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THE  
SEVENTH VOLUME  
OF  
LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

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

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial ACCOUNT to the  
*Diwan* at *Constantinople* of the most remarkable  
Transactions of *Europe*: And discovering several  
*Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts*;  
(especially of that of *France*) continued from the  
Year 1642, to the Year 1682.

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*Written Originally in Arabick. Translated into Ita-  
lian, and from thence into English, by the Trans-  
lators of the FIRST VOLUME.*

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The ELEVENTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for G. Strahan, S. Ballard, J. Brotherton,  
W. Meadows, T. Cox, W. Hinchliffe, J. Stag,  
J. Clarke, in Duck-Lane, S. Birt, D. Browne,  
T. Astley, S. Austen, J. Shuckburgh, L. Gilliver,  
J. Hodges, E. Wicksteed, J. Oswald, J. Comyns,  
C. Bathurst, T. Fisher. J. Carter, and A. Wilde.  
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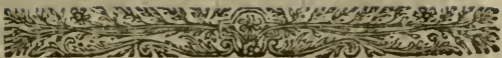
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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.



IS not to be expected, that the World will take it for an Excuse of the tedious Delay has been made in publishing the 7th Volume of the *Turkish Spy*, to say, That our *Arabian* now grows Old and Decrepid ; is forced to walk with a Staff or Crutch, as he himself confesses in one of the following *Letters* ; and is besides worn out with Sickness and Care ; so that he cannot be so expeditious in Business as he was in his Youth. It may be said, this Apology would be more proper for the *English Translator* to make, were he in the same Condition. But he is in his Prime, in the Flower of his Age, Vigorous, and Active ; and therefore might have made more Haste, they will say, to oblige the World, and gratify the Expectations of those Gentlemen who perpetually dun the *Booksellers* for the rest of his *Mahometan Letters*.

To the R E A D E R.

It were easy to answer this, by only putting you in Mind, That he who undertakes to lead a slow-footed, short-winded, and weak Person by the Hand, and conduct him to his Journey's End, must of Necessity keep the same Pace with his Charge, tho' he himself were as swift as a Stag, when alone and at Liberty. Besides that, a Man is apt to attract a Contagion from the Company he keeps, and turn their ill Qualities into Habits of his own.

But all this is trifling, and our *English* Translator is under none of these Circumstances. To come to the Purpose therefore, Gentlemen, you will commend our Translator's Wisdom, for not being in such *Post-Haste* at this Juncture, when you reflect, That, like a wise *Racer*, tho' he gave a Start in the Beginning, at first setting out, yet he soon slacken'd his Pace, that he might make sure of the *Goal*, remembering the Old *English Proverb*, *The more Haste the worse Speed*. Thus he suffered

Three Years to slide by him, be-  
zd Vol. fore he reached the *Second Stage*.

And tho' he began to take up his Heels more nimbly afterwards, so as to recover by Degrees his lost Time and Ground, yet still he did but moderately jogg on; now springing, then halting, as Occasion offer'd,

To the R E A D E R

offer'd, and as he found his Strength could hold. At length, having but *Two Stages* more, wonder not, that he is a little more tedious than ordinary in this: For he does it to refresh himself, and keep his *Breath* for the last Strain of all, which brings the Prize: Observing herein the *Old Adage*, *Finis Coronat Opus*.

As to the *Letters* contain'd in this *Seventh Volume*, there is little to be said more particular than of those that have gone before. They in general contain a *Miscellany* of *Historical* Transactions, *Moral* and *Philosophical* Thoughts, interspersed here and there with *Mahometan* Politicks and *Divinity*.

Only you will find our *Arabian* engaged with a certain *Jew* at *Vienna*, in fomenting the *Discords* of the *German Empire*, encouraging the *Rebels* of *Hungary*, *Croatia*, and *mutinous Provinces*. You will hear of the *Deaths* of *Count Serini*, *Frangipani*, and *Nadasti*, who were all beheaded for being *Ringleaders* in this *Rebellion*.

The next and last *Volume* has this of singular in it, that it will present you with the *Rise* and *Preferment* of *Count Teckley*, who has made so much *Noise* in the *World*. It relates many of his *Publick* Actions, and not a few of his *Secret* Intrigues. In fine, it discovers the *Train* that was laid to blow

To the R E A D E R.

up all *Europe* into the Flame of open War, and universal Hostility, which to this Day consumes the Lives and Estates of so many thousand *Christians*, impoverishes and lays waste whole Nations, and 'tis to be feared will end in letting in the *Turks* once more upon us to our final Ruin and Confusion: since those *Infidels* never take greater Advantage to invade and conquer the *Dominions* of *Christians*, than when they find us involved in domestick Wars one with another.



A T A B L E



A

# T A B L E

O F T H E

LETTERS and MATTERS  
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V O L. VII.

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L E T T E R S



# LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

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V O L. VII.

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B O O K I.

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LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian at Paris, to Mir-*  
*madolin, Holy Santone of the Vale*  
*of Sidon.*



WHY was I made a Man, to endure these cruel Agonies, of which no other *Species* of known *Beings* can possibly be capable? Or why, at least, was I particularly form'd of such a Constitution, as to attract the Evils which are scatter'd up and down the World, and Piece-meal dropp'd on the *Nativities* of other Mortal Men; whilst I alone am made the Common Sink of Human Misery? Surely my partial *Horoscope* monopolized the most envenom'd *Aspects* of the Stars, without partaking of the least benign and favourable Glance. The Planets had laid up an Antient deep

Reserve of *Fatal Influences*, which they poured out at large upon the very Moment of my Birth. Nor cou'd the careful *Midwife* with all her Skill and Charms, defend my tender, ductile, reeking Body, from the invincible *Cataracts*, which flow'd upon me from all the envious *Signs* and *Constellations* in *Heaven*.

My whole Life has been but one continu'd Tragedy, wherein the various Change of *Scenes* has not reliev'd me from the least real Evil hid behind, but only amus'd my Sense with some new Pageantry, some fair *Idea* of Honour, Pleasure or Profit; when before the *ACT* was done, I found myself cajoll'd, overwhelm'd in fresh Calamities, Misfortunes which I never dreamt of.

Oh! that the *Omnipotent*, when from Eternal silent Thought, he drew the *Ideas* of every *Species*, and every Individual *Being*, which he design'd for actual Existence in the World, had form'd me for a Tree, an Herb, a Blade of Grass, a Stone, a Mushroom, or any insensible thing, incapable of Pleasure or Pain, of Grief or Joy, or other Passions, which hourly thus torment our human Race! I had been then a happy *Neuter* to all false Shews of Happiness, and real Sense of Misery. Oh! that I'd been an Oak, a Beach, a Palm, or Cypress of the Forest: for then, if *Vegetables* have any feeling of their own State, I should be only touch'd with secret Pleasure, when the gentle Winds should play among my amorous Branches, and teach my wanton Leaves to dance the Measures of young harmless Love; or when I felt the seasonable Rain distilling on my wither'd Bark, and from thence sliding to my thirsty Roots; or when great *Phæbus* prints warm vigorous Kisses on my Cheeks and Neck. But if this be too proud a Thought, I wish I'd been only some humble Shrub, some pigmy Plant, some vegetable Dwarf, a Page unto the mighty Trees, subsisting on the Drops and Fragments of their large Banquets, meekly cringing at their Feet; whilst I stood safe and free from Storms, under the Shade of their extended Boughs; in happy, low Obscurity.

When

When I pass through the Fields, and see the harmless Sheep browsing upon the tender Grass, and hear them bleating to their wanton Lambs, I cannot chuse but envy them a Life so void of Care and Pain. They range and sport at large in Flow'ry Meadows, near some Crystal Stream, or take the Pastures of the Mountains: whilst chearful Shepherds tune their Pipes, and sing in Praise of *Amaryllis*, *Daphne*, *Sylvia*, or some other *Nymph*; and watchful Dogs lie scouring on the Plain, to give the Alarm, and chase away fly Wolves, and other ravenous Beasts.

After I've let my Envy fix it self a while on these, a warbling Melody from neighbouring Groves diverts my melancholy Thoughts, and turns them to new Objects. Then I lament my Fate, in that I was not made a Nightingale, a Thrush, a Lark, or any of the feathered Choir, who with sweet careful Notes salute *Aurora* and the rising *Sun*, and chirp all Day the Praises of that Source of Warmth and Life, who vests the Earth in green Attire, who decks the Trees with verdant Leaves, and fills the World with Light. They chirp and fly from Tree to Tree, from Bough to Bough, rejoicing in the Beams that dart and glide among the moving Shades of Branches rocked by Winds. Their Thoughts are taken up in building Nests, wherein to hatch their young, and shelter them from Injuries. They have no Plots nor politick Tricks, to undermine each other; but pass away their Time in innocent Security and harmless Pleasures.

Methinks the Worms and little Reptiles of the Earth are happier far than I. They crawl and creep about in hollow Trees, in Clefts of Rocks and Crannies of the Ground, to hunt for Food and for Diversifement. They live at Ease without being rack'd by supernumerary Cares and Fears. And if some ruder Foot of Man or Beast shall trample them by Chance to Death, or more malicious Hand with Stone or other Weapon shall wilfully bereave them of their Life, 'tis done so suddenly that they have no Sense of

Pain; Whereas my Life's a constant Martyrdom, a long continu'd *Series* of Torments.

I do not complain of the Distempers and Maladies which afflict my *Body*, though those are sometimes so violent as to make me wish for Death, that so I might be at Ease: But 'tis the fretting Anguish of my Mind, that forces all these Sighs and Exclamations from me, I am embarrass'd in the World, Snares compass me round about; my own good Nature has betray'd me: those of my *Blood* conspire against me; they hunt me up and down like a *Partridge* in the Wood; they closely pursue my Life. The Kindnesses that I have sown, spring up in Blades of bitter Ingratitude and Perfidy. My *Seminaries* bring forth *Aconite* and stinking Weeds, instead of pleasant Flowers and wholesome Fruits. *Tygot* has set his Foot in all my Works. That sly interloping *Spirit* hates to see any good Thing prosper, or come to Perfection: He steals behind us in all our Ways; and as fast as we weave any Web of *Virtue*, he secretly unravels it, or deforms the Work with intermixing some Threads of *Vice*. I am weary of striving against the Current of my *Fate*. Oh, that I were as though I had never been! That my Soul were drench'd in *Lethe's* forgetful Waters, where all past Things are buried in Eternal Oblivion! Then would my Anguish be at an End; whereas I am now rowl'd about upon a Wheel of Miseries.

Holy *Santone*, when thou shalt read this, pity me; and amidst thy divine Ejaculations, dart up *Mahmut's* Soul to *Paradise*, on the Point of a strong Thought, that so at least I may have a Moment's Respite from my constant Sadness.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1667.



## LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

There is now some Probability of a *Peace* between the *English* and the *Dutch*; which will also reconcile this *Crown* to that of *Great Britain*; since the *King* of *France* engag'd in this *War*, only on the Account of the *Dutch* his Allies. The Advances towards this Accommodation, took their Rise from the Alliance lately concluded between the *States* of the *United Provinces*, the *King* of *Denmark*, the *Duke* of *Brandenburgh*, and the *Princes* of *Brunswick*. The *King* of *England* protests against the *Dutch*, as the first Aggressors, in that they had taken above Two Hundred of his Merchant Ships, before he offer'd the least Act of *Hostility*. Which the *States* seeming to acknowledge, desire the *King* to appoint some Neutral Place of *Treaty* with them and their *Allies* in order to a *Peace*, the Security of Navigation and the Establishment of Commerce for the future.

Here is great Joy for the Birth of a young *Princess*, of whom the *Queen* was deliver'd on the 2d of the *Moon* of *January*. She is call'd *God's New-Year's-Gift to France*; in regard, the first Day of that *Moon* begins the Year with the *Christians*. And 'tis common among them to send mutual Gifts and Presents to one another at that Time, which they call *New-Year's-Gifts*. And so it seems, *God Almighty* has appear'd very modest and complaisant, in thus timing the Nativity of the *Royal Babe*: For which they express their Thanks in Revelling, Dancing, Ballads, and a thousand other Vanities. And these Divertisements continue to this Time, it being the *Nazarenes Carnival*; a Season consecrated to Sport and Mirth, to Liberty, Buffoonry, and all manner of comical and ridiculous Apishness.

During this Time, you shall see an infinite Variety of odd Humours, and mimical Actions in the open Streets, according to every Man's particular Fancy. Here you shall meet with one dress'd half i'th' *French* and half i'th' *Spanish* Fashion. On the left Side of his Head hangs dangling down a long thick curl'd Peruke, which reaches to his Breast, whilst on the Right you see nothing but his own Hair, cropp'd close to his Ears. A long Mustach as black as Jet, graces the right Side of his upper Lip; whilst on the Left he is as beardless as a Boy of seven Years old. And so from Head to Foot, he wears two contrary Garbs. One walks with Gloves upon his Feet, and Shoes upon his Hands: Another wears his Breeches like a Mantle on his Shoulders. Here comes a stately Coach, jogging along with a grave slow Pace, and drawn by six fair Horses, as if some *Prince* or *Cardinal* were in it: when behold there's nothing but a silly *Ass* puts forth his giddy Head with flapping Ears, half drunk, with the jolting unaccustom'd Motion. Sometimes he brays aloud, and then the Rabble fall a laughing. A Thousand other Fopperies there are, not worth thy Knowledge. For both the Noble and the Vulgar are all upon the Frolick at this Time, and indulge their wanton Fancies to the Height. But 'tis a fatal Season for the poor *Cats*: few of which escape the Multitude, whose peculiar Pastime 'tis to toss these Creatures in a Blanket till they are dead; or else to tye them Two and Two together by the Tails, and then they'll bite and scratch one another to Death. The *Cocks* also are generally great Martyrs during the *Carnival*: The Rabble have a hundred cruel Ways to murder them in Sport. All their Devices are inhuman and bloody. They did not learn these prophane Courses from *Jesus*, or any of the *Prophets* or *Apostles* of *God*: But they are the Reliques of *Gentile* Vanity, in the Beginning conniv'd at by the *Priests*, the easier to retain their Profelytes in Obedience; who would rather have parted with their New *Religion*, than with their old barbarous Customs. And thus

thus the Pagan Fooleries were handed down to the Posterity of the *Primitive Christians*, and were adopted into the Family of *Church Traditions*: And Men are not more zealous for the *Gospel* itself, than for these ridiculous Prophanations of it: So dangerous a thing is it for Governors, by a criminal Indulgence, to permit their *Subjects* any Liberty, which interferences with the *Fundamental Principles* of the *Law*: For such a Dispensation once granted, passes into a Precedent, which, in Process of Time, becomes of equal Force with the *Law* itself. And by such preposterous Methods of winning and retaining Converts, *Christianity* arriv'd to the Height of Corruption 'tis now infected with.

Sage *Minister*, 'twas for this Reason *God* rais'd up our *Holy Prophet*, and gave him a new *Law*, with Power to reform and chastise the *Infidels*. He planted the *Undefiled Faith* with Scymitar in Hand; not palliating or encouraging the smallest vicious Practice; but subduing all Things by the Dint of Reason, or the keen Edge of the Sword. *God* hasten his Return, for the Prevarications of this Age require it.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## L E T T E R III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Believe thou hast not forgot the Observations we us'd to make on the *Religion* of the *Christians*, when we were *Slaves* together in *Sicily*. How ridiculous some of their Practices appear'd to us, and yet what a Sanctity was manifest in others? How much we approv'd the *Majesty* of their *Publick Worship*, the

*Solemnity of their High Mass, the Gravity of their Processions?* And yet how great was our Disgust, when we consider'd that all these Honours were perform'd to Figures and Statues of Stone, Wood, Silver, Gold, or other Materials, the *Creatures of the Painter or Carver.*

We scann'd their Doctrines also, which we learn'd from their *Priests and Books*, and descanted variously on them; as they were more or less conform to the Truth, and to the *Volume* brought down from *Heaven.* In a Word, we prais'd the Good, and censur'd what was Evil in their *Faith and Manners*, or at least what we thought to be so; for herein we follow'd the Dictates of our Education.

But now in our riper Years, if we should call over our former Thoughts, perhaps we should be of a different Judgment, and find Matter to condemn even in our own past Censures: For whatever we might then think of the *Nazarenes*, upon a maturer Search, I cannot find them to be altogether such gross *Idolaters and Infidels*, as we and all *Mussulmans* are apt to believe.

That which gives me the greatest Scandal, is, That the *Doctors* entertain some unwarrantable Speculations about *Three Substances in One Essence*, and are too venturous in their Thoughts concerning the *Eternal Generation of the WORD*, and *Emanation of the BREATH*, by which they say, *All Things were Created*, and are conserved in their *Beings.* They teach a *Doctrine* repugnant to the *Alcoran*, when they say, *That God has a Companion equal to himself.*

As to the *Incarnation of Jesus the Son of Mary*, the *Nazarenes* assert nothing, but what is suitable to the *Alcoran*, which teaches us, that he is the Word of God. In the *History of his Life*, they indeed come short of the *Mussulmans*: There being not the least mention made, in the whole *Book of the Gospel* of many Passages of his Infancy and tender Years, where-with the *Alcoran*, with other *Holy Books and Traditions*

*ditions* of the *Antients*, acquaint the true Believers. The *Messenger of God* tells us, that *Jesus* spoke in his Cradle, resolv'd Doubts, clear'd up Mistakes, and preach'd the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*. Other *Writings* also inform us, that while he was young, he formed the Figures of divers Birds and Beasts of Clay and his own Spittle, and having breath'd on them, they became living Creatures, and prostrated themselves at his Feet. They relate also that he made a *Pigeon*, which flew up and down through divers Regions, and brought him News of whatever was done in the Courts of *foreign Princes*; and that from the Day of his *Birth* to that of his *Translation*, twelve *Angels* waited on him, and brought him down Food from *Paradisè*. Of these Things the *Christians* are ignorant, and of many other Passages. So that in the whole it is evident, that the *Mussulmans* have a more particular Relation of the *Life* of *Jesus*, than the *Christians* themselves have, since we recount those Miracles, and other Actions of his, whereof the *Gospel* is silent.

But then, on the other side, they believe Things concerning his Death, whereof neither the *Alcoran*, nor any other of our *Writings* or *Traditions* make any mention, unless it be to confute the Error of the *Nazarenes* in that Point. I have heard the Arguments of their learned *Doctors*, and comparing them with our Objections, I know not well what to conclude.

They insist much on the publick Signs and Wonders that fell out at that Time of the suppos'd *Crucifixion* of the *Messiah*; the rending of Rocks, opening of Graves, Resurrection of many Dead, and the preternatural Eclipse of the *Sun*, when the *Moon* was in Sight at the other Part of the *Horizon* in the same Moment: Which made a great *Philosopher*, then in *Egypt*, cry out, *Either the Frame of the World is dissolv'd, or the God of Nature suffers.*

They tell a Story also of a certain Ship, that was on that very Day sailing in the *Archipelago*; and that

as they pass'd by certain Rocks, the Mariners heard a Voice calling *Thamus, Thamus*, very often and loud. Now there being one of that Name on board the Vessel, he answer'd to his Name: upon which the Voice said, *When thou comest to the Island of the Palodes, proclaim it aloud, that the great Pan is dead.* Which he did accordingly, and there follow'd a horrible Howling and Roaring from the Shore of that Island. This Passage was afterwards made known to the *Senate of Rome*, who thereupon, at the Instance of some noble *Romans*, sent to enquire in the *Provinces*, Whether any remarkable Person had died on that Day? And they werè inform'd, That the *Jews* had on the same Day put to Death *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. And *Tiberius* the Emperor, on the Credit of this Passage, being also inform'd of the Miracles which *Jesus* wrought among the *Jews*, conceiving an immediate Veneration for so *divine* a Person, caus'd his Statue to be set up in the *Capitol*, and would have had him number'd among the *Gods*; but in this he was oppos'd by the *Senate*, because they had before decreed, That no new *Deities* should be added to the *Kalendar*.

In these Things I rely on the Account which the *Christians* give of the *Death* of *Jesus*, though they bring Authorities also and Testimonies of their very Enemies, and inveterate Persecutors, the *Gentiles*; who therefore, one would think, cannot be suspected of Partiality. In a Word, I know not what to think of these Things. For if it 'be true that *Jesus* died on the *Cross* for the *Sins* of the *World*, as the *Christians* believe, and that there is no other Way to be sav'd but by believing this; then in what a sad Condition are all the *Jews* and *Mussulmans*, the one glorying in having murder'd the *Saviour* of the *World*, and the other not believing that he was murder'd? The first seem to merit most of Men; since though the Act was cruel in itself, yet according to this *Doctrine* it brought *Salvation* to all our *Race*: And therefore there was a Sort of *Christians* in former Times,

Times, who worshipp'd the Serpent that tempted *Eve*, because according to their *Faith*, that Temptation was the first Step to *Mankind's* Happiness after *Adam's* Fall; and they plac'd *Judas* (who betray'd *Jesus* to the *Jews*) among the *Saints*, for having been so particular an Instrument in the World's Redemption.

If *Jesus* be the *Saviour* of Men, it is absolutely necessary to believe in him. But whether he be, or be not, the Faith of the *Christians* in that Point cannot hurt them, since our *Holy Prophet* himself has taught us, That *Christians* shall be saved, as well the *Muslimans*: Whereas the *Christians* say it is impossible for any to be saved, who follow the Law of *Mahomet*. So that they have our own Grant for their Salvation, which they deny to us. This is a great Advantage on their Side in the Controversy betwixt us.

For my part, I tell thee ingenuously, were I convinc'd that *Jesus* was the Son of GOD, and that he suffer'd Death for the Sake of Men, I could readily embrace most of the other *Tenets* of *Christianity* without Scruple. I should not be frighted at their *Invocation* of *Saints*, since 'tis the same as we do ourselves practise; nor would their *Images* and *Pictures* startle my *Faith*; I should look upon these and a thousand more, as things indifferent in themselves, and only made lawful or unlawful by the Sanction of *Divine Authority*.

I should be most puzzled to know what *Church* to fix in among so many, all pretending to the right Way. I have examin'd their different Opinions, and find Reason, or something very like it, on both Sides. I admire the *Abstinence* of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and generally of all the *Eastern Christians*; yet their Ignorance distastes me. I honour the *Learning* and *Politeness* of the *Roman Church*, and could almost veil to their Pretensions of *Antiquity*, *Universality*, and *incorrupt Doctrine*; but I am highly scandaliz'd at their *Licentiousness*, *Pride*, and *Cruelty*. There is much to

be argu'd for the *Copti's*, *Abyssins*, *Melchites*, the *Christians* of *St John*, and other *Churches*; but more to be said against them. In fine, if I were to turn *Christian*, I should be in a Wilderness, not knowing which Path to take, for fear of missing the right.

In the State therefore wherein I am, I will think honourably of *Jesus*, as also of *Mary* his Mother, who, at her daily Return from the *Temple*, found a thousand Sorts of Flowers in her Oratory. I will not speak evil of any Person that has the Character of a *Saint*: but in general, will desire the Intercession of all that are near to *God*; 'tis ten to one, if some of them do not vouchsafe to pray for me. But whether they do or not, *God* hears me, and observes my Devotion; and if he please, my Petitions shall be granted. As for the rest, I will endeavour in all things *to do as I would be done to*, keeping my Conscience free from Stain, so that I may die in Peace; and what becomes of me afterward, 'tis in vain to be solicitous, since the Decrees of *Fate* are irreverfible.

Tell me now, my Friend, whether these Thoughts and Resolves be not more agreeable to Humanity, than to be a furious *Bigot* for I know not what: Is *that* a commendable Zeal for *Religion*, which under pretence of defending the Truth, sticks not to assert a thousand Lies? Or *that* a laudable Charity for Souls, which in order to their Salvation takes infinite Pains to set the World together by the Ears, and embroil Mankind in perpetual Wars? What else do those Disturbers of human Race, who, not content with the Limits which the Fortune of their Birth has set them, invade the peaceable Possessions of their Neighbours, commit all Sorts of Violences, Rapines, and Outrages; and all this under Pretext of reforming the Manners of Men, introducing Purity of *Religion*, and fulfilling the Will of *Heaven*? As if it were a Mark of a Divine Commission, to be barbarously unjust, perfidious, and savage; and that the Height of Piety consisted in shedding human Blood!



For my part, I cannot approve of these Practices, and therefore think it safer to stand aloof from all *Religions* thus cruelly establish'd, than by entering into their inhuman Secrets, and swearing to their sanguine Articles, incorporate myself with profess'd Murderers, under the Notion of being a good Man.

Happy are those innocent *Nations* of the *East*, who from their first Progenitors have kept inviolate the *Law of Nature*; who have never defiled themselves with the *Blood* of Man or Beast; but every one contenting himself with his native Home-stall, and the Fruits of his own Land, makes no Encroachments on those that dwell near him, nor butchers the harmless *Animals* to gratify his ill-natur'd Appetite. These sit under the Shade of their own Trees, and bathe themselves in the adjoining Streams: They go in Peace into the Houses of their *Rural Gods*, and present them with Flowers, Rice, Fruits, and such as the Ground brings forth: They never dream of foreign Conquests, nor are troubled with domestick Broils, but lead their Lives in a perpetual Tranquillity and Innocence. All that they desire of *Heaven*, is the Continuance of those harmless Delights they at present enjoy. As for the tumultuary Pleasures of other Mortals, they have them in Contempt. This is an Umbrage of the Felicity we are promis'd in *Paradise*, where the Sound of the Drum and the Trumpet shall not be heard, and the Instruments of War shall be of no Use.

If thou chargest me with Inconstancy in my Opinions, I neither deny it, nor am asham'd; it being better to change one's Thoughts every Day, than to be fix'd in Error all one's Life. This to a Friend.

Paris, 18th of the 3d Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## L E T T E R I V.

To Afis, Bassa.

THE Warriors and Mechanicks, Statesmen and Fidlers, Courtiers and Husbandmen, Students and Chimney-sweepers, are all taken up in discoursing of the mighty Preparations the *Grand Signior* is making to besiege *Candia*. They talk of fifteen thousand *Pioneers*, who are at work in order to this grand Undertaking; and that the City is block'd up by an Army of sixty thousand Men: That they have been raising Batteries round about it ever since the *Moon of December*; and that the *Sultan* is resolv'd to win this important Place, though he hazard half the *Ottoman Empire*.

This is refreshing News to *Mahmut*, who has heard nothing but improsperous Stories of the *Mussulmans* Arms these many Years. Now I begin to lift up my Head and take Courage, when the *Empire of True Believers* makes some Noise and Figure in the World; whereas my Heart perpetually droop'd before, I was like one among the Dead.

It was but last Year when the *Nazarenes* could boast, that notwithstanding all the Menaces and Preparations of the *Grand Signior*, yet the *Venetians* were the first in Field by *Land*; and appear'd earliest with their Fleet at *Sea*, doing wonderful Things in *Dalmatia*, and blocking up *Canea* in the Isle of *Candy*: Now 'tis to be hop'd, they'll change their Note, and begin to consider what a formidable Force they have provok'd against them, even the Puissance of all *Asia*, Men of *War* from their Nativities, an Army of select and chosen Soldiers, undaunted *Hero's*, Sons of Thunder, magnanimous, invincible, and destin'd to vanquish the *uncircumcis'd Nations*.

My

My Heart is reviv'd within me at the Contemplation of sure and certain Victories, attending this glorious Expedition. My Spirits are dilated with Joy; I celebrate a *Dunalma* in my Breast. I am like an *Arabian Horse*, that foams, curvets, and paws the Ground in Fierceness, when he hears the Sound of the Trumpet warning to Battle; his Eyes sparkle with martial Fury, a Smoke goes out of his Nostrils, he lifts up the Voice of his Courage, his Rider can hardly restrain him. So I am all in Transport at these good Tidings: I can hardly contain myself within the Compass of Moderation. As old as I am, I feel a youthful Vigour stirring in my Veins: Methinks I long to be in the Heat of the *sacred* Combat, in the thickest Clouds of Gunpowder-Smoak, to stand the Shock of Showers of Bullets, or with my Scymitar in hand to hew my Way to immortal Honour and Felicity: For those who die in this Cause go strait to *Paradise*. But I must be contented with this tame humble *Post*, and serve the *Grand Signior* in the Manner prescrib'd by my Superiors. I tell thee, 'tis no small Mortification for an active Spirit to be thus confin'd. But Resignation becomes every good *Musfulman*; and I willingly sacrifice my Passions to the Pleasure of the *Grandees* of the *Porte*, and the Interest of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Here I sit, like a *Fox* in his Den, watching the Motions of the *Infidels*: If any thing occurs worthy of Notice, out I bolt upon it, and make it my Prey, and send it as a Present to the august Ministers. I write to all by Turns, and therefore none has reason to take Exceptions.

If thou wouldst know what they are doing here in the *Court of France*; They are mustering the *King's* Troops; they are revelling and feasting at *Versailles*, the *King's* new Palace, where the Princes exercise themselves with the noble Discipline, which they call *running in Squadrons*. Whilst Thousands of People flock daily to *Versailles* from *Paris*, and all the adjacent Countries round about, partly to be Spectators  
of

of these Royal Pastimes, and partly to behold that gorgeous Fabrick, which is esteem'd the fairest and most magnificent in the World.

Serene *Bassa*, this Monarch has a vast *Genius*; whatsoever he undertakes he accomplishes, and all his Performances are surprizingly great. He has a deep Forecast; and seldom fails in his Judgments of what will probably come to pass. He is happily made, born, and brought up. A Prince, one would think, design'd by *Fate* for the *Empire* of the *West*.

Renown'd *Asis*, I kiss the Hem of thy illustrious Robe, and with a profound Obeisance bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## L E T T E R V.

To Hasnadar Bassi, Chief Treasurer  
to the Sultan.

I AM convinc'd, 'tis now time for me to be resolute, bold, and assur'd in my own Conduct: For 'tis in vain to ask Counsel of the *sublime Ministers*. I have address'd myself at certain Seasons to them on that account, ever since I came first to *Paris*: But not one of them has vouchsafed me an Answer, or given me any particular Instructions how to deport myself in an emergent Peril of Discovery: Whether I should own myself an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*, or deny it; whether I should boldly stand the Brunt of all Events, or fly to Artifices and Evasions; whether I should persist in acting the *Moldovian*, and continue to personate a *Christian Student*, an *Ecclesiastical Candidate* under the feign'd Name of *Titus*; or frankly  
tell

tell them, I am a *Mussulman*, an *Arab*, and secret *Slave* of the *Sultan*.

I ought to have been certify'd in these Cases ; and not left at random to guess, at this vast Distance, the Pleasures of my *Superiors*. But since it is their Will thus to make trial of my Fidelity, Prudence, and Skill in warding off the Assaults of common Chance, Misfortune, and the Attempts of sly designing Men, I'll be as cunning as I can, without embarrassing my Peace with constant panick Fears and Apprehensions of I know not what. No vain Endeavours to avoid the fix'd *Decree* of *Fate* shall make me change my *Lodging*, or fly from every menacing Contingency. I'll rather trust to *Providence* and present Courage, the Justice of my Cause and Native Innocence, leaving the Event to *Destiny*.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive I am in some Trouble ; and I can assure thee, thou art not mistaken. I am hatter'd, hunted up and down, and persecuted worse than the Foxes, Hares, and Hinds near *Adrianople* ; I am an old Man, and yet they envy me the Happiness of a natural Death : they would not have me go down to the Grave in Peace. I have been imprison'd, threaten'd, dogg'd up and down the Streets, assassinated in the dark, had my Chamber search'd, my Letters in danger of being seiz'd, with those of the *Supreme Ministers*. I have run the risque of a Discovery, by meeting casually an *Infidel*, whose *Slave* I once was at *Palermo* in *Sicily*. I have been undermin'd by *Mussulmans*, as well as *Nazarenes*, by Strangers, and by *Solyman* my *Cousin*. Yet in all these Perils I have acquitted myself faithfully, come off with Success, and saved the Honour of my *Sovereign* ; which is the only thing for which I am solicitous. But for ought I know, my Care may prove in vain, and the Evils which I have so long fortunately escap'd, may now surprize and ruin me. As to myself, I care not what becomes of me ; and if the *Secrets* of my *Commission* be reveal'd, let the *Ministers* of the *Porte*

answer

answer for that, who would never give me the least Direction.

About two or three Years ago, I was forced to remove from my old *Lodgings*, where I had resided ever since my first coming to *Paris*. The Dangers that then assaulted me, drove me to this House, where I still am, in a very obscure Place by the Wall of the City. Yet even hither am I pursu'd by watchful Enemies: New Hazards threaten me on all Hands. But I am resolv'd to fly no more, unless it be into the *City Ditch*, where I can find Admittance through my *Landlord's* Cellar. There is a private Passage, dug perhaps in elder Times, during some Siege, to serve the streight Necessities of those who then possessed this House. It is so cunningly contriv'd, that human Wit can never discover it, unless by Chance, or by Direction of those that know it. The Ditch is dry, the Door of the House always lock'd; and my trusty *Host* swears no body shall come in by Day or Night, till I have made a safe Retreat. So that if all the *Officers* in *Paris* should come to search, I should have time to pack up my Papers, and slink away into my lurking Hole. And if they should by monstrous Accident find the conceal'd Avenue, I could soon slip into the Fields, through the last *Postern* in the Wall, and lock them in beyond the Possibility of Pursuit; whilst I took care to hide myself afresh, or leave the *Country*.

This is my final Resolution, if ever I am put to an Extremity again. In the mean time, I desire thee to make it part of thy Care, that *Mahmut* shall not want for Money to carry on the *Sultan's* private Affairs without a Baulk. I do not demand unreasonable Things: Let me but live, and have enough to defray the necessary Expences of my *Service*, and that's all I crave. But let my Supplies be well tim'd and proportion'd, that I may husband my *Pension* to the best Advantage: Or else I must always press, and that's a Thing I hate. I have writ to all the *Treasurers* that went

went before thee on the same Account, and with equal Boldness. Therefore take not in ill part what comes from blunt Sincerity, and constant full Desires to serve effectually the *Grand Signior*. It will be very easy for thee to anticipate *Mahmut's* Expectations, without exceeding the Orders which thou hast receiv'd. Money be damn'd, if we could breathe and serve our Friends, and carry on the Affairs of human Life without it. I am an *Arab*, and could as freely pass away my Time in harmless Rambles o'er the *Provinces of Asia*; as thus to be confin'd to narrow fretting Circumstances, the only Effects of too unshaken, unregarded, and incorruptible Loyalty.

Wealthy *Dispenser* of the *Ottoman Gold*, I ask no *Alms*, but my appointed *Salary*; in sending of which, I desire thee to remember the old *Roman Proverb*, which says, *That he gives twice, who gives in Season.*

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## L E T T E R VI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Know not whether I shall live to hear from thee again, or to send thee another Letter. Age, Sickness, Misfortunes, together with the Malice of Men, have laid a thousand Snares for my Life; I am, as it were, hunted by *Nature, Providence, Destiny, and Chance*, into the very *Toiles of Death*; from whence it will be very difficult for me to escape. Not to amuse thee, I am in danger of being discover'd, seiz'd, imprison'd; and then thou knowest, I can expect no less than to be put to the Torture, and rack'd with a thousand Inventions of Cruelty, that so they may force me to confess what I am, and what my Business is

is in this *Kingdom* and *City*, where I have resided so many Years.

I was suspected by *Cardinal Richlieu*, for a *Mussulman*, as I have reason to believe from several convincing Circumstances of that *Minister's* Carriage to me, ever since his first Acquaintance with me at *Paris*. And the same Jealousy caused his Successor, *Cardinal Mazarini*, to put me into the *Bastile*, where I was closely confin'd for the Space of six *Moons*. And I might have lain there till this Time, for ought I know, had it not been for the good Conduct and honest Fidelity of *Eliachim*. In fine, though I have hitherto escap'd Discovery, yet I cannot flatter myself that I shall always do so. If they once lay hold on me again, they will certainly search me for the *Scar of Circumcision*; and then all the Arguments the Wit of Man can find, will not be of force to blind them any longer, or save me from the Vengeance of the *State*. They will certainly put me to a cruel Death.

However, I'll baffle 'em if I can; and if I once escape, I'll bid adieu to *Paris*, if not to the whole *Kingdom*; being resolv'd not to trust any more to the deceitful Security of new Lodgings in this *City*, and a vain Removal from one Precinct and House to another: For the very Air of *Paris* is fatal to me. I am never free from Terror, whilst within these melancholy Walls. The *Genius* of the Place is at Enmity with *mine*. Every Thing I cast my Eyes on, seems to lowre and frown upon me: I start at the Voices of Men going along the Streets, and discoursing about their own Affairs: And if any one knocks at the Door, I'm presently upon my Guard, my anxious Soul still labouring with sad Presages of some Calamity at hand, ready to rush upon me unawares.

Perhaps I may go to *Lyons*, where a Stranger may live an Age conceal'd, and void of Peril, as in this *City*. Or I may take a farther Journey to *Marseilles*, *Toulon*, or any other Sea-port Town: where I will expect new Orders from my *Superiors*.



In the mean time, thou may'st continue to address thy Letters as before: For that Course can never fail, let me be where it pleases Heaven. *Eliachim* will take care of all Things. I writ to the *Hafnadar Bassi* on the same Account, desiring fresh Supplies of Money; which I suppose will come by the Way of *Vienna*: If so, I trust to thy Prudence in ordering my *Bills* with Speed, and the usual Cautiousness.

*Nathan*, adieu: And whatever becomes of me, live thou long and happily to serve the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## L E T T E R VII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

**A**S the poor injur'd Labourer, or *Slave* oppress'd by cruel and obdurate *Masters*; as the despairing *Client*, who can find no Justice from the *Cbeicks*, *Cadils*, or *Cadilesquers*, fly immediately to the *Serail*, to make their last Appeal, and seek Redress from the *Great Arbitrer* of human Feuds: So falls poor *Mahmut* prostrate at thy Feet, O Sacred Oracle of *Mussulmans*; begging from thy Authority, whom no *Believer* dares to disobey, what I could never yet obtain from any *Minister* of State, or *Bassa* of the *Bench*: That is, how I must act in case I am discovered, or barely suspected, examin'd, and put to my Oath, concerning my Business at *Paris*? Lay thy speedy Commands on those whose Care it ought to be, that no Intelligence, Advice, or Counsel be wanting to me, the faithful *Agent* of the *Porte*, residing here *incognito*, a *Spy* upon the *Infidels*. Or at least, vouchsafe to send me thy Instructions, Rules infallible, Orders of perfect Wisdom, and divine Sagacity.

I can-

I cannot for the future stand the Brunt of long suspected Casualties; Events which glimmer from afar, like distant *Ignes Fatui*, or other vagrant *Meteors* of the Night: For so Contingencies appear, which are to come, uncertain, and remote; though sometimes near at hand; yet with deceitful Shew, they still mislead bewilder'd Mortals in the dark. So the tir'd Traveller in *Libyan Wastes*, is tantaliz'd by mocking Rays of Sands in drifted Heaps, or flying Bodies loosely wafted by the Winds; on which the *Moon* and *Stars* casting their Beams, create Refractions like Domestick Lamps or Tapers; and encouraging the disconsolate Man to hope for neighbouring Villages or Towns, where he may rest his weary Limbs, and find an hospitable Entertainment; secure from *Dragons*, *Lyons*, *Tygers*, or the more *Fierce* and *Cruel Race* of *Men*, who lurk in secret Places of the affrighting *Desart*, to rob unwary Strangers, as they pass.

'Tis said, most *Holy Patriarch* of the *Faithful*, that *Men* are thus degenerate, and transcend the *horrid Nature* of the *wildest Beasts*! But sadder still, that *Cities*, first design'd for *Sanctuaries* of the *Distress'd*, should become worse than *Desarts*, and more *Inhospitable* than the Purlieu of *Dragons*, or the dreadful Haunts of *Lynxes*, *Crocodiles*, and other *Animals* of *Prey*. That *Men* pretending to be civiliz'd, to live in Community, and reciprocal Participation of all good Offices; incorporated by the same *Laws*, for no other End, but to help, assist, and defend one another against all Foreign Enemies; should, instead of this, prove more barbarous than Savages, and more voracious than *Cannibals*, whilst every *Citizen* preys on his Neighbour, and devours him whom he has sworn to protect. They all live by Robbery and Spoil. The Rich and Potent fleece those whose Wealth is not sufficient to defend them from Oppression. Thus are Towns and Cities, from celebrated *Refuges* of *Men*, become the *Dens* of *Thieves*, and  
cruel

cruel *Murderers*. The whole Earth is stain'd with the Blood of the Poor: The Cries of Widows and Orphans pierce the *Heavens*: The Generations of Men are corrupted with Fraud, Avarice, Perfidy, Ambition, Envy, and a thousand other Vices. Brother cannot trust the Son of his own Mother. Fathers are unnatural to their genuine Off-spring. Children think the Days tedious which prolong their Parents Lives. Self-Love teaches a Man to betray his Friend, for whom he rather ought to lose his Life. An universal Defection from Justice and sound Morality reigns every where.

But what is most surprizing, is, that even among those who bear the glorious Title and Character of the *True Faithful Mussulmans*, there should be found a Crew of Miscreants, Villains, and Traytors to GOD, his *Prophet*, and their *Sovereign*. I speak not of such, whose *Genial* Inclinations tempt them to commit vulgar Sins, which injure no Man but themselves. I tax no Drunkards, Gamesters, and those amorous Persons, who waste their Bodies, Time, Estates, and sacrifice their Reputation to Voluptuousness. These are but *Venial* Sins, and soon wash'd off by the appointed *Purifications* and *Penances*. A little Water, Dust, or Sand, with Fasting and devout Invocation of the *Eternal Allah*, cancels these *Peccadillo's*; they are all put to the Account of human Frailty; such is the Pleasure of eternal Goodness. But I accuse the blacker Crimes of those, whom fretting Envy stimulates to persecute their harmless Neighbour: or base Ingratitude prompts to betray their Friends; or native Malice teaches to seek out all Occasions of doing Mischief in the World. A busy, restless Sort of Men, buzzing about like Wasps or Hornets, stinging every one they fasten on. Or, like the *Punes* of *Paris*, a troublesome Kind of *Insects*, which interrupt the sweet Repose of Men, creeping upon them in their Beds and Slumbers, and sily biting them to suck their Blood.

Such are the *Men* of whom I now complain ; who hatter me from Stratagem to Stratagem, from one Retrenchment to another ; whose Crime is double, in that they are Persons of my own *Religion* ; *Professors* of the *Genuine Faith* brought down from *Heaven*, *Followers* of the *Prophet*, who could neither *write* nor *read* ; and *Subjects* to the *Grand Signior*.

'Tis a long time since I had the first Occasion to accuse some at the *Seraglio*, of private, sly Attempts to undermine and ruin me, that they might gain my *Post*. 'Twill seem invidious, even in my own Defence, after so many Addresses to the *Ministers* of the *Porte*, now to repeat their Names, and discompose thy *Sacred Thoughts* with black *Memoirs* of human Malice. 'Tis not Revenge I seek, but for the future how to escape, if not prevent, the like Conspiracies. Nor is it for myself alone, I cherish this unusual Zeal and Care ; but for my Master's Interest and Honour.

I've serv'd near thirty Years in this precarious *Station*, and never made the least false Step ; or, if I have, 'twas not discern'd ; which is the same Thing in effect. And I am very unwilling to miscarry at last, through the Treachery of my pretended Friends at *Constantinople*, or for want of full Instructions from the *Imperial Divan*.

'Tis for this Reason, I presume to address to the Dust of thy Feet, *Supreme Judge* of the *Faithful*, begging the Interposition of thy *Paternal Authority* on my Behalf.

There is one Thing more, which in all Humility I recommend to thy Wisdom and Sanctity. I have often writ to thy *Predecessor* on the same Account, beseeching him to promote the *Translation* of *Histories*, and other Learned *Books*, out of Foreign *Languages* into *Turkish* or *Arabick* : That so Knowledge might flourish among the *Mussulmans*, and the *Infidels* might have no more Ground to call us *Barbarous*. Let Men skilful in *Languages* and *Sciences* be sought for. There are

are not wanting such at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the *Empire*. Let them be employ'd in compiling an *universal History* of the *World* in *Turkish*; more ample, true, and correct, than any that has gone before it, in *Greek*, *Latin*, or any other Language. This will bring eternal Honour to the *Ottoman Empire*, and prove no hard Task to them that shall undertake it; since it will be only a choice Collection out of other *Authors*; a Garland of Flowers cull'd from the various Fields of *History*, and compos'd together with an Order full of Lustre and Beauty, the whole Work being interwoven with a Chain of *Chronological Years*; which will not only give it a singular Grace, but also be of great Advantage to the *Mussulman Readers*.

Successor of the *Apostles*, remember, that though our *holy Lawgiver* could neither write nor read, yet the succeeding *Caliphs* encouraged *Learning*. Benediction on the Souls of them and their *Posterity*. So will future Ages bless thy Memory, if thou vouchsafest to encourage this glorious Work: And *Itburiel*, the *Angel of Science*, will make thee his *Associate in Paradise*.

With profound Submissions I retire from thy *sacred Presence*, begging thy *Absolution* and *Blessing*.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## L E T T E R VIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

A Mong other *Dispatches* I could not forget what I owe to the long-continued Friendship which has been between us. Having Leisure therefore be-  
C fore

fore the *Post* goes, I will inform thee of a *Birth*, which has occasion'd little Joy to the Parents, but much Admiration among all that hear of it, and rais'd learned Disputes between the Professors of *Physick* and *Surgery*.

In the Town of *Weerteed* near *Ardenburg* in the *Low-Countries*, a Woman was lately deliver'd of a monstrous Child, with two Heads, two Necks, four Arms, and proportionably all Parts both outward and inward double to the Navel, which seem'd to be the Center of Union between the two Bodies: For from thence downwards there appeared only the Proportion and Shape of one Body, with two Thighs, Legs, and Feet. The Faces were different; one squalid and irregular, without a Nose or Mouth, except a kind of Orifice under the Chin; for the Eyes possess'd the Place of the Mouth, and a perfect *masculine Genital* took up the Room of the Nose: The other was fair, and made with Symmetry, having nothing extraordinary, saving two Teeth growing out of the Gums.

This *irregular Production* has been curiously dissected by a famous Anatomist, who found two Hearts, two Stomachs, and the other Vitals all single. What I have said is attested by five profess'd *Physicians*, who opened this wonderful Creature.

There have been many Examples of extraordinary *Births*, especially in these Parts of the World. And I have read in a *French* Author, a Man of Credit, That in the Year 1592 of the *Christian Hegera*, a Woman of *Alsatia* brought forth at once an hundred and fifty Children, each but three Inches long.

But what I shall now tell thee, though it be not remarkable for the Number of Children, yet has something singular in the Circumstances that attended it.

*Irmetrude*, the Countess of *Altorfe*, accus'd one of her Neighbours of Adultery, because she had three Children at a *Birth*, saying, *She deserved to be tied up*  
in

*in a Sack, and thrown into the Sea.* Next Year the *Countess* herself was delivered of twelve Sons all at a Birth. And touch'd with Remorse for the Sentence which she had pronounc'd against the other Woman, concluding it now a just Punishment for herself, sent a Maid with eleven of these new-born *Infants*, commanding her to drown them in the next River, reserving only one to be the *Heir* of his Father's Estate.

*Fate* had so determined, that her Husband the *Earl* met the Maid as she was going to commit this execrable Villainy: and asking her what she had got in her Lap, she answer'd, *I am going to drown a few young Whelps.* The *Earl* being a great Hunter, and consequently a Lover of Dogs, had a Mind to see whether any of these *Whelps* were of a promising Aspect; when to his Astonishment he found eleven of human Shapes, all living and perfect, but very small. He press'd the Maid so far, that she confess'd the whole Truth. Whereupon enjoining her Silence, and Assurance of a good Reward, he caus'd her to carry them to one of his *Tenants*; where being all cherished and laid warm, he disposed of them afterwards in convenient Places, to be nurs'd and brought up till they came of Age. Then he sent for them privately to his House, having first apparell'd them in the same Fashion as their Brother was in who dwelt at home.

As soon as the *Countess* cast her Eye on them, and observ'd their Number and Faces, so exactly resembling him who had been always with her, she wept in a Passion betwixt Shame and Joy, confessing her former cruel Intention; and falling at the Feet of her *Lord*, he pardon'd her. From these *Eleven* descend the Family of the *Whelps* or *Guelphs*, so renowned in *Germany*, and bearing this Name from the Maid's Answer to the *Earl*, when she had them in her Lap.

Such strange Productions as these, occasion various Enquiries among the *Philosophers* here in the *West*: Whether *human Souls* be generated like the *Bodies* to

which they are united, or whether they are *created* by the *immediate Power* of God. Assuredly these *Infidels* are much in the Dark, and shut their Eyes against the Light of the *Oriental Sages*. If the *Prophets* should rise from the Dead, they would not be able to convince these *Uncircumcis'd*, that all Things visible and invisible are from *Eternity*, and that there is nothing *new* in the System of the Universe, except the various outward Forms, which change indeed according to the Laws of endless Transmigration, and sometimes according to the Frolicks of *Nature*, who loves to mix her Interludes and Antiques with the establish'd Senses of every Age.

What I have writ is to divert thee: But when shall I have an Answer as from an old Friend? Let not the Honours of the *Serail* make thee forget those with whom thou hast been once familiar. My dear *Hali*, be not too much a *Courtier*. Thy long Silence and Reservedness forces this Language from me. Shall *Constantinople* blot out thy Remembrance of *Arabia*? Or the Blast of a Monarch's Favour be more valuable than the durable Integrity of a Countryman, a Friend? If the *Sultan* trusts his Life in thy Hands, dost not thou know that a Fit of Gripes, the Stone, Gout, or any violent Distemper, will turn all his Confidence into Jealousy? I tell thee, he will suspect Poison in thy very Looks.

Therefore, continue to be the same Man as thou wert formerly, and let not thy Improvements in *Physick* make thee go backward in *Morality*.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1667:

LETTER



## L E T T E R IX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

NOW I see thou art a Man of Business: Thy Mind is cured of its religious Itch, and restor'd to a sound Complexion. Persevere, and be happy.

Let no vain Scruples of Conscience molest thy Soul, concerning the Peace that was lately made between the *Grand Signior* and the *German*. Cares of this Nature belong to those who sit at the Helm, and direct the Steerage of the State. As for thee and me, our Part is only to obey, without enquiring whether it be right or wrong that we are commanded. Every Thing is lawful to us that is enjoined by our Superiors: And the *publick* Reason ought to supersede our private narrow Sentiments. Whatever *Præmunires* we incur by our Obedience, the Conscience of the State will be our Bail, our Advocate, and our Ransom: Therefore, once more, go on and prosper.

Thou couldst not have done the *Grand Signior* a greater Piece of Service, than by thus happily insinuating thyself with the *Hungarian Faction* at *Vienna*: For by that means thou becomest *Master* of the Secrets of both Sides, the *Janus* that overlooks two opposite Cabals at once; and so may'st not only form thy Intrigues the better, but also give a clearer Light to the Ministers of the *sublime Porte*.

