

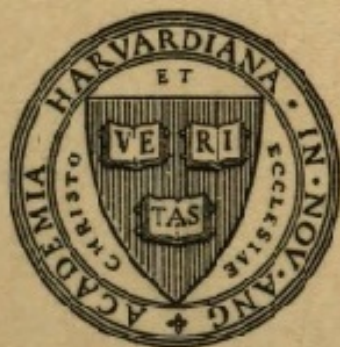
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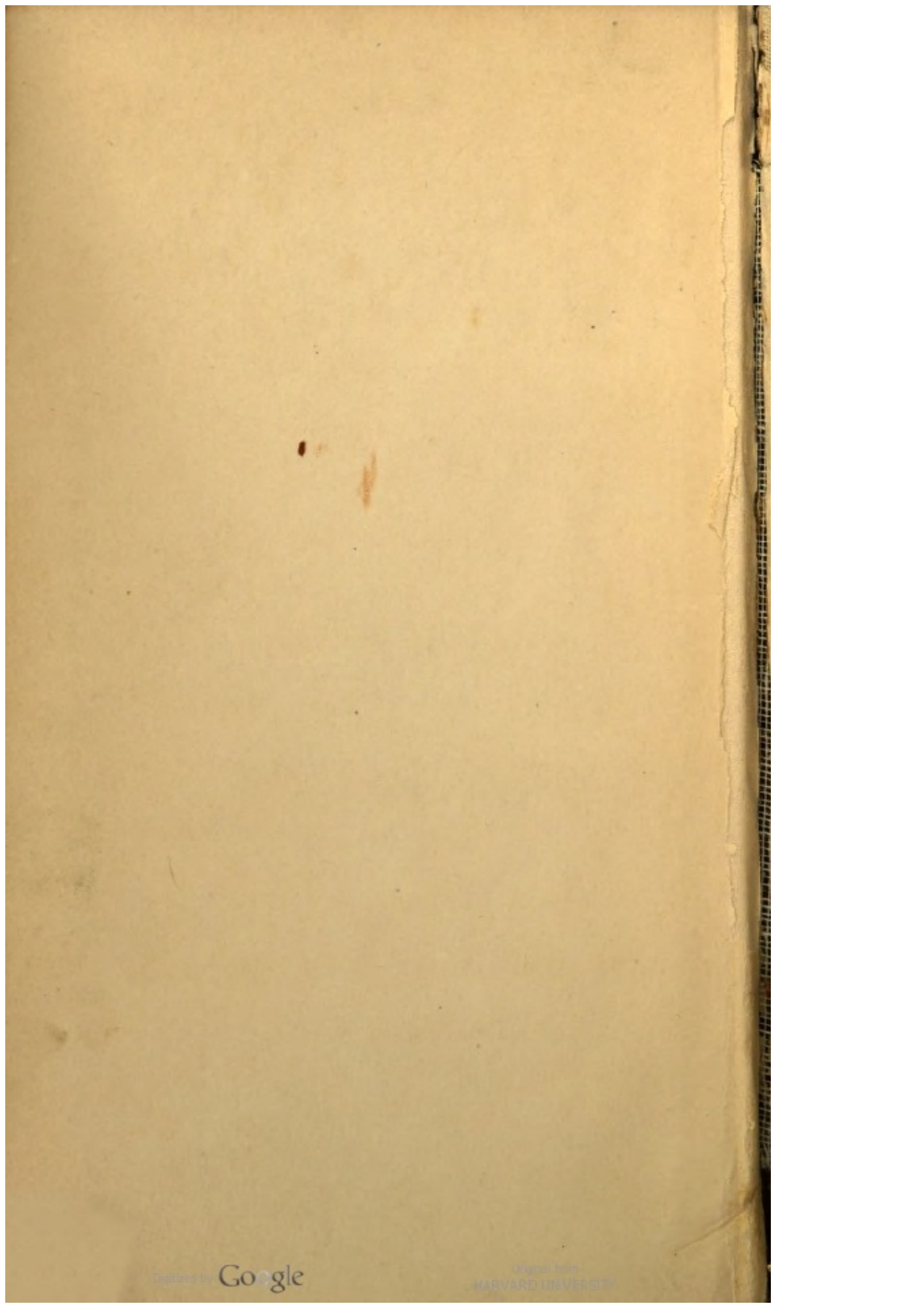


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EMILIUS;
OR, A
TREATISE
OF
EDUCATION.

Translated from the FRENCH of
J. J. ROUSSEAU,
Citizen of GENEVA.

*Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis; ipsaque nos in rectum genitos
natura, si emendari velimus, juvat. SEN. de Ira. l. ii. c. 13.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:
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E D U C A T I O N .

B O O K I V .

HOW swift is our progress upon this earth! The first quarter of our life slips away before we are sensible of its use; during the last, we are little capable of enjoyment. Three fourths of the intermediate space are consumed in sleep, labour, pain, constraint, and troubles of various kinds. Life is short because of the little time we have for enjoyment, rather than from the real brevity of its duration. To what purpose were it to remove the hour of death farther from that of our birth, since life will always be too short when the intermediate time is ill employed.

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first to exist, and then to live; once as to species, and again with regard to sex. Those who consider women as imperfect men, are certainly mistaken, though exterior resemblance favours the opinion. Till the age of puberty, there is little apparent difference between the sexes in children; countenance, shape, complexion, tone of voice, all are nearly alike; girls are children, so are boys; the same denomination serves for both. Those males in whom the progress of the sex is impeded, preserve this conformity all their lives; they are always great children; and women who never lose it, seem in many respects, to be little more.

But man in general was not born to remain always in a state of childhood. Nature marks a time when he emerges from infancy; and this critical moment, though short, is attended with a long train of consequences.

As the roaring of the sea precedes the tempest, so the murmuring of the passions portends this stormy revolution. The foaming surge foretells the approach of danger. A change of disposition, frequent starts, and a continual agitation of mind, render the pupil intractable. He becomes deaf to the voice of his preceptor; like a lion in his fury, he disdains his guide, and will no longer submit to be governed.

The moral indications of a changing disposition, are accompanied by a visible alteration in the person. His features assume a character; the thin soft down upon his chin begins to gather strength. His voice is lost between hoarseness and squeaking: for being neither man nor boy, he has the tone of neither. His eyes, those organs of the mind, hitherto inexpressive, learn

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to speak; animated with a lively flame, their looks, though more expressive, are yet pure and innocent; but they have lost their primitive dulness and insipidity. He already feels their power of expression, he learns to cast them down and blush. He perceives his sensibility before he knows what he feels; he is restless without knowing the cause of his disquietude.

Perhaps the symptoms may steal on slowly, and leave you time to guard against the danger; but if his vivacity renders him too impatient; if his transports become unruly; if he is one moment exasperated, and the next softened; if he sheds tears without cause; if his pulse beats high, and his eye reddens when he approaches certain objects, which grow dangerous to his repose; if he trembles at the touch of a female hand; if he is uneasy and intimidated in the fair one's presence; Ulysses, O sage Ulysses! beware! those passages which you endeavoured, with so much care, to close, are still wide open. The winds are already let loose; quit the helm but a moment, and all is lost!

Here commences the second birth I was speaking of; at this age man is truly born to live, and enters into full possession of the powers of human nature. Our care hitherto has been little more than childrens play: it now becomes of real importance. This æra, where common education ends, is properly the time where ours should begin; but in order to convey a proper idea of our plan, it will be necessary to take a retrospective view of a more early period.

Our passions are the principal instruments of our preservation: therefore, to endeavour to destroy

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stroy them is equally vain and absurd; it is to find fault with nature, to attempt to reform the works of God. Should the Almighty require man to annihilate those passions which he had given him, he would not know his own mind, he would contradict himself: but the Almighty never gave such a ridiculous command; the heart of man has received no such injunction; and whatever is required of him, is not made known to him by the mouth of another, God himself imprints it on his heart.

To suppress the passions, in my opinion, is almost as absurd as entirely to destroy them; whoever imagines this to have been my intention, has grossly mistaken my meaning.

But because it is in the nature of man to have passions, is it therefore rational to conclude, that all the passions which we feel within ourselves, and which we perceive in others, are natural? Their source indeed is natural, but that source is increased by a thousand adventitious streams; it is a great river continually augmenting, in which it would be very difficult to find one drop of the original spring. Our natural passions are extremely limited; they are, however, the instruments of our liberty, and tend to our preservation. Such passions as are prejudicial, and by which our reason is subdued, spring from some other source; nature does not give them to us, we adopt them to the prejudice of nature.

The source of our passions, the origin and chief of every other, that which alone is born with man, and never leaves him while he lives, is SELF-LOVE: this is the original passion, prior to every other, and of which, in one sense, all the

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A TREATISE of EDUCATION. 9

the rest are only modifications. In this sense they may be considered as natural. The greater part of these modifications proceed from adventitious causes, without which they would not exist; but these modifications are of no advantage to us; on the contrary, they are extremely detrimental; they change and counteract their first and principal object: in this case men become unnatural, and act in contradiction to themselves.

True self-love is always right, and always consistent. Every individual being especially charged with his own preservation, his first and greatest anxiety is, and ought to be, to watch over it continually; and how can he do this, if he does not make it his principal concern?

We must therefore love ourselves for our own preservation; consequently we love that which contributes towards it. Children are particularly attached to their nurses. Thus Romulus ought to have been attached to the wolf that gave him suck; for this attachment is at first merely physical. Whatever contributes to the welfare of an individual, engages his affection; whatever is likely to destroy it, he will repel. This is merely instinct; but what transforms instinct into sentiment, attachment into love, aversion into hatred, is a manifest intention either to injure or to serve us. We are not indeed oversolicitous concerning those inanimate beings, which are only capable of acting as they are influenced by others: but those from whose disposition and will we may expect good or evil, those in whom we perceive a power to serve us, inspire the same sentiments in us, with regard to themselves, which they discover towards us.

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We seek those who are able to be of use to us; but we love those who are actually willing to be so: we fly from those who have the power to injure us; but those who seem disposed to offend us, we hate.

The first sentiment of a child is, to love himself; and the second, which may be deduced from the former, is to love those who are employed about him; for, in his present helpless state, his knowledge of persons is founded on the assistance which he receives from them. His attachment to his nurse, or his governess, is merely habitual: he looks for them, because they are necessary, and he finds them convenient; but this is rather acquaintance than affection. It requires a much longer time to make him sensible that they are not only useful, but desirous of serving him; as he grows sensible of this, he begins to love them.

A child, therefore, is naturally inclined to benevolence, because he sees every body round him ready to give him assistance; and from this constant observation he learns to think favourably of his species: but in proportion as he extends his connections, his necessities, his active and passive dependencies, the idea of his relation to others, awakens and produces sentiments of duty and preference. The child then becomes imperious, jealous, and vindictive. If you educate him to be submissive and obedient, not perceiving the use of your commands, he attributes them to a capricious design to torment him, and becomes mutinous. If, on the contrary, you generally comply with his humours, as soon as ever he meets with opposition, he conceives a
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A TREATISE of EDUCATION. II

species of rebellion in every intention to oppose him, and revenges himself even upon the chairs and tables for disobeying his commands. Self-love, which regards our own personal good only, is contented when our real wants are supplied; but self-interest, or that self-love which stands in competition with the good of others, cannot possibly be contented, because as it prefers ourselves to others, it expects that others should likewise give us the preference; which is impossible. Thus we see how the soft and affectionate passions arise from self-love, and the hateful and irascible ones from self-interest. That which renders man essentially good, is to have few wants, and seldom to compare himself with others; that which renders him essentially wicked, is to have many wants, and to be frequently governed by opinion. Upon this principle it is easy to perceive, that all the passions of men or children may be so directed as to produce good or evil. True it is, as we cannot always live in solitude, it will be difficult for us to continue uniformly good: this difficulty must necessarily increase in proportion to our connections; and therefore the dangers of society render our care more indispensable, to prevent in the human heart the depravation which proceeds from increasing necessities.

The proper study of man is that of his connections and dependencies. During his mere physical existence, he should study only his relation to things; this is the employment of his infancy: when he begins to be sensible of his moral existence, his relation to mankind should then be the object of his contemplation; this is the

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As soon as man has need of a companion, he is no longer an unsocial being; his heart is no longer single. All his connections with his species, all the affections of his soul, are born with this sensation. His first passion soon ferments the other into being.

The peculiar tendency of instinct is indeterminate. One sex attracts the other; so far it is the operation of nature. Choice, preference, personal attachment; these are the produce of knowledge, prejudice, and custom. Time and experience are necessary to render us capable of affection: we love only after having judged, and there can be no preference without comparison. This judgment is formed unknown to ourselves; nevertheless, it is real. True love, let men say what they please, will always be honoured by mankind; for however its extravagance may lead us astray, though it does not exclude every vicious quality from the heart, it supposes some estimable ones, without which it could not exist. That choice which we put in competition with reason, is, in fact, the effect of reason. We have made love blind, because he has better eyes than ourselves, and sees things which to us are imperceptible. To one who has no idea of merit and beauty, every woman must be alike, and the first he beholds will be the most amiable. Love is so far from being the child of nature, that he restrains and regulates her inclinations: under his influence, if we except the beloved object, each sex becomes indifferent to the other. The preference which we bestow we expect should be

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returned; love ought to be reciprocal. In order to be beloved, we must render ourselves amiable; to be preferred, we must render ourselves more amiable than another, more amiable than every other person, at least in the eyes of the beloved object. Hence we first regard our fellow-creatures, hence we first compare them with ourselves, and hence proceed emulation, rivalry, and jealousy. A heart overflowing with a new sensation, is glad to diffuse itself to its utmost extent; the want of a mistress soon produces the want of a friend; having experienced the pleasure of being beloved, we wish to be beloved by all the world; and this universal desire of preference must necessarily be productive of much discontent.

From the love of friendships proceed dissensions, envy, and hatred. On the foundation of these various passions, I see opinion erect its immovable throne; and senseless mortals, submitting to its empire, found their own existence on the judgment of each other.

Extend these ideas, and we shall see whence self-interest acquires that form which we suppose to be natural; and how self-love, ceasing to be a natural sentiment, becomes pride in great souls, in little souls vanity, and in all is continually cherished at the expence of society. The seeds of these passions not having existence in the heart of an infant, they cannot grow spontaneously; we plant them there ourselves, and they never take root but by our own fault. In the heart of a youth, of a certain age, the case is very different; there they will take root in spite

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of us. It is time therefore to change our method.

Let us begin by making some important reflections on that critical state of which we are now speaking. The step from childhood to the age of puberty is not so positively determined, as not to vary according to the temperament of individuals, and, with regard to people, according to climate. Every one knows the difference observable, in this particular, between the hot and cold countries; and it is generally allowed, that warm constitutions arrive at the age of maturity soonest: but we may be deceived as to the cause, and may frequently attribute to a physical what ought to be ascribed to a moral source, which is one of the most common mistakes in the philosophy of the present age. The instructions of nature are late and tedious, those of man are almost always premature. In the first case, the senses rouse the imagination; in the second, the imagination awakens the senses, and gives them a too early activity, which cannot fail to enervate individuals, and in time the species. That the age of puberty in both sexes is always more forward in a polished and enlightened people than amongst the ignorant and savage, is a more general and certain observation *. Children have

* In great towns, says M. de Buffon, and amongst people in affluence, children accustomed to eat plentifully, and upon succulent food, arrive soon at maturity; in the country, and amongst poor people, their food being less nourishing, they require at least three years more. *Hist. Nat. t. 4. p. 238.*

I admit the justice of the observation, but not of the cause assigned for it; for in countries where the inhabitants live extremely well, and eat a vast deal, as in the Valais, and even in some of the mountainous provinces of Italy, the age of puberty in

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have a singular sagacity in seeing, through the affectation of decorum, the vices which it is intended to conceal. The refined language which we are pleased to dictate, our lectures on decency, the mysterious veil formerly held before their eyes, are so many spurs to their curiosity. It is evident from the effects, that, by endeavouring to keep children in ignorance, we really instruct them; and that, of all the instructions they receive, this makes the greatest impression.

Experience will inform you how greatly this ridiculous method accelerates the work of nature, and ruins the constitution. It is one of the principal causes of mankind's degenerating in great towns. The young folks early exhausted, continue diminutive, feeble, ill made, and grow old instead of robust; like the vine which is compelled to bear fruit in the spring, and droops and dies before autumn.

One must have lived in the midst of rustic simplicity, to be able to form any judgment to what age a happy ignorance may prolong the innocence of children. It is a pleasing sight to behold the two sexes engaged in the harmless sports of childhood, though in the bloom of youth and beauty; and evincing, even by their familiarity, the purity of their pleasures. When these

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in both sexes comes as late as in great cities, where, to indulge their pride, they frequently eat sparingly. One is surpris'd to see, amidst these mountains, boys as robust as men, with female voices and beardless chins; and to find girls tall and perfectly formed, who have not the periodical distinction of their sex. This difference, I am of opinion, is owing to their simplicity of manners; the imagination remaining longer in tranquillity, is later before it ferments the blood, and accelerates the circulation.

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amiable young people arrive at a proper age for marriage, the husband and wife mutually sacrificing their first-fruits, become dearer to each other. A race of healthy and robust children are the pledges of an unalterable union, and the happy consequence of their innocence in early life.

If the period when man becomes conscious of his sex is as much determined by education as by nature, consequently this period may be accelerated or retarded: and if the body gains or loses solidity, in proportion as this progress is forwarded or delayed, it follows, that the longer it is retarded the stronger we grow. I am now speaking of mere physical effects; we shall soon perceive that there are other consequences.

By these reflections I am enabled to solve this question, so frequently the subject of debate, Whether it would be proper to gratify the curiosity of children betimes, or to put them off with some little piece of modest deceit? In my opinion, both should be avoided. First, as we ourselves are the cause of this curiosity, we should endeavour to prevent it; and secondly, when there is no necessity for resolving their questions, you are not obliged to deceive them. You had much better impose silence, than answer a child with a lie: he will not be surpris'd at such a command, if he has been used to submit in matters of indifference. In short, if you chuse to reply, let your answer be plain, without mystery, without embarrassment, and without a smile. There is much less danger in satisfying, than in exciting the curiosity of children.

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and determined, without seeming to hesitate. It is needless to add, that they should be strictly true; one cannot teach children the danger of telling lies to men, without perceiving the greater danger of deceiving children. A single falsehood averred by the master to his pupil, will for ever destroy the fruits of education.

A total ignorance of certain things were perhaps the most to be wished; but they should learn betimes what it is impossible always to conceal from them. Either their curiosity should not be at all excited, or it should be satisfied before the time of danger. Your conduct with regard to your pupil greatly depends on his particular situation, the people by whom he is surrounded, and many other circumstances. It is of importance to leave nothing to chance; and if you are not positively certain that you can keep him ignorant of the difference of sex till the age of sixteen, be careful to let him know it before the age of ten.

I cannot approve of speaking to children in a language too refined, nor of palpable circumlocution only to avoid calling things by their proper names. Virtuous innocence knows no disguise; but an imagination polluted by vice, renders the ear delicate, and obliges us to a continual refinement of expression. Mere words can be of no consequence; lascivious ideas are what we should guard against.

Though modesty is natural to the human species, yet children have it not from nature. A sense of shame proceeds only from the knowledge of evil; and how can children who neither have, nor ought to have this knowledge, shew its ef-

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fects? To read them lectures on shame and decency, is to teach them that there are things shameful and immodest; it is inspiring them with a secret desire of knowing these things. Sooner or later they arrive at this knowledge; and the first spark which catches the imagination, is sure to set the passions in a flame. Whoever blushes, is already culpable; real innocence can never be ashamed.

Children, though they have not the same desires with men, are, like them, liable to that uncleanness which offends the senses; and for that reason, may receive the same lessons concerning decency. Let us, in this respect, imitate nature, who placing the organs of secret pleasure and those of disgusting necessity in the same parts of the body, suggests to us the same attention at different ages, first by one idea, and then by another; to man by the idea of modesty, and to children by that of cleanliness.

I see but one certain method of preserving the innocence of children, namely, that it be cherished and respected by those who surround them; otherwise the artifice and reserve with which they are treated, will, sooner or later, infallibly be discovered. A smile, a glance, or a single gesture, is sufficient to discover to them all we intended to conceal, and effectually to betray our design of deceiving them. The delicacy of expression used by polite people in the presence of children, supposing a kind of knowledge which they should not have, is extremely injudicious; but, in conversing with them, if you pay a proper regard to their innocence, you will naturally use those terms which are most proper. There

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is a certain simplicity of expression which is suitable and pleasing to innocence, and this I take to be the best method of diverting the dangerous curiosity of children. By speaking to them plainly of every thing, you leave them no room to suspect that there is any thing more to say. By uniting to indelicate words the disgusting ideas which they excite, you suppress the first fire of the imagination: you do not hinder them from pronouncing these words, and having these ideas; but you extinguish, unknown to themselves, the desire of recollecting them. And what a world of embarrassment do you avoid by thus expressing your ideas without circumlocution or disguise?

How are children made? This, though an embarrassing question, may naturally be asked by a child, whose conduct and health, during his whole life, may possibly depend, in a great measure, on the answer. The shortest method which a mother can devise to extricate herself, without deceiving her son, is to impose silence: this might do well enough, if he had been for some time accustomed to it in questions about indifferent things, and that he suspected no mystery from this new command. But a mother seldom stops here. *This, says she, is the secret of married people; little boys should not be so curious.* In this manner she may indeed extricate herself: but let me tell her, the little boy, piqued at the appearance of contempt in her reply, rests not a moment till he learns the secret of married people; and he will not long remain in ignorance.

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which I remember to have heard given to the same question, and which struck me the more as it proceeded from a woman as modest in her discourse as in her behaviour, but who was wise enough, for the advantage of her son, and for the sake of virtue, to disregard the pleasantry of fools. It happened, a little while before, that the child had voided a small stone, which tore the passage; but the pain being over, was soon forgotten. *Mamma*, says the boy, *how are children made?* *Child*, replied the mother, without hesitation, *women make them in their water, as you did the stone, with such terrible pain that it sometimes costs them their lives.*—Let fools laugh, and blockheads be offended; but let the wise recollect whether they have ever heard a more judicious and pertinent answer.

Instantly the idea of any thing mysterious is absorbed in that of a natural necessity already known to the child. The accessory ideas of pain and death cast a veil of sadness over the imagination, and stifle curiosity: his thoughts center, not upon the cause, but the consequence of childbirth. The infirmities of human nature, images of disgust and horror, such will naturally arise from the explanation of this answer, if he has any inclination to be farther inquisitive. How can the inquietude of desire be produced by such a conversation? Nevertheless we have not deviated from the truth; nor have we, instead of instructing, deceived our pupil. Your children read, and thus acquire knowledge, which otherwise they would not have obtained: if they study, the imagination catches fire even in the calm obscurity of the closet. If they mix with the world,

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world, they hear a strange jargon of words, they are struck with variety of examples; and being perfectly persuaded that they are men, every thing which men do in their presence they will endeavour to imitate; it being natural for them to model their actions by those of other people, when other people's judgment serves them as a law. Servants who are their dependents, and who consequently have an interest in pleasing them, will make their court at the expence of their morals. A foolish, flirting governess, in the presence of a child of four years old, will express herself in terms which the most impudent woman would be ashamed of before a boy of fifteen. She soon forgets the words she has uttered, but they have made a lasting impression upon the child. Loose conversation is the harbinger of immoral actions. A vicious footboy will debauch the principles of a child, and the secrets of the one become security for those of the other.

A child properly educated, according to his age, knows no attachments but those of custom; he loves his sister as he loves his playthings, and his friend as his dog. He does not perceive himself to be of any sex or any species; man and woman are equally unknown to him, and he applies nothing to himself which they either say or do; he hardly sees or hears them, and pays no more regard to their discourse than to their example. He is not, by this method, led into an artificial error; it is the ignorance of nature. The time will come when the same nature will take care to instruct her pupil; and she will not, till then, enable him to profit by her instructions.

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Such are my principles of education: a particular detail of rules is, at present, foreign to the subject; and the methods which I propose, with regard to other objects, may serve as examples in the present case.

If you mean to confine the growing passions within proper limits, prolong the time in which they are naturally displayed, that they may arrange themselves in due order; thus you will do nothing more than suffer nature to dispose her own work. Your task would be easy if your pupil were alone; but every thing about him inflames his imagination. He is hurried away by the torrent of prejudice; in order to stop him, you must endeavour to carry him against the stream. The imagination should be governed by sentiment, and reason silence the voice of public opinion. Sensibility is the source of all the passions, and their bias is determined by the imagination. Every being who perceives his connections, will naturally be affected when these connections alter, and when he imagines, or thinks he imagines, others more suitable to his nature. The passions of finite beings, even of angels themselves if they have any, are transformed into vices, by these errors of the imagination; for they must necessarily be acquainted with the nature of all beings, before they can know what connections are the most suitable to their own.

All human wisdom, as far as it concerns the use of the passions, consists, first, in perceiving the true relations of a man, both with regard to the species and to the individual; and secondly, in regulating the different affections of the mind according to these relations.

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But it may be asked, whether man has it in his power to regulate his affections according to this or that particular relation? Most certainly he has, if it be in his power to direct his imagination to any particular object, or to give it this or that particular turn. Besides, the present question does not so much regard man's power over himself, as what may possibly be done with our pupil by a proper choice of the circumstances in which he is placed.

Whilst his sensibility is confined merely to himself, there can be nothing moral in his actions; it is only when it begins to extend to others that he acquires the perception and idea of good and evil, which constitutes him really man, and an integral part of his species; to this period, therefore, let us confine our observations. Possibly it may be attended with some difficulty, because we shall be obliged to reject the examples which are before our eyes, and go in search of others where the faculties of the mind gradually display themselves in their natural order.

A child educated in the accomplishments of the polite world, who waits only for the power of putting in practice the premature instructions he has received, never mistakes the moment when that power begins; but, instead of waiting for that period, accelerates its progress; he knows what will be the object of his desires, long before they exist. Nature, when she makes him a man, has nothing more to teach him. He was a man in idea long before he became one in effect.

The real progress of nature is gradual and slow; the motion of the blood quickens; the spirits

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spirits begin to ferment, and the constitution forms by slow and more certain degrees. The sagacious artist, who directs the machine, takes care that each part shall be perfect before it is put in motion; a long inquietude precedes our first desires, a long ignorance diverts them various ways, and we desire we know not what: the blood flows quick, the pulse beats high, and a superabundance of life seems impatient to extend its limits. The eye acquires vivacity, and inquisitively explores all other beings; we begin to have an interest in those by whom we are surrounded; we begin to perceive that we were not made to live alone. Thus the heart begins to open to human affections, and becomes capable of attachment.

The first sentiment of which a youth, carefully educated, is susceptible, is not love, but friendship. The first act of his youthful imagination is to inform him that there are beings similar to himself, and the species affects him before the sex. Another advantage arising from prolonging his innocence is, that it enables us, by means of his growing sensibility, to sow the first seeds of humanity in his heart: an advantage of infinite importance, because it is the only time of his life when this care will be attended with equal success.

I have always remarked, that young people, early corrupted, and addicted to debauchery, are inhuman and cruel: the heat of their constitution renders them impatient, vindictive, and impetuous: their imagination, engrossed by one particular object, rejects every other: they have neither tenderness nor pity; and would sacrifice
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father, mother, and all the world, to the most trifling gratification. On the contrary, a youth educated in simplicity and innocence, is inclined to the tender passions by the first impulse of nature. His sympathetic heart feels the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; it leaps with joy at the unexpected sight of a beloved companion, his arms fly open to embrace him with ardor, and his eyes overflow with gladness. He is sensible of shame for giving displeasure, of regret for having offended. If the natural warmth of his constitution renders him hasty and passionate, you will immediately perceive the extreme goodness of his heart, in the effusion of his repentance; he weeps, he sighs over the wound he has given; he would gladly compensate with his own blood, that which he had shed; his anger subsides, and his pride is humbled in the sense of his fault. If he is offended, one single word of apology disarms him, though in the height of resentment; he pardons the faults of others as willingly as he makes reparation for his own. Youth is not the age of revenge and hatred; on the contrary, it is that of compassion, clemency, and generosity. I aver, and I fear no contradiction from experience, that a youth, not meanly bred, who has preserved his innocence to the age of twenty, is at that period the most generous, the best, the most affectionate, and the most amiable of mankind. Strange doctrine! cries the reader, I never heard of it before.— Very possible: your philosophers, educated in the corrupt notions of a college, know nothing of the matter.

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is our common misery which inclines our heart to humanity. Every attachment is a sign of insufficiency: if we stood in no need of assistance, we should hardly think of uniting ourselves to each other; so that human felicity, uncertain as it is, proceeds from our infirmities. A being absolutely happy, must be alone and independent. God only enjoys absolute happiness; but of that happiness who can have any idea? If an imperfect being could be supposed to have an independent existence, what, according to our ideas, would be his enjoyment? In being alone, he would be miserable. He who wants nothing, will love nothing; and I cannot conceive that he who loves nothing, can be happy.

Hence it follows, that our attachment to our fellow-creatures is rather owing to our sympathising with their pains, than with their pleasures; for in the first we more evidently perceive the identity of our nature, and a security for their attachment to us. If our common necessities unite us from a principle of interest, our common miseries unite us by affection. The sight of a happy man is more apt to inspire envy than love; we readily accuse him of usurping a privilege to which he has no exclusive right, and our self-love suffers in the idea that he has no need of our assistance. But who does not bemoan the unhappy sufferer? Who would not release him from his misfortunes, if it cost no more than a wish? It is easier to imagine ourselves in the situation of the wretched, than in that of the happy; because we perceive ourselves more nearly allied to the one, than to the other. Compassion is a grateful sensation, because, though

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though we sympathise with the sufferer, we secretly rejoice that his pains are not our own. Envy, on the contrary, is painful; because, so far from sympathising in the happiness of others, we grudge them their enjoyments: the first seems to exempt us from the evil he suffers, and the latter to deprive us of the blessings he enjoys.

If you would encourage the first impulses of a growing sensibility in the heart of a young man, and incline his disposition towards virtue and benevolence, be careful not to sow the seeds of pride, vanity, and envy, by a false representation of human felicity: let him remain unacquainted with the pomp of courts, the magnificence of palaces, and the charms of public entertainments; let him not appear in polite circles and brilliant assemblies. Give him not a superficial view of society till he is able to make a proper estimate of its intrinsic value. To shew him the world in general, before he knows something of man in particular, would be to corrupt, instead of forming his mind; to deceive, instead of instructing him.

Men are not naturally opulent, courtiers, nobles, or kings. We come into the world naked and poor; we are all subject to the miseries of life, to grief, necessity, and evils of various kinds: in short, we are all condemned to die. Such is the true picture of man. Let us therefore begin by studying those things which are inseparable from human nature, that which most essentially constitutes humanity. At the age of sixteen we know what it is to suffer, for we ourselves have already suffered; but we are hardly sensible of the sufferings of other beings: to see

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without feeling them, is not to know them; and, as I have frequently said before, a child has no idea of what others feel; he knows no evils but his own: but, when the first display of his faculties kindles the fire of his imagination, he begins to perceive that he does not exist independent of his fellow-creatures; he feels their complaints, and sympathises in their sorrow. At this time the tragical picture of our existence should excite in his heart the first feelings of humanity.

If this period is not easily discovered in your children, whom may we blame for it? You instruct them so early in the language of sentiment, that they quickly learn to turn your own lessons against you, and leave you no method of judging when they begin really to feel what they say. As for my Emilius, he has hitherto neither felt, nor pretended to feel. Having no idea of love, he has never been heard to say, *I love you dearly*; he was never instructed *how to look on* entering into the sick chamber of his father, mother, or his governor; he was never shewn how to affect a sorrow which he did not feel; he feigns no tears at the death of his friends, for he knows not what death means. The insensibility of his heart is visible in his behaviour. Indifferent to all, except himself, like all other children, he is sensible of no attachment; he differs from them only in this, that he does not play the cheat as they do, or pretend to any thing he does not feel.

Emilius, having bestowed little reflection on sensible beings, will be some time before he has any idea of suffering and death. Lamentation
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and cries will gradually begin to excite his compassion; he will turn away his eyes at the sight of blood; the convulsions of an expiring animal will create in him a kind of agony, before he is sensible whence these emotions proceed. Had he continued indeed in a state of barbarity, totally uncultivated, he would have known no such feelings; if he had been farther instructed, he would have known their source; he has compared ideas too often to have no feelings, but not sufficiently to conceive what they are.

Hence proceeds compassion, the first relative sentiment which touches the human heart, according to the order of nature. A child, before he can be sensible of pity, must know that there are beings like himself who are capable of feeling the same pain which he has already experienced. In short, how should we feel compassion, if not by being transported out of ourselves, and uniting our own persons, in imagination, to that of the suffering animal, by quitting, if I may so say, our own being for his? We suffer only in proportion as we think he suffers; it is not in ourselves, but in him that we suffer: therefore our sensibility does not commence till the imagination warms, and begins to carry us out of ourselves.

To excite and nourish this growing sensibility, to guide or follow it in its natural propensity, it will be necessary to throw such objects in the way of our young pupil as will most effectually dilate his heart, extend it to other beings, and separate him from himself; to hide carefully from his view those objects which, on the contrary, tend to contract the heart, and compress

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the spring of human selfishness: in other terms, to inspire him with goodness, humanity, compassion, benevolence, and all the soft attractive passions which are so pleasing to mankind; and to stifle envy, hatred, and all those cruel and inhuman appetites, which, if I may be allowed the phrase, render sensibility not only null, but negative, becoming the torment of those who possess them.

The preceding reflections, I think, may be comprised in two or three distinct and obvious maxims.

FIRST MAXIM.

It is not in the power of the human heart to sympathise with those who are happier than ourselves, but with those only who are more miserable.

If there are any exceptions to this maxim, they are rather apparent than real. We do not sympathise with the rich or great to whom we are attached: even in our most sincere attachment, we only appropriate a part of their well-being. Sometimes we really love people in their misfortunes; but so long as they are in prosperity, they have no sincere friends, except such as are not dupes to appearances, and who rather pity than envy them, notwithstanding their condition.

We sympathise in the happiness of rural simplicity, because the pleasure of contemplating the felicity of the honest rustics is not embittered by envy. We find ourselves really interested in their pleasures; and why? Because we think

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it in our power to descend to their state of peace and innocence, and to enjoy the same happiness: it is a last resource, which excites none but agreeable ideas, and of which our will alone is sufficient to put us in possession. We have a satisfaction in contemplating this asylum, though we never intend to enjoy it.

Hence we may conclude, that if we mean to inspire the heart of a youth with humanity, we are not to dazzle his eyes with the splendor of the rich and fortunate, but to display them such as they often are, gloomy and discontented, so that he may rather dread than envy their situation. Thus, having no temptation to follow the steps of other men in his pursuit of happiness, he will naturally strike out a path of his own.

SECOND MAXIM.

We pity in others those evils only, from which we think ourselves not exempt.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

What can be more beautiful, more affecting, and more true than this line!

Why have kings no compassion for their subjects? Because they never intend to become men. Why are the rich so obdurate to the poor? Because they are not afraid of poverty. Why are the lower class of people despised by the nobility? Because the nobles are in no danger of becoming plebeians. Why are the Turks, in general, more humane, more hospitable than we are? Because their government being arbitrary,

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trary, and consequently the fortune and grandeur of particulars precarious, they are not entirely out of the reach of poverty and distress*; he who is to-day the most powerful, may to-morrow be in the situation of the beggar he relieves. This reflection which so frequently recurs in the oriental romances, makes them infinitely more affecting than all our dry morality.

Do not therefore accustom your pupil to look haughtily down upon the sufferings of the unfortunate, and the labour of the poor: he cannot be taught to pity them while he looks upon them as almost of a different species. Let him understand, that the lot of those miserable wretches may possibly be his own; that he is by no means exempt from their misfortunes, and that a thousand inevitable events may plunge him into equal misery. Teach him to place no confidence in birth, health, or riches; shew him all the vicissitudes of fortune; point out to him the many frequent examples of people, who, from a situation more exalted than his, have fallen to the lowest degree of poverty and distress; whether by their own fault or not, is at present out of the question. What idea can he have of a fault? let us not attempt to disturb the natural gradation of his knowledge, nor to enlighten his understanding by means above his comprehension. It requires no great learning, or capacity, to conceive, that all the prudence of man cannot positively ensure him the continuance of life for a single hour to come;

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* At present, indeed, the case is a little altered; rank becoming daily more fixed and durable among them, they grow accordingly more destitute of compassion.

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cannot promise him, that before night comes on he shall not *be gnashing his teeth* in acute pain; that a month hence he shall not be reduced to poverty; that in less than a year he shall not be chained to the oar of an Algerine galley. But these things are not to be coldly repeated like his catechism; he must see, he must feel the calamities of human nature. Terrify his imagination with the perils by which mankind are continually surrounded, so that, in listening to the animated description, he may press close to your bosom, for fear of falling into the abyss. But, say you, this will make a coward of him. As to that, we shall consider it in the sequel. Let us first endeavour to teach him humanity; this at present is our principal concern.

THIRD MAXIM.

Our pity for the misfortunes of others is not measured by the quantity of evil, but by the supposed sensibility of the sufferer.

We pity the wretched only in proportion as we believe them sensible of their own wretchedness. The mere physical sensation of evil is not so violent as it generally seems; it is the memory which makes us sensible of its continuance; it is the imagination extending it beyond the present moment which makes us really deserving of compassion. Probably this may be the reason why we are less affected at the sufferings of animals than of men. We do not pity a dray-horse when we see him in the stable; because we do not suppose that, in eating his hay, he remembers the inhumanity of his driver, or is appre-

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apprehensive of the fatigues which he must undergo. In like manner, we never pity a sheep in its pasture, though we know it to be doomed to slaughter; because we suppose it to have no foreknowledge of its destiny. By extending those ideas, we also become indifferent to the sufferings of our own species; and the rich excuse their conduct towards the poor, by supposing them too stupid to be sensible of their own misery. In general, I judge in what degree men estimate the happiness of their fellow-creatures by their manner of treating them. It is quite natural that we should set little value on the felicity of beings we despise. Let us therefore not be surpris'd when politicians talk of the populace with so much disdain, nor that the generality of philosophers should affect to make man so wicked a being.

It is the populace which compose the bulk of mankind: those which are not in this class are so few in number, that they are hardly worth notice. Man is the same creature in every state; therefore that which is the most numerous ought to be most respected. To a man capable of reflection, all civil distinctions are nothing; he observes the same passions, the same feelings, in the clown and the man of quality; the principal difference between them consists in the language they speak, in a little refinement of expression: but if there be any real distinction, it is certainly to the disadvantage of the least sincere. The common people appear as they really are, and they are not amiable; if those in high life were equally undisguis'd, their appearance would make us shudder with horror.

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There is, say our philosophers, an equal allotment of happiness and misery to every rank of men; a maxim as dangerous as it is absurd. If all mankind are equally happy, it would be ridiculous to give ourselves any trouble to promote their felicity. Let each remain in his situation: let the slave endure the lash, the lame his infirmity, and let the beggar perish, since they would gain nothing by a change of situation. The same philosophers enumerate the pangs of the rich, and expatiate on the vanity of their pleasures: was there ever so palpable a sophism! The pangs of a rich man are not essential to riches, but to the abuse of them. If he were even more wretched than the poor, he would deserve no compassion, because he is the creator of his own misery, and happiness was in his power. But the sufferings of the indigent are the natural consequences of his state; he feels the weight of his hard lot; no length of time nor habit can ever render him insensible of fatigue and hunger; neither wisdom nor good humour can annihilate the evils which are inseparable from his situation. What avails it an Epictetus to foresee that his master is going to break his leg? doth that prevent the evil? on the contrary, his foreknowledge adds greatly to his misfortune. If the populace were really as wise as we suppose them stupid, how could they act otherwise than as they do? Study this order of men, and you will find, that, in another language, they will utter as much wit, and more good sense than yourself. Learn, therefore, to respect your species. Remember that the common people compose the most considerable part
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of mankind; and that if all the kings and philosophers were to be taken away, the chasm would be imperceptible, and things would go on just as well without them. In short, teach your pupil to love mankind, and even those by whom mankind are vilified. Let him not rank himself particularly in one, but among all-classes of men. Speak to him of man with tenderness and compassion, but never with contempt. Man! dishonour not mankind.

By these, and the like methods equally uncommon, we must penetrate into the heart of youth, excite in it the first emotions of nature, and extend its benevolence to our whole species; and I will add, that, in these operations, it is of infinite importance to stifle every selfish principle, and to guard as much as possible against the incursions of vanity, emulation, glory, and all those sentiments which lead us to compare ourselves with others: for such comparisons are never made without some impression of hatred to those who dispute the preference with us, even though it were only in our own estimation; so that we must either be blind to our own merit, or incensed against our competitor; we must be either envious, or insensible. Let us, if possible, avoid this dilemma. These dangerous passions, I shall be told, will sooner or later take root in spite of us. I do not deny it; all things have their proper time and place; I insist only on our not aiding them in their growth.

Such, in general, is the method in which we ought to proceed. A detail of particular examples would be useless, because we now begin to branch out into an almost infinite variety of cha-

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characters, and that each example would not suit above one in a hundred thousand. At this age also, if our tutor be a man of abilities, he will, with true philosophical observation, whilst he moulds the heart of his pupil, inquire into its inmost texture. Whilst your pupil is yet unacquainted with disguise, the impression he receives from every object he sees, may be easily read in his eyes and gesture; his countenance, the true index of his soul, discovers all its motions; by a careful observation of these, we learn in time to foresee, and at last to direct them.

It is generally remarked, that the sight of blood or wounds, the sound of cries and groans, the apparatus of painful operations, and all those objects which excite the idea of suffering, make a more early and more general impression upon mankind than that of death. The idea of final dissolution being more complex, is not so striking. The image of death impresses our minds later, and more faintly, because we have no experience to assist our conception. To form any idea of the agonies of death, we must first have beheld the consequence thereof in the lifeless body: but when once this image is perfectly formed in our minds, no spectacle can be more horrible; whether it proceeds from the appearance of total dissolution, or from the reflection, that death being inevitable, we ourselves shall, sooner or later, be in the same situation.

These impressions have their different modifications and degrees, according to the habits of each individual; but the impressions themselves

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are universal. There are other impressions which are slower and less general, and which are peculiar to persons of great sensibility; I mean those which are received from the mental sufferings, sorrow, and affliction of our fellow-creatures. There are people who are incapable of being moved except by cries and tears; the long and silent grief of a heart torn with distress, never drew a sigh from their breasts; they are not affected at the sight of a dejected countenance, pale complexion, and hollow eyes exhausted of their tears. On such hearts the sufferings of the mind have no effect. They are judges without feeling, from whom we have nothing to expect but inflexible rigour and cruelty. Possibly they may be just, but never humane, generous, or compassionate. I say they may be just, if it be possible for man to be just without being merciful.

Let us not, however, be in haste to form our judgment of youth by this rule, especially those who have had a proper education; it being impossible for them to have any idea of moral pain, which they have never experienced. They can sympathise with the evils only which they have felt. But this seeming insensibility, proceeding merely from ignorance, will change into tenderness and compassion, as soon as they perceive that in human life there are a thousand evils with which they were unacquainted. As for my Emilius, if he discovers simplicity and plain sense in his infancy, I am very sure he will not want sensibility in his youth; for the truth of our sensations depends greatly on the justness of our ideas.

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But, says the reader, why this scene of affliction? Certainly you must have forgot your first resolution, and the constant felicity which you promised to your pupil. Representations of misery and death: strange felicity! wonderful enjoyment for an heart just entering into life!—This will be the language. No matter: I promised to make him really, not apparently, happy. Is it my fault that you, who are the constant dupes of appearance, mistake it for reality?

Let us take two young boys, and suppose them, after the first stage of their education, entering the world through different ways, diametrically opposite to each other. One mounts up at once to the summit of Olympus, and mixes in the most brilliant society. He is presented at court, and introduced to the great; he becomes acquainted with the rich men and the fine women. We will suppose him universally entertained and carested, without examining into its effects upon his reason, which we will imagine to be in no danger. Pleasures anticipate his desires: every day presents him with fresh amusements, and he seems to enjoy them all. He appears attentive, eager, and curious. You are struck with his first rapture: you think him happy. But look into the state of his mind: you think he enjoys these splendid amusements; I think he suffers under them.

His eyes no sooner open, than he perceives a multitude of pretended pleasures, which have entirely escaped him, and many others which, from the shortness of their duration, seem to have presented themselves only to punish him with regret for their departure. Observe him

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surveying a palace, and you see, by his impatient curiosity, that he is asking himself, why his paternal mansion is not equally magnificent? All his questions indicate that he is continually comparing himself with the owner of the palace, and every mortifying circumstance in the comparison serves only to stimulate and excite his vanity. If, by chance, he meets a youth better dressed than himself, I hear him murmuring against the avarice of his parents. If, on the contrary, he happens to excel in point of dress, perhaps he has the mortification to find himself eclipsed by the birth or sense of another, and all his finery humbled before a plain suit. If he shines at a ball or an assembly, and raises himself on tiptoe in order to be more conspicuous, is there a man in the whole company who does not wish to mortify the young coxcomb? They soon unite against him: the contemptuous regards of the grave, and the raillery of the gay, cannot fail to render his situation disagreeable; but were he to perceive himself despised only by one single man, that were alone sufficient to invalidate the applause of all the rest.

But we will suppose him possessed of real merit, and every agreeable accomplishment; that he is handsome, witty, amiable; that he is the favourite of the ladies; by anticipating his inclinations, however, they make a fool of him rather than a lover. He will succeed in some affairs of gallantry; but he will have no passion, no transport for enjoyment. His desires being continually prevented, in the lap of pleasure he is tired with constraint. The sex, which was created for the happiness of the other, satisfies

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and disgusts him, even before he knows the sex. If he continues to visit them, it is now merely out of vanity; but if at last he becomes sincerely attached, he will find himself no longer the only young, sprightly, amiable fellow in the world; his mistresses will be no prodigies of fidelity.

I say nothing of the quarrels, treachery, vexation, and regret, which are inseparable from this way of life: we know that experience will, in time, convince us of its folly, and give us a distaste for it; I am now speaking only of the lasting disgust attendant upon the first illusion.

How different must this scene appear to one who, till now, had been wrapt up in the bosom of his family and friends, and was the sole object of their care and attention, to enter at once into a world where he is of so little account, and to find that he is lost in a new sphere, who was himself so lately the centre of his own! How many affronts, how many humiliations must he experience, before he loses the prejudice of his importance! Whilst a child, he was obeyed and flattered; and now he is become a young man, he is obliged to submit to all the world; or, if he should happen to forget himself, and assume his former airs, how mortifying are the lessons which bring him back to reason! Being accustomed to obtain with ease the objects of his desire, his desires are many; consequently so are his disappointments. He covets every thing he sees; he envies all mankind; he wishes to be universally obeyed. Puffed up with vanity, inflamed with lawless appetites, tormented by jealousy, hatred, and every other devouring passion,

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he carries their agitation with him daily into the tumult of the world, and brings it back again every night. He comes home full of discontent. He lies down to rest with a thousand vain projects in his head; and his pride, even in his sleep, paints on his imagination the chimerical pleasures with which his desires torment him, but which he will never enjoy. Such is the portrait of your pupil; let us now take a view of mine.

