my Chamber or Abroad, be assured, *Illustrious Prefect* of the *Imperial* City, That *Mahmut* divides his Time between the *Vaux* he makes, and the Services he does for the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 3^d of the 9th Month,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XVIII.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS Court is now in Mourning for the Death of *Uladislaus*, late King of *Poland*; whilst the *Politicians* are canvassing the next Election. Those, who side with the *House of Austria* favour the Succession of *Prince Charles*; but the *French* are for *Casimir*, their former Prisoner.

The Duke of *Bavaria* is also Dead. They say he died of Grief, to see his Country exposed to the Insults of a *vicious Enemy*; for all his Forces were entirely defeated.

The *Prince of Conde* has taken *Ipre* in *Flanders*; and the *Arch-Duke of Austria* has render'd himself Master of *Courtray*, without drawing a Sword, or firing a Gun: The *Mareschal de Rantzau* has made an unhappy Attempt to surprize *Ostend*, a Sea-Town in *Flanders*. For, carrying his Forces by Water, as soon as he had landed his Men, a Tempest arose, and drove all his Ships out to Sea: So that, being encompassed by a numerous Army of his Enemies, and having no Way to escape, he and all his Troops were made Prisoners.

From the Sea, we have Advice, That there has been a Combat between the Duke of *Richlieu*, Commander of the *Naval Forces* sent to assist the *Neapolitan Rebels*, and *Don Jobn of Austria*, Admiral of the *Spanish Fleet* on that Coast: But the Issue of the Battle is not yet known; tho' most People guess the Victory to be on the *French Side*, in regard *Cardinal Mazarini* had, by the Advice of an *Indian Ship-Wright*, caused all the *French Ships* to be plaister'd oyer with *Allum*, so that no
Fire.

Fire-Ships can hurt them. The *Spaniards* make great use of these Fire-Ships in all their Sea Fights, having learn'd to their Cost, from the *English*, what Damage these Vessels do, when they formerly lost their whole *Armada*, which they before term'd *Invincible*, and with which they failed to conquer that *Island*.

From *Catalonia* the Posts bring News, which pleases the Wives and Friends of the Soldiers in those Parts: For the *Marschal de Saxe* has cut in pieces the *Spanish* Army, taken *Tortosa* by Assault, where the Soldiers found a Booty of above Fifteen hundred thousand *Livers*.

A *Courier* is come from *Sweden*, who brings an Account of a late formidable *Conspiracy* in *Russia*, against the Life of the *Czar*. The greatest part of the *Muscovite* *Grandees* were concern'd in this Plot, designing to change the *Form* of *Government*, and divide that mighty *Empire* into several *Principalities*, whereof every one of the *Conspirators* should have a Share. And that they should be all subject to one *Chief*, who should be elected by the rest, after the Manner of *Germany*. To this Purpose, they had made a *private Treaty* with the *Tatars*. *Neresoph*, the prime *Minister* of *State*, and the *Chancellor Nazari*, were of the *Conspiracy*. Perhaps thou wilt lament the *Fate* of the latter, having received extraordinary *Civilities* from him, when thou wert at that *Court*.

Bawaaniph, Son of the *Patriarch* of *Mosco*, reveal'd the *Plot*, with the *Names* of the *Conspirators*, to the *grand Duke*: Who sent to them next Day to his *Palace*, under divers *Pretences*, where he commanded them all to be kill'd, and their *Bodies* to be thrown to the *Dogs* in the *Streets* of that *City*.

The *French* report strange Things of *Sultan Ibrahim*: I wish all go well at the *sublime Port*. If thou hast the same Desires, reveal them to none but thy Friend; for at some Times a Man's best Thoughts will be interpreted for *Treason*. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XIX.

To the *Mufti*.

THY venerable Letters are come safe to my Hands, bringing Light and Consolation to the faithful *Exile*. With profoundest Reverence I kiss'd and unfolded the Papers, which contain the sacred Instructions of the *Vicar of God*. I blessed my self, when I read the Charge of *royal Enormities*, the exorbitant Passions of a *Mussulman Emperor*, and the Prophanation of the *Throne* founded on *Justice*. Thou hast prevented the Qualms of a too scrupulous Loyalty, by assuring me, That it is a *fundamental Maxim* of our Law, That all Men in the World, without respect of Birth or Quality; are obliged to appear before the Justice of God: And, That he who obeys not the Law, is no *Mussulman*: And, If the Emperor himself be in this Number, he ought to be *depos'd* forthwith.