I am displeas'd to hear of the frequent *Conspiracies* that have been made against the *Emperor's* Person. Not for any Love that I bear to him, or the House of *Austria*; for I wish there was not a *Branch* of that *incestuous Stem* left alive on Earth: But I never knew such Kind of Plots, if once discovered and prevented, to take Effect again. Besides, they many times spoil the main Design: For what signifies it, if this *Emperor* were seiz'd and put to Death, so long

as there is any one of that *tyrannical Race* surviving? They are all of the same Blood and Interest; educated also in the same Principles and Maxims. In a word, they have all but one Game to play; which is, to aggrandize themselves and their Posterity for ever. And therefore these clandestine Methods of Poison or Assassins, will but make them more watchful to prevent all Designs of the like Nature for the future.

Remember, *Nathan*, that the Mark which thou art to aim at, is to cherish the Discontents of *Hungary*, by all the Arts of a cunning Statesman. Count *Peter de Sereni* is a fit Subject to work upon. The Death of his Brother, and his own Disgrace at the *Imperial Court*, with the rising Fortune of *Monticuculi*, have fill'd him with Sentiments of Revenge and Envy. He cannot behold Count *d' Aversperg* in Possession of *Carlestadt* without much Resentment, having with so great Passion begg'd that *Government* for himself.

If this Prince can but be induc'd to revolt, many thousands of the *Croats*, *Dalmatians*, and *Sclavonians*, will take up Arms under him, which will at once weaken both the *German Empire*, and the State of *Venice*. Besides, the Marriage of his Daughter with Prince *Ragotski*, may engage the *Transylvanians* in his Party. Count *Nadassi* also, they say, is not well pleased with the *Court*, aiming to be *Palatine* of *Hungary*, which has been refused him. This News comes to me but by Report: If it be true, thou art in the fairer Way to succeed. Such great Malecontents as these will puzzle the *Ministers* of State, and exercise the Policy of Prince *Lobkowitz*.

Besides, if Things should not proceed to an open Rupture, yet, thou knowest, the *Hungarians* are offended at the late Peace, which will not fail to put them upon committing perpetual Acts of Hostility. They stomach it extremely, that the Town of *Newbawfel* is in the *Grand Signior's* Hands; and they will be always on their Guard in the neighbouring Parts, patrolling

patrolling about, and skirmishing with our Foragers : Which will afford a good Occasion at any time for our Sovereign to break the Peace, whenever it is for his Interest. There are abundance of Consequences in such a Case, more than we can think of or foresee, yet all to our Advantage. As long as we go the right way to work, all Things will succeed well. Make no false Steps, and there's no danger of stumbling.

Remember still, that thy particular Charge is, to foment a *Civil War* between the Court of *Vienna* and the *Hungarians*. 'Tis no matter who gets the better on't. Let them quarrel to Eternity, and destroy one another in *God's* Name : Then shall the *Mussulman* Empire thrive.

Before *God*, you have a fine Opportunity, ye factious Comrades : But beware of sly Interlopers. Damn the Easiness and good Nature (falsly so call'd) of those who will admit any Man into their Cabal, provided he puts on a fair Guise of one of the Party. Ye can't be too reserved and close. D'ye think the *Emperor* has not his *Spies* about in every Corner ? A Pox of your Stupidity, if you suffer this brave Design to miscarry for want of looking sharp. Damn you, for a Parcel of old thread-bare Fools, if after so many Experiences you don't furbish up your Wits, and look to yourselves. There's a *Gottendorf*, *Railliwits*, *Skus*, the *Knight Baron Leipsem*, *Elnard* the hereditary Pretender to the Marquissate of *Thanu*, with many others whom I will not name in this Letter : By *Moses* and *Mahomet* they're all Rogues ; and if you trust them too far, they surely betray you.

*Nathan*, believe me, I would not write so passionately were my Life at all precious. But I have no other End in protracting the Minute of my *Transmigration*, than to exalt, as much as in me lies, the Majesty of the *Ottoman Lineage*, and to guard it from Dangers. I am placed here on purpose by *Fate* : And I'll do my Duty, tho' the whole World should sputter their Venom against me.

O *Israelite*, both thou and I must shortly leave this Earth; or at least we must change the Form of our Earth. We shall never cease to be something; God knows what.

In the mean time, be what thou seemest to be.

Paris, 23<sup>d</sup> of the the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## L E T T E R X.

To the most Sublime and Magnificent of  
the *Mussulman* Bassa's, Achmet, the  
Vizir Azem.

**M**AY Chaplets of immortal Flowers crown thy noble Head, illustrious *Cuperly*, strong Prop of the House of *Etrogriel*, main Buttress of the Tower of the *Selzuccian Tribe*, the Lineage of *Ottoman*, Heir of the Heirs to *Ismael*, the eldest Son of our Father *Abraham*, the Glory of Men, and the Beloved of God.

Not the unmatched Perfumes of *Arabia*, not the surprizing Odours of the *Persian* Incense, which they offered to the Sun, not all the most skilful Compositions of *Eastern Aromaticks* put together, are half so sweet, as is thy glorious Name among the *Mussulmans*.

I receiv'd thy Orders with a Reverence, second only to that which is due to the *Grand Signior*, and will perform them with a loyal Alacrity. I perfectly comprehend thy Design, and the Drift of the *sublime Porte*: For thou hast stated the Case like an Oracle. 'Twill not be difficult, I believe, to suggest under-hand to the *French Court*, the Advantage they may make of the present Distractions in *Hungary*:

*gary*: For they are already become the Subject of common Discourse. *Lewis* the Fourteenth, by encouraging those Malecontents, and supporting their Cause with private Disbursements of Money, will doubtless facilitate his own designed Conquests on the Neighbourhoods of the *Rhine*. For if the *Hungarian Lords* proceed to an open Revolt, and throw themselves under the *Sultan's* Protection, the *Emperor of Germany* will be obliged to turn all his Forces that Way: which yet will not be able to withstand the United Armies of the *Hungarians, Croations, Heydukes, Tartars*, and the most invincible *Osmans*. So that by this means, the *Empire* will be weaken'd on both Sides, and in fatal Danger of its final Dissolution; whilst the Strength and Power of the *Grand Signior*, and the King of *France*, his Noble *Ally*, will daily increase.

Besides, this will put all *Europe* into Divisions and Parties, according as their Interests and Affections incline them, some siding with the *Emperor*, others with the *French King*; whilst the Generality will stand Neuters, and contemplate the Issue of these Wars, without assisting one Side or t'other. Than which, nothing can fall out more happy or propitious for the sacred *Monarchy* of the *Osmans*.

In Obedience to thy Command, I have written to *Nathan Ben Saddi* on this Account; altogether as from myself, not giving him the least Ground to conjecture, that I had receiv'd an Order from the *Porte*. I frequently take the Liberty to counsel that honest *Jew* in many Cases; inviting him to Projects in General Terms, and to do some extraordinary Service for the *Grand Signior*. So that he will imagine my writing now is only of course, without suspecting any thing else.

I beseech thee to send me all the Instructions that are needful for me, not only to carry on this Affair prosperously, but all others relating to the *Porte*. I will be careful to transmit thy Commands to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, in such a Diligence, as he shall not dream

they are any other than his own Proposals : Since thou dost not think it fit that the Majesty of the *Porte* should appear to be concern'd in a Business of this Nature, especially so soon after the late *Peace* concluded with the *Emperor*.

'Tis an invaluable Honour thou hast done me, in trusting to my Conduct an Intrigue, whose Effects, for ought I know, may reach all the *Nations* of *Europe*, and last till the *Day of Doom*. Question not my Fidelity, for 'tis of Proof : Besides it many times tempts a Man to be false, when he knows he is suspected to be so.

I am *Slave* of the *Slaves* of those who stand near the *Sultan's* Person, and confess *Mohammed* to be the *Apostle* of *God*. More particularly I am devoted to those who have the Honour to serve thee, the Grand Pillar of the *Osman Empire*. *God* perpetuate thy Felicity.

Paris, 23d of the 7th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## L E T T E R X I.

To the Seliçtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer  
to the Sultan.

**T**HESSE *Parts* abound in Action at this Time, Couriers run up and down from *Court* to *Court* with secret *Dispatches*, and Matters of deep Import. The Death of the *Queen* of *Poland*, and of *Pope Alexander VII*, occasion this new stirring and bustling in *Europe*. She died on the 10th of the 5th *Moon* : He on the 22d. Every *Kingdom* and *State* in the *West*, have some Interest to make or preserve ; some  
Design

Design to form or to carry on, the Success of which many times depends on the well managing the Consequences of these great and fatal Breaches, which Death makes in the *Families of Mighty Potentates, Houses of Royal Descent.*

The *French Court* were all dissolv'd in Joy, for the Marriage of the *Duke of Guize* with *Madamoiselle d'Alençon*: They were in the midst of the Nuptial Triumphs and Festival Solemnities, when the Black Expresses came, which soon turn'd all their Mirth to Mourning, at least in outward Appearance, For it was not decent for the *Sons* to continue longer reveling, when the *Great Father* lay embalm'd in order to his Sepulture. Therefore to prevent Idleness, the *King* thought fit to change the Pastimes of the *Court* for more necessary Business; and the soft Entertainments of *Hymen*, for the rugged Toils of *War*. He caus'd his Armies to march into *Flanders*, to give his *Queen* Possession of certain *Estates* fallen to her in those *Parts*. This surpriz'd the *Low Countries*, who began to demolish several *Places of Strength*, that had not sufficient Garrisons to defend them.

The *King* was himself in Person at the Head of his Army, which gave immense Courage to his Soldiers. So that *Tournay* quickly surrender'd to him, on the 24th of the 6th *Moon*; and *Doway* not many Days after. In the mean while, the *Mareschal d'Aumont*, with another Army, takes *Bergue* and *Furnes* near *Dunkirk*. Then he besieges *Lisse*, which was taken also after Seventeen Days; but not without the *King's* Presence; who appear'd indefatigable, always on Horseback, or in his Coach, going the Rounds, and surveying all the Works. He slept in his Coach that Night the Town was taken, on a Bridge not far from *Ghent*. They have also taken *Courtray*, *Oudenarde*, and *Alost*. They have defeated the *Prince de Ligne*, and the *Count de Marcin*. In a word, they have done so many Great Things this Campaign, that all *Flanders* is stupified as at a *Miracle*.

Illustrious *Aga*, I have in a sort of Miniature presented thee with a true *Effigies* of *Western* Affairs at this Juncture. Let not my Abruptness displease thee; since this *Epitome* describes the Truth as lively, as if I'd fill'd an Ell of Parchment up with Words.

Paris, 2d of the 8th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## L E T T E R XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**I** Know not whether I have Reason to rejoice or be sad in my present Circumstances; so ambiguous are the Events of human Life. Even the most blanching Gifts of Fortune, and such as we are extremely taken with, many times prove like the *Trojan* Horse, only fair and gay in outward Appearance: whilst, like that deceitful Engine of the *Grecian* Craft, they carry an Army of hidden Calamities within, which, in the midst of our secure Repose, when we least dream of any Evil, rush upon us from their concealed and unsuspected Ambuscades, put us all in Terror and Confusion.

However, since I have had a sufficient Share of Trouble, Grief, and Melancholy; now let other sprightly, chearful Passions take their Turn, be the Event how it will; I cannot always bear the Burden of a loaded Spleen, cramm'd and puff'd up with melancholy Winds, the *Embryo's* or Vehicles at least of horrid Thoughts, perplexing Cares, and black Despair. Besides, methinks, I have a fit Occasion to be merry; being by a very pleasing Accident, at once rid of a great many vain Doubts and Anxieties, (which have disturb'd my Peace for these Three or Four Years) and restor'd to the charming Conversation



fation of *Daria*, whom thou may'st remember I so passionately lov'd in the Days of my Youth.

Know then, that one Day as I was walking in the Streets, I met that lovely *Greek* in Mourning. Surpriz'd above measure at the Sight of a Person, for whom I had formerly cherish'd so great an Esteem; I stood still at first, like one Thunder-struck. I could not forbear questioning my own Senses, and giving the Lye to my Eyes, which assured me it was she. Neither Age nor Absence had effac'd her lov'd *Idea* from my Memory, or so much chang'd her Face, but that I easily call'd to Mind the Object of my Amorous Desires. Yet my Astonishment was such at this unthought-of Interview, that I had not Resolution enough to believe myself; and her Amazement seem'd no less than mine; whilst neither of us had Power to speak, but stood like Fools. Till I, asham'd longer to lose myself in such an effeminate Confusion of Spirit, first broke Silence, not without some Rapture and Emotion, crying out,

“ Is it *Daria* or her *Ghost*, I see? Has *Fortune* bless'd  
 “ or mock'd me at the Fatal Hour? Or do deluding  
 “ *Nymphs* and *Fairies* haunt the Streets of populous  
 “ Cities, walking about in borrow'd Forms, and  
 “ mixing with the Throng of Mortals, to tantalize  
 “ our softest Hopes with a false Shew of some dear  
 “ Lover, Friend or Person highly wish'd for, never  
 “ to be enjoy'd? It may be true, that *Cytherea* left  
 “ her *Heaven*, (as *Virgil* does relate) and in a *Tyrian*  
 “ Dress met the *Heroick Offspring* of *Achises* in the  
 “ Fields, amusing him with a disguised Semblance  
 “ of Mortality and Human Race, until her *Hea-*  
 “ *venly* Voice discover'd that she was a *Goddefs*. So  
 “ us'd *Diana* to descend in dead of Night, and mix  
 “ the Slumbers of *Endymion* with Immortal Dreams;  
 “ stealing soft Kisses from the lovely Youth, and  
 “ whispering *Celestial* Words into his Ears, more  
 “ forcible, than the Songs of *Orpheus*, when he  
 “ mov'd the Trees and Rocks to Passions of *Platonick*  
 “ Love. At other times they would come down,

“ and

“ and take the Air of cool Mount *Hæmus*, or the  
 “ lofty *Ida*. Thus *Melpomene*, *Clio*, and the rest of  
 “ the *Sacred Nine*, would often visit the refreshing  
 “ Heights of their belov’d *Parnassus*; from whence  
 “ descending to the shady Banks of *Helicon*, with  
 “ more than Mortal Voices, would awake and tempt  
 “ the wanton *Eccho’s* to strike up, like *Unisons*, and  
 “ join in *Concert* with them, whilst they chaunt the  
 “ Praises of some *Demi-God*, or *Hero*, whom they  
 “ love. But that a *Goddeſs*, *Nymph*, or *Muse*, did  
 “ e’er frequent the common Crowd of Mortals in a  
 “ City, is not to be credited: Therefore, unless I  
 “ dream, it is *Daria* I behold.”

My *Dgnet*, I was running on in higher Ecstasies  
 at mentioning of her Name, but that she smil’d,  
 and interrupted me with an obliging Reserved-  
 ness, and said, “ *Mahmat*, if you are the Man  
 “ I take you for, and would have my Esteem,  
 “ be less passionate, and leave off this wild way of  
 “ Raillery: We both are past the Vanities of Youth:  
 “ Our Years should now retain no remnant Froths  
 “ of early boiling Blood, and young, green, foolish  
 “ Passions.”

I took this only for a Female Banter, and Essay of  
 Woman’s Craft, to try the Sense and Humour of a  
 Man. For, thou knowest, the greatest *Princess* loves  
 a truly passionate Address, tho’ not a puling, whi-  
 ning one; besides, ’tis the Fashion here in *France*, to  
 use *Romantick* Forms of Speech, when they make  
 Love. However, in regard it was inconvenient to  
 lose more time, in the open Street, by this Sort of  
 Discourse, I invited her to a House, where we might  
 converse with more Freedom. She accepted the Mo-  
 tion, and I conducted her to the House of *Eliachim*  
 the *Jew*. ’Tis pleasantly seated on the Banks of the  
 River *Seine*, and has a fair Garden belonging to it.  
*Eliachim* happen’d to be abroad, which gave us a  
 better Opportunity of improving of Time, without  
 the necessary Interruption of Salutes, Compliments,  
 &c. usual in such a Case. And I had the Com-  
 mand

mand of his House, as though he had been there himself.

It being in the Heat of *Summer*, I led *Daria* into a little, shady, green Retreat, in the midst of the Garden, out of the Reach of curious Ears; where under the cool refreshing Shelter of a wide-spread Beach, we sat down and call'd to mind our former Acquaintance and Friendship. *Daria* still retain'd her Native Modesty and Prudence, neither had the external Beauty of her Face suffer'd any greater Detriment, than what befalls the fairest Roses, Violets, or other Flowers, which even in their most decay'd Estate, merit the Character of amiable Sweetness. However, the Lustre of her Wit, and Goodness of her Humour, supply'd all other Defects.

I protest, my *Dgnet*, it was impossible for me to see, and not to love again, a Person whose *Idea* was once so domestick and familiar to my *Soul*. And I was the more animated to make my *Court*, when she told me, that she was a *Widow*. 'Twas easy to forget, or banish from my Thoughts, her former faithful Treachery, in acquainting her Husband with my Amour. Love soon removes all puny Obstacles; 'tis ready, prompt, and dextrous to find Excuses for the greatest Faults a Friend can ever commit: much more ingenuous to palliate the *Peccadillo's* of a Mistress. This Generous Passion, by a peculiar Force, extirpates all Revenge, and blots out the *Memoirs* of pass'd Unkindnesses. It ever springs and blooms with fresh desires, young vigorous Inclinations: Like to the Palm oppress'd with Weights, it higher grows: 'Twould fain increase, dilate, and stretch itself to Immortality. There's no Consideration, but that of Honour, can pretend to match, or stand in Competition with the Divine Regards of Love. And yet the most exalted Human Glory often veils to this soft Passion: The Conquerors of the World suffer themselves to be overcome by Women.

Wonder not therefore, that I, who am Flesh and Blood as well as other Men, could not now defend myself from fair *Daria's* Charms.

Excuse me in that I cannot now give thee any farther Account of this Adventure; being interrupted by a Messenger from *Eliachim* the Jew, who brings me Word, my Mother is very sick, and wants my Company. Expect another *Dispatch* speedily.

Paris, 15<sup>th</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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### L E T T E R   X I I I .

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

**T**IS written in the *Fates*, That Man should once at least be vanquish'd by a *Woman* in his Life. But 'tis my Chance to be twice subdued by one of that fair Sex. I know not whether I acquainted thee with the Love I formerly bore to *Daria*, a beautiful Greek Lady sojourning in *Paris*. Neither have I at this Instant an Opportunity to look over the File of my Letters, they being in my Lodgings, and I at *Eliachim's* House, where I writ this Letter, for the sake of a Convenience, which offers itself, of sending thee a small *Present* of *Watches* and *Oriental Stones*, by a *Jew*, a *Merchant*, who is just departing for *Constantinople*.

However, if thou art curious to know the Circumstances of this Amour I speak of, our Friend *Oglou* can inform thee of it. In the mean time, suffer me  
to

to vent some of my Thoughts concerning Women, and the Love of them rooted so deeply in our Hearts by *Nature*. None of our Sex could e'er escape this gentle Passion, it being mixed and blended in our very Original *Embryo's*, and after cherish'd with our Mothers Milk. It was the peculiar Mystery of our Nurses, by a thousand Female Tricks and Arts of necessary Tendernefs, to blow and kindle up the little Sparks of this immortal Fire, within our Infant *Souls*; whilst from their Breasts we suck'd and guzzled down inebriating *Philters* and *Love-Potions*, more forcible and durable than those the *Grecian Maids* compound by *magick* Rules when they wou'd captivate some lovely Youth within their Snares. Our Blood thus fed with early sympathetick Draughts, becomes the Seminary of a thousand amorous Inclinations; general, unform'd, and volatile Affections to that Sex: 'Till Time and Opportunity fix our loose Desires on some particular *Maid*, whom *Fate* or *Chance* has brought into our View. At the first Glance, she darts from her enchanting Eyes the perfect Image of her *Soul*, which penetrates like Lightning, our most interior Faculties. The swift *Idea* transforms us into its own Similitude; like melted Wax we take the momentary Impression of a Figure, which may last as long as we; or if we melt again, 'tis but to receive some other Stamp of Love. Thus our whole Life passes away in an enchanted Circle of Amours.

However, 'tis the Part of a wise Man to regulate this Passion, and not suffer it to degenerate into Dotage. There is much to be said in Praise of Women, and not a little in their Disparagement: As we are *Riddles* to ourselves, so *that Sex* is in a higher Degree *Mysterious* and a *Paradox*.

'Twould be a kind of sacrilegious Envy to conceal their Excellencies, and the Advantages they have of us in many Regards, whilst our partial Pen shall only publish their Defects and Infirmities. Some *Hebrew Doctors*, from the different Names of *Adam* and *Eve* draw

draw Arguments to prove the Dignity and Perfection of the *Female Sex*, in that *Adam* signifieth [*Earth*] but *Eve* expresses [*Life*]. For they affirm, that every Name which God impos'd on any Thing, describes its *Nature* and *Qualities*, as a *Picture* represents the *Original*. Therefore by how much *Life* is more to be esteem'd than *Earth*, by so much more excellent, in the Opinion of those *Rabbies*, is *Woman* than *Man*.

They go farther also ; and from the Affinity between *Eve's* Name and the *Sacred* Name of God, the ineffable *Tetragrammaton* the *Cabalists* borrow Proofs in Confirmation of their *Doctrines*.

I know not whether such Critical Observations be of any Moment or no, in this Case ; yet thou know'st that all the *Eastern* Languages are full of hidden Mysteries ; each Word and Letter being impregnated with some *Divine* or *Natural* Secret, beside the common obvious Sense. Thus *Al Zerbi*, the holy *Mussulman* Doctor says, there's Magick in the Sacred Name of *Jesus*, and that whene'er it shall be once pronounc'd through the great Tube or Trump of *Michael*, it shall cause all the Powers in *Heaven*, in *Earth*, and *Hell*, to bow the *Knee*. This *Globe* whereon we tread, shall tremble, and all the *Elements* melt away ; the *Firmament* shall be snatch'd up like to the Motion of an *Eastern* Antiport, Veil, or Curtain. The wide-stretch'd *Orbs* above shall warp and rowl together, as a scorched Skin, or a Piece of Parchment does before a Fire. So forcible will be the Energy of that tremendous *WORD* by which the *Universe* was made, when God designs to rend this visible World of ours in Pieces, that he may reveal his nobler Works, the Worlds invisible and eternal. This mighty Frame on every Side will bow, and yield, and vanish : not able to support the crowding Train and Lustre of immortal Glories, radiant, bright *Essences*, descending in a Body from the high *Palaces* of God, the infinite Solitudes and Recesses of the *Omnipotent*.

Thou hast no Reason to be scandaliz'd at what I write as if I were a *Christian*. Thou seest I have a *Doctor* of the *Arabs* for my *Author*: A *True Believer*, and reputed Saint. Besides, if I am worthy to advise thee, let not the common Practice of *Mussulman* Professors in the *Imperial* City tempt thee to despise the *Blessed Son* of *Mary*, of whom our *Holy Prophet* speaks so honourably. How many *Chapters* in the *Alcoran* do celebrate his Praise? I rather counsel thee to imitate the honest *Turcomans*, who are esteem'd the best of *True Believers*. These honour both *Jesus* and his matchless *Virgin-Mother*: So do the *Chupmessias*, and all good *Mussulmans*. As for the rest, they're either superstitious and morose *Fanaticks*, profligate *Renegadoes*, or loose, wild *Libertines*, who fear neither *God* nor *Man*.

And now I've mentioned that incomparable *Mary Mother* of the *Messias*, of whom the mighty *Alcoran* speaks such venerable Things; it is a fit Occasion to return from my Digression, and proceed in relating what the *Jewish Rabbies* say further in Commendation of the *Female Sex*.

They consider the Order which *God*, according to the *Writing* of *Moses*, observed in the Creation, *viz.* that among his Works, some are incorruptible and immortal; others subject to Corruption and Change; and that as he began in the noblest *Species* of the former, to wit, pure separate *Spirits*; so he ended in the most illustrious of the latter, that is, *Woman*; the last of all his Works, and the most perfect of compound Beings: For in her are center'd and consummated the Nature of the Heavens, the Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, with Minerals, Plants, and Animals, and whatsoever else was made before her. This is the Opinion of some *Hebrew Writers*, who believe, that *God* having made *Eve*, and then survey'd the *System* of his Works, found nothing more excellent or divinely fram'd than *Woman*. Therefore in her he rested and commenc'd the *Sabbath*, as if his Power and Wisdom now were tir'd and foil'd,

foil'd, and that he could not start the *Idea* of another Creature more perfect than her: Or, as if he did not esteem the *Universe* itself compleat without the last and most accomplish'd of his Works. For they hold it is absurd to believe, that God wou'd finish such a prodigious and admirable Task, in any mean or abject Thing. They also illustrate this by a Similitude, asserting, that the World being as it were an entire Circle, it follows by necessary Consequence, that it was finish'd in that Part, which by the most intimate Union couples the first Atom to the last.

They endeavour to strengthen this by the common Principle of *Philosophy*, which teaches that the End is always first in the Intention, and last in Execution. *Women* therefore being the last Work of the Creation, it is evident, say they, that she was the chief Design and Aim the *Almighty* had in building this immense Fabrick, which he first furnished and adorned with infinite Riches and Delights, and then introduced *her*, as into her own native, proper Palace, there to reign as absolute Queen over all his Works.

Besides, they take Advantage from the particular Place of her Creation to exalt *her*, in that she was form'd in *Paradise* among the *Angels*, whereas *Man* was made in the Common Waste among the *Brutes*. And therefore they say, *Women* have this peculiar Privilege, that when they look down from any eminent Height or Precipice, they feel no Dizziness or giddy Symptoms in their Head, no Mist or Dimness in their Eyes, being, as it were, nearer their proper Element, or lofty Birth-place; whereas it is common for Men to be troubled with these Accidents in such a Case.

But the most prevailing Argument they use, is taken from the stupendous Beauty of that *Sex*; which like the finer Sort of Clouds in Summer, seems to engross the Splendors of immortal Light, and so reflect them on the World. How matchless is a *Woman's* Form?



Form? What dazzling Majesty environs her from Head to Foot? Gaze on her lovely Countenance without Astonishment; or fix your Eyes on her's without an Ecstasy; those Lights which do mislead the *Morning Stars*, and cause the *Gods* to ramble from their *Heaven*, if what the *Ancient Poets* say be true. So did *Apollo* for his *Daphne*, and *Jupiter* for others of that charming *Sex*. Neither need we wonder at this, since the *Written Law* itself records, that *Angels* fell in Love with admirable *Maids of Human Race*, and took 'em for their Wives or Concubines, from whom the *Progeny of Giants* came. Thus more modern *Writers* testify, that incorporeal *Spirits* and *Dæmons* of all Ranks and Qualities, both good and bad, have been enflamed with ardent Passions for some *Mortal Virgin*. Which is no false or vain Opinion, as the incredulous Part of Men would fain insinuate, but a known Truth, confirm'd by many Experiences.

Indeed, so admirable is the Figure, Voice, and Mien of a fair *Woman*, that he is wilfully blind, who does not see, whatsoever Beauties the whole World is capable of, concenter'd in that *Sex*. And for this Reason 'tis, that not only *Man*, with *Angels*, *Dæmons*, *Genii*, *Satyrs*, and the whole Series of *Rational Beings*, admire a fair *Woman*; but also the very *Brutes* are struck with a profound Amazement at her Sight: With Sighs and silent Vows the *Animal Generations* pay Homage to her, and adore the stately Idol. Every Thing in *Nature* is enamour'd, and lies prostrate at her Feet: She alone commands the *Universe*.

Yet after all, my Brother, they have their dark Side too, like the rest of mixed *Beings*. They are the Frontier Passes of the World above, and that below; the Gates of Life and Death, the very Avenues to Heaven or Hell, according as they are us'd. Like Fire they'll warm and refresh a Man, if he keep at a due Distance; but if he approach too near, they'll scorch and blister him, if not consume him quite.

quite. Or, like that other Element of Water, they're very good and serviceable, whilst kept within their Bounds; but let them once break down the Banks of Modesty, they'll threaten all with Ruin. In a word, 'tis neither safe to vex 'em in the least, or humour 'em too much. The Excess of Fondness, as well as the Defect of natural Love, may equally undo us. Prudent Generosity is the only Method of making ourselves happy in the Enjoyment of this *Sex*.

Dear *Pesteli*, let us reverence ourselves, and then we cannot fail of due Respect from our *Wives* and *Concubines*. For they love a Man that's truly masculine and brave.

Paris, the 15th of the 10th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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

*To the same.*

**J**UST as I'd finish'd t'other Letter, I was alarm'd afresh with new Discoveries of *Solyman's* Treachery. That barbarous *Dog* is certainly an *Imp* of *Hell*, a *Devil* in human Flesh; an adventitious Plant, pluck'd from the dreary Banks of *Phlegethon*, or *Cocytus*, and engrafted in our noble Stock, on purpose to ruin and destroy us. The whole *Tribe* is bound to curse him with immortal Execrations. He industriously seeks and studies all Occasions to do mischief. His Veins sure stream with fiercest Venoms, rather than with human Blood. The Poison of *Dragons* and *Asps* is under his Tongue, and the Gall of *Crocodiles* within his Lips. His Lungs breathe nothing but infernal Smokes; the Spirit *Negider* times the *Systole* and *Diofsole* of his Heart; and his whole Body is a  
Den

Den of Fiends, as foul and black, as those which guard the Throne of the great *Prince of Darkness*.

I could have easily forgiven his sly malicious Attempts upon my Life and Honour, his interloping Tricks and Plots, his Calumnies and Slanders, with all the Train of his perfidious Actions: But that he should abuse the virtuous *Fatima*, Daughter to our Uncle *Useph*, is an Injury I can't put up, or pardon. That innocent Lady ne'er deserv'd such cruel, unmanly Usage at his Hands. The Dregs of a thousand bitter Curses be his Potion to drink in *Hell*, unless he repent of this prodigious Baseness, and make honourable Satisfaction.

Thou wilt wonder, perhaps, what is *Solyman's* Crime, that fills me with such implacable Resentments. Know then, that *Fatima's* Husband being call'd to the *Grand Signior's* Service in the *Wars of Dalmatia*, and for that Reason forced to tarry from her above these fourteen *Moons*, she entrusted *Solyman* with an Affair of grand Importance, a Matter which concern'd her Life, Honour, and Welfare in the World. It seems she had a Quarrel with an old *Grecian Hag*, who sought to prostitute her to the Great *Cadi* of *Smyrna*, where she lives. This *Grandee* had by a strange Accident seen *Fatima* in a Bath, frequented only by *Women of Quality*. However, through some Neglect of the Servants, he was not spy'd himself, but went away deeply in Love. That Passion, thou knowest, makes every body restless, that is tormented with it. He knew not how to ease himself, but by communicating his Thoughts to the forementioned *Grecian* Widow, whom he had often made the Confident of his Amours. The thorough-pac'd *Barvd* soon promis'd him Relief, and that she would accomplish his Desires. However, she fail'd, and found herself mistaken, when she came to tempt the inviolate Chastity of *Fatima*: For all her glittering Promises, her softest *Rhetorick* could never corrupt a Heart established firm in *Virtue*.

Mad at her Repulse, she studies how to be reveng'd, conceiving it not impossible to bring her Designs about by Violence, since fair Persuasions would not do. She frames a formal Accusation against *Fatima* before the *Cadi*, taxing her with *Witchcraft* and other Crimes upon Oath. The *Cadi* having learned his Lesson, would not hear the *Cause* in open *Divan*; but pretending Indisposition of Body, caus'd her to be brought before him in his private Bed-Chamber. The *Greek* had ready by her several suborn'd Witnesses, to depose most horrid Things against the innocent Woman. When the *Cadi* professing an entire Respect to *Fatima's* Husband, seem'd to take Pity on her Circumstances, and wav'd the farther Prosecution of the *Cause* till another Time, keeping *Fatima* Prisoner in the mean while in his own *Palace*.

All this was manag'd so privately, that no body in the Town took notice of it, save an Acquaintance or two of the *Grecian* Widew's, and *Solyman* our worthy Cousin, who happen'd to be at *Smyrna* in this very Juncture among his other Rambles.

Persons in trouble are willing to fly for Refuge to any Friend, desiring their Assistance. *Fatima* all in Tears at such an unexpected Change of her Condition, had Leisure and Opportunity to speak to *Solyman*, conjuring him to go to certain intimate Friends of our *Family*, living in *Aleppo*, and tell them her Circumstances. Instead of this, the faithless Villain goes to her Husband's Friends at *Tripoli*, telling them the utmost shameful and scandalous Things of *Fatima* his Malice could invent; and that by her lewd Courses she had well-nigh ruin'd her Husband; producing at the same time forged *Bills* and Letters as from him, whereby he rais'd a thousand *Zequins*, with which the peijur'd Villain's gone no body knows whither, to make his broken Fortunes once again, and lay a Foundation for new Cheats. Whilst the poor injur'd *Fatima* is forced to bear the Reproach and Infamy of Things

Things whereof she ne'er was guilty. But Time, I hope, will clear her Innocence, and bring that cursed Vagabond to Shame.

I counsell'd him indeed long ago to travel, and see the various *Regions* of the Earth: But I ne'er advis'd him to load his *Soul* in such long Voyages with the Guilt of base Ingratitude, barbarous Malice, Perfidy, and other Vices of the blackest Hue. The smaller Frailties, Stains, and Blemishes of Human Life, are too great a Burden for a generous Heart to bear without Complaints and Sighs. He that has but a Spark of Virtue in him, blushes for every *Peccadillo* he commits. If tempted by good Company, or in hopes to banish melancholy Thoughts, he indulge himself a larger Draught of Wine than what is ordinary, and so insensibly boil up his Blood to irregular Height, and Superfluities, he is all this while nobody's Foe but his own; he plots no Mischief against his Friend, Relation, harmless Neighbour, or Acquaintance. All the Enmity he shews is to himself, and in his Cups he is not aware of that. For which Reason afterwards to expiate the criminal Advances he made to Self-Murder, he willingly scums off the grosser Ebullition of its heated Veins in penitent Weeping: A Flood of Tears runs from his Eyes, like generous *Libations* at the Foot of the *Altar*, to pacify the Wrath of God; whilst the lighter Part evaporates in pious Sighs and Vows. Thus this Pollution vanishes like Smoke, and he is soon made clean again. And so in other Vices 'tis the same with Men dispos'd to Virtue: They endeavour to root out the evil Habits they are accustomed to: They try all Ways and Stratagems to reform themselves. But wicked Men, by Inclination, sin on without Remorse: They never study to retrench the Evils they commit: Ever propense to Vice, they chuse its Ways, and court the Opportunities of doing impious Things. They're natively unjust, and cannot live at Ease without premeditated Crimes; It is their Element to be projecting Mischief: And such a one is *Solyman* our Cousin.

God inspire him with more grateful Sentiments towards his Friends, more Natural and Affectionate to those of his *Blood*, and a more just Deportment to all Men: Or else he may be like *Cain*, who for murdering his Brother was condemn'd to be a *Vagabond* on Earth; and like *Zeuli Bazar* the *Persian*, who falsely accus'd *Hofain* the *Prophet*, and for that Reason was troubled with a *Palsy* in his Head as long as he liv'd.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## L E T T E R X V.

To the Mufti's Vicar.

I Sent an Account to the *Porte* of the Death of the late *Rumbeg*, or *Pope*, who is the great *Patriarch* of the *Nazarenes*. Now the *Cardinals* have chosen another to succeed him, whom they call *Clement IX*, a Man of a great Character for Learning and Piety, and one from whom the *Franks* expect glorious Things to be done for the Publick Good of *Christendom*.

These *Popes* seem to inherit the Authority and Honour of the Ancient *Pontifex Maximus*, or *High-Priest* of the *Romans* in the Time of *Paganism*. Nay, they assume a far more ample and uncontrollable Power. For those *Gentile Prelates* always submitted to the *Imperial* Authority, from which they received Protection and Maintenance. But these *Christian Fathers* acknowledge no *Superior* on Earth. *Kings* and *Emperors* do Homage to them, and perform the meanest Services; as to hold the *Basin* whilst the *Pope* washes his Hands; to hold the *Stirrup* whilst he mounts or alights from off his *Mule*. Sometimes Great *Princes* lead his *Horse* by the Bridle; whilst at another Season they carry him on their Shoulders. 'Tis recorded, that

*Eumenes*

*Eumenes*, King of *Pergamus*, came to *Rome*, and pulling off his *Turbant*, humbly laid it on the Ground before the *Senate*, confessing he receiv'd his Liberty from them. And *Prusus*, King of *Bitbynia*, us'd to stile himself the *Roman Senate's Slave*, and bow down to the Earth before them. But this is nothing to the Reverence which greatest *Monarchs* pay the *Pope*, when crawling on their Hands and Knees, they kiss the Sandal on his Foot.

He can make and depose *Kings* at Pleasure, absolve *Subjects* from their Allegiance, bind and remit Sins, open and shut the Gates of *Paradise*, *Purgatory*, and *Hell*, or at least he endeavours to make the World believe so.

He has Seventy *Cardinals* for his Assistants and Counsellors, all equal to *Princes*: A Hundred and Thirty *Archbishops* under his Obedience: A Thousand and Seventeen *Bishops*: A Hundred and Forty Four Thousand *Monasteries* and *Religious Houses*; Three Hundred Thousand *Parishes* obeying his Will, and yielding Homage to him. So that if he were resolv'd to carry on some lasting *War*, he need only lay an Impost of Six Crowns a Year on every *Monastery*, and Fifty Two on every *Parish*, and it would amount to Sixteen Millions of Crowns yearly Income. And if out of every *Monastery* he chose out Ten Men, he wou'd have an Army of Fourteen Hundred and Forty Thousand Men. Which is more than any *Potentate* in the World can do beside.

Thou wilt say, 'Tis a Wonder then he does not put this in Practice, and so wage *War* with the *Grand Signior*, who has fleec'd him of many flourishing Countries formerly under his Obedience.

O Sacred Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, God has tied up his Hand; he cannot do it. These are but empty Speculations, impracticable Projects, fantastick *Chimera's*. The mighty Train of his *Archbishops*, *Bishops*, *Parish-Priests*, with *Jesuits*, *Monks* and *Friars*, though never so willing to obey his Orders in such a Case, yet cannot stir a Foot without the Leave of their

respective *Sovereigns*. For they're dispers'd through divers Kingdoms, States, and Principalities, where they are subject to the Laws and Government in Force. So that unless he cou'd unite the Hearts of all the *Christian Princes* one with another, and with his own, to undertake so grand an Expedition, it is impossible ever to effect his Will. Each *Nation* has an Interest of its own to pursue, which makes 'em deaf to such Proposals as may embarrass, if not ruin them. No *Peter* of the *Desart*, rambling up and down from *Court to Court*, with his Religious Harangue, will e'er again prevail to raise another *Crusade*: That Zeal is out of Fashion now in *Christendom*. Kings in these later Ages, have not half the Attach and Veneration for the *Pope* they had in former Times. When *Pope Boniface VIII* claimed a Temporal Jurisdiction in *France*, *Philip the Fair*, being then King, sent him this short Answer; *Let thy Great Sottishness know, that in Temporals we are subject to none but God alone*. And a *French Ambassador* at *Rome*, speaking something boldly to the *Pope*, the *Prelate* reproach'd him, *That his Father was burnt for a Heretick*; whereupon the *Ambassador* gave him such a Box o' th' Ear, that he fell down as dead. But it was a tart Message indeed, which the *Eastern Bishops* sent to *Pope John III*, who claim'd an Universal Authority over all the Churches in the World. For say they, *We firmly believe thy Absolute Authority over thy own Subjects; but we who are not subject to thee, cannot bear thy Pride, nor are we able to satiate thy Avarice. The Devil be with thee, and God with us*.

In a word, all *Denmark*, *Swedeland*, *Norway*, *Holland*, *England*, *Scotland*, *Geneva*, *Ireland*, half the *Empire*, and half *Swisserland*, are fallen off from their Obedience to the *Pope* within these Two Hundred Years. And those *Kingdoms* and *Statts* which yet continue under the Yoke, are ready to shake it off at every Turn, when they are never so little gaul'd and vex'd, *France*, *Spain*, and *Venice* often huff the *Pope* into Compliance with their Demands. Nor dares he to resist,  
but



but winks and puts up all, like an old decrepit *Father*, for whom his Sons are grown too strong.

*Holy Successor* of the *Prophet* and *Messenger* of *God*; thou art th' *Infallible Interpreter* of the *Law*, and *Judge* of *Equity*, yet dost not arrogate a *Power* above thy *Commission*. The *Grand Signior* honours thy *Wisdom* and *Sanctity*; and thou obey'st with humble *Submission* to the *Imperial Edicts*. He is thy *Lord*, and thou his *Guide* and *Tutor* in the *Way to Paradise*. May *God* increase thy *Illuminations* with thy *Years*, and inspire me and all the *True Faithful* with sincere *Loyalty* to our *Sovereign*, and devout *Obedience* to thee, without the least *Allay* of *Treachery* or *Superstition*.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at  
Vienna.

NOW thou seest I am a truer *Prophet* than thy *New Messias*, that *Impostor Sabbati Sewi*: And yet, though I'm so in effect, I do not aspire at the *Title*. I claim no *Character* above that of a *Mortal*, who has not quite forfeited his *Sense* and *Reason*. However, if thou wilt yet retain some *Veneration* for his *Person*, shew it by imitating his *Example*, and embrace the *Mussulman Faith* as he has done: At least he outwardly professes it; and had the *Honour* to do so first in *Presence* of the *Sultan*. I know not whether thou hast heard of this or no: Thy *Brethren* perhaps may be unwilling to disperse the *News* of a *Conversion* bringing so much *Infamy* to all your *Race*. 'Tis possible they are asham'd to own or publish to the *World*, the *Tidings* of their

own egregious Folly, in giving up their *Faith* to such a Cheat as this; a Cheat as one would think grown stale and fetid enough, to make a Man that had the smallest Grain of Sense recoil, considering how oft your *Fathers* have been bubbled before by such upstart *Messias's*, such spurious *Prophets* as this.

I commend the Wit of *Sabbati Sewi*, in that he would not stand the Brunt of the *Grand Signior's Ar-èbers*, or by a vain Presumption hope for Miracles from Heaven to skreen his naked Body from a Shower of fatal Shafts. Had he been so rash, I should esteem him the greatest Miracle of Stupidity that e'er was extant on the Earth. If thou hast not been yet inform'd of these Passages, Fame will quickly bring them to thy Ears, and then my Letter will not seem obscure. In the mean time, assure thyself, he deny'd his *Apostleship* to save his Life, and this before the *Grand Signior*, with the chief *Grandeers* of the Court: where at the same time he confess'd *One God*, and *Mabomet* his Messenger. If thou art his *Disciple* therefore thou oughtest to be stedfast, and tread in his Steps, giving Glory to the *Eternal One*, who has sent *Prophets* into all Nations, to lead Men in the right Way, as he sent *Moses* to the House of *Israel*.

*Nathan*, suffer no narrow Principles, no partial Prejudices to shut up thy *Soul* from the bright Splendors of Immortal Truth which shine on every Man. The Light of *Heaven* is not confin'd to one particular *Lineage*. 'Tis copious, large, and infinite; spreading abroad its Universal Rays, enlightning all the Families and Nations on Earth.

'Tis true, I grant, the *Omnipotent* first sent *Moses* with the *Written Law* to the Posterity of *Isaac*. Had they obey'd the *Sacred Institution*, 'tis possible your *Race* had now been bless'd above the rest of Men. Perhaps your *Fathers* would have stretch'd their *Conquests* far and wide to the utmost Limbs of the *Land*; from *India* to the *Western Shores* of *Africk*, and from the remote Borders of the *South* to *Nova Zembla* in the *Arctic Circle*. Then devout Princes would have  
travell'd

travell'd from the *Four Angles* of the World, and made long *Pilgrimages* to *Jerusalem*, there to perform their *Vows*, and offer *Sacrifices* to the *King of Heaven*.

But, alas! your *Ancestors* turn'd *Infidels* and *Idolaters* even at the very Foot of *Mount Sinai*, whilst the tremendous *Echoes* of the *Thunders* yet were in their Ears. They made themselves a *Calf of Gold*, and ador'd the *Idol* of their own Workmanship. So did their *Children* worship *Adonis*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and almost all the *Rabble* of the *Gentile Gods* and *Goddeffes*. For which Reason, the *Wrath of Heaven* was kindled against that *Generation*: *God* rouz'd the mighty *Monarchs* of the *East* to take up *Arms*, and punish such a *Wicked Race* of Men. How oft was fair *Jerusalem* sack'd, and all the *Jews* destroy'd or carried away *Captives* by *Persians*, *Medes*, *Affyrians*, or the *Kings* of *Babylon*? How many *Prophets* were sent to tell them of their *Errors*, and reclaim them? But the obdurate *Sons of Jacob* stopp'd their Ears, being resolutely bent on *Wickedness*; the Measure of which being once compleat, *Fate* sign'd the *Edict* of your utter *Ruin*. For then came *Jesus* the *Son of Mary*, the *True Messias*, who foretold the irrecoverable *Catastrophe* of *Jerusalem*, which came to pass accordingly in that very Age, when the *Victorious Roman Army* laid it all in *Ashes*, not so much as sparing the *Glorious Temple of Solomon*. Ever since which, the *Jews* have been disperfed abroad through all the *Earth*. Each *Nation*, *City*, or *Province* where ye live, account ye *Execrable Fugitives* and *Vagabonds*.

In the mean while the *Fame of Jesus* spread abroad; his heavenly *Doctrine*, perfect *Life*, and mighty *Miracles*, subdu'd the *Hearts of Men*, *Christianity* took *Root* i' th' *World*: It grew and branch'd itself throughout the *Continent*. The *Roman* and the *Grecian Empires* tamely sat down under the *Church's* *Shade* within three *Hundred Years*; and quickly after, other *Nations* fled unto the *sacred Shelter*. But in *Process of Time*, this *Religion* also, like to your's, degenerated.

degenerated into Error, Superstition, and Idolatry. And then *God* rais'd up *Mabomet*, our *Holy Law-giver*. He sent him down the *Book of Glory* by the *Hand of Gabriel*; and commanded him to teach it to the *House of Ismael* first, and then to all Men that were willing to embrace the *Undefiled Faith*: But to chastise with Fire and Sword the *Infidels* who should oppose his *Mission*, and resist the *Truth*.

How soon the *Mussulman Law* took place, and gained Ground in *Arabia*, *Persia*, *Syria*, and the adjacent *Regions* of the *East*? Nothing was able to stand before the Warlike Troops of *True Believers*. How bold and matchless were the Actions of the Valiant *Hali*? How wise the Counsels of Sage *Omar*, and *Abu-Bacre*? How eloquent and forcible the Words of the Chaste and Generous *Osman*? The *Prophet* was happy in the Company of all the *Holy Caliphs*: They fought and conquered all before them.

Whenever the Heavenly *Banner* was display'd, Trembling and Horror seiz'd the *Infidels*. Showers of successful Arrows strait were sent, against which the *Uncircumcised* could not stand; much less could they sustain the near Approach, and dreadful Shock of our *Invincible Cavalry*. Their faint *Batallions* quickly shrunk, and posted from the Field; whilst ours, unmindful of the Spoil, pursued the Chace, and strewed the Ground with slaughtered Carcases of flying Miscreants. Conquest attended the *True Faithful*, whenever they drew their Swords. Thus for above these Thousand Years has Religion made its fortunate Advances on the Earth: And if another *Law* should be revealed, and some new *Prophet* rise to check the farther Growth of *Mussulman Faith*, and undermine the *Empire* of the *Faithful*; we ought not to reflect on *Mabomet* for this, as though he were an *Impious Seducer*, any more than we do on *Moses* for your Calamities; or on *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, for the declining State of *Christendom*.

'Tis not impossible, but that the *Omnipotent* may have hidden Reserves of *Precepts*, yet to be divulged. He has had his various Methods and Dispensations in all Ages and Parts of the World: Neither is it fit for Mortal Man to limit the *Eternal One*, or set him Rules. His Methods are to us incomprehensible. He sent *Moses*, a Man bred up in all the Sciences and Wisdom of the *Egyptians*. To *Jesus* he committed his hidden Power and Knowledge; and the *Apostles* spake all *Languages*. But *Mahomet* could neither write nor read, and yet thou seest his *Law* has profelyted many mighty *Kingdoms*, *States*, and *Empires*. Who knows, but that in future Times he will convert the *Apostate World* by some *Dumb Person*, who can neither hear nor speak? Or by some blind Man, who could never see? Or it is not impossible, but that he may employ some *Maid* of admirable Beauty, Gifts, and Learning in the *Mysterious Work*. So were the *Sibyls* of old inspir'd with *sacred* Wisdom and Foreknowledge of Things to come. All fill'd with inward Blasts of some *Immortal Wind*, the pregnant *Virgins* soon conceiv'd deep *Mysteries* of *Fate*, which they writ down on Leaves of Trees: For they were *Eremites*, and Ten in Number, as *Ancient Records* say: One of them liv'd at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where her Cave is shewn to Travellers at this Day. They foretold what should happen in After-times, particularly the *Birth* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*: But they never said a Word of *Sabbati Sevi*, or of any other *Messias*, to come after the First. These *Holy Maids* were had in great Veneration by the *Gentiles*, who gather'd up the scatter'd Leaves whercon they writ their *Prophecies*, and transcrib'd them carefully on Paper, that so the *sacred Memoirs* might be deliver'd safe down to *Posterity*.

By what I have said, *Nathan*, thou may'st perceive that I aim at nothing else, but to wean thee from the superstitious, fond Conceit of your *Nation*, and to make thee sensible, That though *God* once favoured the *Jews* with *Oracles* of *Light* and *Reason*, yet they

have for many *Ages* forfeited this Privilege. Since which, he gave the *Gospel* to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, the *Alcoran* to *Mabomet*, and at all Times has sent *Messengers* and *Prophets* to every Nation and People on Earth.

There are no partial *Biasses* in the *Divinity* which made the *Worlds*. He is an inexhaustible *Abyss* of *Love*, of *Light*, and *Life*; where every *Creature* drinks its *Fill* of *Natural* Happiness, according to the different *Ranks*, *Capacities*, and *Desires* of Things. He vests the *Sun* with an *Immortal* Robe of *Light*, the *Train* of which is *born up* by the *Moon* and *Stars*.

When *Phœbus* is upon the *Wing* by *Day*, his *Garment* covers all the *Sky*; the *Golden Fringes* of it dangle to the *Globe*, and trail along in the *miry Soil*, yet never gather the least *Speck* of *Dirt*: They are *dipped* and *plunged* in *Rivers*, *Lakes*, and *Seas*, without being *wet*: and yet they drink up *all* the *Ocean* by *successive* Draughts. This lower *World* rejoices in the *glittering* Shew; the *Elements* with every *Being* compounded of them, *bask* in the welcome *Rays*. So do the *Planets* above, who take a singular *Pleasure* to *fold* some *Part* of the *Illustrious* *Dress* about them. They *wrâp* themselves *half* up in *borrowed* *Light*, and then, like *Western Franks*, they foot it to and fro in their beloved *Walks* above, giving the necessary *Salutes* and *Conges* to each other *en Passant*, and to the *Sedentary Signs* and fixed *Stars*, to see if any of them mind their *Courtly* *Garb* and *Mien*: For they are the *Sun's* *Domestick Pages*, the *Favourites* of his *Serail*. At other *Seasons* they stand still, perhaps to gaze upon themselves, in *Contemplation* of the *Majestick* *Figure* they make.

