# GIPHANTIA:

OR

A VIEW of

WHAT HAS PASSED,

WHAT IS NOW PASSING,

And, during the PRESENT Century,

WHAT WILL PASS,

IN THE WORLD.

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## A VIEW of

## WHAT HAS PASSED,
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Translated from the original FRENCH,
With explanatory Notes.

LONDON.

Printed for ROBERT HORSFIELD, in
*Ludgate-Street*. 1761.

## TO THE

# Hon$^{ble}$ Miss ROSS.

Madam,

Upon your hearing the other day Giphantia much praised by some friends, and those no ill judges, you expressed a desire to see it in English, as you had not, you said, French enough to read the original. I immediately resolved to gratify your desire, and that very day sat about the translation.

It is now finished: and, as my hand is not very legible, I take the liberty to address it to you in print with this Epistle Dedicatory; which, as neither you, nor the Author, want any encomiums, nor the Translator any excuses, I shall cut short, and beg leave to subscribe myself with great respect and sincerity,

Madam,

Your most obedient
and most humble servant,

Feb. 5,
1761.

The Translator.

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# GIPHANTIA.

## PART THE FIRST.

# Introduction.

No man ever had a stronger inclination for travelling than myself. I consider'd the whole earth as my country, and all mankind as my brethren, and therefore thought it incumbent upon me to travel thro' the earth and visit my brethren. I have walk'd over the ruins of the antient world, have view'd the monuments of modern pride, and, at the sight of all-devouring time, have wept over both. I have often found great folly among the nations that pass for the most civiliz'd, and sometimes as great wisdom among those that are counted the most savage. I have seen small states supported by virtue, and mighty empires shaken by vice, whilst a mistaken policy has been employ'd to inrich the subjects, without any endeavours to render them virtuous.

After having gone over the whole world and visited all the inhabitants, I find it does not answer the pains I have taken. I have just been reviewing my memoirs concerning the several nations, their prejudices, their customs and manners, their politicks, their laws, their religion, their history; and I have thrown them all into the fire. It grieves me to record such a monstrous mixture of humanity and barbarousness, of grandeur and meanness, of reason and folly.

The small part, I have preserv'd, is what I am now publishing. If it has no other merit, certainly it has novelty to recommend it.

# CHAP. I.

## The Hurricane.

I was on the borders of Guinea towards the desarts that bound it on the North. I contemplated the immense wilds, the very idea of which shocks the firmest mind. On a sudden I was seized with an ardent desire to penetrate into those desarts and see how far nature denies herself to mankind. Perhaps (said I) among these scorching plains there is some fertile spot unknown to the rest of the world. Perhaps I shall find men who have neither been polished nor corrupted by commerce with others.

In vain did I represent to myself the dangers and even the almost certain death to which such an enterprize would expose me; I could not drive the thought out of my head. One winter's day (for it was in the dog-days) the wind being southwest, the sky clear, and the air temperate, furnished with something to asswage hunger and thirst, with a glass-mask to save my eyes from the clouds of sands, and with a compass to guide my steps, I sate out from the borders of Guinea and advanced into the desart.

I went on two whole days without seeing any thing extraordinary: in the beginning of the third I perceived all around me nothing but a few almost sapless shrubs and some tufts of rushes, most of which were dried up by the heat of the sun. These are nature's last productions in those barren regions; here her teeming virtue stops, nor can life be farther extended in those frightful solitudes.

I had scarce continued my course two hours over a sandy soil, where the eye meets no object but scattered rocks, when the wind growing higher, began to put in motion the surface of the sands. At first, the sand

only played about the foot of the rocks and formed small waves which lightly skimmed over the plain. Such are the little billows which are seen to rise and gently roll on the surface of the water when the sea begins to grow rough at the approach of a storm. The sandy waves soon became larger, dashed and broke one another; and I was exposed to the most dreadful of hurricanes.

Frequent whirlwinds arose, which collecting the sands carried them in rapid gyrations to a vast height with horrible whistlings. Instantly after, the sands, left to themselves, fell down in strait lines and formed mountains. Clouds of dust were mixed with the clouds of the atmosphere, and heaven and earth seemed jumbled together. Sometimes the thickness of the whirlwinds deprived me entirely of the light of the sun: and sometimes red transparent sands shone from afar: the air appeared in a blaze, and the sky seemed dissolved into sparks of fire.

Mean time, now tossed into the air by a sudden gust of wind, and now hurled down by my own weight, I found myself one while in clouds of sand, and another while in a gulf. Every moment I should have been either buried or dashed in pieces, had not a benevolent Being (who will appear presently) protected me from all harm.

The terrible hurricane ceased with the day: the night was calm, and weariness overcoming my fears, I fell asleep.

# CHAP. II.

## The fine Prospect.

The sun was not yet risen, when I wak'd: but the first rays enlighten'd the east and objects began to be visible. Sleep had recover'd my strength and calm'd my spirits: when I was awake, my fears return'd, and the image of death presented itself again to my anxious thoughts.

I was standing on a high rock, from whence I could view every thing round me. I cast, with horror, my eyes on that sandy region, where I thought I should have found my grave. What was my surprise when towards the north I spied an even, vast and fertile plain! From a state of the profoundest sorrow in an instant I pass'd (which usually requires time) to a state of the highest joy; nature put on a new face; and the frightful view of so many rocks confusedly dispers'd among the sands serv'd only to render more affecting and more agreeable the prospect of that delightful plain, I was going to enter. O nature! how admirable are thy distributions! how wisely manag'd the various scenes thou presentest to our sight!

The plants, which grow on the edge of the plain are very small; the soil does not yet supply sufficient moisture: but as you advance, vegetation flourishes, and gives them a larger size and more height. The trees are seen to rise by degrees and soon afford a shelter under their boughs. At last, trees co-eval with the world appear with their tops in the clouds and form an immense amphitheatre which majestically displays itself to the eyes of the traveller and proclaims that such a habitation is not made for mortals.

Every thing seem'd new to me in this unknown land; every thing threw me into astonishment. Not any of Nature's productions which my eyes eagerly ran over resembles those that are seen any where else. Trees, plants, insects, reptiles, fishes, birds, all were form'd in a manner extraordinary, and at the same time elegant and infinitely varied. But what struck me with the greatest wonder, was that an universal sensibility, cloath'd with all imaginable forms animated the bodies that seem'd the least susceptible of it: even to the very plants all gave signs of sensation.

I walk'd on slowly in this enchanted abode. A delicious coolness kept my senses open to the pleasure; a sweet scent glided into my blood with the air I breath'd; my heart beat with an unusual force: and joy enlighten'd my soul in its most gloomy recesses.

# CHAP. III.

## The Voice.

One thing surprised me: I did not see any inhabitants in these gardens of delight. I know not how many ideas disturbed my mind on that occasion, when a voice struck my ears, uttering these words: “Stop and look stedfastly before thee; behold him who has inspired thee to undertake so dangerous a voyage.” Amazed, I looked a good while and saw nothing: at last I perceived a sort of spot, a kind of shade fixed in the air a few paces from me. I continued to look at it more attentively, and fancied, I saw a human form with a countenance so mild and ingaging that instead of being terrified, the sight was to me a fresh motive of joy.

I am (said the benevolent Shade) the Prefect of this Island. Thy inclination to Philosophy has prepossessed me in thy favour: I have followed thee in thy late journey and defended thee from the hurricane. I will now show thee the rarities of the place; and then I will take care to restore thee safe to thy country.

This Solitude with which thou art so charmed, stands in the midst of a tempestuous ocean of moving sands; it is an island surrounded with inaccessible desarts, which no mortal can pass without a supernatural aid. Its name is Giphantia. It was given to the elementary spirits, the day before the Garden of Eden was allotted to the parent of mankind. Not that the spirits spend their time here in ease and sloth. What would you do, O ye feeble mortals! If dispersed in the air, in the sea, in the bowels of the earth, in the sphere of fire, they did not incessantly watch for your welfare? Without our care, the unbridled elements would long since have effaced all remains of the human kind. Why cannot we

preserve you entirely from their disorderly sallies? Alass! our power extends not so far: we cannot totally screen you from all the evils that surround you: we only prevent your utter destruction.

It is here the elementary spirits come to refresh themselves after their labours; it is here they hold their assemblies, and concert the best measures for the administration of the elements.

# CHAP. IV.

## The Reverse.

Of all the Countries in the world (added the Prefect) Giphantia is the only one where nature still preserves her primitive vigor. She is incessantly labouring to increase the numerous tribes of Vegetables and Animals, and to produce new kinds. She organizes all with admirable skill; but she does not always succeed, in rendering them perpetual. The Mechanism of propagation is the master-piece of her wisdom: sometimes she fails and her productions return for ever into nothing. We cherish, with our utmost care, such as are sufficiently organized to produce their kind; and then plant them out in the Earth.

A Naturalist wonders sometimes to find plants that had never been noticed before: it is because we had just then supplied the earth with them, of which he had not the least suspicion.

Sometimes also these Exotics not meeting with a proper Climate, decay by degrees and the species is lost. Such are those productions which are mention'd by the Antients and which the Moderns complain are no where to be found.

Such a plant still subsists but has long droop'd, and lost its qualities, and deceives the Physician who is daily disappointed. The Art is blam'd; it is not known that the fault is in Nature.

I have now a collection of new simples of the greatest virtue; and I should have imparted them to mankind before now, had there not been strong reasons to induce me to delay it.

For instance, I have a sovereign plant to fix the human mind, and which would give steadiness even to a Babylonian: but for these fifty years I have been diligently observing Babylon, and have not found one single moment, wherein the Inclinations, Customs, and Manners have been worth fixing.

I have another plant, most excellent for checking the too lively sallies of the spirit of invention: but thou knowest how rare these sallies are now-a-days: never was invention at a lower ebb. One would think that every thing has been said, and that nothing more remained but to adapt things to the taste and mode of the age.

I have a root which would never fail to allay that sourness of the Learned who censure one another: but I observe that without their abusing and railing at each other, no man would concern himself about their disputes. It is a sort of pleasure to see them bring themselves as well as Learning into contempt. I leave the malignity of the readers to divert themselves with the malignity of the Authors.

Moreover, do not imagine that nature sleeps in any part of the earth; she strenuously labours even in those infinitely minute spaces where the eye cannot reach. At Giphantia, she disposes matter on extraordinary plans, and perpetually tends to produce something new: she every where incessantly repeats her labours, still endeavouring to carry her works to a degree of perfection which she never attains. These flowers which so agreeably strike the eye, she strives to render still more beautiful. These animals, which to you seem so dextrous, she endeavours to render still more so. In short, Man that to you appears so superior to the rest, she tries to render still more perfect; but in this her endeavours prove the most unsuccessful.

Indeed, one would think that mankind do all in their power to remain in a much lower rank than nature designs them! and they seldom fail to turn to their hurt the best dispositions she gives them for their Good. On the Babylonians, for instance, nature has bestowed an inexhaustible fund of agreeableness. Her aim was manifestly to form a people the most aimable. They were made to enliven reason, to root out the thorns that

spring from the approaches of the sciences, to soften the austerity of wisdom, and, if possible, to adorn virtue. Thou knowest it: her favours which should have been diffused on these objects have been diverted from their destination; and frivolousness and debauchery have been cloathed with them. In the hands of the Babylonians, vice loses all her deformity. Behold in their manners, their discourses, their writings, with what discretion vice unveils herself, with what art she ingages, with what address she insinuates: you have not yet thought of her, and she is seated in your heart. Even he who, by his function, lifts up his voice against her, dares not paint her in her true colours. In a word, no where does vice appear less vice than at Babylon. Even to the very names, all things are changed, all things are softened. The sincere and honest are now-a-days your modish men who are outwardly all complaisance but inwardly full of corruption: Good company are not the Virtuous but those who excel in palliating vice. The man of fortitude is not he that bears the shocks of fortune unmoved, but he that braves Providence. Bare-faced Irreligion is now styled free-thinking, blasphemy is called boldness of speech, and the most shameful excesses, Gallantry. Thus it is that with what they might become a pattern to all nations, the Babylonians (to say no worse) are grown libertines of the most seducing and most dangerous kind.

# CHAP. V.

## The Apparitions.

I return (continues the Prefect of Giphantia) to the elementary spirits. Their constant abode in the air, always full of vapours and exhalations; in the sea, ever mixed with salts and earths; in the fire, perpetually used about a thousand heterogeneous bodies; in the earth, where all the other elements are blended together: this abode, I say, by degrees spoils the pure essence of the spirits, whose original nature is to be (as to their material substance) all fire, all air, or other unmixt element. This degradation has sometimes gone so far, as that by the mixture of the different elements, the spirits have acquired a sufficient consistence to render them visible. People have seen them in the fire and called them Salamanders, and Cyclops: they have seen them in the air and called them Sylphs, Zephyrs, Aquilons: they have seen them in the water and called them Sea-nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Tritons: they have seen them in caverns, desarts, woods, and have called them Gnomes, Sylvans, Fauns, Satyrs, *&c.*

From the astonishment caused by these Apparitions, men sunk into fear, and fear begot superstition. To these, Creatures like themselves, they erected altars which belong only to the Creator. Their imagination magnifying what they had seen, they soon formed a Hierarchy of Chimerical Deities. The Sun appeared to them a luminous chariot guided by Apollo through the celestial plains; Thunder, a fiery bolt darted by Jupiter at the heads of the guilty: the Ocean, a vast empire, where Neptune ruled the waves: the bowels of the earth, the gloomy residence

of Pluto, where he gave laws to the pale and timorous Ghosts: in a word, they filled the world with Gods and Goddesses. The Earth itself became a Deity.

When the elementary Spirits perceived how apt their Apparitions were to lead men into error, they took measures to be no longer visible: they devised a sort of refiner by which from time to time they get rid of all extraneous matter. From thence forward, no mortal eye has ever seen the least glimpse of these spirits.

# CHAP. VI.

## The Surfaces.

Mean while the Prefect moved on and I followed, quite astonished and pensive. At our coming out of the wood we found ourselves before a hill, at the foot of which stood a hollow column above a hundred feet high and thick in proportion. I saw issuing out of the top of the column vapours (much like the exhalations raised by the sun) in such abundance that they were very visible. From the same column I saw coming out and dispersing themselves in the air certain human forms, certain images still lighter than the vapours by which they were supported.

Behold (says the Prefect) the Refiner of the Elementary Spirits. The column is filled with four Essences, each of which has been extracted from each element. The Spirits plunge into them, and by a mechanism, too long to be described, get rid of all extraneous matter. The images which thou seest coming out of the column, are nothing more than very thin surfaces which surrounded them and served to make them visible. These surfaces partake of the different qualities of the spirits who excel more or less in certain respects, as visages are expressive of the characters of men, who differ infinitely. Thus, there are images or surfaces of science, of learning, of prudence, of wisdom, *&c.*

Men often cloath themselves with them, and like masks these surfaces make them appear very different from what they really are. Hence it is that you constantly meet with the appearance of every good, of every virtue and every quality, though the things themselves are scarce to be found any where.

At Babylon especially, these surfaces are in singular esteem: all is seen there in appearance. A Babylonian had rather be nothing and appear every thing than to be every thing and appear nothing. So, you see only surfaces every where and of every kind.

Surface of modesty, the only thing needful for a Babylonian lady: it is called decency.

Surface of friendship, by the means of which all Babylon seems to be but one family. Friendship is like a strong band made of very weak threads twisted together. A Babylonian is tied to no one by the band, but he is tied to each of his fellow-citizens by a single thread.

Surface of piety, formerly much in use and of great influence, now-a-days totally in disrepute. It gives people a certain Gothic air quite ridiculous in the eyes of the moderns. It is now found only among a few adherents to the old bigots, and in an order of men, who, on account of their function, cannot lay it aside, how desirous soever they may be.

Surface of opulence, one of the most striking things in Babylon. Behold in the Temples, in the Assemblies, in the publick Walks, those citizens so richly dressed, those women so adorned, those children so neat, so lively, and who promise so fair to be one day as frivolous as their fathers: follow them to their homes; furniture of the best taste, commodious apartments, houses like little palaces, all continues to proclaim opulence. But stop there: if you go any farther, you will see families in distress and hearts overflowing with cares.

Surface of probity, for the use of Politicians and those who concern themselves with the management of others. These great men cannot be as honest as the lower people; they have certain maxims from which they think it essential never to depart, and from which it is no less essential that they appear extremely remote.

