



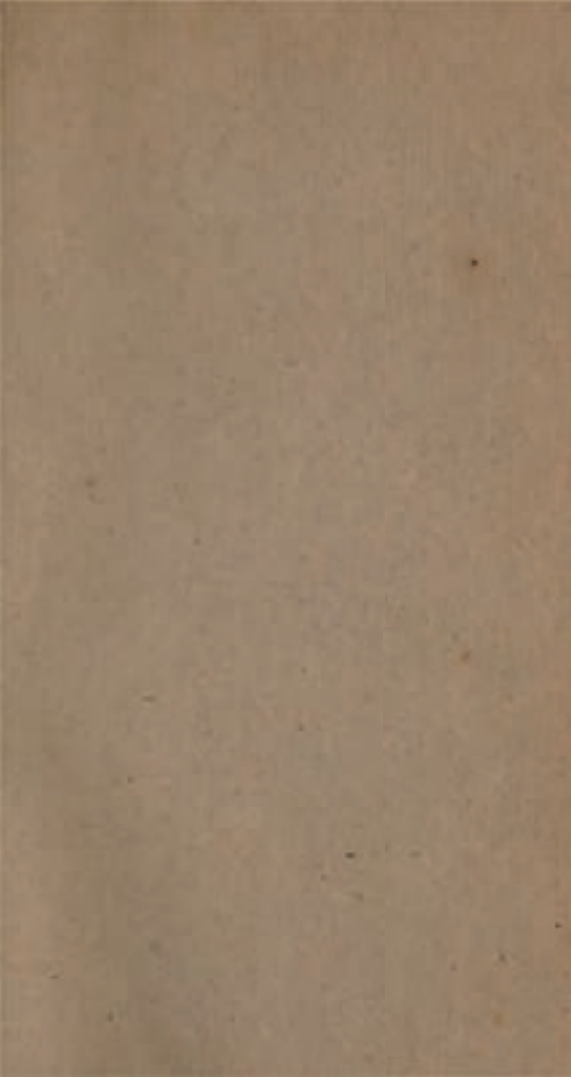


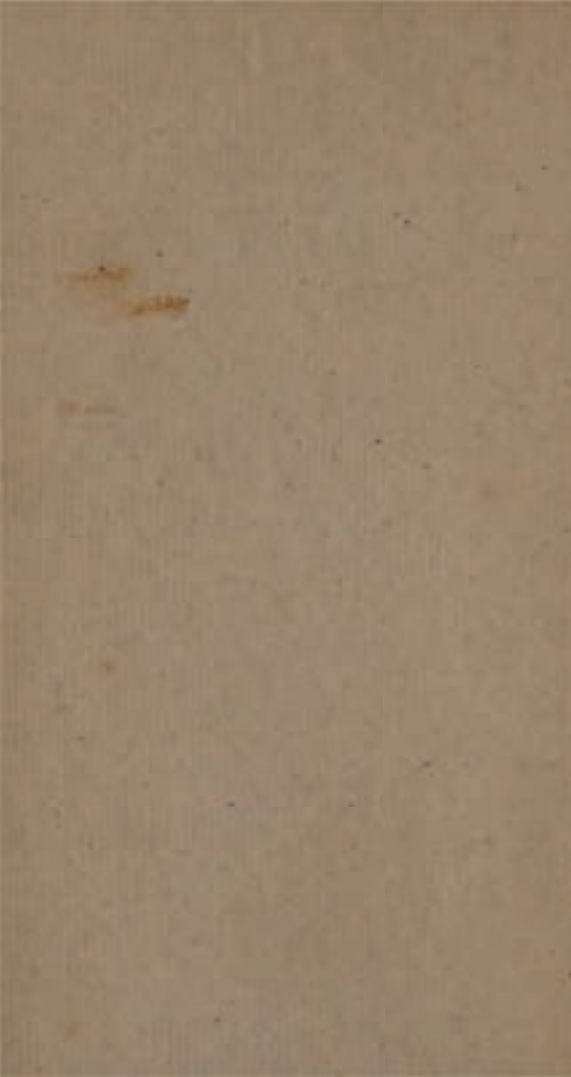
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John Trusdale

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London 1860

THE 37658

FOURTH VOLUME

OF

LETTERS

Ed Writ by a *English*

Turkish Spy,

Who liv'd Five and Forty YEARS
undiscover'd at

PARIS:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the
Dion at *Constantinople* of the most remarkable
Transactions of *Europe*: And discovering several
Intrigues and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts*, (espe-
cially of that of *France*) continued from the Year
1649, to the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick. First Translated into
Italian, afterwards into French, and now into
English.*

The TENTH EDITION.

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FOURTH VOLUME

LETTERS

TO THE

PARIS



T O T H E

R E A D E R.

EXPECT no more Com-
mendations of our *Arabian*
Author ; or Apologies for
any Thing that may seem
liable to Censure in his *Letters*. There
is no end of answering the Cavils of
those, who, to gain the Character of
Criticks, will create *Faults* where they
find none ; and impute the very *Over-*
sights of the *Press* to the *Ignorance* of
the *Author*, rather than a *Book* shall
escape free from *Censure*.

What is wanting in the *Style*, where
it may be suppos'd to come short of
the *Original*, must be laid to the *Ita-*
lian's Charge, who undertook the *first*
Version of so remote a *Language*. For
the *English* *Translator* has endeavour'd
to follow him as close as the *Diffe-*
rence of *Idioms* will admit. And all the
World knows, that the *English* *Tongue*
is none of the most Copious and Sig-
nificant. But, if this shall seem an in-

To the READER.

vidious Reflection, substituted in the room of a passable Excuse; the *English Translator*, in Honour both of the *Foreign Copies*, and his own *Native Language* (for he is a true *Englishman* both by *Blood* and *Affection*) is willing to take the Blame of all Defects on himself. Assuring you, 'That whatsoever Roughness, or Want of Elegance; whatsoever Carelessness of Expression is to be found in the *English Translation*, tho' it may be a Fault indeed, yet 'tis purely owing to the Candor of him who has committed it: Since the chief Reason of such Neglect is, because he was loth the *Reader* should lose the *Original Sense*, for the Sake of a sweet Period, or a delicate Cadence.

If in other Places he seems affected, as in retaining the *Turkish* and *Arabick* Words, where they might as well have been render'd *English*; this also was out of respect to his *Copy*, where those Words are left as, we may suppose, they were found in the *Original Arabick*.

This is address'd to such *Gentlemen* as have procured the *Italian Copies* of these *Letters*. For we are informed, that they are in the Hands of some
English

To the READER.

English Travellers, who had a Curiosity to compare the different *Translations* together.

However to evidence, that this is not spoken in Partiality to ourselves, but with equal Regard to that Learned *Foreigner*, who first brought these *Letters* to Light; it will not be amiss to exhibit such probable Reasons, as might induce him to leave *some Arabick Words* untranslated rather than *others*, tho' they had both the same Sense.

The best Method of clearing up this Point, will be by producing Instances, such as that, *Page 53*, at the Bottom; where the Word [*Vizirs*] is retained by the *English Translator*, because it was not changed by the *Italian*. Doubtless it had been as easy to say [*The seven Chief Spirits, Angels, Chancellors or Ministers above*] as [*The seven Vizirs.*] But since the *Italian Copy* has not altered the Word [*Vizirs*] the *English Translator* thought fit to let it stand. And he conceives, 'tis proper enough in both *Versions*; because it better expresses the Thought of the *Turkish Author*, than any *Italian* or *English Word* can do, being a
Title

To the READER.

Title of Dignity peculiar to the Ottoman Empire: Where the Credulous People are made to believe, that their Monarchy, with all its Officers of State, is exactly modelled according to the Pattern of the Celestial Court and Kingdoms. Therefore it appears very natural in a Turk, to call the Ministers of Heaven by the Title of Vizirs, Beglerbegs, Bassa's, or whatsoever other Appellatives are used by them, to express the Dignity of their Grandees on Earth. And who would go to spoil his Sense for the Sake of a Word?

Besides, not to let this Passage fall without due Remarks, is it not common in our *Bible* to call God [*Lord of Lords*?] And how can this be otherwise expressed in *Arabick*, but by the Title which is appropriated to the principal Governors of Provinces, whom in their Language they call *Beglerbegs*? It is equally usual in *Scripture*, to style God [*King of Kings*] a Title frequently assumed by the *Eastern Monarchs*. Nay, in our common Discourse here in *England*, it is customary to give to God the Title of [*The King of Heaven.*] And why may we not as well give to the *Arch-Angels*,
and

To the READER.

and *Angels, &c.* the *Titles* which are ordinarily apply'd to the *Princes* and *Nobles on Earth*? But however, if this will not appear allowable in a *Christian*, yet no Man can wonder at the *Turk*, when he hears him use his *native Dialect*, speaking of the *Potentates Above*. And if this be granted, I hope neither the *Italian* will be blamed for preserving the *peculiar Phrase* of an *Eastern Author*, nor the *English Translator* be accus'd, for following so polite a *Pattern*.

This Instance had not been press'd so far, but in hopes that what is already said may serve as a Plea for several other Examples of like Nature in this *Volume*: Where it is impossible for any *European* to express the full Meaning of an *Oriental Author*, without reserving some Words of his very *Language*. And in this, the *Italian Translator* is chiefly vindicated; from whose *Copy*, the *English* in such Cases had no Reason to swerve. And thus much may suffice to answer all Objections about the *Style*.

As to the *Matter* itself, it appears full of Instruction, in *Historical, Moral* and *Political* Affairs. Nor need any
Man

To the READER.

Man wonder, if he encounter some Passages which may be found in other *Writers*, both *Gentile* and *Christian*; since the *Author* of these *Letters* professes, That he has taken much Pains to peruse the *Treatises* of the *Ancients*, both whilst he study'd in the *Academies*, and during his Residence at *Paris*, he often frequented the *Libraries* in that City, whereof there is no Scarcity. He spent a great deal of Time in reading *modern* as well as *ancient Authors*: By which means, he not only improv'd his Knowledge in the universal *History* of *former Times*, but grew familiar with the most remarkable Occurrences in *Europe*, during these later *Centuries*. So that in some of his *Letters*, one would swear he had read *Sabellius*, *Petrus Justinianus*, *Philip de Comines*, and other *European Writers*: For he seems to come very near them, in relating some *particular Stories*. And it may be suppos'd that he took this Advantage to oblige the *Turkish Grandees* to whom he writ, by inserting in his *Letters* such Passages as they were wholly Strangers to.

There need no more be said, but that you may expect another *Volume* of these *Letters* very speedily. *Farewel*.

A
T A B L E

OF THE

LETTERS and MATTERS contained
in this VOLUME.

VOL. IV.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian, and indefatigable Slave to the Grand Seignior, To Mahomet, the most illustrious Vizer Azem at the Port.*

I Congratulate thy Assent to that Top of Honour, the *first Dignity in the Empire ever victorious.* 'Tis thy Turn to be now exalted in the Orb of Fortune: Let not this high Station make thee forget, that the Wheel is always in Motion. But consider, That since the Advance thou hast made, was not but by the Fall of thy *Predecessor*, thou hast less Reason to think thy own State secure.

I am no *Fortune Teller*; nor would I be so rude as to prognosticate ill Luck to my *Superiors*. But, Men in eminent Dignity have need of a *Minister*: And, it is recorded of a *great Monarch*, That he commanded one of his *Pages* every Morning to salute him, when he first awak'd, with these Words, *Remember, O King, that thou art a Mortal*.

Let this Example, *supreme Minister*, plead my Excuse, and incline thee to pardon the Freedom which *Mahmut* takes; who by this, thou seest, is no Flatterer.

Certainly all sublunary Things ebb and flow like the Waters. And, though Men may sometimes enjoy a *Spring-Tide* of Felicity, yet *Fate* has hidden Snarcs, which in a Moment shall convey the mighty Torrent to some other Channel.

I my self have in some measure experienced this, who am but a Puny in Comparison with thee. Yet *Destiny* and *Chance* are allotted to the *Little*, as well as to the *Great*. The *Worm* Encounters as many gross Contingencies, in her humble reptile State, as does the tow'ring *Eagle*, in all her lofty Flights and Ranger, through the wide stretch'd Air.

In my *Infancy* I was snatch'd from the Cradle, and from the Arms of my mournful Mother; mournful on two Accounts, the Death of a Husband, and the Necessity of parting with her Child. Yet this early Separation turn'd to my Advantage, and her Comfort. The Sequel of my good Fortune, invited her to forsake her *Solitudes*, and follow me to the *Imperial City*; where she exchanged her melancholy Widowhood, for the Society and Love of a Merry *Greek*: Whilst *Fate* had another Game to play with me; it being the Will of *Heaven*, That from
the

the Delights of the *Seraglio*, and the Honour of serving the *greatest Sovereign* in the *World*, I should fall into a cruel *Captivity*, and be compelled ignominiously to drudge for a *barbarous Infidel*. Afterwards, I gain'd my *Liberty*, and apply'd my self to study in the *Academies*. I will not boast of the Proficiency I made: But, at my Return to *Constantinople*, thou knowest, my *Superiors* thought me capable of doing the *Post Service* in that Place. Thus *Providence* sports with *Mortals*, and by an unaccountable Clew of Discipline, leads them through the Mazes of this *Life*.

How I have discharged my Trust here, I dare appeal to all; yet can please none. Every Man will be my *Judge* to give *Sentence* against me; and some, I believe, would willingly be my *Executioners*: Which, at certain Times, carries me into so deep a Melancholy, that I ever join with my Enemies, and condemn my self, though I know not for what. Surely, say I, so many perspicacious Men cannot be all in the wrong, and I only in the right: They must needs see some Faults in me, which I cannot discern in my self: Doubtless I'm partial, and never chang'd the Order of *Aesop's* Wallet. Then I reflect on these Thoughts, as the mere Product of Melancholy: For, after the strictest Examination of my Conduct, I find myself innocent of those Things wherof I am accus'd. Yet, whilst I am justifying my Integrity towards my *great Master*, my Sadness returns again, and tells me, That without doubt, I have some Ways offended God and his *Prophet*, who, for that Reason, suffer the Envious to persecute me; and drive me into a more intimate and familiar Conversation with my self, that so by making a frequent Scrutiny after the Cause of my outward Mis-

fortunes, I may discover the secret Crimes which I may have committed against *Heaven*, and which lie hid under my Inadvertence and Oblivion.

Then I'm fill'd with a thousand Scruples about my telling Lies, and taking false Oaths, though I'm dispens'd with for all these Immoralities, by the *sovereign Arbitrator* of the *Law*. In a Word, I know not sometimes what to think. And were it not that my *Agency* in these *Parts* meets with some Success, I should often conclude, That I either lie under some *Curse of God*, or *Charms of Men*; that either *Heaven* or *Hell*, have a peculiar Hand in assilting me.

But all this may be only the Fumes of my own dissembler'd Spoken And the *indulgent Judge of Men* may pass a milder *Sentence* on me, than either I do my self, or my Fellow-Mortals. He is transcendently benign and merciful: And our Sins of *Frailty* appear in his Eyes but as small *Atoms* in the Rays of a Morning-Sun; which, though they be innumerable, yet the least Breath of Wind blows them all out of Sight.

By what I have said, 'tis apparent, That I have Regard both to thee and my self: To thee, as the *supreme Disposer of Life and Death*, under the *Grand Seigneur*; to my self, as one cull'd out for a *Victim* by the Malicious, and lying at the Feet of thy noble Nature, begging thy Protection. My Enemies are industrious to ruin me, and lay hold on all Opportunities to accomplish it. The *Sentence*, which they could not procure from thy *Predecessor*, they may hope to draw from thee by their false Informations. This makes me use Precaution in my own Defence, hoping to forestal their Malice by this humble Address.

Imitate thou the *divine Nature*, and be not severe in remarking the *Peccadillo's*, and small Delinquencies of thy *Slave*. If I turn *Infidel* or *Traitor*, I crave no Favour.

That *supremely merciful* and *gracious*, the *first* and *last* of the *World*, and *Lord* of *Paradise*, heap on thee as many Blessings every Day, as would employ my swiftest Wings a Thousand Years; and grant that thou may'st find Admittance into the *Place* full of *Rivers*, whose *Springs* take their *Rise* from the *Bottom* of the *Rock* of *Eternity*.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1549,
according to the *Christian Style*.

L E T T E R II.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Troubles* of this *Kingdom*, which a while ago seem'd to be compos'd, are now again broke out afresh. The private *Grudges* of some, and the *Ambition* of others, of the *Nobility*, have once more put all in Arms. This *City* is block'd up by the *Prince of Condé's* Army, who has not been long return'd from *Flanders*. The *King*, the *Queen*, with *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole *Court*, are at *St. Germain's in Lay*, whither they went by *Night*. This abrupt *Departure* gave fresh *Courage* to the *Seditious*, and at the same time furnish'd them with new *Matter* of *Accusation* against *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, they say, has stole away their *Sovereign* from them. The *Parliament* have declared him an *Enemy* to the

Government. They are levying Soldiers as fast as they can : And Provisions are laid in, as if they were to sustain a long Siege. Several *Princes* and *Gravees* are come over to the *Citizens*, having deserted the Court ; among whom is the *Prince of Conti*, Brother to the *Prince of Conde*. Yet the *Parisians* are distrustful of him, and have confin'd his Saller, as a Hostage for his Fidelity ; not knowing, that his Desertion is real, being occasion'd by some Quarrel between him and his eldier Brother.

'Tis said, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has taken a Resolution to depart the *Kingdom*, that so he may avoid the Tempest that threatens him from all Hands.

The *Queen* has sent Orders to the *Colonels*, that serve under *Marfchal Turenne*, in *Germany*, commanding them to abandon that *General*, who, they say, has declared for the *Parliament*, and sent to offer them his Service.

On the other side, the *Citizens* endeavour to strengthen their *Party*, by sending to all the *Parliaments* of *France*, to desire their Conjunction in espousing the Quarrel of this of *Paris*.

The Companies which the *Burgbers* of this City have rais'd, wear this Motto in their *Ensigns*,
WE SEEK OUR KING.

In the mean while, the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria* keeps near the Frontiers of this *Kingdom*, with an Army of Twenty thousand Men ; and sends frequent Proposals to the *Parliament*, in order to a *Peace*.

Whilst I was writing the last Words, News was brought me, that *Eliachim* the *Jew* is seiz'd, and clapt in Prison at *St Denys*, which Place is in the King's Hands. I cannot learn the Reason of his Confinement, but am apt to suspect 'tis on the Score of his late appearing among the Rabble

ble of *Paris*, whereof I gave an Account in a Letter to the *Age* of the *Janitaries*.

The Surprize I am in at this unfortunate Accident, puts me upon a thousand Thoughts. I know not what Course to take for my own Safety. If *Eliachim's* Papers should be search'd, *Mabmont* must be discover'd; and then, if I tarry in the City, I cannot escape a Prison: For tho' at this Juncture, one would think this Place a sufficient Protection from the Court; yet the Hatred they bear to the *true Believers*, and the Discovery of so important a *Commission* as mine, would supersede their intestine Animosities. I should intalibly be, either delivered up to the Court, or sent to the *Bastile*. If I go out of the City, my Danger is yet greater; all the Passes of the Country being narrowly watch'd, and strongly guarded by the King's Soldiers. This made me, at first, resolve to defer the Conclusion of this Letter to another Time, whilst I provided for my own Safety; as thinking it impossible to convey any Intelligence out of *France* undiscovered. But being inform'd of a *Courier*, that was just going from the *Parliament* to the *Arch-Duke of Austria*, and fearing lest I should never have the Privilege of Pen, Ink and Paper again, I have ravish'd a few Moments, from that little Time I have left to stave for my self, that so I might give thee notice of this Accident.

I have written also to *Nathan Ben Saddi* at *Vienna*, to prevent any *Dispatches* from him, till further Order. Both these Letters I venture in the Hands of a faithful Messenger, who has caused them to be sewed up in the Heels of his Shoes, to prevent Discovery. He travels under the Protection of the *Courier*.

I have not a Minute left to say more, Than that I am at this Instant parting from my Lodg-

ing; my Books and other Things being pack'd up, and Porters ready to carry them away. If I get safe out of the House, I must change my Habit and Name, and so lay the Foundation of a new Concealment, till the Issue of this Adventure shall direct me what to do.

Adieu, illustrious *Kaimacham*, and expect to hear more in my next; or let my Silence convince thee, That *Mahmut* is no longer at Liberty.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

IF thou hast any *Dispatches* coming for me, and it be yet in thy Power to stop them, use Wings in doing it: For I fear we are discovered in this Place. Thy Brother *Eliashim* is arrested by the King's Orders. What is laid to his Charge I know not for certain; neither is it necessary for thee to be informed in that Point. But if his Confinement be owing to some Services he has lately done me, we are all lost. His Papers will be search'd, which must of Necessity betray our Secrets: And then we have Nothing to expect but the severest Execution of the *Christians* Fury and Revenge. I am in no small Confusion at this Accident. having scarce Time to provide for my Concealment. Send no more to *Paris* till thou receivest further Advice. We are all in Arms, this City being block'd up by
the

the Queen's Troops; so that I knew not well which way to shift for my self, and escape a thousand Scrutinies, which they will every where make into the Affairs of a Stranger. But, that Fate which over-rules human Contingencies, will, I hope, rescue me out of this Danger: To which I commend both thee and me; bidding thee Farewel, as if I were never to write to thee again: For so the Issue may prove.

Paris, 26th of the 1d Moon,
of the Year, 1649.

LETTER IV.

To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.

I HAVE something more Respite now, than when I wrote last to my Brother *Nathan* at *Vienna*, to inform him of *Eliachim's* being made a Prisoner. I was in a greater Hurry at that Time, than the ninth Sphere. All my Motions were swift. I went backward and forward, like the Planets; but had no Leisure to stand still, as they do sometimes. In a Word, I have run over the whole *Zodiac* of Policy, to seek for a new House; that wherein I lodg'd being like to prove too hot for me. At length I have found one, wherein I hope to meet with no malevolent Aspects, but to remain, as before, in a friendly Conjunction with the Moon; behind whose Splendors, I may be covered from the Inquisitions of peering Mortals.

To speak more intelligibly, I am, for the present, remov'd to other Lodgings in this City,

the better to shelter my self from the Storm which seems to hang over my Head, since *Elischim* was seiz'd. Yesterday I wrote to the *Kaimacham*, and to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, to give them an Account of this Accident. This goes along with the same Messenger; for I durst not confide in the *Pasha*, during the present Disorders of this Kingdom.

I receiv'd a Letter from thee, wherein thou informest me, of an Attempt that has been lately made, to rob the *Treasury of Venice*: Which, according to thy Description, is very rich and magnificent; not to be match'd in *Europe*. Perhaps if thou hadst seen the Wealth that is preserv'd in the *Church of St. Denys*, a City not far from *Paris*, thou wouldst be of another Mind. But neither of us can make proper Comparisons, having not seen both Places. The *French* extol the latter, and say, It far exceeds that of *Venice*. But they may speak partially; it being the Humour of all People to magnify the Grandeur of their own Nation: And, the *French* come not short of the rest of the World in Vain-Glory. However it be, it was a vast Attempt and full of infinite Difficulties and Perils, to rob the Vaults of a *Church* in the Heart of that great and populous City, where all the Riches of the *Seignory* were repositd. It is an Argument of the Greatness of their Souls who durst undertake so hazardous an Enterprize.

But this is not the first Time the *Venetians* have been in Danger to lose that prodigious Mass of Wealth. A poor *Grecian* once found a Way, through marble Barricado's under Ground, to enter those golden Cells; from whence he carried away, to the Value of Twency hundred Thousand *Zechins* in Jewels. But, making one of his Country-men acquainted with it, the Villain

lain betray'd him to the *Dege*, who caus'd him to be hang'd.

That *Commonwealth* has been all along very happy in Discovery of *Plots*, and other Mischants intended against her. I know not whether thou hast heard of the famous *Conspiracy* of *Tiepoli*; who not content with the Life and Estate of a *private Gentleman*, sought to render himself *Sovereign* of *Venice*. And to this End, insinuated into the Affections of many Thousands of the Citizens; whom he kept in constant Pension for above nine Years together, under the Notion of assisting him, to revenge certain Injuries he had receiv'd from a *Roman* Gentleman. They were all to run with their Arms into the Streets, when they should here the Name *Tiepoli* utter'd aloud, and often repeated.

But, when the Day was come, whereon he was to put his Designs in Execution, and the Alarm was given in the Streets, an old Woman made such haste to look out at her Chamber-Window, to see what was the Occasion of the Tumult, that she threw down an earthen Vessel, which falling directly on the Head of *Tiepoli*, kill'd him, and so put an End to the *Rebellion*. For which happy Accident, the *Senate* settled a yearly Pension of a Thousand *Zechins* on the old Woman, during her Life, and the same to be paid to her Heirs and Posterity for ever.

Send me no *Dispatches*, till thou hast received another Letter from me, which will direct thee what to do.

Paris, 17th of the 1d Moon,
of the Year 1699.

LETTER V.

To Mahunimed, Hadgia, Dervise,
 Eremit, *Inhabitant of the Prophetic*
Cave in Arabia the Happy.

THE *Franks* (who are more ready to find Fault in others than to mend their own) censure the *Muſulmans*, for extending their Charity to Beasts, Birds, and Fishes. They laugh at the Alms we bestow to feed Dogs, Cats, and other living Creatures; and ridicule the Tenderness of such, as go into the Markets, and buy the Birds that are there sold, on Purpose to restore them to their native Liberty. They say, 'Tis a sufficient Demonstration of Piety to relieve the Necessities of Men; and that, It is but a fruitless Hypocrisy, to shew Kindness to the Brutes, who, in their Opinion, have neither Souls nor Reason, and consequently are insensible of our good Offices towards them.

These are the Charges of *Western* Rallery, the Scoffs of the obdurate, with which they load the generous *Oriental*, the Hearts transfixed with universal Love. What would they say, if they had heard of thy heroick Piety, who not only affordest Protection and Relief to those Creatures wherof we have no Need, but even abstainest from the Flesh of all Animals, though the *Prophet* himself has indulg'd us the Use of same for our necessary Food, and without which many plead, That we cannot sustain Life? Oh! excellent Man, born for the Reproof and Light of the Age, how is the Soul of our *great* *Law-giver* calumniate, when he beholds thy innoc-

cent

cent and unblemish'd Life ! The *Treasury of Heaven*, is enrich'd with thy good *Works*, the fertile Harvest of *Vertues*, the First-Fruits of the Purity of thy Nature ! From thy first Descent into that *holy Cave*, the *Angels*, who register the Words of Men, never heard thee utter a Syllable that could be reprehended. Thy Thoughts ravish the Heart of God himself with Joy. The *universal Spirit* full of *Eyes*, *Watcher* of the *Universe*, would fall asleep, were it not rous'd by the strong Vibrations of thy sublime Soul. Thy Contemplations are Themes for the *College* of those who are assistant in forming of all Things. Were it not for such as thee, the *Angel* of the *first Motion* would cease to whirl the *Globes* of *Light* through the *Heavens* : The Oris above would grow *rusty*, and all the *Wheels* and *Springs* of *Nature* would *stand still*. Oh elect *Idea*, before whose purify'd *Essence* the Sun himself appears full of *Blemishes* ! Human Wit cannot find thy Equal on Earth : These are the *Imprints* on the SEAL OF THE PROPHETS, the *Soul* of the *Soul* of *Mahomet*.

In thus celebrating thy high Perfections, if I have offended thy Modesty, thou hast the Goodness to ascribe it to the Excess of my Affection, which carries me beyond human Regards. I would fain be an Imitator of thy incorrupt Life. For, let the *Christians* say what they please, I will ever esteem *Abstinence* a *divine Vertue*. I have consulted the *Sages* of *Old*, that I might learn what was the Practice of former Times, whilst *human Nature* was yet in its *Infancy*, before the Manners of Men were debauch'd. I have pursued the select Writings of the *Ancients*, the Records of Truth, and void of Fables. And, believing that such *Memoirs* will not be unwelcome to thee, I presume to lay them at thy Feet,

as a Mark of that profound Veneration I owe to the *Tenant* of the *Darling* of God.

These *Historians* say, That the first Inhabitants of the Earth, for above Two thousand Years, liv'd altogether on the *vegetable Products*; of which they offer'd the *First-Fruits* to God; It being esteem'd an inexpiable Wickedness, to shed the *Blood* of any *Animal*, though it were in *Sacrifice*, much more to eat of their *Flesh*. To this End, they relate the first Slaughter of a *Bull* to have been made at *Athens*, on this Occasion. The *Priest* of the *Town*, whose Name was *Diomus*, as he was making the accustomed *Oblation* of *Fruits* on an *Altar* in the *open Field*, (for as yet they had no *Temples*) a *Bull* came running from the *Herd*, which was grazing hard by, and eat of the consecrated *Herbage*. Upon which *Diomus* the *Priest*, mov'd with *Zeal* at the reputed *Sacrilege*, and snatching a *Sword* from one of those that were present, kill'd the *Bull*. But, when his *Passion* was over, and he consider'd what a heinous *Crime* he had committed; fearing also the *Rage* of the *People*, he persuaded them, That a *God* had appeared to him, and commanded him to offer that *Bull* in *Sacrifice*, by burning his *Flesh* with *Fire* on the *Altar*, as an *Atonement* for his devouring the *consecrated Fruits*. The devout *Multitude* acquiesced to the Words of their *Priest*, as to an *Oracle*. And the *Bull* being slay'd, and *Fire* laid on the *Altar*, they all assisted at the new *Sacrifice*. From which *Taise*, the *Custom* was yearly observ'd among the *Athenians*, to *sacrifice* a *Bull*. And by them this *Method* of *religious Cruelty* was taught, not only to all *Greece*, but to the rest of the *World*. In process of *Time*, a certain *Priest*, in the midst of his bloody *Sacrifice*, taking up a *Piece* of the broiled *Flesh* which had fallen from the *Altar* on

the Ground, and burning his Fingers therewith, suddenly clapt them to his Mouth, to mitigate the Pain. But when he had once tasted the Sweetness of the Fat, not only long'd for more of it, but gave a Piece to his Assistant, and he to others: Who all pleas'd with the new found Dainties, fell to eating of Flesh greedily. And hence this *Species* of *Gluttony* was taught to other *Mortals*. Neither is it material, what the *Hebrew Doctors* object against these Testimonies, when they introduce the Son of *Adam*, *sacrificing* living Creatures, in the *Infancy* of the *World*; since, thou knowest, many Errors are inserted in the *written Law*, from whence they take this Story.

They say also, That the first *Goat* that fell by the Hands of Men, was killed in revenge for the Injuries it had done the Owner of a Vineyard, in browsing on his Vines; such an impious Deed having never been heard of before.

This is certain, That the *Egyptians*, the wisest and most ancient People in the World, having receiv'd from the first Inhabitants of the Earth a *Tradition*, forbidding Men to kill any living Creature; to give the greater Force to this *Primitive Law* of *Nature*, they form'd the *Images* of their *Gods*, in the *Similitude* of *Beasts*; That so the *Vulgar*, struck with Reverence at the *sacred Symbols*, might learn to abstain from killing, or so much as hurting the *dumb Animals*; under whose *Forms*, they represented whatsoever among them was esteem'd adorable.

Yet, lest any in his Life Time should by Accident, or otherwise, have transgress'd the *Law* of *Abstinence*, they us'd a kind of *Expiation* for the *Dead*, after this manner: The *Priests* took the Bowels out of the Belly of the Deceased, and putting them in an earthen Vessel, they held

it towards the Sun; and calling Witnesses, they made the following *Speech*, on behalf of the *Dead*:

“ O thou *Sun*, whose *Empire* is *universal*, and all
 “ ye other *Powers*, who give *Life* to *Men*, re-
 “ ceive me into the *Society* of the *immortal Gods*,
 “ for so long as I liv'd in this *World*, I religi-
 “ ously persevered in the *Worship* of those *Deities*,
 “ which were made known to me by my *Ance-*
 “ *sters*. I always *honoured* my *Parents*, who be-
 “ gat my *Body*. I never killed any *Man* or *Beast*,
 “ nor have been guilty of any black *Crime*. But,
 “ if whilst I lived I have trespass'd in *tasting* any
 “ of those *Things* which are *forbidden*, it was not
 “ my *Sin*, but the *Fault* of these *Entrails*, which
 “ are here separated from the rest of my *Body*.”

And having said this, they cast the *Vessel* into the *River*, on the *Banks* of which the *Ceremony* was perform'd, embalming the rest of the *Body*, as pure and free from *Sin*.

After the same manner the *Persian Magi*, or *wise Men*, practis'd *Abstinence*. And, to imprint in their *Disciples* a *Tenderness* and *Friendship* toward the *Beasts*, they called them, according to their different *Stations*, either *Lions*, *Hyenas*, *Crows*, *Eagles*, *Hawks*, &c. And their *Garments* were *painted* all over with the various *Figures* of *Animals*; thereby insinuating, the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Transmigration*; and inculcating this *Mystery*, That the *Spirit* of *Man* enters *successively* into all sorts of *Bodies*: Which thou knowest is not remote from the *Faith* of true *Believers*.

It would not be amiss, as a *Testimony* of the *Practice* of the *Ancients*, to insert a memorable *Address*, which the *Reform'd Priests* of *Greece* were wont to make before the *Altar* of *Jupiter*. “ O
 “ *Divine Governor* of the *Hundred Cities*, we have
 “ led a *Holy Life*, from the *Time* that we were
 “ initiated

" initiated in thy *Mysteries*, and forsook the noc-
 " turnal Rites, and bloody Feasts of *Bacchus* :
 " We are now purify'd, and cloath our selves in
 " white Vestments, the Emblems of our Inno-
 " cence : We shun the Society of polluted Mor-
 " tals ; neither approach we to the *Sepulchres* of
 " the Dead, nor taste of the *Flesh* of any Thing,
 " which has been endued with *Life*.

Such also was of old, and to this Day is, the
Abstinence of the Indians ; among whom the *Brach-*
mans perform the Office of *Priesthood*. These
 the ancient *Grecians* call'd *Gymnosophists*. They
 are all of one *Race*, neither will they admit a
 Stranger into their *Order*. They live for the
 most part near to *Ganges*, or some other River,
 for the Sake of their frequent *Purifications*.
 Their Diet consists of Milk, curdled with sowre
 Herbs. They feed also on Apples, Rice, and
 other Fruits of the Earth ; esteeming it the
 Height of Impiety to taste of any Thing that
 has *Life*. They live in little Huts or Cottages,
 every one by himself, avoiding Company and
 Discourse ; employing all their Time in Contem-
 plation, and the Service of the *Temple*. They
 esteem this Life but a necessary Dispensation
 of Nature, which they voluntarily undergo as
 a Penance ; ardently thirsting after the Dissolu-
 tion of their Bodies ; and firmly believing, That
 the *Soul*, by Death, is released from its Prison,
 and launches forth into immense Liberty and
 Happiness. Therefore they are always cheerful-
 ly disposed to die, bewailing those that are
 alive, and celebrating the Funerals of the Dead,
 with joyful Solemnities and Triumphs. Among
 their good Works, it is accounted an Act of
 of great Reputation and Vertue, to build *Hospitals*
 for *Beasts* as well as *Men* ; And, in every City,
 there are great Numbers of such as spend all
 their

their Life, in tending on sick and wounded Animals, or such as have no Sustainance elsewhere. And, this is no *novel Institution*, but deliver'd down to them by *Tradition*, from immemorable Ages.

The *Precepts* also of *Triptolemus* and *Draco*, the most ancient *Lawgivers* of the *Athenians*, are a Testimony of the Innocence and Sincerity of the *first Age*: For they comprehended all the whole *System* of *Piety* and *Virtue*, in practising these few Rules:

“ Let it be an eternal Sanction to the *Athenians*, to adore the *immortal Gods*; to reverence the departed *Heroes*; to celebrate their Praises with Songs, and the *First-Fruits* of the *Earth*; to honour their *Parents*; and neither to kill *Man* nor *Beast*.

I could relate to thee Examples of *Abstinence* in the ancient *Lacedemonians*, *Spartans*, *Jews*, and almost all Nations of the *East*: Nor are there wanting some Testimonies of it in these *Western* Parts. This Kingdom of *France* was in *old Times* instructed by a kind of *Prophets* or *Philosophers*, whom they call'd *Druids*, who took up their usual Residence under *Oaks*. These taught the *Transmigration* of *Souls*, and therefore prescrib'd *Abstinence* from *Flesh*; and shew'd to Men, the Method of worshipping God with the *First-Fruits* of the *Earth*. From hence they sail'd over into *Britain*, and planted themselves in that *Island*, propagating the same *Doftrines*; and were revered by the People as *sacred Oracles*.

By all which it is evident, That the tender Regard which the *true Faithful* have for the *Brutes*, is no *Innovation*, or singular *Caprice* of *Superstition*, but the *primitive Practice* of the *Ancients*, the *universal Tradition* of the *whole Earth*. Nay, the *Eastern Christians*, for the most part, live an *abstinent* Life; such as the *Grecians*, *Armenians*, *Georgians*,

Georgians, Mingrelians, and others that are scatter'd up and down in divers Parts of *Asia* These following the *Examples* and *Traditions* of the *Apostles* and *Primitive Fathers* of their *Churches*, either taste not at all, or very sparingly, the *Flesh* of *Beasts, Birds,* and *Fishes*. But the *Nazarenes* of the *West* boast of I know not what *Liberty* they have, to eat, without scruple, of all Things; having the *Dispensation* of the *Roman Musli*, whom they call the *Vicar* of *God*. Hence it is, That these *religious Libertines* are not afraid to gorge themselves, even with the *Blood* of slaughter'd *Beasts*, which their own *Law* forbids 'em to taste. And they prop themselves up in their *Impiety*, by saying, That the *Pope* has *Power* to change the *Traditions* and *Ordinances* of the *Apostles*, and even of *Jesus* the *Messiah* himself. Hence proceeds their *Derision* of those who shew any *Tenderness* of the *Beasts*; for, they are harden'd in their *glutinous Cruelty*, and are but one *Remove* from the most *Savage Cannibal*.

But thou, *holy Man* of *God*, pity these *Infidels*, and pray that *Mahomet* may be a *sincere Disciple* of thy *Purity*.

Paris, 16th of the 3d *Month*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am returned to my former Lodging again, the Case of *Eliachim* being not so bad as my Fears. The Occasion of his Confinement were certain Words he spoke against the Proceedings of *Cardinal Mazarini* and the *Court*, in Company of such as were officious to oblige that *Minister*. This was done at *St. Denys*, not far from *Paris*; where they immediately caus'd him to be taken into Custody by the King's *Guards* who quarter'd in that Town. It has cost him a considerable Sum of Moneey to purchase his Liberty, which he now enjoys as before. I had other Thoughts, when I first heard the News of his being seized: and that it was for some seditious Expressions: For then I call'd to Mind, how he had acted last Year, by my Order, during the *Tumults* of *Paris*; and concluded, that some unlucky Accident had now betray'd him: Which, if it were so, would infallibly bring me into the same Danger. This made me so suddenly change my Habitation, and put a Stop to the *Dispatches* of the *sublime Port*. I thought no Caution too much, to preserve the Affairs of my *Commission* indemnified; and, That it were better to offend in being too wary, than too secure. If I have taken wrong Measures in thus absconding, 'tis for want of fuller Instruction from my *Superiors*. I wish they would honour me with particular Rules, in case of such Emergencies; then I should steer my Course, without running the Hazard of Rocks and Sands. I have often desired to know, Whether if I were discover'd, I should own my self
an

an *Agent* for the *Grand Seignior*. But none of the *Ministers* have vouchsafed to direct me in this Point: Whereby I may commit an irreparable Mistake, if such a Thing should happen.

Adonai the Jew informs me of an Attempt lately made to rob the *Treasury* of *Venice*; which according to his Description is very rich and magnificent. He says, There are twelve *Crowns* of pure Gold, and an equal Number of *Breast-plates* of the same Metal, set with all Sorts of precious Stones of ineffimable Value: A hundred Vessels of *Agat*: *Threescore Services* for the *Altar*, all of pure Gold, enrich'd with *Diamonds*, *Sapphires*, *Emeralds*, and other Stones of Price. There is also an *Unicorn's Horn*, above the Purchase of Money. There are fourteen unpolish'd *Pearls*, as large as a *Man's Fist*. The *Ducal Cap* is valued at a hundred thousand *Zeckins*; with many other Rarities, and costly *Ornaments*, too tedious to be inserted in a *Letter*.

Certainly so much Wealth was never destin'd to fall into the Hands of little private *Thieves*: It is a Booty fit for *Kings* and great *Generals*, the licen'd *Banditti* of the Earth. So many glittering Jewels would tempt the Honesty of an *Angel*, and he would be glad to adorn the Apartments of his *Heaven* with these radiant Drops of the Sun which he sees on Earth.

I have met with some pretty Relations of the Boldness of *Robbers*, but none that ever match'd the Bravery of this Enterprize; which was no less than to rob one of the most potent *States* in the World of her chiefest *Treasure*.

He wanted not for Impudence, who, when the *Emperor Charles V.* was removing his *Court*, and all the *Officers* were busy in packing up the Goods, enter'd the Chamber where the *Emperor* was; and having made his *Obeisance*, fell roundly

ly to pulling down the rich Hangings of *Tissue*, which by the Help of his Confederates he carried away, with abundance of Plate: No Body ever suspecting but that he was one of the *Emperor's* Servants, 'till the Person came, whose Office it was to remove those Goods, and then the other was known to be a Thief.

I have heard of a *Spaniard*, who on a great *Festival*, when the *Priests* had finish'd the Service of the *Altar*, and were retired to their Lodgings, went very boldly and took the golden Vessels off the *Altar*, and carry'd them away under his Cloak, as though he had been the *Steward* of the *Church*, no Body suspecting any other.

I kiss the Hem of thy Vell, illustrious *Kaimachaw*, and pray, That thou may'st monopolize the choicest Blessings of *Heaven*, and have thy Share of the Riches of the Earth, without Danger of losing them to great or small *Thieves*.

Paris, 16th of the 3d *Month*,
of the Year, 1649.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

NOW thou may'st continue thy *Dispatches* as before. Our Fears are vanish'd: *Eliasim* is released, and all Things are in Safety. Thou hast no Reason to tax me with Timorousness, in so abruptly forsaking my Habitation, on the bare Forlight of far-fetch'd Possibilities; when thou shalt consider, That there is no arming against Contingencies in the Moment they arrive, and that he who trusts all Things to *Chance*,
makes

makes a Lottery of his Life, wherein, for one happy Event, he shall meet with ten unlucky ones. To what Use serves that *apprehensive Faculty*, which *Nature* has posited as the *Corps de Guard* of our Lives and Fortunes, allowing it the Senses for Scouts and Centinels! To what End, I say, serves this *watchful Faculty*, but to take the Alarm at doubtful Emergencies, to rouse our Caution, that so we may make Provision, and be in a Posture of Defence, against whatsoever may happen!

News came, That *Eliachim* was seiz'd for seditious Words against the Government. I was conscious, That both he and I had been guilty of more than Words in that bare Kind. Therefore what had happened to him, I look upon as due to my self also; and that my Confinement would soon follow, if I took no speedy Care to prevent it, by seasonably absconding. This was the Reason of my sudden Departure, which cannot justly be ascribed to Cowardice, since 'twas the Effect of common Prudence.

Now I am return'd to my old *Lodging* again, where the Joy they are in for the Birth of a Son, will not give them Leisure to reflect on my Affairs: So that I am received by my *Host* without the least Jealousy or suspicious Animadversions. Brim-full of Mirth and jovial Thoughts, the good Man complements me, and proclaims his better Fortune: Invites me to sit down with his Friends, and partake of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This, thou knowest, is the Custom of the whole Earth at the Birth of Mortals. They make merry over one that is born to the same Miseries as themselves, who the first Moment he draws the *Breath of Life*, is enrolled in the *Register of Death*; and from the *Womb*, makes swift and direct Advances to the *Grave*.

However,

However, I sat down with the rest, to comply with the exhilarated Humour of my *Host*. I eat, I drank, and seem'd merry with the Company; yet, at the same time, I could not but nauseate my Entertainment, and disdain the extravagant Profusion of Spirit, which appeared in every one of this vain Assembly. They all talk'd eagerly, and one Man's Words drowned those of another; whilst an universal Laughter confounded the Sense of all. Then I prais'd in my self, the Modesty and Order observ'd in our *Eastern* Banquets and Feasts, where no uncomely Gestures or Actions escape the well natur'd Guests; no loud Talking or Braying like Asses, but every one strives to suppress the Motions and Appearances of a too forward and indulgent Mirth, and contain themselves within the Bounds of a decent and civil Reserve. Such were the Feasts instituted by *Lycurgus* among the ancient *Lacedemonians*; where such as were Friends and Acquaintance met together, and refresh'd themselves, without Riot and Luxury. They convers'd together interchangeably, after the manner of *Philosophers*, or Men of the *Law*: Discourfing soberly either of *Natural* Things, or *Civil* Affairs: Mixing facetious and witty Jestis with their more serious Talk, without Clamour, Scurrility, or giving any Offence. But these *Western* People think themselves not merry, till they are drunk, nor witty, unless they be rude. They play a thousand various Tricks, like Apes, and the greatest Buffoon is the best Company.

Wherefore, sick to see Men so much degenerate from themselves, I made my Excuse, and retired to my Chamber, where I presently set Pen to Paper, to give thee an Account of my Return.

If thou continuest thy former Resolution of following the *Dissates of Reason* in *Matters of Religion*, thou wilt quickly find, that thy *Rabbi's* have taught thee to believe in *Fables*, which accord neither with *Reason* nor *common Sense*. Follow the best Guide, and be happy.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1549.

LETTER VIII.

To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.

TH Y Pen is now free again : Write as soon and as often as thou wilt ; our Fears are dissipated, and all goes well. If thou canst inform me of any more remarkable Passages and Adventures, spare not to oblige me with frequent Letters. And to encourage thee, I will relate to thee a Story which is recorded in the *Histories of Naples*.

In former Times there was a *Statue of Marble* standing on the Top of a Mountain in *Apulia*, with this *Inscription* on the *Head*, which was *Brass*, ON MAY-DAY AT SUN-RISE I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. No Man in all those Parts could be found who was able to unriddle this mysterious Expression, and therefore it was not regarded for many Ages. But at length, in the Reign of a certain *Prince*, there was a *Saracen*, who having seen and consider'd the *Statue*, with the *Inscription*, propos'd to explain it for a certain Reward. The *Prince* hearing of this, and being greedy of the Novelty, sent for the *Saracen*, and bargain'd with him

for a Thousand Crowns to unfold this Riddle. He waited 'till *May-Day* came, and watching the *Image* that Morning early, he observed the Place where the *Head* cast its Shadow just as the Sun rose. There he order'd certain Men to dig; which when they had done, and were got pretty deep in the Earth, they encounter'd a prodigious Treasure of Silver, Gold and Jewels; with which the *Prince* was so well satisfy'd that he doubled the *Saracen's* Reward, and sent him home into his own Country laden with rich Presents. Doubtless, there is much Wealth bury'd by Men in the Earth. For in former Times they were of Opinion, that if they should die suddenly in the Wars or otherwise, such Riches as they had hidden in the Earth would serve them in the *other World*. And this is the Practice of the *Indians* to this Day, as my Brother informs me, who has been among them.

Strange Blindness! That Men should think the *immortal Soul* needed the Assistance of Silver, Gold, or any material Substance, after she herself is divested of the *Body*, and become a *naked Spirit*.

Let thou and I have a nobler *Idea* of ourselves, than to fancy we shall be in want of the glittering Dross in that *invisible State*, whither we are all hastening. There are no *Money-Changers* in that *World of Spirits*. If thou hast Superfluity hide it not in the Earth, but give it to the Poor, and thou shalt receive it again, transform'd into a Substance more refin'd and radiant than the Stars.

Paris 16th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Chief Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.

THE *Intestine Quarrels* of the French seem to be like those of *Lovers*, whose choleric Intervals serve but to give a new Edge to the Returns of their Affection. As if *one* of these *Passions* was made to whet the *other*, and make it more sprightly: Or as if Love would grow dull and seculent were it not sometimes rou'd and fermented by *Anger*.

But I believe there is a greater Mystery in the Reconciliation between the *French Court* and the *Parliament of Paris*. Some Ends of Policy have hasten'd both *Parties* to clap up a *Peace*, while the secret Rancour remains unpurg'd.

Perhaps the Union of so many *Princes* and *Nobles* with the *Parliament* might incline the *Queen* to milder Councils than her own *Spanish Genius*. Besides, the Conjunction of the other *Parliaments* of the *Kingdom*, the Revolt of *Normandy*, *Gascogne* and *Provence*, with many eminent *Cities*, were very prevailing Motives. But that which was of greatest Force, was the want of Money and Men to carry on the War, which could not be rais'd without vast Difficulty during these publick Alienations.

Whatever were the Inducements, a *Peace* was concluded about the latter End of the third *Moon*, at a Place call'd *Ruel*, not far from *Paris*, where the King has a *House of Pleasure*, seated in the midst of a little *Paradise*. In one of my Letters to the *Kaimacham*, I formerly describ'd the King's *House* and *Garden* at *St. Germain eu Lay*. This is

but a little *Ghiese* or Bower in Comparison of that stately *Palace*. Yet what is wanting in the Grandeur of the Fabrick is supply'd in its elegant Contrivance, and the Richness of its Ornaments. And as for the *Garden*, it comes not far short of the other, there being in it all manner of curious Waterworks, Groves, Solitudes, Fountains, Statues, and whatsoever the Ingenuity of these *Western Artists* could suggest, as proper to render this Place agreeable to the melancholy Hurour of the late Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, to whom it belong'd during her Life.

When you enter this delicious *Eden*, your Eyes and Ears are presently deceived by the counterfeit Notes and Motions of all Kinds of Birds, which perpetually sing as the Water tunes their Throats. A little farther you see several old Gentile Statues adorning two Fountains: And among the rest a *Crocodile*, big as the Life, who by the Harmony he makes, seem to have a Consort of Musick in his Belly, as regular and sweet as that of the *Italian Society* at *Constantinople*, which thou hast often heard.

As we depart from this, full of Complacency and Admiration at the exquisite Imitation of *Nature* in these Contrivances, we fall insensibly into a Place exactly like what the *Poets* describe when they speak of *Elysium*. It is a Grove, the Tops of whose Trees are so thick interwoven, that the Sun appears no otherwise through them than as if he were behind a Cloud, or in an *Eclipse*. So that the Darkness of this Place, and solemn manner the Winds make on high among the Tops of the Trees, fills it with a kind of sacred Horror; which has often made me think this *Wilderness* something like that which *Historians* describe, when they speak of the *Avenues* to the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon* in *Egypt*. For in the
 very

very Centre of this *Grove* stands the *House*; a Place one would think fitter for, a *Convent* than a *Prince's Court*. At best it appears but like a *Royal Hermitage*, a *Cell* consecrated to *Kingly Melancholy*.

I could not forbear making this Digression when I mention'd *Ruel* to be the Place where the *Peace* was concluded between the *Court* and the *Parliament*: This *Eucomium* is a Tribute which I ow'd for the Satisfaction and Pleasure I have often receiv'd in this Retirement. Besides, I thought an *Idea* of such a *Garden* would not be unwelcome to thee, who art a Lover of *Solitude*.

The *Coadjutor* of *Paris*, who is an *Archbishop*, is highly affronted that this *Peace* was concluded without him, who had a chief Hand in beginning the *War*. He labours to inflame the People again, and reduce all to the old Confusion, being an irreconcilable Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*. So that we expect another Insurrection in a short Time: For the *French* cannot be long Idle.

Happy *Minister*, I leave thee under the Wings of that *Spirit* which guards the *Elect*, and bid thee Farewel.

Paris, 15th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER X.

To Dignet Oglou.

SHall I tell thee, I mourn for the Death of our Friend *Egy Beinou*, whom thou say'st a *Fever* snatch'd from us the first Day of the *Moon Regis*? That *Fever* it seems was the Effect of his con-

tinual and excessive Grief for the Loss of his Eyes ; so that we may say, he has been dying ever since the Hour that fatal *Sentence* was put in Execution. And shall we grudge our Friend a Release from so long a Death ? At best it was but the *Winter* of Life wrapt up in Clouds and Darknes ; Now, like the *Serpent*, he has cast his Slough, lifts up his Head with new Vigour, sports himself in the Meadows of *Paradise*, and basks in the Warmth of an eternal *Spring*.

'Twill not therefore be a Mark of our Affection to him, but only a Discovery of our Self-love, to condole the Occasion of his Happiness, because it has lessen'd ours, by robbing us of his beloved Company and Friendship. Besides, we know not but that he may still continue to be our Friend, even in that *invisible State* ; and either manage our Interests *above*, or at least protect us from Dangers here *below*. We are ignorant of the *Laws and Constitutions* of that *Kingdom of Spirits* ; and for ought we know, the Souls of just Men after Death, may become the *Tutelar Genii*, or *Guardian Angels* of their surviving Friends and Relations. Let it be how it will, doubtless *Egry* is immortal and happy, and 'twill be Envy in us to repine at it. Rather let us congratulate the Time of his Decease as the Day of his Nativity, and leave *Mourning* to the Crowd of Mortals, who do a thousand Things without ever thinking what they are about. They tread in the Steps of their Fathers, never examining whether they be right or wrong : Custom and Education have almost banish'd Reason from the Earth. Is it not a pleasant Spectacle to see the Kindred of an old rich *Miser* (for whose Death they had long waited, like *Harpies* for their Prey) now flock about his lifeless Carcass, howling out a thousand forced

Lamenta-

Lamentations; whilst in the mean Time, their Blood dances in their Veins for Joy! Yet however this carries a Shew of civiliz'd Manners, and is better than the barbarous Custom of the *Sythians* and *Massagetes*, who when their old Men grew useless or troublesome were wont to sacrifice them, and make a Banquet with their Flesh; or the *Thebans*, who threw their aged Friends alive down Precipices. These were Savages; but much more so were the *Hyrcanians* and *Bastrians*, who cast their aged Parents, yet living, to be devour'd by Dogs; which Intampany, when *Stofanes* the Deputy of *Alexander the Great* endeavour'd to suppress, they had like to have depos'd him from the Government; So prevalent is the Force of a received Custom on the Minds of the unthinking Herd.

Let thou and I therefore not supinely take up with common Practices; but, like Men of Reason, let us adjust the last Offices we owe to our Friend, whilst we pour fourth some devout *Orations* for the Health of his Soul, without disturbing his and our own Repose with fruitless Lamentation. And since we are bereav'd of his Society on Earth, let us prepare to follow him, and render our selves agreeable Company at our next Rendezvous in *Heaven*.