If the first object which presents itself happens to exhibit a melancholy spectacle, the sensation is immediately succeeded by a pleasing idea: perceiving himself exempt from the evils with which others are afflicted, he finds that he is happier than he imagined. He sympathises in the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; but that sympathy is voluntary and agreeable. He enjoys at once the compassion which he feels for their misfortunes, and his own happiness in being exempt from their fate; he perceives in himself that power which extends us beyond ourselves, and enables us to communicate to others the activity which is superfluous to our own well-being. To sympathise in the misfortunes of others, doubtless, it is necessary we should know, though not that we should feel them. Having suffered, or being apprehensive of suffering, we pity those who actually suffer; but as soon as the evil becomes our own, all our pity centers in ourselves. Now, all mankind being subject to the miseries of life, if we grant to others that sensibility only of which we have no need on our own account, it follows that pity must be a very pleasing sentiment, because it

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is a proof of our felicity; and that, on the contrary, a man of no feeling must necessarily be unhappy, since the texture of his heart affords him no superabundant sensibility for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures.

We are too apt to judge of happiness by appearances; we suppose it to be where it very rarely exists; we seek it where it cannot be found. Mirth is a very equivocal sign of happiness. A merry fellow is often in reality an unhappy mortal, who, by laughing, endeavours to conceal and to forget his misery. Those gentlemen who in a polite circle appear so good humoured, so open, so serene, are generally morose and peevish at home: their domestics feel the want of that good nature which they lavish upon their companions. True contentment is never extremely gay or noisy; its possessor, ever careful of so pleasing a sensation, will not suffer it to evaporate, but enjoys the invaluable blessing with deliberate taste and reflection. The man who is really happy speaks little, and seldom laughs: he, as it were, contracts the circle of felicity round his heart. Solitude and silence are friends to true pleasure. Tender emotions and tears are the companions of enjoyment; and even excessive joy more frequently produces tears than laughter.

The number and variety of amusements may possibly seem to contribute to happiness, and the simplicity of an uniform life appear tiresome; but a more attentive observation will convince us, that the most perfect felicity of the soul consists in moderation of enjoyment, so as to curb the violence of desire, and prevent disgust. The
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inquietude of desire produces curiosity and inconstancy; lassitude and discontent are the offspring of turbulent pleasures. We cannot be weary of our situation if we know not a better. Of all mankind, savages are the least curious, and least tired of their existence. They look upon every object with indifference: they enjoy not the circumstances of life, but life itself. They spend their whole time in doing nothing, and yet their time never hangs heavily on their hands.

The man of the world is entirely covered with a mask; he is so accustomed to disguise, that if, at any time, he is obliged for a moment to assume his natural character, his uneasiness and constraint are palpably obvious. Reality is no part of his concern, he aims at nothing more than appearance.

I cannot help figuring to myself, in the face of the fine young fop above mentioned, a certain impertinent smile of affectation, which, to men of rational simplicity, is insupportable: and, on the contrary, in that of mine, methinks, I behold an interesting, open countenance, strongly expressive of the sincerity of his mind, inspiring esteem and confidence, and seeming to wait only the overflowings of his heart, to give his friendship to all those who approach him.

I think, we generally suppose the physiognomy, or countenance, to be formed by a simple display of the traces already sketched out by nature. For my part, I am of opinion, that, besides this natural display of the features, they are insensibly fashioned into physiognomy by the frequent

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frequent impression of certain affections of the mind. That the affections are impressed on the visage, is beyond doubt; and that such impressions, by frequent repetition, must necessarily become durable. Hence, I suppose, it is, that a man's character may frequently be discovered in his face, without having recourse to mysterious explications, which suppose a knowledge we are not endowed with.

In the countenance of a child there are only two affections which are strongly impressed, namely, joy and grief: he laughs, or he cries; the intermediate affections are nothing. He passes incessantly from one emotion to the other; and this continual change prevents any permanent impression which might form a physiognomy: but at an age when, becoming more sensible, he is more powerfully and frequently affected, the impressions are too deep to be easily effaced, and from the habitual state of the mind results a certain arrangement of features which in time becomes unalterable. Nevertheless, I have seen men change their physiognomy at different ages; but whenever this happened, where it was in my power to observe them with attention, I have always remarked that there was a change also in their habitual passions. This single observation, sufficiently confirmed, seems to be decisive, and not improperly urged in a treatise on education, which ought to teach us how to perceive the emotions of the soul by exterior signs.

Whether my pupil will be less amiable for not having learned the art of disguising his sentiments, and of feigning sensations which he never

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ver felt, is not my business to determine. This I know, that he will be more loving; and I am much inclined to doubt whether he who loves himself alone, can act his part so well as to seem more deserving of esteem, than he whose happiness, in some measure, consists in his affection for others. But with regard to this sentiment, I believe, I have already said enough to guide a sensible reader, and convince him that I have uniformly adhered to my first principles.

I now return to my system, and proceed. When this critical age approaches, exhibit to your pupil such scenes as may restrain, rather than accelerate the growth of his passions. Carry him from the town, where the immodest dress and behaviour of the women anticipate the instructions of nature; where every scene presents him with pleasures, with which we ought to remain unacquainted, till he is able to chuse with propriety. Carry him back to his first habitation, whose rural simplicity will suffer his passions to unfold in their natural gradation. But if a taste for the arts should attach him to the town, let that taste serve to prevent a dangerous inactivity. Be extremely circumspect in the choice of his companions, his employment, his pleasures. Shew him such pictures as are affecting, but modest; such as will nourish his sensibility, without inflaming his desires. But let us not forget, that whilst we endeavour to avoid one extreme, there is a possibility of falling into the other. It is not my intention to afflict my young pupil continually with objects of horror and distress; to carry him from hospital to hospital, and from one prison to another.

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We must not, by too frequent repetition, harden, instead of softening, his heart, at the sight of human woes. What we too often behold we cease to imagine, and it is in imagination only that we feel the miseries of others. Hence, from their constant visits to the dying and the sick, the hearts of priests and physicians grow callous and obdurate. Let your pupil, therefore, be made acquainted with the lot of man, and the sufferings of his species; but let him not be too frequent a witness of such calamity. A single object, judiciously chosen, and shewn at a proper time, will inspire him with tenderness, and afford him reflection for a whole month. It is not so much the object itself, as his return to it in idea, which determines his judgment; and the permanency of the impression upon his mind depends also less upon the object than the point of view in which it is recalled to his mind. By this management of our examples, lessons, and images, we shall for a long time blunt the dangerous edge of inclination, and divert the attention of nature whilst we follow her own dictates.

In proportion as he becomes more enlightened, let the ideas which you mean to excite be adapted to his understanding; and in proportion as his desires take fire, make choice of such objects as will most effectually stifle the flame. I remember to have been told by an old military gentleman, who was as much distinguished for his morals as for his courage, that his father, who was a sensible man, but extremely devout, seeing that he was naturally too much inclined to women, spared no pains to curb this propensity;

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sity ; but finding, notwithstanding all his care, that his son still persisted in his vices, he carried him to an hospital established for the cure of people in the venereal disease, and, without any previous intimation of his design, led him into a gallery full of those unhappy wretches, who were severely expiating the folly which had brought them thither. At this hideous spectacle, so offensive to all his senses, the young man grew sick. *Go, thou wretched debauchee,* said the father, with a significant look and emphasis, *follow thy loose inclinations ; it will not be long before thou wilt think thyself happy in being admitted into this place ; or perhaps a victim to the most infamous sufferings, thou wilt compel thy father to thank God for thy death.*

These few words, joined to the affecting scene before him, made an impression upon the young man which time could never efface. Condemned by his profession to spend his youth in garrisons, he chose rather to bear the raillery of his companions than imitate their vices. *I was a man,* said he, *and have had my foibles ; but during my whole life I never could behold a public prostitute without horror.* Tutors ! let me advise you to put little confidence in words ; but learn to make a proper choice of time, place, and circumstances : let examples be your lectures, and rest assured of their effect.

During infancy, our employment is inconsiderable ; the neglects or mistakes of that age are not without remedy, and the good we im-
bibe might be communicated at a later period : but it is otherwise with regard to the age when man first begins really to live. This age is al-
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ways too short for the use which we ought to make of it, and its importance requires an unwearied attention : for this reason I dwell upon the art of extending it beyond its natural duration. One of the first precepts in the art of cultivation, is to retard nature as much as possible, that her progress may be slow but certain. We must not suffer our youth to commence man the moment it is in his power. Whilst the body is growing, those spirits which give life to the blood, and strength to the fibres, are yet unprepared and imperfect. If they be carried into a different channel, and that which was intended to complete an individual be employed in the formation of another, they will both remain feeble, and the work of nature will be left imperfect. The operations of the mind are also influenced by this perversion; the functions of the soul are as languid and spiritless as those of the body. Robust limbs, indeed, do not constitute courage or genius; and I can conceive that strength of mind will never accompany that of body, if the organs of communication between the body and mind are improperly disposed: but how perfect soever they may be in this respect, they will always act feebly, if the blood which gives them motion be exhausted, impoverished, and devoid of that substance which ought to give life and power to every spring in the machine. I have generally observed more vigour of mind among those people, whose youth is preserved from a premature corruption of manners, than in more civilized communities, where the disorder commences with the power; and doubtless this is one of the reasons

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why a people whose manners are uncorrupted, surpass their profligate neighbours in valour and good sense. The latter shine only in certain subtle qualities which they call wit, sagacity, cunning; but those grand and noble functions of wisdom and reason, which, in great actions, distinguish and honour mankind, are rarely to be found except among the former.

Our instructors complain, that the natural fire of this age renders youth ungovernable. Very true; but is it not entirely their own fault? Can they be ignorant, that when they have once suffered this fire to make its way through the senses, it is not in their power to divert its course? Will the tedious, frigid sermons of a pedant, efface from the mind of his pupil the idea of pleasure which he has conceived? Will they banish from his heart the desires which torment him? Will they quench the ardor of a flame of which he already knows the use? Will he not be enraged at those obstacles which oppose the only happiness of which he has any idea? and in the severe law prescribed without explanation, what can he discover except the caprice and hatred of a man who chuses to torment him? Is it therefore wonderful that he should oppose and hate the pedagogue in his turn?

It is easy to conceive, that, by relaxing his severity, a tutor may render himself less disagreeable to his pupil, and yet preserve an apparent authority: but I cannot perceive the use of that authority which serves only to foment the vices which it ought to repress; it is much the same

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This fire of youth, so far from being an obstacle in his education, is the proper instrument of its accomplishment; it is that which gives you an advantage over the heart of your pupil, when he ceases to be less powerful than yourself. His first affections are the reigns with which you should direct all his motions. He was before at liberty; but now he is enslaved. Whilst he was incapable of affection, he was dependent only on himself and his necessities; but the moment he loves, he depends on his attachments. Thus are formed the first bonds which unite him to his species; but we are not to suppose that his new born sensibility will be universal, or that he will conceive any meaning in the word *mankind*. No; that sensibility will be first confined to his equals; and his equals are those only with whom he is acquainted; those whom custom has rendered dear to him, or useful; those in whom he perceives a similitude of ideas and sensations; those who are exposed to the pains, and are sensible of the pleasures, which he has experienced; in a word, those in whom the manifest identity of nature increases his disposition to self-love. It is not till after having cultivated his disposition in a thousand forms, after much reflection on his own sentiments as well as those of others, that he will be able to generalize his notions under the abstract idea of humanity, and add to his particular affections those which are to unite him to the whole species.

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comes sensible of it in others *, and therefore attentive to the signs of this attachment. Thus you see what a new empire you acquire over him; you enslave his heart before he is aware of it. What must be his sensations, when, turning his eyes upon himself, he discovers the services you have done for him; when he compares himself with other young people of his own age, and you with other tutors? I say, when he discovers, for let it never be urged: if you once hint the obligation, from that instant he will cease to perceive it. If you exact obedience in return for your services, he will suspect that he has been deceived; he will conclude, that, under pretence of serving him, you have bound him in a contract to which he never consented. In vain you will urge, that what you exact is entirely for his own good; it is sufficient that it is exacted, and that in return for what was done without his consent.

When an unhappy wretch accepts a shilling, supposing it to be a gift, and afterwards finds himself to be enlisted, do we not exclaim against the injustice? And are you not equally unjust to demand a return for obligations which your pupil never accepted?

Ingratitude would be more rare, if benefits upon usury were less common. Nothing can be

* Attachment may exist without a return, but friendship cannot; the latter is an exchange, a contract, like any other, only more sacred. The word *friendship* has no *correlative*. Every man who is not the friend of his friend, is doubtless a cheat; for friendship can only be obtained by friendship, either real or apparent.

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be more natural than to love those who do us service. The heart of man is self-interested, but never ungrateful; and the obliged are less to be charged with ingratitude than their benefactors with self-interest. If you sell me your favours, let us settle the price; but if you pretend to give, and afterwards expect to make terms with me, you are guilty of fraud; it is their being given *gratis* which renders them inestimable. The heart will receive laws only from itself; by endeavouring to enslave it you give it liberty, and by leaving it at liberty it becomes your slave.

When the fisherman throws his bait into the water, the fish assemble, and continue round him without suspicion; but when, caught by the concealed hook, they perceive him draw the line, they then endeavour to escape. Is the fisherman their benefactor, or are the fish ungrateful? Do we ever see a man who is forgotten by his benefactor, forget that benefactor? On the contrary, he speaks of him with pleasure, and never thinks of him without emotion; and if by chance he has it in his power to make any return for the favours he has received, with what joy he snatches the opportunity; with what rapture he exclaims, Now it is my turn to oblige! Such is the true voice of nature. A real benefit can never produce ingratitude.

If therefore gratitude be a natural sentiment, and you do not by your own fault destroy its effects, be assured that your pupil, beginning to perceive the benefits he receives from your care, will be sensible of his obligation, provided you yourself have not fixed a price on these benefits;

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thus you will acquire an authority over his heart, which nothing can possibly subvert. Till it is time to treat him as a man, let there be no mention of his obligations to his tutor, but to himself. If you mean to make him docile and tractable, let him have full liberty; leave him frequently to himself, and he will fly to you for assistance; inspire him with the noble sentiment of gratitude, by speaking to him of his own interest. I avoided this argument so long as he was unable to comprehend it; because seeing in it nothing farther than the dependence of his tutor, he might possibly mistake him for his valet; but now he begins to have some idea of affection, he perceives those endearing ties by which a man may be united to a particular object; and in your unwearied zeal for his welfare, he no longer beholds the attachment of a slave, but the affection of a friend. Nothing has so much influence over the human heart as the voice of undoubted friendship; we know that our friend may possibly be mistaken, but we are certain he cannot intend to deceive us; we may differ from him in opinion, but we can never treat his counsels with contempt.

Having completed the second period of our physical existence, we now enter upon the system of our moral relations. If this were the proper place, I should endeavour to shew in what manner the first suggestions of conscience proceed from the first emotions of the heart, and how our notions of good and evil are the offspring of our sentiments of love and hatred. I could demonstrate that *justice* and *goodness* are not merely abstract ideas, having only a moral
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existence in the understanding; but that they are real affections of the soul, enlightened by reason, and proceeding in regular progression from our primitive affections; that reason, independent of conscience, would be unable to establish any one natural law; and that the law of nature is a mere chimera, if it is not founded on some innate principle in the human heart *. But I am not writing a treatise of morals or metaphysics, nor a course of science of any kind: I intend only to trace the order and progress of our knowledge and sentiments relative to our natural constitution. Possibly others may demonstrate what I have chosen in this place only to indicate.

My Emilius, having hitherto regarded only himself, no sooner begins to consider his fellow-creatures, than he compares himself with them, and the first sentiment excited by this comparison

* Even the precept of doing as we would be done by, has no true foundation, except in conscience and sensibility. Where is the precise reason for my acting as if I were another, especially if I am morally certain that I shall never be in his situation? Who will be answerable, provided I observe this maxim, that others will not act upon the same principle with me? The villain reaps advantage from the probity of the just, and from his own injustice: he would be glad that all the world were just except himself. This maxim, say what we will, is by no means advantageous to honest men. But when the force of an expansive mind makes me, as it were, identically the same person with my fellow-creature, I prevent his suffering for my own sake; and in this I follow nature, who inspires me with the desire of my own well-being in all situations. Hence I conclude, that the precepts of natural law are not founded merely upon reason; they rest upon a more certain and solid basis. The love of mankind derived from self-love, is the great principle of human justice. The summary of all morality is given in the gospel under that of the law.

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son is the desire of preference. This is the period when the natural love of himself changes into selfishness, and when all its attendant passions begin to exist; but in order to determine what particular passions will be predominant in his character, whether he will incline to humanity, compassion, benevolence, or to envy, revenge, and cruelty, it is necessary to know, to what rank of men he imagines himself to belong, and what kind of obstacles he will have to remove, before he can arrive at the place which he intends to occupy.

In order to direct him in his choice, after having shewn him mankind by the accidents common to the species, you will then shew them by their differences. Hence will arise the measure of natural and civil inequality, and a just picture of the whole order of society.

We must study society by studying men, and men by studying society. Those who treat morals and politics separately, will never be acquainted with either. By first considering man's primitive relations, we perceive in what manner they ought to affect him, and what passions they ought to produce: we discover that it is reciprocally, as the progress of the passions, that these relations multiply or diminish. It is not so much their power, as their moderation, which renders mankind independent. He whose desires are few, has few attachments; but, confounding our luxuriant desires with our physical necessities, those who have considered the latter as the foundation of human society, have mistaken the effect for the cause, and have consequently pursued a continued chain of false reasoning.

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There is, in the state of nature, an equality of real and unalterable right; for it is impossible that, in such a state, the difference between man and man should be so great as to render one dependent on the other. In the state of civil society, there is a chimerical equality of right; for the means intended to maintain that right, serve only to destroy it; and the strength of the public being added to that of the stronger in order to oppress the weak, destroys the equilibrium in which mankind were placed by nature *. From this first contradiction proceed all the others which we observe, in civil society, between appearance and reality. The many will always be sacrificed to the few, and public interest to that of particulars. The specious names of justice and subordination will be made the instruments of violence, and the weapons of iniquity. Hence it follows, that those distinguished orders of men, which pretend to be useful to the rest, are in reality, at the expence of the rest, useful only to themselves; and hence may be determined what consideration they deserve according to the laws of reason and justice. We are now to inquire whether the rank which they have assumed contributes more to their own happiness, that hence we may know what judgment we ought each of us to form of our own lot. This is the proper object of our present inquiry; but it will be necessary first to make ourselves acquainted with the human heart.

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* The universal spirit of laws, in all countries, is to favour the strong in opposition to the weak, and to assist those who have possessions against those who have none. This inconve- niency is inevitable, and without exception.

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If man is to be shewn to our pupil only in masquerade, we might save ourselves that trouble; for he will see enough of that without our assistance: but since the mask is not the man, and as youth ought not to be deceived, let us paint mankind as they really are; but let them be exhibited in such a light as may excite his compassion rather than his contempt. That compassion which implies a resolution to avoid their follies, is the most laudable sentiment a man can entertain with respect to his species.

With this intention, we must now take a different route from that which we have hitherto pursued, and instruct our pupil rather by the experience of others, than by his own. If men deceive him, he will hate them; but if, whilst he is respected, they deceive each other, they will excite his compassion. A view of the world, said Pythagoras, is like that of the Olympic games. Some carry on trade, and are attentive only to their profit; others expose their persons in pursuit of glory; whilst others again are mere spectators of the sports, and these perhaps are not the worst employed.

It were to be wished, that the companions of our pupil were so chosen as to make him think well of those with whom he converses, and that it were possible to give him so just a knowledge of the world as to make him think ill of all its transactions. He should know that a man is naturally good; he should perceive it in his own heart, and judge of his neighbour by himself: but let him observe how mankind are depraved and perverted by society; show him that their prejudices are the source of all their vices. Let
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him be inclined to esteem each individual, but to despise the multitude. Make him sensible, that all men wear nearly the same mask; but that there are some faces much handsomer than the masks by which they are disguised.

This method, it must be confessed, has its inconveniences, and is somewhat difficult in practice; for, by making him so early an observer, by teaching him to scan the actions of men so minutely, you will render him slanderous and satirical, peremptory and uncharitable in his judgment. He will grow familiar with the sight of vice; and, as by custom we lose our sensibility for the wretched, he will soon contemplate the actions of the wicked without horror. He will soon consider the general depravity as an example for his imitation, rather than as a lesson of instruction, and will see no reason why he should endeavour to be better than the rest of mankind.

If, on the contrary, you mean to proceed methodically, and, whilst you display the human heart, show him the application of those external causes which convert our natural inclinations into vices; by thus transporting him from sensible to intellectual objects, you employ a metaphysical process which he cannot comprehend; you fall into the error, which we have hitherto so carefully avoided, of teaching by lessons which have the appearance of mere precept, and of substituting the experience and authority of the master, in the room of his own experience, and the natural progress of his reason.

To obviate these objections, and to bring him acquainted with the human heart without endangering his own, I would show him mankind

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at a distance, in other times and other places; so that he might be a spectator of the scene without having it in his power to become an actor. This is the proper time to introduce history: there he will read the heart of man, without the assistance of philosophical lectures; there he will behold mankind, not as their accomplice or accuser, but as their impartial judge.

If we would know men, it is necessary that we should see them act. Our contemporaries expose their words, and conceal their actions; but history lifts the veil, and we found our judgment upon facts. In history, even the words of men serve to ascertain their character; for by comparing them with their actions, we see at once what they really are, and what they would appear to be: the more they disguise themselves, the better they are known.

Unfortunately the study of history is not without its dangers and inconveniences of various kinds. It is a very difficult matter to place one's self in such a point of view, as to be able to judge equitably of our fellow-creatures. It is one of the common vices of history, to paint man in a disadvantageous, rather than a favourable light. Revolutions and fatal catastrophes being most interesting, so long as a people have continued to increase and prosper in the calm of a peaceable government, history hath remained silent; it speaks of nations only when, growing insupportable to themselves, they begin to interfere with their neighbours, or to suffer their neighbours to interfere with them: it begins not to make them illustrious till they are already on the decline: in short, all our histories begin where they ought

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But the historical relation of facts is by no means an accurate delineation of them as they really happened: they change their aspect in the brain of the historian, they bend to his interest, and are tinged by his prejudices. What historian ever brought his reader to the scene of action, and shewed the event exactly as it happened? Every thing is disguised by ignorance or partiality. How easy is it, by a different representation of circumstances, to give a thousand various appearances to the same facts? Show an object in different points of view, and we hardly believe it to be the same; and yet nothing is changed, except the eye of the spectator. Is it sufficient for the honour of truth, to exhibit a real fact in a false light? How often has it happened that a few trees more or less, a hill upon the right or left, or a sudden cloud of dust, have turned the scale of victory, without the cause being perceived? Nevertheless the historian will assign a reason for the victory or defeat with as much confidence as if he had been at the same instant in every part of the battle. Of what consequence are mere facts, or what am I to learn from a re-

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lation of events of whose causes I am totally ignorant? The historian, it is true, assigns causes, but they are of his own invention: even criticism itself, is nothing more than the art of conjecturing; the art of selecting, from a number of lies, that which bears the nearest resemblance to truth.

Probably you have read Cleopatra, or Cassandra, or other books of the same kind. The author makes choice of a known event, which he accommodates to his design, adorns with circumstances of his own invention, and personages which never existed, crowding fiction upon fiction to make his story more entertaining. Now, I see little difference between those romances and our real histories; except that the romance-writer gives a greater scope to his own imagination, and the historian accommodates himself more to that of other people: to which I may add, that the former has a mortal object in view, either good or bad, about which the latter gives himself no concern.

It will be urged, that the veracity of history is of less consequence than the truth of manners and characters; provided we have a faithful delineation of the human heart, no matter whether events are truly reported or not; for, after all, what concern have we with facts that happened two thousand years ago? You are quite in the right, if your historian has painted his manners and characters from nature; but, since they are chiefly creatures of his own imagination, are we not falling into the very error we endeavoured to avoid, by giving that credit to the historian which we refused to our tutor? If my pupil is to

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The worst historians, for a young reader, are those who *favour* us with their judgment. A plain narrative of facts is all he wants: let him judge for himself, and he will learn to know mankind. If he is constantly guided by an author's opinion, he sees only with the eyes of another; and when these are taken from him, he does not see at all.

I throw aside modern history, not only because it has no characteristic, and that all our men exactly resemble each other; but because our historians, intent only on displaying their talents, think of nothing but painting portraits highly coloured, and which frequently bear no resemblance to any thing in nature*. The ancients, in general, abound less in portraiture; and shew less wit, but more sense, in their reflections: yet even the ancients are very different from each other. We should at first rather prefer the most simple, than the most profound and judicious. I would neither put Polybius nor Sallust into the hands of a boy; as for Tacitus, he is intelligible only to old men. We must learn to read, in the actions of men, the outlines of the human heart, before we attempt to fathom it to the bottom. We must learn to read facts before maxims. Philosophy, laid down in maxims, belongs only to experience. Youth ought to

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* See Davila, Guicciardini, Strada, Solis, Machiavel, and sometimes even Thuanus himself. Vertot is almost the only one who has not fallen into this vicious practice of portrait-painting.

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generalise nothing: all our instructions should be derived from particular examples.

Thucydides, in my opinion, is the best model for historians: he relates facts, without judging of them; but he omits no circumstance which may serve to direct the judgment of his reader. He presents every object to our sight; and so far from interposing his authority, he carefully conceals himself from us: we do not seem to read events, but actually to see them. Unfortunately his constant subject is war; and a recital of battles is, of all things, the least instructive. Xenophon's retreat of the ten thousand, and Cæsar's commentaries, are remarkable for the same prudence and the same defect. Honest Herodotus, without painting, without maxims, but flowing, simple, and full of pleasing and interesting particulars, would be perhaps the best historian, if his details did not frequently degenerate into puerility, more likely to vitiate than improve the taste of youth: it requires discernment to read Herodotus. — I take no notice of Livy at present, except that he is a politician, a rhetorician, and every thing that is improper at this age.

History is generally defective in recording only those facts which are rendered conspicuous by name, place, or date; but the slow progressive causes of those facts, not being thus distinguished, remain for ever unknown. How frequently do we find a battle lost or won, mentioned as the cause of a revolution which was become inevitable before the battle was fought? War is generally nothing more than a manifestation

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The spirit of philosophy has, in like manner, infected many of the writers in this age; but I am in doubt whether truth gains any thing by their labours. A madness for system having got possession of them all, they never endeavour to see things as they really are, but as they best agree with their favourite hypotheses.

To these reflections we may add, that history is a representation of actions rather than of men, who are shown only at certain intervals, in their vestments of parade: we see man only in public life, after he has put himself in a proper position for being viewed. History follows him not into his house, into his closet, among his family and friends: it paints him only when he makes his appearance; it exhibits his dress, and not his person.

I should rather chuse to begin the study of the human heart by reading the lives of particular men; for there it is impossible for the hero to conceal himself a moment. The biographer pursues him into his most secret recesses, and exposes him to the piercing eye of the spectator; he is best known when he believes himself most concealed. "I like," says Montaigne, "those biographers who give us the history of counsels, rather than events; who shew us what passes within, rather than without: therefore Plutarch is the writer after my own heart."

I confess the genius of a people is very different from that of man considered as an individual; and that we shall be imperfectly acquainted with mankind, if we neglect the study of the

multitude: but it is also true, that we must begin by studying man in order to know mankind; and that if we know the propensities of each individual, it will not be difficult to foresee their effects when combined in the body of the people.

Here again we are obliged to have recourse to the ancients, partly for the reasons already urged, but more especially because all familiar and low, though true and characteristic details, are inconsistent with the polite style of the moderns. Hence men are equally adorned and disguised in private as in public life. Decency, no less severe in description than in action, permits us to *say* nothing in public which we are not allowed to *do*; and as men are to be shown only in disguise, we learn as little of them in books as from our theatres. We may write and re-write the lives of kings as often as we please, but we shall never see another Suetonius*.

Plutarch's excellence consists chiefly in those very minutiae into which we dare not enter. There is inimitable gracefulness in his manner of painting great men engaged in trivial employments; and he is so happy in the choice of his incidents, that frequently a single word, a smile, a gesture, is sufficient to characterise his hero. Hannibal, with a judicious piece of pleasantry, re-animates his disheartened troops, and leads them

* Only one of our historians, who has imitated the grand strokes of Tacitus, has dared to copy Suetonius, and sometimes to transcribe Comines, in their details, but has been condemned by the critics for this circumstance, which really adds merit to his book.

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them smiling to the battle which opened to him the gates of Italy. In Agesilaus astride upon a stick, I admire the conqueror of a great monarch. Cæsar, in passing through a poor village, and talking familiarly with his friends, discloses, without intending it, the deceiver, who before pretended he only wanted to be on an equality with Pompey.

Alexander swallows a medicine without speaking a word; this was the most brilliant moment of his life: Aristides writes his own name upon a shell, and thus justifies his surname: Philopœmen throws aside his robe, and cleaves wood in the kitchen of his host. This is the true art of painting. We ought not to judge of physiognomy by the strongest lines of the face, nor of the characters of men by their great actions. Public transactions are either too common or too much studied and prepared; yet these are the only incidents worthy the dignity of modern history.

Marshal Turenne was incontestibly one of the greatest men of the last age. The writer of his life has had the courage to render it interesting, by relating some minute particulars which make his hero known and beloved; but how many was he not obliged to suppress, which would have taught us to know and love him still more! I shall instance only one, which I have from good authority, and which Plutarch would by no means have omitted, but which Ramsay, if he had known it, would not have dared to relate.

The Marshal happening one hot day to be looking out of the window of his antichamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap. A servant entering

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entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand which was not of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The Marshal instantly turns about; and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master: down he drops upon his knees—*Oh! my lord! I thought it was George—* And suppose it had been George, replied the Marshal, rubbing his backside, *you ought not to have struck quite so hard.* Such are the strokes our modern daubers dare not attempt. Go on, and remain for ever destitute of nature, void of sensibility! steel your hearts with your wretched decorum; and by your formality render yourselves despicable! But thou, honest young man, who readeest this anecdote, and who feellest with tenderness all that sweetness of disposition which it immediately indicates, and which is so rarely found in our first emotions; read also the minutiae of this great man, when his birth and name were in question. Remember it is the same Turenne who constantly gave place to his nephew, so that one might always perceive the child to be a sovereign prince. Compare these contrasts, love nature, despise opinion, and know mankind.

There are few people capable of conceiving the effect which reading, thus directed, will have upon young minds. Accustomed from our infancy to grow dull by poring over books, and to read without thinking, we are still less affected by what we read; for having within ourselves the same passions and prejudices with which history abounds, every transaction appears natural, because

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because we ourselves have deviated from nature, and we judge of others accordingly. But let us, on the contrary, imagine a youth educated according to my principles; my Emilius, for example, in whom to preserve a sound judgment and integrity of heart, has been the object of eighteen years assiduity. Let us suppose him, when the curtain is drawn up, casting his eye for the first time on the stage of the world, or rather placed behind the scenes, observing the actors dress and undress, and counting the cords and pulleys, by the gross delusion of which the eyes of the spectators are deceived. His first surprise will soon be succeeded by emotions of shame, and disdain of his species; he will, with a just contempt, behold mankind their own dupes, debasing themselves by such puerile occupations; but he will weep to see his brethren tear each other in pieces for mere shadows; not satisfied with being men, becoming beasts of prey.

Certainly, with the dispositions natural to our pupil, if our tutor has any judgment in the choice of books, or capacity to direct the youth in his reflections, his reading will be, in effect, a course of practical philosophy; better and more intelligible than the idle speculations which confound the senses of our young people in the schools.

Cyneas having followed Pyrrhus through all his romantic projects, asks him what real benefit he would reap from the conquest of the whole world, since he could not enjoy that which he already possessed, without so much trouble and anxiety? We see nothing in this question, except

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cept a slight flash of wit which immediately vanishes; but Emilius perceives in it a wise reflection, which he himself might have made, and which can never be effaced from his mind, because it meets with no opposite prejudice to hinder the impression. When, in reading the life of this madman, he finds afterwards that all his grand designs led him only to die by the hand of a woman; instead of admiring his pretended heroism, what will he behold, in all the exploits of so great a general, and all the intrigues of so subtle a politician, but so many steps in quest of that unlucky tile which was to terminate all his schemes by an inglorious death?

All conquerors have not been killed; all usurpers have not fallen in their enterprises; many of them have appeared happy in the superficial opinion of the vulgar; but one who, not imposed on by appearances, judges of mens happiness by the state of their hearts, will discover misery even in their success, corroding anxiety, and insatiable desires increase with their fortune, and will see them gasping for breath as they advance, without ever reaching the prize. He will compare them to travellers, who, in their first attempt to pass the Alps, think every mountain the last, and when they reach the top, are discouraged to find still higher mountains before them.

Augustus having subjected his fellow-citizens, and destroyed his rivals, governed during forty years the greatest empire that ever existed; but did this immense power hinder him from beating his head against the wall, and filling the palace with his cries, when he desired of Varus his ex-
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terminated legions? If he had even conquered all his enemies, what would his vain triumphs have signified, so long as his troubles were daily increasing, his dearest friends attempting his life, and he himself reduced to bewail the infamy or death of all his relations? The poor wretch would govern the world, and was not able to govern his own family! What was the consequence? He saw his nephew, his adopted son, and his son-in-law, perish in the flower of their age; his grandson was reduced to eat his bed-straw, to prolong his miserable existence a few hours; his daughter and his grand-daughter finished their infamous lives, one in misery and want on a desert island, the other in prison by the hand of an executioner. At last, the great Augustus himself, the solitary remnant of his unhappy family, is reduced by his own wife to leave the government of his empire to that monster Tiberius. Such was the lot of this mighty ruler of the world, so universally celebrated for his glory and felicity: can I believe that any one of those who are captivated by such phantoms, would purchase them at the same price?

I have chosen ambition for an example; but the effects of all the human passions afford the same lesson to those who study history with a design to know themselves, and to learn wisdom from the dead. The time draws near, when the life of Antoninus will afford more instruction to a young man than that of Augustus. Emilius may possibly be a little bewildered among the variety of objects which this new study will present; but perceiving that mankind have, in all ages, been blinded by their passions, he will learn

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learn to see through their illusion before they exist in himself.

These instructions, I own, are not well adapted to him, and possibly they may also be found too late and insufficient; but you will please to recollect, that these are not the lessons which I intended to inculcate by this method of studying history. I had another object in view, which must certainly be attained, if it is not the fault of the teacher.

Let us remember, that self-love no sooner displays itself, than personal interest begins to act; that our young man compares himself with every one he observes: it is therefore necessary that we should know what rank he assumes among his fellow-creatures, after having examined them. In the common method by which children are taught to read history, they are to be transformed alternately into the various characters as they arise; thus the pupil is now a Cicero, now a Trajan, and by and by an Alexander. Thus he is mortified upon reflection, and regrets that he is only himself. I do not deny but this method may have its advantages; that with regard to my Emilius, if in his comparisons it should ever happen that he had rather be another than himself, were it even Socrates or Cato, all is lost. He who begins to be estranged from himself, will soon forget himself entirely.

Men are not best known by the philosophers, who view them through the prejudices of philosophy, and there is no class of people more prejudiced. A savage judges more rationally of mankind than a philosopher: the first is sensible
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of his own vices, is angry at ours, and says to himself, We are all knaves; the latter regards us without emotion, and cries, You are all fools. He is in the right; for we none of us pursue vice for its own sake. My Emilius is the savage, with this difference only, that having more reflection, being more accustomed to compare ideas, and to view our errors with more circumspection, he places a stronger guard over himself, and judges only from what he knows.

We are irritated by our own passions against those of others. It is self-interest which makes us hate the wicked: if they had done us no evil, we should feel for them more pity than hatred. The evil which the wicked do to us, makes us forget that which they do to themselves. We should more readily pardon their vices, if we knew how severely they are punished by their own hearts. We perceive the offence, but we do not see the punishment: the advantages are apparent, but their sufferings invisible. He who thinks he enjoys the fruits of vice, feels no less torment than if he had not been successful; the object is changed, but his inquietude is the same: in vain he makes a display of his good fortune, and conceals his heart; it is visible through his conduct, but visible to those only whose hearts are of a different mould.

We are seduced by those passions which we participate, and offended with those which oppose our interest; and hence we blame in others that which we ourselves would imitate. This seduction and aversion are inevitable, when

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we are obliged to suffer from others, those evils which we in their situation should perpetrate.

What then is required towards an accurate observation of men? An ardent desire to know them, impartiality in our judgment, and sensibility of heart sufficient to conceive all the variety of human passions, yet so calm as not to be under their influence. If there be any period of life peculiarly favourable to this study, it is certainly the present age of Emilius: if we suppose him younger, mankind are above his comprehension; if older, he would resemble the rest. Opinion, whose universal empire he contemplates, has hitherto acquired no dominion over him. The passions, whose effects he perceives, have not yet inflamed his heart. As a man, he feels for his brethren; but as a judge of his peers, he is just, and therefore cannot possibly wish himself in the place of any other man, because the general aim of all human disquietude being founded on prejudices to which he is a stranger, must necessarily appear chimerical. As to his part, all his desires are within his reach. He has strength, health*, moderation, few wants, and those few he has the power of satisfying. Educated in the most extensive liberty, he has no conception of any evil greater than servitude. He pities the wretched kings who are slaves to those by whom they are obeyed; he is sorry for those pretended sages, who are dupes
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to their vain reputation; he feels compassion for the rich fools, who are martyrs to pomp and pageantry; he deplores those seeming voluptuaries, who languish through a tedious life, merely for the sake of being deemed men of pleasure: he will also pity his most inveterate enemy; for, says he, the unhappy man foolishly makes his own fate dependent on mine.

One step farther, and we reach the goal. Self-interest is an useful but dangerous instrument; it often cuts the hand that holds it, and seldom produces good without evil. Emilius, reflecting on his superiority among the human species, will be tempted to suppose the work of your reason to be the produce of his own, and to attribute his happiness to his merit. Mankind, says he to himself, are fools, but I am wise. Whilst he pities others he despises them; in congratulating himself he increases his self-esteem, and perceiving that he is happier than the rest of the world, he imagines himself more deserving. This error is most of all to be dreaded, because it is most difficult to remove. Should he continue in this situation, he would reap but little advantage from all our labour. Were I to chuse, I think, I should prefer the illusion of prejudice to that of pride.

Truly great men are not mistaken in their superiority; they see, they feel it, and are not the less modest. The more they possess, the more sensible they are of what they still want. They are less proud of their elevation above us, than humbled by the sensation of their own misery; and with regard to the exclusive advantages they possess, they are too wise to be vain of what they

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had no merit in acquiring. A good man has some reason to be proud of his virtue; but why should a man of natural talents be vain? What had Racine done that he was not Pradon? or Bolicau that he was not born Cotin?

Here again the case is different, let us continue in the common course of things. I neither suppose my pupil a superlative genius, nor a blockhead. I take him from the class of common understandings, because I mean to try the power of education. Extraordinary cases have nothing to do with rules. If Emilius, in consequence of my care, should prefer his own being, his own perception of things to that of other men, he is in the right; but when he therefore concludes himself to have been born a peculiar favourite of nature, he is certainly wrong. He is in an error, and must be undeceived; or rather let us endeavour to prevent the error, lest it should not afterwards be in our power to remove it.

There is no folly of which a man, who is not a fool, may not be cured, except vanity; as to this, if any thing will do, it must be experience: at least, if taken in time, this may prevent its growth. It were ridiculous to lose your labour in demonstrating to your pupil, that he is a man, like others, and subject to the same frailties: he must perceive it himself, or your arguments will be to no purpose. This is another exception to my own rules: it is that of exposing my pupil to every accident which may serve to convince him that he is not wiser than the rest of mankind. Our adventure with the juggler must be repeated in a thousand different shapes. Let flat-

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flatterers take every advantage of him; if he suffers himself to be led into folly and extravagance, by young rakes, I let him risk the danger; if he falls into the snares of gamblers, I suffer him to become their dupe: I let them flatter him and robe him of his money*: and when, after entirely exhausting his purse, they finish by making him the subject of their mirth, I return them thanks, in his presence, for the excellent lesson which they have taught my pupil. The only decoys into which I shall prevent his falling, are those of prostitutes; in other instances, all I shall do for him will be to partake his danger, and submit to all the affronts to which he is exposed. I shall bear every thing with patience, without uttering a single word of reproach; and you may be certain, if my discretion be properly sustained, that what I have undergone upon his account, will make a deeper impression on his heart than all that he himself has suffered.

I cannot help taking notice of the ridiculous dignity of some tutors, who, in order to appear

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* Not that our pupil will be much exposed to this danger, because he will be in no want of variety of amusements, and is hardly acquainted with the use of money. The two springs by which children are generally moved, are interest and vanity; and these are also used by sharpers and courtisans in the sequel. When you see their avarice excited by rewards, and hear them applauded, at ten years old, for their performance in some public exercise in the academy, you just see how they will leave their purse in a gaming-house at twenty, and their health in a brothel. I would always lay a wager that the best scholar in his class, will turn out the greatest debauchee. It must be always remembered, however, that it is my constant maxim to consider things in the worst light. At first, indeed, I endeavour to prevent vice, and afterwards suppose it committed, in order to point out the remedy.

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wonderfully wise, degrade the understanding of their pupil, affect to treat him as a child, and to distinguish themselves from him in every transaction. So far from thus depressing his juvenile spirit, you ought to omit nothing that may tend to elevate your pupil's mind. That his may become your equals, treat them as such; since you cannot lift them up to your level, descend without scruple to theirs. Remember that your honour is no longer in yourself, but in your pupil; to inspire him with courage, partake his faults; and to efface his shame, you must take it upon yourself: imitate that brave Roman, who, finding it impossible to rally his flying army, put himself at their head, and retreating with the rest, cried aloud; *They do not fly, they only follow their leader.* Was he dishonoured by this conduct? By no means: by thus sacrificing his glory, he increased its lustre. The force of duty and the charms of virtue command our approbation, in spite of ourselves, and overturn all our irrational prejudices. If I were to receive from Emilius a box on the ear in consequence of performing my duty to him, so far from resenting the affront, I should boast of it wherever I came; and I am of opinion there are few people in the world base enough not to esteem me the more on that very account.

Not that our pupil ought to suppose his tutor as ignorant as himself, and as easy to be imposed on. Such an opinion might do in a mere child, who, being incapable of comparing ideas, brings mankind to a level with himself, and gives his confidence to those only who know how to reduce

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duce themselves to his standard. But a youth of the age of Emilius, and of his sense, is not to be thus imposed on. His confidence in his governor is of another kind: it is founded on the authority of reason and superiority of knowledge, on advantages which are obvious to the pupil, and of whose utility to himself he has no doubt. Long experience has convinced him that he is beloved by his tutor; that his tutor is a prudent, sensible man, who has both the inclination and power to promote his happiness; and therefore it is his interest to listen to his advice.

But if the tutor suffers himself to be as easily deceived as his pupil, will he not lose his credit and forfeit the right of advising? Or would it not be equally improper for our youth, to suppose that his tutor laid snares for his simplicity, and designedly suffered him to be imposed on? What then must be done to avoid these two inconveniencies? The best method, and the most natural, is, to imitate his simplicity and truth, warn him of the dangers to which he is exposed, point them out with precision and perspicuity, but without exaggeration, ill humour, or pedantry; and especially avoid delivering your advice in the style of commands, lest that imperious tone should in time become necessary. If nevertheless he should persist, which doubtless will sometimes be the case, say not a word, leave him at full liberty, follow him, imitate him, and that with all the good humour you can possibly assume. If the consequences should grow too dangerous, you can stop them whenever you think proper. In the mean while, there can be
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no doubt but your former advice and present compliance will have their effect on the mind of your pupil. His faults are so many reins in your hands to stop his course as often as it shall be necessary. The great art therefore of the tutor is so to manage his opportunities, and apply his exhortations, that he may be able to foresee when his pupil will comply and when he will persist; thus he will be constantly surrounded by lessons of experience, without being exposed to too much danger.

Point out the evil consequence of his faults before he commits them; but never reproach him for what is past, because that will answer no other purpose than to rouse and inflame his self-love. Nothing can be more idle than the phrase, *I told you what would happen*. The best method to make him remember what you say, is to seem to forget it yourself. When you perceive him ashamed of not having followed your advice, raise him gently from his humiliation by words of candour and encouragement. Nothing will more certainly conciliate his affection, than to find that, on his account, you are unmindful of yourself; and that, instead of exulting, you console him. If on the contrary you add reproaches to his chagrin, he will infallibly hate you, and will determine to listen to you no longer, were it only to convince you that he differs with you in opinion with regard to the importance of your advice.

Even your consolations may be so ordered as to convey instruction, which will have the better effect, for not having the appearance of a lecture. For instance, by saying that many others

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thers have committed the same fault, you throw him off his guard, you correct whilst you seem only to pity him: for to him who thought himself above the generality of young people, to console him with their example must be a mortifying circumstance; it is to insinuate that all the excuse he can pretend to, is, that they are no better than himself.

The age of faults is the age for fables. In censuring the culpable under a borrowed mask, you instruct without offending: your pupil perceives that the moral is no lie, by the truth of its application to himself. A child who has never been deceived by flattery, will not comprehend the fable which I heretofore examined; but the forward youth who has been duped by a sycophant, perceives immediately that the raven was a fool. Thus from a fact he draws a maxim; and the experience, which otherwise he would soon have forgotten, is, by a fable, deeply impressed on his memory. There is no moral instruction which may not be acquired either by our own experience or by that of others. In cases where this experience may be attended with danger, it must be learned from history. When it may be done with safety, it is best to let youth make the experiment; and then instead of the moral, we reduce to maxims the particular cases with which they are acquainted.

I do not mean that these maxims ought to be explained, or even expressed. Nothing can be more absurd than the morals with which fables generally end; as if the moral was not included in the fable, so as to appear obvious to the reader: why then should we deprive him of the pleasure

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pleasure of finding it himself? The great art of instruction is to render it pleasing to your pupil, and, at the same time, not so palpably explicit, as to leave his mind entirely inactive. The pride of the tutor should leave something for that of the pupil; let him say to himself, I conceive, I penetrate, I act, I instruct myself. One of the reasons why the Pantaloon in the Italian comedy is so extremely tiresome, is his taking so much pains to explain his low wit to the audience. I would not have a tutor to be a Pantaloon, and much less an author. We should speak and write so as to be understood, but we are not to say all: he that says all, says very little in effect, for he will soon be disregarded. Of what consequence are those four lines which La Fontaine adds to the fable of the frog and the ox? Was he afraid it would not be understood? Could it be necessary for so great a painter to write their names under his figures? So far from rendering his moral, by this means, general, he makes it particular; and by confining it to the object in question, prevents the reader from applying it to any other. Before I put the fables of this inimitable writer into the hands of my pupil, I would certainly curtail each fable of its conclusion, in which the author takes the trouble of explaining what he has before so clearly and agreeably related. If the learner does not understand the fable without explication, be assured he will never understand it at all.