Surface of patriotism, of which the real substance has long since disappeared. We must distinguish, in the conduct of the Babylonians, between the Theory and the Practice. The Theory turns entirely upon Patriotism. Publick Good, national Interest, Glory of the Babylonian Name, all this is the language of Theory. The Practice hangs solely upon

the hinge of private interest. It is very remarkable that in this respect the Babylonians have long been dupes of one another. Each plainly perceived that *Country* did not much affect him; but he heard others talk of it so often and so affectionately that he verily believed there was still such a thing as a true Patriot. But now their eyes are open and they see that all are alike.

# CHAP. VII.

## The Globe.

Such is the lot of the elementary spirits, continued the Prefect of Giphantia. No sooner are they out of the probation-column where they are purified, but they return to their usual labours: and to see where their presence is most necessary, and where men have most need of their assistance. At their coming out of the column they ascend this hill. There by a mechanism which required the utmost skill of the spirits, every thing that passes in all parts of the world is seen and heard. Thou art going to try the experiment thy self.

On each side of the column is a large stair-case of above a hundred steps which leads to the top of the hill. We went up; and were scarce half way when my ears were struck with a disagreeable humming which increased as we advanced. When we came to a platform in which the hill ends, the first thing that struck my eyes was a Globe of a considerable diameter. From the Globe proceeded the noise which I heard. At a distance it was a humming; nearer, it was a frightful thundering noise, formed by a confused mixture of shouts for joy, ravings of despair, shrieks, complaints, singings, murmurs, acclamations, laughter, groans, and whatever proclaims the immoderate sorrow and extravagant joy of mortals.

Small imperceptible pipes (said the Prefect) come from each point of the earth's surface and end at this Globe. The inside is organized so that the motion of the air which is propagated through the imperceptible pipes, and grows weaker in time, resumes fresh force at the entrance into the Globe and becomes sensible again. Hence these noises and

hummings. But what would these confused sounds signify, if means were not found to distinguish them? Behold the image of the earth painted on the Globe; the Islands, the Continents, the Oceans which surround, join, and divide all. Dost thou not see Europe, that quarter of the earth that hath done so much mischief to the other three? Burning Africa, where the arts and the wants that attend them have never penetrated? Asia, whose luxury, passing to the European nations, has done so much good, according to some, and so much hurt, according to others! America, still dyed with the blood of its unhappy inhabitants, whom men of a religion, that breathes peace and good-will, came to convert and barbarously murder? Observe what point of the Globe, thou pleases. Place there the end of this rod which I give thee, and putting the other end to thy ear, thou shalt hear distinctly whatever is said in the corresponding part of the earth.

# CHAP. VIII.

## Discourses.

Surprised at this prodigy, I put the end of the rod upon Babylon; I applied my ear, and heard what follows:

"Since you consult me about this writing, I will fairly give you my opinion. I think it discreet and too much so. What! not a word against the government, against the manners, against religion! who will read you? If you did but know how tired people are with History, Morality, Phylosophy, Verse, Prose, and all that! The whole world are turned writers; and you will more easily find an author than a reader. How make impression on the crowd? How draw attention, unless by strokes levelled, right or wrong, against place-men; by luscious touches of imagination proper to excite the gust of pleasures blunted by excess; by the trite arguments which, though repeated a thousand times, still please, because they attack what we dread! This in my opinion is the only course for a writer to take who has any pretensions to fame. Mind our Philosophers: when they reflect, for instance, on the nature of the soul, they fall into a doubt which with all their reason they cannot get out of. Do they come to write? They resolve the difficulty, and the soul is mortal. If they assert this, it is not from an inward persuasion, but from a desire to write, and to write such things, as will be read. Again, if you had made yourself a party: if you belonged to one of those clubs, where the Censor passes from hand to hand, and where each, in his turn, is the Idol! But no; you are among the literary cabals like a divine who should

pretend to be neither Jansenist nor Molinist[1]. Who, think ye, will take care of your interests? Who will preach you up? Who will inlist your name among those we respect?"

I removed the end of the rod about a twentieth part of an inch lower and I heard, probably, a Farmer of the imposts, who was making his calculations upon the people.

"Is it not true (said he) that in the occasions of the state, every one should contribute in proportion to his means, after a deduction of his necessary expences? Is it not also true, that a very short man spends less in cloaths than a very tall one? Is it not true that this difference of expence is very considerable, since there is occasion for summer-habits, winter-habits, spring-habits, autumn-habits, country-habits, riding-habits, and I know not how many others? There should be likewise morning and evening habits; but the morning is not known at Babylon. I would therefore have all his Majesty's subjects measured and taxed each inversely as his stature.... Another consideration of equal weight. A Tax on Batchelors has been talked of; but it was not considered. Money should be raised upon those who are rich enough to be married, and especially upon those who are rich enough to venture upon having children. And therefore married men should be taxed in a ratio compounded of the amount of their capitation and the number of their children. I have in my pocket-book I know not how many projects as good as these, and which I have very luckily devised. Each man has his talents: this is mine: and it is well known how much it is to be prized now-a-days."

At a little distance a Grammarian was making his Observations. "Three languages (said he) are spoken at Babylon: that of the mob: that of the petit maitre; and that of the better sort. The first serves to express in a disagreeable manner, shocking things. With all their judgment, some authors have written in this language, and the Babylonians, with all their niceness, have read them with pleasure. The second is made up of a certain contexture of words without any meaning. You may talk this language a whole day together, and when you have done, it will be found

you have said nothing at all. To enter into the character of the idiom, it is essential to talk incessantly without reason, and as far as possible from common sense. The third wants a certain precision; a certain force and certain graces; but it is susceptible of a singular elegance and clearness. It will not perhaps be expressive enough of the flights of the poet or the transports of the musician: but it expresses with admirable ease all the ideas of him who observes, compares, discusses, and seeks the truth. Without doubt, it is the properest language for reasoning; and most unhappily it is the least used for that purpose."

Methought I heard a woman's voice at a little distance, and put my rod there. "I confess (said she) I am foolishly fond of this romance. Nothing can be better penned. However, this same Julia, who holds out during three volumes, and does not surrender till the end of the fourth, makes the intrigue a little too tedious. It is also pity that the viscount advances so slowly. He uses such preambles, spends so much time in protestations, and presses his conquest with so much caution, that he has put me, who am none of the liveliest, a hundred times out of patience. Surely the author was little acquainted with the manners of the nation!"

# CHAP. IX.

## Happiness.

The end of my rod by chance fell upon an assembly, where they were talking of Happiness. Each declared his opinion as follows:

"At length (says one) this superb Colonnade is laid open; they think of removing those pitiful little houses which darken that grand and beautiful front; they repent of having built under ground to adorn a place; Taste is reviving; the Arts are going to flourish: very shortly Babylon will proclaim the magnificence of the monarch and the happiness of the people.... It is a great question whether colonnades, fine squares, and large cities, will make a nation happy: they must be enriched. Industry must be excited, agriculture incouraged, manufactures increased, and trade made to flourish: without which, all the rest is nothing.... Nonsense! I have said it, and I say it again: if we will be happy, our manners must be more simple; the circle of our wants contracted; and, in a country-life, we must withdraw from the vices which attend the luxury of cities.... I do not know wherein consists the happiness of nations; but I think the happiness of individuals consists in the health of the body and peace of the mind.... Assuredly not. Health causes no lively impression, and tranquility is tiresome. To be happy, you must enjoy a great reputation; for, at every instant, your ear will be tickled with encomiums.... Yes! and at every instant your ear will be grated with censures, because there is no pleasing every body. It is my opinion, every man is happy in proportion to his authority and power: for one can gratify oneself in the same proportion.... Yes! but then that eagerness will be wanting which stamps a value upon things: if all was in

our power, we should care for nothing. For my part, I am of opinion, that to be happy we must despise all things; that is the only way to avoid all kind of vexation and trouble whatsoever.... And I think, we should concern ourselves with every thing: by that means we shall partake of every occasion of joy.... Now I think we should be indifferent to every thing: as the means of enjoying an unchangeable happiness.... I take Wisdom to be the thing, for that alone will set us above all events.... And I say, it must be Folly: for Folly creates her own happiness, independently of any thing cross or disagreeable about her.... You are all of you in the wrong. Nothing general can be assigned that may be productive of the happiness of particular persons. So many men, so many minds: this desires one kind of happiness, and that another: one wishes for riches, another is content with necessaries; this would love and be loved; that considers the passions as the bane of the soul. Every one must study himself and follow his own inclination.... Not at all; and you are as much mistaken as the rest. In vain do I persuade myself that I should be happy, if I possessed such a thing; the moment I have it, I find it insufficient, and wish for another. We desire without end; and never enjoy. A certain man was continually travelling about, and always on foot: quite tired out, he said: If I had a horse I should be contented. He had a horse; but the rain, the cold, the sun were still troublesome to him. A horse (says he) is not sufficient; a chariot only can screen me from the inclemencies of the air. His fortune increased, and a chariot was bought. What followed? Exercise till then had kept our traveller in health: as soon as that ceased, he grew infirm and gouty, and presently after, it was not possible for him to travel either on foot or on horseback or in a chariot."

# CHAP. X.

## The Hodge-Podge.

I did not keep the rod any longer in one place; but moved it here and there without distinction: and I heard only broken discourses, such as these:

"War, taxes, misery, are dreaded; insignificant fears all these: alas! mine are very different. I have here framed a system upon Earthquakes; and, by calculation, I find that near the center of the globe there is now forming an internal fire that will turn the world upside down. Within six months the earth will burst like a bomb, and all nature.... Yes! all nature vanishes in my eyes; thou alone dost exist for me: extinguish, my dear, extinguish the flame thou has lighted in my bosom. What a moment! Pleasure drowns all my senses: my soul, penetrated with delight, seems to be upon the wing: she beats, she trembles, she flies: O receive her, my dear, she is wholly thine. Ah! I hear my husband's footsteps; let us run.... Courage, brave soldiers! strike home; revenge your country; let the blood flow, and give no quarter. May the Islanders perish and the Babylonians live!... I do aver, for my part that of all the nations there is not one so gay as the Babylonians. They always take things on the most smiling side. One day of prosperity makes them forget a whole year of adversity. Even at their own misery, they all sing; and an epigram pays them for their losses caused by the follies of the Great.... O how little are our great ones! and how foolish are our wise ones! I cannot help thinking man an imperfect creature. I plainly see nature's efforts to make him reasonable; but I see too these efforts are fruitless. Materials are wanting. There are but two ages: the age of weakness in which we are born and pass two

thirds of life; and the age of infancy in which we grow old and die. I have indeed heard talk of an age of reason; but I do not see it come. I conclude therefore, and I say.... Yes! madam! of transparent cotton. The discovery was very lately made in Terra Australis: so no more colds and defluxions. Transparent handkerchiefs, gloves, and stockings, will defend from the weather, and at the same time give us a sight of that admirable bosom, those charming arms, that divine leg.... Doubts every where, certainty no where. How tired am I to hear, to read, to reflect, and to know nothing precisely. Who will tell me only what is.... This, sir, is the country-man who leaving his plough, is come to talk with you about the affair of those poor orphans which is not ended. That is true, but what would you have? We are so overwhelmed! No matter, it shall be decided.... Ah! good sir, I am glad to see you; I owe you a compliment: the last wig I had of you makes me look ten years older. Surely the gentleman did not think, I had so magisterial a face! Do you know, my dear sir, that it is enough to make me look ridiculous, and you to forfeit your reputation.... Grant, O Lord, three weeks of a westerly wind that my ship may sail.... O Lord, three weeks of an easterly wind that my ship may arrive.... Give me, O God, give me children.... O God! send a malignant fever upon my ungracious son.... O Lord! grant me a husband.... O God! rid me of mine....”

Perhaps all this Hodge-Podge will not be relished by most of my readers. I should be sorry for it. To what end then do mortals hold such odd, such silly and such contradictory discourses?

# CHAP. XI.

## The Mirrour.

As I was amusing myself with these broken speeches, the Prefect of Giphantia presented me with a Mirrour. Thou canst only (says he) guess at things: but with thy rod and that glass, thou art going to hear and see both at once; nothing will escape thee; thou wilt be as present to whatever passes.

From space to space (continued the Prefect) there are in the atmosphere portions of air which the spirits have so ranged, that they receive the rays reflected from the different parts of the earth, and remit them to this Mirrour: so that by inclining the glass different ways, the several parts of the earth's surface will be visible on it. They will all appear one after the other, if the Mirrour is placed successively in all possible aspects. It is in thy power to view the habitations of every mortal.

I hastily took up the wonderful glass. In less than a quarter of an hour I surveyed the whole earth.

I perceived many void spaces, even in the most populous countries! and yet I saw men crowding, jostling and destroying one another, as if they had wanted room.

I looked about a good-while for happiness, and found it no where; not even in the most flourishing kingdoms. I saw only some signs of it in the villages, which by their remoteness were screened from the contagion of the cities.

I beheld in one view the vast countries which nature meant to separate by still vaster oceans; and I saw men cover the sea with ships, and by that means join even these distant countries. This is plainly acting (said I) against nature's intentions: such proceedings cannot be crowned with success. Accordingly, Europe does not appear more happy since her junction with America: and I do not know whether she has not more reason to lament it.

I saw prejudices vary with the climates, and, every where, do much good and much harm.

I beheld wise nations rejoice at the birth of their children, and deplore the death of their relations and friends: I beheld others more wise stand round the new-born babe, and weep bitterly at the thoughts of the storms he was to undergo in the course of his life; they reserved their rejoicings for funerals, and congratulated the deceased upon their being delivered from the miseries of this world.

I saw the earth covered with monuments of all kinds, which human weakness erects to the ambition of heroes. In the very temples, the brass and the marble, which contain the remains of the dead, present images of war, and breathe slaughter: the very statues of those friends of mankind, of those pacific sovereigns, whom the calamities of the times involve in short wars, are adorned with warlike instruments and nations in chains, as if Laurels died in blood were only worthy to crown Kings.

I saw the most respectable of human propensities carry men to the strangest excesses. Some were addressing their prayers to the Sun, others were imploring the aid of the Moon, and others prostrating themselves before Mountains; one was trembling at the aspect of thundering Jove, another was bending the knee to an Ape. The Ox, the Dog, the Cat, had their altars. Incense was burning even to Vegetables; Grain, Beans, and Onions had their worship and votaries.

I saw the race of mankind divide themselves into as many Parties as Religions; these Parties I saw divest themselves of all humanity and cloath themselves with Fanaticism, and these Fanatics worrying one another like wild beasts.

I saw men who adored the same God, who sacrificed upon the same altar, who preached to the people the doctrine of peace and love, I saw these very men fall out about unintelligible questions, and mutually hate, persecute, and destroy one another. O God! what will become of man, if thy goodness doth not exceed their weakness and folly?

In a word, I saw the several nations, diversified in a thousand respects, all agree in their not being one better than another. All men are bad, the Ultramontane by system, the Iberian by pride, the Batavian by interest, the German by roughness, the Islander by humour, the Babylonian by caprice, and All by a general corruption of heart.

# CHAP. XII.

## The Trial.

After this general survey of the whole earth, I had a mind to view Babylon in particular. Having turned my glass to the north, and inclining it gently to the 20th meridian, I tried to find out that great city. Among the places that passed in succession under my eyes, there was one that fixed my attention. I saw a country-house, neither small nor great, neither too much adorned nor too naked. All about it was more embellished by nature than by art. It overlooked gardens, groves, and some ponds which bounded a hill on the east. A country feast was at this time celebrating, to which all the neighbouring inhabitants were come. Some, stretched on the green turf, were drinking large draughts, and entertaining one another with their former amours; and several were performing dances, which the old men did not think so fine as those of time past.

Seest thou (says the Prefect to me) in the balcony, that young lady who with a smiling air is viewing the sight? She was married some days ago, and it is on her account that this feast is made. Her name is *Sophia*: she has beauty as you see, fortune, wit, and what is worth more than all the rest, a stock of good sense. She had five Lovers at one time: none made a deep impression in her heart, none were displeasing to her; she could not tell to which to give the preference.

One day she said to them, I am young; and it is not my intention to enter yet into the bands of matrimony, which is always done too soon. If my hand is so valuable as by your eager addresses you seem to think,

exert your endeavours to deserve it. But, I declare to you that I shall not make any choice these several years.

Of Sophia's five Lovers, the first was much inclined to extravagance. Women (says he) are taken with the outside: let us spend freely and spare nothing.