It was an unjustifiable Rigour in *Sultan Ibrahim* to deprive him of his Eyes, because he had only cast 'em unhappily on one of the *Sultana's* as she enter'd the Garden. This Jealousy is the peculiar Vice of the *East*. Yet they are more severe in *Persia*, where 'tis present Death to be within two Leagues of the *King's* Women when they travel the Road. But I never knew that *Eunuchs* were thus punish'd. Or is there such a Difference between a *white* and a *black Eunuch*, that the *One* deserves to lose his Eyes for beholding that by
C 4
Chance,

Chance, which the *other* is honourably rewarded for having Access to, and seldom being out of their Sight?

This was the worst Punishment that *Seleucus*, the *Law-giver* of the *Lacvians*, impos'd on them that were actually caught in Adultery; which puts me in mind of a notable Instance of this Man's Justice: For when his own Son was accus'd, and prov'd guilty of this Crime; at once to shew the *Tenderness* of a *Father*, and the *Incorruptible Severity* of a *Judge*, he first caus'd one of his own Eyes to be put out, and then one of his Sons: Thus taking on himself *half* the Penalty; that so the *Law* might be satisfy'd in the *whole*, and yet his Son not be totally depriv'd of his Sight.

Thou tellest me no News of our Armies, nor what Alterations have been made amongst the *Ministers* of the *Pers* since the Death of *Sultan Ibrahim*. We have various Reports here, and some say that the new *Vizier Azem* will be no long-liv'd Man. I desire thee to write often to me, and send me what Intelligence thou canst.

Let nothing slip the Knot which has fastened us so many Years together in an entire Friendship; but let us carry that *Magnet* with us to our Graves; that, at what Distance soever we may be buried, our Souls may, by the Force of that Attractive, find one another out, and converse together in that Region of *Silence* and *Shadows*.

Paris, 9th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XI.

To the Captain Bassa.

I know not where this Letter will find thee; on the Shore, or at Sea. If thou art in the watry *Walderness*, I have no Art to trace thee. There are no certain Roads in that *inconstant* Element. It is a ugly Plain, without Path or Track. And though there be certain Stages in it, yet thy Arrival at them is tim'd at the Pleasure of the Winds and Waves, which will not obey even the Orders thou hast received from the *Grand Seigneur*, Lord of the *Four Seas*. Perhaps thou art in pursuit of some *Venetian* Ship, or other *Christian* Vessels, the *Cargoes* of the *Mediterranean*. Or thou may'st be carening thy Fleet in some securer Retreat of the *Archipelago*. Thou may'st be within a Minute of a Wreck, or just entering a Harbour? Where-ever thou art, may Heaven preserve thee from the Dangers which always threaten such as trust their Lives to a Piece of Wood; for there will be great Need of thee, if our Intelligence be true in these Parts.

It is reported here, that the *Cossacks*, *Circassians*, *Mingrelians*, and other People who border on the *Black-Sea*, and obey not the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*, are enter'd into a *League* against the *Blessed Port*, and have cover'd those Seas with a mighty Fleet; while the *Prince* of *Georgia* rushes down from his Mountains with an Army of forty thousand *Armenians*, *Persians*, and Borderers of *Mount Caucasus*: That the former have taken a thousand of our trading *Ships*, and are advanc'd as far as the *Ferry* of the *Bell*, which thou knowest is but six Hours sail from the *Imperial City*;

City : That the latter have made Incurfions into the *Territories* of the *Grand Seignior* ; put all to the Sword who refifted 'em as they march'd along ; burnt and laid wafte the Country ; and that all the *Greeks* and *Armenians* flock to them, threatning an univerfal Defection from the *Ottoman Empire*.

As to the Truth of thefe Reports, I can afcertain nothing, but am inclined to believe the *Coffacks* are troublefome at Sea, and that they may have drawn fome of their Neighbours into a *League*, thofe *piſſering Nations* who live by Rapine and Spoil on *both* Elements. Our ſmall Veffels trading on the *Black-Sea*, full of Riches and empty of Arms, muſt needs be a Temptation to thofe *Pirates*, who are the moſt dextrous at a Robbery, and the boldeſt Fellows in the World. The *Merchants* of theſe *Parts*, who have had ſome Traffick at *Caffa*, and other Towns on the Banks of the *Black-Sea*, give a frightful Deſcription of theſe tempeſtuouſ Waters, and no good Character of the *People* that border on them. The *Coffacks*, they ſay, are valiant and mercenary ; the *Circaffians* hardy and bold ; the *Mingrelians* ſly and crafty ; and the *Georgians* of an *Aſtral* Complexion, capable of all Virtues and Vices. The *Fiſt* ſeldom act unleſs encouraged by the *King of Poland*, or the *Czar of Muſcovy* ; and then they are content with their Pay, and the lawful Plunder of War. The *Second* are never idle when there is hope of Prey, whether they fight their own Cauſe, or are employ'd by others, and fear neither Hunger, Cold, nor any other Extremity for the Sake of a Prize. The *Third* are good at a Stratagem, and would ſteal a Man's Teeth out of his Gums, if he be not wary ; great Cowards, yet deſperate in their own Defence, when they ſee no *Medium* between

Fighting

Fighting and Death. As for the fourth, they seem to be a kind of Mungrels, a medley Race, whose Character is compounded of the other Three.

They are stout and witty, dext'rous at a Cheat, and no Bunglers at an ingenious Theft; great Lyars, full of Compliments and external Civilities, but perfidious and implacable in their Revenges.

Yet, after all, I cannot believe the *Prince* of this Country, who is a *Tributary* to the *King of Persia*, would venture his *Government* at two such desperate Stakes, by breaking the *Peace* concluded by his *Sovereign* with the *Grand Seignior*, and so drawing upon himself the *Vengeance* of them both. Therefore, he is either secretly abetted by that *Monarch*, or else the News is false.

Wouldst thou know how this Country came to be subject to the *Crown of Persia*? It was conquer'd by *Ismael Sophi*, to whom the *Persian Historians*, in Flattery, give the *Epithet of Great*. He was the *first* of that *Name*, and of the *Persian Kings*, that refus'd to obey the *Orthodox Successors* of the *Seat of God*. This *Prince* was valiant in the *Field*, and no Coward at *Wine*, if we may believe one of his *Courtiers*, who wrote *Memoirs of his Life*. He records *Sixteen Battles*, wherein he always got the *Victory*; and twice that *Number of Royal Debauches*, when he shew'd the *Strength of his Brain* in the *Company of Foreign Ambassadors*; with whom he would always carouse, before they departed his *Court*, that he might sound the *Depth of their Instructions*; for, none were able to cope with him at the *Juice of the Grape*. And he always esteem'd that *Liquor a Friend to Truth*.

If he suspected his *Ministers of State*, or any of the *Governors of Provinces*, he us'd to invite them

to a *Banquet*; where in the midst of his Drinking, he unravell'd their secret Inclinations and Councils; being the most dexterous at picking the Locks of a Man's Heart, of any one living. They never went alive from his Presence, if by one false Step in their Carriage, tho' it were but a Word too passionate, or a Look less compos'd to Resignation, he could discover or frame to himself the Grounds of a just Jealousy. It being ever his *Maxim*, That Credulity was the only Vice could ruin a happy Prince. He had another Saying also, That Persia was fertile of Men, but barren of faithful Officers.

I cannot admire these cruel Strains of Policy: Yet Kings have Reasons for their Actions and Words, which we cannot comprehend. The *Philosophers* say, That Wine was given us by the Gods, to mitigate our Cares; and, for a time, to make us equal to their Divinities, in the free Enjoyment of our selves. And though as a *Musliman*, I am not bound to subscribe to the Principles of Pagans; yet as a Man, Partaker of Flesh and Blood, I think he doubly misuses that Liquor, who perverts it to the Ends of Cruelty.

But this *Monarch* had other Thoughts, when by the Assistance of the *Georgian* Forces, having subdu'd the *Regions* bordering on the *Caspian Sea*, at that Time in the Hands of the *Ottomans*, he invited the King of *Georgia* to his Tent, under pretence of a *festive* Joy for their mutual Success. The unwary Prince, trusting to his own Merit, and the Faith of his Neighbour, ventures himself with a small Guard to the Camp of *Ishmael*. The *Persian* entertained him, with all the outward Demonstrations of Affection and Gratitude, for his repeated Aids: But, in the End of the *Feast* taking Exceptions at some Words the King of *Georgia* spoke, in praise of his own

own Soldiers, he commanded his *Eunuchs* to seize on him, and carry him to the *Tent* of the *Unfortunate* (so they called the *Pavilion* or *Cage* of the *Grandees* fallen into *Disgrace*.) Then he gave swift Orders, for the *Georgian Soldiers* to be massacred. And having thus done, he bestow'd the *Government of Georgia* on one *Luarzab*; on Condition, That he and his Successors would embrace the *Faith of Hali*, and pay *Tribute* to the *Crown of Persia*.

From this *Luarzab* has the *Government of Georgia* descended, not in a *Line of Blood*, but at the *Pleasure of the Persian Kings*, to him who now holds it, *Schanapas-Chan*; who, I believe, has more *Wit* than to hazard his Possessions for the *Sake of a Chimera*.

In thus roving from my first Point thou canst not blame me, since thou thy self actest by the *Rules of Navigation*, which vary according to the *Byas of the Needle*. Thou followest one *Magnet*, and I another; yet let us both meet in the *Center of Duty*, we owe the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

THOU wilt say, 'Tis an unmannerly Way of congratulating thy New Advance, to begin my Address with Complaints. Yet Friendship overlooks *Punctilio's*. 'Tis not the first
Time

Time I have trespass'd on thy generous Temper. I am indispos'd, and cannot act the *Cour-tier*, though I am ravish'd to hear the News. It is some Support to my languishing Spirits, that whilst I am crumbling and dwindling away into the *little Principles* of which I was made, thou my Friend art growing in the *Bulk* of mortal *Greatness*, in the Favour of our *glorious Sultan*.

However, I cannot but suspect the pretended Kindness of him who rais'd thee, I mean the *new Vizier*; neither hast thou much Reason to take this sudden Reconciliation for any other than a Mask of his old Malice. He cannot forget the Quarrel between thy Father and him, on the Account of *Dara Mesock*, the *Lieutenant-General* of the *Janizaries*; when the brave old *Cheik* put a Stop to the designed Revenge of this inhuman Uplart.

Affure thy self, That he who has made the Steps to the Grandeur he now possesses, o'er the Neck of his *Master*, will not spare any from whose Wit or Power he may fear a Shock. And he knows both by Experience and Interest too great, not to mistrust the Son of his Enemy.

Beside, the eminent Command thy Brother has over the *Spahi's*, must needs be an additional Caution to the Man, whose Name sounds no where so sweetly, as in the Chamber of the *Janizaries*.

Thou art sensible, that the newly reviv'd Animosity between these *Military Orders*, threatens a Calamity to the *Ottoman Empire*, which cannot be diverted, without a Sacrifice on one side or other. And, since the *Spahi's* have engaged so many potent *Bassa's* in their Quarrels, who can expect to fall, but the mighty *Favourite* of the *Infantry*?

He knows this very well; and to prevent his own Ruin, he resolves on thine and thy Brother's: Thine under the Masque of Friendship, till by his Wheedle he has drawn thy Brother to *Constantinople*; where he will not fail to be strang'd, that so a *Creature* of the *Vizier* may be promoted in his Room: And what will become of thee after this, I leave to thy own Judgment.

Perhaps thou wilt despise the Advice of a sick Man, and impute my Fears to an Excess of *Melancholly*; from which Distemper, thou knowest, I am seldom free. But I tell thee, my *Reason* labours under no *Hypochondriack* Disorders, tho' my *Body* may. I am no *Enthusiast* when I counsel my Friend to avoid an apparent Danger. However, if thou thinkest it needless for me to busy my self in such Cases, I have done. But I shall never cease to pray for thy Prosperity, as often as I comply with the *Law*, in kissing the Floor *five Times* a Day, and repeating the appointed *Oraisons of Faith*.

Methinks, when I write to thee now, my Pen is at a Loss. I am puzzled for a Style suitable to thy new Honour and our old Friendship.

But if I take too much Liberty, ascribe it to the Sincerity of my Affection, which knows not how to be reserv'd or strange to a Person, whom once I could call my other self: For no wider is the Distance between Friends.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year, 1649.

LETTER XIII.

To Chiurgi Muhamet, Bassa.

I know not, whether what I am going to relate will be News to thee, or to any of the *Ministers* residing at the *sublime Court*. However 'tis so to me, and I am commanded to conceal nothing of Moment that comes to my Ears.

Mahomet, eldest Son of *Achmet*, the Dey of *Tunis*, is now at *Rome*, having embraced the *Christian Religion*. People relate variously the Motives that induced him to this Change. Some say, 'twas Interest, he having held a private Correspondence with the *Viceroy* of *Sicily*, who promised him, in the King of *Spain's* Name, to make him *Lord* of several large *Territories* in the *West Indies*.

Others say, 'twas Discontent at his Father's Government, and austere Carriage towards him; the old Man having forc'd him to marry the *Bassa* of *Tripoli's* Daughter against his Inclination.

But the greatest Part ascribe this Change in Religion to the Force of his Conscience; which they say was convinced by a *Miracle*, of the Truth of the *Christian Faith*. For, as they relate, being once at Sea in a *Vessel*, wherein were many *Christians*, and a dreadful Tempest arising, the Mariners, who were all *Mussulmans*, seeing the Havock that the Winds and Waves had made of the Ship-Tackle, gave over all for lost, and fainting under so much Labour, Watching and Terror as they had undergone, lay down, and let the Ship drive where-ever the Storm would carry her. But there being a *Christian Priest* aboard, elect'd a very holy and blameless Man, he excited

excited the *Christians* to appease the Wrath of God by some extraordinary Acts of Devotion: Then they all made a solemn *Procession* on the Decks of the *Ship*, the *Priest* carrying before them that which they call the *Sacrament*, imploring the Mercy of God, and often calling on *Jesus* and *Mary*. When behold, as the *Priest* stood aloft on the *Peep*, reading aloud part of the *Gospel*, the Storm suddenly ceased, the Clouds were dispers'd, the Air grew serene and calm, and the Vessel got safe into Harbour. Upon this, they say, *Mahomet*, when he came ashore, took that *Priest* along with him, desiring to be instructed in the *Christian Belief*; making a Vow also, That he would renounce the Law of the *Mussulmans*, and embrace that of *Jesus*.

This is what such, as are zealous for the Honour of the *Christian Faith*, relate concerning this *Prince's* Conversion. However it be, it is certain, that he privately made his Escape from *Tunis* by Sea, and bent his Course directly for *Sicily*; where in a few Days he landed, and was receiv'd by the *Vic-Roy*, according to the Dignity of a *Prince*. A while after, he was baptiz'd by an *Archbishop*, who gave him the Name of *Dow Philippo*, by which he is called in all Places.

They say, he was a little scandaliz'd at first, when he saw with what Freedom the *Sicilian* Women appeared abroad in the Streets, and convers'd with Men; but that afterwards, he took a great Delight in their Company, especially those that could sing well, or play on any Instrument of *Musick*, to which he is much addicted. And therefore he chuses to frequent those *Temples*, where their *Service* is perform'd with Variety of excellent *Musick*, as it is in all great Cities. And for ought we know, the Character which the *Christian Priest* gave him of
this

this *harmonious* Manner of *worshipping* God, might have no small Influence on a Man naturally affected with that *Science*. Certainly Musick has a mighty Force on our Affections; and it is a *Proverb* here in the *West*, *That he who does not love Musick, has no Soul*. One of the ancient *Philosophers* defined the Soul it self to be an *Harmony*. And another was so sensible of the various Effects of this *Science*, in raising different Passions in Men, that he left it as an *Aphorism*, *Such as the Musick is, such are the People of a Commonwealth*. Whence it was the great Care of such as took upon them to form the Manners of *Youth*, that no Tunes should be play'd in their hearing, which naturally provoked to Levity and Wantonness; but grave and martial Strains, such as prompted heroick Thoughts, and disposed them to *Virtue*. The *Italians* are great *Masters* of this *Science*; and the *Airs* which they compose for their *Church Service* are very deep and ravishing. Which causes their *new* Proselyte, *Don Philippe*, to pass his Time very attentively, during the Celebration of their *Highb-Mass* and their *Even-Song*. They report, that he will turn *Jesuit*.

He went from *Sicily* loaded with Gifts and Presents, and came to *Rome*, the Seat of the *Christians* chief *Musti*, whom they call the *Pope*. He is much honour'd and caressed by the *Holy Father*, and all the *Cardinals*, who have told him so many fair Things of the *Nazarene Faith*, and shew'd him so many *sacred Relicks of Antiquity*, that he thinks himself already within the *Verge of Heaven*, and that *Rome* is no other than the *Suburbs of Paradise*. There is something very charming and sweet in the Conversation of the *Christian Prelates*, if they be Men of Learning, as most generally they are. And, 'tis no wonder that

that such polite Company should prevail much on the flexible Temper of a young *Prince*, who is as a *Pilgrim* in a strange *Country*, where he can hear nothing but perpetual *Eulogies* of the *Christian Religion*; nor see any Thing but *Objects*, which serve only to confirm in his Mind a venerable *Idea* of that *Faith* he has embraced. Besides, they say he is fallen deeply in Love with a young *Roman Lady*; so that there is no hope of rescuing him from the Power of so many *Enchantments*.

Therefore, giving him over as lost, let us pray the *Omnipotent*, to establish us in his *Truth*; that neither *Interest*, *Passion*, nor an erroneous *Conscience* may ever be able to make us swerve from the *Law* written in *Heaven*, but, that we may adhere to *GOD* and his *Prophet*, with a *Thousand Souls*.

Paris, 15th of the 7th *Month*.
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIV.

To Sala Tircheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

WE are all alarm'd here with the News of I know not what boisterous Adventures of the *Cossacks*, and their Neighbours, that possess the ancient *Kingdom of Colchis*. Had I not a firm *Faith* in the *Alcoran*, 'twould fill me with *Pannick Fears*. But, no Attempts can prevail against the Men fighting under the *Shadow* of
the

the *Prophet*. He descended with a consummate Authority, from the *Adonarch* who commands all Things. The *Mandate of Heaven* will disperse the *Infidels*. The *seven Viziers* above, were Witnesses to the Words, whose *Echo's* caus'd Thunder, when the *Prophet* retir'd from the *Steps* of the *Throne*. Had not *Moses* given him Warning (who remembered the Noise in the *Mount*) the *Apottle* had lost his *Address*, and been confounded before the *Angels*; but encourag'd with the Whisper of the *Man with Horns*, he made no Default in his *Cerge*: And with little loss of Time arriv'd to the *ninth Sphere*, where he proclaim'd the *Ne-farium*; and all the *Inhabitants* of that *Orb* resorted to the *Banner* which he had in his Hands. The *Prophet* told 'em, 'Twas only for a *Trial* of their *Fidelity*. They made *Obeisance*, and retir'd.

From that Place he made no Scruple, but that the *Elect* in *Heaven* and *Earth* would obey the *Divine Patent*. He finish'd his *Descent* triumphantly, and pitch'd his Feet on *Mount Uriel*. Those that believe *Heli*, say, 'Twas on the Top of the *rugged Rock*: But let *Hereticks* alone in their *Infidelity*. Be it where it pleased *G O D*, he spoke the *Words* that shall ne'er be rever'd when he display'd the *heavenly Sitt*, and said, *Whoever takes up Arms against this Banner, shall be reputed an Infidel; he shall be extirminated from the Earth.*

I often think on these Passages in the *holy Memoirs*, the *Collections* of the *Life* full of *Wonders*. Then I comfort my self with this Thought, That if all the *uncircumcis'd* in the *World* should enter into a *Combination*, they would not succeed against the Men fighting under the *Commission* with the *Seal*.

I have sent a Letter to the *Bassia* of the *Sea*, acquainting him with the News of this *Expedition* of the *Cossacks*. Since which I am informed, That
these

these *People* are headed by a famous *Pirate* in those *Parts*, a Man of a daring Spirit, and capable of the boldest Undertakings. The *French Merchants*, who have traded in the *Black Sea*, give him a high Character, and pretend great Injuries to the *Ottoman Empire* from the Success of his Arms: For, they say, He is a good *Captain*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. I have heard several different Stories of his Birth and Education: But this I am going to relate, comes from the best Hands, and seems most probable.

His Name is *Pachicour*, a *Circassian* by Birth, but bred up in a *Sea Town* of the *Ukrain*, near the Mouth of the *Niester*. He left his Native Country, at the Age of twelve Years, out of a Desire to see foreign *Parts*, embarking himself unknown to his Parents in a Vessel of *Podolia*, which then was ready to set sail from *Bala Clug*. He carryed with him a small Sum of Money, which he had purloyn'd from his Father, and serv'd at a Fund of his future Fortune: For arriving at a certain Town in *Podolia*, he frequented the *Keys*, and offer'd his Service to several *Merchants*; one of which observing in his Face the Marks of a promising *Genius*, entertain'd him in his House. He liv'd with him seven Years, and perform'd his Office so well, that he made him his *Factor* to *Constantinople*.

Pachicour discharg'd his Trust there with much *Profit* to his *Master*, and *Honour* to himself. So that at his Return, several *Merchants* entrusted him with their Goods; and sent him to trade at *Cassa*, and other Towns on the *Black Sea*. His Judgment and Reputation encreasing with his Years, he became in Time famous in all the trading Towns. And such was his Credit in the *Ukrain*, that all the *Merchants* put their Vessels and Goods into his Hands: So that he

sail'd

failed many Times with a Fleet of twenty Ships having the Disposal of all the Goods, committed to his Management. He grew so rich in Time by his Dealings, that he was able to drive a considerable Trade for himself. And then it was, he began to lay the Foundation of a Design, which he has since executed. His Genius was too active always to be confin'd to this slow way of growing *Great*: Therefore he was resolv'd at one Blow to raise his Fortune to the Pitch he aim'd at. He was the only *Brother Banquier* and *Merchant* where-ever he came.

It was no difficult Thing for a Man of so vast a Credit to raise an extraordinary Stock; and *Pachicour* could easily silence the Alarms of *Conscience*. There happen'd also a Juncture very proper for his Design. For while he was at *Issaou*, a *Part* of *Circassia*, Day and Night projecting how to exalt himself, a *War* broke out between his *Countrymen* and the *Mingrelians*. The latter appear'd with a *Navy* at *Sea*, which alarm'd all the *Maritime Parts* of *Circassia*. *Pachicour*, whose Invention was always busy, took a Hint from this, to accomplish his Plot. Expedition was his chiefest Game. Therefore he speedily made the utmost Use of his Credit among the *Podolian Merchants*; and other *Foreigners* residing at *Issaou*. And, when he had amass'd together prodigious Sums of Gold, for which he only gave them *Bills of Exchange*, he privately sends away this huge Treasure, with all his Jewels, *Tissues*, and other rich Merchandize, to his Father's House, who lived not many Leagues from this Town.

Within two Days after this, the *Mingrelian Fleet* made a Descent at *Issaou*, sack'd it, carry'd away Two thousand Captives, and went to their *Vessels* again.

Pachicour

Pachicour, who knew how to make an Advantage of this Opportunity, privately fled after his Wealth, as soon as the *Mingrelian Fleet* appear'd before the Place. And it happen'd that most of his Creditors were made Slaves, and transported to *Mingrelia*. He had no need to take any farther Care, but how to secure his Riches from his pillaging Neighbours: For the *Circassians* are all profess'd Thieves. He therefore makes haste to his Father; and having gratified him for his Trouble, he in a short time purchas'd four *Men of War*, with which he sets up for a *Pirate*, infesting those Seas, and robbing all the *Merchants*, except those who had formerly trusted him. His Bounty and Valour charm'd all that serv'd him. And his Fame spreading with his wonderful Success, many *Circassians* put out to Sea, and join'd with him: So that in a little Time he made no small Figure in the Kingdom of *Neptune*. Seeing himself *Commander* of a powerful Navy, he found out quickly the *Mingrelian Fleet*, and engaging with them, got a glorious Victory.

Soon after, a *Peace* was concluded, and *Pachicour* was declar'd *Admiral* of all the *Circassian* Sea-Forces: To which the *Mingrelians* were oblig'd by *Treaty* to join theirs, and to obey *Pachicour's* Orders. In a little time, this fortunate *General* became so famous, that the *Cossacks* sent to him an *Agent*, and enter'd into a *League*; furnish'd out three hundred Vessels, and join'd the *Circassian* and *Mingrelian* Fleets.

This is the Bottom of the new *Expedition* which makes so loud a Noise in these *Parts*.

Thou, who art *Master* of the *Arsenal*, wilt know what Measures are fittest to be taken against this bold *Infidel*, if he persists to break the *Peace* of the most *Serene* Empire. Yet, though he

is an Enemy, let us not envy him the Praises that are due to his Wit and Courage. He seems to surpass the sneaking *Thieves* of his own Nation; and undertakes nothing but *sovereign Cheats*, and *noble Thefts*, such as would pass for *virtuous Actions* in a Man of a *higher Birth*.

I do not plead for *Robbery*, nor take the Part of an *Infidel*; but if I had Time to tell thee some *heraick Passages* of this *Pirate*, thou wouldst say, he is worthy of a generous and favourable Usage, should he become a *Captive*. In another Letter I will oblige thee with a Relation, which will not be unwelcome to a Man who gives not Sentence with the *Vulgar*. I had more to say on another Subject, but I am interrupted. Pardon the Effect of my Duty to the *Grand Seigneur*.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year, 1649.

LETTER XV.

To Melec Amet Bassa.

THERE is News arrived here lately of the Murder of the *English Ambassador* at the *Hague*. His Name was *Dorflaus*. He was sent by the *new Governours* in *England* to make an *Alliance* with the *States of Holland*, and to satisfy them in reference to their late Proceedings against their *Sovereign*. 'Tis said, his *Negotiation* would have had but little Success, in regard the *Prince of Orange*, who is *President or Chief* over the *States*, and who married the *Daughter* of the *English King*, takes to Heart the untimely Death of his
Father

Father-in-Law, and cannot be reconciled to his Murderers. Yet, 'tis to be thought that *Princes* are no farther touch'd with one another's Misfortunes than concerns their Interest.

However, on the 3d Day of the 5th *Month* some *Scots* enter'd into the Lodgings of the *Ambassador*, and having dispatch'd him with several Wounds, made their Escape. It is not certainly known who set these *Assassins* at work. People debate variously, as their Affections bias them. Some reflect on it as a Judgment justly inflicted by God, though by an *unjust* Act of Men, on one who had been a notorious Promoter of his *Sovereign's* Death: Others censure it as a most impious *Sacrilege*, in regard the Persons of *Ambassadors* are by the *Law of Nations* esteem'd sacred and inviolable; and the Injuries which they suffer are interpreted not only as done to their *Masters* who send them, but to all Mankind, as if *human Nature* it self were wrong'd in the Persons of *Publick Ministers*.

Indeed there is no Method of establishing or conserving Friendships and *Alliances* between different *Nations*, if their *Agents* be not secured with an Immunity from Affronts and Violences.

The *French* relate a pretty Passage of one of their *Kings*, who before he came to the *Crown*, being *Duke of Orleans*, had receiv'd very ill Usage in his Travels from a certain *Italian Lord* call'd the *Baron of Benevento*. After this Prince was possess'd of the *Kingdom*, the same *Italian Lord* was sent *Ambassador* from the *Viceroy of Naples*, to congratulate his *Accession* to the *Throne* of his *Ancestors*. Some *French Courtiers*, who had been Witnesses of the Injuries this *Lord* had formerly done to their *Master*, now persuaded the *King* to revenge himself, by causing some gross Indignities to be done him whilst he had him in his

Power. To whom the wise *Monarch* reply'd, *It becomes not the King of France to revenge on the Embassador of Naples the Injuries which the Duke of Orleans receiv'd from the Baron of Benevento.*

'Tis said, the *English Nation* have demanded Satisfaction of the *Hollanders* for the Murder of their *Ambassador*, but were answer'd, *That they themselves ought at first to expiate the Murder of their King.*

The *Scots* have revolted from the *New Government* in *England*, and are yet in suspense, whether they shall set up the Son of the late King, or form themselves into an *independent Republick*. The *Irish* are stedfast to the Interest of the *Crown*. And many Islands in *America*, subject to the *Kings of England*, have now deny'd all Obedience to the *new English Government*, which seems to tend towards a *Democracy*.

There is much talk of one *Cromwel*, the *General* of the *English Forces* in *Ireland*. This Man from a private and obscure Estate is ascended to the Dignity of a *General*, having purchas'd this Command by his Conduct and Valour. The *French* extol him for the greatest *Soldier* of this Age; and if Fame be true, no less a *Statesman*.

As a Mark of the Respect I owe thee, thou wilt receive with this Letter a Pistol of curious Workmanship, which being once charg'd, will deliver six Bullets one after another. If thou acceptest this small Present it will be an Argument of thy Friendship.

Paris 19th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have often wonder'd at the *Lethargy* wherein the *Nazarenes* seem to be drown'd. They forget what they read in their own *Bibles*; they there encounter with Expressions which favour of the *East*. Every Page of the *written Law* relishes of the *Dialect* which is pure and lively, though the *Translators* have crop'd the Flower of the Sense. I have read their *Bible* in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*, but none of these *Languages* express to the Life the *original Hebrew*; nor can it be expected. It is impossible to screw up the dull *Phrases* of *Europe* to the significant *Idioms* of *Asia*. We may as well expect *Dates* to spring from a *Reed*. And for that Reason it is forbidden the *true Faithful* to translate the *Volume* of *Eight* from the *original Arabick*; which is no other than *Hebrew* in its *ancient Purity*.

This is the *Language* of those who dwell above the *seventh Orb*. 'Tis the *Dialect* wherein God converses with the *Pages* of his *divine Seraglio*, wherein all the *Records* of the *celestial Empire* are writ. And when he issues out *Orders* to the *Ministers* and *Bassa's* of *Heaven*, *Hasmariel* the *Secretary* of the *immortal Discan* uses no other *Character*, or *Speech*, but that which is peculiar on *Earth* to the *Sons* of *Ishmael*, the *Inhabitants* of the *Region* on the *East* of the *Red-Sea*. In fine, this is the *Language* wherein the *Omnipotent* thought fit to discover his *Pleasure* to *Mortals*.

Believe *Mahomet*, when he tells thee with profound *Submission*, that he has taken some *Pains* to pry into those *Languages*, which have been the

Channels of *divine* Knowledge. I have been peculiarly ambitious to study the *Anatomy of oriental* Words: And it would be no *Hyperbole* to say, I have learn'd to dissect even the very *Syllables*, wherein the various placing of Points and Letters alters the Sense, or at least makes it ambiguous. So significant and mysterious are our *sacred Characters*.

I speak not this in *Precaviness*, or to vindicate my self from the Contempt which *Ishingi Cap Oglani* has put upon me. I have no Emulation in that Point; nor can any little Spur of pedantick Ambition make me forward to contend with a Man, whose whole Talent consists in knowing and remembering other Mens *Works*; as if he had studied at *Athens* only for this End, to learn the facetious Art of turning his *Brains* into a *Catalogue of Books*. But I reflect on the *Learned* among the *Nazarenes*, who are chiefly to blame, having the Custody of the *Book* delivered to them from the *Jews*. And among them the *Translators* of that *Volume* are past Excuse, for they have despoil'd the *Original*, and robb'd the *Virgin Language* of its Beauty and Honour, whilst the rest are Witnesses and silent Abettors of the Rape, in concealing the Indignity that has been done to the *Letters* form'd by the *Finger* of God, and full of *divine Mysteries*.

In thus accusing the *Christian Interpreters* of the *Bible*, I do not patronize the *critical* Whimfies of the *Jewish-Cabalists*. They are exploded by all Men of Sense; yet there is a *Medium* between the Excess of that affected Niceness, which has rendered the *one* ridiculous, and of that study'd Carelessness to which the Obscurity of the *other* is owing. As the *Hebrews*, by peering the Letters too close, have squeez'd out *divine Chimera's*; so the *Christians*, in using too slack a Hand, have scarce

scarce gain'd a gross Draught of common human Sense, leaving the genuine *Elixir* of the Writer's Meaning behind.

I will not lay much to the Charge of the *Translators* employ'd by *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*. These were no *Christians*, nor yet in the Number of those who adored the *celestial Bodies* and *Elements*: Nor did any of them pay their *Devotions* at the same *Altar* with that *Egyptian Monarch*, who was a *Worshipper* of the God *Serapis*: But they were *Jews*, seventy, or two more in Number, as the *Tradition* goes. And being every one commanded severally to translate those *Manuscripts* which the *Jews* esteem'd the *Oracles of God*, without conversing with, or seeing each other, 'tis said, their *Versions* all agreed to a *Syllable*.

This is the Story of the *Jews*, and seems to be credited by the *Christians*: Yet some have found many Errors and Incongruities in that celebrated *Copy*. And 'tis easy for an impartial Eye, especially in the Head of an *Oriental*, to spy many more.

But the *Latin*, which they call the *vulgar Translation*, is full of Mistakes. And the pretended *Saint* who made it, should have gone farther than *Palestine* for his Intelligence in *ancient Hebrew*. His Name (if I mistake not) was *Hieronymus*. He pass'd many Years in a *Cell*, near the supposed *Tomb* of the *Christian's Messiah* in the *Holy Land*: Where, they say, he was inspir'd with the *Knowledge of Hebrew*; and from thence ventur'd upon a *Translation* of the *Old Testament*.

Thou wilt not expect a Certificate of these Things from *Mahmut*, who only tells thee what he has read in *Christian Authors*, whom they call the *Historians* of their *Church*.

But I can assure thee 'twas no Spirit of the *last* assisted this *Ecclesiastic* in his *Version*. For he comes far short of rightly rendering the lofty *Hyperboles*, apposite *Similitudes*, elegant *Figures*, and other *Ornaments* of *Speech* peculiar to the *Writings* of those who first see the *Rising-Sun*. Such are all those penn'd in the *East*: From which we must not exclude the *Manuscripts* of *Moses*, and the rest of the *Hebrew Prophets*, *Poets*, *Historians* and *Philosophers*. Of these does the *Old Testament* consist, except one *Book* writ by my Countryman *Job*, who five Times foil'd the *Devil* in so many set *Combats* before *God*.

What shall I say then of the *Translations* that have been made of their *Bible* in other *Languages*, not so copious and significant as the *Latin*.

Since this Division arose between the *Roman-Catholicks* and *Protestants*, their *Bible* has been taught to speak the *Dialect* of all, or most *Nations* in *Europe*. Yet such is the *Unhappiness* of the *Franks*, that the more they tamper with the *Language* of great *Purity*, the worse they succeed. Which has occasion'd some learned Men, as I am inform'd, to mark above a thousand *Faults* in the last *French Version* of that *mysterious Book*.

What room will they leave for the *Censures* of the *Mussulmans*, if the *Christians* themselves are thus critical upon the *Grand Patent* of their *Salvation*!

It would be an endless *Task* to recount all the *Errors* that may be discern'd in the various *Translations* of the *Bible*, by any Man that has convers'd in the *East*. Neither will I intrench on thy *Patience* to gain the *Character* of a *Critic*.

Permit me to glance only on the *Psalter*, or the *Odes* of *Sultan David*. How flat and dull are the *Measures* of the *Christian Translators*! How
low

low have they sunk the Sense of that *Royal Poet*! He never began to warble forth any of those *Divine Songs*, 'till first inspir'd by a *Seraph*, whom he had lur'd down from *Paradise* by the Melody of his *Harp*. That *Seraph* was Master of the *Musick* above, as the *Hebrew Doctors* teach. Every time *David* play'd on his *Instruments*, *Ariel* (for so was the *Spirit* call'd) made his Descent, and sung with a Grace which cannot be express'd. The docile *Poet* soon learn'd both his Notes and Words. Seven hundred Times *David* touch'd his harmonious Strings, and so often the *Angel* flood by him with the *Book* of the *Quire*. He taught him Seven hundred *Sonnets* that are chant-ed by the *Lovers* in *Paradise*. But the *Devil* stole 'em from the *King* whilst he was gazing on another Man's Wife, bathing her self in an adjoining Garden.

Yet there are above a hundred *Hymns* remaining which *David* compos'd by Memory out of the former. But some Sects among the *Christians* have turn'd them to the *Ballads* of the *Vulgar*.

So have they dealt by that surpassing *Poem* of *Solymon*, taught him by the *Ethereal Tutor* of his *Father*. For *Ariel* was enamour'd of one of the *Virgins* of *Paradise* at the same Time that *Solymon* enjoy'd *Pharaoh's* Daughter, and had newly built for her a *Seraglio* of *Cedar*. The heavenly *Lover* therefore, to accommodate himself to the *Passion* of the *Mortal*, taught him one of the *Pastorals* of *Eden*, a *Song* peculiar to his own *Amour*.

But the *Nazarenes* have turn'd it to a dry and insignificant *Allegory* by their *Glosses*; putting an Affront also upon *Rhetorick* and *Poetry*, in word-ing their *Translation*.

If I should go on and number the *Mistakes* they have made in the *Writings* of the *Prophets*, and other *Books* of the *Old Testament*, though it

were but in this *general* Manner, I should tire thee out; but to recount the *Particulars* would be a *thirteenth* Task for *Hercules*.

Yet after all these Defaults of the *Learned*, neither they nor the *Ignorant* can be excus'd from wilful Blindness, in fluting their Eyes against the Twilight which appears in the worst *Translation*, and is sufficient to direct any Man to the *East*, where *Wisdom* shines in her perfect *Splendor*.

There are Expressions all over the *Scriptures* which point to the *Laws*, *Customs*, *Habits*, *Diet* and *Manner of Life* used in the *Regions* first visited by the *Morning Sun*. These are the same now as they were of *old*; and the *Muslimans* of this *Age* observe no other Rule of Life but what was practis'd by the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, above three thousand Years ago, and by all the *Faithful* of those *Times*. Our *Marriages*, *Circumcisions*, *Funerals*, *Prayers*, *Washing*, and all other *Ceremonies* of *Religion* or *Civility*, are the same now as then: There is nothing added or diminished save the *Faith* and *Obedience* we owe to *Mahomet* the *Ambassador* of *G O D*, and to the *Volume* put into his Hands by *Gabriel*, *Prince* of the *divine Messengers*:

Our very *Habits*, and the *Manner* of our *Building*; our *Salutations* and whole *Address* are the same at this Day, as the *Scripture* tells us were in use in those *Ages* next after the *Flood* among the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*, and among all the *true Believers*, the *Posterity* of *Ibrahim*, especially the *Descendants* by the *Right Line*, the *Stem* of *Ismael*, the eldest Son of *him* who entertained *three Angels* at once in his *Tent*.

Yet the *Infidels* will not consider it; but persuade themselves they are the only *Children* of the *faithful Ibrahim*, pretending to practise, in I
know

know not what *figurative Sense*, the Life we lead in Truth: Cheating themselves with *empty Symbols*, while we enjoy the *Substance*.

But thou, *great Successor of Ibrahim*, and the *Prophets*, vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilst his Duty to the *Grand Seigneur* obliges him to dwell here in the *West*, and to converse with none but *Infidels*, he may still retain the *Faith* of the *East*, the Devotion of an *Ismaelite*, and the *Purity* of a *true Believer*; still crying in his Heart; even in the *Temples* of the *Infidels*, there is but one God, and *Adabomet* his *Messenger*.

Paris, 5th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVII.

To the Chiaus Bassa.

THE *Peace* agreed on last Year between the *Germans* and *Swedes*, is not yet fully established and confirmed, there has been a *Cessation of Arms* since that Time. And now the *Duke Amalfi* on the *Emperor's Side*, the *Duke of Vandart* for the *King of France*, and he of *Erskin* for the *Crown of Swedeland*, are met at *Norimburgh*, to conclude a final *Ratification* of the *Articles*.

During this *Consult*, the *Swedish Army* are permitted by the *Emperor's Agreement* to quarter up and down in *seven Circles* of the *Empire*, and not to be discharged till all their *Arrears* are paid at the *Cost* of the *Germans*. 'Tis said it will amount to three *Millions of Zequins*. This *War* has lasted near thirty *Years*; in which above three hundred thousand *Men* have lost their *Lives*.

As to the *English* Affairs, the prevailing Party there have declared that *ancient Kingdom* to be a *free State*, and the *Monarchy* is abolish'd by a *publick Act*. Nevertheless, after *Charles* was behead'd, his eldest Son was proclaim'd *King*, both in *England* and *Ireland*, by some of the *Nobles* and *Gentry* that were Friends to that *Royal Family*. And in *Ireland*, a certain great *Duke* appear'd at the Head of a numerous *Army*, in behalf of the young *King's* Interest, having laid Siege to the *Metropolis* of that *Kingdom*; which with one other *Town*, were the only strong Holds that resisted the *King's* Party. But in the 8th *Month* the *Army* which the *English* States had newly sent over to that *Island* engag'd with the *Forces* of this *Duke*, entirely routed them, killing ten Thousand Men on the Spot, and taking many Thousand Prisoners, with all their *Ammunition* and *Baggage*. This being seconded with other *Victories*, in a small Time reduced that *Kingdom*, under the *Obedience* of the *English* States.

In the mean Time, I hear no pleasing News from the *Levant*. Vessels daily arrive in the *Havens* of *France*, who confirm each other's Relations of a dreadful *Naval Combat* between our *Fleet*, and that of the *Venetians*; wherein they say, we have lost seventy two *Gallies*, threescore *Merchant Vessels*, and eighteen *Ships of War*: That in this *Fight* six thousand five hundred *Mus-sulmans* have lost their Lives, and near ten thousand were taken Prisoners.

I tell thee, these are great Breaches in the *Navy*, which belonging to the *Lord* of the *Sea* and *Land*, has assum'd to it self the Epithet of INVINCIBLE. These are Blemishes in the *Ensigns* of high *Renown*, *Reproaches* to the *Empire* which we believe is to subdue all *Nations*. I reflect not on the *Courage*, or *Conduct*, of
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the *Captain Bassa*; neither am I willing to help forward the Ruin of a Man, who cannot expect to be honour'd with a Vest, a Sword, or any other Marks of the *Sultan's* Favour, for his Service in this *Ses-Campagne*. I am naturally compassionate. 'Tis not in my Praise I speak it: for, I believe this Tenderness, to be rather a *Vice* of my *Constitution*, than to have any Rank of *Morals*, much less to be of Kin to the *Family of Vertues*. I pity a Man falling into Disgrace, on whom the *Weather* of the *Seraglio* changes, from which he must expect nothing but Clouds and Storms. Those Tempests will prove more fatal to him than any that ever toss'd his *Fleet* on the ruffled *Ocean*. In all probability, he will suffer a Shipwreck of his Fortune, if not of his Life. Therefore 'tis with extreme Regret I must say that which may hasten his Fall.

But I am commanded, not to conceal any Intelligence, that relates to the Interest of the *Sublime Port*, nor to spare the Son of my Mother, if I know him guilty of criminal Practices.

All that I have to lay to the Charge of the *Bassa* of the *Sea*, is a private Correspondence which he holds with *Cardinal Mazarini*. This I discover'd by the Assistance of a *Dwarf*, whom I have often mentioned in my Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Port*. I need not repeat to thee, what I have said already to them of the Birth, Education and Genius of *Oswin*; (for so is the little Spark call'd) nor of the Method I have put him upon, to wind himself into the Secrets of the *Publick Ministers*. Only thou may'st report to the *Divan*, that this diminutive Man continues to pursue his Advantages of Access to the Closets of the *French Ministers*, whereof I gave an Account last Year, in a Letter to *Chingiz Mahomet Bassa*.

Thou may'st assure them also, That when he was Yesterday in the Chamber of *Cardinal Mazarini*, he call his Eyes on a Letter which lay open on the Table, while the Cardinal was in earnest Discourse with an extraordinary *Courier* from *Rome*. He had not opportunity to read more than the *Superscription*, and a Line or two of the Matter; which contained these Words:

The Mild Commander, the humble Shadow of the bright Star of the Sea, Bilal Captain Baffa.

To the most *Illustrious Prince* of the *Kingdom* of the *Messiah*, eminent among the *Highb Lords* of holy Honour, the sublime *Director* of the People of *JERUSALEM*, Assistant to the Chair of *Sovereign Dignity*, the Seat of the *Roman Caliph*, *Fulio Mazarini*, *Cardinal*, and our Friend. May whose latter Days increase in Happiness.

THY affectionate Letter and Presents were deliver'd safe to me, as I lay at Anchor with the Fleet under my Command, not far from the Island of *Chico*. And as a Mark of my Acknowledgment and good Will to thee and all the *Nazarenes*, I embrac'd in my Arms the noble Captain *Signior Antonio Maratelli*, who had the Honour to be trusted with this Negotiation. I immediately disrob'd myself, and caus'd that brave Italian, thy Messenger, to be vested with my own Garment, as a Pledge of——

Before *Osmin* could read farther, the *Cardinal* approached the Table and took up the Letter, letting fall some Words to the *Courier*, by which the *Dwarf* was confirm'd in his Suspicion of the *Bassa's* *Perfidiousness*, and that this Letter newly came from him. He posst immediately to give me an Account of this Passage; believing it to be, as it is, of great Import. For he has a
singular

singular Regard for the *Family*, which first exterminated the *Greeks* from *Constantinople*.

Thou knowest what Use to make of this Intelligence. I am not cruelly inclin'd, but I must do my Duty. The rest I refer to thy Prudence.

I will only advertise thee of one farther Remark of *Ossin*, who by comparing what he has seen now, with a Discourse he once before overheard between *Mazarini* and a *French Nobleman*, whilst he lay under the *Cardinal's* Table (which I have inserted in one of my Letters) concludes, That the *Bassa* there mention'd by the *Cardinal*; was this same *Bilal Bassa*, who was at the Instance of the *Fanisaries* made *Bassa* of the *Sea*.

I could not, without making my self an Accomplice, conceal so foul an Ingratitude to the *Grand Seignior*, and so villainous a *Treason* against the *Empire*, which holds the *first Rank* among all the *Dominions* on *Earth*.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year, 1649.

LETTER XVIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

WE have had a violent hot *Summer* in these *Parts*, with much *Thunder* and *Lightning*; which has done considerable Damage to the *Farmers*, in burning their *Hay* and *Corn* in their *Granaries*. Complaints arrive here daily from all the *Provinces*, that *Heaven* has confam'd their *Harvests*,

This

This the *Court Party* interpret as a *Judgment* on them for their *Rebellions*; causing it to be industriously spread about in all Companies that *Heaven* is angry with the *Inhabitants* of *Guyenne*, *Bourdeaux*, and other *Provinces*, for taking up Arms this Year against their *Sovereign*. I know not how far this *Censure* is justifiable: But 'tis observ'd that the *People* of these *Rebellious Provinces* have receiv'd more apparent and irreparable Injuries by the *Lightning*, than those of other *Parts*. Several *Members* of the *Parliament* of *Aix* were found dead in their Beds, after a tempestuous Night of *Lightning*. And next Day, the *Roof* of the *House* where they assembled, fell down and kill'd several.

In the *great Church* of *Bourdeaux*, as they were celebrating their *Mass*, a Ball of Fire broke in from behind the *Altar*, smote down several *Images*, and filling the *Church* with an intolerable Stink, flew out of a *Window*, without doing any farther Harm. And a great *Bank* of Money, rais'd by this *City* to pay their *Soldiers*, was all melted down by *Lightning*, to the Astonishment of those who saw it; for it was done in the *Day-time*, the *Grandees* of *Bourdeaux* being present. It would be endless to recount all the *Mischicks* that have been done in those *Parts*. We had no great Harm here, save that almost all the *Wine* in the *City* was turn'd to a Kind of *Vinegar* in one Night. Which the *Philosophers* attribute to the peculiar *Energy* of *Lightning*; which plays the *Chymist* with this *Liquor*, and in a Moment separates, and drinks up its *Vital Spirits*, leaving only a *wortuum Caput* behind.

The *Season* has been so hot during the *Day-Days*, that the *Air* itself seem'd combustible; and the very *Winds*, from whence we look'd for Refreshment, were like the *Breath* of a *Stove*:

All things seem'd ready to take Fire, as if the *Elements* waited for the *Grand Conflagration*, Heat was the Cry every where. Mens Bodies were scalded with internal Flames; the Shade of Trees afforded no Relief, the Fountains could not allay their Thirst. All *Nature* seem'd to be in a *Fever*, ready to expire.

Now these Fervors are abated, and we begin to have frosty Mornings. The nitrous Air restores Mens Appetites. Abundance of Rain has new moulded the gaping, parch'd Earth, and produc'd a *second Spring*. The Husbandman comforts himself with the Hopes of *another* Crop of Hay, to repair the Loss of the *former*, which the *Lightning* robb'd him of. In the mean Time, the Winds are very busy in disrobing the Trees, and scattering not only their Leaves, but also the Fruit that is not gather'd, on the Ground; whereby a *Banquet* is prepared for the *Hogs* in every *Orchard*, who claim as much Right to feed on what lies on the *common Table* as their *Owners*: And 'tis no unpleasant *Musick*, to hear a Herd of *Swine* set their Teeth at work on the wind-fallen Apples. At least, this Spectacle and Noise is delightful to me, who have been without Appetite these three *Months*, and but just begin to recover my Stomach. I often ride out of *Paris*, on purpose to take the Country Air, where my Bread tastes more favourably than in the City. There appears something so harmless and innocent in the Faces and Behaviour of the *Rusticks*, as effectually relieves my *Melancholy*. I cannot discern in them any Signatures of *Court-Craft* and Villany. Their Conversation cheers my Spirits. I love to hear them talk of their *rural Affairs*. My Eye follows the Ploughmen with Envy. Then I could wish it had been my lot to have been bred up in some homely Cottage where

where I might have tended Oxen, Sheep or Asses; all which act regularly according to their *Nature*; Whereas, he that is the *Servant* of *Princes*, is compell'd to do many things contrary to his *Reason*; which is the greatest Unhappiness can befall a Man. How sweet is the Sleep of the Husbandman by Night, and how void is his Mind of imbittering Cares by Day? He rises with the *Lark*, and is as chearful as that pretty Bird, saluting *Aurora* with a *Song* or *Lesson* on his *Pipe*. He snuffs up the wholesome and fragrant Dew of the Morning, as he walks over the Lands. He beholds, with Admiration and Pleasure, the gilded Clouds and Tops of Mountains, when the *Sun* comes forth of his *Bed-Chamber* in the *East*. He spurs himself on to his daily Labour, by the Example of that active *Planet*, following his Work with Content and Joy. His Food is pleasant both in his Mouth and his Belly; he feels no After-pangs through Satiety; but well refreshed and nourished with his homely Diet, he lies down with the Lamb, and sleeps in Peace, never dreaming of *State-Intrigues*, or the *Plots* of the *Mighty*. Thus he passes his Life, in a Circle of Delights.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, are not these proper Objects of Envy to a Man in my Circumstances? Or, canst thou blame *Mahmet*, who has neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, for wishing himself in a Condition, which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a thousand Snares; my Employment is a perfect Riddle. I must say and unsay the same Things, as often as Occasion requires. I must tell an hundred Lyes, swear and forswear my self every Hour, if the Interest of the *Grand Seignior* be at Stake. I must be a *Mahometan*, *Christian*, *Jew*, or anything that will serve

serve a Turn; dissemble with *GOD* and *Man*, blaspheme the *Prophets*, curse the *True Believers*, and my self too, rather than baulk the *Cause* I am engag'd in: And yet, all this while they will persuade me, I am a good *Man*, and shall go to *Paradise*. As if the *Mufts*'s Dispensations were available to cancel the express, positive *Law* of *GOD*! Do they think to amuse me with such Umbrages, and send me mazzled to *Hell* with my *Eyes* open? I tell thee, I have a *Conscience*, and such a *Conscience* as will not let me be at rest in this manner of *Life*. It were better to die, than to live stain'd with so many *Prevarications*. I know not what to do amidst so many *Terrors*: I feel my *Body* decay apace, and halting towards its *Dissolution*. What will become of me, if I should die under the Burthen of so many *Sins*? What Answer shall I be able to make to the *two Inquisitors* of the *Grave*, the *Angels* who shall examine me, who is my *GOD*, and who is my *Prophet*, and, what is my *Faith*? The *Darkness* of that *Region of Shadows* will not be sufficient to hide my *Blushes*, and the *Confusion* I shall be in at so pressing a *Trial*.

All my *Comfort* is, That I have yet *Friends* left, to whom I may freely vent my *Thoughts* and ask their *Counsel*.

If thou hast any *Remains* of that *Friendship* that has been between us, weigh my *Case* thoroughly, and tell me whether I am not lost for ever, without a *Change* of *Life*? Flatter me not, neither use the *Artifices* of *Civility*, in palliating my *Crimes*; but search my *Wounds* and give me thy *Advice* without a *Veil*, and *Mahomet* shall esteem thee *Physician* of his *Soul*.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

L E T.

LETTER XIX.

To Kenan Bassa, Chief Treasurer to
his Highness at Constantinople.

IF I have not address'd to thee before, attribute it to my Ignorance of thy *Quality* and *Person*. As soon as I heard of thy Advancement to this important Trust, I resolv'd to salute thee, as becomes a *Slave* in my Post, and to wish thee all the Happiness thou canst desire. Yet, when I congratulate thy *Rise*, remember, I do but welcome thee to a *Precipice*, a mere *Pinnacle* of *Fortune*, where thou hast no Reason to expect secure footing. The Blast of an envious Mouth will make thee totter. Thou breathest in an Element full of Tempests. The sly Practices of a *Rival* may undermine thee; or the more open Frowns of thy *Sovereign* may cast thee down. Thou art ever liable to the Malice of the Vulgar, and not a little in Danger of thy own Weakness, the inseparable Companion of Humanity. If thou shouldst once look with *Disdain* on those that are beneath thee, the vast Distance and Height of the Prospect may make thee giddy. Therefore it would be good for thee to have thy Eyes always fixt on thy self. That will prove the best *Chart*, by which to steer thy Course through the Rocks and Sands, which on all Hands threaten the Life of a *Courtier*. It will not be amiss also, to place before thee the Examples of wise Men, thy *Predecessors*. There is a greater Force in these, than in the best Counsels; because Matter of Fact leaves no Room for Dispute: Whereas Men are naturally jealous of those who pretend to instruct them. We are
all

all fond of our own Reason and Judgment; and are apt to suspect him of some Design who seeks to persuade us, though to our Good. Besides, there is a *Species of Pride*, a *Pumilia of Honour* in *Mortals*, which will hardly permit us to yield ourselves in a condition to need another's Advice: Whence comes the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *A Man profits more by the sight of an Idiot, than by the Orations of the Learned.* We all love to make our own Experiments, and sooner trust any Sense than our Ears. Therefore the *Lacedemonians* caused their *Slaves* to be made drunk in the Presence of their Children; that from the *Squalidness* of the *Spectacle* they might conceive a Hatred against that Vice, which by all the *Infirmities* in the World they would never learn to abhor.

