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MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
OF
EDWARD GIBBON, Esquire,
WITH
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,
COMPOSED BY HIMSELF:
ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS.
WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND NARRATIVE,
By JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.
VOL. V.

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A
VINDICATION

O F

Some PASSAGES in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters

O F T H E

History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

PERHAPS it may be necessary to inform the Public, that not long since an Examination of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire was published by Mr. Davis. He styles himself a Bachelor of Arts, and a Member of Baliol College in the university of Oxford. His title-page is a declaration of war; and in the prosecution of his religious crusade, he assumes a privilege of disregarding the ordinary laws which are respected in the most hostile transactions between civilized men or civilized nations. Some of the harshest epithets in the English language are repeatedly applied to the historian, a part of whose work Mr. Davis has chosen for the object of his criticism. To this author Mr. Davis imputes the crime of betraying the confidence and seducing the faith of those readers, who may heedlessly stray in the flowery paths of his diction, without perceiving the poisonous snake that lurks concealed in the grass — *Latet anguis in herbâ*. The Examiner has assumed the province of reminding them of "the unfair proceedings of such

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" an insidious friend, who offers the deadly draught
 " in a golden cup, that they may be less sensible of
 " the danger¹. In order to which Mr. Davis has
 " selected several of the more notorious instances of
 " his misrepresentations and errors; reducing them
 " to their respective heads, and subjoining a long list
 " of almost incredible inaccuracies: and such striking
 " proofs of servile plagiarism, as the world will
 " be surprised to meet with in an author who puts
 " in so bold a claim to originality and extensive
 " reading²?" Mr. Davis prosecutes this attack
 through an octavo volume of not less than two hundred and eighty-four pages with the same implacable spirit; perpetually charges his adversary with perverting the ancients, and transcribing the moderns; and, inconsistently enough, imputes to him the opposite crimes of art and carelessness, of gross ignorance and of wilful falsehood. The Examiner closes his work³ with a severe reproof of those feeble critics who have allowed any share of knowledge to an odious antagonist. He presumes to pity and to condemn the first historian of the present age, for the generous approbation which he had bestowed on a writer, who is content that Mr. Davis should be his enemy, whilst he has a right to name Dr. Robertson for his friend.

When I delivered to the world the First Volume of an important History, in which I had been obliged to connect the progress of Christianity with the civil state and revolutions of the Roman Empire, I could not be ignorant that the result of my inquiries might offend the interest of some and the opinions of others.

If the whole work was favorably received by the Public, I had the more reason to expect that this obnoxious part would provoke the zeal of those who consider themselves as the Watchmen of the Holy City. These expectations were not disappointed; and a fruitful crop of Answers, Apologies, Remarks, Examinations, &c. sprung up with all convenient speed. As soon as I saw the advertisement, I generally sent for them; for I have never affected, indeed I have never understood, the stoical apathy, the proud contempt of criticism, which some authors have publicly professed. Fame is the motive, it is the reward, of our labors; nor can I easily comprehend how it is possible that we should remain cold and indifferent with regard to the attempts which are made to deprive us of the most valuable object of our possessions; or at least of our hopes. Besides this strong and natural impulse of curiosity, I was prompted by the more laudable desire of applying to my own, and the public benefit, the well-grounded censures of a learned adversary; and of correcting those faults which the indulgence of vanity and friendship had suffered to escape without observation. I read with attention several criticisms which were published against the two last chapters of my History, and unless I much deceived myself, I weighed them in my own mind without prejudice and without resentment. After I was clearly satisfied that their principal objections were founded on misrepresentation or mistake, I declined with sincere and disinterested reluctance the odious task of controversy, and almost formed a tacit resolution of committing my intentions,

my writings, and my adversaries to the judgment of the Public, of whose favorable disposition I had received the most flattering proofs.

The reasons which justified my silence were obvious and forcible: the respectable nature of the subject itself, which ought not to be rashly violated by the rude hand of controversy; the inevitable tendency of dispute, which soon degenerates into minute and personal altercation; the indifference of the Public for the discussion of such questions as neither relate to the business nor the amusement of the present age. I calculated the possible loss of temper and the certain loss of time, and considered, that while I was laboriously engaged in a humiliating task, which could add nothing to my own reputation, or to the entertainment of my readers, I must interrupt the prosecution of a work which claimed my whole attention, and which the Public, or at least my friends, seemed to require with some impatience at my hands. The judicious lines of Dr. Young sometimes offered themselves to my memory, and I felt the truth of his observation, That every author lives or dies by his own pen, and that the unerring sentence of Time assigns its proper rank to every composition and to every criticism, which it preserves from oblivion.

I should have consulted my own ease, and perhaps I should have acted in stricter conformity to the rules of prudence, if I had still persevered in patient silence. But Mr. Davis may, if he pleases, assume the merit of extorting from me the notice which I had refused to more honorable foes. I had declined the

consideration of their *literary Objections*; but he has compelled me to give an answer to his *criminal Accusations*. Had he confined himself to the ordinary, and indeed obsolete charges of impious principles, and mischievous intentions, I should have acknowledged with readiness and pleasure that the religion of Mr. Davis appeared to be very different from mine. Had he contented himself with the use of that style which decency and politeness have banished from the more liberal part of mankind, I should have smiled, perhaps with some contempt, but without the least mixture of anger or resentment. Every animal employs the note, or cry, or howl, which is peculiar to its species; every man expresses himself in the dialect the most congenial to his temper and inclination, the most familiar to the company in which he has lived, and to the authors with whom he is conversant; and while I was disposed to allow that Mr. Davis had made some proficiency in ecclesiastical studies, I should have considered the difference of our language and manners as an unfurmountable bar of separation between us. Mr. Davis has overleaped that bar, and forces me to contend with him on the very dirty ground which he has chosen for the scene of our combat. He has judged, I know not with how much propriety, that the support of a cause, which would disclaim such unworthy assistance, depended on the ruin of my moral and literary character. The different misrepresentations, of which he has drawn out the ignominious catalogue, would materially affect my credit as a historian, my reputation as a scholar, and even my honor and veracity

as a gentleman. If I am indeed incapable of understanding what I read, I can no longer claim a place among those writers who merit the esteem and confidence of the Public. If I am capable of wilfully perverting what I understand, I no longer deserve to live in the society of those men, who consider a strict and inviolable adherence to truth as the foundation of every thing that is virtuous or honorable in human nature. At the same time, I am not insensible that his mode of attack has given a transient pleasure to my enemies, and a transient uneasiness to my friends. The size of his volume, the boldness of his assertions, the acrimony of his style, are contrived with tolerable skill to confound the ignorance and candor of his readers. There are few who will examine the truth or justice of his accusations; and of those persons who have been directed by their education to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity, many will believe, or will affect to believe, that the success of their champion has been equal to his zeal, and that the *serpent* pierced with a hundred wounds lies expiring at his feet. Mr. Davis's book *will* cease to be read (perhaps the grammarians may already reproach me for the use of an improper tense); but the oblivion towards which it seems to be hastening, will afford the more ample scope for the artful practices of those, who may not scruple to affirm, or rather to insinuate, that Mr. Gibbon was publicly convicted of falshood and misrepresentation; that the evidence produced against him was unanswerable; and that his silence was the effect and the proof of conscious guilt. Under

the hands of a malicious surgeon, the sting of a wasp may continue to fester and inflame, long after the vexatious little insect has left its venom and its life in the wound.

The defence of my own honor is undoubtedly the first and prevailing motive which urges me to repel with vigor an unjust and unprovoked attack; and to undertake a tedious vindication, which, after the perpetual repetition of the vainest and most disgusting of the pronouns, will only prove that *I* am innocent, and that Mr. Davis, in his charge, has very frequently subscribed his own condemnation. And yet I may presume to affirm, that the Public have some interest in this controversy. They have some interest to know, whether the writer whom they have honored with their favor is deserving of their confidence; whether they must content themselves with reading the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire as a *tale amusing enough*, or whether they may venture to receive it as a fair and authentic history. The general persuasion of mankind, that where *much* has been positively asserted, *something* must be true, may contribute to encourage a secret suspicion, which would naturally diffuse itself over the whole body of the work. Some of those friends who may now tax me with imprudence for taking this public notice of Mr. Davis's book, have perhaps already condemned me for silently acquiescing under the weight of such serious, such direct, and such circumstantial imputations.

Mr. Davis, who in the last page of his work * appears to have recollected that modesty is an amiable

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and useful qualification, affirms, that his plan required only that he should consult the authors to whom he was directed by my references; and that the judgment of riper years was not so necessary to enable him to execute with success the pious labor to which he had devoted his pen. Perhaps, before we separate, a moment to which I most fervently aspire, Mr. Davis may find that a mature judgment is indispensably requisite for the successful execution of *any* work of literature, and more especially of criticism. Perhaps he will discover, that a young student, who hastily consults an unknown author, on a subject with which he is unacquainted, cannot always be guided by the most accurate reference to the knowledge of the sense, as well as to the sight of the passage which has been quoted by his adversary. Abundant proofs of these maxims will hereafter be suggested. For the present, I shall only remark, that it is my intention to pursue, in my defence, the order, or rather the course, which Mr. Davis has marked out in his Examination; and that I have numbered the several articles of my impeachment according to the most natural division of the subject. And now let me proceed on this hostile march over a dreary and barren desert, where thirst, hunger, and intolerable weariness, are much more to be dreaded than the arrows of the enemy.

I.

QUOTATIONS
IN GENERAL.

“ The remarkable mode of quotation which Mr. Gibbon adopts, must immediately strike every one who turns to his notes. He sometimes only mentions the author, perhaps the book; and often

“leaves the reader the toil of finding out, or rather
“guessing at the passage. The policy, however,
“is not without its design and use. By endeavouring
“to deprive us of the means of comparing him with
“the authorities he cites, he flattered himself, no
“doubt, that he might safely have recourse to *mis-*
“*representation*.” Such is the style of Mr. Davis;
who in another place * mentions this mode of quo-
tation “as a good artifice to escape detection;” and
applauds, with an agreeable irony, his own labors
in turning over a *few* pages of the Theodosian code.

I shall not descend to animadvert on the rude and
illiberal strain of this passage, and I will frankly
own that my indignation is lost in astonishment.
The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of my History
are illustrated by three hundred and eighty-three
Notes; and the nakedness of a few Notes, which are
not accompanied by any quotation, is amply com-
pensated by a much greater number, which contain
two, three, or perhaps four distinct references; so
that upon the whole my stock of quotations, which
support and justify my facts, cannot amount to less
than eight hundred or a thousand. As I had often
felt the inconvenience of the loose and general
method of quoting which is so falsely imputed to me,
I have carefully distinguished the *books*, the *chapters*,
the *sections*, the *pages*, of the authors to whom I re-
ferred, with a degree of accuracy and attention,
which might claim some gratitude, as it has seldom
been so regularly practised by any historical writers.
And here I must confess some obligation to Mr.
Davis, who, by staking my credit and his own on

a circumstance so obvious and palpable, has given me this early opportunity of submitting the merits of our cause, or at least of our characters, to the judgment of the Public. Hereafter, when I am summoned to defend myself against the imputation of misquoting the text, or misrepresenting the sense of a Greek or Latin author, it will not be in my power to communicate the knowledge of the languages, or the possession of the books, to those readers who may be destitute either of one or of the other; and the part which *they* are obliged to take between assertions equally strong and peremptory, may sometimes be attended with doubt and hesitation. But, in the present instance, every reader who will give himself the trouble of consulting the first volume of my History, is a competent judge of the question. I exhort, I solicit him to run his eye down the columns of Notes, and to count *how many* of the quotations are minute and particular, *how few* are vague and general. When he has satisfied himself by this easy computation, there *is* a word which may naturally suggest itself; an epithet, which I should be sorry either to deserve or use; the boldness of Mr. Davis's assertion, and the confidence of my appeal, will tempt, nay, perhaps, will force him to apply that epithet either to one or to the other of the adverse parties.

I have confessed that a critical eye may discover *some* loose and general references; but as they bear a very *inconsiderable* proportion to the whole mass, they cannot support, or even excuse, a false and ungenerous accusation, which must reflect dishonor

either on the object or on the author of it. If the examples in which I have occasionally deviated from my ordinary practice were specified and examined, I am persuaded that they might always be fairly attributed to one of the following reasons. 1. In some *rare* instances, which I have never attempted to conceal, I have been obliged to adopt quotations, which were expressed with less accuracy than I could have wished. 2. I may have accidentally recollected the sense of a passage which I had formerly read, without being able to find the place, or even to transcribe from memory the precise words. 3. The whole tract (as in a remarkable instance of the second apology of Justin Martyr) was so short, that a more particular description was not required. 4. The form of the composition supplied the want of a local reference; the preceding mention of the *year* fixed the passage of the annalist; and the reader was guided to the proper spot in the commentaries of Grotius, Valesius, or Godefroy, by the more accurate citation of their original author. 5. The idea which I was desirous of communicating to the reader, was sometimes the general result of the author or treatise that I had quoted; nor was it possible to confine, within the narrow limits of a particular reference, the sense or spirit which was mingled with the whole mass. These motives are either laudable, or at least innocent. In two of these exceptions, my ordinary mode of citation was superfluous; in the other three, it was impracticable.

In quoting a comparison which Tertullian had used to express the rapid increase of the Marcionites,

I expressly declared that I was obliged to quote it from memory'. If I have been guilty of comparing them to *bees* instead of *wasps*, I can however most sincerely disclaim the sagacious suspicion of Mr. Davis", who imagines that I was tempted to amend the simile of Tertullian, from an improper partiality for those odious heretics.

A rescript of Diocletian, which declared *the* old law (not *an* old law') had been alledged by me on the respectable authority of Fra-Paolo. The examiner, who thinks that he has turned over the pages of the Theodosian code, informs " his reader that it may be found, l. vi. tit. xxiv. leg. 8.; he will be surprised to learn that this rescript could not be found in a code where it does not exist, but that it may distinctly be read in the same number, the same title, and the same book of the CODE OF JUSTINIAN. He who is severe should at least be just: yet I should probably have disdained this minute animadversion, unless it had served to display the general ignorance of the critic in the history of the Roman jurisprudence. If Mr. Davis had not been an absolute stranger, the most treacherous guide could not have persuaded him that a rescript of Diocletian was to be found in the Theodosian code, which was designed only to preserve the laws of Constantine and his successors. " Compendiosam (says Theodosius himself) Diva-
" lium Constitutionum scientiam, ex D. Constantini
" temporibus roboramus." (Novell. ad calcem
Cod. Theod. L. i. tit. i. leg. 1.)

ERRORS OF II. Few objects are below the notice of Mr. Davis,
THE PRESS, and his criticism is never so formidable as when it is

directed against the guilty corrector of the press, who on some occasions has shown himself negligent of my fame and of his own. Some errors have arisen from the omission of letters; from the confusion of ciphers, which perhaps were not very distinctly marked in the original manuscript. The *two* of the Roman and, the *eleven* of the Arabic numerals, have been unfortunately mistaken for each other; the similar forms of a 2 and a 3, a 5 and a 6, a 3 and an 8, have improperly been transposed; *Antolycus* for *Autolycus*, *Idolatria* for *Idololatria*, *Holsterius* for *Holstenius*, had escaped my own observation, as well as the diligence of the person who was employed to revise the sheets of my History. These important errors, from the indulgence of a deluded Public, have been multiplied in the numerous impressions of three different editions; and for the present I can only lament my own defects, while I deprecate the wrath of Mr. Davis, who seems ready to infer that I cannot either read or write. I sincerely admire his patient industry, which I despair of being able to imitate; but if a future edition should ever be required, I could wish to obtain, on any reasonable terms, the services of so useful a corrector.

III. Mr. Davis had been directed by my references DIFFERENCE OF EDITIONS. to several passages of *Optatus Milevitanus* ¹¹, and of the *Bibliothèque Ecclésiastique* of M. Dupin ¹². He eagerly consults those places, is unsuccessful, and is happy. Sometimes the place which I have quoted does not offer any of the circumstances which I had alledged, sometimes only a few; and sometimes the same passages exhibit a sense totally adverse and re-

pugnant to mine. These shameful misrepresentations incline Mr. Davis to suspect that I have never consulted the original, (not even of a common French book!) and he asserts his right to censure my presumption. These important charges form two distinct articles in the list of *misrepresentations*; but Mr. Davis has amused himself with adding to the slips of the pen or of the press, some complaints of his ill success, when he attempted to verify my quotations from Cyprian and from Shaw's Travels¹¹.

The success of Mr. Davis would indeed have been somewhat extraordinary, unless he had consulted the same *editions*, as well as the same places. I shall content myself with mentioning the editions which I have used, and with assuring him, that if he renews his search, he will not, or rather that he will, be disappointed.

Mr. Gibbon's Editions.	Mr. Davis's Editions.
Optatus Milevitanus, by Dupin, fol. Paris, 1700.	Fol. Antwerp, 1702.
Dupin. Bibliothèque Ecclésiastique, 4to. Paris, 1690.	8vo. Paris, 1687.
Cypriani Opera, Edit. Fell. fol. Amsterdam, 1700.	Most probably Oxon, 1682.
Shaw's Travels, 4to. London, 1757.	The folio Edition.

JEWISH
HISTORY,
TACITUS.

IV. The nature of my subject had led me to mention, not the real origin of the Jews, but their first *appearance* to the eyes of other nations; and I cannot avoid transcribing the short passage in which I had introduced them. "The Jews, who under the Assyrian and Persian monarchies had languished for many ages the most despised portion of their sta-

“ves, emerged from their obscurity under the successors of Alexander. And as they multiplied to a surprising degree in the east, and afterwards in the west, they soon excited the curiosity and wonder of other nations”. “This simple abridgment seems in its turn to have excited the wonder of Mr. Davis; whose surprise almost renders him eloquent. “What a strange assemblage,” says he, “is here? It is like Milton’s chaos, without bound, without dimension, where time and place are lost. In short, what does this display afford us, but a deal of boyish coloring to the prejudice of much good history?” If I rightly understand Mr. Davis’s language, he censures, as a piece of confused declamation, the passage which he has produced from my History; and if I collect the angry criticisms which he has scattered over twenty pages of controversy, I think I can discover that there is hardly a period, or even a word, in this unfortunate passage, which has obtained the approbation of the Examiner.

As nothing can escape his vigilance, he censures me for including the twelve tribes of Israel under the common appellation of JEWS”, and for extending the name of ASSYRIANS to the subjects of the kings of Babylon”; and again censures me, because some facts which are affirmed or insinuated in my text, do not agree with the strict and proper limits which he has assigned to those national denominations. The name of *Jews* has indeed been established by the sceptre of the tribe of *Judah*, and, in the times which precede the captivity, it is used in the more general sense with some sort of impropriety; but surely I am

not peculiarly charged with a fault which has been consecrated with the consent of twenty centuries, the practice of the best writers, ancient as well as modern, (see Josephus and Prideaux, even in the titles of their respective works,) and by the usage of modern languages, of the Latin, the Greek, and if I may credit Reland, of the Hebrew itself (see Palestine, L. i. c. 6.). With regard to the other word, that of Assyrians, most assuredly I will not lose myself in the labyrinth of the Asiatic monarchies before the age of Cyrus; nor indeed is any more required for my justification, than to prove that Babylon was considered as the capital and royal seat of Assyria. If Mr. Davis were a man of learning, I might be morose enough to censure his ignorance of ancient geography, and to overwhelm him under a load of quotations, which might be collected and transcribed with very little trouble: but as I *must* suppose that he has received a classical education, I might have expected him to have read the first book of Herodotus, where that historian describes, in the clearest and most elegant terms, the situation and greatness of Babylon:

Της δὲ Ἀσσυρίας τὰ μὲν καὶ ἄλλα πολιτισμὰτα μεγάλα πολλά, τὸ δὲ ὀνομαστότατον καὶ ἰσχυρότατον καὶ ἐνθα πρὶ, Νίνου ἀναστότου γενομένης, τὰ βασιλικά κατέστηκεν ἢ Βαβυλῶν. (Clio. c. 178.)

I may be surprised that he should be so little conversant with the Cyropædia of Xenophon, in the whole course of which the King of Babylon, the adversary of the Medes and Persians, is repeatedly mentioned by the style and title of THE ASSYRIAN,

Ὁ δὲ Ἀσσυρίος, ὁ Βαβυλωνά τε ἔχων καὶ τὴν ἄλλην Ἀσσυρίαν. (L. ii. p. 102, 103, edit. Hutchinson.) But there remains

remains something more: and Mr. Davis must apply the same reproaches of *inaccuracy, if not ignorance*, to the prophet Isaiah, who, in the name of Jehovah, announcing the downfall of Babylon and the deliverance of Israel, declares with an oath. "And as I have purposed the thing shall stand: to crush the ASSYRIAN in my land, and to trample him on my mountains. Then shall his yoke depart from off them; and his burden shall be removed from off their shoulders." (Isaiah, xiv. 24, 25. Lowth's new translation. See likewise the Bishop's note, p. 98.) Our old translation expresses, with less elegance, the same meaning; but I mention with pleasure the labors of a respectable Prelate, who in this, as well as in a former work, has very happily united the most critical judgment, with the taste and spirit of poetry.

The jealousy which Mr. Davis affects for the honor of the Jewish people will not suffer him to allow that they were *slaves* to the conquerors of the East: and while he acknowledges that they were tributary and dependent, he seems desirous of introducing, or even inventing, some milder expression of the state of vassalage and *subservience*"; from whence Tacitus assumed the words of *despectissima pars servitium*. Has Mr. Davis never heard of the distinction of civil and political slavery? Is he ignorant that even the natural and victorious subjects of an Asiatic despot have been deservedly marked with the opprobrious epithet of slaves by every writer acquainted with the name and advantage of freedom? Does he not know that, under such a government,

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the yoke is imposed with double weight on the necks of the vanquished, as the rigor of tyranny is aggravated by the abuse of conquest? From the first invasion of Judæa by the arms of the Assyrians, to the subversion of the Persian monarchy by Alexander, there elapsed a period of above four hundred years, which included about twelve ages or generations of the human race. As long as the Jews asserted their independence, they repeatedly suffered every calamity which the rage and insolence of a victorious enemy could inflict: the throne of David was overturned, the temple and city were reduced to ashes, and the whole land, a circumstance perhaps unparalleled in history, remained threescore and ten years without inhabitants, and without cultivation. (2 Chronicles, xxxvi. 21.) According to an institution which has long prevailed in Asia, and particularly in the Turkish government, the most beautiful and ingenious youths were carefully educated in the palace, where superior merit sometimes introduced these fortunate *slaves* to the favor of the conqueror, and to the honors of the state, (See the book and example of Daniel.) The rest of the unhappy Jews experienced the hardships of captivity and exile in distant lands; and while individuals were oppressed, the nation seemed to be dissolved or annihilated. The gracious edict of Cyrus was offered to all those who worshipped the God of Israel in the temple of Jerusalem; but it was accepted by no more than forty-two thousand persons of either sex and of every age, and of these about thirty thousand derived their origin from the tribes of Judah, of Benjamin, and of

Levi. (See Ezra, i. Nehemiah, vii. and Prideaux's Connexions, vol. i. p. 107. fol. edit. London, 1718.) The inconsiderable band of exiles, who returned to inhabit the land of their fathers, cannot be computed as the hundred and fiftieth part of the mighty people that had been numbered by the impious rashness of David. After a survey, which did not comprehend the tribes of Levi and Benjamin, the monarch was assured that he reigned over *one million five hundred and seventy thousand men* that drew sword (1 Chronicles, xxi 1—6), and the country of Judæa must have contained near seven millions of free inhabitants. The progress of restoration is always less rapid than that of destruction; Jerusalem, which had been ruined in a few months, was rebuilt by the slow and interrupted labors of a whole century; and the Jews, who gradually multiplied in their native seats, enjoyed a servile and precarious existence, which depended on the capricious will of their master. The books of Ezra and Nehemiah do not afford a very pleasing view of their situation under the Persian empire; and the book of Esther exhibits a most extraordinary instance of the degree of estimation in which they were held at the court of Susa. A minister addressed his king in the following words, which may be considered as a commentary on the *despectissima pars servientium* of the Roman historian: "And Haman said to king Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered abroad, and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the King's laws; therefore it is not for

“ the King’s profit to suffer them. If it please the
 “ King, let it be written that they may be destroyed;
 “ and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver to
 “ the hands of those that have the charge of the
 “ business, to bring it to the King’s treasures. And
 “ the king took his ring from his hand, and gave it
 “ to Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite,
 “ the Jews’ enemy. And the king said unto Haman,
 “ The silver is given unto thee, the people also, to
 “ do with them as it seemeth good to thee.” (Esther,
 iii. 8—11.) This trifling favor was asked by the Mi-
 nister, and granted by the Monarch, with an easy
 indifference, which expressed their contempt for
 the lives and fortunes of the Jews; the business passed
 without difficulty through the forms of office; and
 had Esther been less lovely, or less beloved, a single
 day would have consummated the universal slaughter
 of a submissive people, to whom no legal defence
 was allowed, and from whom no resistance seems to
 have been dreaded. I am a stranger to Mr. Davis’s
 political principles; but I should think that the epi-
 thet of *slaves*, and of *despised* slaves, may, without
 injustice, be applied to a captive nation, over
 whose head the sword of tyranny was suspended by
 so slender a thread.

The policy of the Macedonians was very diffe-
 rent from that of the Persians; and yet Mr. Davis,
 who reluctantly confesses that the Jews were oppres-
 sed by the former, does not understand how long
 they were favored and protected by the latter“. In
 the shock of those revolutions which divided the em-
 pire of Alexander, Judæa, like the other provinces,

experienced the transient ravages of an advancing or retreating enemy, who led away a multitude of captives. But, in the age of Josephus, the Jews still enjoyed the privileges granted by the kings of Asia and Egypt, who had fixed numerous colonies of that nation in the new cities of Alexandria, Antioch, &c. and placed them in the same honorable condition (πολιταις, ισχυρως) as the Greeks and Macedonians themselves. (Joseph. Antiquitat. L. xii. c. 1. 3. p. 585. 596. vol. i. edit. Havercamp.) Had they been treated with less indulgence, their settlement in those celebrated cities, the seats of commerce and learning, was enough to introduce them to the knowledge of the world, and to justify my *absurd* proposition, that they emerged from obscurity under the successors of Alexander.

The Jews remained and flourished under the mild dominion of the Macedonian princes, till they were compelled to assert their civil and religious rights against Antiochus Epiphanes, who had adopted new maxims of tyranny; and the age of the Maccabees is perhaps the most glorious period of the Hebrew annals. Mr. Davis, who on this occasion is bewildered by the subtlety of Tacitus, does not comprehend why the historian should ascribe the independence of the Jews to three *negative* causes, "Macedonibus invalidis, Parthis nondum adultis, & Romani procul aberant." To the understanding of the critic, Tacitus might as well have observed, that the Jews were not destroyed by a plague, a famine, or an earthquake; and Mr. Davis cannot see, for his own part, any reason why they may not have elected

kings of their own two or three hundred years before". Such indeed was not the reason of Tacitus: he probably considered that every nation, depressed by the weight of a foreign power, naturally rises towards the surface, as soon as the pressure is removed; and he might think that, in a short and rapid history of the independence of the Jews, it was sufficient for him to show that the obstacles did not exist, which, in an earlier or in a later period, would have checked their efforts. The curious reader, who has leisure to study the Jewish and Syrian history, will discover, that the throne of the Asmonæan princes was confirmed by the two great victories of the Parthians over Demetrius Nicator, and Antiochus Sidetus (see Joseph. Antiquitat. Jud. L. xiii. c. 5, 6, 8, 9. Justin. xxxvi. 1. xxxviii. 10. with Usher and Prideaux, before Christ 141 and 130); and the expression of Tacitus, the more closely it is examined, will be the more rationally admired.

My quotations" are the object of Mr. Davis's criticism", as well as the text of this short, but obnoxious passage. He corrects the error of my memory, which had suggested *servitutis* instead of *servientium*; and so natural is the alliance between truth and moderation, that on this occasion he forgets his character, and candidly acquits me of any malicious design to misrepresent the words of Tacitus. The other references, which are contained in the first and second Notes of my Fifteenth Chapter, are connected with each other, and can only be mistaken after they have been forcibly separated. The silence of Herodotus is a fair

evidence of the obscurity of the Jews, who had escaped the eyes of so curious a traveller. The Jews are first mentioned by Justin, when he relates the siege of Jerusalem by Antiochus Sidetes; and the conquest of Judæa, by the arms of Pompey, engaged Diodorus and Dion to introduce that singular nation to the acquaintance of their readers. These epochs, which are within seventy years of each other, mark the age in which the Jewish people, emerging from their obscurity, began to act a part in the society of nations, and to excite the curiosity of the Greek and Roman historians. For that purpose only, I had appealed to the authority of Diodorus Siculus, of Justin, or rather of Trogus Pompeius, and of Dion Cassius. If I had designed to investigate the Jewish antiquities, reason, as well as faith, must have directed my inquiries to the Sacred Books, which, even as human productions, would deserve to be studied as one of the most curious and original monuments of the East.

I stand accused, though not indeed by Mr. Davis, for profanely depreciating the *promised* Land, as well as the *chosen* People. The gentleman without a name has placed this charge in the front of his battle", and if my memory does not deceive me, it is one of the few remarks in Mr. Apthorpe's book, which have any immediate relation to my History. They seem to consider in the light of a reproach, and of an unjust reproach, the idea which I had given of Palestine, as of a territory scarcely superior to Wales in extent and fertility"; and they strangely convert a geographical observation into a theological

error. When I recollected that the imputation of a similar error was employed by the implacable Calvin, to precipitate and to justify the execution of Servetus, I must applaud the felicity of this country, and of this age, which has disarmed, if it could not mollify, the fierceness of ecclesiastical criticism. (See *Dictionnaire Critique de Chauffepié*, tom. iv. p. 223.)

As I had compared the narrow extent of Phœnicia and Palestine with the important blessings which those celebrated countries had diffused over the rest of the earth, their minute size became an object not of censure but of praise.

Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant.

The precise measure of Palestine was taken from Templeman's Survey of the Globe: he allows to Wales 7011 square English miles, to the Morea or Peloponnesus 7220, to the Seven United Provinces 7546, and to Judæa or Palestine 7600. The difference is not very considerable, and if any of these countries has been magnified beyond its real size, Asia is more liable than Europe to have been affected by the inaccuracy of Mr. Templeman's maps. To the authority of this modern survey, I shall only add the ancient and weighty testimony of Jerom, who passed in Palestine above thirty years of his life. From Dan to Bershebah, the two fixed and proverbial boundaries of the Holy Land, he reckons no more than one hundred and sixty miles (*Hieronym. ad Dardanum*, tom. iii. p. 66.), and the breadth of Palestine cannot by any expedient be stretched to one half of its length. (See Reland, *Palestin. L. ii. c. 5. p. 421.*)

The degrees and limits of fertility cannot be ascertained with the strict simplicity of geographical measures. Whenever we speak of the productions of the earth, in different climates, our ideas must be relative, our expressions vague and doubtful; nor can we always distinguish between the gifts of Nature and the rewards of industry. The emperor Frederick II., the enemy and the victim of the Clergy, is accused of saying, after his return from his Crusade, that the God of the Jews would have despised his promised land, if he had once seen the fruitful realms of Sicily and Naples. (See Giannone *Istoria Civile del Regno di Napoli*, tom. ii. p. 245.) This raillery, which malice has perhaps falsely imputed to Frederick, is inconsistent with truth and piety; yet it must be confessed, that the soil of Palestine does not contain that inexhaustible, and as it were spontaneous principle of fecundity, which, under the most unfavorable circumstance, has covered with rich harvests the banks of the Nile, the fields of Sicily, or the plains of Poland. The Jordan is the only navigable river of Palestine: a considerable part of the narrow space is occupied, or rather lost, in the *Dead Sea*, whose horrid aspect inspires every sensation of disgust, and countenances every tale of horror. The districts which border on Arabia partake of the sandy quality of the adjacent desert. The face of the country, except the sea-coast and the valley of the Jordan, is covered with mountains, which appear for the most part as naked and barren rocks; and in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem there is a real scarcity of the two elements of earth and

water. (See Maundrel's Travels, p. 65, and Reland Palestin. tom. i. p. 238 — 395.) These disadvantages, which now operate in their fullest extent, were formerly corrected by the labors of a numerous people. The hills were clothed with rich beds of artificial mould, the rain was collected in vast cisterns, a supply of fresh water was conveyed by pipes and aqueducts to the dry lands, the breed of cattle was encouraged in those parts which were not adapted for tillage, and almost every spot was compelled to yield some production for the use of the inhabitants. (See the same testimonies and observations of Maundrel and Reland)

———— *Pater ipse colendi*

*Haud facile esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
Movit agros; curis acuens mortalia corda
Nec torpere gravi passus SUA REGNA veterno.*

Such are the useful victories which have been achieved by MAN on the lofty mountains of Switzerland, along the rocky coast of Genoa, and upon the barren hills of Palestine; and since Wales has flourished under the influence of English freedom, that rugged country has surely acquired some share of the same industrious merit and the same artificial fertility. Those Critics who interpret the comparison of Palestine and Wales as a tacit libel on the former, are themselves guilty of an unjust satire against the latter, of those countries. Such is the injustice of Mr. Apthorpe and of the anonymous Gentleman: but if Mr. Davis (as we may suspect

from his name) is himself of Cambrian origin, his patriotism on this occasion has protected me from his zeal.

V. I shall begin this article by the confession of an error which candor might perhaps excuse, but which my Adversary magnifies by a pathetic interrogation. "When he tells us, that he has carefully examined all the original materials, are we to believe him? or is it his design to try how far the credulity and easy disposition of the age will suffer him to proceed unsuspected and undiscovered?"

Quousque tandem abuteris Catilina patientiâ nostrâ?

In speaking of the danger of idolatry, I had quoted the picturesque expression of Tertullian, "Re-cogita sylvam & quantæ latitant spinæ," and finding it marked c. 10. in my Notes, I hastily, though naturally, added *de Idololatria*, instead of *de Corona Militis*, and referred to one Treatise of Tertullian instead of another". And now let me ask in my turn, whether Mr. Davis had any real knowledge of the passage which I had misplaced, or whether he made an ungenerous use of his advantage, to insinuate that I had invented or perverted the words of Tertullian? Ignorance is less criminal than malice, and I shall be satisfied if he will plead guilty to the milder charge.

The same observation may be extended to a passage of Le Clerc, which asserts, in the clearest terms, the ignorance of the more ancient Jews with regard to a future state. Le Clerc lay open before me, but while my eye moved from the book to the paper, I transcribed the reference c. 1. sect. 8. instead of

fect. i. c. 8. from the natural, but erroneous persuasion, that *Chapter* expressed the larger, and *Section* the smaller division": and this difference, of such trifling moment and so easily rectified, holds a distinguished place in the list of Misrepresentations which adorn Mr. Davis's Table of Contents". But to return to Tertullian.

The *infernal* picture, which I had produced "from that vehement writer, which excited the horror of every humane reader, and which even Mr. Davis will not explicitly defend, has furnished him with a few critical cavils". Happy should I think myself, if the materials of my History could be always exposed to the Examination of the Public; and I shall be content with appealing to the impartial Reader, whether my Version of this Passage is not as fair and as faithful, as the more literal translation which Mr. Davis has exhibited in an opposite column. I shall only justify two expressions which have provoked his indignation. 1. I had observed that the zealous African pursues the infernal description in a long variety of affected and unfeeling witticisms; the instances of Gods, of Kings, of Magistrates, of Philosophers, of Poets, of Tragedians, were introduced into my Translation. Those which I had omitted, relate to the Dancers, the Charioteers, and the Wrestlers; and it is almost impossible to express those conceits which are connected with the language and manners of the Romans. But the reader will be *sufficiently* shocked, when he is informed that Tertullian alludes to the improvement which the agility of the Dancers, the red

livery of the Charioteers, and the attitudes of the Wrestlers, would derive from the effects of fire. "Tunc histriones cognoscendi solutiores multo per ignem; tunc spectandus Auriga in flammea rota totus ruber. Tunc Xystici contemplandi, non in Gymnasiis, sed in igne jaculati." 2. I. cannot refuse to answer Mr. Davis's very particular question, Why I appeal to Tertullian for the condemnation of the wisest and most virtuous of the Pagans? *Because* I am inclined to bestow that epithet on Trajan and the Antonines, Homer and Euripides, Plato and Aristotle, who are all manifestly included within the fiery description which I had produced.

I am accused of misquoting Tertullian ad Scapulam¹², as an evidence that Martyrdoms were lately introduced into Africa". Besides Tertullian, I had quoted from Ruinart (*Acta Sincera*, p. 84.) the Acts of the Scyllitan Martyrs; and a very moderate knowledge of Ecclesiastical History would have informed Mr. Davis, that the two authorities thus connected establish the proposition asserted in my Text. Tertullian, in the above-mentioned Chapter, speaks of one of the Proconsuls of Africa, Vigellius Saturninus, "*qui primus hic gladium in nos egit*;" the *Acta Sincera* represent the same Magistrate as the Judge of the Scyllitan Martyrs; and Ruinart, with the consent of the best critics, ascribes their sufferings to the persecution of Severus. Was it my fault if Mr. Davis was incapable of supplying the intermediate ideas?

Is it likewise necessary that I should justify the frequent use which I have made of Tertullian? His

copious writings display a lively and interesting picture of the primitive Church, and the scantiness of original materials scarcely left me the liberty of choice. Yet as I was sensible, that the Montanism of Tertullian is the convenient screen which our orthodox Divines have placed before his errors, I have, with peculiar caution, confined myself to those works which were composed in the more early and sounder part of his life.

As a collateral justification of my frequent appeals to this African Presbyter, I had introduced, in the third edition of my History, two passages of Jerom and Prudentius, which prove that Tertullian was the master of Cyprian, and that Cyprian was the master of the Latin Church". Mr. Davis assures me however, that I should have done better not to have "added this note", as I have only accumulated my inaccuracies." One inaccuracy he indeed detected, an error of the press, Hieronym. de Viris illustribus, c. 53 for 63; but this advantage is dearly purchased by Mr. Davis. *Επίδος του διδασκάλου*, which he produces as the original words of Cyprian, has a braver and more learned sound, than *Da magistrum*; but the quoting in Greek, a sentence which was pronounced, and is recorded, in Latin, seems to bear the mark of the most ridiculous pedantry; unless Mr. Davis, consulting for the first time the Works of Jerom, mistook the Version of Sophronius, which is printed in the opposite column, for the Text of his original Author My reference to Prudentius, Hymn. xiii. 100 can not so easily be justified, as I presumptuously believed that

my critics would continue to read till they came to a full stop. I shall now place before them, not the first verse only, but the entire period, which they will find full, express, and satisfactory. The Poet says of St. Cyprian, whom he places in Heaven,

*Nec minus involtat terris, nec ab hoc recedit orbe:
Differit, eloquitur, tractat, docet, instruit, prophetat;
Nec Libyæ populos tantum reget, exit usque in ortum
Solis, & usque obitum; Gallos fovet, imbuit Britannos,
Presidet Hesperix, Christum ferit ultimis Hibernis.*

VI. On the subject of the imminent dangers which the Apocalypse has so narrowly escaped", Mr. Davis accuses me of misrepresenting the sentiments of Sulpicius Severus and Fra-Paolo", with this difference, however, that I was incapable of reading or understanding the text of the Latin author; but that I willfully perverted the sense of the Italian historian. These imputations I shall easily wipe away, by showing that, in the first instance, I am probably in the right; and that, in the second, he is certainly in the wrong.

1. The concise and elegant Sulpicius, who has been justly styled the Christian Sallust, after mentioning the exile and Revelations of St. John in the isle of Patmos, observes (and surely the observation is in the language of complaint), "*Librum sacre Apocalypsis, qui quidem a plerisque aut stulte aut impie non recipitur, conscriptum edidit.*" I am found guilty of supposing *plerique* to signify the greater number; whereas Mr. Davis, with Stephens's

SULPICIVS
SEVERUS AND
FRA-PAOLO.

Dictionary in his hand, is able to prove that *plerique* has not *always* that extensive meaning, and that a classic of good authority has used the word in a much more limited and qualified sense. Let the Examiner therefore try to apply his exception to this particular case. For my part, I stand under the protection of the general usage of the Latin language, and with a strong presumption in favor of the justice of my cause, or at least of the innocence and fairness of my intentions; since I have translated a familiar word, according to its acknowledged and ordinary acceptation.

But, "if I had looked into the passage, and found
 " that Sulpicius Severus there expressly tells us,
 " that the Apocalypse was the work of St. John, I
 " could not have committed so unfortunate a *blunder*,
 " as to cite this Father as saying, That the greater
 " number of Christians denied its Canonical au-
 " thority." Unfortunate indeed would have been
 my blunder, had I asserted that the same Christians
 who denied its Canonical authority, admitted it to
 be the work of an Apostle. Such indeed was the
 opinion of Severus himself, and his opinion has
 obtained the sanction of the Church; but the Chris-
 tians whom he taxes with folly or impiety for rejecting
 this sacred book, must have supported their error
 by attributing the Apocalypse to some uninspired
 writer; to John the Presbyter, or to Cerinthus the
 Heretic.