The second had a fund of economy which bordered upon avarice. Sophia (says he) who has a solid judgment, must think him best that shows himself capable of amassing riches: let us turn to commerce.

The third was proud and haughty. Surely (says he) Sophia, who has noble thoughts, will be touched with the lustre of glory: let us take to arms.

The fourth was a studious man. Sophia (says he) who has so much sense, will incline to where the most is to be found. Let us continue to cultivate our mind; and strive to distinguish ourselves among the learned.

The fifth was an indolent man, who gave himself little concern about worldly affairs: he was at a loss what course to take.

Each pursued his plan, and pursued it with that ardor which love alone is capable of inspiring.

The prodigal expended part of his estate in cloaths, in equipages, in domesticks; he built a fine house, furnished it nobly, kept open table, gave balls and entertainments of all kinds: nothing was talked of but his generosity and magnificence.

The merchant set all the springs of commerce in motion, traded to all parts of the world and became one of the richest men of his country. The military man sought occasions; and soon signalized himself. The studious man redoubled his efforts, made discoveries, and became famous.

Mean while, the indolent lover made his reflections; and, believing if he remained unactive he should be excluded, he strove to conquer his indolence. The estate, he had from his ancestors, seemed to him very sufficient, and he did not care to meddle with commerce; the hurry of

war was quite opposite to his temper, and he had no mind to take to arms; he had never read but for his amusement, the sciences did not seem to him worth the pains to come at them; he had no ambition to become learned. What then is to be done? Let us wait, (says he) time will show. So he remained at his country-house, pruning his trees, reading Horace, and now and then going to see the only object that disturbed his tranquillity. Ever resolving to take some course, the time slipt away, and he took none.

The fatal hour approaches (said he sometimes to Sophia) you are going to make your choice, and most assuredly it will not be in my favour. Yet a few days, and I am undone. This peaceful retreat, those delightful fields you will not grace, you will not enliven, with your presence. Those serene days that I reckoned to pass with you in the purest of pleasures were only flattering dreams with which love charmed my senses. O Sophia! all that stirs the passions and troubles the repose of men has no power over me; my desires are all centered in you; and I am going to lose you for ever!

You are too reasonable, replied Sophia, to take it ill that I should chuse where I think I shall be happy.

At last, the time was expired, and not without many reflections, Sophia resolved to make her choice.

She said to the prodigal: if I have been the aim of your expences, I am sorry for it: but what you have done for my sake, you would have done, had I been out of the question. You have lavished away one part of your estate to obtain a wife; you would spend the other to avoid the trouble of management. I advise you never to think of it.

She told the merchant, soldier and scholar, I am sensible, you have shown a great regard for me: but I think too you have shown no less, you for riches, you for glory, and you for learning. In trying to fix my inclination, each has followed his own; each would do as much for himself as for me. Should I chuse one of you, his views would still rest upon other objects; one would be busied with increasing his fortune, the

other with his promotion in the army, and the third with his progress in the sciences. I cannot therefore satisfy any one of you: and my desire is to ingross the heart of the man who ingrosses mine.

The same day, she saw the solitary gentleman. You have long waited for it (said she to him) and I am at last going to declare my mind. You know what your rivals have done to obtain my consent: see what they were and what they are. For your part, such as you was, such you remain. I think, I see the reason. Indifferent to all other things, you have but one passion, and I am its object. I alone can render you happy. Well then! my happiness shall be in creating yours. I will share the delights of your solitude, and will endeavour to increase them.

# CHAP. XIII.

## The Talents.

I returned to my first object, and, after a long search, I perceived on the mirrour a spot of land which seemed wrapped in a cloud. There issued from thence a confused noise like the murmurs of an ebbing tide. The sun quickly dispersed the vapours, and I saw Babylon.

I saw there spectacles wherein the calamities of past times are lamented, in order to forget the calamities of the present; I saw Academies where they should examine and discuss, but where they dispute and quarrel; Temples that are built against the restoration of religion; Orators, who foretell to the seduced people the most terrible disasters, and Hearers who measure the expressions and criticize the style; a Palace wherein are placed Magistrates for the security of your property, and where you are conducted by Guides who fleece you.

I cast my eyes on the publick walks and gardens, ever open to idleness, coquetry and recreation. I beheld sitting alone on the grass a person who, with a smile, was penning down his ideas. I fixed the paper, and read what follows:

"One day Jupiter proclaimed through the whole earth, that he had resolved to distribute different talents to the different nations; that on such a day the distribution would be made at Olympus; and that the geniuses of the several nations should repair thither.

"The Genius of Babylon stayed not till the day appointed, but came the first of all to Jupiter's palace. He made his appearance with that air of confidence which is natural to him; he uttered I know not how many

very handsome and well-turned compliments, and made presents to all the celestial court with a grace peculiar to him.

"He gave the Father of the gods a quintal of wild-fire of a late invention, that his thunder may be more effectual and people begin to have faith: to Apollo a Babylonian grammar, that he may reform the oddities of the language: to Minerva a collection of Romances, that she may correct their licentiousness and teach the Romancers to write decently: to Venus two small *votive* pictures, to thank her for that the last year there were at Babylon but two hundred thousand inhabitants who bore the long and painful marks of her favours.

"He made his court to the Gods, wheedled the Goddesses, said and did so many handsome and pleasant things, that nothing was talked of at Jupiter's court but the agreeableness of the Genius of Babylon.

"Mean while, the day appointed was come: and Jupiter, having advised with his council, made the distribution of the different talents to the Geniuses of the several nations. To this he assigned the gift of Philosophy: to that, the gift of Legislation; and to another the gift of Eloquence. He said to one, Be Thou the most ingenious; to another, Be Thou the most learned, and Thou, the most frugal; and Thou, the most warlike; and Thou, the most politick: and Be Thou (said he, speaking to the Genius of Babylon) whatever thou chusest to be.

"Delighted with his success, and returning home, the Genius of Babylon is at all. He framed I know not how many schemes, and executed none. He made most excellent laws, and afterwards embroiled them with numberless explanations and comments.

"He would likewise turn Theologist, and engaged in disputes which proved fatal to him.

"He traded, gained much, enlarged his expences, and became richer and less easy.

"Orator, Poet, Merchant, Philosopher, he was every thing; and in many things he attained to perfection, but never could keep his ground."

# CHAP. XIV.

## The Taste of the Age.

Two men of letters were walking at a little distance. “Will you not own (said one of them) that, two centuries ago, our learning was in its infancy; and hardly showed to what degree it might arrive. In the last century, it took root and rose so high that nothing was seen above it. The greatest masters among the Greeks and Latins were taken for patterns: they were equalled, if not surpassed.

“Success inspires confidence; and too much confidence breeds neglect. To have the eye always on the Antients grew distasteful. They have had their merit (said the Babylonians) and we have ours: who can say we do not equal them? They therefore set up for themselves: and the taste, not the more general and of all the nations, but the taste peculiar to them characterized their works. See almost all our poems, our histories, our speeches, our books, all is after the Babylonian mode; much of art, little of nature; a vast superficies, no depth; all is florid, light, lively, sparkling; all is pretty, nothing is fine. Methinks I foresee the judgment of posterity: they will consider the works of the seventeenth century as the greatest efforts of the nation towards the excellent; and the works of the eighteenth, as pictures wherein the Babylonians have taken pleasure to paint themselves.

“If our writers are capable to go back and resume their great patterns, it is known what they can do; they are sure to please all the world, and for ever: but, if they continue to stand on their own bottom, their works will be only trinkets of fancy, on which the present taste stamps a value, and which another taste will soon bury in oblivion.”

# CHAP. XV.

## The Female Reasoner.

I saw two women apart, one of which was talking: she looked round her every moment with that air of uneasiness which expresses a confidence the most mysterious. I lent my ear; and with great difficulty I heard what follows:

"I am obliged to thee, my dear Countess, for the idea thou hast conceived of my prudence. Hearken; I will hide nothing from thee; thou shalt see how far I may be relied on. We women are forced to guess things, they will never be told us plainly: but, with a little attention, it is easy for us to see how matters are. For my part, I have reflected on the maxims of the wise men of our days, and from thence have drawn these conclusions. It is only the mob that trouble themselves now about a future state; the rewards and punishments of another world are words without a meaning; which have long been discarded by people of fashion. Beasts and men (of beasts the chief) are made to be guided by the senses; they should be actuated solely by the passions. Let each attentively listen to what is inspired into him by nature, and let him follow her inspirations; that is the way to happiness. On the other hand, society cannot subsist without laws, and laws cannot be accommodated to the passions of every citizen. They therefore who have placed their happiness in what is forbidden by law, cannot behave too circumspectly. They must always walk in the shade; mystery should follow their steps, and cast a veil on all their proceedings: in a word, they may do what they will, provided they appear to do what they ought. These, my dear Countess, are the maxims I have gathered from the Philosophy of the

time. I will not mention their influence on my conduct. Perhaps I really am what I appear to be: but I should be quite otherwise, that I might appear always such."

O Babylon! (said I to myself) the leven has fermented the whole mass. Thou appearest very corrupt; but thou art still more corrupt than thou appearest.

# CHAP. XVI.

## The Crocodiles.

During the course of my travels, I saw in Persia, on the plains watered by the Tedjen, a dispute arise which divided the country and bred a surprising animosity in the people. I was curious to see how that matter stood: I placed the mirrour in the proper position, and then put the end of the rod upon the globe, so as I could see and hear what was doing.

The plain was covered with two numerous armies; which were just going to join battle. The ground of the quarrel was this:

A pious and learned Musulman, who used to read the Alcoran with the zeal of an archangel and the penetration of a seraphim, took it in his head one day to ask whether the dove, that instructed Mahomet, spoke Hebrew or Arabic. Some said one thing, some another; and two parties were formed. They disputed, they wrote at large pro and con, and could not agree. To the warmth of the contest were added bitterness, malignity its inseparable companion, and policy, which endeavours to make an advantage of every thing. One party persecuted the other, or was persecuted, according as they were or were not uppermost. They began with the forfeiture of estates and banishments; and ended in an open war. The sectaries had caballed so well, that the people rose in arms against one another.

The two armies were just going to ingage, when a venerable old man advanced, and convening the heads, made the following speech:

“Hearken, O ye people of Chorasan. There was in Egypt a famous city called Ombi; it was near another great city named Tentyris: both were situated on the fertile banks of the Nile[2]. In that part, the river bred a great number of Crocodiles; and these voracious animals so fiercely attacked these two cities, that the inhabitants were going to remove. The governours of Tentyris were apprehensive that their authority would vanish, and the citizens would come to be dispersed. They assembled therefore the Tentyrites and said:

“*You suffer the destructive animals to increase and multiply in peace. Hear what we have to declare to you in the name of the Nile your foster-father and your God. Woe be unto you, if you remain any longer in this state of indolence! Arm without delay, and wage war against the monsters that devour your wives and children.*

“It was the injunction of the Nile, and not to be disputed. The Tentyrites took up arms, but it was with great disadvantage, and never was advice more imprudent. The Crocodiles, invulnerable in almost all the parts of their bodies, killed many more men than the men killed monsters. The governours of Ombi used a different artifice to keep the Ombites from leaving their city.

“*Hearken*, (said they to them) *the God* Nile *speaks to you by our mouth: I create plenty among the Ombites, I inrich their lands, I fatten their flocks; my waters flow and they grow rich. The Crocodile is my servant, and I permit him now and then to feed upon some of them; this is the only tribute I require for all my benefits: and, instead of rejoicing at having it in their power by a single act to render themselves agreeable to me, they destroy one another, if my servant seizes a few children. Let them cease to complain, or I will cease to feed them; I will with-hold my waters and all shall perish.*

“The moment the Ombites knew the Crocodile to be the favourite of the Nile, they erected altars to him; and, far from complaining when he was pleased to feed on their children, they gloried in it. *Is there a*

*woman more happy than I?* (said an Ombite) *I enjoy a competent fortune, have a loving husband, and three of my children have been eaten by the servant of our God Nile.*

"In the mean time, the favourite of the Nile was killed by the Tentyrites and worshipped by the Ombites. Discord and animosity inflamed them against one another; they went to war, which ended in the destruction of both. Thus perished two cities, dupes of their sincerity, devoured by the Crocodile, and butchered by each other. Let this example open your eyes, O ye unfortunate inhabitants of this happy climate. Cease to be victims of an irregular zeal: worship God, keep silence, and live in peace."

Scarce had the old man done speaking, when a general murmur and menacing looks showed him how little he had moved the assembly, so he withdrew with a sigh. Immediately the battle was joined; and I turned away my eyes that I might not behold these mad people destroy one another.

I have a great deal more to show you, (says the Prefect) let us lay down the mirrour and rod, and walk on.

# CHAP. XVII.

## The Storm.

Some paces from the noisy globe, the earth is hollowed, and there appears a descent of forty or fifty steps of turf; at the foot of which there is a beaten subterraneous path. We went in; and my guide, after leading me through several dark turnings, brought me at last to the light again.

He conducted me into a hall of a middling size, and not much adorned, where I was struck with a sight that raised my astonishment. I saw, out of a window, a sea which seemed to me to be about a quarter of a mile distant. The air, full of clouds, transmitted only that pale light which forebodes a storm: the raging sea ran mountains high, and the shore was whitened with the foam of the billows which broke on the beach.

By what miracle (said I to myself) has the air, serene a moment ago, been so suddenly obscured? By what miracle do I see the ocean in the center of Africa? Upon saying these words, I hastily ran to convince my eyes of so improbable a thing. But in trying to put my head out of the window, I knocked it against something that felt like a wall. Stunned with the blow, and still more with so many mysteries, I drew back a few paces.

Thy hurry (said the Prefect) occasions thy mistake. That window, that vast horizon, those thick clouds, that raging sea, are all but a picture.

From one astonishment I fell into another: I drew near with fresh haste; my eyes were still deceived, and my hand could hardly convince me that a picture should have caused such an illusion.

The elementary spirits (continued the Prefect) are not so able painters as naturalists; thou shalt judge by their way of working. Thou knowest that the rays of light, reflected from different bodies, make a picture and paint the bodies upon all polished surfaces, on the retina of the eye, for instance, on water, on glass. The elementary spirits have studied to fix these transient images: they have composed a most subtile matter, very viscous, and proper to harden and dry, by the help of which a picture is made in the twinkle of an eye. They do over with this matter a piece of canvas, and hold it before the objects they have a mind to paint. The first effect of the canvas is that of a mirrour; there are seen upon it all the bodies far and near, whose image the light can transmit. But what the glass cannot do, the canvas, by means of the viscous matter, retains the images. The mirrour shows the objects exactly, but keeps none; our canvases show them with the same exactness, and retains them all. This impression of the images is made the first instant they are received on the canvas, which is immediately carried away into some dark place; an hour after, the subtile matter dries, and you have a picture so much the more valuable, as it cannot be imitated by art nor damaged by time. We take, in their purest source, in the luminous bodies, the colours which painters extract from different materials, and which time never fails to alter. The justness of the design, the truth of the expression, the gradation of the shades, the stronger or weaker strokes, the rules of perspective, all these we leave to nature, who, with a sure and never-erring hand, draws upon our canvases images which deceive the eye and make reason to doubt, whether, what are called real objects, are not phantoms which impose upon the sight, the hearing, the feeling, and all the senses at once.

The Prefect then entered into some physical discussions, first, on the nature of the glutinous substance which intercepted and retained the rays; secondly, upon the difficulties of preparing and using it; thirdly, upon the struggle between the rays of light and the dried substance; three problems, which I propose to the naturalists of our days, and leave to their sagacity.

Mean while, I could not take off my eyes from the picture. A sensible spectator, who from the shore beholds a tempestuous sea, feels not more lively impressions: such images are equivalent to the things themselves.

The Prefect interrupted my extasy. I keep you too long (says he) upon this storm, by which the elementary spirits designed to represent allegorically the troublesome state of this world, and mankind's stormy passage through the same: turn thy eyes, and behold what will feed thy curiosity and increase thy admiration.

# CHAP. XVIII.

## The Gallery or The Fortune of Mankind.

Scarce had the Prefect said these words; when a folding-door opened on our right, and let us into an immense Gallery, where my wonder was turned into amazement.

