



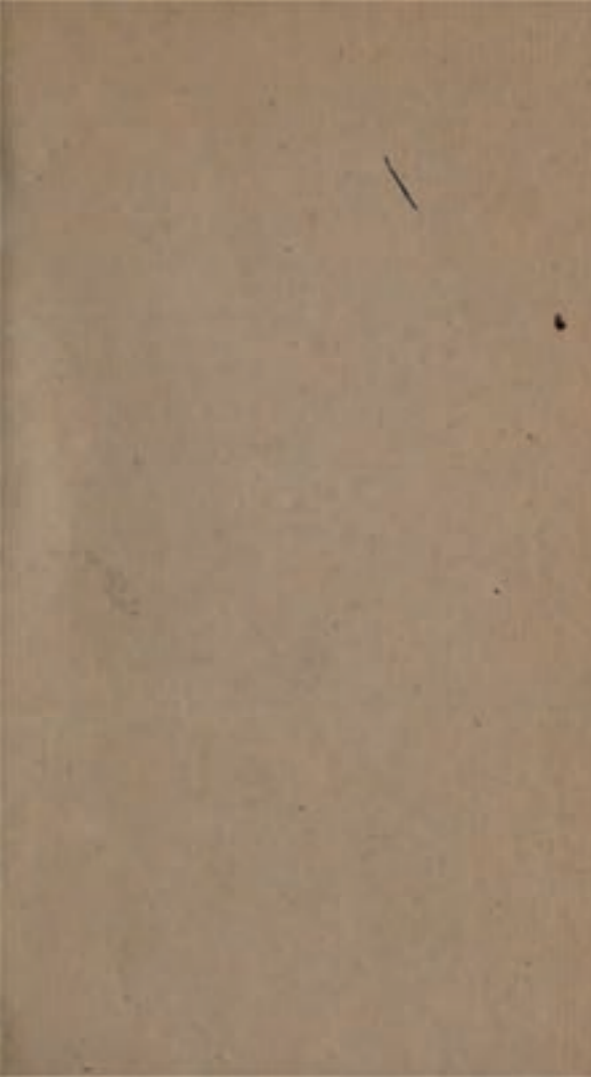
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MARANA. 9

THE 37655

FIFTH VOLUME

Ed. OF *Cyles.*

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

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

PARIS:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the
Divan at *Constantinople* of the most remarkable
Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several
Intrigues and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts*, (espe-
cially of that of *France*) continued from the Year
1637, to the Year 1682.

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

THE TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. Sturaban, W. Mears, S. Ballard, F. Clay,
J. Stag, D. Browne, B. Motte, R. Williamson, J. Clarke,
A. Wilt, J. Bootherton, J. Hazard, W. Meadows,
T. Cox, W. Hinchliffe, W. Buckerton, T. Ashley, S. Anglen,
L. Gilder, and K. Willcock. 1714.

THE
FIFTH VOLUME
OF
THE

LETTERS

OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON

REDACTED
PARIS:

Printed by ...
at the ...
No. ...

...

...



T O T H E

R E A D E R.

PREFACES, methinks, are so much like the *Printed Bills* pasted upon the *Booths* in *Bartbolomew-Fair*, to give an Account of the Entertainment you are to expect within; that were it not in pure Compliance to Custom, one would forswear writing any. But the World is Humorous, and must be serv'd according to its own Fashion. Every Thing's

damn'd that is not *a-la-mode*. And he that publishes a *Book*, without civilly accosting the *Reader* at the Beginning, is thought to intrench upon good Manners.

To prevent all these Inconveniencies, 'tis thought fit once more to say a Word or Two, not in praise of this *Volume of Letters*, (e'en let it take its Fortune as the other *Four* have done) but by Way of *Apology* for some Things which may seem liable to Censure.

Some perhaps will be offended at the Zeal which appears in this *Arabian*, when he writes in Honour of the *Mahometan Faith*. Others will as much wonder at his Looseness and Indifference, his Doubtfulness of all Things: For in some of his *Letters* he appears a great *Sceptick*, and confesses himself so.

These Gentlemen ought to consider, that his Style and Sentiments are suited to the *Quality* of the *Person* to whom he writes. To his intimate

timate Friends he unbofoms him-
 felf with abundance of Franknefs;
 But when he addreffes to the *Mufti*,
 or other *Grandees* of the *Porte*, he
 is Cautious and Referv'd.

It may be fuppos'd that he un-
 derftood himfelf very well, or elfe
 he was not fit for that *Employment*
 in *Paris*. And without doubt,
 having had his Education in the
Seraglio, as he profefles, he was
 no Stranger to the *Punctilio's* of
 Adreff used in the *Turkifh Court*.
 It was his Policy and Intereft to
 appear a very devout *Mabometan*,
 when he wrote to the *Minifters* of
State: And 'tis poffible he was fo
 in reality, or at leaft perfuaded
 himfelf fo at certain Seafons. And
 yet this hinders not, but he might
 at other Times take the Liberty
 to defcant on fome Abfurdities in
 their *Doftrines* and *Practice*, when
 he wrote to his Familiars, and
 was minded to converfe with
 Freedom.

If in some Points he seems to give Credit to the *Arabian Writers*, who have treated of *Egypt* and its *Antiquities*; in others, he shews himself a Man not over-fond of *Fables* and *Romances*.

However, let his *Opinions* be what they will, and his *Sentiments* never so *extravagant* in Matters of *Speculation* and *Controversy*, so long as his *Morals* are sound and good, there's no Occasion to be captious. We need not fear that any *Christian*, or any Man of Sense will be proselyted by his Letters, to a *Religion* which he himself, tho' professing it, yet so often doubts of, and ridicules.

He speaks very honourably of *CHRIST*, and impartially of *Christians*, accusing their *Vices* rather than their *Doctrines*, and appearing all along a moderate Man in his Sentiments of *Religion*, and a Friend to *Virtue* and *Reason*. If he discovers some Failings, in being too melancholy; consider, that he was a Mortal like

like other Men. However, *Reader*, admire his untainted Loyalty, and imitate it.

You will find in this *Volume* true *History*, with Variety of solid Remarks; and not a few Secrets of Cardinal *Mazarini* and *Oliver Cromwell* Uncabinetted: Particularly, that famous *Intrigue* carried on by Colonel *Spintelet* and his Confederates, to save *Ostend* from being surpriz'd by the *French* in the Year 1658, and to bubble two of the ablest *Statesmen* in *Europe*.

After all, assure thyself, that the next *Volume* will contain more *Illustrious Relations* than any that has gone before: Where you will hear of an End put to the War between *France* and *Spain*, after it had lasted Five and twenty Years; and the Marriage of *Lewis XIV.* with the *Spanish Infanta*; as also of an universal Peace in *Christendom*: The Restoration of *Charles* the Second to his Crown and Kingdoms, after

twelve Years Exile in Foreign Countries, and twelve several Revolutions of Government here at Home. With many other memorable and important Events and Transactions in the World: As the dreadful *Earthquake* which overturned Part of the *Pyrenean* Mountains; the more destructive *Plague* which swept away almost a Hundred thousand People in *London*; and the deplorable *Fire* which consumed the greatest Part of that famous City, in the Space of three Days.

You will there also find an Account of the Death of that great Minister of State, Cardinal *Mazarini*: Of the Duke of *Orleanse*, Uncle to the *French* King: Of the Dutchess of *Savoy*: Of *Carolus Josephus*, the Emperor's Brother: Of the Duke of *Vendosme*: Of the Queen-Mother of *France*, and of *Philip IV.* King of *Spain*, with other Persons of Princely Quality.

For this *Arabian* was careful to transmit

transmit to the *Ottoman Porte* Intelligence of all Things which were most remarkable in *Europe*. And that his Letters might not seem tedious, he intermix'd moral Reflections, with some Maxims of Policy, Essays of Reason, and now and then a Touch of Philosophy: And if we may guess at the Cause of his more abounding in these Kind of Miscellany Discourses after the Year 1659, than he did before: It seems probable, that a General Peace about that Time being establish'd in *Europe*, he had little else to write, but his Observations on the several States and Courts of Christian Princes, the different Manners, Customs and Laws of People; the Councils and Intrigues of Statesmen: With such other Matters as occurred worthy of Notice.

If either in this *Volume*, or in those that are to come, he seems in any of his Letters to alter his Opinion, and contradict his former Sentiments; re-

To the READER.

member 'tis no more than what the greatest Writers have done, who have lived to Old Age, as this Agent did. No Body is ignorant of St. *Augustine's Retractions*, and *Cornelius Agrippa's Vanity of Sciences*: Wherein those two great Authors run counter to all they had writ before. And 'twere easy to produce a hundred Instances besides.

In a Word, *Reader*, take in good Part the Translator's Pains, who renders Things as he found 'em, without altering or corrupting the Sense of his Copy. *Farewell.*

A
T A B L E

OF THE
LETTERS and MATTERS contained
in this VOLUME.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at* PARIS.

V O L. V.

B O O K I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and* vilest of the Grand Seignior's Slaves, to the mysterious Esad, Arbitrator of doubtful Problems, Prince of the Musti's.

W H E N I first came to *Paris*, my Instructions were not so full and Particular, as to direct me in all Emergencies. A great many Things were left to my own Conduct and Prudence, both in *civil* and *religious* Matters. So that if I have made any false Steps, I hope 'twill be excusable.

B

ble

ble; in regard 'tis not so much my Fault as that of the *Ministers* who reside at the *August Port*. I have often address'd to them, desiring supplemental Rules and Cautions in some peculiar Cases which I propos'd: But they have been very sparing of their Counsels. 'Tis true, indeed, about five Years ago I received some particular Orders from the *Vizir Azem*, and the *Kaimachan*, as also from thy *Sanctity*: Wherein I was commanded to write with all Freedom to the *Grandees*. This, with the other Directions, has been of great use to me. It has arm'd me with fresh Courage, and remov'd the melancholy Apprehensions I had of some Men's Revenge, whose Vices I reprov'd. Praise be to God, *King* of the *Day of Judgment*, I have accus'd no Man wrongfully. Yet I was full of Fears, even in the Performance of my Duty: Knowing, that Mortals generally love to have their Faults conceal'd, and pursue those with Malice who discover or apprehend them. But now all my Fears in that Kind are vanished. Yet I have Scruples of another Nature, which none but the *infallible Guide* of the *Faithful* can dispense.

Ever since I have resided here, I have been precise in observing all the *Precepts* of our *holy Law*, so far as consist'd with the Security and Success of my *Commission*. For I have been forc'd to leap over many Lies and false Oaths to conceal myself. I have likewise done abundance of other irregular Things to promote the Cause I am engag'd in, for all which thou hast vouchsafed me a *Dispensation*. There remains one Thing in which thy Advice is necessary.

I have been hitherto punctual in keeping the *Fest* of *Ramazan*, at the Time appointed to all *Muslimans*: which, thou knowest, falls earlier by eleven Days every Year than it did the Year before, So that in the space of four and thirty Years, it
passes

passes through all the four Seasons. Now this successive Variation of the *Great Fast*, causing it sometimes to fall at the very Times of the most solemn Festivals among the *Nazarenes*, such as that which they call their *Christmas*, which is a Feast of thirteen Days, I fear, lest I may be taken Notice of should I, by celebrating the *Ramazan* at those Times, contradict the universal Practice of all the *Franks*, and start Suspicions in those with whom I converse, to my Disadvantage and Ruin.

To thee, therefore, who art the *wisest* of the *Wise*, I fly for Council in this Exigency, beseeching thee to dictate plainly what I am to do.

I know that the Sick, or Wounded, or Travelers, are dispens'd with, if they violate the *sacred Moon*. At which time the *Gates of Paradise* are open'd, and invisible Favours are done to the devout Observers of this *Precept*: Whilst the *Avenues of Hell* are barricado'd, and all the *Devils* chain'd up from appearing Abroad, or doing any Mischief in the World. I say, I am not ignorant of the *Indulgence* which is given to Men under such Circumstances; provided they satisfy they *Law*, by keeping the *Fest* at some other Season, more agreeable to their Health, or other Necessities. And thus far I could have silenced the Alarms of my own Conscience, without molesting thee: Knowing, that a *Musliman* is always allow'd this Liberty in a *foreign Country*, much more in a *Region of Infidels*.

But that which I aim at, is to be inform'd, Whether to put the better Disguise on my self, and more efficaciously to prosecute the Interest of the *Grand Seigneur*, I may not always celebrate this *Fest*, at the precise Time that the *Christians* keep their *Fast*? For then I should pass unsuspected, and no Man would take me for any other than a *Christian* and a *Catholic*. Nay, my Manner of daily Fasting at that Time, would raise me a considerable Credit

among the *Christians* that know me. They would cry me up for a *Saint*, or a very *holy Man*. For the *Fest* of the *Christians* is a *Fest* in comparison with the *rigorous Abstinence* of the *Mussulmans*. These indeed refrain all Sorts of *Flesh*, but they load their Tables with Variety of *Fish*, and other Dainties; neither have they Patience to tarry for their Repast beyond the Mid-Day. Whereas the *Mussulmans* taste of nothing during the *Ramezan*, till the *Sun* is gone down, and the *Stars* appear. No, not even in the parching *Deserts* of *Arabia*, where Men are ready to perish of Thirst; yet no Man will extend his Hand to the Water-pot to refresh himself in those unspeakable Agonies, till the Shadow of the *Earth* is advanced into the *higher Region* of the *Air*, and has banish'd the least Glimmerings of the *Sun*. When, therefore, the *Franks* shall see me fast after this austere Fashion in their *Lent*, they will say, I am a very mortify'd Man, and a devout *Catholick*: For they judge altogether by the Outside. So if any Danger should threaten me, I should find Friends among the *Zealets*, and the *Indifferent* would not appear my Enemies: But the *Wicked*, whose black Guilt has render'd 'em a Terror to themselves, as well as an Abomination to others, would stand in Fear of me. Thus, on all Hands, a Way would be open for me to escape a Discovery of the *Secrets* committed to my Charge.

'Twould be much more to my Satisfaction, if I could with Safety celebrate this *Fest* in the very *Moon* wherein the *Alcoran* was brought down from *Heaven*, as all good *Mussulmans* generally do: But I am taught not to betray, or so much as hazard the *Affairs* of my great Master for a mere *Nicety* or *Panilla* of Religion. God is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, and 'tis his *Will* that the *Empire* of the *true Faithful* should be extended where ever the *Moon* or the *Sun* shine on *Earth*.

Great Oracle of the Mussulmans, Difter of Faith and Verity, it is in thy Power to confirm or shake my Resolution in this Point: For from thy *Sentence* there is no *Appeal*.

Paris, 11th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1694.

L E T T E R I I

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THOU informest me, that the King of the Romans is dead, and that divers *Prodigies* happen'd about the Time of his expiring. Whilst others report, That the *German Emperor* himself died the 9th of the last *Month*. However I shall transmit thy Advice to the *Shining Parte*; not trusting to the uncertain Intelligence of Fame.

Kings and *Emperors* will resign up their Breath, as well as other Mortals. 'Tis a Tribute we all owe to *Nature*, who will be paid one Time or other. Neither has she ever exempted any from the *common Lot*, save *Enoch*, *Elias*, and *Jesus the Son of Mary*. These were *holy Prophets*, perfect *Saints*, and void of *Original Sin*, and therefore received an *Indulgence*: Tho' those of your *Nation*, and the *Christians* believe, that the last of these three died on a *Cross*.

As for all others, they have either been dissolv'd by *Sickness*, or snatch'd away by sudden *Death*: Some by an *invisible Dart* from *Heaven*; others by the ruder Hand of Mortals like themselves; Millions by the *Sword* and *Spear*, and ten Millions by the swifter and more unavoidable *Strokes* of the *Arrow* and *Bullet*: Whilst not a few have receiv'd their

Death from the very *Elements* which supported their *Life*. An unruly *Fire* has crumbled some into their first *Atoms*, and mingled their *Ashes* with those of their *Houfes* and *Beds* of *Repose*: Whilst *Water*, a contrary *Principle*, has quench'd the vital *Flame* in others. There is but *one Way* to enter into this *Life*; but the *Gates* of *Death*, and the *Invisible State* are without *Number*: And the greatest *Monarch* may as well fall by the *Prick* of a *Thorn*, as by the *Edge* of a *Sword*. Every *Tune* I swallow my *Meat*, I remember the *Fate* of him that was choak'd by a *Grain* of *Pepper*; and that of *Anacress* the *Poet*, who was strangled by the *Stone* of a *Reign*.

Yet I am not solicitous in choosing or avoiding particular *Deaths*, knowing that no human *Counsel* can prevent the *Decrees* of *Destiny*. It rather pleases me to think (such is my *Ambition*) that by whatsoever *Method* I am sent to the *Grave*, there I shall be equal to the *Alexanders*, *Casars*, *Timurlongs*, and the greatest *Mortals*. For there is no *Distinction* of *Noble* and *Vulgar* in that *Region* of *Asaety*, where all *Ranks* are level'd in the *Dust*: As *Diogenes* told *Alexander* the *Great*; when the *Monarch* beholding that *Philosopher* in a *Charnel-House*, his *Eyes* attentively fix'd on the *Bones* of the *Dead* which lay in *heapt*, ask'd him, What he was doing? To whom *Diogenes* reply'd, *I am looking for thy Father Philip's Bones, but cannot distinguish them from those of his Slaves*. Some such *Thought* at this night, perhaps, first occasion the *Custom* of writing *Epitaphs* on the *Sepulchres* of eminent *Persons*. Among which I have read some made by the *Entomb'd* themselves whilst they were on this *Side* the *Grave*, and for their singular *Fancy* were thought worthy to be recorded by *Historians*. Such as this.

*I Sabbas of Milan, by Blood a Castilian,
 Friar and Knight of Jerusalem, wish a
 happy Resurrection to my Ashes. While I
 was alive among Mortals, a Little sa-
 tisfy'd me. Now I am dead and alone in
 my Grave, I am content with Less. I
 neither knew myself what I was; nor do
 thou enquire. Traveller, whoever thou
 art, if thou be Pious pray for me, and
 pass on. Farewel, and live mindful of
 Death. Living I provided this Epi-
 taph, knowing I must die.*

*The Birth and Life of Mortals are nothing
 but Toil and Death.*

Such another was that of *Heliodorus*, a *Miser*, who
 caus'd himself to be bury'd near to the *Pillars of Her-
 cules*, with this *Inscription* on his Tomb.

*I Heliodorous, a mad Carthaginian,
 have commanded by my last Will and
 Testament, that I should be interr'd
 here in this farthest Angle of the World;
 to make Experiment, whether any Man,
 more mad than myself, would travel thus
 far to visit my Sepulchre.*

- But that which *Semiramis* caus'd to be inscrib'd on
 her Tomb, was a perfect satire on the *Living*. It was
 this.

I Semiramis, whilst living, never was in need of Money; yet was always compassionate to the Poor. Now I'm dead, my Grave is my Treasury. If any of Royal Race be in want, let him open this Dormitory, and he shall find a Supply.

When *Darius* conquer'd *Babylon*, and was told of this *Epitaph*; being with *Avarice*, he caus'd the *Septulchre* to be open'd in his own Presence. But instead of *Money*, they only found a *Tablet of Brass*, with these Words engraven on it.

My Epitaph is a Riddle. This is the Interpretation. I never was Covetous; only such as are poor, these I pity; and have therefore provided this Lesson as a Treasure for the Man who for Lucre shall presume to violate my Tomb.

If thou wilt rob the Living, forbear to plunder the Dead; lest they bring thee to Shame, as I have done.

Thou tellest me, that the *Emperor* seems not to be much griev'd for the Death of his Son, the *Roman King*. Perhaps his Sorrow is so great, that it cannot find a Vent. Violent and uncommon Passions are apt to smother within the Heart, whilst only smaller Grievs break forth into Tears.

It was a memorable Saying of a certain King of *Egypt*, who was overcome by *Cambyses* the *Perſian* Monarch, and taken Captive with all his Children; when the cruel Conqueror, to ſport himſelf in the Miſery of his royal Priſoners, and inſult o'er the vanquiſh'd *Egyptians*, firſt cauſed the Daughter of the *Captive King* to be employ'd in the meanest Offices with the common *Slaves*, before her Father's Face: Then his *Sea* to be bridled and curbed like a Horſe, with a vaſt Burthen ty'd on his Back. At both which diſmal Spectacles, the poor *Egyptian* Monarch ſhed not one Tear: But when he ſaw one that had formerly been his Servant, reduc'd to great Poverty, he wept bitterly. *Cambyses* asking him the Reason, why he ſeem'd ſo inſenſible of his Childrens Calamity, and yet was touch'd with ſo tender a Grief for the Miſfortune of a Stranger? He answer'd, "Sorrow of *Cyrus*, the Deſolation of my Family afflicts me with ſo profound a Sorrow, that no Tears can expreſs it: But my Compassion to this diſtreſs'd Servant, being not ſo violent, eaſily breaks forth in Tears."

Nathan, I wiſh thee neither extreme Joy, nor Grief, for they are both hurtful to the Heart.

Paris, 1^{ſt} of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R III.

To Mahummed Hodgia, Venerable
Eremitic of the Cave, replete with
Wonders.

WHEN I contemplate thy Life so full of
Innocence, and void of the very Shadow
of Vice, I am like a *Serpent* rous'd from his Sleep
by a Breeze of cooler Wind, or the Noise of a
Traveller on the Road: My *Soul* starts; and un-
folding all the drowsy Curbs of Sensuality, stretches
itself at full length: Surpris'd and alarm'd of its
own Lethargy, it swiftly retires into any dark Cor-
ner, to cover itself from the Light of its own Facul-
ties, and from the brighter Reflections of thy Spirit,
which penetrate like the Beams of the Sun.

I do not presently curse my self, the Hour of my
Nativity, my Friends that have flatter'd me into an
erroneous Belief of my own Virtue, or my Enemies
that have provok'd me, and by various Trains en-
tangl'd me in the Paths of Vice. Such *Malediction*
only becomes the Mouth of a *Jew*, or a *Libertine*:
For we arrive at Perfection, not by cursing the *Evil*,
but by imitating the *Good*.

I rather bless the Hour of *Conjunction*, the *In-
fluence* of my better Stars, and the *Constellations* of
a more propitious *Horoscope*, the Moment when I had
the Honour to touch the Sand before thy Feet with
my Lips in that *Sanctuary* of *Holliness*. O thou
Father of good Intentions; sanct: Reformer of ho-
man Errors; resplendent Pattern of the Pious; Glory
of the Wise; most Excellent of the Excellent; *Phoe-
nix* of the Age!

Praise

Praise be to God, the *First* and the *Last*: Peace to the *Angels* who stand round his *Throne* and to the *Prophets* who rejoice in his *Presence*. An universal *Jubilee* to all the Inhabitants of *Paradise*: And eternal Felicity to the *Saint* of the *Desert* on Earth, whose *Soul* is expanded wide as the *Firmament*.

I am ravished, and full of *Ecstasies*, because there is not found thy Equal on this Side the Clouds, When thou shalt be crop'd from the Earth, the Mirror of Mortals, the Flower of human Nature is gone. The Trees of the *Wilderness* will lament thy Death, by whose Presence they flourish'd, and brought forth their Fruit in due Season. At thy Departure, the Grass of the Field will fade and wither, conscious that thy Merits drew down the Rain and Dew of *Heaven*, to render *Arabia* fertile in Herbage.

The Herds will languish for want of Pasture, and Men will bewail the Death of the Land; knowing that the *Life* of the *Jess* causes the Ground to produce a *plentiful Harvest*.

But no Mourning will be like that of *Mahmud*, who can boast of thy particular Friendship; and in losing thee, will be as if he were depriv'd of the Light of the *Sun*, or the Morning Air, or the Benefit of Fire and Water: For so thy Favours are refreshing as the *Elements*, without which we cannot live.

Therefore as oft as I turn my Face to the City, sanctified by the *Birth* of our *holy Prophet*, I send up my Vows to *Heaven* for thy long Life; beseeching God, for the universal Good of *Nature*, to continue the Man on Earth, the *Vestment* of whose *Soul* is composed of *Rays* darted from all the *fortunate Stars*.

Tell me, O thou *Holiest* of the *holy ones* in the *East*: favourite of the *Angels*; secret Friend of the *Eternal*; *Every Extraordinary* from the *Omnipotent*;

Agent, integrity, for the Court of Heaven! Tell me by what *Chart* I shall steer my Course through this *Life*, uncertain as the Sea, and toss'd with as many *Tempells*. I find in myself manifest Inclinations to *Virtue*, and whatsoever is Good; Yet I still mistake the Methods of attaining my End. I would fain be perfectly *Pious, Just and Wise*; but know not how to compass my Design. One Event or other still frustrates my Labour: Either a *Friend* or an *Enemy*, a *Relation* or a *Stranger*, *Casualties* without, or my *Passions* within, stop me in the Beginning, or the *Middl* of a glorious *Career*, the *Race* which cannot be run without noble *Agonies*.

Then I take *Breath*; and rousing myself with fresh *Vigours*, I cheerfully address to the *Combat*, which crowns the *Victor* with *Immortality*. My *Courage* is great, my *Resolution* fix'd, at the first setting out: I gain *Ground* on a sudden; the *Wheels* of my *Chariot* are, for a *Time*, like those of the *Sun*, whose momentary *Advances* are not perceiv'd by *Mortals*. But before I get half *Way* to the *Meridian*, some unskilful *Piloton*, an erroneous *Thought*, or a giddy *Passion*, overthrows me. Either old *Habits*, or new *Temptations*, hinder me from gaining the *Prize* in the *Olympicks* of *Virtue*.

Thus, often fail'd, I retire with *Shame* and *Weakness*; And finding no *Redress* within, I fly to thee; who art created a *Director* of the *World*.

'Twill be an *Offence* to make *Repetitions*, and ask *Counsel* again: I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy *Example*, which is certainly the most *correct* *Rule* of a *religious* *Life*. But then I cannot serve the *Grand Seigneur* in this *Post*. Resolve my *Doubts*. Is it lawful for me to abandon my *Duty*, and retire into a *Desart*? If not, I will erect a *Solitude* in the *midst* of this populous *City*, and build an *Hermitage* in my own *Heart*. If I cannot arrive at the *Persepolis* I am at, I will at least endeavour to be as
God

Good as I can. There is a *religious* Dexterity, by which a Man may, in the midst of *worldly* Business, make to himself *Paths of Innocence*, and walk free from the *general Contagion of Mortals*. If I cannot perform any *eminent Good*, I will take Care to abstain from *enormous Evils*: Neither will I commit the *Least*, without a *good Intention*; which, I am assur'd by the *Muſti*, sometimes sanctifies a *bad Action*. If I *lye*, or *swear* myself, it shall be to serve my *great Master*. If I *dissemble* my *Religion*, and counterfeit a *Christian*, I will propose to my self the greater Advantage of the *Muſulman Faith*: That some higher End shall always direct my Intention and Performances.

But if thou wilt tell me after all, that this is not the Way to *Paradise*, I will forsake all worldly Interest, wherein I find so many Entanglements, and take up my Residence in some humble Cave, or Cleft of a Rock, or Hollow of a Tree; where I will spend the rest of my Days in contemplating the *first Essence*, and all that flows from it. I will bid a final Adieu to this *perfidious Age*, to the vain Generation of *Mortals* that live in it, to whose Converse I shall have Reason to prefer that of the *Beasts*, who are far more innocent, and less debauch'd than *Men*. Even *Lions* and *Tygers*, in the utmost Fury of their Hunger, abstain from preying on those of their own *Kind*. *Man* is the only *Cannibal* who devours his Brother, and greedily swallows down the Blood of him who bears the same *Image* as himself.

— I speak not of the ancient *Scythians*, *Massagetes*; or *Tartars*; nor of the more modern *Salvages* in *America*, who stuffed their greedy Pouches with human Flesh. Their *Barbarism* has crept, by *Transmigration*, into the most civiliz'd *Empires* and *States*; and is not the less cruel, because it has changed its *Form*.

Nor

— Nor do I tax the more excusable *Epicurifer* of those, who ransack all the *Elements* for Dainties; whose Tables are loaded with the slaughter'd Carcasses of *Birds, Beasts, and Fishes*; their Houses polluted with an extravagant Profusion of the *Blood* of those *Creatures*, which the *eternal Mind* forc'd to love, and enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, as well as ourselves.

— But I accuse the Oppressors of Men, those *Cannibals* in disguise, whose very *Bread* is mingled with the *Marrow* of the *Poor*; and their greater Delicacies are *Regg'd*, compounded of the *Blood* of *Widows* and *Orphans*: Whilst they starve and ruin whole Families, to support a needless Grandeur, a momentary Pomp, which vanishes almost as soon as it appears.

Yet these Men think to pacify *Heaven*, by building magnificent *Temples* and *Oratories*; by enslaving their *Estates* to *Ceremonies* and *Hospitals*: As if the *Omnipotent* were to be brib'd; or took Vicarage in *Gifts*, which are but the *Fruits* of *Robbery* and *Injustice*: Can the *Sacrifices* of *Infidels* be more acceptable, because they are made on *Altars* of *Gold*? Or even the *Prayers* of *Muslimans*, in that they are breath'd out in *Mosques*, built of the finest *Marble*, crusted over with precious *Stones*, and adorned with *Carpets*, and Hangings of the richest *Tissues* and *Brocades*? The ancient *Pagans* can instruct us better.

— Thou wilt not think me tedious if I relate a Passage which just comes into my Mind, of a certain great Man in *Asia*; who posses'd vast Herds of Cattle, and was accustomed to make magnificent *Oblations* to the *Gods*. This *Grandee* once made a *Pilgrimage* to *Delfos*, famous in those Days for the *Oracle* of *Apollon*. He carried with him a hundred *Bulls* whose *Horns* were encas'd in *Gold*, being spurred on with extraordinary *Devotion*, and design-

ing to do a singular Honour to the *God*. When he arrived at the Place, puff'd up with his costly Presents, and the Flatteries of his Attendants; he boldly approach'd the *Temple*, thinking no Man on Earth more worthy of the *God's* Friendship than himself; demanding of the *Pythonefs* (for so they call'd the Woman, who perform'd the Office of *Priesthood* there) Who, among all Mortals, made the most acceptable *Sacrifices*, and departed with the greatest Blessing from the *Oracle*? (for he presumed the Preheminence would be granted to himself.) When she answer'd; *That one Clearchus of Methycium, was the most devout and dear to the Gods of all Men.*

Astonish'd above measure, at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot resolv'd to find out that Man, and learn of him what Method he took to please the *Divinity*.—He hastens therefore to *Methycium*. And when he first came within View of it, he despis'd the Meannefs of the Place, judging it impossible, That one Man, or all the Town, could be able to present the *Gods*, with more magnificent *Oblations* than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he asked him, What *Sacrifices* he us'd to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* replied, "I am a poor Man, and
 " when I go to *Delfus*, I carry neither Silver nor
 " Gold, but only a Basket of Fruits, the best that
 " my *Farm* affords, which I freely offer to the
 " *Powers* which govern *All Things*, and from
 " whom I receive whatsoever I enjoy. Moreover,
 " I keep the appointed *holy Days*; and my poorer
 " Neighbours go chearful from my Table. I never
 " kill'd any Thing: Nor have I done to another
 " that which I would not have done to myself. I
 " pray to *Jupiter* every Morning before the Sun
 " arises, and at Night when he goes down. I keep
 " myself and my Cottage clean. In all Things
 " else I live like the *Beasts*, that is, according to
 " *Nature*."

Thou

Thou wilt perceive by this, O pious *Eremit*, that *Simplicity* and *Innocence* are the most acceptable *Sacrifices* to the *supremely Merciful*: And, that the most *High God* takes no Pleased in the *Smoak* of *Burnt-Offerings*, or the *pompous Addresses* of the *Great*; but only in the pure *Flames* of a devout *Heart*; the *Integrity* of a just *Man*, void of *Deceit* and *Guile*.

Thou, *illustrious Mabummed*, art the *Person* in whom these *Things* are *verify'd*. May *God* shelter thee with his *Mercies*, to the *Hour* of *Transmigration*, and beyond the *last Flight* of *Time*.

Paris, 1st of the 3th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IV

To the *Kaimacham*.

THERE are two *Actions* which take up all the *Discourse* at present. One is the *Siege* of *Stenay*, a strong *Town* in *Flanders*, before which the *French Army* is newly laid down. The other is the *invelling* of *Arras* by the *Spaniards*.

'Tis the *Presence* of many *illustrious Personages*, that renders both these *Sieges* considerable. In the *French Camp* are present, the *King*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all the *Grandees* of the *Court*. In the *Spanish* are *Arch-Duke Leopold*, the *Prince of Conde*, *Francis Duke of Lorraine*, with others of *Prime Quality*.

They are very *vigorous* on both *Sides*, in *pressing* and *defending* these two *Places*; as if the *Fate* of both *Kingdoms* were now at *Stake*. In my *Opinion* *France* runs the *greatest Hazard*: For if the *Spaniards*

wards should prove successful in what, 'tis said, they have resolv'd upon, that is, the Relief of *Stras*: if they should give Battle, and get the Victory, a Way would be open for them to penetrate into the Bowels of *France*. And 'tis thought many Towns in this Kingdom would open their Gates to them, whilst the Prince of *Condé* is at the Head of their Army, who does all Things in the Name of the *French* King: Even his *Rebellion* itself is masqu'd under the specious Title, *Of taking up Arms to rescue the captive King from the Hands of Mazarini and his Adherents*. A pretty Way of seducing the People from their Obedience. The *Partisans*, and indeed all the *French*, are divided into Cabals and Parties; some espousing the Prince of *Condé's* Interest, whilst others manifest an incorruptible Loyalty to their *Sovereign*. I approve the Morals of the Latter, yet privately rejoice at the *Treasons* of the Former, wishing their intestine Quarrels may continue till the Day of the *Earthquake*.

Eliachim the Jew follows the *Court*, which rather ought now to be called the *Camp*. His private Affairs call him that Way: from him I receive frequent Advice of the most important Matters in that *Theatre of War*. He informs me that the King of *France's* Presence in the Siege of *Stras*, inspires his Soldiers with more than ordinary Vigour: and that he shews daily Proofs of an extraordinary Courage. He was one whole Night on Horseback, Giving Orders and directing his *Engineers*. Next Morning he sends a *Summons* to the *Governor*; who made a stout Reply, being resolv'd to hold out to the last Extremity; and therefore sallied out of the Town with a Party of resolute Men, who kill'd near four Thousand of the *Besiegers*.

But alas! these *Infidels* are only stout, whilst well fed: Not knowing what it is to endure the Rigours
of

of Famine, and other intolerable Hardships. In all the *Western Histories*, they cannot match the Bravery of a *Garrison* in the impregnable Fortrefs of *Merdin*, famous in our *Annals* for sustaining a *Seven Years Siege*, where the mighty *Timurleng* lay before it with his *invincible Army*. That Scoutge of *Heaven*, to terrify the *Belieg'd*, and give 'em an Earnest of his Resolution, caus'd all the old Trees round about this Place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater Numbers: Declaring at the same time, " That he would not raise the Siege, till those Trees
 " should be mature enough to bear Fruit: When that Time came, he sent a *Present* of the *Fruits* to the *Governor* of the *Garrison*; as likewise of *Mettis* with this Message, " That he took Pity on so brave a Man,
 " fearing least he should starve for want of Necessaries.

As soon as the *Governor* had receiv'd these *Presents*, turning to the Messenger he said, " Go tell thy
 " Master, I thank him for his Present of Fruits: But,
 " for the Flesh, we shall have no Occasion, so long as
 " our Ewes afford us Milk enough to sustain the whole
 " Garrison. And that thy Master may be assur'd we
 " are not in want of That, I will send him a Present
 " of Cheeses made of the same. Accordingly he commanded four *Cheeses* to be deliver'd to the Messenger: which, when *Timurleng* saw, and had heard the Words of the Governor, he despair'd of reducing that Place, though he had laid before it *seven Years*, wanting only *two Months*. But had he understood what sort of *Cheeses* these were, he would, no doubt, have changed his Resolution: For, it seems, they were made of the *Milk* of *Bitchis*, and were the very last Sustenance the *Garrison* had, except the *Flesh* it self of those *unclean Animals*.

Believe me, *sage Minister*, such Examples of Patience and Fortitude, are very rare. And this was the more remarkable, in that it was the first Place,
 20 where

where that invincible *General's* Hand met with a Repulse.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS is the *Anniversary Day* of my *Nativity*; which I celebrate not, as others do, on such an Occasion, with *Mirth* and *Revelling*, with *Majick* and *Songs*. My *Chamber* is not perfum'd with the *Intense* of *Arabia*, nor with any extraordinary *Oscurs*; Neither is it adorn'd with *Flowers*, *Laurel* or the *Branches* of *green Trees*. I am not at the Expence of *costly Oils*, to burn in a *Multitude* of *Lamps*, and make *joyful Illuminations*, as at a *Feast*. Such pompous *Vanity* I leave to those who, perhaps, have more *Reason* to be merry in this *Life*, than the thoughtful and pensive *Melancholy* can find out.

On the other Side, I spend not this Day in extreme and fruitless *Mourning*; But retaining an *Indifference* of *Mind*, I consecrate it to the *Service* of my *Reason* and *Contemplation*; which are the only Things considerable in mortal Man.

From the *Minute* that I first awak'd this *Morning*, I have been pondering on my *self*, and *human Nature*. I suffered my *anxious Thoughts* to start back beyond the *Hour* of my *Birth*, reflecting on the *Imprisonment* I suffer'd in my *Mother's Womb*, which yet I cannot in the least remember. And this is the *Case* of all Men. We know not how we came into this open *World* of *Light*, from that *Region* of *Darkness*; nor that ever we were so flung up, but as we

are told by our *Parents*; and common Experience confirms us, that this is the *Lot* of all *Mortals*. How then shall we be able to discover what *State* we were in before our *Conception*? whether we were in the Rank of *Things* which have *Existence*, or whether we were not hid in the *Womb* of *Nothing*? I tell thee, this Thought has fill'd me with great Inquietudes. I am restless to know my own *Original*. I would fain be inform'd, if that which they call the *soul*, be a *Substance* distinct from the *Body*, or only the *finer Part* of *Matter*, a *Quintessence* of the *Elements*. If it be *distinct*, as I have Reason to believe, 'twould be a singular Happiness, to be satisfied where it was, before united to this *Machin* of *Flesh* and *Bones*; and whether that *Union* be *voluntary* or *forc'd*: For I must profess my self to be altogether in the Dark, as to these Scrutinies. Sometimes I join with the *Platonists*, and conclude all *human Souls* to be *Particles* of the *divine Nature*, *Beams* of the *eternal Sun*: And that though our *Light* be now obscur'd and veil'd under this Cloud of *earthly Matter*; yet we have formerly shin'd with an undiminish'd Splendor, when only embody'd in the clearer Air, or more refin'd Substance of the Sky. Perhaps, think I, for some Errors committed in that *superior State*, we are sent down into these *Bodies* as into *Prisons* for our *Punishment*. Then I am vex'd at the *fatal Dulness* of my *Memory*, that retains no *Idea* of my *past Condition*.

At other times (for, like all *Mortals*, I am subject to Change) I embrace the *Daltrines* of *Pythagoras*, which thou knowest are generally entertain'd all over the East: And believing the *Transmigration* of *Souls* from one living Creature to another, I cannot be certain but that I have been an *Elephant*, a *Camel*, or a *Horse*, or perhaps some more contemptible *Animal*; and for ought I know, I have undergone all the various *Kinds* of *Metemorphosis* that ever *Ovid* mention'd.

How-

However, be it how it will, I see no Grounds to make any extravagant Solemnity on the Account of my being born to what I am now, that is, a *Mas*; For I think we are the only *Spectacle* of *Folly* and *Misery* among all the *Creatures* of *God*.

We boast of *Arts* and *Sciences*; yet the wisest of *Mortals* are always most sensible, *That they know nothing*. One *Man* builds a stately *House*, a *Place* of *Repose* and *Refuge* for himself and his *Family*; another comes and pulls it down, demolishing the only *standing Monument* of his *Brother's Prudence*, or rather of his *Folly*, who perhaps consumed the greatest *Part* of his *Estate* in that costly *Fabrick*: Whereas among all his *Sciences*; had he but learn'd to *Know HIMSELF*, an humble convenient *Cottage* would have serv'd his *Necessities*, during this *short Life*, and so he might have avoided the *Stroke* of *Envy*.

I tell thee, my *Friend*, I cannot build *Altars* to *Fortune*, nor adore the *external Pageantry* of the *Rich* and *Great*. I equally hate to be flatter'd myself, as those who invite their *Friends* to solemnize their *Birth-Day*.

Yet in thus contemning *external Honour*, I do the greatest *Reverence* to myself, whilst I preserve my *Reason* free from being violated or prophan'd by *foolish Customs*.

Paris, 1st of the 3th *Mas*,
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R VI.

To the Selectar Aga, or Sword-bearer,
to the Grand Scignior.

Sometimes we seem to be asleep here in this City for want of News. But of late we have been rouz'd by Post upon Post: Some bringing Intelligence of the Surrender of *Stenay* to the *French King*; others of the Revolt of *Barcelona* from the *Spaniards*. But that which is of freshest Date, and for which all the Streets of *Paris* are this Night illuminated with Bonfires, is the Relief of *Arras*, where the *French* have obtain'd a glorious Victory. The Number of the Dead is not yet known, but said to be very great. And 'tis certain the Victors have taken above Seven Thousand Prisoners, sixty Cannon, five thousand Waggons, an equal Number of Horses, with all the Plate and rich Furniture of the Prince of *Conde*, Arch-Duke *Leopold*, Francis of *Lorraine*, and the other *Grandses* of the *Spanish Army*. In fine, the *French* are Masters of the Town, and of the Field, and all *Flanders* appears now too little to hold 'em.

These continual Successes redound much to the Establishment of Cardinal *Mazarin*, who now seems above the Stroke of Misfortune or Malice. Yet no Man can call himself Happy till the Hour of his Death, which alone releases us from all human Miseries.

Some Days ago, I received a Letter from *Nathan Ben Sadaï*, which informs me of the Death of the *Roman King*, and of several Prodigies which were seen before, and about the Time of his Departure.

When he was first taken sick, there arose a violent Tempest of Wind, which blew down the *Cross* from

from one of their *Churches*. After this, follow'd a terrible Earthquake that shook the whole City, threatening to remove its Foundations. Moreover, an old *Eagle*, a Domicell of the *Imperial Palace*, and that had liv'd there many Years, took Wing the Day before the *King's* Sickness, and flew quite away. Then the Bells of the *Imperial Chapel* rung thrice, of their own Accord, in the Space of twelve Hours. Thus let the *Jews* assure me is true. There are additional Reports of strange Apparitions that were seen about *Vienna* during the Sickness of this *Prince*, as of a *Festral Precipitation* after Midnight, through the Courts of the *Palace*; and of a Show'r of warm Blood that fell at Noon day in the Streets of that City. But these I have only from the Mouth of common Fame, which, thou knowest does not always speak Truth.

I desire thee and all the *Ministers*, to make Distinction between those Passages which I ascertain, and the doubtful Relations of the Multitude. In these Cases, Men are prone to *Superstition*, and love to be the Authors of portentous News. But thou may'st believe what the *Jew* relates; for he never affects to be fabulous.

'Twould tempt one to ask, What strange hidden *Power* produces those unusual Signs? Whether we Mortals are under the Custody of *Invisible Beings*, who teach the *Elements* and other *Creatures* to utter the *future Events* of *Fate*? Or, whether all these Things which appear so strange and surprising, be not mere *Casualties*, *Accidents* of *Nature* happening of course, and only made remarkable by their timing; Who knows, but that the voluntary Ringing of the Bells, might proceed from the Motion of the Tower where they hung, during the Earthquake? Or, why need we wonder, that a *Cross*, or a *Crescent* should be blown down from the Top of a high *Minaret*, by a violent Tempest of Wind?

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These Things appear to me as natural, as for the Rain to lodge all the Corn in the Fields; or for a Storm to tear up Trees by the Roots, overturn Houses, and commit a Thousand other Violences. Neither do I perceive any Thing worth Admiration in the Flight of the *Eagle*. Perhaps some *Royal* Caprice sprung in the Head of that *King of Birds*, which he ne'er felt before. There's nothing of Prodigy in all this, but only because it happen'd at such a critical Juncture. Had it been at another Time, no Body, perhaps, would have taken notice of it, any more than they do of Earthquakes at *Naples*, which are common in that Country, where the Earth is very hollow, being made so by Veins of continual burning *Sulphur*. They have felt several in that *Kingdom* within these two *Moons*, as also at *Rome*; but no great Hurt has been done.

Nasbon informs me also, That the *Prussian* Ambassador at *Vienna*, has distributed great Sums of Money, in Token of his Joy, for the late Victory that *Republick* obtained against the *Mussalmans*. This appears to me a real Prodigy, That the *Ottomans* who are invincible by Land, yet still come off with Loss at Sea.

Queen *Christiana* of *Sweden* is expected here e'er long. She came to *Antwerp* in the Habit of a Man, which occasions variety of Censures. The *French* call her, the *Learned Amazon*, she being well vers'd in many *Languages* and *Sciences*. They extol her Virtues and Perfections, stiling her the *Péanix* of this Age. All the *Western Nazarenes* are devout Admirers of Women: And one of their famous *Sages*, whom they call *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, wrote a select *Treatise* in Praise of that Sex; wherein he endeavours to prove, That they are more excellent and noble Creatures than Men. But he would find few *Prophetyes* in the *Egg*.

'Tis certain, there have been very famous Women in all Ages, and it would be Envy in Men to deny them their due Praise. Such was *Dido*, Queen of *Carthage*, the *Roman Lucretia*, the *Sybil*, *Totana*, *Pythagoras's* Wife, with his Daughter *Dama*, *Sappho* the *Pactesi*, with innumerable others, both of *East* and *West*, renown'd for their Vertue, Learning, or Valour in the *Wars*. But it does not follow, that they therefore surpass Men.

Let us keep the Rank in which God and *Nature* have placed us, without being churlish or effeminate, And this is the best Way to get and retain the Esteem of that nice Sex, who hate a Clown, and despise a Coward.

Paris, 30th of the 2th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R VII.

To *Pesteli Hali*, his Brother, Master of
the Customs at Constantinople.

THOU art he to whom I can unmask: With others I converse (like our Women in *Turkey*) under a Veil. When I write to the *Grandees* of the *Porte*, 'tis necessary for me to dissemble many Things; and to feign some, that I may be credited to others, and not be suspected in all. But with thee I use no Artifice or Disguise: Thou hast a kind of natural Right to my secret Thoughts, beyond the Claim of a Brother. I owe thee an entire Confidence on the Score of Friendship; and I seem to wrong my self when I conceal my Sentiments from thee. For, besides the Tie of *Blood*, we were Partners together in the Adventures of Youth; and

the mutual good Offices that pass'd between us, fasten'd our Affections with stronger Bands than those of our Birth. Nor were we so unhappy as to suffer the little youthful Emulations, which are common between Sons of the same Mother, to suffice the more solid and generous Efforts of real Love. Our Friendship grew up with our Years, cemented by Interest as well as Affection; and I esteem *Possibile*, but my self in another Figure. If thou hast the same Regard to me, I am happy. Let us continue to cherish this noble Passion: The least Coldness or Reserve now would appear to me more hateful than a Divorce, more terrible than Death.

'Tis but reasonable, that among the many Services our *Great Master* claims at our Hands, we should employ some of our Time and Care on ourselves. We owe the *Sultan* much, but both He and We owe *Nature* more, without whose Bounty and Providence, We had never had the Honour, nor he the Profit of our being in his Debt. He is more deeply engag'd in *Fortune's* Tally than We; but in the Account of *Nature* we are all equal. She is the universal Creditor of Mankind. We are indebted to Her for all we have; yet, methinks, nothing so much enhances our Score, as the ill Menage of Time. In that we still run in Arrears, whilst the hasty Minutes pass forward, never to be revok'd; and yet we neither lay hold on 'em in their Flight, nor so much as imprint on any of them, the least transient Mark of Vertue and Wisdom. Thus our Lives slide away without Profit, till the last Sand tells us, *We are Bankrupts; Nature will not trust us with a Miment longer.*

'Tis Time therefore, dear Brother, for thee and me to look about us; and since, 'tis impossible for us to make a full Payment, let us at least compound with *Nature*, and getting an *Acquittance* for what is past and irrecoverable, let us be sure to cancel the

remaining Part of the Score, by a wise Improvement of every Minute.

Think not that *Mabius* is persuading thee to turn *Dervise*, or to bestow all thy Time in *Prayers*: Such rigorous Devotion is not consistent with the Life of a Man in thy *Station*. But permit me, dear *Peffeli*, to counsel thee not to build *Altars* to *Ferrow*, and consecrate all thy vacant Hours to her Service. I am told, thou art grown a great *Gamester*, not only at the polemack *Traverfies* of *Chefs*, but also at Plays of Hazards: The former of the two is the most Innocent, yet 'tis too Intricate and Puzzling, deserves the Name of *Business* rather than of Recreation: It commits a Rape on the Mind, whilst it requires as much Attention and Abstractedness of Thought, as would deserve to trace out the Conduct of a Battle or a Siege. But the latter have a far worse Influence on our Passions, by exciting us to immoderate Desire, Hope, Joy, and Grief for mere Trifles, the uncertain Products of *Chance*. Therefore are they forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*. And, 'tis not to be number'd among the Commendations of a *Musselman*, to be dextrous at managing the *Cards* and *Dice*.

When thou art dispos'd to unbend thy Mind, I would rather counsel thee to use some healthful Exercise; such as may ventilate thy melancholy Blood. Our Fathers were wont at such Times to divert themselves with Bows and Arrows, Hunting, Wrestling, and the like manly Pastimes; thus, making their private Recreations subservient to the Publick, whilst they sported themselves into the Discipline of War, and mur'd their Bodies to Labour even at those Hours when their Minds sought Rest.

What! tho' *Claudius Caesar* devoted himself to Gaming with *Dice*, and wrote a *Book* in Praise of his Folly. What! tho' *Demetrius* the *Emperor*, and *Theoderick*, King of the *Goths*, spent whole Nights and

Days in this unprofitable Play? Thou hast not read or heard of such Examples among the renowned Sons of *Ottoman*. Our Glorious *Sultans* were never vacant to these Fooleries. And if they had, their Practices cannot justify a Subject's Imitation. Neither wouldst thou be so in Love with Gaming, didst thou consider what unhappy Destinies have commonly attended the Votaries of *Fortune*. Whole Estates have been squander'd away at *Dice* in a Night, Families ruin'd, and the Gamester himself impsoned in the Morning. He that Yesterday was Master of great Possessions, and a Companion for *Princes*, by the Effects of this accursed Vanity, has bereav'd himself of All, and is to Day become the Scorn of Beggars.

The *Chinese* are so bewitch'd with Love of Gaming, that when they have lost all their Stakes, they pawn themselves, their Wives and Children; which if the Fortune of the *Dice* turn against them, become all Bond-slaves to the Winner. Here is a *Dervise* in this City of the Order of the *Jesuits*, who lately came from *China*. Among other learned Men, I sometimes converse with him. He relates many pretty Passages of that People, but one is Tragical, whereof he himself was an Eye-Witnes.

He says, That in the *Province of Quintang*, a certain *Nobleman* who had serv'd in the Wars, and acquir'd great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours who likewise had been a Captain, and much in favour at the *Court*. Their Emulations carri'd 'em to many ill Offices, and at last to open Defiance. The *Emperer* being made sensible of the Hatred that was between these two Officers, and being unwilling their Fury should precipitate them to the Ruin of each other became himself an *Arbitrator* of their *Quarrel*; laying his Commands on 'em, to embrace and eat together, which is an assured Token of Reconciliation and Friendship in that Country.

Country. They obey'd the Will of their *Sovereign*. But sitting up late one Night at *Dice*, it was the *Captain's* ill Fortune to lose all he had to the *Nobleman*. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in Hopes to retrieve his Loss, he sends for his Wife and three young Sons, who with himself he pawn'd to the *Nobleman* for a considerable Sum of Money, and still afresh to play: But Fate was his Enemy; he lost All. Whereupon in Despair he stabs his Wife and three Children, and lastly falls on his own Sword; glorying, that he and his Family should thus Escape a hated Captivity to his old Enemy.

Tell me, dear *Pestelli*, hadst thou seen this *Tragedy*, would it not have made thee resolve against Gaming during thy Life? Assuredly, our *Holy Prophet* frowns from his *Paradise* on those who violate his *Laws*. He knew our Passions, and which were the most dangerous; therefore he prohibited such Things as are most likely to betray us to Violence, and an incurable Disorder. If thou wilt acquit thyself a good *Mussulman*, thou must not leap over these Prohibitions, accounting them small and indifferent Trifles. Remember the saying of the *Holy Doctor*, and *Leader* of the *Mussulman* Armies, the chaste *Osman*, *A little Spark will set a whole City on Fire*. And the *Roman Satyrist* has observ'd, *That no Man becomes wicked all at once*. Think then with thyself 'tis for this Reason the *Messenger* of God has forbid Gaming to the *true Faithful*, not as a Thing in itself naturally Evil, but only morally, so as it is a Step to the greatest Vices. For whilst we captivate ourselves to Chance, we lose our Authority over our Passions. We stand or fall at the uncertain Cast of the *Dice*. We are Slaves to the feeblest Wishes; which if they succeed not, we grow Furious, Profligate and Impious. Banning all Prudence, Temperance and Justice, we become Impudent, and fit for the blackest Crimes.

Take not in ill Part the wholesome Admonition of a Brother, who manifests his Love in thus reprov'ing thee without Flattery. Use the same Freedom when thou hearest I am guilty of any *unnecessary* Vice: For the *publick Service* turns some *Vices* into *Virtues*.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year, 1654.

LETTER VIII.

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

I Believe thou hast a Mind to try my Temper, to make an Experiment upon me, and see whether I'm Proof against thy Anger: Else, why should *Kenan Bassa's* Business be reviv'd again, after it had been bury'd above these four Years? I examine not what mighty Interest thou hast in that *Officer*, that thou art so earnestly espoudest his old Quarrel, as if 'twere thy own. Thy Affairs are best known to thyself. But let me tell thee, 'twill not redound much to thy Credit to be found Partial. I honour thee with all the Devoir that is due to a *Minister* in thy *Station*, and with something more; For the Esteem a Man has for his Friend, is singular and beyond Ceremonies: But still he owes some Regard to himself. Self-preservation is rooted in the Center of our Nature; and few will be knowingly Complaisant to their Ruin. I am puzzled what to think, or how to write, thy last Letter has put me into such a Hurly-burly. A thousand Imaginations, like Whirlwinds, tear up my most solid Thoughts by the Roots. I'm in as wild a Condition as a Man in an Earthquake, leaping this Way and that Way, yet knows not where to fix his Foot in Safety.