So have I seen a proud conceited *Spanish* *Trumpeter*, after he had blown a *Levet* pretty well, lay down the *Silver* *Instrument* with a *disdainful* *Gravity*. His *Cheeks* all swoln with inclos'd *Air*, and *Soul* puffed up with *Arrogance*, he struts and curls his black *Mustaches*. Then with big *Looks*, surveys himself

himself from Head to Foot; casting an Eye of Scorn upon the silent *Tube*, conscious that he alone can make it sound so well.

Thou wilt say, I wander in my Discourse as much as those *Heavenly Bodies* I am speaking of. 'Tis true, *Nathan*, our Thoughts are free, and not confin'd to Rules and Forms: We easily slip from one Imagination to another. And since I have made this *Planetary* Digression, suffer me now, like them, to run retrograde, and come to the Point from which I rov'd.

Doubtless, each individual *Being* is fill'd with its *Essential* Bliss. The Fire has its Specifick Happiness; so has the Air, the Water, and the Earth, with all the living Generations on it. And when the *Most High* distributed the *Sons* of *Human Race* through all the various *Climates*, *Zones*, and *Provinces*, he furnished every Region of the Globe with Gifts and Products, Riches and Delights, agreeable to the Inhabitants; with this *Proviso*, that they should live in Innocence, Justice, and according to Reason. From which *Eternal Law*, if any People swerv'd, they should forfeit their Privileges, and be subdu'd, if not extirpated, by some more virtuous Nation.

From hence sprung all the *Revolutions* of *Mighty Kingdoms* and *Empires*; one successively supplanting another to this Day. And the Sins of your *Nation* being greater it seems, than those of any other, *God* has dispers'd you over all the Earth, without suffering you to inherit or possess a Foot of Ground.

If ever therefore *Fate* designs to restore the *Jews*: again to the *Holy Land*, wherein their *Fathers* liv'd; never expect it, till your erroneous Minds and vicious Manners are reform'd. For *Palesine* was never seated so deliciously for bloody Zealots, Hypocrites, and cruel Usurers to enjoy.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER XVII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**D**ARIA's a Quean, a Jilt; and I am once more cur'd of my Dotage. There is no Trust in Woman's Beauty, Faith, or Wit: They are deceitful as the Fruit of *Asphaltites*: They are perfect *Riddles* and *Paradoxes*, and have more unlucky Tricks than cross-grain'd *Elves* or *Fairies*. When a Man, overheated by his amorous Passion, thinks to embrace a *Goddeſs*, he meets with *Ixion's* Fate, and only hugs a gaudy *Cloud* or *Meteor*.

I will not make thee ſick with a particular Rehearſal of my ſecond Folly, in being ſo fond of one who had betray'd me formerly. I will not repeat the vain Addreſſes I made, the kind obliging Things I ſpoke, nor her deceitful Answers. I will not tell thee how ſhe drill'd me on into her Snares, and led me Captive in an amorous Circle. Content thyſelf to know, that I have been *Twice* her *Cully*; and if ever I am the *Third* Time, 'twill be my own Fault, as the *Italian* ſays. No, my *Dgnet*, I have done with that *False Sex*. Henceforth for ever I abjure all amorous Regards of Woman, I will ſhun them, as I would a Peſtilence. I will either ſhut my Eyes, or turn them another Way at leaſt, whenever I meet a *Female*. I will not think of them, but with Diſdain and Hatred. Finally, I am off from them to all Intents and Purpoſes.

However, as the *Arabian Proverb* ſays, *That Wind blows from an unlucky Point of the Compaſs, which waſts no good to Somebody*; ſo from *Daria's* falſe and feigned Smiles, I reap ſome Benefit. I have learn'd a Secret, which has rid my Spirit of a Thouſand Cares, Diſquiets and Agonies.

In the Year 1664, of the *Chriſtian Hegira*, ſent  
a Letter



a Letter to the noble *Kerker Haffan Bassa*, our Countryman; wherein I inform'd him of an Assassin made upon me in the dark, as I was going to my Lodgings, and how I kill'd the Russian that attempted on my Life. I told that generous *Grandee* all my Jealousies and Conjectures on that Subject; how I suspected some of my Enemies at the *Porte* to have a Hand in the Design; or else that my *Sicilian Master* was concern'd in it. I knew not well what to conclude. But now I am satisfied 'twas *Daria's* Husband, who resenting deeply my former Amour with her, which she discovered to me at large, could never be at rest till he saw *Paris*, where he design'd to be the Executioner of his own Revenge, and lay in wait accordingly for my late returning home: For he was not ignorant of my Lodging. His Wife knew nothing of his Design, he having pretended other Business at the City. And 'twas from accidental Words in her Discourse, that I collected this great Secret. For when I ask'd her of her Husband's Health, she told me, he was kill'd at such a Time by Night, in an Alley of *Paris*, by whom she never yet could learn. But I strait blush'd with Conscioufness, and took the Hint. I dropp'd some necessary, careless *Queries* by degrees: And all her Answers still confirm'd me, as to Time and Place, with other Circumstances, that he must be the Man I murder'd in my Defence so long ago.

I kept this Secret lock'd up in my Breast; nor could my doting Fondness melt me into such a soft and easy Temper, as to betray myself to her. But I took inward Pleasure at the Thoughts of my Deliverance from that sudden violent Death, and from my After-Cares and Fears by this Discovery. Henceforward I'll suspect no *Mussulman*, tho' my Enemy: Nor shall I be so fearful of my *Sicilian Master*: No panick Terrors shall confine me to my Chamber, and make me spend my Days in fretting and consuming Melancholy. I will not be surpriz'd when Strangers knock at the Gate, or when I hear the blustering Voices of the Parish Officers

ficers below, or the Collectors of the King's Revenues. Yet these before were dreadful as the *Sultan's Attescheriff*, or *Fatal Warrant*, when he demands a *Bassa's* Head; so forcible is Jealousy and suspended Thoughtfulness; so black the Influence even of mis-grounded Apprehension, and mistaken Guilt.

My *Dgnet*, this mortal Life is a dark *Labyrinth* of cross Events. Bewilder'd Man gropes up and down; he often trips and stumbles at Contingencies; he strays about in thorny rugged Paths, not knowing where he is, or which way to turn himself. Sometimes an *Ignis Fatuus*, with its deceitful Light, mis-guides him in miry Places, Fens, and Bogs, where he is in danger of being swallow'd up; or leads him to the Brink of an high Precipice, where if he advance but one Step more, he is gone beyond Recovery; he falls and dashes himself to pieces on under growing Rocks.

Reason is the only Clue that can conduct us safe through all the Windings of the perilous Maze. *Heaven* grant that thou and I may never let go our Hold of this so necessary Faculty, until he has conducted us safe to *Paradise*.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## L E T T E R   X V I I I .

*To the Kaimacham.*

**L**AST Year I gave thee an Account of the Birth of a young *Princess* of *France*. Now I shall inform thee, that she was baptiz'd on the 21st of this *Moon*. *Baptism* with the *Nazarenes* is equivalent to our *Circumcision*; nay, 'tis something more *Divine*, if we may believe them: They call it the *Sacrament* of *Initiation*, the *First Mystery* of *Christian Faith*. But when 'tis apply'd

ply'd to Children of *Royal* Extraction, the Sons or Daughters of *Kings*, it looks more like a *Ceremony of State*, than a *Mystery of Religion*. However, be it what it will, 'tis perform'd with abundance of Pomp and Magnificence. And at this *Ceremony* it is that every *Christian* receives his *Name*, which is given by the *Godfathers* and *Godmothers*, that is, Persons who stand *Sureties* for the Child's Education in the *Christian Religion*. This *Princess* was nam'd *Maria Theresa* by the *Duchess Dowager* of *Orleans*, and by the Duke of *Enguien*.

On the same Day the *Cardinal Duke* of *Vendosme* had Audience of the *King* and *Queen*, in Quality of *Legate de-Latere* from the *Pope*. It seems the *King* of *France* had desired the *Pope* to stand *Godfather* to the *Dauphin*, which the good *Prelate* accepting, sent this *Cardinal* as his *Deputy* and *Representative* to perform the *Charge*. He is to give the *Dauphin* his *Name*. In the mean while, he stands much upon *Punctilio's*, requires vast Respects and Submissions from the *French Bishops*; and carries himself with as much State, as if he were a *God*, or an *Angel*; looking as big, as if he were the *Emperor* of the *Universe*. And well he may, since during his *Legation*, he has as much Power as the *Pope* himself; that *sovereign Prelate* having invested him with all his own Paternal full Authority; which he would make the World believe, is greater than that of *Earthly Kings* and *Emperors*. And yet he stiles himself the *Servant* of the *Servants* of *God*. A fine Piece of *Ecclesiastical Hypocrisy!* the Ways of these *Infidels* are double. Their Practice runs counter to their Profession: They would fain appear as *Saints*, when in effect they are little better than *Devils*.

There has been a great Alteration lately made in *Portugal*, the *Estates* of that *Nation* having compell'd their *King* to renounce his *Government*, and confer it on *Don Pedro* his Brother. The *Spaniard* laughs at this privately, hoping from their intestine Animosities to draw Occasions of advancing his own Interest, and of recovering that *Crown* again.

Accomplish'd

Accomplish'd *Minister*, there is nothing new under the *Moon*; but a perpetual Circle of the same Events. What we admire in this Age as a Novelty, has been acted o'er and o'er in former Times. Peace follows War, and War treads close upon the Heels of Peace. Faith, Perfidy, Sedition, Obedience, Virtue, and Vice, are the reciprocal Off-spring of each other. There's nothing fix'd or stable; but the World turns round upon Eternal Vicissitudes.

Paris, the 30th of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

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## L E T T E R   X I X .

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

**I** Received thy invaluable *Dispatch*, containing marvellous Things, Revelations of a sublime Rank, Mysteries heretofore undiscover'd: Yet I was not much surpriz'd, having all along presag'd some vast Improvement of *Learning* from thy accomplish'd Spirit, O thou *Terrestrial Star* of the *First Magnitude*, Chief in the *Constellations* of the *South*.

Glory be to God, who from infinite Darkness started the Eternal bright *Ideas* of the Universe: and on the Womb of everlasting Silence, begat the WORD by which he formed all Things. Doubtless, there is no Blemish in his Works; no Botches, Knobs, or disproportionable Unevennesses: The World's a perfect Beauty.

Were *Ptolemy* alive, thy *System* of the *Heavens* would put him to the Blush: And *Tycho Brahe* would sneak out of his *Planetary* Frame, by some wild and more than *Eccentric* Motion, ashamed that he had been such a Botcher in *Astronomy*. *Copernicus* himself  
would

would sink under the Burthen of the *Moon*, which the overloaded Earth would in revenge let fall upon him, for his unnatural Cruelty to his aged Mother; in burthening her so long; and all the World would celebrate thy Praise, who hast thus happily rescu'd *Heaven* and *Earth* from their Embarrassments.

Thy Thoughts are high and elevated to the *Heaven* of *Heavens*; yet thy Humility stoops to the *Centre* of the *Earth*. But all Mankind would be obliged to thee afresh, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to take the middle Path, and survey with thy accustomed Accuracy the Surface of this *Globe*, whereon we Mortals tread. *Geography* being already sensible of her elder Sister's Happiness in thy Correction and Amendments of the former *Astronomick* Schemes, languishes also for thy Supervisal of her own Defects and Blemishes.

Those that have measured the Earth, cannot agree in stating her Circumference: And there were few in former Times who did believe the *Antipodes*. The *Mussulmans* of *India* do assert, that the Earth is supported by eight mighty *Elephants*: And those of *Turky* say, it rests upon the *Horns* of a great *Bull*. If either of these Opinions were to be taken in the Literal Sense, it would put the dullest *Philosopher* to *Subsanna-tion*, or at least a Fit of Laughter. But doubtless they are *Allegories*, under which are veil'd some true and natural Secrets.

However, let the *Globe* rest where it will, on *Bulls*, or *Bears*, or *Elephants*, or *Camels*, *Dromedaries*, *Horses*, or the Back of *Atlas*, as the *Gentiles* did affirm; I would fain know, methinks, how large a Space of Land we have to tread upon, and what Proportion is allotted to the Sea.

'Tis true, we have a common Notion of *Four Quar-ters* of dry Land; *Asia*, *Africk*, *Europe*, and *America*. Yet this is quarrell'd at by those of later Times, who add a *Fifth*, which they call *Magellanica*, or the *Southern unknown Earth*. From immemorial Times, our *Fathers* were acquainted with the *Three First Divisions*

or Precincts of the *Globe*: But the two last were but of late discover'd, since the Improvement of *Navigation*, and the Invention of the *Compass*.

There is a vulgar Tradition, every where in Vogue, that after *Noah's Flood*, *Asia* fell to the Share of *Sem* and his *Posterity*, *Africk* to *Cham*, and *Europe* to *Japhet*. Whether this be true or no, cannot be prov'd, but is wholly owing to Conjecture. However, this is certain, that if it were so, there have been mighty Changes in the Inheritances of *Noah's Off-spring*, and Alterations of their several Limits: Infomuch, as now they seem to be in part blended and mix'd together, or at least shuffled from one to another.

Those who liv'd in the *Middle Ages*, made but *Two Divisions* of the *Globe*, viz. *Asia* and *Europe*, And in this they also differ'd: For some made *Africk* only a *Province*, or Part of the latter, persuading themselves that they were antiently joined together, tho' afterwards separated by a violent Irruption of the *Atlantick Sea* by the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, which before was a narrow *Isthmus*, or Neck of Land; but from the Time that Bank was washed away, the *Mediterranean Sea* derived its *Origin*. Others made *Africk* a Part of *Asia*, they being not absolutely parted by any *Sea*; tho' some *Egyptian Kings* and *Roman Emperors* attempted to make a *Canal* between the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea*.

A third Sort divided the known Part of the World into *Asia*, *Europe*, *Africk*, and *Egypt*: Whilst a fourth plac'd *Egypt* to the Account of *Asia*, making the River *Nile* the Boundary between it and *Africk*. But this was incommodious, in regard it left that Part of *Egypt* on the *West* of *Nile* to *Africk*. Such was the Confusion of the ancient *Greek* and *Roman Geographers*.

As for *America*, it takes its Name from *Americus Vesputius* a *Florentine*, who made the second Voyage to discover it. For it was first descry'd by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genoese*, in the Year of the *Christian Hegera* 1442, by the Order and at the Charge of *Ferdinand*,

*nand*, King of Arragon and Castile. This Part of the World is divided into two mighty Empires; the Northern, or that of Mexico; and the Southern, or that of Peru.

*Magellanica*, or the Southern Unknown Land, derives its Name from *Ferdinand Magellan*, the first that e'er discover'd it; in the Year 1520, when he sail'd quite round the Globe. About Five and forty Years afterwards, *Francis Drake*, an Englishman, touch'd upon the same Coasts; and twelve Years after him, *Thomas Candish*, one of his Countrymen. Likewise *Oliver van Noord*, a Hollander, undertook the same Voyage. But none made such Advances in this new Discovery, as a certain Spaniard, call'd *Ferdinand de Quier*.

God knows, what strange and unexpected Novelties this Country might afford, if Men were once acquainted with it. This may be the Sanctuary of the Ten Tribes of *Israelites*, which were led away Captives by *Salmanasser* King of *Affyria*: Or perhaps the Inhabitants of this Country are of another Race than that of *Noah* and *Adam*. We may from them, 'tis possible, derive new Lights, as to the Pre-existence of *human Souls*. Who knows, but they have Records more exact and antient than the *Indians* and *Chinese*? Be it how it will, I'm clear for new Discoveries. There is a certain specifick Boldness in my Spirit, which prompts me to invade the pretended Modesty of *Nature*: I long to furl the Veil, which hides so many Secrets; and with a Philosophick Confidence, were I in Power, I'd rumple up the envious Coverings of such desirable Wonders.

Oh! that some *God-like Monarch* in this Age would in *Royal Bounty* equip a *Navy*, and man them with the most expert and resolute Mariners on Earth, with Vessels to transport an Army of Land-Soldiers, with Tenders to carry Meat, Drink, Apparel, and other Necessaries for so vast an Expedition. Surely, the Event would answer Expectation, the Gains would far transcend the Cost, the Honour infinitely surpass the Peril

Peril ; and all our known familiar World would be oblig'd by such a fortunate Undertaking.

Sage *Omar*, it depends on thee to bring this Thing to pass. Start but the Proposal to some mighty *Sovereign*, thy Recommendation will be of Force. Thou wilt be more than a *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or *Pizarra*. In fine, thou wilt wind up the Searches of this inquisitive Age, and put a Stop to future Scrutinies.

I only hint the Thing ; do thou pursue it, and all Generations shall celebrate thy Fame. God inspire thee with fresh Ardors.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

## L E T T E R XX.

To *Osman Adrooneth*, Astrologer to  
the Sultan at *Adrianople*.

**O**LD *Ptolemy* was much out of his Biass ; his wild irregular Fancy, drunk with the Lees of *Aristotle's* dark Opinion and Conceit, stumbled and fell asleep upon the Thought of the *Earth's* being Centre to the *Universe*, and then the rest of the *World* seem'd to run round his giddy Head. He often strove to lift his heavy Noddle up, to see whether it were so or not. But the besotting Load of Prepossession weigh'd him down again : He slumber'd, dream'd, and snored loud, stretch'd out at large upon the fair *Chimæra*.

The studious Candidates of Truth and Science, by his Example fell to the same Riot in *Philosophy*, and continued the Debauch for many Ages : Till, too much surfeited and cloy'd with such a fulsome Entertainment, bold *Tycho Brahe* rubs up his Eyes, and wakes the Company with a new System of the mighty Frame.



Frame. Then all began to start and rouse, as at some Prodigy. His heavenly Gimcracks pleased the Palate of the Age. His *Epicycles, Eccentricks, Perigæ's, and Apogæ's*, with all the rest of his gay Whim-whams, were receiv'd with general Applause, till the more excellent *Copernicus* appear'd with something *newer* still: And then the blundering *Dane*, abash'd, slipp'd off the Stage, without so much as taking his Leave.

The Astronomers soon fell in Love, and paid implicit Adoration to the Idol which *Copernicus* set up; and it was but Reason, since they had never seen a fairer or a juster Scheme of the World before.

Yet every Age improves itself in Knowledge on the Ruins of the former. And thus what *Ptolemy* never found out, nor *Tycho Brahe* or *Copernicus* could mend or match, if now they were alive; is very lately discovered by the incomparable *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, President of the College of Sciences at *Fex*.

The happy *Musa Ab'ul Yatuстан*, Professor of *Philosophy* there, first started the Proposal of a *Mathematical* Experiment: And laying Heads together, the Primate of *Morosco* Doctors, Fathers of the *African Alsaqui's* living, found a true *Demonstration* in it.

I have lately receiv'd a *Dispatch* from that renown'd Prelate, with an inclosed Model of this Planetary Machine: A copy of which I send thee, drawn by my own Hand. It represents the Original to a Point. Examine it well, and thou wilt find 'tis much more regular and exact, than any of those antiquated Schemes; and answers all the Questions of *Astronomy* without the least apparent Blunder. Besides, it has a perfect Symmetry and Proportion in every Part: It makes the World appear a compleat Beauty. Whereas the Frame which *Tycho Brahe* made, was all deform'd with wild Unevennesses. Nor was the *System* of *Copernicus* without a manifest Botch, in making the small Orb of the Moon alone interfere with that of the *Earth*: Whilst all the other *Planets* circulate in their own entire and solitary *Spheres*, without an Interloper to disturb them.

Besides,

Besides, he makes the *Earth* an *Atlas* to the *Moon*, whilst this poor weary *Globe*, is forc'd, in his Opinion, to drudge yearly round the *Zodiack*, with the vast Burthen of *Diana* on its Shoulders.

If it be so, 'tis no wonder that the *Earth* so often faints and trembles under the mighty Load. Henceforth we need not lay the Blame of *Earthquakes* to *Enceladus*; as if the drowzy, snoring *Giant*, turning his monstrous bulky Corps from one side to the other, were the sole Cause of these Convulsions: When Mortals reel and stagger, as they walk upon the Surface; when Trees and Mountains rock as in a Cradle, and whole Cities are sometimes swallow'd up.

No; let poor *Enceladus* sleep on, and take what Rest he can in his *Infernal* Prison. There was no Danger of his ever stirring again, after he had been once thoroughly souc'd in *Lethe's* All-benumbing Streams. *Copernicus* is only in the Fault: Whenever we feel these fatal Heavings of the *Globe*, 'twas too unmerciful a Task he impos'd upon it, especially in its Old Age.

It would have grumbled in its early Day and sturdy Youth, had it been thus severely us'd by *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hermes Trismegistus*, or any other of the Primitive Sages. But now to be thus roughly handled by an upstart Infidel in its declining Years, when three Parts of its Marrow are decay'd, and its once potent Nerves and Sinews are shrunk, its Liver wasted, and every Vital winding away, almost broke its Heart.

Therefore these *African* Sages, in Duty to their aged Mother the *Earth*, have found a Way to free her from the Burthen of the *Moon* in her decrepit State; and yet to make the *Sun* the Centre of the *World*; adjusting at the same time, with accurate Laws, and an unblemish'd Order, the Motions, Stations, and various Postures of the *Planets*.

This happy Revelation in *Astronomy* is not to be divulg'd in publick Writings, lest some inquisitive curious Traveller, ambitious *Nazarene*, or envious

*Jew*, should chance to light upon the sacred Scheme, and boast himself the Inventor of it.

Let it be only communicated to Learned, Faithful *Mussulmans* of the First Rank: For such Celestial Mysteries ought not to be prostituted to the Vulgar. Tell not the little *Jasmir Sgire Rugial* of it: For, if thou dost, all the *Frank Merchants* at *Aleppo* soon shall be made privy to the matchless Secret. Be it a perpetual *Arcanum* in the Breasts of sublime Men, exalted Souls, *Friends of God*, and little less than *Prophets*. And be it, till all the *Sages* of the *East* and *South* are first made sensible of it, and able to defend it against the vain Attempts of the *Uncircumcis'd Nation*. Then let it be promulged in *Allah's* Name throughout the *Globe*, to the Eternal Honour of *God*, and Glory of his Prophet, who could neither write nor read, yet has Disciples, to whom alone the purest Reformation of the Universe is owing.

Do but survey with an indifferent Look, the last and loveliest Portraiture of the World that ever was made by Man. Fix thine admiring Eyes on the Magnifick Seat and *Palace* of the *Sun*. Consider at the same time the true and equal Forms, Dimensions, Distances, and mutual Intersections of the ambient *Orbs*, without the smallest Blur or Blot in all the Eternal Frame. Then tell me thy Opinion, whether thou canst not calculate *Natiivities*, erect all Manner of *Schemes*, make *Almanacks*, tell credulous Men their future Fortunes, appoint the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, set *Venus* and *Mercury* together by the Ears, to stir up furious *Mars* to make a Hurly-burly in the *Heavens* and *Elements*; or, if thou canst not wheedle the sovre Curmudgeon *Saturn*, into a soft obliging Humour; or fret the noble *Jupiter* to Madness, by a damn'd *Conjunction* with his mortal Enemy; and a thousand more *Astrological* Enterprizes. Tell me, I say, whether thou canst not perform all this and more, as well by the incles'd *Effigies* of the World, as by the old Threadbare, Weather-beaten, Worm-eaten *Italian Clock-work*

work of *Ptolemy*; or the later Inventions of *Tycho Brahe* and *Copernicus*.

It will now no longer be a Secret, how those Birds dispose themselves, which at a certain Time of the Year are seen to gather in mighty Troops, and fly directly upward out of human Sight; not one of the whole *Species* being left behind, or found on any Part of the Earth, until the *Moon* has roll'd full six Times round the *Zodiack*: When they return again in equal Companies into this *Globe*, each *Species* to his native Region. For the intelligent *Fowls* exactly know the Hour in which the Earth does in its yearly Circulation intersect the neighbouring *Orb* of the *Moon*, and then they snatch the Opportunity to quit the attractive *Atmosphere*, and take the Air of that adjacent *Planet*.

I have a great deal more to say on this Subject, which I will reserve for another Letter. In the mean time, thou venerable *Star-gazer*, adieu, and remember to be private.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

## L E T T E R   X X I .

*To the Venerable Mufti, Principal Support of Learning and true Science.*

**T**HE Orders of thy *Sanctity* came like a Message from Heaven, surprizing me at once with equal Pleasure and Astonishment. Every Line increased my Rapture. And now I thought I had no more to wish for in the World, since the Great *Patriarch* of the *Faithful* has condescended to embrace the Advice of so mean a Slave as *Mahmut*. It has been my passionate Desire to see Knowledge flourish in the Renowned

noun'd *Ottoman Empire*, that the *Infidels* may no longer reproach us with Ignorance and Barbarism. This was the Reason that I so often importuned thy *Predecessor* to encourage the Translation of *Histories* into the *Turkish* Language. Now thou art pleased to begin this glorious Work, and to honour me, by requiring my Instructions in the Management of it: Nay, thou hast commanded me to lay the Foundation of so illustrious an Enterprize, in presenting thee a Pattern or Model of this great Work, containing an *Historical Epitome* of the Four Great *Monarchies*, with a brief Series of the most remarkable and famous Translations, Changes, and other Events in the World, with Reference to the Nation and Age wherein they happened.

As to the Advice thou demandest of me, I think it would be for the Honour and Benefit of the *Mussulmans*, that a compleat *History* of the *World* should be collected out of the most antient and sincere *Writers*, and digested into *Annals*, from the very Beginning of Time, down to the Reign of our present *Emperor*, the August Sovereign of the whole Earth: That so whatsoever has been done on Earth worthy of Memory, may be rank'd in its proper Time and Place; and we may not grope any longer in the dark, when we would know in what Year or Age any Famous Warrior or Monarch lived or died; or when any renowned City was built, besieg'd, taken, and destroy'd, and by whom all these Things were done: With many other useful *Memoirs*, in which the *Ottomans* are now wanting.

In the Beginning of this *Work*, it will be absolutely necessary to have recourse to the *Chronicles* of the *Indians*, *Persians*, and *Egyptians*, and to the *Writings* of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Thales*, *Zeno*, and others of *Greece*, *Phœnicia*, and *Thrace*. For tho' the *Nazarenes* of the *West* despise the Authority of these *Authors*, and calumniate all for *Fables* and *Romances* which was deliver'd before the first *Olympiad*; yet the more impartial Inhabitants of the *East*, whether *Christians* or

*Mussulmans* reject nothing which has the undoubted Stamp of Antiquity ; but rather seek to unriddle the mysterious Expressions of the *Poets* and *Philosophers*, who strove industriously to cover all their Knowledge and Traditions under dark *Ænigma's*, Figures, Parables, that so the *Divine* Secrets of *Antiquity* might not be prophaned by the rude and unpolished *Vulgar*.

It was ever the Maxim of some antient Sages and Politicians, thus to keep the People in Ignorance of past Times ; the better to assure their Dominion and Authority over them. They only reveal'd what was obvious to every Man's Sense, the manifest and visible Influences of the *Heavenly* Bodies of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Natures of Plants and Animals, with whatsoever else was liable to any Man's Eye and Apprehension. But as to the more abstruse and less conspicuous Works of *Nature*, they were like the Secrets of State kept under a Veil.

Yet there wanted not Men of Wisdom in other *Parts* of the *World*, who strove to unfold all Things, and render Mankind familiar with whatsoever fell under human Intellects. Among these, the *Indians* and *Chineses* deserve the first Place, who were never covetous of the Gifts of *Nature*, but sought to improve all those of their *Nations* in the Knowledge of the *Arts* and *Sciences*, and especially in the *System* of antient *History*. These People shut up themselves from the rest of the *World* for many Ages, fearing lest Commerce might corrupt the Simplicity of their Primitive Laws and Institutions. Only *Alexander the Great*, and before him, *Semiramis* Queen of the *Affryrians*, had ever Access to the *Indies* in old Time. And *China* was never open till of late, when their too potent Neighbours the *Tartars* broke through their Famous Wall, and subdued the whole *Empire* : And their Business was not with Books but with Men.

For these Reasons we may not wonder, that the *Indian Brachmans*, and the *Bonzi's* of *China*, deliver an Account

Account of the *Origin* of the *World*, and the next succeeding *Ages*, so far beyond the *Epocha's* of all other *Historians*, especially these in the *West*.

For Events of later Date, the *Compilers* of this *Work* may make use of such *Historians* as have written the *Annals* of several *Nations* since the first *Olympiad*.

If thou know'st not what an *Olympiad* means, 'tis the Form of Computation us'd in the antient *Grecian Hegira*, every *Olympiad* containing Four Years. And the First of these *Olympiads* began in the Year of the *World* 3228. At which time *Chorebus* of *Elis* signaliz'd himself, by winning the first *Race* that ever was run at the *Olympick Games*. These *Games* were celebrated every *Olympiad*; and all the *Youth* of *Greece* flock'd to them, to try their Skill in Running, Wrestling, and other Manly Exercises.

About this Time *Historians* began to write partially, and the Truth could hardly be discern'd from the Fabulous Errors with which it was adulterated. Yet this rather proceeds from a *National Emulation*, than from a Design to corrupt the *Antient Belief*. However, thou mayest give Credit to *Thucydides*, who in the 86th *Olympiad* began to write his *History* of the *War* in *Peloponnesus*, between the *Lacedæmonians* and those of *Athens*; which *War* continued One and twenty Years, as that Author testifies, who wrote the *Annals* of it from the Beginning to the End. And among other remarkable Passages, which he is very exact in recounting, he mentions a famous *Eclipse* of the Sun, that happen'd in the first Year of that *War*; and was so great, that the Stars appeared at Noon-Day in the Sky. *Plutarch* also speaks of this *Eclipse*, telling us, that *Pericles*, Prince of the *Athenians*, being at Sea when the Sun was thus darken'd, and perceiving the *Master* of the *Vessel* in a great Fright, as at some Prodigy, he threw his Cloak over the Man's Face, and ask'd him, *If he was afraid of that, or look'd upon it as a bad Omen?* And when the *Master* answer'd, *No:* *Pericles* reply'd, *What Difference is there between*

this Eclipse of the Sun, and that, since both are caus'd by the Interposition of a Veil between the Sun and thine Eyes; only that Veil is larger than my Cloak, it being the Moon which covers that Glorious Lamp from our Sight?

Much about the same time liv'd one *Herodotus* and *Hellanicus*, two Famous *Historians*, Men of Integrity and Credit; and *Hippocrates*, the Renown'd *Physician* of *Athens*. These are worthy to be translated into the *Turkish* Language; as are also *Xenophon* and *Polybius*, who wrote after them. They all, except the last liv'd in the Time of the *Persian Monarchy*, and therefore are most likely to deliver down a true Account of the memorable Events that happened during that formidable *Empire*.

As for the *Macedonian Monarchy*, the most Eminent *Writers* were *Curtius*, *Arrianus*, and *Diodorus Siculus*; but this last is frequently mistaken in his *Chronology*, and therefore ought to be corrected by the others. *Plutarch* also must be consulted, and *Josepbus* the *Jew*, with *Strabo*, *Appian*, *Livy*, *Justin*, and *Pausanias*. For they either serve to illustrate one another, where they treat of the same Matters; or else the one carries on the Thread of *History* where the other left off. And, therefore, thou needest not wonder that I name so many *Authors*, since they are worthy of Credit, and absolutely necessary to the compleating an entire *History* of the *World*; whereas there are a Rabble of other *Writers*, who are scarce worth the naming; much less their Authority to be trusted to, in compiling an *Universal History*, which is to give a new Lustre to the *Ottoman Empire*, and raise its Credit in the *Learned World*.

As for the *Roman Empire*, it will be necessary to make use of *Josepbus*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*, *Philo*, *Xiphilinus*, *Zonaras*, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Seneca*, *Florus*, *Livy*, and *Suidas*.

These will be sufficient Materials with which the *Translators*, *Scribes*, and *Compilers* may accomplish the  
 Illustrious



Illustrious Undertaking; the Encouragement whereof I again earnestly recommend to thy Liberality and Munificence.

What concerns the Injunction thou hast laid on me, to draw a *Pattern* or *Model* of this great *Work*, in presenting thee with a brief Abstract of the *Rise* and *Fall* of the *Four Monarchies*, with such memorable Events as will be proper to direct the Undertakers in the Method of digesting this *Universal History*; I will reserve it for another *Letter*, not having those *Books* by me which are requisite to assist me in this *Affair*.

In the mean time, I pray *Heaven* prosper this noble Enterprize, and grant that thou mayest live the Space of many *Olympiads*, to see the Effect of thy Bounty; when this *Universal History* being finished, shall instruct the *Mussulmans*, and defeat the Calumnies of the *Uncircumcis'd*.

Paris, 2d of the 5th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

The END of the First Book.





# LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

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VOL. VII.

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BOOK II.

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## LETTER I.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd Eunuch, at  
Alcair in Egypt.*



THY Sufferings pierce my Heart; I owe thee Pity on the Score of human Nature; and more Compassion as thou art a *Mussulman*: But where's the Tongue or Pen that can describe the Sympathy of Friends; Can'st thou in a desponding Manner cast thyself upon thy Bed, there to exhale, in melancholy Sighs, that pungent Sorrow, which can find no other Vent, unless those Vapours of the Spleen condense to Showers of Tears? Canst thou do this, and I remain insensible all the while? No! I'm a perfect *Eccho* to thy saddest Groans. And when thou weepest, my Heart is not a Stone, that spatters back again the Drops that fall on  
it;

it; but 'tis like Clay, that softens with the gentle, solemn Distillation. Believe that I sweat Blood, when thou dissolv'st in Tears. I am not capable of Moderation toward my Friend. My Love, my Joy, my Grief and Anger are all excessive, when such a one as thou occasion'st them. 'Tis equal Pleasure to live or die in this magnetick Point: For *Souls of Friends* are perfect *Unisons*. Then, if thou hast a Spark of Love for *Mahmut*, do not kill me with thy sad Complaints. For whilst I hear that thou art thus abandon'd to Misfortune and Despair, how can I live, without perpetual Deaths, more terrible than what we all must undergo by the Course of Nature? Dost thou delight to make a constant *Martyr* of me?

Thou art bred a *Courtier*, and so was I: Our Infant-Blood was season'd with the *Grand Signior's* Bread and Salt; we equally imbib'd the Manners, Habits, Customs, Maxims, and the Pride of the Serail, with the Pillow, the Milk, Sorbets, and other Nourishment of our early Years. Since which, we have seen the various Revolutions of mighty *Kingdoms, States, and Empires*. We have beheld the invincible *Emperor of China* fall a *Victim* to the Perfidy of his Slaves, and to the more propitious Fortune of the *Tartars*. After another Manner was the Glory of the *British* Monarchy eclipsed. But no Foreign Story can match the barbarous Massacres of our Majestick Sultans, *Mustapha, Osman, and Ibrahim*, all within our Memory.

Oh! *Mehemet*, we have liv'd too long after these Spoils of *Royal Blood*. How can we repine at our own private Losses and Afflictions, whilst we do but sip the flat insipid Relicts of those tragical, sprightly Potions, brew'd for all the Palates of the greatest Princes. Henceforth let us live, as if we were among the Dead. Let us hear, and see, feel, taste, and smell these outward Objects *en passant*, without being sensible what we do or suffer. Let us anticipate, by a wise Prevention, the last Stroke of Death, by dying every Moment.

Go to the Pyramids, my *Mehemet*, or would to God I could go thither for thee; there to contemplate the Fate of human Glory, the Mock Grandeur of this World. Consider all the Race of the *Egyptian* Kings, who built these costly and magnificent Structures, or their Fathers for them: Who fill'd the hollow Piles with Silver, Gold, and precious Stones, whilst, with their Magick Laws, they list'd Legions of Spirits, dwelling in the Air, Fire, Earth, and Water, obliging them to guard the wealthy Sepulchres: And tell me then, what thou canst find in those superannuated Vaults? Nothing but Stench and Darknes. Old Time has filch'd away the slighter Glories of the Place; and his younger Brother Avarice has plunder'd all the rest, which was the more substantial Part. He could have done no less in common good Manners, than take the Leavings of the Heir, the Elder of the two. The great *Al-maimur* thought to have the Gleanings of their Harvest; but he found the Gain would never exceed the Cost.

But what's become of all the Founders of these astonishing Fabricks? Look in the Tomb of *Cheops*, who is supposed to build the greatest of the Pyramids; and thou wilt find not the least Relict of his Ashes: Or if thou shouldst, 'twill be impossible to distinguish them from the common Dust of other Mortals, tho' his meanest Slaves: So mutable is human Glory; so inconstant all the Smiles of Fortune.

Do but reflect on all the Glorious Conquests of *Alexander the Great*, and on the Triumphant Entry he made in *Babylon*, when the Chariot which carry'd him, was an *Epitome* of all the Riches which the *Indies* cou'd afford; and yet that Chariot which he esteem'd but one Degree before his Hearse, which in a very few Days, with an Obscurity beneath the Merits of so great a *Victor*, convey'd him to his Grave.

Consider *Cæsar*, who after four and twenty Battels, wherein he always got the Day, was drawn in a Triumphant Chariot to the *Capitol* by forty Elephants; yet now his Name is hardly thought of.

So *Epaminondas* thought to out-vye the World in his magnificent Insults; yet all this glorious Pageantry ended in Dust and Ashes. *Aurelian* led the *Graces* Captive with *Zenobia*: yet he himself at last became the Prisoner of Death. The pompous Galley of *Cleopatra*, when she celebrated the *Sicilian* Triumph, serv'd but to mend the Poop of *Charon's* Boat, when she was to be ferry'd to *Elizium*. So the proud *Sesostris*, whose Coach was drawn by Four vanquish'd Kings, at last was fain to owe his uncouth Funeral to Four sordid Slaves, who stole his naked Corpse away from the designed Revenge of factious Eunuchs, and bury'd it in a Heap of Camel's Dung.

But where is the Pen or Pencil, that will to the Life describe the unmatched Cavalcade of *Pompey*, when by a prosperous *Chemistry* he had extracted all the richest Spirits and Essences of Eastern Wealth, to grace his Entry into *Rome*?

The Front of the Procession dazzled every Eye, with the strange Lustre of Diamonds and Carbuncles mix'd in chequer-wise: an *Oriental Figure*, or rather the Substance of all *Asia* in Epitome. Then follow'd the Image of the *Crescent Moon* in massy Gold, with a Train of Mountains of the same Metal, whereon were Woods of Jet, Vines whose Grapes were entire Sapphires, and Animals all of Porphyry, grazing on Fields of verdant Amethysts.

To sanctify this glorious Shew, the Golden Images of *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Pallas*, came next in sight, with thirty Crowns of Gold, born up by the Chief Captains of his Army, as if so many Kingdoms were design'd for their Rewards. And because *Gods* and *Goddesses* should not want a *Temple*, Five hundred Slaves bore up a *Fane*, built all of massy Silver, washed with Gold. And at the Back of this appeared the Statue of the Conqueror, on which no Eye could fix, being crusted over with Hyacinths and Pearls.

Behold, my *Mehemet*, an Exuberance of human Glory: Yet wonder not to see a Man come after all;

a Mortal Man, I say, made radiant as the Sun with borrow'd Jewels. And to compleat this fading Triumph, read these Letters, all pure Jaspers on his Chariot-Wheels; *Armenia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Media, Colchis, Syria, Cilicia, Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, Palestine, India,* and the *Desarts of Arabia*. All these were the Conquests of this Triumphant Warrior, and yet his Destiny insulted over him. Poor *Pompey*, thou art gone, and all thy mighty Territories in the East are now possessed by Sultan *Mahomet*, our glorious Sovereign.

And what need thee and I repine, after we have seen all this? Let *Asdrubal* astonish *Carthage* with the Glory of Four Publick Triumphs: Yet that Theatre of his Honour quickly proves the Stage whereon he was degraded, strip'd stark naked, and in Triumph led away by Death. So *Marius*, after he had been exalted to the Top of human Felicity on Earth, was seen all naked, lying in a stinking Ditch.

What is become of *Nero's* Silver Gallery in the Capitol? Or the pendant Gardens of *Semiramis*, which cost no less than twenty Millions of Gold? Where is now the glittering Hall of *Atabalipa*, King of *Peru*, whose Pavement was of Sapphires? Or the Gardens of *Cyrus*, fenced round with Pales of Gold? Or *Cæsar's* Fountains garnish'd with *Dryads* of the same Metal? Where is the Ivory Palace of *Menelaus*, or the Crystal *Louvre* of *Drusus*? All these Things are vanish'd with their Founders.

How wise and happy then was *Saladine*, the great and most invincible Conqueror of *Asia*, who triumph'd over himself; and in his victorious Return, caused a Shirt to be carried before him on the Point of a Spear, with this Proclamation; *That after all his Glories, he should carry nothing to the Grave but that poor Shirt?* So *Adrian*, a Roman Emperor, to qualify the excessive Joys of his high Fortune, celebrated his own Funeral and caus'd his Coffin to be born before him, when he was to make a publick Cavalcade through *Rome*. This was  
a Sacred

a Sacred Triumph, an Heroick Insult over *himself* and *Death*.

Let thou and I, my Friend, imitate these sage Examples, and ever have the Image of Death before our Eyes. Then we shall never mourn for the vain Trifles we have lost, or covet what we never enjoy'd: But being ever content with what our Destiny allots us, shall pass our Time away in a Divine Tranquillity.

*Mehemet*, thou'lt find this to be a profitable and true Experiment. Try it, and the Issue will convince thee more than a thousand Counsellors.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

## L E T T E R II.

To Mohammed, *the Illustrious* Eremit  
of Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.

I Lodge in a House near the Wall of *Paris*, which gives me a daily Opportunity of surveying out of my Window the adjacent Fields: These extend themselves in a Plain for the Space of a League, or thereabouts; and then the Eye is arrested by a long Ridge of rising Ground, a Row of Hills, or Hillocks, not meriting the lofty Name of Mountains, yet high enough to put a Valley out of shape, and make the Horizon crump-back'd.

These Hills are cover'd thick with Woods and Groves; among whose verdant, shady Tops, some stately Palaces list up their glittering Crests, and make a sociable pleasant Figure in those Solitudes.

This Prospect represents so much to the Life the Valley of *Admoim* in *Arabia*, the Place of my Nativity, that I could as well grasp Coals of Fire with naked Hands, and not be burnt, as cast my Eye out of my Window on this lovely Landskip, and not be inflam'd

with secret Passions for my *Native* Soil, the Place where I first drew the Vital Air. It is a perfect *Magnet* to my Spirit, wheresoever I am, attracting all my Wishes, Inclinations, and Desires. Methinks the Eastern Winds at certain Hours waft to my ravished Ears the Whispers of my Countrymen. Methinks, sometimes, I see the Faces of my Kindred, and their Rural Train; I hear their Voices, and converse familiarly with them, as though they were present: Such is the Magick of strong Desire and Sympathy; it steals the Soul away from itself, and with sweet Violence unites it to the beloved Object, though at never so great a Distance. Thus when my wandering Thoughts have taken up their Residence for a while in that delicious Vale where I was born, a far more powerful Magnet draws them to thy Cave, Mysterious *Solitary*, Mirror of Virtues, Exemplary Guide of such as consecrate themselves to God.

Glory to *Him* that was before *All Time*, the *Father of Eternal Ages*. He changes not, yet is the Source of indefatigable and unwearied Revolutions. He is the only independent, true, and self-existent Being; the uncreated Essence from whom all other Beings derive their Origin and Conservation. He is the Prop and Basis of the Universe. He is but One, the *Primitive Unity*, and cannot be divided into Fractions; Yet every Species and Individual Being in the World participates a Share of his Divinity. Immortal Praises exhale from all Creatures, and ascend like Clouds of Incense before the Throne of his Adorable Majesty, or like Vapours which the grateful Earth returns in a hot Summer's Day, by Way of Acknowledgment for the Benefits perpetually flowing on her from the Sun. So all the Elements respire their Thanks to *Him* that *made them*. The Firmament expands itself, and bows down to the Brims of this low Globe; Sun, Moon, and Stars do stoop and kiss the Floor of the Earth, in Token of profound Humility and Devotion to the *Immortal Source of Light*. Only ungrateful Man repays the Bounty



ty of the Omnipotent with Neglects, Contempts, Affronts, and Blasphemies. I mean the general Part of Human Race; excepting always from this Charge the Just, the Innocent, and Pious: Were it not for such as these, the Divine Patience would be tir'd with the continual Profanations of vain Mortals.

Oh! Venerable *Sylvan*, thou art the only pacifick Victim of this sinful Age. Thy constant Self-denials, Mortifications, Abstinences, and the whole System of thy accomplish'd Sanctity, stop the Wrath of Heaven from falling in large Cataracts on Mankind: When the *Eternal Eye* beholds thy Virtues, it drops down Tears of Love and Mercy on the Earth, glad that a Son of *Adam* yet survives, not stain'd with Vice. Thou art the effectual Propitiation for the sinful World. When Storms and Tempests of impetuous Winds, when Lightning, Thunder, Hail, or Rain disturb the Air, or Earthquakes menace more effectual Tragedies to the Earth, I think of thee, the Favourite of Heaven, and then repose in full Security: Thy very Idea is my Shelter from all Evils: I shroud myself under the Shade of thy inviolated Beard, over which the Razor never pass'd. I take Sanctuary in the Umbrella of thy Arms, when stretch'd in fervent *Oraisons*: Thy Remembrance is my certain Refuge in Calamity.

I am impregnated with Sacred Emulations of thy Virtue; I burn with fervent, passionate Desires to become thy Disciple: I languish to withdraw myself from this vain World, and from the contagious Society of Mortals. How happy is the Life that is led in quiet Solitude? Where the Soul can feel herself, and being awaken'd to a Sense of her Immortal Strength, rouses and vigorously shakes off the heavy Clogs of Sleep and Death: Whilst the Divine *Afflatus* gently breathing on the Intellect, and fanning the oppressed Sparks of Reason, which lay smothering under a Heap of Errors, Lusts, Affections, and unlimited Desires, kindles the Mind into a perfect Flame of Light, which soon consumes the Rubbish of bodily Pleasures,

Pleasures, dissipates the Smoke and Mists of pamper'd Flesh and Blood, and then a Man becomes all radiant within, shining with unclouded Splendors.

We Mortals seem to be rank'd in a middle State, between the separate Spirits and Beasts: Our Virtues make us like the former, our Vices like the latter. For when a Man has quite subdued his Appetites, and Reason sits triumphant in her Throne, he is like an Angel, living above the Race of his Mortality. He does not, with the *Stagyrite*, place Virtue in a Medium, or rank the Excess of Goodness in the Predicament of Vice; but makes direct and swift Advances to the *Zenith* of Heroick Generosity, scorning to halt or make lame mungrel Capitulations with himself, as if he were afraid of being too good.

I would ask a *Peripatetick*, whether it be a Virtue or a Vice, in him that stomaching the enormous Villanies of wicked Men, boils up with an excessive vehement Anger? Or whether a Man can err in loving God too much, or in conceiving too violent a Sorrow for his past Offences, or who can be too thankful for the Favours of Heaven! No! the farther Distance Virtue keeps from this cold, earthly Mediocrity, the brighter is its Splendor. And so on the other Side, the greater is the Barbarism, Brutality, and Infernal Stamp of Vice, by how much more remote it is from this Indifference. In a word, *Virtue* and *Vice* are two contrary Extremes: So *Piety* is diametrically opposite to *Prophaneness*; *Intemperance* to *Sobriety*; *Fortitude* to *Cowardice*; *Incontinence* to *Chastity*; *Avarice* to *Bounty*; *Modersty* to *Impudence*; *Pride* to *Humility*; *Enmity* to *Friendship*, &c.

Now the Mediums between these Extremes, are *Hypocrisy* between *Virtue* and *Vice*; *Superstition* between *Piety* and *Prophaneness*; *Bashfulness* between *Modersty* and *Impudence*, and so of the rest.

Yet after all, 'tis necessary to observe a Medium in those Things which pertain to mortal Life, and to the Perpetuation of Mankind: Such are Meats, Drinks,  
Natural

Natural Passions of the Body and Mind, proceeding from the alternate Sense of Pleasure and Pain. So when we are press'd with Hunger and Thirst, we ought not presently to covet the plentiful Tables and superfluous Banquets of the *Great*; but rather such a Diet, as being easily prepar'd, may satisfy the Cravings of our Nature, without nauseating and giving us a Surfeit. To this End, the *Divine Providence* has scatter'd up and down the Surface of this Globe, an infinite Variety of Roots, Herbs, Fruits, Seeds, with all Sorts of Corn and Pulse. The Cattle afford us Plenty of Milk; the Bees are no Niggards of their Honey; the Fountains, Rivers, and Lakes abound with ever springing fresh Supplies of sweet refreshing Water. We also have the Use of Salt, Oyl, Wine, and other exhilarating Beverages; that being content with so many Benefits and Enjoyments, we might prolong our Lives in this World by Sobriety, as in a most pleasant Garden or *Paradise* of Health.

But, alas! instead of gratefully acknowledging the Bounty of Heaven, and pregnant Fertility of the Earth; instead of sitting mannerly down at the Table, which GOD has spread and cover'd for us with such a Train of Festival Dainties, we break the Rules of Hospitality; and rushing violently on the Creatures under his Protection, we kill and slay at Pleasure, turning the Banquet to a cruel Massacre; being transformed into a Temper wholly Brutal and Voracious, we glut ourselves with Flesh and Blood of slaughter'd Animals. Oh! happy he that can content himself with Herbs, and other genuine Products of the Earth; that sleeps as well in a solitary Cave, upon a Bed of Moss or Leaves, as in a Palace on a Couch of Down. He never wants, because he never desires what is not in his Power. He is not burden'd with a Crowd of Servants and flattering Retainers; nor his Repose disturb'd with early and late Addresses of pretended Friends, officious Sycophants, importunate Petitioners, and other fretting Business of the World.

Why should I longer then demur or hesitate? What hinders me from presently embracing a Course of Life, that promises so much Happiness? A Discipline that will at once free me from a Thousand Tyrannies of Imperious Lusts, and Hostile Passions? I shall then have no need of Money, or the Help of cross grain'd Servants. I shall not want a Multitude of Goods, the needless Pageantry of superfluous Ornaments, to make a dazzling Figure, and draw the Eyes of People to a Reverend Admiration. I shall be free from sottish Drowiness, and turbulent Dreams. My Lungs will in my Sleep respire the Air with Ease: Whilst gentle Slumbers, mix'd with happy Visions, shall transport my Soul to unknown Worlds. No Fevers, Gouts, or Dysenteries shall invade my Health, nor magisterial Menaces of Empiricks bespeak my certain Death, unless I will patiently submit to all the needless Tortures they are contriving for me, and tamely swallow down their new-invented Poisons, and be rack'd to Death in Hopes of Ease and Life. From all which horrid Circumstances, a slender innocent Diet, not stain'd with the Blood of any Animal, will set me free.