On each side, above two hundred windows let in the light to such a degree, that the eye could hardly bear its splendor. The spaces between them were painted with that art, I have just been describing. Out of each window, was seen some part of the territory of the elementary spirits. In each picture, appeared woods, fields, seas, nations, armies, whole regions; and all these objects were painted with such truth, that I was often forced to recollect myself, that I might not fall again into illusion. I could not tell, every moment, whether what I was viewing out of a window was not a painting, or what I was looking at in a picture was not a reality.

Survey with thy eyes (said the Prefect) survey the most remarkable events that have shaken the earth and decided the fate of men. Alass! what remains of all these powerful springs, of all these great exploits? the most real signs of them are the traces they have left upon our canvases in forming these pictures[3].

The most antient actions, whose lustre has preserved their memory, are the actions of violence. Nimrod, the mighty hunter, after having worried the wild beasts, attacks his fellow-creatures. See in the first picture that gigantic man, the first of those heroes so renowned; see in

his looks pride, ambition, an ardent desire of rule. He framed the first scheme of a kingdom, and uniting men under the pretence of binding them together, he enslaved them.

Belus, Ninus, Semiramis ascend the throne, which they strengthen by fresh acts of violence! and of above thirty kings who successively reigned, only one closed the wounds of mankind, let Asia take breath, and governed like a philosopher: his name is almost forgot. History, which glows at the sight of renowned and tragical events, languishes over peaceable reigns: and scarce mentions such sovereigns.

Sardanapalus ends this series of kings. Enemy to noise, disorder and war, he mispends his time, shuts himself up in his palace, and sinks into effeminacy. The women, thou seest about him, neither think nor exist but for him. His looks give them life, and he receives life from theirs. What do I say? He seeks himself with astonishment and finds himself not; a surfeit of pleasures destroys his taste: he does not live, but languish.

In the mean time, two of his generals[4] loathing peace, form schemes of conquests, and feed, themselves with bloody projects. They deem themselves alone worthy to reign, because they alone breathe war in the midst of the publick tranquillity. See where they attack and dethrone their effeminate monarch: and forcing him to destroy himself, they seize and share his dominions. Thus the Assyrian empire was dismembered, after having kept Asia in continual alarms above twelve hundred years.

Kings succeeded both at Nineveh and at Babylon; and all became famous for wars and ravages[5]. One of them laid Egypt waste, plundered Palestine, burnt Jerusalem, put out the eyes of a king whose children he had murdered, drove from their country whole nations and put them in chains; and, after such expeditions, he ordered altars to be erected to him, and worship to be paid him as to a beneficent God. See at the foot of his image, incense burning and nations lying prostrate; and admire how far the pride and abjection of mortals extend[6].

The next picture represents the infancy of Cyrus, and the particular moment wherein he gave signs of that intolerable haughtiness, considered by the historians as the first sallies of a greatness of soul, which to display itself wants only great occasions. Cyrus, both by right of birth and right of conquest, united Assyria and Media to Persia, and was the founder of the largest empire that ever existed.

His successors still think their bounds too narrow: they send into Greece, which was then signalized in Europe, armies infinitely numerous, the which are destroyed: and the spirit of conquest had on that occasion the fate which unhappily it has not always.

The Greeks, freed from these powerful enemies, turn their arms against one another: they are animated by jealousy, inflamed by the warm and dangerous eloquence of their orators, and torn by civil wars. Persia falls into the same convulsions. And when perhaps every thing was tending to peace, Alexander appears, and all are embroiled worse than ever.

This picture shows him in that tender age wherein he lamented his father's conquests, and saw with grief human blood shed by wounds, he had not made. Scarce was he on the throne when he carried desolation into Greece, Persia and India. The world did not suffice for his murdering progress, and his heart was still unsatisfied. That other picture represents his death. That destructive thunderbolt is at last extinguished, Alexander expires, and casting his dying eyes on the grand monarchy he is going to leave, nothing seems to comfort him but the prospect of the bloody tragedies of which his death is to be the signal.

Of all Alexander's dominions, those to whom they belonged of right, had the least share. The empire was divided among his generals[7]. War was soon kindled amongst them, continued among their descendants, and ruined all the countries of which they had the rule.

Among so many warlike kings, Ptolemy Philadelphus appeared like a lily raised by chance in a field of thorns. See in that immense library, the monarch surrounded with old sages, who are giving him an account of the numberless volumes which are before his eyes. He was too great a

lover of mankind to disturb their tranquillity; and held them in such estimation, that he collected from all countries the productions of their wit[8]. These kinds of riches seemed to him alone worthy his care. He saw them with the same eye that other kings behold those metals which they search for in the bowels of the earth, or which they fetch from the extremities of the world through rivulets of blood.

Whilst discord rages amongst Alexander's successors and their descendants; already appeared in the center of Italy the first sparks of the flame that was to spread over the universe and consume all nations. Like those bodies of a vast weight, which, not being in their just position, swing themselves to and fro for some moments, and then fix themselves immoveably; Rome, subject successively to kings, consuls, decemvirs, military tribunes, settles a government and begins the conquest of the world.

This ambitious nation, direct at first their forces against their neighbours. In vain did the several Italian states struggle for five hundred years against the fate of Rome: one while in subjection, another while in rebellion: now conquerors, now conquered, they were all in the end forced to submit to the yoke.

Italy subdued and calmed, that is, reduced to the state of those robust bodies, which by being exhausted fall into a consumption and weakness, the Romans cross the seas, and go into Africa in search of fresh enemies and other spoils. Carthage as ambitious, perhaps as powerful, but more unfortunate than her rival, after a long and violent contest, is overcome and destroyed. Corinth and Numantia share the same fate.

About this time, Viriatus raised himself in the same manner as the Romans. In this picture, he is a huntsman; in that, a robber; in the third, a general of an army; and in the fourth, he mounts the throne of Lusitania. But he was only a victim crowned by fortune to be sacrificed to the ambition of the Romans[9].

Asia is soon opened to these insatiable conquerors. The empire daily enlarges, and that enormous power over-runs all the known world.

The first passion of the Romans was glory. During seven centuries, patriotism, which policy cherished with so great success, directed the love of glory in favour of the republic; and the Romans signalized themselves no less by their attachment to their country, than by their warlike exploits. This space was filled with a long train of heroes, and those that followed, despairing to become famous in the same manner, sought to distinguish themselves by other methods. Rome was mistress of the world; it appeared glorious to become master of Rome. Sylla, Marius, and some others, showed that such a project was not impracticable: Cæsar accomplished it. That boasted conqueror, who was reproached with so many things, effaced them all by his virtue: by his military virtue which destroyed above a million of men, oppressed his fellow-citizens, and enslaved his country. In vain did the republic exert her utmost endeavours to save her expiring liberty; she was exhausted and stretched her hands to Augustus, who, from a bad citizen, became the best of masters.

Raised to the empire, he put an end to war, and soon gave mankind a peace the most universal, they had ever enjoyed. The elementary spirits have given an idea of the pleasure of this general tranquillity, by the agreeable prospect of the landskips which are here represented.

This peace.... Pray (says I interrupting the Prefect) suspend a moment the rapid recital of so many revolutions; give me leave to examine this picture, and a little time to calm the perturbation of my mind. How I love to see that beautiful sky; those plains that lose themselves at a distance; those pastures filled with flocks; those fields covered with corn? The breath of war blows far from those climates the vertiginous spirit of heroism. This is indeed the seat of peace and tranquillity. My imagination carries me to those delightful vallies: I behold and contemplate nature, whose labours nothing interrupts, producing on every side life and pleasure. My thoughts are composed and my spirits sedate amidst the tranquillity that reigns in those places: my blood, grown cool, flows in my veins with the same gentle motion as the rivulets

that water those green turfs; and the passions now have on my mind only the effect of the zephyr, which seems to play gently among the branches of leafy trees.

# CHAP. XIX.

## The other Side of the Gallery.

The Prefect soon resumed the thread of his discourse. The quickness, wherewith he ran over the Gallery, hardly gave me time to view the several pictures he was explaining. I had not seen him before nor did I afterwards see him speak with so much action. His face was inflamed, his eyes darted fire, and his words were too slow for his eagerness.

The language, the manners, the laws of the Romans (said he) were spread over the world. The nations, conquered and settled, became members of the empire; and all the known world made but one family. By what fatality was Augustus's peace, which seemed so unalterable, of so short a duration? Mankind only breathed, and were soon inflicted with new wounds. When Rome had no more kingdoms to subdue, she had rebels to reduce. Several nations, thinking it a great happiness or a great glory to be parted from the body of the empire, rebelled in Europe, in Asia, in Africa: all were repressed. Thus most of the nations, formerly attacked and defeated, now the aggressors and reduced, continued to be hurled from one misfortune to another; and the following pictures, those which represent the more celebrated times of the first Emperors, will still go on to present to thee spectacles of blood. The three reigns of Titus, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, were three fine Days in a severe Winter.

Those times, nevertheless, were times of peace, in comparison of those that had gone before and those that came after. The empire was like a body with a good constitution, but which however is attacked with some disorders, and shews that it is not far from its decline.

Whilst the Romans, at first to extend, then to support and sometimes to inrich themselves, kept the world in awe, pulled down what attempted to rise, and penetrated wherever they were allured by rich spoils; towards the North, in those frozen climates where nature seems to reach only to expire, there arose and increased, in the bosom of peace and silence, nations who were one day to humble the pride of the masters of the world. Three centuries had not yet passed since Augustus's peace, when, in the reign of Valerianus, the deceitful hope of a more commodious and happy life armed these unpolished people. See where they are coming out of their huts, tumultuously gathering together, marching in disorder, and showing the way to the hideous multitudes who followed one another from age to age.

These foreign enemies, coming when the empire was rent with internal rebellions, shook the Colossus. It withstood however, for some time, the weight which pulled it down, and one while ready to fall, and another while erect, it seemed sometimes to be going to stand firm again.

Among the emperors who signalized themselves against the Barbarians, Probus contributed the most to support the Majesty of the Roman name. Valiant, but still more humane, he abhorred war and continually waged it. Dost thou observe, in the picture before thee, that bald old man, his air of candor, his respectable countenance, the plainness of every thing about him? It is Probus represented in the moment when, beholding Rome's enemies humbled, full of the idea of that general peace he always desired, he said: "yet a few days and the empire will have no farther occasion for soldiers." Words which rendered him worthy of the veneration of the whole earth, but which caused him to be murdered. Time passed, the efforts of the Barbarians redoubled, and blood continued to be shed.

Mean while, the enemies of Rome grew warlike, and her defenders degenerated. Of this the chief causes were pride, which increasing wants, forces the citizen to refer every thing to his private interest; the folly of most of the emperors, which bred in the people a numbness which a few

years confirm, and which whole ages cannot remove; perhaps too a weariness of the spirits; for that ambition, that haughtiness, or, if you please, that Roman grandeur, was in the course of things an excessive effort, which, like an epidemical distemper come to its height, must necessarily abate by degrees.

However this may be, a century and half after their first invasions, the Barbarians began to make real progresses, and dismember the Western part of the empire. Amidst the troubles that then existed, some kingdoms were established which still remain to this day. Just as Earthquakes, which raising the sea drown whole regions, produce also new Islands amidst the waves.

See the Goths, who after traversing sword in hand, part of Asia and all Europe, are settling in Spain: see the Angles, a people of Germany, who are passing into Great Britain, and, under pretence of aiding, are seizing it: see the Franks, other Germans, who are coming to free the Gauls from the Roman yoke and making them to submit to theirs. In these unhappy times, Rome herself shares the same fate which she had made so many cities undergo; she is plundered and sacked at several times[10].

But the next pictures present to thee, in a point of view still more dreadful, regions laid waste, fields bathed in blood, and cities in ashes. These are the exploits of Attila and his rapid incursions in Macedonia, Mysia, Thrace, Italy, and almost through the whole world which he ravaged. So many desolations, proceeding from several conquerors, would have made so many heroes: coming from a single hand, they form a terrible monster. It is thus that military virtues show themselves in their true colours, and become horrible when they meet in a center[11].

During Attila's ravages, certain Italians flying from his fury, withdraw to the Adriatic sea-side. Behold in this picture the men pale, the women dishevelled, and the children in tears. Some hide themselves among the rocks; others dig themselves subterraneous retreats; some ascend the hills, and, as far as their eyes can reach, look whither the merciless conqueror, whose name alone makes them tremble, is still pursuing them to those desolate places, so little proper for the habitation of men.

On every side thou canst see nothing but destruction and horror: very soon however proud Venice is going to rise out of these melancholy ruins.

Shortly after, the last blow is given to the Western empire. Tyrannized by its rulers, rent by factions, weakened by continual losses, and pressed by a fatal destiny, it shakes under some emperors, and falls under Augustulus. Rome and Italy, successively a prey to two Barbarians, are afterwards united to the Eastern empire, from which by fresh misfortunes they were soon after detached again.

Two centuries passed in cruel vicissitudes, when a new scourge, Mahomet, arose in the East. He was deemed at first but as an impostor worthy of contempt: but he had an understanding capable of the greatest things, and a boldness which carried him to the highest enterprizes. It was known how far he was able to go, when his progress could no longer be opposed. He over-ran part of the East, and out of the ruins founded the kingdom of the Khalifs. The nations, he subdued by force of arms, he won by seduction; and, more fatal still to mankind than all the heroes whose pernicious actions die with them, he sullied the human species with a stain which probably will never be effaced[12].

In the West, the misfortunes of the Romans are renewed. The Lombards waste Italy, the Moors settle in Spain, from whence they threaten the French: new swarms of Barbarians are going to invade the finest countries of Europe.

At this time, from the bosom of France arises a Prince full of genius, and of that military ardor which, in a calm, would have brought on a storm; but which, finding the tempest formed, like an impetuous wind, blew it away: this was Charlemain. In this picture, he checks the Saracens; in that, he subdues Germany; moreover, he destroys in Italy the power of the Lombards, founds the temporal authority of the Popes, and receives the crown of the Western empire.

Charlemain's empire soon fell to pieces. The partitions of the princes, and the ambition of some chiefs, detach whole nations from it. Weak or avaricious emperors give or sell liberty to others. The rest is under

particular lords: the sovereign scarce keeps the title and shadow of authority.

Dost thou observe that battle? seest thou a numerous army defeated by fifteen hundred men? It is the æra of the liberty of the Helvetic body. Members of the empire, but oppressed by tyrants, the Swiss shake off the yoke and form a government, the wisdom of which cannot be too much admired. Their commerce extends but to necessaries: they have soldiers only for their defence, and these too are trained among other nations: a constant peace reigns in the republic. Without covetousness, without jealousy, without ambition, liberty and necessaries content them. They are a people that talk the least of philosophy, and are the most philosophical.

Whilst the new Western empire is rent, the Eastern is destroyed. Thou seest coming out of Asia the last swarm of Barbarians which were to fall upon Europe[13]. They advance: and, like huge masses which acquire more force in proportion to the height they fall from, they crush Constantinople and seize the Eastern empire, which they still possess to this day.

Such is the disastrous contexture of the compendious History of mankind: the crowd of particulars is only a crowd of less noted calamities. The total of the nations, especially the European, is like a mass of quicksilver, which the lightest impression puts in motion, which the least shake divides and subdivides, and of which chance unites again the parts in a thousand different manners. Who will find the means to fix them?

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

# GIPHANTIA:

## PART II.

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# GIPHANTIA.

## PART THE SECOND.

# CHAP. I.

## The Repast.

My zeal has carried me farther than I should have imagined, added the Prefect; it is time to think of what concerns thee. The air of Giphantia is lively and full of active corpuscles; it keeps up the spirits; and, in spite of the fatigues, thou hast endured in the desart, it does not suffer thee to have the least sense of weariness, However, thou hast need of a more solid food. I have ordered thee a Repast, and I will regale thee after the manner of the elementary spirits.

We went out of the gallery; and the Prefect conducted me to a grotto, of which the architecture was so strange, that I dare not venture to describe it. The whole furniture was a marble table and a cane-chair, on which he bid me sit down.

Whatever I saw at Giphantia was extraordinary, the Repast to which I was invited was not less so. Thirty salt-sellers filled with salts of different colours, were placed on the table in a circle round a fruit, much like our melons. There was also a glass decanter full of water, round which other salt-sellers formed another circle.

These preparations were not very tempting; I never had less appetite. However, not to affront a host, to whom I was so much obliged, I tasted the fruit that he offered me. The purest chymical earth purged of all foreign matter, would have more taste. I forced myself to swallow a few bits. I drank a glass of water: And I told the Prefect, that my strength was more than sufficiently recruited, and if he pleased, we would continue to visit the rarities of Giphantia.