The Crimes of some in thy *Station* have more of Sobriety in them, but less Honesty. Wonder not at the Expression, nor accuse me of Impudence. I reflect only on the wicked: number not thy self among them.

Thou knowest it has been an ancient Custom for our renowned *Emperors* to divert themselves at certain Times with the Sight of their *inestimable Treasury*. I am no Stranger to the Ceremonies used at such Times; one would think it impossible amidst so much Caution, that the *Grand Seigneur* should be defrauded of the least part of his Wealth. I do not speak of the *Chamber of Arms*, or those others which make up the *Imperial Wardrobe*. The Bulk and Weight of those Rich Velvet *Brocades*, and other Furniture of Gold and Silver, discourages the Theft. But who can number the *Robberies* that have been committed among the *Jewels*, and *invaluable Rarities* of the *mysterious Closet*? It has been found easy to conceal and transport from thence whole Beds of Diamonds, and Chains of Pearls; undiscovered

covered, I will not say unsuspected, at the times when *Anackdar-Agasi* gives three Knocks on the Cabinet of the Keys.

These are Hours of Munificence and royal Bounty, when the *august Lord* of the Mines is pleas'd to gratify his *Slaves* with Gifts, and make them sensible they serve *him*, who commands this *upper World*, and that *underneath*.

No *Prince* can discommend this domestick Sport of our *Sovereign*, when he makes his *Pages* scramble for *Diamonds* and *Rubies*, since it gives him a Taste of his *Humanity*; nothing being more agreeable, in Cases on this side of amorous Jealousy, than to let others partake of our Pleasures: And 'tis the peculiar Delight of *Kings* sometimes to lay aside their State and Grandeur, to be familiar with their Attendants, making them their Companions, or, at least, their *Proxies* in many Enjoyments.

But 'tis pity this Favour should be abused, as it has been, in the Instance I mention'd. Thou art no Stranger to the *Records* of the *Hafna*, which tell us, That when *Gelep Obiaus Bassa* was made *chief Treasurer* in the Reign of *Sultan Mustapha*, the Lucre of the glittering Jewels had tempted him to defraud his *Master*, to the Value of five hundred thousand *Zequins*; which upon the Information of three *Pages*, and a diligent Search, were found in his Trunks.

It has been whisper'd also, That few have enjoyed that Office, who have not parloin'd something from the *Imperial Coffers*. They say, 'Tis an hereditary Theft deliver'd by Tradition from one to another; every *Hafnadarbassa* being advanc'd to that Honour by the Recommendation of his *Predecessor*, for the Service he has done him in conniving at these Practices, which cannot be hid from any of the *Sixty* who guard the *Royal Wealth*.

Thou

Thou canst not blame me, for putting thee in Mind of these Things; in regard I am commanded to write with all Freedom to the *sublime Administrators*, whatever concerns the Interest of our great *Master*.

I have no more to say, but to desire thee, in transmitting what Money is appointed for me, to be timely and punctually, to send *Duplicates* by different *Posts*, that if one should miscarry, I may not be at a Loss: For, there is no Credit for a *Mussulman* in *Paris*. *Eliachim* would supply me with what may suffice a *Dervish*; but it belongs to thee to take Care, that I want not what is requisite for an *Agent* of the *Grand Seigneur*.

Paris, 22d of the 10th *Month*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XX.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

I Unwillingly concluded my last Letter, before I had vented half my Thoughts, on those *Oriental* Subjects, so full of Instruction and Pleasure. Thy *Journal* is become my Pocket-Companion. I carry it with me to the *Gardens* and *Solitudes*, and even to the *Libraries* and *Churches*: To which last, I am obliged to go sometimes, that I may avoid Suspicion.

The *Christians*, when they enter the most delightful *Gardens* of *Paris*, spend their Time, and weary themselves, in walking forward and backward. They will measure several Leagues in traversing one *Alley*: which vain Custom, thou knowest, is contrary to the Practice of the *Eastern* People,

People, who love to solace themselves, in sitting full under the cool Shades, and feeding their Eyes with the grateful Verdure of Trees, their Noses with the fragrant Smell of Herbs and Flowers, and their Ears with the pretty Melody of the Birds: All which serve as Helps to their Contemplation.

After this manner I many Times pass away some Hours in the *Gardens* of this City, whereof there are great Plenty. And when I am cloy'd with the fore-mentioned Pleasure, then I take out thy *Journal*, and fall to reading; which winds up my Thoughts afresh, like a Watch that is down: Nay, it opens new Sources of Contemplation, and serves as a miraculous *Talisman* to bring *China*, *India*, and all the *East* into the Place where I am; so lively and natural are thy Discourses of these *Parts*.

When I am in *Churches* it serves me instead of a *Prayer-Book*: And, whilst others are babbling over they know not what, or at least they care not what; I offer up to GOD the *First-Fruit* of my Reason and Knowledge, which he has given me to distinguish me from all Sorts of Beasts, whether in human Shape, or not.

When I go to the *Libraries*, I compare thy *Journal* with the *Writings* of others who treat of the same Matters; and find, that thou agree'st with some, correctest the Mistakes of others, and in all, shewest a *Genius* elevated above all others of the common *Historians* and *Travellers*; who seek rather to amuse the Reader with uncouth Stories and Adventures, than to instruct him with what is really useful and profitable.

Thus thy *Journal* is become the Companion of my Solitudes, the Object of my Studies, and the Help to my Devotions abroad; and it is no less the Diversion of my Retirement and Melancholy

Melancholy at home. I am a great Admirer of *Antiquity*; and therefore an old craggy Rock, o'er-grown with Moss, and full of gaping *Chasms*, is a more agreeable Sight to me, than the flow'ry Meadows or verdant Groves; because the former looks like a *Relick* of the *primitive Chaos*; whereas, I know the latter to be only the Product of the last *Spring*. 'Tis for this Reason, thy *Narrative* affords me so vast a Delight, because it treats of the most ancient *Kingdoms* and *Governments* in the *World*: And is not stuff'd with *Chimera's* and *Fables*, as most *Relations* of those Countries are; but gives us a sincere and true Account of whatever is considerable, without touching on *Impertinencies*.

But above all, I am delighted with that Part which relates thy Travels in *China*: That Country being of so vast an extent, so rich, so populous; the People so industrious, learned and politick (besides the *Antiquity* of their *Empire* which cannot in that Point be match'd by any *Government* under the *Heavens*;) that the exact Knowledge of these Things seems to me of greater Moment, than any other Discoveries whatsoever.

What thou sayest of the *Chinese* Letters and Words, shews, That thou hast made some Inspection into that *Language*. And thy Remarks on the long *Succession* and *Series* of their *Kings*, is an Argument that thou art no Stranger to their *Chronology*, which takes in many Thousands of Years before *Noah's Flood*. Thou art very exact in enumerating their publick *Tribunals* and *Courts* of *Justice*; as also in describing some remarkable Bridges, Temples, Palaces and other Structures: Which serve to give the Reader a true *Idea* of the Magnificence and Grandeur of the *Chinese Emperors*; and of the Ingenuity of the *People*,

who

who seem to excel all others in *Arts* and *Sciences*. In a Word, it is evident, that thou didst not pass thy Time with thy Arms folded, whilst thou wert in that *Kingdom*. And I know not how better to express the Esteem I have for thee, on the account of the Pains thou hast taken to inform both thy self and me in Matters of so great Importance, than by giving thee an Account of what Progress the *Tartars* have made in the Conquest of that *Empire*, since thy return to *Constantinople*. In my last I acquainted thee with the Coronation of the *Tartar* King at *Pekin*; since which other Vessels are arriv'd from those *Parts*, which bring an Account that the young *Tartarian* Conqueror soon pushed forward his Victories; and marching with an Army into *Corea* (which *Kingdom*, thou knowest, borders on *China*) the King of that *Country* made his Submission; and entering into a League with *Zouchi*, held his Crown in Fee of that Victorious *Emperer*.

Afterwards he hasten'd to subdue the *Provinces* which remain'd unconquered. His Method in accomplishing this great Work was by swift Marches, like another *Alexander the Great*; and by laying Siege to the principal City of a *Province*, which he never failed either to take by Force, or compelled to surrender, that so they might escape Famine: And when this was done he took Possession both of it and the whole *Province*, summoning the Cities of lesser Note to surrender; which they seldom refused after they had beheld the Fate of the first. Thus in a little time he became *Master* of all that spacious *Empire*.

The Fame of his Success quickly brought innumerable *Tartars* out of their *Native Country* to follow the Fortune of their *Emperer*. To these he gave the chief *Offices* of his *Army*, and continu-
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continued the *Chineses* in the Administration of *Civil Affairs*; and, as a Token of their Subjection, he commanded all the *Chineses* to cut their Hair short, and to cloath themselves after the Fashion of the *Tartars*.

They give a high Character of this young *Prince*, who amidst so many Successes and Triumphs discovers not the least Vain-glory, but contains himself within the Bounds of a virtuous Moderation, ascribes all to the *Decrees of Destiny*, and is not in the least puffed up with any of his glorious Actions; which is an Argument of a Spirit truly heroick. And yet this *Prince* is an *Idolater*, as are all the *Tartars* of that Nation; or rather, they are Men of no *Religion*, which makes their Morals the more admirable; For according to the Relation of those who came last from *China*, the *Tartars* are a very temperate and continent People, abhorring those Vices which are but too common in other Parts of the World, and from which the *true Believers* themselves are not free. They are rigorously just also, and punish all manner of Fraud and Deceit with immediate Death. As for their Conduct and Courage in the *Wars*, there is no *Nation* surpasses them, few are their Equals. They are passionate Lovers of an active Life, spending most of their Time on Horseback, either in hunting wild Beasts, or fighting with their Enemies: And their Horses are the best and most courageous in the World. There is nothing the *Tartars* so much despise, as the sedentary Life of *Students* and learned Men; accounting them the Burthen of a *Commonwealth*, lazy Drones, fit only to be sold for Slaves: But Men of Service and Merit in the *Wars* they have in great Esteem; never failing to reward such with *Dignities and Commands*, proportionable to
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their Deserts and Capacities. Nay, such is the martial *Genius* of this Nation, that the very Women ride to the Wars with the Men, and perform Exploits above what is expected from that soft and delicate Sex. Both Men and Women are habituated from their Infancy to live in Tents or Waggon, there being very few Cities in all *Tartary*: There they are inur'd to Hunger, Cold, Thirst, and all the Methods of a frugal and hardy Life. This is that which renders them excellent Soldiers, and a Terror to all the Nations round about them. This is that which so soon reduced all *China* to their Obedience; the *Chinese*, among all their Virtues and Accomplishments, being the most effeminate People on Earth. This no doubt thou hast observed.

Brother, I advise thee to go to *Kevker Haffan Boffa* our Countryman, and present to him these Observations on the *Tartars*; which thou may'st easily do by transcribing what is for thy Turn out of the Letter. He inherits his Father's *Genius*; who, thou knowest, was one of the greatest *Hunters* in all *Arabia*, and has a Character not much different from what I have here given thee of the *Tartars*. That *Boffa* will take great Delight in these *Memories*, and will think himself obliged to make thee some proper Acknowledgment. He is generous and great, and it lies in his Power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an *Eulogium* of thy Ability. I will second it with another Letter, in answer to one I lately receiv'd from him, wherein he desires a farther Account of *China*. I will inform him therefore of several Passages out of thy *Journal*. He no doubt, to make a farther Trial of thy Knowledge, will ask thee several Questions relating to these Matters. So shalt thou

thou have a fair Opportunity of rendering thy self conspicuous, and of gaining his Esteem Follow my Advice ; take Time by the Forelock, and the Event shall prove happy.

Paris, 31th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXI.

To Kerker Haffan, Bassa.

I Received thy Commands, and am proud of the Honour thou hast done me in requiring the smallest Service at my Hands, especially one of this Nature, which is an Argument that my former Relation of *China* was acceptable to thee. This I account my Honour and Happiness, that I have a Brother who has made such considerable Improvements in his *Travels* : For 'tis to him I owe the Knowledge I have of that Country and the other *Parts* of the *East*. As for my Cousin *Isaaf*, he would never vouchsafe to send me a Syllable relating to his *Travels*, though he had rambled throughout all *Asia*.

I desired this Favour of him in several Letters, but have received no Answer ; so that I know not whether he be dead or alive. My Friends are very backward in writing to me ; and unless it be some of the *Ministers* of *State*, who sometimes honour me with a *Dispatch*, though very rarely, I hardly receive a Letter from my familiar Friends and Relations in twenty *Months* ; which makes me conclude, that Abience of so

long a Date, has quite blotted me out of their Minds.

As to what thou desirest farther to know, concerning *China*, my Brother says, That *Empire* contains 4400 wall'd Towns and Cities; 3000 Castles and Towers of Defence on the Frontiers, whertin are always garrison'd a Million of Soldiers, who are reliev'd at due times by others of equal Number. There are a Million also constantly kept in Pay to guard the *Governors* of *Provinces*, *Embassadors*, and other *Officers of State*. The Emperor of *China* maintaining Five hundred thousand Horse to attend his Person. All this is in Time of *Peace*. But upon any *Revolt* or *Invasion*, the Forces are innumerable. There are in *China* 331 Bridges, remarkable for their Strength and Magnificence, beyond all others in the World; 1099 Mountains; Lakes and Medicinal Fountains 1472; 1159 triumphal Arches and other Monuments, erected in Honour of valiant and learned Men; 272 Libraries, abounding with all manner of excellent Books; *Temples* 300,000, and as many *Priests*, besides the *Convents* of their *Religious*. They reverence 3036 Male *Saints*, and 108 Female. All which have *Temples* dedicated to their Honour, besides those which are consecrated to the Sun, Moon and Stars, Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, and to the *Element*s which comprehend All, and to the *Celestial Gods* who rule All, and to the *supreme God*, Creator of the *Worlds*. In these *Temples* they celebrate the Praises of their *Gods* and *Heroes* with Musick and Songs, Incense and Sacrifices; believing That all Things which are conspicuous for the Excellency of their Nature, or from which Mankind receives any general or extraordinary Benefit, ought to be worshipp'd with *divine Honours*. In this they differ
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not from the ancient *Pagans* of *Greece* and *Rome*, who had almost as many *Gods* and *Goddesses* as there were several *Creatures* in the *World*; so that there was no *Beginning* nor *Ending* of their *Superstitions*; and the most learned and contemplative of their *Priests*, found the *Ceremonies* of their *Religion* to be an inextricable *Labyrinth*, where they were often lost. Certainly happy are the faithful *Mussulmans*, who adore but *one* *God*, the *Fountain* of the *Universe*, without entangling themselves in the *Absurdities* of *Infidels*.

The *Chineses* are great *Admirers* of themselves, and their own *Notions*; believing, that no *People* can stand in *Competition* with them for *Learning*, *Wisdom*, and *Riches*. They have a very contemptible *Idea* of all other *Countries*, with their *Inhabitants*, esteeming them either as *Idiots* or *Monsters*.

This *Conceitedness* is owing to their *Ignorance* of the rest of the *World*; for they seldom or never travel beyond the *Limits* of their own *Empire*.

I could say a great deal more of this *People*, but it will be better for thee to hear it from my *Brother*, who has been there, and can give thee an ample *Satisfaction* in all *Things* relating to that *Empire*. I have wrote to him to go and kiss the *Dust* before thy *Feet*. If thou makest *Tryal* of his *Abilities*, thou wilt find him improved by his *Travels*, a *Man* fit for *Business*, and one in whom thou may'st confide; which is a *Virtue* never enough to be priz'd in these corrupt *Times*.

In these *Things* however mingle thy own *Discretion* with the *Kindness* of a *Countryman*, and the *Affection* of a *Friend*.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Cornezan, Bassa.

WERE Ovid alive, the Events of this Year wou'd afford him Matter for *new Fictions*. He would either tell us, That the *Goddess of Love* had set a Spell upon *Mars*, and charm'd him into good Nature; or, That he had drank so large a Draught of *Nepenthe* as has made him forget his old Trade of embroiling *Mortals* in *War*. However it be, *Hymen* seems to have the greatest Share in this Year's Actions. For instead of Battles and Sieges, the *Nazarene Princes* have been engaged in Encounters of a softer Character, the gentle Affairs of *Love* and *Marriage*.

In the first *Moon* the new King of *Poland*, whom they call *John Casimir*, married the Widow of his deceased Brother. In the ninth, the *Prince of Hainault* espous'd the *Duke of Holstein's* Daughter: And the last *Moon* was remarkable for two Matches; one of the King of *Spain* with *Anna Maria*, the *German Emperor's* Daughter; the other of the *Duke of Mantua* with *Isabella Clara* of *Austria*.

These are all brushing forward in the Crowd of the *Living*; they are busy in augmenting the *Generations* of *Men*; whilst others of as high *Blood* are gone to increase the *Number* of the *Dead*; being enroll'd among the *Ghosts*, and made *Denizens* in the *Region* of *Shadows*.

The *Empress* of *Germany* died in the fifth *Moon*; the *Duke* of *Braganza* in the ninth; the *Duchess* of *Modena* in the eighth; and a certain *German Prince*, whose Name I have forgot, died in the *Moon* of *October*. Besides these, Death has
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also arrested *Ossalinski*, the great Chancellor of Poland; *Wrangel*, General of the Swedish Army; *Frederick*, the German Ambassador at Rome; *Ferdinand*, Elector of Cologne; and the Vice-Roy of Bohemia, who was by his Enemies thrown out of a Window, and his Brains dash'd out. So that tho' *Mars* may have seem'd to lie dormant this Year, yet his Companion in Mischief, old *Saturn*, has been very active, as the *Astrologers* say, who attribute all Events to the Influx of the Stars. Some are also of Opinion, that the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon this Year were Prefiges of the Death of these great Persons. They might as well plead, that the daily Rising and Setting of those Luminaries, portended all the tragical Events that happen'd on Earth; since it is not more natural for them to continue unalterably moving from East to West, than it is for them to be obscur'd, at certain determin'd Stations, in their Journey by *Interpositions* which happen of Course.

We are Strangers to the *Chronologies* of the Chinese and Indian Gentiles. Neither can any good Account be now given of the ancient Egyptian and Assyrian Records: They run many Ages back beyond the common Epochs of the Beginning of the World.

But the whole System of known History relates but two extraordinary or preternatural Changes in the Course of the Sun during these six thousand Years.

One, when that Luminary stood still in the Time of *Jehoshua*, General of the *Israelites*, to serve Ends of Destiny, and prolong the Light of the Day to a double Proportion, till the opposite Army was quite destroy'd, and not one of the *Uncircumcis'd* could escape the Swords of the victorious Sons of *Israel*.

That Day prov'd a long Night to their *Antipodes*: They turn'd themselves in their Beds, when they had out slept the usual Hours of Night, and said in their Hearts, *Surely the Sun is fallen asleep, or is banqueting with the Gods of the Sea: Perhaps Thetis detains him in her Embraces, whilst the Tritons fasten his Slumbers with their softest Musick; or Neptune regales in the Palaces of the Deep.* Thus the disconsolate *Nations* argu'd in their Chambers: They were alarm'd with Fears of unknown Events.

Such as dwell on the Borders of the Earth, and were accusom'd to mark the constant *Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea*, admired the Delay of the usual Tides, and ask'd, *What was become of the Moon?* for that *Planet* also stood still with the Sun.

The Light of their Souls was eclipsed and their Reason labour'd under a greater Darkness than that which troubled their Eyes. They were ignorant of the *Works of God*; and knew not that the *celestial Orbs* stood still at the Command of the *Spirit* which formed them, even at the *Word of the Prophet* inspir'd from above.

So in the Days of *Hezekiah*, King of the *Jews*, the Sun went back in his Course, and all the *Frame of Heaven* was retrograde to confirm the *Prophet's* good News, when he told the sick King, *That Fate had prolong'd his Life for fifteen Years.* This was in the Days of *Merodach Baladan*, the King of *Babylon*, who sent *Ambassadors* to congratulate *Hezekiah's* miraculous Recovery.

Besides these, nothing has happen'd to the *Sun*, or any of the *heavenly Bodies*, beyond the Ordinary Course of *Nature*. A Man may as well prognosticate from cloudy Weather, the Calamities of *Emperors* and meaner Men, as from the *Eclipses of the Sun and Moon*, since the one, as well as the other, obscures the Light of those *heavenly Bodies*:

Bodies : And the former quite hides them from us ; which is the greater Eclipse of the two.

Let us pray *Heaven* to grant us the continual Use of our *Senses*, and not *eclipse* the *Light* of our *Reason*, and we need fear no *Disasters* from the *common Appearances* of *Nature*.

Paris, 7th of the Moon *Chaban*,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at PARIS.

VOL. IV.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Muhammed Eremit, Inhabitant of
the Prophetic Cave in Arabia the
Happy.

PARDON my Impertinency, if I still
once trouble thee with an Address of
Scruples, begging thy Counsel in the Af-
fairs of my *Soul*. I seem to my self as
a Traveller lost in a Wilderness of Doubts and
Uncertainties, without Guide or Conduct. Not
that I question the Truth of our Holy Religion,
or misass the Authority of the *Seat* of God.
Certainly I revere the *Book of Glory*, whose sacred
Versicles are transcribed on my Heart. But there
is wanting to every Man a particular Conduct
in

in the Intricacies of this Life. I have not the Art of applying the general *Precepts* of the Law to my own personal Occasions and Necessities. Infinite Difficulties arise from my daily Affairs. My Conversation with *Infidels*, and the Duty I owe my *great Master*, entangle my Conscience. I am embarras'd on all Hands; and whilst I study to conserve Purity, I find my self still defiled.

I am no *Heretick*, nor in the Number of those who are *predestinated* to be *damn'd* for the injurious Love they bear to *Habit*: Injurious I say, because it derogates from the Honour they owe to *Omar, Osman, and Eubeecher*, the true Successors of the *Apostle* of God.

As I firmly believe the *Alcoran*, so I give an entire Faith to the *Book of Assmah*, or the *Agreement* of the *Wife*, with the *Writings* of the four principal *Imams*, *Haniff, Schaf, Alschah* and *Hambeli*: And I am resign'd to the *Sentences* of the *Mufti*, as our *Fathers* were of *Old* to the *oraculous* Determinations of the *Babylonian Califf*. I curse the *Kyphajohi* with as much Devotion, as I pray for the Health and Felicity of *your Believers*: I spit at the naming of them, who deny the *Chapter* of the *Cooperino*, and the *Versicles* brought down by the *Squire* of *Gahriel*, in Honour of the *Prophet's Wife*. I never lifted up my Hand against any, who descended from the *Divine Messenger*: And if, in my Passion, I have ever cur'd a *Musulman*, I took of the Dust under his Feet, and had it on my Lips, before the Shadow of the Sun had advanc'd a Hair's Breadth; and so I hinder'd the *swift Recorder* of our Words from registering the *inveccation*: For this Dust, I believe, has Power to blot out the Memorials of our evil Words and Works.

When I meet a *Sarkone*, or one of those divinely mad, I put in practise the Lesson of *Orchanes*; and honouring the *holy Frantick*, I fall down and adore *Virtue* in that contemptible Disguise.

I neglect none of the *Purifications* commanded by our *holy Lawgiver*; but rather add those that we *Arabians* have received by Tradition from our *Fathers*, the *Sons of Ismael*: Yet I hope, in Case of Neglect, some Indulgence is allowable to a *Mussulman*, in a Country of *Infidels*. I use the *Washing of Abdest* at all times in my Chamber, where no curious Eye can observe my Cleanliness, or suspicious Apprehension draw Conclusions of my being a *Mahometan*. But I cannot thus practise the *Washing of Tabaret*; there being not such Conveniences for that purpose in *Paris*, as in *Constantinople*: Yet I am careful to supply this Want by other Methods of Purity; otherwise I should be an Abomination to myself. There is no Necessity that I should frequent the *Bath*, who never touch'd a Woman; yet I often go into the River, taking a Boat with me for that End, and causing myself to be rowed half a League from the City, where in a little Bay or Creek, I wash my whole Body, that I may do something beyond the Obligations of the *Law*, to expiate the involuntary Breaches of my Duty. Yet, after all this, I cannot call myself clean.

I pray at the appointed Hours; or at least, if the Affairs of my *Commission* hinder me from complying with the *Law*, as to the exact Times of the Day, I atone for that Neglect by *Watching* the greatest part of the Night: And to the *Oraisons* appointed by *Authority*, I add *super-numerary Prayers* of my own, to evidence the *Sincerity* of my *Devotion*.

I fast and give *Alms* according to my Ability. I bestow much Time in reading and meditating on the *Alcoran*. In a word, I do all that my Reason tells me is necessary to render me a good *Muſſulman*; and yet I have no Peace in my Mind. Methinks I see our *holy Prophet* frowning his Brows at me, and darting angry Looks from his *Paradise*: He seems to reproach me with Uncleanneſs and Infidelity. By Day my Imagination troubles me; and at Night I am terrify'd with fearful Dreams: Which makes me conclude, that notwithstanding all my Obedience to the *Law*, and the strictest Care I take to acquit myself a *true Believer*, yet I am far short of my Aim; and therefore I number myself with those with whom God is displeas'd.

It is impossible to express the Horror which this Thought creates in me. I am overwhelmed sometimes with Melancholy and Despair. And because I am forced to keep my Grief to myself without having the Privilege of venturing it to a bosom Friend, it is ready to burst my Heart.

This is my Condition at certain Seasons, which I esteem as bad, or worse, than those who are doom'd to *Araſt*: For as they cannot enjoy the Felicities of *Paradise*, so they are secured from the Torments of the Damned; whereas, for ought I know, my Portion may be in *Hell*. Wilt thou know how I redress this evil Temper of Mind, and what Method I take to cure my Melancholy? Receive it not as Flattery, when I tell thee thou art my Physician, and the *Idea* of thy innocent Life my Medicine. When I have roll'd over ten thousand Thoughts, which afford me no Ease or Relief, no sooner do I fix my Contemplation on the *Solitary* of Mount *Uziel*, but a sudden Beam of Light and Comfort glances through my Soul. I promise myself
greater

greater Satisfaction from thy Advice, than from all the *Imams* and *Mollahs* of the *Empire*.

Tell me therefore, O *holy* and *pious* *Eremit*, how shall I dissipate these Mills of Grief and Sadness, which envelop my Mind, and threaten to suffocate my Intellect.

If, in this Darkness and Confusion, I should apply myself to the *Disciples* of *Albazon* for Instruction, they will puzzle me with intricate Necessities about the *Essence* and *Unity* of God; whereas I am too much troubled already with distracting Speculations: I seek not to dive into that which is *incomprehensible*, but to be instructed in the plain and intelligible Way to *Happiness*. What supports it, whether God be *Good* by his *Goodness*, or by his *Essence*? This is to throw *metaphysical* Dust in my Eyes, and so leave me in a worse Condition than they found me.

No better Light must I expect from the *Metschordians*: For if they are strict Observers of the *Law*, so am I, where the *Precepts* are applicable to my Condition and Circumstances. But I want a Direction in many Emergencies, for which the *Alcoran* seems to have made no Provision, but leaves every Man to the Conduct of his own Prudence; and I must confess, I dare not trust mine in all Cases of this Nature. Besides, instead of interpreting to me in a plain Style, the *Statutes* of the *Law*, they will confound me with high and unintelligible Notions of the *Divine Attributes* which are sufficient to dazzle the Intellect of the brightest *Sensibiles*: And if they could once persuade me to be zealous for their Speculations, I might, in Time, turn such another religious Fool, as was one of their *Follower*, the *Poor Namish*, who being wrapt in his profound Speculations of the *Divine Unity*, and hearing an *Imam* pronounce the *sacred Sentence*,

God is *One*, gave him the Lye, and told him, that he multiply'd the *Divinity* in assigning it any *Attribute*, tho' it were only that which expressed his *Unity*. For which impudent Assertion he was stay'd alive.

In as bad a Condition should I be if I ask'd the Advice of the *Miserin*, those *Infidels* in *Masquerade*, who, under the Disguise of *Mussulman*, deny the Being of a God, assert all things to come by Chance, and live without Hope or Faith of another Life. For if this were true, that there were no Reward or Punishment of good or bad Works, I would either soon make my Way to earthly Happiness, by not bogging at any Vice that would conduce to that End: Or if I fail'd in that Attempt, I would not tamely wait for a *Martyrdom* from Men, but bravely rid myself of a Life which was attended with nothing but Misery.

Alas! as bad as these are the *Hairts*, those *Mahometan Scepticks*, who dare not trust their own Reason, but are ever wavering and irresolute. If I should seek for Instruction at their Hand, they would answer me, *God knows best what I ought to do*; and so leave me in the same Suspence as I was before.

Much worse are the *Quaid*, those morose Interpreters of the Law of *Mercy*, who damn a Man irrecoverably to *Hell* for committing one mortal Sin. This is enough to drive all Mankind to Despair.

Indeed the *Morals* of the *Sabin* please me, who seem to be perfect *Mahometan Stricks*, ascribing all Events to *Destiny*, and the *Influence* of the *Stars*. I could willingly embrace the Advice of *Philosophers* who appear so void of Passion; but I could never join with them in adoring the Sun, Moon, and Constellations of *Heaven*, because the *Alcoran* has expressly forbidden it. And

were there no such Prohibition, my own Reason would convince me, that I ought as well to adore the Fire for warming me, and serving my other Necessities, or the Water for quenching my Thirst and purifying me, or my own Hands for feeding me, as to pay these divine Honours to the *Celestial Bodies*; since the one, as well as the other, act according to their Nature.

In a Word, of all the innumerable *Sects* into which the *Mussulman Empire* is divided, I cannot expect entire Satisfaction from any; for if they appear Orthodox in some *Tenets*, in others they are manifestly *Heretical*. Yet I cannot but set a higher Value on some than others, as their Doctrines and Practices approach nearer to Reason and Truth. For I am not yet such an *Academick* as to ask that Mock-Question, *What is Truth?*

Doubtless our *Fathers* knew it, and the *Messenger* of God was sent to divulge it on Earth. But if Ignorance, Superstition and Error have banish'd it from *Courts* and *Cities*; let us seek it in the *Desart*. Perhaps we may find this Wanderer among the Rocks and Woods; or 'tis possible she has shelter'd herself in some Den or Cave; as hoping for greater Favour from the wild Beasts, than from the Society of Men.

If *Truth* be no where to be found entire, but has divided herself among the different *Religions* and *Sects* in the World, then rather than miss of this *divine Jewel*, I will search for it in Fragments, and whatsoever is rational and pious in any *Sect* I will embrace, without concerning myself in their Follies and Vices.

After all, the *Munafibi* seem to be the only Orthodox and illuminated of God; who declining the private By-ways of *Schismaticks*, walk in the high Road of pristine Justice and Piety, following the Steps of the *Ancients*, and obeying the

Traditions which know no Origin. Among these thou appear'st as another *Pythagoras*, confirming them by thy Example in an innocent Life; enduring the utmost Severities of Abstinence, rather than be guilty of shedding the Blood of those Creatures, which the *great Lord of all things* created to enjoy the Herbage of the Field, and to partake of the common Bledings of *Nature* as well as we.

To thee therefore I have Recourse, as to an Oracle: Tell me, O *sacred Sylvanian*, am I not obliged to obey the Inspirations of my *Nature*, or *better Genius*, which tells me, 'tis a butcherly and inhuman Life to feed on slaughtered Animals? Did not all those who aim'd at *Perfection* among the *primitive Disciples* of the *Prophet* abstain from murdering the Brutes? 'Tis true the *Messenger of God* did not positively enjoin *Abstinence from Flesh*; yet he recommended it as a *divine Counsel*; And those to whom he indulg'd the Liberty of eating it, he ty'd up to certain Conditions. Do not all the *religious Orders* preach up *Abstinence*, both in their *Sermons* and *Lives*? I make no longer Doubt, but the Corruption of Manners, and Voluptuousness of Men, are the Causes that this *antient Sobriety* is now diffus'd and slighted. My own Experience confirms me in this Opinion, who have often attempted to live in *Abstinence*; but by the Force of a voracious Appetite, suffer'd myself to be carried back to my old Intemperance.

Yet in eating Flesh, I have been precisely careful to observe the Prohibition of our *holy Prophet*, so long as it was in my Power; I never knowingly tasted of *Blood*, nor of any thing *strangled* or *knocked down*. But it is impossible for me to assure myself of this, or that all the Flesh I eat was *killed* in pronouncing that *tremendous*
Name

Name which gave it *Life*. Neither could I once escape a Necessity of eating *Swine's Flesh*.

But I abominate my self for this involuntary Crime; and to obviate the like Temptation for the future, I will taste of nothing that has breath'd the common Air; being inclin'd to believe the *Metempsychosis*; which if it be true, I wish for no greater Happiness, than that in my next Change, my *Soul* may pass into the Body of the *Camel*, which shall carry thee to *Mecca*.

Paris, 14th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1690.

L E T T E R II.

To Minczim Aluph, Bassa.

MY Intelligence from the *Imperial Parts* sometimes arrives late; either through the Neglect of *Kifus Darmalec*, to whom that Care is committed, or through the Badness of the Roads, which many times are impassable; besides the frequent Stops and Interceptions of the *Posts* in this Time of *War*; which is the Reason I do not always hear of the *Alterations* at the *Seraglio*, and the *Changes* that are made in the *Governments* of the *shining Empire*, till many *Months* are pass'd. Who is exal'd, or who made *Meanful*, are Things to which *Malatius* is for a Time a great Stranger.

Therefore thou hast no Reason to be offended, that I am thus late in sending to thee my congratulatory Address; but rest confident, that I wish thee Increase of Happiness, like the *sprinting* of the *Palen*.

As a Mark of my Duty and Affection, I shall now acquaint thee with News, which though it may seem of small Import to the *Dign*, yet has startled all *Europe*.

It is the Imprisonment of three of the *French Princes*; not those of the ordinary Rank, but *Branches* of the Royal Stem, whose Names are not unknown in the *Scraglio*, the *Residence of Fame*. They are the *Princes of Conde* and *Conti*, Brothers, and the *Duke of Longueville*, Husband to their Sister. They are the principal Subjects in this *Nation*; all three having the *Majestick Blood* of the *Kings of France* running in their Veins.

They owe their Confinement to *Cardinal Mazarini*, or rather to their own inartificial Conduct. The *Prince of Conde* is a passionate Man, and has never learn'd how to conceal his Resentments. When he first return'd from the Battle of *Lens* in *Flanders*, whereof I formerly gave an Account, the *Insurrection* in *Paris* began. The *Prince* block'd up the City, and promis'd the *Cardinal*, (against whom alone all this Storm was rais'd) That he would either bring him back in Triumph to *Paris*, or die in the Attempt. He perform'd his Word; and the *Cardinal* rode through the Streets of *Paris*, in the same Coach with the King, Queen, and all the *Royal Blood*, after the Siege was rais'd, and a *Peace* concluded. And the *Prince*, when he alighted out of the Coach, address'd himself thus to the *Cardinal*: "Now, Sir, I esteem my
 "self the happiest Man in the Woeld, in that I have
 "been able to perform my Engagements, in bringing
 "your *Eminence* back to *Paris*; and that by my
 "Presence the Hatred which the Multitude have
 "for your Person, was repres'd whilst we pass'd
 "through the Streets.

This too nearly touch'd the *Cardinal*. And indeed the Queen, with all the rest, were sensible, that

that the *Prince* had too far over-shot himself in this last Expression. However, the *Cardinal* reply'd in a kind of Modesty, not wholly void of Choler and Disdain; " Sir, You have not only oblig'd me to
 " that Height, but have done the *Kingdom* so con-
 " siderable a Service in this Action, that I fear nei-
 " ther their *Majesties* nor myself shall be ever in a
 " State to make you answerable Compensation.

Those who stood by and heard these interchangeable Discourses, were apt to interpret the *first* for a Reproach, and the *second* as a Menace, Since it is not usual for great Men to over-value the Services they do their *King* and *Country*; and for *Princes*, when they cannot duly reward an eminent Performance to turn their Gratitude into Hatred.

This is certain, That the *Prince* of *Conde* has presum'd much on the Merit of his late Services; and it was not easy for the *Queen* or the *Cardinal* to invent such Acknowledgments as he expected. For he imagined they ought to deny him nothing, who had so often hazarded his Life for their Interest.

It was on this Ground he thought he had a Right to interpose in a Marriage which *Magarini* design'd to make between one of his *Nieces* and the *Duke* of *Mercœur*.

This *Duke* is of a Family which has been a long time at Variance with that of the *Prince* of *Conde*; And therefore the *Prince* was jealous lest the *Cardinal*, by the intended *Match*, should fortify his Interest among the *Prince's* Enemies, and so be in a Condition not to want his Protection; the only thing he was ambitious of. For cou'd he have once reduc'd the *Cardinal* to this Necessity, he himself had been absolute *Master* at *Court*. Therefore he oppos'd the *Match* with all Vigour and Industry. This nettled the
Cardinal,

Cardinal. He complains to the *Queen* of the *Prince's* Unkindness. She intercedes, and uses her utmost Endeavours to reconcile the *Prince* to this Marriage. But his Brother, the *Duke of Longueville*, has so possess'd the *Prince* with a Jealousy of the *Cardinal's* Proceedings, That no Arguments could prevail on him, or overcome his fix'd Aversion for *Mazarini's* design'd Alliance with the *House of Vendesme*, (so they call the Family from whence the *Duke of Mercœur* is sprung.) He rails at the *Cardinal*, and lampoons him in all Companies. This begets ill Blood in the *supreme Ministers of State*, who secretly resolves the *Prince's* Ruin.

In this his Policy and Malice exceeded the petty Revenges of the *Prince*; who being of a frank, open Heart, contented himself with Railleries and satyrical Expressions, whilst the *Cardinal* conceal'd his Anger under the Masque of extraordinary Civilities; returning all the Contempts of the *Prince*, with a Respect which seem'd to speak much Affection and Devotion.

He has been a long time tampering with a *Faction* which goes by the Name of the *Frondeurs*. These were his Enemies, not so much in Hatred of his Person, as out of a Zeal to serve their Country, which they imagin'd was oppress'd under the Conduct of this *Minister*.

These he has lately gain'd over to his Party, by representing to them the *Prince of Condé*, as the Author of all those Evils, which they ascrib'd to himself: Whilst at the same time he persuaded the *Prince*, that they had some Design against his Person. Thus he artificially blinded both Parties, and engag'd them in mutual Revenges, privately animating the *Frondeurs* against the *Prince*, and provoking the *Prince* to seek the Ruin of the *Frondeurs*,

deurs. By this Trap the *Prince* was inveigled to consent, and give Orders for his own *Imprisonment*, whilst he was made to believe the *Arrest* was designed against his Enemies; and the People were satisfy'd, since they were persuaded the *Faction* of the *Friends* had a Hand in the *Plot*.

The 18th of the last *Month* the three *Princes* were taken into *Custody*, and sent to a Place they call the *Castle* of the *Wood* of *Vincennes*, some Leagues from *Paris*. The same Day the *Queen* sent for the *Duchess* of *Longueville*, to come to her; but the wary *Duchess* would not put herself into a *Cage*. She immediately fled in *Disguise* to a *Sea Town* belonging to her Husband.

'Tis said, the *Prince* of *Conde* had Notice given him of his design'd *Imprisonment*; but that he wou'd not escape, projecting to himself some greater Advantages from the Discontents of the *People* (who now behold him as a *Patriot*) than from a clandestine or fugitive *Liberty*. This is certain, his Coach broke on the Road between *Paris* and *Vincennes*; and 'tis thought his Friends might easily have rescu'd him: For this Accident occasion'd a Stop of six Hours in their Journey, time enough to have rais'd a Thousand Men to his Relief, being only guarded by sixteen *Cavaliers*. But it seems he courts the *Cardinal's* Persecution, that he may have deeper Grounds for *Revenge*. I know not whether his Policy is justifiable or no; but if I were in his Circumstances, I should hardly take this Method to gratify my *Resentments*, which as all Probability I should not be in a Condition to accomplish 'till the *Greek Calends*, that is, *never*.

Paris, 4th of the 1d *Month*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER III.

To the Reis Eff. ndi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Devotees among the Franks talk much of the *Jubilee* that is to be celebrated this Year at Rome. They enrich their Fancies with the Hopes of I know not what *spiritual Treasure*, which the Roman *Mustis*, or *Pontiff*, will distribute among the *Pilgrims* that resort to Rome during this *holy Year*.

This, as I am told, is celebrated in Imitation of the *Sabbatical Year*, formerly observ'd by the *Jews* when they possess'd the *Holy Land*. The *Hebrew Writers*, such as *Josephus*, and others, call that also the *Year of Jubilee*. Their *Cabalists*, like the *Pythagoreans*, pretended to derive great *Mysterics* from certain *Numbers*: And the Number *Seven* was had in particular Veneration by the *Hebrews*: therefore they kept every *seventh* Day, Week, and Year, *Holy*. In the *seventh* Year it was not lawful to till the Ground, plant Vineyards, or sow any Seed. And when *seven times seven* Years were expired, the Year of *Jubilee* was proclaim'd, being always the *Fiftieth*: They proclaim'd it by *Trumpets* throughout the whole Country of *Palestine*, in the forty ninth Year. And the *Muezzins* cry'd in the Gates of their *Caves* and *Synagogues*, at the beginning of the *Jubilee*: " Let
 " every Man return this Year to his own *Posses-*
 " *tion* and *Tribes*, whether he be a *Slave* or *Free*.
 " He that has sold his Houses or Lands, if he
 " was not before able to redeem them, let him
 " this Year take Possession of his Inheritance.
 " He that is become another Man's *Slave*, and
 neither

" neither himself nor his Friends can redeem him,
 " let him this Year be dismiss'd, and sent home
 " to the Family to which he belongs; for hence-
 " forth he is free by the Indulgence of the Law.
 " Let no Man sow the Ground, nor gather the
 " Fruits that grow of themselves this Year: But
 " let the Earth, as well as its Inhabitants, enjoy
 " Liberty and Rest; for this is the Year of Grace
 " and divine Bounty.

After this manner was the *Hebrew Jubilee* pro-
 claim'd and observ'd: And they say, from
 hence arose the Custom among the *Christians*,
 who, in many Things, may be said the *Jews*
Apes. But others say, That the present *Roman*
Jubilee is deriv'd from the *secular Games*, cele-
 brated by their *Pagan* Ancestors; in regard
 this was renew'd every hundred Years at first,
 even as those *Games* were. Whence it was, that
 the *Cryer* in those Days, at the *Indiction* of the
secular Games, said, " Come to the *Plays* which
 " no Man living has yet seen, nor shall ever see
 " again." For Man's Life being generally so
 short, they thought it improbable that any *Mortal*
 should live to see this *Solemnity* repeated.

The *Modern Jubilee* was first publish'd by
Boniface IX. Bishop of *Rome*, in the Year 1300 of
 the *Christian's* *Hegira*: At which time he promis'd
 full and entire *Remission* of *Sins* to all who should
 resort in *Pilgrimage* to *Rome* that Year. Af-
 ter him it was celebrated every hundred Year,
 according to his Institution, till the Days of
Clement VI. who at the Instance of the *Roman*
Citizens, reduc'd it to every fiftieth Year. Then
Urban VI. another *Pope*, reduc'd it to the thirty
 third Year. And, last of all *Paul II.* contract-
 ed the Interval to five and twenty Years: Which
 Space of Time has been observ'd by all his *Suc-
 cessors* to this Day.

If thou wouldst know the Reason why they have thus alter'd the *Periods*, it is for Profit. For in the Year of *Jubilee*, there is a vast Conflux of People from all Parts of *Europe*; who bring a far greater Treasure into the *Roman* Coffers than they carry away from that City. Though the *Pope*, 'tis said, is very liberal of that which they call the *Treasure* of the *Church*: Which is a certain Fund of *Merits* and *superabundant Graces*, left by the *Messiah* and his *Saints* in the Custody of this *Prelate*, to supply the Defects and Infirmities of sinful Men: And they believe 'tis only in his Power to dispose of this *heavenly Wealth* to whom he pleases. They talk also of *Indulgence* and *Pardons*, whereby the *holy Father* can redeem Men from all Sin, and the Punishments that are due to it; And this wonderful Prerogative, they say, does not only benefit the *Living*, but extends even to the *Souls departed*; whom the *Pope*, according to their Persuasion, can free from the *Torments of Purgatory*, and at his Pleasure admit into the *Gates of Paradise*.

We that are *Mussulmans* cannot declaim against the *Doctrine of Praying* for the *Dead*, since it is practis'd by all the *Faithful*: Neither have we Reason to inveigh against *Indulgencies*, or *Releases* from *Penance*: But that the Power of granting and dispensing these Favours should be only reposit'd in the *Christian Musti*, will not accord with the *Faith* of a *true Believer*. We know who swore by the *Hoofs* of his *swift and faithful Elboach*, which in one Night carry'd him a Journey of *six Moons*, that from thenceforth the *Key of Araf*, or the *Place of Prison*, was committed to him. Doubtless the *Omnipotent* can transfer his *Commissions* when, and to whom he pleases. If he once gave this Authority of

remitting Sins to the *Messiah*, and *Peter* his *Lieutenant*, does it follow that all *Peter's* Successors, the *Bishops* of *Rome*, have retain'd this *Privilege*? There have been many good Men in that Seat, and not a few wicked; some *Prophets*, and some *Magicians*; a *Catalogue* interspers'd with *Saints*, *Martyrs*, *Butchers* and *Devils*.

But 'tis evident they forfeited their Authority, when they declin'd from the Truth, from the unblameable Profession of the *Divine Unity*, and refused the *Messenger of Heaven*, sent to correct their Errors, reform their Vices, and reduce Mankind to one Law of Purity and Light.

I write not partially, nor am I imbitter'd against the *Patriarch* of the *Romans*: He is a Man like others, subject to the *Will of Destiny*. The *Babylonian Bishops*, and those of *Egypt*, successively enjoy'd the same Power, transmitted to them from the *Prophet*, who seal'd up all the former *Dispensations*: Yet in time, through their Sins they forfeited their Authority, together with their *Empire*, when the bright *Osman*s conquer'd all Things. Then was the *Prophetic Office* translated to our *Mufty*, the Guide of those who possess the *Sepulchre* of *Mahomet*: To him all the *World* ought to have Recourse for *Solution* of their *Doubts*, *Direction* in their *Lives*, *Absolution* from their *Sins*, and for the *Passport* of *Immortality*, the *Festa* requir'd of all that enter the *Gates* of *Paradise*.

But all Mortals are naturally tenacious of whatsoever advances their Honour and Interest. *Kings* hug empty Titles that yield them no Profit. And the *Roman Bishops* are unwilling to acknowledge themselves divested of the Privileges which were once annex'd to that *Chair of Peter*: They shew the *Keys*, the *Symbols* of a Power which they have lost. And the credulous *Nazarenes* believe that

that *Heaven* and *Hell* are open'd and shut at their Pleasure. On the *Even* of the *Messiah's* Nativity, the present *Pope* knock'd three times with a golden Hammer at the *Gates* of the principal *Mosque* in *Rome*; which were then open'd, to signify the ensuing Year of *Jubilee*; when the *Christians* are persuaded, that *Heaven* is open to all that visit *Rome* in this holy Time.

I wish thee a Life of many *Jubilees*.

Paris, 9th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1550.

LETTER IV.

To the Flower of High Dignity, the
most Magnificent Vizir Azem.

WHEN I first heard the News of the *Troubles* that have been at *Constantinople*, the *Deposition* of *Diabomet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, and the *Advancement* of the *Fanizar-Aga* to that *Dignity*, I imagin'd it had been *Cassius-Heli*. But it seems that brave old Soldier is elevated to a more lofty *Station*: He has enter'd the *immortal Possessions*, being translated to an *high Seat*: For I understand he has his *Residence* in *Paradise*. On that *Hero* be the *Mercies* of the *supremely Indulgent*; whilst I turn my self to thee, his late *Successor* in that *military Honour*, but now the *Lieutenant* of the *Shadow* of *God*. I touch the *Earth* thrice with my *Forehead* when I salute thee, *Great Prince* of the *Vizirs*, in token of my *Humility* and *Reverence*; and in remembrance of my *Original*: That I, who am but the *Product* of *Dust*, a mere *Worm*, may

not commit an Indecency, when I address to the *bright Image* of our *august Emperor*, who is the *Type* of the *Sun*.

In speaking of *Persons* of thy *immense Power*, I strive equally to shun Flattery and Disrespect; endeavouring to deposit my self with an even Course between those two Extremes, as *Mariners* steer between *Sylla* and *Carybdis*. These are dangerous Places in the *Sicilian Seas*.

All *Europe* celebrates thy Praises, and extols thy Justice for releasing the *Ambassador* of *Venice*, imprison'd in the *4th Moon* of this Year. They say, since thy Assumption to this important *Trust*, the *Ottoman Port* is reform'd, and grown more civiliz'd; (for the *Franks* esteem all the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read, as *Barbarians*.)

Here is much Talk about the Defeat given to our Forces in *Hungary*: The *French* spare for no *Exclamations* on the *Bassa* of *Buda*, who fought valiantly till his Legs were shot off; and then caus'd himself to be carry'd up and down through the *Army* to encourage his Soldiers. Neither do they diminish the *Glory* that is due to his *Sex*, who received his Death in defending his *Father*, at what Time the old Captain was taken Prisoner.

But they blame the Conduct of him who be-sieg'd the *Fort* of *Clissa*, in regard he undertook it in the wrong *Season* of the Year: The Defect of a *General's* Judgment in such Cases, is many times fatal to an *Army*. The *French* are the best in the World at *Spying* Advantages, and the most dextrous in making use of them. Most of their *Campaigns* are spent in their *Trenches*, or in light *Skirmishes*; seldom hazarding a *Battle*, unless on some unequal Terms to their own Interest; and then they never let slip the Opportunity

tunity. This commends their *Policy*, but is no great Argument of their *Courage*: For true Valour never regards Dangers.

Adonai the *Jew* sends me Word, that the *Venetians* are put in great Hopes of accommodating their Affairs with the *mysterious Divan*, since the Release of their *Baile*: Yet both they and all the *Nazarenes* resent highly the strangling of his *Interpreter*.

They understand not the Measures of the *sublime Part*, full of Wisdom and Justice; and that by the Terror of such *Examples*, the *Ministers* of the *Righteous Throne* seek to prevent future Wickedness.

In these *Western Courts*, a little Gold or a great Friend, shall easily purchase and procure a *Pardon* for the *greatest Crimes*. Their *Processes* here are slow in the Execution of Justice; being Strangers to the impetuous Orders and swift Performance practis'd in the *East*. Besides, this *Interpreter* sported himself to Death by the Licentiousness of his Tongue. He delighted to play upon *Majesty*, and with an innocent Lasciviousness of Speech, to deceive him whose high, sublime and remote Intellect, uses no other Expressions of his Wrath, but the Hands of his *Mates*. It does not become the *Emperor* of the *World* to be profuse in Words, as the *Christian Princes* are, who take great Pains to satisfy their *Vassals* of the Justice of their Proceedings. They cannot condemn the Wicked without a formal Process, wherein various Wits shew their Skill in canvassing the Cause, which, upon sincere Evidence, may be decided in two Words. This is the *Masquerade* of *Christian Justice*, a mere Trap for Gold, the Secret of the *Western Lawyers*; who enrich themselves at the Price of other Mens Folly, and to the Disgrace of the *Monarch* who there pretends to command.

Should those *Men of Law* see this Letter, and know who wrote it, how would they not circumscribe and flay the minutest Dash of my Pen to find Arguments of Revenge against a *Mussulman*?

All Men are full of themselves and their own Principles: And the *Nazarenes* of the *West* are so brimming with them, that there is no room left for Instruction or Amendment. Like the *Chinese*, they boast of their own Science and Wisdom, reputed all the rest of the World *ignorant* and *blind*.

They are so narrow in their *Tenets*, so dogmatical in their *Decisions*, and so conceited of all, that it is difficult for a Man who has convers'd in a free Air, to frame himself to their Rules.

By what I have said thou may'st determine, that it is no easy Task for an *Arabian* Native, bred in the *Seraglio*, to conform himself *adroit* to the Humours and Fashions of *France*. Yet I curb all the *natural* Propensions of my *Birth*, *Blood* and *Education*, as much as in me lies, that I may serve the *Grand Seigneur*. I am *incognito* in all Respects, save those wherein I cannot be hid. And I would change my *Masque* a hundred Times over rather than fail of my End.

What can I say more to him who only values a *Slave* for his Deeds?

I turn not my Back on thee, sublime *Idea* of *absolute Power*; but retiring after the most respectful Manner of the *East*, I make a thousand Obediances, till the *Antipost* has cover'd me from thy *illustrious Presence*.

Paris, 17th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year, 1690.

LETTER V.

To Sedrec Al' Girawn, Chief Page
of the Treasury.

THOU wilt have Reason to wonder at a Man pretending Acquaintance with thee, whom thou canst not remember to have seen. 'Tis from my Brother *Pesteliali*, thy former *Master*, I received the News of thy late *Promotion*, who art thy self but early in Years; yet no time is unseasonable to a Man mature in Virtue and Wisdom.

I knew thee an Infant in the Arms of thy Mother, the Widow of an *Arabian* Soldier, who served my Brother in the *Wars of Persia*. There appear'd then such evident Symptoms of thy future Wit and Dexterity, as prompted thy Father's *Captain* to take thee into his Protection and Care; and thy Mother by her Charms soon found a Way to his Bosom.

I write not these Things to reproach thee with the *Meanness* of thy Birth: Thy *Merits* equal thee with those who are born of *Nobles*. It is not the Custom of the *East* to prefer Men for their *Parentage*, or because they can shew the *dusty Statues* of their *Ancestors*. This is the peculiar Oversight of the *Infidels*, to give that Honour to *Names*, and Men of a *noisy Descent*, which is only due to *Virtue*. There are *Families* in *Rome* in this Day who boast of their *Pedigrees*, and that they spring from the renowned *Heroes* that are recorded in the *Histories* of that *Empire*: But they glory in their Shame, since they are quite degenerated from the brave *Qualities* which enobled their Progenitors; and by their *foolish Acti-*

ons are become a daily Subject for the Descants of *Pasquil*. This is an *Image* in a certain publick Place in *Rome*, to which in the Night-time they affix the *Libels* which they dare not own: A kind of dumb *Satyr* on the *Vices* of the *Grandees*, not sparing even the *chief Masts* of the *Christians*, if he is guilty of any *Follies* which merit to come within the *Verge* of a *Lampoon*.