If the rules of grammar and of logic authorize, or
 at least allow me to translate *plerique* by the *greater*
number, the Ecclesiastical History of the fourth cen-
 tury,

tury illustrates and justifies this obvious interpretation. From a fair comparison of the populousness and learning of the Greek and Latin Churches, may I not conclude that the former contained the *greater number* of Christians qualified to pass sentence on a mysterious prophecy composed in the Greek language? May I not affirm, on the authority of St. Jerom, that the Apocalypse was generally rejected by the Greek Churches? "Quod si eam (the Epistle to the Hebrews) Latinorum consuetudo non recipit inter Scripturas Canonicas; nec Græcorum Ecclesie Apocalypsim Johannis eadem libertate suscipiunt. Et tamen nos utramque suscipimus, nequam hujus temporis consuetudinem, sed veterum auctoritatem sequentes." Epistol. ad Dardanum, tom. iii. p. 68.

It is not my design to enter any farther into the controverted history of that famous book; but I am called upon to defend my Remark that the Apocalypse was tacitly excluded from the sacred canon by the council of Laodicea. (Canon LX.) To defend my Remark, I need only state the fact in a simple but more particular manner. The assembled Bishops of Asia, after enumerating all the books of the Old and New Testament which should be read in churches, omit the Apocalypse, and the Apocalypse alone; at a time when it was rejected or questioned by many pious and learned Christians, who might deduce a very plausible argument from the silence of the Synod.

2. When the Council of Trent resolved to pronounce sentence on the Canon of Scripture, the

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opinion which prevailed, after some debate, was to declare the Latin Vulgate authentic and *almost* infallible; and this sentence, which was guarded by formidable anathemas, secured all the books of the Old and New Testament which composed that ancient version, "che si dichiarassero tutti in tutte le parti come si trovano nella Bibbia Latina, esser di Divina ed ugual autorità." (Istoria del Concilio Tridentino, L. ii. p. 147. Helmstadt (*Vicenza*) 1761.) When the merit of that version was discussed, the majority of the theologians urged, with confidence and success, that it was absolutely necessary to receive the Vulgate as authentic and inspired, unless they wished to abandon the victory to the Lutherans, and the honors of the church to the Grammarians. "In contrario della maggior parte dei theologi era detto.... che questi nuovi Grammatici confonderanno ogni cosa, e farà farli giudici ed arbitri della fede; ed in luogo dei teologi e canonisti, converrà tener il primo conto nell' assumere a Vescovati e Cardinalati dei pedanti." (Istoria del Concilio Tridentino, L. ii. p. 149.) The sagacious historian, who had studied the Council, and the judicious Le Courayer, who had studied his author (Histoire du Concile de Trente, tom. i. p. 245. Londres 1736.), consider this *ridiculous* reason as the most powerful argument which influenced the debates of the Council: but Mr. Davis, jealous of the honor of a synod which placed tradition on a level with the Bible, affirms that Fra-Paolo has given another more substantial reason on which these Popish bishops built their determination, That after

dividing the books under their consideration into three classes; of those which had been always held for divine; of those whose authenticity had formerly been doubted, but which by use and custom had acquired canonical authority; and of those which had never been properly certified; the Apocalypse was judiciously placed by the Fathers of the Council in the second of these classes.

The Italian passage, which, for that purpose, Mr. Davis has alledged at the bottom of his page, is indeed taken from the text of Fra-Paolo; but the reader, who will give himself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, of perusing that incomparable historian, will discover that Mr. Davis has *only* mistaken a motion of the opposition, for a measure of the administration. He will find, that this critical division, which is so erroneously ascribed to the public reason of the council, was no more than the ineffectual proposal of a temperate minority, which was soon over-ruled by a majority of artful statesmen, bigotted monks, and dependent bishops.

"We have here an evident proof that Mr. Gibbon is equally expert in misrepresenting a modern as an ancient writer, or that he wilfully conceals the most material reason, with a design, no doubt, to instil into his reader a notion, that the authenticity of the Apocalypse is built on the slightest foundation."

VII. I had cautiously observed (for I was apprized CLEMENS. of the obscurity of the subject) that the Epistle of Clemens does not lead us to discover any traces of Episcopacy either at Corinth or Rome". In this

observation I particularly alluded to the republican form of salutation, "The church of God inhabiting Rome, to the church of God inhabiting Corinth;" without the least mention of a Bishop or President in either of those ecclesiastical assemblies.

Yet the piercing eye of Mr. Davis²² can discover not only traces, but evident proofs, of Episcopacy, in this Epistle of Clemens; and he actually quotes two passages, in which he distinguishes by capital letters the word BISHOPS, whose institution Clemens refers to the Apostles themselves. But can Mr. Davis hope to gain credit by such egregious trifling? While we are searching for the origin of bishops, not merely as an ecclesiastical title, but as the peculiar name of an order distinct from that of Presbyters, he idly produces a passage, which, by declaring that the Apostles established in every place *bishops* and *deacons*, evidently confounds the *presbyters* with one or other of those two ranks. I have neither inclination nor interest to engage in a controversy which I had considered only in a historical light; but I have already said enough to show, that there are more traces of a disingenuous mind in Mr. Davis, than of an episcopal order in the Epistle of Clemens.

EUSEBIUS. VIII. Perhaps, on some future occasion, I may examine the historical character of Eusebius; perhaps I may inquire, how far it appears from his words and actions, that the learned Bishop of Cæsarea was averse to the use of fraud, when it was employed in the service of religion. At present, I am only concerned to defend my own truth and honor, from the reproach of misrepresenting the sense of the ecclesiastical

tical historian. Some of the charges of Mr. Davis on this head are so strong, so pointed, so vehemently urged, that he seems to have staked, on the event of the trial, the merits of our respective characters. If his assertions are true, I deserve the contempt of learned, and the abhorrence of good men. If they are false. *****.

1. I had remarked, without any malicious intention, that one of the seventeen Christians who suffered at Alexandria was likewise *accused* of robbery ". Mr. Davis " seems enraged, because I did not add that he was *falsely* accused, takes some unnecessary pains to convince me that the Greek word *εὐνοῦς* signifies *falso accusatus*, and " can hardly think that any " one who had looked into the original, would dare " thus absolutely to contradict the plain testimony " of the author he *pretends* to follow." A simple narrative of this fact, in the relation of which Mr. Davis has *really* suppressed several material circumstances, will afford the clearest justification.

Eusebius has preserved an original letter from Dionysius Bishop of Alexandria to Fabius Bishop of Antioch, in which the former relates the circumstances of the persecution which had lately afflicted the capital of Egypt. He allows a rank among the martyrs to one Nemefion, an Egyptian, who was falsely or maliciously accused as a companion of robbers. Before the Centurion he justified himself from this calumny, which did not relate to him; but being charged as a Christian, he was brought in chains before the governor. That unjust magistrate, after inflicting on Nemefion *a double measure of stripes*

and tortures, gave orders that he should be *burnt with the robbers*. (Dionys. apud Euseb. L. vi. c. 41.)

It is evident that Dionysius represents the religious sufferer as innocent of the criminal accusation which had been falsely brought against him. It is no less evident, that whatever might be the opinion of the Centurion, the supreme magistrate considered Nemesion as guilty, and that he affected to show, by the measure of his tortures, and by the companions of his execution, that he punished him, not only as a Christian, but as a robber. The evidence against Nemesion, and that which might be produced in his favor, are equally lost; and the question (which fortunately is of little moment) of his guilt or innocence rests solely on the opposite judgments of his ecclesiastical and civil superiors. I could easily perceive that both the bishop and the governor were actuated by different passions and prejudices towards the unhappy sufferer; but it was impossible for me to decide which of the two was the most likely to indulge his prejudices and passions at the expense of truth. In this doubtful situation I conceived that I had acted with the most unexceptionable caution, when I contented myself with observing that Nemesion was *accused*; a circumstance of a public and authentic nature, in which both parties were agreed.

Mr. Davis will no longer ask, "What possible evasion then can Mr. Gibbon have recourse to, to convince the world that I have *falsely* accused him of a gross misrepresentation of Eusebius?"

2. Mr. Davis "charges me with falsifying (*falsifying* is a very serious word) the testimony of Euse-

bis; because it suited my purpose to magnify the humanity and even kindness of Maxentius towards the afflicted Christians ". To support this charge, he produces some part of a chapter of Eusebius, the English in his text, the Greek in his notes, and makes the ecclesiastical historian express himself in the following terms: " Although Maxentius at first " favored the Christians with a view of popularity, " yet afterwards, being addicted to magic, and " every other impiety, HE exerted himself in persecuting the Christians, in a more severe and destructive manner than his predecessors had done before " him."

If it were in my power to place the volume and chapter of Eusebius (Hist. Ecclef. L. viii. c. 14.) before the eyes of every reader, I should be satisfied and silent. I should not be under the necessity of protesting, that in the passage quoted, or rather abridged, by my adversary, the second member of the period, which alone contradicts my account of Maxentius, has not the most distant reference to that odious tyrant. After distinguishing the mild conduct which *he* affected towards the Christians, Eusebius proceeds to animadvert with becoming severity on the general vices of his reign; the rapes, the murders, the oppression, the promiscuous massacres, which I had faithfully related in their proper place, and in which the Christians; not in their religious, but in their civil capacity, must occasionally have shared with the rest of his unhappy subjects. The ecclesiastical historian then makes a transition to *another tyrant*, the cruel Maximin, who carried

away from his friend and ally Maxentius the prize of superior wickedness; for he was addicted to magic arts, and was a cruel persecutor of the Christians. The evidence of words and facts, the plain meaning of Eusebius, the concurring testimony of Cæcilius or Lactantius, and the superfluous authority of versions and commentators, establish beyond the reach of doubt or cavil, that Maximin, and not Maxentius, is stigmatized as a persecutor, and that Mr. Davis alone has deserved the reproach of *falsifying* the testimony of Eusebius.

Let him examine the chapter on which he founds his accusation. If in that moment his feelings are not of the most painful and humiliating kind, he must indeed be an object of pity!

3. *A gross blunder* is imputed to me by this polite antagonist*, for quoting, under the name of Jerom, the Chronicle which I ought to have described as the work and property of Eusebius**; and Mr. Davis kindly points out the occasion of my blunder, That it was the consequence of my looking no farther than Dodwell for this remark, and of not rightly understanding his reference. Perhaps the Historian of the Roman Empire may be credited, when he affirms that he frequently consulted a Latin Chronicle of the affairs of that empire; and he may the sooner be credited, if he shows that he knows something more of this Chronicle besides the name and the title-page.

Mr. Davis, who talks so familiarly of the Chronicle of Eusebius, will be surprised to hear that the Greek original no longer exists. Some chronological

fragments, which had successively passed through the hands of Africanus and Eusebius, are still extant, though in a very corrupt and mutilated state, in the compilations of Syncellus and Cedrenus. They have been collected, and disposed by the labor and ingenuity of Joseph Scaliger; but that proud critic, always ready to applaud his own success, did not flatter himself that he had restored the hundredth part of the genuine Chronicle of Eusebius. "Ex eo (*Syncello*) "omnia Eusebiana excerpimus quæ quidem deprehendere potuimus; quæ, quanquam ne centesima quidem pars eorum esse videtur quæ ab Eusebio relicta sunt, aliquod tamen justum volumen explere possunt." (Jof Scaliger *Animadversiones in Græca Eusebii*, in *Thefauro Temporum*, p. 401. Amstelod. 1658.) While the Chronicle of Eusebius was perfect and entire, the second book was translated into Latin by Jerom, with the freedom, or rather licence, which that voluminous author, as well as his friend or enemy Rufinus, always assumed. "Plurima in vertendo mutat, insulcit, præterit," says Scaliger himself, in the *Prolegomena*, p. 22. In the persecution of Aurelian, which has so much offended Mr. Davis, we are able to distinguish the work of Eusebius from that of Jerom, by comparing the expressions of the Ecclesiastical History with those of the Chronicle. The former affirms, that towards the end of his reign, Aurelian was moved by some councils to excite a persecution against the Christians; that his design occasioned a great and general rumor; but that when the letters were prepared, and as it were signed, divine justice dismissed him

from the world. Ἡδὴ τιτὶ βελαις ὥς ἂν διωγμὸν καὶ ἡμῶν
 συμβῆναι ἀνεκινεῖτο. πολὺς τε γὰρ ὁ παρὰ πᾶσι περὶ τῆς διωγμῆς, μελλόντος
 δὲ καὶ ἡμῶν σχεδὸν εἰπεινῶν καὶ ἡμῶν ὑφ' ἡμῶν ὑποσημασμένον βεῖν
 μετεῖναι δική. Euseb. Hist. Eccles. L. vii. c. 30. Whereas
 the Chronicle relates, that Aurelian was killed after
 he had excited or moved a persecution against the
 Christians, "cum aduersum nos persecutionem
 "movisset."

From this manifest difference I assume a right to
 assert; first, that the expression of the Chronicle
 of Jerom, which is always proper, became in this
 instance necessary; and secondly, that the language
 of the fathers is so ambiguous and incorrect, that we
 are at a loss to determine how far Aurelian had carried
 his intention before he was assassinated. I have neither
 perverted the *fact*, nor have I been guilty of a *gross*
blunder.

JUSTIN
 MARTYR.

IX. "The persons accused of Christianity had a
 "convenient time allowed to settle their domestic
 "concerns, and to prepare their answer." This ob-
 servation had been suggested, partly by a general ex-
 pression of Cyprian (de Lapsis, p. 88. Edit. Fell.
 Amstelod. 1700.), and more especially by the second
 Apology of Justin Martyr, who gives a particular and
 curious example of this legal delay.

The expressions of Cyprian, "dies negantibus
 "præstitutus, &c." which Mr. Davis most prudently
 suppresses, are illustrated by Mosheim in the fol-
 lowing words: "Primum qui delati erant aut suf-
 "fecti, illis certum dierum spatium iudex definiebat,
 "quo decurrente, secum deliberare poterant, utrum
 "profiteri Christum an negare mallent; *exploranda*

"*fidei præſeniebantur dies per hoc tempus liberi*
 " manebant in domibus ſuis; nec impediēbat aliquis
 " quod ex conſequentibus apparet, ne fugā ſibi con-
 " ſulerent. Satis hoc erat humanum.") De Rebus
 Christianis ante Conſtantinum, p. 480.]. The practice
 of Egypt was ſometimes more expeditious and ſevere;
 but this humane indulgence was ſtill allowed in
 Africa during the perſecution of Decius.

But my appeal to Juſtin Martyr is encountered by
 Mr. Davis with the following declaration " : " The
 " reader will obſerve, that Mr. Gibbon does not
 " make any reference to any ſection or diviſion of this
 " part of Juſtin's work; with what view we may
 " ſhrewdly ſuſpect, when I tell him, that after an
 " accurate peruſal of the whole ſecond Apology, I
 " can boldly affirm, that the following inſtance is
 " the only one that bears the moſt diſtant ſimilitude
 " to what Mr. Gibbon relates as above on the autho-
 " rity of Juſtin. What I find in Juſtin is as follows:
 " A woman being converted to Chriſtianity, is afraid
 " to aſſociate with her huſband, becauſe he is an aban-
 " doned reprobate, leſt ſhe ſhould partake of his ſins.
 " Her huſband, not being able to accuſe *her*, vents his
 " rage in this manner on one Ptolemæus, a teacher of
 " Chriſtianity, and who had converted her, &c." Mr.
 Davis then proceeds to relate the ſeverities inflicted on
 Ptolemæus, who made a frank and inſtant profeſſion
 of his faith; and he ſternly exclaims, that if I take every
 opportunity of paſſing encomiums on the humanity
 of Roman magiſtrates, it is incumbent on me to
 produce better evidence than this.

His demand may be eaſily ſatiſfied, and I need only

for that purpose, transcribe and translate the words of Justin, which *immediately* precede the Greek quotation alledged at the bottom of my adversary's page. I am possessed of two editions of Justin Martyr, that of Cambridge, 1768, in 8vo. by Dr. Ashton, who only published the two Apologies; and that of all his works, published in fol. Paris, 1742, by the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur: the following curious passage may be found, p. 164, of the former, and p. 89, of the latter edition: Κατηγορίαν πέποιηται, λεγών αὐτὴν χριστιανὴν εἶναι, καὶ μὲν βιβλίδιον σοὶ τῷ αυτοκράτορι ἀναβέβηκε, πρότερον συνχωρεῖν αὐτῇ δικαιοσύνην καὶ τὰ ἐκείνης ἀξίωσα. ἐπεὶ αὐτὴ ἀπολογησάμενη ἡμεῖς τε κατηγοροῦμεν, μετ' αὐτὴν τῶν πρὸς ἡμᾶς αὐτῇ δίκην δίδωμεν, καὶ συνεχωρήσας τῆτο. "He brought an accusation against her, saying, that she was a Christian. But she presented a petition to the Emperor, praying that she might first be allowed to settle her domestic concerns; and promising, that after she had settled them, she would then put in her answer to the accusation. this you granted."

I disdain to add a single reflection; nor shall I qualify the conduct of my adversary with any of those harsh epithets, which might be interpreted as the expressions of resentment, though I should be constrained to use them as the only words in the English language which could accurately represent my cool and unprejudiced sentiments.

LACTANTIUS.

X. In stating the toleration of Christianity during the greatest part of the reign of Diocletian, I had observed, "that the principal officers of the palace, whose names and functions were particularly specified, enjoyed, with their wives and children, the free exercise of the Christian religion. Mr. Davis

twice affirms¹², in the most deliberate manner, that this pretended fact, which is asserted on the sole authority, is contradicted by the positive evidence, of Lactantius. In both these *affirmations* Mr. Davis is inexcusably mistaken.

When the storms of persecution arose, the priests, who were offended by the sign of the Cross, obtained an order from the Emperor, that the profane, the Christians, who accompanied him to the Temple, should be compelled to offer sacrifice; and this incident is mentioned by the rhetorician, to whom I shall not at present refuse the name of Lactantius. The act of idolatry, which, at the expiration of eighteen years, was required of the officers of Diocletian, is a manifest proof that their religious freedom had hitherto been inviolate, except in the single instance of waiting on their master to the Temple; a service less criminal than the profane compliance for which the minister of the King of Syria solicited the permission of the prophet of Israel.

2. The reference which I made to Lactantius expressly pointed out this exception to their freedom. But the proof of the toleration was built on a different testimony, which my disingenuous adversary has concealed; an ancient and curious instruction composed by Bishop Theonas, for the use of Lucian, and the other Christian eunuchs of the palace of Diocletian. This authentic piece was published in the *Spicilegium* of Dom Luc d'Acheri; as I had not the opportunity of consulting the original, I was contented with quoting it on the faith of Tillemont, and the reference to it immediately precedes (ch. xvi. note 133.) the citation of¹ Lactantius (note 134).

Mr. Davis may now answer his own question,
 "What apology can be made for thus asserting, on
 "the sole authority of Lactantius, facts which Lac-
 "tantius so expressly denies?"

DION CAS-
 SIUS.

XI. "I have already given a curious instance of
 "our author's asserting, on the authority of Dion
 "Cassius, a fact not mentioned by that historian. I
 "shall now produce a very singular proof of his en-
 "deavouring to conceal from us a passage really con-
 "tained in him." Nothing but the angry vehemence
 with which these charges are urged, could engage
 me to take the least notice of them. In themselves
 they are doubly contemptible; they are trifling, and
 they are false.

i. Mr. Davis "had imputed to me as a crime, that
 I had mentioned, on the sole testimony of Dion
 (L. lxxviii. p. 1145.), the spirit of rebellion which
 inflamed the Jews, from the reign of Nero to that of
 Antoninus Pius", whilst the passage of that historian
 is confined to an insurrection in Cyprus and Cyrene,
 which broke out within that period. The reader
 who will cast his eye on the note (ch. xvi. note. i.),
 which is supported by that quotation from Dion, will
 discover that it related only to *this* particular fact.
 The general position, which is indeed too notorious
 to require any proof, I had carefully justified in the
 course of the same paragraph; partly by another re-
 ference to Dion Cassius, partly by an allusion to the
 well-known history of Josephus, and partly by *several*
 quotations from the learned and judicious Basnage,
 who has explained, in the most satisfactory manner,
 the principles and conduct of the rebellious Jews.

2. The passage of Dion, which I am accused of endeavouring to conceal, might perhaps have remained invisible, even to the piercing eye of Mr. Davis, if I had not carefully reported it in its proper place⁵⁶: and it was in my power to report it, without being guilty of any *inconsiderate contradiction*. I had observed, that, in the large history of Dion Cassius, Xiphilin had not been able to discover the name of *Christians*: yet I afterwards quote a passage, in which Marcia, the favorite concubine of Commodus, is celebrated as the patroness of the *Christians*. M. Davis has transcribed my quotation, but he has concealed the important words which I now distinguish by Italics. (Ch. xvi. note 106. Dion Cassius, or rather his abbreviator Xiphilin, L. lxxii. p. 1206.) The reference is fairly made and cautiously qualified: I am already secure from the imputations of fraud or inconsistency; and the opinion which attributes the last mentioned passage to the abbreviator, rather than to the original historian, may be supported by the most unexceptionable authorities. I shall protect myself by those of Reimar (in his edition of Dion Cassius, tom. ii. p. 1207. note 34.), and of Dr. Lardner; and shall only transcribe the words of the latter, in his Collection of Jewish and Heathen Testimonies, vol. iii. p. 57.

“ This paragraph I rather think to be Xiphilin’s than Dion’s. The style at least is Xiphilin’s. In the other passages before quoted, Dion speaks of impiety, or atheism, or Judaism; but never useth the word *Christians*. Another thing that may make us doubt whether this observation be entirely Dion’s, is the phrase, “ it is related (ιστορεται).” For

“ at the beginning of the reign of Commodus, he
 “ says, “ These things, and what follows, I write
 “ not from the report of others, but from my own
 “ knowledge and observation.” However, the sense
 “ may be Dion’s; but I wish we had also his style,
 “ without any adulteration.” For my own part, I
 must, in my private opinion, ascribe even the sense
 of this passage to Xiphilin. The *Monk* might eagerly
 collect and insert an anecdote which related to the
 domestic history of the church; but the religion of a
 courtesan must have appeared an object of very little
 moment in the eyes of a *Roman consul*, who, at least in
 every other part of his history, disdained or neglected
 to mention the name of the Christians.

“ What shall we say now? Do we not discover
 “ the name of Christians in the History of Dion?
 “ With what *assurance* then can Mr. Gibbon, after
 “ asserting a fact manifestly *untrue*, lay claim to the
 “ merits of diligence and accuracy, the indispensable
 “ duty of a historian? Or can he expect us to credit
 “ his assertion, that he has carefully examined all
 “ the original materials?”

Mr. Gibbon may still maintain the character of a
 historian; but it is difficult to conceive how Mr.
 Davis will support his pretensions, if he aspires to
 that of a gentleman.

I almost hesitate whether I should take any
 notice of another ridiculous charge which Mr.
 Davis includes in the article of Dion Cassius. My
 adversary owns, that I have occasionally produced
 the several passages of the Augustan History which
 relate to the Christians; but he fiercely contents
 that

that they amount to more than *six lines*". I really have not measured them: nor did I mean that loose expression as a precise and definite number. If, on a nicer survey, those short hints, when they are brought together, should be found to exceed six of the long lines of my folio edition, I am content that my critical antagonist should substitute, eight, or twelve, lines; nor shall I think either my learning or veracity much interested in this important alteration.

XII. After a short description of the unworthy conduct of those Apostates who, in a time of persecution, deserted the Faith of Christ, I produced the evidence of a Pagan Proconsul", and of two Christian Bishops, Pliny, Dionysius of Alexandria, and Cyprian. And here the unforgiving Critic remarks, "That Pliny has not particularized that difference of conduct (in the different Apostates) which Mr. Gibbon here describes: yet his name stands at the head of those Authors whom he has cited on the occasion. It is allowed indeed that this distinction is made by the other Authors; but as Pliny, the first referred to by Mr. Gibbon, gives him no cause or reason to use *them*," (I cannot help Mr. Davis's bad English) it is certainly very reprehensible in our Author, thus to confound their testimony, and to make a needless and improper reference "".

A criticism of this sort can only tend to expose Mr. Davis's total ignorance of historical composition. The Writer who aspires to the name of Historian, is obliged to consult a variety of original testimonies, each of which, taken separately, perhaps imperfect and

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partial. By a judicious re-union and arrangement of these dispersed materials, he endeavours to form a consistent and interesting narrative. Nothing ought to be inserted which is not proved by some of the witnesses; but their evidence must be so intimately blended together, that as it is unreasonable to expect that each of them should vouch for the whole, so it would be impossible to define the boundaries of their respective property. Neither Pliny, nor Dionysius, nor Cyprian, mention *all* the circumstances and *distinctions* of the conduct of the Christian Apostates; but if any of them was withdrawn, the account which I have given would, in some instance, be defective.

Thus much I thought necessary to say, as several of the subsequent *misrepresentations* of Orosius, of Bayle, of Fabricius, of Gregory of Tours, &c. “, which provoked the fury of Mr. Davis, are derived only from the ignorance of this common historical principle.

Another class of misrepresentations, which my Adversary urges with the same degree of vehemence (see in particular those of Justin, Diodorus Siculus, and even Tacitus), requires the support of another principle, which has not yet been introduced into the art of criticism; *that* when a modern historian appeals to the authority of the ancients for the truth of any particular fact, he makes himself answerable, I know not to what extent, for all the circumjacent errors or inconsistencies of the authors whom he has quoted.

IGNATIUS. XIII. I am accused of throwing out a false accusation against this Father “, because I had observed “

that Ignatius, defending against the Gnostics the resurrection of Christ, employs a vague and doubtful tradition, instead of quoting the certain testimony of the Evangelists: and this observation was justified by a remarkable passage of Ignatius, in his Epistle to the Smyrneans, which I cited according to the volume and the page of the best edition of the Apostolical Fathers, published at Amsterdam, 1724, in two volumes in folio. The Criticism of Mr. Davis is announced by one of those solemn declarations which leave not any refuge, if they are convicted of falshood. "I cannot find any passage that bears the least affinity to what Mr. Gibbon observes, in the whole Epistle, which I have read over more than once."

I had already marked the *situation*; nor is it in my power to prove the *existence*, of this passage, by any other means than by producing the words of the original. Εγώ γὰρ καὶ μετὰ τὴν ἀναστάσιν ἐν σαρκὶ αὐτὸν οἶδα καὶ πιστεύω ὄντα, καὶ ὅτε πρὸς τὰς περὶ Πέτρον ἦλθεν, ἐφίη αὐτοῖς, λαβετε, φάλαγγισατέ με, καὶ ἰδετέ ὅτι οὐκ εἰμι δαίμονιον ἀσωμάτων* καὶ εὐθὺς αὐτὸς ἠψάμετο, καὶ ἐπιστεύσαν* "I have known, and I believe, that after his resurrection likewise he existed in the flesh: And when he came to Peter, and to the rest, he said unto them, Take, handle me, and see that I am not an incorporeal dæmon or spirit. And they touched him, and believed." The faith of the Apostles confuted the impious error of the Gnostics, which attributed only the *appearances* of a human body to the Son of God: and it was the great object of Ignatius, in the last moments of his life, to secure the Christians of Asia from the snares of those dangerous Heretics.

According to the tradition of the modern Greeks; Ignatius was the child whom Jesus received into his arms (see Tillemont Mém. Ecclési. tom. ii. part ii. p. 43.); yet as he could scarcely be old enough to remember the resurrection of the Son of God, he must have derived his knowledge *either* from our present Evangelists, *or* from some Apocryphal Gospel, *or* from some unwritten tradition.

1. The Gospels of St. Luke and St. John would undoubtedly have supplied Ignatius with the most invincible proofs of the reality of the body of Christ, when he appeared to the Apostles after his resurrection; but neither of those Gospels contain the characteristic words of *ἐκ δαίμονιον αἰσμάτων*, and the important circumstance that either Peter, or *those* who were with Peter, touched the body of Christ and believed. Had the saint designed to quote the Evangelist on a very nice subject of controversy, he would not surely have exposed himself, by an inaccurate, or rather by a false, reference, to the just reproaches of the Gnostics. On this occasion, therefore, Ignatius did not employ, as he might have done, against the Heretics, the certain testimony of the Evangelists.

2. Jerom, who cites this remarkable passage from the Epistle of Ignatius to the Smyræans (see Catalog. Script. Ecclesi. in Ignatio, tom. i. p. 273. edit. Erasmi. Basil, 1537.), is of opinion that it was taken from the Gospel which he himself had lately translated: and *this*, from the comparison of two other passages in the same work (in Jacob. & in Matthæo, p. 264.), appears to have been the Hebrew Gospel, which

was used by the Nazarenes of Beræa, as the genuine composition of St. Matthew. Yet Jerom mentions another Copy of this Hebrew Gospel (so different from the Greek Text), which was extant in the library formed at Cæsarea, by the care of Pamphilus: whilst the learned Eusebius, the friend of Pamphilus and the Bishop of Cæsarea, very frankly declares (Hist. Eccles. L. iii. c. 36.), that *he* is ignorant from whence Ignatius borrowed those words, which are the subject of the present Inquiry.

3. The doubt which remains, is only whether he took them from an Apocryphal Book, or from *unwritten tradition*: and I thought myself safe from every species of Critics, when I embraced the rational sentiment of Casaubon and Pearson. I shall produce the words of the Bishop: "Præterea iterum observandum est, quod de hac re scripsit Isaacus Casaubonus, *Quinetiam fortasse verius, non ex Evangelio Hebraico, Ignatium illa verba descripsisse, verum traditionem allegasse non scriptam, quæ postea in literas fuerit relata, & Hebraico Evangelio, quod Matthæo tribuebant, inserta. Et hoc quidem mihi multo verisimilius videtur.*" (Pearson. Vindiciæ Ignatianæ, part ii. c. ix. p. 396. in tom. ii. Patr. Apostol.)

I may now submit to the judgment of the Public, whether I have looked into the Epistle which I cite with such a parade of learning, and *how profitably* Mr. Davis has read it over more than once.

XIV. The learning and judgment of Mosheim had been of frequent use in the course of my Historical Inquiry, and I had not been wanting in proper expres-

MOSHEIM.

sions of gratitude. My vexatious adversary is always ready to start from his ambuscade, and to harass my march by a mode of attack which cannot easily be reconciled with the laws of honorable war. The greatest part of the Misrepresentations of Mosheim, which Mr. Davis has imputed to me⁶⁶, are of such a nature, that I must indeed be humble, if I could persuade myself to bestow a moment of serious attention on them. *Whether* Mosheim could prove that an absolute community of goods was not established among the first Christians of Jerusalem; *whether* he suspected the purity of the Epistles of Ignatius; *whether* he censured Dr. Middleton with temper or indignation (in this cause I must challenge Mr. Davis as an incompetent judge); *whether* he corroborates the *whole* of my description of the prophetic office; *whether* he speaks with approbation of the humanity of Pliny; and *whether* he attributed the same sense to the *malefica* of Suetonius, and the *exitabilis* of Tacitus? These questions, even as Mr. Davis has stated them, lie open to the judgment of every reader, and the superfluous observations which I could make, would be an abuse of their time and of my own. As little shall I think of consuming their patience, by examining whether Le Clerc and Mosheim *labor* in the interpretation of some texts of the Fathers, and particularly of a passage of Irenæus, which seem to favor the pretensions of the Roman Bishop. The material part of the passage of Irenæus consists of about *four lines*; and in order to show that the interpretations of Le Clerc and Mosheim are not *labored*, Mr. Davis abridges them as much as possible in the

space of *twelve pages*. I know not whether the perusal of my History will justify the suspicion of Mr. Davis, that I am secretly inclined to the interest of the Pope: but I cannot discover how the Protestant cause can be affected, if Irenæus in the second, or Palavicini in the seventeenth century, were tempted, by any private views, to countenance in their writings the system of ecclesiastical dominion, which has been pursued in every age by the aspiring Bishops of the Imperial city. Their conduct was adapted to the revolutions of the Christian Republic, but the same spirit animated the haughty breasts of Victor the First, and of Paul the Fifth.

There still remain one or two of these imputed Misrepresentations, which appear, and indeed only appear, to merit a little more attention. In stating the opinion of Mosheim with regard to the progress of the Gospel, Mr. Davis boldly declares, "that I have altered the truth of Mosheim's history, that I might have an opportunity of contradicting the belief and wishes of the Fathers." In other words, I have been guilty of uttering a malicious falsehood.

I had endeavoured to mitigate the sanguine expression of the Fathers of the second century, who had too hastily diffused the light of Christianity over every part of the globe, by observing, as an undoubted fact, "that the barbarians of Scythia and Germany, who subverted the Roman Monarchy, were involved in the errors of Paganism; and that even the conquest of Iberia, of Armenia, or of Æthiopia, was not attempted with any degree of success, till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox

“ Emperor “.” I had referred the curious reader to the fourth century of Mosheim’s General History of the Church: now Mr. Davis has discovered, and can prove, from that excellent work, “ that Christianity, not long after its first rise, had been introduced into the less as well as greater Armenia; that part of the Goths, who inhabited Thracia, Mæsia, and Dacia, had received the Christian religion long before this century; and that Theophilus, their Bishop, was present at the Council of Nice “.”

On this occasion, the reference was made to a popular work of Mosheim, for the satisfaction of the reader, that he might obtain the general view of the progress of Christianity in the fourth century, which I had gradually acquired by studying with some care the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Nations beyond the limits of the Roman Empire. If I had reasonably supposed that the result of our common inquiries must be the same, should I have deserved a very harsh censure for my unsuspecting confidence? Or if I had declined the invidious task of separating a few immaterial errors, from a just and judicious representation, might not my respect for the name and merit of Mosheim have claimed some indulgence? But I disdain those excuses, which only a candid adversary would allow. I can meet Mr. Davis on the hard ground of controversy, and retort on his own head the charge of concealing a part of the truth. He himself has dared to suppress the words of my text, which immediately followed his quotation. “ Before that time the various accidents of war and commerce might indeed diffuse an imperfect knowledge of

“ the Gospel among the tribes of Caledonia, and
“ among the borderers of the Rhine, the Danube,
“ and the Euphrates;” and Mr. Davis has likewise
suppressed one of the justificatory Notes on this
passage, which expressly points out the time and
circumstances of the first Gothic conversions. These
exceptions, which I had cautiously inserted, and
Mr. Davis has cautiously concealed, are superfluous
for the provinces of Thrace, Mæsia, and the Lesser
Armenia, which were contained within the precincts
of the Roman Empire. They allow an ample scope
for the more early conversion of some independent
districts of Dacia and the Greater Armenia, which
bordered on the Danube and Euphrates; and the
entire sense of this passage, which Mr. Davis first
mutilates and then attacks, is perfectly consistent
with the original text of the learned Mosheim.

And yet I will fairly confess that, after a nicer
inquiry into the epoch of the Armenian Church, I
am not satisfied with the accuracy of my own expres-
sion. The assurance that the first Christian King,
and the first Archbishop, Tiridates, and St. Gregory
the Illuminator, were still alive several years after
the death of Constantine, inclined me to believe,
that the conversion of Armenia was posterior to the
auspicious Revolution, which had given the sceptre
of Rome to the hands of an orthodox Emperor. But
I had not enough considered the two following
circumstances. 1. I might have recollected the dates
assigned by Moses of Chorene, who, on this occasion,
may be regarded as a competent witness. Tiridates
ascended the throne of Armenia in the third year of

Diocletian (*Hist. Armeniæ*, L. ii. c. 79. p. 207.), and St. Gregory, who was invested with the Episcopal character in the seventeenth year of Tiridates, governed almost thirty years the Church of Armenia, and disappeared from the world in the forty-sixth year of the reign of the same Prince. (*Hist. Armeniæ*, L. ii. c. 88. p. 224, 225.) The consecration of St. Gregory must therefore be placed A. D. 303, and the conversion of the King and kingdom was soon achieved by that successful missionary.

2. The unjust and inglorious war which Maximin undertook against the Armenians, the ancient faithful allies of the Republic, was evidently derived from a motive of superstitious zeal. The historian Eusebius (*Hist. Eccles.* L. ix. c. 8. p. 448. edit. Cantab.) considers the pious Armenians as a nation of Christians, who bravely defended themselves from the hostile oppression of an idolatrous tyrant. Instead of maintaining "that the conversion of Armenia was not attempted with any degree of success till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox Emperor." I ought to have observed, that the seeds of the faith were deeply sown during the season of the last and greatest persecution, that many Roman exiles might assist the labors of Gregory, and that the renowned Tiridates, the hero of the East, may dispute with Constantine the honor of being the first Sovereign who embraced the Christian religion.

In a future edition, I shall rectify an expression which, in strictness, can only be applied to the kingdoms of Iberia and Æthiopia. Had the error been exposed by Mr. Davis himself, I should not

have been ashamed to correct it ; but *I am* ashamed at being reduced to contend with an adversary who is unable to discover, or to improve, his own advantages.

But, instead of prosecuting any inquiry from whence the Public might have gained instruction, and himself credit, Mr. Davis chuses to perplex his readers with some angry cavils about the progress of the Gospel in the second century. What does he mean to establish or to refute ? Have I denied, that before the end of that period Christianity was very widely diffused both in the East and in the West ? Has not Justin Martyr affirmed, without exception or limitation, that it was already preached to every nation on the face of the earth ? Is that proposition true at present ? Could it be true in the time of Justin ? Does not Mosheim acknowledge the exaggeration ?

“ *Demus, nec enim quæ in oculos incurrunt infitiamur*,
 “ *audemus, esse in his verbis exaggerationis non nihil.*
 “ *Certum enim est diu post Justinæ ætatem, multas*
 “ *orbis terrarum gentes cognitione Christi caruisse.*”
 (Mosheim de Rebus Christianis, p. 203.) Does he not expose (p. 205.), with becoming scorn and indignation, the falshood and vanity of the hyperboles of Tertullian ? “ *bonum hominem æstu imaginis elatum non satis attendisse ad ea quæ litteris*
 “ *consignabat.*”

The high esteem which Mr. Davis expresses for the writings of Mosheim, would alone convince me how little he has read them, since he must have been perpetually offended and disgusted by a train of thinking, the most repugnant to his own. His

jealousy, however, for the honor of Mosheim, provokes him to arraign the boldness of Mr. Gibbon who presumes *falsely* to charge such an eminent man with *unjustifiable assertions*". I might observe, that my style, which on this occasion was more modest and moderate, has acquired, perhaps undesignedly, an illiberal cast from the rough hand of Mr. Davis. But as my veracity is impeached, I may be less solicitous about my politeness; and though I have repeatedly declined the fairest opportunities of correcting the errors of my predecessors, yet, as long as I have truth on my side, I am not easily daunted by the names of the most eminent men.

The assertion of Mosheim, which did not seem to be justified " by the authority of Lactantius, was, that the wife and daughter of Diocletian, Prisca and Valeria, had been privately *baptized*. Mr. Davis is sure that the words of Mosheim, "Christianis *sacris clam initiata*," need not be confined to the rite of baptism; and he is equally sure, that the reference to Mosheim does not lead us to discover even the name of Valeria. In both these assurances he is grossly mistaken; but it is the misfortune of controversy, that an error may be committed in three or four words, which cannot be rectified in less than thirty or forty lines.

1. The true and the sole meaning of the Christian initiation, one of the familiar and favorite allusions of the Fathers of the fourth century, is clearly explained by the exact and laborious Bingham. "The baptized were also styled *ἐκκλησιαστικοὶ*, which the Latins call *initiat*i, the initiated, that is, ad-

mitted to the use of the *sacred* offices, and knowledge of the *sacred* mysteries of the Christian Religion. Hence came that form of speaking so frequently used by St. Chrysostom, and other ancient writers, when they touched upon any doctrines or mysteries which the Catechumens understood not, *ισταίν οἱ μεμυημένοι*, the initiated know what is spoken. St. Ambrose writes a book to these *initiati*; Isidore of Pelusium and Hesychius call them *μυσταί* and *μυσταγωγῶνται*. Whence the Catechumens have the contrary names, *ἀμυσταί*, *ἀμυσταγωγῶνται*, the uninitiated or unbaptized." (Antiquities of the Christian Church, L. i. c. 4. No. 2. vol. 1. p. 11. fol. edit.) Had I presumed to suppose that Mosheim was capable of employing a technical expression in a loose and equivocal sense, I should indeed have violated the respect which I have always entertained for his learning and abilities.

2. But Mr. Davis cannot discover in the text of Mosheim the name of Valeria. In that case Mosheim would have suffered another slight inaccuracy to drop from his pen, as the passage of Lactantius, "*sacrificio pollui coëgit*," on which he founds his assertion, includes the names both of Prisca and Valeria. But I am not reduced to the necessity of accusing another in my own defence. Mosheim has properly and expressly declared that Valeria imitated the pious example of her mother Prisca, "*Gener Diocletiani uxorem habebat Valeriam matris exemplum pietate erga Deum imitantem & a cultu fictorum Numinum alienam*." (Mosheim; p. 913.) Mr. Davis has a bad habit of greedily snapping

at the first words of a reference, without giving himself the trouble of going to the end of the page or paragraph.