Thou hast had (said he) the complaisance to taste the fruit and the liquor, thou wilt farther oblige me to season them both. The salts which stand round them have, perhaps, more virtue than thou art aware of. I invite thee to try.

Upon these words, I viewed the salt-sellers more attentively, I saw that each had a label; and I read upon those that surrounded the insipid fruit, salt of woodcock, salt of quail, salt of wild-duck, salt of trout, *&c.* Upon the others, I read, concrete juice of Rhenish, of Champagne, of Burgundy, of Usquebaugh, of oil of Venus, of Citron, *&c.*

Having taken a small slice of the fruit, I spread upon it a grain of one of those salts; and putting it to my mouth I took it for the wing of an ortolan. I looked upon the salt-seller from whence I had the salt, and saw the word *ortolan* on the label. Astonished at this phænomenon, I spread upon another slice salt of turbot, and I thought I was eating one of the finest turbots the channel ever produced. I tried the same experiment upon the water; according to the salt I dissolved in it, I drank wine of Beaune, of Nuis, of Chambertin, *&c.*

My lord, (said I to the Prefect) you have shewn me the columns, the globe, the mirrour, the pictures; I have admired the mechanism of these masterpieces, and the wonderful skill of the elementary spirits; but now, my admiration is turned to desire. Is a mortal allowed to enter into the physical mysteries of the spirits? May I learn from you, this invaluable secret of your saline powders.

Now-a-days more than ever, (added I) men (especially the Babylonians) seek with eagerness whatever can please the senses; and one of the things which raises the greatest emulation, is to have a table covered with exquisite dainties. Their fore-fathers did not look upon a good cook as a *person divine*. The most simple preparations sufficed for their food: they thought no wines excelled those of their own country; and sometimes those good men made a little too free with them. The modern Babylonians disgusted at this simplicity, and hating hard drinking, have taken a different method. They are become sober, but of a sensual and ambitious sobriety, which, by unheard of extracts and

mixtures, perpetually creates new tastes. They search in the smallest fibres of the animals for the purest substance, and, under the name of essences, they inclose in a little phial the produce of what would suffice for the nourishment of the most numerous families. The most exquisite wines cannot satisfy their palate; they esteem nothing but what is owing to a violence done to the order of nature's productions. They extract the most active spirit of wine, and thereto add all the spices of India: And, with such liquors, seeds of fire, collected from all the countries of the world, flow in their veins.

You see (continued I) that with the secret of your savoury crystalizations, I should be able to satisfy the nicest palates, and please the most curious lovers of variety. But what is much more important, these saline extracts, which are not prepared by the pernicious arts of the distiller and cook, these extracts, I say, would not spoil the stomach in pleasing the taste; high health would revive among us; the primitive constitutions would be restored by degrees; and mankind would resume a new youthful vigour; in all respects, a man might be a glutton without danger, and, that is saying a great deal of a vice, which is become incorrigible.

I was not refused: In less than half an hour, the Prefect taught me the whole art; I actually resolve the savours, with the same ease that Newton did the colours. From all the fruits that go to decay, from all the plants of no use, from even the herbs of the field, in a word, from all bodies whatever, I extract all their savoury parts; I analyze these parts; I reduce them to their primitive particles; and then uniting them again in all imaginable proportions, I form saline powders, which give such a taste as is desired. I can inclose in a small snuff-box, wherewith to make in an instant a complete entertainment, courses, ragouts, fricassees, deserts, coffee, tea, with all kinds of wine and other liquors. From a single bit, though ever so insipid, I produce at pleasure the wing of a partridge, the thigh of a woodcock, the tongue of a carp, *&c.* From a decanter of water, I draw Tomar, Ai, Muscadine, Malmsey, Chian wine, Lacryma Christi, and a thousand others.

My secret should have been publick before now; but all the advantages accruing from it do not remove a fear, which, as will be seen, is surely not without foundation. I am apprehensive that certain gentlemen, incessantly busied to open new channels to convey to them the substance of the people, may lay their greedy hands upon my salt, and undertake to distribute it, charged with some light tax. These light taxes are known always to grow heavier, and end with crushing; much like those snow-balls, which, rolling down from the top of the mountains, and soon growing immensely large, root up trees, throw down houses, and destroy the fields. Let these gentlemen give in our newspapers, a positive assurance that they will never meddle with the management of my savours; the next day, I will publish my secret, distribute my powders, and regale all Babylon.

I think I know the world: these gentlemen, you will see, will keep silence, and I my salt, and so nobody will be regaled.

# CHAP. II.

## The Kernels.

My dinner ended and my lesson learnt, we sate out again. Let us (said the Prefect) take the benefit of this long shady walk, and go to the grove at the end of it. By the way, I will explain some matters relating to what I am going to show thee.

Adam had just been driven out of Paradise, (continued the Prefect:) The tree, from which the fatal apple was gathered, disappeared: Innocence, everlasting peace, unmixt pleasure vanished; and death covered the earth with her mournful vail. Witnesses of Adam's sin and punishment, the elementary spirits remained in a consternation mixt with astonishment and fear. All was silent, like the dreadful calm, which, in a gloomy night, succeeds the flashes of lightening.

One of our spirits perceiving on the ground the remains of the fatal apple, hastily took them up, and found three Kernels: these were so many treasures.

The forbidden tree, which was the cause of Man's misery, was to have been the cause of his happiness. It contained the shoots of the sciences, arts, and pleasures. The little, men know of these things, is nothing in comparison of what this mysterious tree would have disclosed in their favour. It was to vegetate, blossom, and bear seed for ever; and the least of these seeds would have been the source of more delights than ever existed among the children of men.

We took great care of the three Kernels, which had escaped the total ruin just then befallen mankind; this was not sufficient to repair their unhappy fate, but it helped to soften it. As soon as we were returned to Giphantia, we consulted upon what we could do in favour of mankind so terribly fallen. Most of the spirits took the office of governing the elements, and, as far as lay in their power, of directing their motions, according to the wants of men. Those that remained at Giphantia, were entrusted with the sowing of the three Kernels, and carefully to mind what they produced.

# CHAP. III.

## Antient Love.

As we were talking we entered into a pretty large grove, in the midst of which, I perceived a star formed by most beautiful shrubs. From every part of these shrubs there darted forth a luminous matter, whereon were painted all the colours of the rain-bow. Thus the sun, viewed through the boughs of a thick tree, seems crowned with sparkling rays, on which shine the liveliest and most variegated colours.

The first Kernel taken from the fatal apple and committed to the ground, (said the Prefect of Giphantia) produced a shrub of the nature of those thou seest. Its leaves were like those of the myrtle. Its purple blossoms, speckled with white, were raised round their stalks in form of pyramids. Its boughs were thick and interwoven with one another in a thousand different ways. It was the most beautiful tree, nature had ever produced, therefore it was her most favorite object. A soft zephyr, gently moving its leaves, seemed to animate them; and never were they ruffled by the impetuous north winds; never was the course of its sap obstructed by winter's frost, or its moisture exhausted by summer's scorching heats; an eternal spring reigned around it. This singular tree, was the Tree of Love.

It is well known what influence the extraneous particles of the air have upon us. Some accelerate or retard the motions of the blood, others dull or raise the spirits, sometimes they brighten the imagination, and sometimes they cloud it with the gloomy vapours of melancholy. Those that were exhaled from the tree of Love, and dispersed over the earth, brought the seeds of the most alluring pleasure. Till then, men, left to a

blind instinct, which inclined them to propagate their species, shared that advantage (if it is one) with the rest of the animals. But, like a flower which opens to the first rays of the sun, their hearts soon yielded to the first impressions of love, and instinct gave place to sentiment.

With that passion they received a new life; the face of nature seemed changed; every thing became ingaging; every thing touched them.

The other passions disappeared, or were, in respect of this, like brooks to a river in which they are going to be lost.

Superior to all events, love heightened pleasure, asswaged pain, and gave a charm to things the most indifferent. It enlivened the graces of youth, alleviated the infirmities of age, and lasted as long as life.

Its power was not confined to the creating a tender and unchangeable attachment to the object beloved; it inspired also a certain sentiment of sweetness, which was infused into all men, and united them together. Society was then as an endless chain, each link was composed of two hearts joined by love.

The pleasure of others was a torment to none: Gloomy jealousy had not possessed the human heart, nor envy shed her venom there. Concord multiplied pleasures: A man was not more pleased with his own, than with the happiness of others.

Mankind was yet in infancy, and unacquainted with excesses. Adversity did not depress them to annihilation, nor prosperity puff them up to the loss of their senses. Their wants were few, the arts had not increased them. Frightful poverty appeared not among them, because they knew not riches; every one had necessaries, because none had superfluities. Utter strangers to the ridiculousness of rank, they were not exalted with insolence, nor did they servilely cringe; no man was low, because no man was high. All was in order, and men were as happy as their state would admit of. O nature! why dost thou not still enlighten us with those days of peace, harmony, and love!

# CHAP. IV.

## The Grafts.

The stinging nettle and wild briar increase and are renewed, (continued the Prefect) the tree of Love had not that privilege. Its blossoms vanished without leaving a kernel, and its shoots planted in the ground did not take root; they died and nature groaned.

Mean while, this only tree was going to decay; its sap withdrew from most of the branches, and the faded leaves withered on their boughs.

The elementary spirits were sensible how valuable the treasure was, that the sons of men were going to lose, and were under the deepest concern for them. They studied therefore to find the means to fix love upon earth, and imagined they had succeeded.

They took from the languishing and exhausted tree, its best shoots and grafted them upon different stocks. This precaution saved love, but at the same time, altered its nature. Nourished by an extraneous sap, these shoots and their emanations quickly degenerated: So the exotic plants which grow in our gardens by the assiduous care of the gardiner, change their nature, and lose almost all their virtues.

Love then existed among men; but what love? It sprung from caprice, was attached without choice, and vanished with levity: It became such as it is at this day amongst you. It is no longer that common band which united mankind, and rendered them happy; it is on the contrary, an inexhaustible fountain of discord. Formerly, it was stronger alone than all the passions together; it was subject only to reason: Now, it is overcome by the weakest passion, and hearkens to any thing but reason.

To say the truth; it is no longer Love: Phantoms have taken its place, and receive the homage of men. One in the highest ranks only finds objects worthy his vows; he thinks it love, it is only ambition. Another fixes his heart where fortune is lavish of her gifts, he imagines, love directs him, but it is thirst of riches. Another flies from where delicateness of sentiments calls for his care and regard, and runs where an easy object hardly gives him time to desire. What is the ground of his haste? a depraved appetite for pleasure. Of pure, sincere, and unmixt love there is none left; the grafts are quite spoiled.

At Babylon, degenerated love varied with the fashions, the manners, and every thing else. At first it gave into the Romantick: This was in the days of our good Knights Errant. It was all fire, transport, extasy. The eye of the fair was a sun, the heart of the lover was a volcano, and the rest of the same stamp.

In time, it was found, that all this was departing a little from nature; in order therefore, to make it more natural, love was dressed like a shepherd with a flock and pipe; and spoke the language of a swain. In the heart of his noisy and tumultuous city, a Babylonian sung the refreshing coolness of the groves, invited his mistress to drive her flock thither, and offered to guard it against the wolves.

The pastoral language being drained, the sentiment was refined, and the heart analysed. Never had love appeared so subtilised. To make a tolerable compliment to a girl beloved, a man must have been a pretty good metaphysician.

The Babylonians, weary of thinking so deeply, from the height of these sublime metaphysicks fell into free speeches, double-meanings, and wanton stories. Their behaviour was agreeable to their talk; and love, after having been a valiant knight-errant, a whining shepherd and a sublime metaphysician, is at last grown a libertine. It will soon become a debauchee, if it is not so already; after which, nothing remains but to turn religious; and this is what I expect.

Moreover, the Babylonians flatter themselves with being a people the most respectful to the ladies, and boast of having it from their ancestors. In this respect, as in all others, two things must be distinguished at Babylon, the appearance and the reality. In appearance, no place where women are more honoured; in reality, no place where they are less esteemed. Outwardly, nothing but homages, inwardly, nothing but contempt. It is even a principle at Babylon, that the men cannot have, in an assembly, too much respect for the sex, nor, in private too little.

# CHAP. V.

## Voluptas or Pleasure.

We came out of the grove. Men (said I to the Prefect) are highly indebted to you for preserving love, degenerated as it is. If you did but know what a void there is among them now-a-days! Their amusements are so few, that the least of all must be to them very valuable. Love no longer makes their happiness; but it diverts them at least. What would the Babylonians do, if love did not put in motion all those walking statues, which you see so busy about the women? They sigh, they complain, they request, they press, they obtain, they are happy or dupes; it is just the same thing: But time passes, and that is enough for the Babylonians.

"In the beginning (continued the Prefect) nature, ever attentive to the welfare of men, begot Voluptas. She was an unadorned native beauty, but full of those charms which characterises whatever comes out of the hands of the common parent of all Beings. Nature gave her a golden cup, and said: Go among men; draw pleasure out of my works; present it without distinction to all mortals; quench their thirst, but make them not drunk."

Voluptas appeared upon earth. Men flocked together in crowds; all drank largely of her cup; all quenched their thirst, none were intoxicated. Voluptas made herself desired, presented herself seasonably, and was always received with joy. As she offered herself with restriction, she was always cherished and never cloyed. Men, not being enervated by excess, preserved to a very advanced age, all their organs in vigor; their taste remained; and old age still drank of Voluptas's cup.

Nature has a rival, called Art, who, incessantly employed in rendering himself useful or agreeable to society, strives to supply what nature cannot or will not do for men. He resumes nature's works, retouches them, sometimes embellishes, often disguises and degrades them.

Art failed not to observe the conduct of Voluptas, and to refine whatever she offered to mankind. He could not bear an interval between pleasures, and would have them succeed one another without intermission. He ransacked all the countries of the world, united all the objects of sensuality, and multiplied a thousand ways the pleasures of sense. Men, surrounded with so many alluring objects, thought themselves happy, and in their intoxication, said: *Without Art, Nature is nothing*. But very soon their senses were cloyed; satiety bred disgust, and disgust made them indifferent to all kinds of pleasure. Neither Art nor Nature could affect them to any degree. From that time, they have hardly been able to amuse or divert themselves. Voluptas has no longer any charms for them.

# CHAP. VI.

## Perpetual Youth.

There is no place (continued the Prefect) where these dissipations, supposed to supply the room of pure pleasure, are more necessary than at Babylon; so there is no place where they are more frequent.

The Babylonians are known not to be made for much thinking, and, for good reason, it is not desired they should think. A wise policy has always proposed to keep as many employed as possible, and to amuse the rest.

For these last it is, that the arts of amusement are incouraged, that publick walks are kept up at a great charge, that spectacles of all kinds are exhibited, and so many places tolerated, where gaming, drinking, and licentiousness serve for food to these heedless men, who, without these avocations, would not fail to disturb the society.

These various avocations fill up the moments of life to such a degree, that there is no time for recollection, and for counting the years that insensibly fly away. A man declines, decays, is bent under the load of years, and he has not once thought of it.

Rather let us say, there is no old-age at Babylon, for men of this kind: A perpetual Youth runs through their life; the same agitations in the heart, the same dullness in the soul, and the same void in the mind. Youths of twenty-five and of sixty, march with an equal pace to the same end. The desires, eagernesses, sallies, excesses are the same. All forgetful of themselves, still go on; and death alone is capable to stop the career of these decrepid youths.

It is remarkable, that one day, one of those young old men, bethought himself to make reflections. “When a man (said he) is come, like me, to a certain age, he does not fully live, he dies by degrees, and he ought successively to renounce whatever does not suit his state. There are things that become nobody, which however are connived at in youth; but which make an old man ridiculous. What business have I now with this costly furniture, these splendid equipages, with this table served with so much profusion? Am I excusable for keeping a mistress, whose luxuriousness will not fail to ruin me in the end? does it become me to appear still in those places, where licentiousness carries inconsiderate youth? I will forsake a world for which I am no longer fit, and will embrace that peaceful and retired life to which my declining age invites me. What I shall retrench from my expences, I will give to my nephew, who is coming; into the world, and should set out with some figure. Since I am dying by degrees, so by degrees he ought to inherit.”