Holy *Eremit*, the Idea I have of this Manner of Life, makes a profound and durable Impression on my Soul. I am ravished with the Sentiments of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, and resolutely bent to undergo the Discipline of their Philosophy. I will first endeavour to rid myself of vain Affections, Habits, and prophane Negotiations of the Earth: I'll gradually die to all Concupiscence and bodily Pleasure, that so I may by equal Steps revive to the Contemplation of Celestial Things. Then being free from every Spot and Stain contracted in the Days of my Security and Carelessness, my Thoughts and Works will be acceptable to God; who in return, will certainly infuse into my defecate Mind a secret Virtue, the Magick of this Visible World; which purifying my Soul yet farther, will prepare it for the last and highest Gift

of the Eternal Bounty to our Race whilst in this Life; to wit, a Power of doing Supernatural Things, and of Foretelling Events to come.

Do thou but pray it may be so, and all the Powers of Hell can never prevail against me; For thou hast the Ear of the Omnipotent.

Paris, 3d of the 8th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

### L E T T E R III.

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

**I**N this Time of Wars with *Nazarenes*, when the Ottoman Fury is rouz'd and provok'd by *Infidels*; it will not be amiss to expose the Nakedness of Europe to the Supreme *Diwan*, which is on Earth the close Committee of the Court above.

I chuse to address my Letter to thee, in Compliance with my former Orders, wherein thou seem'dst passionately desirous to know the present State of *Christendom*. God give thee a perpetual Serenity, *Scribe of the Scribes*: May'st thou never be troubled with a running Eye, a shaking Hand, or the Tooth-ach. As for me, I'm a perfect Magazine of Diseases, a walking Hospital, the School of *Æsculapius*, where the necessary God has Scope to vent his Skill on all the various Kinds of Maladies, which afflict our mortal Race: Gouts, Fevers, Cramps, and horrid Dyfenteries, are as common with me as my daily Diet.

However, amidst all these Afflictions, I serve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends with a cordial Alacrity;  
never

never grudging to sacrifice my Ease and Health to the Interest of *True Believers*.

The Face of *Europe* is much chang'd since the Decline of the *Roman Empire*, and the Usurpations of the *Popes*. That once mighty Monarchy is now shrunk into a very narrow Compass, being shut up within the Confines of *Germany*, which formerly was but a Province of the Antient Empire. All *Italy* is revolted. So are the *Swisses*, and the *United States* of the *Low-Countries*. The *Hans-Towns*, which in Time past paid Homage to the *Emperor*, have now shaken off the Yoke, and are become Independent *Commonwealths*. *Transylvania* plays fast and loose with him, according as their Interest requires. *Livonia* laughs at his Menaces, as appears by the Answer they sent to *Charles V*, when he demanded their Submissions, and that they would return to their Native Allegiance, otherwise threatning them with Fire and Sword. For all the Reply they made, was, That they knew the *Emperor's* Horse would be founder'd before he could reach the Frontiers of their Country.

'Tis a general Observation, that since the Reign of *Rodolph I*, above Two Hundred Principalities and States have fallen off from the Empire. And those that yet continue in their Obedience, I mean the *Electoral Princes*, claim so many Privileges, stand so much upon Punctilio's and Prerogatives, that there remains now little more of the *Imperial Majesty* and Power, save the bare Title and outward Pomp. It is remarkable, That within these Three Hundred Years, no less than Nine *German Emperors* have been murder'd, and many more have been depos'd and banish'd. To sum up all in a few Words: If we survey the present State of the *German Empire* accurately, if we pry narrowly into its true Circumstances, we shall find, that after all the Clatter of his noisy Titles, the *Emperor* can call nothing properly his own, but his *Hereditary Estate* in *Austria*, which is  
hardly

hardly equivalent to the Territories of some Lords whom he calls his *Vassals*.

The *Germans* in general are a rude, unpolish'd People; greedy of Novelties, inconstant, rash, perfidious, and very phlegmatick; much addicted to unnatural Lusts, and incestuous Copulations. It is recorded of *Barbara* the *Empress*, Wife to *Sigismund*, another *Messalina*, that after her Husband's Death, her *Confessor* advising her to reform her Manners, and live more chastly, like the *Turtle*; she answer'd, *If I must imitate the Life of Birds, why not of a Sparrow, as well as a Turtle?* Her Brother *Frederick* was much such another: For at Ninety Years of Age he murder'd his Wife for the Sake of a Strumpet. And being advised to repent, and think of his Grave; he said, *I am now studying my Epitaph, which I design shall be comprized in these Words:*

*This is my Way to Hell; I know not what I shall find there: What I have left behind me, I know. I abounded in all Delights, whereof I carry nothing with me: Neither my dainty Meats, or pleasant Wines, or whatsoever my insatiable Luxury exhausted.*

*Drunkennes* is said to be the Original Sin of *Germany*, from whence it spread itself into other Countries. They give this Character of a *German*, "That he is an Animal which drinks more than he can carry: A Tun that contains more than he can express." They tell a Story of Four old *Saxons*, who

at one Sitting drank as many Healths as they could make up Years amongst them, which amounted to Three Hundred. And 'tis recorded of a certain *German* Count, That he used to make his Children whilst yet Infants, drink lustily, to prove whether they were of his own begetting or no: For if they grew sick after it, he presently concluded them to be Bastards; but if they could bear the Debauch well he cherished them as his own true Offspring. In a word, thou mayest have the same *Idea* of the *Germans* at this Day, as *Solyman* the *Magnificent* had in his Time, who used to say, " I slight the *Germans* " above all other People of *Europe*, because they are " always at Discord among themselves, nor can they " ever be united any more than my Fingers and " Toes. They cannot endure Labour, and are the " excessivest Gluttons and Drunkards in the World: " They always maintain a Regiment of Whores in " their Camp. Their *Generals* take more Pride in " their *Feathers*, than in their *Military Arms*."

In a word, the *German* is so over-run with all Kinds of Vice, that he wants nothing to make him a compleat *Devil*, but only a little Tincture of the *Italian* Qualities, according to the Proverb, *Tudesco Italianato è un Diabolo Incarnato*; A *German* *Italianiz'd*, is a *Devil Incarnate*.

'Tis certain, the *French* have so weaken'd 'em on one Hand, and the *Swedes* on the other; that considering the frequent Troubles they meet with from the *Hungarians*, *Bobemians*, and other Tributary Nations, besides the Intestine Feuds of the *Electoral Princes*; we need not fear the blunted *Talons* of the *Eagle*, which are scarce strong enough to support her tottering State, or prop her from falling into Ruin: So far is she from being able to offend her Neighbours, that she never makes War her Choice, or takes the Field but by Compulsion in her own Defence.



Illustrious *Hamet*, I pray God inspire the Victorious *Osmans* with Prophetick Courage and Resolution, and the final Conquest of *Germany* will soon be the Prize of *True Believers*.

Paris, 5<sup>th</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

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## L E T T E R IV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

THE Friendship that has been contracted between thee and me, ever since it was thy Fortune to serve the *Grand Signior* in that Station, obliges us both to mutual Sincerity. Besides, the Duty and Allegiance we owe our Sovereign, requires Plain dealing between us. We ought to shun Flattery as the Bane of all friendly Engagements, the Pest of the Courts of Princes, and the General Contagion which infects chiefly the most Effeminate Part of Mankind. Such as are these *Western Nazarenes*, who abound in a Thousand little Complaisances and false Civilities: Thus suffering their own Integrity to be corrupted, their Virtue and Fastness of Spirit to be surprized and debauched; whilst their Friends, by these Means, not seldom run on Precipices, and fall into inevitable Ruin. In a word, they betray one another and themselves, out of pretended good Nature.

By what I have said, thou wilt comprehend, that I do not reprove thee out of Spite, Envy, Malice, or an affected Gravity; when I tell thee, that you took wrong Measures, in endeavouring to set the *Emperor's Palace* on Fire, or to poison him at his Dinner.

Dinner. I told thee once before, that these preposterous Methods will never take Effect. Besides, they will do the *Grand Signior* no Service.

Though thou art seemingly engaged in the Cause of the *Malecontents*, remember that thy Business is different from theirs. What signifies it to thee, whether the *Hungarians* have their Liberties, Rights, and Privileges granted them, or no? Or what Reason hast thou to espouse the Interest of the *Evangelicks*, rather than that of the *Catholicks*, any farther than as an Umbrage to cover the greater Designs thou hast in Hand, as an *Agent Incognito* for the *Grand Signior*. Let the *Jesuits* pursue their own Game, and the *Protestants* theirs: Stand thou Neuter in the main, and rather endeavour to keep both Parties in a Counterpoize, than to turn the Scales for either. For the *Sultan* will gain by the Divisions of the *Nazarenes*, let the Case go how it will between themselves. Besides, there are *Catholicks* engaged in the *Faction*, as well as *Protestants*. 'Tis rather a *Civil Quarrel*, than a *Religious* one. The *Nobles* and *Gentry* of *Hungaria* and *Transylvania* are concerned for their Estates, more than for their Churches. They see the *Imperial Court* wants Money, and it is a Crime for an *Hungarian* to be rich. Those that have the supreme Power in these Cases, will find Reason enough to condemn a wealthy *Lord*, whether he be guilty or not.

'Tis this puts them upon caballing and entring into Confederacies, that so they may consult the Means of their own Safety, and be in a Posture to defend themselves.

I perceive the *Count de Serini* has made another Address for the *Government* of *Carolstadt*, and been repulsed; *Joseph* Earl of *Haberstein*, and Knight of *Malta*, being appointed to succeed the *Count d'Aversperg* in that Honour. Which is an evident Sign, that the *Emperor* has no good Opinion of *Serini*, notwithstanding all his former good Services. And this

this is enough to alienate a Man of his great Courage and Merit.

*Count Frangipani* also has his particular Discontents: So has *Tatembach*, with many other potent Lords of *Hungary* and *Croatia*. Indeed, the whole Body of those Nations are disobliged, and almost wearied out with the continual Oppressions of the *Germans*.

*Nathan*, thou wilt find it no hard Matter to bring them to a Necessity of putting themselves under the *Grand Signior's* Protection: 'Tis thy Part to cherish their Discontents. As for the *Imperial Court*, thou may'st perceive they are resolv'd to mortify these People, and to take from them all Opportunities and the very Capacity of rebelling, by not suffering the Natives of *Hungary* and *Croatia* to possess any Office of Command.

Every Party pursues its own Interests, and so must we ours. Self-Preservation is the Root of all mutual Society and Justice. Take care of thyself, thy Friends, and the Cause thou art engaged in, and then thou needest not fear any Qualms of Conscience. In fine, I counsel thee to put in practice the Advice of one of thy own *Rabbi's*, *Jesus Ben Syrach*; *Be not over-just*.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.



## L E T T E R V.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master  
of the Grand Signior's Customs at  
Constantinople.

PREPARE thyself for surprizing News, and receive it with a Moderation becoming a Man. *Oucoumiche* our Mother is dead. One and the same Night lodg'd her in the Apartments of *Hymen*, and the Chambers of Death. Before the Days of the *Nuptial* Solemnities were over, the mournful Rites of her Funeral commenc'd: She made but one Remove from her Marriage-Bed to the Grave.

If thou wonderest, that a Woman of her Age, being Seventy-five Years old, and having already had Two Husbands, should marry a Third; Know, that it was not Dotage, but Discretion, which prompted her to take this Course. The Integrity, Wisdom, and prudent Conduct of *Eliachim* the Jew, had charm'd her Affections long ago, and improved her Acquaintance with him into a strict and virtuous Friendship. As a Mother, she ow'd him Respect and Love for his constant Fidelity to me: And on her own Account, she could not but entertain Sentiments of Esteem and Gratitude for a Man, who had been so nicely careful to preserve her Person and Honour from Injury and Violence, ever since she came to *Paris*. For he alone, among the many Myriads of People inhabiting this City, was the only Confident both of her Secrets and mine. In a word, these Regards, with some others of Piety, Zeal and good Nature, made her willing to become his Wife, who in all Things had performed the Part of a Friend, and a Person of Honour.

Besides

Besides all this, it was really her Interest 'thus to dispose of her latter Days in a *Foreign Country*, where she knew no body but *Eliachim* and me. As for me, she considered that my Life was not only subject to the same Casualties with other Mortals, and that I might be snatched away by a Thousand Deaths; but that my Station here was very precarious, and I might be suddenly recalled by my Superiors to *Constantinople*, or at least be removed to some other Post whither she could not accompany me, being incapable of bearing, at these Years, the Hardships and Fatigues of Travel: That after my Departure, she should be neglected, contemned, and abandoned by all, but those who would desire her Death for the sake of her Money and Jewels.

In these Circumstances, to remain a Widow, professing the Faith of *Mahomet*, and believing the *Alcoran*, in a Region and City swarming with Infidels, would have been but an uncomfortable as well as a dangerous Condition. Wherefore having had Experience of *Eliachim's* Virtue, and incorrupt Manners, he also making Addresses of Love to her, and giving her Encouragement to hope that he would become a *Mussulman*, she yielded at last to the Thoughts of taking him for her Husband, and they were married on the 7th of this *Moon*, in a private Synagogue of the *Jews*: For they are not allow'd a publick one in this City, as they are in many other Cities of *Europe*.

My Mother appeared neither too dejectedly sad, nor profusely merry, during the nuptial Feast. But comporting herself with a chearful Reservedness, seemed to have her Thoughts rather fixed on something else, than the vain Ceremonies, Noise, and Mirth of the Company. It looks as if her Prophetick Soul was sensible of its approaching Release: For, to be brief, she was found dead in her Bed next Morning.

Brother, she is now in her Sepulchre, at rest from all the Toils of Human Life. Let not this News affect thee with fruitless Melancholy, since Death is the

common Fate of all Mortals. Rather advance the Bliss of our deceased Parent, with devout Oraisons for her Soul; remembering that e're long we shall be in the same Condition. For tho' Man, like a Moth, be passionately enamour'd with the Light of this World: tho' he flutter and dance about it for a while, basking in the Splendor and Warmth of his good Fortune, yet at length he is consum'd by the very Flame which gave him Nourishment, and falls a Victim to his own Pleasure.

Paris, the 9th of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1669.

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## L E T T E R VI.

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

**I** Sent thee a Letter some Days ago, wherein I exposed the general Nakedness, Imbecility, and languishing State of the *German Empire* in this Age. My Dispatch abounded with Characters of their Vices: It has described exactly the present Eclipse of antient Imperial Majesty, Power and Strength, the Revolt of many Principalities and States, the Feuds and Discord of those that yet remain in Obedience, and pay a seeming Homage to *Cæsar*; with many other Things, which, being well consider'd, may for the future prevent, or at least diminish that Consternation and panick Terror, which uses to seize the Hearts of *Mussulmans*, when we are in War with the Emperor.

Now, as a farther Incentive and Encouragement to take up Arms against the Infidels; as a Spur to certain Victory and Conquest, I will unlock the  
Treasures

Treasures of the Country, without taking Notice of the Inhabitants. And since nothing more excites the Resolution and Valour of military Men, than the Hopes of Plunder, and passing away a Campaign in Plenty of all necessary Comforts; I will give thee a true Account of the natural Dowry of these Regions, the Riches of the Soil, and the Wealth, which Commerce with other Nations, together with the Spoils of former Wars, the Industry of the People, and the Benevolence of Fortune have added to their Store.

*Germany* abounds in generous Wines, and those more lasting than any other. in *Europe*. The *Rhenish* Wines will keep above Fifty Years. The Wines of the *Necker* are wholesome, and clear as Water from the Rock: Those of *Franconia* are strong and operative; the *Austrian* Grape is sweet and luscious. Several *Roman* Emperors have preferr'd the Fruits of the *German* Vintage to those of *Italy* and *Greece*. And such is the superabundant Plenty of Vineyards, that at a Place called *Stutgard*, there is a Proverb current, that *They have more Wine than Water*. If our *Janizaries* knew this, they would be for an Expedition into *Germany*: Nay they temper their Mortar with Wine in some Places, and slack their Lime with it.

They have strong Beverages also made of Barley, Wheat, and other Grain, which they transport from *Brunswick*, *Breslaw*, *Delph*, *Dantzick*, *Lubeck*, and other Places, to most Countries in the North and West of *Europe*. They likewise make a Sort of Wine of Honey, as strong and sweet as the Wine of *Candy*.

There is Abundance of Frankincense and Myrrh in *Moravia*, of Saffron in *Austria*, of Liquorice in *Franconia*, of Madder for Dyers in *Silesia*, of Amber in *Thuringia*.

There are innumerable Orchards full of all delectable Fruits; the Fields stand thick with Corn, the Pastures are throng'd with Cattle, and they have a Breed of the stoutest Horses in the World. They have Timber enough to serve all the Nations in

the World for Shipping. But that which is most inviting, is the Variety of Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, Tin, and Iron. Before *America* was discovered, *Germany* was the *Peru* and *Potosi* of all *Europe*. They have also Plenty of Marble as bright as Crystal.

Besides their Native and Domestick Riches, they have mightily improved their Stock by Foreign Commerce; exchanging their Superfluities for Things more precious, and of greater Value: Which in a constant Course of Bartering, brings into the *German* Coffers many Hundred Millions of Crowns in a Year. In a word, their Cities are so rich, that when they have been pillaged by an Enemy, the Booty of one City has been valued at Two Millions of Crowns in ready Money, besides Plate and Jewels. The common Soldiers have made Hilts for their Swords and Daggers of Gold and Silver; nay, some would make their very Helmets of the same Metals. Publick Gaming Tables have been set up in the Streets, and it has been common for a private Trooper to win or lose Five or Ten Thousand Crowns at a Time; This would be rare Sport for our *Janizaries* and *Spahi's*.

I tell thee, Serene *Minister*, considering the immense Wealth of *Germany*, and the Degeneracy of its Inhabitants, Providence seems to invite our Arms to make a Conquest of those fertile Regions, and take from the Uncircumcised the Goods which surfeit them. They abuse the Gifts of Nature and Fortune, by employing them to the Ends of Vice; whereas the *True Believers*, were they once possess'd of them, would turn them to virtuous Purposes, the publick Advantage, the Increase of the Empire, Glory of God, and Propagation of the *Faith Unde filed*.

Paris, 13<sup>th</sup> of the 4<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1669.



## L E T T E R VII.

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

**T**WAS with a specifick Kind of Joy not easy to be defin'd, that I received thy venerable Dispatch. I perus'd the welcome Orders therein contained with a Delight not in the least inferior to his, who being abandoned to Distress and miserable Poverty, has by good Luck discovered a hidden wealthy Treasure: For so my Spirit is ravished, to find in this degenerate Age, a rich Reserve of Piety and Devotion to the ancient Prophets of God.

I'm glad to hear the Character of *John the Baptist*, which I sent thee formerly, was so well accepted by thee, and all the *Religious* under thy Charge, that thou vouchsafest only to accuse the Shortness of the Relation, desiring a more particular Account of that Prophet's Manner of living, especially of his Abstinence, and what may be the most proper Interpretation of the *Grecian* Word *ἀσκήσις*, mentioned in the History of his Life.

Praise be to God, who has inspired thee with this critical Regard to one of his most holy Messengers. I revere thy learned Soul, and that accomplish'd Intellect which is ever busy, prying into weighty and important Matters. I honour thy impartial Mind, which scruples not to pay th' Attach that is due to a Saint, tho' of the Christian Kalendar. If we should reject all that the Followers of *Jesus* do, we should neither Fast, Pray, give Alms, or perform any other good Works. Therefore in this, thou art an exemplary Pattern to the rigid, superstitious Sort of

*Muffulman* Fanaticks, who bear an endless Grudge against all those that are not of their narrow Faith, and dark Opinion.

Glory be to GOD, with whom the WORD was present from the Dawning of Eternal Light, before the Morning of his Works had peep'd o'er the Mountains of the antient Chaos, or penetrated the dark Abyfs and misty Vale of Nothing, and painted the Tops of the Creation, the highest Ranks of Beings, with Splendors of the early Day. Before the Sun had drank the immortal *Halo* in, and spong'd up all the visible Beams, to squeeze them out again upon the Moon and Stars, and on the lower World. That WORD remains for ever, and at a determin'd Hour became incarnate, in the Person of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, as the *Holy Alcoran* informs us.

In those Days *John* the *Baptist* went into the Wilderness, and preached Repentance to the *Jews*, foretelling the near Approach of the *Messias*. The sacred Hero made a Cave his Residence; and at first, to wean his Body from all Softness, he wore a Vest or Shirt of Camel's Hair, which was girt about him with a Belt made of that painful and religious Creature's Skin, to put him in mind, that he was born for holy Labours, Toils, and Mortifications. He had no Table spread with far-fetch'd costly Dainties; no Dishes cramm'd with bloody and large Inventories of Birds, four-footed Beasts, and Fish. His Diet was simple, cheap, and innocent, easy to be got in every Wood or Field, without the Detriment of his Fellow-Animals. For he either contented himself with a Repast on Honey, which he found in hollow Trees; or on a Kind of *Manna*, a sweet Dew falling on their Leaves, and there condens'd by heavenly Influence; or else it was a Kind of luscious Moisture, which he suck'd from certain Plants, perhaps not much unlike our Sugar-canes. For thus Interpreters do differ about the Words τὸ μέλι ἄγριον. Whatever it was we may conclude it to be some slender, light, and easy Nourishment: And when this Diet fail'd him, or his Stomach

mach requir'd a little more Variety, he banqueted on what the *Grecians* call'd ἀκρίδες. Some will have these to be a Kind of *Locusts* or *Grasshoppers*, a Meat indulg'd the *Jews* by *Moses* in the *Law*. The *Syrians* also counted them a Dainty; so did the antient *Parthians*, as *Aristotle* and *Pliny* tell us. And my Countrymen the *Arabians* eat of them to this Day. Others are of Opinion, that these ἀκρίδες were a Sort of little Shell-fish, such as *Crabs*, *Crayfish*, or *Shrimps*, which Nature has generally lodg'd in Holes along the Banks of Rivers. A pleasant, temperate Sort of Diet, commended for their Virtues in expelling Poison, and being Remedies for the Strangury, and Antidotes to cure the Biting of mad Dogs.

The divine Prophet therefore oft frequenting the Waters of the River *Jordan*, wherein he used to wash his Converts and Disciples; these Men suppose, he took Occasion to allay his Hunger with these little Shell-fish which he might easily take in mighty Numbers from their watry Nests. And they endeavour to strengthen this Opinion, by asserting, That the Food which the Waters afford us, is much more pure and holy than what the Earth brings forth, in regard the Earth lies under the Malediction of God ever since *Noah's* Flood, whereas the Waters never were curs'd. Hence, say they, it is very probable, that the consecrated Hero would not defile his spotless Life with cursed Banquets from the Earth, but rather chose to appease his Hunger with the harmless, blessed, and wholesome Product of the Waters.

If thou wilt have my Opinion after all, I'm apt to think these ἀκρίδες were nothing else but the tender Tops of Plants, such as we call *Asparagus*, or perhaps they were the wild Apples of the Wood, and then we may suppose there's some Mistake in the *Greek* Copy, ἀκρίδες for ἀκράδες. Or it may be, the holy Prophet in the proper Season of the Year, did use to crop and eat the Ears of Barley, and then the Word should be κακρίδες. For what could be more sweet

and pleasant to an abstemious Man, than to sustain his Life with Fruits, Grains, Herbs, or Roots? Nor did the Malediction reach the Vegetables, but only the Animal Generations, from which a perfect Man abstains.

Certainly those, who out of an Aversion for Purity, Prayer, and Fasting, turn themselves from human Bodies to Swine, and from religious Abstinence to savage gormandizing on Flesh, seem to derive their Pedigree from a Race of Devils: Especially such as after the manner of Spiders, gathering Poison from the Flowers of Piety, blaspheme this sacred Virtue of Abstinence, and call it by the infamous Name of Superstition.

For if the Veneration we pay to GOD consist in the Knowledge, Love, and Fear of his Divine Majesty, with Adoration and Praise of his Eternal Attributes; it follows, that we ought to worship him with the most fervent Application of our Spirits. But this religious Ardor cannot subsist in any Soul, whose Body is not mortified; nor can the Body be mortified without Austerity, which always is accompany'd with rigorous Fasting and Abstinence from Flesh. Wherefore if we ascend to GOD by the very same Degrees as we fall from him, it follows, that Abstinence is the first Step to Immortality and supreme Happiness.

I do not mean by Abstinence, that natural Aversion which some Men have for Flesh, who never durst to taste of any in their Lives, compelled to this by some occult Antipathy in their Stomachs. For such a Necessity cannot make a Virtue, it being common to Men and Brutes; there being many Animals, who fast from all Provender certain Seasons of the Year, and others that taste not some kinds of Food during their Lives: So there are some Men to whom Wine, Flesh, Cheese, Apples, Herbs, and other Things are an Abomination from their Cradles. There have been others, who, by a Preternatural Necessity have liv'd some Days, Weeks, Months, and Years, without either Meat or Drink. So *Plato* records, That

*Herus*

*Herus Pamphilius* lay ten whole Days among the Dead Carcases of Soldiers slain in Battel; and when he was taken up to be laid on the Funeral Pile, they perceived him to be alive. *Laërtes* tells us, That *Pythagoras* fasted forty Days and forty Nights from Meat and Drink. From whom *Apollonius Tyanæus* learned the Art of keeping almost a perpetual Fast. And these Modern Times afford us the Example of a *Spaniard* whom they call *Alcantare*, who every Moon used to fast for seven or eight Days together. So a famous *German* Maid was diligently observed and watched, whilst she pass'd away full seven Years Time without Meat, Drink, Sleep, or Excrements. *France* also boasts another Virgin, who fasted above three Years together.

Such Abstinences as these are not to be put to the Account of Virtue, in regard they were not the Effects of human Choice, but the Decrees of Fate. So would our Abstinence be depraved, if we should only practise it, as the old *Gentiles* did, who forbore to kill or eat some certain Beasts, because they held them consecrated to their Gods. As the *Dog* to *Diana*, the *Tyger* to *Bacchus*, the *Horse* to *Neptune*, the *Wolf* to *Mars*, the *Eagle* to *Jupiter*, the *Peacock* to *Juno*, the *Swan* to *Apollo*, the *Dove* to *Venus*, the *Owl* to *Minerwa*. Nor need we to abstain on the Account of the Soul's Transmigration; for so we ought to forbear the Vegetable Products of the Earth, as well as Animals, since the Soul is indifferent to all Bodies in its separate State.

But our Reason in this Point ought to take its Rise from the fundamental Law of Nature, the Original Justice of the World, which teaches us, *Not to do that to another, which we would not have another do to us*. Now since 'tis evident, That no Man would willingly become the Food of Beasts; therefore, by the same Rule, he ought not to prey on them. Next to this Foundation of our Abstinence, we ought to build our Aims at the Perfection of our Nature, which cannot be acquired but by Degrees: We must en-

deavour to abate the Aliment, of our Concupiscences, by exhaling the superfluous and grosser Vapours of our Blood in sacred Fasts and Oraisons. Then we should refresh our fainting Body with Food affording little Nourishment and Pleasure: That so our vain Affections, Appetites, and Lusts, may gradually die: whilst the pure Mind revives, and being free from the gross Vapours arising from too much, and too fattening Meats and Drinks, the Films which darken'd her Sight fall off: and she can better now discern the naked Forms of Things by her own simple Intuition, than before she could through all borrow'd Spectacles and other Opticks of Book-Philosophy: also she will more easily raise herself to the Contemplation and Science of Divine Eternal Things. He therefore that in earnest will apply himself to the Study of accomplish'd Sanctity, must first by Fasting exhaust the Marrow from his Bones, the Fatness from his Flesh, the wild and rampant Spirits from his Nerves, and then he must purge the Words and Actions of his Life from Vice. When this is done, the Soul becometh a pure *Tabula Rasa*, and is fit for the Impressions of celestial Virtue.

Those who labour under acute Diseases, run great Hazard of their Lives, according to *Hippocrates*, unless their Diet be accommodated with proportionate Regard to the Quality and Time of the critical Fits or Paroxysms. But those who are entangled with Vice, do labour under far more dangerous Distempers, than such as afflict the Body. Wherefore the Prophet, our Holy Lawgiver, like a wise Physician, appointed certain Seasons of the Year for sacred Abstinences, Fastings, Pilgrimages, Vigils, and other holy Exercises, especially the mighty Fast and Vigil of *Ramezan*, wherein tho' it be not forbid to eat of Flesh after the Stars appear at Night, yet none but loose and indevout Believers take that Liberty; whereas the better Sort content themselves with an ascetick Diet. The *Hebrews* fasted with unleavened Bread, and a little Salad: the *Christians* also taste no Flesh  
on

on their prohibited Days: And shall the *Mussulmans* be greater Libertines than these Infidels?

O *Hebatolla!* how radiant is the Lustre of a Lamp when shining through a clean, and fine, defecate Crystal! So does the Soul display the Rays of her immortal Virtue round about, when she inhabits in a well purified, chaste, and almost pervious Body. Wherefore it is absolutely necessary for him to attenuate his Body with perpetual Temperance and Abstinence, who consecrates himself to Virtue and Devotion. He will not be ensnared or catch'd by any Baits of Luxury or Voluptuousness; nor yet affrighted from his constant, sober Course of Life, by any Pain or thwarting Accident: No Frowns or Menaces shall divert him from his noble Purpose: But he will so nourish his Body all his Life, that it shall never be surfeited or over-fill'd with Meats. And such is the Magick of this sacred Virtue, that it can never be hurt, much less subverted by all the Machinations of evil Demons, or the malicious Attempts of Men. But it proceeds from Strength to Strength, and fights the Combat valiantly, till having overcome at last, it triumphs for ever, and receives the Palm, the Crown and Chaplet of Divine Reward in Paradise.

Holy President, pray that I may practise what I so admire, and not be self-condemned for living contrary to my Knowledge. For God neither loves a double Tongue or Heart, neither delights he in Feet or Hands that are swift and nimble to do Mischief.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.

## L E T T E R VIII.

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

NOW the *Christians* are in a general Consternation for *Candy*: The Pope has sent Letters to all the Princes that are in his Communion, inviting and pressing them to succour that distressed Island. Levies are making every where; and the King of *France*, who seeks all Occasions of Glory, appears the most forward of any to assist the Republick in this fatal Juncture. The Duke of *Beaufort*, and Chevalier *de Vendosme*, are appointed to lead the Forces design'd for that Service. They are gone to *Toulou*, in order to embark. The Pope has sent the Duke of *Beaufort* a *Breve*, declaring him General of the Troops Ecclesiastick that are to serve in *Candy*; and for his greater Encouragement, he has sent him the Pontifical Standard. In the mean while there is a Triple League concluded between the Emperor, the King of *Spain*, the King of *England*, the King of *Swedeland*, and the States of *Holland*.

There is great Joy in *Portugal* for the Birth of the *Infanta*, who is call'd *Elizabetha-Maria-Louisa*. She was born the 6<sup>th</sup> of the first Moon; and on the 18<sup>th</sup> the Empress of *Germany* was also delivered of a Daughter. These Western Queens are very pregnant; Not a Year passes without the Birth or Baptism of some Royal Infant.

This is all the News at present; but to oblige thee, I will say something of *Italy*, which is esteem'd the Garden of *Europe*. Nay, *Constantine Paleologus*, Emperor of *Greece*, was wont to say, *Unless I had been assured by very Learned and Holy Men, that Paradise was seated in Asia, I should have sworn that Italy had been the Place.*



It is most certain, *Italy* is a delectable Country abounding in Riches and Pleasures. The Eye is not satisfied with seeing the infinite Variety of Beauties, which grace this happy Region. Such is the lovely Intermixture of Hills and Valleys, Groves and Plains, Palaces and Gardens, that a Traveller is ravish'd as he pass'es on the Road. But this is not all: She is as rich as fair. No Country in the World can match *Italy*, for the Plenty and Variety of excellent Wines; only they are of no long Continuance. Above all the rest, Travellers commend that Sort which they call *Lachrymæ Christi*, or the *Tears of Christ*, for its delicious Taste: which when a *Dutchman* once tasted, he burst forth into this Exclamation; *O Christ, why didst not thou weep in my Country?* At *Papia* there are a Kind of Aromatick Grapes which leave a fragrant Odour in the Mouth of him that eats them. It is recorded of a certain *Roman* Lord, That when he was in Prison half dead with Melancholy, he drank a Glass or two of this generous Wine, which so reviv'd his Spirits, that instead of despairing, as he was ready to do before, he wrote a *Treatise*, intituled, *De Consolatione*.

Besides, *Italy* abounds in Cattle, Sheep, Fowls, Mines, Rocks of Alabaster, Marble, Porphyry, Coral, Ophirs, Agats, Chalcedonis, Azures, and innumerable other precious Stones. Hence it comes, that in this Country are seen the most Glorious and Magnificent Temples of the World.

But this so fair and wealthy a Spot of Ground is inhabited by a very wicked Sort of People; they are quite degenerated from the Virtues of their Ancestors. They are a Base, Effeminate, Sly, Sodomitical Race of Men, Covetous, Revengeful, and Inexorable. I have heard a Story of two *Italian* Brothers that were walking one Night in the Fields, it being a very serene Sky; when one of them looking stedfastly on the Heavens, wish'd, *he had as many Oxen as there were Stars*. The other wish'd, *he had a Field as large as the Firmament*. *What wou'd you do with it?* said the first.

*Let your Oxen graze there,* reply'd he. But as they proceeded in this Kind of foolish, loose Discourse, they kindled each other's Anger; and at length, falling from Words to Blows, kill'd one another on the Spot. Behold the Consequence of their covetous Desires! They are extremely addicted to Revenge, and are as dextrous at poisoning as the *Indian Princes*. A certain *French Author* gives us a very compendious Account of the Benefits a Stranger gets by travelling into *Italy*, in these Words; *We go into Italy*, says he, *with incredible Charges, only to purchase the mere Shadow of Civility, and we bring back from thence the whole System of Vices.* The *Milaneses* teach us how to cheat. From the *Venetians* we learn Hypocrisy. *Rome* transforms us into perfect Atheists and Libertines. *Naples* turns us to Satyrs. *Florence* instructs us in the artificial Methods of poisoning. There is not one City, which does not tincture us with some specifick ill Qualities.

Sage *Hamet*, in all my Letters to thee, I studiously insert some Remarks on these Western Nations, that so I may gratify thy Wishes. Pardon the Want of Order; for I write Things as they present themselves to my Memory. Accept all in good Part from *Mabmut*, who obeys thy Commands chearfully, and honours thee without Flattery.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.



## L E T T E R IX.

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

THOU may'st register in the Archives of the Sacred Empire, That Don *John of Austria* is made perpetual Governor of the *Low-Countries* under the *Spanish King's* Obedience. He is also Viceroy, and Vicar-General of *Arragon, Catalonia, and Valentia*. But it is fit for thee to know also, That this is so far from being esteem'd by that Prince a Happiness, that he counts it his greatest Misfortune, in regard 'tis no better than an honourable and irrevocable Banishment from the Court of *Spain*; where his Royal Blood and Merits are out-master'd by the Genius of a certain Priest, whom they call *Father Nitard*. This Man is very ambitious, always aiming at high Matters; yet admir'd by no body for his Learning, Beauty, or any other good Qualities. Only the Queen of *Spain* is pleas'd to make him her Favourite.

He cou'd ne'er buckle to the Humour of Don *John*; and hence arose a secret Envy between 'em, which afterwards burst forth into open Animosities, Feuds, and Quarrels: So that at the last the Favourite got the Day, and *Dom John* was forc'd to quit the Field.

It is impossible to trace the Sovereigns of the Earth in the Footsteps of their Royal Conduct; or else one would of course conclude, That so great a Prince as this, of the same Lineage as the Queen herself, should have easily eclips'd the borrow'd Lustre of an upstart Minion. But Monarchs have specifick Reasons to themselves, which others cannot penetrate.

Perhaps this cunning Priest used a Trick like that of a Soldier in the Army of *Alexander the Great*: Who being of an ambitious Spirit, and coveting to  
make

make some greater Figure than that of a private Centinel, consider'd *Alexander's* Humour, and how to hit it. He knew, that his Heroick Master took delight in any Thing that was bold and brave. But how to come into his Presence, he was ignorant. At length, he pitch'd upon this Method. One Day, as *Alexander* was debauching with his beloved *Parmenio*, *Hephæstion*, *Lyfimachus*, and other Officers; this Fellow (whose Name was *Chytus*) put himself into a Mimick Dress of War, counterfeiting himself mad, and dancing the *Pyrrhick* Measures, with his brandish'd Sword, kill'd five new-listed Soldiers lately come from *Colchis*. The Guards soon seiz'd upon him; and it being a Tragical Novelty, the News was carried to the King; who caus'd the Fellow to be brought before him. And examining him on the Point, *Chytus* answer'd, " Great King, those  
 " Five Men, whom I have kill'd, had conspir'd to  
 " take away thy Life this Day, being hir'd thereto  
 " by the King of *Colchis*, and therefore sent into  
 " the Army. Their Tent being next to mine, I  
 " had an accidental Opportunity last Night of over-  
 " hearing their Discourse, when they were plotting  
 " together the Time, the Place, and Manner of  
 " thy Death. I kept a Watch upon them, and  
 " observ'd their Motions from that Moment. For,  
 " though I knew the Hour appointed by them for  
 " this execrable Regicide, yet I was sollicitous lest  
 " some ill Fate should prompt the Russians to ante-  
 " date their own Resolves, and hasten a Murder,  
 " whose Delay might else discover their Designs, or  
 " at least prevent 'em. Therefore I took this mad  
 " Disguise, to execute the soberest and most important  
 " Purpose that e'er I fram'd in all my Days; which  
 " was at once to save the Life of the World's Con-  
 " queror, and get myself Immortal Honour by the  
 " happy Deed."

After profound Deliberation of the drunken Cabinet-Council, *Alexander* approved the Fact, and order'd Publick Honours to be done to his Deliverer.

According

According to the *Macedonian* Custom, he vested him with purple Robes, and gave him a Chain of Gold, admitting him to the latter End o' th' Banquet, and afterwards esteeming him above his most familiar Friends. 'Till such another Debauch as this, but more unfortunate to *Clytus*, at once depriv'd him of the King's Favour and his own Life: So inconstant is the State of Human Greatness.

Sage *Hamet*, the Favour of Princes is like a Reed of *Egypt*, which either transpierces him that leans upon it; or flinches from the Burden, and so gives him a Fall, which most times plunges him o'er Head and Ears in the choaking Mire of popular Hatred.

GOD grant thou may'st never be crushed to Death from above, by the Weight of the Sultan's Displeasure, or undermined from beneath, and swallow'd up in an Earthquake rais'd by the Multitude.

Paris, 18th of the 7th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.

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## L E T T E R X.

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

**T**HOU wilt not be displeas'd to hear of a mighty King, that laying aside his Diadem and Sceptre, and abandoning the Height of human Glory, has consecrated himself to a private religious Life, vowing perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

Yet this is true of *John Casimir*, late King of *Poland*, who from a sovereign Monarch is become an humble Subject, and having forsaken the Pleasures  
and

and Magnificences of his Royal Palace, voluntarily confines himself to the narrow Circumstances and Austerities of a monastick Life.

He chose *France* for the Place of his Retreat from his own Kingdom; and the Abbey of *St Germans* near *Paris* as his Sanctuary from all worldly Affairs. He was magnificently received and entertained in every City through which he pass'd. And on the 4th of the 11th Moon, he made his first Entry into the Mosque or Church of the Convent, where he made his Vows in Quality of Abbot, or Superior of that House: For which they solemnly sung their *Te Deum*, or a Song of Praise to God. And the Court of *France* seems to be proud of the Honour this Prince has done it, in retiring hither, and making it the Theatre of such pious Resolves, the last Stage of his Pilgrimage on Earth, where he will bid adieu to the vain Pageantries of Honour, Wealth, and Empire; and having shaken off the glittering Burden of a Crown, with all the other Clogs of elevated Mortality, he will the easier climb to Paradise.

— Abstracting from the particular Superstitions of the *Nazarenes*, I cannot but commend the sage Undertaking of King *Casimir*; who in this seems to outgo the noisy ostentous Action of *Adrian*, one of the *Roman* Emperors: For he only once celebrated in outward Pomp his own Funeral, by Way of Type or Figure; making a splendid Cavalcade, before which his Coffin was carried in a Kind of Mock-Triumph: As if, after all his Victories, at last he had led Death himself Captive. Whereas this hinder'd not, but that he returned again to the Vanities which in this publick Emblem he seem'd to despise; and from a Dramatick Conqueror, he became a real Slave. His personated Mortification in the Streets ended in his ordinary Passions at home: And he had a stronger Inclination to the Bed of Voluptuousness at Night, than he seem'd to have by Day to his Grave.

But this Heroick King of the *Poles* is really gone into his Sepulchre. [For no better is a Monastery in my Opinion.] He has translated the Seat and Throne of his Kingdom to a Tomb; not for Three or Four Hours, to make a Shew, but there really to lead a dying Life, or living Death; and reign in funeral Majesty all the rest of his Days. For to be thus Recluse from the World, is to be buried alive.

O Venerable and Benign *Dervise*, pardon the favourable Opinion I have of this *Christian* Monarch. I do not patronize his Errors in applauding his Virtue. Besides, it is the general Faith of *Mussulmans*, That, let a Man be a *Christian*, a *Jew*, or *Pagan*, provided he lives up to the best Light he has, he shall be saved. And the holy Prophet himself gave us Encouragement to believe so.

Thou wilt at least conclude this King to be more pious and worthy of Praise, than one of his Predecessors, who usurp'd the *Polish* Crown. This was *Uladislaus V*; who having enter'd into a solemn League with one of our former Sultans living in his Time, and taken an Oath thereupon, giving also the *Eucharist* (or that which they esteem the Body of *Christ*) in Hostage; yet soon after broke the Articles that he had sign'd and sworn to, and for the Performance of which he had pawn'd his God.

This so provok'd the *Grand Signior*, that he had recourse to his Arms for Justice, and invaded *Poland* with a mighty Force. To repel which, *Uladislaus* also levied an Army, and met him in the Field. But just as they were going to give Battle, the Sultan took out of his Bosom the pawn'd *Eucharist*, with the Capitulations, agreed upon, and sworn to between them. Then holding the *Waser* in one Hand, and the *Articles* in the other, he cried out, in the Hearing of both Armies; “ O thou *Crucified God* of the *Christians*,  
 “ behold thy perfidious Adorers, who have given  
 “ thee to me as a Pledge of their Faith and Truth in  
 “ what they have sworn; yet in a most impious  
 “ Manner

“ Manner they have violated their Oath. If thou  
 “ art a GOD, chastise them now by my Means, for  
 “ their abominable Perjury, and Prophanation of thy  
 “ Name.” His Prayer was heard of Heaven: For  
 the victorious *Osmons* gave a total Overthrow to the  
 Infidels: and that blasphemous Prince was himself  
 kill'd in the Battel.

Whatever various Forms of Religion there be in  
 the World; we know there is but *One True God*,  
*Creator* of Heaven and Earth, *Conservator* and *Gover-*  
*nor* of Men. He connives at the invincible Ignorances.  
 Frailties, and Infirmities of our Mortal Race. He  
 accepts the good Works and sincere Vows of Pagans  
 and the Uncircumcised, as well as those of the True  
 Believers, and Followers of the Prophet. But he  
 abhors and punishes all Injustice, Perjury, Treason,  
 both in One and the Other. For he has no partial  
 Regards for this Nation or Person, more than that.  
 They are all equally the Works of his Hands; and  
 his Care is alike over all.

The Sun runs from the East to the West: In his  
 daily Circuit he illuminates and warms this Hemi-  
 sphere; and by Night our *Antipodes* enjoy his Favours  
 and welcome Influences. At one time of the Year  
 he comforts the North, at another he revives the South.  
 There is no Part of the Globe, which in due Season  
 does not rejoice in his all-chearing Beams.

The Moon never slacks or deviates from her wonted  
 Course; but from the Crescent to the Wane, observes  
 the Laws of him that made her. She is exact in  
 timing the Flux and Reflux of the Sea: And she guides  
 the wandring Mariners by Night. The Inhabitants  
 of the *Arctick* and *Antarctick Circles* wait for her Light,  
 when the Sun absents himself for half the Year. As  
 soon as they see the Chariot of *Diana* appear on the  
 Road of their Heaven, every Man claps his Hands for  
 Joy. They rouse from their domestick Dulness and  
 Melancholy; they come out of their Dens and Caves.  
 With Dances and Songs they welcome the Approach  
 of the beautiful Goddess; knowing that she is but a  
 second



second Remove from the *Eternal Light*; the Mirror of the Sun, in which that glorious Planet may see his Face; in whose, by Reflexion, we see the Face of God.

So do the Stars keep on their various Traverses through the Heavens. Each Constellation faithfully maintaining its Post; each Planet pursuing its Road. Whilst all together, at so vast a Distance, appear a flying Camp, never setting up their bright Pavilions but by Night, and in the Morning taking them down again. This may be called the Army of Heaven, the Host of God, embattel'd in the Firmament, to guard his Friends on Earth, and to chastise his Enemies.

To descend lower yet into our Sublunary Elements; we find the Rain, Hail, Snow, Winds, Thunder, Lightning, and other Meteors, are impartially scatter'd up and down. the Climates of the Earth; I do not mean by Chance, but by the Universal Providence which governs all Things. As the *Alcoran* expresses it: " 'Tis he directs the Seminal and Prolifick  
" Showers to Barren and Desert Places: Doubtless  
" this is a Sign of his *Divine Unity*."

In fine all Provinces and Corners of the Earth bring forth their proper Fruits in Season. And the Negroes of *Africk* and *America*, though gross Idolaters, and some of them worshipping Infernal Demons, yet enjoy God's Blessings, and live as plentifully, with as much Content and Joy, as we that adore his *Eternal Unity*.

Every Nation takes up their Religion on the Credit of their Priests; and so long as they observe the Natural and Moral Law imprinted in their Hearts, the indulgent Judge and Father of Men will dispense with those that err, in Obedience to the Positive Laws of their Nation: For Sedition is like Magick, odious to God and Man, and equally liable to Universal Punishment.

Once more, O pious Father of the *Dervises*, I beg of thee to pardon the Freedom I take, in discoursing  
of

of Religious Matters in thy Presence, who art a Light to the Blind, a Guide to those that err ; a Resolver of Doubts, an Arbitrator of difficult Questions ; the only Oracle of thy Province.

I endeavour not to inform thee, but to disentangle myself from Error ; and testify, that tho' I honour God and his Prophet, yet I think there is no need of a Falshood to defend the Truth.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

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## L E T T E R   X I .

To Useph, Bassa.

**D**EATH has of late celebrated a triple Triumph in the Court of *France* ; having led away Captives to the invisible World, the Cardinal Duke of *Vendosme*, a Duchess of the same Title, and *Henrietta Maria*, late Queen of *Great Britain*, being the Relict of King *Charles I*, and youngest Daughter to *Henry IV* of *France*.

Thou may'st also report to the Divan, that *Casimir*, late King of *Poland*, is now at this Court ; having left *Poland*, as soon as he saw Prince *Wiesnowiski* elected his Successor. The Dukes of *Lorraine* and *Newburgh* had severally laid claim to that Crown, and levy'd Armies apart, in order to make good their Pretensions. But the *Polanders* being aware of it, were resolv'd not to bring themselves under the Jurisdiction of any Foreigner, so long as there was a Prince of their own Nation capable of the Dignity ; and one who being the Son of King *Casimir*, seems to have the best Title to his Father's Throne, whose Virtues he inherits.

Here

Here is also arriv'd the Prince of *Tuscany*, who has travell'd through all *Europe*, and takes *France* as the last Kingdom in his Return Homewards: Protesting he does this in good Manners, as preferring *France* to all the Nations in *Christendom*. Indeed, he could do no less, in good Manners, than make this Apology, which yet sounds very flat to a Court so refined as this; which might have expected his first Visit, as a Token of his Regard; since, tho' in Domestick Processions, Entries, and Cavalcades, those of highest Dignity take the last Place; yet in foreign Embassies and Voyages, it is usual for Princes to address to those first, for whom they have the greatest Esteem.

The Politicians here keep very secret the News that comes from *Candy*, which makes all Men conclude, 'tis none of the most prosperous. 'Tis generally reported for a Truth, That Admiral *Beaufort* is either kill'd or taken Prisoner by the *Ottomans*; and that the *French* have lost near Two Thousand Men in this Undertaking.

I wonder why the Painters always describe Death in the Form of a naked Skeleton, a starv'd System of dry Bones. Whereas one would think, he ought to be pourtray'd as a Monster, a Miracle of Fatness; since he is the greatest Glutton in the World, hourly gormandizing on all Manner of Flesh, and is the very Original, Universal Cannibal of Nature, who from the Beginning of the World has feasted himself with human Bodies. But perhaps he has a bad Digestion, and none of all his raw and bloody Diet will afford Nutriment enough to form so much as a poor Skin to cover his Nakedness; And therefore 'tis he is always drawn in this lean Figure.

Courteous *Bassa*, suffer me from this vain Jest to fall into a serious Reflection on our Mortality, and the frail Statę of Human Race.

Man is but a scetid Vapour, first exhaled from the Earth, and afterwards advancing, is condens'd to a Cloud, that so his Filthiness may be concealed under  
the

the Covert of a Skin, there in Secret to engender a Thousand Meteors of fiery Passions, Lusts, Concupiscences, and extravagant Thoughts: Which in time burst forth, and trouble all the World: Yet end at last in empty Smoak, Rain, Hail, or Wind, and are extinct almost as soon as they were form'd.

The Elements of which we are compounded, may serve as Mirrors to represent the constant Mutability of our Nature. So the devouring Fire, when all its Fuel is spent, decays and dies. Earth, Air, and Water, all are subject to Corruption, and from thence our Generation takes its Rise: Likewise thither we return again. This is the Eternal Circle of Natural Products. The Trees, the Flowers, with all the Vegetable Race; the Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, with every Species of Animals, are so many Remembrancers of our Mortality. Which Way so'er we turn our Eyes, they are presented with fresh Images of Human Weakness; and the very Breath which does prolong our Life, helps equally to shorten it, since every Respiration carries away some Portion of our Substance. Our finer Particles gradually vanish into Smoak and Air, whilst the more gross Remainder scums off in noisome Excrements: And if there appear a Shew of any Thing solid in us at our Death, 'tis soon reduc'd to Ashes, Dirt, or Worms. Our Bodies, of which we make so great Account whilst living, are lost in the Abyss of Universal Matter soon after Death.

What were the greatest Prince the happier, tho' he possess'd the whole Circumference of this Globe? 'Tis but a mighty Heap of Dirt or Dung, perpetually exhaling or crumbling away: 'Tis one of the Dishes which compose the Banquet of all-devouring Time. And whilst the insulting Monarchs of the Earth trample on it in Disdain, spreading their Armies far and wide, and boasting that their Empires have no Bounds; each does but hasten to be shut up himself within a little, obscure, and putrid Hole, not much surpassing the Limits of a Mole-hill.

Great *Bassa*, Let not the Honours and Dignities thou possessest, make thee forget the Miseries to which thou art liable each Hour: But, remember thou art a Man.

Paris, the 6th of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.

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## LETTER XII.

*To the Kaimacham.*

HERE is arriv'd a *Muta faraca*, call'd *Solyman Ismael*, with Expresses from the *Grand Signior*. 'Twas no small Refreshment to see his publick Entry, which appear'd like a little Epitome of the *Mussulman* Grandeur and Magnificence. The young Rabble were as curious to be Spectators of the Eastern Cavalcade, as the *Romans* were fond of beholding the Secular Plays, which were exhibited but once in an Age. Nay, People of all Ranks, Ages, and Qualities, fill'd the Streets, the Windows, and Battlements of their Houses: Some, because they never saw such a Sight before; others, despairing that they should live long enough to be Witnesses of such another.