These trifling and peevish cavils would, perhaps, have been confounded with some criticisms of the same stamp, on which I had bestowed a slight, though sufficient notice, in the beginning of this article of Mosheim; had not my attention been awakened by a peroration worthy of Tertullian himself, if Tertullian had been devoid of eloquence as well as of moderation — "Much less does the Christian Mosheim give our *infidel Historian* any pretext for inserting that *illiberal malignant insinuation*, "That Christianity has, in every age, acknowledged its important obligations to FEMALE devotion;" the remark is truly *contemptible*?"

It is not my design to fill whole pages with a tedious enumeration of the many illustrious examples of female Saints, who, in every age, and almost in every country, have promoted the interest of Christianity. Such instances will readily offer themselves to those who have the slightest knowledge of Ecclesiastical History; nor is it necessary that I should remind them how much the charms, the influence, the devotion of Clotilda, and of her great-grand-daughter Bertha, contributed to the conversion of France and England. Religion may accept, without a blush, the services of the purest and most gentle portion of the human species: but there are some advocates who would disgrace Christianity, if Christianity could be disgraced, by the manner in which they defend her cause.

XV. As I could not readily procure the works of Gregory of Nyssa, I borrowed" from the accurate and indefatigable Tillemont, a passage in the life of Gregory Thaumaturgus, or the Wonder-worker, which affirmed, that when the Saint took possession of his episcopal see, he found only SEVENTEEN *Christians* in the city of Neo-Cæsarea, and the adjacent country, "Les environs, la campagne, le pays d'alentour." (Mém. Ecclési. tom. iv. p. 677. 691. Edit. Bruxelles, 1706.) These expressions of Tillemont, to whom I explicitly acknowledged my obligation, appeared synonymous to the word *diocese*, the whole territory intrusted to the pastoral care of the Wonder-worker, and I added the epithet of *extensive*; because I was apprized that Neo-Cæsarea was the Capital of the Polemoniac Pontus, and that the whole kingdom of Pontus, which stretched above five hundred miles along the coast of the Euxine, was divided between sixteen or seventeen bishops. (See the *Geographia Ecclesiastica* of Charles de St. Paul, and Lucas Holstenius, p. 249, 250, 251.) Thus far I may not be thought to have deserved any censure; but the omission of the subsequent part of the same passage, which imports, that at his death the Wonder-worker left no more than *seventeen Pagans*, may seem to wear a partial and suspicious aspect.

Let me therefore first observe, as some evidence of an impartial disposition, that I *easily* admitted, as the cool observation of the philosophic Lucian, the angry and interested complaint of the false prophet Alexander, that Pontus was filled with Chris-

TILLEMONT.

tians. This complaint was made under the reigns of Marcus or of Commodus; with whom the impostor so admirably exposed by Lucian was contemporary: and I had contented myself with remarking, that the numbers of Christians must have been very unequally distributed in the several parts of Pontus, since the diocese of Neo-Cæsarea contained, above sixty years afterwards, only seventeen Christians. Such was the inconsiderable flock which Gregory began to feed about the year two hundred and forty; and the real or fabulous conversions ascribed to that Wonder-working Bishop, during a reign of thirty years, are totally foreign to the state of Christianity in the preceding century. This obvious reflection may serve to answer the objection of Mr. Davis", and of another adversary", who on this occasion is more liberal than Mr. Davis of those harsh epithets so familiar to the tribe of polemics.

PAGI.

XVI. "Mr. Gibbon says", "Pliny was sent into Bithynia (according to Pagi) in the year 110."

"Now that accurate chronologer places it in the year 102. See the fact recorded in his Critico-Historico Chronologica in Annales C. Baronii, A. "D. 102. p. 99. sæc. 2. §. 3."

"I appeal to my reader, whether this anachronism does not plainly prove that our historian never looked into Pagi's Chronology, though he has not hesitated to make a pompous reference to "him in his note"?"

I cannot help observing that either Mr. Davis's dictionary is extremely confined, or that in his philosophy all sins are of equal magnitude. Every
error

error of fact or language, every instance where he does not know how to reconcile the original and the reference, he expresses by the gentle word of *misrepresentation*. An inaccurate appeal to the sentiment of Pagi, on a subject where I must have been perfectly disinterested, might have been styled a lapse of memory, instead of being censured as the effect of vanity and ignorance. Pagi is neither a difficult nor an uncommon writer, nor could I hope to derive much additional fame from a *pompous* quotation of his writings, which I had never seen.

The words employed by Mr. Davis, of *fact*, of *record*, of *anachronism*, are unskillfully chosen, and so unhappily applied, as to betray a very shameful ignorance, either of the English language, or of the nature of this chronological question. The date of Pliny's government of Bithynia is not a fact recorded by any ancient writer, but an opinion which modern critics have variously formed, from the consideration of presumptive and collateral evidence. Cardinal Baronius placed the consulship of Pliny one year too late; and, as he was persuaded that the old practice of the republic still subsisted, he naturally supposed that Pliny obtained his province immediately after the expiration of his consulship. He therefore sends him into Bithynia in the year which, according to his erroneous computation, coincided with the year one hundred and four (Baron. Annal. Eccles. A. D. 103. No. 1. 104. N. 1.), or, according to the true chronology, with the year one hundred and two, of the Christian æra. This mistake of Baronius, Pagi, with the assistance of

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his friend Cardinal Noris, undertakes to correct. From an accurate parallel of the Annals of Trajan and the Epistles of Pliny, he deduces his proofs that Pliny remained at Rome several years after his consulship, by his own ingenious, though sometimes fanciful theory, of the imperial Quinquennalia, &c. Pagi at last discovers that Pliny made his entrance into Bithynia in the year one hundred and ten. "Plinius igitur anno Christi CENTESIMO DECIMO Bithyniam intravit." Pagi, tom. i. p. 100.

I will be more indulgent to my adversary than he has been to me: I will admit that he has *looked into Pagi*; but I must add, that he has only looked into that accurate chronologer. To rectify the errors, which, in the course of a laborious and original work, had escaped the diligence of the Cardinal, was the arduous task which Pagi proposed to execute: and for the sake of perspicuity, he distributes his criticisms according to the particular dates, whether just or faulty, of the Chronology of Baronius himself. Under the year 102, Mr. Davis confusedly saw a long argument about Pliny and Bithynia, and without condescending to read the author whom he *pompously* quotes, this hasty critic imputes to him the opinion which he had so laboriously destroyed.

My readers, if any readers have accompanied me thus far, must be satisfied, and indeed fatiated, with the repeated proofs which I have made of the weight and temper of my adversary's weapons. They have, in every assault, fallen dead and lifeless to the ground: they have more than once recoiled, and dangerously wounded the unskilful hand that

had presumed to use them. I have now examined all the *misrepresentations* and *inaccuracies*, which even for a moment could perplex the ignorant or deceive the credulous: the *few* imputations which I have neglected are still more palpably false, or still more evidently trifling, and even the friends of Mr. Davis will scarcely continue to ascribe my contempt to my fear.

The first part of his critical volume might admit, though it did not deserve, a particular reply. But the easy, though tedious compilation, which fills the remainder *, and which Mr. Davis has produced as the evidence of my shameful *plagiarisms*, may be set in its true light by three or four short and general reflections.

PLAGIA-
RISMS.

1. Mr. Davis has disposed, in two columns, the passages which he thinks proper to select from my two last chapters, and the corresponding passages from Middleton, Barbeyrac, Beaufobre, Dodwell &c. to the most important of which he had been regularly guided by my own quotations. According to the opinion which he has conceived of literary property, to *agree* is to *follow*, and to *follow* is to *steal*. He celebrates his own sagacity with loud and reiterated applause, and declares, with infinite facetiousness, that if he restored to every author the passages which Mr. Gibbon has purloined, *he* would appear as naked as the proud and gaudy daw in the fable, when each bird had plucked away its own plumes. Instead of being angry with Mr. Davis for the parallel which he has extended to so great a length. I am under some obligation to his industry for the

copious proofs which he has furnished the reader, that my representation of some of the most important facts of ecclesiastical antiquity is supported by the authority or opinion of the most ingenious and learned of the modern writers. The public may not, perhaps, be very eager to assist Mr. Davis in his favorite amusement of *depluming* me. They may think, that if the materials which compose my two last chapters are curious and valuable, it is of little moment to whom they properly belong. If my readers are satisfied with the form, the colors, the new arrangement which I have given to the labors of my predecessors, they may perhaps consider me not as a contemptible thief, but as an honest and industrious manufacturer, who has fairly procured the raw materials, and worked them up with a laudable degree of skill and success.

II. About two hundred years ago, the court of Rome discovered that the system which had been erected by ignorance must be defended and countenanced by the aid, or at least by the abuse, of science. The grosser legends of the middle ages were abandoned to contempt, but the supremacy and infallibility of two hundred Popes, the virtues of many thousand Saints, and the miracles which they either performed or related, have been laboriously consecrated in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Cardinal Baronius. A theological barometer might be formed, of which the Cardinal and our countryman Dr. Middleton should constitute the opposite and remote extremities, as the former sunk to the lowest degree of credulity, which was compatible

with learning, and the latter rose to the highest pitch of scepticism, in any wise consistent with religion. The intermediate gradations would be filled by a line of ecclesiastical critics, whose rank has been fixed by the circumstances of their temper and studies, as well as by the spirit of the church or society to which they were attached. It would be amusing enough to calculate the weight of prejudice in the air of Rome, of Oxford, of Paris, and of Holland; and sometimes to observe the irregular tendency of papists towards freedom, sometimes to remark the unnatural gravitation of protestants towards slavery. But it is useful to borrow the assistance of so many learned and ingenious men, who have viewed the first ages of the church in every light, and from every situation. If we skilfully combine the passions and prejudices, the hostile motives and intentions, of the several theologians, we may frequently extract knowledge from credulity, moderation from zeal, and impartial truth from the most disingenuous controversy. It is the right, it is the duty of a critical historian to collect, to weigh, to select the opinions of his predecessors; and the more diligence he has exerted in the search, the more rationally he may hope to add some improvement to the stock of knowledge, the use of which has been common to all.

III. Besides the ideas which may be suggested by the study of the most learned and ingenious of the moderns, the historian may be indebted to them for the occasional communication of some passages of the ancients, which might otherwise have

escaped his knowledge or his memory. In the consideration of any extensive subject, none will pretend to have read all that has been written, or to recollect all that they have read: nor is there any disgrace in recurring to the writers who have professedly treated any questions, which, in the course of a long narrative, we are called upon to mention in a slight and incidental manner. If I touch upon the obscure and fanciful theology of the Gnostics, I can accept without a blush the assistance of the candid Beausobre; and when, amidst the fury of contending parties, I trace the progress of ecclesiastical dominion, I am not ashamed to confess myself the grateful disciple of the impartial Mosheim. In the next volume of my History, the reader and the critic must prepare themselves to see me make a still more liberal use of the labors of those indefatigable workmen who have dug deep into the mine of antiquity. The Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries are far more voluminous than their predecessors; the writings of Jerom, of Augustin, of Chrysostom, &c. cover the walls of our libraries. The smallest part is of the historical kind: yet the treatises which seem the least to invite the curiosity of the reader, frequently conceal very useful hints, or very valuable facts. The polemic, who involves himself and his antagonists in a cloud of argumentation, sometimes relates the origin and progress of the heresy which he confutes; and the preacher who declaims against the luxury, describes the manners of the age; and seasonably introduces the mention of some public calamity, that he may ascribe it to the justice of offended Heaven.

It would surely be unreasonable to expect that the historian should peruse enormous volumes, with the uncertain hope of extracting a few interesting lines, or that he should sacrifice whole days to the momentary amusement of his reader. Fortunately for us both, the diligence of ecclesiastical critics has facilitated our inquiries: the compilations of Tillemont might alone be considered as an immense repertory of truth and fable, of almost all that the fathers have preserved or invented, or believed; and if we equally avail ourselves of the labors of contending sectaries, we shall often discover, that the same passages which the prudence of one of the disputants would have suppressed or disguised, are placed in the most conspicuous light by the active and interested zeal of his adversary. On these occasions, what is the duty of a faithful historian, who derives from some modern writer the knowledge of some ancient testimony, which he is desirous of introducing into his own narrative? It is his duty, and it has been my invariable practice, to consult the original; to study with attention the words, the design, the spirit, the context, the situation of the passage to which I had been referred; and before I appropriated it to my own use, to justify my own declaration, "that I had carefully examined all the original materials that could illustrate the subject which I had undertaken to treat." If this important obligation has sometimes been imperfectly fulfilled, I have only omitted what it would have been impracticable for me to perform. The greatest city in the world is still destitute of that useful institution, a public library;

and the writer who has undertaken to treat any large historical subject, is reduced to the necessity of purchasing, for his private use, a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work. The diligence of his book-sellers will not always prove successful; and the candor of his readers will not always expect, that, for the sake of verifying an accidental quotation of ten lines, he should load himself with an useless and expensive series of ten volumes. In a very few instances, where I had not the opportunity of consulting the originals, I have adopted their testimony on the faith of modern guides, of whose fidelity I was satisfied; but on these occasions", instead of decking myself with the borrowed plumes of Tillemont or Lardner, I have been most scrupulously exact in marking the extent of my reading, and the source of my information. This distinction, which a sense of truth and modesty had engaged me to express, is ungenerously abused by Mr. Davis, who seems happy to inform his readers, "in ONE instance" (Chap. xvi. 164. or in the first edition, 163.) I have, "by an unaccountable oversight, unfortunately for myself, forgot to drop the modern, and that I modestly disclaim all knowledge of Athanasius, "but what I had picked up from Tillemont". Without animadverting on the decency of these expressions, which are now grown familiar to me, I shall content myself with observing, that as I had frequently quoted Eusebius, or Cyprian, or Tertullian, *because* I had read them; so, in this instance, I only made my reference to Tillemont, *because* I

had not read, and did not possess the works of Athanasius. The progress of my undertaking has since directed me to peruse the Historical Apologies of the Archbishop of Alexandria, whose life is a very interesting part of the age in which he lived; and if Mr. Davis should have the curiosity to look into my Second Volume, he will find that I make a free and frequent appeal to the writings of Athanasius. Whatever may be the opinion or practice of my adversary, this I apprehend to be the dealing of a fair and honorable man.

IV. The historical monuments of the three first centuries of ecclesiastical antiquity are neither very numerous nor very prolix. From the end of the Acts of the Apostles, to the time when the first Apology of Justin Martyr was presented, there intervened a dark and doubtful period of fourscore years; and, even if the Epistles of Ignatius should be approved by the critic, they could not be very serviceable to the historian. From the middle of the second, to the beginning of the fourth century; we gain our knowledge of the state and progress of Christianity, from the successive Apologies which were occasionally composed by Justin, Athenagoras, Tertullian, Origen, &c.; from the Epistles of Cyprian; from a few *sincere* acts of the Martyrs; from some moral or controversial tracts, which indirectly explain the events and manners of the times; from the rare and accidental notice which profane writers have taken of the Christian sect; from the declamatory narrative which celebrates the deaths of the persecutors; and from the Ecclesiastical History

of Eusebius, who has preserved some valuable fragments of more early writers. Since the revival of letters, these original materials have been the common fund of critics and historians: nor has it ever been imagined, that the absolute and exclusive property of a passage in Eusebius or Tertullian was acquired by the first who had an opportunity of quoting it. The learned work of Mosheim, *de Rebus Christianis ante Constantinum*, was printed in the year 1753; and if I were possessed of the patience and disingenuity of Mr. Davis, I would engage to find all the ancient testimonies that he has alledged, in the writings of Dodwell or Tillemont, which were published before the end of the last century. But if I were animated by any malevolent intentions against Dodwell or Tillemont, I could as easily, and as unfairly, fix on *them* the guilt of plagiarism, by producing the same passages transcribed or translated at full length in the Annals of Cardinal Baronius. Let not criticism be any longer disgraced by the practice of such unworthy arts. Instead of admitting suspicions as false as they are ungenerous, candor will acknowledge, that Mosheim or Dodwell, Tillemont or Baronius, enjoyed the same right, and often were under the same obligation, of quoting the passages which they had read, and which were indispensably requisite to confirm the truth and substance of their similar narratives. Mr. Davis is so far from allowing me the benefit of this common indulgence, or rather of this common right, that he stigmatizes with the name of *plagiarism* a close and literal agreement with Dodwell in the account of

some parts of the persecution of Diocletian, where a few chapters of Eusebius and Lactantius, perhaps of Lactantius alone, are the sole materials from whence our knowledge could be derived, and where, if I had not transcribed, I must have invented. He is even bold enough (*bold* is no the *proper* word) to conceive some hopes of persuading his readers, that a historian who has employed several years of his life, and several hundred pages, on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, had never read Orosius, or the Augustan History; and that he was forced to borrow, at second-hand, his quotations from the Theodosian code. I cannot profess myself very desirous of Mr. Davis's acquaintance; but if he will take the trouble of calling at my house any afternoon when I am *not* at home, my servant shall show him my library, which he will find tolerably well furnished with the useful authors, ancient as well as modern, ecclesiastical as well as profane, who have *directly* supplied me with the materials of my History.

The peculiar reasons, and they are not of the most flattering kind, which urged me to repel the furious and feeble attack of Mr. Davis, have been already mentioned. But since I am drawn thus reluctantly into the lists of controversy, I shall not retire till I have saluted, either with stern defiance or gentle courtesy, the theological champions who have signalized their ardor to break a lance against the shield of a *Pagan* adversary. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters have been honored with the notice of several writers, whose names and characters

seemed to promise more maturity of judgment and learning than could reasonably be expected from the unfinished studies of a Bachelor of Arts. The Reverend Mr. Apthorpe, Dr. Watson, the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, Dr. Chelsum of Christ Church, and his associate Dr. Randolph, President of Corpus Christi College, and the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, have given me a fair right, which, however, I shall not abuse, of freely declaring my opinion on the subject of their respective criticisms.

MR. AP-
THORPE.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Apthorpe was the first who announced to the Public his intention of examining the interesting subject which I had treated in the Two last Chapters of my History. The multitude of collateral and accessory ideas which presented themselves to the Author, insensibly swelled the bulk of his papers to the size of a large volume in octavo; the publication was delayed many months beyond the time of the first advertisement; and when Mr. Apthorpe's Letters appeared, I was surprised to find, that I had *scarcely* any interest or concern in their contents. They are filled with general observations on the Study of History, with a large and useful catalogue of Historians, and with a variety of reflections, moral and religious, all preparatory to the direct and formal consideration of my Two last Chapters, which Mr. Apthorpe seems to reserve for the subject of a Second Volume. I sincerely respect the learning, the piety, and the candor of this Gentleman, and must consider it as a mark of his

esteem, that he has thought proper to begin his approaches at so great a distance from the fortifications which he designed to attack.

When Dr. Watson gave to the Public his Apology ^{DR. WAT-} for Christianity, in a Series of Letters, he addressed ^{SON.} them to the Author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with a just confidence that he had considered this important object in a manner not unworthy of his antagonist or of himself. Dr. Watson's mode of thinking bears a liberal and a philosophic cast; his thoughts are expressed with spirit, and that spirit is always tempered by politeness and moderation. Such is the man whom I should be happy to call my friend, and whom I should not blush to call my antagonist. But the same motives which might tempt me to accept, or even to solicit, a private and amicable conference, dissuaded me from entering into a public controversy with a Writer of so respectable a character; and I embraced the earliest opportunity of expressing to Dr. Watson himself, how sincerely I agreed with him in thinking, "That as the world is now possessed of the opinion "of us both upon the subject in question, it may be "perhaps as proper for us both to leave it in this "state?" The nature of the ingenious Professor's Apology contributed to strengthen the insuperable reluctance to engage in hostile altercation which was common to us both, by convincing me, that such an altercation was unnecessary as well as unpleasant. He very justly and politely declares, that a considerable part, near seventy pages, of his small volume are not directed to me", but to a set of men whom

he places in an odious and contemptible light. He leaves to other hands the defence of the leading Ecclesiastics, even of the primitive church; and without being *very* anxious, either to soften their vices and indiscretion, or to aggravate the cruelty of the Heathen Persecutors, he passes over in silence the greatest part of my Sixteenth Chapter. It is not so much the purpose of the Apologist to examine the facts which have been advanced by the Historian, as to remove the impressions which may have been formed by many of his Readers; and the Remarks of Dr. Watson consist more properly of general argumentation than of particular criticism. He fairly owns, that I have expressly allowed the full and irresistible weight of the *first* great cause of the success of Christianity¹; and he is too candid to deny that the five *secondary* causes, which I had attempted to explain, operated with *some* degree of active energy towards the accomplishment of that great event. The only question which remains between us, relates to the *degree* of the weight and effect of those secondary causes; and as I am persuaded that our philosophy is not of the dogmatic kind, we should soon acknowledge that this precise degree cannot be ascertained by reasoning, nor perhaps be expressed by words. In the course of this inquiry, some incidental difficulties have arisen, which I had stated with impartiality, and which Dr. Watson resolves with ingenuity and temper. If in some instances he seems to have misapprehended my sentiments, I may hesitate whether I should impute the fault to my own want of clearness or to his want of attention, but I

can never entertain a suspicion that Dr. Watson would descend to employ the dissingenuous arts of vulgar controversy.

There is, however, one passage, and one passage only, which must not pass without some explanation; and I shall the more eagerly embrace this occasion to illustrate what I had said, as the misconstruction of my true meaning seems to have made an involuntary, but unfavorable impression on the liberal mind of Dr. Watson. As I endeavour *not* to palliate the severity, but to discover the motives, of the Roman Magistrates, I had remarked, "it was in vain that the oppressed Believer asserted the unalienable rights of conscience and private judgment. Though his situation might excite the pity, his arguments could never reach the understanding, either of the philosophic or of the believing part of the Pagan world." The humanity of Dr. Watson takes fire on the supposed provocation, and he asks me with unusual quickness, "How, Sir, are the arguments for liberty of conscience so exceedingly inconclusive, that you think them incapable of reaching the understanding even of philosophers?" He continues to observe, that a captious adversary would embrace with avidity the opportunity this passage affords, of blotting my character with the odious stain of being a Persecutor; a stain which no learning can wipe out, which no genius or ability can render amiable; and though he himself does not entertain such an opinion of my principles, his ingenuity tries in vain to provide me with the means of escape.

I must lament that I have not been successful in the explanation of a very simple notion of the spirit both of Philosophy and of Polytheism, which I have repeatedly inculcated. The arguments which assert the rights of conscience are not inconclusive in themselves, but the understanding of the Greeks and Romans was fortified against their evidence by an invincible prejudice. When we listen to the voice of Bayle, of Locke, and of genuine reason, in favor of religious toleration, we shall easily perceive that our most forcible appeal is made to our mutual feelings. If the Jew were allowed to argue with the Inquisitor, he would request that for a moment they might exchange their different situations, and might safely ask his Catholic Tyrant, whether the fear of death would compel *him* to enter the synagogue, to receive the mark of circumcision, and to partake of the paschal lamb. As soon as the case of persecution was brought home to the breast of the Inquisitor, he must have found some difficulty in suppressing the dictates of natural equity, which would insinuate to his conscience, that he could have no right to inflict those punishments which, under similar circumstances, he would esteem it as his duty to encounter. But this argument could not reach the understanding of a Polytheist, or of an ancient Philosopher. The former was ready, whenever he was summoned, or indeed without being summoned, to fall prostrate before the altars of any Gods who were adored in any part of the world, and to admit a vague persuasion of the *truth* and divinity of the most different modes

modes of religion. The philosopher, who considered them, at least in their literal sense, as equally *false* and absurd, was not ashamed to disguise his sentiments, and to frame his actions according to the laws of his country, which imposed the same obligation on the Philosophers and the people. When Pliny declared, that whatever was the opinion of the Christians, their obstinacy deserved punishment, the absurd cruelty of Pliny was excused in his own eye, by the consciousness that, in the situation of the Christians, he would not have refused the religious compliance which he exacted. I shall not repeat, that the Pagan worship was a matter, not of *opinion*, but of *custom*; that the toleration of the Romans was confined to nations or families who followed the practice of their ancestors; and that in the first ages of Christianity their persecution of the individuals who departed from the established religion was neither moderated by pure reason, nor inflamed by exclusive zeal. But I only desire to appeal, from the hasty apprehension, to the more deliberate judgment, of Dr. Watson himself. Should there still remain any difference of opinion between us, I shall be satisfied, if he will consider me as a sincere, though perhaps unsuccessful lover of truth, and as a firm friend to civil and ecclesiastical freedom.

Far be it from me, or from any faithful Historian, to impute to respectable societies the faults of some individual members. Our two Universities most undoubtedly contain the same mixture, and most probably the same proportions, of zeal and mode-

DR. CHELSUM
and DR. RAN-
DOLPH.

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G

ration, of reason and superstition. Yet there is much less difference between the smoothness of the Ionic, and the roughness of the Doric dialect, than may be found between the polished style of Dr. Watson, and the coarse language of Mr. Davis, Dr. Chelsum, or Dr. Randolph. The second of these Critics, Dr. Chelsum of Christ Church, is unwilling that the world should forget that *he* was the first who sounded to arms, that *he* was the first who furnished the antidote to the poison, and who, as early as the month of October of the year 1776, published his *Strictures* on the two last Chapters of Mr. Gibbon's History. The success of a pamphlet, which he modestly styles imperfect and ill-digested, encouraged him to resume the controversy. In the beginning of the present year, his Remarks made their second appearance, with some alteration of form, and a large increase of bulk; and the author who seems to fight under the protection of two episcopal banners, has prefixed, in the front of his volume, his name and titles, which in the former edition he had less honorably suppressed. His confidence is fortified by the alliance and communications of a *distinguished* Writer, Dr. Randolph, &c. who, on a proper occasion, would, no doubt be ready to bear as honorable testimony to the merit and reputation of Dr. Chelsum. The two friends are indeed so happily united by art and nature, that if the author of the Remarks had not pointed out the valuable communications of the Margaret Professor, it would have been impossible to separate their respective property. Writers who possess any

freedom of mind, may be known from each other by the peculiar character of their style and sentiments; but the champions who are enlisted in the service of Authority, commonly wear the uniform of the regiment. Oppressed with the same yoke, covered with the same trappings, they heavily move along, perhaps not with an equal pace, in the same beaten track of prejudice and preferment. Yet I should expose my own injustice, were I absolutely to confound with Mr. Davis the two Doctors in Divinity, who are joined in one volume. The three Critics appear to be animated by the same implacable resentment against the Historian of the Roman Empire; they are alike disposed to support the same opinions by the same arts; and if in the language of the two latter, the disregard of politeness is somewhat less gross and indecent, the difference is not of such a magnitude as to excite in my breast any lively sensations of gratitude. It was the misfortune of Mr. Davis that he undertook to *write* before he had *read*. He set out with the stock of authorities which he found in my quotations, and boldly ventured to play his reputation against mine. Perhaps he may now repent of a loss which is not easily recovered; but if I had not surmounted my almost insuperable reluctance to a public dispute, many a reader might still be dazzled by the vehemence of his assertions, and might still believe that Mr. Davis had detected several wilful and important misrepresentations in my Two last Chapters. But the confederate Doctors appear to be scholars of a higher form and longer experience; they enjoy a certain

rank in their academical world; and as their zeal is enlightened by some rays of knowledge, so their desire to ruin the credit of their adversary is occasionally checked by the apprehension of injuring their own. These restraints, to which Mr. Davis was a stranger, have confined them to a very narrow and humble path of historical criticism; and if I were to correct, according to their wishes, all the particular facts against which they have advanced any objections, these corrections, admitted in their fullest extent, would hardly furnish materials for a decent list of *errata*.

The *dogmatical* part of their work, which in every sense of the word deserves that appellation, is ill adapted to engage my attention. I had declined the consideration of theological arguments, when they were managed by a candid and liberal adversary; and it would be inconsistent enough, if I should have refused to draw my sword in honorable combat against the keen and well-tempered weapon of Dr. Watson, for the sole purpose of encountering the rustic cudgel of two staunch and sturdy Polemics.

I shall not enter any farther into the character and conduct of Cyprian, as I am sensible that, if the opinion of Le Clerc, Mosheim, and myself, is reprobated by Dr. Chelsum and his ally, the difference must subsist, till we shall entertain the same notions of moral virtue and ecclesiastical power²². If Dr. Randolph will allow that the primitive Clergy received, managed, and distributed the tithes, and other charitable donations of the faithful, the dispute between *us* will be a dispute of words²³. I

shall not amuse myself with proving that the learned Origen must have derived from the *inspired* authority of the Church his knowledge, not indeed of the *authenticity*, but of the *inspiration* of the *four* Evangelists, *two* of whom are not in the rank of the Apostles⁶⁶. I shall submit to the judgment of the Public, whether the Athanasian Creed is not read and received in the Church of England, and whether the wisest and most virtuous of the Pagans⁶⁷ believed the Catholic faith, which is declared in the Athanasian Creed to be absolutely necessary for salvation. As little shall I think myself interested in the elaborate disquisitions with which the Author of the Remarks has filled a great number of pages, concerning the famous testimony of Josephus, the passages of Irenæus and Theophilus, which relate to the gift of miracles, and the origin of circumcision in Palestine or in Egypt⁶⁸. If I have rejected, and rejected, with some contempt, the *interpolation* which pious fraud has very awkwardly inserted in the text of Josephus, I may deem myself secure behind the shield of learned and pious critics (see in particular Le Clerc, in his *Ars Critica*, part iii. sect. i. c. 15. and Lardner's *Testimonies*, Vol. i. p. 150. &c.), who have condemned this passage: and I think it very natural that Dr. Chelsum should embrace the contrary opinion, which is not destitute of able advocates. The passages of Irenæus and Theophilus were thoroughly sifted in the controversy about the duration of Miracles; and as the works of Dr. Middleton may be found in every library, so it is not impossible that a diligent search may still discover some remains of

the writings of his adversaries. In mentioning the confession of the Syrians of Palestine, that they had received from Egypt the rite of circumcision, I had simply alledged the testimony of Herodotus, without expressly adopting the sentiment of Marsham. But I had always imagined, that in these doubtful and indifferent questions, which have been solemnly argued before the tribunal of the Public, every scholar was at liberty to chuse his side, without assigning his reasons; nor can I yet persuade myself, that either Dr. Chelsum, or myself, are likely to enforce, by any new arguments, the opinions which we have respectively followed. The only novelty for which I can perceive myself indebted to Dr. Chelsum, is the very extraordinary Scepticism which he insinuates concerning the time of Herodotus, who, according to the chronology of some, flourished during the time of the Jewish captivity⁹. Can it be necessary to inform a Divine, that the captivity which lasted seventy years, according to the prophecy of Jeremiah, was terminated in the year 536 before Christ, by the edict which Cyrus published in the first year of his reign? (Jeremiah. xxv. 11, 12. xxix. 10. Ezra, i. 1. &c. Usher and Prideaux, under the years 606 and 536.) Can it be necessary to inform a man of letters, that Herodotus was fifty-three years old at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war (Aulus Gellius, Noct. Attic. xv. 23. from the commentaries of Pamphila) and consequently that he was born in the year before Christ 484, fifty-two years after the end of the Jewish captivity? As this well attested fact is not exposed to the slightest

doubt or difficulty, I am somewhat curious to learn the names of those unknown authors, whose chronology Dr. Chelfum has allowed as the specious foundation of a probable hypothesis. The Author of the Remarks does not seem indeed to have cultivated, with much care of success, the province of literary history; as a very moderate acquaintance with that useful branch of knowledge would have saved him from a positive mistake, much less excusable than the doubt which he entertains about the time of Herodotus. He styles Suidas "a *Heathen* writer, who lived about the end of the *tenth* century". I admitted the period which he assigns to Suidas; and which is well ascertained by Dr. Bentley. (See his Reply to Boyle, p. 22, 23.) We are led to fix this epoch, by the chronology which this *Heathen* writer has deduced from Adam, to the death of the emperor John Zimisces, A. D. 975: and a crowd of passages might be produced, as the unanswerable evidence of his Christianity. But the most unanswerable of all is the very date, which is not disputed between us. The philosophers who flourished under Justinian (see Agathias, L. ii. p. 65, 66.) appear to have been the last of the Heathen writers: and the ancient religion of the Greeks was annihilated almost four hundred years before the birth of Suidas.

After this animadversion, which is not intended either to insult the failings of my Adversary, or to provide a convenient excuse for my own errors, I shall proceed to select *two* important parts of Dr. Chelfum's Remarks, from which the candid reader

may form some opinion of the whole. They relate to the military service of the first Christians, and to the historical character of Eusebius; and I shall review them with the less reluctance, as it may not be impossible to pick up something curious and useful even in the barren waste of controversy.

MILITARY
SERVICE OF
THE FIRST
CHRISTIANS,

I. In representing the errors of the primitive Christians, which flowed from an excess of virtue, I had observed, *that* they exposed themselves to the reproaches of the Pagans, by their obstinate refusal to take an active part in the civil administration, or military defence of the empire; *that* the objections of Celsus appear to have been mutilated by his adversary Origen; and *that* the Apologists, to whom the public dangers were urged, returned obscure and ambiguous answers, as they were unwilling to disclose the true ground of their security, their opinion of the approaching end of the world". In another place I had related, from the acts of Ruinart, the action and punishment of the Centurion Marcellus, who was put to death for renouncing the service in a public and seditious manner".

On this occasion Dr. Chelsum is extremely alert. He denies my facts, controverts my opinions, and, with a politeness worthy of Mr. Davis himself, insinuates that I borrowed the story of Marcellus, not from Ruinart, but from Voltaire. My learned adversary thinks it highly improbable that Origen should dare to *mutilate* the objections of Celsus, "whose work was, in all probability, extant at the time he made this reply. In such case, had he even been inclined to treat his adversary un-

"fairly, he must yet surely have been withheld from the attempt, through the fear of detection". The experience both of ancient and modern controversy has indeed convinced me that this reasoning, just and natural as it may seem, is totally inconclusive, and that the generality of disputants, especially in religious contests, are of a much more daring and intrepid spirit. For the truth of this remark, I shall content myself with producing a recent and very singular example, in which Dr. Chelsum himself is personally interested. He charges me with passing over in "silence the important and unsuspected testimony of a Heathen historian (Dion Cassius) to the persecution of Domitian; and he affirms, that I have produced that testimony so far only as it relates to Clemens and Domitilla; yet in the very same passage follows immediately, that on a like accusation MANY OTHERS were also condemned. Some of them were put to death; others suffered the confiscation of their goods". Although I should not be ashamed to undertake the apology of Nero or Domitian, if I thought them innocent of any particular crime with which zeal or malice had unjustly branded their memory; yet I should indeed blush, if, in favor of tyranny, or even in favor of virtue, I had suppressed the truth and evidence of historical facts. But the Reader will feel some surprise, when he has convinced himself that, in the three editions of my First Volume, after relating the death of Clemens, and the exile of Domitilla, I continue to alledge the ENTIRE TESTIMONY of Dion, in the following words: "and sentences

“ either of death, or of confiscation, were pronounced against a GREAT NUMBER OF PERSONS who where involved in the same accusation. The guilt imputed to their charge, was that of Atheism and Jewish manners; a singular association of ideas which cannot with any propriety be applied except to the Christians, as they were obscurely and imperfectly viewed by the magistrates and writers of that period.” Dr. Chellsum has not been deterred by the fear of detection, from this scandalous mutilation of the popular work of a living adversary. But Celsus had been dead above fifty years before Origen published his Apology; and the copies of an ancient work, instead of being instantaneously multiplied by the operation of the press, were separately and slowly transcribed by the labor of the hand.

If any modern divine should still maintain that the fidelity of Origen was secured by motives more honorable than the fear of detection, he may learn from Jerom the difference of the *gymnastic* and *dogmatic* styles. Truth is the object of the one, victory of the other; and the same arts which would disgrace the sincerity of the teacher, serve only to display the skill of the disputant. After justifying his own practice by that of the orators and philosophers, Jerom defends himself by the more respectable authority of Christian apologists. “How many thousand lines, says he, have been composed against *Celsus* and *Porphyry*, by *Origen*, *Methodius*, *Eusebius*, *Apollinaris*? Consider with what arguments, with what slippery problems, they elude the inventions of the Devil;

“and how, in their controversy with the Gentiles they
 “are sometimes obliged to speak, not what they
 “really think, but what is most advantageous for the
 “cause they defend.” “Origenes, &c. multis versu-
 “um millibus scribunt adversus Celsum & Porphy-
 “rium. Considerate quibus argumentis & quam
 “lubricis problematibus diaboli spiritu contexta
 “subvertunt: & quia interdum coguntur loqui, non
 “quod sentiunt, sed quod necesse est dicunt adver-
 “sus ea quæ dicunt Gentiles.” (Pro Libris advers.
 Jovinian. Apolog. tom. ii. p. 135.)

Yet Dr. Chelsum may still ask, and he has a right to ask, why in this particular instance I suspect the pious Origen of mutilating the objections of his adversary. From a very obvious, and, in my opinion, a very decisive circumstance. Celsus was a Greek philosopher, the friend of Lucian; and I thought that, although he might support error by sophistry, he would not write nonsense in his own language. I renounce my suspicion, if the most attentive reader is able to understand the design and purport of a passage which is given as a formal quotation from Celsus, and which begins with the following words: ΟΥ ΜΗΝ ΗΔΕ ΕΚΕΙΝΟ ΔΕΙΚΝΟΤΑΙ ΣΥΝ ΔΕΥΟΝΤΕΣ, &c. (Origen contr. Celsum, L. viii. p. 425. edit. Spencer, Cantab. 1677.) I have carefully inspected the original, I have availed myself of the learning of Spencer, and even Bouhereau, (for I shall always disclaim the absurd and affected pedantry of using without scruple a Latin version, but of despising the aid of a French translation,) and the ill success of my efforts has countenanced the suspicion to which I still adhere, with a just mixture of doubt and hesitation. Origen very

boldly denies, that any of the Christians have affirmed what is imputed to them by Celsus, in this unintelligible quotation; and it may easily be credited, that none had maintained what none can comprehend. Dr. Chelsum had produced the words of Origen; but on this occasion there is a strange ambiguity in the language of the modern divine", as if he wished to insinuate what he dared not affirm; and every reader must conclude, from his state of the question, that Origen expressly denied the truth of the *accusation* of Celsus, who had *accused* the Christians of declining to assist their fellow-subjects in the military defence of the empire, assailed on every side by the arms of the Barbarians.

Will Dr. Chelsum justify to the world, can he justify to his own feelings, the abuse which he has made even of the privileges of the Gymnastic style? Careless and hasty indeed must have been his perusal of Origen, if he did not perceive that the ancient apologist, who makes a stand on some incidental question, admits the accusation of his adversary, that the Christians *refused* to bear arms even at the command of their sovereign. "Και η ανωτατευσην μη αυτω, και επειση." (Origen, L. viii. p. 427.) He endeavours to palliate this undutiful refusal, by representing that the Christians had their peculiar camps, in which they incessantly combated for the safety of the emperor and the empire, by lifting up their right hands—in prayer. The apologist seems to hope that his country will be satisfied with this spiritual aid, and dexterously confounding the colleges of Roman priests with the multitudes which swelled the Catholic

church, he claims for his brethren, in all the provinces, the exemption from military service, which was enjoyed by the sacerdotal order. But as this excuse might not readily be allowed, Origen looks forwards with a lively faith to that auspicious revolution, which Celsus had rejected as impossible, when all the nations of the habitable earth, renouncing their passions and their arms, should embrace the pure doctrines of the Gospel, and lead a life of peace and innocence under the immediate protection of Heaven. The faith of Origen seems to be principally founded on the predictions of the Prophet Zephaniah (See iii. 9, 10.); and he prudently observes, that the prophets often speak secret things (*εν απορρητωλεγειαι*, p. 426.), which may be understood by those who can understand them; and that if this stupendous change cannot be effected while we retain our bodies, it may be accomplished as soon as we shall be released from them. Such is the reasoning of Origen: though I have not followed the order, I have faithfully preserved the substance of it; which fully justifies the truth and propriety of my observations.

The execution of Marcellus, the Centurion, is naturally connected with the Apology of Origen, as the former declared by his actions, what the latter had affirmed in his writings, that the conscience of a devout Christian would not allow him to bear arms, even at the command of his sovereign. I had represented this religious scruple as *one* of the motives which provoked Marcellus, on the day of a public festival, to throw away the ensigns of his office; and I presumed to observe, that such an act of desertion would have been punished in any government accor-

ding to martial or even civil law. Dr. Chelfum⁹⁷ very *bluntly* accuses me of misrepresenting the story, and of suppressing those circumstances which would have defended the Centurion from the unjust imputation thrown by me upon his conduct. The dispute between the advocate for Marcellus and myself lies in a very narrow compass; as the whole evidence is comprised in a short, simple, and, I believe, authentic narrative.