These fables ought to be disposed in a manner more instructive, and better adapted to the capacity of youth. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to follow the order in which they happen

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pen to be placed, without any regard to circumstance or occasion: first the raven, then the grass-hopper, then the frog, then the two mules, and so on. These two mules have made a particular impression on my mind, because I remember to have known a boy, who was intended for an employment in the revenue, read, get by heart, and repeat this fable a thousand times, without ever conceiving the least objection to the occupation for which he was intended. I not only do not remember ever to have known children make a solid application of the fables they had learned, but I do not even recollect ever to have seen any body trouble their heads about the matter. Moral instruction is the pretence of this study; but the real intention both of the parent and the child, is, by his repeating the fables, to excite the admiration of the company; therefore, when he grows up, having no longer occasion to recite them, they all escape his memory, at that very time when he ought to profit by them. In short, fables are calculated for the instruction of men only; it is therefore now the proper time for Emilius to begin.

Not chusing to be too explicit, I have pointed out, at a distance, those paths which diverge from the right road; being known, they may easily be avoided. By pursuing that which I have traced out, I believe, your pupil will purchase the knowledge of himself, and of mankind, at the cheapest rate possible; that he will be able to contemplate the sport of fortune, without envying her favourites; and will be satisfied with himself, without thinking other people less wise. We have begun to make him act, in order

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der to qualify him for a spectator: let us finish our task. From the pit we see the objects as they seem; but from the scenes we behold them as they really are. If we mean to survey the whole, we must fix ourselves in the proper point of view; but we must come nearer the object, when we design to examine its parts. But under what pretensions can a stripling enter into the affairs of the world? What right has he to be initiated into these dark mysteries? The intrigues of pleasure are inconsistent with his interest at that age: he can dispose only of himself, and he might as well have nothing to dispose of. Man is the worst of all merchandise; among all our important rights of property, that of our persons is the least considerable.

When I observe, that, during the age of the greatest activity, young people are generally confined to studies which are merely speculative; and that they are afterwards suddenly pushed into the world without the least experience, I find it to be a practice contrary both to reason and nature, and am no longer surpris'd that so few men are capable of conducting themselves through life. Can any thing be more unaccountable than to spend so much time in teaching us things which are quite useless, whilst the great art of acting is entirely neglected? Under a pretence of forming us for society, we are instructed as if each individual were destined to spend his whole life in chimerical speculations alone in a cell. You teach your children a certain form of words, and a few contortions of the body, and then you conclude them perfectly acquainted with the art of living. I too have taught

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taught my Emilius how to live; for I have instructed him how to live by himself, and have also taught him how to earn his bread: but this is not enough. In order to live in the world, it is necessary that we should know how to deal with mankind, and the means by which advantages are obtained; we must know how to calculate the action and re-action of particular interests in civil society; and so far to foresee events, as not to be often deceived, but always to embrace the most probable means of success. The laws do not permit children to transact their own affairs, nor dispose of their fortunes; but why this precaution? If till the age prescribed they can acquire no experience, they will be no wiser at twenty-five than they were at fifteen. Without doubt it is necessary to take care that a youth, blinded by ignorance and deceived by his passions, commits no folly, the consequences of which might be fatal; but at all ages we are capable of beneficence, and, under the guidance of a prudent man, may certainly assist the unhappy.

A child becomes attached to his mother and his nurse by their peculiar care of him. The practice of the social virtues roots the love of humanity in the bottom of our hearts. By doing good actions we become good ourselves: I know of no method more certain. Employ your pupil in every good action within his power: teach him to consider the interest of the indigent as his own; let him not only assist them with his purse, but with his care; he must protect them, and dedicate his person and time to their service; he is their steward, he can never be more

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nobly employed. How many poor wretches groaning under oppression, who would never have been heard, will obtain justice when demanded by him with that intrepidity which the exercise of virtue inspires; when he forces open the gates of the rich and great; when he penetrates, if necessary, even to the throne, and pleads the cause of those to whom all admittance was rendered impossible by their misery, and who were fearful of complaining, lest they should be punished for the ills with which they were oppressed.

But are we to make a knight-errant, a Don Quixote of our Emilius? Shall he intrude into public affairs, play the sage, and the defender of the laws among the great, a solicitor to the judges, and a pleader in courts of justice. I know nothing of all this. Ridiculous appellations make no alteration in the nature of things. Emilius must do every thing which he knows to be useful and good; he will do no more, and he knows that nothing can be useful and good for him, which is not suitable to his age. He knows that his first duty is towards himself, that youth ought to be diffident, circumspect, respectful to age, cautious of speaking without cause, modest in matters of indifference, but intrepid in doing well, and resolute in speaking the truth. Such were the illustrious Romans, who, before they were admitted to public employments, spent their youth in opposing vice and defending innocence, without any other advantage than that of instructing themselves, in support of justice and morality.

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among men *, nor in the brute-creation. He will never set dogs to worry each other, nor encourage them to pursue a cat. This spirit of peace is the natural effect of his education; his self-opinion not having been fomented, he seeks no pleasure in dominion, nor in the misfortunes of others. He suffers when he sees others suffer; it is a natural sensation. The hearts of youth are hardened by vanity; when they receive pleasure from the torment of a sensible being, it is because they believe themselves exempted from such pains, by their wisdom or su-

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* But suppose any one should resolve to quarrel with him, how must he behave? I answer, his conduct will be such that he will never be exposed to quarrels. But, say you, who can be secure from a slap in the face, or from not having the lie given him by some brutal drunkard, or hectoring bravo, who, for the pleasure of killing his man, begins by affronting him? The case is different: neither the honour, nor life of a worthy member of society ought to be at the mercy of such wretches, and we can no more be secure from such an accident, than from the fall of a tile. A slap in the face, or the lie, received and endured, will be attended with consequences to society, which no wisdom can prevent, and for which no tribunal can avenge the person injured. Therefore the insufficiency of the laws in this case restores to him his liberty, and he becomes the sole magistrate, the sole judge between the offender and himself; he must interpret and execute the law of nature; he owes himself justice, he can receive it from no other hand, and there can be no government on earth so senseless as to punish him for having taken it. I do not say he ought to fight; that were madness: I say, he owes himself justice, and he is the only dispenser of it. Without so many edicts against duelling, were I a sovereign prince, I would be answerable to put an entire stop to affronts of this kind, and that by a very simple method with which the courts of justice should have no concern. Be that as it may, Emilius, if the case should happen, knows the justice he owes himself, and the example he ought to set to persons of honour. It is not in the power of the bravest man to prevent his being insulted; but it is certainly in his power to prevent the person insulting him from long making a boast of it.

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periority. Those who are early taught to think otherwise, are in no danger of falling into this vice. Emilius loves peace. The appearance of happiness gives him pleasure, and that pleasure is an additional motive for him to endeavour to promote it. I never supposed that he would behold the unhappy with that fruitless, cruel compassion, which contents itself with bewailing the evils which it might remove. His active beneficence produces a knowledge, which, with a more obdurate heart, he would have acquired much later, or perhaps not at all. If discord reigns among his companions, he endeavours to reconcile them; if he sees his fellow-creatures in affliction, he inquires into the cause; if the wretched groan under the oppression of the great and powerful, he will not rest till he has detected the iniquity of the oppressor; in short, the means of alleviating distress he always considers as a matter of importance. How then shall we proceed, in order to make a proper use, according to his age, of these favourable dispositions? We must regulate his attention and knowledge, and endeavour to augment them by a proper application of his zeal.

I cannot repeat it too often: Let your lessons to youth consist in action rather than words; they must learn nothing from books which may be taught by experience. Can any thing be more absurd than to make them harangue without a motive; to suppose it possible to make them feel all the energy of the language of the passions, and the power of persuasion, without having any interest in persuading? All the precepts in the art of rhetoric seem a mere jumble
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of words to those who do not perceive the advantage of using them. What is it to a school-boy how Hannibal prevailed on his troops to pass the Alps? If, instead of these magnificent harangues, you were to teach him how to prevail on the master to give him a holiday, be assured he would be more attentive to your instructions.

Were I to teach rhetoric to a youth whose passions were perfectly ripened, I would constantly throw such objects in his way as would excite them, and I would then consider with him what language is most likely to persuade mankind to favour his desires. But my Emilius happens not to be in a situation so favourable to the art of oratory. Confined almost to mere physical necessities, he has less need of mankind than others have of him; and having nothing to ask for himself, he is not interested enough in any cause to be violently affected. Hence it follows that his language will be simple; he generally speaks to the point, and only with a design to be understood; he is not sententious, because he has not learned to generalise his ideas; he uses few metaphors, because his passions are seldom inflamed.

Not that Emilius is quite flegmatic and cold; this, neither his age, his manners, nor his taste will permit. In the fire of youth, the animal spirits retained and mingled with his blood, convey to his young heart a fervour which sparkles in his eyes, enlivens his conversation, and influences all his actions. He acquires an emphasis in speaking; and sometimes vehemence. The noble sentiments with which he is inspired

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give him force and elevation; influenced by his great humanity, when he speaks he expresses the emotions of his soul; there is a generous unreservedness in his manner, which is more persuasive than the artificial eloquence of others; or rather, he alone is truly eloquent, for he needs only display his own feelings to communicate them to his hearers.

The more I reflect, the more I am convinced, that by thus employing the principle of benevolence, and by drawing, from our good or bad success, reflections on their causes, there is little useful knowledge which may not be cultivated in the mind of a youth; and that to the real learning of the schools may be added that which is much more important, namely, its application to the uses of life. Thus interested in the welfare of his fellow-creatures, he will soon learn to estimate their actions, their taste, their pleasures, and in general to fix a truer value on what will promote or destroy human felicity, than those who know no interest separate from their own, and who act only for themselves. Such men are too strongly biassed to judge rationally. Applying every thing to themselves, and forming their ideas of good and evil by their own advantages, they fill their minds with a thousand ridiculous prejudices, and every attempt that clashes with their interest seems to threaten destruction to the universe.

If we extend this self-love to other beings, it becomes a virtue, and there exists not a human heart in which it may not be found. The less immediately the object of our care is attached to ourselves, the less the illusion of self-interest is

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is to be apprehended, the more we generalise that interest, the more equitable it becomes, and the love of mankind will be no other than the love of justice. If therefore we intend that Emilius shall be virtuous, let us endeavour in all his transactions to detach him from himself. The more he devotes his time and attention to the happiness of others, the more rational will be his conduct, and the less he will be deceived in his judgment of good and evil; but he must indulge no capricious partiality. Why should he injure one to serve another? It is of little consequence to him, who has the greatest share of fortune, provided it concurs in augmenting the general felicity: that is the first concern of a wise man, next to his private interest; for each is a part of his species, and not of another individual.

To prevent compassion from degenerating into weakness, it must extend to all mankind: we shall then carry it no farther than is consistent with justice; because, of all virtues, justice contributes most to man's happiness. From reason, and from a regard to ourselves, our love to our species should overbalance that to our neighbour: there can be no greater cruelty to mankind than to indulge compassion for the wicked.

Upon the whole, let it be observed, that all the means by which I detach my pupil from himself, have ultimately a direct tendency towards him; and will not only afford him pleasure upon reflection, but whilst he is employed in acts of benevolence to others, he himself insensibly imbibes instruction.

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Having prescribed the means, let us now observe the effect. What vast designs I see gradually forming in his mind! How do his sublime sentiments prevent the seeds of every groveling passion from taking root in his heart! How clear his judgment! How justly he is enabled to reason, from his regulated desires, and from that experience which confines the wishes of a great soul within the narrow limits of possibility, and induces superior minds (unable to elevate the notions of the multitude) to let themselves down to the common level! The true principles of rectitude, the just model of the beautiful, the moral relations of beings, and all the ideas of order are impressed on his understanding; he sees how every thing ought to be, and the reason why it is otherwise; he knows what will be productive of good, and what will have a contrary effect; without having experienced the human passions, he is sensible of their consequence, and their illusion.

Hurried on by the natural force of things, I am carried perhaps a little precipitately forward; without any intention, however, of imposing on the judgment of readers. It is long since they have imagined me to be wandering in the land of chimeras; and I as constantly see them misled in that of prejudices. In departing so far from vulgar opinions, they are, nevertheless, incessantly present to my mind. I examine and meditate on them, neither with a view to adopt or reject them; but to weigh them in the balance of right reason. The moment I am obliged to depart from them, I take it, on known experience, for granted, that nobody will follow

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low me: I know that people in general, persisting in the reality and propriety only of what they see before their eyes, will take my pupil for an imaginary and fantastic being; because he differs from all those with whom they compare him; without thinking that he ought to be so different, on account of his different mode of education. Thus having taught him contrary maxims, and affected him with different sentiments, it would be more surprising that he should resemble, than that he should differ from ordinary pupils. Mine is not an artificial, but a natural man. There certainly should appear a difference between him and us.

At the commencement of this work, I made no supposition of any thing which the whole world might not observe as well as myself. The birth of man is a term from which we all set out alike: but the farther I advance in the cultivation of our nature, and you in the depravation of it, the farther we necessarily depart from each other. My pupil at six years of age, differed but little from yours; as you had not then had time enough to spoil him; but the age at which the former is now arrived, ought to represent him in a very different form, if I have not thrown my time and pains away. The quantity of information or number of acquirements may be the same, both on the one part and on the other; but the nature of that information or the knowledge acquired is very different. You are astonished to find in your pupils those sublime sentiments of which mine has not the least notion or idea; but you are to consider that the former were philosophers and theologians, before

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Emilius knew what philosophy was, or even heard talk of a Deity.

If any person should object, therefore, and tell me that nothing which I have supposed, has any real existence; that young people are not so formed, that they have such or such passions; that they do so or so; what is all this? They might as well deny that an apple-tree is ever a large standard-tree, because we see nothing but dwarfs in our gardens.

I must take the liberty to desire those persons who are so ready to censure, to consider that I know every thing they can say on this head as well as they; that I have reflected on this subject, in all probability much longer than they; and that, having no interest to impose on them, I have a right to expect they will not precipitately condemn me, without taking proper time to examine wherein I may be mistaken. Let them investigate first the constitution of man; let them trace the developements of the human heart in such or such circumstances, in order that they may know, how much one individual may differ from another on account of education: let them then compare my system with the effects I attribute to it, and, if they demonstrate that I have reasoned falsely, I have nothing further to say.

I am the more positive, and think myself the more excusable for being so, on this head, as I have indulged myself as little as possible in systematic reasoning; but have rested my whole cause on observation. I lay no stress on what I have imagined, but on what I have seen. It is true that I have not confined my observations within

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within the walls of a city, nor to any one order of men: but, after having taken a comparative view of as many ranks and degrees of people as I have met with, during a whole life spent in observing them, I have thrown aside, as artificial, all the peculiarities of particular nations, ranks, and conditions; and have regarded those things only, as incontestably belonging to man, which are common to men of all countries, ages, and circumstances of life.

Now, if adopting this method, you trace, from his infaney, the steps of a young man, who should receive no particular form, but be influenced as little as possible by the authority and opinion of others, which, do you think, he would most resemble? my pupil or yours? This seems to me the precise question to be resolved by those who would determine whether or not I am mistaken.

Men do not easily begin to think, but when they begin, they never cease to think afterwards. The understanding, once accustomed to reflection, can never remain inactive. It may hence be suspected that I have, in this respect, done either too much or too little; that the human mind is not naturally so ready to display its faculties as I have supposed, and that after having given it a premature facility of exerting them, I restrain them too long within so narrow a circle of ideas.

But consider, in the first place, that there is a wide difference between educating a man for society, according to the principles of nature, and the rearing a savage, to be sent afterward to inhabit the woods. It is sufficient that my pupil,

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pil, secluded within the vortex of society, is prevented from being infected by the contagion of the passions and prejudices of mankind; that he see, and feel himself governed by no other authority than that of his own reason. In this situation it is evident that he will be struck by a multitude of objects, that he will be affected by a variety of sentiments; all which, with the various means suggested to provide for his real wants, will furnish him with a multiplicity of ideas which he would otherwise never have had, or at least would have acquired much later. The natural progress of the understanding is indeed accelerated, but not perverted. The same man who would have remained stupid if strolling about a forest, would have become a reasonable creature if living in a city, even though only a simple uninstructed spectator.

Nothing is more proper to render a man sensible and prudent than the follies he sees practised, without partaking of them; nay, even the participation of them is still farther improving, provided he is not made a dupe to them, and does not adopt the errors of those who are principally concerned in committing them.

It should be considered also, that, as we are confined by our faculties to sensible objects, we are not easy influenced to conceive abstract notions of philosophy, and ideas purely intellectual.

To acquire these, it is necessary, either to disengage ourselves from the body to which we are so firmly attached; to make a slow and gradual progress from object to object, or in short to take at once a gigantic step from the material

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to the intellectual world, of which a child is incapable. To get over the interval between them, requires indeed, for men, a ladder of many rounds, expressly made for that purpose. The first abstract idea we conceive, is the first of these rounds; but I cannot easily apprehend how they are combined and constructed.

The incomprehensible Being, in whom every thing is comprehended, who gives motion to the material, and life to the animal system, is neither visible to the sight, nor palpable to the touch: he escapes the investigation of all our senses. The work is displayed at large, but the artist is concealed. It is not a little point attained, even to know that he exists; and when we have got so far, and would inquire farther what he is and where? our understanding soon bewilders itself, and we no longer know what to think of him.

Locke would have us begin our studies with the investigation of spirits, and to pass from thence to that of bodies. This method is that of superstition, prejudice, and error; it is not that of reason, nor even of nature rightly disposed: this would be to shut our eyes in order to learn to see. It is requisite to study the nature of bodies a long time to acquire a true notion of spirits, or even to suspect that they exist. By proceeding in a contrary order, we only proceed to establish materialism.

As our senses are the primary instruments of our knowledge, perceptible and corporeal objects are the only ones of which we have the immediate idea. The word *spirit* has no meaning

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with those who have never philosophised. With children and with ordinary people, a spirit is nothing more than a body. Do not they conceive that spirits talk, fight, and make a noise? it must be acknowledged therefore that such spirits, having arms and tongues, must greatly resemble human bodies. This is the reason why all the people in the world, not excepting the Jews themselves, have worshipped corporeal deities. Even we, Christians, with our theological terms of Spirit, the Trinity, and the persons of the Godhead, are, for the most part, real Anthropomorphites. I own indeed we are taught to say, that God is every where present; but we believe also that air is diffused throughout the universe, at least throughout our atmosphere; and the word *spirit* in its original signification stands for *breath* or *wind*. If once people are brought to use words of which they do not understand the meaning, it is easy, after that, to make them say what we please.

The sense of our action on other bodies, should very naturally, at first, make us believe, that, when they acted on us, it must be on a similar manner. Thus man began to suppose all those beings animated, of whose action he became susceptible. Perceiving also that most of those beings had more strength than he had, he supposed that strength to be unlimited, and thus made as many deities as he became acquainted with bodies. During the first ages of the world, man, being apprehensive of danger from every object, beheld nothing dead or inanimate in nature. He was not longer in acquiring the abstract idea of matter than that of spirit. Thus did

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did mankind stock the universe with material divinities. The stars, winds, mountains, rivers, trees, even houses, every thing was possessed of a soul, and had its deity. The monkeys of Laban, the manitou of the savages, the fetiches of the negroes, the works of art as well as nature, have been formerly esteemed as gods by mankind. Polytheism was the first religion in the world, and the first worship was idolatry. Men could not arrive at the acknowledgment of one God, till, generalising their ideas by degrees, they were enabled to recur to a first cause, to unite the whole system of beings in one idea, and to give a meaning to the word *substance*, which is in fact the greatest of abstractions. Every child who believes in God, is, therefore, necessarily an idolater, or at least an anthropomorphite; and when even the imagination hath attained a view of the Deity, it is very seldom that the understanding can form any conception of him. This is the very error into which the order prescribed by Mr Locke will necessarily lead us.

Having fallen, I hardly know how, on the abstract idea of substance, it is plain, that in order to admit of the existence only of one simple substance, we must suppose it possessed of qualities that are incompatible, and reciprocally exclusive of each other, such as those of thought and extension, one of which is essentially divisible, and the other incapable of divisibility. Thought, or, if you will, sentiment, is, beside, supposed to be a primitive quality, and inseparable from the substance to which it belongs; that it bears the same relation to it as even its

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extension. Hence it is to be concluded, that those beings which lose either of these qualities, lose the substance also to which it belongs; that, of consequence, death is only a separation of substances; and that beings in which these two qualities are united, are composed of the two substances to which these two qualities appertain.

Now, reflect on the vast difference that still remains between the notion of these two substances and that of the divine nature; between the incomprehensible idea of the action of the soul on the body, and the idea of the action of God on all created beings. The ideas of a creating and annihilating power, omnipresence, eternity, omnipotence, are those of the divine attributes, which so small a part of mankind are capable to form, confused and indistinct as they are, and which nevertheless do not appear obscure at all to the common people, because they form nothing of them. How is it possible to present these ideas in all their force; that is to say, in their full obscurity, to those youthful understandings which are as yet totally occupied with the primary operations of the senses, and are hardly able to conceive any thing but what they feel? It is in vain the vast abyss of infinity is thrown open before us; a child cannot be struck and confounded at the unfathomable void, its feeble optics cannot pierce its immense profundity. Every thing appears infinite to children, they know not how to prescribe bounds to any thing; not because they extend the limits of nature beyond measure, but because the rule of their understanding is so short. I have even
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observed that they place infinity more often within than without the limits which are even known to them. They estimate a space to be immense, rather by their feet than their eyes; infinity does not extend farther than they can see, but only farther than they can go. If we speak to them of the power of the Deity, they think him almost as strong as their father. Their knowledge in all cases being to them the measure of possibilities, they judge every thing that is told them to be less and inferior to what they know. Such are the conclusions natural to ignorance and weakness of understanding. Ajax was afraid to encounter Achilles, and yet challenged Jupiter; this was because he knew the strength and prowess of Achilles, and was ignorant of the omnipotence of Jove. Should we endeavour to give a Swiss peasant, who imagines himself the wealthiest of mankind, the idea of a king, he will ask us, with an air of purse-proud self-sufficiency, if a king has an hundred cows grazing on the mountains?

I foresee how much my readers will be surprised to find I have attended my pupil throughout the whole first age of life, without once speaking to him of religion. He hardly knows at fifteen years of age whether or not he hath a soul, and perhaps it will not be time to inform him of it when he is eighteen; for, if he learns it too soon, he runs a risk of never knowing it at all.

If I were to design a picture of the most deplorable stupidity, I would draw a pedant teaching children their catechism: and were I resolved to crack the brain of a child, I would oblige him

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to explain what he said when he repeated his catechism. It may be objected, that the greater part of the dogmas of Christianity being mysterious, to expect the human mind should be capable of conceiving them, is not so much to expect children should be men, but that man should be something more. To this I answer, in the first place, that there are mysteries, which it is not only impossible for man to comprehend, but also to believe; and I do not see what we get by teaching them to children, unless it be to learn them betimes to tell lies. I will say farther, that before we admit of mysteries, it is necessary for us to comprehend, at least, that they are incomprehensible, and children are not even capable of this. At an age when every thing is mysterious, there are no such things, properly speaking, as mysteries.

Believe in God, and thou shalt be saved. This dogma, misunderstood, is the principle of sanguinary persecution, and the cause of all those futile instructions which have given a mortal blow to human reason, by accustoming it to be satisfied with words. Doubtless not a moment is to be lost when we are running the race of eternal salvation; but if, to obtain this important prize, it be sufficient to learn to repeat a set form of words, I do not see what should hinder us from peopling heaven with magpies and parrots, as well as with children.

To impose an obligation of believing, supposes the possibility of it. The philosopher who does not believe, is certainly in the wrong; because he misuses the understanding he has cultivated, and is capacitated to comprehend the sublime truths

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truths he rejects. But though a child should profess the Christian religion, what can he believe? He can believe only what he conceives, and he conceives so little of what is said to him, that if you tell him directly the contrary, he adopts the latter dogma as readily as he did the former. The faith of children, and indeed of many grown persons, is merely an affair of geography. Are they to be rewarded in heaven, because they were born at Rome, and not at Mecca? One man is told that Mahomet was a prophet sent by God, and he accordingly says that Mahomet was a prophet sent by God; the other is told that Mahomet was an impostor, and he also in like manner says Mahomet was an impostor. Had these two persons only changed places, each would also have changed his tone, and affirmed what he now denies. Can we infer from two dispositions so much alike, that one will go to heaven, and the other to hell? When a child says he believes in God, it is not in God he believes, but in Peter or James, who tells him there is something which is called God: thus he believes in the manner of Euripides, when Jupiter was thus addressed in one of his tragedies *;

O Jupiter! Though nothing I know of thee but thy name,——

We protestants hold, that no child who dies before he arrives at the age of reason is deprived of

* The tragedy of Menalippus, which at first began with this line; but the clamours of the Athenians obliged Euripides afterwards to alter it. *Plutarch.*

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of falvation; the Roman Catholics believe the fame of every child that is baptized, though it fhould never once have heard the name of God. There are fome cafes therefore in which men may be faved without believing in God, as in infancy or imbecillity of mind, as in idiots and madmen, where the understanding is incapable of the operations requifite to infer an acknowledgment of the Deity. All the difference that I fee here between me and my readers is, that you think children of feven years of age capacitated to believe in God, and I do not think them capable of it even at fifteen. Whether I am right or wrong in this particular, it is not in itfelf an article of faith, but only a fimple obfervation in natural hiftory.

On the fame principles, it is evident, that if a man fhould arrive at old age without believing in God, he would not be deprived of his prefence in the other world, provided his infidelity was not wilful; and this I fay may fometimes happen. You will admit, that with refpect to madmen, a malady deprives them of their intellectual faculties, but not of their condition as men, nor of courfe of their claim to the beneficence of their Creator. Why then will you not admit the fame claim in thofe who, fequestered in their infancy from all fociety, have lived the real life of a favage, deprived of that information which is to be acquired only by converfation with mankind *? for it is a demonftrable
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* See the firft part of my difcourfe on the Inequality of mankind, wherein I treat of the natural ftate of the human mind, and the fownefs of its progrefs.

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impossibility that such a savage should ever raise his ideas to the knowledge of the true God. Reason tells us, that man is punishable only for his wilful errors, and that invincible ignorance can never be imputed to him as a crime. Hence it should follow, that in the eyes of Eternal Justice every man who would have believed had he had the opportunities of information, will appear as a believer; and that none will be punished for infidelity but those whose hearts refuse to admit the truth.

Let us beware of divulging the truth to those who are incapable of understanding it: for this is the way to substitute error in the room of it. It were better to have no idea of God at all, than to entertain those which are mean, fantastical, injurious, and unworthy a divine object; it is a less crime to be ignorant of, than insult, him. I had much rather, says the amiable Plutarch, that people should believe there is no such person as Plutarch in the world, than that they should say, he is unjust, envious, jealous, and so tyrannical as to require of others what he has not left them power to perform.

The great evil of those preposterous images of the Deity, which we may trace in the minds of children, is, that they remain indelible during their whole life; and that when they are men, they have no better conceptions of God than they had when they were children. I once knew a very worthy and pious woman in Switzerland so well satisfied of the truth of this maxim, that she would give her son no early instructions about religion; lest he should content himself with such imperfect ideas as he was then only

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ly able to conceive, and neglect the acquisition of more perfect ones when he grew up. This child never heard the name of God pronounced but with awe and reverence; and whenever he began to speak of him, was immediately silenced, as if the subject was too great and sublime for his comprehension. This reserve excited his curiosity, and his self-love aspired after the time when it should be proper for him to be made acquainted with the mystery that was so carefully concealed from him. The less he was spoken to of God, the less he was suffered to speak of him, the more his thoughts were employed on this unknown object. He saw God in every thing around him; and what I should fear most from this air of mystery carried to extremes, would be, that in overheating the imagination of a young man, it would turn his head, and that in the end it would make him a fanatic instead of a believer.

We need be under no such apprehensions, however, with respect to Emilius, who, constantly refusing to pay any attention to objects above his capacity, hears with the most perfect indifference those things he doth not understand. There are so many of these, of which he is accustomed to say, "This matter is not my concern," that he will not be embarrassed about any one that may be proposed to him: and even when he begins to interest himself in these important questions, it is not because he may have happened to hear them proposed, but when the progress of his understanding leads him to such disquisitions.

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derstanding makes its approaches to the knowledge of these mysteries; and I readily agree, that it does not naturally arrive at such knowledge, even in the midst of society, before we reach a very advanced age. But, as there are numerous and inevitable causes in society, from which the progress of the passions is accelerated; if the progress of the understanding, which serves to regulate those passions, be not accelerated in the same proportion, then it is that we depart from the order of nature, and that the equilibrium between our reason and our passions is destroyed. If we are not sufficiently our own masters to moderate a too rapid developement of certain faculties, it is necessary to hurry on with the same rapidity those which ought to correspond with them, so that the order in which they should all be naturally displayed, be not perverted; that those which ought to go together, be not separated; and that man, as the same conscious individual during every moment of his life, should not be advanced to a certain degree by one of his faculties, and to a different degree by another.

What a difficulty do I see here rising up against me? a difficulty by so much the greater as it depends less on the things themselves, than on the pusillanimity of those who dare not venture to resolve it. Let us begin at least by daring to propose it. A child should be educated in the religion of his father; it is always easy to convince him that such a faith, be it what it will, is the only true one; and that all others are absurd and extravagant. The force of the arguments on this head, depends absolutely on
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this point, to wit, on the country in which they are proposed. Let a Turk, who finds Christianity so ridiculous at Constantinople, go and see how ridiculous Mahometanism is at Paris. Custom and prejudice triumph particularly in matters of religion. But how shall we, who on all occasions pretend to shake off its yoke; we, who pay no regard to the authority of opinion; who would teach our pupil nothing but what he might have learned himself, in any country; in what religion shall we educate Emilius? To what sect shall we unite the man of nature? The answer appears to me very simple; we shall unite him neither to one nor another; but place him in a proper situation, and qualify him to make choice of that which the best use of his reason may induce him to adopt.

*Incedo per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.*

No matter; my zeal and sincerity have hitherto stood me in the stead of prudence. I hope these, my securities, will not forsake me in necessity. Fear not, readers, that I shall take any precautions unworthy a friend to truth: I shall never lose sight of my motto; but certainly I may be permitted to distrust my own judgment. Instead of telling you what I think myself, I will give you the sentiments of a man of greater weight than I am. I answer for the veracity of the facts which are here related; they really happened to the author of the paper I am going to transcribe. It is your business to see if any useful reflections may be drawn from it relative to the subject of which it treats. I neither propose
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the sentiments of myself or another, as a rule for you, but only submit them to your examination.

“ About thirty years ago, a young man, who
 “ had forsaken his own country, and rambled
 “ into Italy, found himself reduced to circum-
 “ stances of great poverty and distress. He had
 “ been bred a Calvinist: but, in consequence
 “ of his misconduct, and of being unhappily a
 “ fugitive in a foreign country, without money
 “ or friends, he was induced to change his re-
 “ ligion for the sake of subsistence. To this
 “ end he procured admittance into an house
 “ established for the reception of profelytes.
 “ Here, the instructions he received concerning
 “ some controversial points, excited doubts he
 “ had not before entertained, and brought him
 “ first acquainted with the evil of the step he had
 “ taken. He was taught strange dogmas, and
 “ was eye-witness to stranger manners; and to
 “ these he saw himself a destined victim. He
 “ now attempted to make his escape, but was
 “ prevented, and more closely confined; if he
 “ complained, he was punished for complain-
 “ ing; and, lying at the mercy of his tyranni-
 “ cal oppressors, found himself treated as a cri-
 “ minal, because he could not without reluc-
 “ tance submit to be so. Let those who are sen-
 “ sible how much the first act of violence and
 “ injustice irritates young and unexperienced
 “ minds, judge of the situation of this unfortu-
 “ nate youth. Swoln with indignation, the
 “ tears of rage burst from his eyes. He im-
 “ plored the assistance of heaven and earth in
 “ vain; he appealed to the whole world, but
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“ nobody attended to his plea. His complaints
 “ could reach the ears only of a parcel of vile
 “ domestics, slaves to the wretch by whom he
 “ was thus treated, or accomplices in the same
 “ crime; who ridiculed his nonconformity, and
 “ endeavoured to excite his imitation. He had
 “ been doubtless entirely ruined, had it not been
 “ for the good offices of an honest ecclesiastic,
 “ who came to the hospital on some business,
 “ and with whom he found an opportunity of a
 “ private conference. The good priest was him-
 “ self poor, and stood in need of every one’s
 “ assistance; the oppressed profelyte, however,
 “ stood yet in greater need of him: the former
 “ did not hesitate therefore to favour his escape,
 “ at the risk of making himself a powerful e-
 “ nemy.

“ Having escaped from vice only to return to
 “ indigence, this young adventurer struggled
 “ without success against his destiny: for a mo-
 “ ment, indeed, he thought himself above it,
 “ and, at the first prospect of good fortune, his
 “ former distresses, and his protector were for-
 “ gotten together. He was soon punished,
 “ however, for his ingratitude, as his groundless
 “ hopes soon vanished: his youth stood in vain
 “ on his side; his romantic notions proving de-
 “ structive to all his designs. Having neither
 “ capacity nor address, to surmount the difficul-
 “ ties that fell in his way; stranger to the vir-
 “ tues of moderation and the arts of knavery,
 “ he attempted so many things that he could
 “ bring none to perfection. Hence, fallen into
 “ his former distress, in want of food and lodg-
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“ ing, and ready to perish with hunger, he re-
“ collected his benefactor.

“ To him he returned, and was well recei-
“ ved; the sight of the unhappy youth brought
“ to the poor vicar’s mind the remembrance of
“ a good action; a remembrance always grate-
“ ful to an honest mind. This good priest was
“ naturally humane and compassionate, his own
“ misfortunes had taught him to feel for those of
“ others, nor had prosperity hardened his heart;
“ in a word, the maxims of true wisdom and
“ conscious virtue, had confirmed the goodness
“ of his natural disposition. He cordially em-
“ braced the young wanderer, provided him a
“ lodging, and shared with him the slender
“ means of his own subsistence. Nor was this
“ all: he went still farther, giving him both in-
“ struction and consolation, in order to teach
“ him that difficult art of supporting adversity
“ with patience. Could you believe, ye sons
“ of prejudice! that a priest, and a priest in Ita-
“ ly too, could be capable of this.

“ This honest ecclesiastic was a poor Savoy-
“ ard, who, having in his younger days incur-
“ red the displeasure of his bishop, was obliged
“ to pass the mountains, in order to seek that
“ provision which was denied him in his own
“ country. He was neither deficient in litera-
“ ture nor understanding; his talents, therefore,
“ together with an engaging appearance, soon
“ procured him protectors, who recommended
“ him to be tutor to a young man of quality.
“ He preferred poverty, however, to dependence;
“ and, being a stranger to the manners and
“ behaviour of the great, he remained but a

“ short time in that situation. In quitting this
 “ service, nevertheless, he did not lose the e-
 “ steem of his patron; and, as he behaved with
 “ great prudence, and was universally beloved,
 “ he flattered himself he should in time regain
 “ the good opinion of his bishop, and obtain
 “ some little benefice in the mountains, where
 “ he hoped to spend the rest of his days. This
 “ was the height of his ambition.

“ Interested, by a natural propensity, in fa-
 “ vour of the young fugitive, he examined ve-
 “ ry carefully into his character and disposition.
 “ In this examination, he saw that his misfor-
 “ tunes had already debased his heart; that the
 “ shame and contempt to which he had been
 “ exposed, had depressed his courage, and that
 “ his disappointed pride, converted into indig-
 “ nation, deduced from the injustice and cruelty
 “ of mankind, the depravity of human nature, and
 “ the emptiness of virtue. He had observed reli-
 “ gion made use of as a mask to self-interest, and
 “ its worship as a cloak to hypocrisy. He had
 “ seen the terms heaven and hell prostituted in
 “ the subtilty of vain disputes; the joys of the
 “ one and pains of the other being annexed to
 “ a mere repetition of words. He had obser-
 “ ved the sublime and primitive idea of the di-
 “ vinity disfigured by the fantastical imagina-
 “ tions of men; and finding that, in order to
 “ believe in God, it was necessary to give up
 “ that understanding he hath bestowed on us, he
 “ held in the same disdain as well the sacred
 “ object of our idle reveries, as those reveries
 “ themselves. Without knowing any thing of
 “ natural causes, or giving himself any trouble
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“ to think about them, he had plunged him-
“ self into the most stupid ignorance, mixed
“ with the most profound contempt for those
“ who pretended to know more than himself.

“ A neglect of all religious duties, leads to
“ a neglect of all moral obligations. The heart
“ of this young libertine had already made a
“ great progress from one toward the other.
“ Not that he was constitutionally vitious; but
“ incredulity and misfortune having stifled, by
“ degrees, the propensities of his natural dispo-
“ sition, they were hurrying him on to ruin;
“ adding to the manners of the beggar, the
“ principles of the atheist.

“ His ruin, however, though almost inevi-
“ table, was not absolutely compleated. His e-
“ ducation not having been neglected, he was
“ not without knowledge. He had not as yet
“ exceeded that happy term of life, wherein
“ the fermenting blood serves to invigorate the
“ mind without inflaming the passions. His
“ were as yet unrelaxed and unexcited. A natu-
“ ral modesty and timidity of disposition had hi-
“ therto supplied the place of restraint; and had
“ prolonged that term in which you endeavour
“ so long to preserve your pupil. The odious
“ example of brutal depravity, and of vices
“ without temptation, so far from animating
“ his imagination, had mortified it. Disgust
“ had long supplied the place of virtue, in the
“ preservation of his innocence; to corrupt this,
“ required more powerful seductions.

“ The good priest saw the danger and the re-
“ medy. The difficulties which appeared in
“ the application did not deter him from the at-

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“ tempt: he took a pleasure in his design, and
 “ resolved to complete it, by restoring to virtue
 “ the victim he had snatched from infamy.

“ To this end he set out at a distance, in the
 “ execution of his project; the merit of the mo-
 “ tive increased his hopes, and inspired means
 “ worthy of his zeal. Whatever might be the
 “ success, he was certain he should not throw
 “ away his labour: we are always sure so far to
 “ succeed in well doing.

“ He began with striving to gain the confi-
 “ dence of the profelyte, by conferring on him
 “ his favours disinterestedly; by never importu-
 “ ning him with exhortations, and by descend-
 “ ing always to a level with his ideas and man-
 “ ner of thinking. It must have been an affec-
 “ ting sight to see a grave divine become the
 “ comrade of a young libertine; to see virtue
 “ affect the air of licentiousness, in order to tri-
 “ umph the more certainly over it. Whenever
 “ the heedless youth made him the confident of
 “ his follies, and unbosomed himself freely to
 “ his benefactor, the good priest listened atten-
 “ tively to his stories, and, without approving
 “ the evil, interested himself in the consequen-
 “ ces. No ill-timed censure ever indiscreetly
 “ checked his communicative temper. The
 “ pleasure with which he thought himself heard,
 “ increased that which he took in telling all his
 “ secrets. Thus he was induced to make a free
 “ and general confession, without thinking of
 “ his confessing any thing.

“ Having thus made himself master of his sen-
 “ timents and character, the priest was enabled
 “ to see clearly, that, without being ignorant
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“ for his years, he had forgot every thing of
“ consequence for him to know, and that the
“ state of meanness into which he was reduced
“ had almost stifled in him the sense of good
“ and evil. There is a degree of low stupidity
“ which deprives the soul as it were of life; the
“ voice of conscience also is little heard of by
“ those who think of nothing but the means of
“ subsistence. To rescue the unfortunate youth
“ from the moral death that so nearly threatened
“ him, he began therefore by awakening his
“ self-love, and exciting in him a due regard
“ to himself. He represented to his imagina-
“ tion a more happy success, from the future
“ employment of his talents: he animated him
“ with a generous ardour, by a recital of the
“ commendable actions of others; and by rai-
“ sing his admiration of those who performed
“ them, excited in him a spirit of emulation,
“ and a desire of imitating them. In order to
“ detach him insensibly from an idle and vaga-
“ bond life, he employed him in copying ex-
“ tracts from books; and, under pretence of
“ having occasion for such extracts, cherished
“ in him the noble sentiment of gratitude to his
“ benefactor. By this method, also, he instruc-
“ ted him indirectly by the books he employed
“ him to copy; and induced him to recover
“ so good an opinion of himself as to think he
“ was not quite good for nothing, and to hold
“ himself not so despicable in his own esteem.
“ A trifling circumstance may serve to shew
“ the art which this benevolent instructor made
“ use of insensibly to elevate the heart of his
“ disciple, without appearing to think of giving
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" him instruction. This good ecclesiastic was
 " so well known and esteemed for his probity
 " and discernment, that many persons chose ra-
 " ther to intrust him with the distribution of
 " their alms than the richer clergy of the cities.
 " Now, it happened, that receiving one day a
 " sum of money in charge for the poor; the
 " young man had the meanness to desire some
 " of it, under that title, for himself. No, re-
 " plied his benefactor, you and I are brethren;
 " you belong to me, and I ought not to ap-
 " ply the charity deposited with me to my own
 " use. He then gave him the sum he wanted
 " out of his own pocket. Lessons of this kind
 " are hardly ever thrown away on young peo-
 " ple, whose hearts are not entirely corrupted:
 " But I will continue to speak no longer in
 " the third person, which is indeed a superflu-
 " ous caution; as you are very sensible, my
 " dear countrymen, that the unhappy fugitive
 " I have been speaking of is myself. I conceive
 " myself far enough removed from the irregu-
 " larities of my youth to dare to avow them;
 " and think the hand which extricated me from
 " them, too well deserving my gratitude, for
 " me not to do it honour, at the expence of a
 " little shame.

" The most striking circumstance of all was
 " to observe, in the retired life of my worthy
 " master, virtue without hypocrisy, humanity
 " without weakness, his conversation always
 " honest and simple, and his conduct ever con-
 " formable to his discourse. I never found him
 " troubling himself whether the persons he as-
 " sisted went constantly to vespers; whether
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“ they went frequently to confession, or fasted
“ on certain days of the week: nor did I ever
“ know him impose on them any of those con-
“ ditions, without which a man might perish
“ for want, and have no hopes of relief from
“ the devout.

“ Encouraged by these observations, so far
“ was I from affecting, in his presence, the for-
“ ward zeal of a new profelyte, that I took no
“ pains to conceal my thoughts, nor did I ever
“ remark his being scandalised at this freedom.
“ Hence have I sometimes said to myself, He
“ certainly overlooks my indifference for the
“ new mode of worship I have embraced, in
“ consideration of the disregard which he sees I
“ have for that in which I was educated; as he
“ finds my indifference is not partial to either.
“ But what could I think when I heard him
“ sometimes approve dogmas contrary to those
“ of the Roman church, and appear to hold its
“ ceremonies in little esteem? I should have
“ been apt to conclude him a Protestant in dis-
“ guise, had I seen him less observant of those
“ very ceremonies which he seemed to think of
“ so little account; but knowing that he acquit-
“ ted himself as punctually of his duties as a
“ priest, in private as in public, I knew not how
“ to judge of these seeming contradictions. If
“ we accept the failing, which first brought
“ him into disgrace with his superior, and of
“ which he was not altogether corrected, his
“ life was exemplary, his manners irreproacha-
“ ble, and his conversation prudent and sensi-
“ ble. As I lived with him in the greatest in-
“ timacy, I learned every day to respect him
“ more

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“ more and more; and as he had entirely won
 “ my heart by so many acts of kindness, I wait-
 “ ed with an impatient curiosity, to know the
 “ principles on which a life and conduct so sin-
 “ gular and uniform could be founded.

“ It was some time, however, before this cu-
 “ riosity was satisfied. Before he would disclose
 “ himself to his disciple, he endeavoured to cul-
 “ tivate those seeds of reason and goodness which
 “ he had sown in his mind. The greatest dif-
 “ ficulty he met with, was to eradicate from
 “ my heart a proud misanthropy, a certain ran-
 “ corous hatred which I bore to the wealthy
 “ and fortunate, as if they were made such at
 “ my expence, and had usurped apparent hap-
 “ piness from what should have been really
 “ mine. The idle vanity of youth, which is
 “ opposed to all kind of humiliation, encour-
 “ aged but too much my propensity to indulge
 “ this splenetic humour; while that self-love
 “ which my Mentor strove so much to cherish,
 “ increasing my pride, rendered mankind still
 “ more detestable, and only added to my hatred
 “ of them, the most egregious contempt.

“ Without directly attacking this pride, he
 “ contented himself to prevent its degenerating
 “ into barbarity; and, without diminishing my
 “ self-esteem, made me less disdainful of my
 “ neighbours. In withdrawing the gaudy veil
 “ of external appearances, and presenting to my
 “ view the real evils it covered, he taught me
 “ to lament the failings of my fellow-creatures,
 “ to sympathise with their miseries, and to pity
 “ instead of envying them. Moved to com-
 “ passion for human frailties, from a deep sense
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“ of his own, he saw mankind every where the
“ victims either of their own vices or of those
“ of others: he saw the poor groan beneath
“ the yoke of the rich, and the rich beneath
“ that of their own prepossessions and prejudi-
“ ces. Believe me, said he, our mistaken no-
“ tions of things are so far from concealing our
“ misfortunes from our view, that they aug-
“ ment those evils, by rendering trifles of im-
“ portance, and making us sensible of a thou-
“ sand wants, which we should never have
“ known but from our prejudices. Peace of
“ mind consists in a contempt for every thing
“ that may disturb it. The man who gives
“ himself the greatest concern about life, is he
“ who enjoys it least: and he who aspires the
“ most earnestly after happiness is always the
“ most miserable.

“ Alas! cried I, with all the bitterness of
“ discontent, what a deplorable picture do you
“ present of human life! If we may indulge
“ ourselves in nothing, to what purpose are we
“ born? If we must despise even happiness it-
“ self, who is there can know what it is to be
“ happy?” “ I know,” replied the good priest,
in a tone and manner that struck me. “ You!
“ said I, so little favoured by fortune! so poor!
“ exiled! persecuted! can you be happy? And,
“ if you are, what have you done to purchase
“ happiness? My dear child, returned he, I
“ will very readily tell you. As you have free-
“ ly confessed to me, I will do the same to you.
“ I will disclose to you, said he, embracing
“ me, all the sentiments of my heart. You
“ shall see me, if not such as I really am, at
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“ least such as I think myself to be: and when
 “ you have heard my whole profession of faith,
 “ you will know why I think myself happy;
 “ and, if you think as I do, what you have to
 “ do to become so likewise. But this profession
 “ is not to be made in a moment: it will re-
 “ quire some time to disclose to you my thoughts
 “ on the situation of man, and the real value of
 “ human life;—we will take a proper opportu-
 “ nity for an hour’s uninterrupted conversation
 “ on this subject.