It is no contemptible *Jest* which was in this manner put upon the present *Pope*, and one of his *Nephews*, at the latter End of the last Year. It seems the good old *Father* had advanced this *Spark* from a poor ignorant *Taylor* to the *Dignity* of a *Roman Baron*; bestowing on him *Offices* which brought him a *Revenue* sufficient to maintain his *Title* and *Post*. All the ancient *Nobility* were disgusted at this; and some arch *Wag* was set at work to ridicule the *Pope's* Conduct, and the new *Baron's* Honour. Wherefore on the Day which the *Nazarenes* celebrate with great Solemnity for the *Birth-Day* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, early in the Morning the fore-mentioned *Image*, *Pasquil*, was observ'd to be apparell'd all in *Rags*, and a very nasty *Habit*, with a *Schedule* of Paper in his Hand, wherein was writ, *How now, Pasquil; what! all in Rags on a Christmas-Day?* (for so they call the *Nativity* of their *Messias*.) And underneath was inscribed this Answer: *Alas, I cannot help it; for my TAYLOR is become a LORD.*

Yet notwithstanding the *Obscurity* of this Man's *Birth*, and the *Meanness* of his former *Trade*, he became an eminent *Statesman* after the *Pope* had exalted him to that *Dignity*; and lived with an unblemish'd *Reputation*, whilst he saw all, or most of the ancient *Nobility* pasquill'd every Day for their effeminate *Vices*.

By what I have said thou may'st be assur'd, that I have not the leſt Eſteem for thee, becauſe thou waſt not the Son of a *Baſſa*, but, had thy Father liv'd, his Fortune and Courage might have promoted him to that Honour, or a Command equal to it; and thou thy ſelf art in a bad Way to ſupply ſome future Vacancy in thoſe great *Offices* of the *Empire*.

I have no News at preſent to ſend thee, ſave that the three *French* Princes, of whole Impriſonment I gave an Account to *Mineſieur* *Alouph*, are remov'd by *Cardinal* *Mazarin's* Order from the *Caſtle* of *Vincennes*, to a *Sea Town* call'd *Havre de Grace*, for fear they ſhould be reach'd by *Marſhal* *Turenne*, who is much devoted to their Intereſt. The *Princeſs* of *Conde* is retir'd to *Bordeaux*, a City at this time in Arms againſt the King, having alſo with her the young *Duch* of *Burgundy* her Son.

The *Marſhal de la Meilleray* is gone with his Army to beſiege this Place; and in ſaid, the King will ſoon follow with the whole *Court*. All Things ſeem to portend another Relapſe of this State into the *old Diſorders*.

But this is not of ſo near a Concern to us that are *Chriſtians*, as the Quarrels that I hear are broach'd between the *Fanizaries* and *Spahis*. They ſay, the whole *Ottoman Empire* is warp'd this Way and that Way into contrary Factions; and that the *Seraglio* it ſelf is full of diſſident Cabals, on the Account of theſe *Military Orders*. It afflicts me with extreme Grief to receive nothing but ſad News from the *Part*, which is, or at leaſt ought to be, a *Fountain* of Joy to the whole *Earth*. I pray *Heaven* avert the *Omen*! for it looks with an ill Preſage, when the *Champions* of the *divine Unity* are thus divided againſt themſelves.

If thou wilt take my Advice, enter not thy self into the Secret of either Party; but posing thy Affections with Prudence, stand Neuter to all things but the *Grand Seignior's* Interest. In that be as zealous as thou canst. As for the rest, wait the *Decrees of Destiny*.

Paris 29th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

G Raphael Eben Soabenshab the Arabian Philosopher has said it, and every Man's Experience confirms it, That no human Care can prevent the Accomplishment of what *Heaven has decreed*. There are certain Moments of our Lives wherein *Fate* delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our strictest Caution, and to ridicule all our Conduct, that we may learn the Lesson of *Resignation*, and not trust too much to our selves.

When I first saluted the Light of this Morning Sun, my Spirits were serene and joyful: No melancholy Dreams had left their black Impressions on my Mind, no sadning Thoughts possessed my Soul; I awak'd cheerful and sprightly as the Lark. After I ador'd the *Omnipotent*, and perform'd my accustomed *Holy Things*, I began to reflect on my own Happiness; in that I had so many Years served the *sublime Post* in this *Station*, full of Difficulties and Perils, yet by no Misfortune had ever betray'd the least Secret of my *Commission*. It pleas'd me to think I still
pass'd

p f'd for *Titus* of *Moldavia* among the *French*, who are the most apprehensive People in the World; and even in the Opinion of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who like *Janus*, has more Eyes than two. I embrac'd my self (if I may so speak) in the Conceit of my good Success; concluding I was born under *fortunate Stars*, and that no Disaster could ever hurt me.

But I took wrong Measures of the *Ways* of *Destiny*, which are as untraceable as the *Mines*: For before Mid-day my *Sun* was *eclips'd*; the *Air* of my *Soul* ruff'd with *Storms*, and all my *Joy* turn'd to *Mourning* and *Sadnefs*.

Wilt thou know the Occasion of my Grief? It was this. In the Year 1645, according to the *Style* of the *Nazarines*, I receiv'd some particular Instructions from the then *Vizir Agha*, putting me in Mind of the Hazards I run in this Post, and giving me strict Charge to bestow all my Letters in a secure place, whether the Transcripts of those I write to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, (for I always retain'd a Copy of the Original,) or the *Dispatches* I receive from thence.

That *Minister* was afraid, lest I might some time or other be discover'd; and consequently that my Chamber would be search'd. Therefore obeying his Hint, I immediately carry'd all my *Writings* to *Eliachim* the *Jew*; knowing his House to be free from any Jealousy of the *State*, and that the most important Secrets in the World might be there an *Age* unreveal'd.

The *Letters* of my writing were inclos'd in one *Box*, and those which I receiv'd from the *invincible Port* in another. And this was my constant Custom from that time; as oft as I writ to the *Ministers* of the *Divane*, or had perus'd the *Dispatches* which came from them, I dispos'd of both in proper *Places*, leaving all to the Care of *Eliachim*.

But neither his Caution nor mine were sufficient to prevent the *Resolves of Heaven*: It was determined above that we should lose some of these Papers. *Eliachim* came to me to Day, before the Hour of *Ulanamisi*, all in Passion, astonished, raving and staring like a mad Man. As soon as he enter'd my Chamber he tore his inner Vest, which was of Crimson Silk, fring'd round with Gold, and cry'd, *We are undone, betrayed and ruined.*

I presently thought of my *Writings*; and ask'd him whether they were safe. In a Word, he told me he had lost the Box, which contain'd the Letters sent from the *Ministers* at the *Post* to me, and that his Slave a *Negro*, whom he kept in his House, was missing. Thou may'st imagine, sage *Minister*, That this News put me into no small Confusion. I presently suspected that this Villain of a *Negro* had got the *Writings*, and was gone to *Cardinal Mazarini* with 'em: But then recollecting with cooler Thoughts, that this *African* understood not *Arabick*, in which Language alone *Eliachim* and I us'd to converse; and that consequently he never could know our Affairs, or read the *Letters*, which might tempt him to such a *Treason*, I was at a loss what to think of it: Neither am I better satisfy'd now, though I have ruminated on it these twelve Hours: Only I think, if *Cardinal Mazarini* has these *Papers* in his Custody, he would have given Orders before this Time to seize the supposed *Titus of Moldavia*; for some of these *Letters* take Notice of my having assumed that Name: But I cannot perceive any Attempt that has been made in that kind, or that any body has been to enquire for me at my *Lodging*; for I set *Spies* to observe, as soon as I departed thence with *Eliachim*, which was about Noon. We are now together in a *Friend's House*,
where

where we shall continue 'till we hear further of this Event. As yet we are in the Dark, and full of Fears; but Time, which brings all Things to Light, will convince us what we have to trust to.

In the mean while there is little News, save a Discourse of a certain Convention at *Nurembergh*, and the great *Jubilee* which is celebrated at *Rome*, where they say, the *Christians chief Musti*, the Week before their *Periam*, or *Easter*, wash'd the Feet of twelve *Pilgrims*; and that *Cardinal Luciviso* entertain'd nine Thousand of these *Devotees* at once with a very magnificent Feast. They say also, that the *Pope* will get this Year two Millions of *Zequins*, by the Resort of *Pilgrims* to that City.

The King of *Denmark's* Resident at this Court has received a Letter, which certifies him that his *Master* has declar'd Prince *Christian* his Son *Succeſſor* in the *Throne*.

They talk also of a Marriage lately solemnized between *Charles* a *German Count*, and *Charlotte*, Sister to the *Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel*.

But that which most takes up Mens Ears, and employs their Tongues and Thoughts, are the *Civil Wars* of this *Kingdom*; which is all in a Flame, by Occasion of the Imprisonment of the *Prince of Conde*, and his Brothers. The Citizens of *Paris* are very joyful, at the repeated News of the King's ill Success; for they wish not well to his Army, whilst employ'd against the *Mal-contentes*.

Illustrious old *Grandee*, I wish thee the Years of *Nestor*, and those calculated by *Full Moons* of *Prosperity*. But I pray *Heaven* avert from thee some of his Moments, wherein they say he was torment'd with the *Gout*, as I am at this Instant: It is a Pain hardly to be supported.

Paris, 11th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

L E T-

LETTER VII.

To the same.

BY the God whom I adore, and by his *Shadow*, I swear there is no *Dilloyalty* in *Alahum*, yet his Life is full of *Temptations* and *Perils*. The *Box of Letters* I mention'd in my last, is irrecoverably gone, and hid up in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, if we may believe the *Confession* of a *Man*; every *Angle* of whose *Heart* has been search'd with exquisite *Torments*, even to *Death*.

Eliachim's Slave, the *Negrs* whom I spoke of, mistook that *Box* for one very like it, out of which he has often seen his *Master* take *Jewels*: for this is the particular *Merchandise* of that *Jew*: And the *Weight* of each was not so unequal as to rectify his *Error*. *Lucre* tempted him, and the *Desire* of *Liberty*: whilst the *Darkness* (for he committed the *Villainy* before *Sun* Rising) and his own guilty *Fears*, conspir'd to baffle his intended *Theft*. The *Boxes* stood together, (so careful was *Eliachim* of the *sublime* *Secrets* as not to venture 'em in a *Place* less secure than that of his *Jewels*;) and the *Villain* hasty to be gone, and confounded for want of *Light*, took up that wherein were the *Writings*, instead of his designed *Prey*, the *Jewels*. He went directly into the *Fields*, purposing to bury this supposed *Treasure* in the *Earth*, in some private *Place* where he might take it forth at *Discretion*: But first opening the *Box*, to supply himself with such *Stones* as he thought would be unquestionable *Pawns* for *Money*, to answer his present *Necessities*, that so he might the better provide for his *Concealment*;

ment; he was astonish'd, and his Heart became like Lead, when he found nothing but Papers full of Characters, to which he was wholly a Stranger. A Thousand Resolutions presented themselves to him in that Agony of his Mind, and he knew not what to fix on. Sometimes he thought to carry the Box back again as he found it; and since his Design had been thus strangely balk'd, to content himself till another Opportunity. But then he consider'd 'twas too late to return before his Master would miss both his *Slave* and *Box*; for the Sun was now far advanced in our Hemisphere, and *Eliachim* is an early riser. In a word, therefore, he thought it the safest way to bury it in the Ground, as he first intend'd had it been the *Box of Jewels*, and so shift for himself. Proposing to himself this Advantage in hiding the *Papers* in a secure Place, that if they were of Value, he might at any time make Composition with his *Master*, by discovering where they were.

All that I have here related, is drawn from his own Mouth in the midst of Tortures. For *Eliachim* soon heard of his fugitive *Negro*, who was seiz'd on the Road to *Lyons* by some Correspondents of that *Jew*. Who having Intelligence of it, took Horse immediately, and went to the Place. He did not think it safe to make a publick Business of it, or to arraign him before the appointed *Judges* of the *Country*; but relying on the *Justice* of his *Cause*, and the *Right* of a *Master*, he privately put him to *Tortures* of divers Kinds, in a House where he could command any thing.

The stout *African* at first deny'd that he had medled with any *Box*, saying, he escap'd purely for the sake of *Liberty*. But when a Succession of divers *Torments* had quite overthrow'n his *Constancy*, he confess'd all that I have already related.

Eliachim

Eliachim still suspecting worse, and that he only fram'd this as a plausible Story, to be freed from or at least to respite the Pains he suffer'd, caus'd sharp Thorns to be thrust under the Nails of his Fingers and Toes; believing that the Extremity of so sensible a Pain would extort the true Secret from him. But he could get nothing else from the poor excruciated *Negro*, though now almost ready to expire, than that he had hid the Box under Ground in a certain Corner of a Field out of the City, to which he knew not how to direct *Eliachim*, but promis'd to shew it him if he would carry him alive to *Paris*.

This was no hard Task to perform in the Opinion of the *Jew*; it being but a Day's Journey to this City from the Place where they then were. But he was deceived in his Hopes; and now all the Applications and Remedies they could use, came too late; for that very Night the *Negro* breath'd out his Soul.

However, when *Eliachim* came to *Paris*, he follow'd the Directions of his dead *Slave*, as well as he could, in searching every Corner of the Fields on that Side of the City where this *Black* had been seen to go out. But all to no Purpose. He cou'd find nothing; nor have we any Hopes ever to see that *Box* again. Yet I have many Qualms of Fear, lest some time or other it should come to light, to our Disadvantage and Ruin.

I desire thy Instructions, sage *Governor* of the *Capital City* how I shall deport my self if it be my Lot to be discover'd. As to the remaining *Box*, which has in it the Transcripts of my own *Dispatches*, I have taken it home to my Lodging, believing it will be as safe here as in the House of *Eliachim*; since that faithful *Jew* is no more exempted from Contingencies than my self; And I have no Servant to betray me.

This

This Kingdom abounds at present in Treasons and Rebellions. The French spare not to massacre one another for the sake of a Passion; While the Spaniards make their Advantages of these intestine Feuds; for under Pretence of assisting the Princes of the Blood, they get Footing in Picardy, from whence it will not be easy to expel them. Leopold, Arch-duke of Austria, is at the Head of the Spanish Army, and has taken several Towns belonging to the French King.

When the Quarrels of these Infidels will end I am not solicitous; my Thoughts being ever taken up in the Service which I owe to the Empire of true Believers.

I cannot bid thee adieu, illustrious Kaimachan, 'till I have assur'd thee I am cruciated with Zeal for the Grand Seigneur.

Paris, 23^d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman Kuslir Aga, Prince of
the Black Eunuchs.

AFter I had perus'd thy Dispatch, wherewith thou hast honour'd thy Slave Mahmut; and I was full of Joy for the continued Demonstration of thy Friendship and Protection; so my Breast conceived an Indignation at the Assault which has been offer'd to the sublime Port by the Cham of the Tartars, in presuming to demand the Tutelage of our august Emperor. It is an Indignity to the Ministers of supreme Justice and Honour, Lights
of

of the *Imperial Diwan*, to whom is committed the Cognizance of all human Events; the illustrious *Viziers*, who manage the Affairs of the mighty and invincible *Sultan Mahomet*, whose *Throne* may God fortify, 'till the *Moon* shall no more appear in the *Heavens*.

Those People have been ever thirsty of Rule, and 'as number'd among the Virtues of their *Ancestors*, that they enlarg'd their *Dominions* by the keen Edge of their Swords. But in all the *Registers* and *Archives* of the *Empire*, it has not been found, that any of that Nation challeng'd a Right to govern our *Sultans*, though during their Minority. It is sufficient, that they shall have the Honour (according to the ancient *Capitulati-ens*) to succeed in the *Throne* of the *Osman Princes*, if ever that *sacred Line* should be extinct: Which God avert, 'till the *final Consummation*.

It is a Wonder they demanded not also his *Royal Brothers*, the other Sons of *Sultan Ibrahim*; that so they might at one Blow cut off the whole *Osman Race*, and take *Possession* of the vacant *Throne*.

I have not heard any thing these many *Months* what is become of those *high-born Infants*; whether they are alive, or sacrificed to the Jealousy of the *Sultan*, as has been the Custom. Here are various flying Reports concerning them. Some say that thou hast convey'd away *Sultan Achmet*, and that he is privately educated in the House of a certain *Georgian*. The Blessing of *Mahomet* be upon thee, and refresh thy Heart, if thou hast taken this Care to preserve the *Life* of an *Osman Prince*, which is more precious than a Hundred thousand of *common Birth*.

As for *Solyman*, and the rest of that *sublime Race*, the *French* give 'em over for lost; and I cannot contradict 'em, for want of true Intelligence.

Besides,

Besides I have Reason to fear it is too true, in regard it has been the cruel Practice of all, or most of our late *Emperors*, either to slaughter their Brethren as soon as they ascended the *Throne*, or to put 'em to a more lingering Death and Martyrdom in a Prison.

'Tis true indeed, our present *Sovereign* is not yet arriv'd to those Years wherein Children commonly lose their native Innocence. I believe he suspects none of his Brethren, nor harbours any unkind Thoughts against their Lives. Yet Cruelty may be insinuated into his tender Years by the Artifices of his Mother; especially against those of his Father's *Blood*, that did not also partake of hers. For *Sultan Ibrahim*, thou know'st, had Children by other Women beside the *Sultana-Valede*.

The *Maltese* think they have one of these *Royal* Infants in their Possession: Thou knowest the whole Story of thy *Predecessor's* Voyage toward *Egypt*, with his beautiful *Slave* and her Son, whom these *Infidels* honour as the *Off-spring* of the *Grand Seignior*. Thou art not ignorant also, that this *Infant*, with his *Mother*, were banish'd out of Jealousy, by the Order of her who bore in her womb *Sultan Mahomet*, our glorious *Sovereign*. The Remembrance of which makes me tremble for the sake of the young *Prince*, if there be any yet remaining alive. It is in thy Power to certify me, and in doing so, thou wilt rid me of much Anxiety:

I am but a *Slave* of the *Slaves* who serve the *Grand Seignior*; and it is not decent for me to descant on the Actions of our most *absolute Monarch* whose Will is not to be controul'd: But I am still a Man, and have some Share of Humanity and Reason. Thou also art my particular Friend and wilt permit me to discourse with freedom.

Was

Was it not a *bloody Feast*, to which our King's Great Grandfather *Mahomet III.* invited nineteen of his Brethren on the Day of his *Inauguration*? Was it not a cruel Act, to cause those *Royal Guests*, in whose Veins ran the *Blood* of his own *Father*, to be strangled before they departed from his Table? No less inhuman was it of *Mahomet*, the late *Virgin Azem*, to guide the Hand of this our present *Sovereign*, when but six Years old, and incapable of knowing what he did, to sign a *Warrant* for the *Execution* of his *Father*. Well may the *Nozarenes* call us *Barbarians*, when they contemplate the *Empire* of the *Mussulmans*, supported by such *unnatural Methods*.

Thou that hast the superlative Honour of being the immediate *Guardian* of our young *Emperor*, wilt pardon the Liberty I take. Ascribe all to the Force of my Zeal and Loyalty. Thou art valiant and wise. Protect thy Charge as the *Crystal* of thine Eyes, which thou wilt not suffer to be hurt by the Dust of the Streets.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year, 1690.

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

NOwithstanding all my *Philosophy*, I have not Command enough of my Passion, to conceal it from thee, who hast always been the Partaker of my unequal Fortunes. Whatever Magnanimity of Spirit I pretended to formerly in my Sickness, 'tis at present overcome by the Desire of Ease

Ease. At that time, I remember, some *Stoical* Considerations made me industriously hide from thee the tormenting Pains I felt. I endeavoured to disguise my Sufferings, and to paint my Misery in such Colours, that it could hardly be distinguished from Happiness. But now I have not Courage enough to hide from thee my Fears and Apprehensions: And all *Seneca's* Morals are too little to hinder me from complaining of the Uncertainty that we daily experience in human Affairs. This is a *Theme* so popular, that were not particular Misfortunes very pressing, 'twould make me sick to say any thing on a Subject, that has been in every Man's Mouth since the time that our *first Father* appear'd among the *Trees*. Therefore thou may'lt be assured, I am not going about to make a *Declamation*, or play the *Orator*; to expatiate and make large *Deicants* on the *Instability* of all Things. What I have to say, refers to my self, and no Body else, save to those who are the Occasion of my Melancholy.

In the 10th *Month* of the last Year, I sent a *Letter* to *Kenan Baffa*, the new *Hafnadar Baffy*. I have a *Copy* of it by me, as I always retain of whatever *Dispatches* I send to the *sublime Port*, whether to the *publick Ministers*, or my *private Friends*.

I have perus'd this *Letter* several Times within these eight and forty Hours, and can find no just Ground of Offence, which that *Grandee* cou'd take thereat; unless he was angry with me for desiring him to be careful in transmitting my Money. As for the Rest, I only obey'd the particular Instructions I received from *Madornet* the late *V. zir Azim*; who commanded me not to spare the greatest *Minister* of the *Port*. If I had Reason either to counsel, or to reprehend him: For said he in his *Letter*, "To this End art thou plac'd

“ at such a Distance, that besides the Service thou
 “ dost our Sovereign in disclosing the Secrets of
 “ the *Infidels*, thou may’st also be free to write,
 “ whatever thou thinkest will conduce to his Inte-
 “ rest, without standing in fear of the Revenge of
 “ the *Grandees*. These were the very Words of
 the *prime Minister of the Ottoman Empire*.

— Now I only told him of some Miscarriages in
 his *Predecessors*, warning him to be wary in his
Station. Either he was offended at this Freedom
 I took, or because I presum’d to advise him how
 to order my *Bills*. Be it which it will, I have a
 severe Reprimand from the *Reis Effendi*, whom I
 have the greatest Reason in the World to esteem my
 Friend.

— It wou’d never have vex’d me, had he wrote
 plainly, and not disguised his Sentiments. But all
 was obscure, saving one blunt Expression, which
 convinc’d me, That the real Ground of all this
 Anger was my Letter to *Keman*, wherein I desir’d
 his Care as to my Money.

Can that *Minister* blame me for being apprehensive
 of Want in a foreign Country, a *Region of Infidels*,
 where I have no other Commerce but with
Courtiers and *Strangers*, where if I should be
 in the least suspected, they would presently
 put me in Prison, when wou’d hazard a
 Discovery of the *sublime Secrets*? Does he not
 know that *Money* commands all Things; and
 that the greatest *Potentates* obey the Power of
Gold? It cannot be imagin’d, but that a Man
 in my *Post* has a thousand pressing Occasions
 for Money, which ’tis troublesome to express; and
 I have had very wrong Notions of my *Employment*,
 if I deserve on this Account, to be reprov’d
 and threaten’d with such politick Circumlocu-
 tions; For the *Secretary* charges me with Unwil-
 lingsness to continue in the *Service of the Ecce-
 lanty*

happy Part; as if he thought my Fidelity were corrupted, or that I had an Inclination to the *Nazarane* Interest.

I tell thee, my *Duget*, *Perfidy* I ever abhor'd; This appears to me the most terrible and odious of all Vices; I could bear the Guilt and Reproach of a great many Crimes, which have less of Malice in their Constitution. I am not ashamed of many venial Frailties which I daily commit, though the *Law* is severe against them. But could any Man accuse me of wilful Treachery and Ingratitude, I wou'd pray instantly, That the *Luminaries* of *Heaven* might be extinguish'd, and that no *terrene Substance* might henceforth have in it the least *potential Light*; that so I might neither be capable of seeing my self, or of being expos'd to the Eyes of others: And the better to escape the Confusion which would attend that horrid Guilt, I would not only avoid human Society, but if it were possible would run away from my self.

After all this, methinks such a Temper need not be suspected, as averse from the Interest to which he has so solemnly sworn.

I wou'd not have troubled thee with the News of any other Affliction; but to be suspected of what I never was guilty of, and to be menac'd in dark mysterious Terms, not by an Enemy, but by my Friend, and one who has in his keeping the *immortal Records* of my *Zeal* and *Integrity*; this cuts me to the Heart: And I had no other way to ease my self, but by venting my Anguish to thee.

If any of the *Ministers* will charge me with Weakness, or want of Ability to act in this *Station*, I should have no Reason to repine; since none of them can think so meanly of *Mabmont*, as he does of himself. I boast of nothing, but a Loyalty
to

to my Trust, incapable of being corrupted.

But I forget that I am a *Mussulman*, and therefore ought to be resign'd to the *Will* of *Heaven* in all Things, without Complaint or Murmur. Besides, I am infinitely obliged, in many Regards to the *Reis Effendi*; and therefore he may be allow'd to take his own Advantages. Perhaps his Reproofs may be just, and 'tis my own Peevishness that hinders me from discerning it. However, I could wish he would henceforth express his Resentments with less Obscurity, and not give me Grounds to apprehend the Loss of his Friendship.

For, where I once love, I hate a Change. And if thou best of the same Mind, we two shall continue our *Friendship* to the other side of the *Grace*.

Paris, 30th of the 11th Moon.
of the Year 1650.

LETTER X.

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

IF thou wilt permit me to learn something from *Husbandmen*, they say, 'tis not profitable to plow the Fields, whose barren Glebe brings forth nothing but Briars and Thorns. Such are the Grounds of Passion and Anger among Friends: Let 'em lie fallow for ever. Perhaps thou wilt call it Presumption in me, to challenge such a Relation between us: Or, if thou ownest the Title
of

of a Friend, thou wilt claim a Right to reprove me. Be it how it will, Reproofs make the best Impression when they are given with Mildness and Moderation; especially, they ought not to be founded on a Mistake, or false Apprehension. For they appear like Arrows discharg'd in the Dark, which being Shot at random, may, by giving an undeserv'd Wound, make an Enemy of a Friend, or at least render a Friend suspected to be an Enemy.

But I tell thee, I will not blow up the Embers of a Fire, whose Flame is extinguish'd long ago, and wherof by this Time, I hope there remains not the least Smoak. I never lov'd to add Fuel to such Cases: Otherwise, had I return'd an Answer to thy angry Letter in the Heat of my Resentments, I might have play'd the Incendiary: For I had both Matter enough, and Passion sufficient to ventilate the already kindled Sparks, And of this I know thou art sensible.

Well; to make the best Construction of it: The *Hafnadar-Bassy* was affronted, I believe, at the Freedom I took in advising him; not knowing that I had positive Orders to do so, even to the *first Minister of State*, if I saw Occasion. And to vent his Choler, he misrepresented the Business to thee, hoping by thy Means to awe me into a sawning Acknowledgment of my supposed Crime. If this was thy Intention in writing that sharp Letter, I smile at his Mistake, but am sorry for thine, because I esteem thee my Friend. 'Twas but an Oversight in you both, and so let it pass.

Thy Friendship I court, and refuse not his, nor that of any *Officer of the Seraglio*. I honour all the *Bassa's* and *Ministers of the Imperial Court*: I shew to every one the Respect that is due to his *Quality*: But I am commanded to write with

Freedom to all, and not to speak, as if I had the bearded Head of a Barley Stalk on my Tongue, which is apt to slip down a Man's Throat, and threatens to choke him that speaks whilst it is in his Mouth. This Charge I first receiv'd from the late *Vizir Azem Mahomet*, and it has been since renew'd with fresh Instructions from others of *great Authority*. They all tell me with much Assurance, that one chief End of my being plac'd here is, that being out of the Limits of the *Ottoman Empire*, yet holding a constant Intelligence, I may freely, and without Fear, reprove the Vices, and encourage the Virtues of the greatest *Governors* and *Princes* among the *Mussulmans*. Nay, I am threaten'd with Punishment, and the *Sultan's* Displeasure, if I neglect any Opportunity of this Nature, or appear partial and timorous in my Re-
prehensions.

For it seems this is judg'd the most ready and effectual Method to reform the Corruptions that are crept into Court, Camp and City; since every Man is oblig'd to communicate the Letters which he receives from me: And they are all *registred* by thy Care: Whereby the *Graudees* are compell'd, either to live within the Limits of Justice and their Duty, or else to be the Discoverers of their own Faults; which will unavoidably bring them into Disgrace, if not the Loss of their Liberty and Lives; or at least put them to the Expence of costly Presents to make their Attonement. And thou knowest some Men would almost as willingly part with their Lives as their Money, which is their *God*.

After all this, I hope thou wilt not be displeas'd if I perform my Duty. It is not for me to be frighted with Menaces, or softened with Bribes. My Integrity is Proof against the Pride of the one, and Baseness of the other. Yet I have great
Esteem

Efficem for the *Treasurer* and thee, with ocher *Ministers* who are my Friends. I could to serve such freely hazard my Liberty, Fortune, and any Thing but my Honour, which I value at a far higher Rate than my Life.

Thou may'st register it for a Truth, That an *English Ambassador* was in the 6th Moon of this Year murder'd by *Villains* in his Chamber at *Madrid*, the Capital City of *Spain*. There has been also a great Battle fought in *Scotland*, between the Army of that Nation, who maintain their King's Interest, and the Forces of the new *English Commonwealth*; wherein the latter obtain'd a signal Victory, having kill'd three thousand on the Spot, taken nine thousand Prisoners, fifteen thousand Arms, two hundred Ensigns, and all their Cannon and Baggage. These are prosperous Beginnings of that *Republick*, and redound much to the Honour of the *English General Officer*, whom every body extols for a gallant Man. And I can assure thee the *Western Nations* are not barren of *Heroes*.

Principal Scribe of the Mussulmans, I wish thy Heart may be a *Transcript* of the best Copies.

Paris, 1st of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER XI.

To Solyman Aga, Principal Chamberlain of the Womens Apartments in the Seraglio.

THESE *Tartars*, of whom I speak to thee in my list, are a strange sort of People in their Manner of Life. But we must not censure 'em, because we are of *Kim*. I speak not of my self; for though I am an *Arab*, yet the greatest Part of those who serve in the Armies of the *Grand Seignior*, are descended from the *Crimis*. I mean the *Spahis* and *Timariets*. Thou know'st the *Originals* of the *Military Orders*, and that they are more honourable than the *Janizaries*; who, being *Strangers* by *Blood*, are brought up to the *Lure* of the *Seraglio*. They know neither Father nor Mother, (I speak to the *Tributary Youths*;) nor have they any partial Fondness for their *Native Country*. They are educated in a perfect Resignation to the *Grand Seignior*, and his chief *Ministers*; yet often disobey both, and not seldom put 'em in Hazard of their Lives. How many *Vizirs* have been sacrificed to a cunning *Janizar-Aga*; who, to prevent his own Ruin, has tempted those under his Command to mutiny, and accept of no Attonment for their pretended Grievances, less than the Life of the *first Deputy*? The rigid Fate of *Sultan Osman*, Uncle to our present *Sovereign*, will not be forgot by those who love the *Ottoman Family*, better than these *bastard Heirs*. Shall the *Empire of true Believers* be ruin'd by the *Renegades*? Besides, their *Discipline* is extremely corrupted; they marry, and follow *Mechanick Trades*, repognant to the austere Manners of the *primi-*

mitive Guards, who are wholly attentive to *Martial Exercises*.

Were this to come to the Hands of a *Janizary*, he would curse me to the *Pains* which have neither *Medium* nor *End*. Yet I had once a Friend of that *Order*, *Cassim Hali*, the *chief Aga*, a brave Man, and of the same Sentiments as my self: He sought to reform that disorderly *Militia*, but was oppos'd by the wise Men in Power. He wou'd freely have sacrificed his own Grandeur and Interest for the Good of the *Mussulman Empire*; but was over-aw'd by those who had no other Interest but in its Ruin.

Thou know'st who I mean. Neither am I a Stranger to the heroick Bravery of the faithful *Solyman*, when he bearded the *Bislangi Aga* on that Account. That *Gardiner* was of the *Faction*, being the Son of a *Janizary*, and train'd up in all the Practices of the *Seditious*. It makes me ashamed when I hear the *Infidels* upbraid the *Wise* of the *Wise*, the *supreme Monarch* on Earth with Folly, for permitting this insolent and mutinous *Soldiery* to continue in the *Empire*. And I tremble to think, that one time or other the renown'd *Offspring* of *Kerogriel* will owe its Ruin and *Catastrophe* to these disloyal *Vipers*, whom he cherishes in the *Seraglio*.

Much more assur'd is the *French King* of his *Guards of Switzers*; whose Fidelity was never stain'd with the least infamous Brand of Perfidiousness, in taking up Arms against their *Master*, whose Bread they eat. These are mercenary Soldiers, who travel out of their *Native Country* to serve *Foreign Princes*, and will shed the last Drop of their Blood rather than betray their Trust. Therefore they are admitted into the *Palaces*, and nigh the Bed-Chambers of the *Pope* and the *King of France*, with full Confidence of their Valour and Integrity.

As for their *Country*, it is barren and poor, consisting chiefly of Rocks and Deserts; which occasions the Youth, who are generally very strong and hardy, to seek their Subsistence abroad, by serving in the *Guards* and *Armies* of neighbouring *Monarchs* and *States*.

Some Regiments of the *Switzers* now serve in the *Wars* of *Candia*, under the *Standard* of *Venice*.

There are Vessels arriv'd lately in some of the *French* Harbours, which bring News of the ill Success of our Arms in the *Siege* of *Candia*, the chief City of this *Island*: They talk, as if above two thousand *Mussulmans* were blown up in the ninth *Moon*; and that *Chussein* *Bassa*, discourag'd by this Loss, and with the Inconveniences of the approaching *Winter*, was forc'd to raise the *Siege* in the *Month* of *October*.

The *French* magnify the Valour of the *Knights* of *Malta*, who signaliz'd themselves by many brave *Actions* during this *Siege*: And if all be true that is related of these *Christian* *Champions*, we cannot in common Justice deny 'em their due Character, and number some of them at least among the *Heroes*.

Otherwise, we shou'd come short of these *Western* *Nazarenes* in *Generosity*, who, with no less honourable Expressions, extol the repeated Courage and invincible Constancy of the illustrious *Chussein*, and the Alacrity of all the *Mussulman* Soldiers in the Service of our *great* *Master*.

Yet they cannot forbear reflecting on the Cowardice of the *Janizaries*; who, after that fatal Blow, had they stoutly maintain'd their other Posts, that brave *Bassa* wou'd not so soon have quitted the *Siege* of this important *Place*.

As for other News I have little to acquaint thee with, save a seeming Calm at present in this *Kingdom* of *France*, which has for the greatest

Part of the Year, been harras'd with *Civil Disorders* and Slaughter. *Bordeaux*, the chief City which held out against the King, is now reduc'd to Obedience, the pacify'd *Monarch* retired, and there is now Appearance of *Peace*.

The *Queen* of *Sweden*, we hear, was solemnly crown'd in the tenth *Moon* of the last Year, having declared for her *Successor Carolus Gustavus*, Prince *Palatine*, and her *Cousin*.

In the same *Moon* died the *Prince of Orange*; and soon after the *Count d'Arroux*, a *French Grandee*, and *Minister of State*.

In the mean time I rejoice to hear, that my old Friends are alive and flourishing; and that the Knot is not loosened which was tied in our *Youth*. May it continue firm to the *Day of the Earthquake*, and to a *Term unlimited*.

Paris, 29th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1651.

L E T T E R XII.

To Kifur Darmelec, Secretary of the
Nazarene Affairs at the Port.

I N the Name of God and his *Prophet*, what Occasion hadst thou to send me such an angry Letter; thou art thy self but a *Slave*, as I am, to the *Slaves* of him whose *Throne* is above the Flight of the *Eagle*! Dost thou think to frighten *Mahomet* into sordid Compliance with thy *Ambition*, whom nothing can terrify, so long as he preserves himself free from any Stain of *Disloyalty*; I tell thee I'm another *Achilles*, invulnerable all over, save the *Soles* of my *Feet*,

which are the *Emblems* of our most tender *Affections*. There thou may'st wound me with the soft Arrows of pretended Friendship. But if once thou appearest with the naked Face of an Enemy, I'm presently on my Guard.

Thou accusest me of many Crimes whereof I was never guilty, loadest me with a Thousand undeserved Reproaches, and all to vent thy Choler: Threatning me with Revenge, because I once excus'd the Lateness of my Address to *Minezim Alaph Bessa*, then newly vested by our magnificent *Sultan*, by laying the Blame on the Badness of the Ways, or the Insolence of Soldiers, by whom the *Posts* are often intercepted in Time of War: Or, in fine, on thy Neglect in not supplying me with more early Intelligence. Wherein 'tis easy to discern, that thou wert the last I wou'd accuse to that *Minister*, though thou wert principally in the Fault. For I was afterwards inform'd, That the *Posts* were neither retarded by any *impassable* Roads, or stop'd by the *Orders* of *military* Men, but arriv'd here at their accustomed Seasons. Wherefore thou hast no Reason to be offended at me, unless it be for the Shortness of my Accusation, and that it was defective in Malice.

Thou wou'd'st take it ill, if in my own Defence I should complain to the *Vizir Agha* of thy frequent Neglects in this kind. But I scorn to vindicate my self at the Price of another Man's Disgrace and Peril. Only I advise thee to forbear Threatning. It is a Reflection on thy Prudence to menace a Man who has no other Repentments of thy Passion, than to own himself oblig'd to thee for so open a Discovery of it.

Wou'd'st have the very Splen of my Humour? I smile at thee. Thou has made me as jocund a *Democritus*. If thou know'st not how I means

He was a pleasant sort of a Philosopher, to whom all human Actions were Objects of Mirth. There was another whining Sage that perpetually wept. The most comical Passages, and such as mov'd all Men to Laughter, drew Floods of Tears from his Eyes: His Name was *Heraclitus*. It is hard to determine which of these two was in the right. But I think I am not much in the wrong to be a little pleasant with thee: Perhaps it may put thee into a better Humour. However, I would not have thee displeas'd with thy self for being of so peevish a Disposition. 'Tis observ'd, That passionate Men are always best natur'd, and free from secret Malice. *Choler* is as necessary as our *Blood*: Without the latter we cou'd not live; and if we were void of the former, our *Lives* wou'd be as *useless* as that of *Snails* and *Oysters*: We should be absolutely *Drones*.

Hippocrates, the famous Physician, says, This *Complexion* is the most noble of all the four, transforming *Men* to *Heroes*, and refining our *earthly* *Substance*, in a Constitution like that of the *immortal* *Gods*; whose *Bodies*, according to the *Poets*, consist wholly of an *ethereal* *Flame*.

Therefore be not discourag'd, neither repine at a Temper which ranks thee among those to whom *Sacrifices* are made. On the other side, take it not amiss from *Mahomet*, if he tells thee, he has not Devotion enough to become thy voluntary *Victim*.

Yet if I cannot be so obsequious as to throw my self away by acknowledging Crimes wherein I was never concern'd, and for which I have a natural Abhorrence; rest satisfy'd at least, That I will serve thee as far as I can, without entrenching on the Duty I owe to the *Grand Seigneur*. And be assur'd, I will do thee no *Harm*, so long as thou observest that Rule.

In fine, I advise thee to order thy Steps like a Man that is walking in the *Begs of Egypt*, where if he observe the *Track* of those who have gone before him, he may be safe; but if his Foot slips he sinks in the *Mire*. Such is the *Life of Courtiers*.

Paris, 18th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year, 1651.

LETTER XIII.

To Minezim Aluph, Bassa.

IN the Beginning of the last Year I sent thee a *Dispatch*, wherein I acquainted thee with the *Imprisonment* of three *Princes* of the *Royal Blood of France*; now thou shalt receive the *News* of their *Liberty*.

They were releas'd by an Order from the *King* on the 13th Day of this *Moon*, and arrived in this *City* on the 16th, which was *Yesterday*, attended by a numerous *Cavalcade*, consisting of some *Princes*, divers of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and ere would think, of half the *Citizens* of *Paris*. Even those who triumph'd last Year, and made *Banfires* for their *Confinement*, *Yesterday* throng'd out of the *City* to welcome them *Home* with *Acclamations* of *Joy*, and to congratulate their *Release*. So fickle and inconstant a Thing is the *Multitude*, driven hither and thither with every artificial *Declaration* of *Statesmen*, or *Preience* of *Faction*.

But there were divers *Princes* and *Noblemen*, who, from the first Hour of their being seiz'd, resolv'd not to leave a Stone unturn'd to procure their Freedom. The *Grandeess* that were their Friends, retir'd to their *Governments*, and rais'd *Rebellions* in the *Provinces*. All the *Kingdom* was harass'd with *Civil Warr*. The *Parliaments* decreed against the *Court*; and there wanted not Cabals of seditious *Courtiers*, even in the *Palace* of the *King*, to undermine the *Royal Authority*; which the *Cardinal Minister* thought to establish, by the Imprisonment of the *Princes*. In all Places the *Kings* Interest ran retrograde.

Thou wilt not wonder at this when thou shalt know, that the *Princes* of *France* are not *Slaves* to the *King*, like the *Bassa's* of the most serene *Empire*, who owe all their Greatness to the sole Favour of our magnificent *Sultans*. These *Princes* enjoy all that and more by Inheritance, which our *Grandeess* acquire only by their Merits, and the Smiles of their *Sovereign*. Hence it is, that their Interest is rivetted in the Hearts of the People, who revere the *Blood Royal*, in whatsoever *Chapel* it runs.

Therefore thinking Men blame the *Cardinal's* Conduct in this *Affair*; saying, there was neither *Justice* or *Policy* in it. Indeed, if a Man's *Wit* is to be measur'd by the Success of his *Contrivances*, the *Censure* of these People is true; for the *Cardinal* seems to have made a *Trap* for himself.

As soon as he perceiv'd the *King* was prevail'd on by the Importunity of his *Uncle*, the *Duke of Orleans*, and the *Parliament* of *Paris*, to release the *Princes*, and that they had at the same time earnestly begg'd of him, that this *Minister* might be removed from the *Court*; he suddenly pack'd up his *Movables*, and withdrew privately

towards the Place where the *Princes* were confin'd: Hoping, that though he had lost his first Point, yet he might make an indifferent After-Game, by going in Person to the *Royal Prisoners*, and assuring them, 'twas to him they ow'd their Release; since it was in his Power to carry them away with him, as also those who brought them, the King's *Mandate*. For he travell'd not without a considerable *Guard*.

'Tis said the *Princes* receiv'd him with seeming Compliments and Addresses of Civility; procuring their Friendship to the *Cardinal*, now a voluntary *Exile*, and in a worse Condition than themselves.

It is very strange that so great a *Minister*, who inherited all that *absolute Power* which his *Predecessor Richlieu* had at this *Cour*, should thus on a sudden abandon his Fortune. But it is thought he is not gone to pick *Straws*.

However, he has by this timely Flight, avoided the Displeasure of seeing himself compell'd to depart by an *Arrest of Parliament*, which was publish'd within two Days after he was gone; commanding him to depart the *Kingdom* within fifteen Days.

The wise *Minister* foresaw this Disgrace approaching, and therefore thought it more becoming his Honour to depart of his own Accord: Having still the Advantage to reproach the *State* with Ingratitude, in that they have reduced to such *Streights*, the Man by whose auspicious Conduct, *France* has been elevated to an extraordinary *Grandeur* in *Europe*.

By this thou may'st comprehend, illustrious *Bosses*, that there's no *Stability* in human *Greatness*; but that the *Wheels* of a *Courtier's* Life, run thro' *unequal Tracks*, often sticking in the *Mire* of the *Valley*, and not seldom threatening to overthrow a
Man

Man, and cast him headlong from the *Precipice* of a *Mountain*. Against these *Inconstant Turns* of *Fortune*, I advise thee to be arm'd with *Moderation*; since no Man can avoid his *Destiny*.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year, 1651.

LETTER XIV.

To Ifouf, his Kinsman at Fez.

I Am glad to hear thou art alive. Thy Letter came in a good Hour; for I bear a true Affection to those of my *Blood*, and have been particularly anxious for thee these many Years. The Sun has nine times measur'd the twelve *Signs* of the *Zodiac*, since I received thy last Letter before this, or heard any News of thee. It seems thou hast travell'd a great Part of the Earth during that time.

'Twas kindly done of thee, to remember thy sick *Uncle's* Request when thou wert at *Aleppo* in making *Oblations* for his *Health* to *Sheikh Bonbaz* the *Santane*; and distributing *Corban* to the *Poor*, in Honour of *Sytans Fija*.

Thou hast sent me a large and satisfactory Account of thy *Observations* in *Asia*: Yet I am sorry thou hadst not time to penetrate into the *Religion* and *Secrets* of the *Indian Bramins*. I am more ambitious to pry into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of those *Philosophers*, than into any other *Species* of *Knowledge* whatsoever. Methinks 'tis pity the *Records* of so vast an *Antiquity* should be conceal'd from the rest of the *World*, and only known

known to those *happy Priests*. I protest 'tis impossible for me to thank of it without *Envy*: But perhaps it is the *Will of Heaven* to lock up those *Mysteries* in the remotest *Provinces* of the *East*, as a Reward of their Constancy, in adhering to the *Traditions* of their *Father*, which know no Origin; and as a Reproach to all other Nations, who, in Matters of *Religion*, have been mutable as the *Winds*.

I have convers'd with several *Jesuits* and others, who have been in the *Indies*; but they seem to relate all Things partially, out of a natural Aversion for the *Manners* of the *East*; and I knew not how to disprove 'em, 'till thy Brother *Pestelibali* undeceived me. He has also visited those *Parts*, and resided a considerable Time in *China*. It is a difficult Thing for a *Traveller* to keep himself within the Bounds of Truth in his Relations; but I believe he has not exceeded. Thy *Journal* touches but lightly the *Indian Affairs*, not having Leisure, as thou tellest me, to observe much. However, thou hast made Amends in thy Relations of *Persia*, *Tartary*, and the Land of the *Curds*.

I depend much on thy Promise of sending me a *Journal* of thy *Travels* in *Africk*. To that *Quarter* of the *World* I am much a Stranger, not having met with any authentick Relation of the *Regions* of the *South*.

It seems thou has been in *Æthiopia*, *Libya*, *Ægypt*; and in fine, all over the *Torrid Zone*.

Historians tell wonderful things of these *Parts*; *Herodotus* mentions a sort of *People* in *Africa*, whose Bodies were more venomous than *Serpents*. These affronted once at the *Winds* for driving the *Sands* of *Libya* into their *Country*, and filling up all their *Wells* and *Streams*, enter'd into a War against the Kingdom of *Æolus*; but the *South Wind* met 'em

'em in their March, and bury'd 'em under Mountains of Dust.

I do not represent this to thee as a Truth, tho' related by that learn'd *Grecian*. Thou may'st repute it for a *Fable*, as I do, but let this Passage be a Hint that I expect from thee none but solid Remarks.

It would please me to be assur'd of one thing, which perhaps thou hast heard of when thou wast in *Barbary*. Very credible *Authors* report, that when the *Phanicians* were expell'd by the *Israelites*, and driven into this Corner of *Africa*, they set up two *Pillars* of *Marble*, whereon they engraved these *Words*, as a *lasting Monument* of their *Expulsion*, WE ARE A REMNANT OF THOSE, WHO FLED FROM THE FACE OF JOSHUA, THE ROBBER, THE SON OF NUN.

The first *Invention* of *Ships* is by some ascrib'd to these *People*, whom *Necessity* taught to seek Rest on the unquiet *Ocean*; since the more turbulent Sons of *Jacob* would not permit them to enjoy any *Repose* on the *Land*, having harass'd 'em from one place to another, till at length they drove 'em to the very *Borders* of the *Earth*. But thou knowest, the *Chinese* pretend to the *Use* of *Ships* many thousand Years before this *Depredation* of the *Israelites*. Every *Nation* aims to be esteem'd the most ancient. And when there was formerly a *Dispute* between the *Egyptians* and *Sythians* on this Point, 'twas adjust'd in Favour of the latter. But the *Chronologies* of the *Chinese* and *Indians* far exceed all others in the *World*: For they seem to outstrip *Time* itself in *Antiquity*; at least, they transcend the *common Date* of the *World's Creation*.

I have heard a *Traveller* assert, that as he was journeying through the *Deserts* of *Libya*, he discover'd an *Altar* of *Stone*, with this *Inscription* on

it, in *Grecian Characters*, I POLYSTRATUS OF ATHENS, HAVE CONSECRATED THIS ALTAR, TO ALL THAT IS GOOD IN HEAVEN; AND IF THAT ALL BE BUT ONE, AS SOME SAY, MAY THAT ONE ACCEPT MY VOWS.

I desire thee to inform me, whether thou hast ever seen or heard of such an *Altar*, when thou wert in those *Parts*. You *Travellers* must expect this kind of Trouble from your Friends: Every body is naturally inquisitive, and desirous of *Knowledge*.

'Twill be acceptable also to send me an *Abstract* of the *present State* of Fez. I should be glad to hear of the Health of *Abel Melec Muli Omar*, the *Superior* of the magnificent *College* in that *City*, built by *Al Habu Ennor*, King of the *Country*. They say, it cost him Two hundred and forty thousand *Zequins*.

'Tis added, that in Fez there is a *Mosque* near half a *League* in Circuit; in which are as many *Gates* as there be Days in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*. And that the Number of the Pillars which support it, is equal to the *Year* of the *Hegira* wherein it was founded; being encompassed also by seventeen high *Minarets*, besides innumerable *Domes* and *Terrasses*; having also 900 Lamps burning in it by Night, and 300 Windows to let in the Light of the Day. The Revenue of this famous *Mosque* is said to be 36500 *Zequins* a Year. They relate many other things of Fez, and the *Provinces* belonging to it. Of all which I desire thee to send me a distinct Account.

I had almost forgot one Passage, which I have read in the *Ancients*, concerning a certain fable *African*, whose Name was *Pfaphen*. This Man had train'd up a *Parrot*, to repeat very frequently these Words, *Pfaphen is a great God*. When the
Bird

Bird had perfectly learn'd his Lesson, he let it loose; which being accustom'd to a Domestick Life in a Cage, fled not presently to the Fields, but perch'd on the *Temple* of the Town, where it was heard by the People to utter the aforesaid Sentence aloud, and very often. They, ignorant of the *Quality of Parrots*, and led with *native Superstition*, esteem'd it an *Oracle* from *Heaven*. Wherefore, immediately flocking to the House of *Psaphon*, they offer'd *Sacrifice* to him, and in all Respects treated him as a *Deinity*.

Whether this Story be true or no, 'tis certain, *Idoltry* had no better Foundation than *Artifice* and *Lies*: Unless we shall conclude with the *Poet*, *That Fear made the first Gods in the World*. Cousin, let there be a frequent Intercourse between us. It will be profitable to thee and me.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XV.

To Kerker Hassan Bassa.

'TIS a Custom in the *Court of Rome*, That every *Nation of the West* has a *Protector* among the *Cardinals* there, who are *Princes* of the *Roman Church*. Such I esteem thee, in the most exalted *Court* of the *East*.

Arabia gave thee thy first Breath: But thy own Merits have lifted thee up to the *Dignity* of a *Bassa*, a *Prince* of the *Ottoman Empire*, whose Limits far exceed those of the *Modern*, or even of ancient *Rome*.

'Tis

'Tis from hence our Countrymen address to thee, as to their Patron, using thy Power and Mediation with the *Grand Seigneur* in all their Necessities.

Among the rest, wonder not that the humblest of thy Slaves, *Mahmat*, the Son of thy Father's Neighbour, falls at thy Feet in a Time of great Distress, in the Agonies of his Spirit, the Hazard of his Fortune, and Peril of his Honour, which he values more than his Life.

I complain not of the many repeated Abuses and Contempts I have received from some in the *Sevaghis*, to whom it belongs not to meddle with Things out of their *Sphere*, much less to discourage the faithful *Agents* and *Missioners* of the *Grand Seigneur*. Yet the Persecutions I have felt from their Hands are such, as would drive another Man, less patient of Injuries, either to Revenge or Despair.

They have vilify'd all my Conduct in this *Station*; reproach'd my best Actions with the odious *Character* of *Imprudence* and *Disloyalty*; and misrepresented the smallest *Peccadilloes*, (for which also I have the *Master's* Disposition) under the ignominious *Title* of *Infidelity* and *Atheism*. In a Word, they thirst after my Blood: Nothing will satisfy their greedy Malice, but my Life.

I never was afraid to die, since I perfectly understood what it is to live. Nor can I be fond of protracting my Breath, when my *Great Master* shall please to call for a Surrender of it, for whose Service only it was given me. But it would render the *Scene* of my *Death* tragical, and strew my Passage into the *other World* with Thorns, to be sent out of *this*, under the Notion of a *Traitor*, who have acted my Part without a real Blame.

Ikingi, that learned Tutor of the *Royal Pages*, was the first that broach'd this Enmity against me;

me; (for I have forgot the Prevarications of *Sba^r Jinn Ibban*, the *black Eunuch*, since the time he acknowledg'd his Fault with much Candour and Ingeruity) 'Twas that *Athenian Sophist*, who debauch'd the Integrity of my *Cousin Solyman*; and persuaded the unwary Youth to enter into a Conspiracy against his Uncle. But I reprehended my Kinsman's Folly in one Letter; and his Answer, though late, convinc'd me, that he was not guilty of Malice, so much as of Rashness and Credulity. I was extremely oblig'd to the *Kalmachan* for his Benignity and Friendship in this Affair. The good old *Minister* had a real Kindness for me, and took no small Pains to penetrate into the Causes of my *Cousin's* eager Passion and Malice against me. At length he found it to be only the Practices of *Ikingi*, who took Advantage of *Solyman's* Temper, equally loyal and flexible, insinuated into his youthful Mind monstrous *Idea's* of me; and, in fine, set him a railing at me with a fierce kind of Liberty where-ever he came. The wise *Bassa* soon open'd my Kinsman's Eyes, brought him to his Sense, and the Issue of all was, That *Solyman* writ me a Letter of Apology.

But since this, the *Master* of the *Pages* has hid new Trains for me, and drawn a great many more to his Party. He has corrupted *Mustapha Guir*, an *Eunuch*, and *Page* to the *old Queen*; with whom I once held a Correspondence, and, as I thought, had contracted a Familiarity and Friendship; but, it seems, it was only an Appearance, without Reality. I could give thee a long List of those, whom this *Academick* has taught to slander *Mahmet*; but I will not appear so revengeful: Besides, this is not the only Grievance of which I complain.

Shall I remonstrate to thee, most excellent and serene *Bass*, the true Cause of my Uneasiness? I am weary of living among *Infidels*. Favour me with thy Assistance and Intercession, that I may have leave to retire from this Place, and vindicate my self before the Faces of my Enemies. And having had that Honour, rendering also a just Account of the Affairs wherewith I am entrusted, I may visit my *Native Country*, and spend the Residue of my Days in *Arabia*, the Scene of all our *Prophet's* great Actions, the Place where I first drew my Breath. I languish for the Aromatick Air of *Admoim*, the Chrystal Fountain, and cooler Shades of that happy *Province*. I long to see the Groves which encompass the *Village* of my *Nativity*, the Turrets of thy Father's House, and the *Mosque* of *Hafen* the *Prophet*; for tho' I took no Notice of these things in my Infancy, yet having once seen 'em in my riper Years, when I was able to make more lasting Reflections, I shall never forget these delightful Objects so long as I live.