If I persevere in calling thee Friend, perhaps, thou wilt accuse me of Presumption. If I change my Style, and suppose thee under another Character, Ingratitude will be laid to my Charge. To vindicate my Actions, will be interpreted Obduracy; and to own myself in the Fault, will be counted Weakness: Nay, all the World will call me Fool in condemning myself for Things whereof I never was Guilty. What shall I do in this Case? I am naturally Thoughtful and Melancholy. The Words that spring from Repentment, cleave fast to my Mind, and breed a thousand Inferences. My busy Apprehension extracts Menaces out of the most artificial Expressions. I look on myself, as mark'd out for a *Sacrifice* one time or other. The *Will of Destiny* be done, early or late: I will not go out of my Road to avoid it: Since it is but ill Husbandry of Time, to borrow it from the ineffable Joys of *Paradise*, to multiply a few Days or Years of a miserable Life on *Earth*.

As for the *Treasurer* and the rest of my *Accusers*, let them know, that I will persevere in doing my Duty to the *Grand Seigneur*, without warping to the Right-hand, or to the Left, for Fear or Favour.

But if my *Private Agency* in these *Parts* meets with Rubs and Checks for want of Money, let the Blame rest on those whose *Charge* is to supply me with what is necessary for a Man in my *Station*: For henceforward, *Mahmet* will be reproach'd no more for demanding his *Pension*.

Think not 'tis an easy Thing for a Man to be always a Counterfeit, and never to have his Mind unbent; to act two contrary Parts at the same Time, to be True and False; a *Musliman* and Servant of the *Grand Seigneur* in Reality; a *Christian* and *Subject of France* in Appearance. My Soul is perpetually stretched upon the Rack of watchful Thoughts and busy Invention, lest by some improvident Word or Deed,

my Disguise should fall off, and I appear in my naked Colours.

'Tis but Reason, therefore, that whilst this vast Sollicitude takes up all my Faculties, the Care of my Substance should rest on those who employ me. Let not the *Ministers* of the *benign Part* be peevish at me without a Cause: For I imprecate, *serene Grandee*, that God would split my Soul into Ten thousand immortal Splinters, if ever I betray my Trust. But needless Suspicion would tempt a Man to Treachery.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon.
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R IX.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THE *Pope* has been sick for a considerable time, and 'tis now strongly reported, he is dead. They talk of an *Express* that is come to the *Councilor* of France, to certify him of it, and to consult about the next *Election*. But this is not credited here; being only look'd upon as a *Roman* or *Spanish* Artifice, to sound the Inclinations of this *Court* beforehand, that so they may be able to countermine the *French* Interest, when the *Pope* shall really die. And 'tis not expected he should live long, being of a great Age, and worn out with Cares and Sickness.

'Tis certain he has made his *Will*, wherein two Millions of Gold are given to the *Treasury*, founded by his *Predecessors*, to serve the *Church* in its extreme Necessities. But 'tis a Thousand to One if some future *Pontiff*, succeeding in that *Chair*, do not, in his unerring Judgment, interpret his own personal Occasions, or those of his Nephews, to be the extreme
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Necessities of the Church; and then, all this huge Mass of Wealth is infallibly gone.

He has likewise bequeath'd large Legacies to his Sister in law, whom they call *Donna Olympia*, and to others of his Relations and Creatures. And 'tis thought, this Lady will more than doubly pay herself having the Management of all his Affairs. Indeed during his Reign, it may be said, the whole *Roman Church* was govern'd by a Woman: For this *Prelate* would never do any thing without her Advice.

She was born of an obscure Family, but is of a high Spirit, ambitious of *Rule* and a Person of great Abilities: Extremely Covetous and Subtle; turning and winding all Events to her own Profit. All *Preferments* were at her Disposal: She sold *Bishopricks*, *Abbies*, and other *Ecclesiastical Dignities* at her own Rate, and to whom she pleas'd. In fine, whosoever had any Business with the *Pope*, made their Addresses to her. By which means she has heap'd together a prodigious Treasure, and is esteem'd the richest Lady in *Europe*. 'Tis thought she would have sold even the *Pope* and *Rome* itself, the *Capital Seat* of the *Christian Empire*, rather than refus'd a proportionate Offer of Gold, could she have met with a Chapman to her Mind. This would have been a *Merchandise* fit for the *Grand Seigneur*, were it not reserv'd as a *Prize* for the Victorious Arms destin'd to conquer all Things.

The *French* seem mightily concern'd for the Tragedies acted in *Poland* by the *Muscovites*. 'Tis affirm'd that they have taken the Town of *Vitebsko* by Storm (putting Men, Women and Children to the Sword) with divers others Cities and Places of Strength: And that they have laid in Ashes all the Towns and Villages round about *Smolensko*; so that there is nothing to be seen but Ruin and Desolation for above a hundred Miles round that City; which also is now closely besieg'd by the Forces of the *Czar*.

If these *Northern Infidels* go on, and make such bloody Work wherever they come. they will in a short Time, over-run and dispeople all *Europe*. But 'tis to be hoped the *Tartars*, who are lately enter'd into a League with *Poland*, will put a stop to the cruel Victories of the *Moscovites*, and chastise the Treason of the *Cossacks*, who join with them contrary to their Faith given to the King of *Poland*.

They say, four *Grandees* of *Tartary* are arriv'd as *Hostages* at *Warsaw*, and as many *Lords* of *Poland* are sent on the same Errand to the Court of the *Cham*; who, as a farther Evidence of his Integrity, has releas'd all the *Polish* Captives in his Dominions, and sent the *Ambassadors* of the *Cossacks* home, without their Noses and Ears, as a Mark of his irreconcilable Indignation at their Infidelity.

In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual Losses by Sea. They say here, that above six thousand *Mussulmans* were killed in the late Fight in the *Hellepont*; and that we have lost sixteen Gallies, besides Ships of *War*. That *Element* one would conclude, is fatal to the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither have we had much better Success by Land this Campaign. Yet *Cosfacin* the *Vizier Azem*, and *General* in *Candia*, has perform'd very Heroick Things. To speak impartially, and give due Honour to our Enemies, the *Malteses*, *Venetians* and *French*, have not been wanting in any Point of Bravery. Which also redounds to the greater Honour of the *Mussulmans*, in that they draw their Sword against the Flower of *Christendom*, and not against *Orcs* and *Pigmies*. Such are the *Persians*, when we encounter 'em; for either they dare not endure the Lustre and stand the Brunt of our invincible Arms; or if they do, they sink under the first Shock.

When I name those Hereticks, I spit on the Ground in Detestation of their Errors: For they are worse than the *Zindick* and *Giafers*. I have more Charity for

for a *Christian* or a *Jew*, than I have for these Vermin of the Land. In fine, I wish they were extirpated from the Earth; and that they may after this Life, be either metamorphos'd into *Hogs*, which Creature thou knowest, is an Abomination to all good Men and Angels (and they already resemble it in their Uncleanneſs) or else that they may become the *Aſſes* of the *Jews* in *Hell*, to carry their Burthens for a thousand Ages.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Month,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER X.

To Pesteli-Hali, his Brother, Master of
the Grand Seignior's Custom.

THE God of our *Fathers* grant thee as much Joy every Minute of thy Life, as I feel at this Instant. Wilt thou know the Occasion of this unusual Transport? I hardly believe myself, when I tell thee of an Adventure, the most surprizing that ever happen'd to me since my Arrival in this City. And perhaps thou wilt think I romance in relating it: But assure thyself, that of a *Truth Occurrence* our Mother is at this Time in *Paris*, with our Cousin *Josaf*.

May a thousand soft Passions rind thy Heart, when thou readest this News, as they did mine; when at my Chamber Door I first saw and knew the Face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for Dead long ago; for I had heard no Tidings, of her these eleven Years. Good God! so strange and unexpected a Sight, had almost dismantled my *Senses*, those Out-works of the *Soul*. For a while I stood still, astonish'd and trembling with Ecstasie; I was not presently fancy'd, whether I beheld a

Mortal or the *Ghost* of one: For they say these appear in the same Forms as they bore when alive. Neither Age nor Travel, with all other Infirmities and Crosses of human Life, had so alter'd her Complexion, but that I easily discern'd manifest Features, Linaments and Air of my Mother. I conclude therefore, it must be *She*, or her *Apparition*, if there be any such Things.

These were my first Thoughts, in that Waking Trance: But her Voice and Address soon put me out of Doubt; when impatient to see me stand like one Thunder-struck, she ran to me with open Arms and Tears of Joy in her Eyes, crying out with a Tone and Affection peculiar to Women, *Art thou alive, my Son Mahmut! Do these Eyes see thee, or am I in a Dream?*

For my Part I was as much upon the Rapture as she, and hardly knew how to deport myself, or what to say or do. Yet the Fear I was in, lest some body in the House should over hear us, and make ill Consequences of this Passionate Interview, taught me a Lesson of Moderation and Prudence. Wherefore I beckon'd to her to suppress her Passions, and converse by *Signs*, as the Custom is at the *Mysterious Porte*. These silent Expressions of our mutual Love, Joy, and Admiration, were not less significant, because not cloath'd in Words. Thou knowest there's Eloquence enough in this mute Language. And I was jealous of Words, lest some inquisitive Soul might understand us, though we convers'd in *Arabick*.

After our first Enderrments and Tendernesses were over, in which my Cousin *Isaef* also had his Share, (for we were all reciprocally overjoy'd to see one another in this Nest of *Infidels*) I began to consult the Safety of us all Three, in providing convenient Lodgings for my Mother and Kinsman. In order to this we made a Visit to *Eliachim* the *Jew*, who entertain'd us at a Banquet, after the Fashion of the
East.

Est. We advis'd with that honest *Hebrew* about our Affairs, I having made frequent and sufficient Proof of his Fidelity and Friendship. In fine he took them both into his House, under the Notion of *Greeks*, his Acquaintance; judging this the securest Way to prevent any Discovery; or even the least Suspicion of our Circumstances. They have continued there these five Days, and their Character has not been question'd by any. I visit 'em daily, and we pass away many Hours in recounting the different Adventures of our Lives, in discoursing of our Friends in *Arabia*, *Greece*, and other Parts of the *World*, and in concerting the best Methods to serve one another, till Death shall divide us from ourselves, as well as from our Friends, and rank us in the List of *Invisible Beings*, whose State and Quality we know not.

Well, but all this while, I believe thou art impatient to know what Motive of their own, or Turn of Fortune, drove them into so remote a *Region* as *France*, a *Country* inhabited by none but *Infidels*? Shall I tell thee in a Word? 'Twas Love, on her Part, and the Desire of Novelty, on his.

Our Kinsman *Istuf*, from his Childhood, felt powerful Inclinations to travel: Which encreas'd with his Years, and were much heighten'd by his converse with *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Franks*, and some *Mussulmans* at *Constantinople*, who had seen many Foreign Countries, both in the *East* and *West*.

The Relations they made of the Curiosities they had seen, and of their own Adventures, fir'd his youthful Blood, and he form'd a Resolution to depart with the first Convenience from *Constantinople*, and visit all the *Regions* in the *World*, if his Life and Health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he survey'd the greatest Part of *Asia*: Since which he set forth again; and having finished his Travels in that *Quarter* of the *World*, he bent his Course for *Africa*; where he visited *Egypt*, *Bar-*
bery

bery, the Empire of Morocco and Fez; with that of the *Aethiopi*, and many other *Regions* under the *Terrid Zone*, too tedious for me at this time to mention particularly, because I write in haste. Hereafter I shall give thee a more particular Account of his Observations, &c. Wherin thou wilt find, that *Isof* has not altogether lost his Time.

At length having satisfy'd himself with whatsoever he thought worthy to be seen and known in that *Southern Tract*, he parted from *Fez* with a Design to see *Europe*. Some *Bills of Exchange* caused him to take *Grand Caire* in his Way, where he encounter'd my Mother. She perceiving, that he would take Shipping directly for *France*, resolv'd to lay hold on so favourable an Opportunity of seeing me once more before she dyed. Wherefore imparting her Design to him, *Isof* offer'd her his utmost Service. And having settled her Affairs at *Caire*, and pack'd up her Money, Jewels and other Necessaries, they took the Road of *Scanderoun*, where they soon arriv'd; and putting themselves into the Habit of *Greeks*, *Isof* also speaking pretty well that *Language*, and the *Lingua Franca*, they bargain'd with the Master of a Vessel then lying in the Harbour, and bound for *Marseilles*. He took them on board, and under the Protection and Favour of *Heaven*, they arriv'd safe at *Marseilles*, and are now in this City.

Yet amidst all the Pleasure I conceive in the Presence of so near a Relation as a Mother, I am not without some Qualms of Fear, lest some unfortunate Occurrence should discover her to be no *Christian*: For then, the Issue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for *Isof*, he deliques to tarry no longer in *Paris*, than to inform himself of what is most remarkable in this City, and to satisfy the other Ends of a Traveller. From hence, after he has visited the chafest Cities in *France*, he talks of Travelling

into *Flanders, Holland, Germany, Swedeland,* and the other *Kingdoms of Europe.* But for *Spain* or *Portugal* he has no Thought; either out of Fear of the *Inquisition,* which is very severe in those Countries; or out of an Aversion to the People who expell'd the *Moor,* of which he relates very Tragical Stories, which they told him during his Residence at *Morocco* and *Fez.* In a Word, he gives this Character of a *Spaniard,* that he is a *Mingrel,* between a *Man* and a *Devil.* He likes the Company of the *French,* in Regard they converse with a natural and unreserv'd Freedom, which becomes them very well. But he has spoke with none but Travellers yet, who have been eotherwile employed, than in studying the artificial Disguise of *Courtiers.* If he sojourns the Space of three *Months* in this *Kingdom,* he will find some of the *French* as affected in their Way, as other People: He will encounter with a new Sort of *Frenchman* in every *Province.* For *France* is a mere *Gallimaufry,* made up of the Fragments and Remnants of other *Nations.* They differ also in their *Language,* as well as in their *Manners,* one from another. So that the Inhabitants of *Gascogne* and *Bretagne* can hardly be understood by those of *Paris* and *Bris,* with the adjacent *Parts.* The *Western* People are not curious in preserving the Dialect of their Fathers, but every *Age* introduces a Change in their *Speech:* Neither are they diligent in retaining their *Genealogies.* Whereas in the *East,* thou knowest the *Languages* remain uncorrupted, the same now as they were two thousand Years ago, or from the *Confusion of Babel.* The same Care we *Arabians,* have of our *Tribes* and *Families.*

Son of my Mother, when thou readest the two enclos'd, and shalt see the very Hand-writing of the dear *Queeniecht,* and *Isaac* our Kinsman, let thy Heart be like the Valley of *Aman,* fragrant as a Grove of
Spices;

Spices : For then thy Eyes will convince thee, that what I write is Truth.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R XI.

*To Adonai a Jew, Prisoner in the Tower
of Nona at Rome.*

THIS comes to thee by the Hand of a trusty Friend : Give entire Credence to his Instructions. To say I'm sorry to hear of thy Misfortune, would but faintly express my Passion : 'Tis not easily describ'd in Words : I am as melancholy as an *Aste-lope*, when the *Sun's* in Conjunction with *Saturn*. This is a sad sort of a Beast, that will neither eat, drink, nor sleep during that dull Aspect.

In God's Name, how can'st thou to be so free with thy Tongue among the *Romans* ? Or, what tempted thee to meddle with their *Religion* and *Laws* ? Was it not enough, that Thou, and all the *Jews* in that City, had Liberty to frequent your *Synagogues*, and there curse the *Christians* in antiquated *Hebrew* ? Must you needs rail at 'em in plain *Italian* too ? And that over your Cups, when Men ought to be good natur'd to all the World ? Of what Import is it to you, whether they be *Idolaters* or no, so long as they give you leave to adore *One God*, *Creator* of the *Worlds* ? Or, what signifies it, if they are guilty of Ten thousand Injustices and Follies among themselves, whilst you live quietly under their Protection and Government ? *Adonai*, I am ashamed of the immorality of those of thy Nation. I blush for your Ingratitude, Pride, and Malice. Surely, if the *Nazarenes* did really believe what they profess, they
would

would sacrifice you all to the *Glory* of their *Messias*, whom they say you *Crucify'd*. They would not leave a *Jew* living in *Christendom*, but do their utmost to exterminate you from the Earth. I speak not this as my *Wish*; but only to upbraid your *Impertinence* and *Vanity*, in thus foolishly provoking those, with whose *Permission* it is, that you live and enjoy the *Elements*.

The Prophet *Moses*, your *Lawgiver*, left you another Rule, a Lesson of *Civility*, when he said, *Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the People*. Had thou and thy *Companions* obey'd this *Precept*, ye might have been at *Liberty*: But 'tis bad falling into the Hands of the *Inquisition*. However, I am glad to hear, that you are not transported to the *Castle* of *St Angelo*; that would have been a tragical *Remove* at this *Juncture*. But now, as I'm inform'd, not one of you is in *Danger*: For they say, that all the *Prisoners* in *Rome* are by *Custom* released upon the *Death* of the *Pope*, except those who are in that fatal *Fortress*. And 'tis generally supposed the good old *Caliph* is no long liv'd Man. For they never use to remove the *Prisoners* designed for *Death*, 'till the *Physicians* are past all hopes of the *belly Father's* Life.

However, in regard there is no *Certainty* in human Affairs, but a perpetual *Change* and *Circulation* of Events; least some unhappy turn of *Fortune* should either now continue thy *Restraint*, or hereafter bereave thee of thy *Liberty*, I send thee here enclos'd, a *Receipt* of a *chymical Liqueur*, which may be of some *Service* to thee in all the strongest *Prison* on Earth. 'Twas reveal'd to me by my *Mother*, who learn'd it of an *Egyptian* Artist at *Caire*. Despise it not, because it comes from a *Woman's* Hand: For I have made an *Experiment* of it, and find it *effectual*. 'Twill render *Iron* as brittle as *Glass*. 'Tis more powerful than the *Water* of the *River Styx*, which

no Vessel could hold, but the Hoof of a *Mule*. After an Hours Application, thou may'st make the thickest Bars, Chains and Bolts fly in a thousand Pieces, as if they were made of *Porcelain*.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou consider'st the innumerable strange *Inventions* of Men prying into the *Secrets* of *Nature*, and fortunate in their Searches. Above all, *Chymistry* has brought to Light the greatest Prodiges of *Art* and *Knowledge*. This mysterious *Science*, was the peculiar Boast of the primitive *Egyptians*, from whence all other *Nations* learn'd it. And had not *Moses* himself been instructed from his Youth in all the *Learning* of *Egypt*, perhaps he would have been at a Loss, when he calcin'd the *golden Calf*, and gave the Dust to the *Israelites* to be mix'd in their Drink, as the only Expiation of their *Idolatry*. Doubtless, this *Secret*, among others, was transmitted down to those Times, from *Philemon* the good *Priest* who was in the Number of them who escap'd the *Flood* in *Noah's Ark*, and whose Grandson *Masar* was the first *King* in *Egypt* after the *Deluge*.

Philemon, the better to establish the State of his *Offspring*, reveal'd to them many hidden Things: taught them the *Hieroglyphicks* of the *Ogebel Pharan*, or the *Pyramids*, with all the Mysteries of the *Talismans*, and the *chymical* Preparations of *Menstrums* the forcible Waters and Essences, Powders and other Ingredients, by which they made Marble as pliable as Wax or Clay. These Things he had learn'd of those who perish'd in the *Flood*: He retain'd the *Wisdom* of the *Ancients*, his Coevals and Predecessors: leaving the Rudiments of so profound a Knowledge to his Posterity, as an invaluable Treasure, of which they could never be robb'd. Thus *Science* became hereditary to the *Captives*, who bear that Name from *Captiv*, the Son of *Masar*, the first *King* of *Egypt*, since the *Rainbow* appear'd in the Clouds. And

'twas

'twas from one of that Race, my Mother learn'd that admirable Secret.

Trust not to Words, but try the Experiment: The *Receipt* will give thee all necessary Directions: Yet I counsel thee not to be big with it, like him who having found out the Art of making Glass malleable, or fit to be beat by the Hammer into any Shape or Figure, as the Silver-Smiths work their Metal, must needs go and discover his *Secret* to the *Prince*, expecting a great Reward: When on the contrary he lost his Head on the Spot; the *Prince* thinking it great Injustice, that so many thousand People as got their Bread by making of common Glasses, should be all ruined, to promote one Man's Profit and Advantage.

In fine, use this *Secret* to serve thyself, or the *Cause* thou art engag'd in: But trust it not to another, unless on the same equal Terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater Hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon.
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, once an Eunuch Page in the Seraglio, but now an Exile in Egypt, at Grand Caire.

WHEN I first heard of thy Banishment from the *Imperial Palace* and City, think not that I was sad, or entertain'd the usual Sentiments of a Friend, on such Occasions. No, I tell thee on the contrary, I rejoic'd, (yet not with the Joy of an Enemy) at that seeming Misfortune, as knowing it
has

has deliver'd thee from a real One, in which, according to my Presages, all the Attendance of thy *Mistress*, the old Queen, were soon after involv'd.

Thou art oblig'd to *Bacchus*, for that fortunate Calamity; which tho' it for a while eclipse thy Honour, yet was the only Means to save thy Life.

When I formerly sent thee an Account of my Impersonment here, and how I was regal'd by my *Keeper* at a *Banquet* of *Wine*; when in that Letter I play'd the Advocate for the Juice of the *Grape*, I little thought that thou would'st ever make an Experiment of that *Bog-bear* Liquor. Though I know 'tis common, even in the *Seraglio*, to drink *Wine* privately, and chase away Melancholly, the constant Familiar of Restraint and Servitude, with generous Compotations.

I am no Stranger to the counterfeit Sickness of those, who, for the Sake of this stolen Mirth, put themselves into the *Infirmery*, that they may there carouse with Freedom, and drink Healths to the *Grand Seigneur* without suspicion.

Were it not for the convenient Situation of that Apartment, and the Favour of the *Beggaris*, no *Wine* could find admittance into the *Seraglio*, save what is for the *Grand Seigneur's* Use. But now his *Slaves* drink it as merrily as *we*: And I am not sorry that thou art one of the Number. 'Tis a groundless Superstition to refuse the Gift of Divine Liberality, and deny ourselves the Use of that *Plant*, which was made to cheer the Hearts of *Mortals*. Nay, our *holy Traditions* themselves, and all our *Deities* tacitly own, that the *Vine* is allowable, and that it was sav'd among the rest of the *Vegetables*, by *Noah* in the *Ark*: And that *holy Prophet* curs'd the *Devil* for stealing it away. Perhaps the Story will not be unpleasant to thee.

When God commanded *Noah*, with his Companion, to descend out of the *Ark* in Peace, they built
them

them Houses, and began to exercise *Husbandry*: They sow'd *Corn*, and the Seed of other *Vegetables*: They planted also all sorts of *Trees*; but when they came to look for the *Vine* it could not be found. Then it was told *Noah* by the *Angel*, that the *Devil* had stol'n it away, as having some Right to it. Wherefore *Noah* cited the *Devil* to appear before the *Angel* in the Name of *God*, to answer his Theft. The *Angel* gave Judgment, that the *Vine* should be divided between 'em into three Parts, whereof the *Devil* should have *Two*, and *Noah One*; to which both Parties consented: Whereby it is evident, that Man has some share in the Juice of the *Grape*. For this was the Decision of *Gabriel*, That when *Two Thirds* of the Liqueur of this Fruit should be evaporated away in boiling over the Fire, the Remainder should be lawful for *Noah* and his *Posterity* to drink. And thou knowest, we *Mussulmans* generally obey this *Law* in preparing our *Wine*.

Let the *Devil* therefore, in the Name of *God*, have his share in his tempting Fruit, and then there can be no Injustice in enjoying our own Part. For when that which inebriates is separated by Fire from the rest, this Liqueur becomes pure, holy, and blessed. This is the Sentence of the *Ancients*, the immediate Auditors of the *Messenger* of *God*, as is to be seen in the *Manuscripts* they left behind them; which, tho' they are rare and difficult to be met with, yet such as diligently seek *Wisdom* shall not lose their Labour. *Abu Beere Ebn Mahomet* has taken great Pains to collect the *Memoirs* of *Antiquity*. He was a learned *Dollor* among my Countrymen of the *House* of *sulph*, (may he rest under the *Umbrella's* of *Paradise*.) From him I had this Relation.

But tell me, my dear *Mehemet*, if thou knowest, how cam'st thou to be the only Man that had the good Fortune to be sentenc'd to this happy *Disgrace*? Or, if thou art ignorant, I will tell thee. For it seems the

the Rest of the Company in that Night's Revel were discover'd as well as thou, yet escap'd all Censure. It looks, as if they were design'dly reserv'd for Victims, to a more inexorable Revenge. And the Event justifies this Conjecture; since within the Circuit of the *Moon*, not only they, but all the surviving Creatures of the *Sultana Kiasem*, were strangled.

Therefore again, I pronounce thee Happy, and doubly Bless'd in being an *Exile*, since thereby thou hast escap'd the Hands of the *Executioner*, and art now living in *Egypt*; the most fortunate *Region* on Earth. Ascribe this to thy *propitious Destiny*, and to the Favour of *Solyman Kyzilir Aga*: who foreseeing the Slaughter that would be made of that old *Queen's* Servants, took this Opportunity to accuse thee to the *Grand Signior*, that so he might save thy Life: For, 'twas at his Intercession, thou wert banish'd into this happy *Province*, which is call'd the *Nurse* of all *Nations*. Improve thy *Exile* to the best Advantage, and from this *Nurse*, suck the *Milk of Science* with which she has formerly nourished the whole Earth. Be grateful also to thy *Deliverer*; for he is a trully Friend, and unchangeable, where he once places his Affection. He had a particular Kindness for thee. From him I received the News of thy Escape; for that is the proper Name of thy Banishment. Pour forth devout *Oraisons* for his Health and Happiness, since thou art in a *Land*, where the *Prayers* of *Mussulmans* are as effectually heard at some particular *Places*, as if they were utter'd at the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*.

I counsel thee to visit the *Prison* of *Joseph*, which is in the *Dungeon* of the *Castle* of *Caire*. This is a Place of great *Devotion* among the *Faithful*, and has been so in all Ages, since the Death of that *Patriarch*. *Moses* the *Prophet*, of whom 'tis said, that he died in the *Embraces* of God, made his *Prayers* in this Place; and so did *Aaren* his Brother, when they perform'd those

those *Miracles* in *Egypt*. *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* visited this Place, both he and his Mother (on whom are center'd the Smiles of the Creator :) They there perform'd their *Devotions*, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*. So did the *Prophets* and *Apostles*, as many as were in *Egypt*, with all true *Believers*. Nay, some of the *Infidels* themselves, having heard of the Renown of this *Sanctuary*, made their *Addresses* to *Heaven* there, in Time of great Distress. For here *Prayers* are infallibly heard, especially if they be said after the *Sea* has travers'd the *Meridian*; when the *wicked Demons* are asleep, who walk abroad till Noon, doing all the *Mischief* they can.

My Friend, when I think of the *Region* where thou art, I can hardly forbear envying thee 'Tis a *Land* of *Prodigies* and *Miracles*. It is the Support of *Men*, and the *Granary* of the *World*: Those who inhabit it, are full of *Complacency* and *Joy*; and those who abandon it, burn with a perpetual Desire to return. Its *Rivers* are clear, and the *Waters* sweet and rich as *Wine*; the Eye of *God* is upon it, who causes the *Nile* to flow at its custom'd *Season*; whence the Land is made fertile beyond all the *Provinces* on Earth: This *Nile* is one of the *Rivers* which *God* caused to descend from the *Springs* of *Paradise*, on the *Wings* of *Gabriel*; and has hid the Place of its Descent, among the inaccessible *Heights* of *Mountains*.

There are many strange Things related of the *Land* of *Alphism*, and how it was first manur'd by *Joseph*, being before his Time but a *Few* or *Marsh*. The Story also of *Hagar*, the Mother of all the *Ismaelites*, is not unpleasant; thou wilt find it in the *Chronicles* of the *Egypt*: For she was an *Egyptian*, of the *Family* of the *Captives*; and was bestowed on *Sarah* the Wife of our Father *Ibrahim*, by *Charaba*, the *King* of *Egypt's* Daughter. After she was dismiss'd from her *Lady*, she travel'd to *Mecca*; from whence they sent a *Dispatch* to the *King* of *Egypt*, to acquaint him with
 her

her Affairs, and with the Birth of her Son *Ishmael*, imploring his Assistance, in regard she was in a *Land barren of all Things*. Then the *King of Egypt* caus'd a *Canal* to be cut from the *Nile*, at the Foot of the *Eastern Mountains of Egypt*, to the *Red Sea*; and sent Vessels laden with Corn, Fruits, and all manner of necessary Provisions to *Hagar*.

If thou address'st to the *Pope of the Deffers*, the venerable Prelatus of *Cairr*, they will inform thee of more strange Things than these. It is a noble Exercise, to contemplate the *Kingdoms of the Heavens*, and the *Earth*; to search into their Wonders and Prodiges; to trace the Footsteps of *ancient Nations*, and the *Traditions* which know no *Origin*.

Mehemet, I am an *Exile* as well as thou: Let us continue our former Friendship in this State, and do one another all the good Offices we can. As for the Misfortunes of human Life, Let us bear them with an equal Mind; for they will soon have an End, as well as we ourselves.

May God who in the Time of *Gog* and *Magog* took up from the *Earth* the great *Altaran*, and the *Sheets of Science*; the *Black Stone*, and the *Sbrine of Moses*, with the *Five Rivers*, have thee in his holy Protection and Custody, at the Hour of *Evil*, and at all Times.

Paris, 26th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Kerker Hassan Bassa.

THOU may'st report it to the *Divan* for a certain Truth, That the *chief Musli* of the *Christians* is dead: Which puts all the *Courts in Europe* upon new Strain of Policy.

He was call'd *Innocent X.* after his Assumption to the *Papacy*: For his true Name was *Pamphilus*. But some say it has been a Custom for the *Popes* to change their Names, even since a certain *Priest* was lifted to that *Dignity*, which was call'd *Bates de Perce*, or *Hog's Face*. He, ashamed of this Ignominious Name, as soon as he sat in the Chair of *Peter*, assum'd the Name of *Sergius*. Yet all his *Successors* have not observ'd that Rule.

These *Popes* have an Authority greater than our *principal Masters*: For they are obey'd by *Kings* and *Emperors*. And being esteem'd little less than *Gods* on *Earth*, they are solemnly ador'd on the Day of their *Coronation*, by all the *Cardinals*, *Princes*, *Prelates*, and foreign *Ambassadors* at that Time in *Rome*. And for that End they are seated on the Altar, which the *Nazarenes* call, *The Tabernacle* and *Habitation* of their *Gods*.

If I mistake not in my Observation, these *Roman Caliphs* aspire at a Sovereignty over all *Kings* and *Princes*: They would make that which they call the *Hierarchy*, a superlative independent *Monarchy*, to which all the *Governments* in the World should pay *Honour*, and be subject.

This puts me in mind of a certain *Preacher* at *Naples*, who some Years ago, when *Adonai* the *Jew* was in that City, and happen'd to be present in the *Church*, having made a very elaborate Speech to persuade the People, that the *Priests* were superior to *Kings*; at length he broke out into this passionate Exclamation: "O ye Princes of *Christianity*, ye are *Pharisees*, and we *Priests* are your *Gods*. O ye *Pharisees*, obey your *Gods*. Ye can only command the *Creature*, but we make the *Creator* himself come down on the *Altars*, at our *Pleasure*." This Relation I had from the *Jew*, in his *Travels* through *Italy*. And it is asserted by some of their *Doctors*, "That the *Pope* has not only Power to excommunicate the greatest *Prince* on Earth

Earth, but also to pull a Saint out of Paradise, and send him to Hell.

If they could persuade the *Nazarene Princes* and *People* to believe they have such an *Exorbitant Power*, perhaps in Time they might reduce them to as blind a *Superstition* as the ancient *Kings of Egypt* were guilty of, who were so besotted to their *Priests*, that when he whom they call the *Cater*, or *Master of the Celestial Influences*, commanded the *King* to kill himself, for that it was the *Will of Heaven*; the poor bigotted *Monarch* durst not dispute the *Orders* he had receiv'd, but in simple *Obedience* became his own *Murderer*.

Those *Egyptian Priests* indeed were *Masters* of great *Science*, profound *Astrologers*, excellent *Mathematicians*, and perfectly skill'd in the *Secrets of Natural Magick*. They perform'd Things transcending the more common and obvious *Works of Nature*; By which it was easy to strike a *Terror* into the *Hearts of ignorant Mortals*. But as for these *Nazarene Priests*, all that they can boast of is, that they have read the *Histories* of former Times, and are able to discourse in *Philosophy* and other *Sciences*, without having the *Power* to work any *Prodigies*: Unless thou wilt count it one, to keep so many warlike *Nations* in a servile *Awe* of their *Authority*, with the bare *Pretence* of turning a *Piece of Bread* into a *God*.

Yet for all this, there are many poor *Bishops*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*, who are invested with empty *Titles*, having little or no *Revenues*: Among which the *Poverty* of some is so remarkable as to become a *Proverb*. Thus 'tis common in the *Mouths* of the *Romans* to say, *The Pope's Male fares better than the Bishop of Orvieto*.

Illustrious *Bassa*, live thou in the *Faith* of a *Moslem*, and the *Favour* of the *Grand Seigneur*;

for in that State thou may'st despise the greatest of
these Ecclesiastick Infidels.

Paris, 13th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Believe the *Secretary* of the *Nazarene Affairs* takes me to be a *Conjurer*, and thinks that I can divine of all the Changes and Alterations that happen at the *Parte*; or that I have some *magical Glass*, which represents to me the continued *Series* of remote Events, with all the *Transactions* of the *Imperial Court*, *Camp* and *City*: Or else he would not be so late in his *Dispatches*, and send me such imperfect News. I am fore'd many Times to address my Letters by *Guests*; not knowing whether the Person to whom I write be in the same *Statutes* he was a while ago; or whether he be among the *Living*, or the *Dead*: Whether I should direct my *Dispatches* to *Constantinople*, or to the *Elysian Shades*.

My Intelligence of the *Mussulman Affairs* is many times more owing to the *French Merchants* who trade in the *Levant*; or to the *Expresses* which come from *Ambassadors* residing at *Constantinople*, than to that *Secretary*, whose Care it ought to be, that I should be timely inform'd of whatever happens in the *Osman Empire*.

Surely *Kijar Drameler* has some Design upon me, in being always thus tardy and negligent: I scarce hear from him once in half a Year; whereas he is commanded by *his Superiors*, as well as *mine*, to write to me every *Month*: And then he sends me such a lame Account of Things, such *Fragments*

and Scraps of News, that his Letters need a *Comment*, to make 'em intelligible.

About four Years ago I modestly tax'd him with this Neglect, when I had reason to do it in my own Vindication to *Miserrim Alaph, Bassa*. But *Kisar* heard of it, and was very angry. He sent me a Letter full of Invektives, which I answer'd with a Kind of Indifference, mixing Raillery with my just Resentments. How that work'd on him I know not; but his Reservedness ever since, makes me conclude he studies Revenge; and that he takes this Method to accomplish it, by keeping me as much in Ignorance, as he dares, of the Changes and other important Occurrences at the *mysterious Porte*. He knows it would be a Crime little less than Capital, not to write to me at all: Such a wilful Contumacy would straight proclaim him a *Troyer*; since, among the other Instructions which were given him with his Commission, this Charge was none of the least, That he should send frequent Intelligence to all the *Grand Seignior's Agents*, whether publick or private, in the Courts of *Nazarani Princes*. He is sensible, that such a a manifest Contempt of *supreme Authority*, would absolutely ruin him. Therefore he goes more subtly to work; for he writes, indeed, but very seldom: And then, with cunning Artifice, either quite conceals, or at least disguises the most considerable Transactions, only filling up his Letters with trifling Stories, and impertinent Relations, nothing to any Purpose: Thinking by this Means to bring upon me the Displeasure of the *Grandees*, through the Mistakes I may commit for Want of better Advancement.

Be it how it will, I am strangely at a Loss sometimes what to think, or how to write to my *Superiors*, or what Sort of Conduct I should use in this Place, amidst so many various Reports as are continually spread abroad in *Europe* concerning the Af-

fair of the *Seraglio*, the *joining City*, and other parts of this *Ottoman Empire*: Whilst this *Kislar* still delays to ascertain me of any Thing.

I have been wholly a Stranger, 'till within these few Days, to the Fate of the *Captain Basha*, who was strangled about a Year ago, for his Cowardise and ill Conduct against the *Venetians*. Neither knew I any Thing of the Adventure and Flight of his Sons. I was equally ignorant of the Succession of the *Basha of Buda* in this important Command; and of many other Changes both by *Land* and *Sea*.

So at present here are a thousand Rumours stirring about one Thing or other in the *East*. Some say, that *Osman Basha* is strangled, and that the *Captain Basha* is made *Vizier Arim* in his stead. Others report, That this *first Minister* was only depos'd from that *supreme Dignity*, the *Seals* being taken from him; but that, nevertheless, he still continues to be *General* of the *Sultan's Forces* in *Candia*. A third Sort affirm, that he intended to turn *Christian*, holding a secret Correspondence with the *Patriarch* of *Jerusalem*, by whose means, and a general Revolt of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and other *Christians*, under the *Grand Seignior's* Jurisdiction, he sought to betray the *Ottoman Blood*, and exalt himself to the *Empire*.

I am not willing to believe, that such monstrous Perfidy could enter into the Heart of that illustrious *Hero*; yet know not how to contradict it, for Want of true Advice.

It is reported also, That *Seignior Apello*, the *Venetian Bailo*, or *Resident* at the *Happy Porte*, has kill'd himself with a *Ponyard*; being driven to despair by his long Confinement, and the cruel Usage he had received from the *Mussalmans*. God knows whether it be true or no. It would be much to my Satisfaction to have a particular Account of all these Things, and of whatsoever else occurs worthy of Notice. For

how can I discharge my Trust, whilst I am thus kept in the Dark.

They talk here of a violent *Plague* that rages in *Muscovy*, and that above 200,000 People have died of it in the City of *Muscow* only, besides Millions that have been swept away in the Provinces of that vast *Empire*. Those that really know not *themselves*, nor are acquainted with their own *Nature*, will yet pretend to penetrate into the *Councils* of the *Omnipotent*, and pronounce this as a *Judgment* on the *Muscovites*, for the Cruelties they have committed in *Poland*. Doubtless, the Methods of *Fate* are *inscrutable*.

In the mean while we are plagued here with a Crew of *Vagabonds*, whom they call *Gyffies*, or *Egyptians*: For they pretend to be descended from that Place. They swarm up and down the Country like *Caterpillars*, devouring the Fruits of the Earth. They boast of a profound Skill in *Palmistry*, *Physiognomy*, and other *Sciences*, cheating People of their Money, under the Notion of telling them their *Fortunes*. No Body knows from whence they come, or whether they go; for they are as uncertain as the Wind: a nasty Generation, and the very Burthen of the Land. If any Creatures be obliged to them, 'tis the *Mice* and *Rats*, with whom they seem to be in League: For they kill and eat all the *Cats* they seize on.

Illustrious *Minister*, I pray *Heaven* defend thee from all Sorts of *Plagues* and *Vermin*, but especially from *Mouffers* in *human* *Shops*.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Month,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

AS I am alive, these *Gyppies* have enchanted me; I cannot put 'em out of my Mind. And perhaps it will neither be unpertinent nor troublesome to give thee a farther Information of them.

There are several Opinions concerning the *Original* of these *Vagrants*, and they have been thought worthy to be inserted into *Histories*. Some say, they came out of *Tartary*, or *Syberia*, and that they first appear'd in these Parts about the Year 1417, of the *Croisians* *Hegira*. At which time they enter'd into *Saxony* in Troops, having the Passport of *Sigismund*, King of *Hungaria*, and Son of *Charles IV.* They had also the Recommendations of divers other Princes, who look'd upon them as *holy Persons*, or *Prophets*. For they pretended, that they were commanded by God to travel over the whole Earth, and not to have either Houses or Lands in their own Possession: And that this was enjoyn'd 'em as a *Penance* to expiate the Sins of their *Ancestors*; who inhabiting *Egypt* in the Days of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, the *Christian Messiah*, refus'd to entertain that *Holy Prophet* and his *Mother*, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*.

Others are of Opinion, that they came first out of *Persia*, and are of the *Race* of those who abode the Fire: Being forc'd, once in seven Years, to make *Decimations* of their *People*, and send away many *Caravans*, to seek their Fortune in foreign Countries, *Persia* not being able to sustain their numerous *Progeny*.

A third Sort affirm, That they are the *Posterity* of the ten *Jewish Tribes*, that were carried away *Captives*, by *Salmanassar*, King of *Affyria*. No Body

knows for certain what they are, or from whence. They are of swarthy Complexions, wrapt up in Mantles of Cotton or Wool. They speak seven Languages; profess three Sciences; obey one King or General, who always travel with 'em. The *Italians* call 'em *Cingari*, from a Word in their Language which signifies a Kind of *Water-Fool*, that hath no certain Nest, but is forc'd every Night to seek a new Lodging: For so these *Gyghes* rove from Place to Place. The *Germans* call them *Zingener*, from the Word *Zindel*, which is the constant Appellative of the King of these *Ramblers*; as *Pharash* was of old among the *Egyptians*, and *Cæsar* among the *Romans*. In many Things they resemble the *Tortians* and *Faquirs* of the *East*; boasting of extraordinary Illuminations, and a constant Familiarity with God: Tho' some learned Men among the *Nazarenes* esteem 'em no better than a Crew of Cheats and Hypocrites: Even as they do those *Oriental Santones*; who they say, under the Masque of an uncommon Holiness, commit a thousand Villanies.

God best knows what Judgment is to be made either of the *one* or the *ether*. But these *Egyptians*, as they call them, whether they are really such or no, have no great Marks of *Sanctity*, in that they are very *unclean*. They seldom or never wash themselves, but like the Swine, wallow in all manner of Filthiness, eating prohibited Meats, and having their Women in Common, which are the two Sources of all *Impurity*.

As to the *Faquirs* of the *East*, they are strict Observers of the Law of Abstinence and Cleanness; whether they be *Moslems*, or the *Gentiles* of *India*: And if in other Matters they may be found faulty, 'tis very rare: And then they exceed not the Character of *Humanity*, which thou know'st is by Nature prone to Error, and subject to a thousand Frailties and Oversight. We are all Men, and God does not expect

expect our Conduct to be that of *Angels*. His Repose is in himself; and if he takes any Complacency in the Things of the World, 'tis in beholding every Thing according to its *Nature*. The exquisite Form and Symmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Pismire*, with the imitable Architecture of the two former, and the admirable Providence of the latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much Delight as the most celebrated Beauty, Strength, Science, and Performances of Men. For his Power and Wisdom are equally manifest in all Things. Every Creature is perfect in its Kind, only a *wicked Man* is a *Blot* in the *Universe*.

Wouldst thou know what the *Western Nazarenes* are most busy about at this Time? 'Tis the *Election* of a new *Pope*. He is to be chosen by the *College* of *Cardinals*, who are *Princes* of the *Roman Church*. They are all shut up in a Place which they call the *Conclave*. This is a certain *Gallery* in the *Palace* of the *Vatican* at *Rome*, where every *Cardinal* has his *Cell*, or *Apartment* by himself, having only two *Servants* to attend him. The *Conclave* is surrounded by the *Roman Militia*, to prevent all Intercourse by Letters or other Ways, between those without, and those within. The very Dishes which are serv'd up at the Tables of the *Cardinals* are narrowly search'd, lest any Letters should be convey'd in them. The last *Polls* from *Rome* assure us, that there were no less than 66 *Cardinals* thus shut up, when they left that City. And there they must remain Night and Day, without taking the fresh Air, or seeing any Body, 'till they have agreed in their *Election*. There are two *Physicians*, a *Surgeon*, and an *Apothecary*, shut up with 'em to serve 'em in Case of Sickness.

One of the *Conclave* is the *Cardinal de Retz*, who escaped out of his Prison in this *Kingdom* and fled to *Rome* for *Protection*. From whence he sent a Letter to the *Archbishops*, and other *Prelates* of

France, which being pronounced a *Seditious Libel* against the King and the *Government*, was, in the End of the last *Month*, burnt publickly by the King's Order, and all Copies of it prohibited.

The King has also sent private Instructions to the *Cardinals* of his Party at *Rome*, to keep a strict Watch on the Conduct of *de Retz*, and to oppose him in all Things.

Here is nothing but Caballing and Intrigue among these *Infidels*: They are good at a Stratagem, and know better how to undermine one another, than to face their Enemies in the open Field: Which is a Character more suitable to Women than Men. Whereas thou knowest, our *Herets* in the *East* know no other Way to Honour, Victory, and Empire, than by downright Bravery and Resolution, subduing all Things by the Force of their Arms. But God, when he divided the Nations of the *Earth*, and separated the Sons of *Noah*, assign'd to every one a different *Constellation*, according to whose Influence the *Genius* of each People is disposed. They all obey the *Di-rectes* of their particular Stars, and the Orders of *Eternal Destiny*.

Therefore, sage Minister, since *Mars* is the *Planet* of the Sons of *Ismael*, and the *Ascendant* of the *Ottoman Empire*, there is no Need that we should turn *Apostates* from the Star of our better Fortune, to court the Glances of *Mercury*, who is only the *Guardian* of *Knaves* and *Cheats*.

Paris, 26th of the 2d *Month*,
of the Year 1655.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. V.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

Formerly I could have writ to thee with as much Freedom as I could to *Egri Boines*, (on whom rest the Favours of God;) or as I can now to *Gust Oglou*, to my Brother *Pesteli Hali*, or to any of my familiar Friends. But when I consider the eminent *Station* thou possessest, in that the Health and Life of the *Mighty Emperor* is now committed to thy Skill and Care, I am many times at a Stand how to address myself. Methinks thou art tinctur'd with the *Majesty* of that *Personage*, whose Hand thou so often hast the Honour to touch, when required to discover by the Beating of his *Pulse*, the interior *Maladies* which afflict his *Royal Soul*. Yet I know thou still retainest thy Hu-

manity, and will not despise those whom thou hast once thought worthy of Friendship.

Suffer me then to converse with a *philosophick* Freedom; that is, in an Address void of Formalities and Reserves.

I know it is of no Import, whether *Mahmut* be sick or well, provided the *Grand Seigneur* be serv'd. What signify the languishing Pains, or more acute Agonies of a Slave, so long as he is able to carry on his *Master's* Interest? We are not born for our selves only, but by the very Condition of our *Nature*, are oblig'd to consecrate our Lives to the Service of *others*. 'Tis a reciprocal Debt, from which no Mortal is free. Every Man owes something to his Relations, more to his Friends, but most of all to the Publick.

Therefore I make no Complaints of my *Lot*, nor murmur at the Will of *Destiny*. I accuse not the *Stars* of my *Nativity*, nor tax them with unkindly *Aspects*. But am contented with my Fortune, be it good or bad, and resign'd to the Pleasure of *Heaven*.

As *Nature* has fram'd my body infirm and weak, subject to a thousand Maladies; so is my Mind also harass'd with Discomposers which have no Number. But above all, I labour under a Kind of *intellectual* Fever, a perpetual Thirst of Knowledge, which all the Books and Converse in the World cannot satisfy. There is no End of my Doubts and Scruples. Every Thing appears to me as ambiguous as the *Answers* of the *Delphick Oracle*: Nay, I am a perfect Riddle to myself.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, how I should cure this *Drossy* of the Mind, and I will not trouble thee with the inconsiderable *Diseases* of my *Body*. I have a high Opinion of your *Physicians*: And shall put more Confidence in thy Advice, than in the *Sects* of the *Masli*. Conceal not thy Art from *Mahmut*, who admires thee with a Respect equal to that which he

pays to the *Memoirs of Avicen, Al Raza, Helak,* and the rest of those excellent *Physicians*, mentioned in our *Arabian Historians*.

And now these *Ornaments of our Nation* are come into my Mind, permit them to divert me from saying or thinking any more of myself at present: For it will be better to turn the Discourse to such illustrious Themes. At worst, it will be but an innocent Digression.

In perusing the Lines of those famous Men, I meet with some Passages which are very delightful. Perhaps thou hast seen the same. Yet 'twill do thee no hurt, to call them again to thy Remembrance.

I have read in a certain *Manuscript*, pen'd by *Abraham* the Son of *Helak*, a renowned *Physician* at *Bagdat*, this *Memoir* of his Father. * On a certain Day, * says he, that my Father had administered Physick to the *Emperor Tuzan*, for which he was presented with a *Royal Vest*, rewarded with Five Thousand *Pistres*, and by the *Emperor's* Command was carried through the Streets in State; I observ'd that he was pensive amidst all those Honours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought he had greatest Reason to rejoice. Therefore I said to him, "My Father, how came it to pass, that you are thus dejected at a Time when all the World expects to see you dissolv'd in Pleasure? He answer'd, Son, he that has bestow'd these Honours on me is a Fool, and does things preposterously without Reason, And therefore I cannot rejoice at these untimely Favours he has shew'd me, being sensible they are not the Effects of his Judgment, but of his Ignorance. I gave him a Cathartick Potion which worked so strongly with him, that it excoiated his Bowels and brought forth Blood. So that I was forc'd to use a different Method, both to remove his Lintemper, and stop the violent Flux. In the mean while, he ignorantly believing, that the voiding of so much Blood, * pro-

" procur'd him the present Ease and Health he feels,
 " therefore order'd these Honours to be done me which
 " thou seest. Now that which saddens me is my Fear,
 " lest some time or other he may thro' his Ignorance
 " commit as great an Error on the contrary Side, and
 " suspect that I have done him an Injury, when there
 " is no Ground for it, and so put me to Death."

Tell me, my Friend, had not this *Physician* Reason for his Behaviour and Words? He was a Man of great Abilities, accomplish'd with divers *Sciences*, and in high Esteem with the *Princes* and *Nobles* of *Arabia*.

It were worth thy Pains to peruse frequently the *Life of Avicen*, written by himself, wherein thou wilt behold the Methods he us'd to acquire a profound Skill in the *Sciences*: How he was at first puzzled in the *Metaphysics*, and was almost driven to Despair, till a Dream unfolded to him whatsoever was difficult. When he was at a Loss in any Disquisition, he us'd to frequent the *Mosques*, and pour fourth devout and fervent *Orations* to the *Source of Intellectual Light*, till the Thing was manifested to him. He sat up late at Nights, having a Lamp perpetually burning in his Chamber, applying himself attentively to Books and Contemplation. This was his Course, till he was consummate in all the *Liberal Sciences*, which was in the eighteenth Year of his Age.

But of all the *Physicians* whose Names adorn our *History*, none seems comparable to *Tobes Eb n Abraham*, for his Skill in exactly indicating the *Causes* of a *Distemper* by the different *Misforts* of the *Pulse*. *Abul Pharis*, his *Contemporary* and Friend, writes thus of him: " On a certain Day, says he, when I was
 " with *Tobes Eb n Abraham* of *Harrain*, in the House
 " of *Ahu Mehammed* the *Vizir*, *Ahu Adalla Ebnol*
 " *Hejal* the *Poet* being there also, reach'd forth his
 " Hand to *Tobes*, desiring him to feel his *Pulse*.

" To

" To whom the *Physicians* forthwith reply'd, " Thou
 " has us'd a gross Diet, and been intemperate in eating
 " four Milk with Veal." The other answering, that it
 " was true, and all the Company admiring; *Abu'l*
 " *Abbas* the *Astrologer* also reach'd forth his Hand.
 " But when *Thaber* had felt his Pulse, " Thou, said he,
 " hast committed an Excess in taking too much of cold
 " Things; for, as I judge, thou hast eat about eleven
 " Pomegranates." Immediately *Abu'l Abbas* cried out,
 " This is a Prophet certainly, and more than a Phy-
 " sician, for he speaks the Truth to a Tittle." Every
 " Body was astonish'd at his wondrous Knowledge,
 " and I more than all the rest. Wherefore when I had
 " him alone, I said, " My dear *Thaber*, The Study
 " of Physick is common to us both; therefore hide
 " nothing from me, but discover freely by what Art
 " you were able to tell, that the *Poet* eat four Milk
 " with Veal, and not as with Beef or Mutton; and
 " that the *Astrologer* eat no more nor less than eleven
 " Pomegranates. He answer'd, My Mind suggested
 " this to me, and prompted my Tongue to utter it.
 " Then I desir'd him to shew me the *Sevens* of his
 " *Nativity*: which he did at his own House. And
 " considering it attentively, I observ'd, That the Pla-
 " net *Jupiter* was Lord of the *Horoscope*. Then I said
 " to him, " 'Tis this speaks, my dear Friend, not
 " you, so often as you make these fortunate Conje-
 " ctures. Thus far *Abu'l Abbas*.

God knows whether the *Stars* have any such *Influ-
 ences* on Men in their Birth, or no. I am not very
 credulous in this Point. Nor can the Authority of
 the *Ancients*, or the Character of the *Perfians* and
Chaldean Magi captivate my Mind in an implicit
 Faith of Things so liable to Doubt. Who knows
 what the *Stars* are made of, or for what Ends they
 are created? Yet I must own, that some Men seem
 to be born with inherent Faculties, which others
 can never acquire with all the Art and Industry in
 the

the World. One Man is of a *poetick* Constitution ; Another is *genially* inclin'd to *Physick* ; A Third excels in *Mechanicks* : Every Man has his peculiar Gift. And yet, perhar, all this while, the *Stars* have nothing to do in the Matter. However, if there be any Truth in *Astrology*, the *Perhans*, *Chaldeans*, *Arabians* and *Indians*, seem to be the only Men of all *Nations*, constellationed to understand this *Science* perfectly. One knows not what to think, amidst so many Appearances of Truth and Fallhood. Nor can our Thoughts be of any great Import, be it how it will in these *speculative* Matters. At the *Day of Judgment*, we shall not be ask'd, what Proficiency we have made in *Logick*, *Metaphysick*, *Astronomy*, or any other *Science* ; but, whether we have lived according to our *Nature*, as Men endued with *Morality* and *Reason*. In that Hour it will more avail us, that we have thrown a Handful of Flower in Charity to a Nest of contemptible *Pisces*, than that we could muster all the *Hosts of Heaven*, and call every *Star* by its proper Name. For then the *Constellations* themselves shall disappear ; the *Sea* and *Moon* shall give no more Light, and all the *Frame of Nature* shall vanish : But our good and bad Works shall remain for ever, recorded in the *Archives of Eternity*.