This has abundantly satisfied my Conscience, coming from the Hands of him, from whose *Sen-tence* there can be no *Appeal* on Earth. I shall therefore readily obey thy Orders; and without Demur, put in Execution what thou hast commanded me.

Who

Who can blame the just Indignation of *Sultan Morat's* Widow, who in defence of her Chastity, threatned to sheath her *Ponyard* in the Breast of her *Sovereign*? But, incomparably more eminent, was thy Daughter's Virtue, who not being able to resist the Force of the mighty *Ravisher*, after she was polluted, would, like another *Lucretia*, have slabb'd her self, had she not been prevented by the *Sultan*. How has he sully'd the Glory of the *Osman Race*, by these effeminate *Vices*: What an Indignity has he committed against our *holy Law*? Against the *principal Patriarch* of the *Eliff*? Much more noble, was the Continnence of the *African Scipio*, who, when at the Conquest of *New Carthage*, a Virgin of admirable Beauty was chosen from among the Captives and presented to him, would by no Means defile her, but restor'd her again without Blemish to her Parents, saying withal, to those that stood near him, *Were I a private Man, I would gratify my Passion, by the Enjoyment of this lovely Maid; but, it becomes not the Leader of an Army, to give so bad an Example; nor a Conqueror, to yield his Heart to the Charms of his Captive.*

But it seems, That *Sultan Ibrahim* was rather ambitious of the Character of *Augustus the Roman Emperor*, of whom it is said, That he never spared any Woman in his Lust: But if he cast his Eye on a beautiful Lady, though her Husband were of the first Quality in the *Empire*, he would immediately send his Officers, to bring her to him by fair Means or by Force.

The *Philosopher Abnoderat*, who was very intimate with this *Monarch* took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his *Master*. For, when the *Emperor* one Day had sent a close *Sedan* or *Chair*, for a certain *Noble Woman*, of the *House* of the *Camilli*; the *Philosopher* fearing some Disaster might

might ensue, (for that *Family* was very popular, and highly respected in *Rome*,) he goes before to the *Lady's Palace* and acquainting her with it, she complain'd to her Husband of the Indignity was offer'd her. He boiling with Anger, threaten'd to stab the Messengers of the *Emperor*, when they came. But the prudent *Philosopher* appeas'd them both, and only desir'd a Suit of the *Lady's Apparel*, which was granted him. He soon put it on, and hiding his *Sword* under his *Robes*, enter'd the *Sedan*, personating the *Lady*. The Messengers, who knew no other, carried him away to the *Emperor*. He, heighten'd with Desire, made haste to open the *Sedan* himself. When *Arbustorus*, suddenly drawing his *Sword*, leap'd forth upon him, saying, *Thou mightest thou have been murder'd; Wilt thou never quit the Vice, which is attended with so much Danger? Jealousy and Revenge might have substituted an Assassin thus disguised in my room; But I took Care of thy Life. Henceforth take Warning.* The *Emperor*, pleas'd with the *Philosopher's* Stratagem, gave him ten Talents of Gold, thanking him for this seasonable Correction: And from that time began to restrain unlawful Pleasures, applying himself to a virtuous Life.

Thou seest, holy *Prelate*, that by perusing the *Histories* of the *Ancients*, a Man may furnish himself with useful Examples, and proper Observations. I always keep by me *Plutarch's Works*, and those of *Livy*, a *Roman Historian*; as also *Tacitus*, who has left the *Annals* of that formidable *Empire* to Posterity. It were a desirable thing, That the *Musselman Scribes* were employ'd in translating such *Records* as these, into the *Arabick* or *Turkish Languages*: That so the true Faithful, who are destin'd by *God* to conquer the *World*, may not be ignorant of the memorable
 Transactions

Transactions of former Ages. Some of our *Sultans* have been curious, to have *Plutarch's Writings* render'd in the familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. There are other *Memoirs*, not less worth the Labour. If it shall enter into my Heart, to encourage so profitable a Work, the whole *Empire* of the *reign'd* to God, will be indebted to thee. But, who am I, that presume to direct the *great Father* of the *Faithful*? Thou art enlighten'd with all Knowledge and Wisdom! Peradventure thou hast Reasons to divert thee from such an Enterprize, which I cannot comprehend. Therefore I cover my Mouth with Dust, and acquiesce.