“ As I expressed an earnest desire for such an
 “ opportunity, it was put off only to the next
 “ morning. It was in summer-time, and we
 “ rose at break of day; when, taking me out
 “ of town, he led me to the top of a hill, at
 “ the foot of which ran the river Po, watering
 “ the fertile vales. That immense chain of
 “ mountains, the Alps, terminated the distant
 “ prospect. The rising sun had cast its orient
 “ rays over the gilded plains, and, by project-
 “ ing the long shadows of the trees, the houses
 “ and adjacent hills, described the most beauti-
 “ ful scene ever mortal eye beheld. One might
 “ have been tempted to think that nature had at
 “ this time displayed all its magnificence, as a
 “ subject for our conversation. Here it was,
 “ that, after contemplating for a short time the
 “ surrounding objects in silence, my guide and
 “ benefactor thus began,

The Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Curate.

Expect not either learned declamations or pro-
 found arguments; I am no great philosopher,
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tradition to all human laws and institutions. We are in vain forbid to do this thing or the other; we shall feel but little remorse for doing any thing to which a well-regulated natural instinct excites us, how strongly soever prohibited by reason. Nature, my dear youth, hath in this respect been hitherto silent to you; may you continue long in that happy state wherein her voice is the voice of innocence! Remember that you offend her more by anticipating her instructions than by refusing to hear them. In order to know when to listen to her without a crime, you should begin by learning to check her insinuations.

I had always a due respect for marriage, as the first and most sacred institution of nature. Having given up my right to enter into such an engagement, I resolved, therefore, not to profane it: for, notwithstanding my manner of education, as I had always led a simple and uniform life, I had preserved all that clearness of understanding in which my first ideas were cultivated. The maxims of the world had not obscured my primitive notions, and my poverty kept me at a sufficient distance from those temptations that teach us the sophistry of vice.

The virtuous resolution I had formed, however, was the very cause of my ruin: my full determination not to violate the bed of another, left my faults exposed to detection. It was necessary to expiate the scandal; I was accordingly suspended and banished; falling a sacrifice to my scruples rather than to my incontinence. From the reproaches also made me on my disgrace, I found that the way to escape punishment for a
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crime, is often to aggravate the guilt, by committing a greater.

A few instances of this kind go far with persons capable of reflection. Finding, by sorrowful experience, the ideas I had formed of justice, honesty, and other moral obligations, contradicted in practice; I began to give up most of the opinions I had received, till, at length, the few which I retained being no longer sufficient to support themselves, I called in question the evidence on which they were established. Thus, knowing hardly what to think, I found myself at last reduced to your own situation of mind; with this difference only, that my infidelity being the later fruit of a maturer age, it was a work of greater difficulty to remove it.

I was in that state of doubt and uncertainty, in which De Cartes requires the mind to be involved, in order to enable it to investigate truth. This disposition of mind, however, is too disquieting to last long; its duration being owing only to vice or indolence. My heart was not so corrupt as to seek such indulgence; and nothing preserves so well the habit of reflection, as to be more content with ourselves than with our fortune.

I reflected, therefore, on the unhappy lot of mortals, always floating on the ocean of human opinions, without compass or rudder; left to the mercy of their tempestuous passions, with no other guide than an unexperienced pilot, ignorant of his course, as well as whence he came and whither he is going. I said often to myself, I love the truth; I seek, yet cannot find it; let any one shew it me, and I will readily embrace

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I have frequently experienced at times much greater evils; and yet no part of my life was ever so constantly disagreeable to me as that interval of scruples and anxiety. Running perpetually from one doubt and uncertainty to another, all that I could deduce from any long and painful meditations was incertitude, obscurity, and contradiction, as well, with regard to my existence as my duty.

I cannot comprehend how any man can be sincerely a sceptic, on principle. Such philosophers either do not exist, or they are certainly the most miserable of men. To be in doubt about things which it is important for us to know, is a situation too perplexing for the human mind: it cannot long support such incertitude; but will, in spite of itself, determine one way or other, rather deceiving itself than content to believe nothing of the matter.

What added further to my perplexity was, that, being educated in a church whose authority being universally decisive, admits not of the least doubt: in rejecting one point, I rejected in a manner all the rest; and the impossibility of admitting so many absurd decisions, set me against those which were not so. In being told I must believe all, I was prevented from believing any thing, and I knew not where to stop.

In this situation I consulted the philosophers; I turned over their books, and examined their several opinions: in all which I found them vain, dictatorial, and dogmatical, even in their pretended scepticism; ignorant of nothing, yet pro-

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proving nothing; ridiculing one another; and in this last particular only wherein they were all agreed, they seemed to be in the right. Affecting to triumph, whenever they attacked their opponents, they wanted every thing to make them capable of a vigorous defence. If you examine their reasons, you will find them calculated only to refute: if you number voices, every one is reduced to his own suffrage: they agree in nothing but disputing: to attend to these, therefore, was not the way to remove my uncertainty.

I conceived that the weakness of the human understanding was the first cause of the prodigious variety I found in their sentiments, and that pride was the second. We have no standard with which to measure this immense machine; we cannot calculate its various relations; we neither know the first cause nor the final effects; we are ignorant even of ourselves; we neither know our own nature nor principle of action; nay, we hardly know whether man be a simple or compound being; impenetrable mysteries surround us on every side; they extend beyond the region of sense; we imagine ourselves possessed of understanding to penetrate them, and we have only imagination. Every one strikes out a way of his own across this imaginary world; but no one knows whether it will lead him to the point he aims at. We are yet desirous to penetrate, to know every thing. The only thing we know not, is to remain ignorant of what it is impossible for us to know. We had much rather determine at random, and believe the thing which is not, than confess that

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none of us is capable of seeing the thing that is. Being ourselves but a small part of that great whole, whose limits surpass our most extensive views, and concerning which its Creator leaves us to make our idle conjectures; we are vain enough to decide what is that whole in itself, and what we are in relation to it.

But were the philosophers even in a situation to discover the truth, which of them would be interested in so doing? Each of them knows very well that his system is no better founded than those of others; he defends it, nevertheless, because it is his own. There is not one of them, who, really knowing truth from falsehood, would not prefer the latter, of his own invention, to the former, discovered by any body else. Where is the philosopher who would not readily deceive mankind, to increase his own reputation? Where is he, who secretly proposes any other object than that of distinguishing himself from the rest of mankind? Provided he raises himself above the vulgar, and carries away the prize of fame from his competitors, what doth he require more? The most essential point is to think differently from the rest of the world. Among believers he is an atheist, and among atheists he affects to be a believer.

The first fruit I gathered from these reflections, was to learn to confine my inquiries to those things in which I was immediately interested; to remain contented in a profound ignorance of the rest, and not to trouble myself so far as even to doubt about what it did not concern me to know.

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up any unnecessary doubts, the philosophers only contributed to multiply those which most tormented me; and resolved absolutely none. I therefore applied to another guide, and said to myself, Let me consult my innate instructor, who will deceive me less than I may be deceived by others; or, at least, the errors I fall into, will be my own, and I shall grow less depraved in the pursuit of my own illusions, than in giving myself up to the deceptions of others.

Taking a retrospect, then, of the several opinions which had successively prevailed with me, from my infancy, I found, that, although none of them were so evident as to produce immediate conviction, they had nevertheless different degrees of probability, and that my innate sense of truth and falsehood leaned more or less to each. On this first observation, proceeding to compare, impartially and without prejudice, these different opinions with each other, I found that the first and most common, was also the most simple and most rational; and that it wanted nothing more, to secure universal suffrage, than the circumstance of having been last proposed. Let us suppose that all our philosophers, ancient and modern, had exhausted all their whimsical systems of power, chance, fate, necessity, atoms, an animated world, sensitive matter, materialism, and of every other kind; and after them let us imagine the celebrated Dr Clarke enlightening the world, by displaying the Being of beings, the Supreme and Sovereign disposer of all things: with what universal admiration, with what unanimous applause would not the world receive this new system, so great

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great, so consolatory, so sublime, so proper to elevate the soul, to lay the foundations of virtue, and at the same time so striking, so enlightened, so simple, and, as it appears to me, pregnant with less incomprehensibilities and absurdity than any other system whatever! I reflected that unanswerable objections might be made to all, because the human understanding is incapable of resolving them, no proof therefore could be brought exclusively of any: but what difference is there in proofs! Ought not that system then which explains every thing to be preferred, when attended with no greater difficulties than the rest?

The love of truth, therefore, being all my philosophy, and my method of philosophising the simple and easy rule of common sense, which dispensed with the vain subtilty of argumentation, I re-examined by this rule, all the interesting knowledge I was possessed of; resolved to admit, as evident, every thing to which I could not, in the sincerity of my heart, refuse my assent; to admit also, as true, all that appeared to have a necessary connection with the former, and to leave every thing else as uncertain, without rejecting or admitting it; determined not to trouble myself about clearing up any point which did not tend to utility in practice.

But after all, who am I? What right have I to judge of these things? and what is it that determines my conclusions? If subject to the impressions I receive, these are formed in direct consequence of those impressions; I trouble myself to no purpose in these investigations. It is necessary therefore to examine myself, to know what instruments are made use of in such

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In the first place, I know that I exist, and have senses whereby I am affected. This is a truth so striking that I am compelled to acquiesce in it. But have I properly a distinct sense of my existence, or do I only know it from my various sensations? This is my first doubt, which at present it is impossible for me to resolve: for being continually affected by sensations, either directly from the objects of them, or from the memory, how can I tell whether my self-consciousness be or be not something foreign to those sensations, and independent of them.

My sensations are all internal, as they make me sensible of my own existence; but the cause of them is external and independent, as they affect me without my consent, and do not depend on my will, for their production or annihilation. I conceive very clearly, therefore, that the sensation which is internal, and its cause or object which is external, are not one and the same thing.

Thus I know that I not only exist, but that other beings exist as well as myself; to wit, the objects of my sensations; and though these objects should be nothing but ideas; it is very certain that these ideas are no part of myself.

Now, every thing that I perceive out of myself, and which acts on my senses, I call matter; and all those portions of matter which I conceive united in individual beings, I call bodies. Thus all the disputes between the idealists and materialists signify nothing to me; their distinctions be-

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Hence I have already acquired as certain knowledge of the existence of the universe as of my own. I next reflect on the objects of my sensations; and, finding in myself the faculty of comparing them with each other, I perceive myself endowed with an active power with which I was before unacquainted.

To perceive is only to feel or be sensible of things; to compare them is to judge of their existence: to judge of things, and to be sensible of them, are very different. Things present themselves to our sensations as single, and detached from each other, such as they barely exist in nature: but in our intellectual comparison of them they are removed, transported, as it were, from place to place; disposed on and beside each other, to enable us to pronounce concerning their difference and similitude. The characteristic faculty of an intelligent, active being, is, in my opinion, that of giving a sense to the word *exist*. In beings merely sensitive I have searched in vain to discover the like force of intellect; nor can I conceive it to be in their nature. Such passive beings perceive every object single, or by itself; or if two objects present themselves, they are perceived as united into one. Such beings having no power to place one in competition with, beside, or upon the other, they cannot compare them or judge of their separate existence.

To see two objects at once, is not to see their relations to each other, nor to judge of their difference; as to see many objects, though distinct from

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from one another, is not to reckon their number. I may possibly have in my mind the ideas of a great stick and a little one, without comparing those ideas together, or judging that one is less than the other; as I may look at my hand without counting my fingers *. The comparative ideas of *greater* and *less*, as well as numerical ideas of *one*, *two*, &c. are certainly no sensations, although the understanding produces them only from our sensations.

It has been pretended, that sensitive beings distinguish sensations one from the other, by the actual difference there is between those sensations: this, however, demands an explanation. When such sensations are different, a sensitive being is supposed to distinguish them by their difference; but when they are alike, they can then only distinguish them because they perceive one without the other: for otherwise, how can two objects exactly alike, be distinguished in a simultaneous sensation? Such objects must necessarily be blended together, and taken for one and the same; particularly according to that system of philosophy, in which it is pretended that the sensations representative of extension are not extended.

When two comparative sensations are perceived, they make both a joint and separate impression; but their relation to each other is not necessarily perceived in consequence of either. If the judgment we form of this relation were indeed

* M. de la Condamine tells us of a people, who knew how to reckon only as far as three: yet these people, having hands, must necessarily have often seen their fingers without ever having counted five.

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indeed a mere sensation, excited by the objects, we should never be deceived in it, for it can never be denied that I truly perceive what I feel.

How therefore can I be deceived in the relation between these two sticks, particularly, if they are not parallel? Why do I say, for instance, that the little one is a third part as long as the great one, when it is in reality only a fourth? Why is not the image, which is the sensation, conformable to its model, which is the object: it is because I am active when I judge, the operation which forms the comparison is defective, and my understanding, which judges of relations, mixes its errors with the truth of those sensations which are representative of objects.

Add to this a reflection, which I am certain you will think striking, when you have duly weighed it: this is, that if we were merely passive in the use of our senses, there would be no communication between them: so that it would be impossible for us to know, that the body we touched with our hands, and the object we saw with our eyes, were one and the same. Either we should not be able to perceive external objects at all, or they would appear to exist as five perceptible substances, of which we should have no method of ascertaining the identity.

Whatever name be given to that power of the mind, which assembles and compares my sensations: call it attention, meditation, reflection, or what you please; certain it is, that it exists in me, and not in the objects of those sensations: it is I alone who produce it, although it be displayed only in consequence of the impressions made on me by those objects. Without being
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so far master over myself as to perceive or not perceive at pleasure, I am still more or less capable of making an examination into the objects perceived.

I am not, therefore, a mere sensitive and passive, but an active and intelligent being; and, whatever philosophers may pretend, lay claim to the honour of thinking. I know only that truth depends on the existence of things, and not on my understanding, which judges of them; and that the less such judgment depends on me, the nearer I am certain of approaching the truth. Hence my rule, of confiding more on sentiment than reason, is confirmed by reason itself.

Being thus far assured of my own nature and capacity, I begin to consider the objects about me; regarding myself with a kind of shuddering, as a creature thrown on the wide world of the universe, and as it were lost in an infinite variety of other beings, without knowing any thing of what they are, either among themselves, or with regard to me.

Every thing that is perceptible to my senses is matter, and I deduce all the essential properties of matter from those sensible qualities, which occasion its being perceptible, and are inseparable from it. I see it sometimes in motion, and at other times at rest *; hence I infer, that nei-

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* This rest may be said to be only relative; but as we perceive degrees in motion, we can very clearly conceive one of the two extremes, which is rest; and this we conceive so distinctly, that we are even induced to take that for absolute rest which is only relative. Now, motion cannot be essential to matter, if matter can be conceived to exist at rest.

ther motion nor rest are essential to it; but motion being an action, is clearly the effect of a cause, of which rest is only the absence. When nothing acts on matter, therefore it does not move; and for that very reason, that it is equally indifferent to motion and rest, its natural state is to be at rest.

Again, I perceive in bodies two kinds of motion; that is, a mechanical or communicated motion, and a spontaneous or voluntary one. In the first, the moving cause is out of the body moved; and in the last exists within it. I shall not hence conclude, however, that the motion of a watch, for example, is spontaneous; for, if nothing should act upon it but the spring, that spring would not wind itself up again when once down. For the same reason, also, I should as little accede to the spontaneous motion of fluids, nor even to fire itself, the cause of their fluidity*.

You will ask me, if the motions of animals are spontaneous? I will freely answer, I cannot positively tell, but analogy speaks in the affirmative. You may ask me farther, how I know there is any such thing as spontaneous motion? I answer, very well, because I feel it. I will to move my arm, and accordingly it moves, without the intervention of any other immediate cause. It is in vain to endeavour to reason me out of this sentiment; it is more powerful than any rational evidence: you might as well attempt to convince me that I do not exist.

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* The chymists conceive the element of fire to be diffused, and stagnant, in those mixed bodies of which it makes a part, till some external cause sets it in motion, and changes it into palpable fire.

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If the actions of men are not spontaneous, and there be no such spontaneous action in what passes on earth, we are only the more embarrassed to conceive what is the first cause of all motion. For my part, I am so fully persuaded, that the natural state of matter is a state of rest, and that it has in itself no principle of activity, that whenever I see a body in motion, I instantly conclude, either that it is an animated body, or that its motion is communicated to it. My understanding will by no means acquiesce in the notion that unorganised matter can move of itself, or be productive of any kind of action.

The visible universe, however, is composed of inanimate matter †, which appears to have nothing in its composition of organisation, or that sensation which is common to the parts of an animated body; as it is certain that we ourselves being parts thereof, do not perceive our existence in the whole. The universe also is in motion: and its movements being all regular, uniform, and subjected to constant laws, nothing appears therein similar to that liberty which is remarkable in the spontaneous motion of men and animals. The world, therefore, is not an huge self-moving animal, but receives its motions from some foreign cause, which we do not perceive: but I am so strongly persuaded within myself of the existence of this cause, that it is

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impossible

† I have made the strongest efforts I am able, to conceive the existence of a living molecule or primary element, but in vain. The idea of matter, perceiving without organs of perception, appears to me contradictory and unintelligible. To reject or adopt this notion, it is necessary we should first comprehend it; and I must confess I am not so happy.

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impossible for me to observe the apparent diurnal revolution of the sun, without conceiving that some force must urge it forward; or if it is the earth itself that turns, I cannot but conceive that some hand must turn it.

If it be necessary to admit general laws, that have no apparent relation to matter, from what fixed point must that inquiry set out? Those laws, being nothing real, or substantial, have some prior foundation equally unknown and occult. Experience and observation have taught us the laws of motion; these laws, however, determine effects only, without displaying their causes; and therefore are not sufficient to explain the system of the universe. Des Cartes could form a model of the heavens and the earth with dice, but he could not give their motions to those dice, nor bring into play his centrifugal force without the assistance of a rotatory motion. Newton discovered the law of attraction; but attraction alone would soon have reduced the universe into one solid mass; to this law, therefore, he found it necessary to add a projectile force, in order to account for the revolution of the heavenly bodies. Could Des Cartes tell us by what physical law his vortices were put and kept in motion? Could Newton produce the hand that first impelled the planets in the tangent of their respective orbits?

The first causes of motion do not exist in matter; bodies receive from, and communicate motion to each other, but they cannot originally produce it. The more I observe the action and re-action of the powers of nature acting on each other, the more I am convinced that they are merely

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merely effects, and that we must ever recur to some volition as the first cause; for to suppose there is a progression of causes to infinity, is to suppose there is no first cause at all. In a word, every motion, that is not produced by some other, must be the effect of a spontaneous voluntary act: inanimate bodies have no action, but motion; and there can be no real action without volition. Such is my first principle. I believe, therefore, that a *will* gives motion to the universe, and animates all nature. This is my first article of faith.

In what manner volition is productive of physical and corporeal action, I know not, but I experience within myself that it is productive of it. I *will* to act, and the action immediately succeeds: I *will* to move my body, and my body instantly moves; but that an inanimate body, lying at rest, should move itself or produce motion, is incomprehensible and unprecedented. The *will* also is known by its effects, and not by its essence. I know it as the cause of motion; but to conceive matter producing motion, would be evidently to conceive an effect without a cause, or rather not to conceive any thing at all.

It is no more possible for me to conceive how the will moves the body, than how the sensations affect the soul. I even know not why one of these mysteries ever appeared more explicable than the other. For my own part, whether at the time I am active or passive, the means of union between the two substances appear to me absolutely incomprehensible. Is it not strange that the philosophers have thrown off this incomprehensibility, merely to confound the two sub-

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The principle which I have here laid down, is undoubtedly something obscure; it is however intelligible, and contains nothing repugnant to reason or observation: can we say as much of the doctrines of materialism? It is very certain, that, if motion be essential to matter, it would be inseparable from it; it would be always the same in every portion of it, incommunicable, and incapable of increase or diminution; it would be impossible for us even to conceive matter at rest. Again, when I am told that motion is not indeed essential to matter, but necessary to its existence; I see through the attempt to impose on me, by a form of words, which it would be more easy to refute, if more intelligible. For, whether the motion of matter arises from itself, and is therefore essential to it, or whether it is derived from some external cause, it is no farther necessary to it than as the moving cause acting thereon: so that we still remain under the first difficulty.

General and abstract ideas from the source of our greatest errors. The jargon of metaphysics never discovered one truth; but it has filled philosophy with absurdities of which we are ashamed, as soon as they are stripped of their pompous expressions. Tell me truly, my friend, if, when you are told of a blind, unintelligent power being diffused throughout all nature, any precise idea is conveyed to your understanding? It is imagined that something is meant by those vague terms, universal force and necessary motion; and

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and yet they convey no meaning. The idea of motion is nothing more than the idea of passing from one place to another, nor can there be any motion without some particular direction; for no individual being can move several ways at once. In what manner, then, is it that matter necessarily moves? Has all the matter of which bodies are composed, a general and uniform motion, or has each atom a particular motion of its own? If we give into the first notion, the whole universe will appear to be one solid and indivisible mass; and according to the second, it should constitute a diffused and incoherent fluid, without a possibility that two atoms ever could be united. What can be the direction of this motion common to all matter? Is it in a right line upwards or downwards, to the right or to the left? Again, if every particle of matter has its particular direction, what can be the cause of all those directions and their variations? If every atom or particle of matter revolved only on its axis, none of them would change their place, and there would be no motion communicated; and even in this case it is necessary that such a revolving motion should be carried on one way. To ascribe to matter motion in the abstract, is to make use of terms without a meaning; and in giving it any determinate motion, we must of necessity suppose the cause that determines it. The more I multiply particular forces, the more new causes have I to explain, without ever finding one common agent that directs them. So far from being able to conceive any regularity or order in the fortuitous course of elements, I cannot even conceive the nature

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nature of their concurrence; and an universal chaos is more inconceivable than universal harmony. I easily comprehend that the mechanism of the world cannot be perfectly known to the human understanding; but, whenever men undertake to explain it, they ought at least to speak in such a manner that others may understand them.

If from matter being put in motion I discover the existence of a *will*, as the first active cause, this matter being subjected to certain regular laws of motion, display also intelligence: this is my second article of faith. To act, to compare, to prefer, are the operations of an active, thinking being; such a being, therefore, exists. Do you proceed to ask me, where I discover its existence? I answer, Not only in the revolutions of the celestial bodies; not only in myself; but in the flocks that feed on the plain, in the birds that fly in the air, in the stone that falls to the ground, and in the leaf that trembles in the wind.

I am enabled to judge of the physical order of things, although ignorant of their final cause; because, to be able to form such a judgment, it is sufficient for me to compare the several parts of the visible universe with each other, to study their mutual concurrence, their reciprocal relations, and to observe the general result of the whole. I am ignorant why the universe exists, but I am enabled nevertheless to see how it is modified, I cannot fail to perceive that intimate connection by which the several beings it is composed of, afford each other mutual assistance. I resemble, in this respect, a man who sees the
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inside of a watch, for the first time, and is captivated with the beauty of the work, although ignorant of its use. I know not, he may say, what this machine is good for, but I see that each part is made to fit some other; I admire the artist for every part of his performance, and am certain that all these wheels act thus in concert to some common end which it is impossible for me to see.

But let us compare the partial and particular ends, the means whereby they are affected, and their constant relations of every kind; then let us appeal to our innate sense of conviction; what man in his senses can refuse to acquiesce in such testimony? To what unprejudiced view does not the visible arrangement of the universe display the supreme intelligence of its author? How much sophistry does it not require, to disavow the harmony of created beings, and that admirable order in which all the parts of the system concur to the preservation of each other? You may talk to me as much as you please, of combinations and chances; what end will it answer to reduce me to silence, if you cannot persuade me into the truth of what you advance? And how will you divest me of that involuntary sentiment, which continually contradicts you? If organised bodies are fortuitously combined in a thousand ways, before they assume settled and constant forms; if at first there are formed stomachs without mouths, feet without heads, hands without arms, and imperfect organs of every kind, which have perished for want of the necessary faculties of self-preservation; how comes it that none of these imperfect essays have engaged

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gaged our attention? Why hath nature, at length confined herself to laws to which she was not at first subjected? I confess that I ought not to be surpris'd that any possible thing should happen, when the rarity of the event is compensated by the great odds that it did not happen. And yet if any one was to tell me that a number of printers types, jumbled promiscuously together, had disposed themselves in the order of the letters composing the *Æneid*, I certainly should not deign to take one step to verify or disprove such a story. It may be said, I forget the number of chances; but pray how many must I suppose to render such a combination in any degree probable? I, who see only the one, must conclude that there is an infinite number against it, and that it is not the effect of chance. Add to this, that the product of these combinations must be always of the same nature with the combined elements; hence life and organisation never can result from a blind concourse of atoms, nor will the chymist, with all his art in compounds, ever find sensation and thought at the bottom of his crucible*.

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* It would be incredible, if we had not proof of it, that human extravagance could be carried to such a pitch. Amatus Lusitanus assures us, that he had seen in a phial an homuncule, about an inch long, which Julius Camillus, like another Prometheus, had generated by his skill in alchymy. Paracelsus, in his treatise *de natura rerum*, gives the process of making these mannikins, and maintains that pygmies, fauns, satyrs, and nymphs were engendered by chymistry. There wants nothing more, in my opinion, to establish the possibility of these facts, than to prove that the organical materials can resist fire, and that the component moleculæ may preserve themselves alive in the intense heat of a reverberatory furnace.

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I have been frequently surpris'd, and sometimes scandalis'd, in the reading of Nieuwen-
theit. What a presumption was it to sit down
to make a book of those wonders of nature that
display the wisdom of their Author? Had his
book been as big as the whole world, he would
not have exhausted his subject; and no sooner
do we enter into the minutiaë of things than the
greatest wonder of all escapes us; that is, the
harmony and connection of the whole. The
generation of living and organis'd bodies alone,
baffles all the efforts of the human understanding.
That unsurmountable barrier, which nature hath
placed between the various species of animals,
that they might not be confounded with each o-
ther, makes her intentions sufficiently evident.
Not contented only to establish order, she hath
taken effectual methods to prevent its being di-
sturbed.

There is not a being in the universe which
may not, in some respect, be regarded as the
common centre of all others, which are ranged
around it in such a manner that they serve reci-
procally as cause and effect to one another. The
imagination is lost and the understanding con-
founded in such an infinite diversity of relations,
of which, however, not one of them is either
lost or confounded in the croud. How absurd
the supposition, to deduce this wonderful har-
mony from the blind mechanism of a fortuitous
jumble of atoms! Those who deny the unity of
design, so manifest in the relation of all the parts
of this grand system, may endeavour, as much
as they will, to conceal their absurdities with
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and emblematical terms; whatever they may advance, it is impossible for me to conceive that a system of beings can be so duly regulated, without the existence of some intelligent cause which effects such regulation. It is not in my power to believe that passive inanimate matter could ever have produced living and sensible creatures; that a blind fatality should be productive of intelligent beings; or that a cause incapable itself of thinking, should produce the faculty of thinking in its effect.

I believe, therefore, that the world is governed by a wise and powerful Will. I see it, or rather I feel it; and this is of importance for me to know: but is the world eternal, or is it created? Are things derived from one self-existent principle? or are there two, or more? And what is their essence? Of all this I know nothing, nor do I see that it is of any consequence I should. In proportion as such knowledge may become interesting, I will endeavour to acquire it: but, farther than this, I give up all such idle disquisitions, which serve only to make me discontented with myself, are useless in practice, and above my understanding.

You will remember, however, that I am not dictating my sentiments to you; but only displaying what they are. Whether matter be eternal or only created, whether it have a passive principle or not, certain it is, that the whole universe is one design, and sufficiently displays one intelligent agent: for I see no part of this system that is not under regulation, or that does not concur to one and the same end, *viz.* that of preserving the present established order of things.

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That Being, whose will is his deed, whose principle of action is in himself; that Being, in a word, whatever it be, that gives motion to all the parts of the universe, and governs all things, I call God.

To this term I annex the ideas of intelligence, power, and will, which I have collected from the order of things; and to these I add that of goodness, which is a necessary consequence of their union: but I am not at all the wiser concerning the essence of the Being to which I give these attributes: he remains at an equal distance from my senses and my understanding: the more I think of him, the more I am confounded; I know of a certainty that he exists, and that his existence is independent of any of his creatures: I know also that my existence is dependent on his, and that every thing I know is in the same situation with myself. I perceive the Deity in all his works, I feel him within me, and behold him in every object around me: but I no sooner endeavour to contemplate what he is in himself; I no sooner inquire where he is, and what is his substance, than he eludes the strongest efforts of my imagination; and my bewildered understanding is convinced of its own weakness.

For this reason I shall never take upon me to argue about the nature of God, farther than I am obliged to it by the relation he appears to stand in to myself. There is so great a temerity in such disquisitions, that a wise man will never enter on them without trembling and being fully assured of his incapacity to proceed far on so sublime a subject: for it is less injurious to

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After having discovered those of his attributes, by which I am convinced of his existence, I return to myself, and consider the place I occupy in that order of things, which is directed by him, and subjected to my examination. Here I find my species stand incontestably in the first rank; as man, by virtue of his will and the instruments he is possessed of to put it in execution, has a greater power over the bodies by which he is surrounded, than they, by mere physical impulse, have over him: by virtue of his intelligence also, I find he is the only created being here below that can take a general survey of the whole system. Is there one among them, except man, who knows how to observe all others? to weigh, to calculate, to foresee their motions, their effects, and to join, if I may so express myself, the sentiment of a general existence to that of the individual? What is there so very ridiculous in supposing every thing made for man, when he is the only created being, who knows how to consider the relation in which all things stand to himself?

It is then true that man is lord of the creation, that he is, at least, sovereign over the habitable earth; for it is certain that he not only subdues all other animals, and even disposes of the elements at his pleasure by his industry; but he alone of all other terrestrial beings knows how to subject the earth to his convenience, and even to appropriate to his use, by contemplation, the very stars and planets he cannot approach.

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proach. Let any one produce me an animal of another species, who knows how to make use of fire, or hath faculties to admire the sun. What! am I able to observe, to know other beings and their relations; am I capable of discovering what is order, beauty, virtue, of contemplating the universe, of elevating my ideas to the hand which governs the whole; am I capable of loving what is good and doing it, and shall I compare myself to the brutes? Abject soul! it is your gloomy philosophy alone that renders you at all like them. Or, rather, it is in vain you would debase yourself; your own genius rises up against your principles; your benevolent heart gives the lie to your absurd doctrines, and even the abuse of your faculties demonstrates their excellence in spite of yourself.

For my own part, who have no system to maintain, who am only a simple, honest man, attached to no party, unambitious of being the founder of any sect, and contented with the situation in which God hath placed me, I see nothing in the world, except the Deity, better than my own species; and were I left to chuse my place in the order of created beings, I see none that I could prefer to that of man.

This reflection, however, is less vain than affecting: for my state is not the effect of choice, and could not be due to the merit of a being that did not before exist. Can I behold myself, nevertheless, thus distinguished, without thinking myself happy in occupying so honourable a post; or without blessing the hand that placed me here? From the first view I thus took of myself, my heart began to glow with a sense of

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gratitude toward the author of our being; and hence arose my first idea of the worship due to a beneficent Deity. I adore the Supreme power, and melt into tenderness at his goodness. I have no need to be taught artificial forms of worship; the dictates of nature are sufficient. Is it not a natural consequence of self-love, to honour those who protect us, and to love such as do us good?

But when I come afterwards to take a view of the particular rank and relation in which I stand, as an individual, among the fellow-creatures of my species; to consider the different ranks of society, and the persons by whom they are filled; what a scene is presented me! Where is that order and regularity before observed? The scenes of nature present to my view the most perfect harmony and proportion; those of mankind nothing but confusion and disorder. The physical elements of things act in concert with each other, the moral world alone is a chaos of discord. Mere animals are happy, but man, their lord and sovereign, is miserable! Where, Supreme Wisdom! are thy laws? Is it thus, O Providence! thou governest the world? What is become of thy power, thou Supreme Beneficence! when I see evil prevailing on the earth?

Would you believe, my good friend, that, from such gloomy reflections and apparent contradictions, I should form to myself more sublime ideas of the soul, than ever resulted from my former researches? In meditating on the nature of man, I conceived that I discovered two distinct principles; the one raising him to the study

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study of eternal truths, the love of justice and moral beauty, bearing him aloft to the regions of the intellectual world, the contemplation of which yields the truest delight to the philosopher; the other debasing him even below himself, subjecting him to the slavery of sense, the tyranny of the passions, and exciting these to counteract every noble and generous sentiment inspired by the former. When I perceived myself hurried away by two such contrary powers, I naturally concluded that man is not one simple and individual substance. I will, and I will not; I perceive myself at once free and a slave; I see what is good, I admire it, and yet I do the evil: I am active when I listen to my reason, and passive when hurried away by my passions; while my greatest uneasiness is, to find, when fallen under temptations, that I had the power of resisting them.

Attend, young man, with confidence, to what I say, you will find I shall never deceive you. If conscience be the offspring of our prejudices, I am doubtless in the wrong, and moral virtue is not to be demonstrated; but, if self-love, which makes us prefer ourselves to every thing else, be natural to man, and if, nevertheless, an innate sense of justice be found in his heart; let those who imagine him to be a simple uncompounded being, reconcile these contradictions, and I will give up my opinion, and acknowledge him to be one substance.

You will please to observe, that, by the word *substance*, I here mean, in general, a being possessed of some primitive quality, abstracted from all particular or secondary modifications. Now,

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if all known primitive qualities may be united in one and the same being, we have no need to admit of more than one substance; but if some of these qualities are incompatible with, and necessarily exclusive of each other, we must admit of the existence of as many different substances as there are such incompatible qualities. You will do well to reflect on this subject; for my part, notwithstanding what Mr Locke hath said on this head, I need only to know that matter is extended and divisible, to be assured that it cannot think; and when a philosopher comes and tells me that trees and rocks have thought and perception *, he may embarrass me, indeed, with

* It seems to me, that, so far from attributing thought to Rocks and stones, our modern philosophers have discovered that even men are incapable of thinking. They acknowledge none but merely sensitive beings in nature; and all the difference they admit between a man and a stone, is, that the former is a sensitive being possessed of sensations, and the latter a sensitive being that has none. But if it be true that all matter be sensible, wherein consists the consciousness of the individual? Is it in every particle of matter, or only in compound bodies, in heterogeneous mixtures or single elements? does the individual exist alike in fluids and in solids? It is said that nothing but individuals exist in nature, I ask what these individuals are? Is that stone, for instance, an individual or an aggregate of individuals? Is it a single sensitive being, or does it contain as many separate ones as it contains grains of sand? If every elementary atom be a sensitive being, how am I to conceive that intimate communication by which one so perceives itself in another, that their two separate identities are confounded in one! Attraction is one of the laws of nature, the mystery of which may possibly be impenetrable; but we are at least capable of conceiving that gravity, acting in the ratio of the quantity of matter, is neither incompatible with extension nor divisibility. Can you conceive the same of thought and sentiment? The sensible parts are extended, but the sensitive being is single and indivisible: it is either entirely itself or nothing: the sensitive being, therefore, is not a body. I know not how
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with the subtilty of his arguments; but I cannot help regarding him as a disingenuous sophist, who had rather attribute sentiment to stocks and stones, than acknowledge man to have a soul.

Let us suppose that a man, born deaf, should deny the reality of sounds, because his ears were never sensible of them. To convince him of his error, I place a violin before his eyes; and, by playing on another concealed from him give a vibration to the strings of the former. This motion I tell him is effected by sound. Not at all, says he; the cause of the vibration of the string, is in the string itself: it is a common quality in all bodies so to vibrate. Do, I reply, shew me then the same vibration in other bodies, or, at least, the cause of it in this string? The deaf man will again reply in his turn, "I cannot; but wherefore must I, because I do not conceive how this string vibrates, attribute the cause to your pretended sounds, of which I cannot entertain the least idea? This would be to attempt an explanation of one obscurity by another still greater. Either make your sounds perceptible to me, or I shall continue to deny their existence."

The more I reflect on our capacity of thinking, and the nature of the human understanding, the

the materialists conceive this thing; but it seems to me that the same difficulties which make them give up their pretensions to thought, should induce them also to give up those of sentiments: nor do I see what should hinder them, after having taken the first step, from proceeding to take the latter; what can it cost them more? as they are so well convinced they are incapable of thinking, how dare they so confidently affirm they are able to perceive?

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the greater is the resemblance, I find between the arguments of our materialists and that of such a deaf man. They are, in effect, equally deaf to that internal voice, which, nevertheless, calls to them so loud and emphatically. A mere machine, is evidently incapable of thinking, it has neither motion nor figure productive of reflection: whereas in man there exists something, perpetually prone to expand, and to burst the fetters by which it is confined. Space itself affords not bounds to the human mind: the whole universe is not extensive enough for him; his sentiments, his desires, his anxieties, and even his pride, take rise from a principle different from that body within which he perceives himself confined.

No material being can be self-active, and I perceive that I am so. It is in vain to dispute with me so clear a point; my own sentiment carries with it a stronger conviction than any reason which can ever be brought against it. I have a body, on which other bodies act; and which acts reciprocally on them. This reciprocal action is indubitable; but my will is independent of my senses. I can either consent to, or resist their impressions; I am either vanquished or victor, and perceive clearly within myself when I act according to my will, and when I submit to be governed by my passions. I have always the power to will, though not the force to execute it. When I give myself up to any temptation, I act from the impulse of external objects. When I reproach myself for my weakness in so doing, I listen only to the dictates of my will: I am a slave in my vices, and free in my
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repentance: the sentiment of my liberty is effaced only by my depravation, and when I prevent the voice of the soul from being heard in opposition to the laws of the body.

All the knowledge I have of volition, is deduced from a sense of my own; and the understanding is known no better. When I am asked, what is the cause that determines my will? I ask in my turn, what is the cause that determines my judgment? for it is clear that these two causes make but one; and, if we conceive that man is active in forming his judgment of things, that his understanding is only a power of comparing and judging, we shall see that his liberty is only a similar power, or one derived from this: he chuses the good as he judges of the true, and for the same reason as he deduces a false judgment, he makes a bad choice. What then is the cause that determines his will? It is his judgment. And what is the cause that determines his judgment? It is his intelligent faculty, his power of judging; the determining cause lies in himself. If he go beyond this point, I know nothing of the matter.

Not that I can suppose myself at liberty, not to will my own good, or to will my own evil: but my liberty consists in this very circumstance, that I am incapable to will any thing but what is useful to me, or at least what appears so, without any foreign object interfering in my determination. Does it follow from hence that I am not my own master, because I am incapable of assuming another being, or of divesting myself of what is essential to my existence?

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The principle of all action lies in the will of a free Being; we can go no farther, in search of its source. It is not the word *liberty* that has no signification; it is that of necessity. To suppose any act or effect, which is not derived from an active principle, is indeed to suppose effects without a cause. Either there is no first impulse or every first impulse can have no prior cause; nor can there be any such thing as will, without liberty. Man is, therefore, a free agent, and as such animated by an immaterial substance; this is my third article of faith. From these three first, you may easily deduce all the rest, without my continuing to number them.

If man be an active and free being, he acts of himself; none of his spontaneous actions, therefore, enter into the general system of Providence, nor can be imputed to it. Providence doth not contrive the evil, which is the consequence of man's abusing the liberty his Creator gave him; it only doth not prevent it, either because the evil, which so impotent a being is capable of doing, is beneath its notice, or because it cannot prevent it without laying a restraint upon his liberty, and causing a greater evil by debasing his nature. Providence hath left man at liberty, not that he should do evil, but good, by choice. It hath capacitated him to make such choice, in making a proper use of the faculties it hath bestowed on him: his powers, however, are at the same time so limited and confined, that the abuse he makes of his liberty is not of importance enough to disturb the general order of the universe. The evil done by man, falls upon his own head, without

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without making any change in the system of the world, without hindering the human species from being preserved in spite of themselves. To complain, therefore, that God doth not prevent man from doing evil, is in fact to complain that he hath given a superior excellence to human nature, that he hath ennobled our actions by annexing to them the merit of virtue. The highest enjoyment is that of being contented with ourselves; it is in order to deserve this contentment that we are placed here on earth, and endowed with liberty; that we are tempted by our passions, and restrained by conscience. What could Omnipotence itself do more in our favour? Could it have established a contradiction in our nature, or have allotted a reward for well-doing, to a being incapable of doing ill? Is it necessary, in order to prevent man from being wicked, to reduce all his faculties to a simple instinct, and make him a mere brute? No, never can I reproach the Deity for having given me a soul, made in his own image, that I might be free, good, and happy like himself.

It is the abuse of our faculties which makes us wicked and miserable. Our cares, our anxieties, our griefs, are all owing to ourselves. Moral evil is incontestably our own work; and physical evil would in fact be nothing, did not our vices render us sensible of it. It is not for our preservation that nature makes us sensible of our wants? Is not pain of body an indication that the machine is out of order, and a caution for us to provide a remedy? And as to death—do not the wicked render both our lives and their own miserable? Who is there desirous of living here

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here for ever? Death is a remedy for all the evils we inflict on ourselves; nature will not let us suffer perpetually. To how few evils are men subject, who live in primeval simplicity? they hardly know any disease, and are irritated by scarcely any passions; they neither foresee death, nor suffer by the apprehensions of it; when it approaches, their miseries render it desirable, and it is to them no evil. If we could be contented with being what we are, we should have no inducement to lament our fate; but we inflict on ourselves a thousand real evils in seeking after an imaginary happiness. Those who are impatient under trifling inconveniences, must expect to suffer much greater. In our endeavours to re-establish by medicines a constitution impaired by irregularities, we always add to the evil we feel, the greater one which we fear; our apprehensions of death anticipate its horrors, and hasten its approach. The faster we endeavour to fly, the swifter it pursues us; thus are we terrified as long as we live, and die, murmuring against nature, on account of those evils which we bring on ourselves by doing outrage to her laws.

Inquire no longer, man, who is the author of evil: behold him in yourself. There exists no other evil in nature than what you either do or suffer, and you are equally the author of both. A general evil could exist only in disorder; but, in the system of nature, I see an established order which is never disturbed. Particular evil exists only in the sentiment of the suffering being: and this sentiment is not given to man by nature; but is of his own acquisition. Pain and
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forrow have but little hold on those, who, unaccustomed to reflection, have neither memory nor foresight. Take away our fatal improvements; take away our errors and our vices, take away, in short, every thing that is the work of man, and all the rest is good.

Where every thing is good, nothing can be unjust, justice being inseparable from goodness. Now goodness is the necessary effect of infinite power, and self-love is essential to every being conscious of its existence. An omnipotent Being extends its existence, also, if I may so express myself, with that of its creatures. Production and preservation follow from the constant exertion of its power: it does not act on non-existence: God is not the God of the dead, but of the living: he cannot be mischievous or wicked without hurting himself. A being capable of doing every thing, cannot will to do any thing but what is good*. He, who is infinitely good, therefore, because he is infinitely powerful, must also be supremely just, otherwise he would be inconsistent with himself: for that love of order which produces it we call Goodness, and that love of order which preserves it is called Justice.

God, it is said, owes nothing to his creatures; for my part, I believe he owes them every thing he promised them when he gave them being. Now, what is less than to promise them a blessing, if he gives them an idea of it, and has so

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* Had the ancients called the Supreme Being *Maximus Optimus*, instead of *Optimus Maximus*, the expression would have been more just.

constituted them, as to feel the want of it? The more I look into myself, the more plainly I read these words written in my soul: *Be just, and thou shalt be happy.* I see not the truth of this, however, in the present state of things, wherein the wicked triumph, and the just are trampled on and oppressed. What indignation, hence, arises within us, to find our hopes are frustrated! conscience itself rises up and complains of its Maker; it cries out to him, lamenting, *Thou hast deceived me!*

“ I have deceived thee! rash man! who hath told thee so? Is thy soul annihilated? dost thou cease to exist?—Oh Brutus! stain not a life of glory in the end: leave not thy honour and thy hopes with thy body in the fields of Philippi. Wherefore dost thou say, Virtue is a shadow, when thou art going to enjoy the reward of thine own? Dost thou imagine thou art going to die? no, thou art going to live, and then I will make good every promise I have made thee.” One would be apt to think, from the murmurs of impatient mortals, that God owed them a recompense before they had deserved it; and that he was obliged to reward their virtue beforehand. No, let us be first virtuous, and rest assured we shall sooner or later be happy. Let us not require the prize before we have got the victory, nor demand the price of our labour before the work be finished. It is not in the lists, says Plutarch, that the victors, at our games, are crowned, but after the contest is over.

If the soul be immaterial, it may survive the body; and if so, Providence is justified. Had
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I no other proof of the immateriality of the soul, than the oppression of the just, and the triumph of the wicked in this world, this alone would prevent my having the least doubt of it. So shocking a discord amidst the general harmony of things, would make me naturally look out for the cause. I should say to myself, We do not cease to exist with this life; every thing re-assumes its order after death. I should, indeed, be embarrassed to tell where man was to be found, when all his perceptible properties were destroyed. At present, however, there appears to me no difficulty in this point, as I acknowledge the existence of two different substances. It is very plain, that, during my corporeal life, as I perceive nothing but by means of my senses, whatever is not submitted to their cognisance must escape me. When the union of the body and the soul is broken, I conceive that the one may be dissolved, and the other preserved entire. Why should the dissolution of the one necessarily bring on that of the other? on the contrary, being so different in their natures, their state of union is a state of violence, and when it is broken they both return to their natural situation: the active and living substance regains all the force it had employed in giving motion to the passive and dead substance to which it had been united. Alas! my failings make me but too sensible that man is but half alive in this life, and that the life of the soul commences at the death of the body.

But what is that life? Is the soul immortal in its own nature? My limited comprehension is incapable of conceiving any thing that is un-

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mitted. Whatever we call infinite, is beyond my conception. What can I deny, or affirm, what arguments can I employ on a subject I cannot conceive? I believe that the soul survives the body so long as is necessary to justify Providence in the good order of things; but who knows that this will be for ever? I can readily conceive how material bodies wear away, and are destroyed by the separation of their parts, but I cannot conceive a like dissolution of a thinking being; and hence, as I cannot imagine how it can die, I presume it cannot die at all. This presumption, also, being consolatory, and not unreasonable, why should I be fearful to indulge it?