If from this Manner of Writing thou shalt conjecture I am melancholy, and wilt also reveal the *Causes* and Remedy of this *Distemper*, thou shalt be more to me than a Thousand *Avicen's*, *Helal's*, *Toubet's*, or all the *Physicians* and *Astrologers* of the *East*. For these Kind of Thoughts are mournful as the *Shadows of Death*.

Paris, 23^d of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER II.

To Afis, Bassa.

I Know not whether thou wilt praise or condemn the Sentence, which the *Electer* of *Saxony* pronounced not long ago on a poor Fellow for killing a *Deer*. Yet, because there is something very singular in it, I will relate the whole Passage, as I receiv'd it from *Nathan Ben Saggi*, the *Jew* at *Vienna*.

In the *Month* of *Chawal*, a certain Citizen of *Wurtemberg* was accused before the *Electer*, for hunting in his Forest, and killing one of his *Deer*. The *Duke*, in a rage, commanded him to be set upon a *Stag*, his Hands chained to the Horns, and his Feet under the Belly of the Beast; ordering that the *Stag* with this Burthen should be let loose to run whither he would. The poor frightned *Stag* not being accusom'd to such a Load, and terrified with the rattling of the Chains, ran away full speed over Hills and Dales, through Thickers of Briars and Thorns, never stopping till he had measur'd above three and thirty *German* Leagues; and then tir'd with so vast a Race, he fell down. At which instant, a *Caravan* was coming by that Place out of *Silesia*.

The poor Wretch on the Back of the *Stag*, almost dead with the Pains he had undergone, in so continu'd and violent a Motion, being also surely bruised, and his Flesh torn and mangled by the Boughs of Trees, as the *Stag* rushed through thick Woods, cry'd aloud to the *Caravan*, begging that some of them would in Mercy dispatch him out of his Torments. But they, either for fear of the *Duke's* Displeasure, or for other Reasons, refused him this Kindness. So that after the *Stag* had rested a while, and recover'd new Spirits, he began a fresh Career;

and

and never cess'd running, till he arriv'd at a certain *Monastery* or *Convent* of *Religious*, where he beat against the Gate with his Horns, till some of the *Devises* open'd it, and let him in. They astonish'd to see a Man thus pinion'd to a *Stag*, his Face, Arms, Legs, and all his Body covered with Blood, and himself ready to expire, immediately brought him *Cordials* and other Refreshments, whilst some were employed in loosing his Chains. But being inform'd by his own Mouth how he came into this Condition, they began to think of turning him loose again, for fear of the *Duke's* Anger. However, suffering themselves to be overcome by the Impassion of the miserable Man, and relying on their *Ecclesiastick* Privileges, (for here in the *West* the *Convents* are generally allowed *Sanctuaries* for all sorts of Offenders) they took him into their Protection: But he expir'd that Night.

It is hard to determine, whether the *Duke*, or these *Devises*, went in the Right or Wrong: The *French* who of late have by a Fashion learn'd to grow obdurate, justify the Proceedings of this *Prince*; saying, that Pity is a Passion fit only for Women, Children and Fools. They esteem it a Mark of a great Spirit, a Mind capable of *Empire*, not to be moved with the Sighs or Tears of the Miserable, but to frown or laugh at the Misfortunes of others. This, they say, is the only Method to harden Men for War, Conquests and Plunder; where the Victors are to cut their Way to Honour and Richs through the Hearts of the vanquish'd, to quench the ardent Thirst of Glory with human Blood, and to celebrate their Triumphs only in the mass of horrid Massacres and Funerals.

'Tis true, these Principles and Actions are allowable in Men of the *Sword*, when they fight the Battles of their *King* and *Country* in Heat of Blood. But Clemency and Compassion are Virtues becoming
the

the greatest *Prince*, or most valiant *General*, when their Enemies are reduced by the Fortune of War to kiss the Dust of their Feet, and beg for Mercy: Or, when in Time of Peace, their *Subjects* fall into a Crime which may admit Indulgence. Certainly these *Western Infidels* have wrong Notions of Humanity, in asserting, That Cruelty is either a Sign of a noble Nature, or a Step to true Happiness: Since the most hard-hearted *Tyrants*, one time or other, will have need of Compassion himself; especially in Sickness and the Agonies of Death, which perhaps prove more tormenting to him, than to the Merciful and Gentle. It is recorded of *Al Hejai El'n Hej'ai'm* a famous *Arabian* Captain, that when in a *Malignant Fever* he call'd for Water to drink, and it was deny'd him by the *Physicians*, who had Care of his Health: "It is enough, said he, *Rueno'd d'aula* once my *Lieutenant*, to whom I forgave three Treasons, and who died a natural Death, has refresh'd me at this Minute with a Liqueur unknown: Sure 'tis the Wine of Paradise." And from that Moment he began to recover his Health, after which he lived many Years, often rehearsing this Passage amongst his familiar Friends to his last Day.

But the *Infidels* are either ignorant of these Examples, or if they know 'em, Pride will not suffer 'em to learn Morality and Justice. They are deluded, the greatest Part, to be *incredulous* to the Day of Judgment. How many *Prophets* has God sent into all *Nations*, to teach them the right Way, and not the Way of such with whom he is displeas'd! yet they will not be converted; They look on the *Apostles* and *Messengers* of the *Eternal*, with the Eyes of *Swine*; they grunt under the Burthen of their Sensuality, and like those filthy Animals, return to their Mire again. Yet that *superlatively Merciful* winks at their Frailties, and visits them with his *Graces* every Morning. But they put their Fingers in their

Ears

Ears, and turn away in Disdain, as from a Beggar. They reject the King of all Things, as a Fugitive and Vagabond on Earth.

From that delectable *Essence*, the Odour of whose Sweetness is diffused through the *Elements*, and refreshes the Minds of the *True Faithful*, let us by continual Devotion and Vertue attract divine Tinctures, till our Hearts be all transform'd into *Incess*, and in this aromattick Pile, our *Souls* expire like the *Phoenix*, to revive again in the Joys of *Paradise*, in Amours which know no End.

Paris, 8th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T T E R I I I .

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Wonder at nothing: Much less at the extravagant Caprices of *Tyrants*. Methinks there appears no Novelty in modern Transactions: They are but a Repetition of ancient Practices, under new Forms. Of all the Events of this Age, not one has come to my Knowledge which gives me a Surprise. Yet I must confess, there is something very singular in the Punishment the *Duke of Saxony* inflicted, as thy Letter tells me, on a poor Deer-stealer. And, if it be just to put a Man to Death on such an Account, as the *Indians* hold, the *Duke* seems very ingenious and accurate, in the Choice he made of an *Executioner*.

The ancient *Romans* had a *Law* which they call'd *Lex Talionis*; which in all *Criminal* Cases appointed the Punishment to be in some Circumstances adequate to the Fault. And thou know'st, *Moses* your *Law-giver* left much the same *Statutes*: requiring the Loss of the Eye of him, who had put another
Man's

Man's out; a Tooth for a Tooth, an Arm for an Arm, and so proportionably of other Injuries. But this Prince seems to have made a Supplement, where these *Laws* appear'd short; and has shew'd a most exquisite Niceness of Revenge in the Design of the unfortunate Huntsman, to cause a *Stag* to be, in so peculiar a manner, the Instrument of his Death, who had villainously murder'd one of the same *Species*: doubtless, it was a princely Freak of Justice: And had it been done purely to avenge the Blood of the slaughter'd Beast, and not in Vindication of his own Right, I could not forbear to pronounce it a Frolick worthy of a *Hers*. But he himself is frequently guilty of the same Kind of Murder, as are most of the great Men in Europe; whose Tables are no other than the Altars of Gluttony, smoking with Flesh and Blood, whilst *Meatombs* of Animals are there sacrificed to voracious Appetites, the Idols of these *Western* People.

Methinks therefore, it had been more generous, and becoming a Prince, to pardon the poor Fellow a Theft, which perhaps was the only Method he had to preserve *Himself* and his Family from starving: And, for ought I know, he had as much Right, according to the *Law of Nature*, to kill a *Stag*, as the Owner has. But there is no Talk to be made of Right or Wrong, where Power over rules all.

India is at present the only publick Theatre of Justice toward all living Creatures. There it is a capital Crime to shed the Blood of any Animal, and punish'd with Death no less than the Murder of a Man. The Princes and Nobles indeed inclose *Deer*, and other innocent Creatures in Parks, not with a Design to prey upon them at their Pleasure, but to defend them from the Violence of others; whilst these happy Animals range and feed where they please within those Pales, free from Peril, and never fearing any other Death, save what they pay to
Nature,

Nature, when they have span out the accustomed Term of their Life. They also build Hospitals for a like purpose; and are at a great Charge every Year, to redeem a certain Number of Oxen and Cows from Slaughter: For they esteem it a barbarous and inhuman Cruelty to murder those Creatures which are the Nurseries of our Life.

The *Law of Moses*, if I mistake not, obliges all of thy Nation to certain specific Tendernesses towards the dumb Animals. And *Ezra* the *Prophet*, a Man of no obscure Extract, but of a noted Race among the *Hebrews*, says, "He that killeth an Ox, is as if he slew
" a Man; and he that sacrificeth a Lamb, as if he
" beheaded a Dog." And in another Place, the same *Prophet* says, in the Person of God, "To what pur-
" pose is the Multitude of your Sacrifices to me? I am
" offended with the Scurk of your Burnt-offerings, and
" nauseated with the Smell of broild Fat. I take no
" Delight in the Blood of Bulls, Lambs or Goats. Who
" hath required those Things at your Hands? Bring no
" more vain Oblations, which my Soul hateth.

By these Expressions, one would think the *Prophet* brings in God, denying that ever he commanded any such *Sacrifice* or Shedding of Blood, and protesting against it as an Abomination. Where then is the Reputation of those *Writings* which go under the Name of *Moses*? For in them these bloody Victims are expressly enjoind; God cannot be contradictory to himself. Doubtless, a great Part of the *true Law* which God gave to *Moses* was lost in the former *Captivities* of your Nation, when your Cities and Provinces were quite dispeopled, your Fathers led away by the *Victorious Monarchs* of the *East*, and your choicest *Memoirs* abolished. So that what remains now, is only a Collection of Fragments patch'd up by *Scribes*, and other indolent *Scribes*, to which they give the specious Title of the *Law of Moses*, that so they might fascinate the wavering Peo-
ple

ple in Obedience to something, though of their own Devising.

Nathan, I do not go about to seduce thee; examine all Things. Believe me neither nor thy own *Rabbis*; but, trust only thy Reason which will stand by thee at the *Day of Judgment*, when all Things else shall fail.

Paris, 8th of the 5th *Mois*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER IV.

To Dgebe Nafir, Bassa.

THESE *Nazarenes*, like the *Followers* of the *Prophets*, are divided into innumerable *Sects*; and so 'tis in all *Religions*; Men cannot think alike; *Nature* itself delights in Variety. God has diversify'd the *Faculties* of our *Souls*, as he has the *Constitutions* of our *Bodies*. The *Zealot* is subject to *Choler*, the *Bigot* to *Melancholy*, the *Libertine* is of a *sanguine* Complexion; and as for the rest, they are but so many walking, speaking Lumps of *Phlegm*. This is the *physical* Division of *Mortals*; under which are comprehended the various *Temper*s which result from the different Mixture of these four *Radical Principles*. And for this we must thank *Galen* and *Hippocrates*.

But if we consult the *Astrologers*, they will assign as many different *Humours* and *Complexions* as there be *Stars* in the *Heaven*, at least, as there be *Constellations*. They'll tell ye of the *Bull* and the *Bear*, and God knows what heavenly *Stories*. The *Dragon* shall spit *Venom* on one *Man's* *Nativity*, out of his *Mouth*; and give another a *poisonous* Lick with his *Tail*. If we believe all they say, there is
not

not an Herb in the Field but has its particular *Star*, whose *Influence* causes it to grow and prosper; though *Moses* tells us, that the *Vegetables* appear'd on the Earth, even before the *Stars* themselves had their Existence in the *Heaven*.

But, whether there be any Truth in *Astrology*, or no, this is certain, that Men differ in their Sentiments of *Religion*, as they do in their Faces. The *Physiognomy* of *Faith* is infinitely various. One Man believes in *Moses*, another in *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, a third in *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*. Then these are subdivided into innumerable Parties. The *Jews* have seventy eminent *Religious Factions*. There are number'd Seventy and one *Sects* of *Christians*, and Seventy two of *Mussulmans*. These are all at odds about Words and *exterior Ceremonies*; so zealous for Charity and Peace, that they are in perpetual Wars for its sake, murdering one another in the Love of Love: And such stout Champions for the *Truth*, that they scruple not to tell ten thousand Lies in its Defence.

The Differences between the *Greek* and *Armenian Nazarenes*, the *Nestorians* and *Jacobites*, with other *Sects* of the *East*, are not unknown to the *Ministers* of the *Porte*. But perhaps thou art a Stranger to the new *Sebians* of the *West*.

The most eminent *Division* of *Christendom* at this time, is into *Catholicks* and *Protestants*. The former obey the *Roman Meeke*, and boast of an uninterrupted *series* of *Caliphs* from *Peter* the *Vicar* of the *Messias*, down to the present *Pope*. The latter are the *Followers* of *Luther* and *Calvin*, Men who pretended to certain *new Lights*, and claim'd a Right to reform the Errors of their *Fathers*, in Matters of Faith and Worship. God best knows who's in the Right or Wrong of these two Parties: But they have always been at Daggers drawing in Jefferance of their several *Texts*; prosecuting and massacring

slicing one another for *Conscience-sake*. Both Sides appeal to the *written Law*, to *apostolical Traditions*, to the *Testimony* of the Ancients, the Decrees of *Councils*, and the Practice of those whom they call the *Primitive Church*. Yet neither Part will allow the other a sufficient Judgment to interpret those *Memoirs* of Antiquity, nor an authentick Power to decide Controversies of this Nature. Thus their Disputes are like to last till the *final Day* of Decision, when all human Quarrels shall be determin'd before the *Grand Tribunal*.

In the mean Time they take all Advantages to execute their Spight and Malice on each other, under the Notion of Justice and Piety. We are daily alarmed here with tragical Relations of horrid Murders and Butcheries committed on the *protestants* of *Piedmont*, and other Parts under the Duke of Savoy. Would some say, that all these Reports are false, and the Sufferings of those People are, according to Law, the due Punishment of their *rebellious* Actions.

It is not in my Power to adjust their Differences; nor is it material to a *Musselman*, which of them has the Law on their Side. Yet if I were inclin'd to take any Part, it should be that of the Oppressed. Cruelty I abhor; and our holy Prophet has forbid Force to be us'd in Matters of Religion, since the Conscience is responsible to none but God.

May that God, from whose Unity have sprung all the different Essences in the World, and all the Variety in Nature, gives us Grace to love the whole Creation, and not to shed Blood, unless in the sacred Combat.

Paris, 11th of the 6th Month,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER V.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

I Had concluded thee dead, till thy Letter certify'd me to the contrary. So long a Silence between Friends, would put any Man upon the same Thoughts. Ten Years have slip'd away between my list to thee, and thy Answer. I hope thou dost not measure *Time* after the Rate of the *Seven Sleepers*. Perhaps thou hast been confin'd a ten Years *Silence* and Abstinence from all manner of Conversation, by the *Superior* of thy *Convent*. Such Severities are not uncommon in *Religious Societies*, where the main Business is to acquire *Perfection*. The *Armenian Monasteries* are much more rigid, where, but for one extravagant Word, I have known a Man's Tongue lock'd up for the Space of two and twenty Years, under Pain of *Excommunication*; and then releas'd, only for the Sake of a most significant Jest put on the *Patriarch* in mute Signs. Wit will find a Way to vent itself, though it be at the Fingers Ends. And, for ought I know, thou hast obliged the *Abbot* to take off thy *Censure* by the like Method. There was abundandane of *Satyr* in the Sublimation of the ancient *Romans*; and no less *Rhetorick* in the Shrug or Grimace of the modern *Italians*. The *Mimiicks* of *Scaramouchi* are a perfect *Lampoon*; and *Harlequin* is *Burlesque* all over.

Thou know'st I always entertain thee with one frivolous Discourse or other to divert thy Melancholy; and thy own Letters give me Encouragement. They seem to be writ in a pleasant Humour. But, tell me, have I guess'd right at the Cause of so tedious a Reservedness, or no? Hast thou been forced all this while to speak with thy

thy Hand, Feet, Nose, and the emphatic Motions of thy Head and Eyes? If it were so, I fancy thou wert excellent Company among thy grave phlegmatick Brethren, and in a fair Way to understand the Language of the *Beasts*, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, frisking their Tails, and other Postures, express their various Passions, Desires, and Necessities, as intelligibly to those who are us'd to them, as we can do by the most elegant Addresses in Words.

But to be serious: If for the sake of *Virtue* this *Penance* be imposed on thee by him who presides over thy *Convent*, or thou hast voluntarily undertaken so difficult a Part of Self-denial on the Score of *Philosophy* or *Religion*, thou hast approv'd thyself wise and brave in not flinching. A Coward in religious Matters is as despicable as in the Engagements of the World. 'Tis honourable to face Temptations, and come off with Victory.

As for what thou desirest to know, concerning the *Sepulchre* of King *Childeric*, it is esteem'd a Piece of great *Antiquity*, in regard he was the fourth Monarch of *France*. He reign'd over the *Gauls* or *Franks* in the Year 458, *Severus* being Emperor of *Rome*, *Severinus* and *Decialaphus*, *Consuls*. Yet in little more than three Years he was depos'd and banish'd by his Subjects, whilst *Aegidius*, a *Roman*, was crown'd in his stead. Neither did this Man please the People so well, but that after some Experience of his Oppression, Avarice and other Vices, they expell'd him also, and recall'd their lawful Sovereign. For *Aegidius* had vex'd them with unreasonable Taxes, fleecing them of many Millions, which he privately sent out of the *Kingdom*, disposing of this vast Treasure at *Rome*, and among his Friends in other Parts, as a Support against future Contingencies: For he look'd for some Backblows of *Fate*. *Childeric* therefore being restor'd to

his Crown, enjoy'd it till his Death, which was in the Year 484. After whom succeeded in the Kingdom, *Clodoveus the Great*, who was the first French King that embrac'd Christianity.

The Time when *Childeric's Tomb* was first discover'd, was about two Years ago, when the Cathedral of *Tournay* wanted Reparation. For as the *Labourers* were digging up the old *Charnel-House*, they encounter'd a long Stone; which giving 'em some Fatigue, they broke in Pieces, and found under it the entire *Skeleton* of a *Man* lying at length, with abundance of *Greek Medals* of *Gold*, and some other *Curiotics* of the same *Metal*, among which was a *Ring* with this *Motto* :

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI REGIS.

All these *Reliquets* were at first possess'd by the *Carrs* of that *Church*, where they were found: Of whom they were begg'd by the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, who has them in his Custody. Therefore those who told thee they are in the King of *France's* Hands were misinform'd themselves, or design'd to abuse thee. For this cannot be suppos'd, during the present Wars between *France* and *Spain*: When they are more ready on both Sides to plunder one another, than to grant Civilities of this obliging Nature.

I perceive thou art grown a great *Antiquary*; and therefore, in token of my Esteem, I have sent thee a *Cabinet* of such *old Things* as I have scrap'd together in my Travels, and during my Residence in this *City*.

The *Agates* which you will find in the uppermost *Drawer*, may easily be dated by their Figures, which are all after the Fashion of *Gentile Rome*. As for the *Shells* in the *Second*, I leave them to thy own Judgment; only this I will say, that they
are

are not common. The *Third* contains a Miscellany of several *Antiques*. The *Knives* were us'd by the ancient *Romish Priests* in their *Sacrifices*. The *Weights* are at least twelve hundred Years old, by the *Parallels* which I have seen in the *King's Library*. The *Rings* are also of the *Parthian Make*: And the *Arrow* to which they are fasten'd, retains its *oriental Venues* to this Hour, as thou wilt find by trying it on any *Animal* that deserves it. But after all, the *lowerst* Drawer contains nothing but *Counterfeits*. For those *Medals* are the Work of *Parmenas*, the finest *Graver* in the World. If thou knowest not his Character, I'll tell thee in a Word; he was famous for imitating so exactly the most ancient *Medals*, that the *Transcripts* could not be discern'd, even by the most skillful *Artists*, from the *Originals*.

Accept these with the same good Will as I did, when they were presented to me, and tell me wherein else I can gratify thy Wishes.

You *Monasticks* are infinitely happy in the Advantages of Retirement and Tranquility. You are free from the Cares which molest other Mortals. The Bell rings you to *Prayers*, and to your *Repos*. You have nothing else to regard, but your *Contemplations* and *Studies*. Many great Lights have sprung from your various *Orders*. And I'll tell thee, Father *William*, the World will be disappointed if thou should'st prove a *Dark-Lantern*, and only be wise for thy self.

Paris, 15th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year, 1655.

LETTER VI.

To the most Illustrious and Invincible
Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

BY the Sound which the Sun makes at his going down, I swear I was not mistaken in the *Ides* I had of thy Generosity. And the Dispatch with which thou hast honoured the *Slave Mahmat*, confirms me in a perfect Security of thy Favour and Protection.

I shall, with exquisite Diligence, obey thy Orders: But it cannot be attempted without vast Sums of Money. And if I may be thought worthy to give Advice to my *Superiors*, the most effectual Way to accomplish this, will be by sending one of the *principal Ministers* to this Court, with a splendid *Embassy*: for this young King expects very honourable Addresses from all that seek his more intimate Friendship: Therefore a *Côieur* would be slighted on such an Occasion, and marr all the Design. I would counsel, That some Body be sent who perfectly understands the *Genius* of the *French*, and the particular Aims of Cardinal *Mazarini*.

Under the Protection of such a One, I should be able, without hazard of a Discovery, to set all that is necessary to carry on this Design with good Success. Here are abundance of needy *Courtiers*, on whom Gold will have a powerful Influence. But neither I as Person, nor any one whom I shall depute, can make such Tenders, unless there were here some known publick *Ambassador* from the *Grand Seignior*, to countenance the Business. For otherwise it will presently be whisper'd, that some *private Agent* lurks here *incognito*. They will start a thousand *Chimera's* of Jealousy, and so I may run the Hazard of a *second Imprisonment*, when the *Cardinal*

dinal shall call to mind the Occasion of my *first*. All that I can then say of my being a *Moldavian*, will find no Credit; and 'twill be no less than a Miracle, if they do not expose me to a Scrutiny for the Mark of *Circumcision*; which if it be found, all is betray'd and ruin'd.

I do not value the Punishments they will inflict on me, nor the Loss of my Life: But I dread the more important Consequences of such a Discovery; the unmasking the *Secrets* of the *Grand Seignior* to *Infidels*.

These are the chief Reasons I have to offer in behalf of an honourable Embassy. As to the Person whom thou shalt think fit to employ in so glorious a Trust, I will not presume to add any Thing to what I have said already, that he be a Man of Experience in the *French* Affairs, well vers'd in the Knowledge of *Christian* Policy, the different Interests of the Courts of *Europe*, and one that exactly knows what Advantage to make of the new *Pope*. For after long Debates, the *Cardinals* have at last elected one, who has assum'd the Name of *Alexander VII*.

It is hard to judge at his first Accession to that *Sovereign Chair*, what Interest this *Prelate* will embrace, whether that of *France* or *Spain*: Or whether his Conduct will be *Neutral*, deporting himself with an equal Indifference to all the *Nazarene Princes*, whom he calls his *Sons*, endeavouring to compose their Quarrels, and unite their Forces against the *Mussulmans*. I tell thee, no Body can be yet assur'd, what the Temper of the *Roman Mist* may prove, For it is usual for the aspiring *Cardinals* to promise many Things in hopes of the *Papacy* which they never perform, when they have once obtain'd the *uncontroulable* Command. *Diffimulation* is rank'd among the *principal* Virtues in the Court of *Rome*: And he that knows not how to

disguise his Affections, is not thought worthy of any important *Trust*. *Adonai* the *Jew* has lost his Liberty in that City for being defective in this courtly Accomplishment. It seems, he and some others of his *Nation*, rail'd too passionately and openly at the *Idolatry* of the *Romans*. Yet I expect daily to hear of his Relief; for I understand by a Letter from him, that he was excepted out of the Number of those whose *Condemnation* is *irrecoverable*.

I reproved him for his *Immortality* in reflecting on the *Establish'd Religion* of the *Country* where he resides. But this kind of *Arrogance* is the peculiar *Vice* of the *Hebrews*. They despise all other People in the *World*: Whereas thou know'st, the impartial *God* respects not one *Nation* more than another; for they are all equally the *Works* of his *Hands*. And for ought we know, he tolerates the *Variety* of *Religions* that are extant in the *World*, with the same *Indifference* as he dispenses his common *Blessings* to such an infinite Number of Men of diverse *Faces*.

The *Multiplicity* in the *Universe* exalts the divine *Unity*, which is the *Root* of all. And if there be ten thousand *Myriads* of *Worlds*, they all sprang from one *Cause*, and there they end. For He is the *First* and *Last* of every *Thing*.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T T E R VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THE *Egyptians* have a *Proverb*, That he who thinks and speaks of *God* only when he is melancholy, sacrifices to the *Planet Phœreus* or *Saturn*, and

and not to the most high and exalted King of *all Things*; who is the Fountain of Joy to Men and Angels.

I counsel thee not to list thyself in the Number of those who adore the Stars, by cherishing sad *Ideas* of the ever indulgent and merciful Divinity, Nor think thyself the less liable to this Censure, because it proceeds from a Nation which was once at Enmity with the Sons of *Jacob*. Despise not the Wisdom of that People, from whom even *Moses* your Law-giver learn'd all his, and from whom all Nations borrow'd Improvements of Learning, if they are not indebted to them for its first Radiments.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive that I consult thy Happiness, and would have thee chase away vain Fears and superstitious Thoughts, the mere Product of an ill-temper'd Spleen, which is the peculiar Malady of thy Nation. Let thy Heart, be always cheerful; for God oves every Thing that he has made: The Universe overflows with his Bounty. Be not too Religious, nor strain the Faculties he has given thee for thy Support, and not for thy Bane.

I had rather hear from thee Matter of News, than these dismal Scruples about thy Soul. If thou art not willing to embrace the *Massimean Faith*, in God's Name, continue to observe the Law of *Moses*, and prosecute thy Affairs with Alacrity.

Thou hast been very slack of late in sending me Advices of what passes at *Vienna*, and other *Parts* of *Germany*. We have flying Reports here of the Death of *Eleanor* the *Empress*; and that on the same Day wheron she died, *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, the *Emperor's* Son was elected King of the *Romans*. I know not how to write to the *Ministers* of the *Court*, till thou hast ascertain'd me of these Things. For God's sake, be speedy in thy *Dispatches*, and inform me what is done at the *Diet* of *Frankfort*. Rouse

up thyself, and banish superfluous Cares. Remember, that as there is but *One God*, so there is but *One Law*, but *One Thing* necessary to Men, that is, *To live according to Reason*. This is engraven in every Man's Heart, and there needs no *Comment* to explain it. Thou art a sufficient *Latogiver*, *Rabbi*, *Dollar*, and *Interpreter* to thyself. Let not others amuse thee with *Fables*.

I will now acquaint thee with something of Certainty. The *French* have gain'd *Landrecies*, a strong Town in *Flanders*. It was surrendered to them on the 22^d of this *Month*; and the next Day all the *Garrison* march'd out, consisting of 1500 Men, besides 300 wounded.

The King is gone, upon this good News, to view and take care of his new Conquest. For this is not the only Town the *Spaniards* have lost: They talk of *Mauberge*, *Bovines*, and *Conde*; all which, according to fresh Report, are in the Hands of the *French*. This young *Monarch* is strangely fortunate.

If thou canst inform me of such successful Campaigns among the People of the *North*, fail not to do it in Season; for we are not plac'd in these *Stations* to whistle to Sheep.

Paris, 29th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T T E R X I I I .

To Mustapha Lulu Beamtulla, a Man
of the Law.

I Would willingly be admitted into *Paradise*, as well as other *Musselmans*. Neither would I think, speak, or do any Thing which might prejudice my Title, and baulk my Pretensions to eternal Happiness. This Desire is natural to all Men; and when
I pro-

I profess it, thou may'st believe me without an Oath. Yet methinks, I would not go hoodwinked to Heaven, but would fain enjoy the Benefit of my Sense and Reason, in my Advances to that *Region of Bliss*.

I believe the *Alcoran* is the *Oracul* of Gods; and 'tis so firmly imprinted in my Memory, that I could repeat it *verbatim* from the Beginning to the End, without making a *Verse*. I gave an entire Credence to the Doctrine of the Resurrection; being naturally desirous of *Immortality*; But I cannot entertain the gross Conceit, which the greatest Part of *Muslimans* have of the *Resurrection*; that is, that our very *Dust* shall be rais'd again, and organ'd into a *Body*. The *Nazarenes* are of the same Opinion. But, methinks, there's no need of stretching and straining of *Nature*. Besides, this Opinion is inconsistent with other *fundamental Doctrines* of the *Musliman Law*.

We are all taught to believe, that the *Souls* of *Just Men, Saints and Martyrs*, immediately on their Departure from the *Body*, ascend to *Paradise*. If so, then they either live there in an *incorrupt Estate*, or they have *new Bodies* assign'd them by the same *Province* which gave them their *Old*. Be it which way it please God, it will appear a manifest *Monstrum* in the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, and *Indicium* in *Nature*, to make these *Souls* either cast off their *new Bodies* at the *Day of Judgment*, for the Sake of their *old Rotten Relicks*, after they have enjoy'd all the ravishing Delights of *Eden* for so many Ages; or to stand in need of any *Bodies* at all, after they have liv'd so long in a *separate Condition*. There's no Sense in it. Doubtless, this Opinion was first hatch'd by those who believ'd the Sleep of the Soul, and held that it was inseparable from the *Body*. For then they had no other Way to comfort themselves with any probable Hopes of a *reviving Immortality*; but by maintaining, that as the Soul slept with the *Body* in the *Grave*, so both Soul and *Body* should conjointly rise again at the *Day of Doom*.

Or perhaps this *Figure* of our *Resurrection* was inculcated to insinuate the Faith of an *immortal State*, into the duller Minds of those who were incapable of comprehending either the *Pre-existence of Souls*, their *Self-subsistence* after *Death*, or their *Translation* into other *Bodies*.

It seems to me much more easy to believe, according to the most obvious *Works of Nature*, that after our *Dissolution* here, we shall either assume some *Body* of *Air*, *Fire*, or other *elemental Supplement*, or by magnetic *Transmigration* shall be united to some *Vegetable* or *Animal Embryo*, than to dream of recollecting all our scatter'd *Atoms* together, after so many *Thousands of Years*, wherein they have been dispers'd, perhaps thro' all the *Ranges of the Universe*.

Surely, our *holy Lawgiver*, and all the other *Prophets*, intended no other Thing by the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, but only to convince the World, that the *Soul* was *Immortal*, and that consequently there would be a *Reward of Good* and *Bad Works* after this *Life*. We shall live for ever, old *Lawyer*: And what signifies it, whether we have the same *Bodies* or others, so long as we are happy in any *State*: And if we are metamorphos'd we cannot fail of our *specifick Felicity*, since every *Creature* is happy in his own *Essence*. Then let us be *Ases*, *Dromedaries*, *Camels*, or any Thing but *Hogs*, and we shall have *Bliss* enough. That *Creature* is the very *Emblem* of *Uncleanness*, and therefore its *Life* cannot be the *Object* of a *Musliman's Wish*. Yet we know not the *Laws* of our *Change* or *Transmigration* from this *mortal Life*: For the *Soul*, according to *Pythagoras* and the *Ancients*, is capable of all *Forms*.

If thou wond'rest what has put me upon this *Discourse*, it is the *Remembrance* of what I have heard thee relate of the *Apparition* of *dead Men's Bones* in the *Cemetery* of *Grand Caire* in *Egypt*, at a certain *Season*

Season of the Year, when Multitudes of People by Custom flock thither to behold this wonderful Scene of a *Spain's Resurrection*. I can give it no better Title, since in all probability 'tis only the Effect of some Artifice us'd by the *Christians*, to procure Money from the admiring Crowd. And I'm confirm'd in this Belief, by a Letter I receiv'd from *Mehemet the Exil'd Eunuch*, who now resides at *Caire*; and having been curious to observe this celebrated *Miracle*, among the other *Rarities* of this City, sent me such an Account of this Passage, as convinces me there's some *Cheat* in't.

He tells a great many other Things of the *Superstition* and *Ignorance* of the *Egyptians* as to the *Pyramids*, and the suppos'd *Spirits* which guard 'em. In all, he laments the Condition of Mankind, who have so far degenerated from themselves, and suffer'd their *Reasons* to be debauch'd with *Fables*.

Sage Mestepha, thou art of the *Race* of those who have preserv'd *Science* and *Philosophy*. A *Halo* of *Light* invests thy Soul. Let no dark Opinion of God and his *Works* eclipse thy *Intellect*.

Paris, 20th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman Kuslir Aga, Prince of the
Black Eunuchs.

THY *Dispatch* came in an happy Hour: Yet the Contents of it surpris'd me. 'Tis a strange Turn of Fortune, that the *Bassa* of *Alippo*, after so many *Rebellions*, should become the *sultan's* Favourite, and be invest'd in the *highest* Dignity of the *Empire*. Yet, he knows, but this may be the
only

only effectual Course to reclaim him, and of an Enemy to render him a Friend: For Ambition is a Vice so nearly bordering on Virtue, so refin'd and subtle in Complexion, that when the Passion which characterizes it, is once gratified with its proper Object, it soon becomes a Virtue itself, and transforms a *Libertine* to a *Haspi*, ranking a Man to Day among the most deserving *Heroes*, who but Yesterday was in the Number of the *Seditious*.

Therefore, I cannot but highly applaud the Counsel of those, who persuaded the *Grand Seignior* to this uncommon Choice of the *Fixer Axem*. The whole *Empire* has languished for want of a Man, of Abilities in that *Supreme Station*, ever since the *Soul* was taken from the most illustrious *Chansacin Bassa* through the Malice of his Enemies. And in this Juncture, they could not have pitch'd on a Man more capable of the *Charge*, than this bold *Bassa*, who, besides his Experience in the Wars, both by Sea and Land, is look'd on as the stoutest Man in this Age. As for his former Crimes, they proceeded only from his Discontent and Thirst of Glory, which is now sufficiently allay'd by the Bounty of our *Sovereign*. The *Cause* therefore of his Extravagances being thus seasonably removed, the *Effect* will naturally cease.

But suffer me to ask thee; Do they not resent, at the *Seraglio*, his Approaches to this *Sanctuary* of *Martals* with such a formidable Retinue! Thou tellst me, he is attended by forty thousand Men, an Equipage fit for a *Sovereign Monarch*. Perhaps, 'tis only the Effect of his *martial Genius*, and that he is willing to appear like a Soldier: Or, it may be he really suspected Danger, and that he was design'd for a Sacrifice, which made him come thus guarded to the Feet of his *Master*; that his Son might revenge his Death, by some desperate Attempt on *Constantinople*. Be it how it pleases God, it forms the *Wishes*

wuk'd

wink'd at all, and receiv'd him with such Marks of his Esteem and Affection, as are seldom vouchsafed to *Subjects*. I hope the Event will answer his Expectation. These new Methods of Clemency may prove more successful, than the severe Conduct of former Times. Men of great Souls are sooner subdu'd by Favour, than Force and Cruelty.

I am extremely oblig'd to thee for thy Instructions, which I shall exactly observe in writing to the *Supreme Minister*. Thou hast march'd my own Thoughts in this Advice: For knowing that *Basil's* Temper, it will be Policy, as well as Justice, frankly to own what I have writ against him, and not stuff my Letter with abject fawning Submissions, or sneaking Excuses; he's brave himself and will be pleas'd to see a Man resolute in his Duty.

However, let the Consequence be what it will, I must follow the Measure of my own Integrity. There is something so satisfactory in Truth, and an honest blunt Carriage, as far surpasses the little faint Pleasures of Artifice and Dissimulation. And I should be weary of my Life, were I forced to preserve it by such effeminate Tricks. Yet, I must confess, 'tis a vast Encouragement, to find thy Sentiments the same. What is this World, that we should be so fond of it! Or what is this Life of Mortals, that we need be so over-studious of prolonging the Respiration of that Breath, which may with as much Ease be all breath'd out at once, as by so many successive Millions of Moments; for Death properly possideth but an Instant of Time; no more does Life. Every Gasp renews the One, and the last commences and finishes the Other. As to Pleasure and Pain, we generally have an equal Share of 'em. And it appears to me an equal, if not a greater Happiness, at once to be freed for ever from the Latter, than by such an wise Composition to protract the Enjoyment of the Former.

Brave

Brave *Solyman*, when I contemplate thy Virtue, it inspires me with Courage against the vain Mists of Fear, which the *Magick* of Opinion has rais'd before the Eyes of Mortals. I embrace thee with an extended Soul, and wish thee the two Extremes of Happiness, Plenitude of Joys in this Life, and an immortal *Series* of Felicities in *Paradise*. Live for ever, thou generous Son of *Cham*.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER IX.

To the most Illustrious Vizir Azem, at
the Porte.

BY the Souls of all my *Progenitors*, I was glad to hear the News of thy Advance to that glorious Height of Power: Yet when thou wert *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, and held Correspondence with the *Venetians*, I accus'd thee to the *Divian*, doing thereby no small Service to the *Ottoman Empire*: For which thou hast now Reason in Honour to reward me; knowing that I prevented a great deal of Confusion and Blood. It will not become the first Minister, to cherish private Revenges, or harbour ill Thoughts of a faithful Slave. In discovering thy Intrigues at that Time, I did but perform my Duty to the *Grand Seignior*, thy Lord and mine. Nay, for ought thou knowest, I was happily instrumental in saving thy Life, which might have been lost in the Pursuit of those hazardous Projects thou wert then engag'd in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, and install'd in the most illustrious Charge of the *Empire*. And without Flattery I speak it, a braver Man could

not have ascended to that *Dignity*. May God long continue thee in it, to the Joy and Advantage of all the *Muslimans*.

All the World extol thy Valour and Boldness; especially the *Nazarenes*, among whom the *Bassa* of *Aleppo* is famous. They also highly commend thy Justice. And thou wilt find in the Register, that when I acquainted my *Superiors* of thy Revolt, I was not envious in concealing thy *Virtues*.

Therefore I beg of thee not to be partial in thy Resentments; but consider *Mahmut* as a faithful Slave, who will never transgress the Commands of the *Mysterious Beheb*, nor suffer any sinister Motives to bias him, though 'twere in Favour of his own Brother. For, this is the severe Conduct that is expected of me by my *Superiors* and which thou thyself wilt require at my Hands.

But, I believe, thou needest not these Addresses to move thee to Generosity. Thy own native Justice will suggest to thee, that I rather merit a Reward than a Punishment for doing my Duty, though 'twere in accusing myself.

Considering therefore in thy Goodness, and my own Innocence, I shall not despair of that Protection and Favour from thee, which all thy *Predecessors* have afforded me, since my Arrival at this Place. Nay, I think thy Friendship and Esteem is rather due to me than a thousand *Sycophants* and *Flatterers*.

I will in this Confidence write freely to thee, as I have been commanded: and vent my *Thoughts*, without a timorous Reserve: For thou art the *just Judge* of the *Judges* among the *Faithful*.

There is no doubt, but thou hast heard of the Duke of *Lorraine*, a famous Warriour in these *Western* Parts, but now a *Prisoner of state* in *Spain*. I sent Intelligence last Year to *Mustapha Barber Aga*, of the Grounds and Circumstances of this *Prince's*
Con-

Confinement, wherof thou can'st not be ignorant, For all my *Dispatches* are made publick to the *Ministers* of the *bleſſed Porte*.

The Brother of that *Duke* immediately ſucceeded him, by the King of *Spain's* Orders, in the Command of the Army in *Flanders*; they call him *Duke Francis*. Every Body thought that he had conſented to the Imprisonment of his Brother, as being diſguſted at his Inconſtancy, Avarice, and other Vices. It was ſuppos'd alſo, that his own Ambition, and Thirſt of Honour, had corrupted the Fidelity and Love he ow'd to the Son of his Mother; at knowing that by his Fall, he himſelf ſhould riſe to the Dignity of General, which his Brother enjoy'd during his Liberty.

But now 'tis evident that this *Duke Francis* did all along diſſemble his Reſentments of his Brother's Calamity: for he is lately revolted from the King of *Spain*, and come over to the *French*, with five thouſand Horſe and Foot. He has openly declar'd, That he will never give Reſt to his Sword, till he has either procur'd his Brother's Release, or deeply reveng'd the Injuries have been done him. He was receiv'd by the *French* King with all imaginable Endearment and Careſſes. The whole *Court* are emulous in ſtriving to excel one another in the Demonſtrations of their Civility and Reſpect to this *Prince*; and they have call'd out the beſt Quarters for his Soldiers. This *Nation* is always hoſpitable to *Strangers*; more eſpecially to ſuch as court their Friendſhip after this extraordinary Way, who enter into their Interests, and engage in their Quarrels. Yet neither *France*, nor all the Kingdoms of *Europe*, together can match the Bounty of the *manificent Porte*, which pardons and receives, with open Embraces, her moſt implacable Enemies on their Submiſſions and Repentance.

Commander of the Mussulman Grandees, thou art but a Man, and hast not exceeded that Character in the worst of thy Errors. Now thou art assum'd to a Charge which requires the Fidelity and Prudence of an Angel. If thou shalt reform the State and restore the Mussulman Affairs to their true Lustre, we shall have Reason to contemplate thy Life in some measure as a Parallel to that of Crassus, who was pardon'd three Treasons by Cæsar, and afterwards became the most loyal and serviceable Man in the Roman Empire.

Paris, 24 of the 9:th Moon,
of the Year 1695.

L E T T E R X I.

*To Mehemet, an exil'd Eunuch, at
Caire in Egypt.*

THOU tellest me wonderful Things of *Egypt*, such as almost surpass Credit. And I perceive thou thyself dost not believe the Story of the annual Resurrection of Bones, which is so much talk'd of by Travellers. My Cousin *Isyf* ridicul'd it with smart Reason, and was almost in Danger of his Life among the bigotted *Moses* and *Coptites*.

But I could hardly imagine there had still remain'd in that *Region* (which has undergone so many Revolutions of Government) any Footsteps of the primitive *Egyptians*. Yet, it seems, the Priests of those early Ages were particularly careful to transmit to Posterity an exact History of their Kings, with *Memoirs* of their *Actions*; the Building of the *Pyramids*; the Place of the *Statues*; the magical *Mirror*; the *City* of the *black Eagle*; the *Castle* of *Demons*

Demons seated on the *Brow* of the *Mountain* of the *Moon*, the *Palace* of *Adamant*, with innumerable other *Rarities*.

I tell thee, my dear *Mehemet*, I know not how to believe all these *Romantick* Stories. It cramps my Reason to hear of a *Brazen Tree* with *Iron Branches* and *Versatile Hooks*, to catch *Liar*s and *Cheats*, and there detain 'em till they should do right to those whom they had injur'd. Altogether as improbable is the Story of *Galdafarsais*, the *Statue* set up by *King Gariaz*.

Who can read of that *Minarets*'s being carried in the Air by *Eagles*, but may as well believe the *Romantick* Voyage of *Domingo Gonsales* to the *Moon*. If thou know'st not that Story, I'll tell thee in short, That this was a certain *Spaniard*, who in a Passage to the *Indies*, being by Shipwreck cast ashore on the *Island* of *St. Helena*, with a *Negra* his *Slave*, they were put to their Shifts so far as to divide that unpeopled and desolate *Island* between 'em out of pure Necessity, that they might both find Provision enough to keep 'em from starving (for it seem, there was great scarcity of every Thing that serv'd the Uses of Life.)

In this Condition, Necessity, the *Master* of *Cunning Devices*, taught them to hold Correspondence with one another, though living at opposite Angles of the *Ile*, by the Help of certain wild *Seavens*, which they took out of their Nests very young, and brought 'em up as they do *Pigeons* at *Babylon* and *Aleppo* to be *Letter-Carriers*.

Afterward, as the Story goes, *Domingo* trying several Experiments on his Birds, and finding all successful; at last having got Four and Twenty of them together, and having brought 'em up to his Lure, he ventur'd his Carcass with 'em in the Air, fastening them together with Ropes and other Materials. But the extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carry'd their *Master* to the *Moon*; where he

resided

resided a considerable Time; saw, and convers'd with divers Inhabitants of that neighbouring *Globe*, visited the *Courts* of several *Lunar Princes*, and was kindly receiv'd by 'em all, even at the *Seraglio* of the *Chief Emperor*, or *Grand Seignior* himself. And having been presented with three *Stones* of matchless Virtue and other rich Gifts, he had his Audience of *Coege*, and came down to the Earth again, where he publish'd a *Journal* of his *Travels*, out of which I have extracted this short *Epitome*; not thinking it worth the while to trouble thee with the entire Relation of his ingenious Whimfies.

— Doubtless, there is nothing so easy, as to invent new and unheard-of *Fables*, to amuse the credulous World, and captivate their Understandings. And I have told thee this, as a Parallel to those monstrous Fignments of *Egypt*: Such as that of King *Gaucam's* being carry'd in a *Pavilion* on the Shoulders of *Spirits*: His *magical Tables*, and the rest of his glorious Whim-Whams. And that of the Queen *Borsa*, who sat on a *fiery Throne*, and liv'd in an *enchanted Castle*, whose Walls were full of Pipes, which convey'd to her the *Addresses* of allsorts of *Plaintiffs*, and her *Decree* and Decision of Controversies back again to them. Such another is that of *Bardesi's silver Tower*, and his sitting before his People in the Clouds of *Heaven*: and *Bedoura's* sending an *Angel* who made such a horrible roaring, that it caus'd an *Earthquake*.

Who can without laughing read the Story of the *Idol* of the *Test*, which distinguish'd between *Harlots* and *Virgins* by the Touch of their Hand? or of the *Spirits* which guard the *Pyramids*, one like a naked Woman, walking about in the open Air at Noon, and making Men run mad for Love of her; Another in the Form of an old Man with a Basket on his Head, and a Censer in his Hand? A third of a black Woman with a monstrous Child in her Arms?

There

There is no End of such *Fables*. Neither can any Man of Reason, stoop to so much *Esquints* as to regard 'em. And it is a Pleasure to me, when I consider thee as a Man actually *Satyrical* upon *Opinions* and *Traditions* repugnant to *Sense*.

Mehemet, whilst thou art in *Egypt*, remember that thou wert born in *Arabia*, where *Science* has flourish'd for these thousand Years.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T T E R XII.

To Zorneslan Mustapha, Bassa of the Sea.

I Will not pretend to Divination, nor flatter thee with Presages of better Fortune against the *Venetians*, during thy Command of the *Navy* than thy *Predecessors* have had; yet I believe thou hast more Honesty and Valour than some of them. And I congratulate thy Rise to this *Dignity*.

If my Intelligence be true, a more glorious *Fleet* has not sail'd out of the *Ottoman Harbours*, than appears now at Sea, under thy Command. May thy Success answer the Expectation of the *Moslems*. But I tell thee, thou hast need to look about thee; for thou wilt encounter a valiant and subtle Enemy.

These *Venetians* are not like the rest of the *Nazarenes*, superstitiously devoted to the Sentiments of their *Priests*. That kind of Bigotry chains up Mens Spirit, and renders them effeminate: It blinds 'em and robs 'em of their Sense and native Vigour. But these are bold, resolute People, fearing neither Men nor the *Devil*. They are also well vers'd in Stratagem, being as cunning as *Serpents*. In fine, *Venice* is a *Commonwealth* made up of Soldiers and States-

men: And thou canst not expect, that the Sea makes 'em degenerate. Therefore look for hot Entertainment whenever thou engagest those *Aberiginal Tarpawlines*. I speak not this to discourage thee, but to arm thee, with due Caution. Thou knowest the same God who made them, made thee, and all the Men in thy *Fleet*. Thou hast also the *Hannibals* to serve the most victorious *Empire* in the *World*. Fear nothing therefore: But when thou loosest from the *Hellespont*, with the *invincible Fleet*, adorned with *Ensigns* of high Renown the prosperous *Streamers* of *Mahomet*; when thou hearest the All-cheering *Clarions* and *Timbrels* breathing the lofty Menaces, the vital Air of War; then let thy noble Heart flourish with brave Thoughts, and brisk Resolutions. Yet let not a false Assurance of Victory make thee rash, and bereave thee of that Conduct, which is as necessary a Qualification in a *General* as Courage. Consider that the Fortune of Battles is uncertain: Therefore do all Things with great Precaution. Trust not to the Force of thy *Commission*, in that thou fightest for the *Law* and *Honour* of the *Prophet*. But remember the *Proverb* of the *Ancients*, which says, *The Devil often carries the Standard of the living God*. There may be those in thy *Fleet*, who are treacherous, and at the Devotion of the *Nazarenes*. For I hear, that both *Spahi's* and *Janisaries* were very unwilling to embark themselves; and God knows, how far the *Venetian* Gold may work on some of the *Officers*. Though their Resentments seem'd to be appeas'd by the Bounty of our glorious *Sovereign*, yet the smallest Occasion may renew their old Discontent again; and put 'em on more dangerous Tumults at Sea, than those they were guilty of ashore: Or at least they will become more remiss and cold in the Service of the *Grand Sultan*.

Be it Low it will, if the *Navy* has not good Success, the blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardon therefore the Freedom I take in advising thee, since 'tis an Argument of my Affection and Concern for thy Honour and Safety. And no Man can with Reason be offended at another for warning him of Danger. In a Word, I wish thee the good Fortune of the *English*; who have lately taken an *Island* in the *West Indies* from the *Spaniard*: They call it *Jamaica*.

It seems the *King of Spain* had possess'd this *Iste*, from the Time of the first Conquests in *America*, where his Subjects had committed horrid Cruelties on the Natives; for which they are now punished by that new *Commonwealth*, who boast that they are established by God to reform or overturn all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe*.

Thou hast heard, I suppose, of *Oliver*, the *Severign* of that Nation. He appears like another *Gingiz Chan*, setting up for a *Prophet* and Founder of a new *Empire*. He has refus'd the Title of *King*, which was offer'd him by the *English States*, with all the *Ensigns* of *Royalty*. But he aims at a more sublime Character, laying the Foundation of his Hopes in a pretended Modesty, assuming only the *Stile* of *Protector*. They say, he talks of leading an Army to the Gates of *Rome*, and when he has subdued the *Pope*, that he will march or sail to *Constantinople*, and drive the *Grand Seignior* out of his *Scragia*.

I tell thee, these are not Things to be contemn'd or laugh'd at. For this *Oliver* has the Fame of a Great and Invincible *General*. And I can assure thee, all the neighbouring *Kings* and *States* court his Friendship. In fine, he makes the most formidable Figure at present of any *Prince* in these *Western* Parts.

If it will divert thee at Sea, to hear of the Transactions by Land, know, that *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, Son of the *German Emperor*, is elected King of the *Romans* in the Room of his deceas'd Brother. There's also a *Diet* assembled at *Frankfort*, where they have too many Discords and Quarrels of their own, to have Leisure to plot any Mischief against the Empire of true Believers. These Infidels, in their publick Councils, are like Women scolding away the Time that should be employ'd in Action.

There arrives daily a great deal of News out of *Sweden*, *Moscow* and *Poland*. One *Post* informs us of a *Plague* raging at *Moscow*, and other Cities of that *Northern Tract*: Another alarms us with Intelligences of Sieges and Plundering of Towns, Dispeopling of Provinces, and a Deluge of Blood and Slaughter; For the *Swedes* espousing the Quarrel of the *Moscovites*, endeavour to make their own Game in *Poland*: Many Princes and great Men, with their Towns, Villages and Vassals, revolting daily from the unfortunate *Casimir*, and submitting to the *Swedish* Monarch.

And here in *France*, those that go not to the Wars make private Campaigns at Home. Here's nothing but Duelling and Murder among Men of the *Sword*; whilst the *Ecclesiasticks* are combating one another with their *Pens*, and the *Lawyers* with their *Thuguts*.

In *Switzerland* they're mad about *Religion*. At *Dantzick*, two *Eagles* were seen combating in the Air. And, as if all *Nature* were in a Ferment, the Winds have been at Variance in the Bowels of the Earth, which has occasion'd frequent *Earthquakes* in the Parts of *Germany*. The King of *Poland's* Brother is dead, and the *Queen-Mother* of *Sweden*.

We must all die at the determin'd Hour; and there's no other Terror in Death, but what is created by our own Opinion, nor any greater Pain than attended our *Birth*. For at our *Dissolution* every Element

of which we were compounded, takes its proper Share; and that which is divine in us, returns to that which is divine in the Universe.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Pesteli-Hali, his Brother, Master of
the Grand Scignior's Customs.

OUR Kinsman *Isaef* is now gone for *Muscovy*, having visited the most remarkable Places in this Kingdom. I receiv'd a Letter from him dated at *Diepe*, a Sea-Town over-against the *English* Coast. He was just a going aboard, as he tells me, when he deliver'd his *Dispatch* to the *Post*. God grant him a prosperous Voyage to that *Region*, and whithersoever his *Genius*, or Fortune carries him.

I am extremely pleas'd with his Conversation. Whilst he was in *Paris*, I was never sensible of *Melancholy*, unless 'twere in the Evenings, which forc'd us to part Company. He has an excellent Memory, and recounts all the Adventures of his Life with a great deal of Ease, both to himself and his Hearers. He never was at a Loss for Matter, or confounded one Circumstance with another, but ranking every Thing in its due Time and Place, deliver'd all with a Clearness and Grace, which affected me with singular Delight.

Besides, he has a ready Wit, lively Fancy, and Judgment enough for one of his Years. I tell thee, the Relations he has made of his Travels, with his regular Deportment here in *Paris*, of which I have been a Witness, have imprinted in me such an Opinion of his Ability, that I have trusted him
with

with some particular Instructions, in order to a settled Correspondence between us in whatsoever *Court* he resides. For, in a Word, I find him mature enough for Business of Moment: And it is pry his Parts should be bury'd without ever appearing in Action.