This resolution being taken and well taken, a friend of his comes to visit him, sees him thoughtful, asks the reason and learns his design. “What, (says he to him) have you not still spirit enough to withstand reason? She knocks, and it is going to be opened! what do you mean? Reason may be of use to a young man, to curb the fury of his passions; but must be fatal to an old one, in totally extinguishing the little relish he has left for pleasures. What a fine sight will it be, to see Plutarch’s morals, Nicole’s essays, and Pascal’s thoughts lodged in thy brain, close by Bocace’s novels, La Fontaine’s tales, and Rousseau’s epigrams! Believe me: Reason is good only for those, who have cultivated it long ago; heads made like ours cannot suit it. Our maxims and reason’s are too contradictory; and instead of regulating, it would throw all into disorder and confusion.”

“But (replied our new convert) dost thou know what thou art doing with thy extraordinary eloquence? never was so much reason used to prove, that we must act against reason. Come, let us go, my dear marquis, a free supper waits us at the ... where the nymph, thou

knowest, will compleat my conviction: From thence we will go to the ball. Tomorrow, champagne at your cousin the countess's, and lansquenet, at our friend the President's."

# CHAP. VII.

## The Itchings.

We walked toward the south. On this side, Giphantia ends in a point, and forms a little promontory, from whence there is a large prospect. This promontory is covered all over with a plant, whose boughs descend and creep every way. This is the production of the second Kernel. The plant never bears either leaves or blossoms, or fruit: It is formed by an infinite number of very thin small fibres, which branch out of one another.

View carefully the fibres (says the Prefect to me.) Dost thou see at their extremity, little longish bodies, which move so briskly? They are small maggots, which this plant breeds; whether vegetation, carried beyond its usual bounds, produces them; or whether there comes at the extremity of the fibres, a sort of corruption, by which they are engendered. In time, these maggots waste away so as to become invisible: But withal they get wings, and growing flies, they disperse themselves over the earth. There, they stick fast to men, and cease not to infest them with a sting given them by nature. And as the tarantula, with the poison which she leaves in the wound she has made, inspires an immoderate desire to leap and dance, just so these small insects cause, according to their different kinds, different Itchings. Such are the itch of talking, the itch of writing, the itch of knowing, the itch of shining, the itch of being known, with a hundred others. Hence, all the motions, men put themselves into, all the efforts they make, all the passions that stir them.

The sensation they feel on these occasions, is so manifestly such as we are describing, that when any one is seen in an uncommon agitation of body or mind, it is very usual to say, *What fly stings? what maggot bites?* Though nothing can be seen, it is perceived that the cause of so many motions is a stinging: A man often finds it by experience, and knows what it is owing to.

When once men are troubled with these restless prickings, they cannot be quiet. He, for instance, that is stung with the itch of talking, is continually discoursing with every body, correcting those that do not need it, informing those that know more than himself. His visage opens, lengthens, and shortens at pleasure: He laughs with those that laugh, weeps with those that weep, without sharing the joy of the one, or the grief of the other. If by chance he gives you room to say any thing, speak fast and stop not; for, in an instant, he would begin again, and take care not to be interrupted. Never does he lend an ear to any one; and even when he seems to hold his tongue, he is still muttering to himself. He despises nothing so much as those silent animals, who hear little and speak still less; and he thinks no men more worthy of envy than those, who have the talent of drawing a circle of admirers, of raising the voice in the midst of them, and of saying nothings incessantly applauded.

Sometimes the itch of talking is turned into the itch of writing; which comes to the same thing; for writing, is talking to the whole world. Then those torrents of words, which flow from the mouth, change their course and flow from the pen ... what numbers of bablers in these silent libraries! Oh how must those who have ears, and run over these immense collections, be stunned with what they hear! They are like great fairs, where each author cries up his wares to the utmost of his power, and spares nothing to promote the sale. Come (says an Antient) come and learn of me to practice virtue and become happy; come and draw from these pure fountains, whose streams are polluted by the corruption of men.... Come rather to me (cries a Modern) time and observation have opened our eyes; we see things, and only want to show them to you.... Mind them not (says a Romancer) seek not truth there; truth still lies in

the bottom of Democritus's well. Come therefore to me for amusement, and I will help you to it. Come and read the life and exploits of the duke of * * * *, the model of the court; he never attacked a girl without debauching her; he has embroiled above fifty families, and thrown whole towns into confusion: He must, it is plain, be one of the most accomplished men of the age.... I have things to offer you, much more interesting than all this, (says a Versifier) I have the prettiest odes and finest songs in the world, little soft verses, nosegays for Iris, and a complete collection of all the riddles and symbolical letters, which for these ten years have puzzled the sagacity of the strongest heads in Babylon.... Away with those trifles (says a Tragic Poet) and come to me: I manage the passions as I please: I will force tears from your eyes, transport you out of your senses, and make your hair stand an end.... That is very kind indeed, (says a Comic Poet) but I believe, it will be better to come to me, who will make you laugh at all others and even at yourselves. I pity you all, (says a Man-hater) burn me all those books there and mine too; and let there be no mention of learning, arts, sciences, and the like wretched things; for it is I that tell you, as long as you have any reason, you shall have neither wisdom, nor conduct, nor happiness.

I say nothing of the itch of knowledge, which should always precede that of writing, and which commonly follows it at a good distance, and often never comes at all.

At Babylon, the itch of being singular, is like an epidemical disease. It is pretty well known wherein the Babylonians are alike, but it would be the work of an age, to say wherein they differ. Every one distinguishes himself by some remarkable stroke. Hence comes the mode of portraits, and the facility of drawing them. Draw them by fancy, you are sure they will meet with a likeness; draw them after nature, you will never fail of originals. There are some for the pulpit, for the use of the orators who want grace, there are some for the theatre, for the use of poets who want genius, there are some for writings of all kinds, for the use of the authors who want ideas.

The most troublesome of all the itches produced by these insects, is the itch of being known. Thou canst not conceive, what efforts are made by all the men stung with this itch. I say all the men; for, who has not a view to reputation and fame? The Artisan shows his work, the Gamester his calculations, the Poet his images, the Orator his grand strokes, the Scholar his discoveries, the General his campaigns, the Minister his schemes. And even he that sees the nothingness of this chimæra, still contemplates its charms, and sighs after it: Just so a lover, with a troubled heart, strives to abandon a faithless mistress, from whom he cannot bear to part. What designs, what efforts of imagination to make one's self talked of! how many things attempted and dropt! what hopes, fears, cares, and follies of every kind!

# CHAP. VIII.

## Compensations.

What you tell me (says I) is very extraordinary. But I cannot see why the elementary spirits raise and cultivate this plant with so great care. They who wish us so much good, in this respect do us very little. To behold men, stung to the quick, acting like madmen, losing their senses for chimeras, is a thing, in my opinion, deserving pity; but perhaps it may be an amusement to the elementary spirits.

Like many others (replied the Prefect) thou judgest and seest things but in one view. The itches have their inconveniences; but that is nothing in comparison of their advantages. Without the itch of talking and writing, would eloquence be known? Would the sciences have been transmitted and improved from generation to generation? Would not you be like so many untaught children, without ideas, without knowledge, without principles? Was it not for the itch of being known, who would take the pains to amuse you, to instruct you, to be useful to you by the most interesting discoveries? Without the itch of ruling, who would busy themselves in unravelling the chaos of the laws, in hearing and judging your quarrels, in watching for your safety? Without the itch of shining, in what kingdom would policy find a vent for those respectable knick-knacks wherewith she adorns those she is pleased to distinguish? And yet, this kind of nothings are, for the good of the state, to be acquired at the price even of blood. Thanks to our flies, there are some mad enough to sacrifice all for their sake, and others fools enough to behold them with veneration.

Take away our insects, and men stand stupidly ranged by one another, like so many statues; let our insects fly, and these statues receive new life, and are as busy as bees. One sings, another dances, this reads his verses and falls into an extasy, that hears him and is tired: The Chymist is at his furnace, the Speculatist in his study, the Merchant at sea, the Astronomer discovers a new satellite, the Physician a new medicine, the soldier a new manœuvre; in fine, the statues are men; and all this is owing to this plant and our care.

I beg (said I to the Prefect) we may stand at a distance from this admirable plant; I dread more than I can express, the neighbourhood of these volatiles. I rejoice much to see them authors of so many benefits; but I fear still more, the uneasiness they create.

# CHAP. IX.

## Nil Admirari.

Your fearfulness, (says the Prefect) surprises me. Tell me, I pray, what idea hast thou of what is called grandeur, dignities, and high rank in a state?

I am in this world (answered I) like a traveller, who goes on his way curiously observing the objects, but desiring none, because he is but a passenger. Moreover, if things are estimated according to the happiness they procure, I do not think that the highest places should be much valued; for, I see, they make no man happy, and are a misfortune to many.

What of riches? added the Prefect.

Pleasure (said I) is like a very rare commodity, which, however, every one would fain purchase. Among those that succeed, the rich buy it very dear, it comes cheap to the rest: One may as well be among the last as the first. Of the few pleasures that exist, the lower class enjoy as large a share as the highest.

What of wit, genius, talents? says the Prefect.

One half of the world, replied I, study to amuse the other. The first class is formed of men of talents; whose brains are wound up by nature higher than ordinary. They are incessantly striving to please: If they fail, they waste away with grief; if they succeed, it is never fully, and a single censure creates them more pain than all the encomiums together give them pleasure. It is, therefore, better to be of the second class, I mean among those who are amused by the others.

As far as I see, said the Prefect, the aspect of the great and their pomp, of the scholar and his extensive genius, of the rich and his vast possessions, makes little or no impression on thy mind.

I confess, replied I, that no man was ever less dazzled with all this than myself. Wrapt in a certain coolness of sense, I am guarded against all strong impressions. I behold with the same eye the ignorant who know nothing, and the learned who know all, except truth; the protector who plans, though he knows his weakness, and the protected who cringes, though he perceives his superiority; the peasant that is disgusted with the simplicity of his diet, and the rich sensual, who with thirty niceties, can hardly make a dinner; the duchess, loaded with diamonds, and the shepherdess decked with flowers; vanity, which dwells in the cottage as well as in the palace, and upholds the low as well as the high; care, which sits on the throne by the king, or follows the philosopher in his retirement. All the parts on the stage of this world, seem to me one no better than another: but I do not desire to act any. I would observe all and be taken up with nothing. Hence it is, that I dreaded the neighbourhood of these restless flies....

And hence it is precisely, interrupted the Prefect, that thou hadst nothing to fear from them. Thou admirest nothing; it is sufficient: The flies can take no hold of thee. The first impression they must make, is the impression of surprise and admiration; if they make not that, they miss their aim. But the moment admiration is admitted, a crowd of passions quickly follow. For, in the object of wonder, great hurt or great good is expected. Hence Love or Aversion, and all their attendants; restless Desire which never sleeps; Joy, which embraces and devours its objects; Melancholy, which, at a distance, and with weeping eyes, contemplates and calls for what it dreads: Confidence, which walks with head erect, and often meets a fall; Despair, which is preceded by fear and followed by madness, and a thousand others. If thou wilt rest secure from their attacks, cherish thy coolness of sense, and never lose sight of the grand principle,

Nil Admirari.

# CHAP. X.

## The Fantastical Tree.

After having walked some time by the side of a rivulet, we came into a beautiful and spacious meadow. It was enamelled with a thousand sorts of flowers, whose various colours were, at a distance, blended together and formed shining carpets, such as art has never woven. The meadow was bounded by a piece of rock, like a wall; against which grew a tree, like an espalier. It did not rise above a man's height, but spread itself to the right and left, the length of the rock, above three hundred paces. Its leaves were very thin and very narrow, but in such abundance, that it was not possible to see the least part, either of the trunk or of the branches, or of the surface of the rock.

Thou seest, said the Prefect, the product of the third and last Kernel; we give it the name of the Fantastical Tree.

From this precious tree it is, that inventions, discoveries, arts and sciences take their original; and that by a mechanism, which will surprise thee.

Thou knowest that the fibres of the leaves of a tree, are ranged uniformly on each of them; to see one, is to see all the rest. Here, this uniformity has no place; each leaf has its fibres ranged in a particular manner; there are not two alike in the Fantastical Tree. But, what is most wonderful, the fibres, on each leaf, are ranged with symmetry, and represent distinctly a thousand sorts of objects; one while a colonnade, an obelisk, a decoration; another while mechanical instruments; here,

geometrical diagrams, algebraical problems, astronomical systems; there, physical machines, chymical instruments, plans of all kinds of works, verse, prose, conversation, history, romances, songs, and the like.

These leaves do not fade. When come to perfection they grow by degrees prodigiously small, and roll themselves up in a thousand folds. In this state, they are so light, that the wind blows them away; and so small, that they enter through the pores of the skin. Once admitted into the blood, they circulate with the humours, and generally stop at the brain, where they cause a singular malady, the progress of which is thus:

When one of the leaves is settled in the brain, it is imbibed, dilated, opened, becomes such as it was on the Fantastical Tree, and presents to the mind the images wherewith it is covered. During the operation, the patient appears with his eyes fixed, and a pensive air. He seems to hear and see what passes about him, but his thoughts are otherways employed. He walks sometimes at a great rate, and sometimes stands stock-still. He rubs his forehead, stamps with his foot, and bites his nails. They who have seen a geometrician upon the solution of a problem, or a naturalist on the first glimpse of a physical explication, must have observed these symptoms.

This violent state proceeds from the efforts of the soul, to discern what is traced on the leaf; it holds longer or shorter, according as the leaf takes up more or less time in displaying, and aptly presenting itself.

The abatement of the malady appears by light emanations from the brain, such as some ideas suddenly conceived, some designs hastily thrown upon paper, some scheme sketched in a hurry. The soul begins to discern the objects, and contemplate at leisure the Fantastical leaf.

These last symptoms declare an approaching crisis, which quickly shows itself in a general evacuation of all that has been transmitted to the brain. Then verses flow, difficulties are cleared, problems are resolved, phenomena are explained, dissertations are multiplied, chapters are heaped upon chapters; and the whole takes the form of a

book, and the patient is cured. Of all the accidents which afflicted him, there only remains an immoderate affection for the offspring of his brain, of which he was delivered with so much pain.

# CHAP. XI.

## Predictions.

Behold, added the Prefect, showing me the extent of the Fantastical Tree, behold leaves for a century of designs, of discoveries, and of writings. Thou mayest examine at thy leisure what, during that space, will torment above a million of heads.

I drew near, and attentively viewed a good while the wonderful tree, especially those branches on which the sciences vegetated; and after having examined it to the last boughs with all the attention and exactness I am capable of, I think myself qualified to make here some Predictions.

The historical branch has an admirable effect; all the events are painted like a camayeu[14], as by the hand of the greatest masters. So many leaves, so many little pictures. What will most surprise, is, that these pictures, seen in different points of view, represent the same subject, but represent it very variously: And, according to the manner of beholding it, the same action appears courageous or rash, zealous or fanatical, rational or silly, proud or magnanimous. So, according to the point of view, wherein these leaves present themselves to the brain of an historian, he will see things in a good or bad light, and will write accordingly. I would not have such works entitled, *The history of what passed in such a time*, but rather, *The manner in which such an author saw what passed.* Moreover this branch is plentifully furnished, and should be so. As long as there are men, there will be ambition, traitors, disturbers of the publick peace, merit will be forgotten and the worthless preferred, virtue will be oppressed, vice will be triumphant, countries

will be ravaged, cities will be sacked, and thrones will be dyed in blood; and these are the food of history; excellent school, for youth to learn lessons of humanity, candor, and sincerity!

The metaphysical branch is almost equally furnished: But its leaves are very thin, and their fibres so excessively small, that they are hardly perceivable. I greatly pity the brains where they will settle. I see but one way to give them ease: And that is, to treat the most thorny questions after the modern manner; I mean to supply the want of clear ideas and deep reflections, by bold and confident assertions, which may serve to impose.

The moral branch droops, and receives scarce any sap; its withered leaves declare an approaching decay; alas! it is dying. The plans on it are quite effaced. This is too visible from the works that are published of this kind. The ideas of good and evil are confounded; virtue is so disguised as hardly to be known, nor is it easy to discern what is to be called vice. And yet, the whole is not said. There remains many arguments to be published against the obsolete notion of justice; many jests to be passed upon those who still talk of probity in the old fashioned stile; many fresh proofs to demonstrate, that national, private, and especially personal interest, should be the sole rule of conduct. At these so fine lessons, the Babylonians will clap their hands and cry: “In truth, all the world was blind; and men did not see clearly till this present time.”