Yet with all their Curiosity, none but the Ministers of State are able to dive into the least Secret of his Instructions. These willingly communicate the Titles which that great *Arbiter of the Earth* gives the *French King*. That so not only his Subjects, but neighbouring Nations may conceive the profounder Veneration for him, without penetrating the Measures he takes. This is an Artifice common to all States, to turn the best Side outermost; only the *Hollanders* excepted, who in the Days of their Revolt from the King of *Spain*, could not so much as put a

good Face upon a bad Matter : But were forc'd to expose their Poverty and Nakedness, as well as suffer under it ; addressing themselves to *Elizabeth*, then Queen of *England*, in the Character of *The Poor Distressed States of Holland*, and so begging her Assistance.

However, *Solyman* has faithfully imparted to me his Affairs, as I have reason to believe. He is too well born and bred, possess'es more Reason and Wit, than to amuse *the Old Man in the Cassock*. (so they call me here in the Streets, who know me not by any other Character ; so private is *Mahmut* in *Paris*, at this Hour, notwithstanding all his publick Sufferings.)

I esteem *Ismael* as one fit to represent the *Grand Signior's* Person, among better People than Infidels : Yet, I tell thee, the *French* are the most refin'd of all the *Western Giafers*.

*Ismael* understands the Force of the Civil Laws, which he learn'd from *Justinian's* Code, and other Books. For he is perfect in *Greek* and *Latin*, and has bestow'd some Years in reading their Books, both Prints and Manuscripts.

He makes a very personable Figure, being tall, full-body'd, well-shap'd, and not of an ugly Face, which is enough to be said of a Man design'd for Business, and not only for Love. He is never in danger of falling under *Cato's* Censure, who seeing two Ambassadors sent from *Rome* to a foreign State, one of which had his Head so little, that it could hardly be distinguished from that of an Owl ; and the other such a Cripple, that he could not walk without Stilts ; cry'd out, *Here's an Embassy which has neither Head nor Tail*.

And then, our *Muta-faraca* is rich : He supports the Charges of his Commission with extraordinary Munificence. His House is already become the Sanctuary of all the distress'd *Levantine's*, whether *Greeks*, *Armenians*, or *Followers of the Prophet* : And he speaks *French* as readily as a Native. Yet he dissembles his Expertness in that Language, to keep up the State and

and Reservedness of the *Ottoman* Empire, which disdain to condescend to any other Speech than *Turkish* or *Arabick*. Besides, he has the Advantage, by thus artificially shutting his Ears, that he can at one Time both Hear and be Deaf; Understand and be Ignorant of whatsoever is said by the Spies of the *French* King. And this is no small Gift in a Man of his Character and Trust: For he had need of an Angel, or a Devil at his Elbow, that thinks to overreach this Court.

Above all, I believe our *Solyman* will never be guilty of the Error committed by the Ambassadors sent from *Tenedos* to one of the *Roman* Emperors: I'm sure he is not yet. For those Gentlemen had seen the Death of the Emperor's Son, Eleven Moons, and Fourteen Days, as the Story says, "before they knew 'twas their Duty to make an Address of Condolance: Or, at least, before they call'd it to mind; for they were drown'd in the *Roman* Luxury. So that, when they came to perform that Devoir, the Emperor could not forbear to scoff at them in these Terms: *I much lament, said he, the Fate of the Renowned Hector, your Countryman and Champion, whom Achilles the Grecian kill'd above a thousand Years ago.*

I speak this in a particular Regard to *Solyman's* Deportment here. For, when he first came to this Court, he found them all in Mourning for the Death of the King's Aunt, the late Queen of *England*, and of other High Personages, (particularly those that were slain in the late Action at *Candia*) whereof I have already given an Account to the *Sublime Porte* in another Letter. Without Instructions, he very demurely accosted the King, and told him, "There  
" could be no *Dunalma* in the *Ottoman* Empire, for  
" the late Success at *Candia*, so long as the *French*  
" Court were Mourners."

This was a sensible Touch to those that understood it; and from that Moment, the Grandees and Ministers of State have made a Difference in their Entertainment of this ingenious *Muta-faraca*, and

that which they used to give the *Chiausés* formerly sent from the *Porte*.

I can assure thee, he is, at the same Time, very blunt and very elegant in his Discourse. There's Fire in every Word he utters, to warm and refresh, if they take it at a due Distance, but if they approach too near, he scorches their Spirits, and puts them into a Choler they dare not shew. They consume inwardly in their own Despight: Yet cannot help themselves.

Doubtless, the King of *France* is the greatest Monarch, the most powerful and victorious Prince in *Christendom*, the only invincible Emperor of the *Western Franks*. Yet he veils to our Majestick Sovereign, Lord of the whole Earth. And our Eunuch will not part with a Tittle of his Master's Honour, or give any Advantage by an Easiness worthy of Blame, in a Case that may be turn'd to a Precedent. He is very happy in his Repartees, as thou wilt perceive by the Answer he gave to a *French* Lord yesterday, when he ask'd him, Whether he thought it not a Violation of the Civil Law, for Ambassadors to be imprisoned, as they often are at the *Ottoman Porte*? No, (says *Solyman*) it is not, where the Ambassador is guilty of Treason, or Crimen læsæ Majestatis. But, if it were, you Frenchmen have the least Reason to accuse us of it; since we first learn'd this Maxim from the Backside of your *Salique Law*, where it is endors'd. And then he produced twenty several Instances of this Kind in the Court of *France*.

In a word, *Solyman* has hitherto acquitted himself with marvellous Success in every Thing; tho' the *French* Grandees often set upon him, to try what Metal he is made of; having generally a mean Opinion of *Mussulmans*, because Learning is so little countenanc'd among us.

I have no Matter of News to acquaint thee with, save that a violent Plague broke forth not long ago at *Soissons*; and a terrible Earthquake in *Sicily*, frighted the Inhabitants of *Catanea*, and the adjacent Towns from



from their Habitations; after one whole Village had been swallowed up.

Those who were curious to pry into the Cause of these particular Convulsions, and that affrighting Overthrow, perceiv'd, after diligent Search, that it proceeded from a new Eruption, or Breach in Mount. *Gibel*, about two Miles from *Catanea*: Where the horrid Chasm vomited forth Floods of Fire, with flaming Stones; which being carried violently thro' the Air, for the Space of near a League round about, at last fell down in flaming Showers or Cataracts, producing sad and calamitous Effects in the neighbouring Country.

Serene Minister, it is evident, that the Judgments of GOD are upon these Infidels: Yet, they will not be converted from their Errors and Vices. They have felt the same Tempest of Fire which overwhelmed the Nine Cities of the Lake *Asphaltites*: Yet, they remain insensible and obdurate: Surely, they will be exterminated from the Earth.

*Paris, 4th of the 12th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.*

*The END of the Second Book.*





# LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

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V O L. VII.

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B O O K III.

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## LETTER I.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd Eunuch, at  
Alcair in Egypt.*

**B**E no longer melancholy, my Friend, nor sink under the Burthen of thy Misfortunes. Give not thy Enemies an Occasion of double Triumph, in that they have driven thee from thy self, as well as from the *Grand Signior's* happy Presence. Thou hast Money and Jewels enough left to purchase thee a competent Felicity any where. Or, at least, thou hast Virtue, which renders every Place a Paradise. Associate thyself with the other Exiles in that City, Victims to a Royal Caprice; suffer'd with all their immense Riches, to make a pompous and magnificent Entry into that Metropolis of *Egypt*; but soon after stripp'd of all their Wealth,  
and

and sacrificed to the Court-Avarice. So were the consecrated Bulls of old, dress'd up in stately Equipage, their Horns and Hoofs all gilded over with Gold, adorn'd with Ribbons of costly Silk, their Bodies cover'd over with Mantles of Brocade and Tissue, embroider'd with Pearls and precious Stones, and trailing on the Pavements of *Apollo's* Temple; whilst the Priests stood ready at the Altar to dispatch whole Hecatombs of these gay Sacrifices.

Your Case is not so bad at *Caire*, in that your Lives are spar'd, and you at Liberty to carve new Fortunes to yourselves, where-e'er you please. You ought to aid and counsel one another in your Misfortunes. It is a Comfort to the Miserable, to have Companions in their sad Estate. Insinuate thyself into the *Bassa's* Favour. He may do something to alleviate thy Grief. He'll measure thy Circumstances by his own; considering that he has but three Years to enjoy his present Wealth and Grandeur.

Go to the banish'd *Musti*, if he be living at *Caire*; desire his Spiritual Advice: Perhaps thou may'st receive into the Bargain some temporal Advantage from it. He has a greater Influence on some of the *Egyptian Beys*, than the *Grand Signior* has himself: You are all alike embark'd in one Affliction, whose Essence does consist in being degraded from your former Honours, (though in different Degrees) and being separated from your Friends, that bask in the immediate Lustre of Imperial Dignity. It is your Business therefore now, to find out some new Source of Happiness: To make new Friends, since you have lost the old; or, at least, to prop up one another by a mutual Friendship, not to be broke or dissipated, but by a Destiny equal to the former. And then you have no more to do, but prosecute your several Interests, and be resign'd to Fate.

As for thee, I am particularly sollicitous; being engag'd together from our Youth, by a reciprocal Participation of good Offices, which was the Effect

of a deep-rooted and strong Sympathy. The Agreeableness of Humour united first our Souls, and taught us the mysterious Lessons of *Platonick* Love. We saw each other, and were straight inspir'd with sacred Inclinations. My Eye no sooner fix'd on thine, but through that Perspective, I could see the inward Virtue of thy Soul, which immediately produced a Ventilation in my Breast: And I soon found our Hearts bore Time to one another. This generous Passion afterwards increased as we grew up; and what it lost of its first Violence, it gain'd by acquiring a more lasting Strength, more durable Integrity, and constant Faithfulness. Our Joys and Grievs were still the same. No prosperous or adverse Fortune could ever change our Minds, to warp us either to Flattery or Contempt: But with an even Mind we still sustain'd the different Accidents of human Life, and propp'd up one another with a right Affection; 'till 'twas the Will of Fate to separate us, I being made a Slave in *Sicily*, whilst thou enjoyest the Smiles and Favours of thy Infant-Fortune, which introduced thee first to the Serail. Afterwards, I gain'd my Freedom, and return'd to the Imperial City, and to the Palace of the Sultan. But was not suffer'd long to enjoy that Happiness, being appointed for this hazardous Post in *Paris*.

I tell thee, *Mehemet*, I reckon my Case far worse than thine, in that I am forced to take my constant Residence up amongst these Infidels. Could my propitious Stars encourage me but with the smallest Hopes to change my present Course of Life, I'd ne'er repine at what was past, but please myself with flattering Prospects of some future and unknown Felicity. But to be irrevocably chain'd down to the Oar, without a Glimpse of any Sign that I shall ever be reliev'd, is worse than Death itself.

Whereas, on the other Side, thou art dispos'd of in the happiest Region of the Earth; *Egypt*, the Mother of Sciences, the Midwife of Celestial Secrets, the Nurse of Sages, Saints, and Prophets; the Granary

nary of the *Mussulman* Empire; and the Refuge of Distressed Mortals. Oh! *Mehemet*, prize the vast Advantage thou hast of me, and others of thy Fellow-Slaves. Improve thy Privilege and Opportunity of ranging where thou list. Go, visit all the Antiquities of *Egypt*, and trace her Borders to the West and South. If this will not divert thy Melancholy, go farther yet, and search the mighty Cataracts of the *Nile*, which deafen Mortals with their Fall. Go view the Mountains of the Moon in *Æthiopia*: Or, see the Desolation of the smoaky Vale, and of the Cities, whose Inhabitants were in a Minute metamorphos'd into the Stones, as a Memorial of eternal Vengeance against crying Sins.

But, after all, my *Mehemet*, depart not from thy Reason, Loyalty, and Faith. For these are Armour-Proof against the Assaults of Chance and Destiny, of Men and Devils, of Earth and Hell. And when thy Travels are finished here on Earth, those Virtues will not fail to carry thee to Heaven.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

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## L E T T E R II.

*To the same.*

I Cannot forbear giving thee the Trouble of another Letter by this Post, that I may yet more encourage thee to a virtuous Resignation to the Will of Fate, which thou knowest is inexorable.

There is an eternal Law fix'd in the Universe, which admits of no Repeal. No Prayers or Tears of passionate Mortals; no Vows, Alms, Pilgrimages, or any other supererogating Works, can move the

Destinies. They are more inflexible than the Judges of the old *Athenian Areopagus*. And the unchangeable Edicts of the *Median Empire* might sooner be reversed, than the Decrees of Fate.

If thou couldst make *Corban* with an hundred thousand Sheep, and feed the Poor of all the East, according to the *Mussulman* Practice; or sacrifice as many Bulls after the Fashion of the antient *Gentiles*; couldst thou monopolize all the Aromaticks of the Orient, to compound the most exalted Incense; and make a Pyramid of odoriferous Smoke ascend high as the Shadow of the Earth at Midnight, whereby the Heaven of Heavens should be all perfum'd, and every sleeping Deity should be awaken'd by the fragrant Smell; couldst thou bribe the Choirs above, to tune the Spheres anew, and raise the sweetest Harmony that ever reach'd the Eternal Sense; yet all would not prevail to alter the Resolves of Heaven, or re-instate thee in thy former Honour. No! my *Mehemet*, thou art lost for ever at the *Serail*: The Face of Things is chang'd, since thou hast been in *Egypt*. Thy Friends are all dispersed abroad in the World, or dead; which is but another Kind of Separation. There are no Hopes now left thee, of ever returning again to that proud City, which inherits the Character of ancient *Rome*, *The Lady of the Earth*. I wish the *Roman* Luxury be not alike entail'd.

Rouze up, my Friend, and look not on thy State, through the deceitful Opticks of thy Passion; but let Reason light the Prospect. Thou wert before a Slave; now thou art free and Master of thyself. However, to rid thee of the very Idea, or fancy'd Misery, I counsel thee once again, to travel.

Go, make the speediest Retreat thou canst out of the Limits of the *Ottoman Empire*, that thou may'st forget thy Cares and Fears. Take not the Way by *Barbary*, nor covet to see the Place where ancient *Carthage* was situated; be not curious to enquire after *Queen Dido*, *Aeneas*, or *Hannibal*; or to hear some  
Stories

Stories of the famous *Scipio*. Nor would I counsel thee to pass the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Fez*. For, tho' those Realms pay no Obedience to the *Sultan*, yet they are his Allies; and that Reflection will always keep thee in Pain. Besides, the Sight of *Mussulmans* will terrify thy Mind, and fill thee with a thousand Apprehensions.

Go rather the directest Way thou can'st, unto the Kingdoms of the Negroes, or Black People inhabiting the *Torrid Zone*. But, take this Rule: Be sure to coast along the River *Nile*, as near as the Roads of *Africk* will permit: That so thou mayest avoid the horrible and affrighting Desarts of *Lybia*, *Nubia*, and *Zanfar*, with other inhospitable mountainous Parts between the *Tropick of Cancer* and the *Equinox*. For, thou wilt not find it very pleasant to encounter and converse with none but Dragons, Basilisks, and other Monsters of those Regions. And yet, for ought I know, 'tis better, than to fall into the Hands of human Savages.

I know not how to give a general Character of the Southern Blacks; since every Province varies in its particular Principles, Customs, Laws, and Institutions. The *Abyssines* are *Christians*; so are the Inhabitants of *Congo*, *Songo*, *Angola*, and other Countries bordering on the Upper *Æthiopia*. Those that dwell along the *Red Sea*, are generally *Mahometans*. They discourse also of a very populous Country thereabouts, possess'd by *Jews* alone. And there are Authors who assert a Female Kingdom, a Nation of *Amazons*. 'Tis certain, on the Western Side they are all Pagans.

It will be worth thy Labour to observe the different Humours of these People, and make comparison between the antient and this modern *Gentilism*; to abstract their Morals from their Superstitions: And tell me then, whether they do not better deserve the Title of *True Believers*, than we *Mussulmans*; since they act according to their Faith, whereas we go by a quite contrary Method. They believe no

other Gods but their domestick Priests, and these they never willingly offend. Whereas, whilst we profess the *Eternal Unity*, we scruple not to sin against him every Hour. They circumcise, wash, pray, abstain from Meats, give Alms as well as we. Their Justice is as strict, their Mercy soft as ours. In fine, they are Men differing from us only in Colour, Education, and the peculiar Maxims of their Country, which they rigorously observe, and hope for Happiness thereby, as we do by obeying the Law brought down from Heaven.

*Mehemet*, Our Holy Prophet has said, "That who-soever lives innocently, and does Justice, whether he be a *Christian*, *Jew*, or *Pagan*, shall be saved as well as his Disciples." Therefore in all thy Travels, despise not any Man for his Religion, be it never so ridiculous in Appearance; provided he be good and honest in his Conversation; much less condemn those *Africans* for their Colour; since black and white are all alike to him, who first gave Man the Power to know the Difference.

*Mehemet*, If thou acceptest my Advice, take also my Wishes for thy good Voyage and Prosperity.

Paris, the 5th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.





## L E T T E R III.

*To the Mufti, Venerable Patron of Learning and Knowledge.*

FROM thy Clemency I will not fear a Charge of Negligence, in that I have delay'd to perform the Task thou enjoinedst me. Thou know'ft my Circumstances, and wilt confider, That tho' I have read Books, yet I have not a Library of my own. 'Tis true, I often frequent those of this City, but my Seasons are limited either to those Hours when the Libraries are open'd, or to those I can spare from the Affairs of my Commission. I cannot serve the *Grand Signior*, and follow my Studies both at once: Yet I have outpass'd Frugality, and turn'd a Niggard of my Time, that I might obey the great Oracle of True Believers, and promote a Work, for which I have so passionate a Regard.

The enclosed Paper contains the Size of the Volume, which I conceive will be most proper for so great a Work, with the Contrivance of the Pages, which I have divided into Columns, that so the Years of the World, the Date of the Olympiads, with other remarkable *Æra's*, may be rank'd in Order, each parallel with the rest, and all with the Matter treated of at such a Time.

This I have done in the enclosed Paper, not thinking it proper to interrupt the Series of my Letter with a blank Scheme, which is for the Use of the Compilers; but to present thee with a transient View of the four Monarchies, which have made such a Noise in the World; wherein thou needest not fear the Fatigue of a tedious continued History; for I design only to cull out such Passages as are most diverting, and worthy of Perusal.

To begin then with the *Affyrian* Monarchy, which was the first of the four: This Nation was, for a great while, contented with its own Bounds, without seeking to encroach on the Territories of others. And *Ninus* was the first of the *Affyrian* Kings, who enlarg'd his Dominions by Conquest. He subdu'd the greatest Part of *Asia*, and rais'd *Affyria* to the Title of an Empire.

After his Death, *Semiramis* his Wife took upon her the Government, counterfeiting the Person of *Ninyas* his Son, who was yet but a Child. She wore the Habit of a Man, and, being like her Son, pass'd for him, as the lawful Successor, unsuspected. This Virago enlarg'd the Conquests of her Husband, and spread her Empire from *India* to *Æthiopia*; and, to lay the Foundation of an immortal Fame, she built *Babylon*.

To her, succeeded *Ninyas* her Son, of whom nothing is remarkable but his Effeminacy. For neglecting the Affairs of War, he spent all his Time among his Concubines. And the same Stain is fasten'd on his Successors, even to *Sardanapalus*; in whose Death the *Affyrian* Monarchy suffer'd an Interruption, being cantoniz'd into petty Royalties by the Governors of Provinces. Among whom, those who assum'd the Crown of *Babylon* were of most Note, in regard they first recover'd the broken Empire to its old Grandeur and Unity.

By a Succession therefore of many Kings, in reference to whose Actions History is silent, the Monarchy descended to *Merodac Baladan*: In whose Days happen'd that wonderful Retrogradation of the Sun, mention'd by *Hebrew* Writers and others, which occasion'd those famous Controversies among the Philosophers and Astronomers of that Age, mention'd in the *Persian* Chronicles. For they observing, that not only the Sun, but the whole Planetary System, and all the fixed Stars went back at the same Time, or at least seem'd to do so, began to revive that curious Question, about the Motion of the Earth, which the *Chaldeans*, and *Gymnosophists* of *India* had started  
before,

before, when the Sun and Moon stood still at the burning of *Ida*. And it was concluded by some of them, That the Motion of the Earth being granted, its standing still, or going back at these extraordinary Times, would solve all the Astronomical Appearances better, and in a more natural Way, than by supposing such a prodigious Stop to be put to the whole Cœlestial Frame at one Time, or that the everlasting Spheres should be roll'd backwards at the other.

This Dispute was the Occasion of that famous Conflux of the Eastern Sages to *Babylon*, mentioned in the *Persian* Poets and Historians. For *Baladan* being very inquisitive after Knowledge, and particularly desirous to be informed in the Grounds of this preternatural Appearance, sent Messengers into *India*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and all Kingdoms, where Learning flourish'd; inviting the Astrologers, Priests, Magicians, Prophets, and all that had the Character of Wise Men, to come to his Court of *Babylon*, where they were magnificently entertain'd; and when they had fully satisfied all the King's Demands, he sent them away laden with Gifts and Presents, every Man to his own Country.

*Arkianus* succeeded *Baladan* in the Kingdom of *Babylon*, in whose Time *Ecbatan* was built. To him succeeded *Belithus*, *Aphronadius*, *Rigibelus*, *Messissimordacus*; after whom the Kingdom was again translated to the *Affyrians*, in the Reign of *Escharhaddon*, in the 3333d Year of the World, and the 24th Olympiad. During the Empire of this *Escharhaddon* the *Affyrian* Monarch, *Chalcedon* that lies over-against the Imperial City, was built by the *Tbracians*, in the 25th Olympiad, and the 3329th Year of the World.

To *Escharhaddon* succeeded *Soasdachinus*, *Chyladaxus*, *Nabopolassar*; in the Reign of which last, *Necho*, King of *Egypt*, attempted to cut a Canal from the *Nile* to the *Red-Sea*, wherein he employ'd an Hundred and Twenty Thousand *Egyptians*; but discouraged by the slow Progress they made; and the vast Expences he was at, he gave it over.

This *Nabopolassar*, once more rais'd the Kingdom of *Babylon* to an Universal Monarchy; for before his Time it had been for some Years in the Hands of the *Affyrians*; but he subdu'd all *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Judea*, and *Egypt*, and expell'd the *Scythians* out of *Asia*.

To him succeeded his Son *Nebuchadnezzar*, who dream'd of the four universal Monarchies, that were to succeed one another. In his Reign was born the Grand *Cyrus*, who rais'd the *Persian* Monarchy. Of him it is recorded, that one Night he dream'd, *The Sun stood at his Feet, whom when Cyrus thrice attempted to lay hold on, the Sun as often disappear'd*: Which the *Magi* interpreted as a sure Sign that he should reign Thirty Years; which came to pass accordingly.

During this Reign, there was a notable Duel fought between *Pittacus*, one of the seven wise Men of *Greece*, and *Phrynon* the most renowned Combatant of those Days; for he always won the Prize at the Olympick Games. He was General of the *Athenians*, and being puff'd up with his constant Successes, he defy'd any Man to a single Combat. *Pittacus* the Sage accepted the Challenge; and when they were hotly engag'd in the Field, he suddenly threw a Silken Net over *Phrynon's* Head, and having thus entangled him, thrust him through with his Lance.

This was that great *Nebuchadnezzar*, who having besieg'd and taken *Jerusalem*, burnt it down to the Ground, raz'd the Walls, and carry'd away all the *Jews* with their Riches into Captivity to *Babylon*.

Afterwards having conquer'd all the neighbouring Nations; he new-built *Babylon*, and enclos'd it with three Walls: He also built those pendulous Gardens, renowned throughout the Earth; and made those brazen Gates which were reckon'd among the Wonders of the World. But at length, being puff'd up with the Thought of his magnificent Works; he was metamorphos'd into a Satyr or Silvan, and dwelt seven Years in the Desarts of *Arabia*, being a Companion of the Brutes. My Countrymen shew the  
Places

Places of his wild Haunt to this Day, having receiv'd it by Tradition from their Fathers. They say also, that *Paremiel*, the Angel of the Woods, when the Term of seven Years was expir'd, interceded with GOD for *Nebuchadnezzar*, who thereupon turn'd him into a Man again, and restor'd him to his Empire. He died peaceably in the 3442d Year of the World, and the 43d of his Reign.

To him succeeded *Ewil-Merodach*, *Neriglissor*, *Labo-rosoarchod*, and *Labynitus*, in whose Time there was War between the *Babylonians* and *Persians*, when *Cyrus* after many victorious Campaigns, at last laid Siege to *Babylon*, took the City, and translated the Empire to the *Persians*; and having subdued all the West of *Asia*, even to the Red Sea, he died at Seventy Years of Age; commanding his Servants not to embalm his Body, nor use any costly Pomp at his Funeral, but burying him decently like a Man, should cause this Epitaph to be writ on his Tomb.

*O Mortals, I am Cyrus who laid the Foundation of the Persian Monarchy, and was Emperor of all Asia: Therefore envy me not a Grave.*

To him succeeded *Cambyfes* his eldest Son, who marching with his Army into *Egypt*, and laying Siege to *Pelufium*, caus'd a great Number of Cows, Apes, Birds, and other Animals, to be plac'd in the Front of his Army; knowing that the *Egyptians* worshipp'd such for Gods, and consequently would forbear to shoot their Arrows that Way: By which Stratagem he took the City, and afterwards conquer'd all *Egypt*, carrying away many Thousands of the *Egyptians*, with Foreigners residing there, into Captivity, among whom was *Pythagoras* the Philosopher.

After this, *Cambyfes* sent Spies under the Notion of Ambassadors to the King of *Æthiopia*, with rich Presents. But the King suspecting what was their Business, took a Bow in his Hand, and bent it as tho' he should shoot; and giving it to the Spies, he bid them carry it to their Master, and tell him, *That when he and his Persians had learn'd to bend Bows of that Strength, he might think of invading Æthiopia, and not before; for that the Æthiopians were Giants in Vigour.* And when the Spies return'd to *Cambyfes*, there was no Man found among his Soldiers, which was able to bend that Bow. Yet he march'd directly towards *Æthiopia* with a great Army; Part of which was overwhelmed in the Sands of the Desarts, to the Number of Fifty Thousand, and the rest being reduc'd for want of Provisions, to a Necessity of eating one another; he return'd in a great Rage to *Memphis*, where he slew *Apis* the God of the *Egyptians*, and caus'd his Priests to be massacred. He also slew his own Brother, and kill'd his Wife, because she mourned for him. He shot *Prexaspes* thro' with an Arrow, and commanded twelve *Persian* Nobles to be buried alive. He set Fire to the Temples, blasphemed the Gods, and at last kill'd himself by an Accident with his own Sword.

After his Death, the *Magi* crown'd one of their own Order, and set him on the Throne of *Persia*, giving out that he was *Smerdis* the younger Son of *Cyrus*, who had been murder'd by the Command of his Brother *Cambyfes*. And it was easy to carry on the Fraud, in regard the *Persian* Kings rarely suffer themselves to be seen; which is a Custom, thou know'st observ'd by all the Monarchs of the East.

One *Ostan*, a *Persian* Prince, first discovered the Cheat, by means of his Daughter, a Concubine of the King's: For she, by his Instruction, found out, that the King had no Ears; which was a convincing Argument that he was one of the *Magi*, whose Ears *Cambyfes* had commanded to be cut off.

This *Ostian* drawing six other Princes into a Conspiracy, they rush'd into the Palace, and kill'd all the *Magi*, and singled out of their own Number, one *Darius*, the Son of *Hystaspes*, to succeed in the Throne. This was not done by Election, but by Lot: For they agreed to meet all together, one Morning, before the Palace-Gates on Horse-back; and that he whose Horse first neigh'd after the Sun was up, should be King. This fell to *Darius's* Share, by the Stratagem of his 'Squire or Master of the Horse. Then the other Princes crown'd him, and made him swear by the Sun and the Fire, that he would never put them to Death, or deny them his Presence.

But *Darius* finding himself curb'd by these Princes, was resolv'd to rid himself of such dangerous Companions. Wherefore he caus'd a Stove to be built on purpose for a Banqueting-House, and so artificially contriv'd, that the Fire-place being under the Banqueting-Chamber, should, in so many Hours, burn asunder the Pillars that supported the said Chamber, and cause the Floor to fall down into the Fire. Then he invited these Princes to a Feast, which he held in his Banquet-House: and was merry with them till the Signal was given him to depart: At which Time he left them in the midst of their Mirth; and within a while after he was gone, the Floor of the Chamber fell down, with all that were in it, into the Fire underneath, where the Princes were soon consum'd to Ashes.

After this, *Darius* manag'd all the Affairs of his Empire without Controul. He rul'd over all the Provinces of *Asia*, from *India* to *Æthiopia*, containing above a hundred Kingdoms; He extended his Conquests to the Provinces of *Greece*; and setting forth a prodigious Fleet, he sail'd into the *Mediterranean* and *Archipelago*: He conquer'd the Islands of the *Ægean* Sea, reduc'd *Chalcedon*, and all the Cities along the *Hellespont* and *Propontis*, even *Byzantium* itself, the present Seat of our August Emperors. At length, having reigned prosperously thirty-six Years, he

he died, and left *Xerxes* his Son to succeed him in the Throne.

Thou seest, Great Guide of the Faithful, that I have not yet reach'd to the End of the *Persian* Monarchy; whereas I thought to have comprehended all the four in one Letter; for I have only touch'd upon the most remarkable Passages, omitting the main Body of the History, which it would be too tedious for thee to peruse.

If thou approvest what I have written, I will continue thus to abbreviate the History of the *Persian*, *Macedonian*, and *Roman* Empires in other Letters: But if thou thinkest what I have already writ, to be a sufficient Model for the Compilers of an Universal History, I submit to thy Oraculous Appointments.

In the mean time, I pray the King Eternal, who establishes and dissolves all the Empires in the World, and has put into the Possession of the *Grand Signior* those ample Tracts of the Earth which formerly belonged to the successive Monarchies; to extend the Limits of the *Mussulman* Empire through the Five Zones.

Paris, 17th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

## L E T T E R I V.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale  
of Sidon.

'T WAS a long Time before I could find out the true Secret of human Happiness. I have for many Years grop'd after it in the Dark; and when I thought I enjoy'd a Prospect of it, as clear as of Things we discern in the Light of a Mid-day Sun, that Sun was little better than the *Sol Mortuorum* of  
the



the ancient *Romans*, whose Beams serv'd only to give a faint Mock-Glimmering to the Ghosts, that wander on this Side *Charon's Ferry*; and like an *Ignis fatuus* to mislead 'em up and down the dark Suburbs of *Elysium*, the Fens and Marshes of the *Stygian Lake*. So have I straggled all my Life thro' unknown Ways, seeking the Road to Heaven, yet finding nothing but the *Paradise of Fools*.

Sometimes I thought by outward Works of Virtue, to purify myself and gain Perfection. I was punctual in observing every Precept of the Law; and perform'd a few Acts of Supererogation. Confiding too much in the Fidelity and inviolable Fastness of my Wings, the Force of my religious Passions first formed by Nature, afterwards improv'd by pious Tutors, I strove to make Heroick Flights, and soar above my Guide. But, alas! they were mere borrow'd Feathers which bore me up so long; dead artificial Wings, cemented to my Soul only by Education, Custom, and the Practice of my Fathers; a Composition of spiritual Wax, or Glue, which could not stand the Brunt of hot and fiery Trials, but soon dissolv'd in my unwarrantable bold Approaches to the Sun. So that, in fine, my Wings dropp'd Piece-meal off, and I had the Fate of *Icarus*, to fall a Victim to my own obstinate Zeal and Rashness.

Surely our Souls are like the *Augean Stable*, which no human Power, Art, or Industry, can ever cleanse, did not the Messengers and Favourites of God, like *Hercules*, teach us the Method of opening a Canal from Heaven, and letting in the Torrent of the River of Purification from Paradise.

Our Vices, *Hydra* like, still start young Infant Heads, as fast as we cut off the Old. Whereas our Virtues are like the *Venetian Treasure*, which being once shewed to the *Spanish Ambassador* in many Coffers of Silver, Gold, and Jewels; the wise *Castilian* desiring to see the Bottoms of those wealthy Chests turn'd up; when it was done, made this Remark, *Your Riches have no Roots, nor grow, like those*  
my

*my Master does possess in the Indies.* So are all the boasted Excellencies acquir'd by human Discipline, more inanimate and dead than the artificial Productions of Minerals, Metals, and Stones. No traditional Chemistry of Men, can e'er revive a Soul that's dead to God. Perhaps, some theological *Paracelsus*, *Helmont*, or *Arabian Ifriqui*, may, from the Ashes of an Original Flower, raise the fantastick Form of it again; I mean the Colour and Contexture of the Leaves: But none of them is able to bestow the Vital Sap, the Seminal Juice, the Inward Virtue of the once prosperous and flourishing Vegetable. No Mortal can repair what *Adam* once destroy'd. That *Protoplast* has ruin'd us all.

Well then! Must we despair of Remedy? Shall we decamp, and sneakingly retire to Hell, because we cannot take Heaven by Storm, nor undermine it; nor have recourse to Stratagems; nor bribe the Garrison; or make a Party amongst the celestial Burghers? No, Let's rather lie entrench'd within ourselves, till Heaven shall voluntarily open its Gates, and sally forth in Love, to invite and lead us in.

Oh! thrice-happy *Santone*, thou hast experienc'd what I say. My Resolution is to follow thee, by suffering myself to be gradually abdicated from the World, and from my own Will. Vouchsafe to instruct me in the Method, lest Self-love misguide me to my Ruin.

In the mean while, repose thou in the Bosom of God, which is the Bed-Chamber of Holy-Souls.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

## L E T T E R V.

*To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer  
to the Sultan.*

I Shall entertain thee now with a Medley of Relations, ſome containing News of the freſheſt Date, others only informing thee of Things done many Moons ago ; yet pleaſant enough in the Rehearſal. However, I beg of thee to accept this as a Teſtimony of my Devoir and Regard ; in that I have Abundance of Letters to write, many Friends to gratify, and cannot ſend the ſame Matter to all. I am forc'd to parcel out my Intelligence, and ſuit every Letter to the Genius and Station of him to whom I addreſs. Knowing therefore thy particular Inclinations, I ſhall preſent thee with ſomething very agreeable.

No doubt but thou art acquainted with the *Chriſtians Carnaval*, which is a Time of publick Joy, Licentiousneſs, and Sport. This Year the King and Queen of *France* obſerv'd it with wonderful Magnificence.

Among their other Divertilements ; they were preſented with a Play wherein two Rival Princes, by an ingenious Emulation, ſtrove to outvy each other in regaling a Princeſs equally belov'd by both. The Representation was very fair, and full of Maſteſty. On the Right-hand of the Theatre appear'd *Apollo* in the Air, returning to his Heaven, after he had chas'd and routed all the *Cyclops*, with the Serpent *Python*. On the Left was ſeen the ſame God on the Top of *Parnaffus*, in the miſt of the Nine Muſes, ſcattering Flowers on the Arts and Sciences, which were at the Foot of the Mountain. Then a Veil being drawn aſide, diſcovered a Sea, ſurpriſingly natural and fine. In the miſt of which, the Gods of many famous Rivers appear'd ſeated on Rocks, with *Tritons* and *Cupids* rang'd on each Side  
upon

upon the Backs of Dolphins. Then from above, amidst the Clouds, King *Æolus* appear'd, laying his straight Commands upon the Winds, that they immediately retire into their Caverns, excepting only *Zephyr*, who, for his soft and gentle Breezes, was permitted to be present at this Feast, after which, came *Neptune* riding in his Cockle Chariot, drawn by four Sea-Horses, attended by a Train of Gods that dwell within the Deep.

Immediately the Scenes chang'd into a Champain, representing the delicious Field of *Tempe*; where a most excellent and agreeable Comedy was acted, to the Satisfaction of all the Court. I leave the Dances, Interludes, and other Novelties, to thy Imagination. Assuring thee, that all was astonishing and magnificent.

But not to entertain thee longer with these empty Trifles, I shall now acquaint thee with something of Importance; which is a Peace concluded between this King and the State of *Algiers*. On the 2d of the 3d Moon, the Count *de Guiche* brought the Articles of the Treaty to the King, from the Hands of the Marquis *del Martel*, Lieutenant-General of the *French* Fleet in the *Mediterranean*.

If thou wouldst know the Particulars of this Agreement, read the inclos'd Paper: As for Matter of Fact, all the *French* Slaves at *Algiers* were immediately releas'd upon the Signing and Sealing the Treaty, and deliver'd up to the *French* Commander; with some *French* Vessels also which they had seiz'd. And so dishonourable are their Capitulations, that at the same Time they have yielded up a Ship of theirs, which the *French* had taken from them, for ever quitting all Claim to it.

In the Beginning of *May*, the King took his Journey to *Flanders*, to visit his new Conquests there. This put his Enemies into a great Consternation, fearing that he had some Design upon them. They began to be upon their Guard, and prepare for a sudden Surprize. But the King perceiving their Alarm

larm by his Spies, sent them Assurance on his Royal Word, that he would do them no Violence at this Time.

However, he soon after sent the Mareschal *de Crequi* into *Lorraine*, with a Force considerable enough to reduce that Prince to Reason, who had not kept his *Parole* with him in several Instances. The Effect of this Expedition was the reducing *Pontamousson*, *Espinal*, *Chaste*, *Longwy*, and all the Principality of *Lorraine* to the *French King's* Obedience: So that the poor Duke is forced to seek his Refuge in foreign Courts:

Noble *Aga*, this Duke is not to be pitied, being very ungrateful, and a perfect Madman. He owes his Liberty and Life to the King of *France*, yet could not forbear plotting against him. Now he is deservedly chastised for his Folly. So may all those suffer, who abuse their Benefactors. But upon the Benign and Good, may the Favours of Heaven rest till the Splitting of all Things.

Paris, 13th of the 9th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

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## L E T T E R VII.

To *Isouf*, his Kinsman, a Merchant at  
Astracan.

I Received thy Letter, and perus'd it with much Complacency, finding thy Sentiments very agreeable to Reason. Yet give me leave to warn thee of an Excess which thou art running into. For I have had Experience of it's ill Consequence.

Thy Losses have made thee melancholy, and the fraudulent Dealing of thy Correspondents, Factors

and supposed Friends has taught thee to declaim against Friendship, Men, and Business: And not only so, but it seems thou hast taken a Resolution to abandon all worldly Affairs, Pleasures, and Engagements whatsoever; and turn *Faquir*, *Eremit*, or *Derwise*, at least. For thou art disgusted at human Society, and weary of all Things but Solitude.

I must confess, *Isouf*, these are very generous Thoughts, and pious Resolves. But they are not easily put in Practice. They are Undertakings fit only for perfect Saints, Men of unblemish'd Lives, and free from all sorts of Vice; Persons who have a Stock of Temperance, Chastity, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Patience, Humility, and all the other Virtues; a Fund of Magnanimity, which can never be exhausted by any Temptation, Difficulties, or Perils that usually assault and environ such as enter into so austere a Course of Life.

Wilt thou be able to endure the unrelenting, rigid Cold of *Winter* in the Desert, where there are no Chimnies, Hearths, or Stoves, or any other Method of keeping Fire to warm thee by? Can't thou sustain the raging Blasts of *Boreas* at that Season, or the killing Tempests of *North-Eastern* Winds, which blow from far, and fill the Air, the Earth, and Sea, with baneful Mists, Frosts, Ice, Snow, Sleet, and other chilling Meteors, out of their Eternal Magazines, within the *Arctic* Circle, which *Ovid* calls the *Frigid Zone*?

There are many other Extremities to which a Man's exposed in such a solitary State. Nor wilt thou be less liable to Inconveniencies and Hardships, if thou shouldst ramble as a *Faquir* up and down the World. Much less could'st thou endure the sad Restraints and Mortifications of a Convent. Thou'dst hardly live out thy *Novitiate* with Patience. It goes against the Grain of Nature to obey another's Will, in every trifling Matter that he commands. Thou must not eat or drink, but thy Superior will set the Place, the Time, and Manner

ner of thy Diet ; which will be irksome to thy free-born Soul. And then thou must forsake thy amorous Pleasures for ever ; forswearing also the very Thoughts of Money, or of being rich. I tell thee, thou must resolve to become a religious *Drone*, fit for nothing but to mumble o'er thy Beads, or turn the superstitious Round, till thou art giddy ; or dance an Hour together to the Musick of a thousand *Heu's* and *Hei's* hoarsly croaked out in frantick Tones by thee, and all thy Brethren *Dervises*, till ye are sick, and foam at Mouth : Then your Devotions are thought meritorious. Can't thou digest these sacred Fooleries ? Or grant this to be a rational Service of the Divinity, as some will plead ; who say, we ought to employ each Member, and all our Faculties, in praising him that made 'em ; yet canst thou brook a Confinement all thy Days, to this Religious State ?

I tell thee, *Isouf*, I have been often tempted in this Manner, to forsake the *Sultan's* Service, with all other Engagements of the World, and throw myself into a Convent, or spend the Residue of my Days in some obscure and solitary Corner of a Desert ; yet I found at length, that this was nothing but Delusion, and the subtle Sophistry of that malicious Demon, who envies Man his Happiness. 'Tis he that whispers Arguments of Discontent and Murmuring into our Souls, watching his Opportunities when any thing gives us exquisite Pain or Grief, to drive us to Despair.

So have I sometimes labour'd under an intolerable Anguish of Mind, besides the fretting Maladies of Flesh and Blood, with outward Crosses in my Fortune. Then have I wished myself in some dark Cavern of the Earth, or on the solitary Top of *Teneriff*, where I should converse with none but *Spirits* and *Demons* dwelling above the Clouds. Or else I coveted the melancholy Retirements of the *Libyan* Desert, which affords no other Society than that of Lions, Tygers, Dragons, and other Beasts of Prey.

When these Wishes have appeared too extravagant and wild, I then retrenched my Thoughts, and pitched upon some other manner of Life, equally promising Comfort, yet less threatening and dangerous. I gave my self up wholly to Prayer and Fasting for a while, thinking to hold thus for ever. So sensible a Pleasure attends these Exercises, that at certain Moments a Man's all Rapture, Ecstasy and I know not what. He is apt to think himself in some new World. A sacred Pride invests his Soul. He seems all Majesty within; an inseparable Companion of the Immortals, and the darling Friend of God. Whereas all this results but from the Ventilation of his Blood by vocal Oraisons; and is no more than a mere natural Operation, whereby his Lungs are artificially breathed, and gently forced to disembody their over-heated Airs, their thick caliginous Vapours, which fill the Heart, and all the rest of the Vitals with Seeds of Melancholy, Fear, Suspicion, Grief, and other doleful Passions.

But mark the *Zealot*, when his Prayers are over, his Fast is done, and all his fervent pious Discipline is accomplish'd: how like a *Hypocrite* he looks and acts? How formal in his Carriage; or at least, how vain and light? He either heaves out fulsome hypochondriack Sighs, with supercilious Looks, and Chaps set like the Furrows of a sowre-faced *Hagi*; or else he is tickled into a loud ungovernable Laughter, and all his Carriage is ridiculous and wanton. Either his Hunger, Thirst, and Faintness, the usual Effect of such excessive Devotion, makes him peevish, cholerick, and unmortified; or else he is as apish as a Cat.

Human Nature cannot abide long in the same Humour; and those that seem to be always even-temper'd People, like the *Caspian* Sea without Ebb or Flow, are only Counterfeits and Politicians. There is an Art to conceal one's Passions, but there is none that can annihilate them. We change from one Affection, Appetite and Desire to another. Our In-



Inclinations circulate with our Blood. They are transformed each Minute, Hour, and Day; they vary like the Wind and Weather. Therefore never think of taking an eternal Pleasure or Distaste in any thing here below. Prayer is good in it's Turn, I mean, the vocal Aspirations. So are Fasting, Abstinence, and other Religious Severities. But if all Men should be perpetually at these Exercises, God in a little time would have but few Adorers on Earth. The Ground must be left untill'd; the Fields would quickly bring forth Crops of Briars and Weeds, instead of Corn. The Gardens then must turn to Wildernesses. There would be then no need of Millers, Bakers, and the other Trades, whose Livelihood depends upon the Husbandman. And so for want of proper Sustenance, Mankind must quickly perish.

I do not argne against those who seem to be constellationed to a solitary Life; or by some special Grace of God, are strengthened to endure the constant Hardships of an Hermitage: Such as the illustrious and great *Mohammed* of *Mount Uriel* in *Arabia*, who is our holy *Prophet's* Tenant and Successor, in the *Cave of Wonders*. Such also is *Ish Rend Hu*, the celebrated *Bramin* of *Cachemire* in *India*, who lives on the Top of an high Mountain, is an hundred and twenty-three Years old; foretels Things to come, resolves all Doubts, gives infallible Counsel, heals divers Diseases, works some Miracles; and in fine, says and does all Things by a Spirit worthy of Admiration.

The Mountain whereon this Philosopher or Prophet dwells; seems to be the *Land-mark* between *Summer* and *Winter*. For one Side of it is always cover'd with Snow, the other with Blossoms, Flowers, Herbage, and Fruits. This over-looking a spacious Valley, which they call the *Paradise* of the *East*; that affording a Prospect little more agreeable or fair, than what the *Poets* speak of the *Ripbean Hill*.

*Ilch Rend Hu* has his Habitation in a Cave or Grot, which passes through the Rock, as *Virgil's* does near *Naples* in *Italy*, which thou hast seen.

In this mysterious Station, he appears like *Æolus*, Lord of the Weather: For 'tis certain, he commands the Winds to blow or cease at the least Word, within the Verge of his accustomed Walks. If any Person dare profane the Silence of the Place with Words, or other rude Noise; they are immediately surpriz'd with dreadful Storms of Thunder, Lightning, Wind, and Rain; such as seem to threaten the Dissolution of all Things: Which makes all Men in those Parts hold *Ilch Rend Hu* in great Veneration. He is the only Oracle of the *Indies*. They resort to him from the neighbouring Provinces and Kingdoms, in all their Difficulties. The *Grandees* of *Persia*, *Tibet*, and *Cathay*, send to him honourable Presents, desiring his Counsel in Matters of Peace and War. Nay, they make devout Pilgrimages to him from the Kingdoms of *Tonquin* and *China*. He is the *Apolls* of the *East*.

*Isouf*, it would be some Encouragement for thee and me to embrace a solitary Life, if we might ever hope to attain such wonderful Perfections. But, as we have hitherto liv'd in the World, and stain'd our selves with the common Vices of Mortals, we cannot presume to merit these extraordinary Favours: Our old Habits are rooted in us; and if we have Time and Strength to plant new ones in their stead, yet they will not grow up to Maturity, but with many Years: For, believe me, Cousin, no body becomes a *Devil* or a *Saint* all at once.

- Paris, the 6th of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.'

## L E T T E R VII.

*To the Chiaux, Bassa.*

IT appears, That the King of *France's* Fortune not only procures him constant Victories and Triumphs in *Europe*, but such a Renown and Character in foreign Countries, as stimulates the most remote Princes, and puissant Monarchs of the Earth, to court his Alliance and Friendship.

Here is at this present, an Ambassador come from the Coasts of *Guinea* in *Africk*, being sent by the King of *Arder*, one of the greatest Sovereigns in those Parts, possessing an absolute and uncontrollable Authority over his Subjects, as the *Grand Signior* does over the faithful *Osmans*. But we will not compare the narrow Limits of his Dominion with the vast and unbounded Extent of the *Mussulman* Empire, the Inheritance of our sublime *Sultan*, the Lord of the Globe at large. Suffice it, that this Black Prince is a wise Man, descended of a Race of Sages; and, that Policy of State is as natural to him, as common Craft or Cunning to the meanest of the Vulgar. He knows how to make War, or Peace abroad, and to keep his Subjects in awe at home.

Surely there is a Force and Charm in the derivative Blood of heroick and wise Ancestors, which secretly inspires their Offspring with Maxims and Principles agreeable to the Inclinations, Aims, and Purposes of the Family from whence they descend. And where 'tis experienc'd otherwise, it may be supposed that Change of Climate, unhappy Marriages, or some over-ruling Misfortunes in the World, have caus'd the Degeneracy. For so some noble Vegetables of *Asia*, and other Quarters of

the Earth, lying near the Sun, will not prosper, if once transplanted into the cold and barren Soils of *Northern Europe*. Thus Poverty, Disgrace, and other abject Circumstances, chill the greatest Spirits, and spoil their Growth. Yet there is an inborn Excellency in some Natures, which with Evenness supports the Strokes of Fortune, and pushes through all Difficulties to attain it's End.

So this great *African King*, informing himself not only by *French Vessels* trading in his Ports, but also by other Ships of *Christendom*, of the Grandeur of the *French King*, his Wealth and Puissance by Sea and Land, with the vast Interest and Traffick he has in both the *Indies*, thought it high time to seek his Friendship, whose Enmity would, in all Probability be very fatal to him: For he had heard of his Conquests far and wide. 'Tis no matter, whether by Valour or good Conduct, we make ourselves happy. One is as laudable as the other, in the unequal War we are engaged in with *Fate, Providence, and Chance*; with *Angels, Men, and Devils*; with *Heaven, Earth, and Hell*.

I speak this in reference to the celebrated Prowesses, Magnanimity, Riches, and Strength of this *Negro King*; who need not yield to the King of *Benin*, his next Neighbour, and the most potent of all the *South-western* maritime Princes of *Africk*, nor to any of his other Neighbours besides; yet could not think himself safe, or be at Rest, till he had sent his Embassy to the King of *France*, offering his Lands, his Havens, his Seas, and whatsoever was within his Jurisdiction, to this great Monarch.

The Address which his Ambassador made to the *French King* deserves Remark. For after the usual Obeisances at the Foot of the Throne, he went up Three Steps, and then prostrating himself three times on his Face and Belly, he clapp'd his Hands in token of Reverence, and put his Fingers on his Eyes, to shew that he was not able to behold the  
Lustre

Lustre of so much Majesty. This is the *French* Interpretation of his Carriage: But I tell thee, 'twas rather design'd as a Precedent to the *French* Ambassadors, if any should be sent to *Guinea*, where 'tis the Custom of the Country for all Foreign Ministers to observe the same Ceremonies to the King of *Arder*, and other Princes his Neighbours.

These *Europeans*, because they first found out the Art of Navigation, or at least, first improv'd it to the Discovery of many remote Countries, value themselves too high; imagining, that all the Nations, formerly unknown, are Fools; and know not themselves and their own Strength. They thought 'twas impossible to find in *Africk* or *America*, Empires, Kingdoms, and Commonwealths, as strong and well-govern'd, as those in the Hermitage of *Japhet*: But 'tis a damn'd Mistake. For the Most High is impartial in the Distribution of his Gifts and Favours: Those despicable *Blacks*, whom all the Princes and Nobles of *Europe* and *Asia* buy as Slaves, being born of the *Vulgar*, are nevertheless come out of Regions, where Power, Riches, and Wisdom, are as much in their *Zenith*, as in these *Western* Countries.