As to the late *Revolution*, I am not to dispute the *Will* of my *Superiors*. However, I receive the News of that *Tragedy* with less Discontent, in regard, thou thy self, who art the *Oracle* of the *Mussulmans*, hast thought fit to depose *Sultan Ibrahim*; using herein the Advice and Consent of his own *Mother*, and of *Mahmut Basha*, with that of the *Janizar Aga*, who, next to thy self, are two the most knowing *Sages* in the *Empire*.

What remains, but that I shall pray for the long Life of *Sultan Mahmut*? Desiring alio. That *Heaven* may so direct his *Counsels*, that he may never do any thing to merit the *Fate* of his *unhappy Father*.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

L E T:

LETTER XX.

To Chirugi Muhanmel Bassa.

AT length the *Deputies* of the *Nozarane Princes* at *Manaster* have concluded a *Peace*: They have been these six Years debating about *Triples* and *Panillio's*, as is the Manner of the *Christians*, even in the most important Affairs. This *Treaty* was sign'd the 24th of the last *Month*, when all farther *Hostilities* ceas'd on all Sides, except in the Parts of *France* and *Spain*, whose Quarrel could by no means be adjust'd, in this *general Agreement of Christendom*.

Thou hast by this Time heard of the late Tumults and Emotions in this City; the Disaffection between the *Court* and *Parliament*, with the short Siege of *Paris*. Now Things seem to be compos'd, and in a Calm: But it may only prove a *Truce*, while both Parties take Breath, to rush upon each other with the greater Violence. The City is unmeasurably rich and populous, and can arm an Hundred thousand Men at an Hour's Warning. The *Parliament* abets their Quarrel: This encourages them to vie with the *Court*: The *Merchants* live like petty Kings: Abundance of Gold fills them with Pride and Ambition. Whilst the *Court*, in the mean time, are close and reserv'd, projecting how to destroy the *Faction*, and assert the *regal Authority*. The *Queen Regent* is resolute and severe, yet suffers her self to be mollify'd with the milder Counsels of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the Duke of *Oleant*.

In the Beginning of this *Reign*, I gave an Account to the *Ministers* of the *Part*, of the Duke of *Branfort's*

Beaufort's Imprisonment in the *Castle of the Wood of Vincennes*, which is one of the *King's Palaces*: This Prince is now escaped from his Confinement, and come into the City: The *Fallicous* cry him up for a *Parriot*, and are resolved to protect him with their Lives and Fortunes.

If thou yet retainest thy Health and Vigour, thou art happy. As for me, I feel continual Decays; yet am not troubled, perceiving at the same time that I approach nearer to *Immortality*. Wherefore I neither seek *Risks a'live*, nor consult *Physicians*; but suffering my self to dissolve gradually, I die with Pleasure, pluming and preparing my self daily, as one ready to take Wing for a more happy Region.

Paris, 24th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM not surpriz'd at the News of *Sultan Ibrahim's* being deposed and strangled: 'Tis but what I have for a long time fear'd: These restless *Janizaries* will ruin the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither am I startled to hear that his *Mother* was accessary to his Fall, having a double Motive, Ambition and Revenge, to induce her Consent. She always affected to rule; and therefore, could not brook the *sultan's* resolute Management of Affairs, without following her Advice. Besides, she could not easily forget her Disgrace and Confinement, on the account of the *Armenian Lady's* Death.

But

But I am astonish'd and vex'd to hear, that the *Mufti* should be concern'd in so *black* a *Tragedy*. How shall we have the Confidence hereafter, to reproach the *Christians* with their frequent *Treasures* and *Murdering* of their *Kings*; since it will be easy for them to retort, That the *supreme Patriarch* of our *Law* has enter'd into the *Secrets* of *Rebels*, conspired the *Death* of his *Sovereign*, and caused him to be *deposed* and *strangled*.