If he succeeds in what I have put him upon when he arrives at *Archangel*, a *Sea Port* in *Russia*, and a Place of great Commerce and Traffick, I shall have good Reason to hope for more important Matters when he comes to *Moscow*, the chief City of the Men who worship the Eyes of their *Emperor*. And then it will be time to give a due Character of him to the *Ministers* of the *Court*: Wherein thou wilt have many Opportunities to perform the Office of a Kinsman and Friend. Those of the same *Blood*, ought thus to serve one another with Integrity and Affection: For in so doing we help ourselves, strengthen the Interest of our Family, and shall find Returns in Time of Need. As thou hast receiv'd Favour from *Kerier Hassan Bassa*, on the Score of being his Countryman; so there is greater Reason that thou should'st shew Kindness to *Ism* who partakes of our Blood.

There arises a vast Complacency from doing good Offices, tho' to a Stranger, or even to an Enemy. Man is naturally generous, and he has debauch'd his Soul, who acts contrary to this Principle. Yet the greatest part of Men are degenerated. They pursue *Lions, Tigers, Bears*, and such like *ravenous* Beasts with inexorable Hatred and Revenge; they bear secret Antipathies against *Spiders, Toads, Serpents*, and other venomous Creatures; and yet they are all these Things, or worse themselves. Ever since *Adam* abandon'd the Earth, there has been a strange *Metamorphosis* in our Race; Men have for the most part forsaken their Humanity, and chang'd Nature with the *Sauages*. Nay, we transcend them in

whatsoever is cruel and vicious : As if our *Reason* were given us only to teach us the most refined Methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquisite Spur to Vice.

Usof has presented me with solid Observations of this Kind in his Travels, especially in *Africk* : He says, that *Region* is not more prolifick of strange and horrible *Beasts*, than it is of monstrous *Men*, *Brutes*, and *Devils* in *human Shape*. And tho' he relates some fair Things of the *Indians*, and other People in *Asia*, yet they are intermix'd with tragical Reports, and mournful Memoirs ; such as stem the *History* of our *Race*, and make it evident, that it is hard to meet with one good Man among ten thousand. The whole World is over-run with Oppression, Cruelty, Avarice, Perfidy and Lust.

He relates strange Things of the *Antiquities* of *Egypt*. He calls it the only *Scene* of Wonders and Miracles on Earth. Indeed this *Country* was very famous among all *Nations* for the Wisdom and Learning of her *Priests* ; who, in the *first Ages* of the *World*, understood all the Secrets of the *Elements*, the Virtues of *Plants* and *Minerals*, and were perfectly vers'd in the *Science* of the *Stars* and *Spirits*, and in all manner of *mysterious* Knowledge. They were said to make *Statues* and *Images* that could speak, walk, run, and counterfeit all human Actions. They were also exquisite in making miraculous *Talismans* and *Mirrors*, with any kind of *magical* Work, whereby they kept the People, and even the Princes in a profound Awe and Veneration of their prodigious Knowledge and Power, and likewise defended their *Country* against all *Invadere*. For no sooner did an *Enemy* appear with his *Armies* on the *Frontiers* of *Egypt*, but these *Priests* had preient Intimation of it by their secret Art, even in their *Chambers*, perhaps at a hundred Leagues Distance. Then by their *Enchantments*, they either

cau'd

eam'd Fire to consume them in their Camps, or turned their Swords one against another, or sent an Army of wing'd Serpents to destroy them. So that for many Ages no King ever prosper'd that fought against the Egyptians.

But let not thou and I, dear Brother, suffer our Reason to degenerate, by giving Credit to Fictions and Romances, tho' vouch'd by some of our Countrymen, such as *Murat Alexeman*, *Ebn Abdalbakm*, and others.

He also tells many remarkable Passages of the *Pyramids of Gaire*, the overflowing of the *Nile*, the *Mummies*, and other Things which I have not now Time to rehearse; but in another Letter I will gratify thee with a more ample Account of his Observations.

In the mean Time, live thou to enjoy the Fruit of thy own Travels in the East; which if it matches not the *Saarb* in *Prodigies* and *Stupendous Inventions*; yet it surpasses both it, and all the rest of the World, in *Justice* and *Morality*.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1699.

LETTER XIV.

To *Ismael Kaidar*, Cheik, a Man of
the Law.

THOU hast the Character and Fame of a great *Historian*; a Man of Intelligence both in the *Records of past Times*, and the *Transactions of the Present*: Therefore the Name of *Christina*, late *Queen of Sweden*, cannot be strange to thee. I doubt not but thou hast heard of this *Princess*, so celebrated

throughout the Earth for her Learning, and other noble Accomplishments; and how she voluntarily resign'd the *Crown* to one of her Kinsmen. But, perhaps, thou knewest not the true Motives which induc'd her to this *Royal Caprice*: For it deserves no better Name, as thou wilt understand by the Sequel.

Her Father, who for his successful Wars, and perpetual Victories was call'd the *Great Gustave*, dying, left her in the entire Possession of his *Kingdom* and *new Conquests* in *Germany*. But during the Time of her Reign, *Piementelli*, the *Spanish* Ambassador at *Stockholm*, by daily conversing with this Great *Queen*, us'd such plausible Insinuations, as prevail'd on her to have a more favourable Opinion of the *Pope* and his Religion, than she had before entertain'd: For all the *Swedes* are educated in an Aversion for those of the *Roman Faith*. I need not explain to thee these Distinctions of *Belief* among the *Nazarenes*; those are ver'd in their *History*, as well as in our own. Suffice it to say, that this Ambassador possess'd *Christina* with so fair an *Idea* of the *Catholic Religion*, that she abandon'd her *Crown*, and has ever since been a *Queen Exilant*, a *Royal Rambler* through *Europe*, being resolv'd to make Experiment of the Generosity of *Catholic Princes*, whose Vertue *Piementelli* had so highly extoll'd.

'Twould be a Work of seven *Moses* for the most industrious *Scribe* to relate all the particular Magnificences with which she has been entertain'd in her Travels through *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Alsace*, *Inspruck*, *Italy* and *Rome*, where she now resides. Every *Prince* of the *Roman Church*, through whose Territories she pass'd, was ambitious to appear Prodigious of his Favours and Civilities to their illustrious Stranger: Perhaps to evade the Lashes of her Wit, which, they say, is very *Satyrical*. Or it may be for other Reasons more forcible and poignant. Be it how

it will, the *Roman Wits* have not spar'd her, as thou wilt perceive by the following Verses, which on the first Day of the *Month of January* were found in the Hand of *Pasquin*, and on the *Portal* of the *Palace Farnese*, where *She* resides.

Pazza, Gobba, & Zoppa viene dal Norte,
Del Monarca Iovitto l' indagna Figlia,
Mente Pologna Gente & si Scampigia,
A vane pompe Rome apre le Porte:
Contra questi Applausi l' ungrida forte,
Et in basso di se l' altra bis Biglia,
Corre la Scienza Genti, alza le ciglia,
Ride Pasquin del Papi, & della Corte.
Su su venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,
Et portate a Chiduna stravagante,
Di venire il Sestro ne i Pazzelli:
Vuol parer dotta, & a rozza Padante,
E in Braccio a mangiar di Ravavelli,
Vuol parer casta, & è Patana Errante.

I send thee these Verses in the Original, knowing thou art a *Critic* in the *Italian Language*; besides, they will not sound so well in *Arabic*. Thou that hast been in *Rome*, know'st what *Pasquin* is, and art no *Stranger* to the *Humours* of that *City*.

Let not *Lampoons* of morose *Italians* shate thy *Charity* for this renowned *Princess*: But let her *Extravagancies* be an *Argument* of the *Greatness* of her *Soul*; and remember the old *Roman Proverb* which says, *There's no surpassing Genius, without some Mixture of Madness*.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
 of the Year 1656.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

HAVING the Space of an Hour before the *Post* goes, I could not forbear to inform thee of a new Star which lately appear'd in these Parts, moving in a direct Line from *East* to *North*. The *Astronomers* have made accurate Observations of it, and yet are at a Loss what to conclude. Some say, 'tis below the *Moon*, others places it in the *Sphere* of the *fixed Stars*. One will have it a *Meteor*; a second affirm it to be a *Planet*; whilst the *Jews* report every where, that 'tis the Star of *Jacob*, and a Sign, that their *Messias* is at Hand.

Nathan Ben Saddi, one of that Nation at *Vienna*, sends me strange Stories concerning the *Prodigies* which shall go before and accompany the Appearance of the *Deliverer of Israel* (as he calls him.)

He says there shall speedily come a Sort of People from the uttermost Parts of the *Earth*, of a black and horrible Aspect, so that whoever shall but cast an Eye on any of them, shall immediately die, as by the Glance of a *Basilisk*. For every one of them shall have two Heads, and seven Eyes, glowing and sending forth Sparks of Fire as poisonous as the Flashes of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*. They shall also be swift as *Stags*. And about the same Time, an extraordinary Heat shall flow from the *Sea*, which being dispers'd through the *Elements* shall corrupt the *Air*, *Earth*, and *Waters*, and infect all this lower World with such *pestilential* Qualities, that a Million of *Gentiles* (for so the *Jews* call all that are not of their own Nation) shall Die every Day. And Men shall be in so great Consternation, that they shall run up and down the Streets crying, *We, We to us and our Children!* They shall dig their own Graves, and go down into them of their own

own accord, expecting Death. But that all this Time, the *Jews* shall be in Safety and Health.

This *Hebrew* adds, that the Light of the *Sun* shall be totally extinguish'd for the Space of thirty Days; during which horrible Darknes, the *Christians* and *Mahometans* shall acknowledge their Errors, and many of them shall embrace the *Law of Moses*; for which God being mov'd to Mercy, will restore that *Planet* again to its former Brightness.

But what he says next, is an unhappy *Prophage* to the *Romans*, whose *Empire*, according to this *Tradition*, shall be extended over all the *Regions* of the Earth for the Space of nine *Months*. After which Term, God shall send the first *Messias*, the Son of *Joseph*, who shall gather the *Scatter'd Tribes of Israel*, and conduct them to *Jerusalem*; From whence he shall issue forth, with a victorious Army, and lay waste the *Roman Empire*, sack *Rome* itself, and carry away the immense Riches of the *Christians* to *Jerusalem*; and the very Fear of him shall reduce all *Nations* to his Obedience. He shall fight with *Armillai Harafcha*, the *Antichrist* of the *Christians*, and shall destroy Two hundred thousand of *Armillai's* *Flowers*; but in the End shall be slain himself, and the good *Angels* shall transport his Body to the *Apartment of the Fathers*.

The *Jews* hold, That this *Armillai* shall spring out of an *Image of the Virgin Mary* in *Rome*, made of *Marble*, with which the most Wicked and Prodigate among Men shall be enamour'd, and commit the most execrable Uncleanneſs that can be named. The Result of these *adulterous* Congresses shall be, That the Statue, by a *supernatural Power*, shall prove *Impregnate*; and cleaving asunder, shall be deliver'd of this young *Antichrist*, who is to vex and persecute the *Jews*, and afflict them with greater Calamities than either they or their *Fathers* felt since the *Beginning of the World*. They shall be forc'd to flee

into the *Deserts*, and hide themselves in the Den^s and Caves of the Earth, living only on the Grass and Herbage, with the Leaves of Trees, till the great *Michael* the *Archangel* shall thrice wind his *Horn*. Then shall the Second *Messias*, the Son of *David*, with *Elias* the Prophet appear, who shall rescue 'em out of all their Troubles, and lead them triumphant to *Paradise*.

This is the Sum of what *Nathan* and all the *Jews* believe concerning the *Last Times*, which they say are now approaching: As is evident by the Rising of this *New Star*, accompany'd with terrible Thunders and Lightnings. And the chief Patriarch or Prince of the *Jews* is come from *Jerusalem* to *Vienne*, to prepare those of his Nation in the *Western* Parts for the *Grand Revolutions* which they believe are ready to fall out in the World. All the *Jews* in that City went out a League to meet him, with great Pomp and Solemnity.

In the mean while, I hear that the Son of the late *Vizir Azem* makes a Confusion amongst you at *Constantinople*, and the Parts adjacent, being at the Head of Fifty thousand Men, on Pretence to revenge the Death of his Father, but really to recover his ravi^sh'd *Mistress*, the fair *Sultana Zamisvora*, who was forc'd from his *Seraglio* by the *Grand Seignior's* Command. *Women* and *Wine*, according to the *Proverb* of the *Franks*, make all the Disturbance in the World. And without calling to Remembrance the *Trojan Wars*, the unhappy Effects of *Helena's* Perfidy, we may conclude, that *Women* are the Occasions of many Quarrels among us.

There is a *Peace* lately concluded between the *French* and the *New English Commonwealth*: By which means, the exil'd *King* of the *Scots* was forc'd to depart from this *Realm*, which has been his *Sanctuary* for many Years. He went away at the Beginning of the *Treaty*, and has wander'd up

and down *Germany* ever since; sometimes keeping a Court like a King, at other Times living *solignita*, and very privately, with only two or three Attendants. That poor Prince is very unfortunate; yet, they say, he bears his Calamity with singular Moderation, and a certain Royal Stiffness of Mind, which will rather break than bend.

This Pope is a great Peace-maker, and has sent *Nuncios* with Letters to all the Princes of *Christendom* within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*, earnestly persuading them to Unity and Friendship, that so their Arms may be turn'd against the *Mussulmans*. His Predecessor was of another Sentiment, and would not intermeddle with the Quarrels of any. One Day as he was looking out of a Window of his *Palace* with some *Cardinals*, they espied two Men a fighting in the Street; whereupon they desir'd the *Holy Father* to interpose his Authority, and command Peace. But he refus'd, saying, "Let them fight it out and then they'll be good Friends of course. And turning to the *Spanish* Ambassador, he said, "So will it fare with your Master and the King of *France*; when they have sufficiently wearied one another with Wars they will gladly embrace the Proposals of Peace.

Here is great Rejoicing for the Reconciliation newly made between the King and his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, who have been estranged a long Time, the latter having espoused the Prince of *Condé's* Cause. But now he has abandon'd it, and is come to the Court.

These Infidels are as inconstant as the Winds, which vary to all the Points of the Compass.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Month,
so the Year 1656.

LETTER XVI.

To Solyman his Cousin, at Scutari.

I See thou art given over to a Spirit of Discontent. Nothing can please thee. Thou murmurst at *Providence*, and castest Obloquies on the Ways of God: As if the Order of all Things, and the establish'd *Occasion* of the *Universe*, must be changed to gratify thy Humour.

Formerly thou wert troubled with dull melancholy Thoughts about *Religion*: Now thou art angry with thy *Trade*, and pinest that thou wert not educated in the *Academy*. A *mechanick* Life, thou say'st, is tedious and irksome; besides that it is beneath one of thy *Blood* to be always employ'd in making of *Turbans*. Thou wishest rather to have been a *Courtier*, *Soldier*, or any thing, save what thou art.

Cousin, let not Pride and Ambition corrupt thy Manners. Dost thou not consider, that all true Believers are obliged to exercise some *manual* Occupation, and that the *Sultan* himself is not exempted from this Duty? Did not the Prophet himself practise it, and enjoin it to all his Followers? Hast thou not heard of his Words, when he said, *No Man can eat any Thing sweeter in this World, than what is acquir'd by his own Labour*. Doubtless, all the *Prophets* and *holy Men* have gained their Bread by their lawful Employments. Adam was a *Gardener*, Abel a *Shepherd*, Seth a *Weaver*, Enoch a *Taylor*, Noah a *Shipwright*, Moses, Saguib and Mahomet were *Shepherds*; Jesus the Son of Mary a *Carpenter*, Abu-Becre, Omar, Othman, Gab and Gabdorchaman were *Merchants*.

Do'st thou esteem thyself of better Blood than Adam, from whom thou receivedst thine? For Shame prefer not thyself to Noah, the *Restorer* of
Man-

Mankind, to Jesus the Messiah, to Mahomet our holy Law-giver, and to the rest of those excellent Persons who thought it no Contempt to work at their several Trades, and eat the Bread of their own Labours.

Besides, dost thou consider the dangerous Intrigues of a *Prince's Court*? Art thou sufficiently arm'd with Wit and Dexterity, to secure thy Station against the wily Trains of designing Men? I do not Reproach thy Abilities: Yet I think thou wilt do better in the *Pass* allotted thee by Destiny; that is, in thy proper calling, than in the perilous Condition of those who stand or fall at the Pleasure of others. Whereas thou art now thy own Man, and needst fear no Tempests of State, or Frowns of thy Prince, so long as thou pursuest none but thy private Affairs. Many Sovereign *Mirarchs* have envied such as thee, when they have seen how cheerfully and quietly they pass away their Time, under the *Umbrella* of an obscure and private Life: Whereas at the Court there is nothing but Intriguing, Plotting and Treachery; one undermining another, to make Way for their own Advance. The Court is a perfect Theatre of Fraud, Disimulation, Envy, Malice, and a thousand Vices, which there act their various Parts under the Habit and Disguise of seeming Virtues. There a Man must flatter the Great, and speak against his own Sense, and the Truth, to procure the Favour of some dignify'd Fool: Than which nothing is more ignoble and base.

This puts me in mind of a pleasant Repartee, which *Diogenes* the Philosopher gave to a Courtier. The Spark passing by *Diogenes* as he sat in a Tub eating of Turneps, puts this Scold upon him, *Diogenes*, said he, *If thou wouldst but learn the Art of Flattery, thou needst not sit here in a Tub, scratching of Roots.* To whom the Philosopher reply'd, *And thou vain-glorious Man, if thou wouldst but learn to live contented*
with

with my brutish Fate, need'ſt not condeſcend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.

But *Couſin*, let not this Paſſage cauſe thee to emulate the *Philosopher's* Manner of Life, for he had his *Vices*, as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was proud and opiniative: He laid Trains for the Applauſe of Men in all his Actions, and ſo taught others to become Flatterers, though he was none himſelf. All his pretended Humility, Mortification, and Rigour, were but ſo many Deceits for Faule. Of this *Plato* was ſenſible, who was a far more excellent *Philosopher* than he. As this *Sage* was one Day walking with ſome of his Friends in the Fields, they ſaw'd him *Diogenes* ſtanding up to the Chin in Water, whole *Superficies* was frozen over, ſaving one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himſelf: *Pub*, ſays *Plato*, Don't regard him, and he'll ſoon be out: For had he not ſeen us coming this Way, he wou'd not have put himſelf to this Pain. Another Time this *Philosopher* came to *Plato's* Houſe, and as he walked on the rich Carpets with which the Floor of the Hall was covered: *See*, ſaid *Diogenes*, how I trample on *Plato's* Pride. Yes, ſaid *Plato*, but with greater Pride.

Certainly, the greateſt *Philophers*, *Paſtors*, and even *Saints* themſelves, have their Errors and Failings. Do not therefore aſſect to change thy Calling, for the Life of a *Student* or a contemplative Man. For the ſame Diſcontent will ſtill haunt thee in that State, which makes thee ſo uncaſy now: Thou art a perfect Stranger to the intolerable Anguiſh of Mind which afflicts *Thinking* Men, and ſuch as apply themſelves to the Study of the *Sciences*. They labour under a perpetual thirſt of Knowledge, and the more they learn, the greater and more ardent is their Deſire of farther Discoveries. So that the moſt accompliſh'd *Sages* are no more ſatisfy'd with their own Acquiſitions, than he who has never meddled with *Books*.

Then

Then as to their Bodies, they are always vexed with one Malady or other, proceeding from the violent Agitation of their Spirits, the Intenseness of their Thoughts, perpetual poring upon *Books*, and their sedentary Life.

In all that I have said, I do not dissuade thee from seeking after Knowledge, I rather counsel thee to read *Books*, and I gave thee the same Advice in a former Letter: But do it with Moderation. Let not thy Studies intrench on the Affairs of thy *Calling*. Read *Histories*, or other *Treats* according to thy Fancy, when thou hast nothing else to do. But do not follow it so close, as if thou aspir'd'st to the Character of a compleat *Historian* or *Philosopher*. Still remember, that thou art a *Turbant Maker*, and that by the *Decrees of Fate* thou art born for this Business. Follow it with Alacrity and Mirth. When thou art at thy Work, 'twill be pleasant meditating on what thou hast read at thy spare Hours. Thou wilt find thy self much more happy, in thus mixing Studies with the necessary Offices of thy *Trade*, than in abandoning thy self wholly to a contemplative Life. And in the midst of thy Disgusts, thou may'st comfort thy self with this Reflexion, that thou art of none of the most despicable *Callings*, which serve the Necessities of Man's Body. Had thy Employment been only to make *Papierbes* or *Sandals*, which cover the Foot, it might have been an Argument of Discontent to thee, in regard the Foot is the most contemptible Member in the Body. But now thou pass'st thy Time in making Ornaments for the Head, which is the noblest part, and Commander of all the rest, thou hast no Reason to repine.

If, after all, thou resolv'st to change thy Course of Life, I advise thee to turn *Soldier*, for then thou must be contented and patient *per force*.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year, 1856.

L E T-

LETTER XVII.

To Melec Amet.

THE *Nazarens* boast much of the new *Converts* they have made from the *Mussulmans* Law to the *Faith* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. On the 13^d of the last *Month*, a *Moor* of *Tripoli* was baptiz'd in a *Church* of this *City*; and the next Day he was anointed with their *Chrism* or *Holy Oil* (as they call it) which they say has a *Vertue* to confirm and strengthen him in his new *Religion*. On the 25th he was cloath'd all in white *Linen*, and walk'd in *Procession* through the *Streets* with *Musick* playing before 'em, whilst the *Ground* was strewd with *Flowers*. When he arrived at the great *Mosch* of this *City*, a *Priest* gave him that which they esteem the *Body* of the *Messias*; but in reality is only a *Wafcr* with the *Figure* of a *Man* crucify'd on it. These *Wafers* are made and sold to the *Priests* by the common *Bakers* of the *Town*, and yet they make the poor ignorant *People* believe, with *four Words* they can change 'em into an *immortal God*.

The *Renegade Moor* appears very zealous and devout, frequenting the *Temples*, and visiting all *holy Places*. He walks along the *Streets* with *Beads* in his *Hand*, which the *People* interpret as an *Argument* of his *Piety* to the *Virgin Mary*, the *Mother* of *Jesus*. For when they pray to her, it is the *Custom* to number their *Oraisons* on *Beads*. But all this while they consider not that he may be an *Hypocrite* as to their *Religion*, and instead of addressing his *Prayers* to her, may direct them to *God* alone; as all the true *Frithful* do, who use *Beads* in rehearsing the *divine Ejaculations* as well as the *Christians* in repeating their *Ave Maria*, which they say was the *Salutation* that *Gabriel* gave the *Virgin*, when he enter'd her *Oratory*. Be

Be it how it will, he gets abundance of Money by his *Devotion*: For the *Franks* are really very charitable, and give plentiful *Aims* to the *Poor*: but especially to one under his Circumstances they are extremely liberal, that so they may imprint in him a more fervent Affection, and profound Reverence for their *Religion*.

But he is not the only *Convert* they brag of. Many *Captives* they either wheedle, or force to turn *Christians*. Thus, he that was taken at Sea by the *Ships* of *Malta* twelve Years ago, when it was reported through *Christendom* that he was the *Grand Seignior's* Son, is of late turn'd *Christian* and *Friar*, having solemnly and in Publick abjur'd the *Musselman Law*, cur'd our *Holy Prophet*, and all those of his *Race*, with the *Believers* of the *Alcoran*. He is like to come to great *Preferments* in the *Roman Church*: They call him the *Ottoman Father*; and boast that the *true Heir* of the *Turkish Empire* is a *Christian*, and in their *Custody*.

Yet after all; the *Profelyte* of greatest Fame is *Dow Philippe*, the Son of the *Bay* of *Tunis*, of whom I made mention in one of my former Letters. This *Prince* is now at *Valencia*, under the King of *Spain's* Jurisdiction, who allows him a considerable *Pension*, and has given him leave to marry a *Princess* of that *Country*, very beautiful and ingenious, but of a poor Fortune: He has one Son by her. 'Tis said, the *King of Spain* designs to set forth a mighty *Fleet* of *Ships*; and having furnish'd this *Prince* with all Things necessary for a warlike Expedition, will send him thither equip'd to claim the *Government* of *Tunis*; or in case of Denial, to make a Descent in that *Kingdom* and fight for it. But I believe this will only prove a *Spanish Rodomontade*, that *Moharib* having Work enough cut out for him in *Europe* and *America* by the *French* and *English*, to divert him from any such wild Enterprize on *Africk*. However it be

this *Don Philippe* is much talk'd of in *Christendom* and the *Spaniards* flatter themselves with the Hopes of Conquering a great Part of *Barbary* by his Means, he having many Friends, and a considerable Interest in those *Parts*.

Thou may'st acquaint the *Dixan*, that *Ossian* the *Dwarf* is still living, and serves the *Partis* with a secret and untainted Zeal. Two Days ago he discovered a cunning Practise of *Cardinal Mezzarini*, whose Motions and Intrigues he watches very narrowly. He assures me, that this *Minister* has dispatched away two *Agents* to the *King of Sweden* and *Electors of Brandenburg*, with a Letter to each of these *Princes* from the *King of France*, also with blank Papers, and the *King's Seal*, giving them Instructions to fill up those *Blanks*, and seal them with the *King's Signet*, according as they found the *Treaty* go forward between those *Princes*. The main Design of this Trick being to hinder them from entering into a *League* against the *King of Poland*, by all the Artifice these *Agents* could use, in exactly imitating and suiting their counterfeit Letters, to the Difficulties and Misunderstandings that always happen in such *Treaties*, that so they may exasperate each *Party* against the other, as occasion offers, without being obliged to send to *France* for fresh Letters, which would breed too much Delay, and spoil their Design.

By this thou may'st perceive, that *Cardinal Mezzarini* comes not short of his Predecessor *Richelieu*, in managing the Affairs of *Foreign Courts*. He is the very *Seal* of all the grand Business in *Christendom*.

A general Heart-burning has pass'd the *French*, especially the Inhabitants of *Paris*, ever since the Conclusion of the last Year, when the *King* issued out certain *Orders*, commanding that all the Gold and Silver-money in the *Kingdom* should be brought
into

into his *Mint* to be new coin'd. The *Merchants* first complain'd of this *Edict*; and then it was murmur'd at by all the Trading People. At length the *Parliament* of *Paris* took it into their Consideration, and oppos'd the *King's* Pleasure: Upon which he banish'd eight of their *Members*, and has several Times prohibited them to assemble; yet they persisted to meet, till he banish'd more of them: Which instead of awing them into the expected Compliances, has but incens'd 'em more: And the discontented *Clergy* blow up the Coals, as do likewise the Friends of the *Prince of Condé*. The *Parliament* are very bold and peremptory in their Proceedings, having expressly forbid the *Citizens* of *Paris* to obey the *King's* Order, and decreed that nothing shall be done in their *Assembly*, till the banish'd *Sensitors* be recall'd.

Things being at this pass, we expect nothing but Insurrections, Massacres, and other Effects of popular Fury. The Rich are laying in vast Quantities of Corn and other Provisions, as if they expected a Siege. And the Poor fare the better for it, whilst great Largeſſes are given among them by the *Gravellers* of the *Parliament*, to engage them in the *Faction*. Besides, they knowest, the Multitude always delight in Novelty and State-Tempests, hoping for Plunder, and to enrich themselves by the Ruin of others.

I know not what Conduct is fittest for me to use in this Case. Whether it will be best for me to abide in this City, or follow the *Court*, which is now at *La Ferté* in *Picardy*: Or, whether I should retire to some other Place, less liable to civil Disturbances. I wish the *Ministers* of the *Partie* would send me full Instructions, what I ought to do in these Emergencies.

From *Rome* we hear, that the *Pope* and *Cardinals* are in great Consternation on some Intelligence they
have

have receiv'd, That the *English* intend to make a *Descent* on the *Territories* of the *Church*. That *Nation* is now become the great *Bug-bear* of all *Europe*, since they have molded themselves into a *Commonwealth*.

Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has a time to rise, and another to fall. But who can determine the Period wherein the *Ottoman* Glory will decline, which is not yett advanc'd to its *Zenith*?

Paris, 27th of the 5th Month,
of the Year 1656.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Sedree Al' Giraw'n, Chief Treasurer
to the Grand-Seignior.

THY Vertues have at length raised thee to a glorious *Tras*, the Charge of immense Wealth. Thou hast in thy Custody the Riches which cannot be match'd in the Universe. GOD inspire thee with Graces suitable to a *Dignity* so full of Temptations. I hope thou wilt not be affronted at my Prayer, as was thy Predecessor *Kienon Bassa*, at some Counsels of like Nature, which I gave him in a *Letter*. Some Men are strangely choleric, and look on those as Enemies who give them good Advice. I only warn'd him of the ordinary Cheats that are practis'd at certain Times in the *Treasury*, which thou know'st to be true, as well as I. And I tell thee farther, he himself was suspected by many in the *Seraglio* not to have been altogether exempt from Guilt.

Whether he were or not, I perform'd but my Duty in giving him necessary Cautions. For, such is the Will of my *Superiors*, that I should not be afraid

afraid to unravel the Secrets of those that are false to the *Grand Seigneur*. I did not charge him with such a Crime, and therefore he had no Reason to be angry: But some Men will pick a Quarrel with their own Shadows. In a Word, this *Grandee* forgot himself.

In saying so, I do not reflect on his *Original*, or that he was found sleeping on a Dunghil in *Russia*, a poor ragged Infant, when the *Tartars* took him captive, among many Thousands of others, in the Plunder of *Ismarow*, and sold 'em to the *Captain Agasi*, for thirteen *Pistols*, by Reason of his Beauty. I do not call to mind the Circumstances of his Youth; since 'tis common for the meanest Slaves to arrive at an extraordinary Grandeur by their Merits, or at least through the Favour of the *Sultan*.

But what I am at it is, that in his being disgusted at the Remonstrances I made of some private and sinister Practices in the *Treasury*, he forgot that he himself is still a *Slave* to the *Grand Seigneur* as well as I, and therefore not above Instruction.

Well, it seems he is now made *Captain Basha*, and thou succeedest him in the Office of *Treasurer*. To him I wish all imaginable Success and Victories at Sea, for the Sake of our *Great Master*, and the *Mussulman Empire*; to thee, for thy own Sake, and for my Brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever respect as a Friend, I wish Increase of Riches and Honours, even as thy Merits and Services augment in the Esteem of the *Sultan*, and of all the World.

And I tell thee, I have far livelier hopes to see this latter Wish take Effect than the former: For what Reason have we to expect better Luck from the Courage or Conduct of this *Ouzai Kienan*, than from the brave *Zorneian Mussapha*, who commanded the *Fleet* last Year?

This unhappy Thought has put me into as melancholy a Humour, as *Alexis* was in when the *Queen*
of

of *Carthage* required an Account of the *Trojan Wars*. For I have heard that *Cara Mustafa Bassa* succeeded *Zornesfan* in the Command of the *Fleet*, and in the Revolution of a *Miss* was made *Manful* again, for the sake of *Klesan Bassa*, or rather for the sake of the licentious Soldiers, who it seems command all Things. I have been informed also of all the other *Tragedies* acted at the *Seraglio*, since the second *Miss* of this Year. Neither are the Causes and Origin of so much Slaughter and Blood-shed hid from me. 'Tis too apparent, that there is an universal Disorder and Corruption in the Discipline of the *Janizaries*.

I formerly wrote to the *Kiaya Bey* on this Account. But it seems Avarice, the Root of all Evil, had render'd him insensible and obdurate.

Is it not a Shame that the Pay of those who serve the *Grand Seigneur* in the Wars, should be detain'd not three or four *Months*, but five or six *Years*, by their corrupt *Officers*? They sit at home enjoying their Ease, revelling in Taverns, and committing a thousand Riots; whilst the others undergo numberless Fatigues abroad, and are reduced to the extremest Necessities, not having so much as the *Vests* allow'd 'em by the *Sultan*, to cover their Nakedness! And if they complain of their Sufferings, instead of Redress, they meet with nothing but Taunts and Reproaches, as if they were not worthy to eat the *Sultan's* Bread and Salt, though they freely hazard their Lives for him. It is no wonder, the *Janizaries* are so unbridled in their Rage, after so many Provocations.

Yet I cannot but lament the Fate of those unfortunate Men, who were sacrificed to the Fury of that insolent *Militia*: Especially I condole the Loss of the brave *Sulzman Kyzlyr Aga*. The *Janizaries* had an old Grudge against him, ever since his hot
 Dispute

Dispute with the *Bostangi Basha*, and now they were resolv'd to excuse their Revouge.

As for the *Kiaya Bey*, it seem'd to be a Stroke of *divine Justice*, that he who had been the Cause of all this Misery, should in Remorse strangle himself, and so go to *Hell*, as an Expiation for the many Lives he had call'd away.

And there's little left to be said, in respect of the *Musti* who was the Chief of those that betray'd their Master, *Sultan Ibrahim*. To tell thee my true Resentment, I am heartily sorry for all the Rest: But to these who were concern'd in that Treason, there seem no Pity due. And the *Mustis* may think God and his good Stars, that his Life went not with the Others. They report here, he is fled into *Egypt*.

But what was that *Gelep Affan*, who headed this Rabble of Mutineers? I have heard nothing of him, before the Intelligence I receiv'd of his sudden Rise, and equally precipitate Fall, during this Tumult. He was, I suppose, some passionate Fool, of an ill contriv'd Mischance, which us'd to make a Quarrel between his Heart and his Spleen: And from this intestine Broil, he habitually learn'd the Way to set People together by the Ears. A popular Man, an Incendiary, and one that knew how to whoodle the Vulgar to his own Ruin. Who can give an Account of these Things? Or, who can unravel the Web of Destiny? Though there's nothing strange in his particular Case, yet in the General 'tis prodigious, that such little Instruments should be able to give so terrible a Shock to the Frame of an ancient and mighty Government!

He was a Man of no Fame or Character, and yet for the space of two *Months*, he may be said to command the greatest Sovereign in the World, sole Proprietor of Fame and Honour. And had he push'd on his Interest, 'tis not improbable, but that he might

might have exalted himself above his Master, and secured his Post against all After-claps. For according to my Intelligence, he had, during the Sedition, heap'd together prodigious Sums of Money, the Presents of *Bassa's*, and other *Ministers* of the *Parte*, who all ador'd this new rising *Comet*, and sought his Protection and Favour against the barbarous Rabble. But it seems he was infatuated with too much Glory, and consider'd not that every Body watch all Opportunities and Occasions to ruin him: And that his very Followers would be the first to betray him, as soon as the Hurry of their *Insurrection* was over. This generally happens to all *Ringleaders of Parties*. When once the Spirits of a Faction are spent, the *Lees*, (which consist of Regret and Confusion) are discharged on those who first fomented them, mix'd with the Revenge of the State.

There are abundance of great and Brave Men gone: But the old *Negidber* was of their Council, and he brought them to Ruin, as he did the *Cassis* of *Mexico*, when they conspired against the Life of the Prophet. This Devil enter'd the *Temple* (where they were assembled) in the Shape of an ancient Man, decrepid and leaning on a Crutch: And when he was commanded to withdraw, he told them, *He was a Senior, who had seen all Ages, and remark'd the Occurrences of Time; that he was expert in unfolding Secrets, and rendering difficult things easy.* In a Word, he used so many plausible Insinuations, that they admitted him in into their Assembly. But none of their Counsels prosper'd.

That malicious *Demon* is often present in the Cabals of seditious Men; and though they see him not, yet he secretly undermines their Plots, and brings 'em to Shame and Punishment. For he is the Spirit of *Envy*: and though he be himself a Rebel, and the *Ringleader* of a *Faction* in the *Kingdoms* of the
Air,

Air; yet such is his spiteful Nature, that he seldom suffers any Rebellion to thrive on Earth: Not for any Love that he bears to *Government*, but because he delights to be active in Mischaef, be it where it will; and the *Guardian Spirits* will not suffer him to mix with the establish'd *Divans* of an *Empire*.

The All-good God preserve thee from the Malice of wicked *Demons* that always hover about Treasures of *Gold* and *Silver*.

Paris, 22^d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

THE Troubles of the *Sublime Port* touch'd me so nearly, and embark'd my Soul in such a Tempest of solicitous Thoughts and Anxieties for the Honour and Safety of the *Ottoman Empire*, that I had no Leisure to think of my own particular Hazards, whilst I was writing the other Letter. Yet I have been engulf'd in abundance of vexatious Circumstances and perilous Accidents.

It generally happens, that when one Misfortune befalls a Man, it brings a Train along with it. So that at some Seasons we seem to be besieged with Evil, or at least so closely block'd up by an Army of Calamities, that there is no Passage left open either for Relief or Intelligence.

So has it fared with me of late, and with thousands of others, I doubt not, in this populous City. The Rebellion of the Prince of *Condé* is the Occasion of all this. For the King having some Reasons to apprehend a secret Conspiracy of the Prince's Friends and Well-wishers in *Paris* and other

Places, has caus'd a very severe Scrutiny to be made of all Strangers and Sojourners. The *Soubajis* or *Officers* go to every House within their Precinct, taking down the Names of all the Inhabitants in writing, and seizing the Persons of those whom they suspect. The Prisons are fill'd with People of all Rank, and the Nobles are sent to the *Castle* in the *Wood of Vincennes*. 'Tis said, the King has a List of many Thousands of *Cesare's* Party in *Paris*, who design'd, on a prefix'd Day, to take up Arms for that Prince, and that their Example would have been follow'd all over the Kingdom.

God knows what is in the Hearts of these *Infidels* I am sure *Mahmat* is wholly a Stranger to their Plots. Tho' last Year I receiv'd certain Instructions from the *Vizir Azem*, commanding us to act secretly in the Prince of *Condé's* Behalf, to abet the *Falshin*, and use all the Endeavours and Art I could, to raise a new Party for him among the Courtiers. But I wou'd so dangerous an Employment, by proposing to him the vast Expences it would require, and the Necessity of sending some extraordinary Embassy to the Court to Countenance the Business. To tell thee the Truth, I esteem'd it a Thing impracticable, and a mere Caprice of that active *Bassa*, who had a natural Kindness for Rebels, and delighted to have a Hand in difficult Undertakings, whether there was any Likelihood of Success or not.

But he is dead, and let that atone for all his Rebellious, when he had the Command of *Aleppo*. I love not to load the departed Souls with Accusations. What I have to say is in my own Vindication, who could not approve his *politick* *Coimara*: In regard, had it succeeded, no Profit or Advantage would from thence arise to the *Ottoman Empire*: And had it been discover'd, not only I, and all the Secrets of my Commission would have lain open to the *Infidels*, but also it would have been an eternal Dishonour and
Blamish

Blasphemy to the high resplendent *Partie*, to be found guilty of violating, in so notorious a manner, the Faith it had given to the most antient and puissant Monarchy among the *Nazarenes*.

Besides, I know not but this Minister had a private Grudge against me, for accusing him formerly to the *Divan*, when he held Correspondence with the *Venetians*: And that he studied this Way to be revenged, by employing me in an Affair which must needs be my Ruin. However, I think I had Reason to be cautious and apprehensive of the worst. This made me dispatch to him a Letter full of specious Umbrages, seeming to approve his Design, but entangling it with such Difficulties, as would divert him from farther Thoughts of it.

Yet after all, I have been really brought into Danger, on the bare Suspicion of being concern'd on the Prince of *Condé's* side; by which thou may'st guess at the Consequence had I hearken'd to the *Vizier's* Advice.

One Morning early the Officers appointed for this Purpose enter'd my Chamber: And having demand'd my Name, Business and Quality, I answer'd, ' My Name was *Titus Darlach Nitiski*, but that for shortness, and to denote my Country, I was commonly call'd, *Titus the Moldavian*; and that by this Name I was well known to *Cardinal Mazarini*, as I had been to his Predecessor *Richelieu*, and other Courtiers of great Quality. I told them likewise, That I was a Clerk, who understood some foreign Languages, and therefore had been often employ'd by those *Cardinals*, in translating Books out of *Greek* and *Arabick* into *Latin* and *French*: For which Reason, being recommended by *Cardinal Richelieu*, I had been introduc'd into the Acquaintance of several Nobles, whose Children I taught those Languages: And that some of them had promised to make me Curate of *St. Stephen's Church*, as soon as it was vacant.

They seem'd to be very well satisfied with what I said; but told me moreover, *They had a Commission to search my Lodgings for Arms and Treasonable Papers.*

It is impossible to express the Horror I was in, when I saw them go roundly to work, prying into every Corner, and searching my Trunks, Coffers, and even my Bed it self. Not that I had any Guilt upon me of concealing either Arms or Papers relating to this *Conspiracy*, but my Concern was for my Box of Letters to the Ministers of the *Parts*. As for Arms, they found no other but an old Sword, which I told them I travell'd with out of my own Country, and a Brace of Pistols for the same Use, to defend me from Robbers, Assassins, and other Injuries.

These Fellows seem'd mightily pleas'd with the curious Workmanship of my Weapons, survey'd them all over, and having drawn my Sword out of the Scabbard, and made a Pass or two with it against the Wall, after the *French Mode* of Fencing, they put it up again, telling me, *They had no Authority to take these Arms from me, since they were necessary for my Defence.* But when they came to my Box of Letters, and saw them written in a strange Character, which none of them could read, they began to look on one another, and change their Countenance, as if there were some dangerous Matter contain'd in these Papers, and therefore writ in Cyphers.

They went aside to one End of the Chamber, whispering together, and nodding their Heads with all the Symptoms of Jealousy. At length, I interrupting them, said, "You need not, Gentlemen, be concern'd about these Papers: They were left with me by a Merchant-Jew of my Acquaintance, and they are Letters of Correspondence between him and some of his Brethren at *Rome, Venice, Amsterdam,* and other Places in *Europe.* 'Tis therefore they are written in a Character which to you
 " appears

“ appears strange, it being *Hebrew*, the *National*
 “ Language of the *Jews*. They contain only Mat-
 “ ters of Traffick, being Letters of Mart and Ex-
 “ change : For you know the *Jews* are the greatest
 “ Merchants, Brokers, and Bankers in the World.”

These Words, with some Gold which I gave them, dispers'd all their Suspensions, clear'd up their cloudy Brows, and turn'd their Frowns into Smiles and complimentary Addresses. They told me, *I was a very honest Man, and they would do me what Service they could.* So bid me adieu.

By this thou may'st see the mighty Power of that charming Metal, which commands all Things. For, whatever I could have said without that had been insignificant. But these *Idolaters* melted into an Indifference at the first Sight of glittering *Pistoles* ; and when I had once render'd them thus ductile, 'twas easie to frame them to the most devout Appearance of Respect and Friendship. They promised and swore no Hurt should be done me.

But I knew the Fickleness of human Fidelity better than to repose any great Confidence in these Mens Words. As soon as they were gone, I convey'd my Letters to *Eliachim*, who could easily conceal them in any private Corner of his House, desiring him to furnish me with some Letters of indifferent Concern, written in *Hebrew*, that if these Searchers should come again, and demand a second View of my Box, perhaps with design to carry it to some Minister of State, I might have these *Hebrew Dispatches* ready to shew, which being put in the same Box, would not be known from the other by such ignorant Fellows, to whom *Hebrew*, *Arabick*, and *Chinese* were all alike, and so I should be acquitted from all future Trouble of this Nature.

And this Event answer'd my Expectation : For within three Days the same Men came again, with others in their Company, pretending they had fresh

Warrants, and were sworn to be impartial. Wherefore I was forced to attend them, whilst they carried both me and my Box before a *Cadi* or *Judge*, who having examin'd me very strictly concerning my Name, Country, Religion, and other Matters, and seeming well satisfied with all my Answers, at last sent for a Priest well vers'd in the *Hebrew* Tongue, ordering him to peruse the Letters; which when he had done, he assur'd the *Cadi*, that there was not a Word in any of them relating to the State, being purely Matters of private Contracts and Bargains between Merchant-Correspondents with Bills of Lading, &c. So I had my Box of *Sham-Letters* restor'd to me again, and was honourably dismiss'd.

Yet, tho' this Storm was soon blown over, I was very near running on Rocks and Sands thro' the Persecution of thy Predecessor *Kirman-Bassa*, and *Kisar Dramalet*, with many others in the *Seraglio*: The first keeping from me the *Penzion* allowed by the *Grand Seignior*; the second either sending me no Intelligence, or else baffling me with trifling News, nothing to the Purpose; the rest aspersing me to the *Mansions* of the *Divan*.

I desire thee to send me the Arrears that are behind for the Space of nineteen *Months*, as thou wilt find in the *Register* of the *Hafsa*. Had it not been for *Eliachim*, that honest *Jew*, I should have been ruin'd in this Place for want of Money.

I need not say more to thee, who know'st that *Gold* is the *Grand Talisman*, which works all the *Miracles* in the World.

Paris, 20th of the 7th *Month*,
of the Year 1656.

The End of the Second Book.

LET-

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at* PARIS.

V O L. V.

B O O K III.

LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

WHO can penetrate into the *mysterious Conduct of Destiny*: Whether God governs this World by the *Influence of the stars*, or by the *Miscellany of Spirits*, or by his own immediate Power! Or whether all Things did not proceed from *Chance*, and are still ruled by the same! Be it how it will, there remains something adorable. Even that *Chance* itself, supposing *Epicurus's* Opinion true, is worthy of *Supreme Honours and Sacrifices*, which has, with such exquisite Luck, perform'd all the Parts of infinite Wisdom, and Fore-

cast, in forming and preserving the *Universe*. Were I a Disciple of that *Philosopher*, every Morning when I beheld the rising Sun, and at Mid-Day when I saw him climb the Meridian, and in the Evening when he takes his *Congé* of this upper World to visit our *Antipodes*, would I with profoundest Veneration cry out, *O eternal Chance! O omnipotent Casualty! O incomprehensible Blindness!* I adore thee, I burn Incense to thee, and do all Things which the duller feet of Mortals think are only due to an All-wise, All-good, and an All-mighty God. Thus would I address to that infinite *Pell-Mell* of *Atoms*, could I believe with *Epicurus*, that from such an inconceivable *Harly-Harly*, proceeded all this admirable Beauty and Order which we behold.

Thou wilt perceive by this, that I am religiously disposed; and rather than not adore some *Supreme Being*, I would make a *Deity* of that which to others is the Fountain of *Atheism*. And I think there is Reason on my Side. For let this World be produced how it will, whether by the casual Concourse of *Atoms*, or by the deliberate Act of an eternal Mind; whether it be eternally Self-existent, according to the *Stoicks*, or be the genuine Result of the Divane Ideas, as the *Platonists* say; it is but just that we should pay the most devout and grateful Acknowledgements to the Source of so many immense Prodiges and Wonders.

But then, what shall we say for all the *EVIL* that appears in the World? That there is such a Thing as *EVIL* scatter'd up and down through all the Ranks of Beings, and as it were blended and rivetted in their very Essences, is manifest at first View; and every Man has his Share of this epidemical Contagion. But whence it proceeds who can inform me? I am not the first that have ask'd the Question. Many Years ago the inquisitive World was busy in searching out the *Root* of *EVIL*. And there

there were almost as many Opinions about it, as there were Nations on Earth.

Some asserted, that all *EVIL* came out of the *North*: Others derive it from the *South*; as if the two Poles were the Centres and native Seats of this Malady of the World. But these seem to be Men of short Discourse, and shallow Reason, suspiciously credulous, and willing to take up with any thing rather than be at the Pains of attentive Contemplation.

Yet this Opinion has so far prevail'd in these *Western* Parts, that the *Nazarine* Priests, when they celebrate their *Mass*, stand on the North-side of the *Altar* at the reading of the Gospel, turning their Back to that Quarter of the World. And the Reason they give for this Ceremony is, because in the *written Law* it is said, *Out of the North comes all EVIL*. I have heard them seriously maintain this Argument. But God knows whether there be any such Place in the *written Law*, or no; or, if there be, whether it must be taken in this Sense. Yet I must confess, the *Romans* have some Reason to believe it, having experimentally felt a great deal of *EVIL* from the *Northern Goths* and *Vandals*, who, in former Ages, rush'd out of their frozen Regions, and came down like a Torrent upon *Italy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, making Havock of all Things *Good* and *Sacred*. And if this be the Ground of their Ceremony, they have greater Reason now to change their Station, and turn their Backs to the *South-East*, having been much more fatally handled by the victorious *Mussulmans*.

The ancient *Partians*, held, that there were two Principles or Sources of all Things, viz. *GOOD* and *EVIL*; and that there has been an eternal Quarrel between them; But in the End, they say, the *GOOD* shall get the Victory, and exterminate the *EVIL*. This Opinion was embraced by a

Señt of Christians whom they call'd *Manicóves*. The Founder of that *Señt* was a *Persian* by Birth: His Name was *Manes*, a very learned Man, as the Records of the *East* testify; yet the *Christians* rank him among the most pernicious *Hereticks*. He taught, That *Wine* was the *Blood of Devils*; and therefore forbid it to his Followers. He also prohibited the *Flesh of Animals*. This he learn'd from the *Priests of Egypt*, where he resided a considerable Time.

But to return to the Sentiments of Men concerning the Origin of *EVIL*. There are some who affirm God is the Author of it; which is not far from Blasphemy. Others say, that when the *Devils* were exterminated from the Earth, they in Revenge sow'd the Seeds of *EVIL* in the Universe. But that of the *Stricks* seems the most plausible to me: For they asserted, that nothing is *EVIL* of itself, but that the Contrariety which we behold in the World is very good, and conduces to establish the Order and Oeconomy of all Things.

My dear *Dignit*, do not esteem me an Atheist, because of the Liberty I take in discoursing of these mysterious Things. There are a sort of People here in the *West*, whom they call *Deists*, that is, Men professing the Belief of a God, Creator of the World, but *Scepticks* in all Things else. They have no implicit Faith in *historical Religion*, but think it the Part of Men, as they are endued with Reason, to call in question the Writings of Mortals like themselves, though they had the Character of the greatest *Prophets*. Thus they think it no Sin to canvass the *Books of Moses*, and the *Hebrew Prophets*, the *Gospel of Jesus the Son of Mary*, and the *Alcoran of Mahomet our holy Law-giver*; chusing what is agreeable to Reason, and rejecting the rest as fabulous, inserted either by the Craft of Men, or the Interloping of the Devil.

I protest, there appears to me no Reason to call these Men *Atheists* or *Infidels*. They rather seem to deserve the Title of *Philosophers*, or Lovers of Wisdom and Truth. And 'tis from them I have learn'd this unwillingness to be impos'd on in Matters of Religion. I find them in all Things Men of great Morality and Goodness, far exceeding the *Zealots* of the Age in true Virtue and pious Actions. But they make no Noise of what they do: And whilst only their human Frailties are conspicuous to all, their Benefactions be conceal'd under the Veil of an unparallel'd Modesty.

Such of Old were the Associates of *Zaid El'n Raphaa* my Country-man. This was a Person of an ardent Spirit and prodigious Understanding, educated in the *Mussulman Law*: But when he came to those Years, wherem Men usually examine the Grounds of their Religion, he sought the most learned Men, and such as are vers'd in all *Sciences*. After he had convers'd some Time with them, and found them to be Persons of Integrity, as well as Men of Sense, he propos'd to them the Conveniency of frequent *Clubs* among themselves, where they might, with an unrestrain'd Freedom, discourse of all Things, and being united in an inviolable Friendship, might improve one another's Knowledge and Virtue, without regarding the *Legends* and *Harangues* of the *Mullahs*. This *Society* compos'd *Fifty Books* of so many several kinds of *Science*, that they call'd them *Echmanassapha*; or the *Writings of the Sincere Fraternity*, concealing their Names. They treated of human and Divine Matters, without Reserve, or Caution: asserting that the *Mussulman Religion* was corrupted and alienated from its first Institution, having embodded many Errors; and that there was no Way to restore it to its Primitive Purity, but by joining to it the *Philosophy of the Ancients*. In a Word, they endeav-

your'd to reform whatever was amiss in the Doctrines and Manners of the Faithful, by reducing both to the Standard of Reason.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or dislike their Enterprize. But I am sure, thou art sensible, as well as I, that there are *Bigots* among the *Followers* of the Prophet, and that those deserve Correction. The Devil will set his Foot in the Temple of God: But do not thou follow his Serp. If thou do, He that made the Devil fetch thee back again.

Paris, 30th of the 7th Month,
of the Year 1656.

L E T T E R II.

To the Nazin Eschref, or Prince of the
Emire, at the Porte.

THE Christians say, 'tis an Argument of God's Love when he chastises them: Therefore they have no Reason to be peevish, or call it an Effect of his Anger, that a dismal Plague is broke out in the Territories of the *Pope*, the Kingdom of *Naples*, and other Parts of *Italy*. This Contagion rages so vehemently in *Rome*, the Capital City of the *Western Nazarenes*, that above a hundred thousand Persons of several Ranks have forsaken the Place. The *Pope's* Palace is shut up, and no Access granted to any, not even to foreign Ambassadors, without great Precaution; and then none of their Retinue are admitted with them.

'Tis said, Seventeen hundred die daily in that City, and Six thousand a Day in *Naples*. Nay, in some Places, the Living are scarce sufficient to bury

bury the Dead. The Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, to prevent the spreading of the Infection of his Territories, has forbid all Intercourse between his Subjects, and those of the *Pope*, neither will he permit so much as a Nuncio to pass thro' his Dominions.

This Mortality has frighted *Queen Christina* from *Rome*. She has sent to desire Passes of the Duke of *Savoie* and other Princes, designing for *France*. She is already on her Voyage; having been presented by the *Pope* with Ten thousand Crowns, to defray the Expences of her Travels. Here are great Preparations making for her Reception; the King having sent Orders to all the Governors of Towns and Provinces through which she must pass to receive and entertain her with a Magnificence due to her Sovereign Dignity, and worthy of the *French* Grandeur and Hospitality.

In the mean time, this Court is in a sullen Humour, by Reason of a late great Loss they have suffered at *Valentignies* in *Flanders*. This Place was besieg'd by the *French* at the beginning of this Campaign, but was reliev'd by the *Spaniards* this *Month*, who killed above a thousand Men on the Spot, took five thousand Prisoners, with all their Cannon and Baggage. Among the Captives of Note, is the *Marschal de Ferte-Senestre*, General of the *French* Army. The Names of the others are wanting. *Marschal de Turanne* himself very narrowly escaped, by timely withdrawing his Brigade from the Fight, for which some stigmatize him with Cowardice and Treachery; whilst others affirm, he acted the Part of a prudent Captain in thus retreating, since it was impossible to restore the Battle with any Success.