They are all outwardly Flesh and Blood, as we are, notwithstanding the Contrariety of our Colours. And as for their Souls, they are even just as capable of Knowledge and Ignorance, Reason and Folly, Vice and Virtue, Piety and Prophaneness, Superstition and Atheism, as we are, who pretend to be Lords of the World, and all Things.

May thou and I practise Moderation, and not condemn any of human Race, though they be the *Caphers* of *Mosambique*. But let us always remember the old *Turkish* Proverb, *That 'tis not good or safe to point in Mockery behind the Grand Signior's Back.* Adieu.

Paris, 3d of the 12th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

## LETTER VIII.

To Mohammed, *the Illustrious Solitary of Mount Uriel in Arabia.*

THE grand Root of the common Injustice which Men are guilty of in reference to the Beasts, and of the Intemperance with which they corrupt themselves, I perceive is a false Principle which they have establish'd, denying the Capacity and Use of Reason to all Living Creatures but themselves.

This Error was first publickly maintain'd by the *Peripetatiicks, Stoicks, and Epicureans*; and afterwards by *Claudius of Naples*, out of a particular Aversion they had for the Doctrines of *Pythagoras* and *Empedocles*, two famous Patrons of Abstinence.

*Heraclitus Ponticus* undertook to explain the Sentiments of the former *Seets*, and *Hermachus* those of the latter. But both of them seem to confide more in the little Tricks and Arts of Sophistry, than to use true Reason. For at the first Essay of their Skill, they strive to cast a Mist in the Reader's Eyes, by dividing the Generations of Living Creatures, into such as are endu'd with the Faculty of Reason, and such as want it. Whereas thou know'st it is an indubitable Maxim in the *Eastern Philosophy*, that every Thing which partakes of Sense, has also Reason. For, 'tis the Mind alone which sees, hears, &c; the Body of itself being deaf, blind, and void of all Sense. It is evident therefore, that since the Beasts do see, hear, and perform all other Actions of Sense, they have also what the *Greeks* call *νους*, or the *Mind*, in them, which is the very Seminary, or native Seat of Reason.

'Tis true, indeed, we cannot affirm, that they possess a Reason so perfect as ours; since that Perfection is acquir'd by Discipline, which the Generality

rality of the Brutes want. They have no Colleges or Schools, where the Arts and Sciences are profess'd and taught by Rules. Nature is their only School-Mistress, and they learn her Instructions with abundance of Promptness and Sagacity. They are educated in the open Elements, as in an Academy, or University founded by the Creator of all Things: where every Thing they encounter, serves as a Book to teach them all the Knowledge which is necessary to their Well-being on Earth. And they need no more.

'Tis manifest also, that some *Species* and *Individuals* are more capable of learning what is taught 'em than others: Even as we discern the same Difference among the various Nations, Families, and Persons of Men. But we do not use to say of inanimate Things, that this Piece of Wood is more apt to learn than another: as a Dog is more tractable and docile than a Hog: Nor of immoveable Things, that This is slower than That: Nor of Things which want Sense, that a Stone is duller of Apprehension than a Piece of Iron. So could we not probably affirm of Animals; that one is more crafty and sagacious than another; more provident, chaste, temperate, cleanly, and the like Epithets; if they were not by Nature capable of Knowledge and Virtue. And yet we daily see all this is true, in comparing one *Species* of Living Creatures with another; nay, and one *Individual* of the same Kind with some of its Fellows.

When *Antipater* accus'd Asses and Hogs of Nastiness, he did not consider how accurately nice and curious the Lynxes and Cats are, which with so much Diligence and Care hide their Excrements, that they can never be seen or smelt again. So the Swallows teach their Young to mute over the Brims of the Nest. All which are Arguments of their Prudence and Discretion. Doubtless, every Animal has its peculiar Gift and Excellency. One is more quick-sighted than another; this has better Ears than that;

a Third surpasses in the Goodness of his Smell, or the Swiftness of his Feet. Let not vain Man therefore boast and insult, as if he were the sole Engrosser of all Wisdom and Virtue; since the Beasts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, the Fish of the Sea, with all the Generations of Reptiles, Insects, and whatsoever is endu'd with Life and Sense, possess their Shares as well as he.

It is manifest also, that there are various Principles of Folly, Injustice, and all manner of Ignorance, Error, and Vice in human Nature, equal to what we can possibly find in the rest of the Animals, whom we so much despise. And 'tis a Question, Whether even the very Sea-Horse, who murders his Father, and for that Reason was by the antient *Egyptians* made the *Hieroglyphick* of Impiety; may not justly exchange his Character with some of human Race, who make their Parents the continual Martyrs to their Ambition, Pride, Envy, Avarice, and other Vices.

I would fain know, Whether any Man would not take it ill, to be told he is Blind and Deaf, because he cannot See and Hear so quick as some of the Beasts? Or, that he is a Cripple, because he cannot outrun a Hart? Certainly a strong Man deserves that Character, tho' he cannot pretend to match the Strength of a Camel, or an Elephant. And shall we then say, that the Beasts have no Reason or Virtue, because they cannot discover those Qualities so artificially as Men.

Besides, do not all Privations suppose some Habits? And is not Madness a Privation of the Habits of Reason and Prudence? If therefore Dogs, Bulls, Foxes, and other Animals, are known to be sometimes mad, shall we think it less fit to say of them, that they are out of their Minds, or Wits, than to affirm the same of Men? And if *Compos*, or *Non Compos Mentis*, are proper Expressions of any Beasts, when it is sober, or mad; who, that is not deprived of *Reason* himself, can deny, that they have



have the Possession of that *Faculty* by Nature, as well as he?

As oft as I trouble thee with Letters on this Subject, thou may'st conclude, I am newly awaken'd to a Sense of my Error, in not religiously observing the *Sacred Institution* of *Abstinence*; which ought to be the Natural Consequence of these Thoughts: For, in a word, if it be lawful to kill the Animals for the sake of Food, I think we may as well turn *Cannibals*, and eat the Flesh of our purchas'd Slaves, or of our Captive Enemies, over whom we have, by the Law of Nations, an equal Right as to their Life and Death, as over our Beasts.

Abstemious Sage, I leave thee to the Divine Inspirations of the *Genius*, which possesses that *Holy Cave*: I leave thee to the sacred Whispers of Winds from *Eden*, and to the Sweets of an innocent Solitude, which admits no other Society than that of Angels, or Beasts.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1671.



## L E T T E R IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant at  
Venice.

I Receiv'd thy last Dispatch, which informs me, that thou art commanded to remove from *Venice* with all Speed possible, and to visit *Naples, Genoa, Rome, Padua, Milan, Florence*, with the other chief Cities of *Italy*: In fine, that thou art not to make a long Residence, or take up thy Abode any where; but after the Manner of a Traveller, to be always in a moving Posture from Place to Place, from one *Province* and *Principality* to another; that thou mayest take a just Estimate of the Strength and Riches of each State through which thou shalt pass: That thou mayest dive into their Counsels, observe their Motions, watch their Designs, and transmit thy Remarks to the *Ministers* of the *August Divan*, the *Mysterious Cabinet* of the Earth's great *Sovereign*.

There may be less of Profit in such a Peregrination for the present, than in thy constant Residence at *Venice*, where thou art established in a settled Way of *Merchandize*. But thou wilt find abundance more Pleasure: And if thou acquittest thy self successfully, the *Grand Signior* will reward thy Merit. Besides, thou mayest meet with a thousand Opportunities of Traffick, even in thy Travels. An active and diligent Spirit cannot fail of Means to advance its own Interest in any Part of the World; and thou dost not want a Stock of Money to support thy honest Undertakings.

Thou wilt meet with a new Sort of *Italians*, where-ever thou shalt set thy Foot: That People being strangely mix'd, and descending from several Nations. Every City has a different *Genius*; which

is so remarkable and conspicuous, that they have all got peculiar *Epithets*: As *Rome* the *Holy*, *Naples* the *Genteel*. *Florence* the *Fair*, *Bologna* the *Fat*, *Milan* the *Large*, *Ferrara* the *Civil*, *Bergamo* the *Subtle*, *Genoa* the *Proud*, *Padua* the *Strong*, *Siena* the *Studious*, *Mantua* the *Glorious*, *Lucca* the *Industrious*, *Ravenna* the *Mild*, *Capua* the *Amorous*, *Urbino* the *Loyal*, *Verona* the *Worthy*, *Brescia* the *Fortified*, *Friuli* the *Wanton*, *Rimini* the *Good*; and so of the rest.

Beware of contracting Friendship with any *Italian*: And if thou dost engage, be cautious how thou givest a just Offence. Thou can'st not be too tender in this Point: For as the *Italians* are very constant where they have once pitch'd their Affection, so are they inexorable in their Revenge, where they apprehend their Love abused; and they are the most jealous People in the World. If thou hast made two false Steps, never seek to repair thy Faults by After-Submissions, but fly: For thou hast wounded his *Soul*, and he will never pardon thee, or let thee live to be guilty of another Affront. They have a common *Maxim* in this Case, 'He that wrongs me Twice, 'tis his Fault; but if I let him injure me the third Time, the Blame is my own.'

The wisest Course is to be civil and modestly reserved; not to be too frank and open in Discourse, or loose in Carriage. For this lays a Man naked, and exposes him to the Contempt and Censure of such as are more composed and recollected; and this is the peculiar Character of the *Italians*, 'That they think more than they speak, and are many times disgusted at the Person on whom they smile.'

When thou art on the Roads in *Apulia* and *Campania*, when thou beholdest the Beauties of that luxuriant Soil, and thy Smell is ravished with the fragrant Odours of the Hedges, and adjoining Groves; think on *Elizium*, *Paradise*, or whatsoever Place *Nature* has made delightful; and say, I must be in this *Country*, or in some *Region* very like it.

As thou sojournest at *Naples*, remember with what Pleasure *Virgil* pass'd away his Time there. 'Twas in that happy Air, that *Horace* penn'd his admirable Poems. There *Livy* wrote the *Roman History*, and *Seneca* his *Morals*. From thence we have the *Works* of *Statius*, *Claudian*, *Laurentius Valla*, and many other *Learned Writers*.

Forget not when thou art at *Genoa*, the former Glory of that *Commonwealth*; how once she did possess *Sardinia*, *Cyprus*, *Lesbos*, *Chios*, and did extend her Conquests to *Pera* at *Constantinople*: How she enter'd the *Black Sea*, planted a *Colony* of *Genoese* at *Cassa*, and stretch'd her Dominion to the River *Tanais*.

Thou wilt find Matter of Contemplation in *Pisa*, *Milan*, *Padua*, and all the Cities of *Italy*. But when thou art at *Rome*, 'twould be a kind of Sacrilege not to cast back thy Eyes, and view her antient Glory, when she was the Mistress of the World, when she had three Millions of Men within her Walls, and a hundred and fifty Millions of Gold in Yearly Revenue: When she kept in constant Pay, at home and abroad, Six hundred five and forty thousand Men. Her Foreign Conquests may be number'd by her Domestick Triumphs, which from *Romulus* her Founder, to *Augustus Cæsar*, were not less than three hundred. *Julius Cæsar* augmented the *Publick Treasury* with forty Millions of Gold. In the Reign of *Aurelianus*, this City was fifty Miles in Compass, and the Number of her Inhabitants increased to four Millions: And they were prodigiously enriched with the Spoils of their Enemies. *Seneca*, when he died, left seven Millions and five hundred Thousand Crowns behind him. *Claudius Isidorus*, tho' much exhausted by the *Civil Wars*, yet left Four thousand one hundred and seventeen Slaves, three thousand and sixty Yoke of Oxen; and of other Cattle two hundred and fifty seven thousand. There were commonly kept in *Rome* five hundred *Gladiators*, a thousand *Bears*, and a hundred *Lions*. There were always Five hundred  
Men

Men employed in looking after the *Aqueducts*, and *Baths of Rome*.

When *Cyneas*, the *Ambassador of Pyrrhus*, had view'd the City round, and was ask'd what he thought of *Rome*; He answer'd, *I think all Rome is but One Temple*; (for there were above Four hundred in the City) *Her Senate is an Assembly of Kings*; *She is the Beauty of the whole Earth*: *The Flower of Mankind dwell within her Walls*.

*Zeidi*, This was the State, this the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Pagan Rome*. But since the Incurſions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, the *Lombards*, *Hunns*, and other *Barbarous Nations* of the *North*, *Rome's* Glory is eclips'd, her Honour laid i'th' *Dust*. Whereas before, she lifted up her stately *Crest* on *Seven high Hills*, now she is fain to stoop, being humbly seated in the *Plain of Campus Martius*; being not by a fifth Part so large as formerly, nor yet so populous.

All over *Italy*, thou wilt meet with Reliques of the *Ancient Roman* Majesty and Greatness. And, in some Places, thou mayest encounter Persons of great Extraction, but very poor, who may not unfitly be call'd the *Ruins of Ancient Nobility*: Such as the *Marquisses of Ceva*, the *Earls of Piacenza*, and the *Knights of Bologna*, who are become the *Proverb* of illustrious Poverty. Such also are the *Counts of Lufigniani*: Three of whom were once seen upon a *Fig-Tree*, eating the *Figs* to keep 'em from starving. And many *Italian Lords* get their *Livelihoods* by selling of *Ptisans*, *Lemonades*, *Essences*, *Powders*, and other Refreshments to the *Gentry*. Yet they are proud, and when any one addresses to them, he must entitle them, *Most excellent*, *Most illustrious*, or else they will frown, and be affronted.

*Zeidi*, If ever it be thy Fortune to be made a *Lord*, I pray Heaven give thee an Estate answerable to the Title: For a *Lord* without *Riches*, is like a *Soldier* without *Arms*, very ridiculous.

Paris, 15th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

## L E T T E R X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**T**HIS Day something happen'd to me very prodigious, and I know not what to make of it. About the Hour of *Quindinamasi*, I was suddenly taken with strange Fits of Vomiting: My Stomach was in a *Prodigal*, or rather a *Philosophical* Humour; resolving to cast off all Superfluities, and only retain what was necessary to its Ease and Welfare in this Life. I laboured under a Thousand horrid Agonies, which made me fear, that either an *Impostume* was the Cause of such violent *Convulsions*; or at least, that they would end in opening the inward Sluices of my Blood, by too much forcing of the *Pectoral* Veins.

Whilst I was busied thus with sad Presages of a sudden Death (for I dread to be so unawares thrust out of the World), I long'd and passionately languished for an *Arabian Orange*.

It happen'd at the same Time, my Mother *Ouchomiche*, *Daria*, and *Eliachim* the *Jew*, were with me in my Chamber, and had been there an Hour, they all stood at the Window to see a *Procession* that was going by. But when they heard the straining Noise I made, immediately they ran to my Bed-side, as *Human Nature*, *Curiosity*, or *Passion*, uses to prompt in such like Cases.

With a faint broken Voice, I told them what I wish'd for; *Eliachim* forthwith gave Order to his Boy, that waited in an *Anti-chamber*, to run with speed, and buy the best *Arabian Oranges* he could find.

The arch young Lad was gone full Thirteen Minutes by my Watch, and then return'd with half a Dozen *Oranges* of *Spain*, (for he could get no other) but *Heaven*, as I have reason to think, supply'd his

Negli-

Negligence, and unsuccessful *Mercating*. For long before he came with that *sowre crabbed Fruit*, *Daria* spy'd an Orange of *Arabia* on the Table.

No Body knew from whence it came, or what kind Hand had laid it there. They were all equal Witnessess, That there was no such Thing upon the Table when they came to the Bed-side, nor a considerable Time afterward: and when it was suggested, that some of the Company had privately convey'd it thither, whilst the rest were looking another way; *Eliachim* with solemn Vows and Imprecations clear'd himself; so did *Daria*, and my Mother. As for my self, they all were sensible, it was impossible for me to do it, as I lay in my Bed. A general Astonishment possess'd us all; and the Women would needs have it to be a *Miracle*, whilst I greedily eat the *Delicious Fruit*, not troubling my Thoughts with making endless *Scrutinies*, or so much as caring which way it came there, so long as I had the Enjoyment of it.

Yet I ceased to be thus indifferent, when I perceived my *Malady* on a sudden removed by eating of this *wondrous Orange*. And whereas I had lain for Six whole Days and Nights in a continual faint and languishing Condition, not able to get down a Morfel of Bread, now my Spirits grew brisk and fresh; I seem'd like one transformed, or in another World. My Stomach revived, my almost dissipated Vigour rally'd, and I rose chearfully to eat a hearty *Supper*. These Things, I must confess, put me, as well as the rest of the Company, upon thinking.

I tell thee, upon the strictest Examination possible, I am very well satisfied, that there could be no Design or Trick in the Case: For if there were, no body would be guilty of so many repeated horrid Perjuries in denying it: But every one rather would have been forward to own themselves the Instruments of thus happily and unexpectedly rescuing a poor sick Man from the very Jaws of Death: For I was just then ready to expire.

Whether there be a *Magick* in the Strength of a Man's Fancy at such Times; and that through the intense Agitation of his exalted Spirits, he moves the *Soul* of the *Universe* by *Sympathy*, to exert some of its hidden and uncommon Faculties, and gratify his necessary Desires: Or whether there be an Order of *Officious Beings invisible* about us, who have the Charge of *Mortals* committed to them, and are bound by the Laws of their conceal'd *Kingdoms* to assist us in Extremities, even to the Height of a seeming *Miracle*, where it cannot be done without, I know not. But 'tis certain, any observing Man may take notice of some extraordinary Passages in the Course of his Life, of which he can give no Rational Account, but must be forc'd to put them on the Score of *Præternatural Causes*. Such is our Ignorance of the *secret Operations* of *Nature*.

All the Company were ready to list me among the *Prophets*; or in the Catalogue of *Saints*, for this stupendious Occurrence. But I had other Thoughts of my Self. For comparing this with some former Occurrences of my Life, I presently concluded, 'twas the Fore-runner of some grand, but short Affliction: And so I told them all.

I believe, my *Dgnet*, that *God* will hedge me in with divers Kinds of adverse Circumstances: He will rush upon me on a sudden, like a Troop of *Tartar Horse*, who swiftly spread themselves all round the affrighted Country, and take Possession of the Roads and Passes. They hunt the conscious *Infidels* from Dens and Caves, and other lurking Places in the *Woods* and *Mountains*: None can escape their Chastisement and Revenge. So my presaging *Soul* foretels some sad surprizing Inroads from the *Omnipotent*.

That which I have to do in this Case, is to make speedy Expiations for my past Security and Presumption, to repair the ruin'd Fastnesses of Virtue, and build new ones where they are wanting; to keep strong Guards, and, lastly, to retire my self into a  
 most



most profound Humility, and Compliance with the Will of *God*; which is the strongest Fortrefs in Time of a *Divine Invasion*.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

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## L E T T E R X I.

To Sephat Abercromil, Vanni Effendi,  
Preacher to the Sultan.

**T**HE Character and Fame of thy exemplary Life and profound Doctrine, tho' studiously conceal'd and suppress'd by thy self, have yet made a forcible Eruption, and fill'd the *Mussulman* Kingdoms with the fragrant Odour of thy incomparable Piety and Virtue. Even these remote and *Infidel* Regions of the *West*, are edify'd by thy sacred Rules and Institutions of a Spiritual Life. The *Nazarene Priests* and *Doctors* begin to harbour Emulations of thy *Sanc-tity*, since they have seen no fairer Draught of true acceptable *Religion*, than what the *Chaplains* to the *French Ambassadors* at the *Porte* have copied from thy Principles, and recommend to their Friends among the *Clergy of France*. Insomuch as *Francis Malevella*, a blind *Ecclesiastick*, but an *Argus* in the *Sciences*, has publicly espoused thy Theorems and Practices; having in Print, now lately undertaken the Patronage of a contemplative Life, so much insisted on by thee, to which the *College of Sorbonne* have also given their Approbation.

That excellent Man, tho' he has lost the Use of his Corporal Eyes, yet has a Soul transform'd all over  
into

into Light, by which he clearly can survey the vast mysterious *Horizon* of the Invisible World, and penetrate the most recluse and hidden Secrets of Eternity. The Age is ravished with the Book he published: He has Ten Thousand Profelytes among the Roman *Priests* and *Dervises*. None but the *Jesuits* and *Dominicans* oppose him.

The former of these *Orders* is grown odious throughout *Christendom*, for the impious *Doctrines* they maintain, and the enormous Crimes they have committed: Being notorious *Boutefeu's*, Traytors, Hypocrites, and secret Libertines. Their *Colleges* are esteemed the Shops and Forges of Sedition, Faction, publick Animosities, Broils, and Wars, with all the Mischief that is done in *Europe*. The latter are not lov'd in *France*, because they are generally chosen Officers of the *Inquisition*: Which inhuman *Judicature* was first projected by St *Dominick* their *Founder*, in order to exterminate the *Moors* from *Spain*. There is a natural and irreconcilable Antipathy between the *French* and *Spaniards*. They mutually abhor each others Customs, Laws, and Humours: But above all the *French* can never be reconciled to that *Infernal Court*, which tyrannizes over the Souls of Men, and punishes them for Thoughts. It is an equal Crime to speak, or to be silent; To pray, or not; to go to Church, or stay at Home, provided you are rich. 'Tis Wealth the *Inquisitors* aim at, not the pretended Safety and Deliverance of the *Church* from Enemies and Rebels.

Therefore the *Dominicans* and *Jesuits* being look'd upon as Favourites and Patrons of the *Inquisition*, and for that Reason hated by the *French*; in vain they argued against *Malevella's* new reform'd Model of Interior Religion, which is but a Translation of the Original *Dogmata* laid down by thee. Thy refin'd Sentiments are prolifick, as the Solar Beams, which by ineffable Increases, propagated themselves without diminishing the Illustrious Fountain. Each bright and fertile

fertile Atom, by a miraculous Emanation, begets another; they multiply by admirable progressive Issue and Expansion from every Point of the refulgent Centre, till every splendid Particle becomes a Ray of equal Length, and all together produce an entire Orb of Light. Thus thy serene *Ideas* of Religion dilate themselves thro' this dark Side of the World, as fast as they illuminate the *Mussulman Hemisphere*. The honestest Sort of *Western Franks* are already, by a *Demi-Metamorphosis*, grown half *Mahometans*, capitulating with their Prepossessions, Prejudices, and the Force of Education for the rest.

They go to *Church*, but not to babble over a Thousand vain *Tautologies*, which are taught them by their *Priests*, and to ensure their Memory, are printed in their Pocket Manuals, or Books of Prayer: Nor do they number a long Series of the same repeated *Oraisons* on Beads, or use any other exterior Form of blind and lame Devotion: But with inward Recollection, Silence, Purity, and fervent Application of the Spirit, they address themselves to *God*; or rather by a certain gradual Passiveness, Oblivion of outward Things, and dying to themselves, they prepare and fit their *Souls* for the Divine Approaches: Thus having barricado'd up their Senses, and made Retrenchments round the Centre of the Mind, to secure it from the last Invasion and Assault of Mundane Objects; thither they retire, desiring Death, rather than to take Quarter by a faint Cowardice, or timorous Apostacy, and surrender to the World.

These People undergo at certain Times, strange Drynesses, Desertions, and Sterilities of Spirit, which are the Torments that compose the most severe and painful Martyrdoms. A common Death, or any violent Dissolution of the Body, is but the Recreation, Sport, or Play of Nature, when compar'd with these tremendous, tragical and dark Annihilations of the *Soul*. A Man at such a Season seems to be reduced to an Eternal *Catastrophe*. His Spirit descends, and

is engulph'd in the Abyſs of *Hell*; or *Hell* comes up to him, and yawning with its horrid Dragon's Jaws, murders the *Soul* with baneful and infernal Breath. Yet this they find to be the only near directest Way to *Heaven*. This is the myſtick Fence, the Ditch, Baſtion, and Counterscarp of *Paradiſe*. He that would ſcale the Wall, or enter by the Gates of *Eden*, muſt firſt paſs through theſe terrible Outworks. This is the ſtraight and narrow Bridge over which each *Soul* muſt paſs, that would attain immortal Life. *Mofes*, *Jeſus*, *Mahomet*, and all the *Meffengers* of *God*, have pointed at this as the only Way to our ſupreme Felicity. Neither was it unknown to the Ancient *Poets* and *Philoſophers* among the *Gentiles*. *Orpheus* and *Hefiod* recommended it in their myſterious Verſe. *Empedocles*, *Theophraſtus*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Porphry*, *Jamblicus*, with many others, improved the Sacred Revelation, adding new Lights unto the bleſt Diſcovery. And if we take the Hiſtory in a right Senſe, unleſs I am deceived, *Socrates* died a *Martyr* to this important Truth. Many of the learned *Hebrew Rabbi's* have aſſerted it. The *Persian* and *Arabian Docters*, before and ſince the *Holy Flight*, have been its Advocates: And let not Envy reſuſe to give ſome of the *Chriſtian Priests* their due Acknowledgment, who preach'd this Doctrin in the primitive Aſſemblies, taught it in the publick Schools, and enſured it to Poſterity in Learned Manuſcripts. Such were *Origen* and *Ammonius*, *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, *Simplicius*, *Chryſoſtom*, *Tertullian*, *Auguſtin*: And in more modern Times, *Thomas Aquinas*, *Marſilius Ficinus*, *Bonaventure*, with many others.

And 'tis eſteem'd the Height of *Indian Religion* to this Day; the *Bramins* delivering it as an Hereditary *Article of Faith*, and Point of Practice, from memorable Ages. Since therefore all Regions in the World agree in this, notwithstanding their other ceremonial and ſpeculative Differences; doubtleſs it  
is

is the Voice and Will of God, not the Contrivance or Innovation of Man.

Reverend *Effendi*, it is a common Proverb among the *Christians*, That wheresoever GOD has a Temple, the Devil has a Chapel. That cunning Spirit, like a *Serpent*, winds himself into outward Forms and Ceremonies of Devotion. But he that builds a *Mosque* in the Centre of his Soul, may bid Defiance to *Tagot*: For that's the Throne of GOD, near which the *Demon* cannot approach.

May thou and I, live always skreen'd behind our selves; for in that dark Recess from visible Things, the *Eternal* lives to manifest his otherwise invisible Light. Adieu.

Paris, 17th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

## L E T T E R XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

AFTER all my Scepticisms, I at this Hour believe, there is something of us remains immortal and incorruptible, when our grosser Bodies are dissolved. Call it what you will; an Astral Body, a Ghost, a Spirit, or any Thing else: I am sensible some Part of us will *never* die. What signifies the vain Dispute of Words, the dark Resolves of *Plato's Cave*? Let it be *Substance* or *Accident*, *Matter* or *Form*, or a Result of all; There is still a certain Portion of our Nature, against which the Strokes of Death, and of ten hundred thousand Deaths, can never prevail. We may be changed indeed; and masquerade it up and down, perhaps through

infinite Worlds, in so many different Disguises; But we can never be annihilated, or made nothing. We cannot be excluded from the eternal List of Atoms. The Loss or Absence of the least Particle from the Universe, would either cause the loudest never-ending Thunders and Lightnings, or an everlasting Silence, Sullenness, and Darknes. This mighty aggregate and stupendous Heap of *Beings* would fall to Ruin, if there were the least *Vacuum*, or the smallest *Mite* missing. Steal but the most indivisible Atom from the rest, and down comes all the Fabrick; For one supports another by an inseparable Adhesion, reciprocal Congruity, and mathematical Fitness. They are so cunningly hitch'd and knit together, so closely fasten'd and indented each with other, by the original Art, or Chance, which formed the World, that all the Motions of this grand Machine would at an Instant stop, in such a Case: as does a Watch, when the least Tooth is missing from any one of the contiguous Wheels. Every Thing in Nature is full and pregnant. Neither can there be any other Emptiness save what we think we see in Bottles, or other hollow Vessels, which, when they are void of Water, Wine, or other Liquor, it is but to be cramm'd brimfull of Air; which Element insinuates and crowds itself into each diminutive Cranny, Chink, and Pore of grosser Substances; So if the airy Atoms have any Hollowneses in them, the smallest Vacancy possible is still supplied with its full Measure of the pure *Æther*; and that again with some Matter more refined, if such there be; or else it drinks full Draughts of immaterial Essences. And by such a subordinate Gradation, human *Souls*, though in themselves perhaps, pure incorporeal Spirits, are yet fasten'd and cemented to our Bodies. Thus is one *Being* successively, and eternally, either a Syringe, or Sponge to another. The Elements inebriate one another by Turns: An universal *Epicurism* and Drunkenness reigns.

So the hot Stomach of the Earth, parch'd with inward mineral Fires, greedily guzzles down the very Salt unpalatable Lees of the Sea, rather than be a-dry: with a thousand thousand gaping Throats, it gulps the Beverage which *Neptune's* deep and mighty Cellar runs withal. It pants, and sucks eternally, the thick ropy Settlements of the *Ocean's* Bottom. These are distill'd again in hidden Limbecks, Cylinders, and other chemical Vessels below, that so the gaping Channels on the Superficies, may be constantly supplied with more refin'd Liquor, through the Springs and Fountains: and yet the Globe not having quench'd its Thirst with this perpetual Draught, continually sips up the Rain, a Liquor more sublime and pure than all the rest. But this is only on certain Holy-days of Fate, when the Celestial Powers, the Planets, Stars, and Constellations, order a *Du-nalma* for the vegetable Race below, to refresh the Herbs, the Corn, and Trees, with Banquets from the Clouds. Then the big-bellied Tuns above are roll'd out of their hidden Store-houses, and broach'd; the Conduits of the upper Region spout and run with plentiful Showers and Cataracts of Nature's seminal Juice, the radical all-chearing Nectar of Heaven. The greedy Soil imbibes the sacred strong *Cascade*; each joyful Turf is frolicksome, and swallows down large Bumpers of the eleemosynary Wine. Whilst the le ft dry and crumbling Lump of the late fainting *Glebe*, has Drops and *Supernaculum*s enough to revel on; till party-colour'd *Iris*, the *Major-Domo* of these yearly *Festivals*, perceiving the tender Seeds and Roots are well-nigh fuddled with what at second-hand they have exhausted from the over-laden Ground, makes her Appearance in the Clouds, inviting all the Guests to a splendid Collation of warm Beams and Rays, with which the *Sun* is minded to regale them.

A grateful, soft and chearful Noise was heard throughout the Room before. The Earth and Air were in a merry Humour. Well pleas'd with the

Debauch, they would have sat till Morning at it, being loth to leave their Liquor behind 'em, or change it for dry Meat. But at the Sight of *Iris* every one changed Countenance; an universal *Murmur* ran throughout the *Hall*; they were sorry thus to be baulked in the midst of their Mirth: 'Till courtly *Zephyrs* come with their soft Compliments, and tell 'em, it is necessary for their Ease and Health: Then are the Tuns and Bottles removed, with all the drunken Tackle. The Table soon is spread, and cover'd with a rich Course of glittering Charges, sent from *Phœbus*.

That sponging *Planet* only lives by Bantering and Wheedles. The illustrious Figure he makes i'th' World, is always borrowed. He never wore a fashionable Dress in's Life, but what he took up by Tally from the first Source of Lights: For which he's bound to pay so vast an Interest, that he would necessarily become a Bankrupt, did he not repair his broken Fortune, by playing Tricks upon the Earth. Thus whilst he mocks this sublunary World with his pretended Treats, he makes it pay for all with costly Exhalations. He plunders the Elements, picks the Pockets of the Earth, and robs the Treasures of the Sea; Nor can he forbear filching something from the Air; and when he has stolen enough, he slinks away i'th' Dark, and flies to the other Side of the Globe; there to commence new Shams and Cheats upon the *Antipodes*. And all the while, the Stars are full as bad as he: For like a brave Highwayman, that Luminary frequents the publick Way of Heaven by Day; he robs in open Sight of all the World, and leaves a generous *Viaticum* where-ever he borrows any thing. But the Stars, those little Bullies of the Sky, are perfect *Night-Pads*, *Shop-lifts*, and *Sharppers*; they skulk about i'th' Dark, through all the private *Alleys* of the *Firmament*, and commit a thousand Murders, Rapes, and other Violences. Some of their *Aspects* are as venomous as the fatal Eyes of *Basilisks*; they carry divers kinds of mortal Poisons  
in



in their Looks, which they disperse at random in this lower World. They strew the Earth with *Hemlocks*, *Aconites*, and other baneful Weeds. They also scatter up and down the more contagious Seeds of Envy, Avarice, and a thousand black infernal Vices, which take root in human Souls, at our Nativities; and growing up with us, in time bring forth the fatal Fruits of Death. The ugly Race of *Dragons*, *Serpents*, *Crocodiles*, and all the *reptile* Generations, with every thing that's hideous, cruel, and destructive on the Globe, derive their Natures, Qualities, Forms, and Dispositions, from some *malignant Stars* or *Constellations*, if *Astrologers* say true. So do the *scaly Monsters* of the *vast Abyss*; and every *Bird* of horrible *Figure* flying in the *Air*. They're all the Brood, the *Emissaries*, *Spies*, and *Agents* of the Powers above, sent down on thievish Errands, to prey on other Animals, more innocent than themselves.

There is an *eternal Clause* in *Nature*, whilst every thing is either on the Hunt or Flight. Thus *Heaven* purloins from *Earth*, and that from *Heaven* again. When we are first conceiv'd, our wandring *Souls* are caught, as in a well-bated Trap. And when we die, 'tis but the *Soul's* Escape from one Snare to be soon trapann'd into another. Perhaps a *human Body* may be our Prison again; or we may be attracted by some more agreeable *Embryo*. This magnetick Star may draw us up to *Heaven*, or the wide Jaws of all-devouring *Orcus* may swallow us down into the hungry *Paunch* of *Hell*, which *God* avert.

Learned *Haly*, let not thou and I be too solicitous about these Things: For all our timorous Forecasts are in vain. But considering the secret Magnetisms dispersed throughout the Universe, and that every thing attracts its Like, let us take care to qualify our selves with celestial Habits and Dispositions; and then we cannot fail of being drawn up to *Paradise*.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

## LETTER XIII.

To the Mufti.

**I**N Obedience to thy Commands, I shall now proceed, in relating the most memorable Transactions of former Ages, during the four Great Monarchies; observing thy Instructions, not to be prolix, or overcurious in tracing down the particular Successions of Kings and Princes; but rather to relate the Actions of famous Men, the wise Sayings of the Ancients, with such other Remarks, as may be at once delightful and instructive.

'Twill be no Breach of this Rule, to begin where I left off in my former Letter, with the Death of *Darius*, and Succession of *Xerxes*, his younger Son; there being something of Nicety in the Plea between him and his elder Brother *Artabazenes* for the Crown; For this laid Claim to it on the Account of his Primogeniture: But in regard he was born before *Darius* was made King, the Succession was determin'd in Favour of *Xerxes*, who had a double Advantage, in being begot by a crown'd King, and born of *Atosb*, the Daughter of *Cyrus*, who first establish'd this Monarchy.

As soon as *Xerxes* was settled in the *Throne*, he led an Army into *Egypt*, and suppressed the Insurrections in that Country. Then he fitted out a Fleet of 4200 Ships, on board of which were above five hundred thousand Men. He had a Land Army also consisting of Two millions and five hundred thousand Soldiers, of several Nations. With this vast Multitude he march'd against the *Grecians*; and to facilitate the Voyage of his Fleet, he caused one Part of his Army to dig a Passage through Mount *Athos*, whereby the Sea was let in, and the Ships might sail two a-breast; whilst another part of the  
Soldiers

Soldiers were employed in building a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellepont*. No sooner was this done, but there arose a vehement Tempest; which so discomposed those narrow Seas, that between the Winds and Waves, the Boats which made this Bridge were all dispersed, broken, and cast away.

This so incensed *Xerxes*, that he commanded the Sea to be scourged with Whips, and a Chain to be thrown into it, as a Mark of its future Subjection. He also beheaded those who built the Bridge, and caused others to make a new one.

Here one of *Xerxes's* Eunuchs, and a particular Favourite of the King, sent for a *Grecian* of the Isle of *Cbios*, who had formerly deprived him of the Evidences of his *Virility*. And the old Man coming with his Sons to wait on this great Courtier, the Eunuch caused him first to castrate his own Sons, and afterwards forced them to do the same by their Father, in Revenge of his own Loss and Disgrace.

From hence *Xerxes* marched with his Army by the Place where once stood the famous Town of *Troy*, went in Pilgrimage to the Tomb of King *Priamus*; where he sacrificed ten Hecatombs of Oxen to the Ghosts of the ancient Heroes, and to the Divinity of the River of *Scamander*, which his Soldiers drank dry, and yet half of them had not quench'd their Thirst.

After this, he came to the *Hellepont*, where taking a Survey of all his Land and Sea-Forces, which cover'd the *Hellepont*, and all the neighbouring Shores; and contemplating the Shortness of Man's Life; and that of so innumerable a Multitude, not one should be alive at an hundred Years End, he wept bitterly.

Then having sacrificed to the Sun, for the good Success of his Expedition, he caused all his Army to pass over the *Hellepont* by his Bridge of Boats; after which, they drank their Way through another River, which had not Water enough to satisfy half his Men and Cattle: For his Army increased all the Way, by the Accessions of Soldiers out of every Nation through

which he passed. Yet *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, with a small Body of 4000 *Lacedemonians*, gave Battle to the whole Army of *Xerxes*. And in a Sea-Fight at *Salamis*, the *Persians* lost 500 Ships, with a considerable Part of their Army; which, with other Distasters, or Sicknefs, Famine, &c. so terrified this great Monarch, that he posted back again as fast as he could, by the Way of the *Hellepont*, which he crossed in a poor Fisher-Boat all alone, leaving *Mardonius* to pursue the Wars in *Greece*. But an ill Fate attended their Arms; for at *Platea* the *Grecians* set upon them under *Pausanias* their General, and routed the whole Army, killing above two hundred thousand of them upon the Spot, and burning their Camp and Navy.

*Xerxes* hearing these ill Tidings, fled towards his own Country; and by the Way set Fire to the Temples of the Gods of *Babylon*, and other Parts of *Asia*, sparing none but that magnificent *Fane* at *Ephesus*, which was renown'd throughout the whole World.

About this time died *Pagapates*, the faithful Eunuch of *Darius*, who had passed seven whole Years mourning at the Tomb of his Master.

I must not omit the Treachery of *Pausanias*, the *Lacedemonian* General, who held a private Correspondence with *Xerxes*. And having been twice accused of Treason, and as often acquitted, was the third Time discovered by a Boy, whom he kept as his Minion; and by the Sentence of the *Ephori*, was starved to Death.

Thou hast forbidden me to augment the Bulk of these historical Letters, with Glosses, or Remarks of my own, or else it were a proper Occasion to put thy Holiness in mind, how great a Value ought to be set on a faithful Man; and let Nature itself plead my Excuse for entrenching on thy Orders, whilst I vindicate my self from the Calumnies of the Envious; and beg of thee to rest assured, That no Man on Earth can be truer to his Trust, than the *Arabian* Slave *Mabmut*.

But to return to *Xerxes*. He was unfaithfully dealt with by the Captain of his Guard; who by the Assistance of *Spamitres* the King's Chamberlain, and seven other Conspirators, killed him in his Bed with his eldest Son *Darius*, and crowned *Artaxerxes* in his stead.

To him fled *Themistocles* the *Athenian*, who was suspected a Partner in the Treason of *Pausanias*. The King received him into his Favour, and made him Governor of a Province, adding the Gift of five great Cities, to furnish him with Money for the Expences of his Table and Wardrobe. And this the King did, not as a Reward or Encouragement of Treason, (from which he knew *Themistocles* was free, being falsely accused by the *Athenians*;) but he heaped those Honours on him, as a Debt to the Merits of that once illustrious Enemy, now become a Friend, and seeking Shelter in the *Persian* Kingdom, from the barbarous Ingratitude of his own Countrymen; who, for all his eminent Services to *Greece*, could think of no better Acknowledgment, than to put to death as a Traytor, the bravest and wisest Captain of that Age.

Not long after this, the *Persians* lost two hundred Ships in a Sea-Fight with the *Grecians*, and were routed at Land by a Stratagem of *Cimon*, the *Grecian* General, who after the Naval Victory, put his Men on Board the *Persian* Vessels which he had taken, and apparelling them in the Garments of the *Persian* Captives, landed them near the Enemies Camp in *Pamphylia*; who taking them for Friends, suffered them to enter their Trenches without Jealousy; and so were all slaughter'd, except a few, who escaped by the Swiftness of their Horses.

About this time, *Pericles* was made Prince of *Athens*, of whom I made mention in my former Letters. And *Themistocles* being made General of the *Persian* Army, and sent against the *Grecians*; rather than fight against his Country, or betray the Cause of his new Master, became a voluntary Victim to his

own Integrity and Honour: For, sacrificing a Bull in his March, he drank off a Bowl of the Blood, and fell down dead at the Foot of the Altar.

The next War the *Persians* were engaged in, was with *Egypt*; where in a Battle near *Memphis*, they lost an hundred thousand Men. But sending fresh Recruits, they dried up the River *Nile*, where the *Athenian Fleet*, confederate with the *Egyptians*, lay at Anchor. Which so amazed the *Egyptians*, that they made their Peace with them: And the *Athenians* set their own Ships on Fire, in number 200, and returned home with Disgrace, when they had been six Years in *Egypt*. And after this, a Peace was concluded between the *Persians*, and those of *Greece*. And in the fifth Year of the 8th Olympiad, which soon followed, there was an universal Peace throughout the World, which continued till the first Year of the 87th Olympiad, at what time began the *Peloponnesian War*.

In the 4th Year of the 88th Olympiad, *Artaxerxes* died, and his Son *Xerxes* was invested with the Crown. But at a Year's End, being overcome with Wine, and falling asleep in a Place where no Guard was kept, his Brother *Secundianus*, with the Help of an Eunuch, murder'd him, and took the Government on himself. He also was soon after dispatched by his Brother *Darius*.

I over-run whole Olympiads, without mentioning any Thing, save the Transactions which made most Noise in those Times. But I am unwilling to slip the Reign of any King, though I speak but two Words of it, that so thou mayest have a perfect Idea of their Succession.

During the whole Series of *Darius's* Reign, History mentions nothing remarkable, but is taken up in relating the little Quarrels, and Reconciliations of several Provinces in *Greece*, some private Treaties between the *Persian* Governors of *Lesser Asia* and those of *Peloponnesus*, and the Overtures of Peace between the *Lacedemonians* and the *Persians*,

the

the End of the *Peloponnesian* War, with such other Passages, as would be too tedious for a Letter.

I will only rehearse a memorable Saying of *Darius*, on his Death-bed, to his eldest Son *Artaxerxes*, who was to succeed him in the Throne. The Prince being assured by the Royal Physicians, that his Father's End drew near, thus address'd *Darius*: ' My  
' Father, since it is the Will of the Gods to take  
' you from Earth, into their own blessed Society,  
' and that you have been pleas'd, with the Consent  
' of the Nobles, to declare me your Successor in  
' the Kingdom; tell me, I beseech you, by what  
' Methods of Policy you have govern'd this Empire  
' these nineteen Years, that so I may follow your  
' Example.' To whom the King reply'd; ' My Son,  
' be assur'd, That if my Reign has been blessed with  
' greater Success and Peace, than those of my Pre-  
' decessors, 'tis because in all Things I have honour-  
' ed the immortal Gods, and done Justice to every  
' Man.'

As soon as *Artaxerxes* was possess'd of the Crown, he sent for his Brother *Cyrus*, and put him in Manacles of Gold, with Design to make him privately away; but at the Intercession of his Mother, he released him again, and restor'd him to his Government of *Lydia*.

About this Time, *Plato* the Philosopher being very young, gave an early Specimen of a ripe Wit, in comforting *Antimachus* the Poet, who lost the Garland in a Contest with *Niceratus*, at the *Lysandrian* Feast. For when he beheld the Poet extremely vex'd at the Ignorance and Partiality of *Lysander*, who knew not how to distinguish between his lofty Measures, and the flat Rhimes of his Antagonist; *Plato* bid him be of good Courage: For, said he, *his Ignorance no more diminishes thy Knowledge, than a blind Man's mistaking thee for another, would deprive thee of thy Sight.*

When *Cyrus* was return'd to his Government he plotted to depose his Brother; and to win *Lysander*

to his Party, he presented him with a Ship built all of Gold and Ivory. *Alcibiades*, the famous *Athenian* Captain perceiving this, design'd to give *Artaxerxes* notice of his Brother's Treason: But by the Way he was murdered himself by some Soldiers, hired for that Purpose by *Lysander*; who yet durst not set upon him in the Day-time, when he was armed in his own Defence, but in the Night set his House on Fire; and as he was escaping thro' the Flames and Smoke, they, lying in Ambush, shot him dead with Arrows.

However, *Artaxerxes* quickly became sensible of his Brother's Designs; and raising an Army of Nine hundred thousand Men, gave him Battle not far from *Babylon*. In the Fight he was wounded by *Cyrus*; but after a hot Dispute, *Cyrus* was kill'd, and *Artaxerxes* got the Victory.

*Parisatis*, the Mother of *Cyrus*, to revenge the Death of her Son, caused those that wounded him to be kill'd with lingring Torments; and inviting Queen *Statira* the Wife of *Artaxerxes* to a Feast, she divided the Bird *Rbindaces* asunder with a Knife poisoned on one Side, and gave the venom'd Part to *Statira*, eating the other herself. Upon which, the Queen died in horrible Anguish and Torture.

The famous Deeds of many Heroes are also recorded, during the Reign of this *Artaxerxes*; as of *Agefilas*, King of the *Spartans*; *Iphicrates*, *Pharnabazus*, *Tissaphernes*, and *Tiribazus*, *Persians*, with *Conon* the *Athenian*. But fearing to intrench on thy Patience, I content my self with only mentioning their Names, and so finish my Letter with the Conclusion of *Artaxerxes's* Life, who died of Grief for the Death of his Son *Arsames*, whom *Ochus*, his Brother, had caused to be murdered out of Envy and Jealousy, because his Father doated on him.

If I have not answered thy Expectation in this Letter, blame not me, but the Historians, from whom I have collected these Passages; or accuse the Men of that Age, that they did not perform greater Actions.



tions. However, in the next thou shalt hear of the Birth and Life of a great Prophet, even *Alexander*, the Conqueror of all *Asia*. In the mean Time, I plunge my self in the Ideas of the Dust thou treadest on, and shrinking into an Abstract of Humility, I bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

*The END of the Third Book.*



LETTERS



# LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

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VOL. VII.

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BOOK IV.

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LETTER I.

To Pesteli Heli, *his Brother*, Master  
of the Customs, and Superintendent  
of the Arsenal at Constantinople.



Know not well, whether it is my Part to be sorry or glad, when I hear thy Son is wild and prodigal; that he is amorous, and very much addicted to frolick with Women, Wine, and Musick; that he frequents the Baths, and Play-houses, on purpose to make some Interest for

for his Love, that he may sometimes get a Sight of beautiful Ladies, and have the Pleasure of being admitted into their Company; that he haunts the Society of Foreign Merchants, the Houses of Christian Ambassadors, and insinuates himself into the Acquaintance and Familiarity of all Travellers who make any Figure in the Imperial City.

I protest, it seems difficult in my Opinion to determine, whether thou thy self hast Reason to be grieved at all this, or not rather to rejoice, as at a Presage of his future good Fortune, since it is a manifest Argument of the Greatness of his Soul: And let that alone to work out its own Way to Happiness. Never check a generous Spirit: For such are full of the Divinity. 'They are the Eagles, the Lions, the Kings and Princes of the Earth.' Their Veins flow with sacred Blood: Their Nerves strut with the Milk of Paradise. A thousand Excellencies possess their Hearts, and ten thousand Perfections take Root in their Brains. Whatever of precious is scattered up and down in the Elements, meets in their accomplished Nature, as in an Epitome, or rich Compendium of the brightest Essences; an Extract of all that is valuable, good, and lovely in the Universe.

Be not discourag'd to see thy Son amorous of Women: 'Tis a Sign of a good Nature. And he is look'd upon as a Monster, or degenerate Person, who feels no Warmths or Passions for that lovely Sex. Women are sent into the World, on purpose to blow up those gentle Flames within our Breasts, which sublimate our grosser Mould, and make us more refin'd. Love is a sacred Frenzy of the Soul, a divine Madness. elevating a Man up to the Pitch of a Santone, and rendring him the Care of the benigner Demons. He is every where safe; having the Favour of Gods and Men, as the Roman Poet expresses it:

*Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque.*

And had it not been for thy own Experience of this noble Passion, thou hadst not had a Son to complain of.

Perhaps it makes him expensive and costly in his Manner of living. He would, no doubt, appear gay and polite in the Eyes of his Mistresses: He would be generous and magnificent in his Entertainments, liberal to his Friends and Acquaintance, charitable to all Persons in Distress. And canst thou really blame him for putting in Practice so many amiable Virtues? Is not this better than to see him of a sneaking, sordid Temper, addicted to Avarice, and other ignoble Vices? Remember thy own Genius, when thou wert young; what a passionate Delight thou tookest in travelling: Yet, this could not be maintained without great Charges. Consider therefore, that it is thy own Blood, running in the Veins of thy Son, which prompts him to a noble Way of living. And do not thou imitate those Fathers, who by their Severity, teach their Children to degenerate, instead of making them better, or more reformed. They frighten them from the Paths of innate Virtue, for the Lucre of their Gold, take abundance of Pains to instruct them in the Methods of Covetousness; as if that alone were the Zenith of Wisdom and Virtue, whereas it is in Truth the very Sink and Seminary of all Vice.

I will relate to thee a Story which I have heard in *Paris*, which has something in it very singular and remarkable, concerning the Affection and Care of a Father toward his extravagant and prodigal Son. This old Gentleman had a fair Seat, about ten Leagues from this City, which had belonged to his Family for the Space of five hundred Years. His yearly Revenue was very considerable; and having only one Son, he gave him the Liberty of managing half his Estate, when he came to the Age of one and twenty Years.

This young Spark being of a high Spirit, was so far from harbouring any Thoughts of Frugality, that he could hardly brook the Necessity of living within the Compass of his Allowance. He addicted himself to Gaming, Drinking, and other lewd Courses, which in a short Time consum'd his Means, and reduced him to great Streights.

About the same Time his Father died, and left him the Remainder of his Estate, giving him all the Instructions that are usual in such Cases; and among the rest of his sage Counsels, he charged him, if it should be his Misfortune to become a Bankrupt again, so as to be forced to sell his Estate, that he would at least not part with that House, which had been so long in the Possession of their Family: Especially he conjured him to reserve one particular Chamber for himself as long as he lived, which was the same where he then lay a-dying; *For this, said he, will be a Sanctuary for you, when you have no other Place of Refuge in the World.*

After the old Man's Decease, his Son fell to his former Course of Life; and, to make short of it, in a few Years spent all his Patrimony; even that very House it self, which he was forced to sell at last for an Under-price, to supply his present Necessities. However, he obeyed his Father's last Injunction; and in the Sale of the House, made Articles for the perpetual Claim and Use of that Chamber to himself.

It was not long before he had consumed the Money which he had received for the House: So that now his last Support was gone. He try'd to borrow of some of his Friends and Acquaintance: And in Charity they supply'd him at first with small Sums: But when he often press'd them, they grew weary of of him, and deny'd to part with any more.

The disconsolate Gentleman, overwhelm'd with Grief and Melancholy, returns to his Chamber, hoping to find some Ease in that private Recess, where  
he

he might at least have the Privilege of venting his Sorrow in Sighs and Tears.