As for the *Age* of the *Janizaries*, I suppose him rather over-aw'd into the *Conspiracy*, by the *forcible Reasons* and *elegant Parole* of the *Mufti*, than any ways voluntarily engaging himself in *Crimes*, to which he seems to have no *Inclination*. Besides, he could not refuse to make one in the *Party*, after it had once been proposed to him; unless he were resolv'd to be the first *Victim* of their *Jealousy*, and be murder'd himself, to prevent the *Discovery* of the rest. Yet his *Duty* and *Honour* ought to have superseded all other *Considerations*: And he should have chosen to die in his *Allegiance*, rather than to live stain'd with so foul a *Crime*.

However it be, I cannot approve their *Treason*. For whatever the *Vices* of the *Sultan* were, they had no *Right* to punish him. He was accountable to none but *God*: And they invaded the *Prerogative* of *Heaven*, in dethroning him, who the *Divine Providence* had invested with the *Imperial Diadem*.

Much less can I approve their *Impiety*, in defaming him now he is dead. Neither can I in *Conscience* comply with the *Injunctions* of the *Mufti*, who has commanded me, in a *Letter*, to spread an ill *Character* of *Sultan Ibrahim*, among the *Christians*, that so his own *Proceedings* may appear just. 'Tis true, I owe much to
the

the Authority of this *sovereign Guide of true Believers*; yet I must not, to pay this Debt, turn Bankrupt of my Reason: I owe something to my self, and to the *distinguishing Character* of a *Man*. I promised him, indeed, to obey his Commands in this Point: But he that has given me a *Dispensation* for all the Lies and Perjuries I shall be guilty of in *Paris*, will, I hope, pardon me, if I turn my own *Confessor*, and absolve my self, for not performing my Word to him in this Point.

I am not often guilty of aspersing the Living, but I abhor to injure the Dead; lest I should incur the *Fate* of him, who being at Enmity with a famous *Wrestler*, pursued him with Malice and Revengo, even in his Grave. For envying the Honour that was due to this *Wrestler's* Memory, in that his *Statue* was set up in a *publick Place*, he went privately one Night, with design to throw the *Statue* down: But after he had spitefully disfigured it in several Parts with a Hammer, and was busy in working its Overthrow; the *Image* on a sudden fell on him, and crush'd him to Death: As if the Spirit of him whom it represented, had given it this Fall, to revenge the Malice of his Adversary.

Certainly, the *Ancients* were not ignorant what they said when, among other sage Counsels, they advis'd Mortals, *Not to speak ill of the Dead, but to esteem them sacred, who are gone into the immortal State*. And *Plato's Ring* had this Motto on it: *It is easier to provoke the Dead, than to pacify them, when once provoked*. Intimating thereby, that the *Souls* of the *Deceased* are sensible of the Injuries that are done them by the *Living*.

Therefore I will shun Detraction, especially of the *Dead*. And, if I cannot say much in Praise

Praise of *Sultan Ibrahim's* Virtues, let his *Vices* be buried with him in *Eternal Oblivion*.

I run no Hazards in writing thus frankly to thee being assur'd of thy Fidelity. Besides, Death (which is the worst Punishment can be inflicted on me for what I have said, should it be known,) would not be bitter, when given by a Friend: Dear *Digne*, adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1649.

L E T T E R XXII.]

To Danecmar Kestou, Kadilifquer
of Romania.

WHEN I informed thee how the *Sens* had sold their *King* to the *English* Rebels, it was easy to presage the Consequence, without a *Revelation*. When *Sovereign* *Princes* do become the *Merchandize* of *Factions*, they commonly pay the *Price* with their own *Blood*: And there are few Examples of *Princes* that have been imprison'd by their *Saunders*, and yet have escap'd a violent Death: For those who have once advanced so far in their *Treason*, as to seize the *Person* of their *Sovereign*, can never retire with Safety to themselves, or at least their own Guilt makes them think so. The Conscience of what they have already done, prompts them to proceed in their *Wickedness*; and their *Despair* of saving their own *Lives*; makes them conclude it necessary to take away *his*, whose violated *Majesty*, they fear, will never pardon so impudent an *Essay* of *Treason*.