From *Sweden* we hear, that the Elector of *Brandenburg* has enter'd into a League with the King of *Sweden*, by which both their Armies are united against the King of *Poland*: And 'tis said, their

first Design will be upon *Dantzick*. That Country is in a horrid Confusion, the Nobles, Gentry, and Boors, being all in Arms, some offering their Sovereign, others adhering to his Interest. King *Casimir* has invested *Warsaw* with an Army of Forty thousand Men. In the mean time, the *Hollanders* have sent a great Fleet of Ships of War into the *Baltick Sea*; but to what End is not known; nor what Part they will take, whether the *Swedes* or *Poles*. Yet the latter hope for great Assistance from them, there having been lately some Misunderstanding between the *Dutch* and the *Swedes*. The *Moscovites* also have entred *Poland* with a numerous Army, and the *Tartars* are coming with another to the Aid of King *Casimir*.

Thus is *Poland* become the Stage of a most terrible War; and which Side soever gets the Victory, that unhappy Country will be near ruined.

Nathan Ben siddi, a Jew at *Vienna*, and a private Agent for the *Grand Seignior*, sends me Word that the Emperor of *Germany* hath an Army of Thirty thousand Foot and twelve thousand Horse in *Silesia*, who are to join with the *Moscovites*, and do some considerable Action against the *Swedes*, whose continual Victories, and growing Greatness, gives Jealousy to these puissant Monarchs. He informs me farther, that the Emperor has dispatch'd a Courier to the Prince of *Transylvania*, with Instructions and Letters, to engage him to a Neutrality.

But the young *Ragotzki* is as wild as his Father, and hates to be led by the Nose.

Thou may'st inform the Ministers of the *Divan*, that *Adonai* the Jew is dead of the Plague in *Rome*, having first taken Care to transmit to me all the Papers which concern the *mysterious Part*.

This Court, at present, is at a Place call'd *La Fere* in *Picardy*, a Province bordering on *Flanders*. From
whence

whence there may be a more frequent Intercourse between the King and his Camp.

Prince of the Holy Lint, I have sent thee all the News that is stirring at this Juncture, saving some trivial Matters which are not worth a *Moslem*'s Knowledge, much less thine, who art distinguished from the Crowd of *true Believers*, by wearing the *Sacred Colour* of the Prophet.

Paris, 10th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year, 1556.

L E T T E R III.

To Melce Amet.

HERE has been a strange Accident lately, doe many Leagues from *Paris*, which has occasioned various Discourses, and put the Philosophers upon a new Scrutiny. One Morning a certain Peasant or Farmer, walking over his Land, as his Custom is, to number his Sheep and other Cattle, miss'd a Barn or Store-house, which stood in a Field at some distance from his Habitation. Surprized at this, he hasten'd towards the Place where he saw it but the Night before: When, to his no small Astonishment, he perceiv'd, that not only the Barn, but a great Part of the Field wherein it was built, was sunk into the Earth. He immediately ran and call'd some of his near Neighbours to behold this strange Spectacle: And the Fame of it spread all over the Country. Divers learned and ingenious Persons have been there, to make Observations of this Accident. But none dares venture near enough to the *Chasm*, to look down into it; because the Earth continues breaking and falling in,
which

which makes a Noise like the Salvo's of the *Janizaries* when the *Grand Seigneur* visits the *Arsenal*.

One would conclude by these uncommon Symptoms, that the Earth grows ancient and weak, that her inward Strength and Vigour decays, and that we are every where in Danger of being swallowed up. I have not Time to write more, it being Midnight and the Post ready to go.

The Almighty and All-good God have thee in his holy Protection.

Paris, 30th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

L E T T E R I V.

To Zornezan Mustapha, *Beglerbeg* of
Erzram.

I Will still congratulate thy Happiness, even in this last Change of thy Fortune; which, tho' it be a kind of Descent from the more lofty Stations thou hast possessed in the *Ottoman* Empire, yet 'tis attended with honourable Circumstances, and an inviolable Security. Thou art not out of the *Sultan's* Favour, banish'd to *Egypt*, and confin'd to a narrow Pension during thy Life, as has been the Fate of several Grandees: But thou art withdrawn from the Intrigues of State, the Toils of War, and the Plots of a Courtier's Life, to the sweet Retirements of the Country, the peaceable Possession of a rich and fertile Province, where thou may'st pass thy Days in an uncontrollable Ease and Felicity.

I am not surpriz'd at the Fall of so many Great Men at the *Porte*, nor do I much regret the Death of those who were known Enemies to the Government:

Yet

Yet it troubles me to think, how the Brave and the Loyal had their innocent Blood mingled with that of Traitors and Villains. But these Things are unavoidable in popular Insurrections, when the Sovereign is compelled to sacrifice to the Multitude whomsoever they require. Thus fell the illustrious *Solyman*, among the criminal Eunuchs, though he himself was free from Stain: But he was a *Negro*, and that was his Ruin; for the Malecontents could not discern the fair Qualities of his Soul.

Curse on that Fool *Choban Kalfa*, and double Curses on his rampant Wife *Malky Kadin*, who gave the first Occasions to all this Disorder, and Spoil of noble Blood. I remember the honest *Solyman* gave me once a Hint of the feminine Debaucheries practised in the Queen-Mother's Apartment: But he spoke of it with so much Modesty and Reserve, that it hardly made any Impression on me at that Time: Otherwise, I should have imparted it to the *Vizir Asem*, or some other Minister of the *Divan*; for soon I commanded in Cases that touch the Honour and Safety of the *Grand Seignior*. And I tell thee, this was none of the least Importance. For as it appears, the Women were undermining the most Sacred and firmly establish'd Government in the World: They were not contented to wallow in their own impious and unnatural Delights, but would have set themselves as a Pattern to others, and by Degrees have infected the whole *Moslem* Empire with a new Species of Debauchery: Which, as it began and was carried on by enbezzelling the Royal Treasures, selling of Places to Men of no-Merit, Buffoons, Pimps, and Asses; so it would have ended in enervating our Militia, corrupting all the Faithful, and laying the Empire, naked to Infidels.

How many *Vizirs*, *Chalmarchans*, *Captain Bassar*, and other *Officers* have we had killed this fatal Year! among the rest I cannot but reflect on the poisoning

of the *Cheux Bassa*, after he was made *Vizir Aetm*, as a Stroke of divine Justice, for having embrac'd his Hands in so much noble Blood, when he enjoy'd that Dignity once before. God punishes the Cruel with invincible Scourges.

But what was that *Achemet Bassa*, who took Advantage of the *Sultan's* domestick Troubles, and foreign Wars, to disturb his Government in *Asia*, and raise a Rebellion, which threaten'd even the the Imperial City itself? By the Course of his Fortune it looks as if he were not contented with his Command in *Asia*; and therefore took this new celebrated Method to obtain a higher Dignity, *viz.* by rebelling against his Master: Else why was he made *Bassa* of the Sea, in the Room of *Ourus Kienas*? The *Bassa Aleppo* first brought into Fashion this daring Way of growing Great. And if it be thus countenanc'd by the *Grand Seignior*, in all probability, he will have Reason to make Peace with the *Christians*, that he may have Respite and Forces to employ against his own Subjects.

Amidst all these Things, nothing afflicts me so much, as the horrible Loss our Fleet has sustain'd at Sea. We have various Reports of this Combat; but in general they agree that the *Mussulmans* have lost seventy-two Ships and Gallies, with an infinite Number of Men; that the *Venetians* have taken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Leros*, and that they are advancing to besiege *Constantinople*. This News is a great weale in coming to us: So that if it be true, and the *Venetians* pursued their Victory, for ought I know, by this Time the Imperial City, the Refuge of the World, may be laid in Ashes.

I have often propos'd the Necessity of Platforms along the *Hellepont*, to guard that important Avenue of the *Sacred Ports*. Had they put in Practice *Mabius's* Advice, perhaps the *Nazarenes* would have had no Occasion for their present Triumphs. But

now

now they banquet in the open Streets; *All Christians* rings with the News of our Disgrace. The Drunkards of *Europe* insult o'er the Professors of Sobriety: Amass their Bowls of Wine, they blaspheme our Prophet, and sing in the Praise of *Bacchus* their God. They menace the Conquest of *Asia*, and threaten to exterminate the *Mussulmans* from the Earth.

Enraged at these profane Boasts, I stop my Ears, and turning round in a divine Frenzy, I pray that God would battle the Infidels.

Paris, 6th of the 9th Month,
of the Year 1696.

L E T T E R V.

To the most Renowned and most Illustrious
Mahomet, Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

THAT incomprehensible Majesty which has no Resemblance, at whose Pleasure all Things are dispos'd and order'd in Heaven and Earth, by whose particular Providence, for the Good of the *Osmen* Empire, thou art exalted to this glorious Trust, to be *Vicar of the Vicar of God*; augment thy Graces and Virtues, and bless thee with superlative Wisdom, and perfect Tranquillity.

I revere thy accomplish'd Soul, - consummate in all moral and political Science. Thou art the most experienced Man in the Empire. And I cannot but condole the late Tumults and Riots at *Constantinople*, tho' their Effects were fatal to some brave Men, since thou art chosen to this Dignity, from whom the whole Empire may expect, not only a singular State of Affairs, during thy Administration, but also

a rooting up of the Causes of these publick Distempers, and of all other Evils which infect the Monarchy design'd for the Conquest and Reformation of the whole World.

According to the Custom of the *East*, I approach thee not without some Present: But pardon the Slave *Mahmet*, who can send thee none worthy of thy Grandeur. I have inclosed in a Box the true Effigies of the present King of *France*, with that of his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, his Brother the Duke of *Anjou*, and his Cousin the Prince of *Conde*; as also that of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and Queen *Christina* of *Sweden*, who is now at the *French* Court. Accept also from an Exile, a little Cabinet containing twelve Watches, of so many different Contrivances, according to the circular Variation of the *Moons* in the space of thirty-four Years. They are the Work of my own Hands; therefore I shall not commend them. Each is wrapt up in a piece of Silk, wherein is wrought in *Arabick* Letters, the Method of using it. Perhaps thou wilt find some Diversion in trying the Experiments mentioned in those *Tables*. However, despise not this mean Testimony of *Mahmet's* Respect; but consider, that if I come short of the curious Artists in *Europe*, yet my Labour is passable enough for a *Moslem*, among whom there is scarce another *Watchmaker* to be found in the World.

If thou would'st know the Occasion of Queen *Christina's* being at the *French* Court: She came thither from *Rome*, when the last *Moon* was in the *Wane*. Her Passage was by *Sea* to *Marseilles*, having touch'd at *Genoa*, and received magnificent Gifts from the Republick; but they would not permit her to land, for fear of the *Plague*, which then raged in *Rome*, and was the Cause of her leaving that *City*.

However, the *French* shew'd no such timorous Squeamishness, but received her and her Train with open Arms. She landed at *Marseilles* on the 29th of the 7th *Month*; and when she made her publick Entry, the Consuls of that City, with all the Nobles, met her in Coaches, the great Guns were discharged to welcome her, and she was crown'd with all the Demonstrations of Honour that are shew'd to the Queen of *France* herself in her Progresses.

The same Entertainment she received at *Aix*, *Avignon*, *Lions*, and in fine, all along the Road to *Paris*, the Keys of Towns being surrendered to her, (for such was the King's Pleasure) and a Canopy of State borne over her Head, when she enter'd any Town, and receiv'd the Addresses and Compliments of Governors, Prelates, and other great Men in Authority. She was likewise magnificently treated by Princes, and the chief Dukes of the Realm: And on the 8th of the last Moon, made her Entry into that City on Horseback, apparell'd like a Man: Where having staid some time, she departed for *Compeigne* to visit the Court, which resides there now.

It is not supposed she will tarry long in *France*, but as soon as she hears the Plague is abated in *Rome*, and the adjacent Parts, she will return thither, to pass away the Residue of her Life, in that Nest of Princes and Prelates of the *Nazarine* Belief.

A little before she left *Rome*, the *Spaniards* there had conspired to seize on her Person, as also on the *Pope*; to have murder'd the *Portugal* Ambassador, and set the City on Fire. But the Plot was discover'd, and the Conspirators put in Prison: For the Sentence of Death is never pass'd in Criminal Cases among the *Nazarites*, without a formal Trial.

Here

Here is a Rumour as if a great Fire had, some *Month* ago, broke out in *Constantinople*, and consumed much of that City. I wonder none of my Friends, nor any other residing there, have sent me an Account of any such thing; which fills me with Hopes that this Report is false.

From all hands we are assured, that the *Swedes* and *Brandenburghers* have obtain'd a great Victory over the *Poles* and *Tartars* at *Warsaw*; the vanquished having left above Six thousand Men on the Spot, with all their Ammunition and Baggage: And unfortunate King *Casimir* was forced to fly, with a small Retinue, towards *Hungary*.

'Twas the general Expectation of *Europe*, that the *Moscovites* and *Germans* would have done something Extraordinary for the *Poles*, and by some surprizing Action put a Check to the *Swedish* Successes and Triumphs. For when the *Moscovite* Ambassador was at *Königsberg* endeavouring to withdraw the Duke of *Brandenburgh* from the *Swedish* Interest, he vented forth terrible Menaces, in case they complied not with his Master's Proposals. And one Day, in a furious Zeal, he took a large Goblet of Wine, in the *Electors*'s Presence, and having drank it off to the *Czar's* Health, the *Barbarian* said aloud, *Thus shall the great Emperor of the Moscovites devour all that oppose him.* But now it seems, these were all empty Bravadoes, and the *Moscovites* were resolv'd to stand by, and see who got the Better. The same may be said of the Emperor, and Prince of *Transylvania*, so of the *Danes* and *Hollanders*, who now all declare for the strongest Party.

Magnanimous *Pixler*, if the present Engagements and Wars in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, besides the domestic Troubles of the *Ottoman Empire*, did not wholly employ the Arms of the *Mussulmans*, doubtless 'twould be an Undertaking no less profitable than

than glorious, to succour the distress'd *Casimir*, turn the Tide of the *Gothick* Conquests, and oblige the *Poles* to an eternal Fidelity and Gratitude to the *Grand Seigneur*.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

L E T T E R VI.

To Abraham Eli, Zeid Hogia, Preacher
to the Scraglio.

I Have frequent Access to the *King's Library* which Favour was first granted me by Cardinal *Richelieu*, who often employed me in translating some curious Treatises out of *Arabic* into *French* or *Latin*. The *French* seem very fond of *Eastern Manuscripts*, wherever they can meet with them: And they have no less Regard for Men who are skill'd in these *Languages*. That Minister especially, was very inquisitive into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of *Asia*. He monopolized *Persian*, *Syrian*, and *Arabic* Books, and was a perfect'd Patron of *Linguists*. He coveted the Acquaintance of Strangers and Travellers, that he might by their Means, inform himself of the different *Laws*, *Customs*, and *Religions* of *Foreign Countries*, and of whatsoever was rare, and worthy of Observation, in any Part of the World.

Hence it was, that I receiv'd evident Marks of his Esteem, as soon as he knew that I understood the *Greek*, *Arabic*, *Hebrew*, *Turkish*, and *Slavonian* Languages. He often made use of me, as I have said, and gave me free Access to his own and the *King's Library*. And tho' his Successor, Cardinal

inal *Mazirini*, is not so much addicted to Studies of this Nature as to the Affairs of State; yet he has continued to me the Privilege of visiting this Treasury of Learned Books where I pass many Hours.

One Day I cast my Eyes on a Manuscript written in *Arabic*, and endors'd with this Title,

[*The Original Covenant of Mahomet, the Prophet of the Arabians, with the Professors of the Faith of Jesus.*]

and underneath was a *Latin* Inscription, signifying, That this Manuscript was found in the Convent of Christian Friars on Mount *Carmel*. I have transcrib'd the Contents of this Parchment, and sent it inclosed to thee, that thou may'st judge whether it be Real, or only Counterfeit. For the *Nazarenes* assert it to be the *True Agreement of the Messenger of God*; and therefore reproach all the *Muslimans* with Disobedience to our Lawgiver, and breaking the *League*, sign'd and seal'd by *Him*, whom we call the *Seal of the Prophets*, and witness'd by the Four Principal Doctors, *Abu Beere, Osman, Omar, and Hali*.

If thou wilt peruse the inclosed Paper, it will be easy to discern, whether *We* are guilty of this Violation of *Faith*, or *They*. For though supposing this to be the Real Testament of the *Prophet*, as is pretended) that Favourite of Heaven grants many Articles of Peace, Assistance and Friendship to the Followers of *Jesus*, with Immunity from Taxes and Imposition, Liberty of Conscience, Freedom of Marriages, &c. Yet 'tis evident, that he promised not these Things, but on certain Conditions to be observ'd on the Part of the *Christians*; as, that none of them shou'd harbour

or hold Correspondence with the Enemies of the *True Believers*, or privately accommodate them with Arms, Horfes, Money or any other Necessaries of War: But on the contrary, should hospitably receive the *Mussulmans* into their Houses for three Days, and protect them from their Enemies. If therefore the *Christians* should fail in any of these *Points*, the *Prophet* declares his Covenant to be void, and that they shall not enjoy the Indulgencies granted therein. All this thou wilt see is recommended solemnly to both Parties, to be religiously perform'd till the *final Con-summation*.

Now all the Dispute is, Whether *we* have first transgress'd these *Articles*, or the *Nazarites*? For if it can be prov'd, That they are the first Aggressors, then they have no Reason to complain of their Misfortunes, or accuse the *true Faithful* of Oppression and Tyranny, as they commonly do: Since it is manifest, that they have drawn these Evils on themselves by their Breach of Faith and Infidelity, disannulling the Covenant of God, and his Prophet, and forfeiting the Benefit they might have claim'd by virtue of it. Be it how it will, the Prophet is free from Blame; let the Guilt rest on the Persons that were criminal.

I know not how it comes to pass, that the Christians of this Age, think and speak more reproachfully of our *Soly Lemziour* than did their Fathers, who liv'd in his Time, or immediately after it, and who by Consequence could better inform themselves of the Circumstances of his Birth, Life, and renowned Actions. Some ancient Writers among the *Nazarites* make honourable mention of him and his Family. They conceal not the early Signs of his heroick Virtue, and the Grandeur to which he was destin'd. I have read in a certain Christian Author, That when the Prophet was but nine Years old, under the

Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who carried his glorious Charge along with him to *Damascus*, and that whilst they were at *Baz'r*, a learned Monk, whose Name was *Bobir's*, came out of the *Convent* to meet them; and taking *Mahomet* by the Hand, in the Presence of many *Christians*, he said aloud, *This Youth is born to accomplish great Things: His Fame shall be spread from East to West: For as he drew near to this Place I saw a bright Cloud descend and cover him.* Sultan *David* also prophesy'd of him, in that which the *Christians* reckon the 50th *Psalms*, and the 2d *Verse*: Where that *divine Poet* thus sings, from *Sion* God hath proclaim'd the Empire of *Mahomet*. But the *Christians* have interpreted this in another Sense, though the Original remains a standing Witness against them. So *Moses* in the *Pentateuch* uttered a Mystery when he said, God came from *Sinai*, he rose up from *Seir*, and was manifested from *Mount Paran*. Intimating hereby the Descent of the written Law to *Moses*, of the Gospel to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and of the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*. The *Messias* also said to his Disciples, *If I go not away, the Called of God will not come to You.* But the *Christian* Interpreters wilfully hide these Things from the *Vulgar*, lest their Eyes should be opened. There appears an obstinate Malice and Ignorance in all their Actions.

Who will not laugh at the foolish Spight of the *Spaniards*? who, in a certain Town, had a Custom, as oft as they enter'd into the Church, or come out, to spit on a black Image of a Man sitting on an Ass near the Gate. But a *Musselman* Ambassador coming thither from the Emperor of *Morocco*, and observing this vain Ceremony of the People, ask'd the King, *What Person that Statue represented?* He made Answer, *That it was the Image of Mahomet, the Arabian Prophet.* That cannot be, reply'd the Ambassador, *since our Prophet never rode but on Camels:*

mely: It is rather the Figure of the Messiah: who indeed is recorded to have rode on an Ass. The King, troubled at this Answer, consulted the Priests and learned Men, who all concluded, that the Ambassador had spoke the Truth. And therefore, instead of offering any more Indignities to this League, they fell into another Extreme, and built a Chapel for it, burning Incense to the senseless Stock, and paying it divine Honours. Thus they pray'd to that, which but a little before they had cursed; and turn'd into a God, that which they had esteem'd almost as bad as the Devil. God's Curse be on the Devil, and all his Adorers: But on the holy Prophet, and his Followers, may Blessings shower down, and rest till the Knot of the Sphere is dissolv'd.

*Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1656.*

LETTER VII.

To Murat, Bassa.

KNow for certain, that *Don Juan de Braganza*, late King of *Portugal*, is dead. He left this World on the 6th of the last Moon, after he had been tormented ten Days with the Stone: His Queen has the supreme Power in her Hands during her Son's Minority, whose Name is *Don Alphonso*. This Young Prince was crown'd within a few Days after his Father's Disease, to prevent the Plots of the *Spaniards*, who support a powerful Faction in that Kingdom of *Portugal*, and are not without Hopes to reduce it again to the King of *Spain's*

H : Obe

Obedience. The World is always busy, either in recovering old lost Interest, or seeking of new.

The *Marshal de la Ferte*, who was taken Prisoner by the Prince of *Condé* in the Battel of *Valenciennes*, and having a Price set for his Ransom, had Liberty to go whether he would on his *Parole*, either to bring the said Sum, or surrender his Person by a certain Day; finding himself slighted at the *French* Court, is resolv'd to perform his Promise at the prefix'd Time, and go over to the Prince of *Condé's* Interest, who will not fail to bestow a very honourable Command on a *General* of such Merits.

In the mean Time, the Count of *Harcourt* plays Tricks with his Master, and holds private Correspondence with the *German* Emperor. He is a servicable or a dangerous Man, according as he is pleas'd or disgust'd, and therefore they court him on both Sides. He is now at *Brisac* in *Alsace*. I cannot admire a Man that is thus industriously troublesome to his Prince, without any Thing of *Merit* or *Beavery* to boast of, save his former Services in *Catalonia*, which have been sufficiently repaid with Royal Condescensions and Favours. And those who make a Parallel between his Case, and that of the *Marshal de la Ferte* - consider not that the last fell into his Enemies Hands only by the Chance of War: Whereas the other is a wilful Apostate, if he embraces the Emperors Proposals when no Necessity constrains him, and Honour flies in his Face.

From the North we are inform'd, That Count *Coningmark*, Generalissimo of the *Swedish* Forces in *Prussia*, as he was sailing from *Wisnar*, was taken Captive by the *Poles*, and imprison'd in the Castle of *Wessel-munden* near *Dantzick*. And the Inhabitants of that City mis'd very narrowly of taking the Queen of *Sweden* herself. 'Tis certain they

have

have got a vast Booty from the *Swedes*, consisting of eighteen Chests full of Gold, with Coffers of the King's Jewels, and other rich Things.

These King *Casimir* demands for himself, with a Million of *Rix Dollars* to be paid him by the *Dantzickers*; requiring also, that they should furnish his Army with all Sorts of Ammunition and Provisions: Which, though it be a heavy Burthen, yet those loyal Citizens think nothing too much for their King.

The *Muscovites* in the 9th *Month* besieged *Riga*, a City belonging to the Crown of *Sweden*, but have newly rais'd the Siege, after they had lost above ten thousand Men before the Place.

This is all the News I can send thee, save that the *French* have taken *Valencia*, a City in *Italy*.

I wish I may hear as prosperous Intelligence as this list from *Candia*, after such immense Charges and Slaughter: But Victory is in the Disposal of the Angel of Time.

Paris, 2d of the 12th *Month*,
of the Year 1656.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior of the
Convent of *Dezvifes* at *Cogni* in *Natolia*.

IT is difficult to define the particular Temper of my Soul, when I first receiv'd the News of thy Predecessor's Death, that renown'd and venerable *Bedredin*, who, as thy Dispatch informs me, is gone to *Paradise*. I was neither in Passion, nor yet insensible, but wholly resign'd to the Will of *Heaven*. I consider'd his immense Virtues, and the Course of Nature: His wonderful Age, and more

admirable Actions, a Life equally measur'd by Hours, and Prodigies of Piety: For he was not in the Number of those who let whole Days pass away without the least good Work, or without leaving any Impress on the *Track of Time*. I express myself according to the vulgar Saying, [*Time passes away*:] Whereas in my Opinion, *Time* stands still, and only *We* pass away, with all Things subject to Motion and Change. 'Tis like the Mistake of those, who, sailing on the Water, think the Trees and Mountains move, whilst only they themselves are driven before the Wind: Or, like the Philosophy of those, who, trusting to their grosser Sense, maintain, the Sun whirls daily round our World, tho' according to Reason and better Philosophy, that Globe of Light stands still, whilst our turn rounds its *Axle-Tree*, and so deceives our Eyes. Thus whilst we Mortals glide o'er the uncertain Waves of human Life, and pass by the visible and fix'd Land-Marks of Time, Day and Night, we imagine those Land-Marks move and not we ourselves: Whereas Day and Night remain for ever, stedfast and invariable in their successive Intervals, and only the Elements and Bodies compounded of them are subject to Change.

Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years, are not properly the Measures of *Time*, but of the Motion and Duration of all corruptible Beings: For *Time* is infinite, and beyond all Dimensions. In a Word, 'tis no otherwise distinguish'd from Eternity, than barely by a Name.

All that I have said on this Subject is comprehend'd in the *Arabian* Proverb, which says, *To-Morrow is never*. Doubtless there's no *Paradox* or *Heresy* in saying, 'Tis always *to Day*: or that this Hour, this Minute is eternal. And from this Truth sprung the Contemplation of those who place *Eternity* in a Point or *Instant*.

But to return to *Bedredin*, that *Faithful* of the *Faithful*, may his Soul repose in the Mercies of God, and his Memory be bless'd. May *Gabriel*, the Friend of the Prophet, pray for him; then *Michael*, *Izrahiah*, and the Messenger of Death, with all the Angels who made Orations for the divine Favourite, after his Translation from this earthly State. And when thou, and the religious Fraternity under thy Care, have perform'd the accusom'd Prayers and Expiations for the illustrious Prelate deceas'd, there is no Question but that he shall be in a Condition to intercede for you, and for the whole *Mussulman Empire*: For he was a perfect Saint, and the Beloved of God.

O sage and reverend Successor of that *holy Man*, suffer me to tell thee, Thy Name *Hebatolla* [*the Gift of God*] fills me with glorious Profages of thy Life and Administration in that renowned *College*, where the incomparable *Bedredin* shin'd so many Years. Now he is gone to God, and to the Gardens of eternal Retirement, having left his Seat on Earth to thee, replenish'd with the sacred Odour of Virtue.

He was a religious Imitator of the Prophets, and of all holy Men in general; a devout Admirer of the *Messias*, and a faithful Disciple of the *Seat* of God. Now he is gone to sit down with them in the *Chaises of Eden*, on the Banks of immortal Streams, and Rivers of Wine, Milk and Hooey, which glide along the *Allies of Paradise*. This is the Recompence of heroick Virtue, the Crown of good Works, the Bliss prepar'd for chaste and purify'd Souls, who in their Transmigration from this Earth carry no Stains of Vice along with them: For nothing impure can find Admittance into that World of glittering Essence.

O *Hebatolla*, what is there on this obscure Globe that deserves to be compar'd with those serene

Joys above, those unallied Pleasures, that untarnish'd Blast! And yet sometimes we taste strange Felicities here on Earth. But 'tis only when the Gates and Casements of *Paradise* are open, when a Celestial Wind transports hither the Leaves of the Trees of *Eden*, and perfumes the Air and Skies with the transcendent Odour of that happy *Region*, wafting also imperfect Sounds, Musick in soft Fragments, and *Erbe's* from the *Quires* of the *Bless'd*. Then 'tis the Hearts of Mortals feel a secret and inexpressible Joy springing up from the Root; this lower World (if I may so express myself :) is all entrenched with Pleasure. This happens not every Day, but only at the *Seasons* of *Divine Indulgence*, on the *Festivals* of some particular Saints, and in the Time of the immortal *Jubilee*, when God exultates the Universe with uncommon Favours, and an infinite Largess.

As for the Rest of our Enjoyments, they are Mitigations indeed of the Pains and inseparable Miseries of this mortal Life; they prevail on us to wait the appointed Hour of *Fate*, and not hurry ourselves out of the World before our Time: But they deserve not to be placed in the Rank of true Felicities.

However, our Patience under this Fatigue of Life, our Indifference to Pleasure and Pain, Poverty or Riches, Sickness or Health, Honour or Disgrace, with all the other Objects of human Passion, will prove a singular Argument of Merit, a prevailing Recommendation to the Life to come, and an effectual Passport for *Paradise*. For he that is thus insensibly, yet willingly weaned from the fulsome Joys of Earth by the very Course of Nature and Decree of Destiny, must unavoidably ascend to a purer Region, to a Place capable of satisfying his aspiring Soul: For Nature created no Appetite to balk it.

This is the Life so recommended by *Jofas* the Son of *Mary*, whose Character thou hast in the Library of thy *Convent*. Here I send thee in a Box, that which by all the *Nazarenes* is esteem'd his true Effigies. I remember I once saw another of the same Lincaments in the Treasury of the *Grand seigneur*. These Pieces are very rare, because not copy'd by the Hands of common Painters, but by the most celebrated Masters in *Europe*. And the original Draught, they say, was made by the *Messias* himself on a Handkerchief, which he clapt to his Face, and so left his lively Portraiture.

I cannot ascertain the Truth of this Tradition: But in regard this is one of those Copies which is choicest by the greatest Monarchs in *Christendom*, I send, it to thee as a worthy Ornament of thy Cell, without either the Peril or Scandal of Idolatry.

The pious *Bedredin* was covetous of any Memoirs of the *Messias*, whether written in *Hieroglyphicks*, or in the more usual Characters of Speech. He would have made no more Exception at a Picture, than at a Poem in Praise of that holy Prophet; and I question not but thou equallest him in the same Indifference.

I could not so easily procure the true Picture of *Jobn*, surnam'd the *Washer*; but here I will give thee a short History of his Life. This was a famous Prophet, who liv'd in the Days of the *Messias*, and was of the Race of the Priests. His Habitation was altogether in the Desert, for he was an *Eremit*, and liv'd in a Cave on one of the Mountains of *Judaea*: Some of the *Jews* took him for *Elias*, others for the *Messias*, and a third Sort said he was *Mohamet*, whose coming was foretold in the Book of their Law, and in the Writings of their Prophets.

But *Jaba* deny'd that he was any of these, calling himself in Modesty, *A Voice or Echo*. His Life was very abstemious; for he fed only on the Tops of Plants and wild Honey, drinking nothing but Water of the Fountain which ran by the Side of his Cave; and his Body was only cover'd with a Vest of *Camel's Hair*, using a leathern Thong for a Girdle.

To that solitary Residence of his there was great Resort of People from *Jerusalem*, and the Cities round about; for the Fame of his Sanctity had spread through all *Palestine* and *Syria*.

He wash'd all his Disciples with his own Hands in the Waters of *Jordan*, from whence he was called the *Baptist* or *Washer*. He daily preach'd *Repentance* and *good Works* to the incredulous *Jews*; and openly declar'd, that *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, was the *Messias*. That *holy Prophet* it seems was one of *Jaba's* Disciples, and had been wash'd by him in the River *Jordan*.

In fine, after many Years of heroick Virtue and Piety, *Jaba* had his Head cut off by the Order of *Herod* the Governour of *Judaea*, because he had reprov'd the Tyrant for marrying his Brother's Wife.

Behold these Memoirs are the best Presents the poor exil'd *Mahomet*, can send thee, when he congratulates thy Accession to that holy Chair: Yet such as these were more welcome to thy Predecessor than Gifts of Silver, Gold, or precious Stones; for he was a diligent Collector of choice Antiquities, and select Fragments of History: He was also a liberal Patron, and Encourager of Philosophy and all Sorts of Learning. Follow then his Example, and the true Faithful will be eternally oblig'd to thee. Thou hast a fair Opportunity, there being, as I'm inform'd, the best Library in thy *Convent* of any throughout the *Musselman Empire*:

pires: And the *Derevises* under thy Government are Men addicted to the Study of the Sciences. 'Tis pity such Inclinations should want Encouragement, whilst the *Infidels* are every where busy in founding new *Academies*, and augmenting the Old. There is one lately erected in the Dukedom of *Glece* by the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, where the *Oriental Language*, and *sciences* are professed. If the *Nazarenes* are thus curious to pry into our Learning, why should we be remiss in attaining the Knowledge of their Languages and Histories, since thereby we shall be in a Condition to know their greatest Secrets?

Sage *Hebatalla*, let not the *Infidels* have any longer Occasion to term us Barbarous and Ignorant: But remember, that in promoting *Literature*, thou wilt perform a meritorious Service to the *Grand Seigneur*.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1697.

LETTER IX.

To Selim Al' Mosel Venerable Imaum of
the Mosch of Sancta Sophia.

PRAISE be to GOD, sole Lord of the Zenith and the Nadir, Professor of infinite Regions, who hides the first Meridian in the Palm of his Hand! The Names of *Peru* and *Mexico* are not now foreign in the *Ottoman Empire*, especially to Travellers and Men of Science.

When our Fathers first heard of *America*, they had no other Way to express so unknown a Part of the World, than by calling it the Land of the

Golden Mines, because of the Abundance of that Metal which was brought from thence by the *Spaniards*, since their *Conquests* in those *Parts*. But now we are no Strangers to the *Geography* of that remote *Continent*. Commerce and Traffick have render'd all the known Nations of the Earth familiar one with another. And I remember, when I was at *Constantinople*, the Names of *Peru*, *Mexico*, *Florida*, &c. were as common in the *Copha Hans*, as the Names of *Indostan*, *Tarquistan*, *Gurgistan*, or any other Province of *Asia*. So that a Man would have been laugh'd at, who in speaking of *America*, should have us'd any *Cacumlocutions*, as to call it the *Empire of the Golden Mines*, the *World* beyond the *Great Sea*, or the like.

Yet we must confess, our Knowledge in this Kind is owing to the *Franks*, who sail into those far distant *Regions*, and at their Return communicate their Intelligence and Observations to us; for else we had been yet altogether Strangers to the History of that *New World*.

It was first discover'd by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genuese*, in the Year 1492, of the *Christians Hegira*. This Man had a happy *Genius* in contemplating the Motion of the *Sun*, and the *Frame* of the *Universe*. He was no Stranger to the Extent of our *Continent*, and the Situation of all its *Parts*: He had been often at *Sea*, and seen divers *Regions*: and particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the most *Westerly* Part of *Europe*, he took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the *Evenings*, and observe the Setting of the *Sun*. This Custom of his produced various Thoughts in his Breast. But what was of most Import, his Reason suggest'd to him, that it could not consist with the *Order of Nature*, that the *Sun*, after he left our *World*, serv'd only to give light to the *Fishes*, or gild the Waves of the *Western Ocean*: Therefore on good Grounds he concluded, there
must

must be some *unknown Land*, beyond those mighty Tracts of Sea, which wash'd the *Western Shores* of *Europe* and *Africa*.

This Thought made him uneasy, and put him upon a Resolution of attempting a Discovery. He made Proposals to the *Republick* of *Genoa*, but was reject'd. Then he address'd himself to *Henry VII.* at the *English Court*; where not finding Encouragement, he went to the *King* of *Spain*, who approving his Design, furnish'd him with two Ships. He sail'd on the Ocean for the Space of two Moons without seeing any *Land*, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Provisions falling short. They threaten'd to throw him overboard, if he would not return. But he with mild Words and strong Reasons appeas'd their Fury; promising to sail back again, if they saw not *Land* within three Days. On the third Day, the Boy on the Main Top-Mast saw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards they came within View of Land.

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he return'd to give the *King* of *Spain* an Account of his Expedition.

After his Death, *Americus Vesputius* was sent to conquer the *unknown Regions*; from whom, that whole *Continent* is called *America*; but methinks, not without some Ingratitude to the first Discoverer.

It would be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in these Parts, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Suffice it to say, to the eternal Infamy of that Nation, that according to their own Writers, they butcher'd in cold Blood above twenty Millions of the Natives, in the Space of twenty Years: And all this for the Lucre of this Gold; though under the Pretence of propagating the *Christian Religion*.

I will not list myself in the Number of those who pretend to be God's *Privy Counsellors*, neither will I presume to descant on Things out of my Reach: But the *Spaniards* have lately felt a terrible Blow in *Peru*; which, if it be not a Mark of the Wrath of *Heaven*, is at least a Sign that the Earth is weary of them, especially in those Parts, where they have stain'd it with so much innocent Blood.

The City *Lima*, not many *Months* ago, was all swallowed up by an *Earthquake*; and *Cusco* another City not far from it, was consum'd by a Shower of Fire out of the Clouds. Eleven thousand *Spaniards* lost their Lives in this Calamity; and the Earth devoured a Hundred Millions of refin'd Silver, which the Lucre of the *Spaniards* had forced out of its *Bowels*. All the Mountains of *Potosi*, from whence they dug their choicest Metal, were level'd with the Plain, and no more Hopes of Gold were left to their insatiable Avarice.

I leave the Judgments of these Events to thee, who art of the holy Line, full of resplendent Thoughts, prophetick *Ischarrif*, consecrated *Emir*, Glory of the House of *Mahomet*. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that this Calamity of the *Spaniards* in part resembles the Fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and the Rest of the nine Cities of the Lake. The *Infidels* say there were but five. Let them alone in their Errors; 'tis certain the *Mussulmans* have the only true History of *Southern Times*. Doubtless, God is severe in Chastisements, when he is incens'd against a Nation. Witness the People of *Ad* and *Themad*, with the Men of the Valley of *Smoke*, and the City whose Inhabitants were in one Hour all turn'd into Statues of Stone, and are to be seen at this Day, as a standing Monument of Heaven's Displeasure. Yet no Nation is ruin'd till it ruin itself, as God speaks in the *Alcoran*.

O *Emir*,

O *Emir*, in whose Veins run the most purify'd Blood in the World, pray for *Mahmet*, that he may never turn *Apostate* from God and his Prophet, nor do any thing which may hurry him to an untimely Fate.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1057.

LETTER X.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

THIS following Summer, if all Reports be true, is like to afford some Campaigns of Blood. The general Discourse here is, that the *Grand Seignior* will speedily have an Army of Three hundred thousand Men in the Field: Part to act in *Dalmatia* and *Candy* against the *Venetians*; the rest to be employed against the *Persians*, the more inveterate Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*.

That saucy Embassador *Ishmael Bir Cassil Cas* deserv'd the Punishment was inflicted on him for his impertinent Huff, and drawing his *Sabre* in the Presence of the greatest Monarch of the World. And, let it be an eternal Precedent to the Envoys of foreign Princes, that they may learn a Lesson of Modesty, when they address to the Lord of their Lords, and not, by Presumption, incense the King of the Earth.

But 'tis apparent, this Embassador took Advantage of our Troubles: He swell'd with a vain and false Idea of the *Persian* Puissance: Besides, they say, his Master has enter'd into a solemn League with the *Czar of Muscovy* against the shining Empire, And 'tis certainly known here, that

Two *Embassadors* are arriv'd at *Venice* from that *Potent Emperor* of the *North*; and others are expected from *Persia* to negotiate a *Tripartite League* between those *Crowns* and that *Republick* against the *Villanous* *Osman*. Hence I suppose it was, that the rude *Heretic* took the *Boldefs* to commit an *Action*, which all the *East* punishes with *Death*. Neither is it any thing to the *Purpose*, what the *Christians* of these *Parts* say, That the *Persons* of *Embassadors* are *sacred*: For much more so are the *Persons* of *Sovereigns*. And so long as an *Envoy* obeys the *Law* of *Nations*, in only delivering his *Message* with *Respect* and *Civility*, that *Law* will protect him from all *Injuries*. But if he must needs leap over his own *Fence*, and instead of appearing like an *Embassador*, he will act the *Part* of an *Assassin*, a *Furtive*, a *Contemner* of *Majesty*, he can expect no better *Treatment*, than what is due to his *audacious Insolence*: He throws off with *Scorn* the *Protection* that his *Character* claims, and in a mad *Bravado* courts the *Revenge* of the *State*.

This *Ismail* has all along been counted a bold *Fool* in the *Court* of *Persia*. He has committed a thousand wild *Pranks* at *Ispahan*, more becoming a *Jester*, than a wise *Minister* of *State*. Yet his *Master* still wink'd at his *Extravagances* for his *Father's* *Sake*, who did many notable *Services* to that *Crown*; among which, his recovering *Candabar* from the *Mogul* was none of the least; it being the only *Town* which commands the *Frontiers* of *Persia* and the *Indies*.

For this and other *Merits*, *Sba Sepbi* prefer'd both him and his *Son* to the most considerable *Governments* and *Offices* in the *Empire*; wherem the old *Man* acquitted himself fairly to the *last*. But this young *Bassas* grew unwieldy with too much *Honour*, affronted the *Grandees*, and play'd upon the

the King himself, for which he had once like to have been cast to the *Dag*. But at the Intercession of some of his few Friends that Punishment was remitted and chang'd into *Exile*; whilst his Enemies made use of his Absence to ruin him.

They were some of the greatest *Lords* of the Court, who bore him a Grudge, and they had hourly the King's Ear; which Advantage they made use of to insinuate such an ill Character of *Ishmael*, that he knew no better Way to be handsomely rid of him, than by sending of him on this desperate Embassy to the *Mysterious Porte*: Choosing rather that he should fall by the *Grand Seigneur's* Command, than by his own, who had reap'd so much Benefit from the Services of his Father.

By this thou may'st discern, that the King of *Persia* is earnestly resolv'd upon *War*, without regarding how his *Herald* that proclaim'd it is received: For that *Ambassador* deserves no other Title, who comes not with the accusom'd *Presents* and *Supplication*; but with an Address of a harsher Style, denouncing Enmity at his very first Approach to the Feet of the *Invincible Sultan Mahomet*.

After all, it rejoices me to hear, that thou, and the other *Bassa's* of the *Empire*, are so ready to assist our great *Master*. For I am assur'd that from your Personal and Voluntary *Contributions*, he has receiv'd a Supply of thirty Millions of *Aspers*, besides the constant *Revenues*, *Customs*, *Tributes* and *Subsidies* of the *Empire*. This is noised all over *Christendom*; yet the *Venetians* seem not much to dread the Consequences of these vast Preparations; judging that they will be employ'd elsewhere, than against any *Province* of their *Dominions*, except in *Dalmatia*, where these *Infidels* trust to the Strength of their Forts, and the inaccessible Height of Rocks.

But

But *He* that laid the Foundations of the Earth, and causes it to tremble when he pleases, the same God form'd the lofty Mountains, and can levy them with Plains to serve the *Followers* of his *Prophet*: Even as the *Stones* came voluntary to salute the *divine Messenger* himself; the *Trees* row'd themselves as out of a deep Sleep, and the Earth yielding on all Sides to the forcible Motion of the *inspired* Roots, they walked out of their Places, and compos'd an *Umbrella* over the Head of *Mahomet*, when he was ready to faint with the violent Heat of the Sun.

Thus shall the *Elements* conspire to aid the *True Believers*: And when they fight for the *Alcoran* against *Infidels*, God shall endue the *inanimate Beings* with *Faith* and *Devotion*.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year, 1657.

L E T T E R X I.

To Mehemet, an exil'd Eunuch, in
Egypt.

PRepase thyself with a Constancy of Spirit becoming a *Musliman*, when thou shalt understand, that the best Friend thou hadst in the World is gone to *Paradise*. May God grant him the Repose of a *True Believer*, an *Apartment* of singular Delight. For 'tis the brave *Selyman* I speak of, who not only deserves thy most grateful Vows for saving thy Life, but has done a thousand meritorious Actions besides, which now crown him with *Chaplets* of *Immortality*.

I wish

I wish I could have been the Relater of better News to my banish'd Friend. But perhaps thou hast heard of his Death already, by some Vessels of *Constantinople*, and so 'twill be needless to say any thing as to his untimely Fate, or the *Tragedies* of the *Seraglio* and *Imperial City*.

It seems very strange to me, and a Thing unaccountable, that there can be no Means found out to prevent these dangerous *Insurrections* of the Soldiers, and that the most formidable *Empire* on Earth should be thus frequently shock'd by her own *Subjects*! *Mehemet*, the Things of this present World are a perfect *Riddle*, and our Life itself is but the *Shadow* of a *Dream*. Thou hast experienc'd the Inconstancy of *Fortune*, and that there is nothing on Earth deserves a wise Man's Confidence: Therefore if I may advise thee, it shall be, to wean thyself from the trivial Affairs of Mortals. Let not the natural Fondness which thou may'st possibly have for thy former *Courtly* Life in the *Seraglio*, return to disquiet thy *Soul*. A Man may be happy any where, that knows how to be contented. Nature is serv'd with a *Little*; and we ought to esteem our irregular Appetites as *Foreigners*. If our *Fortune* be not extended to the larger Measure of our Wishes, 'tis easy to contract and adequate our Minds to our *Fortune*.

Thou may'st carve to thyself various Sorts of Felicities in *Egypt*, and render *Caire* as pleasant to thee, now as *Constantinople* was formerly. Virtue makes all Places delightful. If thou art for an active Life, there's Business enough in that populous City; and Opportunities are never wanting to a Man that is ready to lay hold on them. Besides, 'tis the popular Character of *Egypt*, that whosoever dwells in it finds an Employment suitable to his Inclination. But if thou art Melancholy and Contemplative, in my Opinion thou couldst not have chosen

chosen a Country more agreeable to such a Temper.

Were I in thy Station, I should make frequent Visits to the *Pyramids*, and never be weary of searching out the *Antiquity* of those *Admirable Structures*. There is hardly any Thing made by human Art, which has put me upon more important Studies and Disquisitions, than the *Original* of these *Stupendous Fabricks*. They far surpass in Grandeur and Magnificence the most renown'd *Buildings* of the *Greek* and *Roman Empires*, even in the *Zenith* of their most flourishing State. And I would fain learn, *When* they were first erected, by *Whom*, and for *What* Ends! For I cannot believe what *Josephus* the *Jewish* Historian reports of them, That they were built in the Time of *Moses* their *Law-giver*, and that all those of the *Hebrew Nation*, amounting to some Hundreds of Thousands, were employ'd as Slaves in the Work, by the *King* then Reigning in *Egypt*.

I have perus'd *Heraclitus* the *Grecian* *Disorder* the *Sicilian*, with *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other *Writers*, who have all taken great Pains to search into the *Antiquity* of the *Pyramids*: Yet after all their Travels in *Egypt*, and their converse with the *Priests* of that *Country*, they seem ~~to~~ have receiv'd but small light in this *Affair*; leaving Things in *Uncertainty*, and not agreeing in their *Accounts*. One will have them to be only design'd for *Sepulchers* of the *Kings*; another says, they were built by *Joseph* the *Hebrew*, the *Vizir* of *Egypt*, and that they were the *Granaries* where he laid up seven Years Provision of Corn, against the *Famine* which in his Days afflicted the Earth. Thus they differ in their *Sentiments*. And our *Countryman* *Ibn Abd' Albatn* declares, That when he was in *Egypt*, he could not draw from any of the *Priests* the least *Certainty* as to the *Age* of these *Pyramids*, or their

their *Faunders*. Which makes him conclude, That since there was no Memory or Footsteps of their *Original* left among Men, it is probable they were built before the *Flood*.

This agrees exactly with what others of our *Arabian Writers* have deliver'd concerning King *Saudrid*, who reign'd in *Egypt* three hundred Years before the *Deluge*. They relate strange Things of this *Prince*; and among the rest, That he dream'd, *The fixed Stars came down from Heaven to the Earth overturning all Things with the Violence of their precipitate Fall*. Being much troubled at this *Vision*, he sent for the *Priests* and *Sages*; who when they were assembled together in the *King's Palace*, *Asiemon* their *Cater*, or *Prince* of the *Astrologers*, told the *King*, That a Year before, he had seen a *Vision* which made a deep Impression on his Mind. For these *celestial Orbs* appear'd to descend so low as to touch the *Earth*, so that the *Stars* were mingled among Men. Then he lift up his *Hands* above his *Head* in his *Dream*, to keep the *Heaven* from quite oppressing *Mortality* with its *Weight*. *Whilſt I was in this Posture*, said he, *methought I address'd myself to the Sun*, beseeching the *resplendent God* to retire with all his *Glittering Train of Lights* to their *antient station on High*. *Whereupon the Sun made answer*. *When I shall have accomplish'd three hundred Circuits, the Heaven will return to their proper Places*.

When *Asiemon* had related this *Vision*, the *King* commanded the *Astrologers* to erect a *Scheme* of the present *Configurations* Above, and tell him what they presag'd. They did so, and all agreed, That a *Deluge* should *First* overflow the whole *Earth*, and that *Afterwards* it should be totally destroy'd by *Fire*.

Upon the hearing of this, they say *King Saudrid*, commanded the *Pyramids* to be built, carrying all his *Riches* into them with the *Tablet* of the *Myster*.

rious Sciences, and Laws, and whatsoever was esteem'd Precious and Worthy to be preserv'd from the *General Destruction*. And the *Annals of Egypt* say, that he commanded these Words to be Engraved on them.

I Saudrid laid the Foundation of the Pyramids, and finish'd them in six Years: Yet I challenge any future King to demolish them in Six hundred Years; tho' it be much easier to ruin than to build. I cover'd 'em with Silks; let any Man after me cover them with Mats, if he can.

In thus asserting *Saudrid* to be the *Founder* of the *Pyramids*, it ought to be understood only of some of the *Greatest*; and that other succeeding *Princes* (perhaps after the *Flood*;) spur'd on with Emulation and Desire of Glory, built the Rest; which is the only Way to reconcile our *Arabian Writers* to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, and other *Historians of the West*, who assign *Cheops* or *Cheemis*, ~~was~~ *Chephren*, *Chebrisis*, and *Mycerinus* the Son of *Cheemis*, as *Founders* of some particular *Pyramids*. Whilst *Strabo* and *Pliny* ascribe the Building of one to *Rhedops*, a famous *Strampet*, or at least to some of her *Parasiti*.

Doubtless, there is great Obscurity and Confusion in the Records of the *Ancients* about the exact Time when these illustrious *Mausoleums* were built, which yet is an impregnable Argument of their *Antiquity*; since, when one *Author* asserts this or that *King* to have built a *Pyramid*, another demonstrates the contrary, by proving, that That *Pyramid* was in being long before the Days of the
the

the suppos'd *Founder*. Neither can I find any Concurrence of *Authorities*, so rational and exactly agreeing, as that of the *Arabians*, who all unanimously deliver, as a certain Truth, that these unparall'd *Structures* were built long before the *Flood*. All which is confirm'd by the *Egyptian Annals* themselves, penn'd by those of the *Coptite Race*, who descended from *Coptim*, Son of *Masar*, the Son of *Banfer*, the Son of *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*; with whom and his *Family*, *Philemon* the good *Priest* made an *Alliance* by Marriage, and in their Custody were the *Records* and *Traditions* of the old *World*.

But if it be granted, dear *Emach*, that those *Histories* are true which relate the *Transactions* of the *Kings* of *Egypt* before the *Flood*; what Reason have we to call in Question the *Fragments* of *Manetho*, a *Priest* of *Egypt*; or the *Genealogy* and *Succession* of *Egyptian Monarchs* deliver'd by *Herodotus*; or the *Chronological Registers* of *Egypt* unfolded by *Diodorus*, which carry up the *Reigns* of their *Kings* to above a thousand Years beyond any other the most early *Epocha* of the *Creation*, except that of the *Assyrians*, or the intermaldle Ascend of past Ages in the *Records* of the *Chinese* and *Indians*?

I know not what to call it, whether the *Coardecie* of the *Intellect*, which dare not venture to launch into so vast a *Speculation*; or its *Stark*, which will not take the Pains to unfold and stretch its drowsy *Faculties* on the most natural *Idea* in the *World*. 'Tis true indeed, we cannot without some *Fatigue* contemplate stedfastly the *Eternal* Existence and Duration of Things. 'Tis an immortal *Thought*, that can transport the *Soul* back through such an *Infinity* of *Ages*. Yet the *Pleasure* is agreeable to the *Undertaking*; because *Truth*, serene as the *Mornings* in *Egypt*, enlightens the *Prospect*

Prospect, and narrows the *Mind*, if 'twere possible, to look even beyond *Eternity* itself: Whereas, he that only confines his View to the narrow *Horizon* of particular *Histories*, is like a Man in a *Wilderness*, or a low and shady *Vale*, where his Eye is curb'd with the Interspersion of Thickets, uneven Ground, and various Enclosures. For such are the dark Controversies, inextricable Difficulties, and affected Umbrages of most *Writers*, who never durst peep o'er the Mountains of receiv'd Opinion; or if they did, they fearfully or maliciously hid their Discoveries, from the rest of Mortals. I tell thee, as God is Eternal, there cannot be assign'd an *Instance* of *Time*, wherein the *World* did not exist. For the *first Matter* flows as naturally from his *Essence*, as *Light* from the *Sun*.

If thou adorest any other God but this, thou wilt be found in the Number of *Idolaters* and *Infidels* who pay divine Honours to certain Mighty *Angels*, *Archibishops*, as they believe, of the *Universe*.

They behold Houses, Castles, and great Cities built by Mortals, and at a certain Period ruin'd by Fire, Water, Earthquakes, or other Accidents; or destroy'd by the Effects of Wars. From hence they form a Notion of the *World's Original and Catastrophe*: They consider the Animals, Plants, and Minerals; that every *Individual* perishes in *Time*; and that even in the *Heavens* there are strong *Symptoms of Corruption and Alteration*. Hence they collect Arguments to prove the Weakness and Decay of *universal Nature*, which they vainly compare to the Life of a Man, a Beast, or a Tree. And as they have their appointed *seasons* of Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay, and Death; so it is with the *Universe*.