He pass'd away some Time in this dejected Condition, when at length he cast his Eyes on an old Trunk which stood in the Corner of the Chamber, and which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd Curiosity prompted him to rise and look into this Trunk, perhaps not so much in Hopes of finding any Relief there, as to divert himself and pass away the tedious Minutes. *And yet 'tis natural for People in great Calamities and Misfortunes, to flatter themselves with the Imagination of unexpected Reliefs, and to catch at every the least Glimpse or Shadow, that seems to presage any Good.* Be it how it will, he fell to rifling the Trunk, but found nothing, save a Parcel of old Rags and Papers, with other Remnants and Fragments of Silk, Linnen, and Velvet, the Reliques and Spoils of his Father's Wardrobe. This was no Booty for him: However, he ceased not his Scrutiny, till he had quite empty'd the Trunk; when, to his no small Astonishment, he found these Words on the Bottom: *Ab, Prodigal! hast thou spent All, and sold thy House? Now go and hang thy self. There is a Rope ready provided for thee in the Beam of the Chamber.*

The young Gentleman looking to the Ceiling, and seeing a Halter hang there, being fasten'd to an Iron Ring, was struck with such a Damp, that concluding it was the Will of Fate, that he should fulfil the Words he found on the Bottom of the Trunk, he immediately took a Chair, or Stool, and placing it just under the Rope, got up and raised himself upon it, that so he might the better reach the designed Instrument of his Death.

He stood not long musing: For Life appear'd now insupportable to him. Wherefore putting the Halter about his Neck, in the Height of Despair he kick'd the Stool away: When behold, instead of hanging there, he fell to the Ground, the weighty Swing of his Body having pulled out a Piece of square

square Timber from the Beam, being that Part to which the Ring was fasten'd. Immediately he was like to be overwhelmed, and buried alive in a great Heap of Gold, which came showering down upon him out of the hollow Place, which his Father had contrived on Purpose in the Beam, to put this kind Sarcaſm on his Son, now ſufficiently mortified by ſo many Sorrows.

In a word, this made ſo deep an Impreſſion on him, that he grew reform'd, buying all his Eſtate back again with Part of the Money; and employing the reſt in Merchandizing, grew to be a richer Man than his Father, or any of his Progenitors.

Dear *Pesteli*, thy Son is Generous and Witty: It is thy Part to reclaim him by Methods agreeable to his Nature. For Ruggedneſs and Austerity will make him but the worſe.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

## L E T T E R II.

To Codorafrad Cheick, *a Man of the Law.*

**H**ERE has happened an Accident of late which teſtifies the Zeal of the *French* for their Religion, as well as it diſcovers the raſh and unwarrantable Fury of a bigotted Deſperado. This Perſon was one of that Sect they call Hugonots, of whom there are great Multitudes in *France*; and they are diametrically oppoſite to thoſe of the *Roman* Faith in their Principles, and the Manner of worſhipping God; yet are tolerated by the State, to prevent the Inconveniencies of a Civil War, and the Effuſion of Human Blood.

Blood. The King chusing rather by Clemency to win them to his Party, than by a severe Execution of the Laws in Force against them, to compel their Consciences in Matters relating to God.

Yet many Men are of Opinion, that this Royal Condescension will not have its desired Effect, upon a stubborn and ungrateful Sort of People; who, instead of being obliged to Fidelity and Obedience by such indulgent Favours, are apt to interpret them as Arguments of the King's Impotence and Disability to punish those that resist his Authority, and to harden themselves the more in their factious Insolence: As it will appear by what I am going to relate of a certain religious Furioso, a Hugonot, by Profession. This Fellow coming one Day into the great Temple in *Paris*, which they call *Nostre Dame*, makes up directly toward the Priest who was celebrating Mass; and waiting a convenient Season to execute his Purpose, just as the Priest was elevating that which they esteem the Sacramental Body of *Jesus the Messias*, above his Head, according to Custom, that it might be adored by all the Congregation; this Ruffian stepped to him, and striking the Wafer out of his Hand, trampled it under Foot, and then assassinated the Priest with his Dagger.

The whole Assembly were astonished at such an unexampled Attempt. They stood still like Statues for a while, and suffered the Villain to pass through the Throng, till he came to the very Gate of the Temple: When beginning to rouse out of their Stupor, some ran after him, and so he was seiz'd, and carried before the next Cadi, or Judge of Criminal Causes, who condemn'd him to have his Right Hand first cut off before the Gate of the same Temple, where he had been guilty of this Assassine and Prophanation, and his Body presently afterwards to be burnt alive. Which was accordingly executed.

But not thinking this a sufficient Expiation of the Dishonour done to God, the Archbishop of *Paris*  
com-



commanded Prayers to be made, which they call the Oraisons of Forty Hours. He appointed also a Solemn Procession of all the Clergy to the Temple of *Nostre Dame*, to cleanse it from the Defilement which (according to their Belief) it had contracted by this impious Action. The several Companies of the City likewise attended these Ceremonies in their Robes of Honour, to testify their Devotion.

Thou wilt not conclude me an Infidel, or say that I undertake the Patronage of the Roman Religion, if I condemn this Fellow as a Martyr to his own Presumption and Arrogance. The Romans and Hugonots are all alike to me, so long as they are equally Enemies to the Messenger of God. But it is not decent or wise, neither good Manners nor Policy, to affront the established Religion of the Country where a Man lives. 'Twas sufficient that this Russian and all his Brethren had the Liberty of serving *God* after their own Way. It was an unpardonable Immorality to disturb the lawful Priests of the Nation, especially in so barbarous a Manner, in the very Height of their Mysteries, the midst of their daily Sacrifice, at the Altar of their *God*, where they profess to immolate after a transcendant Manner, no less than the Body and Blood of the *Messias*.

Doubtless, all Nations are zealous for their Religion, and we *Mussulmans* should not scruple to put to Death a head-strong *Giasar*, who would presume but to pollute our sacred Mosques by his uncircumcised Presence; much less should we spare him, if he attempted to offer any Violence to a true Believer, as he was adoring the Eternal Unity after the Way observed by our Fathers, and commanded by the Prophet. And tho' these *Nazarenes* are Worshippers of Images and Pictures; tho' they adore that which to all outward Appearance is but a Piece of Bread; yet the Precept of *Moses* ought to be regarded, which says, *Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the Nations whither ye go to dwell.*

Venerable Successor of *Moses* and the Prophets, vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilst he dwells among these Infidels, he may neither make Shipwreck of his Faith by embracing their Vanities, nor yet forfeit his Discretion by any rude, unseemly, or violent Carriage against them.

Paris, 23<sup>d</sup> of the 12<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

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### L E T T E R III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**T**H E R E are a Sort of Men among the *Naxarene* Ecclesiasticks, whom they call Casuists. These are profoundly vers'd in the Learning of the Schools, which (if thou remembrest) honest Father *Antonio*, the Old *Sicilian* Priest, our Friend, used to term, The Science of Husks. A dry, chaffy Sort of Knowledge, consisting only of empty vapid Notions, windy Ideas, Distinctions made in Sand, which may be effaced, alter'd, or form'd at Pleasure. The very Contemplation of these Metaphysical Trifles, is enough to put one in a Fever; so subtle is the Poison they contain: a Spiritual Venom, which darts like Lightning thro' one's Thoughts, and soon ferments the Soul, boiling our Reason up, to scum and froth it self away in Divine Jargon and Religious Nonsense.

These Men will split a Hair in Divinity to make a Scruple, or to disannul it. They raise a Dust in the Eyes of those that give heed to them, and play fast and loose with Human Reason, as it serves a Turn. They'll make a Hog of a Cushion, and turn an Elephant into a Coffee-Dish, with their enchanting Hæc-  
cieties,

ceities, Identities, Quatenus's, and the rest of their Learned Legerdemain, the perfect Hocus-Pocus of the Sorbonne; by which they juggle Men out of their Senses; and frame Chimæra's far more monstrous than those in the Fictions of *Ovid*, or the more early and mysterious Poems of *Musæus*, *Orpheus*, and *Hesiod*. They teach Men to stumble at a Feather in the Way of a Religious Life, yet not to boggle at a Millstone or a Mountain, where Interest calls for Resolution and Speed. They start more Difficulties than themselves can answer in the Cases of the Poor. But where Plenty of Gold appears, every Thing is made easy and plain. Mere Higglers in Religion; Quacks and Empiricks in Matters of Conscience; murdering a Thousand distemper'd Souls, for one they cure: Pretending to be Guides to Paradise, they lead Men through uncouth Paths and intricate Windings, till they are lost in Labyrinths of Error, bordering on the Confines of Hell. And then they leave them to themselves; where, if they make one false Step, they go out of their Bounds; trespass on the Devil's Frontiers; and so are either in Danger of a Precipice, or at least of being taken Captives by the outlying Scouts of the Infernal Kingdom, from whom 'tis difficult to escape.

There were such as these also among the *Jews* and *Gentiles* of old, and so there are at this Day in all Religions, Men who are severe in Punctilio's, and neglect the more important Precepts of the Law. Nor can the *Mussulmans* themselves be free from this Embarrassment of the Faith and Truth brought down from Heaven.

If thou observest the grave and supercilious Looks of our Imaums Mollahs, Cadies, &c. thou'lt take 'em for the justest Men, the holiest Saints on Earth. Mark but their Discourse, 'tis an Abridgment of the *Alcoran*. They're seen each Morning at the first Hour of Publick Prayer, walking before the Mosques, or sitting in the Royal Cemeteries, under some melancholy Cypress,

Cypress, reading the Book of *Affonak*, or some other spiritual Treatise. With Eyes cast up to Heaven, or humbly fixed upon the Ground, and mimick Postures of their Hands, they act Devotion to the Life: Yet, in their Hearts, perhaps, are studying how to circumvent their Neighbours.

Go to these Persons for Instruction in any doubtful Case, they will hamper thee with far-fetched Terms and crabbed Problems; with formal Aspects, and tedious Circumlocutions; stroaking their Beards, and sighing from deceitful Breasts, they will industriously amuse thy Soul with dark *Ænigma's*, and trapan thy Sense in Snares of insignificant and unintelligible Words; striving to make thee believe, they are the Picklocks of the eternal Cabinet, if not the Privy-Counsellors of Heaven: Whereas the way of Piety is plain, and circumscribed with certain noted Boundaries. 'Tis hard indeed for a bewilder'd Traveller to find the narrowest Gate, and first Avenue of this sacred Path, amongst so many gorgeous glittering Portals ever standing open, and inviting Men into the spacious Fields of Vice. But when he has once entered the obscurer Pass, he has nothing else to do, but go directly on, without turning to the right Hand, or the Left, only regarding the fixed Landmarks of eternal Truth, invariable Reason, and sound Morality. To speak plainly, a Man's Duty is comprehended in a few easy Rules; and he that goes to render 'em difficult, by knotty, thorny Glosses, throws Stumbling-blocks before the Feet of true Believers, and interrupts their Pilgrimage to Heaven.

My Friend, if any pious Scruple trouble thee or me, let us henceforth be our own Casuists; and not by blind implicit Faith, enslave our Souls to Men perhaps more ignorant than our selves. The Law is plain and positive, in necessary Matters. What need we seek to entangle our selves more?

If we perform our Oraisons at the appointed Hours, what matter is it, whether we observe the fix  
 tionary

tionary Postures, or no? We that are illuminated, I only speak of such. As for the phlegmatick dull Multitude, 'tis fit they should be curb'd with Discipline, and made to observe the nice Punctilio's of Obedience. What signifies the old versatile 'Turn of the Head, from one Side to the other, as if we thought to catch the Prophet peeping over our Shoulders? Or, where is the Sense of the profounder Mystery of poring on our Fingers with extended Palms, as if we were at School, and learning our Alphabet; or imitated the clownish Rusticks of *Armenia*; who as they work i'th' Fields and Vineyards, will make a Dial of their Hand, a Gnomon of a Straw, and lose an Hour in stedfast gazing on their dirty Fists, to know what time of Day it is? Then the mysterious resting of our Hands upon our Knees, with other formal Ceremonies; What are they all, but an external Discipline, confirm'd by ancient Custom, and observed for Order's sake? This need not trouble thee or me, whenever we have occasion to retrench such indifferent Niceties.

Nay, to go farther; if we should neglect the stated Periods of solemn Adoration, compelled thereto by Sickness, Travelling, or any other Necessity; be not disconsolate, as if thou hadst been guilty of a mortal Sin. Some supererogating Work of Charity, will cancel ten such Faults as that: Or at least, thou may'st look boldly in the Face of God, when at another Season, on thy Knees, thou makest ample Compensation; or by sacred Abstinence and Fasting, disperst all the Mists and Clouds of Guilt, that sat so heavy on thy Soul. The Times are all alike to him that is Eternal. There's no Distinction of Day or Night, with that immortal Essence, who made the Sun and Stars, and is Himself the unchangeable Source of Light.

So, if we should address ourselves to Heaven, without the usual Forms of Prayer, or any Words at all; we have no reason to be sad, as if our Oraisons were ineffectual and unheard. In the eternal, high Recess, our silent Vows, and softest Whispers of the

Soul, echo as loud as the most bold, and noisy Clamour of the Tongue. There is a Rank of Spirits among the rest above, on purpose made to waft the secret Thoughts of mortal Men to Heaven. We cannot fail of Audience there, whenever we send the least Ejaculation up, with firm Credentials from the Heart.

In a word, believe, my *Dgnet*, That the Supreme-ly Intelligent and Wise chiefly regards the Intention and Fervor of our Minds, the habitual Bent of our Souls, with the innocent and pious Actions of our Lives. He is not to be moved (unless to Indignation) by the vain Tautologies of our verbal Oraisons, the nauseating Crambe of devoutest Words, common to Hypocrites and Persons of Sincerity, to the most incorrigible Sinners and the greatest Saints. The humble Silence of a Heart resign'd to Destiny, is a pacifick Sacrifice, atoning for the greatest Sins, attracting choicest Favours, Smiles and Benedictions from the Eternal. This is the Discipline of sacred Love, the Rule of perfect Life, the secret Chart of the Elect, whereby they steer their Course to Paradise.

Which of the Prophets was a formal Beadsman, to number out his Oraisons at Finger's-End, and offer up to God a short and vain Retail of Words, in Recompence of infinite Bounties past, and in hopes of more to come?

When *Mahomet* was pursued by cruel Infidels, and forc'd to make the Wilderness his Sanctuary, and hide himself within the Hollow of an aged Oak, he did not seek to amuse the Eternal with studied Forms of Speech, and human Eloquence, or tire th' immortal Ears with a religious long Harangue; as if he thought to ensnare the general Mercy of the Holy One, in Trains of artificial and elaborate Language, or catch his more particular Indulgence, in a Trap of subtle Rhetorick. The harmless Saint, with Heart and Face compos'd, with self-denying Thoughts and Looks, stood like a Statue in  
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the blessed *Ashlum*: Whilst gentle Rivulets of compassionate Tears trill'd down his Checks, his Soul was pierced with sacred Pity to his Enemies. He sigh'd and wish'd, in short, whatever blameless Piety could suggest for him and them. Angels immediately carried the prophetick Vows to Heaven. His silent passionate Prayer was heard. The cruel Persecutors, blinded with impious Fury, rushed into the Desert; they spread themselves abroad, and rode at large: one Traytor spurred his Horse thro' thickest Webs of low-entangled Thorns and Under-woods, greedy of the Royal and Majestick Prey; whilst others took the open Paths, hoping to overtake the Prophet on the Flight. They seem'd to swim, or fly rather than ride, such was the Swiftnes of their Course, fierce was the Cry, re-echo'd from the Hollows of the Rocks and Vallies, *Mecca, for the Head of Mahomet*. Some stumbled at the out-creeping Roots of Trees, and broke a Leg or an Arm, by a precipitate Fall from off their Beasts; whilst others had their Eyes struck blind by interfering Twigs. One had his Turbant rudely brush'd off, and Scalp severely shaved, by broken Stumps of Boughs, and Rows of knotty Branches, plac'd and bent down by Fate, on purpose to avenge the Apostle's Cause on such a Miscreant as this. Another could not curb his Horse from jumping down into a deep Quarry, digg'd in the midst of the Wood, where the proud Heretick dash'd his Skull and Brains upon the Marble Pavement at the Bottom. So sensible and vindictive are inanimate Creatures, when a good Man, a Saint, a Friend of God, is wronged. The very Stocks and Stones, and all the Elements are touched with sacred Sympathies at such a Time. The Frame of Nature feels strange tender Passions, Fits and Qualms of amorous Regard. And God himself, if I may so express my self, is rouzed as from a Trance; and snatching up the Weapons of his Power and Wrath, runs like a Champion to defend the Cause of injured Innocence.

But I forget that I am writing a Letter, and therefore ought to be brief. Besides, what I have said is sufficient to convince thee, that I have an Idea of Religion, far different from that which the Casuists, whether *Mussulmans* or *Christians*, would imprint in Mens Minds.

If thou canst not think as I do, I condemn thee not. Use thy native Freedom ; but remember, that tho' Mens Reasons and Opinions vary as do their Faces ; yet Truth is homogeneous, uniform, and ever of the same Complexion, in all Ages and Nations.

Paris, 1<sup>st</sup> of the 2<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1672.

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## L E T T E R IV.

*To the Kaimacham.*

**T**HE King of *France* has lately made a League with the King of *England*. Whereupon the People, by way of Proverb, say, That *Mars* and *Jupiter* are now in Conjunction : reflecting thereby, on the different Temper of these two Princes. The one debonair and jovial, excessively addicted to Women and Wine, yet not forgetting or declining martial Affairs, when his Honour or Interest invites him to take up Arms : The other seeming wholly taken up with the Thoughts of Conquest, and enlarging his Dominions ; yet sparing some time for the Enjoyment of himself, and Prosecution of his Amours.

However, both of them now have proclaimed open War against the *Hollanders*; by Sea and Land. The King of *Sweden*, who was before an Ally of the *Dutch*, has of late declared himself a Neuter.

And



And the Bishop of *Munster*, who is one of the Electors of the *German Empire*, is engaged in the *French Interest*.

Thus are some of the Princes and States in *Europe* divided already ; and God knows how far the Breach may extend in time.

'Tis not altogether unworthy of Remark, what different Factions there were of late amongst the *Hollanders* themselves, tho' a *Republick*, pretending to greater and faster Union of Interests than what can be found in any Monarchy. Yet this Commonwealth was rent into three several Parties : Whereof one was headed by the Prince of *Orange* ; the other by *John de Wit*, and the third was composed of the Commons, without any Chief of Note.

I will not trouble thee with a Character of the Prince of *Orange* : He is already known by Fame at the *Sublime Porte*. As to *John de Wit*, I can give no other Account at present, but that he was a Person, whom Fortune had raised to such an Eminence in the Commonwealth, as made him the Prince of *Orange's* Rival, and Competitor for the Supremacy. Therefore he sought to exclude him from all Employments and Offices of Trust, that he might establish himself in his Place.

The third Party, whom we may call *Republicans*, were of Opinion, That it was not for the Honour of the Commonwealth to acknowledge any Head ; judging that the Establishment or Exclusion, the Rise or Fall of the Prince, or *De Wit*, ought to be a thing indifferent to the *States*. In regard the Commonwealth appeared in their Sight sufficient to flourish, under the Protection of her own Arms and Riches, without having any need of either the Prince of *Orange's* Assistance, or *De Wit's*.

However, notwithstanding these Animosities of the *Hollanders* among themselves, as soon as they found themselves engaged in a War with two such potent Monarchs, they all unanimously chose the Prince of *Orange*, as General of their Army : Remembering the

famous Actions of his Fathers, the Princes of the House of *Nassau*; by whose Valour and Conduct they had gain'd and conserv'd their Liberties. On the other Side, *De Wit*, having render'd himself odious to the Vulgar, was by them torn in Pieces; Such a Destiny oft happening to those who aspire to raise themselves by unlawful Methods, and who are ambitious to be the Ringleaders of a Faction.

The *French* call the Prince of *Orange* a General without an Army; in regard the *Hollanders* being as yet only upon the Defensive, and their Towns wanting strong Garrisons, their Soldiers are all disposed of this way, so that there is little or no Appearance of a Field Army.

This is certain, the King of *France* is the most gallant Prince in *Europe*. He passes from Divertisements to the Toils of the War; and from the Campaign returns to his Pleasures again. Thus 'tis difficult to distinguish between his Labours and Recreations; his Pleasures and his Business. They seem to be so near of kin, that he takes equal Pleasure in both.

'Twas but a little before the first Appearances of this War, that he and his Queen were revelling in the Gardens of *Chantilly*, where a Royal Entertainment was prepared for them by Night. The Court attended them thither; and there the *Roman* Luxury was seen in Royal Miniature. As soon as the Gates were open'd, there appeared an artificial Day; so light was the Place made with Flambeaux and Lamps: Which being well placed among the Trees with other refin'd Illuminations, adorn'd with Chaplets of Flowers, which presented the Eye with a pleasing Medley of Colours, interspersed with Oranges, Citrons, and other agreeable Fruits, transported the Company with exquisite Delights. All together pretty well resembled a Forest in a Chamber: For the Walls not being far from the Place where the King sat, were hung with Arras, with a Multitude of Lights burning near the Hangings; and there was  
a Spring

a Spring of Water in the middle of the Garden, raising it self after a wonderful Manner into the Form of a high Pyramid ; and falling again into three Basons of Marble successively, from one to the other, made a pleasant Spectacle to the Courtiers.

Then a most magnificent Collation was served up with vocal and instrumental Musick, so soft and fine, with a sudden Dew cooling the Air, which had a Smell like Sweet-Bryars, as rendered the Place a perfect Paradise. After which followed the King's Supper, far surpassing the other Banquet in all manner of Delicacy and Politeness, as well as the stupendous Abundance of Dishes. When Supper was ended, they were entertained with a Show of something admirable and new in Fire-works. But tho' it be so to them, I will not trouble thee with a Description of it ; since thou hast seen far finer and more costly at *Constantinople*, or where-ever the great *Sultan* kept his Residence at the Time of a *Dunalma*.

After this, the King went to see the New Fortifications of *Dunkirk*, which he had order'd not long before. And in a little Time, followed this Declaration of War against Holland.

So Things go in a Circle from War to Peace ; from Peace to War again. However, thou wilt the better know by what I have said, how to comport thy self, in case of any Difference between the *English*, *French*, and *Hollanders* at the *Sublime Porte*. God inspire thee with Climacterical Wisdom, to adjust all Difficulties in their stated Periods.

Paris, 26th of the 3d Moon,  
of the Year 1672.

## L E T T E R V.

To Cara Hali, *Physician to the Grand Signior.*

**T**Hou hast borne with a thousand Impertinencies in my Letters ; and I know not whether what I am now going to write, will deserve a better Character. However, I feel a Spirit within me, checking my stupid Mind, in that I was not before sensible of my Error, but must make so late a Recantation. It is impossible for me to reflect on the vain and trifling Subjects I have all along entertained thee with, and not to blush at so grand an Oversight ; since I then seem'd not so much as to regard thy Knowledge and Practice in Medicines, which has exalted thee to the Honour of being placed in the Front of those who take Care of the *Grand Signior's* Health. Much less did I present thee with Matters suitable to thy more interior Knowledge, and that hidden Wisdom, which deservedly ranks thee among the most perfect and accomplished Mortals.

In ancient Times, Theology and Physick were counted Sciences of such a near Relation and mutual Dependance, that one could not subsist without the other. By Physick they meant the general Science of Nature, otherwise term'd Magick : Which comprehended under it the Knowledge of the Heavens, the Elements, and every Being within their vast Circumference : The Motions of Sun, Moon, and Stars, their various Aspects, Influences, and Dominions in this lower World : The Nature of the Winds and Meteors, with their Effects ; the Virtues of all Plants, and living Creatures ; as also of insensible Things, the Metals, Minerals, and other Substances found both on the  
Surface

Surface of the Earth, within its Concave, and in the Sea.

Such as those of old, were *Apollonius Tyanæus*, with the *Magi* of *Persia* and *Chaldæa*; such as *Hierarchas* among the *Brachmans*; *Tespion* the *Gymnosophist*; *Budda* the *Babylonian*; *Numa Pompilius* at *Rome*; *Zamolxides* of *Thrace*; *Abbaris* the *Hyperborean*; *Hermes Trismegistus* of *Egypt*; *Zoroaster* the Son of *Oromases* King of *Bactria*; *Evantes* an *Arabian* King; *Zacharias*, a *Babylonian*; *Joseph* a *Hebrew*; with many others of different Nations; as *Zenotenus*, *Kirannides*, *Almadal*, *Tbetel*, *Alchind*, *Abel*, *Ptolomy*, *Geber*, *Zabel*, *Nazabarub*, *Tebiti*, *Aerith*, *Solomon*, *Astrophon*, *Hipparchus*, *Alcmeon*, &c. And of later Date, *Albertus*, surnamed *the Great*, *Arnoldus de Villa Nova*, *Cardan*, *Raymond Lullius*, with a few more not worth the naming.

These contemplated the secret Force and Virtue of celestial and sublunary Things; the hidden Sympathy between them and the mysterious Powers of Nature. Then having by a curious and painful Scrutiny trac'd out the true Genealogies of Things, cast their Nativities, and discovered all their Kindred, Allies, Friends, and Enemies; knew by applying in due Season Actives to proper Passives, how to produce Effects appearing stupendous Prodigies to the Vulgar, and no less than Miracles: Whereas, all this is but a pure Result of Nature, help'd by human Art. So Watches, Dials, Clocks, and Mirrors, appear'd at first to the ignorant World, the Effects of Magick: Especially the simple Natives of *America*, shew'd little more Wit than Apes or Cats, which look behind the Glass, to find the active Figure of themselves, that they saw in it.

And now I am got amongst those poor Barbarians, I cannot forget a Passage of a poor *Peruvian* Slave, who being sent by his *Spanish* Master with a Basket of choice Fruit, and a Letter to his Friend; the silly Ignoramus being faint, by reason of the excessive Heat; his Journey being also tedious, from

the Town of *Lima* to a Village near the Mountains of *Potosi*, eat up the Fruit by the Way, to allay his Hungry Thirst. However, not having so good a Stomach to the Letter, he deliver'd it safe to the Person to whom it was address'd; never once dreaming that an insensible Piece of Paper could tell Tales. But that discovering his Crime, when he came home, his Master order'd him to the *Bastinado*, to make him sensible of it. Then he was sent again on the same Errand with Oranges and a Letter; and meeting with the same Temptation, he knew not what to do. At last, he hid the Letter under a Heap of Sand: wisely concluding, That if it saw him not, it could never betray his Fact. However, to secure it from all Means of peeping, he spread his Mantle over the Place, and then fell roundly to his Banquet; thinking he should now have no Accuser. In fine, he eat up all the Oranges, and was worse bang'd for his Pains than the Time before.

Generous *Hali*, thou see'st I am fallen into the same Error for which I made Apology at the Beginning of this Letter: But thou can'st easily forgive such Crimes as these. Suffer me only to relapse thus far, That I may mention the Mathematical Magicians; such as *Archytas*, who made a Wooden Pigeon to fly; and *Albert the Great*, who taught a Brazen Head to speak: Not forgetting him unknown by Name, who gave to the Statues of *Mercury*, Voluble Tongues, and Elegant Languages; by whose Mechanick Art a Brazen Serpent learn'd to hiss: and Birds of the same Metal with other Helps, out-vy'd the Nightingales and Thrushes in their Melody.

I will not omit the execrable Practices of Necromancers, or such as invoke the Dead; and with nefarious Ceremonies, Rites and Sacrifices, call to Aid Infernal Spirits; bind them in Crystals, or some other Vehicle; and then adore them as the ancient *Romans* did their *Lares* and *Penates*. These are their Oracles which they consult in all Emergencies; and  
by

by their Help, work Wonders in the World, fore-tel Things future, and reveal the most remote and hidden Secrets, whether past, or present. Nor is this a Fable, or an Old-Wife's Tale; for unless the experienced Nations of the Earth had found some real Evils from Wizards, Magicians, and Witches; they would not have made so severe Laws against them, as to aim at their Extermination from the Earth.

Neither need we admire, that Women are as much addicted to these cursed Vanities as Men; since they are naturally more inquisitive into Secrets, and less cautious of being imposed upon: They are prone to Superstition; and from their Infancy, bred up to observe their Dreams, their Moles, and other Marks upon their Bodies. They covet all the Depth of Palmistry and Physiognomy; besides a Thousand other little Follies.

If they meet a Man in the Street at first going out, they are encouraged, and take it for a Sign of their good Fortune. But if one of their own Sex encounters them, they curse the undesigning Female, and return home again. They observe Fatal Days and Nights, and certain Critical Hours, wherein they try Experiments to know their future Husbands. They brew enchanting Philters for their Lovers, and intoxicate them with Liquors, wherein young human *Cupids* have been boiled with Herbs, as powerful to effect their Wish, as those that *Circe* or *Medea* knew. In short, there is no Species of Sortilegy, or Divination, which vain and young Maidens are not practis'd in: Which has a fair Disposition, or Introduction, to the blackest Kind of Magick.

But blessed are they, O Pious and most Learned *Hali*, who being profoundly skilled, and daily conversant in the Science of Nature, have never tainted themselves by any unlawful Commerce with Spirits Unclean, Infernal, and Enemies to God. They are divine Magicians, having celestial Characters, the hidden Name of God imprinted on their Souls,

whereby they are able to attract the Angels, and make the highest Spirits obey him.

*Hali*, God grant that thou mayest be one of this venerable and happy Number. Farewel.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1672.

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## L E T T E R VI.

To Orchan Cabet, Student of the Sciences, and Pensioner to the Grand Signior.

**I**T has been a long Time since the Christians have openly published Libels against our Holy Lawgiver, and the Book which he received from the Hands of *Gabriel*, one of the chief Princes of Heaven: They affirm for an undoubted Truth, That *Mahomet* himself compos'd that Volume of Light, by the Help of *Nestorius* a Christian Monk, and *Abdalla* a Jew: And that it is but an artificial Medley, a Hotch-potch, or Gallimaufry of Pagan, Jewish, and Christian Principles; cunningly suited and blended together, in order to gain Profelytes of all Religions.

I protest by the Veneration I owe to the Eternal God of Heaven, That I really believe the *Alcoran* to be of divine Original. Such is the inimitable Elegance of the Stile, the Brightness and Force of its Reasons and Arguments, the wonderful and charming Contexture of Things Historical, Moral, and Divine; that all the Writings in the World beside, seem to be flat and insipid, compared with this Sacred and Stupendous Pandect of Wisdom. Yet, I must confess, I know not how to answer the Accusation of the *Nazarenes*, because I have never read any *Mussulman* Treatise,



Treatise, that undertook to refute these Calumnies: Which makes me apt to think, there is none such extant. For I have made diligent Enquiry, discours'd with several learned Doctors of our Law: but can gain no Satisfaction in that Point.

Perhaps, our Fathers in former Ages were ignorant how the Messenger of God had been traduc'd by the Christians; or if they knew it, yet they disdain'd to answer such malicious Lyes. And as for these modern Times, the Zeal of Religion is grown too cold among the true Believers. Every one is carried away with Self-Love, whilst no Man will be at the Pains to defend the Truth, or manifest the Errors of our Enemies. Besides it is now impossible to disprove what they say concerning *Nestorius* and *Abdalla*; unless we could produce Authors of unquestionable Authority, who liv'd in *Mahomet's* Time, and so could give a more exact Account of his Life, than those that came after them.

However, if we consult common Reason, we shall find it very improbable, That Three Men of such contrary Principles, as a Jew, a Christian, and a Pagan, should all voluntarily agree and jump in one Design of brewing their several Religions together, and drawing such an Extract from them as could suit with neither of their Parties singly, and was like to have all of them together for its Enemies and Persecutors: There was no Ground for them to expect the Conversion of any Jews, so long as the *Alcoran* asserts *Jesus, the Son of Mary*, to be *the true Messias, the Word and Breath of God, Worker of Miracles, Healer of Diseases, Preacher of heavenly Doctrine, and Exemplary Pattern of a perfect Life*; denying that he was crucify'd, but affirming that he *ascended into Paradise*. Whereas the Jews call him an execrable Impostor, Magician, Seducer of the Nations; and finally, by way of extreme Derision, they term him *the Man that was hang'd on a Tree*.

Neither was the *Alcoran* like to find any better Entertainment among the Christians, for this last Reason;

in that it denies the Crucifixion of the *Messias*, which is the Basis whereon all the Superstructure of their Religion is built: 'Tis the angular Stone of Christianity. Besides they could never be reconcil'd to Polygamy, Circumcision, abolishing of Images and Pictures; nor to a great many other Things which the *Mussulman* Law enjoins. Especially they could never brook the Denial of the *Trinity*.

And for the same Reason, this suppos'd, patch'd Form of Religion would have been as little welcome to the Gentiles, in that it took from them the Multitude of their Gods, and asserted the Unity of the divine Essence. So that all Circumstances being weigh'd, it appears that the *Alcoran*, since it has had such Success in the World, could not be forg'd by those Three, nor compos'd by any human Pen; but is of divine Original. Besides, had there been such a Triumvirate known in the Case, the *Coræi's* of *Mecca*, and other mortal Enemies of *Mahomet* and his Doctrine, would not have spar'd to upbraid him with it: And if they were not known to the *Arabians*, who were conversant with him, how came the Christians to be inform'd of this private Cabal, who were altogether Strangers to *Mahomet* at that Time?

Consider well these Things, and thou wilt have no Reason to give Credit to the Calumnies and lying Aspersions cast on the Apostle of God by Unbelievers; but being more and more confirm'd in the undefiled Faith, wilt glorify God, who has guided thee in the right Way, and not into the Way of Infidels, and those with whom he is displeas'd.

*Orchan*, as thou art endu'd with great Learning, I counsel thee to employ it in defending' the Cause of the Prophet, who cou'd neither write nor read.

Paris, 15th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1672.

## L E T T E R VII.

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

HERE has been hot Work this Summer in the *West*. The King of *France* has made such swift and large Conquests on the *Hollanders*, that they have hardly had Time to consider their Losses, and the Number of their Towns fallen into their Enemies Hands.

It always falls out so, when this Monarch goes in Person to the Campaign, as he did this Year. In a very little Time he took *Burich, Orsay, Rimberg, Vezel, Rees, Emmerick*, and many other Places. Yet this Success was allay'd with the Death of the Duke of *Longueville*, who fell a Victim, either to his Dullness or Temerity, in not hearing, or not receiving the Cries of the Enemy, who demanded Quarter as the *French* were passing the *Rhine*. He was shot with a Musket-Bullet: And the Duke of *Enguin*, his Cousin, very narrowly escap'd; for they were both jointly engag'd in the same Action.

The Death of this Prince is much lamented, not only by those of his Family, but by the whole Court and City, as being in the Flower of his Time, having signaliz'd his Valour at the Siege of *Candy*, the Conquest of the *Franche-Compte*, and other warlike Expeditions. And they discourse, as if he had been design'd to stand Candidate for the *Polish* Crown.

I am the more particular in this Relation, because the Enterprize of the *French* King in passing the *Rhine*, is look'd upon as one of the most hardy and bold, that ever was taken in Hand. In all the Histories of these Parts, there is not one Example of so surprizing an Expedition. And the Success answer'd their Expectations: For the *Hollanders* were  
extremely

extremely daunted and disheartened by the News of these Exploits. In a little Time *Arnheim* and *Nimeguen*, were reduced to the King's Obedience; with the Fort of *Skin*, and Towns of *D'Oesburg*, *Bomel*, *Zutphen*; *Deventer*, the Metropolis of a Province; with *Weiset*, *Tongres*, *Maseick*, *Dortemain*, *Elbourg*, *Woerden*, *Arnheim*, another Capital City, with many more Places, too tedious to be rehears'd.

In a Word, Such are his expeditious Marches, his sage Counsels, his never-failing Success, that the People think it not Flattery to call him a second *Alexander* the Great, *Tamerlane*, *Scanderbeg*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, and all the great heroick Names in the World.

To speak the Truth, the Kings of *France* have all along made an illustrious Figure in the World. And their famous Exploits in War, with their heroick Actions in Time of Peace, afford sufficient Matter for the highest Panegyricks, without an Occasion of Hyperboles. Which made one of the *Roman Musti's* in a Letter to the King of *France*, thus express himself: 'By how much the Royal Dignity transcends the State of other Men, so far is the Monarchy of *France* exalted above all the Kingdoms in the World.' Pope *Urban IV* said, that the King of *France* was as the Morning-Star in the Firmament of Princes; brighter than all other Kings, a perfect God on Earth. 'Tis asserted by another Author, That by the King of *France's* Shadow the whole World is rul'd. And such was the Esteem that Pope *Clement* had for this Monarchy, that he granted a hundred Days Indulgence to every one that pray'd for the King of *France*; to which Pope *Innocent IV* added ten Days more.

'Tis a Maxim in the *Salique* Law; That the King of *France* never dies. But this indeed is altogether as true in *Spain*, *Great-Britain*, and other Hereditary Kingdoms, till the Succession fails. For then it degenerates to an Elective Monarchy, or otherwise into Aristocracy; or last of all into Democracy, or a Republick.

But *France* is yet free from these painted Forms of Slavery. Her Kings are masculine and vigorous; her Queens chaste and fruitful. There never wants an Heir apparent to the Crown. And this secures the Nation from a thousand Calamities, which attend Elective Monarchies, and more popular Forms of Government.

What Injustices, Cruelties, Massacres, and all manner of publick Grievances were complained of in *Rome*, after *Claudius Cæsar* had bought the Empire of his Soldiers? What Bickerings between the Senate, the People, and the Armies? Each Party would have an Emperor of their own chusing; one Province was emulous of another: So that sometimes there have been twenty or thirty Emperors together, all claiming the Sovereignty. And when there were but two, such was the obstinate and strong Dispute between them, that they have been forced to share the Empire equally, as the only Means to prevent its utter Dissolution. Hence sprung the first Institution of Colleagues in the Empire. And this was the Root of those Factions and Divisions, which increasing and growing up with Time, branch'd forth into smaller Schisms; till at length, by the Ambition of some, the Misfortune or Carelessness of others, or at least their want of Power and Courage; that mighty Empire was cantoniz'd, rent in pieces, and dwindled into that narrow Dominion which it now possesses under the Tutelage of the House of *Austria*. And there appear no Hopes of its ever being restor'd again to its pristine Grandeur, unless the *Bourbons*, with their growing Fortune, shall crown the Eagle with a Chaplet of *Flower de-Lys*, and change the Seat of the Western Monarchy, from prosperous *Vienna* to all-conquering *Paris*.

In a Word, *Henry IV* began the Design; *Lewis XIII* carried it on, and this present King has so far improv'd it, by his matchless Fortune and Courage, that in all Probability, this or the next Age will see it brought to Perfection.

Accomplish'd Minister, I bow my self with abundance of interior Veneration, to the Dust of thy Feet: I affectionately kiss the Border of thy Robe, and bid thee a devout Adieu.

Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1672.

## L E T T E R VIII.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

**T**H Y Letters make me very restless and inquisitive; they awaken new Doubts and Scruples in my Breast, instead of removing or satisfying the old ones. Fresh Queries start in my Mind; and the more thou labourest to fasten me in thy narrow Superstition and bigotted Zeal for the Infallibility of the Pope and the *Roman* Church, the looser I grow. My Soul is like a wild Colt in the Wilderness, that tosses up his Head, snuffs the Air in Indignation, and scorning the Bridle of Servitude, neighs for Joy at his native Liberty, scampering at large thro' the solitary Waste; nor can he be wheedled by human Craft to lose his beloved Freedom, or change it for a tame Captivity.

I have revolv'd in my Mind the Ages that are past, and the Years of untraceable Origin. I have examin'd the Times and Seasons of the World, recorded in History; from *Adam* to *Moses*, from *Moses* to *Jesus*, and from *Jesus* to these present Days wherein we live. After all, I find that the Memoirs of former Transactions are cover'd with great Darkness; yet there are not wanting some Glimmerings of Light, to direct a diligent Mind, and impartial Lover of Truth.

*Jesus*

*Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, was of the Stock of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*. He was educated in the Law of *Moses*, which he observ'd in all Things to a Tittle. And in his Life-time he said, *Think not that I come to destroy the Law, but to perfect it.* His Apostles observ'd the same Rule, and in all Things were strict Observers of the stated Precepts. So were the Primitive Christians, even to the keeping of the Jewish Sabbath, besides the first Day of the Week, appointed for the publick Celebration of their own Mysteries. They abstain'd from Blood, and from Things strangled, and from all unclean Meats, and such as were sacrific'd to Idols. They had no Images or Pictures in their Churches, Chapels, or Oratories. In fine, they observ'd all the necessary Purifications, and ador'd One GOD with Unity of Heart, and lively Faith and good Works. Whereas thou seest, the present *Roman* Church follows quite contrary Maxims. They give the Lye to our Lord's own Declaration; and positively say, that he came on purpose to abolish the Law, and introduce an Universal Liberty; that we may now as freely banquet on the Blood of slain Beasts, as on the Milk of the Living; and eat of Swines Flesh, and other abominable Food, with as little Detriment to our Souls, as on the Flesh of Lambs, or other clean Creatures allow'd by the Law of GOD. How can this hang together, or be credited by any Rational Man? 'Tis no wonder there are so many Libertines and Atheists in the World, when they find Christianity to be a meer Heap of palpable Contradictions.

To this thou wilt answer, according to the common Rule of Divines, that during the Primitive Times, the Apostles, and all other Christians, observ'd the Law of *Moses*, for fear of giving Scandal to the Jews, of whom great Numbers were converted to the Christian Faith, when they saw that the Followers of *Jesus* did not deviate from the Institutions of the Seniors, the Statutes of the House of *Jacob*: But  
that

that afterwards, when the Gospel was preach'd far and wide on the Face of the Earth, and that many of the Gentile Nations were brought over to the Church; it was no longer necessary, for the sake of so contemptible a People as the Jews, to scandalize all the rest of the World, and impose on them a Yoke which they were not accustomed to bear; and which would tempt them to shake off Christianity it self, rather than submit to so intolerable a Burthen: Therefore the Church, to facilitate as much as in her lay, the Conversion of the Roman Empire, which then extended it self over the greatest Part of the Earth; accommodated her Injunctions, Precepts, Manners, and Ceremonies of Religion, to the present Humour and Mode of those Times. And whereas the Gentiles eat of all Meats indifferent; so they were taught, that this was agreeable to the Will of our Lord *Jesus*, who came to rescue Men from the Slavery and Bondage of *Mosaick* Superstitions.

By the very same Rule they introduc'd the Usage of Images and Pictures in their Churches; And the Vestments of the Priests, the Ornaments of the Altar, the Tapers, Lamps, Incense, Flower-Pots, and other Religious Gaieties, were fashion'd according to the Patterns they received from the Priests of *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and the rest of the Heathen Deities. Hence the Festivals of the Gods and Goddesses were turn'd to Holy-Days of Saints: And Temples before consecrated to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, were afresh dedicated to the Apostles and Martyrs. Thus the very Pantheon it self in *Rome*, or Temple of all the Gods, in Proceſs of Time, by an Ecclesiastical Dexterity, was converted to the Church of *All-Saints*. In a word, Christianity in all Things seem'd no other than Gentilism in Disguise. And it must be thought a Pious Fraud, thus to wheedle so many Millions of Sinners into the Bosom of the Church, whether they would or no.



Oh! Father *William*, dost thou not blush at these trivial Excuses, for the manifest Violation of the Laws of GOD? Can Man be wiser than the Omnipotent? Or will he presume to correct the Ways of him that is perfect in Knowledge? Is the True Religion to be propagated by imitating the Idolatrous Rites of Infidels? Or by prostituting the Sacred Injunctions of Heaven to the Caprices of human Policy? Did ever any wise Lawgiver condescend to alter and new-model his Laws, to humour a peevish captious Subject? Would he add or diminish any Thing for the sake of gaining a Faction or Party? And can we think, that GOD ever design'd, or can be pleas'd to have his Divine Laws garbled and mixt with prophane Indulgencies, Dispensations, and Amendments of Mortals? As if he had been ignorant what he did, when he divulg'd his Statutes, and wanted the Counsel of his Creatures to help him out at a dead Lift.

Was that Tenderness to be only shew'd to the Jews for a Time? And were they for ever afterwards to be scandaliz'd? In vain does the Church daily pray for the Conversion of that People, whilst by her Doctrines and daily Practices, she hardens them more in their Infidelity. The *Ethiopian* Church is a standing Witness against her to this Day, where the Christians from all Antiquity, even from the Times of the Apostles, have kept that Part of the Law of *Moses*, which relates to Cleanness and Uncleanness, and prescribes the Choice we are to make of Meats allowed to be eaten, forbidding those that are execrable, and an Abomination. Hence it is, that there are more Jews converted to the Christian Belief in that Country, than in any other Part of the World besides.

It was, in my Opinion, to begin at the wrong End, thus to neglect the Salvation of the Jews, our elder Brethren, from whom we receiv'd the Oracles of GOD, and run to proselyte the Gentiles by such preposterous Methods, as render'd us in a manner as  
much

much their Converts, as them ours: Since we shuffled our Religions together at random, and made a Lottery of divine and human Institutions, exchanging one Species of Superstition and Idolatry for another; bartering *Jupiter* for *Peter*, and *Mars* for *Paul*; *Venus* and her *Cupid*, for the *Virgin Mary* and her Child *Jesus*. A God for an Apostle; and a Demi-God for a Martyr: Whilst the Law it self, which is the Foundation and main Prop of True Religion, lies neglected and trampled under Foot.

The Christians of the East seem more excusable than we: For, tho' they are not so punctual in observing all the Niceties of Cleanness and Uncleanness, Meats, and Drinks, &c. as those of *Ethiopia*: Yet they will not taste of Blood, or any Thing strangled. And their Ecclesiasticks abstain from all manner of Flesh, during the whole Course of their Lives. They observe also many Purifications, and wholesome Rules of Life. Whereas we of the *Latin Church* wallow in all manner of Filthiness like Swine; and bless our selves, as if we were the only true Catholicks, the Elect of God, in the high Road to Heaven. I am at a loss what to think of these Things; neither can I ever hope to see the Jews converted, till these Offences are remov'd.

There is a Rumour spread up and down of the Wandering Jew. I suppose thou hast heard of such a Man. He is now at *Astracan*, and preaches every where, that there will be a Reformation of Christianity, after the Year 1700. That the Jews shall be converted; and all this to be perform'd by the admirable Gifts of an *Englishman*, who shall restore Truth to its Primitive Lustre and Integrity. They say, he will cause the Images and Pictures to be utterly destroy'd, and the Law of *Moses* to be kept, so far as relates to Cleanness and Uncleanness, &c. That in his Days, the Temple of *Solomon* shall be rebuilt, and the World shall put on a new Face.

Father *William*, I would not have thee despise these Things, since they have been long foretold by

*Jachim*

*Joachim* the Abbot, by *St Methodius*, by *Nostradamus* the *French* Prophet, and by many other eminent Persons, whose Writings are extant, and many of their Predictions are already come to pass. The *Roman* Church manifestly stands in need of a Reformation: And since the Governors of it cannot be prevail'd on to set their Hands to so pious a Work, we know not but *God* may effect it by the Means of a Stranger, some obscure Person at present, but whose Light may shine hereafter through all Generations.

Father *William*, thou wilt pardon the Liberty I take in discoursing about these Things, and remember, that 'tis a Work of Charity to bear with the Imperinencies of others. However, I thank *God* I am out of the Purlieu of the *Spanish* Inquisition.

- Paris, 1<sup>st</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1672.

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## L E T T E R IX.

To *Codabafrad Cheick*, a Man of the  
Law.

I Have a Kinsman by Blood, residing at *Afracan*, in the Parts of *Muscovy*: His Name is *Isouf*, a Man of an ardent Spirit, and active Wit: a great Traveller, and one who makes good that Character, by the solid Remarks he has made on the most important Things in his Way, thro' *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*. For he is not in the Number of those who come home from foreign Countries, only laden with Vanities and Trifles.

From him I receive frequent Dispatches, since his being settled at *Afracan*, in Quality of a Merchant; where

where he improves his Estate to great Advantage, enjoys the innocent Pleasures of human Life, without suffering himself to be tainted with the Vices which are unprofitable, troublesome, and bring Scandal to a Man's Reputation. For some Vices, thou know'st, pass into the Predicaments of Virtues, when Interest or Necessity gives an Indulgence.

There is a mutual Intercourse between my Cousin and me: And among other Letters which he sends me, I receiv'd one lately; wherein he informs me, that he whom they call the Wandering Jew, of whom I have made mention formerly in one of my Dispatches to the Sublime Porte, is now at *Astracan*; that he preaches openly in the Markets, and at the Bourse or Exchange; not refusing private Conversation with any that desire it.

There is a great Conflux of People from all Nations, and of all Religions to that City. He carries himself with an equal Indifference to every various Sect, and they all seem mightily taken with his Doctrines. The chief Thing he aims at in all his Discourses is, that there will be ere long an universal Change of Religion over all the Earth, and that every Nation on the Globe shall worship one GOD, obey the Law of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and embrace One Faith. When he insists on this, he seems to be void of all Doubts and Hesitations; speaks magisterially, like a Prophet, who has receiv'd a sure and certain Revelation of the Thing he foretels. But when any dispute with him, not in Spirit of Captiousness, but to sift the Truth; he freely condescends to answer all their Objections with solid Reasons, and to convince them by their own Principles, that it must be so.

He says, that about the Year 1700 of the Christian *Hegira*, the invincible *Osmons* shall break down the Fences of *Europe*, and shall overflow all Christendom like a might Torrent, that has over-topp'd its Banks. In those Days there shall be great Desolation

in

in *Hungary, Poland, Germany, France,* and other Regions of the West. Only *Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy,* and other Countries of the North, shall remain untouch'd. But above all other Nations, he says, *Italy* will be made a perfect Wilderness, her Cities laid in Ashes, her immense Wealth plunder'd and carried away by the greedy *Tartars, Arabians,* and *Turks,* who will spare neither Age nor Sex, putting all to the Sword, especially the Ecclesiasticks; none of which shall escape the publick Vengeance, save three Cardinals, sincere and holy Persons, who shall fly into *England* for Sanctuary by the Way of the Sea.

That Island, he says, shall become the Refuge of all such who can escape the Calamities involving the adjacent Countries. Thither they shall flock with their Wives and Children, and all their Wealth, when they shall hear of the approaching Terrors, the present Devastations of *Italy,* and the universal Conquests of the *Osmans*: The King of the Country shall receive those distress'd Fugitives with open Arms, and shall assign them certain Portions of Land, where they may build Houses and Habitations for themselves and their Families; there being abundance of waste Ground in that Island, which they may manure and improve to their own and the publick Advantage.

After this, says he, shall arise a certain Man in *England* from his obscure Center; a Person fill'd with all manner of Divine Knowledge and Wisdom, endued with the Spirit of Prophecy, of a graceful Aspect and elegant Speech, of a compos'd Gravity, and calm Address; a Man mild, innocent, temperate, chaste, and merciful above the rest of human Race. People shall let their Eyes fall on the Ground, when they meet him in the Streets, even before they know what he is; overcome by the Lustre of Modesty, Grace, and Virtue which shines in his Countenance. A Person highly beloved of God and Man.