1. In another place I observed, and even pressed the observation, "that the innumerable deities and rites of Polytheism were closely interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, of public or of private life;" and I had particularly specified how much the Roman discipline was connected with the national superstition. A solemn oath of fidelity was repeated every year in the name of the gods and of the genius of the Emperor, public and daily sacrifices were performed at the head of the camp, the legionary was continually tempted, or rather compelled, to join in the idolatrous worship of his fellow-soldiers; and had not any scruples been entertained of the lawfulness of war, it is not easy to understand how any serious Christian could insist under a banner which has been justly termed the *rival of the Cross*. "*Vexilla æmula Christi*." (Tertullian de Corona Militis. c. xi.) With regard to the soldiers, who before their conversion were already engaged in the military life, fear, habit, ignorance, necessity, might bend them to some acts of occasional conformity; and as long as they abstained from absolute and intentional idolatry, their behaviour was excused by the indulgent, and censured by the more rigid

casuists. (See the whole Treatise *de Corona Militis*.) We are ignorant of the adventures and character of the Centurion Marcellus, how long he had conciliated the profession of arms and of the Gospel, whether he was only a Catechumen, or whether he was initiated by the sacrament of baptism. We are likewise at a loss to ascertain the particular act of idolatry which so suddenly and so forcibly provoked his pious indignation. As he declared his faith in the midst of a public entertainment given on the birth-day of Galerius, he must have been startled by some of the sacred and convivial rites (*Convivia ista profana reputans*) of prayers, or vows, or libations, or, perhaps, by the offensive circumstance of eating the meats which had been offered to the idols. But the scruples of Marcellus were not confined to these accidental impurities; they evidently reached the essential duties of his profession; and when, before the tribunal of the magistrates, he avowed his faith at the hazard of his life, the Centurion declared, as his cool and determined persuasion, that it does not become a Christian man, who is the foldier of the Lord Christ, to bear arms for any object of earthly concern. "Non enim decebat Christianum hominem molestiis secularibus militare, qui Christo Domino militat." A formal declaration, which clearly disengages from each other the different questions of war and idolatry. With regard to both these questions, as they were understood by the primitive Christians, I wish to refer the reader to the sentiments and authorities of Mr. Moyle, a bold and ingenious critic, who read the Fathers as their judge, and not as their slave, and who has refuted, with the most patient candor, all that learned

prejudice could suggest in favor of the silly story of the Thundering Legion. (See Moyle's Works, Vol. ii. p. 84—88. 111—116. 163—212. 298—302. 327—341.) And here let me add, that the passage of Origen, who in the name of his brethren disclaims the duty of military service, is understood by Mr. Moyle in its true and obvious signification.

2. I know not where Dr. Chelsum has imbibed the principles of logic or morality which teach him to approve the conduct of Marcellus, who threw down his rod, his belt, and his arms, at the head of the legion, and publicly renounced the military service, *at the very time* when he found himself obliged to offer sacrifice. Yet surely this is a very false notion of the condition and duties of a Roman Centurion. Marcellus was bound, by a solemn oath, to serve with fidelity till he should be regularly discharged; and according to the sentiments which Dr. Chelsum ascribes to him, he was not released from his oath by any mistaken opinion of the unlawfulness of war. I would propose it as a case of conscience to any philosopher, or even to any casuist in Europe, Whether a particular order, which cannot be reconciled with virtue or piety, dissolves the ties of a general and lawful obligation? And whether, if they had been consulted by the Christian Centurion, they would not have directed him to increase his diligence in the execution of his military functions, to refuse to yield to any act of idolatry, and patiently to expect the consequences of such a refusal? But, instead of obeying the mild and moderate dictates of religion, instead of distinguishing
between

between the duties of the soldier and of the Christian, Marcellus, with imprudent zeal, rushed forwards to seize the crown of martyrdom. He might have privately confessed himself guilty to the tribune or prefect under whom he served: he chose on the day of a public festival to disturb the order of the camp. He insulted, without necessity, the religion of his sovereign and of his country, by the epithets of contempt which he bestowed on the Roman gods. "Deos vestros ligneos & lapideos adorare" "contemno, quæ sunt idola surda & muta." Nay more; at the head of the legion, and in the face of the standards, the centurion Marcellus openly renounced his allegiance to the Emperors. "Ex hoc" "militare IMPERATORIBUS VESTRIS desisto." From this moment I no longer serve YOUR EMPERORS, are the important words of Marcellus, which his advocate has not thought proper to translate. I again make my appeal to any lawyer, to any military man, Whether, under such circumstances, the pronoun *your* has not a seditious, and even treasonable import? And whether the officer who should make this declaration, and at the same time throw away his sword at the head of the regiment, would not be condemned for mutiny and desertion by any court-martial in Europe? I am the rather disposed to judge favorably of the conduct of the Roman government, as I cannot discover any desire to take advantage of the indiscretion of Marcellus. The commander of the legion seemed to lament that it was not in his power to dissemble this rash action. After a delay of more than three months, the Centurion was

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examined before the Vice prefect, his superior judge, who offered him the fairest opportunities of explaining or qualifying his seditious expressions, and at last condemned him to lose his head; not simply because he was a Christian, but because he had violated his military oath, thrown away his belt, and publicly blasphemed the Gods and the Emperors. Perhaps the impartial reader will confirm the sentence of the Vice-prefect Agricolanus, "Ita se habent facta Marcelli, ut hæc disciplina debeant vindicari."

Notwithstanding the plainest evidence, Dr. Chelsum will not believe that either Origen in theory, or Marcellus in practice, could seriously object to the use of arms; "because it is well known, that, far from declining the business of war altogether, whole legions of Christians served in the Imperial armies". I have not yet discovered, in the author or authors of the Remarks, many traces of a clear and enlightened understanding, yet I cannot suppose them so destitute of every reasoning principle, as to imagine that they here allude to the conduct of the Christians who embraced the profession of arms after their religion had obtained a public establishment. Whole legions of Christians served under the banners of Constantine and Justinian, as whole regiments of Christians are now enlisted in the service of France or England. The representation which I had given, was confined to the principles and practice of the church of which Origen and Marcellus were members, before the sense of public and private interest had reduced the lofty standard of evangelical perfection to the ordinary

level of human nature. In those primitive times, where are the Christian legions that served in the Imperial armies? Our ecclesiastical Pompeys may stamp with their foot, but no armed men will arise out of the earth, except the ghosts of the Thundering and the Thebæan legions; the former renowned for a miracle, and the latter for a martyrdom. Either the two Protestant Doctors must acquiesce under some imputations which are better understood than expressed, or they must prepare, in the full light and freedom of the eighteenth century, to undertake the defence of two obsolete legions, the least absurd of which staggered the well disciplined credulity of a Franciscan Friar. (See Pagi Critic. ad Annal. Baronii, A. D. 174. tom. p. 168.) Very different was the spirit and taste of the learned and ingenuous Dr. Jortin, who, after treating the silly story of the Thundering Legion with the contempt it deserved, continues in the following words: "Moyle wishes no greater penance to the believers of the Thundering Legion, than that they may also believe the Martyrdom of the Thebæan Legion (Moyle's Works, vol. ii. p. 103.): to which good wish, I say with Le Clerc (Bibliothèque A. & M. tom. xxvii. p. 193.) AMEN.

"Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi."

(Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 367. 2d Edition, London, 1767.)

Yet I shall not attempt to conceal a formidable army of Christians and even of Martyrs, which is

ready to inlist under the banners of the confederate Doctors, if they will accept their service. As a specimen of the extravagant legends of the middle age, I had produced the instance of ten thousand Christian soldiers supposed to have been crucified on Mount Ararat, by the order either of Trajan or Hadrian⁹⁹. For the mention and for the confutation of this story, I had appealed to a papist and a protestant, to the learned Tillemont (Ném. Ecclésiast. tom. ii. part ii. p. 438.), and to the diligent Geddes (Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 203.), and when Tillemont was not afraid to say that there are few histories which appear more fabulous, I was not ashamed of dismissing the *fabule* with silent contempt. We may trace the degrees of fiction as well as those of credibility, and the impartial critic will not place on the same level the baptism of Philip and the donation of Constantine. But in considering the crucifixion of the ten thousand Christian soldiers, we are not reduced to the necessity of weighing any internal probabilities, or of disproving any external testimonies. This legend, the absurdity of which must strike every *rational* mind, stands naked and unsupported by the authority of any writer who lived within a thousand years of the age of Trajan, and has not been able to obtain the poor sanction of uncorrupted martyrologies which were framed in the most credulous period of ecclesiastical history. The two Protestant Doctors will probably reject the unsubstantial present which has been offered them; yet there is one of my adversaries, the *anonymous Gentleman*, who boldly declares himself the votary of the ten thousand martyrs, and challenges me "to

"discredit a FACT which hitherto by many has been "looked upon as well established."" It is pity that a prudent confessor did not whisper in his ear, that, although the martyrdom of these military Saints, like that of the eleven thousand virgins, may contribute to the edification of the faithful, these wonderful tales should not be rashly exposed to the jealous and inquisitive eye of those profane critics, whose examination always precedes, and sometimes checks, their religious assent.

II. A grave and pathetic complaint is introduced by Dr. Chelsum, into his preface¹⁰⁰, that Mr. Gibbon, who has often referred to the fathers of the church, seems to have entertained a general distrust of those respectable witnesses. The critic is scandalized at the epithets of scanty and *suspicious*, which are applied to the materials of ecclesiastical history; and if he cannot impeach the truth of the former, he censures in the most angry terms the injustice of the latter. He assumes, with peculiar zeal, the defence of Eusebius, the venerable parent of Ecclesiastical History, and labors to rescue his character from the *gross misrepresentation* on which Mr. Gibbon has openly insisted¹⁰¹. He observes, as if he sagaciously foresaw the objection, "That it will not be sufficient here "to alledge a few instances of apparent credulity in "some of the Fathers, in order to fix a general "charge of *suspicion* on all." But it may be sufficient to alledge a clear and fundamental principle of historical as well as legal Criticism, that whenever we are destitute of the means of comparing the testimonies of the opposite parties, the evidence of any

CHARACTER
AND CREDIT
OF EUSEBIUS.

witness, however illustrious by his rank and titles, is justly to be *suspected* in his own cause. It is unfortunate enough, that I should be engaged with adversaries, whom their habits of study and conversation appear to have left in total ignorance of the principles which universally regulate the opinions and practice of mankind.

As the ancient world was not distracted by the fierce conflicts of hostile sects, the free and eloquent writers of Greece and Rome had few opportunities of indulging their passions, or of exercising their impartiality in the relation of religious events. Since the origin of Theological Factions, some Historians, Ammianus Marcellinus, Fra-Paolo, Thuanus, Hume, and perhaps a few others, have deserved the singular praise of holding the balance with a steady and equal hand. Independent and unconnected, they contemplated with the same indifference, the opinions and interests of the contending parties; or, if they were seriously attached to a particular system, they were armed with a firm and moderate temper, which enabled them to suppress their affections, and to sacrifice their resentments. In this small, but *venerable* Synod of Historians, Eusebius cannot claim a seat. I had acknowledged, and I still think, that his character was less tinged with credulity than that of most of his contemporaries; but as his enemies must admit, that he was sincere and earnest in the profession of Christianity, so the warmest of his admirers, or at least of his readers, must discern and will probably applaud, the religious zeal which disgraces or adorns every page of his Eccle.

fiastical History. This laborious and useful work was published at a time, between the defeat of Licinius and the Council of Nice, when the resentment of the Christians was still warm, and when the Pagans were astonished and dismayed by the recent victory and conversion of the great Constantine. The materials, I shall dare to repeat the invidious epithets of scanty and suspicious, were extracted from the accounts which the Christians themselves had given of their *own* sufferings, and of the cruelty of their enemies. The Pagans had so long and so contemptuously neglected the rising greatness of the Church, that the Bishop of Cæsarea had little either to hope or to fear from the writers of the opposite party; almost all of that *little* which did exist, has been accidentally lost, or purposely destroyed; and the candid inquirer may vainly wish to compare with the History of Eusebius, some Heathen narrative of the persecutions of Decius and Diocletian. Under these circumstances, it is the duty of an impartial judge to be counsel for the prisoner, who is incapable of making any defence for himself; and it is the first office of a counsel to examine with distrust and *suspicion* the interested evidence of the accuser. Reason justifies the suspicion, and it is confirmed by the constant experience of modern History, in almost every instance where we have an opportunity of comparing the mutual complaints and apologies of the religious factions, who have disturbed each other's happiness in this world, for the sake of securing it in the next.

As we are deprived of the means of contrasting

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the adverse relations of the Christians and Pagans; it is the more incumbent on us to improve the opportunities of trying the narratives of Eusebius, by the original, and sometimes occasional, testimonies of the more ancient writers of his own party. Dr. Chelsum¹⁰¹ has observed, that the celebrated passage of Origen, which has so much thinned the ranks of the army of Martyrs, must be confined to the persecutions that had already happened. I cannot dispute this sagacious remark, but I shall venture to add, that this passage more immediately relates to the religious tempests which had been excited in the time and country of Origen; and still more particularly to the city of Alexandria, and to the persecution of Severus, in which young Origen successfully exhorted his father, to sacrifice his life and fortune for the cause of Christ. From such unquestionable evidence, I am authorized to conclude, that the number of holy victims who sealed their faith with their blood, was not, on this occasion, very considerable: but I cannot reconcile this fair conclusion with the positive declaration of Eusebius (L. vi. c. 2. p. 258.), that at Alexandria, in the persecution of Severus, an innumerable, at least an indefinite multitude (*μυριοι*) of Christians were honored with the crown of Martyrdom. The advocates for Eusebius may exert their critical skill in proving that *μυριοι* and *ολιγοι* many and few, are synonymous and convertible terms, but they will hardly succeed in diminishing so palpable a contradiction, or in removing the suspicion which deeply fixes itself on the historical character of the Bishop of Cæsarea. This unfortunate experiment

taught me to read, with becoming caution, the loose and declamatory style which *seems* to magnify the multitude of Martyrs and Confessors, and to aggravate the nature of their sufferings. From the same motives I selected, with careful observation, the more certain account of the number of persons who actually suffered death in the province of Palestine, during the whole eight years of the last and most rigorous persecution.

Besides the reasonable grounds of suspicion, which suggest themselves to every liberal mind, against the credibility of the Ecclesiastical Historians, and of Eusebius, their venerable leader, I had taken notice of two very remarkable passages of the Bishop of Cæsarea. He frankly, or at least indirectly, declares, that in treating of the last persecution, "he has related whatever might redound to the glory, and suppressed all that could tend to the disgrace, of Religion."¹ Dr. Chelsum, who, on this occasion, most lamentably exclaims that we should hear Eusebius, before we utterly condemn him, has provided, with the assistance of his worthy colleague, an elaborate defence for their common patron; and as if he were secretly conscious of the weakness of the cause, he has contrived the resource of intrenching himself in a very muddy soil, behind three several fortifications, which do not exactly support each other. The advocate for the sincerity of Eusebius maintains: 1st, That he never made such a declaration: 2dly, That he had a right to make it: and, 3dly, That he did not observe it. These separate and almost inconsistent apologies, I shall separately consider.

I. Dr. Chelsum is at a loss how to reconcile, — I beg pardon for weakening the force of his dogmatic style; he declares, that "It is plainly impossible to reconcile the express words of the charge exhibited, with any part of either of the passages appealed to in support of it." If he means, as I think he must, that the *express words* of my text cannot be found in that of Eusebius, I congratulate the importance of the discovery. But was it possible? Could it be my design to quote the words of Eusebius, when I reduced into one sentence the spirit and substance of two diffuse and distinct passages? If I have given the true sense and meaning of the Ecclesiastical Historian, I have discharged the duties of a fair Interpreter; nor shall I refuse to rest the proof of my fidelity on the translation of those two passages of Eusebius, which Dr. Chelsum produces in his favor. "But it is not our part to describe the sad calamities which at last befel them (the *Christians*), since it does not agree with our plan to relate their dissensions and wickedness before the persecution; on which account we have determined to relate nothing more concerning them than may serve to justify the Divine Judgment. We therefore have not been induced to make mention either of those who were tempted in the persecution, or of those who made utter shipwreck of their salvation, and who were sunk of their own accord in the depths of the storm; but shall only add those things to our General History, which may in the first place be profitable to ourselves, and afterwards to posterity." In the other passage,

Eusebius, after mentioning the dissensions of the Confessors among themselves, again declares that it is his intention to pass over all these things. "Whatsoever things, (continues the Historian, in the words of the Apostle, who was recommending the practice of virtue,) whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise; these things Eusebius thinks most suitable to a History of Martyrs;" of *wonderful* Martyrs; is the splendid epithet which Dr. Chelsum had not thought proper to translate. I should betray a very mean opinion of the judgment and candor of my readers, if I added a single reflection on the clear and obvious tendency of the two passages of the Ecclesiastical Historian. I shall only observe, that the Bishop of Cæsarea seems to have claimed a privilege of a still more dangerous and extensive nature. In one of the most learned and elaborate works that antiquity has left us, the Thirty-second Chapter of the Twelfth Book of his Evangelical Preparation bears for its title this scandalous Proposition, "How it may be lawful and fitting to use falsehood as a medicine, and for the benefit of those who want to be deceived." ΟΤΙ ΔΕΙΣΙΝ ΠΟΤΕ ΤΩ

ΛΕΥΣΕΙ ΑΝΤΙ ΦΑΝΕΙΝ ΧΡΗΣΘΑΙ ΕΠΙΩΦΕΛΕΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΔΕΟΜΕΝΩΝ ΤΗ ΤΑΥΤΗ ΤΡΟΠΩ.

(P. 356, Edit. Græc. Rob. Stephani, Paris 1544.)

In this chapter he alledges a passage of Plato, which approves the occasional practice of pious and salutary frauds; nor is Eusebius ashamed to justify the sentiments of the Athenian philosopher by the example of the sacred writers of the Old Testament.

2. I had contented myself with observing, that

Eusebius had violated one of the fundamental laws of history. *Ne quid veri dicere non audeat*; nor could I imagine, if the *fact* was allowed, that any question could possibly arise upon the matter of *right*. I was indeed mistaken; and I now begin to understand why I have given so little satisfaction to Dr. Chelsum, and to other critics of the same complexion, as our ideas of the duties and the privileges of a historian appear to be so widely different. It is alledged, that "every writer has a right to chuse his subject, for the particular benefit of his reader; that he has explained his own plan consistently; that he considers himself, according to it, not as a complete historian of the times, but rather as a *didactic* writer, whose main object is to make his work, like the Scriptures themselves, PROFITABLE FOR DOCTRINE; that, as he treats only of the affairs of the Church, the plan is at least excusable, perhaps peculiarly proper; and that he has conformed himself to the principal duty of a historian, while, according to his immediate design, he has not particularly related any of the transactions which could tend to the disgrace of religion." The historian must indeed be generous, who will conceal, by his own disgrace, that of his country, or of his religion. Whatever subject he has chosen, whatever persons he introduces, he owes to himself, to the present age, and to posterity, a just and perfect delineation of all that may be praised, of all that may be excused, and of all that must be censured. If he fails in the discharge of his important office, he partially violates the sacred

obligations of truth, and disappoints his readers of the instruction which they might have derived from a fair parallel of the vices and virtues of the most illustrious characters. Herodotus might range without control in the spacious walks of the Greek and Barbaric domain, and Thucydides might confine his steps to the narrow path of the Peloponnesian war; but those historians would never have deserved the esteem of posterity if, they had designedly suppressed or transiently mentioned those facts which could tend to the disgrace of Greece or of Athens. These unalterable dictates of conscience and reason have been *seldom* questioned, though they have been seldom observed; and we must sincerely join in the honest complaint of Melchior Canus, "that the lives of the philosophers have been composed by Laertius, and those of the Cæsars by Suetonius, with a much stricter and more severe regard for historic truth, than can be found in the lives of saints and martyrs, as they are described by Catholic writers." (See *Loci Communes*, L. xi. p. 650, apud Clericum, *Epistol. Critic.* v. p. 136.) And yet the partial representation of truth is of far more pernicious consequence in ecclesiastical, than in civil history. If Laertius had concealed the defects of Plato, or if Suetonius had disguised the vices of Augustus, we should have been deprived of the knowledge of some curious, and perhaps instructive, facts, and our idea of those celebrated men might have been more favorable than they deserved; but I cannot discover any practical inconveniences which could have been the result of our ignorance. But if

Eusebius had fairly and circumstantially related the scandalous dissensions of the Confessors; if he had shown that their virtues were tinged with pride and obstinacy, and that their lively faith was not exempt from some mixture of enthusiasm; he would have armed his readers against the excessive veneration for those holy men, which imperceptibly degenerated into religious worship. The success of these *didactic* histories, by concealing or palliating every circumstance of human infirmity, was one of the most efficacious means of consecrating the memory, the bones, and the writings of the saints of the prevailing party; and a great part of the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome may fairly be ascribed to this criminal dissimulation of the ecclesiastical historians. As a Protestant Divine, Dr. Chelsum must abhor these corruptions; but as a Christian, he should be careful lest his apology for the prudent choice of Eusebius should fix an indirect censure on the unreserved sincerity of the four Evangelists. Instead of confining their narrative to those things which are virtuous and of good report, instead of following the plan which is here recommended as *peculiarly proper* for the affairs of the Church, the inspired writers have thought it their duty to relate the most minute circumstances of the fall of St. Peter, without considering whether the behaviour of an Apostle, who thrice denied his Divine Master, might redound to the honor, or to the disgrace of Christianity. If Dr. Chelsum should be frightened by this unexpected consequence, if he should be desirous of saving his faith from utter

shipwreck, by throwing over-board the useless lumber of memory and reflection, I am not enough his enemy to impede the success of his honest endeavours.

The didactic method of writing history was still more profitably exercised by Eusebius in another work, which he has entitled, *The Life of Constantine*, his gracious patron and benefactor. Priests and poets have enjoyed in every age a privilege of flattery; but if the actions of Constantine are compared with the perfect idea of a royal saint, which, under his name, has been delineated by the zeal and gratitude of Eusebius, the most indulgent reader will confess, that when I styled him a *courtly Bishop*¹⁰⁸, I could only be restrained by my respect for the episcopal character from the use of a much harsher epithet. The other appellation of a *passionate declaimer*, which seems to have sounded still more offensive in the tender ears of Dr. Chelsum,¹⁰⁹ was not applied by me to Eusebius, but to Lactantius or rather to the historical declamation, *De mortibus persecutorum*; and indeed it is much more properly adapted to the Rhetorician, than to the Bishop. Each of those authors was alike studious of the glory of Constantine; but each of them directed the torrent of his invectives against the tyrant, whether Maxentius or Licinius, whose recent defeat was the actual theme of popular and Christian applause. This simple observation may serve to extinguish a very trifling objection of my critic, That Eusebius has not represented the tyrant Maxentius under the character of a Persecutor.

Without scrutinizing the considerations of interest which might support the integrity of Baronius and Tillemont, I may fairly observe, that both those learned Catholics have acknowledged and condemned the dissimulation of Eusebius, which is partly denied, and partly justified, by my adversary. The honorable reflection of Baronius well deserves to be transcribed. "Hæc (the passages already quoted) de suo in conscribendâ persecutionis historia Eusebius; parum explens numeros sui muneris; dum periinde ac si panegyrim scriberet non historiam, triumphos duntaxat martyrum atque victorias, non autem lapsus jacturamque fidelium posteris scripturæ monumentis curaret.") Baron. Annal. Ecclesiast. A. D. 302, No. 11. See likewise Tillemont, Mém. Ecclésiast. tom. v. p. 62. 156; tom. vii. p. 130.) In a former instance, Dr. Chelsum appeared to be more credulous than a Monk: on the present occasion, he has shown himself less sincere than a Cardinal, and more obstinate than a Jansenist.

3. Yet the advocate for Eusebius has still another expedient in reserve. Perhaps he made the unfortunate declaration of his partial design; perhaps he had a right to make it; but at least his accuser must admit, that he has saved his honor by not keeping his word; since I myself have taken notice of THE CORRUPTION OF MANNERS AND PRINCIPLES among the Christians so FORCIBLY LAMENTED by Eusebius¹¹⁰. He has indeed indulged himself in a strain of loose and indefinite censure, which may generally be just, and which cannot be personally offensive, which is alike incapable of wounding or of correcting, as it seems

seems to have no fixed object or certain aim. Juvenal might have read his satire against women in a circle of Roman ladies, and each of them might have listened with pleasure to the amusing description of the various vices and follies, from which she herself was so perfectly free. The moralist, the preacher, the ecclesiastical historian, enjoy a still more ample latitude of invective; and as long as they abstain from any particular censure, they may securely expose, and even exaggerate, the sins of the multitude. The precepts of Christianity seem to inculcate a style of mortification, of abasement, of self contempt; and the hypocrite who aspires to the reputation of a saint often finds it convenient to affect the language of a penitent. I should doubt whether Dr. Chelfum is much acquainted with the comedies of Moliere. If he has ever read that inimitable master of human life, he may recollect whether Tartuffe was very much inclined to confess his real guilt, when he exclaimed,

*Oui, mon frère, je suis un méchant, un coupable;
Un malheureux pécheur, tout plein d'iniquité;
Le plus grand scélérat qui ait jamais été.
Chaque instant de ma vie est chargé de souillures,
Elle n'est qu'un amas de crimes & d'ordures.*

.....
*Oui, mon cher fils, parlez, traitez moi de perfide,
D'infame, de perdu, de voleur, d'homicide;
Accablez moi de noms encore plus détestés:
Je n'y contredis point, je les ai mérités,
Et j'en veux à genoux souffrir l'ignominie,
Comme une honte due aux crimes de ma vie.*

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I

It is not my intention to compare the character of Tartuffe with that of Eusebius ; the former pointed his invectives against himself, the latter directed them against the times in which he had lived : but as the prudent Bishop of Cæsarea did not specify any place or person for the object of his censure, he cannot justly be accused, even by his friends, of violating the *profitable* plan of his *didactic* history.

The extreme caution of Eusebius, who declines any mention of those who were tempted and who fell during the persecution, has countenanced a suspicion that he himself was one of those unhappy victims, and that his tenderness for the wounded fame of his brethren arose from a just apprehension of his own disgrace. In one of my notes¹¹¹, I had observed, that he was charged with the guilt of some criminal compliances, in his own presence, and in the Council of Tyre. I am therefore accountable for the reality only, and not for the truth of the accusation : but as the two Doctors, who on this occasion unite their forces, are angry and clamorous in asserting the innocence of the Ecclesiastical Historian¹¹², I shall advance one step farther, and shall maintain, that the charge against Eusebius, though not legally proved, is supported by a reasonable share of presumptive evidence.

I have often wondered why our orthodox Divines should be so earnest and zealous in the defence of Eusebius ; whose moral character cannot be preserved, unless by the sacrifice of a more illustrious, and, as I really believe, of a more innocent victim. Either the Bishop of Cæsarea, on a very important occasion, violated the laws of Christian charity and civil justice,

or we must fix a charge of calumny, almost of forgery, on the head of the great Athanasius, the standard-bearer of the Homousian cause, and the firmest pillar of the Catholic faith. In the Council of Tyre he was accused of murdering, or at least of mutilating a Bishop, whom he produced at Tyre alive and unhurt (Athanas. tom. i. p. 783. 786); and of sacrilegiously breaking a consecrated chalice, in a village where neither church, nor altar, nor chalice, could, possibly, have existed. (Athanas. tom. i. p. 731. 732. 802.) Notwithstanding the clearest proofs of his innocence, Athanasius was oppressed by the Arian faction; and Eusebius of Cæsarea, the venerable father of Ecclesiastical history, conducted this iniquitous prosecution from a motive of personal enmity. (Athanas. tom. i. p. 728. 795. 797.) Four years afterwards, a national council of the Bishops of Egypt, forty-nine of whom had been present at the Synod of Tyre, addressed an epistle or manifesto in favor of Athanasius to all the Bishops of the Christian world. In this epistle they assert, that some of the Confessors, who accompanied them to Tyre, had accused Eusebius of Cæsarea of an act relative to idolatrous sacrifice.

xx Εὐσεβίου ὁ ἐν Καισάρεια τῆς Παλαιστίνης ἐπὶ δυσίαι κατηγόρειτο ὑπὸ τῶν συν' αὐτὸν ὁμολογητῶν. (Athanas. tom. i. p. 728.) Besides this short and authentic memorial, which escaped the knowledge or the candor of our confederate Doctors, a consonant but more circumstantial narrative of the accusation of Eusebius may be found in the writings of Epiphanius (Hæres. lxxviii. p. 723. 724.), the learned Bishop of Salamis, who was born about the time of the Synod of Tyre. He relates, that, in one of the

fessions of the Council, Potamon, Bishop of Heraclea in Egypt, addressed Eusebius in the following words :
 " How now, Eusebius, can this be borne, that you
 " should be seated as a judge, while the innocent
 " Athanasius is left standing as a criminal ? Tell me,
 " continued Potamon, were we not in prison together
 " during the persecution ? For my own part, I lost
 " an eye for the sake of truth ; but I cannot discern
 " that *you* have lost any one of your members. You
 " bear not any marks of your sufferings for Jesus
 " Christ ; but here you are, full of life, and with all
 " the parts of your body sound and entire. How
 " could you contrive to escape from prison, unless
 " you stained your conscience, either by actual guilt
 " or by a criminal promise to our persecutors ?"
 Eusebius immediately broke up the meeting, and discovered, by his anger, that he was confounded or provoked by the reproaches of the Confessor Potamon.

I should despise myself, if I were capable of magnifying, for a present occasion, the authority of the witness whom I have produced. Potamon was most assuredly actuated by a strong prejudice against the personal enemy of his Primate ; and if the transaction to which he alluded had been of a private and doubtful kind, I would not take any ungenerous advantage of the respect which my reverend adversaries must entertain for the character of a Confessor. But I cannot distrust the veracity of Potamon, when he confined himself to the assertion of a fact, which lay within the compass of his personal knowledge : and collateral testimony (see Photius, p. 296, 297.) attests,

that Eusebius was long enough in prison to assist his friend, the Martyr Pamphilus, in composing the first five books of his Apology for Origen. If we admit that Eusebius was imprisoned, he must have been discharged, and his discharge must have been either honorable, or criminal, or innocent. If his patience vanquished the cruelty of the Tyrant's ministers, a short relation of his own confession and sufferings would have formed an useful and edifying chapter in his Didactic History of the persecution of Palestine; and the reader would have been satisfied of the veracity of a historian who valued truth above his life. If it had been in his power to justify, or even to excuse, the manner of his discharge from prison, it was his interest, it was his duty, to prevent the doubts and suspicions which must arise from his silence under these delicate circumstances. Notwithstanding these urgent reasons, Eusebius has observed a profound, and perhaps a prudent silence: though he frequently celebrates the merit and martyrdom of his friend Pamphilus (p. 371. 394. 419. 427. Edit. Cantab.) he never insinuates that he was his companion in prison; and while he copiously describes the eight years persecution in Palestine, he never represents himself in any other light than that of a spectator. Such a conduct in a writer, who relates with a visible satisfaction the honorable events of his own life, if it be not absolutely considered as an evidence of conscious guilt, must excite, and may justify, the suspicions of the most candid critic.

Yet the firmness of Dr. Randolph is not shaken

by these rational suspicions; and he condescends, in a magisterial tone, to inform me, "That it is highly improbable, from the general well-known decision of the Church in such cases, that had his apostacy been known, he would have risen to those high honors which he attained, or been admitted at all indeed to any other than lay-communion." This weighty objection did not surprize me, as I had already seen the substance of it in the Prolegomena of Valefius; but I safely disregarded a difficulty which had not appeared of any moment to the national council of Egypt, and I still think that a hundred Bishops, with Athanasius at their head, were as competent judges of the discipline of the fourth century, as even the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. As a work of supererogation, I have consulted, however, the Antiquities of Bingham (See L. iv. c. iii. f. 6, 7. vol. i. p. 144, &c. fol. edit.), and found, as I expected, that much real learning had made him cautious and modest. After a careful examination of the facts and authorities already known to me, and of those with which I was supplied by the diligent antiquarian, I am persuaded that the theory and the practice of discipline were not invariably the same, that particular examples cannot always be reconciled with general rules, and that the stern laws of justice often yielded to motives of policy and convenience. The temper of Jerom towards those whom he considered as heretics, was fierce and unforgiving; yet the Dialogue of Jerom against the Luciferians, which I have read with infinite pleasure (tom. ii. p. 135 —

147. Edit. Basil. 1536), is the seasonable and dexterous performance of a statesman, who felt the expediency of soothing and reconciling a numerous party of offenders. The most rigid discipline, with regard to the ecclesiastics who had fallen in time of persecution, is expressed in the 10th Canon of the Council of Nice; the most remarkable indulgence was shown by the Fathers of the same Council to the *lapsed*, the degraded, the schismatic Bishop of Lycopolis. Of the penitent sinners, some might escape the shame of a public conviction or confession, and others might be exempted from the rigor of clerical punishment. If Eusebius incurred the guilt of a sacrilegious promise, (for we are free to accept the milder alternative of Potamon,) the proofs of this criminal transaction might be suppressed by the influence of money or favor; a seasonable journey into Egypt might allow time for the popular rumors to subside. The crime of Eusebius might be protected by the impunity of many Episcopal Apostates (See Philostorg. L. ii. c. 15. p. 21. Edit. Gothofred.); and the governors of the church very reasonably desired to retain in their service the most learned Christian of the age.

Before I return these sheets to the press, I must not forget an anonymous pamphlet, which, under the title of *A Few Remarks*, &c. was published against my History in the course of the last summer. The unknown writer has thought proper to distinguish himself by the emphatic, yet vague, appellation of A GENTLEMAN: but I must lament that he has not considered, with becoming attention, the

duties of that respectable character. I am ignorant of the motives which can urge a man of a liberal mind, and liberal manners, to attack without provocation, and without tenderness, any work which may have contributed to the information, or even to the amusement, of the Public. But I am well convinced that the author of such a work, who boldly gives his name and his labors to the world, imposes on his adversaries the fair and honorable obligation of encountering him in open daylight, and of supporting the weight of their assertions by the credit of their names. The effusions of wit, or the productions of reason, may be accepted from a secret and unknown hand. The critic who attempts to injure the reputation of another, by strong imputations which may possibly be false, should renounce the ungenerous hope of concealing behind a mask the vexation of disappointment, and the guilty blush of detection.

After this remark, which I cannot make without some degree of concern, I shall frankly declare, that it is not my wish or my intention to prosecute with this *Gentleman* a literary altercation. There lies between us a broad and unfathomable gulph; and the heavy mist of prejudice and superstition, which has in a great measure been dispelled by the free inquiries of the present age, still continues to involve the mind of my adversary. He fondly embraces those phantoms (for instance, an imaginary Pilate"), which can scarcely find a shelter in the gloom of an Italian convent; and the resentment which he points against me, might frequently be extended to the most enlightened of the PROTESTANT,

or, in his opinion, of the HERETICAL critics. His observations are divided into a number of unconnected paragraphs, each of which contains some quotation from my History, and the angry, yet commonly trifling, expression of his disapprobation and displeasure. Those sentiments I cannot hope to remove; and as the religious opinions of this *Gentleman* are principally founded on the infallibility of the Church¹⁴, they are not calculated to make a very deep impression on the mind of an English reader. The view of *facts* will be materially affected by the contagious influence of *doctrines*. The man who refuses to judge of the conduct of Lewis XIV. and Charles V. towards their Protestant subjects¹⁵, declares himself incapable of distinguishing the limits of persecution and toleration. The devout Papist, who has implored on his knees the intercession of St. Cyprian, will seldom presume to examine the actions of the Saint by the rules of historical evidence and of moral propriety. Instead of the homely likeness which I had exhibited of the Bishop of Carthage, my adversary has substituted a life of Cyprian¹⁶, full of what the French call *onction*, and the English, *canting* (See Jortin's Remarks, Vol. ii p. 239.): to which I can only reply, that those who are dissatisfied with the principles of Mosheim and Le Clerc, *must* view with eyes very different from mine, the Ecclesiastical History of the third century.

It would be an *endless* discussion (*endless* in every sense of the word) were I to examine the cavils which start up and expire in every page of this

criticism, on the inexhaustible topic of opinions, characters, and intentions. Most of the instances which are here produced are of so brittle a substance, that they fall in pieces as soon as they are touched: and I searched for some time before I was able to discover an example of some moment where the *Gentleman* had fairly staked his veracity against some positive fact asserted in the Two last Chapters of my History. At last I perceived that he has absolutely denied ¹⁷ that any thing can be gathered from the Epistles of St. Cyprian, or from his treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, to which I had referred, to justify my account of the spiritual pride and licentious manners of some of the confessors ¹⁸. As the *numbers* of the Epistles are not the same in the edition of Pamelius and in that of Fell, the critic may be excused for mistaking my quotations, if he will acknowledge that he was ignorant of ecclesiastical history, and that he never heard of the troubles excited by the spiritual pride of the Confessors, who usurped the privilege of giving letters of communion to penitent sinners. But my reference to the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ* was clear and direct; the treatise itself contains only ten pages, and the following words might be distinctly read by any person who understood the Latin language. “Nec
 “quisquam miretur, dilectissimi fratres, etiam de
 “confessoribus quosdam ad ista procedere, inde
 “quoque aliquos tam nefanda tam gravia peccare.
 “Neque enim confessio immunem facit ab insidiis
 “diaboli; aut contra tentationes, & pericula, &

"incurfus atque impetus feculares adhuc in feculo
"pofitum perpetuâ fecuritate defendit: ceterum
"nunquam in confefforibus, *fraudes*, & *ftupra*, &
"adulteria postmodum videremus, quæ nunc in
"quibufdam videntes ingemifcimus & dolemus."

This formal declaration of Cyprian, which is followed by feveral long periods of admonition and cenfure, is alone fufficient to expofe the scandalous vices of fome of the Confessors, and the difingenuous behaviour of my concealed adverfary.

After this example, which I have fairly chofen as one of the moft fpecious and important of his objections, the candid Reader would excufe me, if from this moment I declined the *Gentleman's* acquaintance. But as two topics have occurred, which are intimately connected with the fubject of the preceding fheets, I have inferted each of them in its proper place, as the conclufion of the fourth article of my answers to Mr. Davis, and of the firft article of my reply to the confederate Doctors, Chelfum and Randolph.

It is not without fome mixture of mortification and regret, that I now look back on the number of hours which I have confumed, and the number of pages which I have filled, in vindicating my literary and moral character from the charge of wilful *mifrepresentations*, grofs *errors*, and fervile *plagiarifms*. I cannot derive any triumph or confolation from the occasional advantages which I may have gained over three adverfaries, whom it is impoffible for me to confider as objects either of terror or of efteem. The fpirit of refentment,

and every other lively sensation, have long since been extinguished; and the pen would since have dropped from my weary hand, had I not been supported in the execution of this ungrateful task, by the consciousness, or at least by the opinion, that I was discharging a debt of honor to the Public and to myself. I am impatient to dismiss, and to dismiss FOR EVER, this odious controversy, with the success of which I cannot surely be elated; and I have only to request, that, as soon as my readers are convinced of my innocence, they would forget my Vindication.

BENTINCK-STREET,
February 3, 1779.

ANTIQUITIES
OF THE
HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

The following Letter, without any Address to it, was found with the Manuscript of the Memoirs of the House of Brunswick: there can be little doubt of its being the Copy a Letter to M. LANGER, Librarian to the Ducal Library of Wolfenbittel; and it is here inserted as relating to these Memoirs.

A ROLLE, ce 12. Octobre 1790.

Je vous aurois plutôt remercié, Monsieur, des soins obligeans que vous avez bien voulu vous donner pour me procurer les *Origines Guelficae*, si d'un côté notre honnête libraire M. Pott ne m'avoit pas appris que vous étiez en voyage, si de l'autre je n'avois pas été moi-même en proie à l'accès de goutte le plus rigoureux & le plus long que j'aye encore éprouvé. Nous revoici à présent dans notre état ordinaire; je marche, & vous ne courez plus. Je vous suppose bien établi, bien enfoncé dans votre immense bibliothèque. Votre curiosité, peut-être votre amitié, désirera de connoître mes amusemens, mes travaux, mes projets pendant les deux ans qui se sont écoulés depuis la dernière publication de mon grand ouvrage. Aux questions indiscrettes qu'on se permet trop souvent vis-à-vis de moi, je réponds avec une mine refrignée & une manière vague; mais je ne veux rien avoir de caché pour vous, & pour imiter la franchise que vous aimez, je vous avouerai naturellement que ma confiance est fondée en partie sur le besoin que j'aurai de votre secours. Après mon

retour d'Angleterre, les premiers mois ont été consacrés à la jouissance de ma liberté & de ma bibliothèque, & vous ne serez pas étonné si j'ai renouvelé une connoissance familière avec nos auteurs Grecs, si j'ai fait vœu de leur réserver tous les jours une portion de mon loisir. Je passe sous silence ces tristes momens dans lesquels je n'ai été occupé qu'à soigner & pleurer mon ami; mais dèsque j'ai commencé à me retrouver un esprit moins agité, j'ai cherché à me donner quelque distraction plus forte & plus intéressante que la simple lecture. Le souvenir de ma servitude de vingt ans m'a cependant effrayé, & je me suis bien promis de ne plus m'embarquer dans une entreprise de longue haleine que je n'achèverois vraisemblablement jamais. Il vaut bien mieux, me suis-je dit, choisir dans tous les pays & dans tous les siècles, des morceaux historiques que je traiterai séparément suivant leur nature & selon mon goût. Lorsque ces opuscules (je pourrai les nommer en Anglois *Historical Excursions*) me fourniront un volume; je les donnerai au Public: ce don pourroit être renouvelé jusqu'à ce que nous soyons fatigués, ou ce Public ou moi même: mais chaque volume, complet par lui même, n'exigera point de suite, & au lieu d'être borné comme la diligence au grand chemin, je me promènerai librement dans le champ de l'histoire, en m'arrêtant partout où je trouverai des points de vue agréables. Dans ce projet je ne vois qu'un inconvenient, un objet intéressant s'étend & s'agrandit sous le travail: je pourrois être entraîné au delà de mes bornes, mais je serai doucement entraîné sans prévoyance & sans contrainte.