But all this is *Sophistry*; or to speak more favourably, we ought to change it to the Account of
short

short Mediation. For though the *Individuals* of all Kinds are chang'd, cease and disappear at their appointed Periods; yet the *Species* or *Kinds* themselves remain for ever before our Eyes. As fast as one Man dies another is born; and so it is with the *Brutes*: And the *Seasons* of the *Year* in their proper Course renew all the *Vegetables*. We find the Elements, the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Earth remain unchangeable. And why then should we think they were not always so, and will not continue so for ever? Or if this be too bold a *Stretch*, let us conceive them, at least, much more ancient and durable, than they are generally thought to be. And if these *greater Beings* shall undergo a *Change* in their *outward Forms*, we may yet believe their *Substances* will remain for ever.

But whether *corporeal Beings* are thus lasting or no, we have something in us that can never perish. Our Souls are *Immortal*, and need not the *Embalming of Egypt* to preserve 'em from *Corruption*.

Therefore, dear *Mehemet*, since we are destin'd to live for ever in one State or other, let us not fear *Death*, which is but a *Minute's Slumber*, a short Trance out of which we shall immediately awake, to increase our Knowledge and Experience of those *Mysteries* and *Secrets in Nature*, which at present are hid from us. In a Word, let us live like Philosophers, and then we may hope to die with the same Equanimity of Spirit as he did, who in his last Agony, being ask'd by his Friend, *Where was all his Philosophy now?* Answer'd, *I am just entering on a new Discovery concerning the Nature of Salt.* And wish that Word he expired.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Month,
of the Year 1657.

L E T T E R XII.

To the most Venerable Mufti.

IF the publick Solitions should always continue, or be as frequently renew'd as they have lately been at *Constantinople*, and if their Effects shall be equally fatal to the *Grandeets* as has been this last horrid Mutiny of the Soldiers; to congratulate any Man's Rise to an eminent Dignity, will be but to flatter him, and Addresses of this Nature must be esteem'd no better than mock Complements, civil Insults, and fashionable *Sarcasms*: Since at this Rate, great Honours ought to be look'd on no otherwise, but as direct Advances and nearer Approaches to Infamy and Death; when a Man is exalted from an obscure Fastness and humble Security to the glorious Hazard of a precipitate Fall.

'Tis therefore when I come to kiss the Dust of thy Feet among the Croud of true Believers, and to welcome thee to the most sacred and sublime *Vicarship* on Earth, I draw near with an Indifference suitable to a *Muftyman*, wishing thee not more Joy than Safety in that mysterious Station, but such a Temperament of both, as is due to thy Sanctity and incorrupt Actions. In a Word, I wish thee a perpetual Immunity from thy Predecessor's Temptations, and from his Crimes; and then thou need'st not fear his Misfortune and Disgrace.

Let not what I have said pass for an Argument of Disrespect and Undutifulness to the Heir of Prophecy and Apostlick Revelations, the great Patriarch of the Faithful. I reverence both thy Office and Person, yet am commanded to avoid Flattery and partial Addresses when I write to the greatest
Sages

Sages in the Empire. And had not this Injunction been laid on me, my own natural Temper would prompt me to shun that Vice which renders a Man so much less than himself, by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often propos'd to thy Predecessor, the mighty Benefit that would redound to the whole *Ottoman Empire*, if Learning were more encourag'd, and the Histories of foreign Nations were translated into the familiar Language of the *Mussalmans*.

It is, that those who are destin'd to subdue all Things, and have already spread their glorious Conquest thro' the greatest Part of the Earth, should be acquainted with the Transactions of former Times, the Wars of illustrious and brave Heroes, the Rise and Fall of ancient Kingdoms, and in general, the most noted Revolutions in the World. From such Records our Generals and Military Men may draw Examples of Fortitude and Patience, Conduct and Prudence, in all the Fatigues and Difficulties of War. Our Statesmen may improve their Knowledge in all the Maxims of Policy and Wisdom requisite in Time of Peace. In fine, Men of all Conditions may learn the Precepts of Morality and Virtue.

Methinks 'tis pity, that we who possess the Territories of the ancient *Greeks*, the Kingdoms of *Corinth*, and the *Argives*: the Common-wealth of *Athens* and *Lacedaemon*; the Empire of *Macedon*, and the State of the *Jews*; should be ignorant of the Laws by which these divers Countries were of old govern'd, and the Characters, Lives, and Actions of their first Law-givers, and succeeding Governours.

But if thou shalt determine, that the Knowledge of these remote Affairs is superfluous and unnecessary for true Believers; let them at least not be ignorant in their own History, and the Original of their Progenitors.

In true, we *Arabians* have all along taken Care of our *Genealogies*, every Family and Tribe being diligent to preserve the Memory of their Ancestors, and all concur with an unanimous Zeal to register the holy Lineage of *Mahomet*, the Messenger of God: So that we can from his Father *Abdulla* run up in a direct paternal Line to *Caydar*, the second Son of *Ismail* (on whom be the Benedictions of God.) We are not ignorant how this *Caydar* (from whom the noble *Corai's* derive their Pedigree) first settled at *Mecca*, in pure Devotion to the square Temple, which was built by Angels; when he might as well have chosen the more fertile Plains of *Media*, *Persia*, and *Affrica*, as did his Brethren *Daama*, *Naphis*, and *Redma*. But he foresaw by his Skill in Astrology, that the Inhabitants of those Regions would be Idolaters: And so it came to pass; for they were in the Number of those who ador'd the Fire. For the same Reason he chose not for his Seat *Armenia*, though that Country be renown'd for the Resting of *Noah's Ark* on Mount *Geudis*, and the famous City *Tobmanine*, or the Work of Eighty, being the first City built after the *Deluge* by the Eighty, who escap'd in the *Ark*. But *Caydar* knew that the People of that Province should worship the Sun, and it was verify'd in the Posterity of his Brethren *Nabfani* and *Mafna*. Therefore he chose *Mecca*, though a barren Country, because he knew it was the Seat predestin'd to the Elefth *Lineage*, the Generation of just Men and Prophets, from whom was to spring the Light of the World, *Mahomet*, who in Paradise is call'd *Al Batrafim*, and in Heaven, *Arhmst*.

Caydar was the only Son of *Ismail* who took part with his Father, and follow'd his Example, worshipping One God, Creator of the Worlds, as he had learn'd by Tradition from *Abraham* the Beloved of the Eternal: Whereas *Nabeyeb*, *Abbas*, *Thema*
and

and the rest of the Twelve either ador'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, or the Elements, except *Jabour*, who paid divine Honours to the Tree *Betlemers*; and *Hatal* and *Massa*, who sacrific'd Beasts to the Idols *Babinus* and *Alze*.

And as our *Historians* have been thus particularly exact in recording the Affairs of the Twelve Sons of *Ishmael*; so they have shew'd themselves no less precise in relating the Transactions of the twelve Tribes which descended from them, even down to the present Age.

I do not insist on this to teach thee something whereof thou art ignorant; but to put thee in Mind of the Benefit and Advantage, besides the vast Delight which accrues to a Nation by thus preserving the Memoirs of their Ancestors; in which my Countrymen have exceeded the Fidelity and Care of all other People.

Had it not been for the Industry of *Arabian Writers*, the History of the whole *Saracen Empire*, the Succession of the *Caliphs*, with their Wars and Conquests, would have been either quite lost this Age, or at least much depriv'd and falsify'd by the Malice of *Christian* and *Persian Authors*, both equally Enemies to the Truth; by which it is evident, that every Nation ought to register their own Transactions.

What therefore I chiefly aim at is, that the glorious *Osmans*, who have by their Valour enter'd into the Possessions and Territories of many ancient Nations, might also be acquainted with the Histories of those People whose Lands they enjoy: But above all I wish, that after they have found a Way to so much Wealth and Honour, they would not lose themselves, and their own Original.

I speak of the *Turks*, properly so call'd; the *Descendants* of the *Scythians*, who by some were esteem'd the most ancient Nation on Earth; a People

ple form'd by Nature for the Empire of the World; were never conquer'd themselves, yet spread their Victories over all *Asia*. They routed *Zopyris*, a General of *Alexander* the Great: and drove back a haughty King of *Egypt* with Shame and Loss to his own Country: In fine, they were a People naturally Just, Temperate, Hardy, and endu'd with all the excellent Qualities which the Philosophy of the *Greeks* and *Romans* could never inspire into their Subjects, though they aimed at it.

These were the People, O Oracle of Believers from whom the present *Turks* descend. And is it not a Shame, that they can give no other Account of their Ancestors, but what they borrow from the Christians, who in the mean Time reproach the *Mussalmans* with Ignorance and Barbarism?

'Tis for this Reason I renew the same Request to thee, which I often made to thy Predecessor, that Learning may be encourag'd: Let all the ancient Records and Histories of the *Greeks* and *Romans* be sought out and translated, by Men skilful in *Languages*, into the familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. Some, I know, are already common among the *Grandees*, as *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and others; but let not any credible Writer be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a Check to the Scoffs of *Infidels*, augment the Honour and Interest of the *Mussalmans*, and leave an immortal Name behind thee on Earth; which will make thy Joys in *Paradise* more sweet to an Infinity of Ages.

Paris, 29th of the 3d Month,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

ALL *Europe*, except the *French* and *Swedes*, hangs down the Head for the Death of the *German Emperor*. He went to the *Immortals* on the 2d Day of this *Month*, after a long Fit of Sickness, and forty nine Years Life on Earth.

Nathan Ben Suddi, Agent of the *Porte* at *Vienna*, informs me, that on the same Day, whereon the Emperor died, the *Imperial Palace* took Fire on a sudden, and with such Impetuosity, that a great Part of it was presently consum'd, and the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, the Emperor's Son, narrowly escap'd with his Life. This is esteem'd a bad Omen to the Empire; and without being superstitious, I can assure thee, that *Germany* is in a very bad Condition at this Juncture. The Electors are so divided on the Score of *Religion*, and their secular Interests and Alliances, that in all Probability, they will not with Ease decide the Succession.

The Duke of *Brandenburg* having united himself to the *Swedes*, will not consent to the installing *Leopold Ignatius Josephus*, the Emperor's Son, because that *Prince* supports the Cause of the *Poles* and *Danes*. The *Palatine* of *Heydelberg* and *Duke* of *Bavaria*, are at odds about their private Pretensions. The Duke of *Saxony* would fain be Emperor himself, or have one at least of the *Lutheran Religion*: And the rest are so incens'd against the House of *Austria*, that it is thought, none but the Ecclesiastick Princes will vote for the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. So that there being no King of the *Romans* to claim the Succession by the *Laws* of the Empire, the Throne is like to be vacant yet a while.

Cardinal *Mazarini*, who watches all Opportunities to aggrandize his Master, has dispatched away several Couriers into *Germany*, to negotiate privately with the Electors, and concert those Measures which will be most for the Interest of *France*. And, I tell thee, this Minister has no small Influence on the Elector of *Colem*, and Prince Palatine of the *Rhine*: Besides, thou wilt say, he goes the right Way to Work, when thou shalt know that he makes use of the *French* Gold to compass his Design.

No sooner did the News of the Emperor's Death arrive at this Court, but it was observ'd the Cardinal took up a hundred thousand *Pistoles* of the publick *Banquiers* in this City: And every Body guess'd how 'twould be disposed.

The *Portuguese* Ambassador at this Court has caus'd extraordinary *Fire-works* to be play'd on the River *Seine* before the Palace of the King, in Honour of his Master's Coronation, the young King of *Portugal*. But the *Spaniards* are preparing more destructive *Fire-works* on the Frontiers of that Kingdom, being ready to enter it with an Army of sixteen thousand Men to recover the *Portuguese* Crown.

In sending thee these Intelligences, sage Minister, I am not concern'd for the *Infidels*. Who dies or who lives, who rises or who falls, is all one to *Mahomet*, provided the *Grand Seignior's* Health, Life, and Happiness be augmented: And this I speak as an *Arabian* and true Believer.

Paris, 30th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XIV.

To Raba Mahomet, General of the Ottoman Forces, at his Camp near Adrianople.

THE sacred Empire of true Believers is beset at this Time with Infidels, Rebels, and Hereticks. Here are many Rumours spread abroad concerning the *Perfians*, and the Inertill they have in the *Bessa* and Citizens of *Babylon*. They talk also, that some Malecontents design Things which ought not to be nam'd.

God has given me two Ears, and I hear these Discourses with both, but I entertain them with one unchangeable Judgment, that they are only the Whispers of Fame, which has a thousand double Tongues. If it be true, that the four *Cbianses* who were dispatch'd to *Babylon* from the *Grand Seignior* to confirm the Inhabitants of that City in their Allegiance, and assure them of speedy Succours, were murder'd by the disloyal Citizens; I doubt not but 'tis as true, that the Plague has consum'd the greatest Part of the Red-heads in their Camp at *Araxerat*. What tho' these *Babylonian* Mungels cry, *Long live the King of Persia!* The rest of the Empire, with true Zeal and Devotion, pray for the Health and Prosperity of the *Grand Seignior*. What though the *Sultan* has sworn by God and his Throne, by the Heavens and the Earth, that he will go against the *Peutians* in Person! The *Misti* can easily absolve him in Case of Supreme Necessity, whence his Presence is requisite against the more accursed *Kyflbaschi*.

'Tis probable the *Ottoman* Monarchy may be much embarrass'd by domestick Troubles and foreign Wars.

Wars; yet he that founded it, and is the Conservator of Ages, will out of these very Distempers and Evils, produce a good Constitution of Health in the State, and a firmer Establishment against all Enemies.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* are very busy in their Levies at Home, and in making Interests Abroad. *Courtiers* are perpetually posting up and down *Christendom*, to and from that City. They would willingly have all the Business of *Europe* superseded for their Sakes. Every where 'tis whisper'd there's some grand Design on foot against the *Turks*, but no Body knows what. And I tell thee, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, and the rest of the *Nazarene* Kingdoms are too much entangled among themselves to have any Thoughts of meddling with remote Affairs.

The *Poles* would have had the *German* Emperor taken that Crown in Vassalage, on Condition of protecting it from the *Swedes*. But whilst the *Emperor* was alive, he weigh'd the Difficulties, and refus'd so chargeable an Offer. Now he is lately dead, and the Empire is hardly capable to defend itself.

Differences are newly risen between the Duke of *Bavaria* and the Elector Palatine of *Heidelberg*; each claiming a Right to be Vicar of the Empire during the Vacancy; and they are preparing on both Sides to dispute the Matter with the Sword; Whilst the King of *Sweden* smiles secretly at their Intestine Quarrels, resolving to be reveng'd on *Germany*, for the Assistance they have given to *Casimir* King of *Poland*.

At the same time, the *Danes* are arming and equipping by Sea and Land, to demand Justice of the *Swedes*. Whilst the cunning *Muscovite* stands aloft, amusing all Parties with specious Pretexs, but designing only to play his own Game, and espouse that

that Quarrel which will bring him most Booty; Prince *Rogotki* promises fair to the *Swedes*, but 'tis thought, will prove false in the End. The Counsels of these *Uncircumcised*, are full of Treachery. They are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The Case is as bad in *Spain*, where the King is making vast Preparations to enter *Portugal*, and claim that Crown, hoping to make Advantage of their domestick Factions since the Death of *Don Juan de Braganza*, the late *Portugese* King: Not considering that the *French* are like to find him Work enough in *Italy*, *Flanders* and *Catalonia*; besides the continual Damages he receives by Sea from the *English*, and the Losses he sustains in *America*. I tell thee in a Word, all *Europe* is at this time in such a Hurly-burly, that they have no leisure to attend our Motions in the *East*; ev'ry Kingdom and State being wholly busy'd in their own Affairs, and *Venice* can rely on nothing but her own Strength. Go on then, brave General of the Army, destin'd to chastise these *Infidels*, and let nothing discourage thee from pursuing the Aim of Honour and Religion. Let the proud *Franks* know that there is a Sword drawn in the *East*, which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the exterior Members, but even rip up the Bowels of the *Western Empire*.

The Inhabitants of *Sicily* are in a great Consternation, by Reason of a fresh Eruption of Fire from Mount *Ætna*, or Mount *Gibel*, whereby the City *Catania*, and adjacent Parts, are much in Danger, and the Ashes are scatter'd all over the Island. This Mountain has at Times flamed forth in an extraordinary Manner from immemorable Ages; and in all Probability, will continue to do so till the Day of Judgment.

There is like to be a new Quarrel between *France* and *Holland*, the latter complaining, that they have

had above three hundred Merchant Ships taken from them by the *French* within these seven Years, Upon which they have stop'd two Vessels belonging to this Kingdom, and Misunderstandings encrease space between them.

In the mean time, the *German* Court is preparing to choose a new Emperor. His Son is the Person design'd for this *Dignity*, if the Electors do not oppose it. His Name is *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. He lies sick of a dangerous Disease, not less loathsome than the *Plague*.

And now I have mention'd this Scourge of God, it will not be amiss to inform thee, that in *Rome* and *Naples*, where it has rag'd these eleven *Months*, and has destroy'd a hundred and eighty Thousand People, 'tis not now to be heard of; Commerce is restored; *Publick Courts* sit; *Ambassadors* have Audience; and all Things run in their wonted Channel. Yet in *Genova* they feel it still.

The Souls of these *Infidels* are infected with an infernal Pestilence, and therefore God rains *Corsets* on them, whilst the Elect of all *Nations* are preserv'd from all Evil, being mark'd in the Forehead by the Angel of *Health*.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

L E T T E R X V.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

I Have encounter'd a Passage in the History of the First *Caliph*, which a little entangles me. My Faith is disjointed. Thou knowest we *Muslimans* believe, that *Abu Beera* was the true Successor of

of the Prophet: Yet when I consider, that he attain'd the *Sovereignty* by Surprise, without the Consent of the *Muslimans*, I know not what to think of it.

After the Death of the Messenger of God, the Inhabitants of *Mecca* and *Medina* rais'd a Sedition, and took up Arms, each challenging the Right of Election to themselves. When to prevent the ill Consequences of this Tumult, *Abu Becre* and *Omar* immediately came to them; and to end the Controversy, *Omar* stretching forth his Hand to *Abu Becre*, saluted him *Caliph*, and lifting up his Hand to Heaven, swore Allegiance to him: Which Example suddenly prevail'd on others, and so the Tumult was appeas'd. Yet *Omar* himself seem'd to repent of what he had done: For a while after he was heard to say, *Assuredly, the Inauguration of Abu Becre was a rash and unadvised Thing; God avert the Evil which may result from it. But let it be a Law, That if any one hereafter shall presume to do as I have done, and swear Fealty to another, without the Assent of the Muslimans, he shall be put to Death.*

But that which is of greatest Moment with me, is, that *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* the *Son-in-Law* of the Prophet, was not present at this Election, who had as much Right to the *Caliphate*, as any of them, if not more; at least he had a Right to vote. And when he first heard the News, he protested against what they had done as null and invalid, in regard they had not consulted him. Certainly *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* was a matchless Hero, performing *Miracles* of Valour in Defence of the *Prophet*. When he belieg'd *Cbeibar*, a City of the *Jews*, he took the Gates of the City from off their Hinges, and us'd them as his Shield. When he brandish'd his glittering Sword, he made his Enemies tremble. I will say no more in his Praise, lest thou should'st conclude, I have list'd myself in the Number of
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the *Kyzil Basbi*. What I write, is only by way of Scrutiny, being dissatisfy'd about these Things.

So when *Abu Betre* lay on his Death bed, he called for *Othman Eb'n Appan*, the *Scribe*, and bid him write as follows: "In the Name of God, Gracious and Merciful; this is the *Testimony* of *Abdallah Eb'n Abu Kabirah*, when he was arrived to the last Hour of this World, and the first of the World to come." Then he fell into a Trance, while *Othman* proceeded, and wrote the Name of *Omar Eb'no'l Chattab*. Then *Abu Betre* awak'd, and asking *Othman* whom he had named for his Successor; He reply'd, *Omar*, Thou hast done well, said he, and according to my Mind. Yet if thou hadst nam'd thyself, assuredly thou art worthy of the Honour. Thus *Omar* succeeded in the *Caliphate*, by the private Order of *Abu Betre*, without asking the Consent of the *Muslimans*. It looks like a Contrivance or Bargain between those two at first. When *Omar* swore *Faalty* to *Abu Betre*, one would suspect he made him promise to bequeath the *Caliphate* to him. Be it how it will, thou seest *Omar* accepted the Government on Conditions which he himself had made Unlawful, when he prohibited any Succession, that should be made without the Consent of the *Muslimans*. He was the first that was called *Amiro'lmu-menin*, or, Commander of the Faithful.

It is reported that when *Omar* was near his Death, those that stood about him desired him to name his Successor; they themselves recommended *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, because of his Relation to the Prophet. But he rejected him, and committed the Election of his Successor to *Othman*, *Ali*, *Talha*, *Azobin*, *Abu Obeid* and *Saad Eb'n Abi Wakka*. *Abu Obeid* therefore coming to *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, said thus to him, Art thou he to whom I may swear Fidelity, that thou wilt all according to the Book of God, and the Laws of his Prophet, and the Constitution of the

Two Seniors? *Ali* answered, *I will ever all accord to the Book of God, and the Law of his Prophet; but as to the Constitutions of the two Seniors, I will follow my own Counsel.* Then *Abu Obeid* going to *Othman*, said the same Words: And *Othman* promised to perform all that they required. So they chose *Othman* to succeed *Omar* in the *Caliphate*. He was accused of too great Partiality to those of his Blood; for he recalled *Hacem Ebn'el As Ebn Omaib*, whom the Prophet had banish'd. He gave him also a hundred Thousand *Aspers*, and to *Abdella Ebn Chaled*, he gave Forty Thousand. They taxed him also with Pride, in that he sat on the highest Seat of the Prophetick Throne, where none but the holy Prophet himself had ever sat: For *Abu Becre* in Reverence to the Messenger of God sat one Step below it, and *Omar* two. So that the *Arabians* being incens'd at *Othman's* Arrogance, and other Vices, took up Arms, and kill'd him. Then succeeded *Ali*.

I rehearse this History to thee, that thou may'st know the particular Grounds of my Dissatisfaction, and give me thy Opinion in this Matter. For, if *Abu Becre*, *Omar* and *Othman* were unlawfully lifted to the *Caliphate*, it follows, that they were *Usurpers*, and *Hali* the only true Successor of the Prophet. And, if this be granted, then we have no Reason to curse the *Persians*, who are the Followers of *Hali*. God knows which is in the Right, We or They. We are all the Disciples of the Prophet, and believe in the Unity of the Divine Essence. God bless *Mahomet* our Law-giver, with all those of his House. God bless *Mahomet* our glorious Sultan: In fine, God bless thee and me.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Mustapha, Bassa.

BY the Notices which I receive from *Constantinople*, it appears that the Ground of all the publick Discontents in that City, is the *Venetian* Conquest and Possession of *Tenedos*: As if the People thought that Island would prove as fatal now to the *Mussulmans*, as it was formerly to old *Troy*, when the *Grecians* under the Conduct of *Agamemnon* pitch'd their first Camp there, to recover *Helena* the fairest Woman of *Greece*, whom *Paris* the Prince of *Troy* had ravish'd from her Husband's Embraces.

That *Rape* was fatal to the *Trojans*? For, after ten Years War, their City was taken by Stratagem, and burnt to Ashes: Their Princes and Nobles either all slain, or carry'd away Captives by the victorious *Greeks*. Only *Aeneas* sav'd his Father alive, carrying him on his Back out of the Flames, and with some other *Commanders* escap'd to Sea in such Vessels as they found ready. The History of all his Adventures is too tedious for a Letter. Suffice it to say, that after many Voyages from one Region to another, at last he landed in *Italy*, where he and his Company settl'd. And from them the *Venetians*, with other People of *Europe*, derive their Original.

'Tis this makes the present Possession of *Tenedos* appear as an ill Omen, in the Eyes of the Superstitious: As if those Relicks of ancient *Troy* were now come to recover the Habitations of their Fathers, and drive both *Greeks* and *Mussulmans*, out of the Empire.

But these are only *Chimera's* and *Dreams*; for when a Nation is once displaced from the Native Seat, they seldom or never take Root there again.

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Besides, who knows whether the *Venetians* descend from *Troy* or no! 'Tis true indeed, if *Historians* speak Truth, that *Aeneas* sail'd into *Italy*, two Years after the Burning of *Troy*: 'Tis probable also, that he built *Lavinium*; as *Palus* is ascribed to *Aeneas* one of his *Captains*. But where's the Consequence, that the *Venetians* should therefore be the *Off-spring* of these *heroick Fugitives*? They may as well say, the *French* are the *Posterity* of the *Moor*, because those *Africans* once seated themselves in *Spain*. For just so independent are the *States* of *Italy* one of another, and their Inhabitants of as different *Genealogies*, as are these two potent Kingdoms, with the People that dwell in them.

And now the *Trojan War* is in my Mind, I cannot but smile at the egregious Folly of *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*. This was a great Commander in the *Grecian Army*, a huge, brawny, Giant-like Fellow, that had perform'd Prodigies of Strength and Valour in combating the *Trojans*, and yet at last fell upon his own Sword and kill'd himself, because he could not have his Will of *Ulysses*; and all about an old rusty *Buckler*, taken from the Enemy which *Ajax* claim'd as his Right, in reward of his meritorious Services, and as many Scars he had received. But *Ulysses* over-ru'd the Council of War was call'd on purpose to decide this Quarrel, and got the Shield himself. For being a cunning plausible Fellow, he pleaded, that though the Courage and brave Actions of *Ajax* deserved all due Honour and Acknowledgment; yet the Surprize of *Troy*, and ending the War, was only owing to his Wit and Contrivance, who deluded the *Trojans* with a Wooden Horse, in the Belly of which lay a Detachment of armed Men; and these, after the Horse was admitted into that City, came out of their Nest in the Dead of Night, and set

set Fire to the Horse, opening the Gates also to the *Grecian Army*.

If the *Venetians* could invent some such Stratagem, perhaps there would be danger of their taking *Constantinople*, but till then, illustrious *Bassa*, there's no Reason to fear these *Infidels*. Besides it will be very easy to dispossess them of that ominous Island, and so dissipate the Charm which has bewitch'd the seditious Rabble. But I would counsel, that it be attempted in Time, before the *Venetians* are got into the *Helleppont* with their Navy: For there's no Success against these *Infidels* by Sea. That *Element*, it seems, is the Wife of the Duke of *Venice*; being espoused with a Ring and other solemn Ceremonies, on a certain Festival of the *Nazareniti*.

One would think also, that the *English* had made successful Love to the Sea; for their Navies are always prosperous. We have fresh News come in of an Encounter between them and the *Spanish-Weft-India* Fleet, near the *Island* of *Teneriff*, wherein there were Seventeen of the *Spanish* Ships sunk and burnt, and among them were five great Gallies. They took from them an immense Treasure of Gold and Silver with other costly Merchandise.

The *French* Court rejoices mightily at this Exploit; not in any real Love to the *English*, but in Hatred of the *Spaniards*. For between these two Nations there seems to be an irreconcilable Antipathy. Besides, the *French* have Reason of State for their Joy, being in League with the *English* Commonwealth.

That which renders this Victory the more remarkable, is, that it was obtain'd in a *Spanish* Harbour, the *Porte* of *Santa Cruz* in *Teneriff*. Every one extols the *English* Commander for a very brave Person, his Name is *Blake*. I am the more particular in this Relation, because thou art expert in *Marine*

Marine Affairs, having had the Command of the invincible *Ottoman Armada*.

There is a Post newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the King of *Sweden* and Prince *Ragotki*, have taken the strong Fort of *Brzski Litenski* from the King of *Poland*.

The *Portugese* Ambassador at this Court presses the King with much Earnestness to send Aids to his Master, in regard the *Spaniards* are actually enter'd into *Portugal*, and have taken *Oliveenza*, a City of that Kingdom.

I formerly acquainted the Ministers of the *Divan*, that the King of *Spain* had caused all the People of his Kingdom to be number'd: Now I tell thee farther, That in order to carry on the War effectually against *Portugal*, this Monarch has commanded the fifth Man in every Family to take up Arms, and follow the Campaign. At which Rate, they say he will have an Hundred thousand Men in the Field.

In the mean time, all the Discourse here at present is, concerning the Siege of *Mentmelis*, a very strong Place in *Flanders*. It was invested by the *French* Army on the 11th of this Moon, under the Command of the *Marschal de la Ferte Sautterre*.

France has sent a great many brave Generals into the Field this Summer; and I perceive, the *Bassa's* of the *Ottoman* Empire are not like to tarry at Home. God inspire thee, and thy Equals, with a Resolution which knows no Medium between Victory and a glorious Death.

Paris, 26th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1697.

LETTER XVII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THE Beginning of thy Letter surpriz'd me with Wonder, when I read that a *Gibian* from the *Grand Signior*, the Sovereign of Sovereigns, Lord of Three Empires, and Five and Twenty Kingdoms, should have the Dishonour, not to find Admittance within the Walls of *Vienna*: and that in a Time when the *German*s have no Reason to provoke a Foreign War, being sufficiently embarrass'd with Domestic Troubles. But when I read farther, and perceiv'd, That no Ambassador, not even of the *Christian* Princes, has any more Privilege at this Juncture; and that it is an established Law of the Empire, thus to reverence the Majesty of their deceas'd Sovereign, and consult the Safety of the next Election; I ceas'd to resent this any longer as an Indignity to our great Master, and only concluded it to be some Mystery of the *Austrian State*.

It is an Argument of profound Respect to the *Imperial Ghost*, that the Churches are all hung with Mourning throughout the Hereditary Dominions, and that no Musick is permitted either in the Temples or elsewhere; no Jollity or Mirth, till the Funeral Obsequies are perform'd, and the Body of *Cæsar* is consign'd to the Place of its everlasting Repose.

As to the Quarrel between the Duke of *Bavaria* and Prince *Palatine*, about the *Vicariate*, there's much to be said on both Sides: And it ought to be a Thing indifferent to thee and me, which of these two gets the Victory. Yet for the Sake of Truth I will tell thee in short what I have collect-ed out of the *Journal of Carisa*, thy Predecessor, and out of other Memoirs, as they came to my Hands.

It appears then, that by the *Golden Bull* of *Charles IV.* this Dignity was declared inherent in the *Palatine Family*, in the Right of their Possession of that Principality; and that it has been so for many Ages, even before there were any Electors establish'd in the Empire. 'Tis upon this Ground the present *Electer Palatine* claims it. But on the other Side, it is manifest, that when *Maximilian*, the Father of the present Duke of *Bavaria*, was invested with the Electoral Dignity, it was insert'd in the *Imperial Bull*, that the *Vicerogency* of the Empire during an *Interregnum*, should henceforth belong to that Family. Yet this Grant was again disannull'd by the late Pacification at *Munster*. And so the Business is left in Dispute between these two Families. He of *Bavaria* trusts to his Strength and Riches, being also back'd by the Ecclesiastick Princes; whilst the other only confides in the Justice of his Cause, the Right of unquestionable Inheritance.

Leaving therefore these Grandees to prosecute their several Claims, I'll tell thee what makes the freshest Noise in this City, is an Attempt which the Prince of *Condé* made lately on the Town of *Calais*, a Sea-Port of this Kingdom. He had receiv'd certain Intelligence, that the Governor had sent out the best Part of the Garrison to fortify *Ardes*, a Place not far from *Calais*, and supposed to be in great Danger; upon this News, the Prince marched with great Expedition, designing to surprize *Calais* by Night. But he was discover'd before he came near them; and the Inhabitants taking up Arms, appear'd on the Walls and Ramparts to welcome him, so that he was forc'd to retire again with the Loss of near a thousand Men.

Here are two Men come out of *England*, that pretend to be Propheets, foretelling the Downfall of the *Pope*, whom they call *Antichrist*, a *Beast*, a *Dragon*

gus, and I know not how many other Titles. One of them is gone to *Rome*, to tell the *Holy Father* to his Face what is like to befall him. The *French Court* looks upon them as Madmen; and no body can esteem them better if they go to *Rome*, where they will infallibly fall into the Hands of the *Inquisition*; which thou know'st is a Hell upon Earth. Thy Brother *Adonai* felt the Smart of it, only for two or three Words utter'd in Contempt of their Religion; and though he was not condemn'd to Death, yet he suffer'd a tedious Imprisonment; till at length, the Plague releas'd him both from that, and the Change of this mortal Life.

Nathan, if he had dy'd by the Stroke of the Executioner, or by Fire, the common Death of those who rail at the *Roman Faith*, I could not pronounce him a Martyr, unless it were to his own Folly and Rashness; since he was not plac'd there to make Profelytes, either to the *Law of Moses*, or *Mahomet*: but to penetrate into the secret Transactions of the Followers of *Jesus*.

Thy Business is the same at *Vienna*; pursue that with Alacrity, and God shall protect thee from all Adversity.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Month,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XVIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Welcome thy Return to the Earth again: For it appears by thy Letter, that thou hast been in the other World. 'Twere to be wish'd thou wouldst favour the Living with a Journal of thy Travels and Observations among the Dead. These Regions of Silence

lence would afford Matter of Noise enough to Mortals, that are always greedy of Foreign News. Perhaps if thou wouldst communicate the Remarks thou hast made during that Ramble of thy Soul, we might find out some Method of Correspondence between Our World, and that Invisible State. We might contrive a Way to send Dispatches to our Friends, and to receive their Answers again. Or at least we might make some useful Discoveries in that Empire of Shadows.

But tell me seriously, dost thou think it was any more than a Trance or Dream that has happen'd to thee? Such as frequently fall out in melancholy Constitutions? I once inform'd *Cara Hale* the Physician of such an Accident as this not far from *Paris*. It was of a Man that had lain five and thirty Hours as Dead, in all human Appearance, and so given over by the Physicians: Yet after that Period, he recovered his Senses again, and told strange Things to those that were about him. Surely these are but the Slumbers of the Soul; and Death itself is but a deeper Sleep, when it causes the dissolution of the Body. Doubtless, Men awake again in some other Active State. For as a Flame of Fire is equally disposed to embody itself in the Fat of Flesh or Fish, in Oyl, Wax, Sulphur, or any proper Vehicle; and as soon as it is extinguish'd in one, will readily translate itself successively to all the rest, if they be within the Sphere of its Activity (as the *Western* Philosopher speaks:) So is the Spirit or Flame of Life always in a Posture of Transmigration. For ought we know, he that is a King this Hour, may be *Peacock* the Next, and within a few Days be serv'd up at his Successor's Table, as a *Royal Dish*.

But not to insist too much on these Secrets, I will relate to thee a Passage, not unlike that thou hast experienced.

It is recorded in the Writings of an authentick Pen, the Manuscript of an ancient *Arabian*, That *Al Rasbid*, Emperor of the Faithful, had many famous Physicians about him; among the rest, he highly esteemed *Saleb Es's Nabali*, an *Indian*, for recovering one of his near Kinsmen, out of such a Condition as I suppose thou hast been in. That Kinsman was very dear to the Emperor, who was sitting at a *Fest*, when News was brought him that he was Dead. The Emperor extremely troubled to hear this, burst forth into Tears, and caused the Table to be taken away. Then *Jaaser Es's Yabya*, one of his Confidants, immediately desired that *Saleb* the *Indian* Physician, might visit the Corps of his Dead Relation; who went accordingly, and having felt his Pulse, and considered him well, he returned to the Emperor, and said, "Cease to mourn, my Lord, Commander of the Faithful: For if this Man be Dead, and I do not restore him to Life again, may I be divorc'd from all my Wives for ever."

He had scarce made an end of saying this, when a second Dispatch came to the Emperor from those who were about his Kinsman, assuring him, That he was really departed this Life.

Then *Al Rasbid* began to curse the *Indians*, and their Ignorance. But *Saleb* persisted in his Assertion, crying out with some Vehemency, "Be not incredulous, O Emperor of the Faithful, nor suffer thy Kinsman to be buried, till I have been with him again: For assuredly he is not Dead, I will shew you something that is admirable." *Al Rasbid* pacify'd with these Words, took *Saleb* along with him to visit the supposed dead Person.

As soon as they came into the Chamber, the *Indian* took a Needle, and thrust it between the Nail and the Flesh of his Left Thumb. Then the Emperor snatch'd up his Hand toward his Mouth. At which *Saleb* cryed out, "Now, my Lord, comfort your-
self;

self, for dead Men use not to be sensible of Pain. After this, he blew up a Powder into his Nose; upon which, in a few Minutes the Patient inter'd; and sitting upright in his Bed, spoke to *M^r Ruffin*, kissing also his Hand. The Emperor asking him, *How he found himself*: He replied; *Benefactor of Mankind, I have been in the sweetest Sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my Life. Only I dream'd that a Dog came and bit me by my Left Thumb, the Pain of which wak'd me.* With that he shew'd him the Mark of the Needle and the Blood; adding, *Surely it was no Dream, but a Truth, for I feel it yet.* The Emperor was extremely pleased with his *Indian Physician*, and did him great Honour. His *Kinsman* also, whose Name was *Ibrahim*, lived many Years after this, and was made Governor of *Egypt*, where he dy'd and was bury'd.

The *Eastern Physicians* have been famous in all Ages, and are now much in Esteem among the *Franks*, who addict themselves to study the *Sciences*: Here are some very learned *Physicians* in these *Parts*, and not a few ignorant ones, who serve as Foils to set off the Lustre and Fame of the others. Every Province and City in *France* swarms with 'em; and they all find Employment either to kill or cure. The *Naparenes* live very intemperately, and fall into abundance of Diseases, whereof the *East* is wholly Ignorant: Therefore 'tis necessary for them to be well stock'd with Physicians. Yet 'twas satyrically observed by a certain *French Lord*, that in a Town not far from his Palace, the Inhabitants were all healthy long liv'd Men, till a certain *Empirick* came and took up his Residence there; for then they began to sicken and die apace. But this may be an invidious Remark. The *Arabian Proverb* is, *No Man is a good Physician, but he that is born such*: Meaning that some are natural disposed and fitted to this *Science*. Indeed I have known ad-

mirablè Cures perform'd by Men who never studied in Academies, or could answer three Questions in Anatomy; nay, some Women have a Gift of this Nature, and are very fortunate in their Practices. But when all's done, the Beasts are most happy, who are all their own Physicians by Instinct.

Molot, I wish thee such a State of Health as needs no Medicines: But if it be thy Misfortune to fall into *Parmenides* his Indisposition, I counsel thee to make use of the Advice given him by a Philosopher; who when *Parmenides* complain'd of a Pain in his Stomach, and ask'd his Advice, bid him use such and such Confections and Electuaries. The other reply'd, *He had made Tryal of them all, and many more, yet found no Ease.* Then said the Philosopher, *Turn Poet, for they generally have good Stomachs.*

Paris, 9th of the 15th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

Couriers upon Couriers are come to this City with the joyful News that *Mazamell* is surrender'd to the French: For which the whole Body of the Parliament, and the City of Paris, the Chancellor of the Kingdom, with Cardinal *Antonia Barberini*, and all the Ecclesiasticks, went to the Grand Misch, or Temple, where *Te Deum* was sung this Afternoon, with a pompous Solemnity. And now whilst I am writing, there is such a confus'd Noise of great Guns, Ringing of Bells, and Shouts of People, that hee would think it were enough to wake the very Dead, and make them start from their Graves, to enquire what's the Matter.

The

The Truth of it is, this Place is counted one of the strongest in *Europe*, and the Inhabitants were not insensible of it when they made their *Conditions* of Honour with the King. And therefore we need not wonder at the excessive Joy of the *French*.

When the Keys were deliver'd to the King by the Deputies of the Town, one of them, in the Name of the rest, made this following Address.

"Sire, We should have had just Reason to complain of Fortune, and accuse ourselves of Cowardice, if we had surrender'd this impregnable Fortrefs to the Arms of a *Prince* less glorious and puissant than your Majesty: Since our very Walls are of sufficient Strength to defend us, without taking up Arms, against a Power inferior to yours. But in regard it is the Will of *Heaven*, that we must change our Master, we rejoice to fall into the Hands of so invincible and generous a Monarch; and we hope, Sire, that your Majesty will shew us the more Favour, for having us'd our utmost Efforts to conserve an inviolate Fidelity to the *Catholick* King, who but Yesterday was our Master.

This was spoken with so graceful an Action, and such a becoming Frankness, that the King being mightily pleas'd with them, made them this Answer.

"Yes, I shall always remember that your Constancy deserves my Esteem. And now considering you as my Subjects, I will bestow such Privileges on this City, as shall oblige you to manifest no less Courage and Zeal for my Service than you have done for the *Catholick* King.

And to evidence, that he has equal Sentiments of Gratitude and Esteem for his *Officers*, by whose Courage and Conduct this important Place is come under his Obedience; the King has bestow'd the Government of it on the *Lieutenant-General* of his Armies, who was present at the Siege, and was

shot in seven Places of his Body. They call him the Marquis of *Vaudi*. He has signaliz'd his Valour in sixteen Sieges and Battles, being mark'd all over with Scars, the glorious *Characteristicks* of an indefatigable and fortunate *Hero*.

It is fit the *Divine* should be informed of all such Passages; not to instruct them what to do in the like Cases, (for they are perfectly wise) but that these Examples may be registered as Spurs to Vertue and Magnanimity of Spirit. For it cannot be supposed, that the Emperor of *True Believers* will come short of these *Infidel Kings*, in rewarding his faithful and undaunted Slaves.

Marquisal de Ferte Seneterre has also had his share in the Carelles and Acknowledgments of the *King* and the whole Court.

This Success has given a great Damp to the *Spaniards*, who begin to retire as fast as they can from the Neighbourhood of the *French* Armies. On the other side, these are full of Vigour and brisk Resolutions, resolving not to end the Campaign without some farther Attempts in *Flanders*.

They creep by Degrees into the very *Heart* of that Province, which is ever like to be the Stage of War, so long as the *King of Spain* has one Town left in it. 'Tis a very rich Country, abounding in all the desirable Productions of Nature. And the People are very industrious to learn and improve whatsoever is profitable in *Art*. All their Unhappiness lies in this, That they are not able to protect themselves, and subsist independent of one or other of the neighbouring Crown. So that whenever these Sovereigns fall out, these poor People are miserably oppress'd with Armies; and in this Case, their Friends many Times give them as much Trouble as their Enemies. Nay it is difficult to determine which are their Enemies, and which their Friends. For to whatsoever Master they are subject, he drains their

their Coffers of Money by Taxes and Contributions; besides the intolerable Vexation of Quartersing unruly Soldiers, who commit a Thousand Insolencies unpunished.

Poland is at this Time in as bad a Condition, between the Armies of *Sweden*, *Austria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Muscovy*, *Transylvania*, and the Forces of King *Casimir*.

The Son of the deceased Emperor has sent a great Army to the Aid of that unfortunate Monarch, and 'tis confirm'd on all Hands, that they have laid siege to *Cracow*; whilst his Ambassador is negotiating with the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, to draw him off from the *Swedish* Interest. This is like to prove a War of long Continuance, if the *Plague* do not make Peace, which rages in those Parts, and destroys many Thousands more than the *Sword* or *Gun*. The *Muscovites* have combated with this Distemper above these two Years, the *Grand Duke* being forced to fly with his Army, like Vagabonds, before this inexorable *Catastrophe*, which gives no Quarter.

In the mean time, I hear ill News from *Candia*, where they say the *Mussulmans* have, in a late Attempt on that City, lost above Four thousand Men, with Thirty four Ensigns, and a considerable Treasure. These *Infidels* have also taken and destroyed, this Summer, above thirty Ships of *Barbary*, and as many more of *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, *Scanderon*, &c. On board of one of which they seized the yearly Revenue which comes to the *Grand Seignior* from *Scanderon*; and out of another they have taken the Revenue of *Rhodes*, kill'd a Thousand *True Believers*, took half that Number Captives, and releas'd Abundance of *Christian Slaves*: In a Word, they have taken out of the several Vessels which fell into their Hands, an immense Treasure of Silver, Gold, and precious Stones.

These continual Successes of the *Nozarans*, would tempt one to think, That this War was

unjustly commenc'd by *Sultan Ibrahim*, and therefore unhappily carry'd on by his glorious Successor, *Sultan Mahomet*. Pardon the Effect of Melancholy, benign Minister, if it be a Crime to think, that the Creator of all Things is angry with those who violate their solemn Word and Oath. Thou knowest the whole Story of this War, and the first Occasions of it. I say no more.

They have a *Proverb* here in the *West*, *That the Voice of the People is the Voice of God*. And tho' I approve not the Practice of those who make Use of this popular *Aphorism* to foment Seditions in a State; yet I cannot but own, there's a great deal of Reason in it, and it may be verifi'd in the present Circumstances of *Constantinople*.

Thou observest that the Soldiers are mutinous, and unwilling to serve any longer in this unfortunate War. Thou findest the Merchants, and in general all Sorts of People, discontented and factious. The Avenues to that Sanctuary of the World are block'd up by the *Venetians*; so that neither Corn, nor other necessary Provisions can be brought in to supply the Wants of so many hundred thousands of People. In a Word, thou seest the publick Calamities have made them almost desperate; they care not what they do: Peace with the Christians is the Word every where, or else each impertinent Mechanick will presage Ruin to the *Ottoman* Empire.

May God inspire thee and the other Ministers of the *Divean*, in this *Calenture* of the State, to apply such Remedies as may prevent the Inconveniencies of a *domestick* War, which is always more fatal to a Government than a Foreign Invasion.

Paris, 17th of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew at Vienna.

NOW thou givest me some solid Hopes of a Convert. Thy Letter has rais'd my Expectation, since 'tis not penn'd in a Style full of Scruples and insignificant Doubts, which would be endless: Nor yet does it savour of Hypocrisy and Dissimulation, as if thou intendest only to mock me and my Faith, and still continue thyself an Infidel. But it abounds with very fair Concessions, Articles of Reason and Honour on thy side; only expecting from me a true and authentick Account of our holy Prophet's Life, and of the Miracles which can be produc'd in Confirmation of his Prophetick Office. Thou would'lt fain see if any Thing happen'd of this Kind to the Messenger of God, parallel to the stupendous Wonders which recommended *Moses* your Lawgiver to the World, as the undoubted Oracle of Heaven.

I protest there is no Fault to be found in this Demand; For it is but Reason, that he who assumes the Character of a Prophet, should be distinguish'd from *Impostors* by some evident Signs and Wonders: yet 'tis needless to make an exact Parallel, because the Occasions of *Moses's* Miracles were different from those of *Mahammed's*, the Seal of the Prophets. Your Lawgiver had a Commission and Power given him to work Miracles when he pleas'd: Whereas ours declar'd, that he was not sent to work Miracles, but to preach the Unity of the divine Essence, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Joys of Paradise, and the Torments of the Damn'd.

Yet least the unbelieving World should doubt the Truth of his Mission, from his very Birth his Life was graced with many supernatural Favour. His Mother bore him without the least Pain of Body or Mind: and as soon as he breath'd the vital Air, he spoke with an audible Voice, saluting his Mother, and adding, *I profess, That there is only One God, and that I am his Apostle.* He was also Circumcised by Nature, coming into the World without his Prepuce. At the same Hour, the Devils were forbid to ascend above the Orb of the Moon; and Four Voices were heard from the Four Corners of the Square Temple: The first saying, *Proclaim, The Truth is risen, and all Lies shall turn into Hell.* The Second uttering, *Now is born an Apostle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him.* The Words of the Third, were, *A Book full of illustrious Light is sent you from God.* And the Fourth Voice was heard to say, *O Mahomet, we have sent thee to be a Prophet, Apostle, and Guide to the World!*

When he was about four Years old, accompanying the Sons of his Nurse into the Field, the blessed Child retir'd into a Cave at the Foot of the Mountain *Uriel* to pray: When the Archangel *Gabriel* appeared to him, and said *Bismillai rrahmani rrahimi, &c.* *In the Name of God, Compassionate and Merciful, O Child greatly beloved, I am sent to displant from thy Heart, the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradise to fly open.* The young resign'd Obedient, *The Will of thy Lord and mine be done.* Then the Angel open'd his Breast with a Razor of Adamant, and taking out his Heart, squeez'd from it the black Contagion, which was derived from *Adam*: And having put the Child's Heart in his Place again, he bless'd him, and retir'd to the *Invisibles.*

From that Time the young Favourite of Heaven grew up and prosper'd in all Things, having the
Smiles

Smiles of God and Man. He was under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who discerning the Mark of an immense Soul in his young Nephew, was more solicitous for his Welfare than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being low in the World, he had no other Way to provide for his illustrious Charge, than by placing him as a *Fellow* to *Chadijab*, a Widow of the same Tribe with *Mahomet*, which was the Noblest among the *Arabians*. Besides she was very beautiful and rich: And there wanted not Hopes, that in Time she might become *Mahomet's* Wife.

That which chiefly encourag'd them to this, was a *Vision* of *Chadijab*, every where talk'd of in those Parts. For she had divulg'd it herself, long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus disposing of him. "The Son seem'd to leave his *Heaven* and come down to her House, from whence he dispers'd his Beams through *Arabia*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and in fine, through the whole Earth." This *Vision* had made a deep Impression on the Mind of *Chadijab*, and she could not rest, till she had told it to a certain Famous Sage in those Parts, who had great Skill in *Astrology* and other mysterious Sciences, and was celebrated for the Integrity of his Manners. As soon as he heard the Contents of her *Vision* he said, "In the Name of God, O Widow, enter into thy Bath, and prepare thyself with the necessary Purifications: For thou shalt shortly be married to the greatest Prophet in the World." And when she ask'd the *Astrologer*, What was the Country, Tribe and Name of her next Husband; He told her, He was an *Arabian* of *Mecca*, of the Tribe of the *Corai's*, and that his Name was *Mahomet*.

As yet the *Prophetick* Widow knew nothing of the Nephew of *Abu Taleb*. But thou may'st imagine she felt strange Passions, when his Uncle after-

wards recommended him to her Service; and she knew that he was the Man in whom the *Astrucger's* Character was verifi'd, as to his *Country, Tribe, and Name*. For *Mahomet* was the Son of *Abdalla*, who descended from the *Bani Ajebin*, who were the noblest Family in the Tribe of the *Cora's*. Who can express her Sentiments, when she saw the beautiful Youth making his first Addresses to her as an humble Slave, whom she believed Heaven had ordain'd for the Partner of her Bed! With what a Grace and becoming Modesty did he receive the last Instructions and Farewel of his parting Uncle! However, she conceal'd her Transports, and sent her beloved *Slave* with a *Caravan* into *Syria*, allowing him a noble *Pension*.

In that Journey there happen'd something very remarkable in Honour of the admirable young Man. For at a certain Place on the Road, as he waited on the Captain of the *Caravan* to a *Synagogue* of the *Jews*, no sooner had *Mahomet* set his Foot o'er the Threshold of the *Synagogue*, but all the Lamps therein were loosen'd from their Chains, and fell down on the Floor. All those of thy Nation that were present, being astonish'd at the portentous Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*, desiring their Advice in this amazing Circumstance. They having perform'd the accustomed *Ceremonies* and *Expiations*, answer'd, "It is revealed in the Traditions of the Seniors, That at what Time soever an *Arabian* called *Mahomet*, shall be present at our Solemnities, God shall remove the Candlesticks out of their Place. It is therefore most certain, that such a one is now among us; let him not escape our Hands, lest Reproach and Contempt come on *Israel*." But behold, whilst they were busy in searching for the Cause of this *Prodigy*, two Angels convey'd *Mahomet* to *Mecca*, where he soon after married *Cadijab*.

It were easy to recount many more Miracles in the Life of the Prophet: such as that of the Cloud overshadowing him, the Eagle perching on his Head when he was asleep, the Trees and Stones proclaiming him the Apostle of God. And if we were to make Parallels, I think the stupendous Descent which the Moon made at the Prayer of the divine Messenger, comes not far short of the celebrated Disorder on *Mount Sinai*, when your Law was delivered by *Moses*.

If thou requirest undoubted Testimonies for Truth of this Miracle on our Side, offer something that is unquestionable on thy own. We both equally confide in the different Records of our Nations, which were penn'd by Men as liable to Temptations and Errors of all Sorts, as thou and I and all that believe what they write. Therefore unless thou can'st start some more infallible Authority to prove the eternal and universal Obligations of your Law, than I can to the contrary, thou liest under a manifest Disadvantage: since I profess with our holy Prophet and all the *Muslimans*, that the *Alcoran* contains nothing repugnant to the Law of *Moses*, but is only a more perfect and compleat Idea of the divine Will: And that as *Moses* was the Law-giver of the Sons of *Isaac*, so *Mahomet* was the Apostle of the Sons of *Ismael*, and the Seal of all the Prophets.

Use thy own Reason, and neither be of no Religion, than in the Number of those to whom it shall be said at the last Day, *Drink, ye Wretched of Ozan, and be damn'd for ever.*

Paris, 10th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1687.

LETTER XXI.
To Dichieu Hulfcin, Bassa.

THERE has been a mighty Quarrel of late between the *French* and *Spanish* Embassadors at the *Hague*, about *Precedency*. The Occasion was this, one Evening the *French* Embassador was riding in a Coach, in a Place where the *Spanish* Embassador met him in another Coach, and both striving for the upper Hand, they met with their Horfes Heads out against another, and so stood still. There was presently a Tumult of People gather'd about them: And the *French* being more respected, many Gentlemen came in to his Side with Swords and Pistols; and all Things seem'd to portend a Combat. But the *Magistrates* having notice of this Disturbance, sent some of the Guards to keep the Peace and to defend the Embassadors from any Attempts of the Rabble. In the mean while, several Great Lords walk'd to and fro between the Embassadors, proposing Expedients of Accommodation: But it being at the very Juncture when the *French* Embassador had received the News of the Surrender of *Montmelli*, he would not in the least yield to any Terms. So that at the last the *Spaniards* was forced to drive out of the Way, thinking it a Matter of sufficient Triumph, that he had stop'd the *French* Embassador so long.

There is a Post come in from *Denmark*, which brings News of the total Destruction of *Itzehow* by Fire. This was a Town belonging to the *Danes*, and was fir'd by the King of *Sweden's* Order. The *Danes* are very unfortunate of late Years; they make no Figure in *Europe*. There is a Period set to the Grandeur of every Kingdom and State, and the *Danes* were once very victorious and formidable; but now their Monarchy declines apace, to make Way for the rising Lustre of the *Swedes*.

By Sea the *Deskirkers* make a great Noise: They have lately taken from the *French* twenty Merchants Vessels, and from the *English* near half that Number. But if they have not better Fortune than their Neighbours, the *French* will take their City from them e'er long. Every Campaign makes a fair Advance toward it. I sent an Account already to the *Kaimachans* of the Surrender of *Montmali*, one of the most important Places in *Christendom*. Now I acquaint thee, that *S. Venant*, which has not so great a Character, yet considerable enough, yielded upon Articles. This was done on the 18th of the last Moon. At this Rate the *French* Priests will have little else to do but to sing *Te Deum* for their repeated Successes and Victories.