I feel that I have a soul: I know it both from thought and sentiment: I know that it exists, without knowing its essence: I cannot reason, therefore, on ideas which I have not. One thing, indeed, I know very well, which is, that the identity of my being can be preserved only by the memory, and that to be in fact the same person, I must remember to have before existed. Now I cannot recollect, after my death, what I was during life, without recollecting also my perceptions, and consequently my actions; and I doubt not but this remembrance will one day constitute the happiness of the just, and the torments of the wicked. Here below, the violence of our passions absorbs the innate sentiments of right and wrong, and stifles remorse. The mortification and disgrace also, under which virtue labours in the world, prevents our being sensible of its charms. But, when delivered from the delusions of sense, we shall enjoy the
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contemplation of the Supreme Being, and those eternal truths of which he is the source; when the beauty of the natural order of things shall strike all the faculties of the soul, and when we shall be employed solely in comparing what we have really done with what we ought to have done, then will the voice of conscience re-assume its tone and strength; then will that pure delight, which arises from a consciousness of virtue, and the bitter regret of having debased ourselves by vice, determine the lot which is severally prepared for us. Ask me not, my good friend, if there may not be some other causes of future happiness and misery. I confess I am ignorant; these, however, which I conceive, are sufficient to console me under the inconveniencies of this life, and give me hopes of another. I do not pretend to say that the virtuous will receive any peculiar rewards; for what other advantage can a being, excellent in its own nature, expect than to exist in a manner agreeable to the excellence of its constitution? I dare affirm, nevertheless, that they will be happy; because their Creator, the Author of all justice, having given them sensibility, cannot have made them to be miserable; and, as they have not abused their liberty on earth, they have not perverted the design of their creation by their own fault: yet, as they have suffered evils in this life, they will certainly be indemnified in another. This opinion is not so much founded on the merits of man, as on the notion of that goodness which appears to me inseparable from the divine nature. I only suppose the order of things

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strictly maintained, and that the Deity is ever consistent * with himself.

It would be to as little purpose to ask me whether the torments of the wicked will be eternal; of this I am also equally ignorant, and have not the vain curiosity to perplex myself with such useless disquisitions. What is it to me what becomes of the wicked? I interest myself very little in their destiny. I can never believe, however, that they will be condemned to everlasting torments.

If Supreme Justice avenges itself on the wicked, it avenges itself on them here below. It is you and your errors, ye nations! that are its ministers of vengeance. It employs the evils you bring on each other, to punish the crimes for which you deserve them. It is the insatiable hearts of mankind, corroding with envy, avarice, and ambition, that their avenging passions punish them for their vices, amidst all the false appearances of prosperity. Where is the necessity of seeking a hell in another life, when it is to be found even in this in the hearts of the wicked?

Where our momentary necessities or senseless desires have an end, there ought our passions and our vices to end also. Of what perversity can pure spirits be susceptible? As they stand in need of nothing, to what end should they be vicious? If destitute of our grosser senses, all their happiness consists in the contemplation of things, they cannot be desirous of any thing but good; and whoever ceases to be wicked, is
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* Psa. cxv. 1.

it possible he should be eternally miserable? This is what I am inclined to believe on this head, without giving myself the trouble to determine positively concerning the matter.—O righteous and merciful Being! whatever be thy decrees, I acknowledge their rectitude; if thou punishest the wicked, my weak reason is dumb before thy justice. But, if the remorse of these unfortunate wretches is to have an end, if the same fate is one day to attend us all, my soul exults in thy praise. Is not the wicked man, after all, my brother? How often have I been tempted to resemble him in partaking of his vices. O, may he be delivered from his misery: may he cast off also that malignity which accompanies it; may he be ever happy as myself: so far from exciting my jealousy, his happiness will only add to mine.

It is thus that, contemplating God in his works, and studying him in those attributes which it imports me to know, I learn by degrees to extend that imperfect and confined idea I at first formed of the Supreme Being. But, if this idea becomes thus more grand and noble, it is proportionably less adapted to the weakness of the human understanding. In proportion, as my mind approaches eternal light, its lightness dazzles and confounds me; so that I am forced to give up all those mean and earthly images which assist my imagination. God is no longer a corporeal and perceptible being: the Supreme Intelligence which governs the world, is no longer the world itself: but in vain I endeavour to raise my thoughts to a conception of his essence. When I reflect that it is he who gives
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life and activity, to that living and active substance, which moves and governs animated bodies; when I am told that my soul is a spiritual being, and that God also is a spirit, I am incensed at this debasement of the divine essence, as if God and my soul were of the same nature, as if God was not the only absolute, the only truly active Being, perceiving, thinking, and willing of himself, from whom his creatures derive thought, activity, will, liberty, and existence. We are free only because it is his will we should be so; his inexplicable substance being, with respect to our souls, such as our souls are in regard to our bodies. I know nothing of his having created matter, bodies, spirits, or the world. The idea of creation confounds me, and surpasses my conception, though I believe as much of it as I am able to conceive: but I know that he hath formed the universe, and all that exists in the most consummate order. God is doubtless eternal, but I am incapacitated to conceive an idea of eternity. Why then should I amuse myself with words? All that I conceive is, that he existed before all things, that he exists with them, and will exist after them, if they should ever have an end. That a being, whose essence is inconceivable, should give existence to other beings, is at best obscure and incomprehensible to our ideas; but that something and nothing should be reciprocally converted into each other, is a palpable contradiction, a most manifest absurdity.

God is intelligent; but in what manner? Man is intelligent by the act of reasoning, but the Supreme Intelligence lies under no necessity,

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to reason. He requires neither premisses, nor consequences; not even the simple form of a proposition: his knowledge is purely intuitive; he beholds equally what is and will be; all truths are to him as one idea, as all places are but one point, and all times one moment. Human power acts by the use of means, the divine power in and of itself. God is powerful because he is willing, his will constituting his power. God is good, nothing is more manifest than this truth; goodness in man, however, consists in a love to his fellow-creatures, and the goodness of God in a love of order: for it is on such order that the connection and preservation of all things depend. Again, God is just; this I am fully convinced of, as it is the natural consequence of his goodness. The injustice of men is their own work, not his; and that moral disorder, which, in the judgment of some philosophers, makes against the system of Providence, is in main the strongest argument for it. Justice in man, indeed, is to render every one his due; but the justice of God requires, at the hands of every one, an account of the talents with which he has intrusted them.

In the discovery, however, by the force of reason, of those divine attributes, of which I have no absolute idea, I only affirm what I do not clearly comprehend, which is in effect to affirm nothing. I may say, it is true, that God is this or that; I may be sensible of it, and fully convinced within myself that he is so, I am yet never the better able to conceive how, or in what manner he so is.

In short, the greater efforts I make to contemplate

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template his infinite essence, the less I am able to conceive it: but I am certain that he is, and that is sufficient; the more he surpasses my conceptions, the more I adore him. I humble myself before him, and say, "Being of beings, I am, because thou art; to meditate continually on thee, is to elevate my thoughts to the fountain of existence. The most meritorious use of my reason is to be annihilated before thee: it is the delight of my soul, to feel my weak faculties overcome by the splendor of thy greatness."

After having thus deduced, from the impressions of perceptible objects, and that innate principle which leads me to judge of natural causes from experience, the most important truth; it remains for me to inquire what maxims I ought to draw from them, for my conduct in life, what rules I ought to prescribe to myself, in order to fulfil my destination on earth, agreeable to the design of him who placed me here. To pursue my own method, I deduce not these rules from the sublime principles of philosophy; but find them written in indelible characters on my heart. I have only to consult myself concerning what I ought to do; all that I feel to be right, is right; whatever I feel to be wrong, is wrong: conscience is the ablest of all casuists, and it is only when we are trafficking with her, that we have recourse to the subtilities of logical ratiocination. The chief of our concerns is that of ourselves; yet how often have we not been told by the monitor within, that to pursue our own interest at the expence of others would be to do wrong! We imagine thus, that

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that we are sometimes obeying the impulse of nature, and we are all the while resisting it: in listening to the voice of our senses, we turn a deaf ear to the dictates of our hearts; the active being obeys, the passive being commands. Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the voice of the body. Is it surprizing that these two voices should sometimes contradict each other; or can it be doubted, when they do, which ought to be obeyed? Reason deceives us but too often, and has given us a right to distrust her conclusions; but conscience never deceives us. She is man's truest and safest guide; conscience is in the soul, what instinct is in the body *.

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* Modern philosophy, which affects to admit of nothing but what it can explain, hath nevertheless very unadvisedly admitted of that obscure faculty, called *instinct*, which appears to direct animals to the purposes of their being, without any acquisition of knowledge. Instinct, according to one of our greatest philosophers, is a habit destitute of reflection, but acquired by reflection; thus, from the manner in which he explains its progress, we are led to conclude, that children reflect more than grown persons; a paradox singular enough to require some examination. Without entering, however, into the discussion of it at present, I would only ask what name I am to give to that eagerness which my dog shews to pursue a mole, for instance, which he does not eat when he has caught it; to that patience with which he stands watching for them whole hours, and to that expertness with which he makes them a prey the moment they reach the surface of the earth, and that in order only to kill them, without ever having been trained to mole-hunting, or having been taught that moles were beneath the spot? I would ask farther, as more important, why the first time I threaten the same dog, he throws himself down with his back to the ground, and his feet raised in a suppliant attitude, the most proper of all others to excite my compassion, an attitude in which he would not long remain, if I were so obdurate as to beat him lying in such a posture? Is it possible that a young puppy can have already acquired moral ideas? Can he have any notion of clemency and generosity? What experience

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Whoever puts himself under the conduct of this guide, pursues the direct path of nature, and need not fear to be misled. This point is very important, (pursued my benefactor, perceiving I was going to interrupt him,) permit me to detain you a little longer, in order to clear it up.

All the morality of our actions lies in the judgment we ourselves form of them. If virtue be any thing real, it ought to be the same in our hearts as in our actions; and one of the first rewards of justice, is to be conscious of our putting it in practice. If moral goodness be agreeable to our nature, a man cannot be sound of mind, or perfectly constituted, unless he be good. On the contrary, if it be not so, and man is naturally wicked, he cannot become good without a corruption of his nature; goodness being evidently contrary to his constitution. Formed for the destruction of his fellow-creatures, as the wolf to devour its prey, an humane and compassionate man would be as depraved an animal as a meek and lamb-like wolf, while virtue only would leave behind it the stings of remorse.

Let us examine ourselves, my young friend,
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can encourage him to hope he shall appease me, by giving himself up to my mercy? Almost all dogs do nearly the same thing in the same circumstances, nor do I advance any thing here of which every one may not convince himself. Let the philosophers who reject so disdainfully the term *instinct*, explain this fact merely by operation of our senses, and the knowledge thereby acquired; let them explain it, I say, in a manner satisfactory to any person of common sense, and I have no more to say in favour of instinct.

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all partiality apart, and see which way our inclinations tend. Which is most agreeable to us, to contemplate the happiness or the miseries of others? Which is most pleasing for us to do, and leaves the most agreeable reflection behind it, an act of benevolence or of mischief? For whom are we the most deeply interested at our theatres? Do you take a pleasure in acts of villainy? or do you shed tears at seeing the authors of them brought to condign punishment? It has been said, that every thing is indifferent to us in which we are not interested: the contrary, however, is certain, as the soothing endearments of friendship and humanity console us under affliction; and even in our pleasures we should be too solitary, too miserable, if we had nobody to partake them with us. If there be nothing moral in the heart of man, whence arise those transports of admiration and esteem we entertain for heroic actions, and great minds? What has this virtuous enthusiasm to do with our private interest? Wherefore do I rather wish to be an expiring Cato, than a triumphant Cæsar? Deprive our hearts of a natural affection for the sublime and beautiful, and you deprive us of all the pleasures of life. The man, whose meaner passions have stifled, in his narrow soul, such delightful sentiments; he, who, by dint of concentrating all his affections within himself, hath arrived at the pitch of having no regard for any one else, is no longer capable of such transports; his frozen heart never flutters with joy, no sympathetic tenderness brings the tears into his eyes; he is incapable of enjoyment; the un-

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happy wretch is void of sensibility: he is already dead.

But how great soever may be the number of the wicked; there are but few of these cadaverous souls, but few persons so insensible, if their own interest be set aside, to what is just and good. Iniquity never pleases, unless we profit by it; in every other case it is natural for us to desire the protection of the innocent. Do we see, for instance, an act of injustice or violence committed in the street, or on the highway; an emotion of resentment and indignation immediately rises in the heart; and incites us to stand up in defence of the injured or oppressed: but a more powerful consideration restrains us, and the laws deprive individuals of the right of taking upon themselves to avenge insulted innocence. On the contrary, if we happen to be witnesses of any act of compassion or generosity, with what admiration, with what esteem are we instantly inspired! who is there that doth not, on such an occasion, say to himself, Would I had done as much! It is certainly of very little consequence to us whether a man was good or bad who lived two thousand years ago; and yet we are as much affected in this respect, by the relations we meet with in ancient history, as if the transactions recorded had happened in our own times. Of what hurt is the wickedness of a Cataline to me? am I afraid of falling a victim to his villany? wherefore then do I look upon him with the same horror as if he was my contemporary? we do not hate the wicked only because their vices are hurtful, but also because they are wicked. We are not only desirous of hap-

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happiness for ourselves, but also for the happiness of others; and when that happiness does not diminish ours, it necessarily increases it. In a word, we cannot help sympathising with the unfortunate, and always suffer when we are witnesses to their misery. The most perverse natures cannot be altogether divested of this sympathy; though we see it frequently makes them act in contradiction to themselves. The robber who strips the passenger on the highway, will frequently distribute his spoils, to cover the nakedness of the poor; and the most barbarous assassin may be induced humanely to support a man falling into a fit.

We hear daily of the cries of remorse, and the goadings of conscience, for secret crimes; and see remarkable instances of their frequently bringing them to light. Alas! who is a total stranger to this importunate voice? we speak of it from experience, and would be glad to silence so disagreeable a monitor. But let us be obedient to nature; we know that her government is ever mild and gracious; and that nothing is more agreeable than that testimony of a good conscience, which ever follows our observance of her laws. The wicked man is afraid of, and shuns himself; he turns his eyes on every side, in search of objects to amuse him; without an opportunity for satire and raillery, he would be always sad: his only pleasure lies in mockery and insult. On the contrary, the serenity of the just is internal; his smiles are not those of malignity, but of joy: the source of them is found in himself, and he is as cheerful when alone, as in the midst of an assembly: he derives not con-

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Cast your eye over the several nations of the world, take a retrospective view of their histories. Amidst all the many inhuman and absurd forms of worship, amidst all the prodigious diversity of manners and characters, you will every where find the same ideas of justice and honesty, the same notions of good and evil. Ancient Paganism adopted the most abominable deities, which it would have punished on earth as infamous criminals; deities that presented no other picture of supreme happiness, than the commission of crimes, and the gratification of their passions. But vice, armed even with sacred authority, descended in vain on earth; moral instinct influenced the human heart to revolt against it. Even in celebrating the debaucheries of Jupiter, the world admired and respected the continence of Zenocrates; the chaste Lucretia adored the impudent Venus; the intrepid Romans sacrificed to Fear; they invoked the god who disabled his father, and yet died without murmuring by the hand of theirs; the most contemptible divinities were adored by the noblest of men. The voice of nature, more powerful than that of the gods, made itself respected on earth, and seemed to have banished vice to heaven.

There evidently exists, therefore, in the soul of man, an innate principle of justice and goodness; by which, in spite of our own maxims, we approve or condemn the actions of ourselves and others: to this principle it is that I give the appellation of *conscience*.

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At this word, however, I hear the clamour of our pretended philosophers; who all exclaim about the mistakes of infancy, and the prejudices of education. There is nothing, they say, in the human mind but what is instilled by experience; nor can we judge of any thing but from the ideas we have acquired. Nay, they go farther, and venture to reject the universal sense of all nations; seeking some obscure example known only to themselves, to controvert this striking uniformity in the judgment of mankind; as if all the natural inclinations of man were annihilated by the depravation of one people, and as if, when monsters appeared, the species itself were extinct. But what end did it serve to the sceptical Montaigne, to take so much trouble to discover, in an obscure corner of the world, a custom opposed to the common notions of justice? What end did it answer for him to place a confidence in the most suspicious travellers, which he refused to the most celebrated writers? Should a few whimsical and uncertain customs, founded on local motives unknown to us, invalidate a general induction, drawn from the united concurrence of all nations, contradicting each other in every other point, and agreeing only in this? You pique yourself, Montaigne, on being ingenuous and sincere; give us a proof, if it be in the power of a philosopher, of your frankness and veracity: tell me if there be any country upon earth, in which it is deemed a crime to be sincere, compassionate, beneficent, and generous; in which an honest man is despicable, and knavery held in esteem?

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the public good for his own interest; but whence comes it that the virtuous man contributes to it, to his prejudice? Can a man lay down his life for his own interest? It is certain all our actions are influenced by a view to our own good; but unless we take moral good into the account, none but the actions of the wicked can be ever explained by motives of private interest. We imagine, indeed, no more will be attempted; as that would be too abominable a kind of philosophy, by which we should be puzzled to account for virtuous actions; or could extricate ourselves out of the difficulty only by attributing them to base designs and sinister views, by debasing a Socrates, and calumniating a Regulus. If ever such doctrines should take rise among us, the voice of nature as well as of reason would check their growth, and leave not even one of those who inculcate them the simple excuse of being sincere.

It is not my design here to enter into such metaphysical investigations, as surpass both your capacity and mine, and which in fact are useless. I have already told you I would not talk philosophy to you, but only assist you to consult your own heart. Were all the philosophers in Europe to prove me in the wrong, yet, if you were sensible I was in the right, I should desire nothing more.

To this end you need only to distinguish between our acquired ideas, and our natural sentiments; for we are sensible before we are intelligent; and, as we do not learn to desire our own good, and to avoid what is evil, but possess this desire immediately from nature, so the
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love of virtue and hatred of vice are as natural as the love of ourselves. The operations of conscience are not intellectual, but sentimental: for though all our ideas are acquired from without, the sentiments which estimate them arise from within; and it is by these alone, that we know the agreement or disagreement which exists between us and those things which we ought to seek or shun.

To exist, is, with us, to be sensible; our sensibility is incontestably prior to our intelligence, and we were possessed of sentiment before we formed ideas. Whatever was the cause of our being, it hath provided for our preservation in furnishing us with sentiments agreeable to our constitution, nor can it possibly be denied that these at least are innate. These sentiments are in the individual, the love of himself, aversion to pain, dread of death, and the desire of happiness. But if, as it cannot be doubted, man is by nature a social being, or at least formed to become such, his sociability absolutely requires that he should be furnished with other innate sentiments relative to his species: for to consider only the physical wants of men, it would certainly be better for them to be dispersed than assembled.

Now, it is from this moral system, formed by its duplicate relation to himself and his fellow-creatures, that the impulse of conscience arises. To know what is virtuous, is not to love virtue. Man has no innate knowledge of virtue; but no sooner is it made known to him by reason, than conscience induces him to love and

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I cannot think it impossible, therefore, to explain from natural consequences, the immediate principle of conscience independent of reason; and, though it were impossible, it is not at all necessary: for since those who reject this principle (admitted however, and acknowledged in general by all mankind) do not prove its non-existence, but content themselves with affirming it only; so when we affirm that it doth exist, we stand at least on as good footing as they; and have besides that internal testimony for us, the voice of conscience deposing in behalf of itself. If the first glimmerings of the understanding dazzle our sight, and make objects appear at first obscure or confused, let us wait but a little while till our optics recover themselves and gather strength, and we shall presently see those same objects, by the light of reason, to be such as nature at first presented them: or rather let us be more simple and less vain; let us confine ourselves to the sentiments we first discovered, as it is to those our well regulated studies must always recur.

O conscience! conscience! thou divine instinct, thou certain guide of an ignorant and confined, though intelligent and free being; thou infallible judge of good and evil, who makest man to resemble the Deity; in thee consist the excellence of our nature and the morality of our actions: without thee I perceive nothing in myself that should elevate me above the brutes, except the melancholy privilege of wandering from error to error, by the assistance of an un-

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Thank heaven, we are delivered from this formidable apparatus of philosophy: we can be men without being sages; without spending our days in the study of morality, we possess, at a cheaper rate, a more certain guide through the immense and perplexing labyrinth of human opinions. It is not enough, however, that such a guide exists, it is necessary to know and follow him. If he speaks to all hearts, it may be said how comes it that so few understand him? It is, alas! because he speaks to us in the language of nature, which every thing conspires to make us forget. Conscience is timid, she loves peace and retirement; the world and its noise terrify her: the prejudices she has compelled to give rise to, are her most cruel enemies, before whom she is silent, or avoids their presence; their louder voice entirely overpowers her's, and prevents her being heard; fanaticism counterfeits her nature, and dictates in her name the greatest of crimes. Thus, from being often rejected, she at length ceases to speak to us, and answers not our inquiries; after being long held in contempt, also, it costs us as much trouble to recall, as it did at first to banish her from our bosoms.

How often have I found myself fatigued in my researches, from my indifference! How often have uneasiness and disgust, poisoning my meditations, rendered them insupportable! My insensible heart was susceptible only of a lukewarm and languishing zeal for truth. I said to myself, Why should I take the trouble to seek after

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after things that have no existence? Virtue is a mere chimera, nor is there any thing desirable but the pleasures of sense. When a man hath once lost a taste for the pleasures of the mind, how difficult to recover it! How much more difficult is it also for one to acquire such a taste, who never possess'd it! If there be in the world a man so miserable as never to have done an action in his life, the remembrance of which must make him satisfied with himself, that man must be ever incapable of such a taste; and for want of being able to perceive that goodness which is conformable to his nature, must of necessity remain wicked as he is, and eternally miserable. But can you believe there exists on earth an human creature so depraved as never to have given up his heart to the inclination of doing good? The temptation is so natural and seductive, that it is impossible always to resist it; and the remembrance of the pleasure it hath once given us, is sufficient to represent it to us ever afterwards. Unhappily this propensity is at first difficult to gratify; there are a thousand reasons for our not complying with the dictates of our hearts; the false prudence of the world confines our good inclinations to ourselves, and all our fortitude is necessary to cast off the yoke. To take a pleasure in virtue is the reward of having been virtuous, nor is this prize to be obtained till it be merited. Nothing is more amiable than virtue, but we must possess it, in order to find it such. When we court at first its embraces, it assumes, like Proteus in the fable, a thousand terrifying forms, and displays, at last, its

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Wavering perpetually between my natural sentiments, tending to the general good of mankind, and my reason, confining every thing to my own, I should have remained all my life in this continual dilemma, doing evil, yet loving good, in constant contradiction with myself, had not new knowledge enlightened my heart; had not the truth, which determined my opinions, ascertained also my conduct, and rendered me consistent. It is in vain to attempt the establishment of virtue on the foundation of reason alone; what solidity is there in such a case? Virtue, it is said, is the love of order; but can, or ought, this love of order, to prevail over that of my own happiness? Let there be given me a clear and sufficient reason for my giving it preference. This pretended principle is, at the bottom, only a mere play upon words; as I may as well say, that vice also consists in the love of order taken in a different sense. There is some kind of moral order in every being that has sentiment and intelligence. The difference is, that a good being regulates himself according to the general order of things, and a wicked being regulates things agreeable to his own private interest: the latter makes himself the centre of all things, and the former measures his radius, and disposes himself in the circumference. Here he is arranged, with respect to the common centre, as God, and with respect to all concentric circles, as his fellow-creatures. If there be no God, the wicked man only reasons right, the good man is a mere fool.

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O my child! may you be one day sensible how great a weight we are relieved from, when, having exhausted the vanity of human opinions, and tasted of the bitterness of the passions, we see ourselves at last so near the path to wisdom; the reward of our good actions, and the source of that happiness we had despaired to attain. Every duty prescribed by the laws of nature, though almost effaced from my heart by the injustice of mankind, again revived at the name of that eternal justice, which imposed them, and was a witness to my discharge of them. I see in myself nothing more than the work and instrument of a superior being, desirous of, and doing good; desirous also of effecting mine, by the concurrence of my will to his own, and by making a right use of my liberty. I acquiesce in the regularity and order he hath established, being certain of enjoying one day or other that order in myself, and of finding my happiness therein: for what can afford greater felicity than to perceive one's self making a part of a system, where every thing is constructed aright? On every occasion of pain or sorrow, I support them with patience, reflecting that they are transitory, and that they are derived from a body which is detached from myself. If I do a good action in secret, I know that it is nevertheless seen, and make the consideration of another life, the rule of my conduct in this. If I am ever dealt with unjustly, I say to myself, That just Being who governs all things, knows how to indemnify me. My corporeal necessities, and the miseries inseparable from this mortal life, make the apprehensions of death more supportable. I have hence

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For what reason my soul is thus subjected to my organs of sense, and chained to a body which lays it under so much restraint, I know not; nor presume to enter into the decrees of the Almighty. But I may without temerity form a modest conjecture or two on this head. I reflect, that, if the mind of man had remained perfectly free and pure what merit could he have pretended to, in admiring and pursuing that order which he saw already established, and which he would lie under no temptation to disturb? It is true he would have been happy; but he could not have attained that most sublime degree of felicity, the glory of virtue and the testimony of a good conscience; we should in such a case have been no better than the angels, and without doubt a virtuous man will be one day much superior. Being united on earth to a mortal body, by ties not less powerful than incomprehensible, the preservation of that body becomes the great concern of the soul, and makes its present apparent interests contrary to the general order of things, which it is nevertheless capable of seeing and admiring. It is in this situation, that the making a good use of his liberty becomes at once his merit and his reward; and that he prepares for himself eternal happiness, in combating his earthly passions, and preserving the primitive purity of his will.

But even supposing, that, in our present state of depravity, our primitive propensities were such as they ought to be; yet if all our vices are derived from ourselves, why do we complain

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that we are subjected by them? why do we impute to the Creator those evils which we bring on ourselves, and those armies we arm against our own happiness? Ah! let us not spoil the man of nature, and he will always be virtuous without constraint, and happy without remorse! The criminals, who pretend they are compelled to sin, are as false as they are wicked: is it impossible for them not to see that the weakness they complain of is their own work; that their first depravation was owing to their own will; that by their wilfully yielding at first to temptations, they at length find them irresistible? It is true, they now cannot help their being weak and wicked; but it is their fault that they at first became so. How easily might men preserve the mastery over themselves and their passions, even during life, if, before their vitious habits are acquired, when the faculties of the mind are just beginning to be displayed, they should employ themselves on those objects which it is necessary for them to know, in order to judge of those which are unknown; if they were sincerely desirous of acquiring knowledge, not with a view to make a parade in the eyes of others, but in order to render themselves wise, good, and happy, in the practice of their natural duties! This study appears difficult, because we only apply to it, after being already corrupted by vice, and made slaves to our passions. We place our judgment and esteem on objects before we arrive at the knowledge of good and evil, and then referring every thing to that false standard, we hold nothing in its due estimation.

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free, arduous, restless, and anxious after happiness, is ever seeking it with an impatient and uncertain curiosity; when deceived by the senses, it fixes on the shadow of it, and imagines it to be found where it doth not exist. This illusion hath prevailed too long with me. I discovered it, alas! too late; and have not been able entirely to remove it: no, it will remain with me as long as this mortal body, which gave rise to it. It may prove as seductive; however, as it will, it can no longer deceive me. I know it for what it is, and even while I am misled by it, despise it. So far from esteeming it an object of happiness, I see it is an obstacle to it. Hence, I long for that moment when I shall shake off this incumbrance of body, and be myself, without inconsistency or participation with matter, and shall depend on myself only to be happy. In the mean time, I make myself happy in this life, because I hold the evils of life as trifling in themselves; as almost foreign to my being; and conceive at the same time, that all the real good which may thence be deduced depends on myself.

To anticipate as much as possible that desirable state of happiness, power, and liberty, I exercise my mind in sublime contemplations. I meditate on the order of the universe, not indeed with a view to explain it by vain systems, but to admire it perpetually, and to adore its all-wise Creator, whose features I trace in his workmanship. With him I am thus enabled to converse, and to exert my faculties in the contemplation of his divine essence; I am affected by his beneficence. I praise him for his mercies, but never

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so far forget myself as to pray. For what should I ask of him? That he should for my sake pervert the order of things, and work miracles in my favour? Shall I who ought to love and admire above all things, that order which is established by his wisdom, and maintained by his providence, desire that such order should be broken for me? No; such a rash petition would rather merit punishment than acceptance. Nor can I pray to him for the power of acting aright, for why should I petition for what he hath already given me? Has he not given me conscience to love virtue, reason to know what it is, and liberty to make it my choice? If I do evil, I have no excuse, I do it because I will; to desire him to change my will, is to require that of him which he requires of me: this would be to desire him to do my work, while I receive the reward. Not to be content with my situation in the order of things, is to desire to be no longer a man; it is to wish things were otherwise constituted than they are, to wish for evil and disorder. No, thou Source of justice and truth, God! merciful and just! placing my confidence in thee, the chief desire of my heart is, that thy will be done. By rendering my will conformable to thine, I act as thou dost, I acquiesce in thy goodness, and conceive myself already a partaker of that supreme felicity which is its reward.

The only thing which, under a just diffidence of myself, I request of him, or rather expect from his justice, is, that he will correct my errors when I go astray. To be sincere, however, I do not think my judgment infallible; such of
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my opinions as seem to be the best founded, may nevertheless be false; for what man hath not his opinions, and how few are there who agree in every thing? It is to no purpose that the illusions by which I am misled arise from myself; it is he alone can dissipate them. I have done every thing in my power to arrive at truth; but its source is elevated beyond my reach: if my faculties fail me, in what am I culpable! It is necessary for truth to stoop to my capacity."

The good priest spoke with some earnestness; he was moved, and I was also greatly affected. I imagined myself attending to the divine Orpheus, singing his hymns, and teaching mankind the worship of the gods. A number of objections, however, to what he had said, suggested themselves; though I did not urge one, because they were less solid than perplexing; and, though not convinced, I was nevertheless persuaded he was in the right. In proportion as he spoke to me from the conviction of his own conscience, mine confirmed me in the truth of what he said.

The sentiments you have been delivering, said I to him, appear newer to me in what you confess yourself ignorant of, than in what you profess to believe. I see in the latter nearly that theism or natural religion, which Christians affect to confound with atheism and impiety, though in fact diametrically opposite. In the present situation of my mind, I find it difficult to adopt precisely your opinions, and to be as wise as you. To be at least as sincere, however, I will consult my own conscience on these points. It is that internal sentiment which, according

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to your example, ought to be my conductor, and you have yourself taught me, that, after having imposed silence on it for a long time, it is not to be awakened again in a moment. I will treasure up your discourse in my heart, and meditate thereon. If, when I have duly weighed it, I am as much convinced as you, I will trust you as my apostle, and will be your profelyte till death. Go on, however, to instruct me; you have only informed me of half what I ought to know. Give me your thoughts of revelation, the scriptures, and those mysterious doctrines, concerning which I have been in the dark from my infancy, without being able to conceive or believe them, and yet not knowing how either to admit or reject them.

Yes, my dear child, said he, I will proceed to tell you what I think farther; I meant not to open to you my heart by halves: but the desire which you express to be informed in these particulars, was necessary to authorise me to be totally without reserve. I have hitherto told you nothing but what I thought might be useful to you, and in the truth of which I am most firmly persuaded. The examination which I am now going to make, is very different; presenting to my view nothing but perplexity, mysteriousness, and obscurity: I enter on it therefore with distrust and uncertainty; I almost tremble to determine about any thing, and shall rather inform you therefore of my doubts than of my opinions. Were your own sentiments more confirmed, I should hesitate to acquaint you with mine; but in your present sceptical situation, you

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you will be a gainer by thinking as I do *. Let my discourse, however, carry with it no greater authority than that of reason ; for I plainly confess myself ignorant whether I am in the right or wrong. It is difficult, indeed, in all discussions, not to assume sometimes an affirmative tone ; but remember that all my affirmations, in treating these matters, are only so many rational doubts. I leave you to investigate the truth of them ; on my part, I can only promise to be sincere.

You will find my exposition treat of nothing more than natural religion ; it is very strange that we should stand in need of any other † ! By what means can I find out such necessity ? In what respect can I be culpable, for serving God agreeably to the dictates of the understanding he hath given me, and the sentiments he hath implanted in my heart ? What purity of morals, what system of faith useful to man, or honourable to the Creator, can I deduce from any positive

* This, I conceive, is what the good curate means to say also to the public.

† The translator of the English edition in 8vo, has here the following note. " The author does not here deliver his own sentiments, but those of a modern Deist, represented by the priest of Savoy, who follows the footsteps of the Pagan philosophers, in conforming to the practice of a religion which he did not believe. The arguments contain nothing new ; nothing but what has been often answered by our own divines, and particularly by the learned Dr Clarke, in his discourse on the truth and certainty of the Christian revelation ; where he demonstrates the insufficiency of natural religion, the necessity and use of divine revelation, and the just grounds of Christianity. See also the learned and religious Dr Stanhope, in his edition of Monsieur Charron, vol. ii. p. 110. where he refutes the objections of that writer against the divine origin of religion."

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sitive doctrines, that I cannot deduce as well without it, from a good use of my natural faculties? Let any one shew me what can be added, either for the glory of God, the good of society, or my own advantage, to the obligations we are laid under by nature; let him shew me what virtue can be produced from any new worship, which is not also the consequence of mine. The most sublime ideas of the Deity are inculcated by reason alone. Take a view of the works of nature, listen to the voice within, and then tell me what God hath omitted to say to your sight, your conscience, your understanding? Where are the men who can tell us more of him than he thus tells of himself? Their revelations only debase the Deity, in ascribing to him human passions. So far from giving us enlightened notions of the Supreme Being, their particular tenets, in my opinion, give us the most obscure and confused ideas. To the inconceivable mysteries by which the Deity is hid from our view, they add the most absurd contradictions. They serve to make men proud, persecuting, and cruel; instead of establishing peace on earth, they bring fire and sword. I ask myself to what good purpose tends all this, without being able to resolve the question, artificial religion presents to my view only the wickedness and miseries of mankind.

I am told, indeed, that revelation is necessary to teach mankind the manner in which God would be served; as a proof of this they bring the diversity of whimsical modes of worship which prevail in the world; and that without remarking that this very diversity arises from the
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whim of adopting revelations. Ever since men have taken it into their heads to make the Deity speak, every people make him speak in their own way, and say what they like best. Had they listened only to what the Deity hath said to their hearts, there would have been but one religion on earth.

It is necessary that the worship of God should be uniform, I would have it so: but this is a point so very important, that the whole apparatus of divine power was necessary to establish it? Let us not confound the ceremonials of religion with religion itself. The worship of God demands that of the heart; and this, when it is sincere, is ever uniform; men must entertain very ridiculous notions of the Deity, indeed, if they imagine he can interest himself in the gown or cassock of a priest, in the order of words he pronounces, or in the gestures and genuflections he makes at the altar. Alas! my friend, where is the use of kneeling? Stand as upright as you will, you will be always near enough the earth. God requires to be worshipped in spirit and in truth: this is a duty incumbent on men of all religions and countries. With regard to exterior forms, if, for the sake of peace and good order, their uniformity be expedient, it is merely an affair of government; the administration of which surely requires not the aid of revelation.

I did not set out, at first, with these reflections. Hurried on by the prejudices of education, and by that dangerous self-conceit, which ever elates mankind above their sphere, as I could not raise my feeble conceptions to the Supreme Being, I endeavoured to debase him to
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my ideas. Thus I connected relations infinitely distant from each other, comparing the incomprehensible nature of the Deity with my own. I required still farther a more immediate communication with the Divinity, and more particular instructions concerning his will, not content with reducing God to a similitude with man, I wanted to be farther distinguished by his favour, and to enjoy supernatural lights: I longed for an exclusive and peculiar privilege of adoration, and that God should have revealed to me what he had kept secret from others, or that others should not understand his revelations so well as myself.

Looking on the point at which I was arrived, as that whence all believers set out, in order to reach an enlightened mode of worship, I regarded natural religion only as the elements of all religion. I took a survey of that variety of sects which are scattered over the face of the earth, and who mutually accuse each other of falsehood and error: I asked which of them was in the right? Every one of them in their turns answered, *theirs*. I and my partisans only think truly; all the rest are mistaken. *But how do you know that your sect is in the right? Because God hath declared so. And who tells you God hath declared so?* My spiritual guide, who knows it well. My pastor tells me to believe so and so, and accordingly I believe it: he assures me that every one who says to the contrary, speaks falsely; and therefore I listen to nobody who controverts his doctrine *.

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* "All of them," says a good and learned priest, "do in effect

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How, thought I, is not the truth every where the same? Is it possible that what is true with one person can be false with another? If the method taken by him who is in the right, and by him who is in the wrong, be the same, what merit or demerit hath the one more than the other? Their choice is the effect of accident, and to

effect assume to themselves that declaration of the apostle; *not of men, neither by man, nor of any other creature, but of God, Gal. i. 1. 12.*

“ But if we lay aside all flattery and disguise, and speak freely to the point, there will be found very little or nothing at the bottom of all these mighty boastings. For, whatever man may say or think to the contrary, it is manifest, that all sorts of religion are handed down and received by human methods. — This seems to be sufficiently plain; first, from the manner of religion’s getting ground in the world; and that whether we regard the first general planting of any persuasion, or the method of its gaining now upon private persons. For whence is the daily increase of any sect? Does not the nation to which we belong, the country where we dwell, nay, the town or the family in which we were born, commonly give us our religion: we take that which is the growth of the soil; and whatever we were born in the midst of, and bred up to, that profession we still keep. We are circumcised or baptized, Jews, or Christians, or Mahometans, before we can be sensible that we are men; so that religion is not the generality of people’s choice, but their fate; not so much their own act and deed, as the act of others for and upon them. — Were religion our own free choice, and the result of our own judgment, the life and manners of men could not be at so vast a distance and manifest disagreement from their principles; nor could they, upon every slight and common occasion, act so directly contrary to the whole tenor and design of their religion.” *Charron of Wisdom, book ii. chap. 5.* The English translator observes, that the foregoing passage is taken from Dr Stanhope’s translation of Charron. See the Doctor’s excellent note on that passage, vol. ii. p. 110.

It is very probable, that the sincere profession of faith of the virtuous theologian of Condom, was not very different from that of the vicar of Savoy.

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to impute it to them is unjust: it is to reward or punish them for being born in this or that country. To say that the Deity can judge us in this manner, is the highest impeachment of his justice.

Now, either all religions are good and agreeable to God, or if there be one which he hath dictated to man, and will punish him for rejecting, he hath certainly distinguished it by manifest signs and tokens, as the only true one. These signs are common to all times and places, and are equally obvious to all mankind, to the young and old, the learned and ignorant, to Europeans, Indians, Africans, and Savages. If there be only one religion in the world that can prevent our suffering eternal damnation, and there be on any part of the earth a single mortal who is sincere, and is not convinced by its evidence, the god of that religion must be the most iniquitous and cruel of tyrants. Would we seek the truth therefore in sincerity, we must lay no stress on the place and circumstance of our birth, nor on the authority of fathers and teachers; but appeal to the dictates of reason and conscience concerning every thing that is taught us in our youth. It is to no purpose to bid me subject my reason to the truth of things of which it is incapacitated to judge; the man who would impose on me a falsehood, may bid me do the same: it is necessary, therefore, I should employ my reason even to know when it ought to submit.

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to what I have laid down above. To know more, we must have recourse to extraordinary means. These means cannot depend on the authority of men: for all men being of the same species with myself, whatever another can by natural means come to the knowledge of, I can do the same; and another man is as liable to be deceived as I am: when I believe therefore what he says, it is not because he says it, but because he proves it. The testimony of mankind, therefore, is at the bottom of that of my reason, and adds nothing to the natural means God hath given me for the discovery of the truth.

What then can even the apostle of truth have to tell me, of which I am not still to judge? *But God himself hath spoken; listen to the voice of revelation.* That indeed is another thing. God hath spoken! This is saying a great deal: but to whom hath he spoken? *He hath spoken to man.* How comes it then that I heard nothing of it? *He hath appointed others to teach you his word.* I understand you: there are certain men who are to tell me what God hath said. I had much rather have heard it from himself; this, had he so pleased, he could easily have done: and I should then have run no risk of deception. Will it be said I am secured from that, by his manifesting the mission of his messengers by miracles? Where are these miracles to be seen? Are they related only in books? Pray who wrote these books?—Men.—Who were witnesses to these miracles? Men.—Always human testimony? It is always men, that tell me what other men have told them. What a number of these are constantly between me and the Deity!

We are always reduced to the necessity of examining, comparing, and verifying such evidence. O, that God had deigned to have saved me all this trouble! should I have served him with a less willing heart?

Consider, my friend, in what a terrible discussion I am already engaged; what immense erudition I stand in need of, to recur back to the earliest antiquity; to examine, to weigh, to confront prophecies, revelations, facts, with all the monuments of faith that have made their appearance in all the countries of the world; to ascertain their time, place, authors, and occasions? How great the critical sagacity which is requisite to enable me to distinguish between pieces that are suppositious, and those which are authentic; to compare objections with their replies, translations with their originals; to judge of the impartiality of witnesses, of their good sense, of their capacity; to know if nothing be suppressed or added to their testimony, if nothing be changed, transposed, or falsified; to obviate the contradictions that remain, to judge what weight we ought to ascribe to the silence of our opponents, in regard to facts alledged against them; to discover whether such allegations were known to them; whether they did not disdain them too much to make any reply; whether books were common enough for ours to reach them; or if we were honest enough to let them have a free circulation among us; and to leave their strongest objections in full force?

Again, supposing all these monuments acknowledged to be incontestable, we must proceed

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ceed to examine the proofs of the mission of their authors: it would be necessary for us to be perfectly acquainted with the laws of chance, and the doctrine of probabilities, to judge what prediction could not be accomplished without a miracle; to know the genius of the original languages, in order to distinguish what is predictive in these languages, and what is only figurative. It would be requisite for us to know what facts are agreeable to the established order of nature, and what are not so; to be able to say how far an artful man may not fascinate the eyes of the simple, and even astonish the most enlightened spectators; to know of what kind a miracle should be, and the authenticity it ought to bear, not only to claim our belief, but to make it criminal to doubt it; to compare the proofs of false and true miracles, and discover the certain means of distinguishing them; and after all to tell why the Deity should chuse, in order to confirm the truth of his word, to make use of means which themselves require so much confirmation, as if he took delight in playing upon the credulity of mankind, and had purposely avoided the direct means to persuade them.

Suppose that the Divine Majesty hath really condescended to make man the organ of promulgating its sacred will; is it reasonable, is it just to require all mankind to obey the voice of such a minister, without his making himself known to be such? Where is the equity or propriety in furnishing him, for universal credentials, with only a few particular tokens displayed before a handful of obscure persons, and of which all the rest of mankind know nothing but by hearsay?

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In every country in the world, if we should believe all the prodigies to be true, which the common people and the ignorant affirm to have seen, every sect would be in the right, there would be more miraculous events than natural ones; and the greatest miracle of all would be to find that no miracles had happened where fanaticism had been persecuted. The Supreme Being is best displayed by the fixed and unalterable order of nature; if there should happen many exceptions to such general laws, I should no longer know what to think; and, for my own part, I must confess I believe too much in God to believe in so many miracles so little worthy of him.

What if a man should come and harangue us in the following manner: "I come, ye mortals, to announce to you the will of the Most High; acknowledge in my voice the will of him who sent me. I command the sun to move backwards, the stars to change their places, the mountains to disappear, the waves to remain fixed on high, and the earth to wear a different aspect." Who would not, at the sight of such miracles, immediately attribute them to the Author of nature? Nature is not obedient to impostors; their miracles are always performed in the highways, in the fields, or in apartments where they are displayed before a small number of spectators, previously disposed to believe every thing they see. Who is there will venture to determine how many eye-witnesses are necessary to render a miracle worthy of credit? If the miracles intended to prove the truth of your doctrine, stand themselves in need of

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of proof, of what use are they? There might as well be none performed at all.

The most important examination, after all, remains to be made into the truth of the doctrines delivered; for as those who say that God is pleased to work these miracles, pretend that the devil sometimes imitates them, we are not a jot nearer than before, though such miracles should be ever so well attested. As the magicians of Pharaoh worked the same miracles, even in the presence of Moses, as he himself performed by the express command of God, why might not they, in his absence, from the same proofs, pretend to the same authority? Thus, after proving the truth of the doctrine by the miracle, you are reduced to prove the truth of the miracle by that of the doctrine *, lest the works of

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* This is expressly mentioned in many places in scripture, particularly in Deuteronomy, chap. xiii. where it is said, that, if a prophet, teaching the worship of strange gods, confirm his discourse by signs and wonders, and what he foretells comes really to pass, so far from paying any regard to his mission, the people should stone him to death. When the Pagans, therefore, put the apostles to death, for preaching up to them the worship of a strange God, proving their divine mission by prophecies and miracles, I see not what could be objected to them, which they might not with equal justice have retorted upon us. Now, what is to be done in this case? there is but one step to be taken, to recur to reason, and leave miracles to themselves: better indeed had it been never to have had recourse to them, nor to have perplexed good sense with such a number of subtile distinctions. What do I talk of subtile distinctions in Christianity! if there are such, our Saviour was in the wrong surely to promise the kingdom of heaven to the weak and simple! how came he to begin his fine discourse on the mount, with blessing the poor in spirit, if it requires so much ingenuity to comprehend and believe his doctrines? when you prove that I ought to subject my reason to his dictates, it is very well; but to prove that, you must render them intelligible

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the devil should be mistaken for those of the Lord. What think you of this alternative.

The doctrines coming from God, ought to bear the sacred characters of the Divinity; and should not only clear up those confused ideas which unenlightened reason excites in the mind, but should also furnish us with a system of religion and morals, agreeable to those attributes by which only we form a conception of his essence. If then they teach us only absurdities, if they inspire us with sentiments of aversion for our fellow-creatures, and fear for ourselves; if they describe the Deity as a vindictive, partial, jealous, and angry being; as a God of war and of battles, always ready to thunder and destroy; always threatening slaughter and revenge, and even boasting of punishing the innocent, my heart cannot be incited to love so terrible a Deity, and I shall take care how I give up my natural religion to embrace such doctrines. Your God is not mine, I should say to the professors of such a religion. A being who began his dispensations with partially selecting one people, and proscribing the rest of mankind, is not the common father of the human race; a being who destines to eternal punishment the greatest part of his creatures, is not that good and merciful God who is pointed out by my reason.

With regard to articles of faith, my reason tells me, they should be clear, perspicuous, and evident. If natural religion be insufficient, it

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 gible to my understanding; you must adapt your arguments to the poverty of my genius, or I shall not acknowledge you to be the true disciple of your Master, or think it is his doctrines which you would inculcate.

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is owing to the obscurity in which it necessarily leaves those sublime truths it professes to teach: it is the business of revelation to exhibit them to the mind in a more clear and sensible manner; to adapt them to his understanding, to enable him to conceive, in order that he may be capable of believing them. True faith is assured and confirmed by the understanding; the best of all religions is undoubtedly the clearest; that which is clouded with mysteries and contradictions, the worship that is to be taught me by preaching, teaches me by that very circumstance to distrust it. The God whom I adore, is not a God of darkness; he hath not given me an understanding to forbid me the use of it. To bid me give up my reason, is to insult the author of it. The minister of truth doth not tyrannise over my understanding, he enlightens it.

We have set aside all human authority, and without it I cannot see how one man can convince another, by preaching to him an unreasonable doctrine. Let us suppose two persons engaged in a dispute on this head, and see how they will express themselves in the language generally made use of on such occasions.

Dogmatist. “ Your reason tells you that the whole is greater than a part; but I tell you from God, that a part is greater than the whole.”

Rationalist. “ And who are you, that dare to tell me God contradicts himself? In whom shall I rather believe? in him who instructs me, by means of reason, in the knowledge of eternal truths, or in you who would im-
“ pose

“ pose on me, in his name, the greatest absurdity?”