Mes soupçons ont été vérifiés dans le choix de ma première *excursion*, & ce choix vous expliquera pourquoi j'ai demandé avec tant d'empressement les *Origines Guelficæ*. Dans mon Histoire j'avois rendu compte de deux alliances illustres, d'un fils du Marquis Azo d'Este avec une fille de Robert Guiscard, d'une princesse de Brunswick avec l'empereur Grec. Un premier aperçu de l'antiquité & de la grandeur de la maison de Brunswick, a excité ma curiosité, & j'ai cru pouvoir intéresser les deux nations que j'estime le plus par les mémoires d'une famille qui est sortie de l'un pour regner sur l'autre. Mes recherches, en me dévoilant la beauté de ce sujet, m'en ont fait voir l'étendue & la difficulté. L'origine des Marquis de Ligurie, & peut-être de Toscane, a été suffisamment éclaircie par Muratori & Leibnitz; l'Italie du moyen âge, son histoire & ses monumens, me sont très connus, & je ne suis pas mécontent de ce que j'ai déjà écrit sur la branche cadette d'Este, qui est demeurée fidelle à garder ses cendres casanières. Les anciens Guelfs ne me sont point étrangers, & je me crois en état de rendre compte de la puissance & de la chute de leurs héritiers, les Ducs de Baviere & de Saxe. La succession de la Maison de Brunswick au trône de la Grande Bretagne sera très assurément la partie la plus intéressante de mon travail; mais tous les matériaux se trouvent dans ma langue, & un Anglois devoit rougir s'il n'avoit pas approfondi l'histoire moderne & la constitution actuelle de son pays. Mais entre le premier Duc & le premier Electeur de Brunswick, il se trouve un intervalle de quatre cent cinquante ans

ans. Je suis condamné à suivre dans les ténèbres un sentier étroit & raboteux, & les divisions, les sous-divisions de tant de branches & de territoires, répandent sur ce sentier la confusion d'un labyrinthe généalogique. Les événemens sans éclat & sans liaison, sont bornés à une province d'Allemagne, & ce n'est que vers la fin de cette période que je ferois un peu ranimé par la réformation, la guerre de trente ans, & la nouvelle puissance de l'Electorat. Comme je me propose de crayonner des mémoires, & non pas de composer une histoire, je marcherois sans doute d'un pas rapide, je présenterois des résultats plutôt que des faits, des observations plutôt que des récits: mais vous sentez combien un tableau général exige des connoissances particulières, combien l'auteur doit être plus savant que son livre. Or cet auteur il est à deux cent lieues de la Saxe, il ignore la langue, & il ne s'est jamais appliqué à l'histoire de l'Allemagne. Eloigné des sources, il ne lui reste qu'un seul moyen pour les faire couler dans sa bibliothèque. C'est de se ménager sur les lieux mêmes un correspondant exact, un guide éclairé, un oracle enfin qu'il puisse consulter dans tous ses besoins. Par votre caractère, votre esprit, vos lumières, votre position, vous êtes cet homme précieux & unique, que je cherche; & quand vous m'indiqueriez un *suppléant* aussi capable que vous même, je ne m'adresserois pas avec la même confiance à un étranger. Je vous accablerois librement de questions, & de nouvelles questions naîtroient souvent de vos réponses; je vous prierois de fouiller dans votre vaste dépôt; je vous demanderois des

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livres, des extraits, des traductions, des renseignements sur tous les objets qui peuvent intéresser mon travail. Mais j'ignore si vous êtes disposé à sacrifier votre loisir, vos études chéries, à une correspondance pénible, sans agrémens & sans gloire. Je me flatte que vous feriez quelque chose pour moi, vous feriez davantage pour l'honneur de la Maison à laquelle vous êtes attaché; mais suis-je en droit de supposer que mes écrits puissent contribuer à son honneur? — J'attends, Monsieur, votre réponse; qu'elle soit prompte & franche; si vous daignez vous associer à mon entreprise, je vous enverrai sur le champ mon premier interrogatoire; votre refus me décideroit à renoncer à mon dessein, ou du moins à lui donner une nouvelle forme. J'ose en même temps vous demander un profond secret: un mot indiscret seroit répété par cent bouches, & j'aurois le désagrément de voir dans les journaux, & bientôt dans les papiers Anglois, une annonce, peut-être défigurée, de mes projets littéraires qui ne sont confiés qu'à vous seul.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

tional character might be either conveyed by descent; or adopted by choice; and that each family, each individual, might select and renounce the name and institutions of these political sects. The Bavarians, a minute colony, were almost invisible in the mighty kingdom of the Lombards: their decreasing numbers could not secure a regular supply of judges and witnesses: an Italian prince would be desirous of obliterating the remembrance of his foreign origin, and the smaller rivulets were gradually lost in the master-stream. Such a change of law and nation is agreeable to reason and practice; but in this particular instance, it may not be presumed, it cannot be proved; and the objection must be allowed to counterbalance some grains of probability in the opposite scale:

SECTION II.

A JUDICIOUS critic may approve the Tuscan descent of the families of Este and Brunswick; but a sincere historian will pronounce, that the Marquis Adalbert is their first unquestionable ancestor; that he flourished in Lombardy or Tuscany in the beginning of the tenth century; that his character and actions are buried in oblivion; and that his name and title alone can be placed at the head of an illustrious pedigree.

This pedigree is animated by his son the Marquis Otbert I., and his life is connected with the revolutions of Italy. If the records of the times were more

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numerous, they might confirm the probability of his descent from the Marquisses of Tuscany, since the earliest date of his name and honors coincides with the fall of their oppressors, and the first year, or even month of a new reign. The tyrant Hugh had fled beyond the Alps, loaded with the curses and treasures of the Italians: his son Lothair, a feeble youth, had passed away like a shadow, and after a vacancy of twenty-four days, the Marquis Berengarius, grandson to the Emperor of the same name, was exalted to the throne. A grant of four castles was made to the Bishop of Modena; and in the original deed of gift the new monarch is pleased to declare, that the advice and request of his trusty and well-beloved the Marquis Othbert had moved him to this act of liberality or devotion. His power at court may be ascribed to the recent merits of the election; and the advocate on the behalf of others would not be mute or unsuccessful in his own cause. Of the favors which he received, or of the services which he performed, I am alike ignorant: but at the end of nine years, the counsellor and favorite of Berengarius was transformed into a fugitive and a rebel, who escaped to the Saxon court, inflamed the ambition of Otho, and soon returned with an army of Germans, to dethrone a sovereign, perhaps a benefactor, of his own choice. His conduct appears, at the first glance, to be tainted with ingratitude and treason; and his guilt may be aggravated by the reflection, that he imposed a foreign yoke on his country, and prepared the long calamities of tyranny and faction. At the distance of eight centuries, I shall not vindicate the pure and rigid patriotism of the

father of the House of Brunswick. According to the experience of human nature, we may calculate a hundred, nay a thousand chances, against the public virtues of a statesman: the Marquis viewed the King of Italy, first as an equal, and afterwards as an enemy; and in the loose governments of the feudal system, the duties of allegiance were proudly violated by the members of an armed and lawless aristocracy.

Yet our imperfect view of the history of the times will afford some apology, and may allow some praise for the flight and rebellion of Marquis Othbert. 1. The patriot who, in the cause of political freedom, is false to gratitude and honor, offends against the natural feelings of mankind; but if those feelings are violated by a tyrant, they applaud the sword of the rebel, or even the dagger of the conspirator. Berengarius was a bad subject, and a worse prince: and the most opposite vices were reconciled in the dissolute and flagitious character of his wife Villa. From the revenge or justice of his predecessor, he had been saved by the blind humanity of Lothair the son of Hugh, who cherished the faithless enemy of his crown and life. His suspicious death was followed by the persecution of his widow Adelais, the sister of the King of Burgundy. At the age of eighteen a beautiful and innocent Princess was stripped of her land, her jewels, and her apparel, exposed to the brutal repetition of blows and insults, and cast into a subterraneous dungeon, where she endured, above four months, the last extremities of distress and hunger. A pleasing and pathetic tale might be formed of her miraculous escape with a damsel and a priest; of their concealment

among the rushes of the Lake Benacus, where they were supported many days by the charity of a fisherman; and of her rescue by a generous knight, who conducted the Princess to his impregnable fortress of Canossa, and defied the vengeance of the King of Italy. The romance would conclude with the arrival of a victorious lover, a royal deliverer: the nuptials of Otho and Adalais were celebrated at Pavia, and her singular adventures were a prelude to the future glories of the Empress and the Saint. The arms of Otho had been seconded by the revolt of the Italians; but in this revolt the name of Othert is not mentioned; and we should rather accuse than admire the patient loyalty of the Marquis. Before he renounced his obedience and gratitude, the unrepenting tyrant had accomplished the measure of his sins; the Church and State, the rich and the poor, were the indiscriminate victims of the cruelty and avarice of Berengarius. 2. In his first victorious expedition, the prudence or magnanimity of Otho had declined the rigor of absolute conquest, and was content to be styled the Protector of an injured nation. A prostrate enemy was spared and forgiven: after waiting three days before the palace-gates, Berengarius was admitted to the royal presence, and the golden sceptre of the kingdom of Italy was again delivered to his hands. But he pronounced an oath of fidelity, a solemn engagement, that he would be ready, in council and in the field, to obey the commands of his sovereign, and that he would govern his people with more equity and mildness than he had hitherto displayed. By this unequal treaty, the right of Otho was established, to judge

and punish the crimes of his feudatory: the Marquis Othert is no longer a rebel, who solicits the aid of a foreign Prince, and all the vassals of Italy might lawfully appeal from their immediate to their supreme lord. 3. The appeal was urged by the most respectable deputies of the Church and State, and their voice was the voice of the kingdom of Italy. The Roman Pontiff dispatched his apostolical legates to complain of the temporal and spiritual wrongs which St. Peter and St. Paul had long suffered from the tyranny of Berengarius. An Archbishop of Milan stood before the King of Germany, to deliver the sentiments of the oppressed clergy. The *illustrious* Marquis Othert (I copy the words of the historian) spoke in the name and in the cause of his peers; and the powers of these ambassadors were ratified by the secret letters and messengers of almost all the Counts and Bishops of Italy. 4. In the second, as in the first expedition, Otho yielded to the call of justice and freedom: but in the passes of the Trentine Alps, his march was stopped a day and a night by the seeming opposition of sixty thousand Italians. The suspicions of Berengarius had been appeased by their ready obedience to his summons; and in this martial assembly they were the masters of the throne and the representatives of the people. A temperate negotiation was, however, proposed: the timely abdication of the father might have softened their hatred; and they had consented to acquiesce under the government of his son Adalbert. The obstinate despair of the old King provoked them to abjure his name and family: they sheathed their swords, and opened

their gates: a hundred banners waved round the royal standard of Saxony: the deliverer was saluted King of Italy, and he received the *Iron Crown* in the cathedral of Milan. The Pope confirmed the revolution; and after a vacancy of twenty-eight years, the title of Emperor of the Romans was revived in the person of Otho the Great. 5. The benefits or mischiefs which might arise from the union of Italy and Germany could be decided only by experience; nor could the foresight of the Marquis Othert anticipate the experience of three hundred years. It was enough for a mortal statesman to obey the wishes, and consult the happiness, of the present generation, by placing in the hands of wisdom and power the sceptre of the Italian kingdom.

In one of the annual odes which still adorn or disgrace the birth-days of our British King, the Laureat, with some degree of courtly, and even poetic art, has introduced the founder of the Brunfwick race:

*When Othert left the Italian plain,
And soft Ateste's green domain,
Attendant on Imperial sway,
Where Fame and Otho led the way,
The Genius of the Julian Hills,
(Whose piny summits nod with snow,
Whose Naiads pour their thousand rills,
To swell th' exulting Po,)
An eager look prophetic cast,
And hail'd the hero as he pass'd.*

By a lofty prediction of fame and empire this bene-

volent genius exalts the courage of the hero, and displays the future greatness of his posterity, from the nuptials of Azo, to the succession of British kings:

*Proceed. Rejoice. Descend the vale,
And bid the future monarchs hail!
Hail, all hail, the hero cried,
And Echo, on her airy tide,
Pursu'd him, murmuring, down the mountain's side.*

I shall not presume to inquire whether such distinct and distant views of futurity may not surpass the prescience of a mountain god: but I am compelled to vindicate my own accuracy, by observing some geographical and historical errors of the mortal bard. The possessions of Othbert were not situate in the Venetian plain, but among the mountains of Tuscany; and we shall soon discover, that the green domain of Este, or Ateste, was acquired by the marriage of his grandson. In his attendance, "where Fame and Otho led the way," he would have passed, not the Julian, but the Rætian Alps; he must have followed the high road of Verona and Trent the great and customary passage between Italy and Germany. The name of the Julian Alps is confined to a low range of hills, soon bounded by the north-eastern extremity of the Adriatic, and which opposed, in the tenth century, a feeble barrier to the inroads of the wild Hungarians. The streams which issue from those hills are lost in the sea, or intercepted by the neighbouring rivers; and of their thousand rills, not a drop can be mingled with the waters of the Po. Even

the motive and the date of the passage of Otbert are wantonly corrupted. The patriot, intrusted with the cause of Italy, is degraded into an adventurer, who seeks his fortune in the Emperor's service: and he bids an everlasting farewell to the country which he was most impatient to revisit and deliver. The poet may deviate from the truth of history, but every deviation ought to be compensated by the superior beauties of fancy and fiction.

Among the followers of his triumphal car, the servants of his fortune, Otho could distinguish the patriot fugitives who had risked their lives and estates to assert his right, and the freedom of Italy. The most illustrious of these, the Marquis Otbert, was rewarded with riches and honors; and there is some reason to believe that his vague title was applied to the province of Liguria, which, according to the Roman geography, included the cities of Milan and Genoa. But the descent of Adalbert I. might advance an equitable, though not a legal claim, to the Duchy of Tuscany: and some suspicion will taint the pedigree of a favorite, who neglects to ask, or fails to obtain, the restitution of a patrimonial dignity. Our surprise will be increased and removed by the discovery of the same fact. Hugh, King of Italy, had granted the Tuscan Duchy, first to his brother, and then to his bastard; it was inherited by the son of that bastard; and succeeding monarchs, the tyrant Berengarius, and the German Otho, respected the possession of these fallen and unpopular princes. So strange an indulgence must have been founded on some secret, but powerful motive, and the same motive, could it now be revealed,

might explain either the modest indifference, or the unavailing request, of Othert himself. But the Marquis (shall I say?) of Liguria was invested with an office far more worthy of his abilities, and far more expressive of the royal confidence. The Count of the sacred palace was the prime minister of the kingdom of Italy; and it was observed, in classic style, that the Dukes, the Marquisses, and the Counts submitted to the pre-eminence of his consular Fasces. In an age, when every magistrate was a noble, and every noble was a soldier, the Count Palatine often assumed the command of armies; but in his proper station, he represented the judicial character of the Emperor, and pronounced a definitive sentence, as the judge of all civil and criminal appeals. The city of Pavia, and the castle of Lomello, were his ordinary residence: but he visited the provinces in frequent circuits, and all local or subordinate jurisdiction was suspended in his presence. This important office was exercised above twelve years by the Marquis Othert: the public acts, the few that have escaped, announce the proceedings of his tribunal at Lucca, Verona, &c; and he continued to deserve and enjoy the favor of the Emperor. If, in the decline of life, the lassitude of camps and courts had tempted him to seek a cool and independent solitude, I should praise the temper of the philosopher; but the firmest minds are enslaved by the prejudices of the times, and the retreat of Othert was inspired by the basest superstition. Under the monastic habit, in a Benedictine abbey which he had richly endowed, the Marquis labored to expiate the sins of his secular life. Pride and ambition are the

vices of the world: humility is the first virtue of a monk; and the descendant of princes, the favorite of kings, the judge of nations, was conspicuous among his brethren in the daily labor of collecting and feeding the hogs of the monastery. His sanctity was applauded: but if he listened to that applause, the penitent was entangled in a more subtle snare of the dæmon of vanity.

After the resignation of the Count Palatine, his office was given to favor or merit: but his patrimonial estates were inherited by the Marquis Otbert, who can only be distinguished by the epithet of the Second, from the similar name and title of his father. The life of the second Otbert was tranquil or obscure: he was rich in lands, in vassals, and in four valiant sons, Azo, Hugh, Adalbert, and Guido: but their valor embittered his old age, and involved the family in treason and disgrace. The reigns of the three Othos, a period of forty years, had been a transient season of prosperity and peace. But on the failure of their direct line, the Germans maintained their right of conquest, the Italians revived the claim of independence, and both were ambitious and resolute to establish a king of their own nation and choice. The princes and lords of Italy were all of barbaric origin; but as it happens, in the progress of nobility, the strangers of the second were despised by those of the third or fourth generation: and the old settlers, who could boast some ages of usurpation, esteemed themselves the ancient natives, the true proprietors of the soil. In the hostile diets of Mentz and Pavia, two hostile kings were elected, Henry

the Saxon, and Arduin the Lombard; and they disputed the Iron Crown in a civil, or rather a social war, of ten years. The German invaders were long checked, and sometimes defeated, in the passes of the Alps: but their strength and numbers finally prevailed. The fortunate Henry obtained the title of Emperor, and afterwards of Saint; Arduin was degraded and saved by the monastic habit: and his adherents were pardoned or punished, according to the measure of their guilt or power. Among these adherents, the first to erect the standard, and the last to bow the knee, were the Marquis Otbert II., his four sons, and his grandson Azo II., the immediate founder of the lines of Brunswick and Este. The distance of their fields of battle may prove the extent of their influence, and the obstinacy of their struggle; they made a vigorous stand in the neighbourhood of Pavia, they raised a dangerous insurrection at Rome, and they were vanquished and made prisoners in the plains of Apulia. A judicial act recites their crimes, and pronounces their condemnation. The six Marquisses were convicted, by the law of the Lombards, of conspiring against the king's life: and such conspiracy was punished, according to the same law, with confiscation and death. Their collateral offences, murder, rapine, and sacrilege, are the inevitable consequences of civil war: but the violation of some oath which had been extorted in the hour of distress, exposed them to the more ignominious reproach of treason and perjury. Yet their lives were spared by the clemency of the pious Emperor: the portion of their lands

which had been dedicated to pious uses, he could not restore; but he generously forgave the ample forfeiture which had devolved to the state: and when they resumed their seats in the assembly of the peers, they professed themselves the grateful and loyal servants of their benefactor.

But as the Saxon Henry left neither children nor kinsmen to inherit their obedience and gratitude, the sons of Otbert II. used, or abused their freedom, and again opposed the election of Conrad the First, emperor of the Franconian line. In the hope of foreign aid they offered the iron crown, and promised the Roman Empire, to Robert king of France: and the Marquis Hugo, the second brother, was intrusted with this important embassy: but the son of Hugh Capet was of an inactive temper: his new kingdom was unsettled; and with his approbation, the Italian deputies transferred their offer to William of Aquitaine, a vassal not less powerful than his sovereign. The Duke of Aquitaine behaved on this momentous occasion with a just temperance of courage and discretion. He accepted the crown for his family, protesting that under his reign Italy should enjoy such days as she had never known. His foremost troops were dispatched beyond the Alps, and he visited Rome under the pretence of a pilgrimage. But on a nearer prospect of the scene, the Duke of Aquitaine was satisfied that he could neither encounter his antagonist, nor confide in his party. The temporal peers were inclined to his cause, but the Archbishop of Milan, and the most important prelates, had been promoted by the House of Saxony: they

were steady to the German interest; and William rejected the sole effectual measure, that of filling their vacant seats with his own ecclesiastics. He prudently withdrew from the unequal and ruinous contest. In a farewell-epistle, he acknowledges the truth and constancy of *one* Italian lord, and this singular expression involves the sons of Otbert in the national reproach of levity or falshood. During his embassy in France, the Marquis Hugo had been pressed by the monks of Tours to restore some abbey-lands which he had usurped in the neighbourhood of Milan. At the distance of six hundred years and six hundred miles, that superstitious rebel was subdued by the apprehension of the vengeance of St. Martin.

By such exploits the memory, or at least the names of the four sons of Otbert II. has been preserved from oblivion. Azo I. the eldest brother, propagated the race; and by his first marriage with the niece of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, that chief acquired a rich patrimony, and a commanding influence in the Venetian province. The character of Hugo, his power, and his long reign, had given him a respectable place among the princes of the times: but the title of *Great*, the title of Alexander, Pompey, and Charlemagne, becomes ridiculous when it is necessary to ask, and difficult to find, the reason of the appellation. From the upper to the lower sea, his command extended over the middle regions of Italy: with the right he grasped the Duchy of Tuscany, with the left that of Spoleto; till on the voluntary or compulsive resignation of the latter, he contracted his domain within the limits of hereditary sway. In the exercise

of arms Hugo was strong and fortunate, and in the siege and chastisement of Capua he appeared with dignity as the minister of imperial justice; but the same sword might be turned against his sovereign; and Otho III. is said to have betrayed a secret satisfaction when death delivered him from so formidable a vassal. Far different were the feelings of the clergy and people of Tuscany. The former bewailed an humble votary and a liberal benefactor; a convent at Florence, in which his tomb has been long shown, is one of the seven monasteries which he richly endowed with lands, slaves, and gold and silver plate, for the service of the altar. In the opinion of the age these virtues were more pleasing in the eye of the deity, than the justice and humanity which he displayed in his temporal administration. The Marquis of Tuscany loved praise, and hated flattery: a nice touchstone which discriminates vanity from the love of fame. In the chase, on a march, he often rode away from his attendants; visited the cottages; conversed with the peasants and passengers, to whom his person was unknown; questioned them freely concerning the character and government of their prince; and enjoyed the sincere and simple effusions of their gratitude and veneration. The birth of Hugo may at once be styled base and illustrious; since he was the doubtful offspring of the bastard son of the King of Italy of the same name; but his life was deemed of such importance to mankind, that the knowledge of its approaching term was communicated from heaven to earth by a special revelation. After his decease, the Duchy of Tuscany was delegated
to

to a stranger; but a female might succeed to his private estates; and his sister had married Peter Candianus the Fourth, Doge or Duke of Venice, of his name and family. In that early period of the republic the magistrates were arbitrary and feeble, and the elective Dukes were alternately the tyrants and victims of a tumultuous democracy. By this connexion with the Tuscan Marquis, the pride of Candianus was elated: he assumed the manners of a feudal lord; levied a body of Italians, and insulted a free city with the arms and licentiousness of his mercenary guard. A furious multitude encompassed his palace: the gates and the soldiers resisted their assault: they fired the adjacent houses, and in the attempt to escape, the Duke and his infant son were transpierced with a thousand wounds. Such scenes were then frequent at Venice: they may reconcile our minds to the silent and rigid order of the modern aristocracy. The duties of the widow of Peter Candianus were to revenge a husband, and to educate a daughter of the same name, as her own. The daughter, Valdrada, became the wife of the Marquis Albert-Azo the First; and it is apparent from the date of the birth of their eldest son, Albert-Azo II. that these nuptials were consummated in the life-time, and approved by the consent of a wealthy and childless uncle, who could only hope to live in the posterity of his niece.

The north-eastern region of Italy, which began to be vivified by the rising industry and splendor of Venice, extends from the shores of the Adriatic to the foot of the Alps. Had experience confirmed the

prolific virtues of the climate; did the Venetian hens lay one or two eggs every day; did the ewes drop their lambs twice or thrice in a year; were the women delivered of two or three infants at a birth, the land must soon be over-stocked and exhausted. After translating the Greek fables into simple truth, we shall still acknowledge one of the most pleasant and plentiful regions of Italy, a soil productive of grass, corn and vines, a generous breed of horses, and innumerable flocks of sheep, more precious by the fineness of their wool. Padua, the first of the fifty cities of Venetia, had been so often trampled by the passage of the barbarians, that few vestiges remained of the ancient splendor, which, in the tide of human affairs, she afterwards recovered and surpassed. Fifteen miles to the south of Padua, Albert-Azo the First fixed his permanent and principal seat, in the castle and town of Ateste, or *Este*, formerly a Roman colony of some note: and by a harmless anticipation we may apply to his descendants the title of Marquis of Este; which they did not however assume till the end of the twelfth century. From Este their new estates, the inheritance of Hugo the Great, extended to the Adege, the Po, and the Mincius. Their farms and cattle were scattered over the plain: many of the heights, Montagnana, Monfelicce, &c. were occupied by their forts and garrisons; and they possessed a valuable tract of marsh-land, the island (as it may be styled) of Rovigo, which almost reaches to the gates of Ferrara. The first step in the emigrations of the family was from the neighbourhood of the Tuscan, to that of the Adriatic sea.

The name and character of the Marquis, Albert-Azo the Second, shine conspicuous through the gloom of the eleventh century. The most remarkable features in the portrait are, 1. His Ligurian marquifate. 2. His riches. 3. His long life. 4. His marriages. 5. His rank of nobility in the public opinion. The glory of his descendants is reflected on the founder; and Azo II. claims our attention as the stem of the two great branches of the pedigree; as the common father of the Italian and German princes of the kindred lines of Este and Brunswick.

1. The fair conjecture that the two Otherts, the father and son, commanded at Milan and Genoa, with the title and office of Marquis, acquires a new degree of probability for Azo I. and ascends to the level of historic truth in the person of Azo II. Before the middle of the eleventh century the ruins of Genoa had been restored; its active inhabitants excelled in the arts of navigation and trade; their arms had been felt on the African coast, and their credit was established in the ports of Egypt and Greece. Their riches increased with their industry, and their liberty with their riches. Yet they continued to obey, or at least to revere, the majesty of the emperors. In an act, as it should seem of the year one thousand and forty-eight, the Marquis Albert-Azo presides at Genoa in a court of justice, and his assessors, the magistrates of the city, are proud to style themselves the consuls and judges of the sacred palace. The royal dignity of Pavia was gradually eclipsed by the wealth and populousness of Milan, the first of the Italian cities that dared to erect the standard of

independence. The government of Milan was divided between the two representatives of St. Ambrose and of Cæsar. The veneration of the flock for the shepherd was fortified by the temporal state and privileges of the archbishop, and his annual revenue of fourscore thousand pieces of gold supplied an ample fund for benevolence or luxury. The civil and military powers were exercised by the Duke or Marquis of Milan (for these titles were promiscuously used), and the voice of tradition is clear and positive that this hereditary office was vested in the ancestors of the house of Este. Some of the prerogatives which they assumed are expressive of the rigor of the feudal system: they were the heirs of all who died childless and intestate, and a fine was paid on the birth of each infant who defeated their claim: their officers levied a tax on the markets, and their minute inquisition exacted the first loaf of bread from each oven, and the first log of wood from every cart-load that entered the gates. Yet an old historian, more forcibly affected with the calamities of his own days, deploras the long lost felicity of their golden age, which had been equally praised by the blessings of the feeble and the curses of the strong. They drew their swords for the service of the prince and people, but their reign was distinguished by long intervals of prosperity and peace. The distant possessions and various avocations of the Duke or Marquis often diverted him from the exercise of this municipal trust: his powers were devolved on the viscounts and captains of Milan; these subordinate tyrants formed an alliance, or rather conspiracy, with the *valvassors*,

or nobles of the first class; and the people was afflicted by the discord or the union of a lawless oligarchy. A private insult exasperated the patience of the plebeians: they rose in arms, and their numbers and fury prevailed in the bloody contest. The captains and nobles retired; but they retired with a spirit of revenge; collected their vassals and peasants of the adjacent country; encompassed the city with a circumvallation of six fortresses, and in a siege or blockade of three years reduced the inhabitants to the last extremes of famine and distress. By the interposition of the Emperor and the Archbishop the peace of Milan was restored: the factions were reconciled: they wisely refused a garrison of four thousand Germans; but they acquiesced in the civil government of the empire. The Marquis again ascended his tribunal, and that Marquis is Albert-Azo the Second. A judicial act of the year one thousand and forty-five attests his title and jurisdiction; and as the representative of the Emperor, he imposes a fine of a thousand pieces of gold. The progress of Italian liberty reduced his office to the empty name of Marquis of Liguria, and such he is styled by the historians of the age. In the next century, his grandson, Obizo I. is invested by the Emperor Frederic I. with the honors of Marquis of Milan and Genoa, as his grand-father Azo held them of the empire; but this splendid grant commemorates the dignity, without reviving the power, of the house of Este.

2. Like one of his Tuscan ancestors, Azo the Second was distinguished among the princes of Italy

by the epithet of the *Rich*. The particulars of his rent-roll cannot now be ascertained: an occasional, though authentic deed of investiture, enumerates eighty-three fiefs or manors which he held of the empire in Lombardy and Tuscany, from the marquise of Este to the country of Luni: but to these possessions must be added the lands which he enjoyed as the vassal of the church, the ancient patrimony of Obert (the *Terra Obertenga*) in the counties of Arezzo, Pisa, and Lucca, and the marriage portion of his first wife, which, according to the various readings of the manuscripts, may be computed either at twenty, or at two hundred thousand English acres. If such a mass of landed property were now accumulated on the head of an Italian nobleman, the annual revenue might satisfy the largest demands of private luxury or avarice, and the fortunate owner would be rich in the improvement of agriculture, the manufactures of industry, the refinement of taste, and the extent of commerce. But the barbarism of the eleventh century diminished the income, and aggravated the expense, of the Marquis of Este. In a long series of war and anarchy, man and the works of a man had been swept away; and the introduction of each ferocious and idle stranger had been overbalanced by the loss of five or six perhaps of the peaceful industrious natives. The mischievous growth of vegetation, the frequent inundations of the rivers, were no longer checked by the vigilance of labor; the face of the country was again covered with forests and morasses; of the vast domains which acknowledged Azo for their lord, the far greater was abando-

ned to the wild beasts of the field, and a much smaller portion was reduced to the state of constant and productive husbandry. An adequate rent may be obtained from the skill and substance of a free tenant, who fertilizes a grateful soil, and enjoys the security and benefit of a long lease. But faint is the hope, and scanty is the produce of those harvests which are raised by the reluctant toil of peasants and slaves, condemned to a bare subsistence, and careless of the interests of a rapacious master. If his granaries are full, his purse is empty; and the want of cities or commerce, the difficulty of finding or reaching a market, obliges him to consume on the spot a part of his useless stock, which cannot be exchanged for merchandize or money. The member of a well regulated society is defended from private wrongs by the laws, and from public injuries by the arms of the state; and the tax which he pays is a just equivalent for the protection which he receives. But the guard of his life, his honor, and his fortune was abandoned to the private sword of a feudal chief; and if his own temper had been inclined to moderation and patience, the public contempt would have roused him to deeds of violence and revenge. The entertainment of his vassals and soldiers, their pay and rewards, their arms and horses, surpassed the measure of the most oppressive tribute, and the destruction which he inflicted on his neighbours was often retaliated on his own lands. The costly elegance of palaces and gardens was superseded by the laborious and expensive construction of strong castles, on the summits of the most inaccessible rocks; and some of these, like

the fortrefs of Canossa in the Appenine were built and provided to sustain a three years siege against a royal army. But his defence in this world was less burdensome to a wealthy lord than his salvation in the next: the demands of his chapel, his priests, his alms, his offerings, his pilgrimages, were incessantly renewed; the monastery chosen for his sepulchre was endowed with his fairest possessions, and the naked heir might often complain, that his father's sins had been redeemed at too high a price. The Marquis Azo was not exempt from the contagion of the times: his devotion was amused and inflamed by the frequent miracles which were performed in his presence; and the monks of Vangadizza, who yielded to his request the arm of a dead saint, were ignorant of the value of that inestimable jewel. After satisfying the demands of war and superstition, he might appropriate the rest of his revenue to use and pleasure. But the Italians of the eleventh century were imperfectly skilled in the liberal and mechanic arts: the objects of foreign luxury were furnished at an exorbitant price by the merchants of Pisa and Venice; and the superfluous wealth, which could not purchase the real comforts of life, was idly wasted on some rare occasions of vanity and pomp. Such were the nuptials of Boniface, Duke or Marquis of Tuscany, whose family was long afterwards united with that of Azo, by the marriage of their children. These nuptials were celebrated on the banks of the Mincius, which the fancy of Virgil has decorated with a more beautiful picture. The princes and people of Italy were invited to the feast, which continued three months: the fertile

meadows, which are intersected by the slow and winding course of the river, were covered with innumerable tents, and the bridegroom displayed and diversified the scenes of his proud and tasteless magnificence. All the utensils of service were of silver, and his horses were shod with plates of the same metal, loosely nailed, and carelessly dropped, to indicate his contempt of riches. An image of plenty and profusion was expressed in the banquet: the most delicious wines were drawn in buckets from the well; and the spices of the East were ground in water-mills like common flour. The dramatic and musical arts were in the rudest state; but the Marquis had summoned the most popular singers, harpers, and buffoons, to exercise their talents on this splendid theatre. Their exhibitions were applauded, and they applauded the liberality of their patron. After this festival, I might remark a singular gift of the same Boniface to the Emperor Henry III. a chariot and oxen of solid silver, which were designed only as a vehicle for a hog's head of vinegar. If such an example should seem above the imitation of Azo himself, the Marquis of Este was at least superior in wealth and dignity to the vassals of his compeer. One of these vassals, the Viscount of Mantua, presented the German monarch with one hundred falcons, and one hundred bay horses, a grateful contribution to the pleasures of a royal sportsman. In that age, the proud distinction between the nobles and *princes* of Italy was guarded with jealous ceremony: the Viscount of Mantua had never been seated at the table of his immediate lord: he yielded to the invitation of the Emperor;

and a stag's skin, filled with pieces of gold, was graciously accepted by the Marquis of Tuscany as the fine of his presumption.

3. The temporal felicity of Azo was crowned by the long possession of honors and riches: he died in the year one thousand and ninety-seven, aged upwards of a hundred years; and the term of his mortal existence was almost commensurate with the lapse of the eleventh century. The character, as well as the situation of the Marquis of Este, rendered him an actor in the revolutions of that memorable period: but time has cast a veil over the virtues and vices of the man, and I must be content to mark some of the eras, the mile-stones of his life, which measure the extent and intervals of the vacant way. Albert Azo the Second was no more than seventeen when he first drew the sword of rebellion or patriotism, when he was involved with his grand-father, his father and his three uncles, in a common proscription. In the vigor of manhood, about his fiftieth year, the Ligurian Marquis governed the cities of Milan and Genoa, as the minister of Imperial authority. He was upwards of seventy when he passed the Alps to vindicate the inheritance of Maine for the children of his second marriage. He became the friend and servant of Gregory VII., and in one of his epistles, that ambitious pontiff recommends the Marquis Azo as the most faithful and best beloved of the Italian princes; as the proper channel through which a king of Hungary might convey his petitions to the apostolic throne. In the mighty contest between the crown and the mitre, the Marquis Azo and the

Countess Matilda led the powers of Italy, and when the standard of St. Peter was displayed, neither the age of the one, nor the sex of the other, could detain them from the field. With these two affectionate clients the Pope maintained his station in the fortress of Canossa, while the Emperor, barefoot on the frozen ground, fasted and prayed three days at the foot of the rock: they were witnesses to the abject ceremony of the penance and pardon of Henry IV.; and in the triumph of the church, a patriot might foresee the deliverance of Italy from the German yoke. At the time of this event the Marquis of Este was above fourscore; but in the twenty following years he was still alive and active amidst the revolutions of peace and war. The last act which he subscribed is dated above a century after his birth; and in that act the venerable chief possesses the command of his faculties, his family, and his fortune. In this rare prerogative of longevity Albert-Azo II. stands alone; nor can I recollect in the *authentic* annals of mortality a single example of a king or prince, of a statesman or general, of a philosopher or poet, whose life has been extended beyond the period of a hundred years. Nor should this observation, which is justified by universal experience, be thought either strange or surprising. It has been found, that of twenty-four thousand new-born infants, seven only will survive to attain that distant term; and much smaller is the proportion of those who will be raised by fortune or genius, to govern or afflict, or enlighten, their age or country. The chance that the same individual should draw the two great prizes in the lottery of life

will not easily be defined by the powers of calculation. Three approximations, which will not hastily be matched, have distinguished the present century, Aurungzeb, Cardinal Fleury, and Fontenelle. Had a fortnight more been given to the philosopher, he might have celebrated his secular festival; but the lives and labors of the Mogul king and the French minister were terminated before they had accomplished their ninetieth year. A strong constitution may be the gift of Nature; but the few who survive their contemporaries must have been superior to the passions and appetites which urge the speedy decay and dissolution of the mind and body. The Marquis of Este may be presumed, from his riches and longevity, to have understood the economy of health and fortune.

4. I remember a Persian tale of three old men, who were successively questioned by a traveller as he met them on the road. The youngest brother, under the load of a wife and a numerous family, was sinking into the grave before his time. The second, though much older, was far less infirm and decrepit: he had been left a widower and without children. But the last and eldest of the three brothers still preserved, at an incredible age, the vigor and vivacity of the autumnal season: he had always preferred a life of celibacy. The enjoyment of domestic freedom could not however contribute to the longevity of the Marquis Azo: he married three wives; he educated three sons; and it is doubtful whether chance or prudence delayed his first nuptials till he had at least accomplished the fortieth year of his age. These nuptials were con-

tracted with Cuniza, or Cunegonda, a German maid, whose ancestors, by their nobility and riches, were distinguished among the Suabian and Bavarian chiefs; whose brother was invested by the Emperor Henry III. with the Dutchy of Carinthia, and the Marquisate of Verona, on the confines of the Venetian possessions of the House of Este. The marriage of Azo and Cunegonda was productive of a son, who received at his baptism the name of GUELPH, to revive and perpetuate the memory of his uncle, his grandfather, and his first progenitors, on the maternal side. I have already defined the ample domain which was given as a marriage-portion to the daughter of the Guelphs: but on the failure of heirs male, her fortunate son inherited the patrimonial estates of the family, obtained the dukedom of Bavaria, and became the founder of the eldest, or German branch, of the House of Este, from which the Dukes of Brunswick, the Electors of Hanover, and the Kings of Great Britain, are lineally descended. After the decease of Cunegonda, who must have departed this life in the flower of her age, the Marquis of Este solicited a second alliance beyond the Alps: but his delicacy no longer insisted on the choice of a virgin; the widower was contented with a widow; and he excused the ambiguous stain which might adhere to his bride by a divorce from her first husband. Her name was Garfenda¹, the daughter, and at length the heiress of the Counts of Main. She became the mother of two sons, Hugo and Fulk, and the younger of these is the acknowledged parent of the Dukes of Ferrara and Modena. The same liberal fortune

which had crowned the offspring of the first, seemed to attend the children of the second nuptials of the Marquis Azo: but *their* fortune was hollow and fallacious, and after the loss of their Gallic inheritance, the sons of Garfenda reluctantly acquiesced in some fragments of their Italian patrimony. Matilda, the third wife of Azo, was another widow of noble birth, since she was his own cousin in the fourth degree; but this consanguinity provoked the stern and Impartial justice of Gregory VII. His friend was summoned to appear before a synod at Rome: the inflexible priest pronounced a sentence of divorce, and whatsoever idea may be formed of the Marquis's vigor, at the age of seventy-eight, he might submit, without much effort, to the canons of the church. Besides his three sons, Azo had a daughter named Adelais, who was educated in the family of the Countess Matilda. But the damsel is only mentioned to attest the miraculous virtue of Anselm Bishop of Lucca: she was relieved in the night from a violent fit of the cholic, by the local application of a pillow, on which the Saint had formerly reposed his head.