If this be an Infirmity, pardon it, illustrious *Arab*, since it is natural to all Men. Thou, thy self, hast enjoy'd the Pleasure of revisiting that sweet *Region*: Pity *Mahmut*, who burns with Desire to taste the same.

Or if this shall be thought too great an Indulgence to the poor *exil'd Mahmut*, yet it will be easy for thee, who art a Favourite, to obtain of the *Grand Seignior*, that I may at least be recall'd from this *Employment*, and some body else substituted in my Place. There are those among my Enemies who are ambitious of the *Faigut*; and *Ikingi*, my old Friend, would exchange all the Honours he is possess'd of in the *Seraglio* for this obscure, yet hazardous Post. 'Tis Pity but such a Man's Thirst of Perils should be gratify'd.

But

But if after all that I have said, my *Superiors* shall think it expedient to continue me here, I am resign'd; only desiring, That from hence forth my Slanderers may be suspected, as Men ill affected to the *sublime Port*, for traducing a Man that has waded through a Thousand Difficulties, Temptations and Perils; and serv'd the *Ottoman Empire* in this *Station* Fourteen Years, without making a false Step, or transgressing the least Point of his Instructions.

I hear that *Chussein Bassa* is made *Vizir Acem*. The *French* have a very great Opinion of his Valour. They are generally *impartial Criticks* in *Martial Affairs*, scorning to deny a *brave Enemy*, his *due Character*.

We are at present barren of other News, save a new *Arrest* of *Parliament* against *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his Kindred and Creatures; whereby they are declar'd *Enemies of the State*, and charg'd with a large Catalogue of Crimes, whereof perhaps they were never guilty.

Here are also some flying Reports of the *Cardinal's* Death; who, say they, has poison'd himself for Grief of his ill Success in this *Court*: But I esteem this only as the Froth of his Enemies Malice, who really wish him dead; and, to discourage his Friends, give it out that he is so.

Serene Bassa, I commit my Affairs to thy Protection; beseeching thee, to do the Office of a Countryman and a Friend, to the Betray'd for God.

Paris, 16th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

L E T T E R X V L

To Chufacin Bassa, the Magnanimous
Vizir Azem, and Invincible General
of the Ottoman Forces in Candia.

I Am not much above forty three Years Old, yet have seen great *Changes* in the *World*, mighty *Revolutions* in *Kingdoms* and *States*, and the *Death* of many *Sovereign Monarchs*, illustrious *Generals*, and wise *Statesmen*. Doubtless, all *subiunary* things are subject to *Vicissitude*. There appears nothing *constant* and *settled*, but the *Heavens* and *Stars*: They indeed persevere in their *immutable Courses*, never change their *Orb*, nor start from their *eternal Posts*. The *Sun* rises and sets at his accustomed *Hours*; and the *Moon* exactly observes the determin'd *Periods* of her *Increase* and *Wane*: These vary only as the *Seasons* of the *Year*, with exquisite *Regularity* and constant *Returns*.

But here *below*, there is an universal *Transmigration* and *Metempsychosis* of *States*, and *Forms* of *Things*; a perpetual *Flux* and *Reflux* of human *Events*. Men dye hourly, and others are hourly born to supply their *Places*. One *Age* treads close upon the *Heels* of another. And we, who live at present, as we walk in the *Steps* of our *Fathers*, so shall we follow them down to the *Grave*, where our *Flesh*, by a new *Metamorphosis*, shall be turn'd into the *Bodies* of *Worms*, *Insects*, and *Serpents*; and what shall become of our *Souls* is uncertain.

I was born in the *Reign* of *Sultan Achmet*, from whom our present *Sovereign* is the sixth *Emperor*, that has ascended the glorious *Throne* of the *Ottomans*.

mans. May God grant him a long Life, and a Series of Years blest'd with a continual Health, and Victory over his Enemies. I pray Heaven also to perpetuate thy new Office to the last Period of the Sultan's Life; and in wishing this, I say all that can be expected.

But when I reflect on the frequent and bloody Tragedies that have been acted in the Seraglio since I can remember; and the many Sacrifices that have been made of Sultans, Viziers, Bassas and principal Ministers of State, besides the Massacres and Butcheries of meaner Persons, it makes me Melancholy amidst the Joys I conceive for thy late Exaltation; and fills me with Fears lest my Good Wishes to the Grand Seignior and thee, who art his Right hand, should by some sinister Decree of Fate, be almost as soon disannull'd as pronounc'd. I pray Heaven avert my melancholy Presages.

The Death of the old Queen (the News of which is lately arriv'd at this Court) does but revive and encrease my Apprehension of greater Tragedies to come, because one Act of Cruelty has propagated another: Revenge is prolifick, and Mischiefs is never at a stand. 'Tis true indeed, as it is not decent to insult o'er the Ashes of illustrious Persons; so neither has a loyal Mussulman any great Reason to mourn for the Fall of a Woman, by whose Connivance her Royal Son, and our late Great Master Sultan Ibrahim, fell a Sacrifice to the Musli's Indignation. 'Twas an unnatural Part in a Mother: And we may say, the divine Justice has overtaken her, in making her Grandson sign the Warrant for her Death, with the Consent of that very Musli, at whose Instigation she had consented to the Murder of his Father.

Yet, after all, may she not have left behind her a Party in the Seraglio, or at least in the State,
who

who will study to revenge her Fall; or, however, do some Mischief to prevent their own? Let me not seem to contradict my own Arguments, and whilst I plead against Revenge and Cruelty, appear an *Advocate* for those inhuman Passions. I do not mention the surviving *Creatures* of this unhappy *Queen*, to excite in thee, false Sentiments of Justice, suspicious *Chimera's* of a possible *Conspiracy*, and so stimulate thee to punish them by Anticipation for Crimes of which perhaps they never will be guilty. I rather suggest these Things, That after so many *Tragedies* in the *Royal Family*, a Stop may be now put to future Mischiefs; lest, whilst Men pursue a particular and self-interested Revenge, the Contagion should spread, and *Cruelty* become universal and infinite.

Let it suffice, that no less than three of our *Sultans* have been depos'd and strangled within these thirty Years: Not to mention the *Deluge* of *Royal Blood* that has overflowed the private Chambers of the *Seraglio*, the Prisoners of the *Ottoman Princes*, Brothers or Sons to the *Emperors* formerly reigning.

These were barbarous Cures of untimely Jealousies; and it is pity that such Royal Massacres should ever be repeated again. Why should the *Posterity* of *Ottoman* be in this Regard the only *unfortunate Princes* on Earth? Were it not much more noble, and equally wise, to take the Measures of *Aethiopian* Policy, where to prevent Sedition and Discords about *Succession*, the *Princes* of the *Blood* are confin'd indeed, but to a very pleasing Liberty: Whilst they have Palaces, Parks and large Fields at command; are serv'd by a princely Train, and deny'd no lawful Pleasures within the *Pale* of their *Restraint*. For there is an exceeding high Mountain in the Country, the

Top of which is very spacious, containing large Tracts of Ground, many beautiful *Seraglio's* furnish'd with whatsoever can contribute to the Enjoyment of these *Princes*, or at least to compensate for their Want of greater Liberty. This Mountain is environ'd with a high and strong Wall, having but one Entrance, and that guarded by Soldiers, so that no Man can go in or out who has not the *Emperor's* Warrant, or at least a Permission from the *Prime Minister of State*: For he, upon the Death of the *Emperor*, immediately calls a Council of the *supreme Officers*, who, from among these unpenion'd *Princes*, chuse him whom they think most worthy to succeed. The rest, who never felt the Appetite to reign, (for they are carried to this Place in their Infancy, and kept in perpetual Ignorance of *State-Affairs*) pass away their Time without Envy, or repining at the Exaltation of their Brother, addicting themselves wholly in the innocent Delights of that rural Life, or to the Study of Books, whereof they have great Plenty in their *Libraries*, and those altogether treating of Matters of Divine and Natural Speculation. Whereby, though they know nothing of *State-Artifices* and *Intrigues of Courts*, yet they become able *Philosophers*, and vers'd in all the *Liberal Sciences*.

Would to God our *Ottoman Princes* (I mean the younger Brothers) had but half this Liberty granted them, then the *Infidels* wou'd have no Reason to call the *exalted Post* a *Nest of Vultures*.

But we must not find Fault with the Actions of our *Sovereigns*, though they tend to the Scandal and Ruin of the *Mussulman* Empire. Yet I know to whom I write these Things; having often heard thee declaim against this *barbarous Custom* of shutting up the *Royal Offspring* in a *Dungeon*, without Light or Comfort during their

Lives; which many times are also cruelly shorten'd by the Hands of the *Executioner*.

But turning our Eyes from the *Tragedies* of the *East*, let us fix them on the Affairs of the *Nazarenes* in the *West*.

The chief Discourse at present is about a Marriage lately solemniz'd between the *Emperor* of *Germany* and the *Dutchess* of *Mantua*. She is his third Wife successively; for *Polygamy* is not allow'd, even to the *Sovereigns* in these *Parts*, where the *Priests* bear all the Sway.

The Post from *Sweden* informs us of the Death of *General Torstenson*, of whose Exploits in *Germany* thou hast often heard. That *Empire* is very unfortunate, spending its Time and Vitals in unprofitable *Assemblies* and *Consults*; whilst her active Enemies take whole *Provinces* from them with Ease; but this need not grieve us.

Great *Atlas* of the *Mussulman Empire*, I wish thee the *Continence* of *Scipio*, the *Fortune* of *Alexander*, and the *Temperance* of *Cato*; who, when he was marching through the Sands of *Lybia* with his *Army*, all ready to expire with Thirst, and one of his *Soldiers* brought him his *Helmet* full of Water, as a rare Present in that general Distress, gratify'd the Soldier for his Gift, but spilt the Water on the Ground, saying, That since there was not enough to satisfy the whole *Army*, he wou'd not taste a Drop; and that he was unworthy to be a *General*, who would not endure as much Hardship as the meanest *Soldier*.

Paris, 26th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XVII.

To Nassouff, Bassa of Natolia.

Praise be to God, *Lord of the seven Heavens*, and of all that is within their Circumference: These *Western Nazarenes* are always a quarrelling. They are resolv'd to do their Parts towards the fulfilling the *Mussulman Predictions*, and those of their own *Prophets*. It makes me smile to see these *Infidels* employing their Arms against each other, contending about petty Rights and Possessions, whilst they neglect the *General Conservation and Defence of Christendom*, from the *impetuous Torrents* of our *invincible Armies*.

The *Electer of Brandenburg* is enter'd into the *Dutchy of Mens* with considerable Forces, pretending to adjust I know not what *Differences* between those whom they call *Catholicks* and *Protestants*.

'Twould be too tedious for a Letter to run back to the *first Original* of this *War*, and trace it down from above a hundred Years ago to the present Time. Beside, 'tis of no Import to a *Mussulman*, to hear a long Story of the Marriages, Deaths, Heirs, and Law-Dúputes of these petty *Infidel Princes*. Yet, that thou may'st know something of it, I will relate the whole *Business* as briefly as I can.

In the Year 1546, *William Duke of Mens*, *Juliers* and *Cleves*, married *Mary*, the Daughter of *Ferdinand I. Emperor of Germany*, and by this Match obtain'd of the *Emperor*, (whom they call *Cesar*, as they did the ancient *Emperors of Rome*, whose *Successor* he pretends to be) some Privileges, touching the *Succession* of his *Children*, and their

Right to his Dominions; and particularly, that this vast *Estate* should not be divided, but rest in the entire Possession of one *Heir-Male*; or in Default of that, it should descend to the next *Female*; which, as I am told, is a Custom in *Germany*; that so the *Grandezza* and Authority of *Princely Families* may be supported.

I will not trouble thee with the Particulars, which would take up a *Volume*. But in short it appears, that notwithstanding all the strict Provision that was, or could be made, this great *Estate*, after it had remain'd sixty Years *united*, was at length divided between two *Princes*, both claiming an equal Right to the *Whole*; yet to prevent Wars and Effusion of Blood, each was contented with *Half*. These were *Wolfgang*, Duke of *Newburgh*, and *Ernest*, Marquis of *Brandenburg*. In whose *Families* the parted *Succession* has continued to this Day.

The Occasion of the present Quarrel is their *Difference of Religion*; the Duke of *Newburgh* being a *Catholick*, and he of *Brandenburg* a *Protestant*. It seems the *Brandenburgers* had formerly made Inroads on those of *Mons* and *Juliers*, carrying away Captive their *Priests* and *Dervises* from their *Altars* and *Convents*, and detaining them in *Servitude* for many Years, contrary to certain *Articles* that had been drawn up between them. They also us'd them with great Cruelty, and committed a thousand *Insolencies* on the *Roman Imams*, where-ever they got 'em in their Power.

Thus their Affairs continu'd till the late *Agreement* at *Munster*. Since which time the *Duke* of *Newburgh* endeavour'd to free his Subjects from their former Calamities, and restore Things to their ancient State.

The *Electer* of *Brandenburg* making this an Occasion of *War*, has now invaded the *Dominions* of

of the said *Duke*. He is not gone in Person, but has sent a good Soldier, whom they call *Otto Spar*, with four thousand Men, to begin the Campaign: who, 'tis said, will be follow'd by a greater Army.

But before he took the Field, the *Electer* of *Brandenburgh* had an *Interview* and *Conference* with the *Duke* of *Saxony* about this Affair, who is also a *Protestant*: So that 'tis thought no small Disturbance will arise in the *Empire*. All Joy and Peace to true *Believers*!

He of *Brandenburgh* has caus'd a *Declaration* to be spread abroad full of specious Pretences, that so his Conquests may be the more easy. He talks of nothing but restoring the *People* of *Falkers* and *Mons* to their ancient Liberties and Rights, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters, promising the fairest Things in the World to those that obey him, and receive his Armies with Friendship: On the other side, threatening to treat those who resist him with the utmost Severity that is due to *Traitors* and *Rebels*; and all this for the Sake of two or three insignificant *Ceremonies* and *Opinions* wherein they differ; mere *Trilles*, literal Whimsies, the Sport of their *Doctors*, the Spawn of wanton and luxuriant Brains. For no greater was the *original* Differences between the *Lutherans* and those of the *Roman Church*. *One* will be saved by the Strength of his *Fancy*, which he calls *Faith*, without doing any good *Work* towards it: The *other* took all his *Life-time* to merit *Heaven*, and thinks he can never do enough to obtain his End. He wears out the *Pavement* of *Churches*, and makes the *Skin* of his *Knees*, like that of a *Camel*, with perpetual kneeling and praying to *Images* and *Pictures*. And after all, they may be both *damm'd* for ought I know for their ill Lives. They tear and devour

one another like wild Beasts, and think to gain *Paradise* by their unnatural Zeal.

The *Duke of Newburgh* has publish'd a *Manifesto* against the Proceedings of *Brandenburgh*, and sollicit'd the Duke of *Lorraine's* Aid, as also that of *Leopold, Arch-Duke of Austria*. What will be the Issue no Man knows; but oft-times a small Spark kindles great Fires: And it is not impossible, that this little Feud may set the whole *Empire* in a Flame.

Mighty *Bassa*, I pray *Heaven* blest thee with *Peace, Health, and thy due Revenue*. If these be not enough to make thee *Happy*, I wish thee an *Increase of Honours*, and all the *glorious Fatigues* which *Mortals* court as their *Way to Bliss*.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

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

To Useph Bassa.

SUSPECT me not: I have an equal Esteem for thee, as I have for the other *Bassas* and *Administrators* of the *Divan*. But I find it difficult to please any. They are captious, and every one wou'd have all my Letters address'd to himself: As if I were plac'd here to serve *particular* Interests, and not the *Publick*. However, I can but acknowledge the tacit Honour they do me in being so covetous of poor *Mahmut's* Correspondence. I wish I were in a Condition to be more partial: Then I would quickly make thee and some others sensible, which are the Persons for whom I have a peculiar Regard,

But

But as the Case is at present, I must observe the *Instructions* I have received; and by turns write to all.

Wherein, if I fail of *Arithmetical Proportions*, I will make amends by the *Rules of Geometry*: If I write but seldom to some, I desire that the Length of my Letters, and Solidity of the Matter, may be accepted as a proper Supplement.

But thou hast no Reason to complain on this Score, unless it be with thy self for travelling into *remote Countries*, whether I know not how to follow thee with Letters, or any other Way. Besides, the former Friendship that has been between us, is a sufficient Counterpoise against all Suspicion of Neglect on my Part, who am a thousand Times obliged to thee for many repeated Favours. For the Sake of God therefore and all that is Good, would my Heart no more with these undeserved Reproaches; but believe steadfastly, that *Mahomet* can never be ungrateful and false.

Thy Letter is a Miscellany of friendly Complaints and Compliments. Thou givest me a Character to which I do not pretend. 'Tis true, indeed, and I thank God and my *good Stars* for it, that I was not born Blind, Deaf, or Dumb. Nature gave me my *Senses* free from any manifest Defect; and I have an indifferent good *Memory*. When I was young I had an Inclination to read *Books*; and Fortune has since favoured me with many Opportunities for that Purpose. But I found the most profitable *Study* to be that of MYSELF, to which all the laborious *Pains* of the *Schools* and *Academies* serve only as a certain Gradation and Discipline. Nay, without these a Man may attain all the Knowledge that is necessary to the Accomplishment of his Nature; for so did the first *Philosophers*, before *Books* or *Let-*

ters were extant. If thou wilt be perfectly wise, read the ALCORAN, and the UNIVERSE; after that, peruse THY SELF; thou wilt find Matter of Wonder and Improvement in each; but most of all in the last; for *Man* is a *Medy* of all Things.

Were this Lesson well learn'd and practis'd in the Court of France, there would not be so many little Quarrels among these *Infidels*; or at least such petty *Originals* would not produce so many fatal Consequences.

From the first time the *Prince of Conde* with his Brothers were releas'd from their *Imprisonment*, (whereof I have given an Account to *Minezies Alapb*;) there appeared much Coldness in the *Queen's* Reception of 'em, and their Addresses to her. On both Sides they were at a Loss how to behave themselves, for all their Civilities were forc'd. 'Tis true, there was a splendid Umbrage of Reconciliation; but it soon vanish'd. Their suppress'd Passions discover'd themselves by Degrees, and at length broke out into an open Enmity.

The *Queen* appear'd full of Condescension and Favours: But young *Conde* is as full of his *Merits* and brave *Exploits*; remembering what *Services* he has done to this *Crown*. Besides he is not void of Suspicion and Jealousy, least all those Excesses of *Royal Kindness* are strain'd only to render him more secure, and so entrap him a second time with greater Advantage. The Horror of his first *Imprisonment* is yet fix'd in his Mind; from whence it will not be easy to efface it. Three principal Servants of the *Queen* were banish'd to remove his Fears; for he imagin'd them to be Instruments of Correspondence between the *Queen* and his old Enemy *Cardinal Mazarini*. Yet she publish'd a *Declaration*, signifying, That the *Cardinal* should

should be for ever banish'd, not only from the Court, but from the Kingdom.

And this *Moon* the King being come of Age, invited the *Prince* to the *Ceremonies* usual on such Occasions: Which *Conde* apprehended as a Snare, and so fled out of *Paris*.

The Event of these Emergencies is yet in the *secret Pages of Destiny*: But in all likelihood a *Civil War* will follow. People are whispering, caballing, and making *Parties* on both sides. All the Powder in *Paris* is engrossed and gone; but no body knows by whom. Some say the *Prince* is posited into *Flanders*; others report, that he is retir'd to his own *Government*, there to raise an Army. The most knowing averr, that whosoever he is, he has two hundred thousand *Sequins* in Bank to give Life to his Designs, let them be what they will.

Think not this News of small Importance, serene *Bassas*: But when thou hearest of the *Civil Wars* among *Christians*, especially in the Realm of *France*, the first and most victorious Empire of the *West*, look on thy *Right Hand* and on thy *Left*, for our holy *Prophet*, or his *Herald* is near at Hand.

Paris, 23d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XIX.

To Solyman his Cousin at Constantinople.

THOU see'st what thy *Libertinism* has brought on thee. For my Part, I am sick in reading thy Letter, full of Melancholy, and the worst kind of *Enthusiasm*.

Hadst thou follow'd my Advice; or if that be continu'd, hadst thou but obey'd the Precepts of thy Father, an honest Man, and one that went down to the Grave in Peace, thou would'st have liv'd as happily as other Men; but now thou art overwhelm'd with *Hypochondriack* Vapours, and Dreams of a filthy Brain. I counsel thee to purge thy self with *Hellebore*; for thou hast more need of that than of Books. In all my Life I never heard of such *religious Nonsense* from a *Mussulman*, as thy last Letter is stuff'd with.

I have no Patience to make Repetitions, or answer every particular *Whimsy* of thine. But in God's Name, what makes thee fright thy self with such a wrong Notion of *Hell*? It is a common *Maxim* in Nature, *That nothing violent is permanent*. Either therefore the *Pains* of the *Damn'd* are not *infinitely Intense*, or else they are not *Eternal* in their Duration. Thou wilt say, *The Alcoran* itself asserts the *Eternity* of those Torments. But dost thou understand the *figurative* Manner of *Speech* us'd in that *divine Book*, and in all our *Eastern Writings*? Is it not common to call a very high Mountain, *The Mountain of God*? As if all the Mountains and Valleys of the Earth, were not equally his. So to express an uncertain length of Time, 'tis customary to use the *Epithet* [*Eternal*] Thus we in ordinary Conversation say in *Arabia*, *I love you eternally; I will serve you, fight for you, &c. eternally*; and the same of the *contrary Passions*: And yet we all know we shall live but a few Years.

But granting, that the *Alcoran* speaks in a *literal* Sense; it does not follow, that these *Pains* are without *Intervals* of *Rest*. We read of the *Tree Zacon*, which grows in the *Center of Hell*: But who will interpret what is understood by this *Plant*?

Cousin,

Cousin, make use of thy *Reason*, and practise the *best Things*. As for our Condition after *this Life*, trouble not thy self; for no Man knows what will become of him when he goes hence. However, we cannot believe the *Supremely Merciful* delights in *Cruelty*.

There is a *Path* which the *Eagle* has not wing'd, nor the *Serpent* trac'd, though 'tis obvious to both. But their own *Rashness* blinds them, and they cannot discern the *Way* of the *Wise*. There are Men of tow'ring *Speculations*, and others very crafty; neither one nor t' other can grope out the direct *Road* to *Bliss*. If I may advise thee, let *Nature* be thy *Guide*. Do nothing but what *Humanity* prompts thee to: 'Tis this alone distinguishes thee from other *Animals*. Honour the *Memory* of thy *deceased Parents*, love thy *Friends*, and be generous to thy *Enemies*: Do Justice to all *Men*: Observe the *Purifications* and *Prayers* prescribed by the *Law*: But give no *Credit* to the *Fables* of *Infidels*. It is common here among the *Christians*, to print *Hell* with horrid *Flames* and *Devils* flying up and down with red hot *Prongs*, to toss the *Damns'd* from *Fire* to *Fire*. And their *Preachers* make long and dismal *Harangues* on the same *Subject*: When all the while, neither they nor we know, what or a *bird Hell* is, or after what *Manner* the *Wicked* shall be chastis'd.

Only the *Illuminated* of *God* have this *Standard* of *Truth*; that both our *Pains* and *Pleasures* after *this Life*, shall be exactly proportion'd to our *Virtues* and *Vices*. There is no *Malice* or *Injustice* in the *good Creator* of all *Things*.

Cousin, once again, let thy *Senses* be awake, and suffer not thy *Reason* to dream of *Things* which have no *Existence*. For assuredly, *God* is the most *impartial Judge* of the *Universe*.

Paris, 22^d of the 10th Moon,

of the Year 1651.

H O

L E T.

LETTER XX.

To Endel Al' Zadi Jaaf, Beglerbeg
of Dierbekir.

I Have not the Honour to know thee in Person, but have heard of thy Fame. So Mortals are unacquainted with the Secrets of the *fixed Stars*, yet we observe their Lustre and Rank, and the Figure they make in those *remote Worlds*.

Thy Exploits among the *Curds* and *Georgians*, are not unknown in these *Parts*. The *Franks*, that travel in the *East*, have transported hither such a Character of thy magnanimous Actions as makes all Men of Honour in love with thee: and I have conceiv'd a particular Veneration for thy Virtues. May God encrease them with thy Hours, and grant thee a *Monopoly* of *Bliss*.

Thou art placed in an *eminent Seat*, and may'st with Reason be call'd *Lord of Lords*, as thy *Title* imports; for thou art *Possessor* of the *terrestrial Paradise*, if we may give Credit to the *Tradition* of the *Ancients*. They tell us, that for a time *Adam* dwelt there with his *second Wife*; and that the particular Place of his Abode was an *Island*, encompass'd with the Rivers *Euphrates*, *Tygris*, *Pison*, and *Gihon*. From whence it was call'd *Mesopotamia* by the *Greeks*; which signifies, a *Region* *encircl'd* with *Rivers*.

All the *West* of *Asia* have a profound Respect for this *Country*. And the *Jews* relate strange Stories of a *Tree* in *Dierbekir* which grew Five hundred Miles high in the Days of *Adam*; which, they say, was cut down by an *Angel*, lest *Man* should climb to *Heaven* by it before his time. For, it seems, *Ambition* was a *Vice* early as our Nature,

Nature; and *Adam* was no sooner sensible that he was a *Man*, but he aspir'd to be a *God*, or something like one. So great a Charm there is in Honour and Authority.

They say also, that *Abraham* was born in this *Region*. However, 'tis certain, if there be any Certainty in *Records* and *Histories*, that he resided there a considerable time. But thou knowest best what *Traditions* thy Subjects have of these things.

The *Chinese* and *Indians* laugh at all this, as a *Romance* of later Date than their *Chronicles*, which make those Extremities of the *East* to be the *Stage* of the first *Mortals*. Instead of *Adam* and *Eve*, or *Ableth*, they assert the Names of the original Parents of Mankind to be *Panzou* and *Panzoua*; whose *Off-Spring*, they say, continued ten Millions of Years; but at length were all destroyed from the *Earth* by a Tempest from *Heaven*. After whom, they tell us, *God* created *Lentizom*, a Man with two *Horns*, each as big and tall as a *Tree* in that Country, which they call the *Plant* of *God*, being the largest and first of all *Vegetables*. This Man's *Horns* being prolifick according to their *Tradition* out of the *Right* sprang a thousand Men every Day for a Hundred Years; and as many Women out of the *Left*, in the same Space. From whom descended all *Mortals* of both Sexes to this Day; though we are much diminished in Bulk, thro' the general Decay of *human Nature*. For these *People* affirm, that the first *Race* of *Men* were all *Giants*; but that through Intemperance and other Vices, their *Off-spring* shrunk by Degrees into smaller Dimensions, 'till at length they arrived at the present *Stature*, and appear'd like *Pygmies* in Comparison of the primitive Sons of *Lentizom*. In Confirmation of this, the *Indians* shew to *Travellers* some of their *Temples* hewn out of vast *Rocks*, with the *Images* of those

those Gigantick Men, who they say were employ'd in the Work. These they honour as *Heroes*, or *Demi-Gods*,

I do not relate this for Truth but only to divert thee in representing the different Opinions of Men. GOD only knows how to separate the *Truth* from *Falshood* in *Histories*.

But to return to *Dierbeket*: This Country is famous for the *Tower of Babel*, built by *Nimrod* and his *Followers*; at what time the *Languages* were confounded, as *Moses* relates. 'Tis remarkable also, for the *Battel* fought between the *Parthians* and *Romans* at *Harran*; and for the Death of *Cavacalla*, the Son of *Severus*, *Emperic* of *Rome*, who was murder'd by *Macrinus*, the *Roman General*. These *Emperors* were all call'd *Cesars*, as the *Kings* of *Egypt* were call'd *Pharaohs* and *Ptolemies*. It seems, the Word *Cesar* was first apply'd to *Julius* the *Roman Dictator*, for that his Mother dying under the Pains which were to give him Life, her Belly was ript up, and he drawn forth from her Womb by the Hands of a *Surgeon*. In Memory of which, he and all his *Successors* were call'd *Cesars*; that Word signifying [dawn forth by Violence] But howsoever the Manner of his Birth was, this is certain, That he, and forty of his *Successors*, were hurry'd out of the World by untimely Deaths: For they either laid violent Hands on themselves, or were murdered by *Traitors*.

If thou wouldest have any News out of these *Parts*, the chief Discourse at present is, of a great Victory obtain'd by the *Polanders* against the *Cossacks* and *Tartars*. And I could wish this were all: But the *Nazarenes* are continually made joyful with the Success of the *Venetians* against the Arms of the *invincible Empire*. They beat us by *Sea*, and baffle all our Attempts by *Land*. We
have

have not got an Inch of Ground in *Candia*, during the last Campaign, but lost many thousands of Men, and brought the Name of the sublime Port and victorious *Mussulmans*, into Contempt and Scorn. Where the Fault lies God knows. 'Tis too melancholy a *Theme* to insist on Particulars.

Don Juan of Austria has also besieg'd *Barcellona* by Sea and Land.

Several Arrests of Parliament are here published against the *Prince of Condé* and his Adherents; and 'tis reported, the King will recall *Cardinal Magarini* from his Banishment.

Illustrious Prince and Governor of a happy Region, I beg thy favourable Construction of this Address. And thus, in Reverence, I desist, full of dutiful and affectionate Vows for thy prosperity.

Paris, 19th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year, 1651.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Abdel Melech Muli Omar, President of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THOU hast formerly receiv'd a Letter from me, wherein I mention'd the *Tenets* of a certain *French Philosopher*, who maintains that the *Earth* moves like the rest of the *Planets*, and the *Sun* stands still, being the *Center* of this our *World* : For he asserts that there are *many*.

The Name of this *Sage* is *Des Cbartes*, renowned throughout the *World* for his Learning and Knowledge. He lays as a *Basis* of all his *Philosophy* this short *Position* and *Inference*, I THINK

THREE.

THEFORE I AM In this alone he is *dogmatical*, allowing a lawful *Scepticism* in all the uncertain *Deductions* which may be drawn from it.

Pardon me, *oraculous Sage*, if I expose before thee my Infirmities. I am naturally distrustful of all Things. This Temper puts me upon perpetual *Thinking*. And that very Act convinces me of the *Truth* of my *Being*, according to the Method of this *Philosopher*. But what I am, I know not. Sometimes I fancy myself no more than a *Dream* or *Idea* of all those other Things which Men commonly believe do really exist; a mere *Imagination* of Possibilities. And that All, which we call the *World*, is but one grand *Chimera*, or *Nothing* in *Masquerade*.

At other times, when these wild Thoughts are vanish'd, and my Spirits tired, in the Pursuit of such abstracted Whimfies, begin to flag, and that my lower Sense, awak'd by some present Pain or Pleasure, rouses my sleeping Appetites; when I am touch'd with Hunger, Thirst, or Cold or Heat, and find experimentally I am something that cannot be a mere Thought or Dream, but of a Composition which stands in need of Meat, Drink, Garments, and other Necessaries; then rather than fret myself with vain and endless Scrutinies, I tamely conclude I am that which I call a *Man*; I lay the *Sceptick* aside, and without any farther Scruples or Doubts fall roundly to eating, drinking, or any other Refreshments my Nature craves for.

But no sooner have I tasted these Delights, when my old Dis temper returns again. I then consider myself as a *Being* capable of Happiness or Misery in some Degree; as I shall possess or want those very Delights I just before enjoy'd. This is a sufficient Damp to a thinking Man,
when

when he knows that he stands in Need of any thing out of himself. But 'tis far greater, when he will take the Pains to number all the Train of his particular Necessities, which he is not sure he shall always be able to supply.

This makes me presently conclude, that as I am indebted to other Creatures for my sensible Happiness, so I owe my very *Being* to something beside my self. I examine my *Original*, and find I am born of Men and Women, who were in the same indigent Circumstances as my self; And that it is not only so with my particular Family, but with all Mankind; our whole human Race being born *natural Mendicants* from the *Womb*. As soon as we breathe the vital Air, we cry; and with those *inarticulate Prayers*, beg for Help and Protection from others; without whose generous Aid we could not subsist a Moment: So poor and beggarly a thing is Man, from his Birth. This is the Condition of all: Neither is a *King* any more exempt from that *common Character of Mortals*, than the *Slave who sweeps the Streets*.

If I could have rested in this Thought, I should have been happy: For it would have had this Influence on me, either to convince me, that I ought to be content with the Condition to which I was born, or, to rid my self out of so despicable a State by Death.

But alas! one Thought produces another: And from the Contemplation of our present Misery in this *Life*, I fall to thinking what will become of us after *Death*. For as we know not *what* or *where* we were before we came into this *World*; so there is no human Certainty, *whither* we shall go, or in *what Condition* we shall be, when we leave it:—And therefore, it would be an unpardonable Madness, to throw my self headlong
into

into a State of which I have no Account. And to avoid the little Miseries of this Life, which must have an End one time or other, cast myself down a *Precipice* (for ought I know) of *intolerable Torments*, which has no Bottom.

I hear the *Philosophers* talk of *Immortality*, the *Poets* of *Elysium*, the *Christian Priests* of *Heaven*, *Hell* and *Purgatory*; the *Indian Bramins* of *Transmigration*: But I know not *what* or *which* I have reason to believe of *all these*.

I speak after the Manner of *Philosophers*; for if we come to the *Faith*, the Case is alter'd. Think not, I beseech thee, that I call in question the *sacred Oracles*, the *Revelations* of the *Sent* of *Gop*. But I only acquaint thee how my *natural Reason* hatters me with Doubts.

I see Men every where professing some *Religion* or other; paying *divine Honours* to some *superior Being*, or *Beings*, according as they have been educated: Which many Times tempts me to think, that *Religion* is nothing but the *Effect* of *Education*.

Then I wonder how Men, when they come to *Years* of *Discretion*, and their *Reason* is able to distinguish between Things *probable*, and mere *Romances*, can still retain the *Errors* of their *Infancy*. 'Tis natural for *Children* to be watealed or aw'd into a *Belief* of what their *Parents*, *Nurses* or *Tutors* teach them. But when they come of *Age*, they soon rectify their misled *Understandings*, in all Things, save the *Affairs* of *Religion*. In this they are *Children* still, tenacious of the *sacred Fables* of their *Priests*, and obstinate in maintaining them, sometimes even to *Death*.

It puzzles me to find out the *Cause* of so strange an *Effect*, That Men otherways endu'd with mature *Judgment*, and an extraordinary *Sagacity* in all Things else, should yet be *Fools* in *Matters* of *Religion*, and believe Things *inconsistent*

Men with the common Sense and Reason of Mankind.

I could never give Credit to the *Histories* of the ancient *Pagans*, which acquaint us with the devout *Adoration* they paid to the *Creatures* of the *Faunter* or *Carver*, did not I see the same practis'd among the *Christians*; Or, that those wise Men of old could swallow the Fables of their *Priests* concerning the *Gods* and *Goddesses*, were I not an Eye Witness how bigotted the modern *Nazarenes* are to the *Legends* of their *Saints*, and the *Jews* to those more ridiculous *Figments* of the *Talmud*.

It perplexes me to see *Mankind* generally labouring under so great a *Darkness*, not so much the Effect of *Ignorance* as of *Superstition*: To behold Men well vers'd in *Sciences*, and all kinds of *human Learning*; yet zealous Asserters of manifest *Contradictions* in Matters of *Divinity*, rather than oppose, or so much as examine, the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*.

When I behold *Mankind* divided into so many innumerable different *Religions* in the *World*, all vigorously propagating their own *Tenets*, either by *Subtily* or *Violence*, yet few or none seeming by their *Practise* to believe what they with so much *Ardoar* profess; I could almost think that these various *Ways of Worship* were first invented by *Politicians*; each accommodating his *Model* to the *Inclinations* of the *People* whom he design'd to *circumvent*.

But when on the other side I consider there appears something so *natural* and *undisguis'd* in the *furious Zeal* and *unconquerable Obstinacy* of the *greatest Part*; I am as ready to join with *Cardan*, and conclude, That all this *Variety of Religions* depends on the different *Influence* of the *Stars*. This was a famous *Philosopher* in *Europe*;
and

and held, That the *Religion* of the *Jews*, ow'd its Original to the *Foces of Saturn*; that of the *Christians* to *Jupiter*, and Ours to *Mars*. As for the *Pagans*, he assigns to them many *Constellations* and *Aspects*.

Thus there is so equal an Appearance of Truth and Falshood in every *Religion*, that I should not know how, in human Reason, to fix on any.

Superstition renders a Man a Fool, and *Scepticism* is enough to make him mad. To believe *all Things* is above Reason; to give credit to *nothing* is below it: I will keep the *middle Path*, and direct my *Faith* by Reason.

That *Faculty* tells me, That if I were inclined to *adore* the Sun, Moon and Stars for their Beauty and Influence, I might on the same Ground *worship* my own *Eyes*, without which I could not behold their tempting Splendors: Or, I might as well *pay divine Honour* to that more intimate *Sense* my *Feeling*, or any of my other *Senses* which only render me capable to know the Vertue of these *Luminaries*. The same may be said of the *Elements*, and all visible *Beings*.

What then shall I *adore*, or to whom shall I return Thanks for all the *Blessings* I enjoy (for even in this miserable Life I taste some Happiness)? To what *Being*, I say, shall I address my *Vows* and *Supplications*, for all the Good that I possess and want? Is it to any thing that I have seen or can see, or that I can represent to myself under a Figure? Is it to any Part of the *Universe*, or no? No. To the whole *Complex* together? No; I have a thousand kind Thoughts for the Sun, Moon and Stars, for the *Elements*, and many other compound Creatures. My *Soul*, and that of the *World*, are *Unifons*. But 'tis the profound *Depth* of *Eternity*, the *infinite* and *immortal*,

tal, who is the *Diapason*, and makes perfect *Harmony*.

To that *Being* which has no *Resemblance*, neither is divided into *Parts*, nor *circumscrib'd* with *Limits*; whose *Center* is every where, *Circumference* no where, who hath neither *Beginning* nor *End*; To the only *Omnipotent*, from whom all other Things flow, and to whom they all return; to whom I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can. And something by his *Determination* I am indebted, and will discharge it to thee, *Orient Light of the Moresco Mussulmans*; that is, the *Duty* of an *humble Slave*, in begging *Pardon* for this *Presumption*.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1692.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

I WAS the Contemplation of *Iseuf Eb'n Hadrilla*, an *Arabian Philosopher*, that all Men were at first created in a *State of War*: For this *Sage* gave no Credit to the *Writings* of *Moses*, the *Jewish Historian* and *Prophets*; neither could any Arguments persuade him to believe, That all *Animals* descended from *Adam*. 'Twas an *Article* of his *Faith*, That in the *Infancy* of the *World* Men were form'd of the *prolifick Slime* of the *Earth*, impregnated by the *vigorous Warmth* of the *Sun*, and that all other *Animals* had their *Original* in the same *Manner*: But that in *Process* of *Time*, the *Richness* of the *Seminal Soil* being exhausted by a continual *Spontaneous Production* of *Living Creatures*, there was no other *Way* to per-

petuate

petuate the various Kinds of *Beings*; and multiply the *Individuals* but by the *ordinary* Method of *Generation*. For which Reason *Nature* seems to have subdivided every *Species* into two *Sexes*.

Hence this *Philosopher* concludes, That at first there was no nearer Relation between Man and Man, than there is now betwixt a Lyon and a Sheep, or any other different Kinds of Animals; saving only, That as these are distinguished by their *Forms*, in four-footed Beasts, Fowls, Fishes, and creeping Things, so Men assum'd to themselves the Character of rational Creatures: And a *Principle* of *Self-Preservation* was the first Ground of a tacit and common *League* between Men, against the rest of their Fellow-Animals; especially against those, which made a more frightful Figure on Earth than we do, and seem'd more rapacious, and inclin'd to Mischief; such as Dragons, Tygers, Bears, Lyons, &c.

But notwithstanding this general Association of our *Race*, against the more salvage and fierce Troops of *Beasts*; yet one Man still stood upon his Guard against another: And all the *Sons* of the *Earth* endeavoured to maintain the Posts which Nature had allotted each Man; that is, the Place where he was first form'd, and drew Breath. But Things could not last long in this State: For either by *Instinct* or *Reason* (call it which you will, says this *Author*) Men being freighted for want of Fruits, or spurr'd on by some secret Desire of Novelty, soon went out of their Bounds, and encounter'd each other, more by Chance than Design; whence arose the first Occasions of actual War: For every *Stranger* appear'd like an *Invasion*; they naturally startled and suspected each other. Reciprocal Passions of Choler sprung in their Breasts; and every Man, to
 preven

prevent the Effect of his own Fears and Apprehensions, rush'd on his Neighbour; who was on the same Ground, as ready for an Assault as himself. Thus an *universal War* commenc'd in the *World*, which, by various Methods of Improvement, was carried on by the succeeding *Generations*, and continu'd to the present Time.

As for the *Original of Governments*, the particular Time cannot be determin'd; but it may be suppos'd, that Men generally finding the Inconvenience of these private personal Combats, and by degrees arriving to greater Maturity of Experience, form'd themselves at first into little *Societies* and *Friendships*, or as they dwelt near one another, or as they agreed in some common Inclinations, Principles, and Interests. From which small *Associations* they gradually spread into larger *Communities*, living under certain Laws and Obligations of mutual Peace, Justice and Assistance toward each other, and of Defence against their common Enemies: Some living under the Form of a *Commonwealth*, others of a *Monarchy*; each *Body* of Men setting up such a *Model*, as best suited their own Interests and Necessities. From hence sprung the Distinction of *Nations*, *Kingdoms* and *Empires*. Thus far the *Arabian Philosopher*.

But without enquiring into the Truth of his *Principles*, one would think, that some of the *Western Nazarenes* were his *Disciples*. And indeed all *Civil Distentions* seem to be grounded on the same *Maxims*: Whilst Men, on the least Discontent or Jealousy, lay aside the Obedience they owe to their *Sovereigns*, claiming I know not what *natural Right* to defend themselves against the Encroachments and Usurpations of others.

Thus no sooner was it suppos'd here, That the *King* intended to recall *Cardinal Mazarini* from his *Exile*;

Exile; but the *Parliament of Paris*, who are secret Friends to the *Prince of Conde*, publish'd an *Arrest* against the *Cardinal*, whereby all Persons are forbid to contribute toward the Return of this *Minister*: and ordering, that his *Library*, with all his *Moveables*, should be sold, to raise a Sum of a Hundred and fifty thousand *Livres*; which is promised as a Reward to those who shall either take him Prisoner, or kill him. They also petitioned the *Duke of Orleans* to make the utmost Use of his Authority against the *Cardinal*; who thereupon raised considerable Troops, and gave the Command of them to the *Duke of Beaufort*.

In the mean Time the *Cardinal* is not idle, but with what Forces he has, performs some considerable Actions in his own Defence. He has taken Prisoner an eminent *Counsellor of Parliament*. The *Parliament* sent a *Trumpet* to demand his Release. This Messenger was rejected. Whereupon the *Parliament* are taking new Methods.

The *Prince of Conde* has sent a Letter and Request to the *Parliament*, desiring them to suspend the Execution of the *Arrest* publish'd against him; since the Time given him to lay down his Arms was not yet expired, and that the *Cardinal* was returned into the *Kingdom*, contrary to the *Prohibition* sign'd by the *King*.

But notwithstanding all these Traverses, *Mazarini* is come again to the Court, which is now kept at *Palais*; where he was received with infinite Respect and Careless by the *King*, the *Queen*, and all his Friends. Animosities daily increase between the different Parties: Private Grudges are improved to publick Factions: An universal Prejudicialness has possess'd the Hearts of the *French Nation*: They are alarm'd and offended at one another's Looks. If a Man smiles too much, or

too little, in conversing with his Friend, 'tis enough to give him the Character of an Enemy, or at least to render him suspected. So that he who would live peaceably here at this Juncture had need to be well skilled in all the Secrets of *Physiognomy*, and make frequent use of his Looking-Glass; lest an oblique Cast of his Eye, or satyrical Wrything of his Nose, should be interpreted for Symptoms of hidden Malice. For now they'll spy *Treason* in every Feature of a Man's Face.

As for me, when I go abroad I conform to all Companies, yet alter not my *Address*; I neither play the *Ape*, nor counterfeit a *Starve*: But observing a *Medium*, I pay a civil Respect to all, without being courtly or rude: For this Carriage best suits with my Circumstances. Hence it is that no body suspects the plain, deform'd, blunt, Crook-back'd *Titus* of *Moldavia*, to be what I am really, *Mahmut* the *Slave* of the exalted *Port*.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1652

LETTER III.

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

THE *Prince of Condé's* taking up Arms has more puzzled the Counsels of the *King of France*, and more embarras'd his Affairs, than any Occurrence that has happened since the Death of his Father,

I have

I have already inform'd the *Kaimacham* and others of all Passages hitherto relating to these *intestine Broils*; since which they seem to be improv'd into a *War*, wherein *Foreign Nations* take a Part. After the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this *Court*, the Prince of *Conde* was driven to great Streights; being compell'd by the swift Marches of the *King's Army* to retire to *Bourdeaux*: Where, considering that it would not be so much his Interest to keep this Place, as to increase his Forces, he sent *Envoys* to the *King of Spain* and *Arch-duke Leopold* in *Flanders*, to desire their Assistance.

The former immediately dispatched away Orders for a considerable Body of Men to approach the Confines of *Gascogne*, where the Prince had a great Interest; and the latter sent him eight thousand Men, to act on the side of *Flanders*, and toward *Paris*, as Occasion offer'd.

This is the particular Game of the *Spaniards*, to take Advantage of the *Civil Wars* in this Kingdom, that so, by assisting the weaker Party, they may balance the contending Powers of the Nation, and keep 'em in a perpetual Quarrel; whilst in the *interim* they gain Ground, recover the Places which the *French* took from 'em in time of *domestick Peace*, and so pave the Way to new *Conquests*.

In the mean time the *Parliament* sent *Deputies* to the *King*, beseeching him to remember his *Royal Word*, by which he had for ever banished *Cardinal Mazarini*, and representing to him the fatal Consequences which were like to proceed from his Return. But the *King*, instead of complying with their Requests, caus'd an *Edict of Council* to be publish'd, which justify'd his Conduct in this Matter.

He also writ a *Letter* to the *Parliament* full of Complaints, that they had not yet publish'd any *Order* to hinder the Entrance of a *Foreign Army* into the *Kingdom*. But all signified nothing to Men passionately bent to maintain the *Prince of Conde's* Quarrel against their Sovereign. He has but few trully Men in that *Senate*, and they are over-aw'd by the rest. Besides, the *Duke of Orleans* bears a strange Sway, both in the *Parliament* and *Country*.

At the Insigation of the *Prince*, the Citizens of *Orleans* shut up their Gates, when they heard the *King* was coming that Way in his return to *Paris*: Yet the *Country* was open for the *Prince of Conde* a Subject; he travell'd up and down the *Provinces* to make new Interests, and confirm the old, leaving the Command of his Army in *Gascoigne*, to his Brother the *Prince of Conti*.

There have been many Skirmishes and Encounters between the *King's* Forces and those of the *Male-contents*, and one fierce Combat, wherein the *Prince of Conde* defeated the *Vanguard* of the *King's* Army, as he was marching to this City: Whereby getting the Start of his Sovereign, he arriv'd here, and was receiv'd in the *Parliament*, whilst the *Monarch* was forc'd to lie encamp'd in the Field.

The *Prince* found a different Reception, according to the various Humours of People: The greatest Part favour'd him; and he receiv'd infinite Carriages from the Citizens of *Paris*: But met with some Opposition from Persons of higher Rank, and more strict Loyalty to the *Crown*. The *Duke of Orleans* is his greatest Friend, and one for whom the *Parliament* have a great Defeference: not so much in Contemplation of his Wit and Policy, as for the sake of his near Relation to the *Crown*, he being Uncle to the present *King*:

King: Whereby he has a Right to assume more Authority than others, in regulating the Disorders of the *Court*; among which the greatest is esteem'd that of *Cardinal Mazarini's* Return.

In a Word, both Parties serve themselves of those who have the greatest Interest, and are most likely to compose the Quarrel. The exil'd *Queen of England*, and her Son, who have taken Sanctuary in this *Kingdom* from the Persecutions of their own Subjects, make it their Business to mediate between the *Court Party* and the Faction of the *Princes*.

The *Prince of Conde* also sent *Deputies* to the *King*, to represent to him, that the only Means to give Quiet to the *State* was to banish the *Cardinal Ministers*: And as they were delivering their Address, *Mazarini* came in, at the Sight of whom they aggravated their Charge, and said to his Face. "That he was the Cause of all the

"EVILS which the *Kingdom* suffer'd." The *Cardinal* interrupting them, turn'd to the *King*, and said, "Sir, It will not be just that so flourish-
 "ing a *Kingdom*, and to whose Grandeur I have
 "contributed all that lay in my Power, should
 "ruin it self for my sake; therefore I humbly
 "entreat your Majesty to grant that I may re-
 "turn to my own Country, or whithersoever
 "my Fortune shall call me. No, no, reply'd the
 "*Queen*, (not without some Passion) this cannot
 "be granted: the *King* had never more Need of
 "your Counsels than at this Juncture: We can-
 "not consent, that so serviceable a Man should
 "be banish'd only to humour his Entreats;
 "therefore let us here no more of that.

The *Deputies* perceiving nothing of Hopes, return'd to *Paris*. Then the *Parliament* deputed others to go to the *King*, and remonstrate the deplorable State of the *Realm*. This was done a few Days ago.

In the mean time, we have been alarm'd here in the City, with daily Insurrections of the Multitude. The Occasion was, some private Orders which the *Duke of Orleans* had given to the *Provost of the Merchants*, relating to his Charge, and the Welfare of the City. This being misunderstood by the People, who have not the Sense to distinguish the good Offices of their *Governors* from Injuries, put 'em all into a Tumult. They assaulted the *Provost* in his Coach, as he was passing the Streets: And had he not escap'd into an *Apothecary's Shop*, they would, perhaps, in their Fury, have torn him in Pieces; for so they served his Coach, as an after Revenge.

I am weary of beholding the malicious Quarrels of these *Infidels*. But when I consider, that their Discord will be instrumental to the future Conquests of the *true Believers*, I am patient and resign'd.

However, 'tis one Comfort to me in this *Thorny Station*, that one Time or other, instead of the perpetual Jangling of Bells in *Paris*, I may again have the Happiness to hear the *Muezzins* cry on the *Minarets* in *Constantinople*, *There is but One God, and Mahomet his Prophet*. Or if I shall not live to enjoy this Wish, yet, in the *inevitable State*, I shall hear the same Cry, and shall be past doubt of those Things, whereof I have no Certainty in this Life.

Paris, 29th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year, 1652.

LETTER IV.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

THE *Christians* seem to have too proud an Opinion of themselves, and set a greater Value on *human Nature* than suits with Reason. They assert, that all Things were made for Man, and stile him *Lord of his Fellow-Creatures*; as if God had given him an absolute Dominion over the rest of his *Works*, especially over the *Animal Generations*, and that all the Birds of the Air, Beasts of the Earth, and Fish of the Sea were created only to serve his Appetite, and other Necessities of Life. I remember a Letter I formerly sent to thee, wherein I discoursed of the *Cartesian Philosophers*, and their Contempt of the Beasts, in denying them *Souls*, or the *Use of Reason*.

Give me Leave to entertain thee now, and divert myself with some farther Remarks on this Subject. 'Tis a Refuge from Melancholy, when I can thus freely discover my Thoughts to a Friend, who I know will not be partial to the Truth.

I have been long an Advocate for the *Bentes*, and have endeavoured both to abstain from injuring them myself, and to inculcate this fundamental Point of Justice to others. This is owing to the *Example and Philosophy of Mahummed*, the *Hermit in Arabia*, that *Light and Glory of religious Men*. And were it not that my Honour is to be doubtful in all Things, the Influence of his Conversation would make me a profess'd *Pythagorean*, a *Disciple of the Indian Brackmans*, a *Champion for the Transmigration of Souls*.

The last Letters save one I writ to that *Solitary* was upon this Subject; such an one as would divert him in his *Case*. It contain'd an Account of the *Primitive* Manner of Life, practis'd by the *Ancients*, a *Narrative* of the *Golden Age*, a *History* of human *Innocence*, and the *Steps* which Men first took to use *Violence* and *Cruelty* to their *Fellow Creatures*. Now I will present thee with some additional Observations, some Remnants of an antiquated Truth, glean'd from *Philosophers* and *Historians*, and winnow'd from the *Chaff* of *Error* and *Superstition*.

Who would not believe the *Beasts* to be endued with *Reason*, when he beholds them perform all the *Actions* of *rational* Creatures with more *Caution*, though less *Pride* than Men? They are more provident than we, and much more subtle in avoiding any *Affliction* or *Danger*. Witness *Tibates* the *Philosopher's Mule*, which he often employed to carry *Salt* to a certain *Market*; but the cunning *Beast* finding herself over loaded, when she was passing through a *River* lay down, whereby the *Water* penetrating into the *Sacks* of *Salt*, melted it away, and lighten'd her *Burden*. And this was her constant *Practice*, 'till the *Philosopher*, perceiving himself thus out witted by his *Beast*, was resolv'd to circumvent her another *Way*. Wherefore, instead of *Salt* he loaded her with *Wool*, which he knew would grow heavier by being wet. But the wary *Mule*, sensible of the *Difference* of her *Burden*, would couch no more in the *Water*; but seeing no other *Remedy* went forward on her *Journey*.

Who will not admire the *Wisdome* of the *Fox* in *cold Countries*, which the *Inhabitants* use as a *Guide* when they would pass over any frozen *Lake* or *River*? For this *Creature* going before them, lays her *Ears* close down to the *Ice*, and
 listens

listens to try if she can hear any Motion or Noise of the Water running underneath; which if she does, she will not venture on the Ice; but if all be still, then by a *logical Deduction* she concludes the Ice is thick enough to bear Passengers; and so she leads the Way, whilst the Men follow.

When a Dog is hunting in the thick Woods, and by chance comes to a Place where three Paths meet, he first scents the one, then the other; and perceiving that the Game is not gone by any of those two Ways, he throws himself swiftly forward in the third, without such a particular Application of his Nose. Which is an evident Argument, that he makes use of the like Choice we our selves should do.

And now I have mention'd this Creature I cannot forbear celebrating their Virtue and Fidelity, whereof we have daily Experience; and there are many pleasant Examples recorded by grave *Historians*.