From *Portugal* we hear, that Court, to secure themselves the better against the *Spaniards* have sent to implore the Assistance of *Morisco* and *Fiz*, which is much censur'd among the *Nazarenes*. Others, say they are only Messengers, gone to buy up all the Horses they can get in that Country.

In the mean while the King of *France* is taking all the politick Measures he can, for the Empire of the *West*. His *Embassadors* in *Germany* appear with a magnificent Train of Three hundred Men, and they stile their Master, *His most Christian Majesty, King of France and Navarre, Sovereign Prince in Germany and Italy*; which last is look'd upon as a fair Step to the Title of Emperor.

The Councils of the *German Court* are not a little surpris'd to hear that our invincible Forces are approaching towards the Confines of *Hungary*. It will put some stop to the design'd Election. Besides, they cannot agree among themselves about a Successor.

The Queen *Christina* of *Sweden* is come back again into this Kingdom, being frighted out of *Italy* a second Time, by Return of the *Plague*.

There is a War commenc'd between the City of *Munster* and the *Bishop* of that Place; so that he has laid a formal Siege to it, and presses them very close.

All this is of no such Importance as the News that I receive from *Constantinople*, which assures me, that the *Mussulmans* have retaken the Isles of *Tentoss* and *Lemnos*, tho' with some Loss of Men.

I wish they could as easily drive the *Venetians* out of the *Archipelago*, and then the Imperial City would have no longer Reason to complain for Want of Bread.

Paris, 10th of the 9th Month,
of the Year 1657.

L E T T E R XXII.

To Dgnct Oglou.

I Know not what's the Matter, but most of my Friends are of late grown strange to me. They write but seldom, and then their Letters are full of Reserves, as if they suspected my Integrity: Or, because that I am commanded to inform the *Diets* of all criminal Practises, therefore they are afraid to communicate their Sentiments with the same Freedom as formerly; tho' on Themself no way belonging to the State, but purely speculative, and the common Discourse of all sensible Men. Are you become more morose and rigid at *Constantinople* than you were twenty Years ago? In those Days, I remember it was common in the publick *Coffee-Hous* for *Mussulmans*, *Greeks*, *Cardi*, and *Franks*, or Men of any other Religion, to meet together and vent their Thoughts with Liberty: No Man being willing to be stigmatiz'd with the Character of a Clown for taking Offence at another's Faith, tho' different from his own.

It was then esteemed a Point of Gallantry, to favour the Christians of all Sects, and let them talk and act as they pleased, provided they blasphemed not God, or his Prophets. And they themselves would have condemned any of their own Party, who should have been guilty of such an Innocency and Affront to the established Religion of the *Muslimans*, and the general Sense of Mankind.

But why then is the same Liberty retrenched now, and that among *Muslimans* who are intimate Friends? Is it not now as lawful for us to converse with one another by Letter, or any other Way, as it was then to enter into Dialogues with Infidels? I would not encourage nor imitate the bold and prophane Efforts of their War, who deny the Being of a God, or utter Blasphemies against his Messenger: The whole *Universe* is an irrefragable Testimony of an *Eternal and Omnipotent Nature*: And the *Alcoran* is an evident Proof of the Sanctity and indispensable Commission of our holy *Law-giver*. But I hope it is no Crime, to enter into Speculations of Things liable to Controversy. At least, I will venture to disclose to thee my Thoughts, who art the most agreeable of all my Friends. I tell thee, my dear *Dagat*, it appears to me ridiculous, and like the Quarrels of Children, for *Muslimans* to wrangle about mere Trifles in Religion, and that the resigned to God should be zealous for the Whimsies of Men. One Party believes the *Alcoran* is Eternal, another says 'tis Created. In my Opinion, they are both absurd Assertions. The first, because then it will follow that there are more Eternals than One, which is a fair Step to *Polytheism* and *Idolatry*: The second is only an Impropriety of Speech; for we do not usually say of any Writing, that it is Created but Penned.

I can easily believe the manifold Descents of *Gabriel* from Heaven, when he brought down the
Hundred

Hundred and four Sheets of *Science and Faith*. But whether *Adam* had only ten of these Sheets, or one and twenty as some say; or whether his Son *Setb* had but twenty nine of them, or fifty according to others, is not material according to my Faith. It is possible *Edris* had no more nor left than thirty, and *Abraham* our Father, just ten of these divine Manuscripts. Of these we are sure, that the *Volume* of the *Law* was sent to *Moses*, the *Psalms* to *David*, the *Gospel* to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and the mighty *Alcoran* to *Mahomet* the Seal of the Prophets.

It is easy for me to believe the *Celestial Pen* with which all these Manuscripts were written, to be of some admirable Substance. But why it should be made of Pearl, rather than of Diamonds, or any other Jewels, I see no Reason; or that it should be a Journey of Fifty Years, for the swiftest Horse in *Arabia* to run from one End of it to the other. Yet if I have not Faith enough for these Things, I will not be angry with those that have. Let every Man enjoy his Fancy.

But I cannot be so indifferent, when I hear Men tell me, that God has a Body like ours, with Eyes, Ears, Nose, Hands, Tongue, and all other Members and Organs of Life, Sense, Speech and Motion; that he is subject to Passions of Love, Hatred, Anger, Grief, and all the Affections that are common to Mortals. Yet thou knowest there is a Sect of *Mussulmans*, who believe all this, and preach it to others with great Assurance. What is this, but to set up an Idol in the place of God? For the Original of all *Idolatry* was the vain Presumption of Men, who represented the incomprehensible Divinity, under some uncommon visible Figure of Men or Beasts.

If we must assign a Body to God, it would seem more rational to adhere to their Opinion among the *Sepharim*, who say his Body is Infinite, Uncircumscribed, and beyond all Form. Neither is it of
any

any Import, that the *Western Philosophers* assert, It is of the Essence of all Bodies to be Circumscrib'd and Finite. Since though this may be readily granted true of particular Bodies, yet must it ever be deny'd of the immense and universal Body out of which the World is form'd: unless they will allow it unlimited and interminate unbody'd Space, which is more unintelligible and absurd. Doubtless, if the Eternal Mind has a Body, 'tis expanded wide as the endless *Aether*, and equally present in all Places: Neither can this Body be any more circumscrib'd, confined, or shut up in any Place, than the Light of the Sun can be restrain'd within a Room, or separated from its Source by drawing of a Curtain. For all the World is pervious to this infinite Body, which is altogether indivisible into Parts, even as that which we call a *Spirit*. In a Word, we must conceive it to be simple and uncompounded, the finest and fairest Matter of the Universe.

But if thou wilt have my Opinion, all this is infinitely too low and narrow an Idea of that eternal and most exalted Essence, that intellectual Beauty, which no mortal Eye has seen, no Tongue nor Pen can describe; the smallest Glimpse of whose ineffable Majesty, falling on the Thoughts of holy Men and Prophets, snatch away their Souls in sacred Passions and divine Ecstasies, whilst their Bodies are in the Custody of the Angel of *Death*. At such Times they are carried up through the *Seven Heavens*, beholding all the Wonders, and the *Purple Sea* which divides the *first Heaven* from the *Second*. They pass by the *Orbs*, where Fire, Hail, Snow and Thunder are prepar'd, and kept in Reservoirs against the Day of Calamity; being guarded by Spirits of Vengeance, who are created to punish Infidels. Then they ascend to the *Fourth Heaven*, where dwell innumerable Armies of *Holy Ones*. Next to the *Fifth*, where are the Angels of *Intercession*

cession. Then to the Sixth, which is the Residence of Arch-Angels, the Internuncios or Messengers of the Eternal Majesty. And last of all they are introduced into the Presence of the most sublime Potentates and Principalities, who wait before the recess of the Creator in the Heavens above all Heavens, whose Height transcends the Power of eternal Intellects to Measure.

O *Dignit*, when I have said all I can, 'tis nothing to the Purpose! For no Words nor Thoughts can reach that *Infinite above all Infinity*. Nothing but pure unbodied Minds can have Access to the Skirts and Borders of that endless Region of Light.

Therefore let us not stretch our vain Imaginations, nor greedily pry into those Secrets which for ever fly from human Thought: But keeping ourselves within the Bounds of Reason and Sobriety, let us adore God and believe his *Propbet*, obey the Law of Cleanliness and Purity without injuring Man or Beast; and that's the Way, if there be any, to ascend to the Vision and Enjoyment of that Happiness, which at present is hid from us.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Received the Dispatch coming from valorous Hands, an Express perfum'd with *Narcissus*, full of honourable Words, and exhibiting a Command worthy of an *Ottoman General*. May the Angel of Fortitude conduct thee in all thy Expeditions against Infidels, Rebels and Hereticks,

Thy

Thy Conceptions of the present State of *Europe* are very proper and lively: Yet in some Things 'tis possible thou hast been misinformed. The Affairs of *Italy* are inconsiderable, when compared with the more important *Wars* of the North. That *Quarter* is at present the *Theatre* of the most remarkable Actions; yet the Campaigns in *Flanders* this Year have made some Noise in the World.

But all the Discourse at present is, of the famous Siege, and taking of *Frederick-Ode* by the *Swedes*. This is a Fortress belonging to the King of *Denmark*, and esteemed one of the strongest in *Europe*. Yet it was taken by Storm; wherein the *Danes* lost Ninety three principal Officers, and about Three Thousand common Soldiers; Thirty three Colours; Seventy seven great Guns of Iron and Brass; Three hundred and eighty two Barrels of Powder; Forty thousand Musquet Bullets; Six hundred Granado's; Three thousand Pikes, and Two thousand two hundred Suits of Armour.

This Victory makes the *Swedes* appear terrible to their Enemies; and they are looked upon as the only flourishing Nation in the *North*, as *France* is in the *West*. Yet to shew that there's no unmix'd Happiness here below, their Interest has been much lessen'd by the Desertion of the *Brandenburgers*, who now seem to favour the Cause of King *Casimir*.

That Monarch had an Interview lately with the *Elector* of *Brandenburg*, at a Place call'd *Braunsberg*; where they embrac'd one another, banquetted together, and buried all the Memoirs of Enmity in generous *Computations*: For this is the Way of the *Northern Princes* of *Europe*, who live in so cold a *Climate*, that nothing less than a Debauch of Wine can thaw their frozen Souls, and melt them into an obliging Humour.

As for the *State* of *England*, I perceive thou know'st the *Character* of *Oliver*, the new Sovereign
of

of that Commonwealth. Yet I can inform thee, that he begins to change his Temper. There are Persons in his Court, who give constant Intelligence to the King of *France* of all his Secrets. And as the exiled King of *Scots* could not snuff a Candle in a *Passion*, but that *Usurper* had Knowledge of it; so neither can *Oliver* have a *Dream*, but some spiteful Mercury carries the News into Foreign Countries. His Sleep is interrupted with fearful *Visions* of *Plots* and *Treasons* against his Life; which makes him change his Bed five or six times a Night. They say he is metamorphos'd from a Hero to a perfect Coward. And this is not the Report of the Multitude, who take Things upon Trust; but it is the Sport of the *French Grandees*, who wish well to the Sew of the late murder'd *English* King.

I must be irregular in my Method of Writing, that I may oblige thee with military Remarks. A more particular Account of the *Storm* of *Fredericks-Ode* is just come to my Hand, wherein we are assured, that it was taken at the first Assault, which much redounds to to the Honour of General *Wrangle*; and that the Crown Marshal of *Denmark*, with many *Senators* and *Grandees*, fell by the Edge of the *Sword*; and that Two thousand Captives were driven yok'd in Couples like *Beasts*, as an Augmentation of the *Conqueror's* Triumph.

Thou wilt not be displeas'd at the little Coherence and Order of these Memoirs, considering that it suits well enough with the *Subject*; for I write *a la Campagne*, as the *French* say, and so am oblig'd to entertain thee with broken Detachments of News, from several Parts, as Occasion offers.

The *Spaniards* are stark mad, for the Loss of *Mardike*, which was taken by the *English* and *French* in the 9th *Month*, and all the Garrison sent Prisoners to *Calais*. They swear they will have this important Place again, whatever it cost them. The *Prince*
of

of *Condé* lies dangerously sick of a *Fever* at *Gant*: Whilst *Dux John* of *Austria*, labours under a Malady of another Nature, being much distress'd for Want of Money to pay his Soldiers. This is look'd upon as a very bad Symptom in a *General* of an Army.

The great City *Cracow* in *Poland*, is surrendered by the *Swedes* to King *Casimir*. That Monarch begins to find a Turn of his Affairs; and it is thought he will draw half the Princes of *Europe* into a League against the King of *Sweden*.

It will be of no great Importance for thee to know, that the Siege of *Münster* is rais'd, and a Peace concluded between that City and their *Bishop*: Yet it is convenient, that this should be related to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, who are the Judges of human Events. Besides, in one of my Letters, I mentioned this Quarrel and Siege.

Illustrious Aga, I have obey'd thy Commands, in sending thee an Abstract of all the most remarkable Transactions in *Europe*, during the last three or four *Months*. I wish 'twere as agreeable to any of my Friends to send me the News of our Armies and Navy.

But I am more obliged to Strangers and Infidels, for the Intelligence I have of the *Ottoman* Affairs than to any of the *True Believers*.

Brave *Commander*, may God preserve thee from the common Vices of a Soldier's Life, and make thee as renown'd as *Cassius Hali*, who was present in 15 pitch'd Battles, received 48 Wounds, and yet lived to the 63^d Year of his Age.

Paris, 27th of the 12th *Month*,
of the Year 1657.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

MOST of my Letters to the *Grandes*
of the *Porte*, carry News of Wars,
Sieges, and Battles among the Chri-
stians. Now I'll tell thee, who art
my Friend, I'm at War with myself ; One potent
Passion takes the Field against another ; Opposite
Armies of Affections are embattled in my Breast :
My Heart is block'd up ; Here lies Interest entrench'd ;
There, Honour displays its Standard, One Minute,
Nature

Nature and Self-Preservation made a Sally; the next, they are beat back by Generosity and Love. The worst of it is, that these contrary Factions in the Soul, are so blended together by a secret Correspondence, that it is almost impossible to discern which is which.

Would'st thou know what the meaning of this is? I'll tell thee in Brief; I'm in a Controversy with my self, whether I'd best die or live.

Wonder not at the Expression, as if 'twere in any Man's Power to make this Choice; since according to the *Mussulmans* Faith, we cannot hasten or retard the Moments decreed by Fate. Assuredly Predestination does not in the least interfere with what is called Man's Free-will. Every the most *voluntary Abiss* of our Lives complies as exactly with the Appointment of eternal Destiny, as the accidental Fall of a Tile of a House, or the more regular and constant Descent of Rain, Snow and Hail, from the Clouds. And for ought I know, we may as properly call it the *Free Will* of a River to run toward the Sea, as for a Man to pursue the various Currents of his own Reason or Appetite. For so a Fountain frequently divides itself into many Streams, before it falls into the Ocean, which is its Center. And Man himself notwithstanding the boasted Freedom of his Will, is as much confin'd to act according to his Principles, Prepossessions, Prejudices, Passions and Habits, as the different Rivulets issuing from the same Spring are restrained each within the Banks of its proper Channel.

But not to entertain thee with more Allegories; both thou and I, and all Men, find ourselves violently carry'd away by certain Inclinations so forcible as no Power of our Will is able to resist: Sometimes our Love, Hate, Joy, Grief, and so the Rest of human Passions, are as involuntary, as the Motions of our Pulse. And though in the most important

Actions

Actions of our Lives, we generally form some regular Design, as their Scope and Center; yet we do many Things without Reflection as *Musicians*, are said sometimes to play excellent *Tunes*, without so much as regarding or thinking what they are about. By all which it is evident, that our *Will* has little to do in the Conduct of our Lives. We, like all other Creatures, act according to certain *secret Impulses* of *Nature*. The very same Faculty which we call Instinct in the Beasts is no other than what we term *Reason, Wisdom, Knowledge, Discretion, and Forecast* in ourselves. And I think it is no *Solecism* to say, That that was a prudent *Deer*, who perceiving his *Master* making ready a Rope to hang him, slyly slipt away, and never came near him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther Digression, and ascribe it to *Fate*. For I'm on a sudden strangely interrupted in my Thoughts, by a most furious Tempest; a Medley of Hail, Rain, Lightning and Thunder: And this last, though not over-noisy and loud, yet it was the most singularly terrifying, that ever I heard in my Life. There is a Sort of *Thunder* which they call the *Drum*, because it approaches near the Sound of that warlike Instrument, making a lively, fierce rambling in the Air, like the Beat of an Alarm. There is another more surprizing, like the Roaring of *Cannons*; But this had a Touch in it of the most harsh, affrightning and irregular Noises that ever shook the *Welkin*.

I was possess'd with a deep Melancholy, as soon as I heard the horrid Clatter begin, and saw the Air darken space, with a more than ordinary Gloominess: Then I felt some *religious* Passions struggling with my Reason. I was full of Fears, lest God was angry with me, for my counterfeited Life among the *Christians*: and imagined no less, than that this *Tempest* was raised on purpose to destroy me; and make me an Example to all *Misdoers*, who
 dare

dare deny the holy Prophet, to serve the Interest of the *Grand Seigneur*, as much a Mortal as themselves. Or, at least, I concluded I should taste my Share of the Wrath of Heaven at this choleric Juncture. Nay, and all the *Philosophy* I could muster together serv'd but to raise my dismal Expectations of the *Fatal Blast*. For I could not avoid thinking, that a wicked Man is a *Magnet* which naturally attracts the *Vengeance of Heaven*: And that I being such in the highest Degree, could not fail of having my Soul scorch'd up at once to nothing, or metamorphos'd to a *Fury* (which is worse) by some surprizing and inevitable *Flash*. For to pass from this Life by Lightning, Poison, or an Earthquake, are the only Deaths I fear.

I fell on my Knees and Face, addressing my self to God with the most humble and fervent Devotion I was capable of. I made my Application also to his Prophets. I said and did all that I thought would procure a Respite of the Punishment I fear'd. At length, being tired and sick of too much *Prayer*, I rose and sat down cheerfully, remembering I was a *Misfortune*, and resign'd to the Will of Destiny. Considering also that I was an *Arabian*, of a noble Stock, I resolv'd, if I must die, to prepare my self with a Moderation worthy of my Blood, that so I might go to the *Invisibles* like the *Grandson* of an *Emir*.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to Vanity: But I esteem it a Point of Justice, for a Man to take care that he may live and die like himself, without degenerating from the *Vertue* of his *Ancestors*, or bringing a *Disgrace* on the *Tribes* to which he belongs: For though God has created all Men of the same Mould, yet he has distinguished one Family from another, by more than *specifick Characters* imparted on them in their *Nativity*. And has ennobled some Mortals with peculiar Qualities and innate

Perfections which others are wholly Strangers to. So these are others remarkable for *hereditary Vices*.

Whether these Things depend on the Blood, or on the different Circumstances of Souls before they came into these Bodies, is a Question not soon resolved: But this I'm sure of, that I find in myself both some Virtues and Vices, which I could never yet discover so oddly blended together in any other Mortal. I'm always campaigning on the Frontiers of Good and Evil; yet my Passions are not mercenary: No Price can tempt me to Treason or Perfidy. I am Master of a certain Fascin:is of Spirit, which no human Charm is able to dismantle. My Integrity cannot be warp'd by Gold: And 'tis for this Reason I a little value myself: Which makes me sometimes inclin'd rather bravely to fall forth into the unknown World, than tarry in this, where I meet with nothing but Contempt and Disesteem from the Slaves of him, for whose Sake I bear the Fatigue of Life. Surely, think I, wherever it be my Lot to go, after my Escape from this mortal Scage, the Spirits of that Region will be kind to me for the Sake of my incorruptible Trustiness; for they have Intrigues as well as we, and consequently, will be glad of faithful Agents:

In a Word, since all my Zeal and Loyalty is thought not to merit any Reward in this Life: I would fain try, whether at least I may not deserve to be a Ghost of Honour, if there be any such Distinctions in that World of Spirits.

Paris, 27th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1697.

LETTER II.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

I Shall acquaint thee with a late Transaction in this Kingdom, which I believe has but few Examples. The *Kaimachan* has already receiv'd a Dispatch from me, wherein I signify'd the Return of *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* into *France*: This Princess, since her Arrival at *Fontainebleau*, having discovered some secret Treachery in one of her Retinæ, who was an *Italian* Marquis, pronounced a formal Sentence of Death on him: Which was accordingly executed on the 10th Day of the 11th Moon, by her own Officers, in a Gallery of her Palace, after he had been warn'd of it by her express Order, and had a Confessor sent to him to prepare him for another World.

When this was done, she immediately sent a Messenger to acquaint the *French* King with this Action, and the Reasons which induced her to it. Some of the *Courtiers* at first persuaded him, that the *Queen's* Proceedings entrench'd on his Royal Prerogative, he being the sole Arbitrer of Life and Death within his own Dominions: Whereupon *Monsieur de Chavot* was sent to expostulate with her. I have formerly mentioned this Person in some of my Letters, when he was Ambassador from this Court to Queen *Christina*, then reigning in *Sweden*. He is a Gentleman of great Abilities: And for that Reason he has been employ'd in the most difficult Negotiations with the *States of Holland*, and other Countries.

Yet People censure variously; and the Case has been refer'd to the Doctors of the Civil Law, who pronounc'd this Sentence in her Favour, *That being an Independent Sovereign, and having the King of*

France's Permission to reside in this Realm, the Rights of Sovereignty could not be deny'd her over her own Subjects: Such are to be esteem'd all that are in her Service and take her Pay, except the Subjects of the State where she resides.

The swift Execution of this Queen's Sentence on her Servant, in Part resembles the Rigour of our *Eastern Justice*, which admits of no Delays in punishing of criminal Persons, and removing Traitors out of the Way; neither is it to be diverted by any Fears of After-clapt. And though these Western Monarchs generally put no Man to Death without a formal Process at Law; yet sometimes they have leap'd over this Rule, and only given the Word of Command to some of their Officers, and the Business was done: As in the Case of the *Marshal de Ancre*, and the *Duke of Guise*; the one falling by a Pistol Bullet, the other by the Stab of a Dagger; and both in the King's own Palace, surrounded with their Servants and Friends. And there was no other Way for the Crown of *France* to secure itself from the Attempts of these dangerous Men, who were grown to a such a height, as to monarch it almost as much as their Masters.

Mighty Bassa, the Claims of Sovereignty are very strong, creating Envy and Ambition in Subjects, and Jealousy in Princes. It is not safe for an eminent *Grandee* to appear too popular. For he that is invested with a Diadem, can never brook a *Rival*, or one whom he has Reason to suspect for such.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER III.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THE *Spaniards* are all dissolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a young Prince and Heir of that the declining Monarchy. 'Tis said that the King his Father appointed a solemn Festival throughout all his Dominions, commanding his Subjects to celebrate it with the most exalted Demonstrations of Joy: And on that Day, he himself wore the Ransom of Kings in his Apparel; the very Diamonds and Pearls in his Hat being valued at three Millions of Gold: By which thou may'st guess at the rest.

He has also communicated the joyful News to all Christian Princes and States, his Friends and Allies. And indeed he has some Reason to make a Noise of this good Fortune, being an old Man, and in all Men's Opinion not likely to have any more Children.

His *Ambassadors* in foreign Countries endeavour to imitate their Prince in all Manner of magnificent Triumphs, and particularly from *Holland* we have the following Account: That on a certain Day of this *Month of January*, *Don Stephano de Camara*, the *Spanish* Ambassador at the *Hague*, caus'd *Te Deum* to be sung with excellent Voices and Musick, whelst fifty Pieces of Ordnance play'd continually. At Night a hundred and fifty Pitch-Barrels were lighted on several Scaffolds in the Streets, and all the Windows in the *Hague* were illuminated with Wax-tapers. And these Words were seen flaming in an artificial Fire-work for two Hours together.

ParVe, ut Magna PHILIPPE.

Prospera proleDe, & regna.

I need not explain this *Inscription* to thee who art vers'd in the *Roman Language*; and wilt find that all

the Sale of these Words lies in the Capital Letters pointing at the Year wherein the young Prince was born, *viz.* MDCLVII; except a little Pun upon his Name, which is *Philip Prosper*. On each Side appeared the Arms of the *Spanish* King; and underneath, the *Golden Fleet* so artificially contriv'd, that from it sprung Fountains of divers kinds of Wine, at which the Multitude drank liberally for some Hours: Whilst many new coin'd Pieces of Gold and Silver were scatter'd among them out of the Ambassador's Windows. They were stamp'd with an Olive-tree, having this Motto on one Side,

Crescente bac, Pax aura crescit,

And on the other Side: a Hand with this Inscription in a Label,

Dabit Populis Pacem.

The *French* ridicule this Motto, and say, the King of *Spain* will, e're long, deserve the Title of Peacemaker, when he shall be forced to sue for it, not being in a Condition to carry on a War.

Illustrious Officer, I know thou art well versed in the *Roman Histories*, having been educated under *Achmet Lala*, who was a learned Man. And 'tis probable, thou art no Stranger to the more modern Relations of *Europe*, and the diverse Characters of the People that inhabit it. Yet give me Leave to tell thee, that *Rome* in all its victorious Bravery, never saw firmer Soldiers in a Battle, than the *Spaniards* are at this Day; but the *French* have finer Weapons, more Money, and better Fortune; and 'tis this makes them insult. Besides, Destiny over-rules all Things. Every Kingdom and Empire has its Climaxers, wherein it droops, declines, and at the grand critical Period falls to Ruin.

The *Greeks* had Money enough when the great Sultan *Mahomet* besieged *Constantinople*: But they had

had not Wit to use it for their own Preservation; and so that City, the last considerable Stake of the Empire, was lost to the *Ottomans*, who soon after became Masters of all the rest.

Thou hast Wealth in abundance, and Discretion to manage it: Slip no Opportunities, but remember the old *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *God has given whole Days to the Fortunate, but to the Unhappy he affords only some Hours.*

Paris, 17th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1657.

L E T T E R IV.

To Pesteli-Hali, his Brother, Master of the Grand Seignior's Customs at Constantinople.

I Remember my Promise, though it be late. Thou know'st I have many Hindrances, and therefore wilt not tax me with feigning an Excuse. However, thy Letter came to me in a good Hour, to put me in Mind of these Things, and to enquire of our Mother's Health, who still resides in this City.

I have said nothing of her since my first Letter after her Arrival at *Paris*. And to tell thee the Truth, she has said little herself, being ignorant of the *French Tongue*, and too old to learn it. Therefore her chief Conversation has been with *Elliabine* and me above these three Years: For that *Jew* speaks indifferent good *Turkish* and *Arabick*.

If thou would'st know how she has spent her Time, 'tis divided between her Devotions and her Needle. She lives more Recluse than a Christian *Nay*; seldom or never stirring abroad, un-

less to take the Air of the Fields, and then shut up in a Coach with her Maid. In a Word, her Manner of Living is a fit Example for the *French* Women: For in all Things she observes the Laws of her Education, and the modest *Customs* of the *East*.

No Argument can persuade her to change her *Grecian* Garb, or dress herself after the loose Mode of *Western* Females. Neither will she eat or drink any where, but in the House of *Eliachim*, for fear of infringing the Precepts of the *Alcoran*, and disobeying the Messenger of God: For she esteems the Diet of the *Jews* pure, and free from Pollution. In her pious and motherly Zeal, she rebukes me for eating and drinking with *Infidels*: And I've nothing to say in my Defence, but the Necessity I lie under of preventing Suspicion, that so I may serve the *Sultan* with greater Success, and that I have the *Mustis*'s Dispensation for this and many more Irregularities. When she hears this, she lifts up her Eyes to *Heaven*, lays her Hand upon her Breast, and appears resign'd: Yet shakes her Head, and seems to pity my Case; not without severe Reflections on the Corruption of the Times, the Impiety of the *Seraglio*, and Want of Zeal for the *holy Prophet*.

She has her Health to a Miracle: And, excepting the first two *Months* after she came to *Paris*, I never heard her complain of the least Indisposition. 'Tis possible, the Change of Air, with the Inconveniences of Travelling so far by Sea and Land, might incommode her at first. She was for a while troubled with *Rheums*, *Obstructions*, and a *Dysentery*: But she soon overcame these Distempers, and has ever since been perfectly well.

We often discourse together of thee, and thy Travels in the *East*. Sometimes I read part of thy *Journal* to her, which affords her infinite Delight. She congratulates herself, and thy good Fortune in escaping so many Perils and Deaths, as every
where

where threaten a Stranger: And takes a particular Delight to hear thy Adventures with the *Indian Lady*, at the Court of *Raja Halaru*. Thou may'st be assur'd, our Mother bears a singular Affection to thee; for we never meet without wishing thee in our Company. She rejoices mightily to hear of thy Prosperity and Advancement in the Favour of the *Grand Seigneur*, and his principal Ministers; wishing thee every Day a new Step of Honour and Interest. Thou may'st also rest satisfied that *Mehmet* comes not short of the Affection he owes to such a Brother.

At other Times we talk of our Cousin *Isaiah*, who is now in the frozen Regions of the *North*. His itinerary Memoirs are also very pleasant; and we pass some Hours in reading and comparing them with the Dispatches which I frequently receive from *Mehmet* an exil'd *Eunuch* in *Egypt*: For *Isaiah* is more large in his Description of that Country, and his Remarks on his Antiquities, than on any other Part of *Africa*. Yet he says enough of all that *Southern Quarter*.

As to what I promis'd to inform thee concerning the *Pyramids*, *Mummies*, and other Singularities of *Egypt*, know that our Kinsman *Isaiah* is a great Critick, and gives the Lye to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, *Pliny* and other Writers of *Greece* and *Rome*. Neither will he consent in all Things to our *Arabian* Historians.

He says, the *Pyramids* are neither so high, nor does their Basis take up so much Ground, as is reported by the Antients. He laughs at those who affirm they cast no Shadows at Noon, having experienced the contrary when the *Sun* was in *Capricorn*. And we may believe him in this, on good Ground: For it is recorded of *Tales Milesius*, who liv'd above Two thousand Years ago, that he took the Height of these *Pyramids* by their Shadows.

There are three of these admirable Structures not far from *Caire*, and about eighteen more in the Deserts of *Lybia*. It is generally supposed, that they were built for Sepulchres of the *Egyptian* Kings, some of them before the *Flood*, the rest after. There are not wanting *Historians* who assert the greatest of the *Pyramids* to be the Tomb of *Seto*, the Son of *Adam*.

Iseuf was within this mighty Fabrick, and attells, that after he and his Company had descended and ascended through certain Galleries, they came at last to a square Chamber, wall'd about with pure *Thebaick Marble*; in the Middle of which was a Chest of the same Stone, which when struck with the Foot, sounded like a musical Instrument. It is believed that in this Chest was laid the Body of the King who built that *Pyramid*.

The ancient *Egyptians* were of Opinion, that even after that which we call Death, or the Separation of the Soul and Body, there were certain Arts to retain 'em together; if not in so strict and intimate an Union as before, yet in a very familiar Correspondence for many Ages. So that the Soul should always take delight to hover about the Body, and to exercise its Faculties in the Place where that was reposed.

For this Reason, in the first Place, they took out the Bowels, and whatsoever was most liable to Corruption: And having wash'd the empty Belly with Wine of Palms, mix'd with aromattick Powders, they stuffed it with Myrrh, Cassia, and many costly Confections, and then sew'd it up. After this, they purify'd the whole Body with *Nitre*; and having drawn out the Brains by the Nostrils with a Hook, they fill'd up the Skull with melted Gums. And last of all, they swathed up the whole Body in Silk, securing it over with rich Mixture of *Bitumen*, *Spices* and *Gums*, and so delivered it to the Kindred to be laid up in the Sepulchre.

These were the Preparations they made to court the Presence of the Soul, by rendering the Body for ever sweet and incorruptible. And that the Majesty of *Royal Ghosts* might never be interrupted or violated by the neighbourhood of *vulgar Spirits*, or the ruder Approach of Mortals; *Kings* built these magnificent *Piles*, as the *Palaces* of their *last Rest*. 'Tis therefore they were erected in desert and unfrequented places, and in such a Form as was esteemed the most durable and secure from the Injuries of *Time*, the Assaults of the *Elements*, and from the common Fate of all human Enterprizes. Each Stone of a prodigious Bulk, and rivetted to the next with a Bar of Iron; which with the Strength and invincible Firmness of the Cement, renders it a Thing impassible for any one of these *Pyramids* to be demolished, though all Mankind were set to Work for many successive Generations.

Al Mamun the *Caliph* of *Babylon*, attempted to do it, but in vain. For after he had set his Men to work, and been at vast Expences, they made but one small Breach so inconsiderable, that being made sensible it would exhaust his Treasures to remove but the hundredth Part of the *Pyramid*, he desisted, full of Wonder at the Wisdom of the *Founders*.

If it be true, that the Soul may by such Allurements as these, be prevail'd on to remain with the *Body* in its *Sepulchre*, and that a *Man's* future Happiness consists in this, I should myself admire and imitate these *Egyptian Sages*. I would in my Life-time build me a small *Mausoleum*, according to my Ability, and order in my *last Will and Testament*, that my *Body* be embalm'd and condit'd for a perpetual Duration. But if none of these Arts can alter the Decree of *Destiny*, or force an *immortal Spirit* from ranging where it pleases; I must conclude with *Pliny*, that this celebrated Wisdom of the *Egyptians*, was no other than glorious Folly; and all

the Magnificence of their Kings in building such costly *Sepulchres*, but *Royal Waste*.

They themselves in thus cautiously providing to secure the Soul's Abode, with the Body after Death, tacitly own'd, That by the Course of Nature it would immediately pass into some other. Nay the Transmigration of Souls was an establish'd Doctrine in *Egypt*. How then could they be so blind as to imagine a *dead Carcase*, however persum'd and fenced against *Corruption*, was more inviting than an *Embrio* form'd to live? Or that it was more eligible for the Soul to be imprison'd in a dark *Dungeon* (for no better are the Insides of the *Pyramids*) than to enjoy the Light of the *Sun, Moon and Stars*, and the various Sweets of the *Elements*? Brother, in my Opinion, 'twere better to be a Bird, a Worm, a Fly, or any living Thing, than to be thus immur'd for many Ages, and have no other Companion, but an old salted *Mummie*.

Isof has made some Remarks on the River *Nile*, to which he says *Egypt* owes not only its Corn and Fruits, but also the very Soil which brings 'em forth. For every Year, at the Time of Inundation, that River brings along with it from *Ethiopia*, or some other *Regions* through which it passes, abundance of Slime, and Mud, with which it covers all the *Land of Egypt*, leaving it behind at the Decrease of the Waters; so that the Soil of *Egypt* is borrowed from other *Countries*. And if this be true, for ought we know, the Place of its Situation may be borrowed from the Sea, according to the Opinion of some ancient *Philosophers*.

Herodotus, Pliny and others were of this Persuasion, grounding their Conjectures on the nearer Approaches of the *Continent* to the *Island Pharos*, from the Time of *Homer*, who exactly calculated its Distance. And they concluded, that the immense Quantities of Slime which the *Nile* transports from

the mountainous *Regions of Africa*, might in the Space of two *Miriads* of Years have filled up all that Part of the Sea, which is now firm Land, and call'd *Egypt*.

If this be true, it seems to be very strange, that the *Egyptians* should boast of greater Antiquity than any other Nation in the World, though their Country itself be the youngest of all the Regions on Earth, an abortive Spot of Ground, hatch'd by a River in the Depths of the Sea, and ever since cherish'd by that River as by a Parent or Nurse, which ceases not to convey to it yearly a convenient Proportion of Aliment, whereby the Country itself grows in Bulk, and the Inhabitants are maintain'd. O admirable Providence of Nature, who can penetrate into thy mysterious Conduct! O *Egypt* abounding in Prodiges and Wonders! Where the Land and Water, with all other Elements, conspire to render thee all over miraculous.

Dear *Poffeti*, I am transported when I think of that *Region*, and could relate a thousand more Prefages, both out of *Jfoaf's* Memoirs, and from the Mouths of others, who have travell'd thither to observe so many Miracles. But I believe, thy Patience will be sufficiently tir'd with the Length of this Letter. Besides, my Mother is just come to visit me, and desires me to recommend her unfeign'd Affections to thee.

Be assur'd also that *Mabmet* loves thee with the Integrity of a Man and the Tenderness of a Brother: And he serves thee in all Things without repining.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Month,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Venetians* are very angry for the Loss of *Tenedos*; and not without Reason; for that Island is a delicate Spot of Ground, abounding in rich Wines, and other Products of Nature: Besides, it commands the Avenue of the shining City, the Refuge of Mortals.

They variously relate the Manner of its being taken from 'em, by the Arms which no earthly Power is able to resist. Endeavouring in all their Rumours, to disguise the Truth as much as they can, and misrepresent the Bravery of the *Ottomans*; that so the Actions of their own *Generals* may make the greater Figure.

These *Nazarenes* have a bad Cause, and therefore are compelled to make use of Shifts and Equivocations to support it. They are quite degenerated from the Integrity of the *Primitive Followers of Jesus*. In a Word, they make good the Character of the ancient *Gandists*; of whom a certain *Poet* says, *they are thorough-pal'd Liars, ravenous Beasts, and gluttonous Devils*.

It is believ'd in these *Parts*, that when the *Venetians* quitted the Island, they departed not without Revenge, setting Fire to a Mine, and blowing up several Hundreds of *Mahometans* into the Air.

However, they have for ever proscrib'd and excommunicated *Girolamo Loredan* and *Giovanni Contarini*, in whose Custody the chief Fortresses of the Island were, accusing them of Cowardise and Treachery: Offering also Two thousand *Sequins* to any that seizes on them within the Dominions of *Venice*, and Three thousand to him that kills them in another Country.

I know 'tis in the Power of the All-commanding *Porte* to protect these *Exiles* if they are within the Territories of our Sovereign; much more, if they shel-

shelter themselves in that Sanctuary of the Distressed. But thou, and the other supreme Ministers, are best able to judge whether these *Infidels* merit so great a Favour.

Perhaps their Case may be like that of *Nadab*, Governor of *Buda*, when *Solyman* the Magnificent besieged that City. For *Nadab* was a Man of invincible Courage and Fidelity, but was betray'd by the Soldiers, who bound him in Chains, and deliver'd up the City and Castle to the *villanous Sultan*. That brave Hero understanding their Treachery, and the Resolution of *Nadab*, set him at Liberty, and presented him with noble Gifts; but commanded the perfidious Garrison to be cut in Pieces; A due Reward of their Treason. For tho' Princes often make use of Traytors to serve their own Designs; yet when the Work is done, they commonly pursue the hated Instruments, with the Effects of a just Contempt and Indignation.

Plutarch the Greek Historian, abounds with Instances of this Nature, so does *Herodian* and other Roman Authors. But no Example of Punishment in this Kind seems so proportionate, regular and ingenious as that which *Brennus* King of the *Gauls* caused to be inflicted on a *Virgin of Ephesus*, who when he besieged that City, promised to deliver it into her Hands, on Condition that his Soldiers would bestow on her all the Ornaments of Gold, which they had plunder'd in the Wars of *Asia*, and wore about them as Trophies: For when she had performed her Contract, the wise General, to do his Part, caused this *Virgin* to sit down on the Ground; and then every Soldier in his Army calling his Plate into her Lap, she was oppress'd with the insupportable Weight, and buried alive in a Heap of Gold.

I do not mention this, as if the like were due to the *Venetian* Captives. I refer the Judgment of such things to my Superiors, Ministers of the Blessed Sanctuary of Mankind.

'Tis possible the *Vizir* of the *Bench* thought me dead or turned *Renegade*, because they have not received any News from me these five Moons. But I tell thee, neither Men nor Devils can corrupt thee Faith of *Mah-mat*. But by the GOD of my Vows, there is not a more trusy Man in the Universe.

All the Reason of my Silence, was the Height of the Waters, which seem'd to threaten the Earth with a *Second Deluge*. *Germany* was a Sea, and *Flanders* a Lake for above three Moons together; so that 'twas impossible for the *Post* to travel. There were seen also strange Spectres of Fire in the Air; and the People of *Brabant* were alarm'd with uncouth Noises in the Elements.

Perhaps, illustrious *Kaimacham*, these are the last Preparations to the grand *Cbolick* of Nature; when Wind, Water and Fire shall strive to turn this World into its old *Chaos*.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

L E T T E R VI.

To Solyman, his Cousin at Constantinople.

MORE Melancholly still? Wilt thou have no Compassion on thy exil'd *Uncle*, but harrangue him to Death with thy religious *Jargon*? Believe me, thy Letters of this Kind are as irksome to me as the continual *Dim* and *Babbling* of *Boys* is to a poor weary *Pedagogue*. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt: 'Tis a Comfort in my Banishment, to hear from those of my *Blood*. But let me beg of thee to alter both thy Theme and Scile. Leave *spiritual Things* to the *Mollahs* and *Imams*; and let thy Thoughts be taken up in
Things

Things belonging to thy Trade. In that be as inquisitive as thou can'st. Bend thy Mind wholly to make new Discoveries and Improvements in that, and it will turn to thy Advantage. At thy Hours of Leisure I counsel thee to read *Histories*, and sometimes go into Company: There is much to be gain'd by conversing with Men of Sense. Such will serve as Mirrours, wherein thou may'st behold Humanity in its proper Figure, and the Deformity of that Vizard, with which Error and Superstition disguise our Nature. They will correct thy Mistakes without putting thee to a Blush. Wit and Reason shall flow from their Tongues, as soft Harmonies breath from the Pipes of an *Organ*, which clear the Spirits, and serene the Heart that was clouded with Sadness.

The *Imperial City* is full of such, both Natives and Strangers. Cull them out from the mix'd Multitude, and make them thy Companions, without regarding the Difference of *Religion*, whether they be *Mussulmans*, *Franks*, *Armenians*, *Jews*, or others. Above all Things, shun the Society of *Bigots*; and number not thyself among those who are opinionated, because they profess the *True Faith*: For what signifies that, if their Lives be vicious? I tell thee, they are worse than the *Infidels*. Give no heed to *Fortune-Tellers*, and such as pretend to *Astrology*; For whilst they boast of knowing other Men's Fates, they are ignorant of their own. And if there be any Truth in that *Science*, one may say, their Ignorance in it affronts the *Stars*, and often provokes them to hasten their own Ruin. Assure thyself, they only amuse the World with portentous Stories, to get Fame and Money.

Associate thyself with none but prudent and moderate Men, whose Morals are not leaven'd with a too furious Zeal; who look not superciliously and with Disdain on a *Frank* as he walks along the Streets, much less offer him an Indignity, when he

goes about his honest Business, under the Protection of the *Grand Seignior*. It becomes none but *Janizaries* and *Ruffians* to be guilty of these Incivilities to Strangers. The *Law of Nations*, and the particular Commands of our *Holy Prophet*, oblige us to treat such with all Humanity and Tenderness. Besides 'tis reflecting on the *Justice* and *Hospitality* of the *Magnificent Porte*, which is the *Refuge* and *Sanctuary* of all the Earth, that a Stranger cannot walk the Streets in Peace. Despise no Man on the Score of his *Religion*; for there are no Factions in *Paradise*: But consider, that whilst thousands of *Mussulmans* shall go to *Hell* for their wicked Lives, so an equal Number of those we call *Infidels*, may be received into the *Mansions* of the *Blessed* for their *Virtues*.

Thou seemest to be much concerned for thy *Soul*; thy *Letter* abounds with *earnest* Care in this *Point*. In being too solicitous, it is evident thy *Faith* is small. Every Line is tinctur'd with sad Expressions about the *Perils*, *Snare*s, *Ambushes*, *Hooks*, *Gins*, and I know not what other *Devices* the *Devil* has to ruin thy *poor Soul*, (as thou call'st it.) *Cousin* dost thou know what the *Soul* is, about which thou keep'st such a *Pudding*, if thou dost, 'tis more than I do; and yet I have been searching and prying into it above these thirty Years; I mean, from the Time that I first began to *think* and *consider* of *Things*: but am as far to seek as ever I was. Neither could all the *wise Men* of *Old*, the *Philosophers* and *Sages*, for ought I perceive, agree in their *Verdict* about that *mysterious* Thing which we call the *Soul*:

One will have it to be, *Only the finest part of Matter in the Body*, another says, 'Tis the *Air* which the *Lungs* suck in and diffuse thro' all our *Members*. A third Sort affirm it to be, *A mixture of Air and Fire*. A Fourth, *Of Earth and Water*; A Fifth call it, *A Composition made up of the Four Elements, a Kind of Quintessence*, and I know not what. The *Egyptians* call'd

call'd it, *A certain moving Number* : And the *Chaldeans*, *A Power without Form itself* ; yet imbibing all *Forms*. *Aristotle* call'd it, *The Perfection of a natural Body*. All these agreed, That it was *Corporeal*, and as it were extracted from *Matter*. The best Definition among them is not worth an *Asper*.

But there were Men of sublime Speculations, who affirm the *Soul* to be, *A Divine Substance, independent of the Body*. Of this Opinion were *Zoroaster*, *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Orpheus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plutarch*, *Porphyry*, and *Plato*. The last defin'd the *Soul* to be a *Self-moving Essence, endu'd with Understanding*. But when they have said all, I prefer the Modesty of *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and others who acknowledg'd they were altogether ignorant what the *Soul* is.

There was no less Disagreement among the *Philosophers*, about the Seat of the *Soul*. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* plac'd it in the *Ventricles of the Brain*. *Democritus* assign'd it the *Whole Body*. *Strabo* was of Opinion, it resides between the *Brows* ; *Epicurus* in the *Breast*. The *Stoicks* lodg'd it in the *Heart*, and *Empedocles* in the *Blood*. Which last seems to be the most current Opinion of the *East* to this Day : In regard both *Moses* the *Law-giver* of the *Jews*, and *Mahomet* our *Holy Prophet*, asserted the same, and for that Reason forb'd *Flesh* to be eaten with the *Blood*.

But be it what it will, either *Corporeal* or *Incorporeal*, a *Substance* or an *Accident* ; whether it dwell in the *Head* or in the *Feet*, within or without the *Body*, there is no *Certainty* of these Things, neither can we be assured, what will become of it after *Death*. Therefore, 'tis in vain to disquiet thy self in Search of a *Mystery* that is hid from *Mortality* : And equally foolish it will be, to frighten thy self with an *Imagination* of *Hooks*, *Gins*, and such like *Clamers*'s, which thou supposest the *Devil* is busie with to entrap thy *Soul*. 'Tis a *Wonder* thou art

not

not afraid to sleep, lest he should catch thee Napping, and steal thy Soul from thee. I would fain know, what sort of Tools he must use, to take hold of a Substance more thin and imperceptible than a Shadow, or how he will be able to seize and run away with a Being, active and free as Thought?

Cæsar, serve God after the manner of thy Forefathers; Love thy Friends, pardon thy Enemies, be Just to all Men, and do no Injury to any Beast. If thou observest this Rule, thou may'st defy the Devil, for thy Soul is in safe Custody. God is nearer to thee than thou art to thyself. He is in the Centre of every Thing, and is Himself the Centre of all Things: In a Word, He is All in All.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VII.

To Afis, Bassa.

NOW the Scenes are changed in *Europe*, Enemies are become Friends, and those who professed a mutual Friendship are at open Defiance. Constancy is a Vice in Politicks; and a dextrous Way of shifting from one Engagement to another for Interest, is esteem'd the only *State-Virtue*.

I have already intimated to the *Divan*, the *War* which broke out last Year between the *Swedes* and *Danes*. The latter began it by a solemn Proclamation, sending a *Herald at Arms* to the *Swedish Court*, and dispatching *Embassadors* to all his *Allies* in *Christendom*, to give them an Account of his Proceedings. Now I shall entertain thee with a swift *Idea*

of this War, which thou wilt comprehend, That the *Danes* are either much degenerated from the Valour of their Ancestors, who formerly made the most terrible Figure of all the Nations in the *North*: Or else they are less obliged to *Fortune*, who has not favoured them with so many Successes and Triumphs of late, but rather exposed them to the Insults of their Enemies, and the Contempt of all Men.

When the King of *Denmark* first proclaimed this War, he had a fair Advantage of the *Suedes*, who at that Time were sorely intangled between the *Poles*, *Germans*, and *Muscovites*, and had more need of Helps than Hindrances. Yet King *Gustavus* turning part of his Forces into *Holstein*, *Scotland* and *Jutland*, he took one Part after another, till he had over-run those Provinces in the Space of six Moons: and reduced the *Danes* to a Necessity of Composition, and that on such dishonourable Terms, as renders them the Scorn of their neighbouring Nations.

On the 13th of the 1d Moon, the two Kings had an Interview near *Copenhagen*, the Capital City of *Denmark*: For so far had the Fortune of the *Swedish* Arms carried their Victories. They eat and drank together several Times, and conversed privately some Hours. At last, a firm Peace was concluded between them, and they concerted the Measures of a perfect Friendship.

But before this, the *Dane* had been forced to yield up *Schonenland*, with *Elfmberg*, which commands half the *Baltick Sea*. He surrendered also the Provinces of *Blakin* and *Holland*, with a very strong Castle; the Island of *Burtholme*, ten Ships of War, and obliged himself to pay a Million of *Dollars*, and to maintain Four Thousand Horse and Foot in the King of *Sweden*'s Service, and give free Quarter to all the *Swedish* Forces till the 5th
 Moon,

Mess. These are such dishonourable Articles, that the King of *Denmark* has quite lost himself in the esteem of all his Allies. They call him a poor-spirited Prince, not worthy of Support or Assistance.

In a Word, serve *Bassa*, it is like to fare with him, as with other unfortunate Men, who when they are once falling, every Body will help to throw them down. Therefore conserve thy Honour, as the only Bulwark of thy Interest and Life.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1653.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the Mufti.

BY the Faith of a true Believer, I swear the *Christians* are Enemies to themselves, if they do not embrace the Project of a certain *Jesuit*. They are no Friends to their *Messias*, if they reject so regular an *Idea* so reform'd a Model of the *Newarrene Empire*, as this *Sage* has lately propos'd to the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*.

He lays his Foundation very deep, and draws his Examples from the Practice of *Peter*, the Prince of the first twelve *Christian Caliphs*, whom the *Franks* call the Apostles of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*. For, according to their Traditions, the *Messias* before he ascended to Heaven, left an exact Pattern of the Empire he designed to establish on Earth. He divided this Empire into twelve distinct Provinces, according to the Number of his Apostles and Vicars, assigning to each that Quarter of the World where he was to preside, as *Moses* had formerly customiz'd the holy Region of *Palestine* among the Twelve Tribes, that descended from *Jacob*. But

But the happy Son of *Mary* being a far greater Prophet than *Moses*, or any that had gone before him: they say, he would not be content with diminutive *Territories*, or *Dominions* disproportionate to his insupportable Descent and Original. Therefore he resolv'd on the Conquest of the whole Earth; commanding his *Pilgrims* to disperse them through all Nations, according to a certain Method, and proclaim his Laws to every Creature on the *Globe*.

Venerable President of the Faithful, I relate these Things, as I receive them from the Mouths and Pens of learned *Christians*, who may be presumed to know their own History. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of Armies immediately raised; of Camps, Battles, and Sieges; of Devastation by Fire and Sword; Storming of Cities, and famishing of the more impregnable Fortresses: In a Word, I believe thou lookst for a Relation of Campaigns and Victories, more glorious than the Achievements of the *Roman Caesars*, more fortunate than the Successes of *Alexander the Great*: But, I tell thee, all the Registers and Archives of the primitive Christians cannot furnish us with any Memoirs of this Nature.

Their Gospel mentions no warlike Undertakings, not so much as the drawing of the Sword by the Son of *Mary* or any of his Followers, unless in a private Rencontre, when *Peter* the Lieutenant of the *Messias*, enflamed with a Passion to see his Master betray'd by *Judas* his *Kabysab*, or *Testerd*, and rudely assaulted by *Malthus*, a *Slave* of the *Jewish Musti*, the valiant Apostle drew his *Gymetar*, and cut off the Fellow's Ear.

Believe me, O mysterious Doctour of the *Mussulmans*, I have perus'd the four Histories of the Life of *Jesus*, written by those who were Eye-witnesses of his Actions: and I find indeed, that he once said to them of his Retinue, *I came not to send Peace*

an *Earth but a Sword*. Yet, by the Sequel it is evident, That when he examined what Weapons his Followers had, and they told him, *but two Swords*; he seem'd to be well satisfied, saying, *It is enough*; tho' a Moment before, he bid him among them that had no *Sword*, sell his *Robe* and buy one.

And I have seen a Dispatch sent by *Paul*, one of the *Primitive Christian Caliphs*, to the *Nazarines* at *Ephesus*; wherein he counsils them to put on compleat Armour, as *Helmet*, *Brea-ſtplate*, *Shield*, *Boots*, *Sword*, and the rest.

Besides these Passages, or such like, there is no *military* Discourse throughout the Book of the *Gospel*; much less any Relation of Battles, Sieges, or any martial Exploits. And the *Christian Mellabs* or *Doctors*, interpret that Letter of *Paul's* in a *mytical Sense*.

Wilt thou know then, how the *Messias* and his Apostles subdu'd the World; I tell thee, it was by exemplary Virtue and good Works, by Miracles and evident Demonſtrations of a *Supernatural Power* assisting them. For, they spake all *Languages*, yet were most of them *illiterate* Persons; they cur'd the Deaf, the Blind, the Lame and the Paralytick, without the Methods of *Surgery* or *Physick*. They cast out *Devils*; rais'd the Dead. And finally, perform'd such and so many stupendous *Actions*, that the *World* became captivated to their *Doctrines* and *Laws*, and willingly submitted to a yoke, which seem'd to come from Heaven. With divine Eloquence, and the *Dist* of irresistible Reason, *Peter* the Prince of the *Christian Caliphs*, subdu'd the Minds of his astonish'd Auditory one Day in *Jerusalem*; so that before the *Sun* went down, he gain'd five Thousand *Profelytes*. The Fame of these Things was soon spread through the adjacent Countries, and divers remote *Provinces*; and the Number of the *Converts* was proportionably increased. In a Word,

all that embraced the Faith of *Jesus*, surrender'd both themselves and their Estates to be entirely dispos'd of at the Pleasure of the *Apostles*. So great and unreserved an Attach had they for the *Wants* of their God.