The poetical branch is in a very bad state; there are only a few boughs left, among others, the dramatic bough, and that so very weak, it can hardly support itself. There will appear from time to time at Babylon some tragic poets, but no comic. I suspect the reason. Formerly the Babylonians were only ridiculous; they were brought upon the stage and people laughed: Now, they are almost all vicious, but vicious upon principle; and such objects by no means raise laughter. The manners begin to be no longer theatrical.

The panegyrical branch is very considerable, and bends under its load. There will be panegyricks applicable to a great man from whom some favour is expected; to an author who having flattered, receives homage

for homage; to another, who is flattered, in order that he may flatter again. There will be some commercial ones, which will be sold, to one for his protection, to another for his table, to a third for his money. There will be also some, and in great plenty for those, who beg them: But there will be hardly any for those that deserve them the most.

With good-sense alone, and the simplest notions which a bough of the philosophical branch furnishes, and which teach to estimate the things of this life according to their value, there will be formed, among the people, a number of practical philosophers; whilst, among the men of letters, all the penetration imaginable, all the knowledge they think they have, all the wit in the world will form only imperfect philosophers. They will avoid praises, but so as to attain them by some round-about way. They will profess the most ardent zeal for all the citizens, nay, for all men in general; but they will care only for themselves. They will decide upon the most complicated, the most obscure, the most important questions, with an astonishing confidence; but in deciding everything they will clear up nothing. They will wear outwardly the most reserved modesty; inwardly they will be eaten up by ambition. Now, shall we call such persons philosophers? It is thus that we give the name of stars to those meteors, which kindle sometimes in the upper region of the air, make a blaze, and instantly vanish.

In general, I thought, I saw upon a great number of leaves, things entirely contradictory. The century will slide away, and the sentiments upon the same objects will not be reconciled. According to custom, each will speak his opinion, and attack the rest. Disputes will arise; and the most bitter ironies, the strongest invectives, the most cutting railleries, nothing will be spared to raise the laughter of the crowd, and the pity of the wise.

# CHAP. XII.

## The System.

Of an infinite number of plans of different works, that I saw drawn on the leaves of the Fantastical Tree, I remember three. In the first, the point in question is very abstract, but treated in so singular a manner, that perhaps it will not be disagreeable to give here a slight sketch of it.

"When I have examined matter, it has appeared to me, that it could not think, and I have readily admitted Beings purely spiritual. It is true, the least ideas of such substances have never been formed. This proves the sagacity of man does not reach very far: But does it prove there is nothing beyond?

"When I have considered the animals, I have not been able to help thinking them intelligent, and that so much ingenuity was not without some understanding. They are, therefore, said I, provided with a spiritual substance. But what! these insects, these worms, these microscopical animals, who increase without number in the shortest space, have they each a spiritual, that is to say, an unchangeable, immortal soul? I do not imagine, any such thought ever entered into a sound head.

"Then calling to mind that intelligent Being diffused through the whole earth, and perhaps farther, that immense spirit of whom some antient philosophers have talked, under the name of the universal soul; I have thought that, without multiplying infinitely spiritual substances, that soul was very proper to supply their place, and alone sufficient to give life to all the animals. I have therefore embraced the opinion of the antients, but with one restriction.

“They were persuaded that every thinking organized Being, is animated by a particle of the universal soul; That cannot be. If this soul is capable of perceptions, it is spiritual, and indivisible, and if it is indivisible, it cannot separate from itself any part to go and animate any Being whatever. If this spirit informs different bodies, it is because it operates at the same time in different places; and not because it sends any where some emanation of its substance.

“Farther: The antients believed that man, like the animals, derived from the universal soul all the intelligence he is endowed with; another mistake. If we consider in man, that hidden principle which carries him so efficaciously to follow the impressions of sense, though ever so repugnant to reason, we shall agree, with the antients, that this principle must be the same with that which animates, rules, and directs the animals; the pure sensitive nature of the universal soul is visible in it. But when I perceive in man another agent, which tends to subject all his actions to the rules of justice; which so often opposes the senses (though seldom with success) which, even when it succeeds not to hinder the sin, never fails to sting him with remorse and repentance; I cannot help thinking, that besides the universal spirit, there is in man another principle of a superior order: A principle known by the name of rational soul. It is manifest by the clashing between the passions and reason, that there are in us two contradictory Beings, which oppose one another. If I may be allowed to compare things of so different a nature, I should say that every thing which partakes of the universal soul is like a spunge soaked in water, and immersed in the sea; and that if, moreover, the body is endued with a reasonable soul (which is the case of man) it is like the same spunge soaked in water, but in which a drop of oil has found its way.

“In fine, the antients believed, that the universal soul was diffused every where; but neither can That be. Perhaps it pervades the terrestrial globe, or, it may be, the whole solar system, or even farther: But still it is certain, it has its bounds, it is God alone that fills immensity.

“But how shall the existence of a thinking Being be admitted, which, bounded as it is, has however so prodigious an extension? What ideas can be formed of its capaciousness and its limits? How can it animate so many bodies physically separated one from the other, and forming so many individuals? Let us fathom, as far as in us lies, these depths of obscurity.

“Since spiritual substances have no solidity, they are penetrable, and take up no room. From their penetrability it follows, that several spirits may exist in one and the same space, and that a body may also be in the same place. From their taking up no room it follows, that they have neither length, nor breadth, nor depth; that they have no extension properly so called. But still a spirit is a real Being, a substance: Though it takes up no room, it is necessarily some-where; and, though it has no extension properly so called, it has necessarily its bounds. So, in a metaphysical sense, all spiritual Beings may be said to be more or less extended, to contain, and to be contained: And then we may return to our companion of the spunge, penetrated by a drop of oil, impregnated with water, and immersed in the sea.”

“On the other hand, by virtue of the laws of combination, the result of the unions necessarily differs from the substances that are united; and it does not appear, that the soul and the body should make an exception. When the spirit and matter are united, think not the spirit the same as before; it is, in some measure, materialized; think not the matter such as it was before; it is, in some measure, spiritualized. From this mixture results a new Being, different from pure spirit, though it retains its noblest virtue; different from brute matter, though it partakes of its qualities: It is a particular Being, forming an individual, and thinking apart; in fine, it is such a Being as you that are reading, such as I that am writing. Therefore, what perceives in us, is properly speaking, neither the universal spirit nor the rational soul, nor organized matter: but a compound of all three. Just as when a lion roars, it is not the universal soul, that is in a rage; it is the compound of that soul and the brain of the lion. Hence it comes, that each animal forms a separate thinking

individual, though all the animals think only by virtue of one and the same spirit, the universal soul. Let us proceed without losing sight of the faint light which guides us thro' these dark paths.

"We have seen that, to form an animal, there needs only a combination of organized matter, and the universal soul; and, to form a man, there must be another union of organized matter, universal spirit, and rational soul. If the universal spirit was wanting; ever obedient to the dictates of the rational soul, we should see none but virtuous and spotless men, such as are no where to be found. If the rational soul was wanting, abandoned to this instinct of the universal spirit, which always follows the allurements of sense, we should see none but monsters of vice and disorder.

"The rational soul is united to the human body, the instant the motion essential to life is settled there, it is separated the instant that motion is destroyed; and, once separated, it is known to return no more, it departs for-ever; and enters into a state of which there is to be no end.

"The universal soul is united and separated in the same circumstances: But it is not always separated for-ever. Let, in any person, the motion essential to life, after having totally ceased, come to be renewed, (a thing which every physician knows to be very possible) and what will be the consequence? The rational soul, which departed upon the ceasing of the vital motion, cannot return; but the universal soul, always present, cannot fail of re-uniting with the organized body set in motion again. The man is dead, for his soul is separated from his body. He preserves, however, the air of a living man; because the universal soul is re-settled in his brain, which it directs tolerably well.

"Such to you appears a person perfectly recovered from an apoplectic or lethargic fit, who is but half come to life; his soul is flown; there remains only the universal spirit. Excess of joy, or of grief, any sudden opposition may occasion death, and does occasion it, in fact, oftener than is imagined. Let a fit of jealousy or passion affect you to a certain degree, your soul, too strongly shocked, quits its habitation for-ever: And, let your friends say what they please, or say what you will yourself,

you are dead, positively dead. However, you are not buried: the universal soul acts your part to the deception of the whole world, and even of yourself.

"Do not complain therefore, that a relation forgets you, that a friend forsakes you, that a wife betrays you. Alas! perhaps it is a good while since you had a wife, or relations, or friends; they are dead; their images only remain.

"How many deaths of this kind have I seen at Babylon? Never, for instance, did contagious distemper make such havock as the late pious broils. It is true, the Babylonians are so constituted, that their soul sits very loose; the least shock parts it from the body; this is confirmed by observation. Call to mind their notorious quarrel about musick, their rage, their fury: How few heads were untouched? They are mad, said some reasonable people: But for my part, I knew they were dead.

"God rest the soul of the author of the *Petites Lettres a de grands Philosophes!* He had long been declining; and at last died some months ago. Instantly, the universal soul, possessed of his brains, dislodged some shreds of verses, jumbled them together, and framed that lifeless comedy, the indecency of which gave offence to all the Babylonians that remained *alive*.

"I shall now speak of the signs by which the living may be distinguished from the dead: And, doubtless, the reader sees already what these signs may be. To behold wickedness with unconcern; to be unmoved by virtue, to mind only self-interest; and without remorse, to be carried away with the torrent of the age, are signs of death. Be assured, no rational soul inhabits such abandoned machines. What numbers of dead amongst us! you will say. What numbers of dead amongst us! will I answer.

"As there are signs which declare that such a particular person, who thinks himself, and whom you think full of life, is however deprived of it; so there are signs which show the ravages, these concealed deaths have made in the world. For instance, there must have been, of late years, a great mortality among the learned: For, if you observe almost all the

productions of modern literature, you will find only a playing with words, destructive principles, dangerous assertions, dazzling hints. Alas! our authors are manifestly but machines, actuated by the universal soul.

"And, very lately, have we not had fresh proofs of this mortality? What is meant by these libels unworthy of the light? These *when's*? These *if's*? These *what-d'ye-calls*? These *wherefore's*? And I know not how many more with which we are deluged. Be not persuaded that rational souls are capable of such excesses.

"I will conclude with opening a door to new reflections. Suppose a man, like so many others, vegetates only, and is reduced to the universal soul, I demand whether the race of such a man is not in the same state. If so, I pity our posterity. Rational souls were scarce among our forefathers; they are still more so among us; surely there will be none left among our offspring. All are degenerating, and we are very near the last stage."

# CHAP. XIII.

## Letter to the Europeans.

The second of the works, of which I remember to have seen the plan delineated on the leaves of the Fantastical tree, was digested into the form of a letter, addressed to all the nations of Europe, the substance of which is as follows:

"O ye powerful nations of Europe; nations polished, ingenious, learned, warlike, made to command the rest; nations the most accomplished upon earth; the times are come: Your profound schemes for the happiness of man have prospered: You enjoy it at length, and I congratulate you upon it.

"In nature's infancy, those uncivilised ages wherein men wandering in the fields, were fed with the products of the earth, a perfect security, easy pleasure, profound peace, or rather languishing indolence benumbed all the faculties of the soul. But when the sweets of property had flattered the human heart; when each had his inclosure and could say, *This is mine*; then all was in motion. A man had too much of one thing, and too little of another; he gave the superfluity for what he wanted: And trade was established. It was at first carried on among neighbours; then, from country to country; and at last, from one of the quarters of the world to the other three. From that time, mankind have formed but one numerous family, whose members are incessantly employed in cheating one another. The spirit of distrust, finess, and fraud, have displayed all the springs of the soul; the talents have shown themselves, the arts have taken birth; and men begin to enjoy the full extent of their understanding.

“How well these profound speculatists have conjectured, who have told us: *Would you have a state flourish? incourage populousness; for real strength and riches consist in a great number of citizens. To incourage populousness, enlarge trade more and more, set up manufactures, introduce arts of every kind; and, to consume superfluities, call in luxury.* Let the names of those who have opened this admirable way, be carefully preserved in our kalendar.

“It is true, by following this method, you have missed your aim, which was populousness. What fortune soever a man may raise, it is consumed by the boundless expence of luxury, which always exceeds the revenues: There is nothing left for the education and settlement of children; and means must be used to have a small number, or even none at all. Long races suit only those remote times when your ancestors, plentifully furnished with necessaries, were so unfortunate as to have no idea of pageantry. It is no wonder, if people so barbarous as not to know silk, lace, tea, chocolate, Burgundy, Champagne, should so increase in the northern regions, as to over-run, like a torrent, all your countries, should found monarchies, and dictate laws, which are revered to this day.

“But what signifies populousness and multitude? Rejoice, O ye fortunate nations; for you have coffee and snuff, cinnamon and musk, sugar and furs, tea and china. How happy are you! and how composed should your minds be!

“It is true, toils, hunger, thirst, shoals, storms, sooner or later destroy these insatiable traders, who traverse the seas to bring you these precious superfluities. But with how many advantages are these petty inconveniences repaid? The face of Europe is entirely new! even to your constitutions all is changed. Thousands of quintals of spices, circulate in your blood, carry fire into your inmost nerves, and give you a new sort of Being. Neither your health, nor your diseases are like those of your fore-fathers. Their robust constitution, simplicity of manners, their native virtues, are they comparable to the advantages you enjoy? That sensibility of the organs, that delicacy of mind and body, those universal lights, those vices of all kinds.... What! will it be said, are vices also to be

reckoned among the actual felicities of Europe? Yes, without doubt: Is it not daily proved, that virtue heretofore might be useful to the prudent economy of your ancestors, but that, for enlightened citizens, who no longer walk by the old rules, vice is absolutely necessary, or rather changes its nature and becomes virtue.

“Another advantage that you owe to the depth of your policy and extensiveness of your trade is, that perpetual occasions offer to show your courage, and to practice your military virtues.

“When formerly your countries were under that vast dominion, which swallowed up all the rest, they sunk into indolence; you had only short wars and long intervals of peace, every thing languished. But since, out of the wrecks of that unwieldy empire, a hundred petty states have been formed, every thing has revived. The Europeans have incessantly quarrelled and fought for little spots of land; the grand art of heroism is returned, the art of sacking provinces and shedding blood: And that balance of power so much talked of, is at last established, which puts all Europe in arms at the motion of the least of its parts, and by means of which, a single spark is sufficient to set the whole earth in a flame.

“Let us not regret those times so productive of warriors, when country heroes, each at the head of two or three hundred vassals, continually harrassed one another. The seeds of dissention, which were grown scarce in your climates, have been sought in the farthest parts of the earth; and from the bosom of the two Indias, commerce has brought fresh seeds of enmity, discord, and war.

“These fertile sources are not exhausted; there still remain countries to be discovered. O ye indefatigable nations! is your courage abated? What! should you confine yourselves to your late progresses, as if there remained no unknown lands? Will you never go and hoist your standards, and build forts, directly under the Poles? Rouse yourselves, there are still left riches to plunder, countries to waste, blood to spill.

“But why should you cast your eyes on such objects? Are not your possessions immense? Is not your luxury carried to the utmost height? Are there still new vices to be introduced among you? And do not you

begin to shake off the troublesome yoke of every sort of duty? Without doubt, you are very well, nor were you ever better. The little way you have to arrive at perfection, will soon be gone over. When modern wisdom, which timorously conceals herself still in the shade, shall appear in broad day; when she shall have raised her proud head, and shall see all Europe at her feet, universally adopting her maxims, then, you will have neither religious nor moral principles; you will be at the summit of felicity."

# CHAP. XIV.

## The Maxims.

The third work of which I remember to have seen the sketch on the Fantastical Tree, was entitled, *Rules of Conduct for the Eighteenth Century, addressed to a young Babylonian, who is coming into the world*. It contained the following Maxims.

"Every country has its customs, every age its manners; and, in human wisdom, the only unchangeable Maxim is, to change with the times and places. The most unquestionable Maxims of the Babylonians, and of the present times are such as these:

"To have true merit does not much signify; but to have small talents is essential. To make one's court, for example, and pretty verses, is sufficient to prosper: and even farther than can be imagined.

"Great faults shall be forgiven you, but the least ridiculous ones are unpardonable. You think right, and say excellent things: But take care you do not sneeze; it will be such an indecorum, that all the Babylonish gravity would not be able to hold; and you might speak still better things, and not a soul hear you.