5. A wealthy Marquis of the eleventh century must have commanded a proud hereditary rank in civil society. In the judgment of the Pope, the Emperor, and the Public, Albert-Azo was distinguished among the princes, and the first princes, of the kingdom of Italy. His double alliance in Germany and France may prove how much he was known and esteemed among foreign nations; and he strengthened his political importance by a domestic union with the conquerors of Apulia and Sicily. I

shall not repeat the story of the Norman adventurers, nor shall I again delineate the character and exploits of Robert Guiscard, which, to the readers of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, are sufficiently familiar. But as Duke Robert had four daughters, the choice of his other three sons-in-law may serve as a test, a touch-stone, of the comparative weight and value of the House of Este. Michael, Emperor of the Greeks, was the first name in the Christian world. Raymond, Count of Barcelona, was the independent sovereign of a warlike people; and the meanest of the three, a French Baron of military renown, was the cousin of the Kings of France and Jerusalem, the brother-in-law of the Kings of Navarre and Arragon. Such were three of the sons by alliance, of the Norman conqueror, who had previously rejected a proposal for the eldest son of the Emperor Henry IV.: the marriage of a fourth daughter will be most accurately represented in the words of the Apulian poet: "While the hero resided
" within the walls of the Trojan city, he received
" the visit of a certain noble Lombard Marquis, accompanied by many nobles of his country. Azo
" was his name. The object of his journey was to
" request that the Duke's daughter might be granted
" as a wife to Hugo his *illustrious* son. The Duke
" convened an assembly of his chiefs, and with their
" consent and advice, the daughter of Robert was
" delivered to the son of Azo. The nuptial rites were
" solemnized in due form, and the festival was celebrated with gifts and banquets. After the consummation of the marriage, the Duke solicited his

" Counts and powerful vassals to bestow a free gift,
 " which might grace the joyful departure of the
 " bride and bridegroom, and he enforced his demand
 " by reminding them that no subsidy whatsoever had
 " been given to her sister, the Greek Empress. The
 " demand of a tribute was entertained with a murmur
 " of surprise and discontent; but all opposition was
 " fruitless, and they presented their sovereign with
 " mules and horses, and various offerings. He
 " bestowed them on the husband of his daughter,
 " with an addition from his own treasures: a fleet
 " was prepared, and both the father and son were
 " transported with great honor to their native
 " shores." This evidence of a contemporary poet,
 or rather historian, who had no temptation to flatter
 the Princes of Este, would alone be sufficient to estab-
 lish the nobility and splendor of their family, the
 family of Brunswick, beyond the distant term of
 seven hundred years. If the Marquis Azo were the
 first of his race whose name and memory had been
 preserved, we might acquiesce in our ignorance,
 with a just persuasion of the dignity and power of
 his unknown ancestors. Of these illustrious ancestors,
 the zeal and diligence of Leibnitz and Muratori have
 discovered four probable, and four certain degrees.
 After the examination of proofs, a scrupulous critic
 may suspect, that in deriving the Marquisses of Este
 from those of Tuscany, " the ascent of reason has
 " been aided by the wings of imagination;" but he
 must confess, that since the beginning of the tenth
 century, the series of generations flows in a clear and
 unbroken stream.

SECTION

SECTION III.

THE eldest of the three sons of the Marquis Azo, the fortunate Guelph, was transplanted from his native soil, to become the root of the German, and, in the fulness of time, of the British line, of the family of Este. By his two younger brothers, Hugo and Fulk, the Italian succession was propagated: but the race of Hugo expired in the second degree; the posterity of Fulk still survives in the twentieth generation. The ancestors of Guelph, on the father's and the mother's side, and the series of his descendants in Bavaria and Saxony, form the antiquities of the House of Brunswick, and the proper subject of this historical discourse: but our curiosity will naturally embrace the collateral branch of the Princes of Este, Ferrara, and Modena, who have not been unworthy of their first progenitors, and more powerful kinsmen. Without confining myself to the rigid servitude of annals, without resting on every step of a long pedigree, I shall concisely display the most interesting scenes of their various fortunes.

As the right of female succession began to prevail in the feudal system of France, Garfenda, the second wife of Azo, might claim the duchy or county of Maine, which had been successively possessed by her father, her brother, and her nephew. Her pretensions were legitimate; but the heiress of Maine had been married into a distant land: her arms were feeble, her vassals factious, her neighbours unjust. William Duke of Normandy, a famous name, was tempted by the prospect of a fertile and adjacent

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territory: he muttered some pretence of a gift or alliance: but ambition was his only motive, and his only title was superior strength. Four years the Cenomani, the people of Maine, reluctantly bowed under his iron sceptre; but after the forces of Normandy had been transported beyond the sea, they were encouraged by the absence, rather than awed by the success and glory of the conqueror of England. They solicited the Marquis of Liguria to assert the rights of his wife and son. Azo listened to their call: after the expulsion or massacre of the Normans, the cities and castles were delivered into his hands, the Bishop escaped to the English court, and his new subjects admired the riches and liberality of their deliverer. But in a short time the reign of a stranger became odious and contemptible to the haughty Franks: they discovered that his treasures were exhausted; he perceived that their faith was wavering; and Azo fondly imagined that all discontents would be appeased, and that all parties would be reconciled by his own departure. In the vain hope that the Cenomani would be attached to the daughter and the heir of their ancient princes, he left Garfenda and her infant Hugo under the care of a powerful baron, the guardian of his son, and the husband, as it were, of his wife. But this suspicious or scandalous connexion provoked the indignation of the people; the young Prince was dismissed to Italy; Garfenda disappears; and the county of Maine was torn by domestic feuds, till the presence of the conqueror united his rebels in the calm of servitude. Azo still retained a bitter remembrance of his loss and

disgrace; and his enemy the Bishop, on a pilgrimage to Rome, was arrested by the revenge, and released by the piety, of the Ligurian Marquis. The death of King William, and the discord of his sons, revived the spirit of the Cenomani, and their deputies invited the sons of Azo to resume the peaceful possession of their lawful inheritance. Hugo again passed the Alps; but the first acclamations again degenerated into the murmurs of the people, and the anathemas of the clergy. The new Count was destitute of every resource that could reward the service, engage the esteem, or enforce the obedience, of his turbulent vassals. The honor of his alliance with the daughter of Robert Guiscard had been soon obliterated by the shame and scandal of a divorce; his countrymen exposed him, with pleasure, to the toils and dangers of a transalpine reign; and the warlike natives of Gaul despised the effeminate manners of an Italian lord. His fears were increased, and his flight was hastened, by the artful eloquence of a rival, who insinuated that his mild and moderate temper was ill formed to struggle with the furious passions of the Barbarians. The son of Garfenda trembled at the approach or the sound of a hundred thousand Normans, sold his patrimony for a sum of ten thousand pounds, and escaped to Italy, where he soon lost a battle and an army, in the service of the Countess Matilda. A writer of the times, who has preserved the memory of this ignominious event, contrasts the treason or cowardice of the man with the nobility of his race. I must retract the assertion, that all the Princes of Este have been worthy of their

name and ancestry : Hugo is an exception ; but in the space of seven hundred years Hugo is a single exception.

After the decease of his father Azo , the star of the House of Este appears " shorn of its beams ;" their riches and power are visibly diminished ; and the *Marquisses* of that name no longer stand foremost in the revolutions of Italy. In the annals of the twelfth century their actions are seldom recorded : and as this oblivion coincides with the increasing light of history , we must seek the probable causes in the division of their property , and the ascendant of the municipal republics. 1. After the acquisition of the Duchy , or rather kingdom of Bavaria , Guelph , the son of Azo , might have generously waved the right of primogeniture , and resigned to his younger brothers the Italian estates of the family , as an equivalent for the loss of their Gallic inheritance. But such generosity is seldom found in the selfish conduct of Princes or brothers ; and instead of offering , or accepting , an equal and equitable partition , he claimed as his own the entire property of their common parent. If Guelph were an hypocrite , he might color his avarice by a pious attachment to the relics of his fathers : and a demand , so repugnant to the maxims of natural justice , seems , however , to have been supported by the matrimonial contract of his mother Cunegonda , which had left no provision for the children of a second marriage. In that lawless age , a civil process was decided by the sword. Hugo and Fulk had the advantage of actual possession and personal influence , and the

latter of these princes was the heir, the sole heir, of the courage of their ancestors: they armed their vassals, occupied the passes of the Alps, and opposed the descent of the Duke of Bavaria, though he was assisted by the allied powers of the Duke of Carinthia and the Patriarch of Aquileia. The sons of Garlenda yielded, at length, to the weight of numbers; but their resistance procured more favorable conditions. They preserved a rich domain, from the banks of the Mincius to the Adriatic sea; they resigned the ample estates of Lombardy and Tuscany to their elder kinsmen, the German Guelphs, and their supreme dominion was acknowledged by the Marquisses of Este, till the yoke was lightened and removed by time and distance, and the rapid downfall of Henry the Lion. The law of the Lombards, which was still professed in the Italian branch, disclaimed all right of primogeniture, and the portion of Hugo and Fulk was again divided into equal lots among their eight sons. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, these collateral lines were indeed united in the person of Azo VI., the great-grandson of Fulk; but he was far from uniting the whole inheritance of his ancestors. Many feudal possessions had devolved on the failure of heirs male to the superior lord: many allodial estates had been conveyed, by marriage, into strange families. Much wealth had been consumed, much land had been alienated, to supply the expense of luxury and war: and of all that had been consecrated to pious uses, not an atom could revert to the temporal successor.

2. As I am not writing the history of Italy, I shall

not here attempt to delineate the rise and progress of the republics, which revived in that country the spirit of popular freedom and commercial industry. Their revolt against the Cæsars of Germany was embraced as a national cause: in the successful war against Frederic Barbarossa, their independence was maintained by the authority of the church, and the arms of the nobles; and among the nobles, the Marquisses of Este were still conspicuous in their decay. Obizo the youngest, but the last survivor of the five

A. D. 1177. sons of Fulk, appeared at the congress of Venice with a retinue of a hundred and eighty followers; he had been engaged in the league of Lombardy; and such was his patriotic guilt, that when the Emperor had yielded every thing in the peace of Constance, the pardon of the Marquis Obizo was

A. D. 1183. one of the last acts of his clemency. As we may not suspect these feudal lords of any tender regard for the liberties of mankind, it may be fairly supposed that they acted from the passion or the interest of the moment, without discerning that they themselves would be trampled under the feet of the plebeian conquerors. Their pride was insulted, and their poverty was exposed, by the private and public luxury of trade: their subjects of the open country were encouraged to rebel, or tempted to desert; and as soon as the prejudice of rank had been dissolved, the scale of power was rudely weighed down by the last and most numerous class of society. Even the inhabitants of Este, his peculiar patrimony, presumed to dispute the jurisdiction of the Marquis: and at the distance of fifteen miles, they found an example and

a support in the populous city of Padua, which was able to levy an army, and to support a loss of eleven thousand of her sons: The institution of the university must have contributed to the wealth, and perhaps the improvement, of Padua: from the provinces of Italy, from the kingdoms of France, Spain, and England, many thousand students were annually attracted by the reputation of the various professors; and more than five hundred houses were requisite for the accommodation of the strangers. The lessons of the schools might serve only to perpetuate the reign of prejudice, but the inhabitants were enriched and enlightened by a familiar intercourse with the nations of Europe. In this city, the haughty ancestors of Obizo I. had erected their tribunal, as the lieutenants of the Emperor: but Obizo himself was honored by the choice of a free people, who elected him their *podestå*, or supreme magistrate. In the time of his great-grand-son Aldobrandino, a dispute had arisen between the city of Padua and the Marquis of Este. The Paduans raised an army, summoned their allies of Vicenza, invaded his territory, besieged the castle of Este, battered the walls, and even the palace, with their military engines, and imposed the terms of a hard and humiliating capitulation. The Marquis was reduced to adopt the name and obligations of a simple burgher, to swear that he would faithfully obey the laws and ordinances of the commons, and to reside some months or weeks of every year, within the walls of a democracy, in which the lowest magistrate was his superior, and the poorest fellow-citizen his equal.

The shame of this temporary submission could only be alleviated by the example of his equals: the Patriarch of Aquileia, with two suffragan bishops, had solicited the honor of being admitted among the citizens of Padua; and the Count of the Sacred Palace, the immediate representative of Imperial majesty, was detained as a captive and a subject, within the walls of Pavia. The popular states of Lombardy triumphed in the fall of the aristocracy; and the Marquis of Montferrat was the only noble who had strength and courage to maintain his hereditary independence.

Liberty had raised the minds of the Italians; but faction, her ugly and inseparable sister, corrupted the peace and prosperity of the growing republics. They fought against the Emperor, against their neighbours, against themselves: the necessity of order and discipline compelled them to name a foreign dictator; and the nobles, most eminent in arms, in policy, in power, often became the captains, and sometimes the tyrants, of the independent cities. The Marquisses of Este, and the Eccelins of Romano, were the two leading families of the Trevisane or Veronese March: the memory of their ancestors, and the habits of command, inspired that lofty and martial demeanor which struck the plebeian with involuntary awe; and they were sure to gain the hearts of the multitude, when they softened their pride into artful and popular condescension. The first Eccelin was a gallant knight, and a dextrous politician: in Palestine and Lombardy he was elected standard-bearer or

general of the confederate armies ; and in the great rebellion against Frederic I. , he deserved the confidence of the cities , without forfeiting the esteem of the Emperor. The civil and military virtues of his son, Eccelin the Second, were adorned with the gifts of eloquence : he was the public and private adversary of the House of Este ; and as soon as the Marquis Azo VI. had declared himself chief of the Guelphs, the Ghibelline faction acknowledged the Count of Romano for their leader. When the Emperor Otho IV. descended into Italy, his court was attended by the rival chiefs ; and their interview describes the manners of the time. Eccelin complained, that in a neutral city, in a moment of truce or friendship, his life had been treacherously attacked. " I was walking," said he, " with the Marquis of Este, on the place of St. Mark in Venice. On a sudden I was assaulted by the swords and daggers of his followers: my friends were slain or made prisoners in my fight; and it was with extreme difficulty that I could disengage my right arm from the strong grasp of my perfidious companion." The Marquis explained or denied the fact: but in these hostile altercations, Azo twice declined a challenge of single combat. He could not draw his sword against Eccelin, without violating the majesty of the Imperial presence; and among his vassals he had many more noble than Salinguerra. His reasons might be good; his courage was unquestionable; but — Azo twice declined a challenge of single combat. The next day, as the two leaders were riding on either side of the Emperor, he com-

manded them to salute each other. "Sir Eccelin, salute the Marquis; Sir Marquis, salute Eccelin;" and the command was given in the French tongue, which even in that age appears to have been the fashionable dialect. They obeyed: but the superior dignity of the Marquis was maintained, by his receiving and returning the compliment without vailing his bonnet to the humble salute of Eccelin. They soon joined in familiar converse; and before they had rode two miles, the suspicious Emperor, who had been alarmed by their discord, began to be apprehensive of their union. His apprehensions were groundless; and their deadly feuds, in council, in the field, in the cities, continued to rage, with alternate success, till they both slept in the tranquillity of the grave. Their possessions and their quarrels were inherited by their sons, Azo VII. and Eccelin the Third; but in a contest of forty years, the Marquis of Este was long oppressed by the genius and fortune of his rival. The excommunication of Frederic II. exasperated and justified the hostilities of the two factions. From a sermon, a bull, or a crusade, the chief of the Guelphs, the friend of the Pope, might derive some occasional aid: but the leader of the Ghibellines was more strongly supported by the power, and often by the presence, of a warlike Prince, who filled the Trevisane March with his armies of Germans and Saracens. By the authority of the Emperor, his own arts, and the assistance of foreign troops, Eccelin became the captain and tyrant of the cities of Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Trevigi, Feltri, Belluno, Trent, and

Brescia: after the loss of his patron, he maintained ten years his independent reign, and proudly boasted, that since Charlemagne, no prince had possessed such absolute sway over the Lombard states. The utmost efforts of his malice and revenge were directed against the Marquis of Este. "Strike the head of the serpent, and you are master of the body," was his frequent exhortation; from a hill near Padua, he pointed to the towers of Este, and showed the Emperor the hostile territories which were spread over the plain. Destitute of strength and succour, Azo was compelled to solicit pardon, to swear fidelity, and to purchase a precarious respite, by the captivity, perhaps the death, of Rinaldo, his only son, who was delivered, as an hostage, into the hands of Frederic the Second. The town and castle of Este were at length besieged by the forces of Eccelin: his artillery consisted of fourteen great battering engines, which cast stones of twelve hundred pounds weight; and his pioneers, who were drawn from the silver-mines of Carinthia, opened a subterraneous passage for the entrance of five hundred soldiers. The garrison capitulated; and instead of a total ruin, the fortifications were repaired by Eccelin, who affected to reverence the dignity of the place. He had been praised as a hero; he was gradually, and at length generally, abhorred as a tyrant. The seeming virtues of his youth were stained by the jealous and unrelenting cruelty of his old age: and whatsoever deductions may be allowed on a list of fifty thousand victims, his name will be forever recorded with the savage monsters of Sicily.

and Rome. The hatred of mankind began to prevail over their fears; and after a long persecution, and a firm resistance, Azo found the moment of victory and revenge. His odious rival had been invited by one of the factions of Milan: the conspiracy was discovered, the enterprise failed: but on his return to Brescia, in the passage of the Adda, at the well-known bridge of Cassano, he was intercepted by the troops of Mantua, Cremona, and Ferrara, under the banner of the Marquis of Este. After a short combat, the valiant Eccelin (he deserves that praise) was wounded in the foot, and taken prisoner: the few remaining days of his life were embittered by the insults of the multitude, and the more insulting pity of the conqueror. Azo VII. was hailed as the saviour of Lombardy: but he derived more glory than advantage from the tyrant's fall. The cause of the Ghibellines revived under new leaders: the cities of the Trevisane March were usurped by the new families of Scala and Carrara; and instead of asserting their ancient right to the government of Milan, the rising ambition of the Visconti was promoted by the arms and alliance of the Marquisses of Este.

It was in the state of Ferrara that they first established a princely dominion, on the basis, and finally on the ruins, of a popular government. The flat country, which is intersected by the branches of the Po, had formerly been a wild morass, impervious to the Roman highways. About the middle of the seventh century, twelve solitary villages coalesced into a fortified town, on the banks of the river: the safe

and convenient situation attracted a crowd of settlers; their labors were rewarded by the conversion of the fens into rich and productive land; and the rising colony was distinguished by the seat of a bishop, and the privileges of a city. After the death of the Countess Matilda, Ferrara tasted the blessings and the mischiefs of liberty: the patricians and plebeians, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, disputed, in arms: the command of the republic: thirty-two towers of defence were erected within the walls; and in forty years the factions were ten times alternately expelled. Among the thirty-four noble families of Ferrara, the pre-eminence of wealth and power was claimed by the rival houses of the Adelardi and Taurilli. About the year one thousand one hundred and eighty, the former were reduced to an infant daughter: the proposal of a conciliatory marriage was rejected by their adherents: the heiress was delivered into the hands of Obizzo I.: and his grandson Azo VI. was elected as the future husband of the maid; and the future chief of the name and party of the Adelardi. Marchesella died at the age of eight years, before nature would allow her to produce a child, or the law would permit her to subscribe a will: but the whole inheritance of her fathers was yielded to the Marquis of Este, and his gratitude, or ambition, distributed the fiefs among his friends and followers. By this step, he acquired a commanding influence at Ferrara: Azo VI. was declared perpetual lord and governor of the republic; and the act, which is still extant, betrays the madness of party, by the grant of absolute and unconditional power. From

A. D. 1203.

- this power, his son was degraded to the humiliating permission of an annual visit; a popular and prosperous state was again established by the Ghibellines, and it was not till after thirty-two years of revolutions that the sovereignty of the House of Este was fixed by the valor and conduct of the seventh Azo. At the head of the confederate forces of the Pope, of Venice, and of Bologna, he marched against Ferrara: but a humane conqueror might lament that the revolution was effected by the calamities of a siege, and condemned by the retreat of fifteen hundred citizens. These evils were indeed
- A. D. 1240. compensated by the wisdom and justice of twenty-four years: his funeral was honored by the tears of the opposite faction; and at the age of seventeen, his grandson, Obizo II., succeeded to the office, or rather the inheritance, of his father. The reputation of Obizo II. engaged the turbulent republics of Modena and Reggio to accept him for their prince; and at the time of his decease, three populous cities, with their ample territories, were subject to the sway of the Marquisses of Este. Modena and Reggio were indeed lost by the imprudence of his son, the levity of the people, and the arts of the Ghibellines; and the separation lasted thirty years in the one, and a hundred in the other, before the rebellious children were reconciled to their parent. But the submission of Ferrara was pure and permanent, and the lapse of time insensibly erased the foibles and maxims of the old republic. After the death of Azo VIII,
- A. D. 1308. whose last will preferred a bastard to a brother, Ferrara was oppressed by the avarice of the Vene-

tians, the ambition of the Pope, and the Catalan mercenaries of the king of Naples: but the spirit of patriotism and loyalty still lived in the hearts of the citizens, and they soon rose to the deliverance and defence of their country under the banner of the *white eagle*. This constant affection is at once the praise of the subject and sovereign. This praise is the more precious, as it must almost be confined to the subjects of the Marquisses of Este. They were ranked among the princes of Italy at a time when the families which afterwards emerged to greatness were confounded with the meanest of the people. They were the first who after the twelfth century acquired by popular election the dominion of a free city. And they still subsist with splendor and dignity, while the tyrants more conspicuous in their day have left only a name, and for the most part an odious name, to the annals of their country.

The states of Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio were fairly won and recovered by the labor and fortune of the Marquisses of Este. But the liberality of the popes and emperors was an easy and profitable virtue: they granted the right to those who had the actual possession, bestowed the title where the substance was lost, and confirmed their pretensions by resigning to others what they were unable to obtain or to hold for their own use. The Court of Rome was informed of the merit and reputation of Azo VI.; and he accepted from the two sovereigns of Christendom, from Pope Innocent III. and the Emperor Otho IV. a double investiture of the marquissate of Ancona, which extended over twelve

diocesef and counties between the Adriatic and the Apennine. But this splendid gift was no more than the right without the power of fubduing a warlike people, in ftrong oppofition to the church and the empire. This enterprife, which might feem above the ftrength of Azo, was vigorously profecuted by his eldeft fon, the Marquis Aldobrandino, who raifed the fupplies of the war by pawning his younger brother to the ufurers of Florence. The war was fufpended by his untimely death; the conqueft was never achieved; the pledge was never redeemed, and in the third generation the vain title of Marquis of Ancona was filently difmiffed. The fens of Ferrara might have been included within the limits of the exarchate, the fucceffors of St. Peter might alledge the donations of Conftantine, of Pepin, of Charlemagne, and of the Countefs Matilda: but in the firft century after their election, the Marquiffes of Este acknowledged no fuperior, fave God and the people. It was in a moment of diftreff and exile, that they accepted from Clement V. the title of Vicars of the Church: that they fubmitted to hold the feudatory poffeffion of Ferrara by an annual payment of ten thoufand gold florins. They regained their foverignty without the aid, and againft the efforts, of the court of Rome: the treaty was however ratified, and if the tribute fuffered fome occafional abatement, they could never break the chain of feudal dependence, which was at length fatal to the Houfe of Este. After the recovery of Modena and Reggio, they obtained on more eafy terms the title of Vicars of the empire: and the natives of Italy, like thofe

those of India, continued to reverence the seal and subscription of their impotent king. Before the end of the fourteenth century, the German emperors, who had been accustomed to the traffic of avarice and vanity, were tempted to revive in Italy the long-forgotten title of Duke: and at the price of a hundred thousand gold florins the Visconti of Milan were exalted above the heads of their equals. Twenty-two years afterwards, the exclusive dignity of the Dukes of Milan was somewhat impaired by the similar honors of the Dukes of Savoy. The third candidate was Borso Marquis of Este, the twelfth in lineal descent from the old Marquis Albert-Azo the Second: his reign was wise and fortunate, and the proverb which he left behind him "This is not the time of Duke Borso," is far more glorious than all the trappings of mortal pride. In the year one thousand four hundred and fifty-two, by the Emperor Frederic the Third, he was created Duke of Modena and Reggio. Eighteen years afterwards the ambitious imitation of Pope Paul the Second conferred on Borso the superior title of Duke of Ferrara; and the crowns, the mantles, and the sceptres used in these pompous investitures, were second only to the majesty of kings. In the sixteenth century, a duke was imposed on the republic of Florence by the arms and authority of Charles V., and the genius of the great Cosmo soon gave him a rank in the political system of Europe. A dispute for precedence arose between the Dukes of Ferrara and Florence; and if the Este could boast the nobility of their race, and the priority of their crea-

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tion, the Medici might plead the wealth, the extent, and perhaps the independence, of the state over which they reigned. The courts of Rome and Vienna long balanced their respective claims without risking a final sentence; and the dispute could be appeased only by the invention of the new title and prerogatives of grand Duke of Tuscany. In this frivolous contest the powers of France and Spain were interested, and had it been decided by arms, such a war would have added a chapter to the annals of human vanity.

While the honors of the Este were multiplied by popes and emperors, a republic insulted and almost oppressed the Dukes of Ferrara. Had Venice been prudent, Venice would have been content with the riches of commerce and the command of the sea. But this maritime empire served only to stimulate the ambition of an Italian conquest: discipline and wealth obtained an easy victory over weakness and discord; and in the fifteenth century the provinces of *Terra Firma* were added to the dominion of St. Mark. Nicholas the Third, Marquis of Este, and Lord of Ferrara, made a feeble effort to assist the Carrara princes, and to save the important barrier of Padua. The Venetians instantly filled the Po with armed vessels; his territories were ravaged; his capital was starved, till he left his allies to their fate; implored the mercy of the senate, and resigned himself to such conditions as resentment and avarice could impose. After a servitude of fourscore years, his son Hercules I. was accused of a generous, or criminal revolt: the superior forces of Venice encom-

passed Ferrara by sea and land, and if a league of the Italian powers protected him from total ruin, the Duke was bound by the new treaty in a closer and more weighty chain. 1. A superior title, and more ample sway, might compensate for the loss of property and command in the neighbourhood of Padua. But ESTE was still dear and sacred to the princes of that name: the transient recovery of the castle, the town, and the fief, had delighted their hereditary pride, and it was not without regret that they beheld that ancient possession, the source of their title, for ever melted into the Venetian state. The *Polesine*, or Island of Rovigo, which had once been mortgaged for sixty thousand ducats to the Venetians, was irrevocably ceded by Hercules I.; and not a vestige remained of the patrimonial estates to the north of the Po, which had been acquired five hundred years before by the marriage of Albert-Azo I. 2. The goods and persons of the Venetians who descended the Po, were exempt from all tolls and duties whatsoever: every stranger was shielded under that respectable name; and even the peasants of the borders began to claim the immunities of St. Mark. The same grievance which impaired the revenue, attacked the sovereignty of the Duke of Ferrara, since he was forbidden to raise any forts or barriers, which might obstruct a free passage through his territories either by land or water. 3. With the avarice of a trading power, Venice aspired to a monopoly of salt in the Adriatic Gulph. The Duke was rigorously deprived of the use and profits of his salt-works of Commachio; and his

A. D. 1482.

—1484.

A. D. 1389.

subjects were compelled to purchase in a foreign market one of the necessaries of life, which Nature had so profusely scattered on their own shores. 4. A citizen of Venice resided at Ferrara with the title of *Vicedominus*; he was the proper judge of his countrymen; but the arrogance of his behaviour insulted the prince, his daily usurpations interrupted the course of justice, and his last act was the imprisonment of a native and a priest. Peace was oppressive; but war might have been fatal to the House of Este. The three last sovereigns of Padua, a father and his two sons, had been strangled in the prisons of Venice; the remains of the Carrara and Scala families were proscribed; and the deliberate cruelty of the senate was justified by the examples of ancient Rome.

Twenty-five years after the last treaty of Hercules I. his son and successor Alphonso I. embraced the fairest hope of liberty and revenge. In the league of Cambray, the four great potentates of Europe united their arms against a single republic; the Pope, Julius II.; the Emperor, Maximilian of Austria; Lewis XII. King of France and Duke of Milan; and Ferdinand King of Arragon and Naples. Each of the allies had suffered some injuries, had lost some territories, and they all considered the prosperity of Venice with the same sentiments of indignation and envy which are excited in the breast of a noble by the luxury and insolence of a wealthy merchant. While Maximilian delayed, while Ferdinand dissembled, while the Pope pronounced his excommunications, the King of France, at the head of his invincible cavalry, had passed the Alps, and on

the banks of the Adda, the mercenary bands of St. Mark were trampled under their horses feet. The firmness of Rome after a great defeat was not imitated by the senators of Venice: they despaired of the republic, evacuated in a day the conquests of an age; and abandoned to the confederates the division of the spoil. Under the wing of these confederates, Alphonso Duke of Ferrara had acceded to the league of Cambray, and accepted the office, or rather the title, of Standard-bearer or General of the Church. The first act of hostility was to vindicate his independence: the county of Rovigo yielded to his attack, and he received from the Emperor the investiture of Este. In this public shipwreck Venice was saved by the zeal of her nobles, and the fidelity of her subjects: the nobles sacrificed their lives, or at least their fortunes, in their own cause; the subjects, without speculating on the theory of government, had long enjoyed, and now regretted, the wisdom and justice of a parental aristocracy. The metropolis was impregnable and rich; the transmarine provinces were untouched; the navy was entire; new armies were purchased; the allies began to feel suspicion, and to affect pity; and the deliverance of Padua announced the rising fortunes of the republic. While the Venetians strove to resist or disarm their more formidable enemies, the rebel Alphonso (such was the style of the senate) was marked as the object of vengeance, to which his station exposed him on every side. Against the advice of their wisest counsellors, their admiral Angelo Trevisano, with eighteen galleys and a train of brigans.

tines, entered the mouth of the Po, spread desolation on either bank, and prepared with forts and bridges the passage of the army and the siege of Ferrara. But the army was called away by a seasonable diversion; and the fleet was destroyed by the valor and conduct of the Duke himself, and his brother the Cardinal Hippolito. Under the shelter of the dikes they had planted their long batteries, which supported an incessant fire; and the affrighted Venetians were suddenly oppressed by the armed vessels which issued from the city. The admiral ignominiously fled with the great standard of St. Mark; two galleys escaped, three were burnt or sunk, and the remaining thirteen followed the triumph of the conqueror, who immediately assaulted and demolished all the works of the siege. His victory might be ascribed to his superior artillery, and that superiority was the effect, of his own skill and industry. Three hundred cannons were cast in his foundery, and deposited in his arsenal: he liberally entertained the best engineers; and the well-adapted fortifications of stone, of earth, and of water, had rendered Ferrara one of the strongest places in Italy. The French, who served with their ally, celebrate the politeness, the knowledge, the magnificence of the Duke: and Alphonso expended above three hundred thousand ducats to reward the service, and to secure the friendship, of the Gallic chiefs.

But their friendship soon became dangerous to the House of Este, when the same confederates who had joined with France for the destruction of Venice, conspired with Venice for the expulsion

of the French. The new league was formed and sanctified by Julius II., who secretly aspired to deliver Italy from the barbarians: and the fidelity of the Duke of Ferrara to his first engagements exasperated the fiercest and most ambitious of the successors of St. Peter. Alphonso was degraded from the rank of a vassal and a Christian: his rich forfeiture was devoured by the avarice perhaps of a papal nephew, and his sentence of condemnation was extended to both worlds. Against him the temporal and spiritual arms of Rome were equally directed: his city of Modena was occupied: in the depth of a severe winter the presence of Julius animated the troops, and the aged father of the Christians pressed the siege of Mirandola with the vigor of a youthful soldier. Ferrara however was saved by its own strength and the Gallic succours: the army of Lewis XII. invaded the ecclesiastical state under the command of his nephew, the valiant Gaston of Foix: in the battle of Ravenna the fury of the French cavalry was encountered by the firmness of the Spanish infantry, and the success of the day might be attributed in some degree to the Duke of Ferrara, who led the vanguard, and directed the infantry. But after the loss of Gaston, the strange retreat of the victorious army, and the rapid evacuation of Italy, the solitary and humble client of France remained without defence under the hand of a merciless oppressor. While he waited as a suppliant in the Vatican, his city of Reggio was surpris'd and stolen; he was insulted by the proposal of yielding Ferrara for a poor and preca-

A. D. 1510.

A. D. 1511.

A. D. 1512.

- rious exchange; and even the validity of his safe-conduct was questioned by a perfidious court. The liberty, and perhaps the life of Alphonso were rescued by the grateful friendship of the Colonna: they forced the Lateran Gate, lodged him in the castle of Marino, and watched over his escape in the various disguises of a huntsman, a servant, and a friar. A single event could suspend his ruin; and by that event was his ruin suspended. Julius II. expired: his passions were buried in his tomb; but his policy with a milder aspect still reigned in the councils of his successors. Leo X. was too generous to be just; and the ambition of his family was concealed by the sacred veil of the honor and interest of the church. After the victory of Marignan,
- A. D. 1513.
- A. D. 1515. Francis I. might have discharged his obligations by an act of equity and power: but instead of commanding he negociated with the court of Rome. The restitution of Modena and Reggio to his long-suffering ally, was often promised, and as often eluded: the failure of a secret conspiracy provoked the Roman pontiff to thunder a new sentence of excommunication and forfeiture; and one of the medals of Alphonso attests his miraculous deliverance from the *lion's* paw. Adrian VI. had a conscience, a faculty long dormant in the vicars of Christ: but his scruples were removed by the Italian casuists; and he found it more easy to absolve the sins than to restore the estates of the House of Este. Clement VII. an illegitimate son, adopted the politics of the Medici; and had his arts been successful, Machiavel, who was

still alive, might have been proud of his disciple. After a tedious and treacherous delay, the sword of Alphonso vindicated his own rights; and his prudence seized the fortunate moments of the conclave and the captivity of Clement VII. The gates of Modena and Reggio were joyfully opened to their native prince: and on a payment to the Pope of a hundred thousand ducats, his possession was confirmed by the sentence of the Emperor Charles V. whose interest prompted him to establish the peace of Italy. During these revolutions the Duke of Ferrara concluded a truce, and finally a treaty, with the Venetians: his patrimonial estates of Este and Rovigo were for ever lost: but he no longer felt or feared the tyranny of a republic which had been trained to moderation in the school of adversity.

Among the noble marriages of the Este, two princes, Azo VIII. and Hercules I., had been allied to the crown of Naples in the rival houses of Anjou and Arragon. But these lofty connexions had not been productive of any solid benefit, and the Venetians signified their displeasure that the Duke of Ferrara had preferred the daughter of a king, instead of chusing a senator for his father and patron. In the next generation, the House of Este was sullied by a sanguinary and incestuous race; by the nuptials of Alphonso I. with Lucretia, a bastard of Alexander VI., the Tiberius of Christian Rome. This modern Lucretia might have assumed with more propriety the name of Messalina; since the woman who can be guilty, who can even be accused, of a

criminal commerce with a father and two brothers, must be abandoned to all the licentiousness of venal love. Her vices were highly colored by a contempt for decency: at a banquet in the apostolical palace, by the side of the Pope, she beheld without a blush the naked dances and lascivious postures of fifty prostitutes: she distributed the prizes to the champions of Venus, according to the number of victories which they achieved in her presence. Hercules I. was unwilling to accept such a consort for his eldest son, but he was apprehensive of the bulls and daggers of the Borgia family: he was tempted by the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand ducats, the city and district of Cento, and the reduction of his annual tribute to a slight quit-rent of a hundred florins. The marriage-articles were signed; and as the bed of Lucretia was not then vacant, her third husband, a royal bastard of Naples, was first stabbed, and afterwards strangled in the Vatican. Perhaps the youth of Lucretia had been seduced by example; perhaps she had been satiated with pleasure, perhaps she was awed by the authority of her new parent and husband: but the Dukes of Ferrara lived seventeen years without reproach, and Alphonso I. believed himself to be the father of three sons. The eldest, his successor, Hercules II. expiated this maternal stain by a nobler choice; and his fidelity was rewarded by mingling the blood of Este with that of France. By his second marriage with Anne Dukes of Brittany, Lewis XII. left only two daughters: Claude, the eldest, became the wife

of his successor Francis I. and Renée her younger sister, who had once been promised to Charles V. was bestowed on Hercules II., hereditary prince, and after his father's decease, Duke of Ferrara. Her portion of two hundred and fifty thousand crowns was paid in a territorial equivalent, the dukedoms of Chartres and Montargis: but Renée was perhaps the true heiress of Brittany, since the agreement which secured the perpetual independence of the dutchy, might be applied with as much reason to a second daughter as to a second son. The French princess, whose mind was more beautiful than her person, continued above thirty years to adorn the court of Ferrara: her liberal understanding was improved by the learning of the age; nor was it *her* fault if in the learning of the age she discovered and studied the vain science of astrology. During a long exile she cherished a tender remembrance of her native country: every Frenchman, according to his degree, who visited Ferrara, either praised her magnificence, or blessed her charity: and the relics of a Neapolitan expedition, ten thousand naked and hungry fugitives, were relieved by the profuse alms of the Dukes. When her treasurer represented the enormous expense, "They are my countrymen," Renée generously replied, "and had God given me a beard, they would be now my subjects." But these virtues were the splendid sins of a heretic. From her cradle and in her marriage, the daughter of Lewis XII., the daughter-in-law of Alphonso I., had learned to hate the tyranny of the Pope: her

firm and curious understanding was not afraid of religious inquiries; and she listened to the new teachers, who professed to revive the old truths of the Gospel. A. D. 1535. Clement Marot, and John Calvin were hospitably entertained at Ferrara; in the conversion of the Dukes the eloquence of the preacher was seconded by the wit of the poet; and the apostle of Geneva was proud to spread his conquests on the verge of the realm of Antichrist. But this spark, which might have kindled a flame in Italy, was quickly extinguished by the diligence of the inquisitors, and Hercules II. was apprehensive of the temporal, as well as the spiritual punishment of the guilt of heresy. Calvin and Marot fled beyond the mountains: Renée heard with sullen constancy the sermons of the popish doctors; but after suffering the dismissal of her French servants, and the hardships of a prison, she submitted with a sigh to wear the mask of dissimulation. A more open profession of Calvinism after her husband's death, determined and hastened her departure from Ferrara: and the last fifteen years of Renée of France were spent in her native country. In the bloody scenes of persecution and war, the Dukes maintained her dignity and protected her brethren. Her castle of Montargis, near Paris, was a sure asylum for the Huguenots; and when it was threatened with a siege, she boldly replied, "the Catholics may assault my residence, they will find me standing in the breach, and prepared to try whether they will fire on the daughter of a king of France." She was the daughter of a

king; but the wife of her son Alphonso II. was the daughter and sister of two emperors, of Ferdinand I. and Maximilien II. of the House of Austria.

The five Dukes of Ferrara, Borso, Hercules I., Alphonso I., Hercules II., and Alphonso II., seem to have been magnified in the eyes of Europe, far beyond the measure of their wealth and power. Their merit was superior to their fortune; they supported with firmness the calamities of war; they improved and enjoyed the prosperity of peace. Near a century before the end of their reign, Alexander VI. in his bull of investiture, applauds the useful labors of Hercules I.; which had increased the numbers and happiness of his people, which had adorned the city of Ferrara with strong fortifications and stately edifices, and which had reclaimed a large extent of unprofitable waste. The vague and spreading branches of the Po were confined in their proper channels by moles and dikes; the intermediate lands were converted to pasture and tillage; the fertile district became the granary of Venice; and the corn-exports of a single year were exchanged for the value of two hundred thousand ducats. The triangular island or *delta* of Mesola, at the mouth of the Po, had been recovered from the waters by Alphonso II., who surrounded it with a wall nine miles in circumference: a palace, with its dependencies of stables and gardens, arose in this new creation, and it was reserved by the founder for his favorite amusements of hunting and fishing. Ferrara became one of the most flourishing of the Italian cities: the walls and buildings have survived

the loss of the inhabitants, which are now reduced from fourscore thousand to a tenth part: the works of superstition were enriched by each generation: the arsenal, in a long peace, was succeeded by theatres and palaces, and if the hand of the princely architect be most conspicuous, many vacant houses are the monuments of private opulence and taste. Modena and Reggio, more favorably treated by nature; were not abandoned by the House of Este: the course of the Po opened much inland, and some foreign trade; and a colony of Flemish exiles attempted to revive the declining arts of the loom. I am not instructed to define the revenue of the Dukes of Ferrara: but it is the praise of Alphonso I., that he left a treasure, without increasing his taxes; it is the reproach of Alphonso II., that, with an increase of taxes, he left behind him a considerable debt. The court of these princes was at all times polite and splendid: on extraordinary occasions, a birth, a marriage, a journey, a festival, the passage of an illustrious stranger, they strove to surpass their equals, and to equal their superiors; and the vanity of the people was gratified at their own expense. Seven hundred horses were ranged in Borso's stables; and in the sport of hawking, the Duke was attended to the field by a hundred falconers. In his Roman expedition, to receive the ducal investiture, his train of five hundred gentlemen, his chamberlains and pages, one hundred menial servants, and one hundred and fifty mules, were clothed, according to their degree, in brocade, velvet, or fine cloth: the bells of the mules were of silver, and the

dressés, liveries, and trappings, were covered with gold and silver embroidery. The martial train of Alphonso II. in his campaign in Hungary, consisted of three hundred gentlemen, each of whom was followed by an esquire and two *arquebusiers* on horseback; and the arms and apparel of this gallant troop were such as might provoke the envy of the Germans, and the avarice of the Turks. Did I possess a book, printed under the title of the *Chivalries of Ferrara*, I should not pretend to describe the nuptials of the same Duke with the Emperor's sister: the balls, the feasts, and tournaments of many busy days; and the final representation of the Temple of Love, which was erected in the palace-garden, with a stupendous scenery of porticos and palaces, of woods and mountains. That the last show should continue six hours, without appearing tedious to the spectators, is perhaps the most incredible circumstance. In each generation of the House of Este, a younger brother, with the rank of Cardinal, held some of the richest bishoprics and abbies in Italy and France. These noble and wealthy ecclesiastics were the patrons of every art: the *Villa Estense* at Tivoli, near Rome, is the work of Cardinal Hippolitus, brother to Hercules II.: the palace-gardens and water-works exhibit, in their present decay, the spirit of a prince and the taste of the age.