Such is that of *Hysennus*, a Dog belonging to *Lysimachus*, who would never depart from the Body of his dead Master, but following to the *Funeral Pile*, leapt into the Fire, and was burned for Company.

But the Gratitude of a *Lion* to a certain *Slave* in *Rome*, is beyond all Parallel. This *Slave* was one of those who were appointed to combat with wild *Beasts* in the *Amphitheatre*, according to the Customs of the ancient *Romans*, in the publick Shews which were exhibited to the People. As soon as the *Lion* was let loose in the Pavement, he ran furiously at the *Slave*; but coming nearer, he stopp'd on a sudden, as one astonished: Then he came gently towards the *Slave*, fawning upon him, and licking his Hand, which caus'd all the People to give a Shout. The *Emp-*

per: being present, and taking Notice of the seeming Friendship and Acquaintance that was between the *Slave* and the *Lion*, sent for the *Slave*, and enquired the Occasion of so strange an Accident. To whom the *Slave* made the following Relation.

“ My Name, said he, is *Andredus*, and I am
 “ *Slave* to a certain *Proconsul*, who having deter-
 “ min’d to kill me, I made my Escape, and hid
 “ myself in a Cave; where I had not lain long
 “ before this *Lion*, which you now see, came in,
 “ being very lame of one Foot. As soon as he
 “ espy’d me, he came limping toward me, and
 “ stretched forth the Paw that was wounded, as
 “ though he begg’d of me to ease him. Affrighted
 “ as I was, I took his Paw in my Hand, and
 “ pull’d out a great ragged Thorn, which stuck
 “ fast in it. Then I wash’d the Wound with
 “ my own Water, whilst he lay very patiently
 “ ’till I thoroughly dress’d it. The Ease he found
 “ by my Application made him fall asleep; and
 “ when he awak’d, he lick’d my Hands, and shew’d
 “ other Signs of Affection and Gratitude. I liv’d
 “ with him thus three Years in that Cave, and eve-
 “ Day he brought me a Share of his Prey, on
 “ which I sustain’d myself. But at length, us’d
 “ with this manner of Life, I took my Opportu-
 “ nity when he was gone abroad to make my Es-
 “ cape. I wandered up and down three Days,
 “ when a Company of Soldiers meeting with me,
 “ and knowing to whom I belong’d, took me,
 “ and brought me hither to my *old Master*, who
 “ has condemn’d me to this cruel Death. But it
 “ seems *Fortune* so order’d it, that this *Lion* should
 “ be taken about the same time, and appointed to
 “ be my *Executioner* this Day. Yet you see he
 “ refuses to perform his Office out of Gratitude to
 “ me for my former Kindness.

The

The *Emperor* astonish'd and pleas'd at this Passage gave the *Slave* his Life and Freedom, bestowing also the *Lion* on him, which brought him in a constant Livelyhood, by shewing him to all People; who having heard of this wonderful Accident, were desirous to see both the *Lion* and his *Tenant*, for so they stil'd the *Slave*; and soon call'd him the *Lion's Physician*.

I should think I had said enough already to tire thy Patience, and make thee forswear reading my Letters for the future, were I not well acquainted with thy *Genius*, and know that thou delightest in Relations of this Nature, being no Enemy to the harmless Brutes.

Whatever thy Sentiments are towards these, I dare be sure thou art my Friend, and wilt bear with my Importunity, when I strive to convince all Men, and confirm myself in this Truth, that the *wild Beasts* are not void of *Reason* and *Moral Vertue*.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER V.

To the Captain Bassa.

IN the Name of God, superlatively indulgent and benign, Lord of Armies which cannot be number'd, Conservator of the Empire founded on his own Unity; Praise be to him that has neither Beginning nor End! What is the Reason that we are always baffled by the *Infidels*? Every Year our august *Emperor* sends out mighty Armies by Land, and our

Fleets by Sea are term'd INVINCIBLE, yet they are still overcome by the *Christians*. Where the Fault lies is best known to thee, and the *Generals*, to whom the Command of all is committed.

My Spirit is disquieted about these Things, and I am uneasy by Day, neither does the Night afford me any Repose. This hot Weather I go up to the Terrass of my House at the Hour of Sleep, thinking that the Coolness of the Air would incline me to rest; but I can find none. I turn my self on the Leads to the Right Hand and to the Left, yet all Postures are alike. Sleep has abandoned my Eyes. My Zeal for the *Empire of the Faithful* will consume me.

One Night I made solemn Preparations to welcome the first Appearance of the *Moon*, after the manner of my Countrymen. I sprinkled Water on the Floor of the Terrass, and with a new Broom swept away all *Uncleannefs*: I fill'd a Lamp with the most precious Oil I could get in *Paris*; which having lighted at the going down of the Sun, I placed directly on that Part which is nearest to *Mecca*. Then I fell on my Face and prayed the eternal Source of Light, "That at the Moment, when the *Moon* first ascended our *Horizon*, an intellectual Splendor might shine in my Breast; that I might there, as in a *Mirror*, behold the future Fate of the *Mussulmans*, and the Events which as yet were hid in the dark Womb of Possibility.

My Petition was granted: The *Night* was in her steady Course, the *Stars* on their Watch, and *Time*, as from a *Limbeck*, distill'd the silent Minutes, 'till the Moment wherein the Neighbour Planet first peep'd on the Tops of Mountains. At that Instant I saw and heard Things (or at least I thought so) which I never so much as dream'd of before, neither can I remember the thousandth Part.

Believe

Believe me, *supreme Commander of the Marine*, I do not boast or joy in this: For I think, there can be no greater Affliction than to be once made Partaker of such a Bliss, and then to lose it almost as soon as gain'd. Yet there are some Foot-steps of the *Vision* remaining on my Memory.

“ Methinks I beheld Armies of *Mussulmans*
 “ (for I thought ’em to be such by their *Turbans*)
 “ making several Descents on the Shores of *Italy* :
 “ Methought I saw them prostrate themselves on
 “ the Ground ; and after a considerable Space of
 “ Silence, the Air eccho’d with the Sound of
 “ *Allah, Allah*, much like the Noise of great
 “ *Cascades*, or *Falls of Water*.

“ Then they seem’d to disperse themselves all
 “ over the Country in divers Bodies. The In-
 “ habitants of *Rome* appear’d all in a great Con-
 “ sternation : The chief *Musti* of that Place went
 “ forthwith into the Streets, followed by his
 “ *Cardinals* and *Dervises*, accompanied by an in-
 “ numerable Multitude of People. They carried
 “ their *Gods* of Gold and Silver along with them ;
 “ and being apparelled with Garments of coarse
 “ Hair, they sprinkled Ashes on their Foreheads
 “ in token of their Humility, and to pacify the In-
 “ dignation that was kindled against them.

“ But *Heaven* was deaf to their clamorous
 “ Vows, neither could all the Pomp of their *su-
 “ perstitious* Solemnity dazzle the Eyes which are
 “ a thousand times brighter than the *Sun*, pene-
 “ trating into the darkest Corners of the Heart.
 “ In a word, these *Infidels* seem’d a while after to
 “ be in a great Confusion and Hurry, running
 “ this Way and that Way to hide their Goods,
 “ and save themselves from the victorious *Stran-
 “ gers*. In fine, I saw the *Crosses* taken down from
 “ th

“ the *Minarets* of the *Mosques* in *Rome*, and
 “ *Crescents* advanced in their place.

I do not relate this, as if I gave Credit to *Visions* and *Trances*; Perhaps all this might be but a *walking Dream*. Yet such *Visionary* Entertainments happen of course to our Countrymen, when they observe the aforesaid *Ceremonies*. But I tell thee, I am not asleep at this Moment; and yet it appears to me a very probable Undertaking, for the *Mussulmans* to fit out a mighty *Fleet*, which having a sufficient Army of Land-men a-board, might deliver them with little or no Opposition, on some of the wealthy Shores of *Italy*: And if it is not thought worth the Labour to make new Conquests, which would be difficult to maintain; yet at least our Soldiers, by plundering only the rich *Temples* and *Convents* of the *Nazarenes*, might carry away inestimable Treasures.

I wrote formerly to one of thy *Predecessors* about the same Matter, proposing the Surprise of *Loretto*, as a very easy Attempt, and that the Booty would infinitely surpass the Expence and Trouble: But *Mahomet's* Advices are never regarded 'till 'tis too late. We squander away Thousands of Men, and Millions of Money, to purchase little insignificant *Islands*, which are defended indeed with seeming Vigour by the *Christians*, but 'tis rather to amuse us, than out of any real Value they have for those Places.

It is only a *Maxim* of *Western Policy*, thus to give Diversion to the Arms which are destin'd to subdue all Nations. They sport themselves, to see the Flower of the *Eastern Militia* consum'd in their Trenches, before the impregnable Fortrefs of *Condia*, which, if won, will not quit the Cost of so tedious a Siege. Whereas, in half that time, our invincible Forces might have over-run all *Italy*.

Thou

Thou wilt not think this an impracticable Enterprize, when thou shalt consider the Divisions of the *Italian Princes*, the universal Security and Voluptuousness of the Inhabitants, and yet the Oppressions and Tyranny they live under, being fleec'd and pill'd of all their Substance, to maintain the *Grandeur* of their *Governors*, and the *Pride* of the *Clergy*; which renders 'em equally disgusted at their present slavish Manner of Life, and desirous of a Change. It is not hard to surmise, after all this, that a Conquest would be easy to the victorious *Mussulmans*; or at least, such Depredations would mightily enrich them.

The most proper News that I can send thee, is of a Combat lately fought at Sea, between the *English* and the *Dutch*. The *Generals* on both sides are said to be brave Men. He of *Britain* is called *Blake*; the other's Name is *Trump*. Which had the best on't, is not certainly known: Men speak as they are bias'd. Yet the *Dutch* lost two Ships in this *Engagement*, tho' their *Fleet* was far more numerous than that of the *English*.

If I were worthy to advise my *Superiors*, I would propose some notable Exploit by *Land*; for *God* has given the *Earth* to the *true Believers*, but the *Sea* to the *Christians*.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LET-

L E T T E R VI.

To the Kiaya Bey, or Lieutenant-General of the Janizaries.

I Had once a great Intimacy with *Cassim Hali*, the brave *Aga*, who now is no more on Earth; that honest old *General* merited all Men's Love: Follow thou his Example, and in Time his Post will fall to thy Lot. Thou art already in the last Advance to it; let no airy Vice make thee giddy, and give thee a Fall. 'Tis a common *Aphorism*, That *Health, long Life, and Honour*, descend from above. But if they do, I tell thee, 'tis like the Rain, which only then does good, when it penetrates the Earth, and moistens to the Root. An *Lumbe Heart* is like a *kindly Mold*, receiving the *Dews of Heaven* with Advantage and Profit; but *Pride* is a *Rock*, which spatters away the *Blessings* shower'd down on it.

Perhaps thou wilt be affronted at my Blunt way of writing: Yet assure thy self, I honour thee more than a thousand *Platterers*. I am not sent hither to study nice Expressions, but to serve the *Grand Seignior* with Integrity. Besides, I know thou hast not been accusom'd to the *soft Entertainments* of *Ladies Chambers*, but the *rough Dialect* of *War*. It is thy Honour to be unacquainted with the *Delicacies* of *Discourse, Diet, or Dressing*; things only fit to enervate a Man's *Courage*, and change his Heart into that of a *Woman*. Thou knowest how to handle the *Cuirass* and *Lance*, the *Sabre* and *Shield*, the *Bow* and *Gun*; and art perfectly vers'd in all the *Military Terms of Art*. A *Discourse* of *Sieges* and *Campaigns*, *storming of Forts*, and *plundering of*
Camps,

Camps, is more agreeable to thee than all *Tully's Oratory*, or the finest Strains of the *Persian Poets*. I am therefore confident thou wilt not take it ill, that I address to thee in a Style void of Artifice, yet full of real Respect and Love.

If I counsel thee, 'tis for thy good; and I am commended to express my Sentiments with Freedom. Besides, I have a *personal* Privilege to advise thee, the *Right* of a *Friend*; which thou wilt acknowledge, when I tell thee, that I once had the Happiness to save thy Life, as we travelled together in *Arabia*.

Thou can'st not but remember that Passage; and how that in Heat of youthful Blood, thou had'st provoked an *Emir* to kill thee in the Sight of the whole *Cavatoon*, had I not fallen at his Feet, and told him, thou wert a Stranger to the *Customs* of the *Country*.

Believe me, I do not reprehend thee with this, but only make use of it, as an Argument to convince thee, that the same Motive which prompted me to interpose myself at that time between thee and certain Death induces me now to give thee Warning of a *Precipice*, of which thou art in *danger*. Every one gives thee the Character of a brave Man; and no body likes thee the worse, for being of an *Air* as fierce as a *Tartar*. All this becomes a *Man of the Sword*; and they say, thou dost every thing with a *martial* Grace.

But I am told likewise, that thou art guilty of Avarice: And that for the Lucre of *present*s, thou enrollest Men in the *List* of the *Fanisaries*, who are not fit to serve in the *Wars*; such as are: House-keepers, Persons entangled with Wives and Children, with Debts and other Incumbrances; that they only appear on certain Days in the *Military* Habit, and then return to their *Domestick* Business,
without

without ever regarding the *Discipline* of the *Royal Chambers*, or thinking themselves obliged to learn the *Art of War*: That thou in the mean time takest their *Pay*, and many *additional Bribes*, whilst they are only contented with the *Title* and *Privilege* of a *Janisary*, to shelter themselves from Justice, and protect them in their *Rapine* and *Villanies*.

I tell thee, should this be known, and proved against thee, it would be to thy *Ruin*: But I hope better things, and that these are only the *Surmises* of thy *Enemies*. For thou knowest, That none ought to be admitted in that *ancient Order*, but the *Tributary Sons* of the *Nazarenes*: who being in their *Infancy* listed in the *College*, know neither *Father* nor *Patron*, save the *Grand Seigneur*, who is the *common Parent* and *Protector* of the *Osman Empire*. On his *Service* is all their *Zeal* and *Courage* fixed, having no *private Byass*, no *partial Inclinations* to warp them from the *Fidelity* they owe their *great Master*. They are devoted to *indefatigable Toils* and *Hardship* during their whole *Life*.

This was the *first Institution* of the *Janisaries*, though, through the *Corruption* of the *Times*, they have much degenerated from their *primitive Rules*. But thou, who art honoured with an *high Command*, wilt signalize thy *Vertue* and *Loyalty*, in reforming these *Abuses*, and in not suffering the *College of Men of War* to become a *Receptacle* of *Rogues* and *Draves*.

Such Disorders as these have promoted the *intestine Breils* of this *Kingdom*, I say not that they are the *original Causes*; yet 'tis a great *Diminution* of *Sovereign Majesty*, when a *King* shall find his own *Armies* fighting against him, as they do at present here in *France*. How many *Mutines* and *Rebellions* have been rais'd by the licentious

tious *Janizaries* at *Constantinople*; when laying aside all Respect and Duty, they have not spar'd to violate the *Seraglio* itself; but entering within those sacred Walls with Bands of armed Men, have turn'd all Things Topsey-Turvy, seized on the *Imperial Treasure*, chang'd the *Domestick Officers* of their *Sovereign*, and sometimes chas'd him from his own *Palace*, to the Hazard, if not to the Loss of his Life!

If thou would'st know what they are doing here in *France*, the *Men of Arms* are cutting one another's Throats, whilst the Rabble are burning their Neighbours out of their Houses.

Two Days ago, the *Multitude* assembled in the Streets, and having beset a certain *Palace* in this City, they put Fire to it, resolving to kill all that should attempt to make their Escape out of the Flames. A Person of *Quality* coming out to pacify them, fell a *Victim* to their unbridled Rage: And had not the *Duke of Beauford* (of whom I have often made mention in my Letters) interpos'd his Authority, they had murder'd all that were within those suspected Walls.

Sometime before this, the *Marschal Turenne* took a Place of Strength from the *Prince of Conde*; who in lieu of it took *St. Denys*, a Town not far from *Paris*, wherein there is a *Temple*, which, the *French* say, is the richest in *Europe*. But they are laugh'd at by the *Italians*, who boast of far richer *Mosques* in *Venice*, *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Rome*.

The *Duke of Lorraine* plays fast and loose with the *Prince of Conde*. He enter'd the *Kingdom* with an Army, pretending to espouse the *Prince's* Quarrel, but was quickly brought off by the *Queen*, so that he is now gone to *Flanders* again; by this Action leaving a free Passage to the *King's* Army under *Marschal Turenne* to range whither they please, which were before block'd up by his Forces.

Four Days ago there was a bloody Encounter between the Troops of the *Prince*, and those of *Mareschal Turenne*, in one of the Suburbs of *Paris*. Neither could boast of the Victory, tho' the Battle lasted five Hours; But at length, the *Prince* of *Conde's* Troops retir'd into the City, being frighten'd with the main Body of the Kings Army, which appear'd on the neighbouring Hills.

Illustrious *Fanizary*, fortify thy Heart with all the necessary Retrenchments of *heroick Virtue*; and rather than surrender to Temptations of *Vice* on dishonourable Terms, run the Hazard of a *Storm*.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year, 1652.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew of
Vienna.

WE are altogether by the Ears in this *Kingdom*, killing, burning and destroying one another, whilst you in *Germany* enjoy abundance of Peace. The Occasion of our Quarrels here, is, the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini*, against whom the *Duke of Orleans* and *Prince of Conde* are inveterate Enemies. The former is declared *Lieutenant-General* of the *Kingdom* by the *Parliament* of *Paris*; who give it out, that the *King* is *Cardinal Mazarini's* Prisoner. They have also bestow'd the Command of all Forces under the Authority of the said *Duke*, on the *Prince of Conde*.

Their

Their Principal and only Pretence, is the Removal of the *Cardinal* from the *King* and his *Council*. What will be the issue, Time will demonstrate.

There has been a *Duel* lately fought, between the *Dukes of Beaufort* and *Nemours*, two eminent Friends to the *Prince of Conde*.

The *King* going to a Town call'd *Pentoise*, some Leagues from *Paris*, drew a great many *Counsellors* and *Presidents of Parliament* thither; Men who are loyal and stedfast to his Cause. This encouraged the *King* to put forth a *Declaration*, commanding the *Parliament* to meet at *Pentoise*. They, on the other side, publish'd an *Arrest* against this *Declaration*. Thus they continue Piquering one at another.

But here is News arriv'd from *Cologne*, which surprizes People very much. I know not the true Ground of their Astonishment; but the *Priests* seem to be mad for Joy. All that I can hear about it, is, the Restoration of the *Roman Catholick Religion* in that *Province*, which is a Novelty unexpected; especially the *Ecclesiastick Grandeur*, which, it seems, has been laid aside above these hundred Years. I tell thee only as I am inform'd my self: It lies in thy Power to certify me of the Truth of Matters.

They say also, That the famous General *John de Werdt* is dead; as likewise the Archbishop of *Treves*. It is added, That *Frankendal* is surrender'd to the *Electer of Heidelberg*, according to the late *Agreement at Munster*; and that there is a *Diet* begun at *Ratisbon*.

I desire thee to inform me of all these Things particularly, and of whatsoever else occurs in the *Court* where thou residest.

As to *Matters of Religion*, be not over sedulous: *Piety* is compriz'd in a few *Rules*. Yet the *Soul of Man* is naturally Inquisitive, and would fain be acquainted

acquainted with all Things. I advise thee to cast thy Eyes frequently on the *Earth* that is under thy Feet; survey the Groves and Fields, the Mountains and Valleys, Rocks and Rivers: Then look up to the *Heavens*, and take a stedfast View of the Stars; consider the Beauty and Order of all Things: And after this tell me, if thou can'st imagine, That the *great and immense Creator* of this *wonderful Fabrick* form'd all the Nations of the Earth to *dawn 'em eternally*, save only those of your *Race*.

Son of *Israel*, I wish thee heartily adieu,

Paris, 11th of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Parisians* seem to be all in a *Dream* or *Trance*: They know not what they say or do, or at least they care not: Such is the immense Joy for the Return of the *King* to this City. The Steps to this sudden Change, were the retiring of *Cardinal Mazarini* from the *Court*; which was seconded with a *Declaration of Indemnity*, or a *general Pardon* for all that had pass'd during these Troubles, save some particular Reserves, Sacrilege, Fines, and such like. This worked strangely on the Inhabitants of *Paris*. But the Prince of *Conde* not finding any Satisfaction, as to his own Person in this *Amnesty*, call'd in the Duke of *Lorraine's* Army to his Assistance. These reduc'd the *King's* Forces to so great a Streight and

Extre-

Extremity, that the *Parliament* being sensible of the Advantage, made use of it, and sent *Deputies* to the *King*, beseeching him to continue in the same good Resolution he had taken before this Misfortune.

The *Minarks* suffer'd himself to be overcome, by a Violence mix'd with so much Submission, and yielded to their Requests. Immediately the Hearts of the *Prince* of *Condé's* Friends grew cold, and began to change their Sentiments. In a Word, they were resolved to desert their new *Master*, and cast themselves at the Feet of their lawful *Sovereign*. The *Grandees*, who had most affected *Condé's* Interest, laid down their *Offices*. The Foreign Armies of *Spaniards* and *Lorrainers* retired out of the *Kingdom*. The Citizens of *Paris* sent a Deputation, consisting of Sixty Six *Persons* of *Honour*, to invite the *King* to the *City*, and assure him of their future Allegiance. All the *Officers* of the *Militia* did the like. The *King* being satisfy'd with the timely Penitence of his *Subjects*, and having commanded some preparatory Alterations in *Places* of *Trust*, entered this *City* on the Twenty First of the last *Month*, with the Joy and Acclamation which could express the Love of his People, and the Regret they had labour'd under during his Absence.

Thou seest, illustrious *Minister*, that though by the Artifices of a *Falshon* a *King* may be rendered odious to his *Subjects*, be banished from his *Palace*, and have the Gates of his *Cities* shut against him, as besel to this *King*; Yet the Inconveniences they feel in taking up Arms against him, sooner or later bring them to Repentance; and they are glad to court his Return, whom but a while ago they forced away by their Undutifulness, to gratify the Ambition of a bold young *Prince* of the *Blood*, who promised, and ventured all things

in hopes of a *Crown*. For it cannot be supposed, That the *Prince of Conde* had less Aims when he first began this War; tho' his Pretences were specious, only to remove *Cardinal Mazarini*, and other evil *Ministers* from the King, and to protect the *French* from the Machinations of *Spanish* and *Italian* Counsels; whilst it is evident, That all along he and his Party have been supported by the *King of Spain* in their *Rebellion*. One would wonder how the *French*, a sensible and witty *Nation*, could be thus imposed upon. But the *Arabian Proverb* says, *There are none so blind, as those that wilfully shut their Eyes.*

Yet whatever Stupidity reigns among the *Franks*, methinks nothing but Light and Reason ought to appear in the Actions of the *Mussulmans*. I am confounded to hear of the *Rebellions* in *Syria* and *Egypt*. Will they never give Rest to the Banner of the *Prophet*? Must the *supreme Minister* be ever employ'd in proclaiming the *Nesivam*? What Offence has been given to the *Bassa of Damascus*, or to him of *Caire*?

Sage President of the *Imperial City*, I am abash'd before the *Infidels*, when I hear these *tragicall* Reports out of the *East*.

But what can be expected, when the Manners of the *Faithful* are quite estranged from those of their *Fathers*? The *Mussulmans* almost out-do the *Franks* in Vice and Debauchery.

When thou readest this, draw thy *Scymitar* and make a *Scabbard* of the next Man who utters a Word against our *lawful Sovereign*.

Paris, 26th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Tell thee, I am neither melancholy nor merry, but in a kind of mungrel Humour, between both. I am half *Democritus*, and t'other half *Heraclitus*; being equally dispos'd to laugh and weep at the Vanity of all Things here below. That Thought touches me sensibly, yet not enough to carry me into Extremes. The Misery and Happinets of the whole Life of Mortals, are Themes scarce worth a Passion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or possess is a *Good*, are both so short, that as the one need not sink us to an *Excess* of *Grief*, so neither does the other deserve a *Paroxysm* of *Joy*. A Sigh or a Tear are enough for the first, and a Smile is too much for the last. My Mind at present is in *Æquilibrium*.

What signifies the Birth of the greatest *Monarch*, or that he can boast of a *long Descent* of *Kings*, his *Progenitors*? He is born to Labour and Trouble as well as other Men; and all the charming Pleasures that attend a *Crown* are scarce sufficient to recompence his Cares and Fatigues, his Hazards and Toils, and the perpetual Risques he runs both in Peace and War

If from the Cradle he make an early Step to a Throne, 'tis but a mock Honour to be crown'd with a *Wreath* of *Briars*, squeeze'd and press'd into his tender Temples by the deceitful Hands of his Guardians and Ministers, who strive only to lay the Foundation of their own Honour in his Ruin, by improving the Time of his *Minority*, and making Oppression chymical; that during

their present Authority, they may expect the *Life* and *Elixir* of his Subjects Wealth, and hoard it in their own Coffers, leaving only the Lees to him when he comes of Age, and these generally compounded with the Ill-will of his People. I wish the Case prove not the same in our present Sovereign *Sultan Mahomet*; who thou knowest, was lifted to his Father's Throne before his Time, and by Methods which cannot be justify'd. It was the *Muſti's* Plot, who is the *Oracle of the Laws*; and so the *Muſſulmans* acquiesced. But mark the End; such *Treasons* seldom escape unpunished. Tho' *Sultan Ibrahim* was depos'd and imprison'd, (not to mention that which grates the Ears of any loyal *Ottoman*) though his eldest Son be placed on his *Throne* to serve the Ends of a *Faſſion*; yet a Younger than he may live to revenge the Wrongs that were done to his Father, and restore the *Empire of the Faithful* to its pristine Grandeur. There are now above three Years elaps'd since the change of Affairs at the *Seraglio*. In the mean time, dost thou not observe the Discontents of the People? Is there not a general Coldness and Neutrality to be discern'd in the Conversation of those who, at first, were most forward to approve the *Muſti's* Proceedings? Men begin every where to reflect on the present *Revolution*, and its fatal Consequences. The *Venitian War*, they say, has quite impoverish'd the *Empire*. Decay of Trade, Want of Money, and a Thousand other Things, are the daily Complaints in *Constantinople*: This I am told from very good Hands, Men of several *Nations*, Merchants who trade in that City, Persons altogether unbiass'd. They, as Strangers, have been inquisitive, during their Residence there, into the Humours of the People, to find how the *Muſſulmans* stand affected to the present State of the *Ottoman* Affairs. I who ap-
prove

prove not the Presumption of those *Infidels*, yet make use of it to inform myself of several material Passages, which I could not otherwise learn at this Distance from the *august Port*.

They tell me, The Soldiers murmur that so many thousands of Men have been sacrific'd in *Candia* and *Dalmatia*; whilst what they gain in the *Island*, they loose on the *Continent*: for it seems, the *Venetians* are still too hard for us one way or other. They grumble also for want of their due Pay, and that they have not Bread enough to keep 'em from starving. A certain *Greek* assur'd me, he had heard several of the *Spahis* swear solemnly, That it was agreed among them, not to go into *Dalmatia* the next Campaign. But this I took as a Strain of the *Grecian's* natural Faculty who thou knowest, are much given to Roman-cing. However I hear enough both from them and other Travellers of *East* and *West*, to convince me, That some of the *Grandees* at the *Imperial City* are in a tottering Condition.

All which serves but to confirm my first Discourse, that hardly any thing on Earth is worth a Thought, since all Things are of so short Duration.

In a *Wood*, the World seems to be a *Garden* intermingled with *Roses* and *Weeds*. The *first* are so close encompass'd with *Thorns*, That a Man cannot gather 'em without wounding himself: And if there be more ease in cropping the *latter*, yet they are unwholesom, and stink; putting a Man to as frequent Purifications, as the *Times* he touches 'em.

Let thou and I, dear *Duress*, pass along the *Alleys* of this *Garden*; view her *Beauties* and *Deformities* with an even Mind; not putting ourselves to the Fatigue of gathering her *Flowers*, or suffering ourselves to be tempted with her *softer Pleasures*.

But let every Thing we see and hear in this *enchant-ed Ground* serve the Ends of our Contemplation, being stedfastly mindful of this Truth, *That all those Things which appear so gay and full of Charms, are nothing but mere empty Ideas and fleeting Shadows of that substantial and permanent Pleasure which has her Residence only in Paradise.*

Thou may'st tell the *Kairmacham*, our Friend, that now the *King* of France begins to play the *Monarch* on the Bottom of his own Wit and Courage, without the Assistance or Counsel of *Tutors*. He has brought the *Parliament* to an absolute Compliance with his Will, having purged that *Senate* of disaffected Members, and banish'd from the *Court* the *Duke of Orleans*, who pretended a Right to rule his *Sovereign*. In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde* has taken *Rethel*, and *St. Meneboud*, whilst *Barcelona* is surrender'd to the *Spaniards*. Thus what is gain'd in one Point, is lost in another. Doubtless there is nothing stable on Earth.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER X.

To Melec Amet.

THY Adventure, and miraculous Escape over the *Danube*, put me in mind of a certain *French Nolleman* of the *Prince of Conde's* Party, who last *Summer* being closely pursu'd by some of the *King's* Horse, and himself excellently mounted, leap'd Hedges and Ditches to avoid

avoid Captivity. At length they had chas'd him into the Corner of the Land, from whence it was impossible for him to escape but by swimming o'er a small Arm of the Sea. What Risques will not a Man run for the Love of Liberty! This Person, like an o'er-heated Stag, perceiving his Hunters close at his Heels, boldly leap'd on Horseback into the Sea, chusing rather to perish in the Waters, than to fall into his Enemies Hands.

None were so hardy as to follow him through the uncertain Waves. However, his *Horse* being of matchless Strength, carried him safe over to the opposite Shore. As soon as he arriv'd at the next Town, where he had many Friends, he related this wonderful Passage. But instead of cherishing his *Horse* for so faithful and invaluable a Service, he drew his Sword, and immediately kill'd the Beast that sav'd his Life, saying, He did it for the Sake of Fame, being resolv'd that his *Horse* should never perform the like Service to any other Mortal.

This was an ungrateful *Caprice*, and far from the Morality of *Sultan Selim*, the Son of *Rajazet*, who, when his trusty *Horse Carabular* had once sav'd his Life by his extraordinary Swiftness; he in Token of his Thankfulness, built a Stable on purpose for him in a large Enclosure of Meadows, allowing a *Pension* to a *Groom* to wait on the meritorious *Beast*, and give him his free Delight in all Things as long as he liv'd, commanding that he should never more be forced to labour or travel. And to compleat the Happiness of the *Beast*, he call'd out some of the beautifulst *Mares* of *Arabia* to accompany him, charging also, that the Doors of the Stable should be always open for the *Horse* to go in or out, and range when and where he pleas'd. This was a Generosity worthy of an *Eastern Monarch*, whom

as thy Letter informs me, thou hast in Part imitated.

But such is some Mens Ambition and vain Desire to be talk'd of, that they care not by what barbarous Methods they accomplish their Aim: It was a Motive of this Nature which tempted *Erostratus* to set Fire to the famous *Temple of Ephesus*; which had been two hundred Years in building, and was number'd among the *Seven Wonders of the World*.

This happen'd on the very Night that *Alexander the Great* was born. And the *Villain* being ask'd, why he committed so destructive a *Sacrilege*; answer'd, "That it was to acquire an immortal Fame by so stupendous a Wickedness, since he could not hope to be recorded for his Vertue."

Plutarch mentions a Jest that was made on this Destruction of *Diana's Temple*. For it was common in every Body's Mouth, That the *Goddess* being call'd that Night to the Labour of *Olympias*, the Mother of *Alexander*, could not be present at Home to save her House from burning. For the *Gentiles* believ'd, That *Diana* (whom they also call'd *Lucina*) was invisibly assistant at the Birth of Children.

However, the *Priests* made no Jest on't; but ran up and down howling and making Gashes in their Flesh, presaging, that *Fate* was that Day busy'd in signing the *Decree of Asia's Ruin*. This is certain, that that very Night the Man was born who was destin'd to subdue all *Asia*, and on the Ruins of the *Persian Empire* raise the *Monarchy of the Macedonians*. However, the *Villain* who burnt the *Temple* had not his Desire; for it was decreed throughout all *Asia*, that his Name should never be mention'd in *History*, or any publick *Writings*.

It is recorded of a certain *Governor* of a City in *Italy*, that being on the Top of an high Tower with only the *Pope*, the *German Emperor*, and an *Ambassador* from *Venice* in his Company, he was tempted to throw the two former over the *Battlements*, as they were taking a Survey of the City; which he might have easily done, for they were both aged, and incapable of resisting his Strength. This Passage he confess'd to his *ghostly Father*; and being ask'd, what induc'd him to think of such a horrid *Treason*! He answer'd, "That it might be said, He did a Thing which never was done before, nor in all probability would ever be done again; since no Prince having heard such a Story, would ever venture himself into the same Danger without a sufficient Guard of his own." But however, he had not Resolution enough to go thro' with his Project.

I hear thou art like to acquire Fame by other Methods than these, being in a fair Way to rise by thy *Virtues* to some considerable Employments in the *Empire*; for which I equally rejoice with thyself.

In the mean Time 'twill perhaps be obliging to tell thee some News out of these Parts, which will make thy Company welcome to the *Grandees*: They love to converse with Men who can furnish 'em with Intelligence of *Foreign Affairs*.

The freshest Discourse here, is of the Imprisonment of the *Cardinal de Retz*, who was arrested by the *King's* Order on the nineteenth of this *Month*. What his Crime is I cannot inform thee, unless it be that he is an Enemy to *Cardinal Mazarini*. People generally give him the Character of a very honest Man; but thou know'lt *Honesty* is counted a *Vice* in the Courts of these *Western Princes*. The *Crafty* are the only Men of *Virtue* and *Amerit* among the *Infidels*.

Thou may'st also report for a Certainty, That the *Spaniards* have taken *Dunkirk* in *Flanders*, and *Casal* in the *Dukedom of Mantua*. This *Town* is said to be the *Key* of all *Italy*: I cannot tell thee which is the *Lock* it belongs to; nor, I believe, they themselves. But this I observe, that when the *King of France* sits down before any Place with his *Army*, whoever has the *Key*, neither *Locks* nor *Bolts* can keep him out long. And 'tis ten to one if he do not find an Entrance into this Place again very speedily, when the *Spanish King* has pleas'd himself for a while with an imaginary Possession of it.

I conclude my Letter just at the Hour when the *old Year* expires, according to the Account of the *Christians*, wishing thee a *Scene of New Felicities*,

Paris, 31st of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER XI.

To the same.

HAVING the Opportunity of a Day or two more before the *Post* goes out of *Town*, I make use of it to ask thee, Whether there be any Notice taken in your *Parts* of a *Comet* newly appearing above the *Orb* of the *Sun*? It has not been observ'd here till within these few Nights. And the *Astronomers*, notwithstanding the Coldness of the Season, (which I assure thee is sharp enough) are very busy with their *Telescopes* to pry into the Figure of this *Meteor*, and observe its

Motions.

Motions. They take great Pains, and endure all the Rigour of Frost and Snow, in hopes of making some new Discovery.

The Vulgar look on it as a great *Prodigy*: There are a Thousand Opinions among them about its Consequences: Every Body sets up for a *judicial Astrologer*. Nay the *Learned themselves*, and such as are esteem'd great *Philosophers*, cannot agree in their Judgment concerning it. Some assert that the *Matter of the Heavens* is subject to *Corruption and Change*, and that this *Comet* is generated after that Manner: Whilst others hold a contrary Opinion. They are all divided, and dispute hotly in as *unintelligible Terms* as the *Languages of America* are to us of this *Continent*. They amuse one another, and themselves, with far-fetch'd Words: And all this while, for ought I know, the wisest among 'em may be as much under a Mistake as those who never study'd such Things. All the Instruments of the *Opticks* are sought out to help their *Sight*; and yet they may be as much in the *Dark* as the *Men in Plato's Cave*: It is an *Article of my Faith*, that we Mortals know very little of those far-distant *Beings*. But these *Franks* are the most opinated People in the World: no Man has the Modesty to allow another as much Right to Reason as himself. Every one sets up for a *Doctrinist*, and requires the Intellects of all others to be resign'd to his; tho' perhaps that be only form'd by the Rules of his Parents, the Impressions of his early Years, the Force of Education, the Fashion of his Country, or by some notable Accident in his Life: All which are equally liable to Falshood and Truth. How many *Sells* were there of the *ancient Philosophers*, lustily defending their several Opinions? One says, the *Heavens* are made of *Brass*, another of *Iron*; a third of *Smoke*. This will

have 'em to be solid, that fluid: There is no End of their Controversies.

In the mean Time no Man knows what they are made of, or what is the Figure of the *World*; whether round or square, or beyond all Dimensions; whether Matter be divisible or indivisible in the last *Atom*. Who can assure me, if there be only one *World*, or whether there may not as well be a thousand Millions? Whether the *Stars* be *Opaque Bodies* as this *Earth*, and inhabited, or no? I tell thee again, there is no Certainty of these Things. Man's Senses are too weak, his Imagination too frail, and all his Faculties far too short to comprehend the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, who alone is wise and perfect in Science.

Wilt thou have my Opinion of this *Comet*? I am apt to think 'tis some such *Globe* of combustible Matter as our *Earth* appears to be, and perhaps burden'd with as many *Sinners*, that either by the *Course* of *Nature*, or *Decree* of *Destiny*, the *enclos'd* Fire has broke its *Bounds*, and spread its consuming Flames o'er the *Surface*; which embodying themselves in the *Pyramid* of *Smoke*, arising from so vast a *Conflagration*, cause that *Appearance* which we call the *Tail* of a *Blazing-Star*. And, for ought I know, after the same Manner shall all our *Globe* appear to the *Inhabitants* of those remote *Worlds* at our *Day of Judgment*.

I am not positive in these Matters, nor will I shut up my *Soul* from future Lights; but leaving Things as I find 'em, full of Myllery and double Faces, I will expect no better Fate than that of *Socrates*. That as I have liv'd, so shall I die in Doubt, only hoping for plenary Satisfaction in the next *World*.

Paris, 2d of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1652.

L E T:

LETTER XII.

To Pesteli-Hali, his Brother, Master of
the Grand Seignior's Customs.

NOW thou beginnest to reap the Fruit of thy Travels: May'st thou live to have a full Harvest. I esteem myself infinitely obliged to the illustrious Bassa, our Countryman, for this particular Friendship in this Business 'Tis true, thy own Merits were a sufficient Recommendation: But what Light can a Candle give that is first up close in a dark Lantern? So thick was the Veil, which thy own Modesty had drawn o'er the Splendor of the most accomplish'd Virtues.

Son of my Mother, let not what I have said pass for the Words of a Flatterer. Thou knowest I am as free from that Vice, as I am from Envy. 'Tis Affection only guides my Pen, when I tell thee, I heartily rejoice in my Brother's Prosperity; and that the Grand Seignior has a faithful Servant. I hope that Sovereign of Sovereigns will, in time, find Reasons to acknowledge to the noble Kerker Hassan, the good Office he has done him in presenting such a Slave. Let no Error of thine baulk my Expectation.

'Twill be an eternal Honour to the House and Tribe from which we descend, if by acquitting thyself fairly in this Post, our great Master shall think thee worthy of a more sublime Station. Therefore esteem this only as a Trial of thy Fidelity, and how far thou art capable of serving the Sultan. Be industrious but not affected in disclosing thy Abilities. Observe a Gradation; for the slowest Steps of Greatness are the most secure. Aim not to be rich and mighty on a sudden.

swift Rises are often attended with precipitate Falls. If in other Cases 'tis commendable to be niggardly of Time, and squeeze every Minute to an Improvement of Virtue; yet thou wilt find it expedient to follow other *Maxims*, in the way of growing *Great*: And that to be liberal in Years of Patience, will be no unprofitable Frugality in the main; since what is soonest got, is generally short in the Possession; and he that monopolizes *Honours* or *Wealth*, is most times envious to his Ruin.

Nature itself shall convince thee of this, if thou wilt but contemplate her most *obvious Works*. Cast thy Eye on the *Oak* among the *Plants*: What *Vegetable* is more permanent, or of greater Service to Men? Yet the *Tree* of so vast a Bulk, in whose aged hollow Trunk I have seen sixteen Men sitting round a Table, under whose wide-spread Branches the *House of Erom Eb'niel Ehem Sheraphaim*, the *chief Emir of Arabia*, is built and stands at this Day. I say, this *Tree*, in its first Original, was not so big as the *Thumb* of thy *Right Hand*: And, if *Naturalists* speak *Truth*, 'twas a Hundred Years a growing to these Dimensions, as many in a fix'd and flourishing Condition, and that it will not take up a less Time in decaying to its last Rottenness.

They say also, That an *Elephant*, the biggest and strongest of all the *Beasts* on the *Earth*, lives two hundred Years, and continues encreasing in its Stature the greatest Part of that Term. The like they relate of *Crocodiles* and *Dragons*.

But not to tire thee with Examples of this Nature, let us consider, that whatsoever is great and durable among Men, whatsoever is illustrious and excellent, is slow in the Production, and makes not hasty Leaps to Maturity. View all the *Monarchies* that have made so much Noise on *Earth*,

Earth, and thou wilt find, that in Proportion to the Time of their growing *Greatness*, was the *Term* of their *Duration*. How swift was the *Rise* and *Fall* of the *Persian Empire*? Equally precipitate was that of the *Macedonians*. None could ever boast of so permanent and universal a *Sway* as the *City of Rome*, of which it is commonly said, *Rome was not built in a Day*.

To come nearer Home: How lasting and perpetually Victorious, is the *sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*? Yet it took its *Rise* from very *small Beginnings*, met with frequent *Repulses*, and has made a slow Progression to the present *formidable Height* of *Sovereign Power* it now possesses: For, thou knowest, this is the thousandth, sixtieth and third Year, since the *Holy Flight* of the *Messenger of God*.

What I have said, may be apply'd with Proportion to Men's personal *Advances* in the *Honours* and *Fortunes* of this *World*. Be content therefore with thy *Seasons* wherein *Destiny* shall think fit to raise thee, and strive not to out-run thy *Fate*.

All the News I can tell thee is, that *Cardinal Maravini* return'd the 13th of the last *Moon* from his second *Banishment*; which thou may'st report for a *Truth* to the *Ministers of State*.

We are all *Exiles* here on *Earth*. God restore us to a *Region* more agreeable, and admit us to the *Cares* of our *Friends* in *Paradise*.

Paris, 25th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THE Blessings of God and his *Prophets* descend upon thee from a thousand Sources. Thou art a true Friend, and our whole Family are obliged to thee for Favours which have no Number: But none more than my Brother and I; Our Engagements to thee are equal; since what Kindness thou hast shew'd to him, in recommending him to the *Sultan's* Favour, and to a Place of Honour and Profit, I take as done to myself, we being naturally Sharers in each other's Prosperity, or adverse Fortune; for such is the Method of strict *Relations* and *Friendships*. And I have a particular Reason to thank thee, because it was at my Instance thou promot'd'st him. Yet tho' he is my Brother, I should not be so partial as to say these Things in his behalf, did I not know him to be a Man of Merit. For Places of Trust, ought not to be bellow'd for Favour or Affection. We are bound to sacrifice all *private Regards* to the *Interest* of the *Grand Seignior*; and not act like the *French*, who get Officers of the greatest Importance many times by being of a *Faction*, or *Party*, opposite to their *King*.

Since the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this Court, which was in the foregoing *Month*, the *King* has reform'd many Abuses of this kind. He begins to feel his own Strength and Authority ev'ry Day more and more.

In the *Month* of *December* ay'd *Cardinal Richelieu's* Brother, who was *Bishop* of *Lions*, and *Grand Almoner* of *France*. The *King* has bellow'd these
Honours

Honours on Cardinal Antonio Barberini, who took Sanctuary in this Court, from the Persecutions of the present Roman Pontiff, almost ten Years ago. He has always espoused the King of France's Interest in Rome. And the grateful Monarch received him with much Affection; and, as an additional Honour, has made him a Knight of the Holy Spirit. This is the chiefest Order of Knighthood in France.

It is freshly reported here, that the Duke of Newburgh, a great Prince in Germany, is dead. They talk of certain Prodiges that have been lately seen in England, Ireland, and other Parts of Europe; as raining of warm Blood, Tin and Copper. And 'tis affirmed for certain, that three Suns were lately seen at Dublin, the chief City of Ireland.

There has been a Sea-Combat between the English and Hollanders on the Coast of Italy. Wherein they say the Dutch had the Victory, having sunk two of their Enemies Ships, and taken one, without any considerable Loss on their own side.

Here is no other News stirring at present worth the Knowledge of a Mussulman Grandee. The Eyes of all the Western Nazarenes are fix'd on that Refuge of the World where thou residest, and on the Actions of our invincible Vicar in Candia.

They discourse of some Overtures of Peace which that great General has made to the Venetians, if they will forthwith surrender the City of Candia to the victorious Osmans.

If this be true, one would think so great Clemency must needs tempt the proud Infidels to Submission and Compliance. But if Destiny has otherwise decreed, I wish they may feel the Force of our Arms, which appear more keen than
even

even the *Scytbe* of Time, that *Decourer* of all Things.

Paris, 27th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1653.

L E T T E R X I V.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

TH Y last Letter speaks thee at once willing to be enlightned, yet tenacious of thy old *Prepossessions*. I wonder not at the Difficulty thou findest in shaking off the *Precepts* of thy *Rabbis*, those *Religious Triflers*. The Influence of *Education* is as forcible as that of our *Birth*: And the *Habits* that are rooted in us in our *tender Years* are harder to be displanted, than the *inherent Affections* of our *Blood*: This is signified by the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *The Tutors of Youth have an Ascendant over the Stars of their Nativity*.

I know it has been esteem'd the peculiar Glory of thy *Nation*, that you have been rigid Observers of the *Traditions* of your *Fathers*: From which, rather than deviate a Tittle, there have not been wanting such as freely expos'd themselves, and have bravely endur'd Racks, Scourgings, Burnings, and all sorts of Torments, even the most exquisitely cruel Deaths, that the Malice of *Tyrants* could invent. But do not I know also that in some of the most weighty Points of your *Law*, your Zeal has exceeded your Prudence: I speak not of the private Bigotry of one Man, or a few; but of the *Representative Body* of your whole *Nation*. - How foolishly superstitious

were

were your Armies in the Days of *Mattathias*, when being assaulted by their Enemies on the *Sabbath Day*, they refused to draw a Sword in their own Defence, and so were all cut-off by the Army of *Antiochus*? This is no invidious Remark of your *Adversaries* in Religion, but the Observation of *Josephus*, a Man of the same Faith, and sprung from the Stock of *Israel* as well as thy self.

Now tell me thy Opinion, did your Fathers do well in thus sacrificing themselves and the whole Interest of *Israel* to a mistaken *Punctilio* of that Obedience they ow'd the Law, or no? If thou allowest the former, then *Mattathias* did wickedly in making a *Decree*, that from thenceforth it should be lawful on the *Sabbath Day* to resist their Enemies; and all the *Jews* were guilty of many notorious Breaches of the Law, in obeying this *Decree*, and fighting on the *Sabbath Days*: But if thou say'st, they did ill in not fighting, tho' at a prohibited Time, and prohibited under the severest *Curses*, then it follows, that there is no Point of your Law which may not, nay, which ought not to be dispensed with, and give way to the Interest of *State*, and the Good of the *Commonwealth*. So that at this rate, the Religion; for which you are all so zealous will appear to be but a *Form of Government*, divinely contrived for human Regards. I do not call in Question the miraculous Delivery of your Law on *Mount Sinai*. Suffer me to plead without Suspicion of Partiality: I do not go about to invalidate the Testimony of *Moses* and the *Prophets*. Doubtless the most High came down through the *Heavens*, attended wit *Mirinds of Angels*, and thirty two thousand Chariots of Fire; and when he stood on the Top of the Mountain, the Rear of his Train had not pass'd the *Silver Gates* of the *Moon*. The *Sun* appear'd in his Circuit, as one astonish'd; he blush'd;

and

and fled away from the *eternal Brightness*, not able to endure the *Lustre of a Glory* so far surpassing his own. The *Stars* were dazzled at the *immortal Splendor*, and mistook their Course; they run against one another in their affrighted Carriers. And as a lasting *Memorial* of that glorious *Descent*, the *Angels* left their *bright Impressions* of their *Footsteps* in the *Path*; that *heavenly Road* is to this Day distinguish'd from all the rest of the Sky by its *Whiteness*, which makes the *Astronomers* call it THE MILKY WAY.

The *Nations* of the *Earth* were amaz'd at the tremendous Vision and Noise; for the *Mountain* was all on *Fire*, whose *Flames* reach'd up to the *Clouds*, and its *Smoke* to the *Mid-Heaven*. The *Globe* trembled and quak'd at the dreadful *Thunderings*, and the *Lightnings* penetrated the *Abyss* of *Hell*. The *infernal Spirits* were startled at the *untwift Flashes*; and ask'd one another, *If the Day of Judgment were come?* The *Waters* hid themselves in their *Fountains*, and the *Ocean* utter'd a deep murmur. Every thing in *Nature* was surpris'd with *Wonder* and *Dread*; and *Moses* himself, when he came down from the *Mountain*, was all transform'd into *Light*.

Thou seest, *Nathan*, I am no *Infidel*, but believe as thou dost, that the *Law of Moses* was brought down from *Heaven*. But does it therefore follow, that this *Law* is *universal* and *eternal*? Can none be *saved* but the *Sons of Israel*, and such as are profelyted to their *Religion*? Doubtless this is an *Error* as thou thyself wilt acknowledge, when thou hast well examin'd the *Matter*. Remove thy *Post* a little, if it be only in *Imagination*: Rise from the *Feet* of thy *Doctors*, who have in-fill'd into thee *Prejudices* against all the *Sons of Adam*, except those of your own *Race*. Stand aloof for a while, and look round about thee to

the *four Winds*; but fix thine Eyes on the *East*, for from thence *Wisdom* takes her *Origin*. Did not the same *God* who created the *Jews*, also create all the *Nations* on the *Earth*? And canst thou be so blind and obdurate as to think, That *Sovereignty Merciful* made so many *Millions* of *Souls* on purpose to *damn* them? Or that it shall be imputed to them for *Sin*, that they were not born of the *Seed of Jacob*? Was it in their *Power* to chuse the *Father* that should *beget* them, or the *Mother* that should *conceive* them? How absurd are the *Consequences* of this narrow *Opinion*? It is an unpardonable *Pride* and *Malice*, thus to condemn and judge those that are compounded of the same *Ingredients* as yourselves.

Doubtless *God* has sent *Prophets* into all *Nations*, to guide them into the *right Way*, and not into the *Way of Infidels*. Those who believe the *Prophets*, and obey their *Precepts*, shall be saved: For they preach the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, the *Resurrection* of the *Dead*, the *Day of Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradise*, and the *Torments* of the *Dam'd*. They teach the *Necessity* of *Justice*, *Purity*, and good *Works*; exhorting all to practise the *Golden Rule*, without entangling their *Minds* in endless *Niceties*, which are but the *Superfetation* of *Piety*, the excrementitious *Burden* of a *religious* *Life*. Such are most of the troublesome and ridiculous *Ceremonies* observed by the *Zealots* of your *Law*, at which I have known the wiser sort of *Jews* to laugh. These little *Superstitions* like unprofitable *Suckers*, exhaust the *Vitals* of *Religion*, and leave it only a *sapless Trunk*, from which no *Fruit* can be expected. Were they commanded in the *Law* of *Moses*, something might be pleaded in their *Defence*; but as they are only the *Dreams* of your *Rabbis*, a wise *Man* would beware how he put on a needless *Yoke*

Yoke, the *Stratagem* of your crafty Guides, to keep you in subjection, and a servile Awe of their Authority, and a *religious* Timoroscitis of you know not what.

Thy Letter replies to this by Anticipation: For supposing that I should argue thus, and charge you with adding *Traditions* of your own to the *positive Injunctions* of the Law, thou tellest me, That those are greatly mistaken, who think that all which was deliver'd to *Moses* in the *Mount* was written in the *Two Tables*, or compriz'd even in the *Pentateuch*, as if the Prophet spent those *forty Days and Nights* only in keeping of *Geese*. For it is evident, say'st thou, That if God hath nothing else to give him but the *Written Law*, he might have dispatch'd him in an *Hour* or a *Day* at most. Therefore thou addest, That by *Day* he gave to him the *Written Law*, and by *Night* the *Mysterious Explanation* of it, call'd, The *Oral Law*: Which *Explanation* *Moses* taught by *Word of Mouth* to *Joshua* his *Successor*, *Joshua* to the *Seventy two Seniors*; and that they transmitted this *Oral Traditionary Comment* down to their *Posterity*, even to the last of the *Prophets*, from whom the *great Sanhedrim* receiv'd it. After this every one deliver'd it to his *Sen*, as he had receiv'd it from his *Ancestors*; and so it continues to this *Day* to be the *Rule* of your *Lives*, in those *Cases* where the *Written Law* is silent. I tell thee, *Nathan*, There appears a great shew of *Reason* in what thou say'st: And it cannot be suppos'd, That *Moses* spent all that time only in receiving the *Written Law*. But on the other *Side* I cannot believe that the *eternal Mind* was busied so many *Days* in prescribing those *ridiculous Rules* and *Ceremonies* which are found in the *Talmud*, and the *Writings* of your *Rabbis*. If thou canst convince me of that, I will cease to persuade thee to a *Change*.

I have

I have a great deal more to say, but the Hour of the *Post* calls on me to conclude my Letter. In my next I will fully answer all thy Arguments. In the mean time, let not *Custom*, and the *Diffates* of the *Synagogue*, supplant thy *Reason*, but remember thou art a *Man*.

Paris, 17th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIV.

To the Sublimely Wise, the Seignior of
Excellent Dignity, Abul Recowawn',
Grand Almoner to the Sultan.

THOU art placed on a high *Seat* eminent among the *Faithful*; and the Eyes of the *Distress'd* are fix'd on thee. Thou art the *Patron* of all the *Miserable*. To thee, as to a *Sanctuary*, flies the Man, whose Misfortunes have bereav'd him of all other Hope; whose drooping Spirits can find no Comfort from the rest of Mortals. His last and only Refuge is to thee, who art the faithful *Steward* of the *Grand Seignior's* Liberalities. Let not too much Prudence supersede thy Charity. The Wicked and the Innocent have equal Access to thee: And it ought to be so; for no Man at first can distinguish between the one and the other by their outward Aspect. Yet a little Examination and *Converse* will shew the Difference.

There are those who get large Possessions under the *Masque* of Poverty. There are impudent *Beggars*, who make a Trade of imposing on
human

human Compassion, and sport themselves in this humble Method of cheating People of their Money; whilst imagining they bestow it on Persons really indigent, it is thrown away on Counterfeits, Villains and Infidels.