Dog. “ In me, for my instructions are more positive, and I will prove to you incontestably that he hath sent me.”

Rat. “ How! will you prove that God hath sent you to depose against himself? What sort of proofs can you bring to convince me, it is more certain that God speaks by your mouth, than by the understanding he hath given me?”

Dog. “ The understanding he hath given you? Ridiculous and contemptible man! you talk as if you were the first infidel who ever was misled by an understanding depraved by sin.”

Rat. “ Nor may you, man of God! be the first knave whose impudence hath been the only proof he could give of his divine mission.”

Dog. “ How! can philosophers be thus abusive?”

Rat. “ Sometimes, when saints set them the example.”

Dog. “ Oh! but I am authorized to abuse you. I speak on the part of God Almighty.”

Rat. “ It would not be improper, however, to produce your credentials before you assume your privileges.”

Dog. “ My credentials are sufficiently authenticated. Both heaven and earth are witnesses in my favour. Attend, I pray you, to my arguments.”

Rat. “ Arguments! why, you do not sure
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“ pretend to any! to tell me that my reason is
 “ fallacious, is to refute whatever it may say
 “ in your favour. Whoever refuses to abide by
 “ the dictates of reason, ought to be able to
 “ convince without making use of it. For, sup-
 “ posing that in the course of your arguments
 “ you convince me, how shall I know whether
 “ it be not through the fallacy of reason depra-
 “ ved by sin, that I acquiesce in what you af-
 “ firm? besides, what proof, what demonstra-
 “ tion can you ever employ more evident than
 “ the axiom which destroys it? It is full as cre-
 “ dible that a just syllogism should be false, as
 “ that a part is greater than the whole.”

Dog. “ What a difference! my proofs ad-
 “ mit of no reply; they are of a supernatural
 “ kind.”

Rat. “ Supernatural! What is the meaning
 “ of that term? I do not understand it.”

Dog. “ Contraventions of the order of na-
 “ ture; prophecies, miracles, and prodigies of
 “ every kind.”

Rat. “ Prodigies and miracles! I have never
 “ seen any of these things.”

Dog. “ No matter: others have seen them
 “ for you: we can bring clouds of witnesses,
 “ —the testimony of whole nations.”——

Rat. “ The testimony of whole nations! is
 “ that a proof of the supernatural kind?”

Dog. “ No. But when it is unanimous, it
 “ is incontestable.”

Rat. “ There is nothing more incontestable
 “ than the dictates of reason, nor can the testi-
 “ mony of all mankind prove the truth of an
 “ absurdity. Let us see some of your superna-
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“ tural proofs then, as the attestation of men is
“ not so.”

Dog. “ Infidel wretch! It is plain the grace
“ of God doth not speak to thy understand-
“ ing.”

Rat. “ Whose fault is that! not mine; for
“ according to you, it is necessary to be en-
“ lightened by grace to know how to ask for it.
“ Begin then, and speak to me in its stead.”

Dog. “ Is not this what I am doing? but
“ you will not hear me: what do you say to
“ prophecies?”

Rat. “ As to prophecies, I say, in the first
“ place, I have heard as few of them as I have
“ seen miracles. And, in the second, I say that
“ no prophecy bears any weight with me.”

Dog. “ Thou disciple of Satan! and why have
“ prophecies no weight with you?”

Rat. “ Because, to give them such weight,
“ requires three things; the concurrence of
“ which is impossible. These are, that I should
“ in the first place, be a witness to the delivery
“ of the prophecy; next, that I should be wit-
“ nesses also to the event; lastly, that it should be
“ clearly demonstrated to me that such event
“ could not have followed by accident: for
“ though a prophecy were as precise, clear, and
“ determinate as an axiom of geometry; yet as
“ the perspicuity of a prediction, made at ran-
“ dom, does not render the accomplishment of
“ it impossible, that accomplishment, when it
“ happens, proves nothing in fact concerning
“ the foreknowledge of him who predicted it.

“ You see, therefore, to what your pretend-
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“ ed supernatural proofs, your miracles, and
“ your prophecies reduce us;—to the folly of
“ believing them all on the credit of others,
“ and of submitting the authority of God, speak-
“ ing to our reason, to that of man. If those
“ eternal truths, of which my understanding
“ forms the strongest conceptions, can possibly
“ be false, I can have no hope of ever arriving
“ at certitude; and so far from being capable
“ of being assured that you speak to me from
“ God, I cannot even be assured of his exist-
“ ence.”

You see, my child, how many difficulties must be removed before our disputants can agree; nor are these all. Among so many different religions, each of which prescribes and excludes the other, one only must be true, if indeed there be such a one among them all. Now, to discover which this is, it is not enough to examine that one; it is necessary to examine them all, as we should not, on any occasion whatever, condemn without a hearing. It is necessary to compare objections with proofs, and to know what each objects to in the rest, as well as what the others have to offer in their defence. The more clearly any sentiment or opinion appears demonstrated, the more narrowly it behoves us to inquire, what are the reasons which prevents its opponents from subscribing to it. We must be very simple indeed, to think an attention to the theologians of our own party, sufficient to instruct us in what our adversaries have to offer. Where shall we find divines, of any persuasion, perfectly candid and honest? Do they not all begin to weaken the arguments of their

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their opponents, before they proceed to refute them? Each is the oracle of his party, and makes a great figure among his own partisans, with such proofs as would expose him to ridicule among those of a different persuasion. Are you desirous of gaining information from books? What a fund of erudition will not this require! How many languages must you learn! How many libraries must you turn over! And who is to direct you in the choice of the books? There are hardly to be found in any one country the best books on the contrary side of the question, and still less is it to be expected we should find books on all sides. The writings of the adverse and absent party, were they found also, would be very easily refuted. The absent are always in the wrong, and the most weak and insufficient arguments laid down with a confident assurance, easily efface the most sensible and valid, when exposed with contempt. Add to all this, that nothing is more fallacious than books, nor exhibit less faithfully the sentiments of their writers. The judgment which you formed, for instance, of the Roman Catholic religion, from the treatise of Bossuet, was very different from that which you required by residing among us. You have seen that the doctrines we maintain in our controversies with the Protestants, are not those which are taught the common people, and that Bossuet's book by no means resembles the instructions delivered from the pulpit. To form a proper judgment of any religion, we are not to deduce its tenets from the books of its professors; we must go and learn it among the people. Each sect have their peculiar traditions; their

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their customs, prejudices, and modes of acceptation, which constitute the peculiar mode of their faith; all which should be taken into consideration when we form a judgment of their religion.

How many considerable nations are there, who print no books of their own, and read none of ours! How are they to judge of our opinions, or we of theirs? We laugh at them, they despise us; and though our travellers have turned them into ridicule, they need only to travel among us, to ridicule us in their turn. In what country are there not to be found men of sense and sincerity, friends of truth, who require only to know, in order to embrace it? And yet every one imagines truth confined to his own particular system, and thinks the religion of all other nations in the world absurd; these foreign modes, therefore, cannot be in reality so very absurd as they appear, or the apparent reasonableness of ours is less real.

We have three principal religions in Europe. One admits only of one revelation, another of two, and the third of three. Each holds the other in detestation, anathematizes its professors, accuses them of ignorance, obstinacy, and falsehood. What impartial person will presume to decide between them, without having first examined their proofs, and heard their reasons? That which admits only of one revelation is the most ancient, and seems the least disputable; that which admits of three is the most modern, and seems to be the most consistent; that which admits of two, and rejects the third, may possibly be the best, but it hath certainly every pre-

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In all these three revelations, the sacred books are written in languages unknown to the people who believe in them. The Jews no longer understand Hebrew; the Christians neither Greek nor Hebrew; the Turks and Persians understand no Arabic, and even the modern Arabs themselves speak not the language of Mahomet. Is not this a very simple manner of instructing mankind, by talking to them always in a language which they do not comprehend? But these books, it will be said, are translated: a mighty pretty answer? Who can assure me they are translated faithfully; or that it is even possible they should be so? Who can give me a sufficient reason why God, when he hath a mind to speak to mankind, should stand in need of an interpreter?

I can never conceive, that what every man is indispensably obliged to know, can be shut up in these books; or that he who is incapacitated to understand them, or the persons who explain them, will be punished for involuntary ignorance. But we are always plaguing ourselves with books. What a phrenzy! Because Europe is full of books, the Europeans conceive them to be indispensable, without reflecting that three fourths of the world know nothing at all about them. Are not all books written by men? How greatly, therefore, must man have stood in need of them, to instruct him in his duty, and by what means did he come to the knowledge of such duties, before books were written? Either

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We, Roman Catholics, make a great noise about the authority of the church: but what do we gain by it, if it requires as many proofs to establish this authority as other sects require immediately to establish their doctrines? The church determines that the church have a right to determine. Is not this a special proof of its authority? and yet depart from this, and we enter into endless discussions.

Do you know many Christians, who have taken the pains to examine carefully into what the Jews have alledged against us? If there are a few who know something of them, it is from what they have met with in the writings of Christians: a very pretty manner truly of instructing themselves in the arguments of their opponents! But what can be done? If any one should dare to publish among us such books as openly espouse the cause of Judaism, we should punish the author, the editor, and the bookseller*. This policy is very convenient, and very sure to make us always in the right. We can refute at pleasure those who are afraid to speak.

Those among us, also, who have an opportunity to converse with the Jews, have but little advantage. These unhappy people know they

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* Among a thousand known instances, the following stands in no need of a comment. The Catholic divines of the sixteenth century having condemned all the Jewish books without exception to be burnt, a learned and illustrious theologian, who was consulted on that occasion, had very nigh involved himself in ruin, by being simply of opinion that such of them might be preserved as did not relate to Christianity, or treated of matters foreign to religion.

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lie at our mercy; the tyranny we exercise over them, renders them justly timid and reserved; they know how far cruelty and injustice are compatible with Christian charity: what, therefore, can they venture to say to us, without running the risk of incurring the charge of blasphemy? Avarice inspires us with zeal, and they are too rich not to be ever in the wrong. The most sensible and learned among them are the most circumspect and reserved. We make a convert, perhaps, of some wretched hireling, to calumniate his sect; set a parcel of pitiful brokers disputing, who give up the point merely to gratify us; but while we triumph over the ignorance or meanness of such wretched opponents, the learned among them smile in contemptuous silence at our folly. But do you think, that, in places where they might write and speak securely, we should have so much the advantage of them? Among the doctors of the Sorbonne, it is as clear as day-light, that the predictions concerning the Messiah relate to Jesus Christ. Among the rabbins at Amsterdam, it is just as evident they have no relation at all to him. I shall never believe that I have acquired a sufficient acquaintance with the arguments of the Jews, till they compose a free and independent state, and have their schools and universities, where they may talk and dispute with freedom and impunity. Till then, we can never truly know what they have to say.

At Constantinople, the Turks make known their reasons, and we durst not publish ours: there it is our turn to submit. If the Turks require us to pay to Mahomet, in whom we do not believe,

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believe, the same respect which we require the Jews to pay to Jesus Christ, in whom they believe as little; can the Turks be in the wrong, and we in the right? On what principle of equity can we resolve that question in our favour?

Two thirds of mankind are neither Jews, Mahometans, nor Christians; how many millions of men, therefore, must there be who never heard of Moses, of Jesus Christ, or of Mahomet! Will this be denied? Will it be said, that our missionaries are dispersed over the face of the whole earth? This indeed is easily affirmed; but are there any of them in the interior parts of Africa, where no European hath ever yet penetrated? Do they travel through the inland parts of Tartary, or follow on horseback the wandering Hords, whom no stranger ever approaches, and who, so far from having heard of the Pope, hardly know any thing of their own Grand Lama? Do our missionaries traverse the immense continent of America, where there are whole nations still ignorant that the people of another world have set foot on theirs? Are there any of them in Japan, from whence their ill behaviour hath banished them for ever, and where the fame of their predecessors is transmitted to succeeding generations, as that of artful knaves, who, under cover of a religious zeal, wanted to make themselves imperceptibly masters of the empire? Do they penetrate into the harems of the Asiatic princes, to preach the gospel to millions of wretched slaves? What will become of the women, in that part of the world, for want of a missionary to preach the gospel to them?

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But were it true that the gospel is preached in every part of the earth, the difficulty is not removed. On the eve preceding the arrival of the first missionary in any country, some one person of that country expired without hearing the glad tidings. Now, what must we do with this one person? Is there but a single individual in the whole universe, to whom the gospel of Christ is not made known? The objection which presents itself, on account of this one person, is as cogent as if it included a fourth part of the human race.

Again, supposing the ministers of the gospel actually present and preaching in those distant nations, how can they reasonably expect to be believed on their own word, and that their hearers will not scrupulously require a confirmation of what they teach? Might not any one of the latter very reasonably say to them, "You tell me of a God who was born and put to death near two thousand years ago, at the other end of the world, and in I know not what obscure town; assuring me that all those who do not believe in this mysterious tale are damned. These are things too strange to be readily credited on the sole authority of a man, who is himself a perfect stranger. Why hath your God brought those events to pass, of which he requires me to be instructed, at so great a distance? Is it a crime to be ignorant of what passes at the antipodes? Is it possible for me to divine that there existed in the other hemisphere, the people of the Jews, and the city of Jerusalem? I might as well be required to know what happens in the moon.

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moon. You are come, you say, to inform me; but why did you not come time enough to inform my father, or why do you damn that good old man because he knew nothing of the matter? Must he be eternally punished for your delay; he who was so just, so benevolent, and so desirous of knowing the truth? Be honest, and suppose yourself in my place. Do you think, upon your testimony alone, that I can believe all these incredible things you tell me, or reconcile so much injustice with the character of that just God, whom you pretend to make known? Let me first, I pray you, go and see this distant country, where so many miracles have happened totally unknown here; let me go and be well informed why the inhabitants of that Jerusalem presumed to treat God like a thief or a murderer? They did not, you will say, acknowledge his divinity. How then can I, who never have heard of him but from you? You add, that they were punished, dispersed, and led into captivity; not one of them ever approaching their former city. Assuredly they deserved all this: but its present inhabitants, what say they of the unbelief and *Deicide* of their predecessors? They deny it, and acknowledge the divinity of the sacred personage just as little as did its ancient inhabitants.

“What! in the same city in which your God was put to death, neither the ancient nor present inhabitants acknowledge his divinity! And yet you would have me believe it, who was born near two thousand years after the fact, and two thousand leagues distant from the place! Do not you see, that, before I can give credit to this
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book, which you call sacred, and of which I comprehend nothing, I ought to be informed from others, when and by whom it was written, how it hath been preserved and transmitted to you, what is said of it in the country, what are the reasons of those who reject it, though they know as well as you every thing of which you have informed me? You must perceive the necessity I am under, of going first to Europe, to Asia, and into Palestine, to examine into things myself; and that I must be an idiot to listen to you before I have done this.

Such a discourse as this appears to me not only very reasonable; but I affirm that every sensible man ought, in such circumstances, to speak in the same manner, and to send a missionary about his business, who should be in haste to instruct and baptize him, before he had sufficiently verified the proofs of his mission. Now, I maintain that there is no revelation against which the same objections might not be made, and that with greater force than against Christianity. Hence it follows, that, if there be in the world but one true religion, and every man be obliged to adopt it under pain of damnation, it is necessary to spend our lives in the study of all religions, to visit the countries where they have been established, and examine and compare them with each other. No man is exempted from the principal duty of his species, and no one hath a right to confide in the judgment of another. The artisan, who lives only by his industry, the husbandman who cannot read, the timid and delicate virgin, the feeble valetudinarian, all without exception, must study, meditate,

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tate, dispute, and travel the world over in search of truth: there would be no longer any settled inhabitants in a country: the face of the earth being covered with pilgrims, going from place to place, at great trouble and expence, to verify, examine, and compare the several different systems and modes of worship to be met with in various countries. We must in such a case bid adieu to arts and sciences, to trade, and all the civil occupations of life. Every other study must give place to that of religion; while the man who should enjoy the greatest share of health and strength, and make the best use of his time and his reason, for the greatest term of years allotted to human life, would, in the extreme of old age, be still perplexed where to fix; and it would be a great thing after all, if he should learn before his death what religion he ought to have believed and practised during life.

Do you endeavour to mitigate the severity of this method, and place as little confidence as possible in the authority of men? In so doing you place the greatest confidence; for if the son of a Christian does right, in adopting, without a scrupulous and partial examination, the religion of his father, how can the son of a Turk do wrong, in adopting in the same manner the religion of Mahomet? I defy all the persecutors in the world to answer this question in a manner satisfactory to any person of common sense. Nay, some of them, when hard pressed by such arguments, will sooner admit that God is unjust, and visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, than give up their cruel and persecuting prin-

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principles. Others, indeed, elude the force of these reasons, by civilly sending an angel to instruct those, who, under invincible ignorance, live nevertheless good moral lives. A very pretty device, truly, that of the angel! Not contented with subjecting us to their machinery, they would reduce the Deity himself to the necessity of employing it.

See, my son, to what absurdities we are led by pride, and the spirit of persecution, by being puffed up with our own capacity, and conceiving that we possess a greater share of reason than the rest of mankind. I call to witness that God of peace whom I adore, and whom I would make known to you, that my researches have been always sincere; but seeing, that they were, and always must be, unsuccessful, and that I was launched out into a boundless ocean of perplexity, I returned the way I came, and confined my creed within the limits of my first notions. I could never believe that God required me, under pain of damnation, to be so very learned. I therefore shut up all my books. That of nature lies open to every eye: it is from this sublime and wonderful volume that I learn to serve and adore its Divine Author. No person is excusable for neglecting to read in this book, as it is written in an universal language, intelligible to all mankind. Had I been born in a desert island, or never seen a human creature beside myself; had I never been informed of what had formerly happened in a certain corner of the world; I might yet have learned by the exercise and cultivation of my reason, and by the proper use of those faculties God hath given me, to know

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know and love him ; I might hence have learned to love and admire his power and goodness, and to have discharged my duty here on earth. What can the knowledge of the learned teach me more ?

With regard to revelation, could I reason better, or were I better informed, I might be made sensible perhaps of its truth, and of its utility to those who are so happy as to believe it : but if there are some proofs in its favour which I cannot invalidate, there appear also to me many objections against it, which I cannot resolve. There are so many solid reasons both for and against its authority, that, not knowing what to conclude, I neither admit nor reject it. I reject only the obligation of submitting to it, because this pretended obligation is incompatible with the justice of God, and that, so far from its removing the obstacles to salvation, it raises those which are insurmountable by the greatest part of mankind. Except in this article, therefore, I remain respectfully in doubt concerning the scriptures. I have not the presumption to think myself infallible : more able persons may possibly determine in cases that to me appear undeterminable : I reason for myself, not for them ; I neither censure nor imitate them : their judgment may probably be better than mine ? but am I to blame that it is not mine ?

I will confess to you farther, that the majesty of the scripture strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction ; how mean, how contemptible
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are they, compared with the scripture! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the air of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtilty, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man * loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of JESUS CHRIST; the resemblance was so striking that all the fathers perceived it.

What prepossession, what blindness must it be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary? What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice: he had only to say what they had done, and reduce

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their examples to precepts. Aristides had been *just*, before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas gave up his life for his country, before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people, before Socrates recommended sobriety: before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded with virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his compatriots, that pure and sublime morality of which he only hath given us both precept and example *? The greatest wisdom was made known amidst the most bigotted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people on the earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophising with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of JESUS, expiring in the midst of agonising pains, abused, insulted, cursed by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it: but JESUS, in the midst of excruciating tortures prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of JESUS are those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of JESUS CHRIST. Such a supposition

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* See, in his discourse on the mount, the parallel he makes between the morality of Moses and his own. Matth. v. 21, &c.

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in fact only shifts the difficulty without removing it: it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the gospel; the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero. And yet, with all this, the same gospel abounds with incredible relations, with circumstances repugnant to reason, and which it is impossible for a man of sense either to conceive or admit *. What is to be done amidst all these contradictions? Be modest and circumspect: regard in silence what cannot be either disproved or comprehended, and humble thyself before the Supreme Being, who only knows the truth.

Such is the involuntary scepticism in which I remain: this scepticism, however, is not painful to me, because it extends not to any essential point of practice; and as my mind is firmly settled regarding the principles of my duty, I serve God in the sincerity of my heart: in the mean time, I seek not to know any thing more than what relates to my moral conduct; and as to those dogmas which have no influence over the behaviour, and which many persons give themselves so much trouble about, I am not at all solicitous concerning them. I look upon the various particular religions as so many salutary institutions, prescribing, in different countries,

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tries, an uniform manner of public worship; and which may all have their respective reasons, peculiar to the climate, government, genius of the people adopting them, or some other motive which renders the one preferable to the other according to the circumstance of time and place. I believe all that are convenient, to be good, when God is served in sincerity of heart. This service is all that is essential. He rejects not the homage of the sincere, under whatsoever form they present it. Being called to the service of the church, I comply therefore with a scrupulous exactness, to all the forms it prescribes in my duty, and should reproach myself for the least wilful neglect of them. After having lain under a long prohibition, I obtained, through the interest of M. de Mellerade, a permission to re-assume the functions of the priesthood, to procure me a livelihood. I had been accustomed formerly to say mass with all that levity and carelessness with which we perform the most serious and important offices after having very often repeated them. Since I entertained my new principles, however, I celebrate it with greater veneration; penetrated by reflecting on the majesty of the Supreme Being, and the insufficiency of the human mind, that is so little able to form conceptions relative to its author. I consider that I offer up the prayers of a people under a prescribed form of worship, and therefore carefully observed all its rites. I recite carefully; and strive not to omit the least word or ceremony; when I am just going to communicate, I recollect myself, in order to do it with all those dispositions that the church and the im-

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Honoured with the ministerial office, though of the lowest rank I will never do, or say, any thing that may make me unworthy to fulfil its sacred functions. I will always inculcate virtue, exhort my auditors to pursue it, and, as far as it is in my power, set them an example. It does not depend on me to make their religion amiable, nor to confine the articles of their faith to what is useful, and necessary for all to believe: but God forbid that I should ever preach up the cruel tenets of persecution, that I should ever induce them to hate their neighbours, or to consign over others to damnation *. Were I, indeed, in a superior station, this reserve might incur censure; but I am too insignificant to have much to fear, and I can never fall lower than

* The duty of adopting and respecting the religion of one's country does not extend to such tenets as are contrary to moral virtue; such as that of persecution. It is this horrible dogma which harms mankind inhumanly against each other, and renders them destructive to the human race. The distinction between political and theological toleration is puerile and ridiculous, as they are inseparable, so that one cannot be admitted without the other. Angels themselves could not live in peace with men, whom they regarded as enemies to GOD.

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I have long been ambitious of the honour of being a pastor; I am indeed still ambitious, though I have no longer any hopes of it. There is no character in the world, my good friend, which appears to me so desirable as that of a pastor. A good pastor is a minister of goodness, as a good magistrate is a minister of justice. A pastor can have no temptation to evil; and though he may not always have it in his power to do good himself, he is always in his duty when soliciting it of others, and very often obtains it, when he knows how to make himself truly respectable. O that I enjoyed but some little benefice among the poor people in our mountains! how happy should I then be! for I cannot but think that I should make my parishioners happy! I should never indeed make them rich, but I should partake of their poverty; I would raise them above meanness and contempt, more insupportable than indigence itself. I would induce them to love concord, and to cherish that equality which often banishes poverty, and always renders it more supportable. When they should see that I was no richer than themselves, and yet lived content, they would learn to console themselves under their lot, and to live contented too. In the instructions I should give them, I should be less directed by the sense of the church than that of the gospel; whose tenets are more simple, and whose morals more sublime; that teaches few religious forms, and many deeds of charity. Before I

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should teach them their duty, I should always endeavour to practise it myself, in order to let them see that I really thought as I spoke. Had I any protestants in my neighbourhood, or in my parish, I would make no distinction between them and my own flock, in every thing that regarded acts of Christian charity: I would endeavour to make them all equally love each other, regard each other as brothers; respecting all religions, and at peace enjoying their own. I conceive, that to solicit any one to quit the religion he is brought up in, is to solicit him to do wrong, and is of consequence to do wrong to one's self. Let us therefore preserve the public peace, and wait the progress of further information: the laws in every country should be respected, we should never disturb the established worship, nor excite the people to disobedience; for we know not absolutely whether it be better for them to change their present opinions for others, and we know of a certainty that it is an evil to transgress the laws.

Thus, my young friend, have I given you, with my own lips, a recital of my creed, such as God reads it in my heart. You are the first person to whom I have made this profession; you are also the only one, perhaps, to whom I shall ever make it. So long as there is any sincere belief among men, we ought not to disturb the weak, nor excite the doubts of the simple, by difficulties which they cannot resolve, and which disquiet their minds, without informing their understandings. But when one scepticism hath taken entire possession of the mind, we ought to save the trunk at the expence of the branches;

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in such a state the agitated and dubious consciences of men are, just as I have seen yours, almost extinct, and require to be awakened and confirmed: to establish them on the basis of eternal truths, it is necessary therefore, entirely to loosen the hold they may still retain of the floating seeds of uncertainty.

You are now in the critical time of life, in which the mind opens itself to conviction, in which the heart receives its form and character, and in which the conduct of our whole life is determined, either to good or evil. Later than this stage its substance grows hard, and refuses to imbibe any new impressions. Now is the time, therefore, to impress on our mind the seal of truth. If I were more positive in myself, I should have assumed a more decisive and dogmatical air; but I am a man ignorant, and subject to error. What can I do more? I have opened to you my heart, without reserve: what I have thought certain, I have given you as such; my doubts I have declared as doubts, my opinions as opinions; and have given you my reasons for both. It remains now for you to judge; you have taken time; this precaution is wise, and makes me think well of you. Begin by bringing your conscience to a state desirous of being enlightened. Be sincere with yourself. Adopt those of my sentiments which you are persuaded are true, and reject the rest. You are not yet so much depraved by vice to run the risk of making a bad choice. I should propose to confer together sometimes on these subjects; but as soon as ever we enter into disputes we grow warm; obstinacy and vanity interfere, and sincerity is banished.

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banished. Never dispute, therefore, with any one, for in so doing we neither inform ourselves nor others. For my own part, it was not till after several years of meditation that my sentiments became fixed: these, however, I still retain, my conscience is easy, and I am content. Were I desirous to begin a new examination into the truth of these sentiments, I could not do it with a more sincere love to truth; and my mind at present less active, would be less in a state to discover it. I purpose, therefore, to remain as I am, lest my taste for contemplation should become insensibly an idle passion; lest it should make me indifferent to the discharge of my practical duties, and reduce me into my former state of scepticism, without leaving me force enough to extricate myself. Above half my life is already spent, the remainder will not afford me time more than sufficient to repair my errors by my virtues. If am mistaken, it is not wilfully. That Being, who searches the hearts of men, knows that I am not found of ignorance. But under my present incapacity to instruct myself better, the only method that remains for me to extricate myself, is a good life; and if out of stones God can raise up children to Abraham, every man may justly hope to be enlightened when he becomes worthy to be so.

If my reflections should lead you to think as I do, if my sentiments should be the same as yours, and we shall both be of the same belief, I would give you the following advice: Expose yourself no more to the temptations of poverty and despair; lead no longer a life of ignominy, subsisting at the mercy of strangers, on the bread
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of charity. Return to your own country, embrace again the religion of your fathers, adopt it in sincerity of heart, and give it up no more: it is very simple and very pure: of all the religions in the world, I believe it is that which may boast the most refined and rational system of morality. With regard to the expences of the journey, give yourselves no trouble about that; you shall be amply provided. Be not abashed, also, by the false shame of a mortifying return: we may blush at the commitment of a fault, but ought not to blush at repairing it. You are as yet at an age, wherein every thing is forgiven, but beyond which you cannot proceed to err with impunity. If you attend to the voice of conscience, a thousand vain obstacles will be dissipated. You will perceive, that in our present state of uncertainty, it is an inexcusable presumption to profess any other religion than that in which we were educated; and a great error not to practise sincerely that which we profess. By a different conduct, if we err, we deprive ourselves of a powerful excuse at the tribunal of our sovereign Judge; for will not he rather pardon us the errors in which we were born, than those of which we have ourselves made choice?

Preserve your mind, my son, always in a state to wish there should be a God, and you will never doubt of his existence. As for the rest, whatever religion you may embrace, remember that its real duties are independent of human institutions; that an upright heart is the temple of the Divinity; and that in every country, and in every sect, to love God above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself, is the summary of the law:

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law: remember that no religion upon earth can dispense with the obligations of morality, that nothing is truly essential but these, that the heart-felt adoration of the Deity is the first of these obligations, and that without faith there can be no true virtue.

Avoid all those who, under pretence of explaining natural causes, plant the most destructive doctrines in the hearts of men; and whose apparent scepticism is an hundred times more dogmatical and affirmative than the decisive tone of their adversaries. Under the haughty pretext of being the only persons who are truly enlightened, honest, and sincere, they subject us impiously to their magisterial decisions, and give us, for the true principles of things, only unintelligible systems, which they have raised in their own imaginations. Add to this, that while they overturn, destroy, and trample under feet every thing that is respectable among mankind, they deprive the afflicted of the last consolation in their misery; take from the rich and powerful the only check to the indulgence of their passions; they eradicate from our hearts the remorse of guilt and the hopes of virtue; absurdly boasting themselves, at the same time, the friends and benefactors of mankind. The truth, say they, can never be hurtful: so far I am of their opinion and this is to me a great proof, that what they teach cannot be true*.

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* The contending parties reciprocally attack each other with so many sophisms, that it would be a rash enterprise to undertake to expose them all. One of the most common on the philosophical side of the question is to contrast an imaginary people, supposed to be all good philosophers, with another

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Young man, be sincere without vanity; while you acquiesce in your ignorance, you neither deceive yourself nor others. If ever you cultivate your

people all bad Christians; as if it were more easy to make a people true philosophers than good Christians. I know not whether among individuals one be more easily met with than the other; but this I know, that when we speak of a whole people, we must suppose that they would as much abuse a philosophy without religion as they do a religion without philosophy: and this consideration seems to me to make a great difference in the question. Bayle has proved very acutely, that fanaticism is more pernicious than atheism; and this is not to be disputed; but he neglected to observe what is nevertheless true, that fanaticism, tho' sanguinary and cruel, is a great and animating passion; that it elevates the heart of man, and makes him look down with contempt on death; that it is a prodigious spring of action, and requires only to be duly regulated in order to produce the most sublime virtues; whereas, on the contrary, irreligion and a philosophical spirit in general, attaches us to life, enervates and debases the soul, concentrating all our passions in self-interest, and thus sapping by degrees the foundations of society. If atheism be less sanguinary, it is less out of a love to peace than from an indifference to virtue: let the world go how it will, it little concerns these pretended sages, provided they can loll at ease in their closets. Their principles do not excite them to slaughter mankind, but they prevent them from adding to their number, by corrupting the manners which tend to their increase; by detaching themselves from their species, and reducing all their affections to a selfish egotism, as fatal to population as to virtue. The indifference of the philosopher resembles the tranquillity of a state under a despotic government: it is the tranquillity of death, and more destructive than war itself. Thus fanaticism, though more fatal in its immediate effects than what is called *the philosophic spirit of the age*, is much less so in its remoter consequences.

Philosophy, on its own principles, cannot be productive of any virtue, which does not flow from religion, and religion is productive of many virtues to which philosophy is a stranger. As to practice, it is another thing, and remains to be examined. There is no man who practises in every particular the duties of his religion, when he has one; that is true; the greater part of mankind have hardly any religion at all, and practise nothing of what little they have; this also is very true; but after all, some people have religion, and practise it at least in part;

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your talents so far as to enable you to publish your sentiments to the world, speak from the dictates of your own conscience, without troubling

part; and it is incontestable, that motives of religion prevent them often from falling into vice, and excite to virtuous and commendable actions, which they had not performed but for such motives. Let a priest be guilty of a breach of trust; what does this prove but that a blockhead had confided in him? If Pascal himself had done it, this would have proved Pascal a hypocrite; nothing more.—But a priest!—Well, and what then? Are those who make a traffic of religion the truly religious? The crimes of the clergy by no means prove that religion is useless, but that few persons are religious.

Modern governments are undoubtedly indebted to Christianity for their most solid authority, and the rarity of revolutions; it has even rendered them less sanguinary; this is proved by comparing them with the ancient governments. Religion, better understood, hath, by banishing fanaticism, given a greater mildness to Christian manners. This alteration is not the effect of letters, for we do not find that where-ever literature hath flourished, humanity hath been at all the more respected; the cruelty of the Athenians, of the Egyptians, the Roman emperors, and the Chinese, are evidence of this. On the other hand, what deeds of charity and mercy have been effected by the gospel? how many restitutions and reparations hath not the practice of confession brought about among the Catholics? Among us how many reconciliations are effected, how many alms are distributed before an approaching communion? Among the Jews, avarice let go its hold, and misery was banished from among them, on the approach of their jubilee. Not a beggar was to be seen in their streets, as there is not among the Turks, whose charitable foundations are innumerable. By the principles of their religion, they are taught to be hospitable even to the enemies of it. Chardin tells us, that the Mahometans imagine there is a bridge, which they call *Poul-Serrbo*, thrown over the flames of hell, which they are to pass at the general resurrection; and this they cannot do till they have repaired the injuries they have committed. Can I conceive that this bridge which is to repair so many iniquities, does not actually prevent some? Suppose we were to deprive the Persians of this idea, by persuading them there is no such thing as their *Poul-Serrbo*, nor any thing like it, where the oppressed shall be revenged on their oppressors after death, is it not clear that the latter would be very much at their ease,

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bling yourself about applause. The abuse of knowledge produces incredulity. The man of science disdains the sentiments of the vulgar, and would ever be singular in his own. The vanity of philosophy leads to infidelity, as a blind devotion leads to fanaticism. Avoid both extremes, remain ever firm in the way of truth, or in that which appears so to you in the simplicity of your heart, without ever being drawn aside by pride or weakness. Be not afraid to acknowledge God among philosophers, nor to stand up an advocate for humanity among persecutors. You may perhaps be thought singular, but you will carry about you the innate testimony of a good conscience, which will enable you to dispense with the approbation of men. Whether they love or hate you, whether they admire or despise your writings, it is no matter. Speak what is true, do what is right; for the object of greatest importance is to discharge our duty. Our private interest, my child, deceives us; but the hope of the just cannot be deceived.

I HAVE transcribed this whole piece, not as a rule to be followed in matters of religion, but as a pattern of the manner in which you may reason with your pupil, to prevent a deviation

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and would be freed from the trouble of appealing the former? It is therefore false, that this doctrine is not hurtful, and therefore it cannot be true.

Your moral precepts, my philosopher, are very fine, but pray let me know what sanction you have for them? Forbear a moment to wander from the point, and tell me plainly what you would substitute in the place of the *Poul-Serrho*.

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from the method which I have been endeavouring to establish. So long as we are not swayed by human authority, or by the prejudices of the country in which we are born, the sole light of reason cannot, in the institution of nature, conduct us any farther than natural religion, and there I stop with my Emilius. If he must have another, I have no right to be his guide; his business then is to chuse for himself.

We act in conjunction with nature, so that while she is employed in strengthening the body, we endeavour to improve the mind; but our progress is different. The body is already strong and robust when the mind is yet weak and feeble; and let the art of man do what it will, the bodily constitution is always sure to get the start of reason. To restrain the one, and excite the other, has hitherto been our utmost care; to the end that man might always be as uniform as possible. While his natural affections were unfolding, we restrained their growing sensibility, and rendered it subject to the empire of reason. Intellectual objects moderated the impression of those of the sensible kind. Ascending to the principle of things, we have freed it from the subjection of the senses; and it was extremely simple to rise from the study of nature, to the inquiry after its author.

As soon as we attained to this point, we perceived we had gained a considerable ascendant over our pupil; and found new ways to address ourselves to his heart. Then only does he find it his interest to be virtuous; to do good actions without any regard to man, and without being compelled by the laws; to be just between God

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and himself; to discharge his duty, even at the expence of his life; and ever to bear the image of virtue imprinted in his heart, not only from the love of order, to which every man prefers that of himself; but from the love of his Creator, which is mingled with the love of himself; to the end that he may enjoy that lasting felicity in the other life, of which a good conscience, and the contemplation of a Supreme Being, are sure pledges in this. If I depart from this point, I see nothing left but injustice, falsehood, and hyprocrisy; self-interest prevailing over every other competition, teaches every man to disguise his vices under the cloak and mask of virtue. Lest the rest of mankind do my business at their own expence, let every thing be referred to me only as its ultimate end; let all mankind perish in pain and misery, to save me a moment's uneasiness, or a little hunger; such is the language which the atheist and unbeliever makes use of to himself. Yes, I shall maintain it all my life; whoever says in his heart, there is no God, and makes use of a different language, is either a liar or madman.

Reader, it is all in vain: I am very sensible that you and I shall never see my Emilius under the same appearance; you will always fancy him to be like your young people; giddy, pert, and flighty, wandering from one feast and entertainment to another, without being ever able to fix himself. You will laugh to see me transform a young man full of spirit, and in the spring and vigour of life, into a contemplative philosopher, or rather into a downright divine. You will say, this visionary still pursues his fa-

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yourite dream; in giving us a pupil after his manner, he not only fashions, but creates him; he forms him out of his own brain, and imagining always that he is copying from nature, he deviates from her every instant. For my part, comparing my pupil to yours, I can scarce perceive any thing they can have in common. His education being so different, it is almost a miracle if he bears the least resemblance to them. As he has passed his infancy in that entire liberty in which they indulge themselves in their youth, he begins in his youth to take up with that regularity to which they were obliged to submit in their childhood: this regularity they consider as a scourge, they hold it in abomination, they look upon the stage of life wherein they observed it, as a time of servitude in which they were tyrannically used by their masters; they think they are not got out of their leading strings, till they have shaken off this yoke*; it is then they make themselves amends for the long restraint in which they were held, just as a prisoner is apt to extend his limbs when released from his fetters.

Emilius, on the contrary, is proud of drawing towards manhood, and subjecting himself to the yoke of dawning reason; his body being now quite formed, has no longer need of the same motions, and begins to fix its growth; while his understanding, being half fledged, tries its pinions.

* Infancy is ever looked upon with the greatest contempt, by those who are just out of it; as in no country are ranks observed with greater affectation, than where the inequality is not great, and where each is afraid of being confounded with his inferior.

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pinions. Thus puberty is to one the stage of debauchery, to the other that of reason.

Should you be desirous to know which of these educations is preferable in the order of nature, consider the difference in those who deviate more or less from them: observe the young people in country villages, and see whether they are as pert and impudent as in great cities. *The infancy of savages, says the Sieur le Beau, is always spent in action, and in different pastimes which exercise the body; but as soon as they enter the age of puberty, they grow tranquil and pensive; and thenceforward they apply themselves only to serious games, or those of hazard* *. Emilius having been educated with the same freedom as the children of peasants and savages, will of course have the same alteration in his carriage as they, when he grows up to maturity. The whole difference is, that instead of using action merely for the sake of play, or for his support, he has learned to think, even in the midst of his laborious or playful exercises. Being thus arrived at this period, he is entirely disposed for the scene into which I am about to introduce him; the reflections I set before him excite his curiosity, because they are not only in themselves extremely beautiful, but quite new to him, and he is moreover capable of understanding them. On the contrary, your young people, being quite surfeited and tired with moral lectures and tedious catechisms, will surely express their dislike to mental application which

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* Adventures of the Sieur C. le Beau, advocate in parliament.

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had been rendered so dull to them, to tiresome precepts with which their ears had been stunned, and to meditations on their Creator, who had been represented as an enemy to their pleasures. To all this they have conceived the utmost aversion and dislike; constraint has surfeited them; how then can it be expected, that they will conform to it again, when they begin to be their own masters? There must be something new to please them, different from what is inculcated to children. It is all the same in regard to my pupil; when he grows up to man's estate, I talk to him as a man, and tell him nothing but what is new; and the things he hears, being tiresome to others, are for this very reason agreeable to his taste.

Thus I make him doubly gain time, by retarding the progress of nature to improve that of reason: but have I really retarded that progress? No; I have only prevented the imagination from taking its flight too soon; the untimely lessons which a youth receives from other quarters, I have balanced by instruction of a different kind. When the torrent of our institutions impels him one way, to draw him into a contrary direction by different precepts, is not removing him, but fixing him in his situation.

At length the critical moment of nature arrives, and arrive it must. Since man is mortal, he must needs be re-produced, to the end that the species continue, and the order of this material world be preserved. As soon as you perceive this crisis by the signs above mentioned, lay aside your former tone and authority. He is still

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still your disciple, but not your pupil. He is your friend, he is a man; and treat him henceforward as such.

What! must I abdicate my authority, when I stand most in need of it? Must I resign the youth to his own conduct, at the very time he is least able to conduct himself, and most liable to go astray? Must I renounce my rights, when it behoves him most that I should assert them? Your rights! who told you to renounce them? It is now they commence in respect to him. Hitherto you obtained nothing but by force or artifice; he had no notion of authority, or duty; to make him obey, you were obliged either to compel or to deceive him. But see with how many new ties you have bound his heart. Reason, friendship, gratitude, and a thousand affections, all speak to him in such a tone as he cannot but understand. Vice has not yet rendered him deaf to their language; he feels only the soft passions of nature. The first of all, that of self-love, makes him entirely yours; and this subjection is confirmed by habit. If he should break loose but for a moment, his remorse will soon bring him back; his attachment to you is the only fixed sentiment he has; all the others pass away, and are alternately effaced. Do not suffer him to be corrupted, and he will be always docile; he will not begin to be rebellious, till he has been perverted.

I acknowledge indeed, that if you were openly to oppose his growing desires, and be so weak as to treat those new wants as vicious inclinations, he would not listen to you long: but if you once quit my method, I can answer for nothing.

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nothing. Remember always that you are the minister of nature, and you will never be her enemy.

But how shall I act? There is only one alternative, either to favour, or to combat his inclinations; to be his tyrant, or his sycophant: and the consequences of both are so very dangerous, that it is difficult to determine the choice.

The first way of solving this difficulty, is to marry him quickly; and this is certainly the safest and most natural. I question, however, whether it be the best, or the most useful; and I will give you hereafter my reasons; in the mean time, I agree that young people ought to marry as soon as they come to a proper age; but this age has been anticipated in their favour; it is we that have rendered them ripe before the time; we ought to wait for their maturity.

Were we only to listen to their inclinations, and be directed by their outward tokens, there would be no great difficulty; but there the laws of nature, and those of society, are vastly opposite in many respects, so that we are obliged to twist and twirl continually, in order to reconcile them. We must have recourse to a vast deal of art, to hinder the social from becoming the artificial man.

From the reasons above laid down, I am of opinion, that by the means there mentioned, and others of the same kind, we may prolong the ignorance of desires, and the continence of the senses to the age of twenty. And this is so far true, that, among the Germans, a young
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man who lay with a woman before that time, was considered as infamous; and to the chastity of those people, authors justly attribute their vigorous constitutions, and extraordinary propagation.

This period may even be lengthened; and not many centuries ago, nothing was more common even in France. Among other instances well attested, Montaign's father, a man of no less veracity and truth, than of strength and goodness of constitution, swore, that he had never known woman when he married at the age of thirty-three, after having served a considerable time in the wars of Italy; and in the son's writings you may see what cheerfulness and vigour his father retained, when he was passed sixty. The contrary opinion is founded more on our customs and prejudices, than on the knowledge of the human species in general.

I may therefore wave the example of the young people of our times, it is no manner of proof, in regard to a person not educated like them. When I come to reflect that nature has fixed no term on this occasion, which may not be either anticipated or retarded, I think, that, without deviating from her laws, I may suppose that Emilius continues, through my care, in his primitive innocence, and I see this happy period ready to expire. Surrounded with dangers, which every day come thicker upon him, he is ready to break loose from me, do what I will. Upon the very first occasion (and this will soon offer itself) he yields to the blind impression of his senses; and a thousand to one but he is going to be undone. I have made too many reflections

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lections on human nature, not to be sensible of the influence which this critical moment must have on his morals the remainder of his life. If I dissemble, and pretend to shut my eyes, he avails himself of my weakness; thinking he deceives me, he holds me cheap, and I am accessory to his ruin. If I endeavour to reclaim him, it is no longer time, he pays no attention to me; I become odious and intollerable in his presence; and it will not be long before he gets rid of me. There remains therefore only one prudent method for me to follow; which is to render him accountable to himself for his actions; to guard him at least against the surprises of error; and to shew him plainly the perils with which he is environed. Hitherto his ignorance has saved him, but now he must be restrained by his own good sense.

These new instructions being of great importance, I think it proper to trace the subject somewhat higher. This is the time to give in my accounts to him, to shew him in what manner his time and mine have been employed; to acquaint him with his station and mine; with our actions, with our obligations to each other, with all his moral relations, with the engagements he has entered into in regard to others, and others to him, with the degree he is arrived at in improving his faculties, the road he is to follow hereafter, the difficulties he will meet with, and the manner of surmounting them; to shew him how far I am still capable of assisting him, and how far he is able to help himself; in a word, to point out to him the critical situation, and the new perils that surround him,

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and to lay before him all the solid reasons which should engage him to watch with the utmost attention over his conduct, before he indulges his youthful desires.

Imagine to yourself, that to conduct a pupil at this age, you are to follow quite a contrary method, to what you used during the time of his infancy. Make no scruple to instruct him in those dangerous mysteries, which you so long and so carefully concealed from his sight. Since he must know them, it is proper his knowledge should come, not from himself, or from any other person, but from you only : and since henceforward he will be obliged to fight, it is requisite, for fear of a surprise, that he should be apprised of his enemy.

Young people who appear to be skilled in these matters, without our knowing how they came by their knowledge, seldom have acquired it with impunity. Instructions so indiscreetly immodest, must at least defile the imagination of those who receive them, and incline them to the vices of those by whom they are most infamously instructed. This is not all ; the servants insinuate themselves into the good graces of the child, gain his confidence, and make him look upon his governor as a sour crabbed man ; and one of the favourite topics of their private confabulations, is to load him with slander and abuse. When the pupil is arrived at that pitch, the master may go about his business, he has nothing further to do.

But how happens it that the child chuses private confidants ? It is owing to the tyranny of those who govern him. Why should he conceal his

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his mind from them, if he is not obliged to be upon the reserve? Why should he complain of them, if he has no subject of complaint? Naturally speaking, they are his first intimates; by the eagerness with which he comes to tell them his thoughts, it plainly appears that he fancies his notions to be incomplete till he unbosoms himself to them. Depend upon it, that if a child is neither afraid of your sermons and rebukes, he will acquaint you with every thing; and that servants will not venture to intrust him with a secret, when they are convinced that you have his entire confidence.