A philosopher, according to his temper, may laugh or weep at this ostentatious and oppressive splendor; nor will he be disarmed by the patronage and perfection of the finer arts, which flourished in Italy in the sixteenth century. But he will approve

the modest encouragement of learning and genius, an expence which can never drain the treasures of a prince. An university had been founded at Padua by the House of Este, and the scholastic rust was polished away by the revival of the literature of Greece and Rome. The studies of Ferrara were directed by skilful and eloquent professors, either natives or foreigners: the ducal library was filled with a valuable collection of manuscript and printed books; and as soon as twelve new comedies of Plautus had been found in Germany, the Marquis Lionel of Este was impatient to obtain a fair and faithful copy of that ancient poet. Nor were these elegant pleasures confined to the learned world. Under the reign of Hercules I., a wooden theatre, at the moderate cost of a thousand crowns, was constructed in the largest court of the palace; the scenery represented some houses, a sea-port, and a ship, and the *Menechmi* of Plautus, which had been translated into Italian by the Duke himself, was acted before a numerous and polite audience. In the same language, and with the same success, the *Amphytrion* of Plautus, and the *Eunuch* of Terence, were successively exhibited; and these classic models, which formed the taste of the spectators, excited the emulation of the poets of the age. For the use of the court and theatre of Ferrara, Ariosto composed his comedies, which were often played with applause, which are still read with pleasure: and such was the enthusiasm of the new arts, that one of the sons of Alphonso I. did not disdain to speak a prologue on the stage. In the
legitimate

legitimate forms of dramatic composition the Italians have not excelled: but it was in the court of Ferrara that they invented and refined the *pastoral comedy*, a romanticar cadia, which violates the truth of manners, and the simplicity of nature, but which commands our indulgence, by the elaborate luxury of eloquence and wit. The *Aminta* of Tasso was written for the amusement, and acted in the presence, of Alphonso II. ; and his sister Leonora might apply to herself the language of a passion, which disordered the reason, without clouding the genius, of her poetical lover. Of the numerous imitations, the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, which alone can vie with the fame and merit of the original, is the work of the Duke's secretary of state: it was exhibited in a private house at Ferrara: but the retreat of the author, from the service of his native prince, has bestowed on Turin the honor of the first public representation. The father of the Tuscan muses, the sublime, but unequal Dante, had pronounced that Ferrara was never honored with the name of a poet: he would have been astonished to behold the chorus of bards, of melodious swans, (their own allusion,) who now peopled the banks of the Po. In the court of Duke Borso and his successor, Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, was respected as a noble, a soldier, and a scholar: his vigorous fancy first celebrated the loves and exploits of the Paladin Orlando; and his fame has at once been preserved and eclipsed by the brighter glories of the continuation of his work. Ferrara may boast, that on her classic ground, Ariosto and Tasso lived

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and sung; that the lines of the *Orlando Furioso*, and the *Gierusalemme Liberata*, were inscribed in everlasting characters under the eye of the first and second Alphonso. In a period of near three thousand years, five great epic poets have arisen in the world: and it is a singular prerogative, that two of the five should be claimed as their own, by a short age, and a petty state.

A. D. 1597. But the glory of Ferrara, and perhaps the *legitimate*
 October 27. race of the Este, expired with Alphonso II. As he left neither children nor brothers, his first cousin, Don Caesar, the son of a younger son of Alphonso I, was the next in the lineal order of descent. His claim to the succession was ratified by the will of the late Duke, who had obtained from the Emperor, though not from the Pope, the privilege of choosing an heir in his own family. And the senate of Ferrara, which still preserved a semblance of election, presented him, with apparent loyalty, the sword of justice, and the sceptre of dominion. The people submitted to a prince, who seemed to unite the various titles of birth, donation, and of the public choice; the accession of Don Caesar was announced to the courts of Italy and Europe; and his reign might have been peaceful and prosperous, had not the ambition of Clement VIII. revived the design of restoring Ferrara to the ecclesiastical state. In the confidence of right, or at least of power, the Roman pontiff sternly rejected the ambassador and obedience of a pretended Duke, who had not expected the approbation of the Holy see. A monitory, or summons, to appear in fifteen days, was

affixed on the church-doors; and the Apostolical Chamber demanded the possession of the fief, till the vassal should have cleared his birth and title in the court of his supreme lord. It was in vain that the Duke of Ferrara solicited a delay, that he provoked an inquiry, that he negotiated a compromise, that he submitted his cause to the arbitration of a neutral judge. "The honor and interest of the Church," said the inexorable pontiff, "must not be deserted. In the vindication of St. Peter's patrimony, I will sell the last chalice of the altar; I am ready to march in person against the sacrilegious rebel; and I would die in the ditch of Ferrara, with the holy sacrament in my hands." This generous resolution was applauded by the Cardinals, and they protested, that if Clement VIII. should be taken from the world, they would impose, by a common oath, the same obligation on the future Pope. Some forms of judicial proceeding were hastily dispatched; and before two months had elapsed from the death of Alphonso II., a tremendous bull, of forfeiture, excommunication, and interdict, was thundered against the pretended Duke and his impious adherents. At the same time, the military preparations were urged with incessant vigor, and an army of sixteen thousand horse and foot, which fame had soon magnified to twenty-five thousand, was assembled near Faenza, under the command of Cardinal Aldobrandini, the Pope's nephew and legate. The state of Europe was most favorable to the ambition of Rome, and the prospects of Don Caesar were on all sides black and con-

fortless. The Emperor Rodolph II. might be a well-wisher to the House of Este, but his remote and insufficient forces were occupied by the Turks in Hungary. If the rival monarchs of France and Spain should deign to interfere in this pigny war, the enmity of the one would not ensure the support of the other. Henry IV. had been persuaded, by a selfish agent, to prove the sincerity of his conversion, in the sacrifice of an old and faithful ally; Philip II., the demon of the south, was now anxious to leave his son and his dominions in peace; but the revolution was consummated before he could signify his intentions: and the Spanish ministers in Italy were suspected of a secret conspiracy against the Imperial fiefs of Reggio and Modena. The Italian princes balanced between fear and envy: Venice was least desirous of the neighbourhood, and least apprehensive of the resentment, of the Pope: but her words were ambiguous, and her actions were flow. Don Caesar had been left without troops or treasures; the fortifications of Ferrara were neglected in a long peace: the people was aggrieved by taxes; the clergy was seduced by the prejudice of conscience, or the hopes of preferment; the emissaries of Rome were busy and persuasive; and the ancient loyalty to the House of Este was corrupted by the promise of a golden age.

But the instant cause of his ruin was in the character of the Duke himself. Had Don Caesar been endowed with the spirit and constancy of his ancestors, he might have been saved by the resolution to fall. Had he listened to the advice of a veteran,

a bold sally on the half-formed camp of Faenza might have dissipated the Pope's soldiers, who would cease to be formidable, when they ceased to be feared. The siege of Ferrara was an arduous enterprise: courage would give him time, time would have given him friends; the Venetians would have armed for his interest and their own; many brave adventurers of France and Italy would have drawn their swords in his quarrel; and the novelty of danger, the lassitude of war, the weight of expense, the chances of mortality, would have inclined his enemies to a safe and honorable peace. Far different were the feelings of the successor of Alphonso: he had been educated remote from the council and the field, in the bosom of luxury and devotion: his mild and timid disposition was astonished by the thunder of spiritual and temporal arms; nor could he expect from others the support which he denied to himself. When he entered the cathedral, the priests interrupted their rites, and fled from the altars; his venal ministers exaggerated the danger, and concealed the resources; he was alarmed each hour by the intelligence of secret treason; and a Jesuit persuaded him that Modena and Reggio, that his life, and even his soul, could only be saved by an immediate capitulation. The terms were dictated in the camp by the imperious legate. That Don Cæsar should deliver his eldest son as an hostage, resign the ducal sceptre in the presence of the magistrate, divide his artillery with the Pope, and surrender the *possession* of the duchy of Ferrara, with all its dependencies; and that in return for his

submission, he should be absolved from all ecclesiastical censures, and permitted to enjoy the Diamond Palace, with the personal effects and allodial estates of the House of Este. After the conclusion of the treaty, the conqueror was eager to reign, and the exile was anxious to depart. On the twenty-eighth of January, one thousand five hundred and ninety-eight, Don Cæsar evacuated a city, in which his ancestors had reigned near four hundred years. A splendid, but mournful procession, of his family and household, passed slowly through the streets: the Duke of Modena (his remaining title) was seated in an open coach; his eyes were cast down on a letter which he seemed to read, as if desirous of escaping the view of those objects which he must see no more. The minds of the people were already changed: their curiosity was melted into pity: they had neglected the defence, they deplored the loss, of their native prince; and the first evening of his departure, five thousand persons were deprived of their daily bread, which they received from the charity or munificence of the ducal court. These melancholy reflections were suspended by the triumph of the legate, and the speedy visit of Clement VIII., who was impatient to behold his new conquest. But as soon as the festival of the revolution had subsided, Ferrara was left to the solitude and poverty of a provincial town, under the government of priests: a citadel was erected, to fix the inconstancy of the inhabitants; and within seventeen years after the death of Alphonso II., a fourth of his capital was already in ruins. Nor were the losses of Don Cæsar

confined to the sacrifice of Ferrara: the territory, salt-works, and fishery of Commachio, an Imperial fief, were seized by the hand of power: his allodial property was diminished and disputed by the chicanery of law. Even the duchy of Chartres, and the mortgages of the House of Este in France, were withheld from the heir and creditor, under pretence that he was a foreigner. It was a just observation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, that his brother-in-law Don Cæsar might have resisted his enemies, if the million and a half of gold, which his predecessors trusted to the Most Christian King, had been safely deposited in the treasury of Ferrara.

In this singular transaction, ambition and avarice were the motives of Romé. Her forms of judicial proceeding were precipitate, and violent: without evidence or trial, she judged in her own cause, she pronounced in her own favor, and she forcibly seized, for her own use, the valuable object in dispute. But as it is possible, and barely possible, that truth and justice may be supported by the means most adverse to their nature, I shall freely examine the descent of Don Cæsar, and his right of succession, without any interest to corrupt, or any prejudice to mislead, the equity of my decree. After the decease of Lucretia Borgio, his second wife, Alphonso I., who was still in the manly vigor of life, embraced a decent mode of satisfying his passions, without injuring his family. Instead of seeking a third alliance in the courts of Europe, he purchased a maiden of Ferrara, of obscure parentage and exquisite beauty. Laura was entertained several years in the

state of a concubine: but this illegal union might in some degree be excused by the dignity of her lover, and her own imitation of conjugal virtue. She became the mother of two sons, Don Alphonso and Don Alphonfino, a title and a name which had been lately introduced into Italy by the prevailing influence of the Spaniards. Their birth is acknowledged to have been illegitimate. In the testament of their father, which is dated fourteen months before his death, they simply are styled the children of a free man by a free woman; nor did he add, in his last illness of several weeks, any clause or codicil to declare a change of their condition. That, according to the laws of the church and state, these bastards were legitimated by a subsequent marriage, is supposed by their advocates; but the supposition cannot be justified by the regular proof of a contract, a certificate, or a witness. In default of such evidence, Muratori produces a large body of presumptions and circumstances: with an artful suggestion, that much more would have been found by a more early scrutiny: but it was the interest as well as the duty of Laura to establish her own marriage, and the legitimacy of her sons; and if her neglect be not ascribed to conscious guilt, it must not, however, militate, as an argument in her behalf. Her faithful champion, the librarian of Modena, has collected many testimonies of poets, orators, historians, and genealogists, some of whom could not mistake the truth, and others could not have any temptation for fallhood: and from their consent he infers the belief and tradition of the times, that the con-

cubine of Alphonso I. was finally promoted to the rank of his wife. The same favorable conclusion may be drawn from the honors which she was permitted to enjoy near forty years, under the reigns of his successors; the appellation, dress, and attendance of his relict or widow; the guardianship of her children; the princely style of most excellent and illustrious; and, above all, the family-name of Este, which she subscribed on all public and private occasions. The title of Dukes of Ferrara was alone wanting; and when pride and envy were no more, that title was bestowed in the solemn pomp of her funeral, which was attended by the Duke Alphonso II. his brother the Cardinal, the court, the clergy, and the *arts* or corporations of the city. The five sons of Alphonso I., with the sole distinction of primogeniture, were educated as equals and companions. Don Alphonso, the first-born of Laura, was treated as a prince, both at home and abroad: he was invested with the Marquisate of Montecchio, and the French order of St. Michael; and his wife, the mother of Don Cæsar, was the daughter of the reigning Duke of Urbino. The same honors were transmitted to Don Cæsar himself: he obtained an alliance still more splendid, the sister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany: and, both in his life-time and at his death, Alphonso II. acknowledged him as his cousin and successor. Could we divest our minds of a secret suspicion, arising from the indulgence which, in so many courts and countries, has been lavished on the bastards of princes, such presumptions might amount to the moral, if not the legal

proof of a legitimate descent. But the interest, though not the honor, of the Dukes of Modena, reposes on a firmer basis, which would not be shaken by the quality of their female ancestor. The popes are pleased to forget that they first granted the Duchy of Ferrara to Borso, a natural son of the Marquis Nicholas III, and that the bull of Alexander VI. extends the right of succession to all the descendants whatsoever of Hercules I. They were compelled to renounce the possession of Ferrara, but they have never ceased to assert the justice of their claim. The arguments which the court of Rome has disdained, may one day be heard in the louder tone of the Austrian cannon, and a severe account may be required of the arrears and damages of two hundred years.

The abdication of Don Caesar is related by Muratori, a loyal servant, under the name of the Tragedy of Ferrara: and in the melancholy tale I have myself been affected by the sympathy which we so generously indulge, to the real or imaginary distresses of the great. Yet, on a cooler survey, I am inclined to doubt whether the last Duke of Ferrara was the most unfortunate of men. His life and liberty were safe: he was neither beheaded on the public scaffold, nor dragged at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror, nor cast into a deep and perpetual dungeon. By the soldiers and statesmen of the age he was indeed despised, for the feeble defence and hasty desertion of his ancient seat. But as contempt is seldom deserved where it is felt, it is seldom felt where it is deserved: Don Caesar was unconscious of the public reproach, and the orators

of his reign reserved their panegyric for the milder virtues of discretion and patience. He had lost the most precious jewel of his family: but an easy journey of two days conveyed his court from the palace of Ferrara to that of Modena, where he lived, in prosperity and peace, above thirty years: by the Tuscan Princes he became the father of six sons and three daughters; and the reigning Duke is the fourth in descent, and the sixth in succession, from the eldest of his sons. In this last period of decline, the House of Este has still preserved the external advantages of rank, riches, and power: and these advantages were illustrated by the antiquity of their name and title. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, an Emperor and six Kings were respected as the Chiefs of the Christian republic: but the Dukes of Modena maintained an honorable place in the second class of the Princes of Europe. Their pride was seldom mortified by the presence of a superior: as long as the isles of Sicily and Sardinia were attached to the Spanish monarchy, Italy was not dignified with a regal title; a profane layman was not degraded by kneeling to the Pope, or yielding the precedence to his Cardinals; nor was the native pre-eminence of hereditary rank disputed by the ministerial honors of a doge or viceroy. After the loss of Ferrara, the successors of Alphonso II. continued to reign over the united duchies of Modena and Reggio; and their territory, about thirty leagues in length, about ten in breadth, was afterwards enlarged by the lordship of Corregio, and the duchy of Miran-

dola. Their revenue is vaguely computed at one hundred thousand pounds sterling, a sum inadequate to the extraordinary demands of war, but which might support, with decent economy, the expenses of a court and government. Perhaps the latter were sometimes sacrificed to the former. When Addison traversed the principalities of Modena and Parma, he was scandalized by the magnificence of those petty courts: he was amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes in Europe who equal them, while, at the same time, they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries, for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers. Yet the annals of Modena describe many public works of use as well as ornament: the plenty of gold and silver is expressed in a single coinage of Francis I., of near half a million sterling: but I am ignorant whether the two hundred and thirty thousand ducats, and the two hundred thousand Spanish doubloons, which were paid to the Emperor for the investitures of Corregio and Mirandola, should be placed to the account of treasure or of debt. In the narrow sphere of their dominions, the Este-princes were absolute; nor do I find any example of resistance to their reason or passion. The vanity of the human heart is flattered by the degree, rather than by the extent, of authority: and if the sovereign was conscious of his duties, the man might tremble at accepting the trust of one hundred and fifty thousand of

his equals. His equals by nature, they were many of them his superiors in merit: the natives of Modena were distinguished in the arts and sciences; and like the pastoral comedy, the mock-heroic poetry of the Italians was invented by Tassoni, a subject of the House of Este. The state of such a prince would perhaps be the most desirable in human life, if it were accompanied with that domestic security which a wealthy nobleman enjoys under the protection of a great empire. The long peace of Italy, in the seventeenth century, was interrupted only by some short and bloodless hostilities: but in the three great wars between the Austrian and Bourbon powers, the Duke of Modena has been thrice reduced to the alternative of slavery or exile. His neutrality was violated, his dominions were occupied by foreign troops, his subjects were oppressed by military contributions, and the mischievous expense of fortifications only served to expose his cities to the calamities of a siege.

I have long delayed, and I should willingly suppress, three disgraceful anecdotes, three criminal actions, which sully the honor of the name of Este: of these, the first and the third are piously dissembled by the Librarian of Modena. 1. In his descent to the infernal regions, in the ninth circle of hell, the poet Dante beheld the condemnation of sanguinary and rapacious men: they were deeply immersed in a river of blood, and their escape was prevented by the arrows of the centaurs. Among the tyrants, he distinguished the ancient forms of Alexander and Dionysius: of his

own countrymen, he recognized the black Eccelin, and the fair Obizo of Este, the latter of whom was dispatched by an unnatural son to this place of torment. This Obizo can be no other than the second Marquis of that name, who died only seven years before the real or imaginary date of the *Divine Comedy* (A. D. 1300): his life does not afford the character of a tyrant: but he was one of the pillars of the Guelph-faction; and were he not associated with a Ghibelline chief, we might impute his sentence to the prejudices, rather than the justice, of the Tuscan bard. But the parricide of his son, a crime of a much deeper die, is attested by the commentary of Benvenuto of Imola, who observes from an old chronicle, that Azo VIII. was apprehensive of the same treatment which he had inflicted on his father. It must be added, that this commentary on Dante, which was composed only fourscore years after the event, is dedicated to Nicholas II, Marquis of Este, and great-grandson of Obizo II, who tacitly subscribes to the guilt of his ancestors. 2. Under the reign of Nicholas III., Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy.

A. D. 1425. By the testimony of a maid, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle, by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate: nor is there any pos-

fible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the injustice of a parent. 3. Guicciardini, the gravest of the Italian historians, records a bloody scene, which, in his own time, had sullied the court of Ferrara; the deed might revive the memory of the Theban brothers; "and the motive was "still more frivolous, if love," says he, "be a "more frivolous motive than ambition." The Cardinal Hippolito was enamoured of a fair maiden of his own family: but her heart was engaged by his natural brother; and she imprudently confessed to a rival, that the beauteous eyes of Don Julio were his most powerful attraction. The deliberate cruelty of the Cardinal measured the provocation and the revenge: under a pretence of hunting, he drew the unhappy youth to a distance from the city, and there compelling him to dismount, his eyes, those hated eyes, were extinguished by the command, and in the presence of an amorous priest, who viewed with delight the agonies of a brother. It may however be suspected that the work was slightly performed by the less savage executioners, since the skill of his physicians restored Don Julio to an imperfect sight. A denial of justice provoked him to the most desperate counsels: and the revenge of Don Julio conspired with the ambition of Don Ferdinand against the life of their sovereign and eldest brother Alphonso I. Their designs were prevented, their persons seized, their accomplices were executed; but their sentence of death was moderated to a perpetual prison, and in their fault the Duke of Ferrara acknowl-

ged his own. These dark shades in the annals of the House of Este must not be excused by the example of the Italian tyrants; whose courts and families were perpetually defiled with lust and blood, with incest and parricide; who mingled the cruelty of savages with the refinements of a learned and polite age. But it may be fairly observed, that single acts of virtue and of vice can seldom be weighed against each other: that it is far more easy to fall below, than to rise above, the common level of morality: that three or four guilty days have been found in a period of two hundred years: and, that in the general tenor of their lives, the Marquisses of Este were just, temperate, and humane; the friends of each other, and the fathers of their people.

In a more superstitious age, I should boldly oppose to the sins of twenty generations the monastic virtues of Alphonso III., the son and successor of Don Caesar. Yet even these virtues were produced by the blind impulse of repentance and fear. The nature of Alphonso was impetuous and haughty, and a deep indignant regret for the loss of Ferrara was the first sentiment of his childhood. As soon as he had released himself from the authority of a governor whom he hated, and a father whom he despised, the hereditary prince became the slave of his passions and the terror of Modena: his appetite for blood was indulged in the chase, and the city; and he soon considered the life of a man and of a stag as of equal value. One of the most considerable private families in Italy (such is the dark language

language of Muratori) was provoked by some secret motive to form a design of assassinating Alphonso. Their dagger was turned aside from his breast; their chief was sacrificed to his justice; he threatened to extirpate the whole race; nor could the intercession of princes, or of the Pope himself, avert the rage of persecution and revenge. The only voice that could sooth the passions of the savage was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love; the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the grand-daughter of Philip II. King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory: his fierce spirit melted into tears, and after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber, to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life. But instead of resolving to expiate his sins, and to seek his salvation in the public felicity, he was persuaded that the habit and profession of a Capuchin were the only armor that could shield him from hell-fire. The two years from the death of his wife to the decease of his father, were dedicated to prayer and penance, and no sooner had Alphonso attained the rank of a sovereign, than he aspired to descend below the condition of a man. With the approbation and blessing of the Pope, who might possibly smile at this voluntary sacrifice, the Duke of Modena, after a reign of six months, resigned the sceptre to Francis his eldest son, a youth of nineteen years of age, and secretly departed to a Franciscan convent among the mountains of Trent. By a special privilege, his

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noviciate and profession were consummated in the same day: the austere and humble friar atoned for the pride and luxury of the prince, and it was the wish of *brother* John Baptist of Modena to forget the world and to be for ever forgotten. But obedience was now his first duty, and the noble captive, for the honor of the order and of religion, was exhibited to the Emperor, the Archdukes, and the people of the Austrian provinces, by whom he was contemplated with curiosity and devotion. Three years he wandered between Venice and Vienna as an itinerant preacher, he had the pleasure in one of his journeys to be half drowned in a river, and half starved on a rock, and he vainly hoped to convert the heretics of the North, or to receive from their hands the crown of martyrdom. During the last twelve years he was stationed in the convent of Modena, the humble slave of the subjects of his son: the city and country were edified by his missions and sermons; and as often as he appeared in the pulpit the contrast of his dignity and dress most eloquently preached the contempt of this world. The conversion of the Jews, the reformation of manners, the maintenance of the poor, afforded a daily exercise to the zeal of the abdicated Duke: but that zeal was always chargeable, often troublesome, and sometimes ridiculous: his death was a relief to the court and people; nor have the Princes of Este been ambitious of adorning their family with the name and honors of a saint. The Capuchin might behold, perhaps with pity, and perhaps with envy, the temporal prosperity of his son. In peace and

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war, in Italy and Spain, in the Austrian and French alliance, the Duke of Modena supported the dignity of his character: and Francis I. in a larger field, would have ranked among the generals and statesmen of an active age. A. D.
1629—1658.

The name of Rinaldo, a name immortalized by Tasso in epic song, had been applied to the youngest son of Duke Francis I.: he might faintly remember the last days of his father, and the short government of his brother Alphonso IV.: but he was no more than seven years of age when his infant nephew Francis II. succeeded to the ducal title. In his early youth Rinaldo was proposed as a candidate for the crown of Poland, a wild, and had it not failed, a ruinous attempt: the example of so many of his kinsmen suggested a more rational pursuit; and in the thirty-second year of his age he was promoted to the dignity of Cardinal, at the request of James II. King of Great Britain, who had married his niece. The long reign and short life of her brother Francis II. was a helpless state of minority and disease: he died without children, and had the right female succession prevailed, the unfortunate race of the Stewarts might have found a safe and honorable refuge in the inheritance of Modena. But as the order of investiture preferred the more distant males, Cardinal Rinaldo ascended without a question the vacant throne of his nephew. The resignation of his hat was accepted by the Pope; but he might marry without a dispensation, a princess of Brunswick, his cousin in the nineteenth degree; and this alliance was soon

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dignified by the nuptials of her sister with Joseph King of the Romans, the son and successor of the Emperor Leopold. The life of Rinaldo I. Duke of Modena, was extended beyond the term of eighty-three years: in the various fortunes of his long reign he supported a double exile with fortitude and patience; and in the intervals of peace the country was restored by a wise and paternal government. His son Francis III. was of a more active spirit. He signalized his valor in the wars of Hungary; followed the standard of the House of Bourbon; commanded, or seemed to command, in several battles and sieges, and extorted the confession, that, had his advice been followed, the events of the war would have been more successful. His wife was a princess of Orleans, the daughter of the regent: she was noble, beautiful, and rich; but in the true estimate of honor the meanest virgin among his subjects would have been a more worthy consort. Their son Hercules III., the reigning Duke, acquired a valuable and convenient territory with the heiress of Massa Carrara. Their only daughter, by the command of his inexorable father, was delivered to the Archduke Ferdinand, the Emperor's brother; the marriage has been fruitful in children of both sexes, and the Duchies of Modena, Reggio, and Mirandola, will soon be the patrimony of a younger branch of the new family of Austria. In the decline of life, Hercules III. is the sole remaining male of the House of Este, and the long current of their blood must speedily be lost in a foreign stream.

ANTIQUITIES

OF THE

HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

CHAP. I. SECT. I.

AN English subject may be prompted, by a just and liberal curiosity, to investigate the origin and story of the House of Brunswick, which, after an alliance with the daughters of our kings, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of the Crown. From George the First and his father, the first Elector of Hanover, we ascend, in a clear and regular series, to the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, who received his investiture from Frederick the Second, about the middle of the thirteenth century. If these ample possessions had been the gift of the Emperor to some adventurous soldier, to some faithful client, we might be content with the antiquity and lustre of a noble race, which had been enrolled nearly six hundred years among the Princes of Germany. But our ideas are raised, and our prospect is opened, by the discovery, that the first Duke of Brunswick was rather degraded than adorned by his new title, since it imposed the duties of feudal service on the

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free and patrimonial estate, which alone had been saved in the shipwreck of the more splendid fortunes of his House. His ancestors had been invested with the powerful Duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, which extended far beyond their limits in modern geography: from the Baltic Sea to the confines of Rome they were obeyed, or respected, or feared; and in the quarrel of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the former appellation was derived from the name of their progenitors in the female line. But the genuine masculine descent of the Princes of Brunswick must be explored beyond the Alps: the venerable tree, which has since overshadowed Germany and Britain, was planted in the Italian soil. As far as our sight can reach, we discern the first founders of the race in the Marquisses of Este, of Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany. In the eleventh century, the primitive stem was divided into two branches; the elder migrated to the banks of the Danube and the Elbe; the younger more humbly adhered to the neighbourhood of the Adriatic: the Dukes of Brunswick and the Kings of Great Britain are the descendants of the first; the Dukes of Ferrara and Modena were the offspring of the second.

This short review may explain and justify the threefold division of these Memoirs, which appropriates a separate book to — I. THE ITALIAN DESCENT; II. THE GERMAN REIGN; and III. THE BRITISH SUCCESSION of the House of Brunswick. The obscure interval, from the first Duke to the first Elector, will be connected on either side with the more splendid scenes of their ancient and modern

history. The comparative date and dignity of their pedigree will be fixed by a fair parallel with the most illustrious families of Europe. Even the flowers of fiction, so profusely scattered over the cradle of the Princes of Este, disclose a remote and decreasing light, which is finally lost in the darkness of the fabulous age. But it will be prudent, before we listen to the rude or refined tales of invention, to erect a strong and substantial edifice of truth on the learned labors of Leibnitz and Muratori.

The genius and studies of Leibnitz have ranked his name with the first philosophic names of his age and country; but his reputation, perhaps, would be more pure and permanent, if he had not ambitiously grasped the whole circle of human science. As a theologian, he successively contended with the sceptics, who believe too little, and with the papists, who believe too much, and with the heretics, who believe otherwise than is inculcated by the Lutheran confession of Augsburgh. Yet the Philosopher betrayed his love of union and toleration: his faith in Revelation was accused, while he proved the Trinity by the principles of logic; and in the defence of the attributes and providence of the Deity, he was suspected of a secret correspondence with his adversary Bayle. The metaphysician expatiated in the fields of air: his pre-established harmony of the soul and body might have provoked the jealousy of Plato; and his optimism, the best of all possible worlds, seems an idea too vast for a mortal mind. He was a *Physician*, in the large and genuine sense of the word:

like his brethren, he amused himself with creating a globe; and his *Protopæa*, or Primitive Earth, has not been useless to the last hypothesis of Buffon, which prefers the agency of fire to that of water. I am not worthy to praise the *Mathematician*; but his name is mingled in all the problems and discoveries of the times; the masters of the art were his rivals or disciples; and if he borrowed from Sir Isaac Newton the sublime method of fluxions, Leibnitz was at least the Prometheus who imparted to mankind the sacred fire which he had stolen from the gods. His curiosity extended to every branch of chemistry, mechanics, and the arts; and the thirst of knowledge was always accompanied with the spirit of improvement. The vigor of his youth had been exercised in the schools of *jurisprudence*; and while he taught, he aspired to reform, the laws of nature and nations, of Rome and Germany. The annals of Brunswick, of the empire, of the ancient and modern world, were present to the mind of the *Historian*; and he could turn from the solution of a problem, to the dusty parchments and barbarous style of the records of the middle age. His genius was more nobly directed to investigate the origin of languages and nations; nor could he assume the character of a *Grammarian*, without forming the project of an universal idiom and alphabet. The various studies were often interrupted by the occasional *politics* of the times; and his pen was always ready in the cause of the Princes and patrons to whose service he was attached: many hours were consumed in a learned

correspondence with all Europe: and the Philosopher amused his leisure in the composition of French and Latin *poetry*. Such an example may display the extent and powers of the human understanding, but even *his* powers were dissipated by the multiplicity of his pursuits. He attempted more than he could finish; he designed more than he could execute: his imagination was too easily satisfied with a bold and rapid glance on the subject which he was impatient to leave; and Leibnitz may be compared to those heroes, whose empire has been lost in the ambition of universal conquest.

When he was about thirty years of age, (1676,) the merit of Leibnitz was discovered and adopted by the Dukes of Hanover, at whose court he spent the last forty years of his life, in free and honorable service. In this station he soon became the author, or at least the architect of a monument, which they were ambitious of raising to the glory of their name. With the view of preparing the most authentic documents for the History of the House of Brunswick, he travelled over the provinces of Germany and Italy, their ancient seats. In this learned pilgrimage, he consulted the living and the dead, explored the libraries, the archives, the monasteries, and even the tombs, and diligently collected or copied the books, the manuscripts, and the charters of every age. As the curiosity of the Historian had not been limited to the proper bounds of his subject, the various treasures which he had imported were published in several volumes, with as much speed and care as the multitude of his avocations

would allow; and it may be deemed either a praise or a reproach, that the raw materials are often less valuable than the observations and prefaces of the editor himself. In the year 1695, the nuptials of the Prince of Modena with a Princess of Hanover engaged him to dispel the errors and fables of preceding genealogists, and to restore the true connection of the kindred branches, which were thus united, after a separation of more than six hundred years. This occasional pamphlet was designed as the prelude of the great Latin work which he meditated on the Brunswick Antiquities. With a genius accustomed to draw lines of communication between the most distant sciences, he traced, in his introduction, the revolutions of the country and its inhabitants; of the country, from the natural remains of fossils and petrefactions; of the inhabitants, from the national vestiges of language and manners. The story of a province and of a family swelled, in his capacious mind, into the annals of the western empire: the origins of the Guelphs of Bavaria, and the Marquises of Este, would have been interwoven in their proper place; and the narrative would have been deduced from the reign of Charlemagne (A. D. 769.) to the last Emperor of the Saxon line (1025). But the term of an antediluvian life would have been scarcely adequate to the labors and projects of Leibnitz: the imperfect manuscript of his Annals was buried in the Library of Hanover, and the impression, though long since promised, is still refused to the curiosity of the Public. But the ideas and papers of that great man

were freely communicated to his disciple and successor Eccard, and the researches more particularly belonging to the House of Brunswick have formed the basis of the *Origines Guelphicæ*, which were compiled by the industrious historiographer. The rashness of Eccard, who changed his service and religion, condemned his work, till envy and malevolence had subsided, to a long oblivion; nor was it till many years after his decease that the *Origines Guelphicæ* were printed in five volumes in folio, by the care of the Electoral Librarians. The hands of the several workmen are apparent; the bold and original spirit of Leibnitz, the crude erudition and hasty conjectures of Eccard, the useful annotations of Gruber, and the critical disquisitions of Scheid, the principal editor of this genealogical History.

In the construction of this domestic monument, the Elector of Hanover, ten years after the return of Leibnitz, had dispatched a second missionary (1700) to search the archives of his Italian kinsmen. Their archives were in the most deplorable state: but the Princes of Este were awakened by shame and vanity, and their subject Muratori was recalled from Milan, to reform and govern the ducal Library of Modena. The name of Muratori will be for ever connected with the literature of his country: above sixty years of his peaceful life were consumed in the exercises of study and devotion; his numerous writings on the subjects of history, antiquities, religion, morals, and criticisms, are impressed with sense and knowledge, with moderation and candor: he moved in the narrow circle of an

Italian priest; but a desire of Freedom, a ray of philosophic light sometimes breaks through his own prejudices and those of his readers. In the cause of his Prince, he was permitted, and even encouraged, to explore the foundations, and to circumscribe the limits, of the temporal power of the Bishops of Rome: and his victorious arguments in the dispute for Commachio accustomed the slave to an erect posture and a bolder step. One of his antagonists, the learned Fontanini, had been provoked, in the heat of controversy, to cast some reflections on the family of Este, as if they had been no more than simple citizens of Padua, who, in the thirteenth century, were invested by the Popes with the title and office of Marquis of Anconia. Truth and honor required an answer to this invidious charge; and the firmest answer was a simple and genuine exposition of facts. The courts of Brunswick and Modena were joined in the same family-interest; and their trusty Librarians, Leibnitz and Muratori, corresponded with the confidence of allies and the emulation of rivals. But the speed of the German was outstripped in the race by the perseverance of the Italian: if the conjectures of Muratori were less splendid, his discoveries were more sure; and he could examine, with the leisure of a native, the monuments and records which his associate had formerly viewed with the haste of a traveller. After a diligent inquiry of three years, both at home and abroad, he gave to the world the first volume of the *Antichità Estensi*, a model of genealogical criticism; and in the second volume, which was delayed above

twenty years, he continues the descent and series to his own times. The more strenuous labors of his life were devoted to the general and particular history of Italy. His Antiquities, both in the vulgar and the Latin tongue, exhibit a curious picture of the laws and manners of the middle age; and a correct text is justified by a copious Appendix of authentic documents. His Annals are a faithful abstract of the twenty-eight folio volumes of original historians; and whatsoever faults may be noticed in this great collection, our censure is disarmed by the remark, that it was undertaken and finished by a single man. Muratori will not aspire to the fame of historical genius: his modesty may be content with the solid, though humble praise of an impartial critic and indefatigable compiler.

With such guides, with the materials which they have provided, and with some experience of the way, I shall boldly descend into the darkness of the middle age; and while I assume the liberty of judgment, I shall not be unmindful of the duties of gratitude.

An old charter of the reign of Charlemagne and the beginning of the ninth century, has casually preserved the memory of BONIFACE the Bavarian; the count or governor of Lucca, the father of the marquisses of Tuscany, and the first probable ancestor of the house of Este and Brunswick. His name and country, his title and province, I shall separately consider: and these considerations will explain the state of Italy in his time, and that of his immediate descendants.

1. In the origin of human speech, a method must have been wanted, and sought, and found, of discriminating the several individuals of the same tribe, who were mingled in the daily offices, even of savage life. In every language the invention of proper and personal names must be at least as ancient as the use of appellative words. The truth of this remark is attested by the ancient continent from India to Spain, from the lakes of Canada to the hills of Chili, the same distinctions were familiar to the inhabitants of the New World; and our navigators who have recently explored the islands of the South-Sea, add their testimony to the general practice of mankind. As soon as a new born infant has enjoyed some days, and begins to promise some years of life, he is distinguished as a social being from his present and future companions: the friends of the family are convened to congratulate the parents and to welcome the stranger; and the festival has been usually connected with some religious ceremony; the sacrifices of the Greeks, Romans, and barbarians; the circumcision of the Jews, and the baptism of the Christians. The primitive choice of every word must have had a cause and a meaning: each name was derived from some accident or allusion, or quality of the mind or body; and the titles of the savage chiefs announced their wisdom in council, or their valor in the field. Such in the book of nature and antiquity are the heroes of Homer; and the happy flexibility of the Greek tongue can express in harmonious sounds all possible combinations of ideas and sentiments. But in the lapse of ages and idioms, the

true signification was lost or misapplied: the qualities of a man were blindly transferred to a child, and chance or custom were the only motives that could direct this arbitrary imposition. The Christians of the Roman empire were a mixture of Jews, of Greeks, and of Latin provincials: their profane names were sanctified by baptism; those of the Bible were respectable and familiar; and the casual affinity with an apostle or martyr might encourage the pious youth to imitate his virtues. But in the three centuries which preceded the reign of Charlemagne, the western world was overwhelmed by a deluge of German conquerors. After their conversion to Christianity, they long adhered, from pride or habit, to the idiom of their fathers; and their Teutonic appellations, with a softer accent and a Latin termination, were almost exclusively used in the baptism of princes and nobles. Till the tenth or twelfth century, the Old was abandoned to the Jews, and the New Testament to the people and clergy. Adam and David, Peter and Paul, John and James, George and Francis, were neglected as unknown, or despised as plebeian; and Boniface is the only name of ecclesiastical origin which the chiefs of barbaric race condescended to assume. This honorable exception may be justly ascribed to the fame and merit of St. Boniface the First, archbishop of Mentz or Mayence, the missionary of Rome, the reformer of France, and the apostle of Germany, who lost his life in preaching the Gospel to the Frisians. He was born in England, and in his own baptism he had been styled Winfrid: but with the episcopal character the Saxon received

the more Christian appellation of Boniface, which had been illustrated by a martyr and a pope. Of the Hessians, Thuringians, and Bavarians, whom he reclaimed from idolatry, many were ambitious even of a nominal conformity with their patron: and from his age and country, the count of Lucca might be one of the fortunate infants who were baptized by the apostle of Bavaria.

2. The Christian priests who subdued the conquerors of the West, had inculcated the duty of damning their idolatrous ancestors, and persecuting their dissenting subjects. But the toleration which they denied to religious prejudice, was freely extended to the institutions of civil or barbaric life. The Romans of Italy, the great body of the clergy and people, were still directed by the codes of Theodosius and Justinian. The laws of the Lombards were promulgated for their own use; after the fall of their kingdom, they still preserved their national jurisprudence; and the victorious Franks enjoyed the benefit without imposing the obligation of the Salic and Ripuarian codes. The three great nations who successively reigned in Italy, were every where mingled, and every where separate. A similar indulgence was granted to the smaller colonies of Goths, Alemanni, or *Bavarians*; and so perfect was the practice of civil toleration, that every freeman, according to his birth or choice, might embrace the law by which he himself and his family would be tried. In the acts which have escaped to our times, count Boniface and his descendants profess to live according to the nation and law of the Bavarians:

but this profession rather defines the origin of his blood, than the place of his nativity; and it is possible that some generation of his ancestors might have already felt the milder influence of climate and religion. The name of the Bavarians first rises into notice amidst the dying agonies of the Western Empire: but the tribe or troop of adventurers which assumed that name, soon swelled to a powerful kingdom, and covered the province of Noricum from the Danube to the Alps. The vicinity of Italy provoked their desires; the alliance of the Lombards encouraged their hopes: they joined the standard of the invader; and on the confines of Modena and Tuscany the memory of their ancient settlement is not totally extinct. If we compare, however, the smallness of the colony with the numbers of the nation, it may seem more probable that Count Boniface was born in Bavaria, perhaps of noble and idolatrous parents; and that his services were rewarded by Charlemagne with the government of an Italian province. The eye of the vigilant and sagacious emperor pervaded the vast extent of his dominions; and the merit of every subject, in whatsoever country or condition he had been cast, was assigned to the station most beneficial for himself and the State. While the kingdoms of the West obeyed the same sceptre, a native Frank might command on the banks of the Tyber; the frontiers of Brittany were guarded by a loyal Lombard, and the Saxon proselyte would signalize his new zeal for Christianity against the Saracens of Spain. Charlemagne affected to consider all his subjects with the impartial love of

a father: but he was not unwilling to transplant a powerful chief into a foreign soil, and he cherished a secret preference of the men and the nations whose sole dependence was on the royal favor. The Franks were jealous of the elevation of an equal; the Lombards might not easily forgive the triumph of a conqueror; but the Alemanni and Bavarians, who had been long oppressed, were devoted, by loyalty and gratitude, to the service of their benefactor.