This Man shall meet the three fugitive Cardinals in an Hour of Destiny. Then that which lay long

smothering shall suddenly burst forth into a Flame. The Light of God shall be diffus'd thro' his Soul; his Heart shall be like a Lamp, and his Tongue shall utter marvellous Things. When he opens his Mouth in divulging the Mysteries of God, his Words shall be like the Sparks of an eternal Fire, kindling Flames of Love in the Breasts of the Hearers. The Cardinals shall rise from their Places, and run to embrace him. A Council of the chief Bishops and Priests of the Land shall be assembled by the King's Order, where the three Cardinals also shall be present; and after mature Deliberation, with unanimous Consent, they shall call for the Holy Oil of Consecration, and shall anoint him: They shall proclaim him the Great Father, and Patriarch of the Faithful; the Director of such as would go to Paradise.

He shall shew them a new Pattern of the Law of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*; or rather the old and true one, free from the Corruptions and Errors which have been superinduc'd for many Years. Their Hearts shall yield as to an Oracle, and the King of the Country shall approve of their Counsel. So shall all those of the Noble and Vulgar, whose good Fate is written in their Foreheads. As for the rest, they shall remain in their Incredulity.

This holy Person shall reform the Errors of all the Christian Churches, utterly abolishing the Use of Images and Pictures, convince the Jews of their Infidelity, and chase away the Darkness of Superstition from the Earth. He shall argue with Reasons so forcible and cogent, -so clear and demonstrative, that none but the wilfully obstinate will resist the Truth which he divulges, or oppose his authentick Mission. Thousands shall be converted by the Dint in his Words, and ten thousands by his exemplary Life. For he shall go up and down preaching and doing good Works throughout *Great-Britain*, till the Number of his Profelytes is compleat. Then he shall send Apostles and Messengers into *Swedeland*,  
*Denmark*,

*Denmark, Muscovy,* and other Parts of Europe, who shall also convert an innumerable Multitude to his Law. Foreign Princes shall send their Ambassadors to the King of *Great-Britain*, and to him; for he shall be at the King's Right-Hand. They shall enter into Leagues and Covenants, and all the Christian Princes shall be at Unity. Mighty Armies shall be rais'd in the North, who shall come down and give new Courage to the oppress'd *Nazarenes* of the West. They shall all take up Arms, and chase the *Osmons* back again to their own Country, recovering the Wealth which they had taken from them.

After this, by an universal Agreement of the Christians, this holy Person shall be proclaim'd the Great Pastor of the Church. A prodigious Army shall be gathered together out of all the Christian Nations, to conduct him to the Holy Land, and to crown him in *Jerusalem*. They shall vanquish and exterminate the *Osmons* out of *Palestine*, and all the adjacent Regions. Then shall *Jerusalem* be rebuilt gloriously; and the Temple of *Solomon* with Saphires and Emeralds. That City shall be the Seat of the Christian *Musti's*, this new Patriarch and his Successors, to the Day of Doom. Then shall the Eyes of the Jews be opened: They shall acknowledge *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* to be the True *Messias*, whom they have so frequently cursed. In a Word, he says, both Jews and Gentiles, People of all Nations, shall resort to *Jerusalem*, or send thither their Gifts and Presents. It shall become the Mistress of the whole Earth.

Sage *Cheick*, this is the Substance of what my Cousin *Isouf* acquaints me with concerning the Wandering Jew, and his new Doctrines. The Censure of which I leave to thee, who hast a discerning Spirit, and art able to distinguish Truth from an Imposture. God only knows what is hid in the Womb of Futurity. Every Age is pregnant, and brings forth strange Events. Yet when 'tis over, all sounds like a Dream. The World it self is no better; and I

that write this, am but, methinks, the Shadow of a Vision or Trance. I hardly know whether I'm asleep or awake whilst my Pen seems to move. Therefore, it being very late, I lay it aside, and bid thee adieu: Praying that thou and I may have the Happiness, even in this Life, to taste the sweet Slumbers of Paradise.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon,  
of the Year 1672.

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### L E T T E R XIII.

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

I Think all the sensible World are inquisitive into the Life of Cardinal *Richlieu*. He was the Pole-Star of Statesmen, whilst living: And now he is dead, his Memoirs and Maxims serve as a Chart and Compass, by which the Politicians steer their Course to avoid the Rocks and Shelves which threaten a Kingdom, or Commonwealth, both in the Tempests of War, and the Serene Calms of Peace.

Thou hast formerly receiv'd some Remarks from me, on the Life of this great Minister; yet I am not surpriz'd at the Contents of thy last Dispatch, which require a farther Account of him. No Body can know too much of a Man who was the Miracle of his Time; and not only startled the wisest of Contemporaries, by his prodigious Actions; but has puzzled all that survive him, to trace his Footsteps.

Undoubtedly, *France* owes to his Conduct all her present Grandeur, with the Hopes she has of increasing it. To him she is indebted for her Conquests in *Flanders, Sicily, Catalonia, Piedmont,* and  
the



the *German Frontiers*. 'Twas he first taught her the compleat Way to humble her insolent Neighbours, and to suppress her rebellious Domesticks. He much abated the troublesome Weight of a Crown, and made it sit lighter on the Head of *Lewis XIII.* Whilst Cardinal *Mazarini*, his Successor in the Prime Ministry, acting by the same Principles, render'd it as soft and easy to the present King, as the Grand *Signior's* Turbant. In a Word, thro' the Efficacy of *Richlieu's* Politicks, *Lewis XIV.* is become the most absolute Monarch in Christendom. For he either undermines or over-reaches his Enemies, by specious Treaties of Peace, where he is sure to have the better on it; or he runs them down with the Force of War. To conclude, he has a long Head, and a long Sword, which all will confess that have to do with him. And this is the pure Result of *Richlieu's* Memoirs.

Yet after all, that Minister had his blind Side too, as well as other Mortals. Publick Virtues, and private Vices; State Perfections, and Personal Frailties. He served his Master with a Zeal and Fidelity, with a Wisdom and Courage difficult to be match'd; but he served himself after the common Manner of Men. He indulged his favourite Passions, which were Love, Jealousy, and Revenge.

There is a Letter of mine register'd in the Archives of the Sacred *Porte*, wherein I mentioned a particular Amour of this great Prelate. Besides that, he had several Intrigues with the Duchess of *Elbeuf*, the Countess of *Soissons*, and other Ladies of prime Quality. Nay, there are not wanting such as confidently report, that he had two Children by one of his own Nieces. And Verses were spread about on that Subject.

As he cherished this soft Inclination to Women, so he was naturally jealous of all Rivals, whether of his Love or Interest. He would never suffer any Man to live, whom he once suspected to be in a Capacity, and to make the smallest Advances to thwart his Designs.

For this Reason, he gave the most considerable military Offices, both by Sea and Land, to Ecclesiasticks, who depended on him; which occasion'd a certain waggish Poet to pass this Jest on the publick Administration:

*Un Archevêque est Admiral,  
 Un Gros Evêque est Corporal,  
 Un Prelât President aux Frontieres,  
 Un autre à des Troupes guerrieres,  
 Un Capuchin pense au Cumbat,  
 Un Cardinal à des Soldat,  
 Un autre est Generalissime;  
 France je croy qu'icy bas  
 Ton Eglise si Magnanime,  
 Milite & ne triomphe pas.*

Reflecting hereby on the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*, the Bishop of *Chartres*, the Bishop of *Nantes*, the Bishop of *Mande*, Father *Joseph* a Friar, Cardinal *de Valette*, and Cardinal *Richlieu*; these being the chief Commanders of the Land and Sea-Forces.

It will make thee smile, perhaps, to read an Epitaph that was made on that Father *Joseph* above-named; who being esteem'd a very infamous Man, and lying interr'd in the same Tomb with another Friar named Father *Angel*, provok'd some satirical Wit to put this Sarcaasm on him:

*Passant, n'est ce past chose etrange,  
 De voir Diable auprès d'un Ange?*

I believe Father *Joseph* was the worse belov'd for being Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Confessor. It was observ'd that he died suddenly, without confessing himself: which occasion'd another Epitaph to be made on him:

*Souſe ce Tombeau gin un bon Pere,  
 Qui eut tant de Diſcretion  
 Que pour être bon Secrétaire  
 Il mourut ſans Confefſion.*

Every body ſuſpects the Cardinal had a Hand in his precipitate Death, to prevent his telling of Tales: For he knew all his Secrets; and the Cardinal was known to be with him, when he died. It was during the Siege of *Briſac*, a City on the *Rhine*, which was then upon the point of ſurrendring to the *French*: And the News coming to the Cardinal, juſt as Father *Joſeph* was in his laſt Agonies, he came to his Bed-ſide, and laying his Mouth cloſe to the poor Friar's Ear, cried as loud as he could, *Courage, Courage, mon Pere, Nous avez pris Briſac.* A ſtrange Cordial for a dying Man; and ſomebody made theſe Verſes on it:

*Ite Cucullati, vobis ſi Purpura ridet,  
 Fungitur Inferni Munere Pontificis.*

There is another Inſtance of this Cardinal's Revengeful Temper and his Cruelty. One Day the Duke of *Orleans*, who hated him mortally, went to his Palace, under pretence of giving him a Viſit, but really with a Deſign to ſtab him. However, as ſoon as he came into the Cardinal's Preſence, his Noſe fell a bleeding. Which appearing to him as an ominous Preſage of what he was going about, he was ſtruck with ſome Remorſe, and frankly confeſſing his Deſign to the Cardinal, begg'd his Pardon. That cunning Miniſter diſſembling his Reſentments, knowing the Duke was not a Man of Reſolution enough to undertake ſo bold an Action, unleſs he had been extremely animated by ſomebody near him; he preſently reflected on *Monſieur Puylaurent*, the Duke's chief Favourite. Immediately he decreed his Ruin, and to effect it with more Eaſe, he pretended an extraordinary Friend-

ship to him, offering him one of his Nieces in Marriage. Monsieur *Puylaurent*, who suspected not the Train which was laid for him, embraced the Proposal with much Joy, as hoping thereby to raise and establish his Fortune under the Protection of his potent Uncle. In fine, he married the Cardinal's Niece, but lived not to enjoy her; for on the very Nuptial Day, the Cardinal caused him to be arrested and sent Prisoner to the Bastile, where he was poisoned by a Friar, in a Glass of Wine. As soon as he had swallowed the fatal Potion, the Friar told him, *It was necessary for him to confess his Sins that very Moment, in regard he had but a few Minutes to live.* Monsieur *Puylaurent* threw the Glass at the Friar's Head, giving him two or three swinging Curfes, and then fell, on his Knees to Confession; which being perform'd, he expir'd.

Sometimes the Cardinal was very singular and ingenious in the Execution of his Revenge, as if he endeavour'd to persuade the World, that he fulfilled the Law of the Talio, which requires an Eye for an Eye, and punishes by an exact kind of Proportion. As it happened in the Case of the Dukes of *Guise*, *Montmorancy*, and Monsieur *de Bassompierre*. These were the Heads of a Faction, which diametrically oppos'd the Cardinal and his Party. He was the grand Eye-sore, the chief Obstacle of their design'd Prevalence at the Court. Wherefore, if they could but once remove him out of the Way, they thought themselves sure of the King's Ear, in all Things. To effect this, they consulted together how to dispose of him. The Duke of *Guise* was of Opinion, he should not be kill'd, in regard he was a Prince of the holy Church; but that he should be sent to *Rome*, there to attend the proper Affairs of the Ecclesiastical Function, among the rest of his purpled Brethren. The Duke of *Montmorency* was clearly for taking off his Head. But Monsieur *de Bassompierre* was against both these Methods: *For*, said he, *If he be sent to Rome, he will be always plotting of*  
*Mischief*

*Mischief against us. And it would be an eternal Blemish to France, if the Purple of the Holy Church should be stained with Blood. Let us send him close Prisoner to the Bastile, where he may spend the Remainder of his Days in writing learned Books.*

The Cardinal, who had his Agents busy about in all Parts, soon was informed of this Consult: And he retaliated every Man's Sentence upon its own Author. For he banished the Duke of *Guise* confining him to *Rome*; he beheaded the Duke of *Montmorency*; and imprisoned *Monsieur de Bassompierre* in the Bastile, where he lay till the Cardinal's Death.

I could insert a great many more Remarks concerning Cardinal *Richlieu*: But I am afraid of offending by Tedioufness. If thou commandest me, another Letter shall present thee with more Varieties.

In the mean Time, with humblest Obeisance and Respect, I desist, and take my Conge; wishing thee a long Life on Earth, full of Honour; and a Fame without Blemish, when thou art translated to Heaven.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1673.

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

To Mufu Abu'l, Yahyan, *Professor of Philosophy at Fez.*

**T**HOU hast laid a grand Obligation on me by thy last Dispatch, whose learned Contents have opened my Eyes; or rather drawn back the Veil which covered the Interiors of *Africk*, from the View of Strangers. Now I stand as it were on the Top

of a high Mountain, from whence I take a clear Prospect of those fair Regions, inhabited by Blacks, I survey the Paradises of the Torrid Zone, a most fertile and populous Climate; though blind Antiquity could not discern a Blade of Grass growing there, nor any of human Race fetching their Breath.

My Mind revels in perfect Voluptuousness, and all the Faculties of my Soul banquet on the Contemplation of that most delectable Precinct of the World. Oh, *Africk!* Thou may'st be called the *Bazzo*, or *Marcat*, where Nature exhibits all her choicest Wonders. Thy Mountains are higher than the Clouds; their Tops are inaccessible. They approach the Borders of Paradise. On them fall the Rivers of *Eden* in mighty Cataracts. The Noise of the precipitate Waters is heard afar off, like the Sound of remote Thunders. It deafens the Ears, and astonishes the Minds of Mortals. The ambitious under-growing Rocks are proud of the glorious Cascade; and envy those that shoot up above them which receive the sacred Flood at the first Hand, from the very Wings of *Gabriel*.

Happy are the Valleys which lie beneath, and are yearly impregnated by the Heavenly Deluge. The grateful Fields and Plains in humble Acknowledgment, make the Returns of Corn and Fruits in due Season. The Marshes of *Egypt* are as the Gardens of *Asia*, and the Banks of the *Nile* as the fenced Seminaries of *Babylon*, fragrant and abounding in all Sorts of vegetable Delicacies.

My Heart is ravish'd with the Speculations of these Things. I am full as the Moon, and cannot utter my Sentiments in order. Visions of *Æthiopia*, *Morocco*, *Fez*, and the Land of *Archers* invade my Eyes, I behold the beautiful Provinces of the South in a Trance; I stand gazing in Ecstasy on the shady Groves of *Benin* and *Arder*, the Haunts of lovely Demons, the Genii of the upper Element; who daily descend to these refreshing Solitudes, and converse with their younger Brethren, incarnate mortal Demons, the Sons of Men.

I consider

I consider with Admiration the Monsters of *Africk*, the Creatures of the Sun and Slime. With contemplative Horror, I draw near the Dens of Dragons; the Purlieu of Crocodiles, and other amphibious Animals, which lurk among the Reeds of *Nile* and *Niger*, to trapan with feigned Cries the unwary Traveller.

In fine, I am moved with superlative Devotion and Joy, when I pursue thy accurate Description of the principal Mosque at *Fez*. Methinks I see the stupendous Fabrick making its lofty Advance towards Heaven. My Eyes revere the holy and magnificent Structure, on the outside adorned with stately Towers and Minerats, and covering fifty hundred Paces in its Circuit. But when my Fancy enters in by any of the one and thirty Gates by Night, I am dazzled with the insupportable Splendor of so many thousand Lamps, as burn within that most illustrious Temple. I admire with proportionate Veneration, the Character thou givest of all the other Magnificences in that ancient and noble City, with whatsoever else thou sayest of the whole Kingdom, and the adjacent Regions.

In answer to thy Request, I will in another Letter send thee a short Pourtraicture and History of *Constantinople*; but now I am interrupted by Company. Besides, my Letter would be too long.

I beseech thee to cherish that Friendship which thou hast hitherto shew'd me: And let me have the Honour of thy frequent Conversation by Letters. For though I live in a populous City, yet my Life seems like that of an Owl or a Pelican of the Desert, extremely solitary and dejected.

Paris, 19<sup>th</sup> of the 3<sup>d</sup> Moon  
of the Year 1673.

## L E T T E R XV.

*To the same.*

SUCH is the Zeal I have to demonstrate how highly I value thy Friendship, that I would not suffer this Post to escape without gratifying thy Expectations. I just now dismiss'd my Company, and having Time enough, will entertain thee with an Abstract of what I know to be most remarkable in the State of *Constantinople*, both at present and in ancient Times.

In the first Place, it will be convenient for thee to know, That this City was formerly called *Byzantium*, from one *Byzas*, Admiral of the *Spartan* Fleet, under *Pausanias* the King of *Sparta*, who laid the first Foundations of it. The Story is this :

In old Time the *Grecians* having a mind to build a new City in some Part of *Thrace*, and being at odds about the Choice of a Spot of Ground suitable to so great and important an Undertaking, they at last agreed to consult the Oracle of *Apollo*. They did so, and were answer'd, *That they should lay the Foundation of the City right over-against the blind Men* ; For so the Inhabitants of *Chalcedon* were called, because when they were upon the same Design of founding a new City, they could not discern between the Fertility of the Soil on that side the *Propontis* where *Constantinople* now stands, and the Barrenness and Desert State of the Ground where they built, on the other Side.

*Pausanias* therefore busying his Mind about these Things, and pitching right upon the Sense of the Oracle, caus'd the Foundations of the City to be laid exactly over-against *Chalcedon* ; And when it was finished it was called *Byzantium*, as I have said, from *Byzas*, who had the Oversight of the Work.

It



It retain'd this Name many Years and Ages, flourishing in a high Degree among the other Cities of *Greece* and *Thrace*, being esteem'd the Gate of *Europe* and *Asia*, by which the mutual Commerce of both those Quarters of the Earth was interchangeably held up.

But after the Days of the *Messias*, there arose an Emperor of *Rome*, whose Name was *Constantine*. This Prince, as it is recorded in *Roman* Histories, saw a Vision in the Air, when he was at the Head of his Army, marching against *Licinius*, and preparing to give Battle. He and all his Soldiers beheld the Figure of a Cross, with these Words plainly engraven in the Firmament: *In hoc Signo vinces: Constantine* took this for a good Omen, and caused a Standard of Silver to be made exactly after the same Form: To which he appointed fifty Standard-Bearers, to carry it by Turns, and to guard it: For it was exceeding rich, being emboss'd all over with Rubies, Diamonds, Pearls, and other precious Jewels of the Orient. He built a Pavilion also for the glorious Idol; and being instructed in the Christian Law by *Eusebius Pamphylus*, and other learned Mollahs, he was at last baptized by *Sylvester* the Pope.

This great Monarch, as the Story goes, being very pious, and having conceiv'd a profound Veneration for Pope *Sylvester*, left him the Dominion of *Rome*, and a great Part of *Italy*, whilst he removed the Imperial Court to the East, and took up his Residence at *Byzantium*, which he augmented with innumerable stately Edifices; striving, if possible, to equal it with the Majesty and Grandeur of *Rome*. He collected whatsoever was precious and beautiful in all the East, to adorn the City withal: Witness the Palaces of superb Architecture, the admirable Height and Form of divers Obelisks and Pillars, all made of Marble, Porphyry, or Jasper. Not to insist on the prodigious Strength and Firmness of the Walls, the costly Aqueducts, with other serviceable Things. At last, that he might consecrate himself to immortal Renown, he called the City by his own Name, *Constantinople*, or the City of *Constantine* :.

*Constantine*: By which Name it is known even to this Day. It was also called *New Rome*, after it once became the Seat of the Christian Emperors: In whose Possession it remain'd, till it was taken by *Mahomet II*, invincible Emperor of the *Ottomans*, the Year 1453, according to the Epocha of the *Naxarenes*; on the third Day of the Week which they call *Pentecost*.

It had been a grand Neglect and Oversight in any Prince so potent and politick as *Mahomet* was, to suffer such an Opportunity to escape as Fortune offered him, of taking the most opulent and glorious City in the World. For there was an irreconcilable Schism broke forth between the Churches of the East and West. There were two or three Popes at the same Time, quarrelling in *Rome* for the Supremacy; there was a War of fifty Years standing between the *French* and the *English*, which unhing'd all the Courts in *Europe*. The Christians had long before, (by dear-bought Experience, the Loss of many hundred thousand Men, and infinite Sums of Money, consum'd in those vain and rash Expeditions which they sanctified with the specious Title of the *Holy War*;) found, that it was not easy to wrest one Town of Strength out of the Hands of the tenacious *Mus-sulmans*; much less to defend it long, or save their most important Cities from the Fury of a *Turkish* Reprizal. They were sick and surfeited with the visionary Stuff of *Peter the Hermit*: and all *Illuminato's* like him, grew out of Fashion. Every Prince and State in Western Christendom, began to mind their own Interest; no more enthusiastick Tales of that Kind would go down: The great ones had open'd their Eyes.

Besides, he that was then Emperor of *Greece*, *Constantius Paleologus*, was look'd upon by the Christians as a Tyrant, the Off-spring of Tyrants and Usurpers. The *Grecians* still retain'd the black Memoirs of those horrid and nefandous Tragedies, acted by *Michael Andronicus*, *John* and *Manuel*, the Predecessors and Ancestors of this *Constantine*. And they had such a particular

ticular Aversion for his Government, that tho' there were infinite Treasures of Gold and Silver in the Hands of the rich Citizens of *Constantinople*, when that City was besieged by *Mahomet II*, yet no Man would part with the least Sum of Money to support the Publick Cause: but chose rather, in a kind of a revengeful and desperate Sullenness, to fall into the Hands of the victorious *Osmons*, than to afford their hated Sovereign any Relief.

Thus fell that Queen of Cities, the Glory of all the East, under the Power of our puissant Emperors, in whose Possession it remains to this Day; and may it so remain till the Moon shall be in her last Wane, and the Sun shall cease to shine on the World.

In the mean Time, I will entertain thee *en passant*, as the *French* call it, with a short View of the chief Magnificences in *Constantinople*.

That which first draws the Admiration of Travellers, is the glorious Structure of *Sancta Sophia*, a Temple consecrated to the Eternal WISDOM by which the Worlds were made: Built by the Emperor *Justinian* with inimitable Magnificence; tho' afterwards spoiled and plunder'd of its chiefest Ornaments, by the greedy Soldiers of *Mahomet II*, whom I have so often mentioned; and six Parts of it entirely subverted by succeeding Emperors.

Pity it was, if furious and ill-grounded Superstition was the Cause of such deplorable Ruins. What can be said of those who demolished the Sub-Fane of the Third Temple, celebrated in the universal History of the World? That of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, 'tis true, was the Pattern; yet 'twas not much beyond *Solomon's* boasted Fane at *Jerusalem*, without Iron, Pins, or Nails, or other Work of the Hammer, excelled but a little in the Artifice and Symmetry. Indeed, the Lustre of *Sion's* Mosque was more radiant and glorious in Workmanship of Gold, the Walls and Floor being over-laid with that Metal, and the Roof on the Outside was, as it were, studded with Spikes of beaten Gold so thick, that there

was not Room for a Bird to perch between them. And this was done to prevent the Prophanation of the Temple by their muting on it.

When the Sun shone in its full Strength, the Covering of the Temple, thus adorned, looked like a Firmament glittering with innumerable Stars.

But to return to the Mosque of *Sancta Sophia*, let us consider it in its primitive State, and we shall find some excellent Curiosities. Among the rest there was a Candlestick or Sconce of beaten Gold, so admirably contriv'd, that it spontaneously fed the Bowls of seven Branches, with a constant Stream of Oil, which by equal Measures flow'd into them from the Hollow of the Shaft. So that if the Flame but of one single one had wanted Aliment, all the rest must have been extinguish'd at the same Time.

The Walls of this glorious Mosque, within and without, present the Eye with nothing but white Marble, Porphyry, and other precious Stones. The Roof is of a prodigious Height, cover'd with Lead without, but proudly ostentous of its inward Ceiling, which is divided into Vaults and Arches richly adorned with Golden Fret-work, and supported by Pillars of *Cyprian* Jasper, purest white Marble and Porphyry. There is a Marble Stone in the Mosque had in great Reverence by the True Faithful, because the Tradition goes, *That on it, Mary the Mother of Jesus, wash'd the Infant-Propket's Linnen.*

There are also under the Mosque, innumerable Vaults or Oratories, full of Altars and Sepulchres: But there is no Access to them, in regard the Doors are walled up.

In a Place not far from these, you find ten huge Vessels full of Oil, reserved there ever since the Days of *Constantine* the Great, yet remains uncorrupted, being of Colour white like Milk. It is an inexpiable Crime for any, but the Grand *Signior's* Physicians and Surgeons to use or touch it. And they compound certain Medicaments with it, for the Service of him and his *Serail*.

Now

Now I remember what I have read in a very authentick Historian, concerning an Oil made by certain Holy Persons, who only had the Secret of it. As the Story goes, it was extracted from the Leaves and Chips of Wood which are found floating in the Rivers that descend out of Paradise. This Oil they compounded with our Ingredients, and performed Cures therewith, which were esteemed miraculous. It was sent from one Prince to another, as a Sacred and Invaluable Treasure: Till at last it came into the Hands of the Eastern Patriarchs, who presided over the Christians of the *Greek, Armenian, and Egyptian* Churches, who pretend to the only True Mystery and Power of making it at this very Day. And that though the ancient Popes of *Rome*, were formerly presented with a yearly Portion of it, so long as they remained in Communion with the Patriarchs of the East; yet after *Victor* had once made the fatal Schism, which never could be healed since, the Holy Favour was denied to his Successors: Who instead of the Original Genuine Oil, were forced to counterfeit it, using a spurious Unguent, to preserve the Authority of their Religious Sacraments. And hence they say, it comes to pass, that few or none are ever healed by the Extreme Unction of the *Latin* Church.

God knows, whether this be Truth or no. But I am apt to think, that the Ten Jars of Oil before mentioned, which lie under the Mosque of *Aja-Sophian*, are Relicks of the Ancient Patriarchs of *Constantinople*; who had the Secret of compounding the mysterious Extract.

From the Place where these Vessels are kept, you descend into the Dormitories of Royal *Ottoman* Carcases, the Sons of our renowned Emperors. From thence you pass into Two Caverns, one leading directly to the Seraglio, the other extending it self under the Buildings of the City, by a vast long Tract of Ground. I know no Use there is at present of the former Cave: But the latter serves for a Work-room to certain poor Silk-Spinsters.

This

This Letter would be too tedious, if I should describe all the other Mosques and Buildings of Note in *Constantinople*. Wherefore, not to tire thee, I will reserve what remains to be said of that Glorious City for other Dispatches.

In the mean Time, with an affectionate Conge of my Soul, I bid thee Adieu: Praying *God* to let thee crop the choicest Flowers of Human Happiness.

Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1673.

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

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

**N**OW I will perform the Promise I made thee long ago; which was to present thee with an Idea of the different Strength and Policies of these *Nazarene* Kingdoms and States: wherein, I will begin with *Germany*; which is, as it were, the last Retrenchment of the declining Roman Empire.

The Annals affirm, that in the Reign of *Charles V*, when the *Mussulmans* invaded *Austria* with innumerable Forces, that Emperor opposed him with an Army of 90000 Foot, and 30000 Horse. *Maximilian II*, went beyond him, and raised 100000 Foot, and 35000 Horse. Neither was Corn dear in so vast an Army. It is certain, that the *German* Emperor can, upon Occasion, send into the Field 200000 expert Soldiers. It is moreover observed, that from the Year 1560 of the Christians *Hegira*, even to these present Times, there has been no War between *France*, *Spain*, and the *Netherlands*, wherein many Thousands of *Germans* have not serv'd.

Their

Their best Infantry is gather'd out of *Bavaria, Austria, and Westphalia*: And their choicest Cavalry come out of *Brunswick, Juliers, and Frankendal*. Both Foot and Horse fight better, or more successfully in an open Plain or Field, than in narrow Covert Places; such as Lanes and Woods, &c. For they are not good at taking Advantages of Ground, or at politick Skirmishes, and cunning Ambuscades. They have not Patience to lie long waiting the Enemy's Motions, neither care they to divide their main Body into Fragments, or Detachments; but they love to wedge themselves all together in Form of a Triangle, and so march with grave and slow Pace, that so they may break thro' their Enemies, and confound their Order, which they esteem a certain Step to Victory. They fight better also under a Foreign Commander, than a General of their own Nation. They cannot endure the Hardships and Afflictions of a long Siege; but when once they begin to smart for Want of Provisions, they soon capitulate, and surrender. Neither have they more Patience in a Camp, to bear the Injuries of Weather; but they make Haste to set upon the Enemy, and decide the Quarrel in a pitch'd Combat: Wherein, if their first Onset fail, they seem like Men stupify'd, astonish'd, or in a Trance; not knowing whether they had best to renew the Assault, or to fly: And if they once fly, there is no rallying them again. Yet these Armies are not rais'd without a vast Expence, nor maintained without a greater, being cumber'd with a Train of Women, Children, and Servants; who consume the Provisions of the Soldiers, so that many times they starve for want of common Ammunition Bread.

Their Horses may be called rather strong, than sprightly and bold; being for the most Part taken from the Plough, or other Rural Drudgeries. In a word, they're like their Riders, phlegmatick and dull; having this also peculiar in their Constitution, that at the Sight of Blood they shrink, and are ready to faint: Whereas the *Spanish* Horse gather fresh Courage from this Spectacle.

The *Germans* also have considerable Forces by Sea ; but they seldom make use of them, unless it be against the *Danes*, and *Swedes*. Besides all this, their Auxiliary Armies are not to be forgot, which they receive from *Italian* Princes, from the Dukes of *Savoy*, and *Lorrain*, and sometimes from the trusty *Swisses*.

But there are two Things chiefly wanting in this Empire, amidst all its numerous Forces : One is, Unity and Concord among the Subjects ; another is, a fix'd Resolution and Readiness to enterprize any Thing of Moment. Their *Hans-Towns* are always jealous of the Neighbouring Princes. And these again give them Occasion to suspect their Power, and hate their Interest, which they so often employ against them, by inroaching on their Privileges. Then the *Catholicks* and *Protestants* are always quarrelling : And one Sect of *Protestants* perpetually persecuting another. Hence it falls out, that the Princes go so unwillingly and rarely to the Diets : And when they come there, they spin out so much Time in adjusting their private Pretensions, Claims, and Privileges ; in performing of State-Ceremonies ; and in deliberating concerning the Publick Good ; whilst every one contradicts his Neighbour, and labours with all his Might to establish his own Opinion, and get it pass'd into a Decree by the Sanction of the Diet ; that before they come to any Resolves, an expeditious and potent Enemy might rush into the Heart of the Country, and even take all these Northern Blockheads Prisoners.

The *German* Empire is Elective ; and the Power of choosing *Cæsar* is in the Hands of Seven Princes. These are first, the Archbishop of *Mentz*, Grand Chancellor of the Empire ; in whose Custody are the Archives and Decrees of the *German* Diets. The Second is, the Archbishop of *Triers*, or *Treves*, Great Chancellor of the Empire for *France*. The Third is, the Archbishop of *Colen*, Great Chancellor of the Empire for *Italy*. The Fourth is, the King of *Bohemia*, Cup-bearer to the Emperor. The Fifth is, the Count *Palatine* of the



the *Rhine*, Master of the Imperial Palace. The Sixth is, the Duke of *Saxony*, Marshal or Sword-Bearer to the Emperor. The Seventh and last is, the Marquis of *Brandenburg*, Great Chamberlain, or Treasurer of the Empire.

There are reckon'd 25 Politick Princes or Dukes of the Empire, 6 Marquisses, 5 Lantgraves, 9 Archbishops, and Bishops 47; Abbots who enjoy the Title and Dignity of Princes 12, Abbots of a lower Degree 52. With innumerable others, too tedious to be named. They reckon also 82 Counts of principal Note, besides many of a meanner Figure. They number 49 Barons and Free Lords, 90 *Hans-Towns*, and 10 Circles of the Empire.

In the *German-Diets*, this Order is observed: When the Emperor is placed in the Throne, the Archbishop of *Triers* takes his Place just over against him: He of *Mentz* sits next to the Emperor, on his Right Hand; the Second Place belongs to the King of *Bohemia*; and the Third to the Count *Palatine* of the *Rhine*. On the Emperor's Left Hand, the Archbishop of *Cologn* takes the first Place; the Duke of *Saxony* the next; and the Marquis of *Brandenburgh* the third.

The *Hans-Towns* which acknowledge no other Lord but the Emperor, are governed by their own Municipal Laws and Privileges. In some of them the Common People bear Rule; in others a Mixture of the Commons and Nobles; and many of them wholly obey the Nobility.

No Man salutes by the Title of Emperor, him whom the Princes have elected to that Dignity, till he be crown'd by the *Pope* or *Musti* of *Rome*. They call him *Cæsar*, or King of the *Romans*, or King of *Germany*, but not Emperor, till the Coronation is finish'd. Nor does the Emperor, even after he is crown'd and establish'd in the Throne, exercise an Absolute Power in all Things; Affairs of Importance being generally referr'd to the Publick Diets or Divans of the Empire; where the Electoral Princes deliberate all Things; On whom the very Power of the Emperor himself depends. These

These Diets are very confus'd and tedious, in regard the Princes seldom appear there in their own Persons, but send their Ambassadors and Deputies, who yet have not full Power to conclude any Thing without particular Orders from their respective Masters. So that a prodigious deal of Time is taken up, in sending Couriers to inform the Princes of all emergent Counsels and Transactions, and in waiting for their express Instructions and Answers again.

In a word, considering the Diversity of Interests carried on by the Electoral Princes, their mutual Feuds and Dissentions, Domestick Animosities, and Foreign Engagements, both on Religious and Political Accounts; 'tis a Miracle that this tottering Empire stands so long, and does not fall to Ruin: Especially being environ'd, and almost continually assaulted by Three Potent Enemies; the King of *Sweden*, the King of *France*, and our invincible Monarch: Not to mention the frequent IncurSIONS of the *Muscovites* and *Tartars*; the Revolts of the *Hungarians*, *Transilvanians*, *Bosnians*, *Croats*, and other Nations, which are counted Members of the *German Empire*. But he abounds in Men and Money, with all other Necessaries to support his Wars: There not being a more rich and populous Region on Earth, than *Germany*.

Sage *Hamet*, when the determin'd Period is come, *God* will abase the Pride of these *Infidels* by the Hands of the True Believers: The Riches of the West shall become the Spoil of Eastern Heroes; and the Posterity of *Shem* shall take Root in the Cities of *Japhet*.

May'st thou live till that Time, to triumph in the Glory of the House of *Ishmael*, when they shall be exalted more than in the Ages that are past.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon,  
of the Year 1673.

## L E T T E R XVII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

**T**H Y Memory is like the Smell of Incense ; refreshing as Wine of *Tenedos* in a Goblet of pure Gold. When my Heart is almost dead with Melancholy ; when I can find no Pleasure in Company abroad, and the very Elements of which I am made, frown upon me ; when the Time of Night forces me to come home sighing as to a Prison, and the Hangings of my Bed-Chamber look dull, and seem to be painted with horrid Tragedies : In a Word, when every Thing in Nature appears in an angry threatening Fit, then I think of thee, my Friend, and that Thought relieves me. Thy beloved Idea is a perfect Talisman, working Wonders in my Soul. It charms or countercharms, as my Occasions do require. No Fears or Griefs, or other melancholy Passions dare abide its Energy : As soon as it appears, each baneful Thought is gone ; the Troops of sad Chimera's vanish like the Morning Mist before the Sun. Thou art as a strong Tower or Fortrefs, where I can take Sanctuary from my Enemies : An impregnable Citadel, seated on the Top of a high Rock ; from whence I can look down with Scorn on my Persecutors beneath, possessing my self in perfect Security.

I dare not so much as vent my Thoughts to another, tho' a *Mussulman*, for fear of some untoward Consequence : So industrious is the Malice of most Men ; so vigilant and studious for an Opportunity of doing Mischief. And as for these Infidels, my Conversation is for the most Part Histrionick. I am constrained to act to the Life a very zealous Christian, and a Catholick : When, *God* knows, my Heart keeps not Time with my exterior Actions and Words.

Not

Not but that there are Scepticks among the Christians, as well as among True Believers: But they are generally very private and reserv'd: For open Blasphemy, or what is reputed so here, is certainly punish'd with Death.

I sometimes meet with ingenuous and candid Souls, with whom I can discourse freely, and like a Man that doubts of many things, which others currently believe. Yet we dare not trust each other too far, nor the very Air in which our Words vanish, after it has help'd to form them; lest some sly envious Demon should catch the transient Sound, and reverberate the yet articulated Body of Particles which made it, into some inquisitive Ear to ruin us. For there are certain busy gossiping Eccho's scatter'd up and down the Elements, which are always list'ning to the Words of Mortals: And if the spiteful Elves can but take hold of any Syllable to do a Man an Injury, they are big till they have vented it. Yet they make no Shew or Noise, but whisper out their Tales in Secret; sometimes in dead of Night, when Men are fast asleep; at other Times when they are deeply musing on the hidden things of Nature. For 'tis only to the Wise, the Sage, the Noble, and the Great, that they reveal these Passages, because 'tis such alone have Ears to hear them. They haunt the Bed-Chambers of Kings and Princes, to tell them News in Dreams. They are the swiftest Couriers in the World. For they have Wings, and fly from Court to Court, and from one Climate to another in a Moment's time. They are always buzzing in the Ears of Statesmen and great Politicians, to whom they shew the dark Intrigues of Foreign and Domestick Enemies. Thus are Conspiracies and Plots of Rebels oft discover'd, though managed never so secretly. They visit now and then the Closets of Philosophers, and such as love the Sciences: Men of abstracted Souls; whose Thoughts are volatile and pure, their Fancies lively and vegete. To these they unfold the covert Mysteries of Nature, and shew them

them Things to come. They frame the Ideas of remote, unknown Events, which they imprint upon the ductile Minds of Prophets and holy Men: Inspiring them with strange and unaccountable Presages of what shall shortly happen to themselves or others, whether it be good or evil. For these busybodies are the Daughters of the World's great Soul; and they inherit an universal Sense and Feeling of whatsoever happens in the Elements. 'Tis true, some Knowledge they acquire by Study and Observation, even as we Mortals do; but at a far swifter Rate. Their airy Bodies do not so oppress their intellectual Faculties, as our gross Hulks of Flesh do ours. We're forced to dig and plow, or to sow and harrow, for small Returns of Science. Our Soil is barren, it must be manured and cultivated with Art and Cost, before it yields a tolerable Harvest of what deserves the Name of solid Knowledge. But these defecate Tenants of the Air, have no more to do, but to be merely passive, and they strait learn every Thing: For the eternal *Sapience* wanders through the Universe, to seek out such as will or can imbibe her free Impression. She voluntarily slides into receptive Souls, and fills them with her Rays. Thus the sublimer *Genii* of the Air, bask in an open Orb of intellectual Light, because they are embodied in the most refined and purest Matter: Whereas we Mortals must be thankful for her Illuminations by Retale. She only shines on us through Chinks and Crannies of our dungeon Flesh: And yet but seldom so in direct Beams. Few Men can boast that Privilege. The greatest Part walk only in the uncertain Twilight of Opinion; or, at best, in the faint languid Glimmering of human Reason; which, like the Moon, conveys the Original Light of Science to us by Reflection, and at a second Hand. We are fain to learn from Books, from Conversation and Experience.

Courteous *Hali*, thou wilt pardon the Confusedness and want of Order in this Letter, when thou shalt con-

sider the Force of Melancholy which first prompted me to write it. For, being very sad, and overcast with Clouds of dark and gloomy Thoughts, which different Passions caused to jostle one against another in my troubled Mind, I knew not how to escape the Tempest better than by writing to thee, my learned Friend, tho' only to express my Circumstances. For when I began, I knew not what to say; but 'twas an Ease to write at Random, any Thing, to breathe my Heart, and ventilate my Spleen. But the specifick Remedy of my Grief, consisted in addressing to thee, my dear Physician, whose very Remembrance is a *Catbolicon*, Proof against all my Maladies.

Adieu, thou *Æsculapius* of the *Ottomans*, and live for ever.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Moon,  
of the Year 1673.

## L E T T E R XVIII.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, *Professor of Philosophy at Fez.*

**T**Hou shalt see, that I am a Man of my Word, and will keep my Promise: For this Dispatch contains a farther Description of *Constantinople* which I engag'd to present thee with in my last.

This famous City is sixteen Miles in Circuit, and contains Nine hundred thousand Inhabitants. 'Tis divided into three Parts, by the Intercourse of certain Arms of the Sea; and almost forms the Figure of a Triangle. The Walls are of an incredible Height, and encompass seven Hills within their Extent. One is near the *Grand Signior's Serail*: Another is in the opposite Corner of this City; which leads to *Adrianople*. Between two others, there lies a Plain, which is called the great Valley. In this

is to be seen an Aqueduct of admirable Contrivance and Structure, the Work of *Constantine the Great*, who by this convey'd Water to the City from seven Miles Distance. *Solyman II* augmented it, by opening a Current of Water two Miles beyond the Source of *Constantinople*, which runs through seven hundred and forty Pipes into the City; besides those which serve the *Mosques*, the *Baths*, and Houses of *Purification*.

At the Extremity of the Town is seen the antique Building of a Fortrefs, which is called the *Castle of the seven Towers*; a Work of inimitable Architecture. There is a Garrison in it of two hundred and fifty Soldiers; not one of which dares to set his Foot out of the Castle-Gates, without the Leave of the *Vizir Azem*, unless it be on two certain Days in the Year; that is, the first of *Beiram*, and *Ramezan*.

In this Place formerly the *Ottoman* Emperors us'd to lay their Treasure of Gold and Silver, their Arms and Ammunition, their Books, and whatsoever they esteem'd precious. But *Amurat*, the Son of *Selymus II*, translated all these These things into the *Serail*; where they have been kept ever since: And this Castle is turned into a Prison for *Kings* and *Princes* taken Captives by the *True Faithful*; as also for rebellious *Bassa's*, and other Persons of Quality. Here *Coresqui*, *Vayvod* of *Moldavia*, was shut up in the Year 1617 of the *Christian Æra*. And in the Year 1622 of the same Date, the rebellious *Janizaries* imprison'd their Sovereign Lord, *Sultan Osman*, whom afterwards they strangled in the same Place.

There are above two thousand *Mosques*, *Oratories*, and *Sepulchres*, within the Walls of *Constantinople*. I have already describ'd that of *Aia-Sophian*, in my last. It remains now, that I speak of four others built by some of our former Emperors. The first and the chiefest, was built by *Sultan Mahomet II*, to express his Gratitude to *God* for the taking of *Constantinople*. It is a magnificent Structure, raised according to the *Pattern* of *Santa Sophia*. He

caus'd a hundred stately Chambers to be built round about it, both for the Service of the *Imaums* and *Mollabs* who belong to the *Mosque*; and for the Entertainment of Stangers, let them be of what Nation or Religion soever. He rais'd also fifty other Chambers without these, for the Use of the Poor: And endowed the *Mosque* with sixty thousand Ducats of yearly Revenue.

The second *Mosque* was built by *Bajazet* II, the Son of this *Mahomet*. The third was built by *Selimus* I. The fourth, by *Solyman the Magnificent*. The three last of these Princes lie buried each in his own *Mosque*, under Monuments of a superb Figure: Innumerable Lamps burning over them, and round about them, Night and Day, whilst certain *Mollabs* pray by Turns, without ceasing, for the Health of the departed Royal Souls.

But the last of these *Mosques*, which was built, as I have said, by Sultan *Solyman*, far exceeds all the rest, and comes not short of *Sancta Sophia*, in the Richness of Marble, Porphyry, and other excellent Materials.

The *Greeks* have forty Churches and Chapels in *Constantinople*, wherein they perform the *Nazarene* Worship. The *Armenians* have four. Those of the *Latin* Communion have a College annexed to it for a certain Number of *Jesuits*. This is seated in *Pera*, which is a kind of Suburb to *Constantinople*.

The *Jews* have great Liberty in the Imperial City. Their Habitations are contiguous, taking up nine Principal Streets and they have eight and thirty Synagogues.

The Walls of the City remain very entire, and are double towards the Land. There are nineteen Gates in them; one of which is call'd the *Holy Gate*, in respect of a vast Multitude of *Christian* Saints who lie buried in a Chapel hard by it. It was thro' this Gate that *Mahomet* II, made his triumphant Entry into *Constantinople*, on purpose, as it were, to profane the reputed Sanctity of the Place, and  
insult



insult o'er their false Gods; whilst he came to establish the Law and Worship of the only True God, Creator of Heaven and Earth.

There are abundance of antique Monuments in the City, as Pyramids and Obelisks of admirable Figure and Contrivance. In one place, there are three Serpents of Marble, stretching themselves to the Height of two Men, and mutually twisting about each other. The Report goes, That these were erected by a Magician at the Time when the Citizens were much infested with living Serpents, and that by this Enchantment they were freed.

One of these has a Wound in the Neck, which was given it by *Mahomet II*, when he rode into the vanquish'd City. For, he beholding the horrid *Idol*, and guessing right, that it was the Work of some Magician, was moved with holy Zeal and Indignation. Wherefore, couching his Spear, and giving Spurs to his Horse, he ran full tilt against it, and wounded one of the Serpents in the Neck, which is seen to this Day.

In the same Pavement there stands a very elegant Column of rustick Workmanship, as they call it: The Marble of which it consists, being fastened together without the Intervention of Mortar, Bitumen, or any other Cement. It has within, a winding Stair-Case by which one may go up to the Top.

In this Place, which is called the *Hippodrome*, the *Ottoman Grandees* exercise themselves on Horseback, and sometimes the *Grand Signior* himself: Especially on great Festivals.

Round about it, there are above two thousand little Shops of Taylors or Botchers, for the Use of those who would have their Gaments mended, scowr'd and polish'd at a small Price. And yet out of this so contemptible a Trade, the *Grand Signior* receives a yearly Custom of eleven thousand *Zequins*. By this thou may't take an Estimate of his other Revenues, which flow into his Coffers from all Parts of so vast an *Empire*.

There are above forty thousand Ware-Houses, and Shops of Merchants, Brokers, Pedlars, Hucksters, and such

such like Callings : Each Trade having their proper *Bazar*, or Market, according to the Quality of the Goods they sell. But there is one more eminent than all the rest, which is called *Bastian* ; where are Goldsmiths, Jewellers, and such as deal in any manner of fine costly Things. This Place is environ'd with very strong Walls, six Foot thick, and is shut up every Night by four double Gates, and at other Times as Occasion requires : So that it looks like a little well-fortified Town.

In this wealthy Market, there is a Gallery or *Piazza* nearly arch'd and supported by twenty-four Pillars. Under this, there are abundance of little Shops, six Foot long, and four in Breadth. Here all those precious Commodities are expos'd to sale on Tables or Counters, and with their Lustre dazzle the Eyes of such as pass by.

Thou may'st also conjecture at the vast Gains of these Merchants, by the Rates which they pay to the *Grand Signior*, only for their Licence to sell in this Place. I have known one Man, that was my particular Acquaintance, give yearly two thousand Franks for this Liberty ; and he told me, That no Man could enjoy the Freedom of the Place under that Price, unless he had great Favour shewn him, which is very rare ; and even then it would not be much abated.

As one passes from this Market one Way, there arises a stately Column of Porphyry begirt in many Places with Iron Hoops : and a little distant you see another more lofty than this : It is called the Historical Column, being engraven all over with the Figures of Men. In this also, there is a Stair-case to the top, but much broken, and in danger of falling, if it were not strengthened and held together with vast Hoops of Iron.

The next Thing worthy to be seen, is the old Palace of *Constantine the Great* : Worthy, I say, to be seen only for its Antiquity ; for it is no very elegant Building ; yet it has this Commendation, That it stands

in the purest and most wholesome Air of the whole City.

There is another Market also wall'd in, besides that of the Goldsmiths, &c. which has a Piazza supported by sixteen Pillars. In this are sold all Manner of Silks. And a little way off from this, is the *Bazar* where they sell Slaves. So great are the Gains of this Traffick, that those who use it, pay to the *Grand Signior*, by way of Custom, the Yearly Sum of sixteen Thousand Zequins.

The Vintners, Victuallers, and Sutlers, who sell Wine to the *Christians* and *Jews*, and privately to the *Mussulmans*, pay yearly Fifty Eight Thousand, Seven Hundred and Eighty-eight Zequins. The very Fishermen of *Constantinople*, who live along the *Strand*, pay the Yearly Sum of Twenty Nine Thousand Three Hundred Ninety-four Zequins. The Corn-Market, where all Sorts of Grain, Pulse, Meal, and Flour, are sold, pays yearly into the Treasury 14 Purfes of Money, each Purfe being worth a Thousand, Six Hundred, Thirty and Three Zequins. The *Egyptian* Merchants who bring their Goods from *Alcaire*, to sell them at *Constantinople*, pay 24 Purfes. The Freight of all Foreign Merchant-Ships, make up 180 Purfes of Gold. I have mentioned the Value of each Purfe before. The great Shambles without the City, pay 32 Purfes. There serve in this Place 200 Butchers, over whom there is a Præfect or Master, without whose Consent no Man can kill any Beast, unless it be in the Case of Corban. Nay, so great is the Authority of this Præfect, that the *Jews* themselves are forc'd to ask his Leave to kill their Beasts after their own Fashion. The Reason why the Shambles are without the City, is for Purity sake, lest the City be polluted with Blood.

It is impossible to cast up the prodigious Revenue, which arises to the *Grand Signior* from the Sale of *Hungarian* Sheep and Oxen, in the 10th and 11th Moons. But thou may'st comprehend that it is very great, when sometimes in one Day's time, there are sold 25000 Oxen, and 40000 Sheep.

Neither is it more easy to reckon up his Incomes from the Sale of Houses, Skiffs, Gallies, Saicks, and bigger Vessels. Besides, it would be too tedious for one Letter. What shall I say of the Tribute which the *Jews* and *Christians* pay, amounting Yearly to a prodigious Sum of Money? Time, Paper, Ink, and Human Patience itself would fail in rehearsing so many Particulars.

But thou mayest frame a Regular Judgment of the immense Riches which the *Grand Signior* is possessed of; when thou shalt know, that there is a Mint in the *Imperial* City, where Four Hundred Men perpetually labour in coining new Money, having a President, or Overseer, who supervises the Work, who must be a *Grecian*, by a special Privilege granted to that Nation by our Munificent Emperors; because the Mines of Silver and Gold, are within the Limits of the *Grecian Empire*. So that none but *Greeks* are admitted to assist at this curious Artifice.

The President is obliged every New-Moon to send into the *Serail* Ten Thousand Zequins of Gold, and Twenty Thousand in Silver. For such is the Pleasure of the *Great Sultan*, that the Royal Palace should always abound with fair new Money.

Sage *Musu*, assure thy self, that *Constantinople* is the Grand Treasury, Exchequer, or Bank, of the whole Earth; where all the Riches of the *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*, and of the Seven Climates, are refunded and laid up as in their proper Centre. But I have more to say in another Letter concerning this glorious City. Only Time just now gave me a Prick with the End of his Scythe, to put me in Mind of an urgent Affair, not to be neglected this Moment. Wherefore, in Haste, Adieu.

Paris, 1<sup>st</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1673.

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