What induces me to depend the more on my method, is, that, by examining into the effects of it as near as possible, I can see my pupil in no situation in life, in which he does not appear in an agreeable light. Even in the very moment when he gives loose to the warmth of his desires, and rebelling against the hand that attempts to curb him, he beats about on every side, and is just ready to get from me; in his transports and agitations, I still can trace his original simplicity; his heart, undefiled as his body, knows no disguise, no more than vice; neither reproaches nor contempt have dispirited him; dastardly fear never taught him to dissemble; he has all the indiscretion of innocence; he is ingenuous without any scruple; and he knows not, as yet, of what advantage it is to deceive. There is not the least emotion in his soul, but either his lips or eyes will reveal; and I am oftentimes much sooner apprised, than he himself, of his inward sentiments.

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to me with the utmost freedom, and to tell me his thoughts with pleasure, I have nothing to fear: but if he grows more timid and reserved; if from his conversation I find him under the least embarrassment, nature begins to operate, and I have not one moment to lose; if I do not make haste to give him some instruction, he will be instructed presently, against my will.

Many of my readers, even of those who adopt my notions, will imagine, that I mean here no more than a transient conversation; and then all is over. Ah! it is not thus the heart is governed! all that you say is of no avail, unless you time it well. Before you sow, you must plough the ground: the seed of virtue rises with great difficulty; there must be long preparations for it to take root. One thing that chiefly defeats the end of sermons, is their being preached indiscriminately to all the world. How is it possible to imagine, that the same discourse should suit such a number of auditors, so variously disposed, of such different geniuses, tempers, ages, sexes, states, and opinions? Perhaps there are not two, to whom a general exhortation is adapted; and our passions are all so fluctuating, that I question whether any man living was twice affected in the same manner by the same discourse. Judge then whether it be a right season to listen to the grave lectures of the wise, just when the understanding is clouded, and the will tyrannised, by the agitation of sensual passions. Never, therefore, talk of reason to young people, even at the age of reason, till you enable them to understand it. More discourses are thrown away by the fault of

the masters, than by that of the disciples. The pedant and the prudent tutor say nearly the same things; but the former says them on every occasion; the latter only, when sure of their producing a good effect.

As the man that walks in his sleep, skims along the border of a precipice, from which he would tumble down, if he were suddenly awaked; thus my Emilius, in the slumbers of ignorance, escapes some dangers of which he is not aware: if I awake him by surprise, he is ruined. Let us, first of all, endeavour to remove him further off from the precipice, and then we will awake him, to shew it to him at a distance.

Books, solitude, idleness, a sedentary and effeminate life, the company of women and young people; these are the things he is to avoid at this age, being the rocks against which he is in continual danger of splitting. With other objects I amuse his senses; and by pointing out another course to the mind, I divert it from that which it was beginning to pursue; by inuring the body to laborious exercises, I check the activity of the fancy by which he is impelled. When the arms are exerted in hard labour, the imagination is at rest; and when the body is very much tired, the passions are not inflamed. The best precaution is to remove our pupil from the seat of danger. And first of all I carry him out of town, far from the causes of temptation. But this is not sufficient: in what desert, in what wilderness will he flee from the images by which he is pursued? It signifies nothing to remove him from all dangerous objects, if I do not

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not likewise make him forget them; if I do not find out the art of weaning him from every thing, even from himself, I might as well have left him where he was.

Emilius has learned a trade, but this is not our resource; he understands, and is fond of agriculture, but this is not sufficient; the occupations he already knows, are become too familiar to him, he exercises them by rote, and, as if he were idle, he thinks on quite another thing; his head and arms act separately. He must have some new exercise, which shall engage him by its novelty, keep him fully employed, and administer to his pleasure and diversion. Now, the only one that seems to unite all these conditions is hunting. If the chase be ever an innocent pleasure, or suitable to man, now is the time we should have recourse to it. Emilius has every qualification requisite for this noble amusement; such as agility and strength of body, with indefatigable patience. He will certainly take a delight in this exercise, and apply himself to it with all the ardor of youth: thus he will escape, at least for some time, the dangerous inclinations that arise from effemina-
cy. The chase steels the heart as well as the body; it inures the mind to cruelty and blood. Diana is represented as an enemy to love, and the allegory is very just; the languishments of that passion take their rise in the soft arms of repose: violent exercise extinguishes the tender sentiments. In the midst of groves and plains, the lover and the huntsman are so differently affected, that they have quite contrary images of the same objects. The vocal grove, the cooling

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shade, where the former seeks his sweat retreat, are viewed by the latter only as pasture for deer, a hold for wild boars, or a shelter for partridges: where the one hears nothing but the warbling of nightingales, and the sweet tunes of the feathered choir; the other imagines himself the sound of the echoing horn, and the opening of the hounds; the one thinks only of dryards and nymphs, the other dreams only of prickers, kennels, horses, and every thing belonging to the jovial chace. Take a walk into the country with a couple of gentlemen of this stamp, you will soon perceive by their discourse, that the earth puts on a different trim, and wears a different face in regard to them; and that they differ as much in the mode and turn of their thoughts, as in the choice of their pleasures.

I can conceive extremely well, in what manner these tastes and inclinations unite, and how people, at length, find time for every thing. But youthful passions are not thus divided; let your pupil have one occupation that he likes, and all the rest will be quickly forgot. The variety of desires proceeds from that of knowledge, and the first pleasure we learn, are for a long time the only ones we pursue. It is not my intention that Emilius' youthful days should be spent entirely in killing wild beasts, nor do I ever pretend absolutely to justify this ferocious diversion; it is sufficient for me that it suspends the influence of a passion far more dangerous, so that my Emilius will be able to hear me discourse of its power, without finding any bad effect, and give me leisure to paint its charms, without feeling any emotion.

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There are incidents in life, that ought never to be forgot. Such is that of the instruction I have been mentioning, in regard to my Emilius; it should influence the remainder of his days. Let us, therefore, endeavour to imprint it in his memory, so as never to be effaced. One of the reigning errors of our age, is to have recourse too often to pure reason, as if men were mere spirits. By neglecting the use of signs which address the imagination, we have lost the most energetical of all languages. The impression of speech is always weak, and we convey our sentiments to the heart far better by the eye than by the ear. By allowing too much to reason, we have reduced all our precepts to words, and left nothing to action. Reason alone has no active force; it sometimes restrains, but rarely excites, and never performs any great achievement. Continually to reason, is the folly of weak minds. Men of genius hold quite a different language; and it is by this they act, by this they persuade.

Of late ages, I observe that mankind have no other influence, than that of force or interest; whereas the ancients did a great deal more by persuasion, and by the emotions of the mind, because they studied the language of signs. All treaties and conventions were transacted with the greatest solemnity, in order to render them more inviolate. Before the establishment of force, mankind were governed by a theocracy; that is, the gods were their magistrates: in their presence, private people made agreements, contracts, and promises; the whole face of the earth was the great book where the archives were de-

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posited. Rocks, trees, heaps of stones consecrated by those acts, and respected by barbarians, were the leaves of that book, incessantly open to all the world. The well of oaths, the well of the seeing and the living, the old oak of Mamre, the attesting heap of stones; such were the rude, but august monuments of the sanctity of contracts? on those monuments no man durst lay a sacrilegious hand; public and private faith were better secured by the guaranty of those dumb witnesses, than they are at present by all the vain rigor of the laws.

In the administration of government, the subjects were dazzled by the external pomp of royal authority. The great emblems of dignity, a throne, a sceptre, a purple robe, a crown, a diadem, were sacred things in their eyes. The respect shewn to those emblems, created a veneration for the person that wore them; without troops, or menaces, he spoke and was obeyed. What is the consequence of their affecting to abolish those emblems*? The idea of royal majesty is obliterated in the breasts of the people.

Kings

* The Roman catholic clergy have very judiciously retained those signs, and after their example a few republics, among others that of Venice. Hence the Venetian government, notwithstanding its present decline, still enjoys the entire affection and veneration of the people, by preserving the external appearance of its ancient grandeur. And next to the Pope, adorned with his triple crown, there is not perhaps a king, potentate, or man upon earth, so greatly respected as the Doge of Venice, though possessed of no power or authority, but rendered sacred by his external pomp, and attired under his ducal cap with a woman's head-dress. The ceremony of the bucentaur, which sets so many fools a laughing, would make the Venetian populace spill every drop of their blood for the support of that tyrannical government.

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Kings are no longer obeyed than they have troops to enforce their commands; and the veneration of subjects entirely consists in the fear of punishment. Monarchs have not the trouble of wearing their diadems, nor grandees the ensigns of their dignity; but they must have a hundred thousand arms always in readiness, to secure the execution of their orders. Notwithstanding this may look magnificent, perhaps, in their eye; it is easy to foresee that the exchange will not in the end turn out to their advantage.

The eloquence of the ancients was productive of the most surprising effects; but this eloquence did not consist merely in an elegant arrangement of expressions: on the contrary, it never was more persuasive than when the orator had less recourse to words. The most animated part was not expressed by speech, but by signs; it was not spoken, but demonstrated. This exhibition of the object strikes the imagination, excites curiosity, keeps the mind in suspense, and oftentimes is sufficient of itself to persuade. Thrasybulus and Tarquin, cutting off the heads of poppies, Alexander applying his seal to the mouth of his favourite, Diogenes walking before Zeno, expressed themselves much stronger, than if they had made long harangues. What circumlocution must they have used to express those ideas! Darius having marched his army into Scythia, received a message from the king of that country, with a bird, a frog, a mouse, and five arrows. The messenger delivered the present, and turned back without saying a word. In our days, this man would have passed for a fool. This terrible harangue was understood, and

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and Darius used all possible expedition to get back to his own country. Substitute a letter in the place of those signs; the more it abounded in menaces, the less it would have intimidated; it would have been only a rodomontade, capable of exciting Darius' laughter.

How great the attention of the Romans to the language of signs! Vestments according to the difference of age and condition; the toga, or the sagum, the bulla and the prætexta, the laticlaves, the curule chairs, lictors, fasces, axes, crowns of gold, of oaken boughs, or wreaths of laurel, ovations, triumphs; every thing, in short, with them, was pomp and ceremony, and made an impression as such on the minds of the citizens. It was a matter of consequence to the state, that the people should, or should not assemble in such a place; that they either saw, or did not see the capitol; that they either did, or did not turn towards the senate; and that their debates should be on such a particular day, preferably to all others. Persons accused of crimes, changed their dress; candidates for offices did the same; warriors did not boast of their exploits, but shewed their wounds. If one of our modern orators were to attempt to excite the passions of the people, upon the death of Cæsar; he would exhaust all the common places of his art, in giving a pathetic description of his wounds, and of his body all covered with blood: Antony, though famed for eloquence, did not say a word of this; he caused the dead body to be exposed before the people. How persuasive a rhetoric!

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like a great many others; and my digressions are too frequent to be long and tolerable. I return now to the point.

Never enter into mere reasoning with young people. Clothe your reason with an outward garment, if you are willing it should have an effect. The language of the mind must penetrate the heart, to secure conviction. I repeat it once more, that bare arguments may determine our opinion, but not our actions; they make us believe, but do not put us in motion: they demonstrate what we ought to think, but not what we should do. If this be true in regard to the state of manhood, how much stronger is the argument with respect to young people, still captivated by their senses, who do not exert their rational powers so often as they give loose to their imagination.

I shall therefore take care, even after the preparations above mentioned, not to bolt suddenly into Emilius' apartment, and to make him a long heavy discourse on the subject in which I intend to instruct him. I shall begin with striking his imagination; I shall chuse a proper time and place, and such objects as are most likely to favour the impression I intend to make; I shall invite all nature, as it were, to be witness to our conversation; I shall call on the supreme Creator of the universe to attest the truth of my discourse; I shall chuse him for a judge between Emilius and me; I shall mark the place where we are, the rocks, the groves, the mountains that environ us, as monuments of our mutual engagements; my eyes, my accent, my gesture, shall breathe that enthusiastic ardor,
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with which I want to inspire him. Then I shall talk to him, and he will listen to me; I shall be affected, and he will feel himself moved. Fired with the sanctity of my office, I shall give him a much stronger sense of his duty; I shall animate the force of reasoning with images and figures; I shall not be tedious and diffuse with insipid arguments, but full of sentiments, the overflowings of my soul; my reasons shall be grave and sententious, but my heart shall never know when to finish. Then upon mentioning all that I have done for him, I shall represent it in such a manner, as if it were done for myself; in the tenderness of my affection, he will behold the reason of all my cares. What a surprize and agitation must I occasion in his breast, by changing my language all of a sudden! Instead of narrowing his heart by continually talking to him about his interest, I intend henceforward to mention only my own, and shall make a stronger impression upon him; I shall animate him with those tender sentiments of friendship, generosity, and gratitude, which I have raised and cherished with such care, in his youthful breast. I shall press him to my bosom, my eyes bedewed with tears of affection. I shall tell him, "O my child, in thee I place my whole good; for thee I have laboured, from thee I expect my happiness; shouldst thou disappoint my hopes, thou bereavest me of twenty years of life, and must render my old age unfortunate!" This is the way of gaining a youth's attention, and imprinting your words in the bottom of his heart.

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of the manner in which a governor ought to instruct his pupil on critical occasions. I had a mind to do the same on this; but, after several essays, I gave up the point, being convinced, that the French tongue is too delicate to bear the simplicity of the first instructions on some particular subjects, when committed to writing.

The French, you will say, is the chastest of all languages; for my part, I believe it to be the most obscene; for the chastity of language does not, as I apprehend, consist in carefully avoiding some immodest turns of speech, but in not having them at all. Indeed, to avoid them, we must have them in our thoughts; and in no language is it more difficult to talk with decency on every subject, than in French. The reader more dexterous in discovering, than the author in avoiding, obscene meanings, is scandalized and frightened at every thing. Is it possible for an expression to pass through impure ears, and not to be fouled with some part of their ordure? On the contrary, a people of good morals have proper terms for every subject; and these are always modest, because they are never employed but in a modest sense. It is impossible to imagine a chaster language than that of the Bible; and this is, because every thing is mentioned there with great simplicity. To render those very expressions immodest, you have only to translate them into French. The words I should make use of to my Emilius, would be entirely modest and chaste to his ear: but none but persons of his purity of heart would find them so in the perusal.

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purity of language, and on the false delicacy of vice, might find a proper place in discourses on morality to which our subject leads us; for in learning the language of modesty, a youth ought likewise to acquire that of decency, and know why there happens to be so great a difference between those two. Be that as it may, I maintain, that, instead of the idle precepts with which the ears of youth are continually stunned, and which are derided at an age when they would be more seasonable, if we were to wait for the proper time, and to prepare our pupil for receiving instruction; if we were then to set before him the laws of nature in their full extent; if we were to acquaint him with the sanction of those very laws in the physical and moral evils, which are inflicted on the guilty transgressors; if in speaking to him of the inconceivable mystery of generation, we were to connect the idea of allurements, which the Author of nature has given to this operation, with that of exclusive attachment, which renders it so delicious, and that of the duties of fidelity and modesty, by which it is surrounded, and which greatly heighten its charms; if in giving him a picture of marriage, we were to represent it not only as the most delightful state in human society, but likewise as the most sacred and inviolate of all contracts; and if we were also to tell him all the reasons which render this tie so sacred and so respectable to mankind, and which devote those to infamy, who presume to violate the marriage-bed; if we were to paint the horror of debauchery in its true colours, to represent its brutal stupidity, and the insensible bias by which the first

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disorder leads to all the rest, and at length hurries us on to that which proves our destruction; if, I say, we were to demonstrate to him, in what manner chastity is connected with bodily health, with strength, courage, and other virtues, even with love itself, and all the real blessings of life, I maintain, that we should make him fall in love with this same chastity, and find him extremely ready to embrace the means which he has been taught to preserve it; for so long as it is preserved, we respect it; never is it despised, till after it is lost.

It is not true, that our proclivity to evil is unconquerable, and that we are not at liberty to surmount it, before we have acquired the habit of yielding to its impulse. Aurelius Victor mentions several men, so transported with love, as to purchase a night's enjoyment with Cleopatra at the loss of their lives; a sacrifice not at all inconsistent with the intemperance of passion. But suppose the greatest madman whatever, one who had the least command over his passions, was to see the apparatus of his execution, and was sure to perish in the most exquisite torture within a quarter of an hour; this man, from that instant, would not only be superior to such a temptation, but would find very little difficulty in surmounting it; the frightful idea with which it was accompanied, would divert him from it; so that meeting with a continual repulse, it would be tired of renewing its attacks. It is the want of will that constitutes our weakness; we are always strong enough, if we have but a good will. *Volenti nihil difficile.* Oh! that our detestation of vice was but as strong as our

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love of life, we should then refrain from an agreeable crime with the same ease, as we would from a deadly poison administered in a delicious draught.

How comes it that the instructions given to a youth on this subject are all ineffectual? Is it not obvious, that this is owing to their not being proportioned to his years, and that it behoves every stage of life to have reason adorned with such a dress as shall render it lovely to the eye? Speak to him with an air of gravity when you think proper, but let your words have always such an attractive force as shall induce him to hear you with attention. Do not combat his desires with a stoical indifference, do not stifle his fancy, but assist it as a guide, for fear it should generate monsters. Talk to him of love, of women, of pleasures; let him find such charms in your conversation, as shall win his youthful heart; spare no pains to gain his confidence; thus, and thus only, you will really become his master; you need not be then afraid that he will be tired of your conversation; on the contrary, he will make you talk more than you care for.

There is not the least doubt, but that if I have been able to take all the necessary precautions agreeable to these maxims, and to converse with my Emilius in the manner suitable to his present progress in years, he will advance of himself to the point to which I would conduct him; impatient to put himself under my protection, and frightened at the perils with which he is surrounded, he will say to me with all the fire and sensibility of youth: "O my friend, my
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“ protector, my master ! resume the authority
 “ you want to resign, at the very critical time
 “ when it behoves me most you should preserve
 “ it ; hitherto you have enjoyed it on the ac-
 “ count of my weakness, now you possess it
 “ from my choice, and I shall therefore hold it
 “ more sacred. Defend me against all my e-
 “ nemies that encompass me, and especially a-
 “ gainst those whom I carry about me, and by
 “ whom I am betrayed ; watch over your own
 “ work, that it may do you honour. I am
 “ willing to obey your laws, I am willing to
 “ obey them for ever ; this is my firm resolu-
 “ tion : if ever I disobey your orders, it will be
 “ against my will ; set me free, by upholding
 “ me against my passions, which attack me with
 “ violence ; do not permit him to be their slave,
 “ but oblige me to be my own master, by not
 “ submitting to my sensual desires, but to the
 “ dictates of reason.”

When you have conducted your pupil so far,
 (and if you miscarry in this, it is your own
 fault,) have a care you do not take him too
 quick at his word, lest, if ever your authority
 should appear too heavy a yoke, he should think
 himself entitled to shake it off, under a notion
 of having been surpris'd. Here it is that re-
 serve and gravity will be properly placed ; and
 your talking to him in that tone, will be so much
 the more effectual, as it will be the first time
 that he observed it.

You will therefore say to him, “ Young man,
 “ you enter very lightly into painful engage-
 “ ments ; you ought thoroughly to understand
 “ their nature, before you can obtain a right to

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“ form them; you know not with what impe-
 “ tuosity the sensual passions drag such youths
 “ as you into the gulf of vice, by the allure-
 “ ment of pleasure. You have not an ungene-
 “ rous soul, I know full well; you will never
 “ break your faith; but how often, perhaps,
 “ will you be sorry for having pledged it? How
 “ often will you curse him who loves you, when
 “ to rescue you from the evils by which you
 “ are menaced, he will find himself obliged to
 “ pierce you to the heart! As Ulysses, allured
 “ with the enchanting voice of the Syrens, call-
 “ ed out to his people to untie him, just so will
 “ you desire to break your chains, when once
 “ you give way to the enticement of pleasure;
 “ you will importune me with your complaints,
 “ you will reproach me with my tyrannical be-
 “ haviour; when I shall be affectionately em-
 “ ployed about your preservation; studying to
 “ procure your happiness, I shall incur your a-
 “ version. O my Emilius! I shall never be a-
 “ ble to bear the pain of being odious in your
 “ sight; even your happiness is too dear at that
 “ price. My good young man, do not you see,
 “ that by laying yourself under an obligation to
 “ obey me, you will oblige me, to conduct
 “ you; to forget myself, in order to devote my
 “ whole time to your welfare; to be deaf to
 “ your murmurings and complaints, and to be
 “ perpetually at war both with your desires and
 “ mine? You subject me to a yoke much hea-
 “ vier than your own. Before we engage in
 “ this undertaking, let us both consult our
 “ strength; take your time, and let me have
 “ leisure to reflect on it; and remember, that
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“ he who is slowest in promising, is always the
 “ most exact observer of his word.”

You should also remember, that the more difficulties you start in regard to this engagement, the easier it will be carried into execution. The youth, by all means, should be made sensible that he promises a great deal, and you still more than he. When the critical moment is arrived, and he has signed, as it were, the contract, then you must change your language, and shew as much lenity in your administration as you seemed to threaten severity. You will say to him thus: “ My young man, you want experience, but I have taken care you should
 “ have no want of reason. You are capable of
 “ seeing thoroughly into the motives of my
 “ conduct; and for this you need only to wait
 “ till your head be quite cool. Be sure you be-
 “ gin always with obeying my orders, and then
 “ you may ask me my reason, which I shall be
 “ ready to give you, as soon as you are in a
 “ condition to understand me; and I shall ne-
 “ ver be afraid to take you for my judge. You
 “ promise to be docile; and for my part, I en-
 “ gage to make use of this docility, only to
 “ render you the happiest of mortals. The si-
 “ tuation you have hitherto enjoyed, shall be a
 “ security for my performing my word. Show
 “ me a person of your youthful years that has
 “ spent his time so agreeably as you, and I will
 “ promise you nothing further.”

As soon as my authority is established, my first care shall be to guard against any necessity of making use of it. I shall spare no pains to conciliate his affection every day more and more,

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to gain the empire of his heart, and to be the supreme ruler of his pleasures. Instead of opposing, I shall consult his youthful inclinations, in order to have them under my direction; I shall enter into his designs, to the end that I may conduct them; and I shall not endeavour to procure him a distant good, at the expence of his present happiness. I am not willing that he should be happy only for once, but, if possible, for ever.

Those who pretend to be the sage conductors of youth, and to preserve them from the danger of sensual pleasures, are always sure to give them a horrid picture of love, and to represent it as a crime for them to think of it at their age; as if this noble passion were made only for old fellows. The heart contradicts these false lessons, and is never persuaded. The youth, directed by a surer instinct, laughs in his sleeve at the musty rules, in which he pretends to acquiesce, and only waits for the proper opportunity to render them abortive. This is all contrary to nature. By pursuing a different method, I shall be surer to attain the same end. I shall not be afraid to flatter that agreeable passion with which he is so vastly affected; I shall represent it to him as the supreme happiness of life, because it is really such; and in drawing this picture of it, I shall consent to his indulging this inclination. By rendering him sensible of the charms which an union of hearts adds to the allurements of sense, I shall give him a disrelish to debauchery, and render him wise, by inspiring him with love.

A person must be very weak sighted, indeed, to discern no more than one obstacle to the lessons

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fons of reason in the growing desires of youth ! For my part, those desires plainly point out to me the real method of rendering him docile to reason. The passions can never be mastered but by themselves : by their empire you must combat their tyranny ; and the proper instruments for regulating them must be drawn from nature itself.

Emilius was not formed to live always a solitary life ; as a member of society he ought to fulfil its duties. Framed to live and converse with men, he should know them. He knows mankind in general ; it remains for him to be acquainted with individuals. He has a knowledge of what is doing in the world ; he must now learn their manner of life. It is time to shew him the outside of this great stage, after he has had a thorough insight into all its internal machinery. He will not behave with the stupid admiration of an ignorant youth, but with the discernment of a man of sense. His passions may deceive him, no doubt ; and where is the instance of their not deceiving every body that indulges them ? But this, at least, may be said, he will not be seduced by those of others. If he perceives them, he will view them with the eye of a sage, without being led away by example, or deluded by prejudice.

As there is a proper age for studying the sciences, so there is a time of life for learning to know the world. Whoever enters upon the latter too young, will follow it all his life without judgment, reflection, or choice ; and though with self-conceit, yet without well-knowing what he is about. But he who learns this know-
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ledge, and sees into its reasons, will behave with more prudence and discernment, and of course more politely, and with a better grace. Give me a child at twelve years of age, entirely ignorant of letters, and at fifteen I shall make him as knowing as yours whom you instructed from his earliest years; with this difference, that your boy's knowledge will consist altogether in his memory, whereas that of my pupil will depend on his judgment. In like manner, suppose you introduce a youth of twenty into the world; if he is under good direction, he shall in a year become more amiable, and be more judiciously polished, than he who has been bred there from his infancy: for the former being able to perceive the reason of the several proceedings relative to age, state, and sex, which constitute this knowledge, may reduce them into principles, and extend them to cases unforeseen; whereas the latter going by rote, without any other rule, is puzzled as soon as ever he departs from it.

In France, the young ladies are all brought up in convents, until they are disposed of in wedlock. Does it appear that they have any difficulty to learn those new airs and behaviour? And will the married women in Paris be accused of having an awkward carriage, and no knowledge of the world, because they were not initiated into it in their infancy? This is a prejudice of the people of the world themselves, who knowing nothing of more importance than this petty science, have a mistaken notion, that a person cannot begin too early to acquire it.

True it is, that we must not, on the other hand,

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hand, defer this part of education too long. Whoever spends his whole youth quite retired from the world, is sure to distinguish himself the remainder of his days, by an air of force and constraint, by a perpetual blundering in his discourse, by a clumsiness and inelegance of manners, which his future habit of life will never be able to remove; on the contrary, his endeavouring to get rid of those blemishes, will only expose him to greater ridicule. Every kind of instruction has its proper season, which we ought to know, and its dangers which we ought to avoid. On this occasion especially they all unite; neither do I expose my pupil to them without precaution, in order to preserve him from harm.

Whenever my method answers all the different views of the same object, and by guarding against one inconveniency prevents another, then I judge that it is the true method, and that I am in the right. This is the case in regard to the expedient which it suggested to me on the present occasion. Should I attempt to be austere and harsh with my pupil, I lose his confidence, and he will soon conceal his sentiments from me. Should I be complaisant and easy, or shut my eyes, of what use is it to him to be under my care? I only give a sanction to his irregularity, and soothe his conscience at the expence of my own. If I introduce him into life, only with the intent of instruction, he will learn a great deal more than I would have him. If I keep him away till the very latter end of all, what shall he have learned of me? Every thing perhaps but the art most necessary for him, both

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as a man and as a citizen, that of knowing how to live and converse with his equals. Should I point out too remote a prospect to his endeavours, he will set very slight on it, for he values nothing but the time present; if I am content to supply him with amusements, what advantage does he receive from me? He grows effeminate, and gains no instruction.

But this is not at all the case: my method alone provides against every inconveniency.—
 “Thy heart,” I say to the youth, “has need
 “of a female companion; let us go in search of
 “one that will be suitable to thy state; perhaps
 “it will not be so easy to find her; real merit
 “is always scarce; but let us not be in a hurry,
 “let us not be discouraged. No doubt but
 “such a one exists, and we shall find her at
 “last, or at least one bordering upon her per-
 “fections.” With a prospect so pleasing to his
 fancy, I introduce him into the world; what
 need I say more? Do not you perceive that I
 have done the business?

In drawing the picture of the person I design for his spouse, I leave you to imagine, whether I shall be able to conciliate his attention; whether I shall be capable of giving him a taste and inclination for those qualifications which he ought to love; whether I shall have it in my power to determine him, in regard to the object worthy of his pursuit? I should be the most unfit for my office of any man in the world, if I do not make him fall in love with her, without knowing her person. Little does it import whether the object I describe to him be imaginary or not; it is sufficient if it gives him a dis-
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like to every other that may happen to lay snares for him; it is sufficient, if, wherever he goes, he finds such comparisons as shall induce him to prefer his chimera to the object before him: and what is real love itself, but chimera, deception, and dream? We are more in love with the image we frame to our minds, than with the object to which it is applied. Were we to behold what we love, exactly as it is, love would be banished from the face of the earth. When we cease to love, the object continues still the same as before, but we do not view it in the same light. The curtain of deception drops, and the passion vanishes. Now, by supplying him with an imaginary object, I am master of the comparisons, and I easily prevent the delusion of real objects.

I would not for all that be for deceiving a young man, by sketching out to him such a model of perfection, as no where exists; but I shall pitch upon a spouse for him with such defects as shall hit his taste, shall please him, and help to correct his own. Neither would I tell him a lie, by affirming falsely, that the object whose picture I have drawn does really exist; but if he likes the picture, he will be desirous of seeing the original. From desire to supposition, the transition is easy; this will only cost you a few artful descriptions, which, with the help of some masterly strokes, will clothe the imaginary object with a greater resemblance of truth. I would go so far as to name her; I should tell him smiling, Let us call your future spouse *Sophia*; *Sophia* is a name of good omen; if the person you chuse to be your companion
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does not bear that name, at least she will be worthy of it; and we may previously honour the lady with this title. After all these particulars, if, without affirming or denying, you get off by evasions, his suspicions will be changed into certainty; he will really believe that you are making a mystery of the person you design to be his spouse, and that he shall see her at a proper time. When once you have got him so far, and have drawn a right sketch of her features, all the rest is easy; you may introduce him into life almost without danger; only guard his senses, his heart is quite safe.

But whether the model which I have endeavoured to render amiable to him, be realized or not, if it be drawn in a masterly manner, it will inspire him with as strong an attachment to every thing that resembles it, and as great a dislike to what has no resemblance, as if the object was real. What an advantage this must be, to preserve his heart against the dangers to which his person must be exposed; to restrain his senses by means of his imagination; and especially to rescue him from the hands of those mistresses of education, who make a youth pay for it so very dear, and form him to politeness, by divesting him of his modesty! Sophia is so bashful and chaste! with what eye will he view their forward advances? Sophia had so much simplicity! how will he be able to put up with their airs! There is so great a distance between the ideal object, and those he sees in life, that there is no danger of his being hurt by the latter.

All those who treat of the government of children,

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children, follow the same prejudices and maxims, because they are ill observers, and worse reflectors. The first irregularities of youth are not owing to their constitution, or to sensual passion, but to opinion. Were we treating here of boys educated in colleges, or young ladies brought up in convents, I could shew that this remark is true even in respect to them; for the first lessons they both learn, and the only ones productive of effect, are those of vice; and it is not nature that corrupts them, but example; but let us leave the borders in colleges and nunneries to their bad behaviour; it is past remedy. I am speaking only of domestic education. Take a youth that has been prudently brought up, under his father's eye, in some distant province, and examine him the moment he comes to Paris, and enters into life; you will find he has just notions of virtue and decency, and that even his inclinations are as uncorrupt as his understanding. You will see he has a contempt for vice, and an horror for debauchery. At the bare mentioning the name of a prostitute, you may perceive his innocence put to the blush. I maintain there is not a youth thus educated, that could have the resolution to enter by himself into the haunts of those unfortunates, even if he were to know the use of them, and to feel an impulse of nature.

But, at the end of six months, observe the young spark again, and you will not know him to be the same person. From his loose discourse, his proud conceits, his air, his gait quite disengaged, you would conclude him to be somebody else, if his jesting on his former simplicity,

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and his blushing whenever he is put in mind of it, did not prove his identity, and that he is ashamed of it. How strangely is he metamorphosed in so short a time? And whence proceeds this great and sudden change? From his constitution. His constitution surely would not have made that progress at home, nor would he have learned those conceits, and those insolent airs. From the first pleasures of enjoyment? Quite the contrary. When first a youth indulges those desires, he is afraid, he is uneasy; he shuns the light, and every noisy interruption. The first pleasures are ever mysterious; they are seasoned with modesty, and taken by stealth; the first mistress a youth enjoys, does not render him impudent, but rather inspires him with fear. Quite absorbed in the novelty of his situation, he thinks only of the pleasure it affords him, and is under continual apprehension of losing it. If he is tumultuous, he has not yet felt the delicate passion; so long as he boasts of favours, you may conclude he has not tasted the sweets of fruition.

These differences are entirely owing to another way of thinking. His heart is still the same, but his opinion is changed. His sensations, being more difficult to alter, will alter at length of themselves, and then only he will be really debauched. Scarce is he introduced into the world, when he receives a second education, quite opposite to the first; whereby he learns to despise what before he esteemed, and to esteem what he despised; he is made to look upon the instructions of his parents and masters, as pedantic jargon; and the duties they have
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preached up to him, as rules only for the conduct of boys which he should hold in contempt when he comes to be a man. He thinks himself obliged in honour to alter his whole behaviour; and thus he enters into gallantry without either affection or desire, and grows insipid through false shame. He ridicules a moral conduct, before he has acquired a relish for vice; and boasts of debauch, without knowing how to be a debauchee. I shall never forget the confession of a young officer in the Swiss guards, who was greatly tired with the tumultuous pleasures of his comrades, yet durst not but come into them, for fear of being laughed at. "Tho' I hate this noise, I accustom myself to it, as I do to taking snuff; one must not be always a child."

Thus you see, that a young man, on his entering into the world, requires greater care to preserve him from the prejudices of vanity, than from sensual pleasures; because he is more apt to yield to the inclinations of others, than to his own; and self-love makes more libertines than love.

This being premised, I would fain know whether there be a youth upon earth better armed than mine, against every thing that is capable of hurting his morals, his sentiments, and principles of good conduct? Whether there be another more prepared to stem the torrent? For where is the evil or the snare, against which he is not guarded? If his inclinations attract him towards the fair sex, he does not find the object he is in pursuit of; so that his heart being prepossessed, he is restrained from indulging his

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desires. If he is uneasy under the impulse of passion, how will he be able to gratify it? His aversion to adultery and whoredom, is equally a check to his engaging either with common, or with married women; and it is generally with one of those two conditions that the debauchery of youth commences. A young maid may be a coquette; but she will not be void of shame; she will not prostitute herself to a young man, who may possibly espouse her, if he thinks her virtuous; and besides, she has somebody to inspect her conduct. Emilius, on the other hand, will not be entirely left to himself; both of them will have at least the guard of fear and shame, inseparable from the first desires; they will not pass all at once to the last familiarities, nor will they have time enough to proceed gradually without obstructions. Before he can behave otherwise, he must have been instructed by his comrades, he must have learned of them to make a jest of modesty, and to imitate their insolence. But what man upon earth is less an imitator than Emilius? What man is less swayed by raillery, than he who has no prejudices, and can make no allowance for those of others? I have laboured hard full twenty years, to arm him against scoffers, so that it must be a good while before they will be able to make him their dupe. In regard to ridicule, he considers it as the reason of fools; and nothing renders a man more insensible to raillery, than to be superior to opinion. Instead of pleasantry and jests, he requires sound arguments; and so long as he adheres to that notion, I am not afraid of his being carried off by young fops. I have conscience and truth on my

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my side. If prejudice must be concerned, an attachment of twenty years is something; he will never be made to believe that I have taken up his time with unprofitable lectures; and when there is an upright and affectionate heart, the advice of one honest faithful friend will prevail over the insinuations of twenty seducers. As the point then is only to convince his understanding, that they intend to deceive him, and that by treating him as a man, they really behave to him as an infant; I shall affect to be always plain, but grave and perspicuous in my arguments, to the end that he may perceive it is I who treat him as a man. I shall tell him: “ You see, that my advice is owing to the regard I have for your interest, which indeed is also mine. But why do those young people endeavour to persuade you? It is, that they would fain impose upon you: they have no affection for your person, they take no share in what concerns you; their only motive is a secret envy and spite, to see that you are in greater esteem than themselves; they want to lower you to their little standard, and they upbraid you with suffering yourself to be governed, only that they may govern you. Can you expect to be any gainer by this change? Is their knowledge superior, and their attachment so much stronger than mine? To give weight to their raillery, they should have some authority; now, what authority or experience have they to pretend, that their rules are preferable to mine? They only follow the example of other giddy fellows, in hopes of being imitated one day in their turn. To

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“ raise themselves above the pretended preju-
 “ dices of their parents; they are enslaved to
 “ those of their companions. I do not see what
 “ they can gain by this, but I plainly perceive
 “ that they forego two considerable advantages;
 “ that of paternal affection, whose counsels are
 “ tender and sincere; and that of experience,
 “ which makes us judge of what we know; for
 “ parents have been children, but children have
 “ not as yet been parents.

“ But do you believe that they are at least
 “ sincere in their foolish maxims? They are e-
 “ ven far from that, my dear Emilius; they
 “ deceive themselves to deceive you; they are
 “ quite inconsistent. They are incessantly con-
 “ tradicted by their conscience, and frequent-
 “ ly by their lips. Such a person turns every
 “ thing modest and virtuous into ridicule, tho’
 “ he would be stark mad, if his wife were to be
 “ of the same way of thinking. Another will
 “ carry his indifference concerning morals, e-
 “ ven so far as the person to whom he is be-
 “ trothed, and to complete his infamy, even to
 “ his actual wife: but proceed a little farther,
 “ talk to him about his mother, ask him whe-
 “ ther he would chuse to be the fruit of adulte-
 “ ry, or to be the son of a prostitute, in order
 “ to usurp the name of a family, and to divest
 “ the legitimate heir of his right; in a word,
 “ whether he would patiently submit to be
 “ deemed a bastard? Is there one of them all
 “ that would chuse his daughter should undergo
 “ the same disgrace, as that which he brings
 “ upon another man’s? Is there one of them
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“ life, were you to put those principles in practice in regard to him, with which he has been endeavouring to poison your mind? Thus do they at length betray their inconsistency, and prove evidently that not one of them believes what he affirms. These are my reasons, dear Emilius; weigh theirs, if they have any, and compare them. Were I to make use of contempt and raillery, as they do, you would see them as open to ridicule as I, and perhaps much more so. But I am not afraid of a serious inquiry. The triumph of scoffers is short-lived; truth remains, and their foolish laughter vanishes like smoke.

You cannot imagine that Emilius would have so much docility at the age of twenty. How differently do we think! But I am incapable of conceiving how he could be so docile at ten; for what influence had I over him at that time of life? It required fifteen years labour and care, for me to gain this influence. I was then concerned in his education. I was preparing him to be my pupil; he has now received a sufficient stock to be docile, he knows the voice of friendship, and is capable of paying a due deference to reason. It is true, I let him enjoy the appearance of independence; but he was never more submissive to me, because his submission is owing to his own will. While I was incapable of gaining the dominion of his will, I was master of his person; and I never suffered him to be out of my sight. Since he is grown up, I leave him sometimes to himself, because I have him always under my government. At parting I embrace him, and say to him with an air of

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confidence: Emilius, I commit thee to the care of my friend; I consign thee to his honest heart; he will be answerable for thee.

It is not easy to debauch a sound mind, that has not been previously vitiated, or to cancel the principles immediately flowing from the light of reason. If any change should happen during my absence, it would not be of long duration; neither could it well be concealed from my knowledge, so as to prevent my foreseeing the danger, and being in time to remedy the evil. As youth are seldom depraved, but by degrees, neither do they all at once learn to dissemble; and if ever man was unskilled in this art, it is Emilius, who never in his life had occasion to make use of it.

By these and such like precautions, I think him so well guarded against external objects, and worldly maxims, that I had much rather see him in the midst of the worst company at Paris, than alone in his apartment, or in a grove, a prey to inquietude, so natural to persons at his time of life. In vain do you strive against the stream; of all the enemies capable of disturbing the happiness of a young man, the most dangerous, and the only one he cannot get rid of, is himself: yet that this enemy is so dangerous, is our own fault; for, as I often mentioned to you, it is the fancy alone that awakens the senses. Their wants are not properly physical or real. If a lascivious object had never presented itself before our eyes, if a lewd idea had never come into our heads, perhaps we should never have felt this pretended want, and should have continued chaste, without either temptation, struggle, or merit.

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You know not what fermentations are privately excited in youthful blood, under some particular circumstances, and at certain exhibitions, without their being capable of discovering the cause of that first inquietude, which is not so easy to pacify, and which soon redoubles its fury. For my part, the more I reflect on this important crisis, the more I am convinced that an hermit brought up in a desert, without books, instructions, or women, would be chaste till the day of his death, happen when it would.

But a savage of that kind is out of the question, in educating a human creature for society, it is improper, nay it is impossible, to bring him up always in that salutary ignorance; and to be only half-learned, is the greatest hindrance to wisdom. The remembrance of the objects by which we were agreeably affected, and the pleasing ideas we have acquired, follow us into our retreat, and disturb it with images far more luscious and bewitching than the objects themselves: solitude then becomes as fatal to the persons haunted by those images, as it is useful to such as have always lived alone.

You must therefore watch the youth with the utmost care, he will be able to guard against every thing else; but it is you that must defend him against himself. Never leave him alone either by day or by night; at least, I would advise you to lie in his apartment. As soon as you confine yourself no longer to instinct, place no confidence in it; while it acts alone, it is a good director; but it becomes suspected, when it is intermixed with human institutions: you must not destroy it, but bring it under regulation; and

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and this perhaps is more difficult than to demolish it. Were it ever to teach your pupil, how to deceive his senses, and to supply the opportunities of satisfying them, it would be extremely dangerous: when once he knows this hazardous experiment, he is utterly undone. His body and mind become enervated, and while he lives, he will feel the effects of that habit, the most pernicious that a youth can be enslaved to. Without doubt it would be much better——If the heat and impetuosity of thy constitution becomes irresistible, my dear Emilius, I lament thy fate, but I shall not hesitate a single moment; I cannot suffer the intention of nature to be eluded. If thou art to be overpowered by a tyrant, I had much rather thou should submit to him from whose yoke I am able to set thee free: let what will happen, I can rescue thee more easily from the fair than from thyself.

Till the age of twenty the body continues to grow, and has need of its whole substance; continence is then agreeable to the order of nature, and the violation of it is generally detrimental to the constitution. After twenty, this same virtue becomes a moral duty; its importance is shewn by learning us the art of self-government, and that of mastering our passions and appetites; but moral duties have their modifications, their exceptions, and rules. When human imbecillity renders an alternative unavoidable, of two evils prefer the least; in all conditions whatever, it is more eligible to commit a fault, than to contract a vicious habit.

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Remember I am not speaking at present of my pupil, but of yours. As you have suffered his passions to ferment, they overpower you; therefore make your submission to him openly, and do not disguise your defeat. If you are capable of representing his victory to him in its full light, he will be rather ashamed than proud of it; and he will suffer you to lead him through the mazes of error, so as to prevent his tumbling from precipices. The disciple ought to do nothing but what the master knows and consents to, not even a bad action; it is a hundred times better that the governor should be mistaken in approving a fault, than if he were deceived by his pupil, and the fault committed without his being privy to it. He who thinks himself obliged to connive at such things, will soon be reduced to the necessity of winking on every occasion; the tollerating of the first abuse brings on another, and so on, till you arrive at the contempt of law, and general subversion of order.

Another error I have already combated, but which is impossible to be extirpated out of weak minds, is constantly to affect a magisterial air, and to seem as if you wanted to pass for an accomplished man in the eye of your disciple. This method is contrary to good sense. Is it not obvious, that by endeavouring thus to strengthen, you destroy your authority; that to command attention, you must put yourself in the place of the person you address, and that you must be a man to talk persuasively to the human breast? None of those accomplished masters have the art of persuasion; those who hear them, say
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to themselves, It is easy to combat passions, without the least degree of sensibility. Disclose your foibles to your pupil, if you are willing he should be cured of his; let him see that you undergo the same conflict as he; let him learn of you to conquer, and not to say like the rest, "These old fellows are vexed that they have lost their youthful vigour, and therefore want to treat young people as if they were of the same age as themselves; because their powers are extinguished, they pretend to look upon ours as criminal."

Montaigne takes notice, that he asked the Lord de Langey, how often he had made himself drunk for the king's service, during his negotiations in Germany? I should be glad to ask the governor of a certain young gentleman, how often he entered into a place of ill repute for the service of his pupil? How often? Surely I am mistaken. If the young libertine does not, from the very first time, lose all desire of returning, if he does not bring back with him the strongest sentiments of shame and remorse, if he does not bedew your bosom with a flood of tears, quit him immediately; either he is a monster, or you are a fool, and consequently incapable of doing him any service. But let us have done with these dangerous, these melancholy expedients, which, being used only in cases of extremity, have no sort of relation to our plan.

What an immense deal of precaution must be taken with a young gentleman, before we suffer him to launch out into the dangerous sea of this corrupt world! this precaution is troublesome, but very necessary: a neglect of this point is the ruin of youth; by the irregularities of the early
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part of life, mankind degenerate, and become the wretched beings we behold them at present. Mean and dastardly even in their vitious pursuits, they have but little souls, because their bodies have been enervated by early debauchery; they scarce have strength sufficient to move. Their flimsy thoughts expose the futility of their minds; they are incapable of lofty and noble sentiments; they have neither force nor simplicity of expression. Subject to the lowest degree, and basely wicked, they prove themselves to be a compound of vanity, knavery, and falsehood; they have not even courage sufficient for brave wicked men. Such are the contemptible wretches, formed by the corruption of the age. Should there happen to be but one youth among them, who would behave with temperance and sobriety, and preserve himself untainted by the contagion of bad example, at thirty years of age he would be able to crush all those insects, and to become their master with less trouble than he underwent to be his own.

This youth would Emilius be, if he pleased; were birth or fortune to favour him but ever so little; but he would hold those wretches in too great contempt, to be at the trouble of making them his slaves. Let us now take a view of him, in the very midst of them, as he enters into life, not with an intent to make a figure in it, but to know it, and to find a help-mate worthy of himself.

Whatever may be his rank or fortune in life, into whatever society he may be introduced, his first setting out shall be plain and simple. God forbid he should be so unhappy as to want to

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shine: he has not those qualities which strike at first sight. He sets too small a value on the judgment of mankind, to submit to these prejudices; and he does not wish to be esteemed before he is known. His manner of accosting is neither modest nor vain, but natural and true; he knows no restraint or disguise; and in the midst of an assembly, he is just the same as when he is by himself. Will he be therefore rude, or scornful, and void of all regard to company? quite the contrary; though when he lived in retirement, he looked upon the rest of mankind as nothing; does it follow, that he should consider them in the same light when he mingles in society? he does not give them the preference in his outward behaviour, because he does not prefer them in his heart; but, on the other hand, he does not express an indifference towards them, which he is far from entertaining; if he has not the forms of politeness, he has the study of humanity. He does not love to see any person suffer; he will not offer his place to another through affectation, but he will willingly resign it to him out of good-nature, if he thinks him mortified by neglect; for it is less pain to my young man to stand of his own accord, than to see another compelled to that situation.

Though in general Emilius has no esteem for mankind, yet he will not behave towards them with contempt; for he really pities their weakness, and has an affection for the whole species. As he cannot inspire them with a relish for real good, he lets them enjoy those imaginary goods with which they are contented; lest if we should divest them of these, without substituting any thing

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thing in their stead, he should only make them more wretched than before. Hence he neither disputes nor contradicts; neither does he behave with flattery or complaisance; he delivers his opinion without combating that of any man, for he loves liberty above all things, and freedom of speech is one of his chief prerogatives.