Now the forenam'd *Jesuit* considering these Things, and comparing the State of those devout Times, with the Libertinism, Divisions, Wars, and general Contempt of the Priesthood among the *Christians* of succeeding Times, and especially in this present Age: attributes the Source of all these Evils to the ill Conduct of the *Apostles* themselves, and their Successors in the Primitive Times, who did not sufficiently improve the Advantages they were possess'd of, when the pious Multitude would willingly have made them Lords of All Things. For says he, by the same Methods and Reasons might they have claim'd the Dominion o'er the Estates of Kings and Emperors themselves, as o'er the Goods and Lands of the meanest Profelyte: Since they were all equally Sons of the Church, and Subjects to the Discipline and Laws of *Jesus*.

This Ecclesiastick Politician therefore mightily blames Pope *Sylvester*, who sat in the Chair of *Peter*, when *Constantine the Great* became a *Christian*, being the First of the *Roman Emperors* who embraced that Faith. He accuses him, I say, of Weakness, and a mean Spirit, for accepting of that *Donation*, which to this Day is call'd the Patrimony of the *Church*, and comprehends all the Temporal Estate the *Roman Pontiffs* can boast of. Whereas he ought to have claimed an entire Resignation of the whole *Roman Empire* into his Hands, as supreme *Vicar* of God on Earth. This would have been a Pattern, says he, to all the Kings and Princes of the Earth, who thought fit to turn *Christians*. And so the Dominions of the World had all fallen to the Share of the Priests.

Neither could it appear difficult in his Opinion, to have reduced the greatest Monarchs to such a Forgetfulness and Conceit of their Royal Birth, and all the potent Charms of a Crown: Since the same Rhetorick which persuaded them to be Followers of the *Messias*, would have also convinced 'em of the Vanity of all earthly Enjoyments; and of the Obligation they had to be mortify'd, and to pursue their Claims to Diadems of a more exalted Degree, the ineffable *Regalia of Paradise*.

But since Things are thus in their present State, and the Christian Princes retain their Sovereignty, without any other Dependance on the *Pope*, saving in Matters purely religious; this *Jesuit* proposes, that the *Roman Pontiff* would either first reform their own Lives and Court to the Height of that Primitive and Apostolical Purity, which shines so eminently in the earliest Governours of the Church; and by that Means persuade all the Monarchs in Christendom to become their Subjects: Or else compel them by force to take the Order of *Priesthood*, and so turn their Crowns into Mitres, their Kingdoms into Ecclesiastical Commonwealths, where all the Publick Offices of State, Seats of Judicature, and in fine, the whole System of the Civil and Political Administration should be managed by the Priests in a subordinate Dependence one of another, according as their several Characters required. By which means all Christendom would be soon united into one Ecclesiastick Empire, whereof the *Pope* should be the supreme Head in Temporals as well as Spirituals.

What I have related, is not only this Man's private Project, but the universal Aim of his *whole Order*: And thousands of other Priests and Dervises are caballing in all Courts and Countreys of *Europe* to bring it to pass.

Venerable Esad, if God should suffer their Contrivance to take Effect, it is to be feared our Wars with

with the Christians would be as expensive and troublesome, if not more fatal to the *Musliman* Interest, than when these Infidels formerly, laying aside their private Feuds, banded together to conquer the *Holy Land*.

Paris, 25th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

L E T T E R IX.

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

I Receiv'd the Pacquet of venerable Import, containing sacred Counsels and acceptable Intelligence, replenish'd with noble Memoirs, and illustrious Remarks sage Precepts, and refin'd Improvements in Philosophy and the mysterious Sciences of Nature.

With abundance of Affection and Joy I read the Character of *Musa Abu'l Yabyan*, and the Encomium of his Wisdom and Vertues. May a Constellation of such Lights always adorn that renowned College, and from thence disperse their learned Influence and Rays, not only through *Africa*, but over all the Earth; that *Fez* may be number'd among the Cities whose Fame is sweet; that may it be rank'd with *Jerusalem* the Holy; *Mesre* the ancient; *Medina Talaubi* the chaste, and the salutiferous *Babylon*, acquiring a peculiar Title of Honour, an Attribute worthy of Respect, when Men shall every where call it *Fez*, the Mother of *Sciences*.

My Soul has been very inquisitive and restless for many Years, and I think this is owing to my Captivity in *Palermo*: For before that, whilst I lived at

Ease in the *Seraglio*, basking under the warmer Influence of *Royal Majesty*, the sacred Presence of the *Grand veignie*, who like the Sun gives Motion, Heat and Life to all Things; I ne'er regarded Books, or once apply'd my Mind to study any thing, but how to acquit myself in my Station, and strengthen my Interest at the Court: Esteeming all other Learning as barbarous, which conducted not to this End.

Foreign Histories and Languages were equally contemptible to me: I thought it beneath a *Moslem* Courtier, to give his Tongue and Mind the Fatigue of any other *Dialect*, save the *Persian*, *Arabick* and *Turkish*: Or to load his Memory with the Records of other Nations, designing to be the Slaves of True Believers.

As to the speculative *Sciences*, I was naturally deficient enough of Knowledge. But I either had not Leisure, or wanted Books and other Advantages of Study. So that all the Knowledge I could then boast of, consisted only in some loose Notions of *Logick* and *Metaphysics*, which I had got by reading an old *Arabick Manuscript*. And I thought myself Historian enough, after I had perused the *Annals* of the *Ottoman Empire*, and now and then cast an Eye on the *Turkish* Translation of *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*.

'Tis true, indeed, by conversing frequently with the *Greeks*, I soon learn'd their *Vulgar Dialect*: But this is far from the polite Language of the ancient *Grecians*: And a Page of the Treasury taught me the Rudiments of *Sclavonian*; which afterwards I learn'd more perfectly, hoping it would be of some Service to me one Time or other.

All these were very superficial Accomplishments; yet I thought myself happy enough, without searching any farther. The Pleasures and Gayeties of a Courtly Life, took from me the Edge and Gust, with which I have since pursued more solid Studies, and look'd into the Wisdom of the Ancients.

But

But when once Misfortune had chang'd the Scene of my Life, and instead of the honourable Post I had in the *Grand Saigneur's* Service, Fate had render'd me a miserable abject Slave in *Sicily*, I began to grow very Thoughtful and pensive. The continual Drudgery and Labour I underwent, soon mortified my former Passions, and wean'd me from all Hopes of worldly Honour: And the cruel Stripes I daily receiv'd from that barbarous *Infidel*, my Master, so broke my Spirits, that Servitude became familiar to me; and desiring to be happy in this World, I was only ambitious to be Wise.

I grew very contemplative: And having acquainted myself with an honest Carpenter in the Town where we liv'd, who had a great many Books in his Custody, he lent me several choice Treatises; and I borrow'd all the Hours I could from Sleep, to peruse them with Attention and Profit. That Carpenter pitied my Condition, and did me many good Offices of Friendship, without other Hopes of Reward, save what he expected from God. By his Means I contracted a Familiarity with two or three learned Men, who spar'd no Pains to instruct me in the *Roman* and ancient *Greek* Languages, as also in the Principles of *Philosophy*. My Master often beat me for this, attributing the Neglect of his Business to my Bookishness (as he call'd it) and keeping the Priests Company. But all his Severity could not abate my ardent Thirst after Knowledge. I still continued studying at certain Seasons, till the happy Hour of my Redemption; and then I frequented the *Academies*. Ever since which Time, I have neglected no Opportunities of my improving my Reason; yet find myself at this Day much in the Dark. There appears no Certainty in any *Science* but the *Mathematick*: All the rest are entangled with a thousand Controversies and Riddles; which has made me turn *Sceptick* in most Things. Only I

retain an inviolable Faith for the *Alcoran*, and the Book of prophetick Doctrines and Traditions. Next to these, I pay a profound Respect to the Writings of *Porphyry* the Philosopher, who seems to approach nearest to Reason of all the ancient Sages. His true Name was the same as thine [*Melchior*] which thou knowest in the *Syriack* signifies [*King*.] Whence his *Tutor Longinus*, taking Occasion from the usual Colour of Royal Robes, call'd him *Porphyrius*, which in the *Greek* signifies, one clad in *Purple*. He was born at *Tyre*, the Metropolis of the ancient *Phœnicians*. His Pedigree was noble, and his Education generous. Nature had also form'd him for a Sage, and Fortune favour'd him with Advantages enough. For besides his first *Tutor*, whom I have already mentioned (who was the greatest Grammarian and Orator of his Time;) *Porphyry* went to *Rome*, where he gain'd the Friendship of *Plotinus*: And that Philosopher accomplished him in the Perfection of all *Science*: So that he had Power over the *Dæmons*, and expell'd the *Genius Atan* which infested certain Baths in *Rome*. In a Word, his Doctrines appear'd Divine, and his Actions more than Human. Yet he himself before his Death publish'd a Reverse of his former Writings: Which is a sufficient Argument, that there is no Stability in the Thoughts of Mortals.

Therefore, since the Wisest of Men contradict themselves, and turn Scepticks, tell me, O Oracle of the Age, why may not I?

Paris, 29th of the 8th Month,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER X.

To Murat, Bassa.

There has been something lately transacted between the *French* and the *English*, which seems a Mystery. No Body here understands the Meaning of it, but the very Privado's of the Cabinet. Yet every one guesses 'tis a fetch of *Mazarini's* Wit. That Minister has more Meanders in his Brains, than an old *Turkish* Gamester at *Chefs*; who foresees no less than nine unavoidable Consequences before he makes one bold Motion: And to be sure, the last shall be to his own Advantage. In a Word, *Dunkirk*, the strongest and most important Sea-Town of all the *West*, is surrender'd by the *Spaniards* to the *French*; and by these, as an earnest of Friendship, is put into the Hands of the *English*.

The little Politicians of the City are amaz'd at it; and the greatest *Marchisovels* of the Court either cannot, or will not inform them of the true Secret.

You shall see two or three grave Citizens brooding Thoughts together over a *Box of Pulvita*, and sneezing out their Sentiments without Reserve. Yet after all their wise Consult, they part as great Fools as they met, and only satisfy themselves with nodding Wisdom to each other, at the last *Congre*; wherein is comprehended the whole System of the Politicks.

It was generally thought to be some extraordinary Overture this *Court* would make to the *English*, when a little before the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, the Duke of *Crequi*, first Gentleman of the *Bed Chamber*, and *Monsieur Mancini*, the Cardinal's Nephew, were sent with a splendid Retinue of *French* Nobles to

England. Every Body guess'd some surprizing Action would follow; and that it must needs be a Mystery of Grand Importance, which could not be trusted to Persons of less Note than the Two chief Favourites of the *Cardinal Minister*. And now 'tis come out, they know not what to make on't. Neither can I possibly learn as yet, the true Reason of putting the *English* in Possession of such a Town as this, which commands all the *Northern Seas*, and has cost so much Sweat and Blood to take from the *Spaniards*. I have set *Osmin* the *Dwarf* to work, and laid Traps to get the Secret from several other Countries. But I might as well have attempted to find out the Body of *Moses*, which caused a Quarrel between *Michael* and the *Devil*. Time perhaps will discover the Secret. And I dare at present conclude that the *English* are the only Nation in *Europe*, whose Friendship the *French* think worth courting.

The King has been very ill of a Fever, and in great Danger of his Life: But is now recovered again, which occasions abundance of real Joy among his Friends and loyal Subjects. As for the rest, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almost forgot to tell thee, that the *Spaniards* endeavouring to relieve *Dunkirk*, were encountered by the *French* and routed; about two Thousand of their Men being kill'd, and as many taken Prisoners.

Sage *Bassa*, the Successor of this Monarch are so constant, that they have given Birth to a Proverb: For when they would encourage any Man's Hopes, or make a strong Assertion, they usually say, *As sure as the Great Lewis will get a Town or Two in Flanders this Campaign.*

Marschal Turenne is a brave General, and the *French Victories* are in a great Measure owing to his Conduct. He is very expeditious in his Undertakings.

takings. There were but a few Days between the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, and his taking of *Bergen*, *Furns*, and *Dixmude*, three strong Fortresses in *Flanders*: And, 'tis thought, 'twill not be long before he takes others.

The *French King* is in a fair way to the Empire of the *West*. But this will not be for the Interest of the *Grand Signior*: For then he will have a new Enemy of an old Friend, and one more potent than he had before. Yet *Destiny* over-rules all Things.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

L E T T E R X I.

To Mahamed, the Eremite of Mount
Uriel in Arabia.

I Have often troubled thee with important Addres-
ses, O matchless Mortal: Permit me once more to
imbosom my Thoughts, as to my *Confessor*, or rather
as to an Oracle.

Surely, this Hour the Stars of my Nativity suffer
a mighty Change. I seem to myself like one newly
awak'd out of a deep Sleep, or from the Delusions of
a long Dream: For so methinks have my past Years
gone away like a Night, wherein my labouring Spi-
rit has encounter'd with nothing but Phantasms, Vi-
sions and Darknefs.

My infant Days I esteem the most happy, when
my Ignorance of Vice had greater Influence on my
Actions, and preserved me more free from Blemish,
then could afterwards all my acquired Knowledge of
the Precepts and Maxims of Value. For so soon

was I enjoyed the Study of Morality, and taught to distinguish between Good and Evil; but my Curiosity prompted me to examine the Nature of the Latter more closely than by bare Speculation. I found myself more forcibly carry'd away by a secret Pleasure, to make Experiment of what was Forbidden than to practise what was Commanded: So prone is Man to be jealous of his *Tutors*, and to suspect those *Laws as Impositions*, which put a *Restraint on his native Liberty*.

Besides this, there are certain genial Inclinations in every Mortal, which the *Youngest*, and he that is in his *Nonage*, thinks he has as much right to gratify as the wisest *Senior*. Nor can any Reason easily persuade him to part with this Privilege, but under the Notion of being highly wrong'd; since every Man naturally places his Interest and Happiness in pursuing the Motions of his own Will.

'Tis true, I never was prone to any enormous *Vices*, or such as for their Singularity would make the most harden'd *Libertine* blush, did he practise them to the Knowledge of Men.

I ever had an uncoquerable Abhorrence for those specifick Acts of Lasciviousness, which ought not to be nam'd, and whose very *Idea* makes the Thought recoil: Yet am naturally Amorous, and cannot but pay to Beauty the Sentiments and Passions which are due from *Platnick* Love. I admire Symmetry and Elegance wherever I discern them; and can stand gazing whole Hours together on a *Flower*, a *Tree*, or a *Peacock*. I am enamour'd with the Brightness of the Sun; and like another *Endymion*, I languish for a more intimate Acquaintance with the *Moon*. The lesser Beauties of the Night, the Stars, enflame me with a thousand Passions. I make my Court to the whole *Host of Heaven*, yet I hope commit no *Idolatry*. In fine, I am in Love with the *Universe*; and die hourly, when I contemplate

template the Glory of that transcendent Essence, which is the Root and Source of All Things.

These are Passions not unbecoming a *Musfulman*. But I have also some Emotions for beautiful Women, more violent than all the rest, more Dangerous and Fatal. Tell me, O pious *Sylvan*, how I shall gratify my Love, without offending Virtue or the Gravity of a Man.

These Creatures seem to be created for our Perplexity; since a Man can neither well be happy with, or without them. They are perfect *Riddles*: And to love them or hate them too much, is an equal Solécism. 'Twere a Question worthy of a *Philosopher*, Whether this Sex, among all the necessary good Offices they do us, were not sent into the World as Spies and Trepanners, to observe our Councils and Actions: And by mixing Smiles with Frowns, Flatteries with Reproaches, Sullenness with more obliging Favours, to keep us in a perpetual Maze and Labyrinth, lest the aspiring Wit of Men should, if left to themselves, attempt something more audacious than the *Pelts* reign of the Sons of *Tizar*, or the written Law records of *Nimrod* and his Companions, who built the Tower of *Babel*.

But whether they be Spies or faithful Assistants, Enemies or Friends, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear loving them excessively. And this is Part of the Dream or Trance out of which I am just now awak'd.

Another Scene is that of *Honour*. This is a Phantom also, a mere Vapour, a Shadow. I never haunted after Glory, nor courted popular Applause: Yet being intrusted with the sublime Secrets, and commanded to serve the *Grand Seigneur* in this Station, I would fain acquit myself without Disgrace. Nay, like other Mortals in such Post, I would willingly have the Smiles of my Sovereign, and the Caricels of Happy Ministers who serve him, if

it shall be my Lot ever to return to the *Seraglio*. Nothing appears to me more terrible, than at such a Time to encounter with rugged, furrow'd Visages, or cold and faint Embraces of my fellow Slaves.

This puts me upon a thousand Inquietudes; makes me swear to Contradictions; utter Lies and Blasphemies which would turn the *Devil* to a *Saint* for Fear. In a Word, I stumble at no Vice or Immorality, which may promote the Cause I am engag'd in: And all this for the sake of a fair Character at the *Porte*: Whilst I'm cajoling myself as well as others with a Persuasion, that 'tis only on the Score of Honesty, and to acquit myself a good Man. Thus I pursue a Blast, a Bubble, the Idea of Nothing, mere Vanity, and an empty Dream. And 'tis harder for me to shake off this Enchantment, than that of Love.

Yet all this while I have not taken the *French* Method to gain *Honour*. I never was guilty of Oppression and Cruelty, nor bath'd my Hands in human Blood. No *Widow* or *Orphan* mourns for what I've taken from 'em. Nor do I ever dragoon any Body into Compliance with Reason. All the Parts I've acted in this Nature were defensive; Pure Efforts of Self-preservation; which thou knowest, is a Principal natural to all Men, and even to the Worms of the Earth. These little Reptiles, when they are trampled on, will turn again. And nothing more do I, unless in the *Sultan's* Cause.

This puts me in Mind of my Integrity; for I must tell thee my Virtues as well as my Vices. Neither *Arabia* nor all the *East* have ever brought forth a Man more true to his Trust, than honest loyal *Mahmat*. I will for ever boast of this, in an Age so full of Treachery. This alone will carry me safe to *Paradise*, in spite of the *Mullahs*. As for the rest, they are only venial Signs, easily dropt off on the Bridge of *Trial*. And so long as no
Body

Body can say, I've betray'd my Master's Secrets, I'm safe as an Angel that is not oblig'd to stand Centinel at the lowest Post of Heaven: For there he's within Gun-shot of the Devil.

Just as I drew my Pen from that Word, a sudden Noise in the Streets call'd me to the Window; Where turning my Eyes from the Earth to the Moon and Stars, (for 'twas a very serene Sky) I observ'd a small swift Cloud to glide along from South to North, much in Appearance like a Bale of Silk. It clef't the Element like a sly Arab Thief that swims for Booty on the River Tygris. Wond'ring at this, when all the Firmament was clear, and not another Cloud above the Horizon; I soon concluded, 'twas the Chariot of some airy God, a Mercury or Messenger sent with speedy News to the High Lords, Commanders of the Arctick Regions, to bid them be upon their Guard, or some such weighty Matter. Perhaps, thought I, a War is commenc'd between the Spirits of the Poles: Or it may be, King Æolus has sent a summons to the Northern Winds, being resolv'd to play some Royal Pneumatick Freaks upon the Sea.

In good earnest it made me reflect on our Ignorance of the Laws and Constitutions of the Elements. It put me in Mind of the Fogs and Mists which sometimes envelop the Globe in Darkness; on purpose, for ought we know, to hinder us from seeing what is transacting at such Seasons in the higher Regions of the Air. The Spirits of those serene Tracts may then be frolicking in visible Forms, celebrating solemn Festivals, and kindling all the Meteors of the Upper Welkin, as natural Fireworks and Illuminations, not fit for Mortals to behold, lest we should learn too much, and grow as wise as they. However, it made me very contemplative, to see a singular solitary Cloud thus glide along the Air: And I could have wish'd for Wings
to

to pursue its Motions, because the Appearance was not common.

Thou that hast measur'd the whole Frme of Nature, and taken the true Dimensions of the World, that hast penetrated into the Secrets of the Elements, and art always busy'd in the most sage and solid Scrutinies; wilt smile at the Vanity of common Mortals, such as I who when we are intelligible to ourselves, yet presume to comprehend the Ways of the Omnipotent, who is perfect in Knowledge.

As for me, who have studied in the *Academies*, and read *Aristotle*, *Avicen*, *Platinus*, *Averroes*, with other *Philosophers*, I esteem myself still but at the Bottom of *Plato's Cave*, conversing with Shadows, mistaken in every Thing but the Idea of thy Sanctity and immense Wisdom, which is imprinted on my Soul, as those which the *Philosophers*, call *First Principles*, because they are *Self-evident*.

I design'd to have said more to thee, but a sudden Indisposition and extreme Faintness has taken away my Spirit. My Limbs tremble, my Head is giddy, my Heart fails me: In a Word, I seem like one between a *Mortal* and a *Ghost*.

Paris, 29th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1698.

L E T T E R. XII.

To Achmet Padishani Culligiz, Bassa.

THY Surname argues thee a Favourite at the *Straglio*: And for that Reason, I know thou art accusom'd to receive infinite Submissions and Flatteries: But I must be as blunt with thee, as I was with the new *Mexiti*, when I congratulated his

At-

Accession to the chief Patriarchate. I told that Prince of the *Massulman Prelates*, that I had no Encouragement to welcome him to a *Dignity*, which tho' in it self sacred and inviolable, yet could not secure him from the Persecutions of popular Envy, any more than it did his *Predecessor*. And the same I must say to thee.

Darnish Mehemet, Bassa, is fallen a *Victim* to the Rage of the Multitude; and thou hast got his *Seat* on the *Beach*. May'st thou enjoy it long, and never be Mob'd out of thy Honour and Life as he was. Some Years ago he forbid me to write any more to him. What his Reason was, I know not, neither did I ever enquire. However, I obey'd his Injunction, being indifferent to whom I send my Intelligence, provided I do the *Grand Seigneur* any Service: For to that End I am placed here.

Illustrious Bassa, I shall now acquaint thee with two the most principal Points of News stirring in *Europe*. One is, the *Blessing* of *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary and Bohemia*, to the *German Empire*. They have been canvassing this Business eleven *Months*: And at last the *Austrian* Faction carried it: This was done on the 8th of the 7th *Month*: And he was solemnly *Crown'd* on the 22d of the same. This has heighten'd the Quarrel between the Duke of *Bavaria*, and the Prince *Palatine*. The latter was so far transported with Passion at the Diet of *Frankford*, that he threw a *Standish of Ink* at the *Bavarian* Ambassador: Which is reputed as an Unpardonable Affront: And the Duke is marching with an Army to revenge it, or demand Satisfaction. The Elector of *Mentz* has deny'd him Passage through his *Principality*. And they are all like to be embroil'd in a Civil War about it. This is no bad News for the *Massulmans*.

But that which makes yet a greater Noise, is the Death of *Oliver*, the Protector of the *English* Common-

monwealth; who, whilst living, was the Terror of all *Europe*. The Superstitious and such as regard Signs say, This was presig'd thirte *Months* ago, when a great *Whale*, nine Times as long as a tall Man, was taken in a River of *England*, near the Capital City, forty Miles from the Sea. I know not whether these Kind of Observations are worthy of Credit. Yet it seems the Annals of that Nation take Notice, That the unusual Appearance of a *Whale* so far within Land, has always prognosticated some mighty Change. Perhaps the Fate of illustrious Personages affects Nature with a more than ordinary Passion, puts the Elements into Disorder, and inspires the Brutes with Sympathy.

We are assured, that on the Day of this Prince's Death, and at the very Hour of his Departure, there was so violent a Tempest of Wind, Rain, Hail, Thunder, and Lightning, as had never been known by any Man then alive in that Nation; Which some interpreted to his Dishonour, as if he were a Magician, or at least a very wicked Man; and that this Hurricane was rais'd by the Devils, who transported his Soul to Hell. Whilst others affirm'd this mix'd Storm to be only the Sighs and Tears of Nature, the mournful Passions of the Guardian Spirits of *England*, for the Loss of so great and fortunate a Hero; and that the very inanimate Beings condol'd his Death. As for me, I look on all these Things as pure Accidents, the Effects of Chance. I have an equal Opinion of another Circumstance, much observ'd both by his Enemies and Friends; That he died on the same Day, whereon he had formerly gain'd some notable Victories. The One descanting on this to his Reproach, the Other drawing from it Arguments of Honour. 'Tis difficult to say any Thing of him without appearing partial. He had great Virtues and no less Vices. He was a valiant General, and wise Statesman: Yet

yet a Traitor to his Sovereign. As for Religion, tho' he profess'd himself a Zealot, yet 'tis thought he was as indifferent as other Princes; who for Reasons of State, and to please their People, make a Shew of Piety, but in their Hearts adore no other God but *Fortune* and *Victory*.

He was esteem'd one of the greatest Politicians of this Age; and none could match him but *Mazarini*. Yet I cannot but smile, when I call to mind, how both these eminent Statesmen were cheated this Year, by two or three *Fugitives*.

A certain *French* Captain nam'd *Gentiles*, that had served under the *States* of *Holland* in the Wars, and on that Account had often pass'd through the Sea-Towns in *Flanders*, observ'd a Weakness in one Part of the Walls of *Ossend*, by which the Town might easily be surpriz'd. At his Return to *Paris*, he acquainted *Cardinal Mazarini* with this; and gave him so great Encouragement, that the Cardinal resolv'd to try some Stratagem in order to gain that important Place, without the Cost and Hazards of a formal Siege.

To this End he commands *Gentiles* to seek out some Persons fit to be engag'd in the Plot: Men of Resolution, Conduct, and Secrecy. This Captain therefore knowing two or three *Fugitives* in *Paris*, who were forced to fly out of *Flanders* to save their Lives, having committed Murders, and other Crimes against the *Spanish* Government, breaks the Business to them, promising Mountains of Gold, if they would assist in carrying it on.

They seem'd to embrace his Proposals with abundance of Readiness, and were introduced into the Cardinal's Cabinet; where that Minister being satisfied in their Characters, and the Offers they made to serve him in this Affair, seconded the Promises which *Gentiles* had made them, with many additional Encouragements. In a Word, they consulted

sulted together frequently; were late every Night in the *Cardinal's* Lodgings: And at last having adjusted all the necessary Measures that are to be taken, the *Fugitives* were dispatch'd away into *England*, with Letters from *Mazarini* to *Oliver*, the *Englifo* *Protector*: Wherein he acquainted them with the Design, requiring the Assistance of some *Englifo* Ships to transport Men into the Haven of *Ostend*.

These *Agents* went accordingly, but with a Resolution to put a Trick both on the *Cardinal* and the *Protector*; and by doing their Country so considerable a Service as the saving this Town, to merit a Repeal of the Sentence pronounce'd against them, that so they might return home in Peace, and enjoy their Estates and native Liberty.

Oliver receiv'd them very kindly, and embraced the Motion with some Warmth. But upon second Thoughts, try'd to out-bribe *Mazarini*, and hire these Persons for himself. *Ostend* was too sweet a Bait in his Eye, to let it fall tamely into the Hands of the *French*, for want of a few larger Promises and Offers of Gold. Wherefore he ply'd these *Agents* briskly with all the effectual Oratory he could, to win 'em over to his own separate Interest; engaging to bestow great Preferments on them in *England*, with Two hundred thousand *Sequins*, as soon as the Business was accomplished.

The three *Flemings* desired no better Sport than thus to cajole two the ablest Statesmen in *Europe*. They Possessed *Oliver* with an entire Belief of their Zeal and Fidelity in his Service: And it was agreed on between them, to hold *Mazarini* in Play, and that *Oliver* should send him an Answer, refusing to meddle in an *Intrigue* which seem'd to carry so little Probability of Success.

From *England* these *Agents* pass'd over into *Zeland*, it having been so concluded before they part'd from *Cardinal Mazarini*; that so they might
there

there gain more Confederates, and lay all the necessary Trains to bring this *Intrigue* to the desired Issue. But, instead of doing either the Protector or Cardinal *Mazarini* this Service, they went immediately, and revealed the whole Secret to the Governor of *Flanders*.

He having duly examined all Circumstances, and being satisfy'd in the Truth of their Relations, and in their Loyalty to the King of *Spain*, commanded them to proceed in deluding both the *French* and the *English*, as long as they could, with fair Hopes of accomplishing their Aims: Whilst he took Care to secure *Ostend*, and other Parts of *Flanders*, from all Attempts of this Nature.

In fine, the Protector falling off again, being frighted by Cardinal *Mazarini's* Threats, who had discover'd his under-hand Dealing, these *Agents* applied themselves close to the *French*, who were now made so much more eager, by *Olivier's* Design to interlope 'em. They spun out the *Intrigue* several Months, brought the *French* King to sign *Articles* and to pass his Word for the Payment of near a Million of Gold; cajol'd his General in *Flanders*, and at one Time made him believe, 'Twas his Interest to lie still for six Weeks together, when all the World expected he would pursue his Conquests in that Province. At another Time, caused him to march with so much Precipitation, when the Ways were impassible, that he was forc'd to leave most of his Cannon, and a thousand *Waggons* plunged in the deep *Roads*, with the Loss of three thousand Men, who were either drown'd or starv'd: And all this for the Sake of gaining *Ostend*. When after all, they were not only cheated of their Hopes in that Point, but most shamefully exposed to the Derision and Contempt of all *Europe*. For Cardinal *Mazarini* reposed an entire Confidence in the Fidelity of his *Flemish Agents*: So that whatsoever they propos'd as an
Expe-

Expedient to compass the Design, was a Law. Hence it was, that the *French* General in *Flanders* receiv'd express Orders to embark Part of his Army on certain Vessels that lay before *Dunkirk*, and, on a prefix'd Day, to sail into the Haven of *Ostend*, there to land his Men, and take Possession of the Town, in the Name of his Master: Being made to believe, That the Gates would be opened to him, and that the *Spanish* Garrison should march out in his Sight.

All this was carried on with so much Artifice and subtle Management, that when he entered the Haven with ten Vessels, he thought himself secure of the Place: Yet no sooner landed his Men to the Number of fifteen Hundred, but they thunder'd upon them such Volleys of great and small Shot from the Walls, that two hundred of them fell immediately, as many threw down their Arms, and the Citizens making a vigorous Sally, the rest were either kill'd or taken Prisoners, he himself not escaping that Misfortune.

By this thou may'st discern, how easy 'tis for an Agent of any Prince to embarrass his Master's Affairs: And, that a publick Minister can never commit a greater or more dangerous Error than in being too credulous.

Serene Bessa, let not *Mahmat's* Name sound harsh at the *Porte*, nor his Honour be traduced by *Sycophants*; since his Loyalty is Proof against all Temptations; and this the Ministers of the *Divan* know by twenty Years Experience.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Month,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of
the Grand Seignior's Customs at
Constantinople.

I Have receiv'd a Dispatch from our Cousin *Iloaf*. He has been in a Cold Region, within the Arctick Circle, but now is at *Stockholm* in *Sweden*. The Parts he has visited are the farthermost Tracts of our Continent to the North. They may be call'd, The Territories of Night and Darknes; for they have but one Day in a whole Year. The Sun appears but Once above their Horizon, during his Annual Progress through the Zodiack: Yet he makes them amends by the long continued Light he affords them at that Season: For that one Day is, without the *Miracle of Josias*, prolong'd the Space of four, five, or six *Months*, according to the proportionate Distance of each County from the Pole.

Iloaf relates strange Things of these dark Countries, and such as seem almost to surpass Credit, were they not confirm'd by many grave and learned Writers. He says that in some Parts of *Norway* no Tree is to be seen, by Reason of the violent Force of the Winds, which blow down all before them, carrying away even the Roofs of Houses, and scattering them at a great Distance. So that the Inhabitants are forced to dwell in Dens and Caves, and burn the Bones of Fishes for want of better Fuel; since it is impossible for any Plant to grow in these Parts. Neither can Men travel safely on Horses, or a Foot, at certain tempestuous *Seasons*: For the Wind will either throw down Horse and Man to the Ground, or catch them up into the Air,

But

But when he describes the horrible Coldness of these Regions, the very Idea of it is enough to make one quake. He says, Cold is an active Quality, and reigns under the *North Pole*, as in its proper Kingdom or Center, from whence it darts its freezing Rays through the Earth. Yet, others are of Opinion, that Cold is only a Privation of Heat, a bare *passive* Disposition of the Elements; and therefore more sensibly felt in these Climates that are farthest from the warm Influence of the Sun, whose Beams give Life and Vigour to all Things. Be it how it will, its Effects are very remarkable in these Northern Regions.

All the Rivers, Lakes, and Seas there are frozen up during the Winter. Men, Horses, Waggon, Coaches, and even whole Armies, pass as commonly over the Ice, as before Ships sail'd there, or as we travel o'er the firm Land. And last Winter, the *Baltick Sea* was the Road of Ice, over which the King of *Sweden* march'd with his Army of Horse and Foot into *Zealand*, to prosecute the War in those Parts. They also raise strong Forts of Snow, able to sustain the Battery of Bullets, and Engines of War, with all the Violence of the fiercest Assaults. They build *Caravan-serais* on the frozen Seas and Lakes, for the Convenience of Travellers; and set up Branches of Firs or Juniper, as Marks to distinguish the Holes and Fissures of the Ice, from that which is solid and secure; for there are High-ways on these congealed Waters; and Officers appointed to survey them, and take all necessary Orders for the Security of Travellers: And sometimes they fight patch'd Battles on the frozen Element.

Our *Kindman* also has made curious Remarks on the *Triumphal Obelisks*, and *Funeral Monuments* of ancient Hero's among the *Goths* and *Swedes*: For these Nations boast of Giants and famous Warriors. These Monuments, tho' of Stone, and exquisitely shaped,

shaped, yet were never cut, by the Hand of Man, but are so many Splinters of Rocks and Mountains, torn from the main Body by the Violence of Earthquakes, Thunders or the like Motions of Nature, and falling down in the Forms of *Pyramids*, and other artificial Figures, were of old set up by the *Graves of Giants*, and other renowned Persons. Having also *Inscriptions* on them, signifying the particular *Hero* who there lies buried. Such as these.

*I Uffro, Fighting in Defence of my Country,
with my own Hand kill'd thirty-two Gi-
ants; and at last being kill'd by the Gi-
ant Rolvo, my Body lies here.*

And,

*I Ingolvas, that subdu'd all Oppressors,
and defended the Poor and Weak; Now
grown Old, Poor and Weak myself, yet
having my Sword girt to my Thigh, am
forc'd to yield to Death, (who conquers all
Things) and to go down to this Sepulchre,
which I prepar'd for my last Retreat.*

It seems there are infinite Numbers of these *Tombs* all over the *Desarts*, *Mountains*, and *Vallies* of the *North*; which is an Argument, that however contemptible these People may seem to the *True Believers*; yet they have not been wanting in valiant Men and Heroes. Doubtless, God has dispens'd his Virtues and Graces to Men of all Nations: He is not partial in his Gifts. We ought to praise him in the Beginning and End of all our Actions.

And

And if we contemplate his Honour in the Middle of our Affairs, we shall not do amiss; since, as he is the First and the Last of the Universe, so he is the Center of every Thing.

I had not these Relations only from *Isaac*, but out of the *Historians* themselves, who write of these *Countries*: Yet our *Kinsman* informs me of some Things, which are omitted by those *Authors*. Every Traveller is singular in his Observations: For all Men have not the same *Genius*. And thy *Journal* of the *East* abounds with Remarks which are not common with other Writers.

Brother, if I may advise thee, it shall be, to do nothing by Imitation; but pursue the Dictates of thy own Sense, and the peculiar Bent of thy Soul. For whatever is forced and affected, is nauseous.

L E T T E R X I V.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant in Venice.

THE *Kaimachan* has informed me, that thou art appointed to succeed *Adenai* the *Jew* in *Italy*. He has also acquainted me with other Matters relating to thy Charge. I am glad they have found out a *Musselman* capable of that important Trust, and that we shall not always stand in need of *Jews* to serve the *Grand Seignior*, Emperor of the Faithful. Though some of that Nation are very honest and loyal, yet 'tis better to be without them.

Thou

Thou and I are Strangers to each other: But 'tis necessary for us to be speedily acquainted, and hold a mutual Intimacy by Letters, that so we may serve our Great Master, without interfering or clashing in our Intelligence. I have been here these twenty Years and made no false Steps in my Sovereign's Business, whatever I have done in my own: Yet have encounter'd a thousand Difficulties and Perils; suffered Imprisonment many Months in Paris for my Fidelity; whilst my Enemies at *Constantinople* persecuted me as a Traytor and an Infidel.

'Tis impossible to avoid these Crosses, in the Course of human Life: they are natural as the Wind or the Rain. All that we can do is by a prudent and dextrous Management of Contingencies, to wind ourselves out of Trouble as well as we can. And above all, rather to be our own Executioners, than betray the least Secret committed to us.

I question not, but thou hast had the same Instructions given thee by the Ministers of the happy *Partie*. What I say, is only to confirm thee in thy Fidelity and Care. Write to me with the same Frankness, and let nothing make thee reserv'd to thy Fellow Slave. We are both Followers of the Prophet: We worship One God after the same Manner, and equally reverence the *Alcoran*. We serve one Master; and tho' in different Stations, yet let our Affections and Interests be united as Friends. Let no little narrow Passions or Emulations corrupt our Integrity, nor teach us to unman ourselves.

I know not thy Original, whether thou art of *Mohometan* or *Christian* Parents. 'Twould be very obliging to send me a short History of thy Life, and how thou learn'dst the *Italian* Tongue: For without that, I judge they would not have sent thee into that Country.

As for me, I am an *Arabian* by Birth, brought up in the *Seraglio*, from thence sent to Sea, there taken

Captive by the *Christians*, sold in *Sicily*, where I underwent a tedious Servitude, yet at length gain'd my Freedom: and having pass'd thro' various Fortunes, at last was sent hither, to observe the *secret Counsels* of the *Christians*; especially of this Court.

I now grow Old, having seen near fifty Years; yet, tho' the Strength of my Body fails, I feel not the least Decay in my Zeal for the *Mussulman* Faith, or my *Master's* Service, I am still *Mahmat* the *Loyal Slave* of the *Porte*; and thy Friend, so long as thou art so to thyself.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1659.

L E T T E R X V.

To the Kaimacham.

IT rejoices me to hear, that *Adonai's* Place is supplied by a *Mussulman*, in whom the *sublime Porte*, may put more Confidence, than in any of the *Jewish* Race. 'Twill be Encouragement to the *true Faithful*, and a precedent of good Import, For no Nation loves to see their Prince bestow Offices of Trust on Strangers, when his own People are as capable of Employment as they. 'Tis generally taken as an Affront, and Contempt of their Abilities or their Virtue, and has often produced ill Consequences.

I deny not, but there are many honest and wise Men among the Hebrews, Persons of Merit and Honour, from whence the *Sultan* receives no small Services, but this ought not to diminish the Reputation of those who are of the same Faith with their Sovereign. Doubtless *Arabia* and *Turkey* are not barren of good Soldiers, prudent Statesmen, and dextrous Ministers.

I know

I know not the Character of *Zaidi Alamanzi*, whether he be a natural born Turk, a tributary Son of a *Christian*, or a voluntary Renegado. However the Choice that is made of him convinces me, that the unerring *Divas* esteem him a Man fit for the Business committed to his Charge.

He ought to be perfectly skilled in *Italian*, or at least in some other Language of the *Nazarines*; that so he may pass the better unsuspected among the People where he resides, who are more jealous of Strangers, than any other Nation in *Europe*. 'Tis a Crime thought worthy of Imprisonment, for a *Venetian* to converse with a Foreigner too frequently, and in private: For they are afraid, lest by that means a dangerous Correspondence should be establish'd betwixt some ill-affected Subjects of that Commonwealth and its Enemies: Whereby their Secrets may be betray'd, and Measures taken to ruin them.

For this Reason also they have forbid *false Hair* or *Perukes* to be worn by any in their Dominions, lest this might serve as a Disguise for Villains and Traitors. Yet nothing is more common in *France* and other Countries of *Europe*, than for Men to wear on their Heads, Ornaments of Womens Hair, instead of their own.

As to Religion, I believe they will not much trouble him, being no Zealots themselves. And provided he does but profess himself a *Christian* and a *Catholic*, they'll make no farther Inquisition.

The *Italians* in general are much like the ancient *Romans* in their Humour: Men of grave Aspect and Carriage, and much more composed in both than the *French*, who appear ridiculous through the Levity of their Discourse and Actions. The former abound in sage Precepts of Morality, and politick Aphorisms, which serve as a Rule whereby to square the Course of their Lives: The latter only affect some *flashy* Improvements of Wit and Conversation,

studying rather how to please Women than Men; coveting to be perfect in external Accomplishments, and the Graces of the Body, whilst they slight the more valuable Endowments of the Mind. In a Word, they are mere Apes and Mimicks. On the contrary, the *Italians* are Men of an awful and majestick Behaviour, solid Judgment, and deep Reach. If you see them smile, you shall seldom or never hear 'em laugh: Whereas the Motion of a Feather will set the *French* a braying like Asses. These will contract a warm Friendship with any Man at first Interview, heighten it with a thousand Compliments, make him their Confessor and unbosom all their Secrets. Yet a second Encounter shall extinguish this Passion, and a 3rd shall revive it again: Whereas those are cautious and slow in the Choice of their Friends; and when once that Knot is dissolv'd, 'tis never to be fasten'd there again: They are irreconcilable in their Hatred and Revenge.

But there are Men to be excepted in both Nations, who fall not under these general Characters. *France* affords many wise and learned Persons; and *Italy* not a few Fools and Idiots. Virtues and Vices are strangely mix'd in all People. War, Commerce and Travel, with other human Occurrences, alter Men's natural Dispositions, and give the Lye to the exactest Observations that can be made. Besides, Time changes all Things; and the Qualities which this Age remarks in the *Italians*, may in the Next be transferr'd to the *French*. For there is no Constancy in any thing under the Moon.

Zaidi will find great Examples of Frugality among the *Venetians*, in the necessary Expences of their Persons and Families; yet abundance of Magnificence in whatever relates to the Publick, which the Subjects of that Commonwealth serve with open Purfes and free Hearts.

Indeed they are not so remarkable for their Temperance, as some other Parts of *Italy*. * Libertinism and Voluptuousness reign unaccounted in *Venice*. Women and Wine are there almost as common as the Elements. Yet 'tis observ'd, that Strangers generally debauch more with both than the Natives. God preserve *Zeidi* from their Temptations.

If it be his Fortune or Duty to visit *Padua*, he ought not to make to long an Abode in that Nest of Philosophers and Physicians, lest they first anatomize his Soul, and discover the Secrets of his Commission, and then turn his Body to a Skeleton; as they once serv'd a *Moor*, whom they dissected alive, to make Experiment, perhaps, whether a *Mahometan's* Blood circulated the same Way as a *Christian's*.

Those *Italian* Physicians are very cruel, and think it no Sin to try Poisons, and other fatal Tricks on the Poor, that so they may be the better able to keep the Rich on the Rack at their Pleasure, and make their Market of them.

I know not *Zeidi's* appointed Station, or what Cities he is to see: But where-ever he goes, 'twill be necessary for him to use abundance of Caution; for the *Italians* are the closest, slyest and most judicious People in the World.

But I forget that he is chosen by the *Divan* for this Employment, to whom the Characters of all Nations are known, and who penetrates into the most interior Recesses of Men's Spirits.

Therefore I lay my Hand upon my Mouth in profound Submission, and acquiesce to my Superiors: Still praying, that the *Grand Seignior* may have faithful and Wise Ministers at Home, and no Novices for his Agents Abroad.

Paris, 3d of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVI.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

There is a Street in *Paris*, which they call the *Street of Hell*. The Reason of this Name is said to be, because at one End of it, there formerly stood an old House possess'd by *Devils*; who were so troublesome, that, as the Records of *Paris* affirm, an Edict of Parliament was pass'd, to remove all the Inhabitants out of their Houses in that Street, and shut up the Entrance with a Wall. Since which, these *Demons* were expell'd by the *Carthusians*, who built a Monastery in the Place. If this Story be true, it redounds much to the Reputation of that Order, and of all your Monasticks in general, who by your Exercises are able to subdue the *infernal* Spirits. But I have heard so many silly Tales of Houses being haunted by *Ghosts* and *Hobgoblins*, that I know not how to give Credit to this.

Besides, when I consider the Nature of incorporeal Beings, it seems ridiculous to think that they can take Delight to play the *Anticks*, to frighten poor Mortals; or confine themselves to an old ruin'd Castle (for such was this House) for the Sake of a little Sport; when according to the ancient *Philosophers*, every *intorporeal Being* is far more excellent than the most *perfect Body*, and can be *every where*: Neither are they at any Time *locally* present in *Bodies*, but only by Propension or Habit are inclin'd to them: And that they mean of *living Bodies*. What Charms then can there be in an old rotten *Fabric* of Stone and Wood, to allure and detain *immaterial Substances*?

Certainly the Nature of these *separate Essences* is very remote from all *compound'd Beings*. I have been often at a Loss, in *contemplating* the Soul of Man. Sometimes it seems no otherwise distinguish'd from
the

the Souls of *Beasts* than by being united to a Body of different Organs; which causes us to shew more evident Tokens of Reason than they, in the Faculty of Discourse, and in our Actions. Yet when I consider more attentively the Operations of our Mind and Intellect, I cannot but conclude, there is a vast Distinction between our Souls and those of the Beasts. I have with Pleasure observ'd the Excellency of human Intellect in *Madmen* and *Dreamers*; who being *cessants themselves* (as we usually say) relate many Things of which they were before ignorant, and comprehend Things surpassing their former Imaginations.

It appears therefore more rational to me, That the Soul is every where and no where, as the *Ancients* say, than that it is shut up and imprison'd in the Body, as a wild Beast in his Den, or Liqueur in a Glass. However by an ineffable Production of itself, it is present in every part of the Body, as the Light of the Sun is diffus'd through the Air, and can as soon withdraw itself, as that Light, when interrupted by a Cloud. In a Word, I conceive the Soul to be a very Free Agent, and that it is here and there and every where. It united itself to a Body by its own Choice, and can retire again from it at Pleasure.

One, closely pursu'd, Act of *Contemplation*, will at any Time carry thee or me to the *Invisibles*, whatsoever we go resolutely about it.

Paris, 1st of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Ibrahim Cadisquer of Romell.

There has not a Year escap'd, since my arrival at *Paris*, wherein I did not send to the Ministers of the ever happy and excellent *Parts*, constant Intel-

Intelligence of Battles, Sieges, Storming of Towns; and such other Occurrences of War, as happen'd between the Kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*. But now I believe my future Dispatches must contain other Matters. For, in all Appearance, this War, which has lasted four and twenty Years, is in a fair Way to be ended. The King of *Spain* grows weary of his continual Losses in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*: And he of *France* seems glutted with perpetual Victories and Conquests. In a Word, these two potent Monarchs laying aside their Quarrels, are making diligent Preparations this Year for a Campaign of Friendship and Love.

They are both in Arms, yet commit no Acts of Hostility. Whilst Cardinal *Mazarini*, on the part of this Crown, and *Don Louis d' Haro de Gusman*, First Minister of *Spain*, are gone to meet each other on the Frontiers of both Kingdoms, as Plenipotentiaries for their respective Masters, to concert the Measures of a lasting Peace, and treat of a Marriage between the King of *France*, and the Infanta of *Spain*.

All *Europe* is amazed at this surprising Change. And the *French* and *Spaniards*, who border on each other, can hardly believe their own Senses, whilst they find a mutual Commerce restored between their Frontier Towns and Villages, which had been interrupted ever since the Year 1635, about sixteen Moons before I came to this City.

But, tho' they are thus disposed to Peace here in the *West*, the *Northern* Monarchs are pushing the War forward in *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and *Poland*, with all imaginable Vigour and Animosity. The coming over of the Elector of *Brandenburg* to the *Danish* Interest has made a great Alteration in their Affairs. For, whereas Fortune seem'd before in all Things to favour the *Swedes*; now they lose Ground, and find their Attempts unsuccessful. Four thousand of their Men fall before the Walls of

of *Copenhagen*, in three Nights and two Days; Which caus'd King *Gustavus* to raise the Siege. Whilst the Duke of *Brandenburgh* retook *Fredericksbad*, and thereby restor'd to the King of *Denmark* the Provinces of *Holstein*, *Jutland*, and *Ditmarsh*.

The *Hollanders* also have had a Combat with the *Swedes* at *Seh*, and sunk Fourteen of their best Ships: Besides what they burnt and took.

These Events have stirr'd up several Princes to mediate a Peace. And 'tis not improbable, but in a little Time we may see all the *Christians* good Friends: And then 'twill be time for the *Mussulmans* to be upon their Guard.

As for *Mabrut*, he will not fail to pry into the Counsels of these *Infidels*, and send timely Notices to the *Perte*; leaving the rest to the Wisdom of his Superiors, and the Pleasure of Destiny.

Paris, 29th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVIII.

To *Musa Abu'l Yahyan*, *Alfaqui*, Professor of Theology at *Fez*.

THE Character which the great and illustrious *Abdel Melec Mali Omar*, President of *Professors*, Grace and Ornament of ancient Learning, Oracle of *Africa*, and Restorer of obsolete Truth, has given me of thy profound Wisdom and Science, fills me with Reverence and sacred Love. I am ravish'd with Wonder and Joy to hear, that in this Age, wherein the *Mussulmans* Theology has suffer'd so many Innovations, there yet survives a Man who dares, and is able to assert against all Opposers, not only the Primitive and Original Truth, brought down from Heaven by the Hand of *Gabriel*, but also the real and

and indubitable Sayings, Sermons, Counsels, and Actions of the Prophet, whilst he was on Earth, conversing with Mortals, before his Transmigration to the Gardens of eternal Repose and Solitude. Thou art the *Enoch*, the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the *Age*.

I have seen many Copies of the *Zane*, or the *Book of Doctrines*; each pretending to comprize the whole System of that *divine Philosophy and Wisdom*, which dropt from the Lips of our incomparable and most holy *Lawgiver*, and were attested by his Wife, the holy *Agatha*, Mother of the Faithful, and by his Ten Disciples. Yet all these various Transcripts differ both in their Sense and Manner of Expressions.

I have perused the *Books* entitled *Dabib*, or *Imperfect*, which contain the Memoirs of his other Wives; and the Manuscripts called *Mawsof*, or *Fragments*: Being only a Collection of some select Sentences, Aphorisms and Parables of the Sent of God. But these have no Authority to back them, save the Credit of some learned Scribes, who were not familiar with the Divine Favourite, only living in his Time, and taking Things on Report.

In fine, I have met with several Parchments of *Zaquni*, or pretended Traditions of *Abu Becca*, *Omar*, and *Othman*; but these I esteem as spurious, corrupted, and full of Errors.

What shall I say! The Zeal of *Omar Ebn Abdil-Aziz*, the Ninth *Caliph* of the Tribe of *Mertan*, is not unknown to me. I am no Stranger to his singular Piety, not to be match'd among Crowned Heads: For, of him it is recorded, That as he descended from the Throne at the Time of his *Inauguration*, he gave the Robe from his Back, as an Alms to a poor Man: And, that during his whole Reign, he spent but two Pasters a Day on himself. And so great was his Resignation to Destiny, (an admirable Vertue in a *sovereign Emperor*) that when he was on his Bed in his last Sickness, and was

coun-

counsel'd to take Physick, he answer'd, " No; If I
 " were sure to heal my self only by reaching my Fin-
 " ger to my Ear, I would not : For the Place to which
 " I am going, is full of Health and Bliss.

This Caliph was a Miracle of Humility, and his
 Charity always kept him Poor : *Moslems Ebn Abd'ul*
Melec relates, that going to visit *Omar* on his Death-
 bed, he found him lying on a Couch of Palm-leaves,
 with three or four Skins instead of a Pillow, his Gar-
 ments on, and a foul Shirt underneath. Seeing this,
Moslems was griev'd, and turning to his Sister *Phate-*
ma the Empress, he said, " How comes it to pass that
 " the Great Lord, Commander of the Faithful, appears
 " in so squalid a Condition." She reply'd, " As thou
 " livest, he has given away all that he had, even to
 " the very Bed that was under him, to the Poor, and
 " only reserv'd what thou seest, to cover his Nakedness.
 Then *Moslems* could not refrain, but burst forth into
 Tears, saying, " God shew thee Mercy upon Mercy,
 " thou Royal Saint : For thou hast pierced our Hearts
 " with the Fear of his Divine Majesty. This Caliph
 was numbered among the *Saints*.

He it was, that perceiving the Contradiction
 and Disputes of the *Mussulmans*, the Darkoefs and
 Confusion in the various Copies of the *Zane*, or
Book of Doctrine, assembled a General Divan of *Mol-*
lats and learned Men at *Damajus* from all Parts
 of the Empire : Commanding that all the Manu-
 scripts of the *Zane*, which were extant, should be
 brought into this Assembly, on Pain of Death to
 him that should detain one. This being done, he
 commanded Six of them to be choic'd out of the
 whole Number, by Vote ; Men eminent for Learn-
 ing and Piety ; and that these Six should sever-
 ally collect, out of all the Multitude of Copies,
 each Man a Book, containing what he thought to
 be the most genuine Discourses of the *Prophet*, con-
 cerning this World, and that which is to com-

When this was executed according to his Will, he commanded all the old Books to be burn'd, in a Field near *Damascus*.

Yet after all the religious Care of this holy Caliph, to restore the Writings to their primitive Integrity, the *Mussulmans* soon fell into new Contentions, about the Sense and Interpretation of these corrupt Copies of the *Zane*. From whence sprung the Four Cardinal Sects, on which all the innumerable, lesser, and latter Divisions among True Believers are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoice, and from my Heart highly applaud the Method taken by those of your renowned College, to discern the True Doctrines and Sayings of the Holy Prophet, from those which are suppositions, by comparing all the Books that are extant together, and reducing Matters of Divine Revelation to the Analogy of the *Alcoran*; Those of Philosophy and Moral Regards, to the Standard of Experience and Reason; for it is impious to believe, that the Divine Apostle would impose any thing on our Faith, repugnant to the Sense of Men, or their press'd Will of Heaven. By the Soul of *Pythagoras* *Mahomet* said nothing but what was rational, and evident to any unprejudic'd Mind. But the greatest Part of these Sectaries are besotted. They form to themselves false Notions of God and his Prophet, and think to merit Paradise by their Stupidity.

Reverend *Alfaqir*, I have much more to say to thee, and many Questions to ask; but Time and the Grand Seignior's Service force me to conclude abruptly, wishing thee Perfection of Bliss.

Paris, 29th of the 6th Moon of
the Year, 1659, according to
the Christian Style.

The End of the Fifth Book.