On the other side, I have seen true Objects of Pity, Men reduc'd to the last Extremities, who would rather perish, than expose their Condition to any, save the *Great* and *Noble*. They esteem such to be wise Men, generous, and considerate of the Accidents which commonly befall Mortals. They think to these they may freely unboast themselves, tell their Wants, and claim Relief, without the Hazard of a Reproach, which wounds more deeply than a short Denial.

Thou may'st know them by the Modesty which appears in their Faces, (*says our holy Prophet*) and that they are soon repal'd. To such as these, give plentiful *Alms*, and do not repine. For it is as a profitable *Merchandise*, sent to remote Countries; which though ventur'd on the uncertain Waters, yet in Time, by the special Blessing of *Heaven*, shall return with seven fold Interest.

Nay, give to all that ask: For it is better to misplace our *Charity* on nine unworthy Persons, than to deny an *Alms* to one that is really in need. Beside, it is not for the Honour of a *Sovereign Monarch*, that any Person in Distress should depart from his *Court*, sad or discontented for want of Relief.

I have in some of my Letters plac'd at the *Vices* of these *Western Nazarenes*; and have not been altogether silent as to their *Virtues*. Among which, their *Charity* is very conspicuous.

The *French* relate a pretty Passage of a certain *Cardinal*, a very good Man, and one that by the Multitude of his generous *Assiours*, gave oc-
casion

caſion for the World to call him, the *Patron* of the *Poor*.

This *Eccleſiaſtick Prince* had a conſtant Cuſtom, once or twice a Week, to give publick Audience to all indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various Neceſſities, or the Motions of his own Bounty.

One Day a poor Widow, encourag'd with the Fame of his Generoſity, came into the Hall of this *Cardinal*, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about Fifteen Years of Age. When her turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners, the *Cardinal* diſcerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modeſty in her Face and Carriage, as alſo in her Daughter, he encourag'd her to tell her Wants freely. She bluſhing, and not without Tears, thus addreſs'd herſelf to him: " My Lord, I owe for the Rent of my Houſe Five Crowns, and ſuch is my Miſfortune that I have no other Means to pay it, ſave what would break my Heart, ſince my Landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, To prostitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care educated in Virtue, and an Abhorrence of that odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, That you would pleaſe to interpoſe your ſacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this cruel Man, 'till by our honeſt Industry we can procure the Money for him.

The *Cardinal* mov'd with Admiration of the Woman's Virtue and Innocent Modeſty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it to the Widow's Hands, Go, ſaid he, to my Steward with this Paper, and he ſhall deliver thee Five Crowns to pay thy Rent.

The poor Woman over joy'd, and returning the *Cardinal* a Thouſand Thanks, went directly to his Steward, and gave him the Note:

Which

Which when he had read, he told her out Fifty Crowns. She astonish'd at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the Steward's Trick to try her Honesty, refus'd to take above Five, saying, *She ask'd the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure 'twas some Mistake.*

On the other side, the Steward insisted on his Master's Order, not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he cou'd use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than Five Crowns. Wherefore to end the Controversy, he offer'd to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that magnificent Prince, and he was fully inform'd of the Business; 'Tis true, said he, I mistook in writing Fifty Crowns; give me the Paper, and I will rectify it. Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the Woman; *So much Candor and Virtue deserve a Recompence; Here, I have order'd you Five hundred Crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage.*

If I mistake not, this Cardinal was call'd Farnese. But whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly heroick, and which has but few Parallels.

It will be much to the Glory and Interest of the Shining Post, if thou sometimes, by an extraordinary Largeness, raise the Fortune of deserving Men; and put them in a Capacity to serve the Grand Seigneur: At least, such Bounty will oblige 'em not to deserve him.

Among the rest, permit me, to recommend the Case of *Ebnol Barwana Kaymas*, thy Countryman: He was once Professor of a fair *Timariet*, but was turn'd out by *Sultan Ibrahim*, to gratify a Creature of *Sbeckir Paras*: Thou know'st the Life of that infamous Woman. I say no more.

Paris, 2d of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1653.

L E T.

LETTER XVI.

To the Captain Bassa.

THOU that art a Man of *War* delightest, no doubt, to hear of *Combats* and *Battles*; and I tell thee, that since the Beginning of the *World* there have never been known such dreadful *Sea-Fights*, as during the present *War* between the *English* and *Dutch*. It seem there is an Emulation springing up in the latter: They grudge the Inhabitants of *Britain* the Character, which has been given 'em from all *Antiquity*, Of being the most *Villivious* on that Element of any Nation on the *Earth*.

'Tis possible there may be some more particular Grounds of their present *Quarrel*, to which I am a Stranger: But assuredly they have pursued their Animosities very eagerly on both Sides; and let the Occasion be what it will, the *Dutch* are still Losers.

I sent thee an Account of a *Combat* between their *Fleets* last Year, since which they have had many other *Engagements*. And 'tis said here, that during this *War*, the *English* have taken from the *Dutch* near two thousand *Merchant Vessels*, have sunk and burnt many of their *Ships of War*, slain some of their chief *Commanders*, spoil'd their *Trade*, and reduced 'em almost to as great *Straits* as when they first courted the Protection of the *English* against their *Sovereign* the *King of Spain*, from whom they had then newly revolted.

But the most terrible Conflict was on the second of this *Month*, wherein the *Dutch* had seven and twenty of their greatest *Ships* either sunk or burnt, two thousand of their *Seamen* and

Soldiers killed, and a Thousand taken Prisoners, with many Captains. That great *General Trump*, whom I mention'd in my list, was slain in this *Fight*, after he had performed Prodigies of Valour.

The *French* say, that during the Heat of this Engagement, *Trump* being excessive thirsty, call'd for a Bowl of Wine: which his Servant had no sooner deliver'd to him, but a Cannon-Bullet took his Hand off just as he was retiring from his *Master*. The brave *General* touch'd with a noble Compassion, spilt the Wine on the Deck, saying, *It is not fit that I should quench my Thirst with the Blood of a faithful Slave*. And as soon as he had spoke these Words, another Bullet took from him the Power of ever drinking again.

If such an Accident should happen to thee when thou fightest against the *Infidels*, know for certain that thou shalt be immediately transported to the *green and foamy Banks* of the *Rivers of Wine* in *Paradise*, where thou may'st drink thy fill in eternal Security: For he that dies fighting for the *Faith* is a *Martyr*.

Paris, 11th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1693.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Sale Tercheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

I Remember I promised in my last to give thee a farther Account of *Pachirour*, the famous Pirate of the *Black Sea*. 'Twere easy to perform it, but a Temptation diverts my Pen another Way.

I remember when thou wast *Chians*, I have heard thee speak of the Kingdom of *Tunis*, whither thou wast sent by *Sultan Amurat*, to compose the Differences that happened between the *Dey* and the *Dioan* of that City. At the same Time thou mad'st mention of a certain admirable Engine, contrived to draw up *Ships*, or any thing else from the Bottom of the Sea: And that the *Dioan* of *Tunis* gave to the Artist who fram'd it an Hundred thousand *Pistols*, as a Reward of his Ingenuity.

I have read in a certain *French Author* of such another Device at *Venice*, made on purpose to draw up the famous *Carrack*, which they call'd the *Castle of the Sea*. This *Galleon* was built of a monstrous Bulk, more for State than Service; and was overturn'd by her own Unweildiness, as she lay at Anchor, and sunk to the Bottom: From whence neither that fore-mentioned Engine, nor all the Art of Man could raise her. Yet the Skill of the Engineer was highly commended, and the *Senate* honour'd him with the Title of *Clarissimo*, and settled a noble Pension on him during Life.

It is questioned, whether the *States of Holland* will be so liberal to a certain *French Engineer*, who has made a *Ship* at *Rotterdam*, which, they say, will out-do all the *Admirals* of *Noah's Ark*.

This *Ship* is at present all the Talk at *Paris*. Our Merchants receive Letters full of Wonders from the *Low-Countries*, concerning this Whirligig of a Vessel, which is to move by Clock-work, without Sails, Oars, Rudder, or any common Marine Tackle; yet shall cut her Way through the Sea with a swifter Progress than the *Moon* glides along the Sky, or Bullet out of a *Cannon*. This is the Discourse of those who love to advance all that they hear to the Height of a *Admiral* or *Romance*. Yet, 'tis certain, the *Artist* has promis'd it shall equal the Motion of some Birds, and run twelve Leagues an Hour. Neither Winds nor Tides shall forward or hinder its Course, which depending on an internal Principle of *perpetual Motion*, is to be directed only at the Pleasure of him who manages the Springs and Wheels. So that the *Master* of this *Vessel* shall be able with a single Touch of his Hand to turn it to any *Point* of the *Compass* in the most boisterous Weather that blows.

This *Engineer* farther engages, that his *Vessel* shall make a Voyage to the *East-Indies* in the Revolution of a *Month*, and to some *Regions* of *America* in a fourth Part of that Time. If he be as good at Performance as he is at Promising, he will sail round the *Globe* at this rate in thirtie *Months*.

In farther Commendation of this wonderful *Machine*, 'tis said, that by a new invented Art it shall secretly, under Water, disable any *Ship*, provided she be within Cannon-shot; and this with so sudden a Force, that in the Space of six Hours it will successively sink a Fleet of a hundred Ships of *War*.

Moreover,

Moreover, this *Artist*, to appear not less subtle against the *Efforts of Heaven*, than in surpassing all the *Inventions on Earth*, promises, that his miraculous *Vessel* shall, at the Distance of a League, cut asunder any *Spouts* or *Cataracts* of Waters, which usually threaten *Mariners* in the *Mediterranean* and other Seas.

'Tis possible thou art very well acquainted with the Nature of these *Spouts*, and the Danger of Ships that sail near them. Yet give me leave to inform thee what I have heard from a certain *Corsair*, who has often met with them in the *Levant*.

This *Pirate* tells me, That a *Spout* is a kind of *Aqueduct* between the Clouds and the Sea, by which those pendulous *Caverns Above* are replenish'd with Water from the *Ocean*, drawing it up as through a Pipe; which seems to be let down for that End, at certain Seasons, and in some particular Places, where the Water boils up first above the Surface of the briny Plain, as a Signal to those thirsty *Bladders*, to make a Descent there, and sock their *Pill*.

If this be true, who knows but that all the Rain to which the Earth is indebted for its Fertility, comes thus originally from the Sea! For, it may be made fresh, either in its first Ascent through the Roscid Air, or after its Reception into the Clouds by some hidden *Energy* of that *Element*, or the natural Force of the *Middle Regions*. Or at least by some unknown *Vertue*, perhaps not inferior to that by which the Waters of a *Bitter Lake* in the *Desert* became *Sweet* at the Intercession of our *Holy Prophet*, when the whole Army of the primitive *Mussulmans* was like to have perish'd of *Thirst*.

And then how will the *Western Philosophers* dispose of all the Vapours which they say are
 L 3 exhal'd

exhal'd from this *Globe*, and afterwards condens'd into Clouds? I tell thee that's but a loose Notion of such retentive Bodies, as the Clouds seem to be. And 'twould tempt one to ask, What the Vessels are made of which hold those condens'd Exhalations, so that they do not fall at once upon our Heads and overwhelm us, but only distil in small successive Showers drop by drop, to refresh the barren Parts of the Earth, and serve the Necessities of Men? And why the Rains fall in the *Judies*, and other *Regions* of the *East*, whole *Moons* together without Interruption, the rest of the Year being dry: Whereas, in other Countries, the Periods of the Weather's Alteration are uncertain, and in some Parts it seldom or never rains at all.

Doubtless the *Works* of the *Omnipotent* are inscrutable: And though it may be an Argument of a great Wit, to give ingenious Reasons for many wonderful *Appearances* in *Nature*; yet 'tis an Evidence of small Piety or Judgment, to be positive in any thing, but the Acknowledgement of our own Ignorance.

Now, I have made as wide an Excursion from my first Discourse, as the *Maulta* did, who began an *Oration* in Praise of *Noah's Ark*, and ended with telling a Tale of an *Armenian Wheel-Barrow*. But I will not forget that I was speaking of the *Project* which the *Rotterdam Engineer* has made of his *Machine*. That it should effectually break all the Force of *Spouts*, which would render him very servicable to *Merchants*, as a *Contoy* to defend them from those terrible *Bugbears* to *Sailors*. For the *Cersair* tells me, That these *Spouts* very often occasion Ship-wrecks; either by entangling the *Masts* of a Ship, and so overturning it: or by breaking in the *Encounter*, overwhelming it with Water and so sink it.

He says likewise, that the *Christian Pirates* are accustom'd to use a certain *Charm* against these *Spouts*. They have a Knife, whose Haft is made of the Bone of a Man's Right Arm; and every *Vessel* is bound to provide one or two of these Knives when they loose from the Shore. They buy 'em of certain Persons who have the Character of *Magicians*: And when they see a *Spout* at some Distance from 'em at Sea, the Master of the *Vessel*, or any body else, takes this enchanted Knife in his Right Hand, and holding the Book of their *Gospel* in his Left, reads some Part of it, and when he comes to a certain *Versicle* which mentions the *Incarnation* of their *Messiah*, he makes a Motion with his Knife towards the *Spout*: as if he would cut it in two; whereupon immediately the *Spout* breaks in the middle, and all the inclos'd Water falls into the Sea.

But I tell thee, he who gives Credit to the Stories of *Charms*, or the Projects of Men pretending to excel all the rest of their Race, has more *Faith* than is requisite to him who reads *Æsop's Fables*, since in perusing that ingenious *Figure* we are only desired to believe the *MORAL*.

'Tis thought by some that this *Engineer* will, by the natural Clock-work of his Heels, be much more nimble than his *Vessel* in flying the Disgrace which will attend him, if his phantastick Project prove unsuccessful. In my next thou shalt hear of *Pachicour*.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XVIII.

To Murat, Bassa.

THE *English*, at present, make the greatest Figure and Noise of all the *Nations* in the *West*. *Spain*, *Portugal*, and even *France* itself courts the Friendship of that *Island*, since the Inhabitants have form'd themselves into a *Commonwealth*. It appears as if the *English* were but newly awaken'd to a Sense of their own Strength, and by thus rousing themselves had alarm'd all their *Neighbours*.

However it be, this *King* has sent an *Ambassador* to the *English* Court to break the *Negotiation* of the *Spaniards* there, and to establish a *Peace* between *England* and *France* if possible.

One cannot tell what to make of the *Maxims* of these *Infidels*. For at the same time the banish'd *Heir* of the *English* *Crown* takes his *Sanctuary* in this *Court*, where he is carress'd, and made to believe great *Things* they will do towards his *Restoration*: But *Interest* supercedes all *Arguments* of *Affection* and *Consanguinity*. They are more solicitous here for the Success of the *Embassy*, than for the Right of the poor *exil'd* *Prince*. He is call'd the *King* of *Scotland*, having been solemnly crown'd in that *Kingdom* since the Death of his *Father*; and entering into *England* with an *Army* of *Scots*, was routed; and having narrowly escaped the *Trains* that were laid for his *Liberty* and *Life*, at length landed in this *Kingdom*, where he has been entertain'd with much seeming *Affection*. But the *Dread* they are under of the victorious new *English* *Commonwealth*, makes 'em begin to talk of his *Departure* from hence.

The

The *Prince of Conde* has taken *Rocroy*; which was the first *Place* where he signaliz'd his *Arms* in the *Infant Reign* of this *King* about ten Years ago; which the *Superstitious* interpret as an *Omen* of ill *Luck* to the *King*. This sort of People are led by *Maxims* void of Reason, and so there is no *Regard* to be given to their *Observations*: Yet some of the wiser sort think this will prove a long *War*.

That which amuses People most, is the small *Concern* the *Prince of Conti* and the *Dutchess of Longueville* shew for their *Brother's Cause*. For while the *King* was on his *March* against the *Prince of Conde*, they came and submitted themselves to him, and were received to *Favour*. Those who are apt to suspect an *Intrigue* in every thing, say, that this *Reconciliation* is only feign'd on their *Part*, it being a *Means* to serve their persecuted *Brother* with greater *Security* and *Success*. Others are of *Opinion*, that it is real, especially on the *Prince of Conti's Part*; since he and his *Brother* had never any good *Understanding*.

There has been a *Battle* lately fought between the *French* and *Spanish Forces* in *Italy*: Wherein the *Spaniards* lost twelve hundred Men, and the *French* above half that Number of their best *Soldiers*. So that the *King of France* may say with a famous *General*, "Victories, attended with so little *Advantage*, will ruin rather than enlarge an *Empire*"

Bajza, in the midst of thy *Grandeur* I wish thee *Health*, which sweetens the worst *Events*. As for me, I'm like one hovering between two *Worlds*.

Paris 15th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIX.

To Afis, Bassa.

THE Gods of the *Nazarenes*, one would think, were studying how to perplex their *Adorers*. These *Western Parts* abound with *Prodigies* and surpassing Events. More especially the *Low-Countries* feel the *Strokes* of a *Hand*, which by making 'em smart, seems to put them in mind, *They're too high in their own Conceit*.

For several Weeks we have been alarm'd from thence with the *Tragical* Stories of Ship-wrecks, Inundations, Tempests of Thunder and Lightning, not usual at this Time of the Year; monstrous *Spells* seen rising out of the Seas, Lakes, and Rivers; *Armies* in the *Air*, with *Comets* and other wonderful *Apparitions*.

The *States* of the *United Provinces* have lost by Wreck sixteen *Ships of War*, and thirty seven *Merchant Vessels*. It looks as if *Æolus* and *Neptune*, the chief Gods of the *Hollanders*, had enter'd into a *League* to punish 'em for struggling against their *Fate*, whilst they maintain a *Fleet* to brave and plunder the *English*, under whose Shadow they first rose to the Power they so ungratefully now possess.

For, besides these Losses at Sea, the Winds and Waves have conspir'd to break down their very *Banks*, the only Guards they have against that *entreaching Element*. All the *Low-Countries* are overwhelm'd with Water: Inasmuch as five Miles within Land from *Oppend*, there has been found a *Whale* newly cast up, seven times as long as a *Man*.

This

This the *Infidels* look on as a *great Prodigy*, and the *Everrunner* of some strange *Revolution*; tho' it is but a *natural* Event, and frequently happens in those Seas where *Whales* are more plentiful. The *Naturalists* say, That this King of the *Scaly Nations* never makes his Progress through the Seas without his *Guide*; which is a certain small Fish, that always swims before him, and gives him Warning of Flats and Shallows, upon which he often strikes, and sometimes on the main Shores, if this little *Guide* chanc'd to be devour'd by any other Fish, or come to other Mishap. And this may be the Reason, why so many *Whales* are found on the Sands when the Tide ebbs. They say also, that when this little Fish is inclin'd to Rest, it retires into the *Whale's* Belly, reposing it self there for some time; during which the *Whale* rests also, not daring to venture forward, 'till his *Guide* comes forth, and leads the Way. If this be true, it seems as if there were a League or Friendship contracted between these two, they mutually performing all the necessary Offices of Love and Gratitude. And how this can be done without some *Species* of Reason, I cannot comprehend.

Let them at the *Post* call me *Minefish*, or what they please, I cannot forbear doing this Justice to the Fish of the *Sea*, as well as to the *Animals* on *Earth*, to acknowledge, that either they are indow'd with a kind of Reason; or that *Faculty*, which we call so in Men, is no other than Sense. If the *Beutes* perform many things without any Deliberation or Counsel, so do most Men: And no Man can demonstrate, that even those *dumb* Beings do not advise and project, before they attempt any thing of Moment towards their own Preservation, or the Service of others. And if they seem to do many things rashly, it may be

attributed to the Quickness and Vivacity of their *Sense*, which needs not the slow and flegmatick Methods of *human* Counsel.

Suffer these Digressions, courteous *Bassa*; and since I have led thee so far out of the Road, take but another Step, and I'll shew thee a great *Monarch*, who commands Millions of Men, carried away Captive by a silly *Beast*.

The *King of France*, t'other Day, as he was a Hunting, discharg'd a Fowling-Piece at a *Partridge* on the Wing. The Bird dropt, and the *Monarch* eager to take up his Game, gave the Reins to his Horse, who ran away with him over a great Plain, for the space of half a League. And had not the *King* fallen off, within six Paces of a great *Chasm* or Hole in the Earth he would have been carry'd, for ought I know, to keep Company with *Heratius Curtius*, the venturous *Roman*, of whose Exploit thou hast heard; for the furious Steed not being aware of the Danger before him, as soon as he had cast the *King*, gallop'd full speed into the gaping *Precipice*, and was never more heard of.

This the *Priests* cry up for a *miraculous* Escape and Presage, *That the King is reserv'd by Providence for great Things*.

The *King of Portugal* has an *Embassador* here, who in his *Master's* Name proposes a *Match* between this *King* and the *Infanta* of *Portugal*, proffering four Millions of Crowns as her *Dowry*. But the *Court* entertains this Motion coldly, the *Cardinal* being averse, for what Reason is not known; for the *Infanta* has an illustrious Character, and known to be a *Princess* of incomparable *Virtue*.

This *Minister* is managing a *Match* of nearer Concern to himself, designing to marry one of his *Nieces* to the *Prince* of *Conti*, Brother to the
Prince

Prince of Conde. And 'tis said, this *Prince* receives the *Cardinal's* Proposals with less Scorn, than did *Count of Soissons* those of *Cardinal Richelieu*, on the like Occasion.

Here is a Rumour, as if the *Prince of Conde* would be condemn'd by a *Process of Parliament*, and that he will be put to Death in *Effiey*.

This Indignity is common among the *Infidels*, who esteem whatsoever Honour and Disgrace is shewn to *Images*, as done to the *Persons* whom they represent. They have no other Excuse for their *Worship of Things* made by the *Hands* of *Men* like themselves, but that it is purely relative, and centers in the *Prototype*.

In the mean time the *Prince of Conde's* Friends and Well-Wishers smile at his imaginary Death; knowing, that if no effectual Stroke of *Fate* carry him out of the World, he will be at the Head of a potent Army in the *Spring*, to put many to Death in Reality, and by the Edge of the Sword, who fight for his Enemies.

A while ago a Man was imprison'd here by his own Folly; having voluntarily declar'd, that he was hir'd by this *Prince* to assassinate *Cardinal Mazarini*.

I have formerly spoken of the *Count d'Harcourt*, and the Disgrace he was in at this *Court*, for not continuing the Siege of *Lands*, a strong *Held* of the *Spaniards* in *Catalonia*. The *General* is a brave Man, and has done eminent Services to the *Crown of France*. It is no Wonder, therefore, that he laid to Heart the Coldness and Contempt with which he was receiv'd at his Return from that *unfortunate* Campaign. Great *Souls* are to be caress'd with more than ordinary Affection in their *adverse* Fortunes; and faithful Servants ought not to be reproach'd with every false Step, or ill Success in their Affairs. The *Count* resenting

ing in the King's Carriage towards him, removed himself from Court, and then out of the Kingdom; designing, as is supposed, to serve the Emperor of Germany.

Last Week his two Sons, that were detain'd at Hostages in this City, made their Escape; the Duke of Lorraine having promised to give the Eldest his Daughter in Marriage.

The Duke roves up and down like a Free-Booter, with an Army of Banditti at his Heels.

Renown'd *Affs*, I make an humble and affectionate Obedience; wishing thee as many Years of Life, as thou canst pass without languishing for Death.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XX.

To the Dgebe Nafir, Bassa.

THOU succeedest a righteous Minister, *Chirurgi Mubarramet*: I wish thee a Surplusage of Happiness; which thou wilt not fail to possess if thou inheritest the *Vertues* of that Bassa, as well as his Office. May his Soul now taste the Reward of his just Life: And I doubt not but he has made an happy Experience of my Wishes. He sits down in Quiet under the *Trees* of Eden; his Head encompass'd with a *Garland* of Flowers, which never fade; veiled with the *immortable Crimson* and *Purple* of Paradise. He reposes on his Bed of Delights, whilst beautiful *Pages* serve him in *Vessels*

Vessels of Gold, set round with *Sapphires* and *Emeralds*: He drinks the delectable Wine which never inebriates; and eats of the *Fruits*, every Morfel of which prolongs his Life for a thousand *Ages*; He hears nothing but the Voices of such as are full of *Benediction* and *Joy*. The *Virgins* of *Paradise* salute him with a *Grace* which cannot be express'd. They chant to the new-come *Guests*, *Songs* of *immortal Love*. To the *Stranger* from *Earth*, they tell their *Passions* in *Strains* which ravish his *Heart*. He is dissolv'd in a *Thousand Ecstasies*. This is the *Reward* of a pious *Musliman*, a wise *Minister*, a just *Judge* of the *Faithful*. Follow his *Example*, and thou shalt be translated into his *Company*: For he is in a goodly *Place*, near the *Spring-Head* of perfect *Bliss*.

Thou wilt expect some *News* from me, as a *Testimony* of my *Respect*. And I cannot pretend there is none stirring, at a *Juncture* when all this *Part* of the *World* is so full of *Action*, or at least of *Counsels*.

Here has been great *Rejoicings* lately for the taking of *St. Menchoud*, a strong *Town* in the *Hands* of the *Prince of Conde*. All the *Officers* of the *French King's Army* endeavour'd to dissuade him from the *Seige* of this *Place*; but *Cardinal Mazarini* over-rul'd their *Arguments*, and having reprov'd their groundless *Fears*, caus'd it to be invest'd and attack'd the 22^d of the 10th *Moon*. Some say he had a *Party* there; yet he held out 'till the 27th of the last *Moon*, at which time it was surrendered upon *Articles* to the *King*, who was there in *Person*, with his *Brother* the young *Duke of Anjou*, the *Queen*, the *Cardinal*, and the whole *Court*. They returned to this *City* the 9th of this present *Moon*,

They

They were receiv'd with great Acclamations, and seeming Joy, by those who would have triumph'd more heartily, had they been defeated, or forc'd to raise the Siege. For the Citizens of *Paris* wish well to the *Prince* of *Conde's* Arms, not so much out of Love to him, as in Hatred of his Enemy the *Cardinal Minister*. And they are sensible, That this successful Siege, will redound wholly to the *Cardinal's* Honour, by whose sole Orders the *Place* was invested.

It is discours'd, that this *Minister* has some new Design on Foot, to conquer the *Kingdom of Naples*. This is certain, a mighty *Fleet* is fitting out to Sea: Whither bound no Man knows but those of the *Cabinet*, among whom the *Cardinal* is chief.

In the mean while, the common People listen after certain *Prodigies* that have been seen in the Air. They say, a flaming *Sword* appear'd lately to rise in the *North*, and take its Course *South-Eastward*. From whence People make various *Pregnoscicks*, as their Passions or Interests inspire 'em. Some are of Opinion, it prefigures the *Conquest of Naples* by the *King's* Arms. Others apply it to the new *Commonwealth of England*, and to the victorious *Sword of Oliver*; who, from *General of the English Army*, is now, in this very *Moon*, exalted to the *Height of Sovereign Power*, governing the *Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland*, under the *Title of their Protector*.

Here are divers of his *Subjects* in this City; and other *English, Scots and Irish*, who embrace the Interest of *Charles*, the Son of their late murder'd *King*, who has been since crown'd *King of the Scots*. They give a different Character of *Oliver*; yet all agree, that he is a *wise Statesman*, and a *great General*.

The *Scotch King's* Party speak contemptibly of *Oliver's* Birth and Education: Yet thou knowest this hinders not, but he may be a Man of Courage and Virtue. They relate many odd Passages of his *Youth*, which seem to me so many Evidences of an extraordinary *Genius*, and that he is a Person of a deep Reach.

He tamper'd with several *religious Factions* in *England*, counterfeiting an exquisite Piety, whereby he first rais'd himself a Name among the *Zealots* of that *Nation*, who look'd upon him there as a very *holy* Person, and one mark'd out by *Destiny* for great Undertakings.

He soon got a considerable *Command* in the Army of the *Revolters*; where he signaliz'd himself by many brave Actions, which spoke him a Man of an invincible Courage, and admirable Conduct. So that at length none was thought more fit than he to be *General*. In fine, he acquitted himself so gallantly in that *high Office*, and has so wrought himself into the Affections of the People, that they now look upon him as a *Prophet* or *Saviour*; and the *Dixan* or *Parliament* of that *Nation*, have conferr'd on him the *Sovereign Authority*.

Those of the *English* which are affected to his Interest, speak great Things in his Praise: They call him another *Moses* or *Jehoua*; they prefer him to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and even to the *Great Alexander*. It is difficult for them to speak of him without *Hyperboles*. 'Tis said the *King of France* will court his Friendship. Indeed all the Neighbouring Countries stand in awe of this successful *Hero*. And the *Hollanders*, who are the only People that durst engage in a *War* with the *English Commonwealth*, now seek for *Peace*, since he is invested with the *supreme Authority*.

In the mean time the poor *exil'd King* of the *Scots* takes Sanctuary in this *Court*, with his Mother the late *Queen* of *England*, and his Brother, whom they call the *Duke* of *York*. The *French King* allows them all very considerable *Pensions*; and the latter has some *Command* in the *Army* in *Flanders*. There is another Brother also; but little talk'd of as yet, being the youngest of the Three.

They are generously entertain'd here, it being the peculiar Honour of this *Court* to be a hospitable *Refuge* to *Princes* in Distress. Yet observing Men say, the *King* will in Time grow weary of his *Royal Guests*; it being very chargeable to maintain them, and their burthensome Retinue. Besides, he will have some Reason of State to discard them, if he enters into a League with *Oliver*, the new *English* Sovereign, who is courted on all Hands.

Eliachim the *Jew* (of whom thou wilt hear in the *Discours*) is just come into my Chamber, and brings me Word, that there is an Express newly arriv'd, who informs the *Queen* of a Defeat given to the *Spaniards* near a City called *Rozes*, which they had besieged in *Catalonia*. The *French* were going to the Relief of this Place, and the *Spaniards* set upon them in their March, but were beaten into their Trenches; from whence they fled by Night, leaving Three hundred *Spaniards* on the Spot, almost Two thousand Prisoners, and all their Cannon and Baggage.

This has put the *Court* into a jolly Humour. Nothing but Revelling and Dancing employs their Time: The young *King* taking great Delight in Balls, *Maſques*, and such Re-creations; having left off Hunting, ever since his *Horse* ran away with him in the Tenth *Month*

Moon of this Year, after he had shot a *Partridge*. Whereof I have spoken already in one of my Letters.

The *great God* preserve thee from *Precipices*, *Poyson*, the *Glances* of a *Witch*, and from being canoniz'd a *Martyr* in a *String*: And, for other Deaths, thou hast *Virtues* enough to encounter 'em bravely.

Paris, 30th of the 12th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1653.

L E T T E R I.

The End of the Third Book.

L E T -

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. IV.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Bedredrin, Superior of the Convent
of Derviches, at Cogni at Natolia.

WHEN I first open'd thy venerable Letter, my Heart on a sudden became fresh as a Garden of Roses or Field of Cinnamon and Myrrh, whose Odours are exhal'd by the *West* Wind. In my Breast there sprung a Fountain of Joy, setne as Chrystal, and refreshing as the Waters of *Euphrates*.

I contemplate thee as a *Cedar* among the Trees of the *Forest*, or as the durable *Oak* of the *Desart*. May *Heaven* prolong thy Life, till the *Sound* of the *Trumpet*.

The

The Commands with which thou hast honour'd me, came in an acceptable Hour. I have receiv'd them with a Complacency which I cannot express. My Eyes were so fix'd on the Lines of great Purity, that I could not for a long time take them off. Thou hast hit the Mark of my Affection, in employing me to write what the most impartial *Historians* say of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Christian Messiah*.

That *Holy Prophet* was honour'd by his very Enemies. *Josephus*, a learned *Jew*, who liv'd in his Time, and wrote the *History* of that Nation, makes worthy mention of him.

So did many of the *Gentile Philosophers*, though they oppos'd his *Disciples* and *Followers*. *Porphyry* whom the *Christians* commonly repute as a bitter Enemy to their *Profession*, yet calls *Jesus*, *Wise*, *Blessed*, and *Divine*. That *Sage* was exasperated against a certain *Sect* of *Nazarenes* in his Time, whom they call'd *Gnosticks*. These corrupted the *Doctrines* of *Plato*, and the *Theology* of the *Ancients*; wantonly mixing *Human Fables* with *divine Truth*. Against these *Porphyry* sharpen'd his Pen, and not making a Difference between them and other *Christians*, drew upon himself the Ill-will of them all. Yet he retain'd a profound Attachment for the *Messiah*.

Would'st thou know the Circumstances of this *Holy Prophet's* Birth! They were Glorious even in Obscurity. For, though his Father and Mother were then upon the Road to *Jerusalem*, Strangers at *Bethlehem*, and forc'd for want of Room in the *Caravans* to lodge in a Stable with an Ox and an Ass, where the *Messiah* was born, and laid in a Manger; yet in this contemptible State there came some of the *Magi* out of *Persia* and *Chaldæa*, who brought *Presents* to the *Holy Infant*; and having laid at his Feet *Gold*, *Myrrh*
and

and Incense, they prostrated themselves on the Ground, and praised God, the *Most High King of All*, in that he had honour'd them with a Sight of the *Messias*.

This was in the 43d Year of the *Reign of Augustus Caesar* the Roman Emperor; at which time one *Hered* was *President of Judæa*. This Man being inform'd, that certain *noble Strangers*; were come out of the *East* to *Jerusalem*, he sent for them, and acquiring the Occasion of so tedious a Journey, they gave him this Answer.

“ Peace be to thee, O *Sultan*; There was of old Time a *Prophet* of great Fame in our *Nation*; who, among other *Predictions* that have since come to pass, left also this in Writing.

“ That in *Palestine* should be born a *Child* of heavenly Race, who would rule over the greatest Part of the World; and by this Sign ye shall know the Time and Place of his Birth: A strange *Star* shall appear in the *Firmament*, which shall direct you to the very House where you may find him. When therefore ye shall behold this *Star*, take Gold, Myrrh and Incense, and following the Conduct of the *Star*, go and offer these Gifts to the young *Child*; then return immediately to your own Country, lest some grievous Calamity befall you.

“ Now this *Star* has appeared to us, we are come to perform what was commanded us.

Hered, said to them, *Ye have done well*. Go therefore and seek diligently for the *Infant*; and when ye have found him, come and tell me, that I may go and pay *Homage* also.

But they never return'd to him again. Wherefore *Hered* in his Anger and Jealousy commanded all the *Infants* in *Bethlehem* to be strangled, that had not been born above Four and twenty *Months*. But the Father and the Mother of the

Holy

Holy Infant fled away with him into the Land where it never rains, the same Night that the *Magi* came.

What I here relate to thee, sage *Bedredin*, is taken out of approv'd Historians, for many among the *Gentiles* wrote of these Things besides the *Christians*.

There was a *Roman Philosopher*, much about the same time, a Man in great Esteem with *Cesar*; to whom he wrote a Letter, wherein he mentions the coming of the *Magi* after this Manner. "Certain *Oriental Persians*, says he, have
 "set Foot within the Limits of thy Empire,
 "bringing Presents fit only for *Kings*, to a cer-
 "tain Child, newly born in the Country of the
 "Jews; but who this *Infant* is, or whose Son,
 "we are yet ignorant.

Thou seest, O pious *Dervish*, that the *Messias* appear'd with no small Lustre, even in his *Cradle*; and in his early Years, he enter'd into the *Temple*, and disputed with the *Hebrew Rabbi's* convincing them of an universal Defection from the *primitive Law of Moses*, declaring himself the *Messias*; and yet in profound Humility acknowledging, That a *Prophet* should come after him, who should be preferred before him, the Dust of whose Feet he was not worthy to kiss. This Passage the *Christians* have perverted to another Sense; but the true *Faithful* know it was spoken only of *Mahomet*, the SEAL of the PROPHETS.

The Time would fail me, to recount all the stupendous Actions of this *Man's* Life: And in calling him MAN, I imitate his own Example: since throughout the whole he never called himself God, or the Son of God, as the *Christians* do, but most frequently gave himself the Title of the Son of Man. He turn'd Water into Wine,
 fed

fed five thousand People with five Cakes and two small *Trench*: Heal'd all Diseases, restor'd Sight to them that were born Blind, rais'd the Dead, went invisibly through Crowds of his Enemies, and, finally, was taken up into *Paradise*.

If thou would'st know more of this *Holy Prophet*; there are *Historians* who say, He was initiated in the *Mysteries* of the *Essenes*, a certain *Sett* among the *Jews*.

That Nation, it seems, was then divided into seven *Classes*: Among which, this of the *Essenes* was none of the least considerable, as being the most *religious* Observers of the *Law*. Their Conversation was full of Humanity, both among themselves, and towards Strangers; avoiding Pleasures as Enemies to the Mind, and esteeming Chastity the very Cozen of all Virtues. Therefore they despis'd Marriage, as an Entanglement to Men devoted to Contemplation. They had also an equal Contempt for Riches: No Man of this *Sett* call'd any Thing his own, though 'twere his lawful Inheritance; but their Possessions were in common, and equally distributed.

It was among their *Mysteries*, to anoint their Bodies frequently with Oyl, and as often to wash 'em with running Water. They neither bought nor sold, nor frequented the *publick* Places; but every one communicated freely such Things as he possess'd, to him that stood in Need. Thus there was a reciprocal Exchange of Kindnesses and Assistance, according to every one's Faculty and Power. They were very assiduous in Watching, Fasting, and Prayers, curious in observing the various Names of the *Angels*, which they frequently repeated, invoking those *happy Beings*, as the *Ministers* of the *King eternal*. And those who were exercis'd in this kind of *religious* Life,

Life, arriv'd to so great a Constancy of Mind, that neither Racks, Fire, Sword, or any other Tortures, could ever move 'em to renounce their Law, or speak the least Word in Contempt of their Institution. Nay, they would rather suffer *Martyrdom*, than be prevail'd on to taste of any Thing that had Life in it: For they were strict Observers of the Law, which commands perpetual Abstinence from the *Flesh of Animals*.

It was an establish'd Article of their Faith, that as soon as the Union of Soul and Body was dissolv'd by Death, the former by a natural Inclination ascends to the Skies, even as Sparks fly upward when freed from the gross, earthly Matter in which they lay imprison'd.

I have here given thee a short and true Character of the *Essenes*. Of which *Self* all *Christians* own the *Messias* to be a Follower, if not a Member; in regard he is no where recorded to have upbraided them as he often did the *Pharisees*, *Sadducees*, *Herodians*, and the rest.

Time will not permit me to say more at present concerning that venerable Prophet. But if thou wouldst have a perfect Idea of all his Virtue and Sanctity of Life, turn thy Eyes inward, and fix them on thy self. For thou art a lively Transcript of the Holy *Jesus*.

Paris, 1st of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Musti.

THOU hast heard of the *Jesuits*, an *Order* of *Nazarene Dervises*. All *Europe* abounds with them; and they have attempted to settle themselves at the *sublime Part*, and several *Places* of *Asia*: Besides their actual Possessions in the *Indies*, where they are very numerous and powerful. They are esteem'd the *richest Order* of the *Roman Church*, tho' the *Constitutions* of their *Founder* oblige them to *perpetual Poverty*. But what will not the *sacred Hunger* of *Gold-tempt* Men to! For the *Sake* of this *charming Metal*, they can dispense with antiquated *Laws*, and dull melancholy *Vows*.

These *religious* Persons have lately spread about a *Letter* in *Print*, which they pretend comes from one of their *Order* in *Armenia*.

This *Dispatch* relates a strange *Accident* that has happen'd at the *Sepulchre* of our *holy Prophet*, (upon whom rest the *Favours* of the *Eternals*.) For it affirms, That in the eighth *Month* of the last *Year*, the *Shrine* which contains the *Body* of the *heavenly Missioner*, fell from the *Roof* of the *sacred Mosque*, (to which, say they, it adher'd by *Vertue* of a *Magnet*) fastned in the *Control* of the *Arch*; and that at the same time, the *Pavement* of the *Temple* opened, and swallow'd up that venerable *Ark*, wherein was repositd the most *holy Reliques* in the *World*. And that from the *Chasm* there issued out a *Flame* like that of *Sulphur*, accompany'd with such a *Smoke* and intolerable *Stench*, as caus'd all the *Pilgrims* that were present to swoon away: Whereupon many of them are since turn'd *Christians*.

This

This Forgery is believ'd here by those who never examine any Thing their *Priests* tell them, but take all on Trust. The common People bless themselves in that, they were born of *Christian* Parents, and not of the *Disciples* of that wicked *Impostor*: So they blaspheme the *Man* in whom the *Promises* of their *Messias* are verified, when he said, *He would intercede with God to send a Prophet who should lead 'em into all Truth.*

They would never be at the Pains or Cost to examine, whether the Foundation of this Story be true or false. All the *Mussulmans* who have been at that *Holy of Holies* know, that the *Body* of our *Divine Law-giver* reposes in a *Sepulchre*, built after the same manner as the *Tombs* of our *august Emperors*, and other *Dormitories* of the *Great*: Only with this Difference, that it surpasses all the *Monuments* of the *World* in the invaluable Richness of its *Ornaments*, the Gifts of devout *Mussulman Princes*. There appears always such an insupportable Lustre of *Gold* and *precious Stones* in every Angle of that mysterious *Recess*, as may well dazzle the *Eyes* of *mortal Spectators*, since the *Angels* themselves are forced to be veil'd within those *majestick Walls*.

Hence it is not hard to suppose, that the circular *Refractions* of such a glistering *Orb* of *Jewels*, might create the Resemblance of a *Tomb* suspended in the *Air*, or cleaving to the *Roof* of that glorious *Edifice*, deceiving the *Eyes* of some ignorant, but devout *Mussulmans*, from whom this *magnitick Fable* first took its Origin. However it be, no *Man* of *common Faith*, or but ordinary *Sense*, will believe, that *God*, who has for so many *Ages* protected the *Sepulchre* of his *Apostle* and *Favourite*, verifying therein the *Prophecy* of *Mahomet* himself, who foretold, as did other *Prophets* before him, *That the Place of his Rest*

should be glorious, and that the greatest Monarchs of the Earth should visit it: I say no Man will believe that God would at length suffer so vile a Disgrace to happen to the Tomb of his Messenger, the Refuge of Sinners.

But the Nazarenes will believe any thing save the Truth. They are given up to a Spirit of Delusion and Error, incapable of Light and Instruction.

Thus I leave 'em 'till the Day of Alarm, and the Hour of Scrutiny; when the Angels of the Test shall enter the Graves, and having made Experiment of every Man's Works and Faith, shall give the Just a Register of their Virtues in their Right Hand, but to the Wicked in their Left Hand, a black Record of their Sins.

In the mean time, I prostrate myself before thee, begging, that when thou turnest thy Face to the House of Ibrahim, and the Tomb of the Prophet, thou wilt send up one Ejaculation for Mahmut, that he may perievere in shunning the Errors of the Infidels.

Paris, 19th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER III.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

SINCE what I wrote last in behalf of the *Brute Animals* is so acceptable to thee, I will comply with thy Request, in continuing that Discourse.

'Tis certain the *Ancients* had another Opinion of the *Beasts* than these *French Philosophers*, who deny them the Use of *Reason*. *Socrates* us'd to swear by the *animal Generations*, and so did *Rhadamantibus* before him. The *Egyptians* form'd the *Images* of their *Gods* in the Similitude of *Beasts*, or *Birds*, or *Fishes*. So the *Grecians* fix'd the *Horns* of a *Ram* on the *Head* of *Jupiter's* Statue, and those of a *Bull* on the *Image* of *Bacchus*. They compounded the *Image* of *Pan* of a *Man* and a *Goat*; painted the *Muses* and *Graces* with *Wings*: And the *Poet Pindar* makes all the *Gods* winged, and disguises them in the *Shapes* of several *Beasts*, when in his *Hymns*, he introduces them clad by *Tryphon*. Thou knowest also, that our *holy Doctors* affirm the *Angel Gabriel* to have *Wings*, with one of which he once gave a *Mark* to the *Moon*.

When the *Poets* bring in *Jupiter* courting *Pasiphae*, he appears in the *Form* of a *Bull*. And in his other *Amours*, if we may believe them, he chang'd himself sometimes into a *Swan*, then into an *Eagle*: They report also, that he was suckled by a *Goat*.

For these and other *Reasons*, the *Ancients* not only forbore to injure their *Fellow-Animals*, but entertain'd them with singular *Affection* and *Friendship*. A *Dove* was the *Darling* of *Semiramis*. A *Dog* was the *Joy* of *Cyrus*. *Philip*, *King* of *Macedonia*, made a *Swan* his *Companion*. And our *holy Lawgiver* was often wont to sport himself with a *Cat*. He lov'd this *Creature* for its *Cleanliness* and *Activity*; and therefore we *Musulmans* generally have a *Cat* in great *Esteem* and *Veneration*.

That *Favourite* of *God* understood the *Languages* of *Beasts*, and convers'd as familiarly with them as with *Men*. So it is said of *Melampus* and *Tiresias*, of old, as also of *Apollonius Tyanicus*,

who affirm'd to his Friend, sitting by him, that a Sparrow, which he heard chipping to his Fellows, told them of an *Ass* which he had seen fall down with his Load a little way off from that Place. It is also recorded of a Boy, who understood all the *Voices* of *Birds*, and by that Means could fore-tel Things to come, That his Mother, by pouring Urine into his Ears when he was asleep, deprived him of this incomparable Gift, for fear he should be taken from her, and presentee to the King. There is no Question, but several *Nations* have a certain Knowledge of the *Speech* of some *Animals*. My *Countrymen*, by a peculiar Gift bestow'd on our *Fathers* and their *Posterity* for ever, understand the *Language* of *Crows* and *Eagles*. And the *Ancients* were so well vers'd in this *Knowledge*, that when they convers'd with the *Birds*, or at least when they heard them in their *Languages* utter *Presages* of what should shortly happen to *Earth*, they persuad'd themselves that those *Birds* were the *Messengers* of the *Gods*. Therefore the *Eagle* was supposed to be the *Messenger* of *Jupiter*, the *Crow* and *Hawk* of *Apollo*, the *Stork* of *Juno*, the *Owl* of *Minerva*, and so of others.

It is evident, that our common *Huntsmen* understand the different *Voices* of their *Dogs*, when at a Distance they signify by one kind of *Cry*, that they are questing after the *Hare*; by another, that they have found her; by a third, that they have taken her, or that she is turn'd to the *Right Hand*, or to the *Left*. So those who look after *Cattle*, know by the *Voice* of the *Bull* when he is hungry, thirsty, or weary, or when he is stung with *Lust*. So by the *Roaring* of the *Lion*, the *Howling* of *Wolves*, the *Bleating* of *Sheep*, Men are made sensible of the various *Wants*, *Inclinations* and *Passions* of those *Creatures*.

Not are these *Animals* ignorant of our *Language*, but by our *Voice* and *Words* they know when we are angry or pleas'd, when we call them to us, or drive them from us: And our *domestick* *Animals* obey accordingly, with as much *Propriety* and *Alacrity* as a *Man* or *Maid-servant*. All which could not be, if they were not endu'd with *Faculties* conformable to ours. They also teach their young Ones to sing artificially. In a Letter of *Dogs*, *Huntsmen* chuse the best by this Experiment: They take all the *Whelps* from the *Bitch*, and carry them to some Place a little distant; then they observe which she first carries back again, and those always prove the best *Dogs*. What is this *distinguishing Faculty* in the *Bitch* but *Reason*, or something like it?

We see apparently, that every *living Creature* knows its own *Weakness* or *Strength*, and knows how to use most dexterously those *Weapons* with which *Nature* has furnish'd it for its own *Defence*. They are also sensible what *Places* are most convenient for them to dwell in, and which not. Thus the *weakest* *Creatures*, as *Dogs* and *Cats* live altogether in *Houses* and *Cities* with *Men*; whilst the *Lions*, *Tigers*, and such *fierce* *Animals* dwell in the *Desart*. Thus *Sparrows* and *Swallows* make themselves almost *domestick* with *Men*; whilst *Eagles*, *Hawks*, *Vultures*, and other *Birds of Prey*, build their *Nests* in *Woods* or *Rocks*, remote from *human* *Society*. Some *Birds* change their *Habitation* at certain *Seasons* of the *Year*, as best suits with their *Convenience*; others always remain in the same *Place*. The same is observ'd in *Fishes*. And in all *living Creatures* it is easy to trace the *Footsteps* of *Prudence* and *Forecast*, in order to their own *Preservation*. Let *Men* call this what they please, *Instinct*, or *Nature*, or *Sense*, it is evident, that there is an exact *Con-*

formity and Resemblance between these *Faculties* in *Brutes* and what we call *Reason, Wisdom, or Prudence* in *Men*. And we have no more Ground to conclude them void of *Reason*, because they do not enjoy it in that Perfection as our selves, than we have to conclude our selves *blind* or *deaf*, because we *see* not so *clearly*, and *hear* not so *readily* as the *Brutes*, and that we have no *Legs* because we run not so *swift* as some of them do.

Doubtless, the *Brutes* are endu'd with a *Faculty* of *Reason* as well as we; but this *Faculty* in them is weak and imperfect for want of *Discipline* and *Art*, which polish all Things. This is manifest from those *Creatures* which are taught to dance and play a thousand Tricks, to tell Money, to shoot off Guns, to find out hidden Things, and bring them some Miles to their *Masters*, as well educated *Spaniels* will do. What can be a greater Argument of the Proficiency they make in *Reason* and *Knowledge*? Are not *Elephants* taught all the *Arts* of *War*, and placed in the very *Front* of the *Battel*? Do not the *Indian Princes* repose as much Trust in their Carriage and Conduct, as in the Service of their stoutest and wisest Commanders? This *Creature* is as tractable and prompt to learn any Thing when young, as a Boy at School, which cannot be done without the Use of *Reason*.

To conclude, I have omitted five hundred Arguments, which might be brought to prove the *brute Animals* to have *Souls* as well as we, to have *Faculties* and *Affections* conformable to ours. And therefore it is little less Injustice to kill and eat them, because they cannot speak and converse with us, than it would be for a *Cannibal* to murder and devour thee or me, because we understood not his *Language*, nor he ours.

God, who locketh up the *Winds* during the time the *Halcyon* hatcheth her *Young*, thereby shewing that this *Bird* is his *Favorite*, will assuredly grant us a perpetual *Tranquility*, if we abstain from injuring our *Fellow-Animals*.

Paris, 22d of the 1st Moon,
of the Year, 1694.

LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga, at the
Seraglio.

THOU hast formerly heard me speak of the *Duke of Lorrain*, and his several *Losses* which most *People* thought would have ended with the *Excommunication* pronounc'd against him by the *Roman Musli*, whereof I gave thee *Intelligence*. But *Experience* teaches us, *That Misfortunes seldom set upon any Man singly, but assault him in Troops whom Fate has mark'd out for Ruin*. Yet this *Prince* owes his *Sufferings* chiefly to his own *Inconstancy*, whilst he has all along play'd fast and loose with the *Kings of France and Spain*, taking up *Arms* by successive *Turns* for *one*, and in the same time *underhand* and *practising* with the *other*, always *unfaithful* to both, and only depending on an *independant Interest* of his *own*.

This is his true *Character*. To which we may add, an *ungovernable Disposition*, and insatiable *Thirst* of *Money*, which has prompted him by all the *Methods* of *Rapine* and *Violence*, to heap up an *incredible Treasure* of *Gold* and *Jewels*. So that having procur'd the *Enmity* of

several *Monarchs*, the Jealousy of his late Master the King of Spain, the Ill-will of his own Brothers, (whom they call *Duke Francis*;) and the Curses of all People where-ever his Army has been quarter'd, he is at length seiz'd and imprison'd by *Arch-Duke Leopold*, in the Castle of *Antwerp*; for which joyful News the Inhabitants of the *Spanish Netherlands* every where made Bonfires for Joy. He was confin'd on the 25th of the last *Month*. And soon after his second Wife was taken into Custody, that by her Means they may discover his Papers and Money:—This latter being the chief Thing they aim at, he being reputed prodigiously rich; and the *Spanish* Collectors want a Supply. They conniv'd at his Robberies, whilst there was any Thing left for him to plunder, and that they saw he hoarded up. But now he has done his Work, they punish him for the Crimes which they themselves encourag'd that so they may become Masters of his Wealth. 'Tis said, he brook'd his Restraint very well at first; but a while ago, being deny'd the Liberty of the Castle Walls, he grew raving Mad, flung a *Candlestick* (which was all the Weapons they allow'd him) at the Governor's Head, and broke the Windows of his Lodgings. So that they have been forc'd to confine him to a Hole without any Light, save a little that finds Admittance through an Iron-Gate at the Top of the Room.

His Brother *Francis* of *Lorraine* is to command the Army in his stead; who pretends great Fidelity to the *House of Austria*, yet may in the Issue prove as wavering as his Brother: For the King of *France* has Bait wou'd tempt the *Virtue* of an *Angel*. Yet nothing shall ever corrupt the Integrity of *Mahmut* the *Constantinopolitan*, on whose Forehead Fate has engraven this Motto, *Prepar'd to suffer*.

I bless, serene *Aga*, when I think I am so happy of *Vertues*, that I have nothing else to boast of but my *Loyalty*: Whilst thousands of illustrious *Souls*, crown'd with a Circle of *Merits*, daily ascend to *Paradise*: And tho' they made but an obscure Figure on Earth, even as contemptible as the exil'd *Arabian* in his *Hutch* at *Paris*, yet now take their *Seats* among the hundred and twenty four thousand *Prophets*, *Favourites* of the *Eternal*.

May'tt thou increase that happy Number, but not till thou hast had thy Fill of *Bliss* on Earth; and that all thy *Enjoyments* here seem like the *Perfumes* of *Ointments*, which, tho' they please for a *Time*, yet at length cloy the *Sense*.

Paris, 23d of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

DO not suspect me of *Partiality*, or that I am fond of making *Profelytes*, because I take such Pains to restore thee to *Reason*, and make thee sensible thou art a *Man*. I have no *Design*, or *Self-Interest*, in doing thee this good *Office*; and 'tis remote from my *Honour* to busy myself in gaining *Converts*. Only the *Love* of *Truth* sets my *Pen* at work in this manner; being ever of the *Mind*, That a free *Discussion* in *Matters* either of *Religion* or *Philosophy*, is the only way to get quit of *Errors*. Perhaps my *Case* may be the same as thine; and for ought thou knowest, I seek not more to undeciv. thee, than

to satisfy my self, by thus frankly venting my Thoughts; since nothing is more commonly observ'd, than, that whilst a Man is teaching another, he improves himself. Our Memories are frail and treacherous, and we think many excellent Things, which for want of making a deep Impression, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the straggling *Idea*; and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our *Soul* for a lost Thought, which has left no Track or Footsteps behind it. The swift *Offspring* of the *Mind* is gone; 'tis dead as soon as born; nay, often proves abortive in the Moment it was conceived. The only Way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to fasten them in Words, and chain them in Writing. This is one Cause that I trouble thee with Letters of this nature, that whilst I am instructing thee, I may establish my own Reason, and confirm my self in the Method I have taken, to live according to my *Nature*; that is, by not suffering my *rational Faculties* to fall asleep, whilst my Passions are active and vigorous in working my Ruin: For I reckon no greater Shame or Misfortune can befall a Man, than to be deprived of his Humanity, that is, his Reason.