He says little, because he does not chuse that others should employ their thoughts about him: for the same reason, what he says is attended with utility; otherwise who would engage him to speak? Emilius is too well bred ever to be a babbler. Loquacity must needs proceed, either from a pretension to wit, of which hereafter, or from the value we set on trifles, thinking foolishly that other people hold them in the same esteem as we. He who has a sufficient knowledge of things, to make a proper estimate of them; never will be guilty of speaking too much; for he knows also how to value the attention with which he is heard, and the interest which the company may have in regard to his discourse. Generally speaking, superficial people are great talkers, and men of real knowledge say but little: it is quite natural that an ignorant fellow should look upon every thing he knows as important, and tell it to all the world. But a man of understanding does not easily open his store; he would have too much to say; and he discerns a great deal that is to be said after him, therefore he is silent.

Instead of restraining the customs or manners of others, Emilius gladly conforms to them; not with a view of appearing well acquainted

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with their customs, nor of affecting the airs of a polite gentleman, but, on the contrary, to avoid being distinguished; and he is never easier than when people take no notice of him.

Though he is stepping into the world, he is absolutely unacquainted with its manners; yet this does not render him in the least timorous: if he conceals himself, it is not owing to embarrassment, but because, to take a proper view, a person must be invisible: what other people think of him does not give him the least uneasiness; nor is he at all afraid of ridicule. Hence it is, that being always tranquil and cool, he is not disturbed by an untimely bashfulness. Whether he is observed or not, he does what he is about to the best of his abilities; and being always concentrated within himself, in order to remark properly on others, he catches the manners or customs of the world with an ease which slaves to opinion could never possibly acquire. It may be said, that he learns the modes of the world the sooner, because he sets but little value on them.

Be not, however, mistaken, in regard to his countenance, and do not go to compare it to that of your young fops. He is firm, and not conceited; his manners are disengaged, but not haughty: insolent airs belong only to slaves; independence has nothing affected. I never beheld a man that had real boldness, express it in his deportment: this is an affectation peculiar to grovelling souls, who have no other way of imposing upon the world. I have read somewhere, that a stranger having one day presented himself before the celebrated Marcel, the latter asked

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asked him his country? *I am an Englishman*, answered the stranger. *You an Englishman!* replied the dancer; *you a native of that island, where private citizens have a share in the public administration, and constitute a part of the legislature *? No, Sir; that downcast look, that mean air, that awkward deportment, plainly denote you to be the titled slave of an elector.*

I know not whether this judgment shews an adequate knowledge of the just relation between the internal state of a man, and his external appearance. For my part, who am not a dancing-master, I should have thought quite the reverse. I should have said, *This Englishman is not a courtier; I never heard it said, that courtiers have a downcast look, a mean air, an awkward deportment: a man may be very bashful at a dancing master's, and yet behave with great boldness in the house of commons.* Surely this M. Marcel must look upon his countrymen as Romans!

Those who are in love, desire to meet with a return; Emilius has an affection for mankind, and therefore is willing to please them. The reason is still stronger why he should be desirous of pleasing the fair sex. His youthful age, his manners, his designs, all concur to cherish this inclination. I say manners; for they have in-

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* As if there were any citizens, who were not members of the city or community; and as such, had not a share in the legislature, or supreme authority. But the French having taken it into their heads to usurp this respectable appellation of citizens, formerly due to the members of the cities in Gaul, have quite altered the idea of it, so that it is no longer intelligible. A person who lately wrote me a letter, containing several absurdities against the new Eloisa, signed himself, *A citizen of Paimbeuff*, thinking it to be an excellent joke.

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this case a very strong effect; men of good manners are real adorers of the ladies. They do not express themselves, as the others, in a ridiculous jargon, by way of gallantry; but they have a more real, a more tender officiousness, which comes from the heart. A man of good manners, and that had a command of his passions, might be easily distinguished in the company of a young lady, from a thousand debauchees. Judge, then, what Emilius must be, with a constitution quite undebauched, and so many reasons to keep it under subjection. As to his behaviour towards the fair, I believe he will be sometimes timid and bashful in their company; but surely this bashfulness will not be disagreeable to them; nay, the least knowing of the sex will but too often divert themselves with his innocent blushes. His officiousness, however, will change its form, according to the difference of conditions. He will behave with greater modesty and respect towards married women, and with more spirit and affection towards young maids. He does not lose sight of his main object, but always pays more attention to whatever puts him in mind of it.

Nobody can be more exact in the several rules of decorum founded on nature, or even on the good order of society: but the former he will ever prefer to the latter: thus he will pay a greater respect to a private person older than himself, than to a magistrate of his own age. Being therefore, for the general, one of the youngest in company, he will be one of the most bashful; not from an affected humility, but from a natural sensation, founded on reason.

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He has not the impertinent airs of a young coxcomb, who, thinking to divert the company, talks much louder than those who know more than himself, and interrupts his seniors in the middle of their discourse. He will not approve, for his part, the answer of an old gentleman to Lewis XIV. who asked him which he preferred, the past, or the present age: *Sire, I spent my youth in paying my respects to old men; and now I must pass my old age in shewing my regard to children.*

Endowed with an affectionate disposition, and great sensibility, but forming no estimate of things merely from opinion; though he is fond of pleasing others, yet he is very indifferent about their esteem. Whence it follows, that he will be more affectionate than polite, that he will shew no airs of insolence and pride, and that he will be more sensibly moved with one embrace, than with a thousand eulogiums. For the same reasons he will not neglect his manners, nor outward deportment; he may even take a little pains about his dress, not to appear a man of taste, but to render his person more agreeable; he will not have recourse to the gold clock in his stockings, nor will he wear such a tawdry dress, as shall appear to be only a token of his wealth.

It is obvious that these particulars do not require, on my side, a great display of instructions, but are the effect of his original education. Some people make a great mystery of the knowledge of the world, as if, at the age in which we acquire this knowledge, it were not learned naturally, and its first principles ought not to be
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founded in honesty. Real politeness consists in expressing our benevolence to mankind; it is easily distinguished by those who are polite themselves; and it is for those who are not, that we are obliged to reduce its forms into an art.

The most pernicious effect of the politeness in fashion, is to teach the art of dispensing with the virtues which it only imitates. Let humanity and benevolence be instilled into youth by their preceptors, and they will have either politeness sufficient, or no occasion for it.

If they are not masters of that politeness which displays itself in a graceful behaviour, they will have that which shews the man of honour and the citizen; there will be no occasion for their having recourse to falsehood and deception.

Instead of using artifices to please, it will be sufficient to be good, instead of being deceitful to humour the foibles of others, they need only be indulgent.

They with whom you behave in this manner, will neither be puffed up with pride, nor debauched; they will be rather grateful to you on this account, and become better men.*

If any kind of education be capable of producing the politeness required here by M. Duclos, I think it is that whose outlines I have been drawing.

I grant, notwithstanding, that, with principles so widely different, Emilius will not be like the rest of the world; and God forbid he should: but those articles in which he differs from others, will render him neither ridiculous nor peevish; the

* Considerations on the manners of the age. By M. Duclos.

the difference will be sensible without creating any inconveniency. Emilius will shew himself, if you will, an amiable stranger. At first they will excuse his singularities, and say, *he will improve.* When afterwards they become accustomed to his manners, and see that he does not change, they will continue to excuse him, and say, *He was brought up in this manner.*

He will not be carested as an amiable person, but he will be beloved without knowing why; nobody will extol his understanding, yet he will be easily appointed umpire between men of genius; his wit will be clear and regular, his sense good, his judgment sound. As he never is fond of hunting after new ideas, he will not boast of his sagacity and wit. I have made him sensible, that all the ideas conducive to the advantage, and real use of man, were the first known; that in all ages they have been the only band of society; and that your superior geniuses can distinguish themselves only by such notions and principles as are fatal to mankind. This manner of raising admiration he does not like: he knows where his happiness lies, and how far he can be instrumental in the felicity of others. The sphere of his knowledge does not extend much further than to real utility. The road he pursues is narrow, but very safe; as he is never tempted to get out of it, he is confounded with those who jog on the same way; he neither is desirous to go astray, nor to make a glittering figure. Emilius is a youth of good sense, and he aims at nothing further; in vain would you attempt to affront him with this appellation; he will always think it an honour.

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Though the desire of pleasing others does not permit him to be absolutely indifferent in regard to their opinion, yet he will mind it no more than as it immediately concerns his person, without troubling his head about arbitrary estimates, founded in mode or prejudice. Whatever he does, he will have the pride of doing it well; and even of desiring to do it better than any body else. At running, he would be glad to be the swiftest; at wrestling the strongest; at work the ablest; and at games of skill the most dexterous: but he will give himself very little trouble about advantages, which are not in themselves evident, and must be determined by the judgment of others, as to have more wit than another, to be more eloquent, more learned, &c. and much less about those which do not depend on his person, as to be of a higher birth, to be reputed more opulent, to be more in credit and esteem, and, in short, to make a great figure. Having a love for mankind, as his fellow-creatures, his affections will be chiefly placed on those who resemble himself the most; because he will be sensible of his own goodness, and judging of all that resemblance, by a conformity of tastes on moral subjects, in whatever partakes of the nature of good, he will be glad to meet with approbation. He will not say to himself, I rejoice, because I am approved of, but because my good actions have met with approbation; I am pleased that the people who do me honour, do honour to themselves; so long as they judge soundly, it will be a credit to gain their esteem.

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he had hitherto attempted to gain from a study of their passions in history, he will have frequent occasion to reflect on the several causes of flattery and offence. This will lead him to investigate the principles of taste; a study suited to his present period of life.

The further we go in search of the definition of taste, the more we are bewildered: taste is only the faculty or power of judging what pleases or displeases the greatest number. Go, beyond that, and you are out of your depth. It does not follow from thence, that there are more men of taste than others; for although the majority form a just judgment of every object, there are few who judge in the same manner of every thing; and though the most general concurrence of tastes constitutes a good one, there are few people of taste; just as there are but few handsome persons, though beauty consists of an assemblage of the most common features.

It is to be observed, that we do not mean here to speak of what is liked for its utility, or hated for a contrary reason. Taste relates only to things indifferent, or at the most to matters of amusement, and not to things connected with our wants; to judge of these, taste is not necessary, the appetite alone is sufficient. This it is that renders the real determinations of taste so difficult, and at the same time so arbitrary in appearance; for without the instinct which determines it, you see not the reason of those decisions. You must likewise distinguish between its moral laws and those on natural subjects. In the latter, the principles seem to be absolutely inexplicable; but it is necessary to observe, that there

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there is a kind of morality in every thing connected with imitation *: thus do we explain those beauties, which appear to be natural, and really are not. I shall further add, that taste has its local rules, which render it dependent, in a thousand respects, on climates, manners, government and positive institutions; that there are others, which depend on age, sex, or character; and in this sense, it is said, we must not dispute of tastes.

Taste is natural to all mankind; but they are not all possessed of it in the same degree: it does not equally display itself in all; and in all it is from various causes subject to alteration. The degree of taste we are capable of acquiring, depends on the sensibility we have received from nature; its culture and form are connected with the people among whom we live. In the first place, we must reside in numerous societies, to make a great many comparisons: secondly, we must have societies of amusement and idleness; for those of business are not regulated by pleasure, but by interest: thirdly, there must be societies in which there is not too great an inequality, where the tyranny of opinion is moderate, and where pleasure is more predominant than vanity: for where it happens to be otherwise, fashion destroys taste, and we no longer endeavour to please, but to distinguish ourselves above others.

Neither is it true in the latter case, that good taste is that of the majority. And why so? Because

* This has been proved in an essay on the *principles of melody*, which the reader will find among my writings.

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cause the object changes. The multitude have then no judgment for themselves; they judge only from those whom they look upon as more knowing: they approve, not what is good, but what those have approved. Let every man have his opinion at all times; and that which in itself is most agreeable, will be sure to have the plurality of suffrages.

The performances of artists are beautiful only by imitation. All true models of taste are from nature. The more we deviate from the master, the more our pictures are disfigured. Then it is that we draw our models from the objects we love; and the beauty of fancy, subject to caprice and authority, is only just what is agreeable to our guides.

Our guides are the artists, the great, the opulent; and their guides are either their interest or vanity: the one to display their wealth, the others to partake of it, are continually in pursuit of new modes of expence. Thus does luxury establish its empire, and raise our desires for what is costly and difficult; then the pretended beautiful, instead of imitating nature, is reckoned such by departing from its rules. Thus are luxury and bad taste inseparable; for expensive taste is ever false.

Taste, whether good or bad, is chiefly formed by the communication between the two sexes; its improvement is a necessary effect of that union. But when the facility of enjoying damps the desire of pleasing, taste much degenerate; and this is, in my opinion, another very good reason, why goodness of taste should be connected with that of manners.

You must consult the taste of women in natural things, such as depend on the determination of the senses; men, you are to consult in moral matters, which are more dependent on the understanding. When women behave as they ought, they confine themselves to subjects within their own sphere, and then they are sure to judge well: but since they have interfered with literature, and undertaken not only to pass their opinion on books, but even to scribble as fast as they can, they betray their want of judgment. Authors who consult the learned of the fair sex in regard to their works, are sure to be ill advised: gallants who take their opinion with respect to dress, are ridiculously equipped. I shall quickly have occasion to treat of the real abilities of the fair sex, with the method of improving them, and of the subjects on which a deference should be paid to their decisions.

Such are the considerations which I shall lay down as principles, in reasoning with my Emilius upon a subject, which is far from being indifferent to him under the circumstances of his present inquiry; and indeed it should be indifferent to no person whatever. The knowledge of what may be agreeable or disagreeable in society, is necessarily not only to the person who stands in need of mankind, but likewise to him who is desirous to do them service; it is even necessary to please, in order to serve them; hence the art of writing is far from being an idle study, when employed only in conveying truth.

To improve the taste of my pupil, were I to chuse either a country where no improvements of taste had yet been made, or another that had
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begun to degenerate in this respect, I should follow the retrograde order; I should begin to fashion him among the latter, and finish with the former. My reason is, that taste is vitiated by an excessive delicacy, which renders a person sensible to things that escape the generality of mankind: this delicacy leads to a spirit of inquiry; for the more the objects are subtilised, the more they are multiplied; the subtilty of the object increases the delicacy of the touch, and renders it less uniform. This produces as many tastes as there are men. In disputes about preference of taste, knowledge is enlarged; and thus we learn to think. Refined observations can be made only by persons well acquainted with the world, because they occur the last of all; and persons not much accustomed to company, are entirely taken up with the most obvious things. Perhaps there is not a civilised town upon earth, where the general taste is worse at present than at Paris; yet this is the place for making improvement in taste; and there are few books of any esteem lately written in Europe, the author of which has not been to form his taste in that capital. They who think it sufficient to read the books written in that city, are mistaken; a great deal more is learned by the conversation of authors than by their books; and the authors themselves are not the persons of whom you learn most. Society unfolds our thoughts, and makes us carry our views as far as our capacity will allow. If you have any spark of genius, go and spend a year at Paris: you will soon know all you are able to attain, or you will never know any thing.

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You may learn to think in places where a corrupt taste prevails; but you must not think in the same manner as they who are infected with that corrupt taste, though it is difficult to avoid it, if you reside too long among them. You must make use of their assistance to improve the instrument that judges; but take care you do not employ it in the same manner as they. I shall be sure not to polish Emilius' judgment, so far as to alter it: and when his touch is become so nice, as to feel and compare the different tastes of mankind; to determine his, I shall reduce him to a greater simplicity of objects.

In order to preserve his taste pure and sound, I shall take another course. Amidst the hurry and dissipation of life, I shall enter into a conversation with him upon useful topics; and still having an eye to objects that suit his fancy, I shall take care to render our discourse equally amusing and instructive. This is the time for reading agreeable books; this is the time for learning him to analyse a discourse, and to initiate him into all the elegance of diction. It is a trifling affair to learn languages on their own account; their use is not so important as people imagine; but this study leads to that of general grammar. You must learn Latin, to know French; you must study and compare both to understand the rules of rhetoric.

Besides, there is a certain simplicity of taste which penetrates the heart, and is to be found only in the writings of the ancients. In eloquence, in poetry, in every species of literature, as well as in history, he will find them abounding in matter, and sparing of their reflections.

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Our modern authors, on the contrary, say but little in a great many words. To give us their judgment perpetually as a law, is not the way to form ours. The difference of those tastes is visible in public monuments, and even on tombstones. Ours are covered with eulogiums; on theirs you might read facts.

Sta viator, heroem calcas.

Were I to meet with this epitaph on a monument, I should immediately conjecture it to be modern; for nothing is so common with us as heroes, whereas they were very rare among the ancients. Instead of mentioning that a man was an hero, they would have said, that he was formed to be one. To that hero's epitaph, compare this of the effeminate Sardanapalus:

I built Tarsus and Anchiæ in a day, and now I am dead.

Which do you think is most expressive? the bombast of our monumental style is only proper for the representation of dwarfs. The ancients drew men to the life, and shewed that they were men. Xenophon, honouring the memory of some warriors treacherously murdered in the retreat of the ten thousand, says, *That they died irreproachable in war and friendship.* That is all: but in that plain, concise eulogium, you may easily perceive the fulness of the author's heart. Wretched must he be, who is not struck with the beauty of this passage!

The following words were engraved on a marble stone at Thermopylæ:

Traveller, go and tell Sparta, that we perished here, to obey her sacred laws.

It is obvious, that these words were not composed by the academy of inscriptions.

As my pupil sets so little value on words, I am much mistaken, if his attention will not be directed to these differences, and that they will influence his choice of authors. Struck with the masculine eloquence of Demosthenes, he will say, Here is an orator: but reading Cicero, he will observe him to be a barrister.

In general, Emilius will conceive a greater taste for the writings of the ancients than for those of the moderns, for this reason only, that the ancients having the priority of time, approach nearer to nature, and have more invention. Let La Motte and the Abbe Terrasson say what they will, there is no real progress of reason in the human species, for all the advantage obtained one way is lost the other: besides, we all set out from the same point; and our time being employed on other people's thoughts, instead of learning how to think of ourselves, we have more crudition and less reflection. Our understandings are like our arms, accustomed to every thing with instruments, but nothing of themselves. Fontenelle used to say, that the whole dispute about the ancients and the moderns might be reduced to this one point. Whether the trees in former ages were larger than those in our time? if there had been a change in agriculture, this would not have been an improper question.

Having thus made my pupil ascend once more

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to the sources of pure literature, I likewise shew him the sinks of learning in modern compilations, journals, translations, and dictionaries; upon all these he will cast an eye, and then leave them for ever. In order to amuse him, I make him listen to the babbling of the academies; where he observes, that each of the members is singly preferable to the whole body; and from thence he himself infers the consequence and utility of those noble institutions.

I carry him to the theatres, not to study manners, but taste; for there chiefly it displays itself to those who are capable of reflection. I should say to him then, Lay precepts aside, this is not the school of morality. The stage was not built for truth, it was made to flatter and to amuse mankind; there is no other place where you can so easily attain the art of pleasing the human affections. The study of the stage leads to that of poetry, for they have both exactly the same object. If he has but the least spark of taste for it, with what pleasure will he cultivate the poetical languages, the Greek, the Latin, and Italian! These studies will amuse, but not constrain him, which will be the means of his making a quicker progress in them: they will afford him pleasure and delight at an age and situation, when the heart so warmly pursues the several beauties that engage its affection. Imagine to yourself, on the one side, my Emilius, and on the other a college-boy reading the fourth book of the *Æneid*, or Tibullus, or Plato's banquet; what a difference! how greatly the heart of one must be moved with what does not in the least affect the other! O my youth!

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forbear reading, I pray thee: lay down thy book; I perceive thou art too much affected: I agree that thou shouldst be pleased, but not bewildered by the language of love: shew thy sensibility, but at the same time exert thy prudence. If thou hast only one of these without the other, thou art nobody. I am very indifferent, however, whether he succeeds or not in the dead language, in polite literature, or in poetry. He will not be the worse man if he knows nothing of all these trifles; and these are not the matters in question, when we treat of his education.

My chief design in learning him to feel, and to love the beautiful in every kind, is to fix his affection and taste therein, to prevent his natural appetite from changing, and to hinder him from seeking for the means of happiness in his affluent fortune, when he can find them within himself. I have observed somewhere else, that taste is no more than a quick discernment in regard to little things, and this is very true; but since the pleasure and felicity of life depend on the connection of many little things, an attention of that kind is far from being a matter of no concern; we learn thereby to acquire a multitude of good things, which lie within our reach, so far as they are capable of bearing the name of good, in regard to human beings. I am not speaking of moral good, which depends on the disposition of the mind, but only of physical good, or the pleasures of the sense, setting prejudice and opinion aside.

May I be permitted, the better to explain my meaning, to part for a moment from my Emili-

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us, whose uncorrupted heart can no longer serve for a rule to any body else; and to look into my own breast for a more striking example, such as will be more suitable to the manners of the reader.

There are certain conditions in life, which seem to change our nature, and to new-mould those who enter them, either into a better or worse disposition. Thus a poltroon acquires courage, upon enlisting in a regiment of veterans. But it is not in the army alone that people are animated with the spirit of the whole corps; neither are its effects always felt in a good sense. A hundred times have I thought with great concern, that if I had the misfortune of being invested with an employment in a certain country, I should to-morrow be almost inevitably a tyrant, an extortioner, a ravager of the people, an enemy to the prince, a foe, by my state and condition, to all humanity, justice, and every kind of virtue.

In like manner, were I possessed of wealth, I should have done all that is necessary to attain it; I should therefore be insolent and mean; sensible and tender, in regard to myself alone; severe and merciless to all the world; a scornful spectator of the miseries of the rabble; for by no other name should I call the poor, that it might be forgot I ever belonged to that class. In a word, I should render my fortune the instrument of my pleasures, in which I should be entirely employed; and so far I should be like all other rich men.

But what I should differ from them in very much, is, that I should be sensual and voluptuous,

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ous, rather than insolent and vain : I should abandon myself rather to the luxury of effeminacy, than to that of ostentation and vanity. I should even be ashamed to make too great a display of my riches ; and I should always think I heard the man who envies me, and whose heart I would willingly break with my contemptuous behaviour, whispering to his neighbours : *See, what a great rogue is there ; how afraid he is to be known !*

Out of this immense profusion of blessings, with which the earth is overspread, I should seek for whatever is most agreeable to me, and what I could best appropriate to myself : therefore the use of my riches would be to purchase leisure and liberty, to which I would add health, if it could be purchased ; but as it is the fruit of temperance only, and without it there is no real pleasure in life, I should be temperate from a principle of sensuality.

I should follow the guidance of nature, as near as possible, in order to gratify the senses, which I received from her bounty ; convinced that my enjoyments would be the more solid in proportion as they were more natural. In chusing objects of imitation, I should always take her for my model ; in my appetites I should give her the preference ; in my tastes I should always consult her : in my repasts, I should chuse those that were dressed by her, and that passed through fewest hands in coming to my table. I should prevent the frauds and artifices of servants, and go half way to meet pleasure. My house-steward should never be enriched by my brutal gluttony ; he should not send me up poison with my
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fish, and make me pay its weight in gold; my table should not be decked with the parade of magnificent odours, and far-fetched carcases; I should not be sparing of my labour to indulge my sensuality; for labour itself is then agreeable, and enhances the pleasure of a good repast. If I wanted to taste an exotic dish, were it the further end of the world, I had much rather go, like Apicius, in search of it, than send for it to my own house; for the most exquisite vians always want a fauce, which they cannot bring with them from abroad, nor receive from the most skilful cook; namely, the air of the climate in which they were produced.

For the same reason I should not imitate those who never think themselves in health in the present spot, but are perpetually inverting the order of the seasons, and changing climates. By seeking for a warmer sun in a winter, and for more cooling breezes in summer, they find the climate cold in Italy, and hot in the north of Europe; for they do not reflect, that endeavouring to avoid the rigour of the seasons, they rather feel it increased, where no methods have been taken to guard against it. For my part, I should abide in the same place, or else I should act quite a contrary part: I would enjoy the pleasures of each season, and each climate. I would have a variety of pleasures and habits, which should bear no resemblance to each other, and yet should be ever conformable to nature; I would go and spend my summer at Naples, and the winter at Petersburgh; one time fanned by the soft zephyrs, and half reclined in the cool grottoes of Tarentum, another time in the illumination

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In the service of my table, and in the furniture of my house, I should make use of simple ornaments to imitate the variety of the seasons, and to partake of the present sweets of each, without anticipating its future productions. There is a pain, but no agreeable sensation, in thus disturbing the order of nature, in plucking its unripe fruits, which it gives involuntarily, and with curse and regret; and being destitute both of quality and flavour, are neither capable of nourishing the stomach, nor of gratifying the palate. Nothing is more insipid than forward fruits: you may see people of fortune at Paris, who put themselves to a considerable expence of hot-beds and glasses, and, after all, their table is served up the whole year with bad vegetables, and bad fruit. Were I to have cherries when the earth is frozen, and perfumed melons in the depth of winter, with what pleasure could I taste them when my palate has no need of being cooled and moistened? In the midst of the dog-days, would the heavy chesnut afford me any delight? should I prefer it to the gooseberry, the strawberry, and other cooling fruits, which the earth presents to me, without so much care and expence? To load one's chimney in the month of January with forced vegetations, with pale flowers void of smell, is not embellishing winter, but stripping the spring of its ornaments, it is depriving yourself of the pleasure of going into the wood or park, to pluck the first violet, to observe the earliest bud, and to cry out with the tran-

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In order to be well served, I would have few domestics: this has been mentioned already, and it is proper to repeat it. A plain citizen has more real attendance from a single servant, than a duke and peer of France, from a string of ten fine fellows in livery. I have often reflected, that when I am at table with only a dumb-waiter, I drink when I please; whereas, if I had a great side-board and servants, I should be obliged to call out twenty times for liquor, before I could quench my thirst. Whatever is done by a substitute, is ill done, in whatever manner you take it. I would not send to the tradesmen, I would go myself. I would go, to prevent my servants from entering into a private compact with them to my prejudice; I would go, in order to pick out the best, and to pay cheapest; I would go, on account of exercise, and to see how the world went; a visit of this kind diverts, and sometimes instructs; in fine, I would go, for the sake of going abroad, and that is always something; the vapours and spleen are occasioned by too sedentary a life; a person that uses a good deal of exercise, is seldom troubled with this complaint. Porters and footmen are very bad interpreters; I should not chuse to have those fellows for ever interposing between me and the rest of the world; nor should I like to drive always about in a chariot, as if I were afraid of being spoke to. A man that makes use of his legs, has his horses always harnessed; if they are fatigued or ill, he knows it before any body else; and he is not afraid of being obliged

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to stay at home under that pretext, if his coachman has a mind to make a holy day; when he is abroad, he is not vexed to death with a thousand stoppages, nor obliged to stand stock-still, at the very time he wants to move as quick as lightning. In fine, since nobody is capable of serving us so well as ourselves, were you as potent as Alexander, or as rich as Croesus, you ought to be beholden to others for no kind of service, but that which you cannot perform yourself.

I would not reside in a palace; for there I should occupy but one room; the common apartments belong to nobody; and as to the rooms of my servants, I should be as great a stranger to them as to those of my next neighbour. The eastern nations, though extremely voluptuous, are very plain in their apartments and furniture. They look upon life as a journey, and their house in the nature of an inn. This is a notion that seldom seizes us rich fellows; we regulate our affairs as if we were to live for ever: but I should have a different reason for the simplicity of my lodging, which would be productive of the same effect. To fix myself in so magnificent a residence, would seem to me as if I were banished from all the rest, and in some measure imprisoned in my palace. The world is a palace sufficiently beautiful: has not the rich man whatever he can wish? *Ubi bene, ibi patria*, that is his motto; his household-gods are where money is all-powerful; his country is wherever his strong box can gain admittance; as Philip looked upon every fortress as his own, where a mule loaded with money, could be introduced.

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Why then should we go and circumscribe ourselves with walls and gates, as if we were never to stir from this inclosure? Should an epidemical disorder, an hostile incursion, or a revolt eject me out of one place, I remove to another, and I find my palace has got there before me. Why should I be at the trouble of erecting one for myself, when I can find them ready built for me in all parts of the world? Since life is but a span, why should I form a scheme for such distant pleasures, when I can have equal enjoyment this present moment? It is impossible to pass through life agreeably, if we are perpetually at variance with ourselves. Hence it is that Empedocles reproached the Agrigentines with running after pleasures, as if they had only a single day to live; and with building, as if they were to live for ever.

Besides, of what use would so extensive a palace be to me, with so small a family, and so little furniture? My moveables would be plain as my taste; I should have neither a gallery, nor library; especially if I loved reading, and was a connoisseur in painting. In that case, I should know that the like collections are never complete; and the want of what I had not, would give me greater uneasiness, than if I had made no collection at all. In this respect, abundance is productive of misery; a truth which every collector of this kind must have experienced. When we are sensible of this, we shall make none: a person seldom has a cabinet of curiosities to shew to others, when he knows how to make use of them himself.

Gaming is not properly an amusement of the rich,

rich, but the resource of the indolent; now, my pleasures would take up too much of my time, for me to enjoy it so ill. I never play at all, being prevented from it by my solitude and poverty, except sometimes at chess, and even that is rather too much. Were I a rich man, I should play still less, for a trifle, and for the sake of company. When interest ceases to be a motive of gaming among people of fortune, it can never be carried to excess, but by persons of a very wrong turn of mind. The winnings which a wealthy person may make, do not affect him so much as his losses; and as, by the nature of low gaming, he who holds the bank, must at length run away with the money, a person cannot consistently grow very fond of an amusement, where the risks of every kind are against him. He who flatters himself with the expectations of good fortune, may indulge his vanity on nobler objects; besides, the turns of fortune are as visible in low, as in high play. The passion of gaming is the fruit of avarice and idleness, and takes root only in people who are void of thought and affection; I think I should have enough of both, to be able to pass my time without such amusement. You rarely see persons of a thoughtful disposition take delight in play, because it either suspends this habit, or diverts it to dry calculations: hence one, and perhaps the only advantage arising from the taste of literature, is in some measure to stifle this sordid passion: many would chuse rather to prove the utility of play, than to play themselves. For my part, I should argue against it in the company of gamesters, and I should have more pleasure

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I should be the same in public, as in private life. My fortune should procure me ease, without marking my superiority. The tinsel of dress is inconvenient in many respects. To preserve all possible freedom in company, I should chuse to be apparelled in such a manner, that in all companies I might appear in my proper place, and be distinguished in none; that, without affectation, or change of habit, I should either rank with low company at an eating-house, or with the highest in the Mall. Thus acquiring a greater mastery of my conduct, I should be able to share the pleasures of every condition and state in life. It is said there are some ladies, who shut their door against gentlemen that wear cambric ruffles, and will admit no visitors but in Flanders lace; then I should go and amuse myself somewhere else: but if those ladies were young and pretty, I might possibly put on lace-ruffles, to spend an evening or two in their company.

The only band of all my friendships would be mutual attachment, a conformity of taste, and agreeableness of temper; I should cultivate them as a man, not as a person of fortune; and never would I suffer those social pleasures to be poisoned by selfish views. If my opulence left me any humanity, I should extend my benefits and kind offices to a considerable distance; but near me I should chuse to have a society, and not a court; of friends, and not of clients; I should not be the patron of my guests, but their host. My connections being founded in independence

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and equality, would be seasoned with candour and benevolence; and where neither duty nor interest were concerned, pleasure and friendship alone should give law.

Neither friendship nor love can be purchased. It is easy, indeed, to have women for money; but this is the way to be beloved by none. Money, instead of conciliating affection, inevitably destroys it. Whoever pays a woman for enjoyment, were he the most amiable man in the world, from this mercenary consideration cannot be long possessed of her love. He will soon pay for somebody else, or rather this somebody else will soon be hired with his money; and during this double connection of interest and debauchery, without either love, honour, or real pleasure, the greedy, faithless wretched woman, will be treated in the same manner by the base fellow that receives her money, as she uses the poor fool who gives it, and will quit scores with both. It would be charming to shew our liberality to the object we love, if it were not mercenary: I know but one way of indulging this inclination with a mistress, without its proving the bane of love; this is to give her all, and to depend on her for a maintenance. But where will you find the woman, to whom you could behave in this manner, without being guilty of the utmost extravagance?

He who said, I possess *Lais*, though she does not possess me, made use of a senseless expression. Unless the possession be mutual, it is nothing at all; at the most, it is possessing the sex, and not the individual. Now, where the moral part of love is not considered, why should you
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Oh! could I but lay open the fallaciousness and inconsistency of vice, and shew, that when we have obtained the desired object, how far it falls short of our expectations! Whence this barbarous avidity of corrupting innocence, of sacrificing a young and lovely object, whom you ought to have protected, and who by this first step is inevitably drawn into a gulf of misery, from which nothing but death can relieve her! It arises only from brutality, vanity, and folly. The pleasure does not even proceed from nature, but from the opinions of the vile, since it leads to self-contempt. He who feels himself to be the last of mankind, is afraid of every other comparison, and desires to be esteemed the first, to the end that he may be less odious. See whether they who are most greedy after this imaginary rago, be agreeable youths, worthy of affection, and in whom a delicacy of this kind would be more excusable. No; an agreeable person, possessed of merit and good sense, is very little afraid of his mistress's experience; he tells her confidently, Thou art no stranger to pleasure; but my heart promises thee such as thou hast never tasted.

But an old battered rake, void of all agreeableness in his person, of all decency in his behaviour, incapable of pleasing, and unworthy of a woman that understands any thing of love, thinks to make himself amends with an innocent young creature, by anticipating experience, and making the first impression on her senses.

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His last expectation is to please by the favour of novelty, and this is surely his private motive: but he is mistaken, the horror he excites is as much in the order of nature, as the passion he would fain inspire, is against it: he is likewise disappointed in his foolish expectation; for nature takes care to assert her right: every girl that sells herself, has disposed of her person already, and this having been her own choice, she has made the comparison of which he is so much afraid. He therefore purchases an imaginary pleasure, and is equally an object of horror.

For my part, it would be in vain for me to alter my conduct, when I come to be rich; there is one point in which I should never change. If I had no morals, no virtue left, yet I should retain at least some taste, some share of sense, a little delicacy; and this would prevent my squandering my fortune like a fool, in the pursuit of chimeras; from exhausting my purse and my health, only to be betrayed and laughed at by a parcel of girls. Were I in my prime of life, I should court the pleasures of youth; and eager to enjoy them in perfection, I should not attempt to acquire them as a man of fortune. If I remained as I am, that is another thing; I should prudently confine myself to pleasures proportioned to my years; I should taste such amusements as I am capable of enjoying, and relinquish all that must end in my own disgrace. I should not expose my grey locks to the scorn and laughter of girls; I could not bear to see them shocked at my loathsome embraces, to be the subject of the most ridiculous stories,
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which they would be sure to propagate at my expence, and to fancy myself listening to their accounts of the filthy pleasures of an old baboon, in such a manner as to revenge their having endured them. But if the neglect of resisting bad habits should have converted them into wants, I should perhaps indulge my desires, but with shame and confusion. I should separate passion from want; I should provide myself as well as I could, and there I would stop; I would no longer let my weakness be my whole business, and especially I should take care to have no more witnesses than one. Human life has other pleasures, when these are gone: by vainly pursuing those that are fled, we deprive ourselves even of the few that are left behind. Let us change our tastes with our years; let us no more attempt to change the ages of life, than to invert the seasons: we ought at all times to act in character, and not to struggle against nature; these vain efforts wear life away, and prevent us from enjoying it.

The common people, leading an active life, are seldom troubled with the spleen; if their amusements on the one hand are not varied, on the other they are rare; after a fatigue of several days, they are eager to taste the sweets of a few festivals. A reciprocal succession of long labour and short leisure, serves to season all the amusements of their state. As for the rich, their grand scourge is the spleen: in the midst of such a number of pleasures, procured at a great expence, in the midst of so many people administering to their diversion, they pine away and die with weariness; they spend their days in

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endeavouring to avoid this malady, and yet are continually afflicted with it; they sink under its weight, the women especially, who no longer know how to employ or amuse themselves, are eaten up with it under the name of vapours; it is transformed into a dreadful disorder, which sometimes bereaves them of their reason, and at length puts an end to their life. For my part, I know no fate more dreadful, than that of a pretty woman at Paris, next to that of an agreeable little fellow, who dangles after her, and who being metamorphosed into a female by his indolence, is thus doubly removed from his state; the vanity of being looked upon as a man of a large fortune, enabling him to endure the most tedious and most melancholy hours, that ever human creature passed upon earth.

Ceremonies, modes, and customs, dependent on luxury and politeness, confine the course of mortal life to an insipid uniformity *. The pleasure we are desirous to have, in the eye of others, is lost to all the world; neither they nor ourselves enjoy it. The ridicule which opinion dreads above all things, is ever close by its side, to tyrannise and to punish it. We are never
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* Two women of quality, by way of high amusement, lay it down for a law, not to go to bed before five o'clock in the morning. In the middle of winter their servants pass the night in the streets waiting for them, and with difficulty preserve themselves from being frozen to death. One evening, or rather morning, a person entered into the apartment, where these two ladies, so fond of amusement, let the hours slip away without telling; they were found with no other company but themselves, each of them asleep in an easy chair.

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ridiculous but by settled forms; he who knows how to shift the scene, and to vary his pleasures, quickly effaces every impression; he is nobody, as it were, in the public opinion, but he enjoys life; he is entire to himself at every hour, and in every thing he does. My only constant form would be that; and whatever situation I happened to be in, I should employ myself wholly about that, and no other; I should consider every day in itself as independent of another. As I should rank with the rest of the citizens if I lived in town, so in the country I should join in company with the peasants; and if I talked of husbandry, they should have no occasion to laugh at me. I should not attempt to build a town in the country, nor to plant such a garden as the Tuilleries, in the corner of a province. On the declivity of some pleasant shady hill, I would have a small villa, a white house with green shutters; and though a thatched covering be in all seasons the best, yet should I magnificently prefer, not the gloomy slate, but the tile, because it has a neater and chearfuller look than straw; and as it is the method of covering the roofs in my country, it would soon remind me of the happy days of my youth. My court-yard should be stocked with poultry, and my stable should be a cow-house, in order to have milk, of which I am vastly fond. No other garden should I have, but that for the use of my kitchen, and instead of a park I should have a handsome orchard, like that which we shall hereafter describe. The fruit should be at the discretion of those who walked in my grounds, they should be neither sold, nor plucked by my gardener, neither

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ther should I be so avariciously magnificent, as to make a display of superb espaliers, which nobody must presume to touch. Now, this little prodigality would not be expensive, because I should chuse to retire to some distance, where people have but little money, and plenty of provisions, and where abundance and poverty enjoy a happy reign.

There should I form a society, more chosen than numerous; a society of friends that loved and understood pleasure; of women that were able to stir out of their easy chairs, and accommodate themselves to rural recreations; that, instead of counters and cards, could sometimes handle the fishing-line, the lime-twigg, the hay-maker's rake, and the vintager's basket: there should we forget the smoaky towns, and becoming villagers, amuse ourselves with a thousand little innocent sports; these would be attended with no other trouble every evening, but that of chusing for the next day. Exercise would procure us a fresh appetite, and fresh desires: all our meals would be feasts; where plenty would create more pleasure than we could receive from dainties. Cheerfulness, rural labour, and innocent pastimes, are the only cooks in the world, so that exquisite ragoos are ridiculous to people that have been in continual exercise ever since break of day. At table there should be no more order than elegance; our place for dining should be every-where, in the garden, in a boat, or under a tree; sometimes we should be at a distance from the house, reclined on the verdant grass, under a grove of alders, or filbert trees, and by the side of a crystal

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stal fountain, where a set of jovial guests, singing a cheerful song, should introduce the preparations for the entertainment; the green turf should serve for our table and chairs, the borders of the fountain for a buffet, and a dessert should be pendent from the trees. The dishes should be served up without order, for appetite would dispense with ceremonies; each preferring himself in public to every body else, would freely allow every one else to do so too: so cordial and modest a familiarity, void of rudeness, deception or constraint, would be productive of an innocent contest, infinitely more engaging than politeness, and better adapted to conquer the heart. There should be no impertinent lackeys watching our discourse, remarking our behaviour, swallowing every bit we eat with their greedy eyes, diverting themselves with making us wait for liquor, and murmuring at our being so long at dinner. We should chuse to wait upon ourselves, in order to be our own masters, each individual would be served by the whole company; the time would slide away insensibly, our repast should be our repose, and continue as long as the heat of the day. If there happened to pass by us a peasant, returning to his labour with his tools on his shoulder, I should exhilarate his heart with a jest, and with a glass of good wine, which would help him to carry his burden with greater cheerfulness; I should also have the pleasure of feeling my bowels yearn, and of saying to myself, I too am a man.

If rural sports should happen to assemble the inhabitants of the neighbourhood together, I

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should surely be one of the first along with my little company ; if some country marriages, more happy by far than those of citizens, should be celebrated in my neighbourhood, as they know I am fond of mirth and joy, they would invite me to the nuptial feast. On this occasion I should carry a few presents to the good people, presents as simple as themselves, and which would contribute to the jollity of the day ; in exchange I should meet with blessings of inestimable value, that freedom and solid pleasure, to which my equals are strangers. Gaily should I sup at the upper end of their long table, join in the chorus to an old country song, and dance in the barn with more pleasure, than at a ball or ridotto.

All this is vastly fine, you will say to me : but the chace ? Can you be supposed to be in the country, without the diversion of hunting ? I understand, I wanted only a farm, but I was mistaken. I suppose myself to be a man of fortune, then I must have exclusive, nay I must have destructive pleasures ; this is quite another affair. I must have lands, woods, guards, quit-rents, seignorial honours, and every mark of superiority.

Extremely well ; but, near my landed estate, there may happen to be neighbours jealous of their privileges, and greedy to usurp those of others : our guards, and perhaps their masters, shall have a skirmish ; this is productive of altercations, and ill blood, and assuredly of a process at law ; all which is far from being agreeable. My vassals, or tenants, will not be pleased to see their corn trod down by my hares, and

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and their beans by my wild boars; afraid to slay the enemy that destroys the product of their labour, they endeavour at least to drive him off their grounds? After having spent the day in cultivating their lands, they must pass the night in guarding them; they must have mastiffs, drums, horns, bells; with all this clattering they will disturb my sleep. I shall reflect, in spite of me, on the misery of those poor people, and condemn myself as the cause of it. Had I the honour of being a prince, this would have no manner of effect upon me; but being an upstart, a new child of fortune, my heart would still beat with the sentiments of a Plebeian.

This is not all; plenty of game would be a temptation to poachers, so that I should soon have occasion to punish them for a trespass; then I must have recourse to prisons, gaol-keepers, officers, and galleys; this to me has the appearance of great cruelty. The wives of those unfortunate wretches would come and lay siege to my door, and importune me with their cries; I should drive them away, and use them ill. The poor people, who were no poachers, and whose harvest had been foraged by my game, would come and make their complaint; some would be punished for killing the game, and others ruined by sparing it. What a melancholy alternative! On every side I should see nothing but miserable objects, my ears would be deafened with lamentations and groans; this I think would be a very strong check to the pleasure of destroying such a multitude of partridges at your

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If you are willing to separate those pleasures from pain, take off the prohibition: the more open you leave them to the rest of mankind, the more you enjoy them in their purity. I should not therefore pursue the plan of life above described; but, without changing my taste, I should follow my own at a less expence. My rural seat should be in a country, where every body was at liberty to kill game, and where I myself might have the enjoyment without the trouble. There would be a greater scarcity of game, but more dexterity in finding, and more pleasure in catching it. I should remember the palpitations my father felt at the flight of the first partridge, and the transports with which he was seized upon finding the hare he had been in pursuit of all day. Yes, I maintain it, that he single, with his dog, and gun loaded, his powder-flask, and his little prey, came home in the evening, spent with fatigue, and lacerated with brambles, much better pleased than a genteel hunter, who, mounted on a good steed, and followed by twenty servants with loaded fufils, does no more than change his gun, fire, and kill all round him, without the least knowledge of game, the least addition to his honour, or even, I might almost say, without the benefit of exercise. Thus the pleasure is not less, and the inconveniency is removed, when we have no grounds to guard, no poachers to punish, no wretches to torment. Therefore this must be a very sufficient reason for giving it the preference. Do what you will, you cannot torture
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people any considerable time, without smarting for it some way or other yourself; for their long curses will sooner or later embitter your game.

Again I say it, all exclusion is the death of pleasure. True amusements are those which you share in common with the people; those which you want to ingross to yourself, change their nature. If the wall I build round my park renders it a dismal inclosure, I have been at a considerable expence merely to deprive myself of the pleasure of a walk; then I am obliged to go and take it somewhere else. The dæmon of property infects every thing he touches. A man of great fortune wants to lord it every where, and is never easy where he is; which is the reason of his shunning himself. As for me, I should behave in my state of opulence, just as I did in poverty. Richer in the enjoyment of other people's lands, than ever I should be in my own; I should take possession of every thing that suited me in my neighbourhood: no conqueror would be more resolute than I; even princes themselves would not be safe from my usurpation; I would seize indiscriminately on all the open grounds that pleased me; I would give them particular names; the one I would call *my park*, the other *my terrass*, and thus I should be lord and master of it: there I would walk without hinderance, and thither I would often return to maintain my possession; I would make use of the ground as much as I pleased by frequent walks; and I should never be persuaded, that he who enjoyed the title reaped more benefit than I from his estate. And if you began to vex me with
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ditches and hedges, it would not signify; I would take my park upon my shoulders, and go and place it somewhere else: different situations for it would not be wanting among my neighbours: and I should be a long while robbing them, before I were at a loss for a country retirement.

Here you have a sketch of true taste, to render your leisure hours agreeable; this is the real spirit of enjoyment; all the rest is illusion, chimaera, and foolish vanity. Whoever deviates from these rules, how rich soever he may be, will eat his gold on a dunghill, and never know the real value of life.

Some, without doubt, will object, that such amusements are within every body's reach, and that opulence is not necessary to enjoy them. This is the very point I was desirous of coming to. We enjoy pleasure, when we are willing to have it; opinion only renders every thing difficult, and makes us miserable even in the centre of felicity; it is a hundred times easier to be, than to appear happy. A man of taste, and really a voluptuary, has nothing to do with riches; it is sufficient for him to be free, and to be his own master. Whoever has the enjoyment of health, and does not want the necessaries of life, is sufficiently rich, if he sets not his heart on goods of opinion; this is the *aurea mediocritas* of Horace. Ye hoarders of golden store, seek out some other use for your riches; as to pleasure, they are incapable of purchasing it. Emilius, will not be better acquainted with this truth than I; but having a purer and sounder heart, he will be more sensible of it hereafter,
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Thus, in passing our time away, we are still in search of Sophia, but cannot find her. It was of importance that she should not be discovered so soon; and we went in search of her, where I was very certain she was not to be found*.

At length the critical minute draws near; it is time to search for her in earnest, lest he should mistake somebody else for her, and too late be apprised of his error. Then adieu to Paris, that famous town, that seat of noise, smoke, and dirt, where the women have no longer any belief in honour, nor the men in virtue. Adieu, Paris, we are in search of love, happiness, and innocence, and we cannot be far enough from thee.

* *Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies, Prov. xxxi. 10.*

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.

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