"Be particularly careful to act entirely with reference to yourself, and to talk always with reference to the publick-good. It is a fine word, that *publick-good*: If you would, it will never enter into your heart; but it must be always in your mouth.

"Seek not the esteem of the Babylonians in place, that leads to nothing; seek to please. What, think you, will esteem do for you? It is so frozen a sentiment, has so distant a relation to *self*! But amuse their

highnesses, and their eminencies, you will then be prized, they will not suffer you out of their sight; they will do all for you, and think they can never do enough.

“Wait not to sollicit for a place you may be fit for; probably you will not succeed. But ask, without distinction, for whatever shall offer. It is a secret to you, but you must know, that it often enters into the depth of true policy, to prefer unfit persons, and remove those that are capable.

“In fine, if you will prosper, turn, according to circumstances, flatterer, like a dedication; quack, like a preface; verbose like a book of art or science; enthusiast, like a demi-philosopher; liar, like an historian; fool-hardy, like an author who is resolved to be talked of.

“These are the true principles of wisdom: But remember, it is the Babylonian wisdom of the Eighteenth Century.”

# CHAP. XV.

## The Thermometers.

As I was attentively examining a leaf of the Fantastical Tree, on which I perceived grand projects, and insufficient means; I saw another, so small and curled as to be almost invisible, fly off from a neighbouring bough, and suddenly disappear. At the same instant I felt a slight pricking in my forehead, and a sort of restlessness in my head, which I cannot describe, and which has not left me ever since.

Certainly this leaf has entered my brain, and is labouring to unfold itself; some new invention will result from it one time or other. I even begin to suspect of what kind; and I imagine, it will be a mechanical affair. If I am not mistaken it is this:

The different tempers, the different talents, the different dispositions depend upon the heat and motion, more or less considerable, of the animal spirits: This is a settled point among the physicians; I shall not appeal from their judgment. The question would be to find a mechanical instrument, to discover in each person the degree of heat and motion of this animal liquid, in order to discern what any one is fit for, and to employ him accordingly. This is what I am seeking, and what the leaf, which is busy in my brain, when unfolded will not fail to show me.

I will compose a quintessence analogous to the animal liquid; and, instead of spirits of wine, I will fill thermometers with it. On the side of the tube, in the room of the different degrees of the temperature of the air, there shall be an enumeration of the objects, about which men are usually employed: Instead of cold, temperate, hot, very hot, *&c.* shall be

put, good for history, good for physick, good for poetry, good for the gown, good for the sword, good for the mitre, good for the baton, good for Bedlam, *&c.*

When a person shall put his hand upon the phial, the liquor will be condensed, or dilated; and, rising or falling in the tube, will show what the person is good for.

I will present Thermometers to sovereigns, that they may chuse Generals, Ministers, Counsellors, and especially Favourites, who will love them enough to tell them the truth. I will give some to Bishops to fill their Benefices and Dignities, for I observe, that those who are appointed to watch, should themselves be watched. I will give some to Fathers, that their children may be wisely disposed of: We shall not see them gird with a sword a son whom they ought to dedicate to the altar, nor bury in a cloister a daughter who would have been the delight of a husband, and the happiness of a family. I will give some to the Great, that they may discern those who deserve their protection: They will grant it no more to a base flatterer, to a supple intriguer, to an ostentatious mean person, who has pretensions; but to true merit, which is seldom seen by them, and never with all its advantages. I will give some to those tender-hearted virtuous Girls, made to enliven the small number of our pleasures, and to allay the multitude of our troubles. With my Thermometers, they will chuse husbands worthy of their affection, if any such there be; and they will not see themselves given up to men born for the plague of their sex; those men without morals, who marry for life, and espouse only for six months.

In fine, I will give some to particular persons, that each may examine himself, and act accordingly: For I observe, that generally every one does what he should not do; I see none but what are misplaced.

I am now solliciting for a pension, to defray the vast expence, that I must evidently be at in making Thermometers, even though I should give them only to such as most want them.

It is true, that reflection might serve instead of my liquid and glass-tubes, but reflections are known to be very rare. For example, it is now at Babylon as on the real stage; all is action, nothing is thought, and my Thermometers may become a necessary piece of furniture.

# CHAP. XVI.

## The Lentils.

The sap which circulates in the Fantastical Tree, said the Prefect, is exhausted in bearing and nourishing leaves. Let it be considered, how many plans, views, projects, come into men's heads; the prodigious quantity of leaves that this tree must furnish will be astonishing; and it will be no longer wondered, that its whole substance is wasted in their production.

Mean while, the sap, passing into the philosophical branch, makes more progress there than any where else; it produces blossoms, and sometimes fruit. These blossoms are of a singular form and colour, that is to say, admirable to some eyes, and very odd to others. Their odour is very penetrating; few love it, many cannot bear it: To like it, requires a strong head, and a brain organized on purpose.

These same blossoms are extremely delicate: The least change of the air disorders their economy. They generally fade without leaving any fruit.

In fine, the fruit is very late, and seldom comes to perfect maturity. The shell is almost round, divided within into little cells, and ending at the top in a crown.

The little cells of the philosophical fruit, are full of seeds transparent as crystal, round and flatted like a Lentil, but infinitely smaller. When the fruit is ripe, it bursts; the cells open, the seeds come out. But as they are very light, they are suspended in the air, and the wind blows them every way over the surface of the earth.

One thing would astonish thee if thou wast not a little versed in chymistry and optics, and that is, these philosophical grains have a particular analogy to the eye. They will not stick to any other substance; but, as soon as they come within the reach of certain eyes, they never fail to fasten on them, and that just before the sight of the eye. As they are perfectly transparent, they cannot be perceived: But they are discovered by their effects.

He that has a seed of this kind before his eyes, sees things as they are, and he cannot be imposed upon by chimæras. What used to appear to him *great*, is prodigiously lessened, and what appeared to him *little*, is magnified in the same proportion; so that to his eyes, every thing is upon a level or nearly so.

In general, men appear to him very little, and those lords over others, whom he beheld before as colossuses, seem to him so little above the rest, that he hardly perceives the difference.

He sees the extent of human knowledge, and finds it so near to ignorance, that he does not conceive how learning can breed vanity, or ignorance cause shame.

He sees without disguise the phantom of immortality, the idol of the great and the jest of the wise. He sees the celebrated names penetrate a little more or less into futurity; and then stop like the rest and sink into eternal oblivion.

He sees what is low in the most sublime; the dark part of what casts the most lustre, the weak side in what appears the strongest: And his imagination presents to him nothing dazzling, but wherein his reason discovers all the defects.

He sees the earth, as a point in the boundless space; the series of ages, as an instant in eternal duration; and the chain of human actions, as the traces of a cloud of flies in the aerial plains.

In fine, he respects virtue; and, as to the rest, whatever he perceives all around him, even to the most minute things, seems to him all alike. He esteems nothing, he despises nothing, he prefers nothing, and accommodates himself to every thing.

Such a man cannot be conceived to be susceptible of all those little sallies of joy which affect others, but then he is screened from those little mortifications which trouble them so much, and in my opinion, he is a gainer.

# CHAP. XVII.

## The Subterraneous Road.

I have one thing more (said the Prefect) to show thee; prepare thy eyes and thy ears; and be frightened at nothing.

The rivulet, by the side of which we walked to the Fantastical Tree, receives several streams as it flows along; and, as if it left with regret so beautiful a residence, after forming a thousand serpentine windings in the meadow, it glides gently towards its mouth. In that place, a hole, formed by an opening of the earth, receives and transmits it through subterraneous channels.

We came to the place where it was broadest. The bottom was of smooth gravel, and the water not above an inch deep. The Prefect went in and I followed him.

I had gone but a few paces, when the bottom gave way: I sunk, but it was only to my waste; and I remained in that posture, without being able to get to one side or the other. Fear nothing, says the Prefect, calmly enjoy the last spectacle I have reserved for thee.

I then gave myself up to the efforts of the waters, which carried me away, and I soon entered into the subterraneous cavities, where they were lost. At a little distance, the rivulet flowed into another, and soon after, both ran into a river. I was carried from stream to stream; I crossed gulphs, lakes, and seas.

As long as a faint light permitted, I contemplated the internal frame of the earth. It is a labyrinth of immense caverns, deep grottos, irregular crevices, which have a communication with one another. The waters that

flow in these subterranean places, spread themselves sometimes into vast basons, and seem to stagnate; sometimes they run with a rapid stream through narrow straits; and dash against the rocks with such impetuosity, as to produce the phosporus and flashes of lightening; very often they fall from the top of the vaults with a dreadful noise. The dazzled eye sees, as it imagines, the foundations of the earth shake; one would think, that the whole was turned upside down, and falling into chaos.

When the glimmering light, which I had enjoyed some time, came to fail, I found myself buried in profound darkness, which increased the horror, I had conceived at what I had seen. A hideous noise, mixed with the murmuring of the streams, with the whistling of the gulfs, with the roaring of the torrents, threw me into great perturbation of mind; and my troubled fancy formed to itself a thousand frightful images.

I went on a good while in this darkness; and I know not how far I had gone when a faint light struck my eyes. It was not like that which precedes sun-rising, or follows sun-set; but that melancholy light, which a town on fire spreads at a distance in the shade of the night. I was some time before I saw whence it came: At last, I found myself close to the most terrible of all the sights.

A vast opening exposed to my eyes in an immense cavern, an abyss of fire. The devouring flame rapidly consumed the combustible matter with which the arched roofs of the abyss were impregnated. A thick smoke mixed with fiery sparks, diffused itself to a great distance. From time to time, the calcined stones fell down by pieces, and the liquified metals formed flaming streams. Sometimes whole rocks, rent from the tops of the vaults, gave passage to water, which poured down in boiling streams. The moment the water touched the calcined matters and melted minerals, it caused most shocking detonations: The concavities of the globe resounded, their foundations were shaken: And I conceived that such was the cause of those terrible earth-quakes, that have destroyed so many countries, and swallowed up so many cities.

I was soon in darkness again; for I still went on. Every moment I should have been destroyed, if the Prefect of Giphantia had not watched over me. I saw him no more: But his promise was with me: And the dangers, I had escaped, heartened me against those I had still to undergo. By degrees I took courage, and became so easy as to make some reflections.

Alas! said I, through a frightful desart I came into the most beautiful mansions in the world, and I am now going thence through gulfs, abysses, and vulcanos. Good and evil closely follow one another. It is thus, the light of the day and darkness of the night, the frosts of the winter and the flowers of the spring, the gentle zephyrs and the raging storms, succeed one another. However, by this strange concatenation, is formed the enchanting prospect of nature. Let us not doubt it: The natural world, notwithstanding its disorders, is the master-piece of infinite wisdom; the moral world, in spite of its stains, is worthy the admiration of the philosopher: And Babylon, with all its faults, is the chief city of the world.

At last, after many days of subterraneous navigation, I once more saw the light; I came out of these terrible vaults, and the last current landed me upon a maritime coast. The serenity of the air was not ruffled with the wind; the calm sea shone with the rays of the rising-sun; and, like a tender wife who stretches out her arms, and sweetly smiles on a beloved husband, the earth seemed to resume new life at the return of that glorious orb, from whence springs all its fertility. By degrees, my troubled senses were calmed: I looked round me, and found myself in my own country, six hundred furlongs north-west from Babylon, to which city I address and dedicate this narrative of my hazardous travels.

*FINIS.*

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1. The Jansenists (so called from Jansenius bishop of Ypres) explained the Doctrine of Grace after the Calvinistical or rather Methodistical manner, whilst the Molinists (so named from Molina a Spanish Jesuit) explained it after the

Arminian or rather Semi-pelagian way. The Gallican clergy were divided between these two Opinions.

The reader may remember, there are three opinions concerning Grace. Says the Calvinist and Methodist, Grace does ALL. Says the Arminian and Semi-pelagian, Grace does HALF. Says the Pelagian, Grace does NOTHING.

2. The city of Ombi stood on the eastern side of the Nile, and Tentyra or Tentyris on the western; both in Thebais part of Upper Egypt. The Tentyrites were professed enemies of the Crocodiles, whilst the rest of the Egyptians held them in great veneration, especially the Ombites, who for their sake waged war with the Tentyrites.

3. Our author in this and the following chapter gives a very lively summary of the four great monarchies of the world.

I. The Assyrian or Babylonian founded by Nimrod (or Belus I.) soon after the dispersion at Babel, and which ended with the taking of Babylon (A. C. 538) by Cyrus who founded II. The Persian empire which ended with the defeat of Darius Codomannus (A. C. 334) by Alexander the Great who founded III. The Grecian or Macedonian empire which in about five years was divided among his successors, and at length (after the battle of Actium and death of Cleopatra) became subject to IV. The Roman empire under Augustus Cæsar, of which there are still some remains.

4. Arbaces governour of Media, and Belesis of Babylon.

5. After the death of Sardanapalus (who is said to burn himself, his wives and concubines, his eunuchs and riches, in one of the courts of his palace) the empire was divided into the Median over which Arbaces reigned at Nineveh, and the Assyrian over which Belesis reigned at Babylon. These were united under Cyrus about 210 years after. Belesis (the Baladan of Scripture) is called also Nabonassar. From the first year of his reign begins the famous Astronomical Æra of Nabonassar, containing 908 years from February 26 before Christ 747, to the 23d year of Antoninus Pius in the year of our Lord 161.

6. Nebuchadnezzer (A. C. 589) utterly destroyed Jerusalem, put out king Zedekiah's eyes, killed his sons and erected the golden image in the plains of Dura.

7. By a solemn treaty Ptolemy had Egypt, *&c.* Cassander had Macedonia and Greece. Lysimachus had Thrace, Bithynia, *&c.* Seleucus had Syria, *&c.* Of these, the kingdom of Egypt (under 14 monarchs including Cleopatra) and of Syria (under 27 kings) subsisted till subdued by the Romans. The rest soon fell to pieces.

8. His Library is said to consist of above 200,000 volumes. Among the rest was the Septuagint or Greek translation of the Old Testament A. C. 267. done by Ptolemy's order. This library was at last destroyed by fire.

9. This man who from a huntsman raised himself to the throne of Lusitania (now Portugal) defeated the Romans in several battles; so that Cepion the consul was forced at last to have him murdered by treachery. He was (says Livy) much lamented and honorably buried.

10. Rome was taken by Alaric king of the Goths in 410. By Genseric the Vandal in 455. By Odoacer king of the Heruli in 465, and by Totila the Goth in 546, by whom it was miserably plundered.

11. Attila king of the Huns, (called *the scourge of God*) after his other devastations entered Gaul with 500,000 Men and was defeated in the plains of Chalons in 451, with the loss of 200,000 Huns. After which he wasted Italy and destroyed Aquileia and other places. Then returning home, he died on his wedding night. The Huns were the most terrible of all the northern swarms. By the very terror of their countenances they are said to over-run the Scythians, Alans and Goths. They were so ignorant as not to know letters.

12. Mahomet was born at Mecca in Arabia, May 5, 570. He is thought by some to be persuaded that he was really inspired to propagate the belief of one God, and to overthrow the idolatrous religion of his country. If he retained some absurd notions, it was (say they) to induce his countrymen to embrace his religion. The Mahometan æra begins July 16, 622, when he fled from Mecca to Medina. He died Jan. 17, 631, after having reduced Arabia to his obedience. His religion has since spread itself over Asia, Africa, and great part of Europe.

13. Soliman, father of the Othman race, came out of Scythia with 50,000 men in the year 1214, and pushed his conquests to the Euphrates. In attempting to pass that river he was drowned in 1219. Othman his grandson was declared

sultan in 1300. Mahomet II. the seventh emperor of the Turks, put an end to the Eastern empire by taking Constantinople in 1453. The Turks embraced the religion of Mahomet.

14. Camayeu, is a stone, whereon are found various figures formed by nature. It is the name the orientals give the onyx, on which and on agate, these natural figures are often found. When the figures are perfected by art, it is still called a camayeu, as is also a painting in one colour, representing basso relievos.

# TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

1. Changed all long ſ to short s.
2. Added 200 to all page numbers in Part 2 to avoid conflicts with Part 1 numbering.
3. Silently corrected typographical errors and variations in spelling.
4. Retained anachronistic, non-standard, and uncertain spellings as printed.
5. Footnotes have been re-indexed using numbers and collected together at the end of the last chapter.

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