What I have said concerning the Perfidiousness of our *Memories*, may serve as a proper Introduction to the Objections I shall make against your *Traditionary Laws*.

If one ask you, why these Laws were not written as well as the other; you answer, That GOD took Care in this, lest the Gentiles getting Copies of 'em, should corrupt and pervert their Sense, even as they have done the written Laws. But how then came he to suffer any to be written? Had he not equal Care of one Part, as of the other? Or, could the Gentiles do more Harm, by altering and corrupting

rupting the less substantial *Traditions*, than the very *fundamental Statutes* ! For that these *unwritten Laws* contain'd only *Circumstantial*, your *Doctors* themselves confess. What Man of common Sense then can sit down contented with so trivial an Answer ! Or will you say, that God took more Care to preserve these *Traditions* incorrupt from the *Gentiles*, than to retain them in their Purity among the *Jews* ! For, that committing them to Writing, had been the surest Way to retain them in their *original Purity*, is evident by the Preservation of the *written Law* ; of which there was so great Care taken in transcribing it, that if but a Letter or Point were added, diminish'd, or misplac'd, they took it for a *fatal Omen* of some Calamity, and the faulty *Scribes* were severely punish'd ; nay, the whole *Congregation* were bound to expiate the Offence by *Fasting, Prayers* and *Abs.* So that it was in a manner impossible, that with all this Circumspection, the least Corruption or Alteration should creep into the *written Law*.

I appeal now to thine own Reason, Whether this was not a much securer Way of preserving the *Laws* uncorrupt, than by trusting them to the fickle Memories of Men !

Besides, I would fain know what became of these *Traditions* during the various *Captivities* of the *Jews*, and *Depopulations* of the *Holy Land* ! Who took Care to deliver these *Traditions* unalter'd to *Posterity* when they were without *Priests, Prophets* or *Synagogues* ! When they were dispers'd over the remote *Provinces* of *Media, Persia, Egypt* and *Babylon* ! In those Days your *Fathers* were Slaves to the *Gentile Kings* of *Asia* ; there were then no *Seniors* sitting in the *Sanhedrim*, who might take Care of these Things. Neither do I find, that *Esdra*s the *Scribe* was any ways concern'd

for

for these *Traditions*, when he with his Brethren the *Jews* return'd from their long Captivity in *Persia* and *Babylon*. All his most strenuous Endeavours were employ'd in recovering the lost *Books* of the *Written Law*, without so much as regarding or mentioning the other. From whence I gather, that either these *Traditions* were of no great Importance; or if they were, yet they were wholly, or for the most part chang'd or lost, many hundred of Years before the *Talmud* was first compos'd, which thou say'st, is the *grand Repository* of these *sacred Instructions*. And in saying so, thou contradictest thy own Arguments: For if these *Traditions* were appointed to be transmitted by *Word of Mouth*, from *Father* to *Son*, to all *Generations*, as you suppose, then what need was there of writing them in the *Talmud*, or any other *Book*? And yet the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's* are still of them. Thus thou confoundest thyself, and runnest blindfold round in a Circle of Absurdities.

Rouse up therefore thy Reason, and suffer not thy self to be Hoodwinked by the *Fables* of your *Rabbi's*, those industrious *Midwives* of old *Womens Tales*. Doubtless those *Traditions*, about which you make such a Bussle, are no other than the *Whimfies* of your *Cabalists*, who pretend to spy more *Mysteries* in the Order of two or three *Hebrew Letters* or *Points*, than they are able to unfold in whole *Volumes*. They crack their Brains in conjuring up far fetch'd *Interpretations*, from the particular Fashion and placing of one single Dash of a Pen. They puzzle and amuse their *Disciples*, with teaching them more knotty and romantick *Divinity* out of the *four* and *twenty Letters*, than ever *Pythagoras* did with all his *Mystick Numbers*. The *Alphabet* to them is the *Oracle* of *Theosophy*. They have turned the *Law* into a perfect *Riddle*. Believe

Believe not therefore these *Religious Mountebanks*, these *holy jugglers*, who with their sanctify'd *Legends* would turn you into *Apes*, that they may laugh in secret at your Folly: while they behold, how precisely devout you are in cringing, jumping, dancing, howling, beaying, and all your other antick Postures and Actions in the *Synagogues*; in the Practice of which you have bestow'd so much Care, and are so exact, that you quite neglect the *weighty Points* of the *Law*.

I hope what I have said is sufficient to convince thee, that those *Traditions*, which you are taught to believe, were deliver'd to *Moses* in the *Mount of God*, are no other than the *Impositions* of your *blind Guides*, who are studious of nothing more, than to entangle you in a perpetual *Labyrinth* of *Superstition* and *Error*.

It will not be a greater Difficulty to demonstrate, that the *written Law* itself, tho' *Divine* in its *Original*, is not of *universal Obligation* to all *People*, but only calculated for your particular *Nation*, and such as were willing to enter into your *Interests*, among the *Nations* adjacent to the *Holy Land*.

And because my time hastens me, I will only suggest one Argument for all, and leave it to thy Deliberation; whether it was possible for all Mankind to repair once a Year to *Jerusalem*, to sacrifice in *Solomon's Temple*, as is requir'd in your *Law*? For that it was not lawful to sacrifice any where else, is evident, both from the *Law* itself, which expressly forbids it, and from the *Examples* of your *Fathers* in their several *Captivities*; and from your own *Practice* at this Day, who have made no *Sacrifice* since the Days of *Titus Vespasian*, the *Roman Emperor*, who laid waste your *City*, and burnt your *Temple* to Ashes.

And

And this also may serve to convince thee, that the *Law of Moses* was not of perpetual Obligations, even to the *Jews* themselves; since 'tis evident from Matters of Fact, that for these Sixteen hundred Years, you have not been in a Capacity to keep it: And doubtless, GOD would never require any thing of Men, which he foresaw they would not be able to perform.

Cease then to think so highly of thy *Nation*, as if none but they were the *Elect* of GOD, or capable of his Favours: Cease to insult over the rest of *Mankind*, and to curse thy *Brethren* the *Sons* of one *Father*, even *Nash* the just Man, and *Prophet* of GOD. Behold the *Sun* and *Moon*, with all the *Constellations* in *Heaven*: Their *Influences* are equally dispers'd to all of *human Race*. Behold the *Elements*; they serve all the *Sons* of *Adam* alike; they are not partial to *Mortals*, neither does any *Fashion* byass the *Winds* and *Rain*. These happen all at their appointed *Time* and *Place*. And the *four Seasons* of the *Year* return with even Courses to the *Inhabitants* of the *four quarters* of the *World*. The *Plants* know no difference between the *Circumcis'd* and the *Uncircumcis'd*; but yield their Increase with equal Indifferency to the one and the other: And the *Beasts Animals* equally acknowledge both for their *Lords*. The *Birds* of the *Air* are as soon caught by a *Heathen*, *Christian*, or *Mahometan Fowler*, as by one that is a *Jew*. And the *Fish* of the *Sea* when they swallow the *Hook*, or plunge themselves into the *Net*, regard not the Difference of *Religion* in those that catch them, All Things happen to every Man according to their *Nature* and the *Pleasure* of *Destiny*: Only Man himself transgresses the Condition of his *Being*. But those that obey the *internal Lawgiver*, let them be of what *Nation* or *Religion* soever, doubtless they live happily, and die in *Peace*.

Howtver,

However, lest Men should err for want of Knowledge, a Light is sprung forth in the East, even the Book of *Glory*, which confirms the *Written Law*, and instructs Men in the *Truth*. Doubtless this Book was brought down from *Heaven*; It carries its own Evidence, and a Testimony of its *Divine Original*, in the Majesty of the Style: There is a *Spirit* and *Energy* in every Word, sublimating the *Intellect* of the devout *Reader*, and purifying his Affections: It is written in *Arabick*, in a *Dialect* so pure and perfect, that the most accurate *Criticks* can find no Blentish from the beginning to the End. One Part coheres exactly with the other; 'tis void of Contradiction. All the *Chapters* in this glorious *Volume* are of a piece; which Excellencies could not have thus met together without a Miracle, in a Book divulg'd by a *Man*, who could neither write nor read.

The Success it has had in the *World*, speaks it of *celestial Descent*. The greatest Part of *Asia*, and *Africk*, with many Kingdoms in *Europe*, have obey'd the *Alcoran* for above these thousand Years. Could such a thing come to pass, without the Decree of *Heaven*? When the *Prophet* and *Favourite* of God first receiv'd his *Divine Commission*, he was like a *Pelican* in the *Wilderness*, solitary, and without Companion. Nevertheless, he was not discourag'd, but obey'd the *Orders* of *Heaven*. He saw himself in the midst of *Rocks* and *Sands*, encompass'd on all Sides with terrible *Beasts*: Yet he despair'd not of Assistance from *above*, but comforted himself in the Promise of the *Eternal*. He first preach'd to the savage *Lions* and *Tigers*; who, as if they had heard another *Orpheus*, grew tame and sociable at his powerful Words. These fierce Inhabitants of the Woods came and prostrated themselves before the *Seat* of God; they lick'd his Feet, in token of Submission; they

environ'd

environ'd the Place of his Repose, as his Guards, and brought him Food Morning and Evening. The *Prophet* wonder'd that so great Grace was given to the *Beasts* of the Earth. He prais'd the *Creator* of all things, and his Mouth was full of *Benedictions*. He bless'd the *Day* and the *Night*, and the *Obscurity* that comes between them. He bless'd the *Dews* that fall at the rising of the *adoriferous Star*, and the refreshing Winds that stir the Leaves of the Trees at *Midnight*. And in the *Morning* he pray'd that all Men might become *true Believers*. Doubtless God had granted his *Petition*, had not the *Angel*, who carry'd up his *Prayers* to *Heaven*, met with the *Devil*, who took away the *Gift* of the *Messiah*, who stole from him some of *Mahomet's* Words, that so the *Prayer* ascended imperfect to the *Throne* of the *Merciful*. Nevertheless, a great Part of Men became *Believers*; and more shall be added to the Number.

In a little time the solitary *Prophet* saw himself at the Head of a numerous Army, all *Voluntiers*, who resorted to him in the *Wilderness*, as they were inspir'd from *Above*. The mighty *Men of Arabia* oppos'd the *sacred Hero*: They led the Flower of the *East* against him; but they accelerated their own *Fate*, and incens'd their *angry Stars*. The *Elements* took up Arms against them, and the *Meteors* fought in Defence of the *Messenger* of God. Lightning and Hail, with Stones of Fire, blasted the *Troops* of the *Infidels*: And terrible Storms of Winds buried whole Armies in the Sand. Thus the *Host* of the *Mussulmans* became victorious without drawing a Sword, and the *Empires* of the *Wicked* fell to the Possession of *true Believers*. *Persia*, *Babylon* and *Egypt*, were subdued and embrac'd the *undefiled Truth*. The *Messiah* was receiv'd from *India* to the *Mauritanian* Shore: From the rising of the *Sun*, to the going

down thereof, this *holy Profession* is made with one Consent, *There is but one God, and Mahomet his Prophet.*

Now *Nathan* consider, whether ever the *Law of Moses* had such Footing in the *World*, or the *Children of Israel* could boast of such *universal Conquests*: Your little *Kingdom* has had its *Period* long ago; and both *that*, and all the *Empires* of *Asia* and *Africa*, are swallow'd up in the *All-conquering Monarchy* of the *Osmanis*. Your *Tabernacle*, *Temple*, *City* and *Sacrifices*, are quite extinct: Your *Nation* scatter'd over the whole *World*, without *Lands* or *Possessions* that they call their own. Neither is there *Prince*, *Priest*, or *Prophet*, to whom you can have *Recourse* for *Delivery* from your *Misfortunes*.

Come out therefore from the *Synagogue*, which lies under the *Scourge* of *Heaven*; shake off the *Malediction*; and, being purified, join thyself to the *true Believers*, who are *blest* in this *World*, and shall be *happy* in *Paradise*. Or at least stand by thyself, and follow thy own *Light*. Adieu.

Paris, 11^d of the 3^d Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VI.

To Dicheu Hufflein, Bassa.

THE Policies of *Cardinal Mazzarini* are no Secrets at the *Imperial City*. Now he is about to play his *Master-piece*. He has all along maintain'd *Penfioners* in the Service of the *French Grandees*.

Grandeets. No Man of *prime Quality* cou'd be sure he entertain'd not at his Table some Creature of this *Minister*. *Déguisés* of all Sorts, both for Body and Mind, were never wanting to Men dextrous at Treachery, and officious to do Mischiefs.

But now he is setting *Spies* of another Character on the *Princes* of the *Blood*, and the *chief Nobility* of *France*. Women are to become his private Agents; *Females* of his own *Blood*, true *Italians*, and brought up under his particular Care and Management: In a Word, his *Sisters* and *Nieces*.

Five of them are newly come to this City, having been conducted hither by the *Cardinal's Secretary*, accompany'd with a considerable Retinue of *Courtiers*, who went to meet them some Leagues from *Paris*. 'Tis said, That one of these Ladies is a great Beauty, and that the young *King* having seen her *Picture*, fell in love with her.

This is certain, the *Prince of Conti* has married one of them; with whom the *Cardinal* has given his Palace, and two hundred thousand Crowns in Dowry.

They talk as if another of them was to be married to the *Duke of Candale*; and a third, to the Son of *General Harcourt*. And, as if *Mazivini* were envious of *Joseph's* Character and Authority in *Pharaoh's Court*, he has sent for his *Father* also, with all his Family, to come and reside in *France*. He is resolv'd to lurch this Kingdom with *Sicilian Blood*, a Race of *Magarins*: Who by *Insinuat*, as well as by *Rules*, first carry on the Design he has laid; and either raise this tottering State to the Height of his *Model*, or absolutely ruin it. For that active Spirit cannot take up with *Mediums*.

'Tis said, That the *Duke of Orleans* resents very ill the *Cardinal's* Ambition, in marrying his *Nieces* into the *Blood Royal*. That *Prince* will not be prevail'd on to come near the *Court*; But rather favours the *Prince of Conde*, and the other *Malecontents*; whence some People are apt to presage another Turn of Affairs before 'tis long; for the Generality of the *French* are inclin'd to the *Prince's* Party.

There is great Caballing all over the *Kingdom*; and the *Cardinal* strives to push his Interest forward by all the Methods of a cunning Statesman. He knows the *Prince of Conde's* Spirit too well to dream of a Reconciliation, and he has a double Interest in the Ruin of that unfortunate *General*; his own Preservation, and the Aggrandizing his *Niece*, the *Princess of Conti*; who by the Fall of her *Brother-in-Law*, will be *Mistress* of his *Estate*.

He is endeavouring also to make an *Alliance* with the *Cardinal de Retz*, his profess'd Enemy, and one rais'd by the *Pope* to that *Dignity*, on purpose to counter-balance *Mazarini's* Power at this *Court*; where he is suspected to animate the *King* against the *Court of Rome*.

That *Cardinal de Retz* is now a Prisoner of *State*, and has been so a long time; being first confin'd by *Mazarini's* Orders. But the wise *Minister* now thinks it safer to compound with a Man, whom he cannot longer persecute, without drawing on himself the Revenge of all the *Ecclesiasticks*, and especially the *Thunder* of the *Roman Court*.

Therefore, to reconcile Matters, and fortify himself, he has propos'd a *Match* between his *Nephew*, and *de Retz's* *Niece*. The *Court* is wholly taken up with making *Friendships* of this Nature; which is an evident Sign they feel their Power

Power at an Ebb, and fear it will be much lower, if the *Prince of Conde* should once take the Field in *France*.

'Tis nothing to the *Mussulman* Interest, which Side gets the Advantage, for they are all equal Enemies to the *Sent* of God.

If I can by any successful Artifice promote the Divisions of these *Infidels*, I shall not deserve the *joining Part*. However, I will still pray, That those Swords may be turn'd again'st each other; which united, would hazard the State of the *true Faithful*.

Illustrious Friend, let thy Presence in the *Dicam* be as a strong *Bastion*, under the *Covert* of which *Mahmut* may be shelter'd from the *Artillery* of evil *Tongues* and *Sycophants*.

Paris, 14th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1694.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art not ignorant that when I first heard of the cruel *Sentence* executed on our late Friend *Egri Haiman*, (on whom be the *Mercies* of the *Creator*) I wrote to his *Successor Ismael Mounta Faraca*, a Letter of *Condolance*; wherein, to keep a *Medium* between the *Tenderness* I ow'd to the *Loss* which my Friend had sustained of his *Eyes*, and the *Desire* I had of a *Stranger*, I fill'd up my Letter to *Ismael* with *consolatory Expressions*; such as I would have us'd to *Egri* himself, had I been in his *Company*: Believing that

that *Ismael* would read my Letter to his *blind Predecessor*.

I paid the *Stolick*, and encouraged the *Doctrine of Apathy*; or, at least, I abounded in *Philosophical Counsels*, almost as impracticable as the other: Nothing but severe *Morality* drop'd from my Pen. And all this, to cover my real Concern and Passion for *Egri's* Sufferings; who, thou knowest, was beloved by more than thee and me. I told thee in a former Letter, That I did not dare to trust my Sentiments, though disguis'd, to a Man, who on the Score of his new *Preferment*, might become more quick-sighted than before, and would soon penetrate the thin Veil of Words, and spy something in that *Dispatch*, to my Disadvantage, should I have ventur'd to descant on the *Sultan's* Severity, or *Egri's* Merits.

Therefore I thought it best to pretend an Indifference, to which I am as much a Stranger as any Man, in Cases that too nearly touch our Sense. 'Tis easy to give Council to another, which in the same Circumstances we are far from practising our selves. Then we can be full of Wisdom, and grave *Morals*; but when it once comes home, all our *Philosophy* vanishes; there remains nothing to be seen, but a mere *sensitive Animal*, without Virtue or Justice.

My own Experience, but two Days ago, forces this Confession from me, when by an unlucky Blow, I lost the Sight of both my Eyes, for the space of eight and forty Hours. 'Tis true, I should not have used them much during a Third Part of that Time, had they not been hurt; unless thou wilt say, they are servicable in our *Dreams*, and help our Souls to spy the dark *Gleams* of the Night. However, I remember 'twas no small Grief, even in that Absence of the Sun, to be only sensible of the Privation of my
Ears:

Ears: For whilst the Windows of my *Soul* were shut, 'twas in vain for those of my Chamber to be open; which before this Misfortune would, by letting in the Light of the *Moon* or *Stars*, have convinc'd me, That it was Night, without being beholden to the Clocks and Bells of the *Convents* for my Intelligence, as I was under this Affliction.

Then it was, that in my Heart I unsaid all that I had written to the *Eunuch* on the Subject of *Blindness*, and curst the *Philosopher* for a Fool or a Madman, who put out his own Eyes for the sake of his Thoughts. I envied those more happy Fools, who are without Thoughts, but enjoy their Sight, which helps to form and regulate the Conceits of the most wise and thinking Men.

Nay, such was my Passion and Melancholy, during this short Eclipse of my Eyes, that I prefer'd to mine even the Life of these dumb *Animals*, whom Men have learn'd to call *irrational*, because they express their *Sentiments* by *inarticulate Sounds*, a *Dialect* which we don't understand. And I could almost have wish'd my self *metamorphos'd*, though it were into a *Dog*, provided I might have but that Sense, the want of which renders our Humanity imperfect, and a Burthen to it self. Or, if thou wilt blame me for such a Wish, I cannot forbear thinking that *Dog* happier than his *Master*, whom I have seen leading a blind Man in a String along the Streets of *Paris*. How prudently did that faithful *Creature* act the *Guide*, in crossing the Way, if any Danger threaten'd his Charge, as a Cart, Coach, or Throng of People? And all this Conduct was owing to his Eyes, which made him wiser than his *Master*, who, had he enjoy'd this Sense, might not, for ought I know, have surpass'd his kind *Brute* in the Exercise of *Reason*.

And now I am fallen on this Subject of the *Wisdom of Brutes*, I must not forget a Story which I have read in *Plutarch*, as also in a certain *French Author*, of a *Dog* in the *Court* of the *Roman Emperor Vespasian* which would act to the Life all the Agonies and Symptoms of Death at the Command of a *Mountebank*, who had taught him many such comical Tricks to divert the *Grandees* of *Rome*.

The same *Frenchman* mentions certain *Oxen*, which it seems had learned *Arithmetick*: For being employed in turning the Wheel of a Well an hundred times every Day, when they had finish'd that Task would not stir a Step more; but having resolv'd that Number in their Minds, desisted of their own accord; nor could any Violence compel 'em to farther Labour. Who will deny now that these *Oxen* were *Mathematicians*? or, that that *Ship Dog* had any need to study *Euclid's Elements*; who, having a great desire to taste of some Oil that he saw in a deep earthen Vessel, and not being able to put his Head in far enough, by reason of the long strait Nock of the Pot, after some study ran to the *Hold* of the Ship, which was ballasted with Gravel-stones; from thence he brought in his Mouth, at several times, as many of those little Stones, as half filling the Pot, forced the Oil up to the Mouth, so that he could lap his Belly full? Of this *Plutarch* says, he was an *Eye-Witness*. Was not this, thinkest thou, an *Archimedes* among the *Dogs*? Are not the *Goats* of *Candy* absolute *Physicians*, when, being wounded, they never cease ranging the Plants of that fertile *Island*, 'till they have found the Herb *Dittany*, with which they restore themselves to Health?

Should the *French* read these Lines, and the others I have writ on this Subject to *Cars Hali*;

The great *Mahummed* of the *Desart*, they would censure me as a *Heretick*, a *Fool*, or a *Madman*: Or, at least, they would conclude, I am too importunate an *Advocate* for the *Beasts*. They would call me *Brute* myself, and fix my *Pedigree* among some of the *dumb Generations*.

But thou who hast been educated in the severer *Principles* of the *East*, and hast had the Honour to pour out *Water* on the *Hands* of the abstemious *Eremit*, wilt have another Opinion of what I say, in Defence of our *Kindred Animals*.

He that has given *Wisdom* and *Language* to the *Pismires*, and instructed them to converse together by *mute Signs*, so that when the Signal was given, the Alarm was taken throughout their humble *Territories*, and they all fled away with their *Bag* and *Baggage* when the Army of *Solomon* approached: Inspite us with *Grace* to understand the *Language* of the *Beasts*, or at least, not think our selves wiser than them who understand ours.

Paris, 14th of the 5th Month,
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Afis, Bassa.

THIS Court is wholly taken up at present with the Preparations that are making to Crown the young King. The Place design'd for that Ceremony, is a City call'd *Rhemes*. 'Tis said the Duke of *Orleans* will not be there, though the King has summon'd all the *Princes* and *Nobility* to attend at his *Inauguration*, according to the ancient Custom:

Custom: But that *Prince* stomachs the great Sway *Cardinal Mazarini* bears at Court. Besides his Daughter, who has no small Power over him, is affected to the Party of *Male-content*s. 'Tis thro' her Persuasions the *Duke* her Father absents himself from the *King* his Nephew. Yet there are those that say, his Mind will change before the Time appointed for the *Coronation*: And that he will rather dissemble his Grudge, that so he may more advantageously ruin the *Cardinal*, who keeps the *King* lock'd in a Circle of Pleasures agreeable to his Youth, that so he may not have Time or Inclination to pry into his Management of Affairs.

The Court is at present at *Fontainebleau*, a House of Pleasure belonging to the *King*. They pass their Time away in Delights, drown'd in Security: Whilst the wakeful *Princes* of the Blood are plotting new Methods to rouse 'em from their *Lethargy*, and teach the young *Monarch*, that the Sound of the *Trumpet* and Beat of the *Drum* will in a short time be more necessary Musick than the soft *Airs* of the *Lute*, and such *Chamber-Melody*.

In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde* being condemn'd, the *Princess*, his Wife, has petition'd the *Parliament* that her *Dowry* may be secur'd to her: But they have refer'd the Matter to the *King*. Her Husband seems to be lost in all Respects, save those of the Peoples Affections, who favour any that are Enemies to *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Monsieur Bruffel, one of the *Counsellors* of *Parliament*, whose Imprisonment I formerly mention'd to be the Cause of the *first Sedition* at *Paris*, is newly dead; yet the Cause, whereof he was a *Partist*, does not with him, but rather takes fresh Vigour from daily Grounds of Discontent.

It was more particularly reviv'd upon the Death of the late *Archbishop* of *Paris*; the *Clergy*

choosing for his *Successor* the *Cardinal de Retz*, a *Prisoner of State*, and under the severe *Displeasure* of the *King*. This *Election* was countermanded by a *Declaration* from the *Council Royal*. Nevertheless the *Ecclesiasticks* persist in their first *Choice*; whilst *Cardinal Mazarini* threatens 'em with the *Punishments* due to those who concern the *King's Authority*. But they slight his *Menaces*, trusting to the *Arms* of the *Prince of Conde*, which they hope will deliver them in time from the *Oppressions* of that great *Minister*.

The Men of *Ability* cabal, whilst the *Vulgar* are easily drawn into *Parties*, as their *Affections* byas 'em. Here is nothing but *Murmuring* and *Whispering* against the *Government*. Every Man endeavours to purchase *Arms*, and lay 'em up privately as against some *publick Invasion*. Nay, the *Citizens* walk not abroad without *Daggers* hid under their *Garments*, as if they either intended a *Massacre*, or were afraid of one. All *Things* seem to portend some sudden *Eruption* of *popular Fury*; and the *Wiseſt* know not what will be the *Issue* of so many threatening *Occurrences*.

Only *Mahmut* (surrounded with *Infidels*) is resign'd to *Destiny*; knowing that no *human Counſel* can hasten or retard the *Decrees* sign'd above.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IX.

To Murat, Bassa.

IT seems the *Devils* have been lately let loose in these *Western* Parts, if we may give Credit to the Deposition of such as have accus'd certain suppos'd *Witches*.

In *Bretagne*, a *Province* of this *Kingdom*, above forty old Women have been seiz'd and imprison'd, for holding Correspondence with *infernal Powers*, and above half of them condemn'd to Death: God knows with what Justice.

Some of them are accus'd of enchanting the Persons of their Neighbours; others for bewitching their Cattle; and a third Sort for dissolving the mischievous *Charms* of the first and second: All of them for assembling in the Night-time, and using certain *diabolical Ceremonies*, which they say, begin and end in kissing the *Pasteries* of a *Goat*, or the *Devil* in that Form.

I know not how far these poor superannuated Figures of Mortality may be wrong'd. 'Tis a Question whether their Judges are always in the Right. A shrivell'd meagre Face, a hollow Eye, join'd with irrecoverable Poverty, are many times the chief Grounds of Suspicion, which, improv'd by Superstition, Mistakes and Malice, have often prevail'd on those who ought to administer Justice, to condemn poor Wretches more innocent than themselves, as guilty of *Witchcraft*.

Yet it cannot be deny'd but that there have been both Men and Women vers'd in *magical Arts*, as they are commonly called, which I take to be only the more *mysterious Science* of *Nature*.

Such was *Zoroaster*, the great Grand Child of *Noah*, and King of that Part of *Asia*, which was then call'd *Bactria*. Such was *Apollonius Tyaneus*, *Philistides Syracusanus*, with many others of ancient Date: These understood the hidden Force of the Elements, the Influence of the Stars, the specific Operation of Metals, Minerals, and other subterranean Bodies, with the Virtues of all Vegetables. They knew exactly how to frame *Astral Images* and *Talismans*, by Help of which they were able to effect Wonders. And all this perhaps without once dreaming of infernal Spirits, or having the least Society with *Devils*.

Yet I believe *Lucian*, an ancient *Writer*, who never spoke seriously of any Thing, scarce believ'd himself, when he related the Story of *Panocrates*, a famous *Magician* of *Egypt*, who by these *Talismans* was able to transform *inanimate* Things into the Appearance at least of *living* Creatures. Thus he would turn a Stick or Piece of Wood into a seeming Man, who should walk, discourse, and perform all the Actions of a *rational Being*.

A certain Stranger travelling with him once to *Memphis*, and lying with him in the same *Cavansera*, as soon as they were alighted from their Camels, *Panocrates* took a *Plank* of *Oak*, and having touch'd it with his *Talisman*, and pronounc'd two or three Syllables, incontinently the Stick mov'd, stood upright, walk'd, and taking the Camels by the Bridle, led them to the Stables: After which this *wooden Man* came in and prepared their *Pillow*, went on whatsoever Errands *Panocrates* sent him; and when they departed, the *Magician* using a certain private Ceremony, this officious Servant return'd to a *Plank* again. This was his Practice all along the Road.

One Day his Fellow Traveller being resolv'd to try the Experiment, took Advantage of the
Magician's

Magician's Absence, who was gone to the *Temple*, and left his *Talisman* behind him. The curious Traveller having been often an Eye-Witness of this Trick, takes a Piece of *Wood* and touches it with *Panocrates's Talisman*, repeating the Syllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the *inanimate Timber* became a *Man*, asking his Pleasure. The Traveller, astonish'd at the Event, commanded his new Servant to bring him a Bucket of Water. The enchanted Spark obeys. The Traveller told him it was enough, and bid him return to a Piece of *Wood* again; but instead of that, he continued drawing of Water, and bringing it in til the Hoop was full. The Traveller fearing the Anger of *Panocrates*, thought to dissolve the *Enchantment*, by cleaving the *Wooden Animal* in two. But this augmented his Trouble; for each Piece taking a Bucket, fell to drawing of Water, so that of one Servant he had made two. This continued till the *Magician* came to his Rescue, who having sternly rebuked the Traveller's Rashness, at a Word turn'd the two busy Drudges to their primitive Laggishness and Inactivity again.

I do not tell this Story as if I would have thee believe it, or that I give Credit to it my self. Let us imitate the *Author* of it, who laughs at all that delight in such *Fables*. But the *Christians*, who believe a Piece of *Bread* is transform'd to *Flesh* and *Blood*, and becomes an *immortal God* at the pronouncing of four Words by the *Priest*, may be excus'd, if they put Confidence in the *Figments* of *Poets* and *Orators*.

I have in my Custody the *Journal* of *Carion*, who formerly resided at *Vienna*, a private *Agent* for the *Ever Happy Post*. Some of his Letters speak of the Superstition and Credulity of the *Germans* in this kind. Yet in a Letter to the

Musti, he acknowledges himself overcome by the unquestionable Testimonies of such as had been Eye-Witnesses of the *Life and Death* of one *Fan-fus*, a *German Magician*, who play'd a thousand *infernal Pranks*, (as he calls them) even before the *Emperor* himself.

He tells also of another *Magician*, call'd *Zyto*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Emperor Charles IV.* And when the *Emperor's Son*, to whom *Zyto* belong'd, was to marry the *Duke of Bavaria's Daughter*, the *Duke* to oblige his Son-in-law, who was much taken with *Magical Tricks*, as were all the *Germans*, sent for a great many famous *Sorcerers* to the Wedding. Among the rest, while one was performing a rare *Exploit*, on a sudden *Zyto the Prince's Conjuror* came up to him with a Mouth seeming as wide as that of an old *Crocodile*, and swallows him up at a Mouthful. When he thus had done, he retires and voids him again in a Bath, and brings him thus drench'd into the Company, challenging any of the other *Magicians*, to do a Feat like that, but they were all silent.

I hear of no such Tricks done by those *French Witches*, who cause so much Discourse at present. The worst they are accus'd of, is bewitching their Neighbours Hogs to Madness, which thou knowest may be only a natural Malady.

I pray *Heaven* defend us from the *Enchantments* of a deluded *Fancy*, that *Domestick Incubus* of every Mortal, and we need fear neither *Witch* nor *Wizard*.

Paris, 20th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER X.

To Cornezan Mustapha, Bassa.

THE Fame of *Christina*, Queen of Sweden, has no doubt reach'd thy Ears: I have made mention of her in several of my Letters. That *Royal Virgin* is now about to surrender her Crown to her Cousin, whom they call *Charles Prince Palatine*. This is a voluntary Resignation. And her Motive is said to be a strong *Inclination to Solitude* and a *private Life*, being esteem'd the most accomplish'd and learn'd *Princess* of this Age. But those who pretend to know more than others, say, that the true Ground of her abandoning the *Kingdom*, is a Resolution she has taken to change her *Religion*, and embrace the *Faith* of the *Roman Musli*, which is forbiden by the *Laws* of Sweden.

Thou wilt smile at the Proposals which this *Queen* sent to her design'd *Successor*; and his Answer to them.

In the first Place, "She will keep the greatest Part of the Kingdom and Revenues in her own Hands, Secondly, "She will be no *Subjett*, but altogether *Independens* and *Free*.

Thirdly, "She will have *Liberty* to travel into *Foreign Countries*, or into any Part of that *Dominion*.

Lastly, "She will not have the *Offices* of *Trust*, or any other *Gifts* that she shall have dispos'd of to her *Favourites*, revok'd by her *Successor*.

To these *Articles* *Prince Charles* answer'd.

First, "That he will not be a mere *titular King*, without *Dominions*, nor without such a *Revenue* as is necessary to defray the *Royal Expences*, both in *Peace* and *War*.

Secondly, " That he will suffer no *Competitor*,
 " *Equal*, or *Sovereign* in his Kingdom.

Thirdly, " That he will not run the Hazard of
 " her *Intrigues* in *Foreign Courts*.

Lastly, " That if he be *King*, he will dispose of
 " *Preferments* as he thinks fit. And in fine, That
 " he will not be the *Shadow* of a *King*, without
 " the *substantial Prerogatives* of *Sovereignty*.

'Tis added, That when the *Queen* heard his Re-
 ply, she said aloud, " I propos'd those *Articles* on-
 " ly to try his Spirit. Now I esteem him worthy
 " to Reign, who so well understands the incommu-
 " nicable *Rights* of a *Monarch*.

This Intelligence comes by a Secretary to the
Spanish Ambassador, who is newly come out of
Sweden to negotiate at this Court a Ten Years
Truce between *France* and *Spain*.

Here is likewise an *Ambassador* from *Portugal*
 who acquaints the Court, that the *Portuguese*
 have expell'd the *Hollanders* out of the *Places* they
 held in the *East-Indies*. But if our Merchants bring
 true Intelligence, the *Tartars* will extirminate all
 the *Franks* that are in *China*.

In the mean Time, the young *King of France*,
 passes away his Hours in Dancing, seeing of Plays,
 and other Recreations, provided with vast Ex-
 pence by *Cardinal Mazarini*, to divert him from
 meddling with *publick Affairs*, and from thinking
 too seriously on the *Sentence* he has pronounced in
Parliament against the *Prince of Condé*.

One knows not well how to blame the *Prince*
 of *Condé's* Proceedings, nor yet to accuse the
King of Injustice. Neither is it proper for a *Mus-*
fulman Slave to decide the Controversy: Our
Principles and *Laws* are different from theirs:
 And he that is esteem'd a *Patriot* here in the *West*,
 would be condemn'd for a *Rebel* without Hesi-
 tation in any Part of the *East*, where but one

God

God in Heaven, and one Sovereign on Earth, is acknowledg'd by the Subjects of every Kingdom and Empire.

But in *France*, the Princes of the Royal Blood are invested with such a Power, as renders it difficult for those under their Command to distinguish 'em from *supreme Monarchs*. Yet not one of 'em possesses a Government equal to that of the *Bassa of Egypt*; or superior to his of *Aleppo*.

I have spoken of these Princes formerly in some of my Letters to the happy Ministers of his who when he pleases can make the greatest Sovereigns the Squires of his Stirrup.

And therefore 'twill be needless to say any more on that Subject, but only acquaint thee, that the *French Court*, tho' they cannot relent of the Rigour they have used towards the Prince of *Conde*, yet seem willing to compound the Business with his Son, the young Duke of *Enghien*, and by a subtle Artifice, to strike two Stocks for the State at one. A great Duke of this Realm has been lately despatch'd to the Duke of *Orleans*, to propose a Match between his Daughter and *Conde's* Heir. Whereby the Estate of the Prince of *Conde* will fall to the Duke of *Orleans's* Possession, during the Minority of the young Couple. This is a Wheedle to reconcile the King's Uncle to the Court, who has been a long time estrang'd. But 'tis thought his Displeasure is of too deep a Dye to be wash'd off with Court Holy-Water.

I have no more News to tell thee, save the Death of a certain Prince, whom they call the Duke of *Elbeuf*. And it is of no Import to the *Dean*, whether a hundred of these Infidel Princes die every Day or no, so long as the Grand Seignior lives, and is ever supply'd with faithful Ministers.

For his Health I pray, before the Sun peeps o'er the *Tops of the Eastern Mountains*, and after he hides himself in the *Valleys of the West*. Neither do I rise from my Knees at the *five appointed Hours*, without an *Oraisen for Chernesan*, and the other *Bassa's of the Port*.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XI.

To Sale Tircheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

THOU that hast the Charge of the *Ammunition* design'd for the *Conquest of the World*, are fittest to receive the News of a terrible Blow lately given to a City of the *Infidels in Flanders*.

This Place is call'd *Gravelines*, wht'ereof I have made mention in some of my former Letters. On the 29th of the last Moon, the Powder of the *Magazine* there took Fire, whether by Accident or Design, is not certainly known; but the Damage it has done is very great. It is reported, that a third Part of the City is blown up, and the chief *Fortifications* about it, with the *Outworks* of the *Citadel*. Three thousand Mortals had their Breath exhausted by the violent Convulsion of the Air, and were sent into another World, well season'd with *salt-Petre*: Besides a vast Multitude of all Sorts, that were bury'd in the Ruins of the *Houses*.

Some

Some say, A certain Person coming to buy some Powder of the *Steward* of the *Magazine*, as they were knocking out the Head of a Powder Barrel, the Hammer struck Fire. Others report, that this Person who pretended to buy Powder, was a *Spy*, or *private Agent* of *Cardinal Mazarini* in those Parts: And that by his Master's Order, he had prepar'd a certain *artificial Fire*, enclos'd in a Shell or Box; and that at a certain determin'd Period of Time, it would cause the Box to fly in Pieces, and scatter Flames almost as subtil and penetrating as those of *Lightning*.

Having therefore this little Instrument of Mischief ready, and being instructed in all Things, he with the *Steward* enter'd the Vaults where the Powder lay, under Pretence of buying some for the *Governour* of *Brussels*. And when they had open'd one of the Barrels, he thrust his Hand among the Powder, as though he would take up some to look upon; at the same time dextrously conveying his little Shell or Box into the Barrel, knowing that in an Hour's Time it would work its Effect. In the mean while seeming to dislike that Barrel, they open'd another; which he bought, and so departed. Within an Hour afterwards, all the Countries round about were astonish'd at the dreadful Blow, which made the Earth to tremble. They say it was heard beyond the Sea into *England*.

Thus the Contrivance of this *Tragedy* is fallen'd on *Mazarini*; and such is the Hatred the People bear to this Minister, that if an Earthquake should happen in these Parts, I believe they would accuse him as the Author of it.

But it seems as if all the *Elements* were at *War* against the *Netherland* Provinces. I have already acquainted the Ministers of the *Ever-happy Port* what Distresses beset these People by Storms at
Sea,

Sea, and Inundations on Land. After which the *Element of Fire* took its turn to chastise them. For in the first *Moon* of this Year, a certain *Wind-mil* in the *Low Countries*, whirling round with extraordinary Violence, by Reason of a furious Storm; the *Scope* at length by its rapid Motion became so intensely hot, as to fire the Mill; from whence the *Flames* being dispersed by the *High Winds* to the *Neighbouring Houses*, set a whole *Town* on Fire.

And now the *Wrath of Heaven* has been kindled again to destroy these *Infidels*: Yet those that survive will not be converted. Perhaps they will be run'd *Piece-Meat*, even to a *final Extermination*, like the *People of Aad and Thamed*, of whom at this Day there remain no *Foot-Steps*.

I pray *God* guard the *Imperial City and Arsenal* from all *Casualties of Fire*, from *Inundations of Water*, and from *Earthquakes*: And thy own watchful *Care and Prudence* will defend the *Magazines* in thy *Custody*, from the sly Attempts of *Traitors and Villains*.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, an Eunuch, in the
Seraglio.

I Acquainted thee formerly with the first *Necessity* I had to drink *Wine*; that I might the better conceal my being a *Musliman* when I was made a *Prisoner* by *Cardinal Mazarini's Order*.

der. I tell thee now, this Liqueur is grown habitual to me, it being the *natural Beverage* of the *Country* where I am. But the *French* temper it with Water, the better to allay their Thirst, and prevent *Fevers*: Which Custom agrees not with the Stomach of a *Mahometan*, who when he drinks either Water or Wine, loves to have them pure without Mixture. I use it moderately for my Health, and to create an Appetite. But this Evening I drank a Glass of Wine, which is like to make me abhor it for ever. In all Probability I shall turn as strict and precise as a *Hedgia*. For, in the midst of my Draught, I had almost swallowed a great *Spider*, which lay drowned in the Wine. The little *Beast* had pass'd my Lips; but I soon clear'd my Mouth of so ungrateful a *Morsel*. I wish I could as easily discharge my *Imagination* of the hated *Ideas* it has imbibed with this *fatal Potion*. Not that I think I am poisoned, or have received any real Damage from the *Spider*: The worst *Venome* lies in my own *Fancy*. It will be impossible for all the Water in *France* to wash away the *Prejudices* I have conceived against this little *Insect*. I have a perfect *Antipathy* against it. The Sight of a *Spider* would always make me sweat and tremble. Now, if ever I should taste of Wine again, I should imagine every Mouthful I swallow'd had a *Spider* in it. My *Reason* tells me, there was no Danger if I had one in my Stomach; having seen a *Physician*, without the use of any *Antidote*, swallow two or three large *Spiders* in a Glass of Wine: And this was his ordinary *Produce* every Morning. And most of that Profession maintain, that *Spiders* so drunk, can do no Harm; yet my *Antipathy* overcomes my *Reason* in this Point. And if *Galen* or *Hippocrates* were alive, they would not be able with all
their

their learned *Demonstrations*, to reconcile me to a *Creature*, for which I have an invincible *Aversion* and *Abhorrence*. I had rather encounter with a *Lion* or *Tiger* in the *Deserts* of *Arabia*, provided I had but a *Sword* in my *Hand*, than to have a *Spider* crawling about me in the *Dark*. And therefore I have often envied the *Happiness* of the *Irish* Men; for in that *Island*, they say, No *venomous Creature* will live. The same is reported of the *Ile* of *Malta*; which wonderful *Privilege* both these *Islands* ascribe to the *Prayers* of certain *Saints*.

There is no *Reason* to be given for these secret *Antipathies*, which are discover'd in many Men. Some will sweat and faint away, if there be a *Cat* in the *Room* where they are, though they know nothing of it, any otherwise than by the secret *Intimations* of this unaccountable *Sense*, which *Nature* has added to the other *five*. I have seen a *Gentleman* drop down in a *Swoon*, as soon as he enter'd a *Chamber* where there was a *Squirrel* kept in a *Cage*. And those that knew him said, It was his constant *Infirmity*.

If there be any *Truth* in the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Transmigration*, I should think the best *Reasons* for these private *Antipathies* might be drawn from some former *State* of the *Soul*. And according to that *Supposition* I should conclude, that I had been a *Fly* before I came into this *Body*; and having been frequently persecuted by *Spiders* in that *State*, do still retain the *Dread* of my old *Enemy*, which all the *Circumstances* of my present *Metamorphosis* are not able to efface. But if this be so, I wonder I should have no distinct *Remembrance* of my former little volatile *Life*; since *Pythagoras* the great *Patron* of the *Metempsychosis* declares, that he could remember several *Changes* he had undergone. And particular-

ly recounts, how he led a merrier Life when he was a *Frog*, than since he became a *Philosopher*.

It affords me Matter of Thought, and is no small Diversion to behold the Contrariety that is in Men's Diet. One Man never tastes of *Fish* all his Days, another abhors *Flesh*; this faints if his *Bread* be cut with a Knife that has touched *Cheese*, that swoons at the smell of *Mutton*. Men have as different Appetites, 'as they have Facts. Some are squeamish, and almost nauseate every Thing that others eat freely of: Again, there are others to whom nothing comes amiss. For my part, I have many Aversions in Point of Diet; And, above all things, I can never be reconciled to the eating of *Insects*, *Serpents*, and other *Reptile Creatures*; yet here are Men in this *Kingdom*, who live upon *Frogs*, *Vipers*, *Grasshoppers*, and such kind of loathsome *Animals*. And I have read of a *People* in the *Southern Parts* of *Africa*, who had no other Diet but salted *Locusts*, which they catch in the Spring; when certain *Winds* bring innumerable Swarms of them over the Land, so that all the *Country* is covered. These *People* are very lean, active, and black. They run swift as *Stags*, and will climb Trees, and jump from one Bough and Tree to another as nimble as *Apes* and *Squirrels*. But they are short liv'd, never exceeding forty Years of Age. For about that Time, they feel a violent Itching all over their Bodies; which tempting them to scratch themselves they never cease 'till they make Holes in their Flesh, where certain winged *Insects* breed: Which multiply so fast, that in a little time they devour the poor Wretches. This is thought to be the Result of their ill Diet.

Let not what I have said create any Squeamishness in thee, but eat thy *Pilaw* with a good Stomach:

Stomach: For that Food has the *Benediction* of God and his *Prophet*.

Paris, 23^d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE King of France has been solemnly *crown-*
ed at Rheims; where were present his *Mo-*
ther and *Brother*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, with divers
Princes and *Nobles*, and *Foreign Ministers*. But
nothing could persuade the King's Uncle, the *Duke*
of *Orleans*, to grace this *Ceremony* with his *Pre-*
sence. He has declared he will never come to the
Court so long as *Cardinal Mazarini* is there.

Marshal Turenne has receiv'd private Orders to
repair speedily to his Army in *Flanders*. What the
Design is we are not certain. Some say, He is
gone to surprize *Gravelines*, a City in *Flanders*,
which was lately so ruin'd by the *Blowing up* of
the *Magazine*, that it is not in a Condition to re-
sist the *French*, should they assault it.

Others say, the King has commanded his *Gene-*
ral to lay *Siege* to *Stenay*, a City belonging to the
Prince of Conde, a Place of great Strength, and
exquisitely fortify'd.

'Tis reported, that *Cardinal Mazarini* holds a
Correspondence with the *Governor* of this *strong*
Held; And that on this Ground it was he promis'd
the King, on the Honour of his *People*, that if he
would suffer his Army to lie down before it, it
should by such a Day be delivered into his Hands.

The

The Duke of Lorrain, of whose Imprisonment at *Antwerp* I inform'd *Mustapha Berber Aga*, is now remov'd from thence and sent to *Spain*; from whence 'tis believ'd he will never come back.

From the North the Post brings News of the Resignation which *Christina, Queen of Sweden*, has made of her Crown, to her Cousin, *Prince Charles*. They add, That she caus'd a Crown to be made with this Inscription, FROM GOD AND CHRISTINA; and that she plac'd this Crown on the Prince's Head with her own Hands, having before absolv'd all her Subjects from their Oaths of Fidelity to her.

The same Post also tells us, of a mighty Army of *Muscovites* which are enter'd into *Poland*, destroying and laying desolate wherever they come. The pretended Cause of this Invasion is said to be a Disgrace the *Czar* has taken at a certain *Historian* and *Poet* of *Poland*; who, in reciting the Wars between those Nations, had made a Mistake in the Genealogy of the *Muscovite Emperors*, naming the Father for the Son. The *Czar* being inform'd of this, demanded the Head of the *Writer* as an Atonement; which being deny'd he rush'd into the Territories of *Poland*, to revenge himself by Fire and Sword.

These are the Actions of such as pretend to follow the Example of *Jesus, the Messiah*; who commanded Men to forgive Injuries, even as did our *Holy Prophet*; yet they scruple not to accuse us of what they themselves are only guilty. Thus, whilst they are *Christians in Name*, we shew by our Practice that we are true Disciples of the venerable *Jesus*.

Doubtless all Men are just or wicked by Nature. Every Man's Fate is engraven on his Forehead. And neither the Precepts nor Examples of *Jesus*, or *Mahomet*, can alter the Inclination of those

those, whose *Stars* have sign'd 'em in their *Nativity* with the *indelible* Characters of *Vice*.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIV.

To Dgnct Oglou.

Hitherto I have been in a *Wilderness*, or at least I'll suppose it, wandering up and down, lost and confounded in the dark, without Sun, Star, Land-mark, or any faithful *Guide* to direct me. What shall I do in this Case? I am tired with perpetual *Rambling*; and rest dare I not; neither can I, such is my *Uneasiness*, even in the only Circumstance which gives to other Men *Repose*.

Thus I discourse with myself when I am alone, and consider my present State as a *Mortal*. The *Miseries* of this Life are the *Themes* of my first *Contemplation*; and 'tis but Reason it should be so, because we feel 'em every Moment. They touch our *Sense* nearly, and afflict us with sharp *Pains*. Yet they are but like the *Sting* of a *Wasp*, violent for a Time, but last not long.

This Thought carries me farther, and puts me upon an endless *Meditation*, what will befall me after I am dead. When I have contemplated all that I can, run over a thousand *Paths* of *Fancy*, and track'd all the *Footsteps* of the *Wise*, or of such as were esteem'd so; still I find my self in a *Desart*, more entangled than a *Traveller* lost in

the *Forest of Hyrcania*, which extends from the most Northern Part of *Muscovy*, to some Provinces in the *German Empire*; and 'tis reputed five hundred Leagues in length.

In this bewilderd Condition I met with many pretended Guides; one telling me *this* is the Way, another *that*. But because they do not agree in their Advice, I know not which to trust; and am inclin'd to suspect some for Cheats, and the rest for Fools; as much at a Loss, if not more, than myself.

Permit me to discourse with Freedom, my dear *Dignet*, and let us unmask like Friends. What signifies all that the *Imams* and *Mollahs* can say of *Paradise* and *Hell*, since none of 'em have been there to make an Experiment? Why should we suffer ourselves to be amus'd with Notions of Things, which for ought we know have no other Existence, but in the *Harangues* of the *Preachers*, and the *Fancies* of the *Credulous*.

Think not that I am going to persuade thee to the *Heresy* of the *Muselin*, who deny the Being of a God. I tell thee, I am no *Atheist*. From every thing I behold, my Thought soon flies up to a first Cause; and there 'tis dash'd into a thousand *Queries*. This I lay as a solid Foundation, *All Things were not always in the same State as they are now*, (my Experience demonstrates to the contrary.) But how much longer they have been otherwise, than my own Remembrance, I cannot be assured, but by the Confidence which I repose in People that are older than my self, and the Faith I give to Books. Both which agree in this, That they are guilty of Contradictions without Number.

Those that were born before me, and liv'd in the Days of *Sultan Mahomet III.* tell me many Passages of his *Reign*, quite different from the Relations

tions of others, who also liv'd in those Times, and remark'd the Transactions of their Age.

I like the Disagreement I find among *Authors*, who have committed to Writing the *Histories* of former Times. 'Tis difficult to encounter with two Men of the same Opinion even as to Matters of Fact. Some take a Pride in disguising the Truth, whilst others have not Skill to take off the Mask. There are a sort of Persons in the World, Men of supine and easy Judgments, credulous, and not daring to call in Question, what has been transmitted to them from the *Authority* of such and such a Writer. They superstitiously revere as an *Oracle*, the *Manuscripts* of a mortal Man like themselves, subject to as many Frailties and Mistakes. And all this, only because they have been taught to do so from their *Infancy*: So forcibly is the Influence of *Education*. Thus the *Hebrews* believe the *Records* of their Nation to be of divine Original, though they want not *verbal* Contradictions, and abound with *logical* and *philosophical* Inconsistencies. But that which is of greatest Moment is, that neither they nor any other Nation, no not even the *Assyrian* or *Egyptian* Records, come near the immense Chronologies of the *Chinese* and *Indians*. So that amidst such Variety of Accounts, a Man knows not where to fix his Belief. But whether the World be only Five or six thousand Years old, or of a more indefinite Antiquity, this is a sure Maxim, *That something is eternal*. Even the *Jews* and *Christians*, who deny the Eternity of Matter, and assert the Creation of the World out of NOTHING, in a determin'd period of Time must of Necessity own, There was an eternal and infinite Emptiness or Vacuity, which is the same as *Moses* calls by the Name of NOTHING: Which will sound as harsh to

Philosophy

Isofopy as the *Eternity* of *Matter* does in their *Divinity*. Nay, if I mistake not, 'tis of a worse *Consequence*, even in the *Doctrines* of *Religion*, to assert an *infinite Privation*, or want of *Existence*, to be *Coeternal* with the *substantial God*, who is *Omnipotent*, *Living* and *Strong*; than to affirm *Matter* itself to be *Coeternal* with him, since *this* is an *actual Substance*, and may with *Reason* be suppos'd, as a *necessary Emanation* of his *Power* and *Goodness*; whereas the *other* is a mere naked *Potentiality*, a *Non-Entity*, as the *Western Philosophers* call it; and therefore cannot be conceived to flow from the *Divine Nature* which is *Essential Life* and *Being*. Yet in these nice and remote *Speculations* I am timorous, and dare not be positive; lest I should prophane the Honour of that *Sovereignly Good*, who is the *Breath* of our *Nostrihs*. To speak the *Truth*, I am wavering in all Things but this. That there is an *eternal Mind*, every where *present*, the *Root* and *Basis* of all Things visible and invisible, whom we call *All* the *Support* of *infinite Ages*, the *Rock* and *Stay* of the *Universe*.

Let thou and I, dear Friend, persevere in adoring that *superlative Essence* of *Essences*, with internal and profound *Devotion*. Let our *Thoughts* be pure, our *Words* few, and those full of innocent and grateful *Flames*. For assuredly, *God* delights not in the *Babbling* of the *Tongue*.

As for the rest, Let us live according to our *Nature* and *Reason*, as we are *Men*. For we may believe, That the *indulgent Father* of all Things will accept us, if we square our *Actions* according to that *Rule*, without aiming at the *Perfection* of *Angels*.

In a Word, Let us love all *human Race*, and shew Justice and Mercy to the *Beastes*. For in so doing, we shall not be unkind to ourselves.

Paris, 13th of the 7th Moon of the Year 1654,
according to the Christian Style.

The End of the Fourth Volume.