But

But the Method which the *English* have taken to murder their *King*, has not a *Precedent* in History: These *Infidels* have out-strip'd all former *Traitors*, in the Contrivance and Execution of their *Regicide*: They have even surpass'd themselves, and their own first Designs.

It has been usual for *Traitors*, to take away the Life of a depos'd *Monarch* privately, by Poison or Assassins: either in respect to his *royal Blood*, or to avoid the Possibility of a *Rescue*, from any of his loyal Friends and Subjects. But, these *Barbarians* were resolv'd publicly to insult on *Majesty*, to brave the whole World in the Execution of their Villany, and make a pompous Conclusion of their *Treasons*. For, They erected a new *Divane*, or *Court of Judicature*, composed of the most infamous *Traitors*: There they formally try'd their *Sovereign*, by a *Law* of their own making: condemn'd him as a *Tyrant* and a *Traitor*: And finally, Caused his Head to be chopt off with an *Axe*, by an *Executioner*, before the Gates of his own *Palace*, in the Sight of Thousands of his *Subjects*; that so they might appear, not so much to kill their *King*, as to destroy the *Monarchy* it self and triumph in its Ruin.

Hast thou, O venerable *Judge* of the *Faithful*, ever read or heard of such a daring *Treason*? All *Europe* startles at the monstrous Fact. And Cardinal *Mazarini* himself, who carried on that private Web of factious Design in *England*, whose first Threads his *Predecessor Richieu* had spun; yet expressed an Horror, at the News of this *Tragedy*. And, I look not on this to be an Artifice of Policy in him, to blind the World; but a real Discovery of his Sentiments: For he is too generous to approve so barbarous a Proceeding against a *Sovereign Monarch*, though his Enemy.

To other Day he was heard to say, *That in Revenge of the King's Murder, he would embarrass the Counsels of the English Rebels, more than he had done those of their Sovereign.*

This was not spoken so secretly, but *Mahmut* had Intelligence of it within an Hour: For I have more Ears in *Paris*, than those in my Head, to hearken after the *Intrigues* of this *Minister*: And it will be difficult for him hereafter to speak, write or act any thing; no, not even in his private Closet, which will not be disclosed to me.

Yet, though I thus watch his Motions as an Enemy, and do my utmost to render his Designs against the *Ottoman Porte* ineffectual, I cannot in my Heart condemn this *Minister*, who all the while acts but the part of a *faithful Servant*, and an *able Statesman*, in striving to aggrandize his *Master*.

His supporting also the *Factions* in *England*, and nourishing the Discontents of that *giddy headed People*, were but the Result of his Zeal for his *Country*, and for the *Church*, whereof he is one of the *principal Pillars*: It being evident from his Grief at that *King's Murder*, That he bore no Malice against him, but only sought to humble him into Terms of Compliance with *France*.

When I say this, I suppose the *Cardinal's Sorrow* on that account, to be free from Fiction: But who knows when the Actions of *Statesmen* are undisguiz'd, and when not? For I am well assured, That whilst his *Agents* were busy in embroiling that *Nation*, he promised the exiled *English Queen*, to assist her Husband with Men and Money against those very *Rebels*, with whom he held a private Correspondence, and to whom his Coffers were really open.

Most of the *European Statesmen* are corrupted with the *Maxims* of a certain famous *Writer* whom

whom they call *Machiavel*. This *State Casuist* has taught them, to boggle at no Crimes, which may advance the Ends they aim at; *every thing*, in his Opinion, being honest, that is successful. Thus, *Policy* among the *Nazarenes*, is degenerated into *sordid Craft*: And that which was once deservedly esteem'd a *Virtue*, necessary to the Governments of the *World*, is now turn'd into a *Vice*; of which the very *Out-Laws*, *Free-Booters* and *Pirates*, are ashamed.

God, who suffer'd the *Earth* to be inhabited by *Angels*, for an infinite Number of *Ages* before he created *Adam*, and then expelling them hence for their *Wickedness*, and turning them to *Devils*, gave this *Globe* for a dwelling Place to *Men*; grant, That the enormous Crimes of *Mortality* may not provoke him to exterminate our *human Race*, and restore the *Devils* to their *ancient Habitations*.

Paris, 12th of the 2d Month,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the Third Volume.

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