3. I am ignorant of the parents of Boniface the Bavarian; of his character and actions I am likewise ignorant. But his official title describes him as one of the principal ministers and nobles of the kingdom of Italy. The Latin appellations of dukes and counts were transferred with the latitude of foreign words to the judges and leaders of the Barbarians: these different titles were applied to the same person or station: they varied according to the fashion of the age and country; and it was not till after the ninth century that the dukes, assuming a clear pre-eminence of dignity and power, stood foremost on the steps of the throne. In the vulgar and legal idiom, the temporal peers (I anticipate the expression of more recent times) were styled princes, and in their families the kings and emperors of the West might solicit a wife, or bestow a daughter, without degrading the majesty of their rank. It was at once their privilege and their duty to attend the national council; nor could any law acquire validity or effect without the consent and authority of these powerful nobles. In their respective districts of ample or narrow limits, each duke or count was invested with the plenitude of

of civil and military power, and this union of characters must be ascribed rather to the imperfection of the arts than to the talents of the men. They presided in open courts of justice, and determined all criminal and civil causes, with the advice of their plebeian assessors, their *scabini*, who were somewhat less illiterate than the judge himself. At the royal summons they reared their standard, assembled their freemen and vassals, and marched at their head on every occasion of danger and honor. Such taxes as could be levied on a rude and independent people were shared between the supreme and subordinate chief, and there exists an agreement by which a Lombard duke was permitted to reserve a moiety of the revenue for his public and private use. The prerogative of appointing and recalling these provincial magistrates was esteemed a sufficient pledge of their obedience; and the servants of Charlemagne might obey without reluctance the first of mankind. But the memory of a favor was lost in the grant of an office; and the grant of an office was insensibly consolidated into the right of a freehold possession. The counts and dukes were amenable to the circuits of the *missi*, or royal inquisitors: but they were more able to maintain, than willing to suffer, an act of injustice; and it was gradually admitted as a constitutional maxim, that they could not be deprived of their dignity without a charge, a trial, and a conviction of felony. The founder of the Western Empire might sometimes reward the son by the gift or the reversion of his father's province; a dangerous reward, which was often extorted from the fears,

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rather than from the bounty of succeeding princes. They could not despoil the legitimate heir of his lands, his followers, and his popular name, and it was deemed more prudent to secure the public peace by the indulgence of his private ambition.

4. The province intrusted to the vigilance of Count Boniface is one of the most fertile and fortunate spots of Italy. It is bounded by the rivers Magra and Arno, by the sea and the Appenine; and in the old days of independence, this tract of country had been the debatable land between the Ligurians and Etruscans, till it was finally annexed by Augustus to the region of Etruria. The harbour of Luni is capable of sheltering the navies of Europe; the circumjacent hills of Carara have supplied an inexhaustible store of white marble for the noblest works of sculpture and architecture, and Lucca itself is situate almost on the banks of the Ausar or Serchio, a river which, flowing ten miles farther to the south, is finally lost under the walls of Pisa, in the waters of the Arno. In the best age of the commonwealth, the sixth century of Rome, an allotment of sixty thousand acres was divided among two thousand citizens, who were soon associated with the ancient natives: but the colony of Lucca finally preferred the title and privileges of a municipal town. After suffering some injury from the barbaric storm, Lucca appears to revive and flourish under the Lombards, as the seat of a royal mint, and the metropolis of the whole province of Tuscany. The republic, less extensive, as it should seem, than the command of Boniface, now contains one hundred and twenty

thousand inhabitants, who are enriched by the exportation of oil and silk. But their riches are the fruits of industry, and their industry is guarded by liberty and peace. I am inclined to believe, that this small and happy community is more wealthy and populous than was formerly the Tuscany of Charlemagne; and even in its decay the state of Tuscany still possesses more inhabitants and more treasure, than could have been found in the disorderly and desolate kingdom of the Lombards.

From the interposition of Ildenrand, count of Lucca, it may be suspected that at the time of his father's decease Boniface the Second had not acquired sufficient strength and maturity for the vacant office: but these friends, or rivals, who had exercised the government of Lucca, were soon superseded by the establishment of the lawful heir; and the youth approved himself worthy of his name and honors. The example and impunity of treason could never tempt his loyalty; and while the empire of Lewis the Pious was relaxed by weakness or agitated by discord, Boniface asserted the glory of the French and the Christian arms. He had been intrusted with the defence of the maritime coast and the isle of Corfica against the Mahometans of Africa, and his right to command the service of the neighbouring counts may entitle him to the appellation of Duke or Marquis of Tuscany, which was assumed by his descendants. With a small fleet he sailed from Pisa, in search of the robbers of the sea; they had vanished on his approach: he cast anchor on the friendly shores of Corfica, and after providing himself

with expert pilots, he steered his intrepid course for Africa, and boldly landed on the coast between Carthage and Utica. The Aglabites, who reigned in Africa as the nominal vicegerents of the caliphs, were astonished and provoked by the insolence of the Christians, whose valor had been hitherto confined to a defensive war. Their camp was immediately surrounded by a formidable host of Arabs and Moors: five times did they mount to the assault: they were repulsed five times with slaughter and shame. The field was covered with the bodies of their slain; in the hot pursuit some adventurous Franks became the victims of their own rashness; but the more prudent chief was satisfied with victory; he embarked the troops, the captives, and the spoil, and returning in triumph to the port of Luni, or the mouth of the Arno, left an example of successful enterprise which was long remembered by the Moslems of Africa, and seldom imitated by the Christians of Italy. The birth, character, and adventures of the empress Judith, will be introduced with more propriety in the story of the Guelphs, and I shall only observe, that after his abject fall and fortunate restoration, Lewis the Pious might still tremble for the safety of a beloved wife. She was confined in a monastery of Tortona, in the power of a rebellious son; and if the ambition of Lothaire was disappointed, the blood of a step-mother might be a grateful offering to his revenge. Boniface, with some loyal subjects, perceived her danger, and flew to her relief. By their celerity and courage Judith was rescued from prison, and they guarded her passage over the Alps till she met

the embraces of an impatient husband. This gallant act, which deserved the gratitude of the emperor, exposed the Count of Lucca to the displeasure of Lothaire, who was still master of the kingdom of Italy, and who denied the investiture of their fiefs to all the accomplices of the escape of Judith. Boniface retired to France, where his exile was alleviated by the most honorable employments. In the civil wars, after the death of Lewis, he might secure his pardon without forfeiting his allegiance; and there is reason to believe, that he ended his days in the government of Tuscany. The sword of chivalry was consecrated to the service of religion and the fair; and the African victor, the deliverer of the empress, had fulfilled the duties of a perfect knight.

His son and successor, Adalbert the First, has a more unquestionable right to the appellation of Duke and Marquis of Tuscany. The title of Marquis, or rather Margrave, was introduced into Italy by the French emperors; the Teutonic etymology of the word implies the count or governor of a *march* of a frontier province: his station gave him at least a military command over several of his equals; and in the division of monarchy the number and importance of these hostile limits was continually multiplied. Yet the life of Adalbert is much less pure and illustrious than that of his father; either a historian was wanted to his actions, or his actions afforded no materials for history; and it is only by the glimmering of old charters, that, during thirty years, his existence is visible. The decay of genius and power in each imperial generation, had confirmed the independence

of the hereditary governors; till the failure of the eldest branch, in the person of Lewis the Second, concluded a century of domestic peace, and opened an endless series of revolutions. The election of the kings of Italy was decided by the voices and by the swords of the factious nobles: they chose the object, the measure, and the term of allegiance; and the name of the candidate whom they supported, was a sufficient apology for every act of violence and rapine. A pope of an active and ambitious spirit, John VIII. most bitterly complains of the two marquisses, or tyrants, of Lambert of Spoleto, and of Adalbert of Tuscany, who were brothers in alliance, in arms, and in sacrilege. They solicited the aid of the miscreant Saracens, invaded the ecclesiastical State, entered the city, profaned the churches, extorted an oath of fidelity from the Romans, and dared to imprison the successor of St. Peter. After the departure of these public robbers, as they are styled, without much injustice, by the pontiff, he affected to display their guilt and his own danger: the sacred relicks were transported from the Vatican to the Lateran palace: the altar was clothed in sackcloth, and the doors of the temple were inhospitably shut against the devotion of the pilgrims. By the apprehension of a second insult John VIII. was driven from the apostolical seat; he fled by sea to the usual asylum of France, offered the two worlds to whosoever would avenge his quarrel, and in the Synods of Troyes proclaimed the vices and pronounced the excommunication of the two marquisses of Spoleto and Tuscany, the enemies of God and Man. Some political events gave

a new turn to his interest and language ; *the most glorious* Adalbert and his wife (so lately a robber and an adulteress) are recommended in his epistles to the love and protection of the friends of the church. From such invective and such praise it might be inferred that calumny is a venial sin, or that every sin is obliterated by a reconciliation with the Pope. A casuist less indulgent, I shall not so easily absolve the sacrilegious Marquis of Tuscany : he lived in an age of the darkest superstition , and his assault on the Vatican is truly criminal, since it was condemned by the prejudices of his own conscience.

In the dignity of Duke and Marquis of Tuscany he was succeeded by his son , the second Adalbert , who has been only distinguished from the first by the nice microscope of chronological criticism. Such and so great was the pre-eminence of his wealth and power, that he alone among the princes of Italy was distinguished by the epithet of the *rich* ; an epithet of ambiguous praise since it expresses the liberality of fortune rather than of nature. He married Berta, the daughter of Lothaire king of Aufrasia or Lorraine, who was the great grandson of Charlemagne ; a distinction rather honorable than singular ; since many of the princes of the age were descended by the females from the Imperial stem. His independence was built on the ruins of the empire of Charlemagne ; the failure of lawful heirs enlarged the scene of contention : the sceptre was alternately won and lost in a field of battle , and the Italians, from a maxim of policy, entertained the competition of two kings. The dukes of Friuli and Spoleto long disputed the crown

and while Berengarius reigned at Verona, his rivals Guido and Lambert were seated on the throne of Pavia. These princes, the father and son, were the uncle and cousin of Adalbert; but he supported or deserted their standard with licentious peridy, and one of his attempts did not much redound to the honor or advantage of the Marquis of Tuscany. He marched to surprise Lambert, who hunted without suspicion in a forest near Placentia: but he forgot that discipline and sobriety are most essential to secret enterprise. The tents of the Tuscans, who deemed themselves secure of their royal game, resounded with drunken and lascivious songs; their intemperance subsided in sleep; and at the dead of night they were surprised by the vigilant Lambert, at the head of no more than one hundred horse. The Marquis, who could neither fight nor fly, was dragged from his shelter among the mules and asses of the baggage, and his shame was embittered by the rude pleasantries of the conqueror. "Thy wife Berta," said he, "had promised that thou shouldest be either a king or an ass. A king thou art not, but thy second title I shall not dispute; and wisely hast thou chosen a place of refuge among the animals of a similar species." The death of Lambert restored the captive to liberty and dominion; but the character of Adalbert was still the same, and the state of Italy long fluctuated with the vicissitudes of his interest or passions. Berengarius, who was oppressed by his service, sometimes accused and sometimes imitated the example of his ingratitude. A new pretender, Lewis king of Arles, was defeated and dismissed and recalled,

and again established and again dethroned as he was the friend or enemy of the Marquis of Tuscany. In a moment of seeming concord, the new sovereign visited Lucca, where he was entertained with the ostentation of expense which vanity will often extort from avarice and hatred. As Lewis admired the numerous and well-dressed ranks of the Tuscan soldiers, the attendance of the palace, and the luxury of the banquet, he softly whispered, "This Marquis is indeed a king, and it is only in a vain title that I am superior to my vassal." By the diligence of flattery or malice this whisper was reechoed: the pride of Berta was offended, her fears were alarmed; she alienated her husband's mind; he conspired with the disaffected nobles; and a hasty, perhaps a harmless saying deprived the unfortunate king of Arles of the crown of Italy and his eyes. Adalbert the Second died at Lucca, in a mature age, and his real or imaginary virtues are inscribed on his tomb. We are solicited to believe, that he was formidable to his enemies, liberal to his soldiers, just to his subjects, and charitable to the poor; that his memory was embalmed in the tears of a grateful people; and that the public happiness was buried in his grave. An epitaph is a feeble evidence of merit; yet an epitaph on the dead may prove somewhat more than a panegyric on the living.

Adalbert the Second left behind him three children, two sons, Guido and Lambert, the eldest of whom was acknowledged as Duke and Marquis of Tuscany, and one daughter, Hermenegarda, who married and survived a prince of equal rank on the confines of

Piedmont. The pride and power of Berta were not impaired by her husband's death; and to her passions I should impute an unequal contest with the emperor and king of Italy, who by fraud or force imprisoned the mother and her son in the fortrefs of Mantua. But her faithful clients refused to surrender the cities and castles committed to their trust: a treaty was negotiated; the captives were released; their possessions were restored; and I must applaud the moderation, perhaps the courage, of Guido, who sincerely submitted to forgive and to be forgiven. Of the death of the emperor Berengarius, who was stabbed in his palace by a private villain, Guido was neither the author nor accomplice: but in the subsequent election his voice had a free and decisive weight; and the laudable motives of filial or fraternal tendernefs might prompt him to gratify his mother, by supporting the claim of Hugh, or Hugo. count of Provence, her son by a former husband. The Marquis commanded the sea ports of Tuscany; his sister, an active and popular widow, could shut or open the passes of the Alps. A royal pretender, Rodulph of Burgundy, was chased beyond the mountains: by the unanimous choice of the nobles, Hugh was invited and proclaimed: he landed at Pisa; and the sons of Adalbert were proud to salute their brother as king of Italy. But this event which seemed to consolidate the fortunes, was the immediate cause of the downfal of their house. The new monarch insensibly betrayed a faithless and ungrateful character: his vices were scandalous, his talents mean; and if his ambition was sometimes checked by fear, it was never restrained by humanity or justice. The

death of Berta dissolved the union between the children of her first and her second nuptials. The mild and moderate Guido expired in the prime of life. The Duchy of Tuscany was occupied by Lambert : but in a hasty and indecent marriage with Marozia, his brother's widow, the king of Italy trampled on the prejudices of mankind. Hugh was already conscious of the public hatred and contempt : he might justly dread the courage, the ambition, the popularity of the Marquis; and his avarice was stimulated by the hopes of a rich forfeiture. Regardless of a mother's fame, he invented, or encouraged the report, that the obstinate barrenness of the wife of Adalbert had tempted that impious woman to procure and substitute two male infants, whom she educated as her own : and the arbitrary sentence of the king, who disclaimed Lambert as a brother, must have denied his right to the succession of Tuscany. Had this cause been argued before a tribunal of law and reason, the advocate for the Marquis would have pleaded the long and tranquil possession of his name and state, and have deprecated the injustice of a charge, which was not advanced till after the decease of both his parents. The orator would have painted in the most lively colors, the absurdity of the supposition, the difficulty of fascinating the eyes and silencing the tongues of a jealous court, and the strong improbability that the Duchess of Tuscany should have *twice* risked the danger and shame of a discovery. He would have authenticated the circumstances of her pregnancy and delivery; and after establishing his defence on argument and fact, he might have tried to awaken the tender and indignant

feelings of the audience; Instead of such a tedious process, the intrepid Lambert cast down his gauntlet, and challenged to single combat the false accuser of his own and his mother's fame. The challenge was accepted; a champion arose; the lists were opened; and such was the goodness of his cause, or the vigor of his arm, that the Marquis obtained an easy victory in the judgment of God. Even this judgment was not respected by the tyrant. Instead of embracing his genuine brother, he loaded the conqueror with irons, confiscated his dominions, and deprived him of his eyes; while the nobles of Italy, who so often resisted the execution of the laws, most basely acquiesced in this act of cruelty and injustice. The unhappy prince survived his misfortune many years, but he was already dead to his enemies and the world. In a civilized society, the mind is more powerful than the body, and the influence of strength or dexterity is far less extensive than that of eloquence and wisdom. But among a people of barbarians, the blind warrior, who is no longer capable of managing a horse, or of wielding a lance, must be excluded from all the honors and offices of public life.

Such were the five descents in the Bavarian line of the Counts of Lucca and Marquisses or Dukes of Tuscany. The fourth generation of the posterity of Boniface coincides with the age of the Marquis Adalbert, who may be styled the third of that name, if we can safely rivet this intermediate link of the genealogical chain. After a long hesitation and various trials, the active curiosity of Leibnitz subsided, in the opinion that Adalbert the Third, the

unquestionable father of the House of Este and Brunswick, was the son of the Marquis Guido, and the grandson of Adalbert the Second: and that his right of succession to the Duchy of Tuscany, which had been superseded by his tender years, was finally lost in the calamity of his uncle. In a mind conscious of its powers, and indulgent to its productions, this idea struck a deep and permanent root. As a historian, Leibnitz was acquainted with the stubborn character of facts: as a critic, he was accustomed to balance the weight of testimony: as a mathematician, he would not prostitute the name of demonstration: but he affirmed that his opinion was *probable* in the highest sense; and the philosopher could not patiently tolerate a sceptic. These historical inquiries he compared to the labor of an astronomer, who frames a hypothesis, such as can explain all the known phenomena of the heavens, and then exalts his hypothesis into truth, by exposing the errors of every other possible supposition. From the Library of Hanover, the discovery was transmitted to that of Modena, with an earnest desire of literary, or at least of political union; and the pedigree of Adalbert the Third was ratified by the consent of Leibnitz and Muratori. Yet in this dark and doubtful step of genealogy, impartial criticism may be allowed to pause, and even the silence of a contemporary writer may incline the scale against many loose and floating atoms of modern conjecture. The first years of the tenth century are illustrated by the labor and eloquence of Liutprand, bishop of Cremona, who exposes, with a free and often satirical pen, the characters and vices of the

times. He relates the death of Guido, and the succession of Lambert, without insinuating that the former left any children, or that the latter was appointed guardian of their minority. He deplores the fate of Lambert, without informing the reader of the escape of his nephew; by what resources of flight or defence, of prayer or negociation, he escaped the cruelty of the tyrant, and lived to propagate the glories of his race: The Marquis Otbert, the undoubted son of Adalbert the Third, is honorably mentioned; and it might be reasonably expected, that some hint should have been given of his lineal descent from the Tuscan princes, whose names and actions had been already celebrated in the history of Liutprand. Nor can the order of time, that infallible touchstone of truth, be easily reconciled with the hypothesis of Leibnitz: Guido, Marquis of Tuscany, was the third husband of the insatiate Marozia: her second was killed in the year nine hundred and twenty-five; and ten or twelve months must be granted for the shortest widowhood, the term of pregnancy, and the birth of her son Adalbert. No more than thirty-six years after his birth, *his* son, the Marquis Otbert, appears in the world as a statesman and a patriot. Such a precipitate succession, which crowds two generations into one, is repugnant to the whole experience of ages: a fact so strange and improbable could only be forced on our belief by the absolute power of positive and authentic evidence.

In this inquiry, I should disdain to be influenced by any partial regard for the interest or honor of the House of Brunswick: but I can resign, without a

figh, the hypothesis of Leibnitz, which might seem to exhibit the *nominal* rather than the *natural* ancestors of the son of Guido. This, doubtful expression is not founded on the absurd and malicious fable, that the two last Marquisses of Tuscany were stolen, in their infancy, from an obscure, and perhaps a plebeian origin: Berta was their genuine mother; and their pedigree would not be tainted with suspicion, if the right of the father could be ascertained with the same clearness and certainty. But in these barbarous times, the valor of the men appears to have been maintained with more high and jealous care than the chastity of the women; and such was the peculiar infelicity of the Marquis Guido, that his wife, his mother, and his two grandmothers, are all accused, in their respective generations, of a slight, or scandalous deviation from the line of virtue. In the Pontifical Epistles, the wife of Adalbert I. is branded with the opprobrious name of Adulterers; and without insisting on the Pope's infallibility, it may be fairly urged, that as the character of a public robber was applied to the sacrilegious enemy of Rome, the vices of Rotilda must have afforded some ground or color for private reproach. The mother of Berta, the famous Valdrada, long fluctuated between the state of a wife and the shame of a concubine. She might be innocent in the judgment of conscience and reason; but her pretended marriage with Lothaire, king of Lorraine, was repeatedly annulled by the sentence of the Roman Pontiff. By an obstinate resistance, her same might have been preserved: a false and fruitless penitence could only aggravate her sin; and she became alike guilty in the

eyes of the Church and of the Public, when she continued to dwell in the embraces of her lover, after a lawful Queen had been restored to the honors of his throne and bed. The pleasures of Berta were subservient to her ambition; and Adalbert the Second appears to have been endowed with the patient virtues of a husband. By the liberal freedom with which she imparted to the nobles of Tuscany every gift in her power to bestow, the Dukes secured their grateful attachment in the hour of danger; and at the age of threescore, she might be justly vain that her favors were precious, her lovers fond, her friends and clients still mindful of their past obligations. As the infidelity of Hermenegarda could fully only the blood of another family, it is almost needless to mention that the daughter of Berta most faithfully copied the example of her mother. But the satirical eloquence of Liutprand is unable to paint the vices of Marozia, wife of the Marquis Guido: "From her early youth," (exclaims the Bishop,) "she had been inflamed by all the fires of Venus; and again and again did she exact from her lovers the payment of their debts." Her family was powerful at Rome: by the corruption of Marozia, of her mother, and of her sister, the Church and State were polluted and oppressed: their favorites, and their children, were successively promoted to the throne of St. Peter; and in the spiritual Babylon, the city of the Seven Hills, a more inquisitive age would have detected the scarlet whore of the Revelations. The son of Marozia, the grandson of Berta, and the great-grandson of Rotilda, might be perplexed in the discovery or the choice of his true progenitors.

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The hypothesis, that Adalbert III. was the son of the Marquis Guido, will not endure the test of a critical inquiry: but I am disposed to embrace the general opinion of Leibnitz and Muratori, and to believe with them, that the families of Este and Brunswick are descended from a younger branch of the House of Tuscany. A charter commemorates the name of Boniface, son of Adalbert I. and brother of Adalbert II.: his existence is certain; his marriage probable; and, according to the custom of nations, the respectable name of a grandfather and uncle would be naturally repeated in the person of his son. In the last years of the ninth century, we may fix the birth of Adalbert III. who will stand, in the corresponding degree, as the first cousin to the Marquis Guido: the order of nature will be restored, and in the succeeding generation a sufficient space will be left for the growth and maturity of Otbert I. By this early separation from the original stem, we avoid the more scandalous vices of Berta and Marozia. The silence of Liutprand will no longer surprise or embarrass the critic: Boniface and his son Adalbert the Third were neither the sovereigns nor the heirs of Tuscany: their private fortunes were less splendid, and more secure, than those of the Marquisses, their elder kinsmen; and their names, not conspicuous, perhaps, by crimes or virtues, might escape the memory or the pen of the general historian. As the objections diminish, the presumptive proofs of a connexion between the Houses of Tuscany and Este leave a deeper impression on the mind. The repetition of the name of Adalbert has already been noticed as a family-feature. In the

kingdom, the name of Adalbert was less rare, however, than the title of Marquis, of such recent use and such local application, but which was uniformly used, from the tenth to the fifteenth century, as their hereditary and proper style, by the Princes of Este. The military governors, who commanded on the Alpine or Greek limits, do not suggest any traces of conformity; and our ignorance of the province which was ruled by Adalbert III., and his immediate descendants, will be tempted to believe, that the vague appellation of Marquis, which was common to all, might be cherished by their vanity, as a perpetual attribute and memorial of the long-lost dominion of Tuscany. But the circumstance of the clearest and most substantial presumption arises from the rent-roll of their ancient estates, which were spread over the heart of Tuscany, the counties of Lucca and Luna, and even the Isle of Corsica, a remote dependence of the government of Boniface II. Tradition has preserved the name and limits of the *Terra Obertenga*, so often cited in old charters as the lands of the Marquis Othert I.; and if he received them from his father, it will not be difficult to suppose that they were originally granted to Boniface III., as the portion or patrimony of a younger brother. The perfect and easy coalition of the Marquises of Tuscany and Este is resisted only by a single obstacle; and the resistance is less insuperable than it may appear at the first glance: the former adhered to the law and nation of the Bavarians, whilst the nation and law of the Lombards was professed by the latter. But we must not forget, that in the barbaric jurisprudence of Europe, a na-

AN ADDRESS, &c.

THAT History is a liberal and useful study, and that the History of our own country is best deserving of our attention, are propositions too clear for argument, and too simple for illustration. Nature has implanted in our breasts a lively impulse to extend the narrow span of our existence, by the knowledge of the events that have happened on the soil which we inhabit, of the characters and actions of those men from whom our descent, as individuals or as a people, is probably derived. The same laudable emulation will prompt us to review, and to enrich our common treasure of national glory: and those who are the best entitled to the esteem of posterity, are the most inclined to celebrate the merits of their ancestors. The origin and changes of our religion and government, of our arts and manners, afford an entertaining, and often an instructive subject of speculation; and the scene is repeated and varied by the entrance of the victorious strangers, the Roman, and the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman, who have successively reigned in our stormy Isle. We contemplate the gradual progress of society, from the lowest ebb of primitive barbarism, to the full tide of modern civilization. We contrast the naked Briton who might have mistaken the sphere of Archimedes for a rational creature; and the contemporary of Newton, in whose school Archimedes himself would have been a humble disciple.

And we compare the boats of osier and hides that floated along our coasts, with the formidable navies which visit and command the remotest shores of the ocean. Without indulging the fond prejudices of patriotic vanity, we may assume a conspicuous place among the inhabitants of the earth. The English will be ranked among the few nations who have cultivated with equal success the arts of war, of learning, and of commerce: and Britain perhaps is the only powerful and wealthy state which has ever possessed the inestimable secret of uniting the benefits of order with the blessings of freedom. It is a maxim of our law, and the constant practice of our courts of justice, never to accept any evidence, unless it is the very best which, under the circumstances of the case, can possibly be obtained. If this wise principle be transferred from jurisprudence to criticism, the inquisitive reader of English History will soon ascend to the first witnesses of every period, from whose testimonies the moderns, however sagacious and eloquent, must derive their whole confidence and credit. In the prosecution of his inquiries, he will lament that the transactions of the Middle Ages have been imperfectly recorded, and that these records have been more imperfectly preserved: that the successive conquerors of Britain have despised or destroyed the monuments of their predecessors; and that by their violence or neglect so much of our national antiquities has irretrievably perished. For the losses of history are indeed irretrievable: when the productions of fancy or science have been swept away, new poets may invent, and new phi-

losophers may reason; but if the inscription of a single fact be once obliterated, it can never be restored by the united efforts of genius and industry. The consideration of our past losses should incite the present age to cherish and perpetuate the valuable relics which have escaped, instead of condemning the MONKISH HISTORIANS (as they are contemptuously styled) silently to moulder in the dust of our libraries; our candor, and even our justice, should learn to estimate their value, and to excuse their imperfections. Their minds were infected with the passions and errors of their times, but those times would have been involved in darkness, had not the art of writing, and the memory of events, been preserved in the peace and solitude of the cloister. Their Latin style is far removed from the eloquence and purity of Sallust and Livy; but the use of a permanent and general idiom has opened the study, and connected the series of our ancient chronicles, from the age of Bede to that of Walsingham. In the eyes of a philosophic observer, these monkish historians are even endowed with a singular, though accidental merit; the unconscious simplicity with which they represent the manners and opinions of their contemporaries: a natural picture, which the most exquisite art is unable to imitate.

Books, before the invention of printing, were separately, and slowly copied by the pen; and the transcripts of our old historians must have been rare; since the number would be proportioned to the number of readers capable of understanding a Latin work, and curious of the history and antiquities of England.

The gross mass of the laity, from the baron to the mechanic, were more addicted to the exercises of the body than to those of the mind: the middle ranks of society were illiterate and poor, and the nobles and gentlemen, as often as they breathed from war, maintained their strength and activity in the chase or the tournament. Few among them could read, still fewer could write; none were acquainted with the Latin tongue; and if they sometimes listened to a tale of past times, their puerile love of the marvellous would prefer the romance of Sir Tristram, to the authentic narratives most honorable to their country and their ancestors. Till the period of the reformation, the ignorance and sensuality of the clergy were continually increasing: the ambitious prelate aspired to pomp and power; the jolly monk was satisfied with idleness and pleasure; and the few students of the ecclesiastical order, perplexed rather than enlightened their understandings with occult science and scholastic divinity. In the monastery in which a chronicle had been composed, the original was deposited, and perhaps a copy; and some neighbouring churches might be induced, by a local or professional interest, to seek the communication of these historical memorials. Such manuscripts were not liable to suffer from the injury of use; but the casualty of a fire, or the slow progress of damp and worms, would often endanger their limited and precarious existence. The sanctuaries of religion were sometimes profaned by aristocratic oppression, popular tumult, or military licence; and

although the cellar was more exposed than the library, the envy of ignorance will riot in the spoil of those treasures which it cannot enjoy.

After the discovery of printing, which has bestowed immortality on the works of man, it might be presumed that the new art would be applied without delay, to save and to multiply the remains of our national chronicles. It might be expected that the English, now waking from a long slumber, should blush at finding themselves strangers in their native country; and that our princes, after the example of Charlemagne and Maximilian I. would esteem it their duty and glory to illustrate the history of the people over whom they reigned. But these rational hopes have not been justified by the event. It was in the year 1474 that our first press was established in Westminster Abbey, by William Caxton: but in the choice of his authors, that liberal and industrious artist was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers; to gratify the nobles with treatises on heraldry, hawking, and the game of chess, and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights, and legends of more fabulous saints. The father of printing expresses a laudable desire to elucidate the history of his country; but instead of publishing the Latin chronicle of Radulphus Higden, he could only venture on the English version by John de Trevisa; and his complaint of the difficulty of finding materials for his own continuation of that work, sufficiently attests that even the writers, which we now possess of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, had not

yet emerged from the darkness of the cloister. His successors, with less skill and ability, were content to tread in the foot-steps of Caxton; almost a century elapsed without producing one original edition of any old English historian; and the only exception which I recollect is the publication of Gildas (London 1526) by Polydore Virgil, an ingenious foreigner. The presses of Italy, Germany, and even France, might plead in their defence, that the minds of their scholars, and the hands of their workmen, were abundantly exercised in unlocking the treasures of Greek and Roman antiquity; but the world is not indebted to England for one *first* edition of a classic author. This delay of a century is the more to be lamented, as it is too probable that many authentic and valuable monuments of our history were lost in the dissolution of religious houses by Henry the Eighth. The protestant and the patriot must applaud our deliverance; but the critic may deplore the rude havoc that was made in the libraries of churches and monasteries, by the zeal, the avarice, and the neglect, of unworthy reformers.

Far different from such reformers was the learned and pious Matthew Parker, the first protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His apostolical virtues were not incompatible with the love of learning, and while he exercised the arduous office, not of governing, but of founding the Church of England, he strenuously applied himself to revive the study of the Saxon tongue, and of English antiquities. By the care of this respectable prelate, four of our ancient historians

were successively published: the *Flores* of Matthew of Westminster (1570); the *Historia Major* of Matthew Paris (1571); the *Vita Elfridi Regis*, by Asferius, and the *Historia Brevis*; and *Upodigma Neuf-triæ*, by Thomas Walsingham. After Parker's death, this national duty was for some years abandoned to the diligence of foreigners. The ecclesiastical history of Bede had been printed and reprinted on the continent as the common property of the Latin church; and it was again inserted in a collection of British writers (Heidelberg 1587), selected with such critical skill, that the romance of Jeffrey of Monmouth, and a Latin abridgment of Froissard, are placed on the same level of historical evidence. An edition of Florence of Worcester, by Howard, (1592,) may be slightly noticed; but we should gratefully commemorate the labors of Sir Henry Saville, a man distinguished among the scholars of the age by his profound knowledge of the Greek language and mathematical sciences. A just indignation against the base and plebeian authors of our English chronicles, had almost provoked him to undertake the task of a general and legitimate history: but his modest industry declining the character of an architect, was content to prepare materials for a future edifice. Some of the most valuable writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were rescued by his hands from dirt, and dust, and rottenness (*ex situ squalore & pulvere*) and his collection, under the common title of *Scriptores post Bedam*, was twice printed; first in London (1596), and afterwards at Frankfort (1601). During the whole of the seventeenth,

and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the same studies were prosecuted with vigor and success: a miscellaneous volume of the *Anglica Normannica*, &c. (Frankfort 1603), and the *Historia Nova* of Eadmer (London 1623), were produced by Camden and Selden, to whom literature is indebted for more important services. The names of Wheeler and Gibson, of Watts and Warton, of Dugdale and Wilkins, should not be defrauded of their due praise: but our attention is fixed by the elaborate collections of Twysden and Gale: and their titles of *Decem* and *Quindecim Scriptores* announce that their readers possess a series of twenty-five of our old English historians. The last who has dug deep into the mine was Thomas Hearne, a clerk of Oxford, poor in fortune, and indeed poor in understanding. His minute and obscure diligence, his voracious and undistinguishing appetite, and the coarse vulgarity of his taste and style, have exposed him to the ridicule of idle wits. Yet it cannot be denied that Thomas Hearne has gathered many gleanings of the harvest; and if his own prefaces are filled with crude and extraneous matter, his editions will be always recommended by their accuracy and use.

I am not called upon to inquire into the merits of foreign nations in the study of their respective histories, except as far as they may suggest a useful lesson or a laudable emulation to ourselves. The patient Germans have addicted themselves to every species of literary labor; and the division of their vast empire into many independent states would

multiply the public events of each country, and the pens, however rude, by which they have been saved from oblivion. Besides innumerable editions of particular historians. I have seen (if my memory does not fail me) a list of more than twenty of the voluminous collections of the *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*; some of these are of a vague and miscellaneous nature; others are relative to a certain period of time; and others again are circumscribed by the local limits of a principality or a province. Among the last I shall only distinguish the *Scriptores Rerum Brunswicensium*, compiled at Hanover in the beginning of this century by the celebrated Leibnitz. We should sympathize with a kind of domestic interest in the fortunes of a people to whom we are united by our obedience to a common sovereign; and we must explore with respect and gratitude the origin of an illustrious family, which has been the guardian near fourscore years of our liberty and happiness. The antiquarian, who blushes at his alliance with Thomas Hearne, will feel his profession ennobled by the name of Leibnitz. That extraordinary genius embraced and improved the whole circle of human science; and after wrestling with Newton and Clark in the sublime regions of geometry and metaphysics, he could descend upon earth to examine the uncouth characters and barbarous Latin of a chronicle or charter. In this, as in almost every other active pursuit, Spain has been outstripped by the industry of her neighbours. The best collection of her national historians was published in Germany: the recent attempts of her royal academy have been languid and irregular, and

if some memorials of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are lately printed at Madrid, her five oldest chronicles after the invasion of the Moors still sleep in the obscurity of provincial editions (Pamplona, 1615, 1634; Barcelona, 1663). Italy has been productive in every age of revolutions and writers; and a complete series of these original writers, from the year five hundred to the year fifteen hundred, are most accurately digested in the *Scriptores Rerum Italicarum* of Muratori. This stupendous work, which fills twenty-eight folios, and overflows into the six volumes of the *Antiquitates Italie Medii Aevi*, was achieved in years by one man; and candor must excuse some defects in the plan and execution which the discernment, and perhaps the envy of criticism has too rigorously exposed. The antiquities of France have been elucidated by a learned and ingenious people: the original historians, which Duchesne had undertaken to publish, were left imperfect by his death, yet had reached the end of the thirteenth century; and his additional volume (the sixth) comes home to ourselves, since it celebrates the exploits of the Norman Conquerors and Kings of England. About years ago the design of publishing *Les Historiens des Gaules & de la France*, was resumed on a larger scale, and in a more splendid form; and although the name of Dom Bouquet stands foremost, the merit must be shared among the veteran Benedictines of the Abbey of St. Germain des Prez at Paris. This noble collection may be proposed as a model for such national works: the original texts are corrected from the best manuscripts; and the curious reader is enlightened, without being oppressed, by the perspicuous brevity

of the prefaces and notes. But a multitude of obstacles and delays seems to have impeded the progress of the undertaking; and the *Historians of France* had only attained to the twelfth century, and the thirteenth volume, when a general deluge overwhelmed the country, and its ancient inhabitants. I might here conclude this enumeration of foreign studies, if the *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum* of Langebek and his successors, which have lately appeared at Copenhagen, did not remind me of the taste and munificence of a court and country, whose scanty revenues might have apologized for their neglect.

It is long, very long indeed, since the success of our neighbours, and the knowledge of our resources, have disposed me to wish, that our Latin memorials of the Middle Age, the *Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum*, might be published in England, in a manner worthy of the subject and of the country. At a time when the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire has intimately connected me with the first historians of France, I acknowledged (in a note) the value of the Benedictine Collection, and expressed my hope that such a national work would provoke our own emulation. My hope has failed, the provocation was not felt, the emulation was not kindled; and I have now seen, without an attempt or a design, near thirteen years, which might have sufficed for the execution. During the greatest part of that time I have been absent from England: yet I have sometimes found opportunities of introducing this favorite topic in conversation with our literary men, and our eminent bookfellers. As long as I expatiated on the

merits of an undertaking, so beneficial to history; and so honorable to the nation, I was heard with attention; a general wish seemed to prevail for its success: but no sooner did we seriously consult about the best means of promoting that success, and of reducing a pleasing theory into a real action, than we were stopped, at the first step, by an insuperable difficulty — the choice of an editor. Among the authors already known to the public, none, after a fair review, could be found, at once possessed of ability and inclination. Unknown, or at least untried abilities could not inspire much reasonable confidence: some were too poor, others too rich; some too busy, others too idle: and we knew not where to seek our English Muratori; in the tumult of the metropolis, or in the shade of the university. The age of Herculean diligence, which could devour and digest whole libraries, is passed away; and I sat down in hopeless despondency, till I should be able to find a person endowed with proper qualifications, and ready to employ several years of his life in assiduous labor, without any splendid prospect of emolument or fame.

The man is at length found, and I now renew the proposal in a higher tone of confidence. The name of this editor is Mr. John Pinkerton; but as that name may provoke some resentments, and revive some prejudices, it is incumbent on me, for his reputation, to explain my sentiments without reserve; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that he will not be displeased with the freedom and sincerity of a friend. The impulse of a vigorous mind urged him, at an early age, to write and to print, before his taste and judgment

judgment had attained to their maturity. His ignorance of the world; the love of paradox, and the warmth of his temper, betrayed him into some improprieties, and those juvenile sallies, which candor will excuse, he himself is the first to condemn, and will perhaps be the last to forget. Repentance has long since propitiated the mild divinity of Virgil, against whom the rash youth, under a fictitious name, had darted the javelin of criticism. He smiles at his reformation of our English tongue, and is ready to confess, that in all popular institutions, the laws of custom must be obeyed by reason herself. The Goths still continue to be his chosen people, but he retains no antipathy to a Celtic savage; and without renouncing his opinions and arguments, he sincerely laments that those literary arguments have ever been embittered, and perhaps enfeebled, by an indiscreet mixture of anger and contempt. By some explosions of this kind, the volatile and fiery particles of his nature have been discharged, and there remains a pure and solid substance, endowed with many active and useful energies. His recent publications, a Treatise on Medals and the edition of the early Scotch Poets, discover a mind replete with a variety of knowledge, and inclined to every liberal pursuit; but his decided propensity, such a propensity as made Bentley a critic, and Rennel a geographer, attracts him to the study of the History and Antiquities of Great Britain; and he is well qualified for this study, by a spirit of criticism, acute, discerning, and suspicious. His edition of the original Lives of the Scottish Saints has scattered some

rays of light over the darkest age of a dark country: since there are so many circumstances in which the most daring legendary will not attempt to remove the well-known landmarks of truth. His Dissertation on the Origin of the Goths, with the Antiquities of Scotland, are, in my judgment, elaborate and satisfactory works; and were this a convenient place, I would gladly enumerate the important questions in which he has rectified my old opinions concerning the migrations of the Scythic or German nation from the neighbourhood of the Caspian and the Euxine to Scandinavia, the eastern coasts of Britain, and the shores of the Atlantic ocean. He has since undertaken to illustrate a more interesting period of the History of Scotland; his materials are chiefly drawn from papers in the British-Museum, and a skilful judge has assured me, after a perusal of the manuscript, that it contains more new and authentic information, than could be fairly expected from a writer of the eighteenth century. A Scotchman by birth, Mr. Pinkerton is equally disposed, and even anxious, to illustrate the History of England: he had long, without my knowledge, entertained a project similar to my own; his twelve letters, under a fictitious signature, in the Gentleman's Magazine (1788), display the zeal of a patriot, and the learning of an antiquarian. As soon as he was informed, by Mr. Nicol the bookseller, of my wishes and my choice, he advanced to meet me with the generous ardor of a volunteer, conscious of his strength, desirous of exercise, and careless

of reward; we have discussed, in several conversations, every material point that relates to the general plan and arrangement of the work; and I can only complain of his excessive docility to the opinions of a man much less skilled in the subject than himself. Should it be objected, that such a work will surpass the powers of a single man, and that industry is best promoted by the division of labor, I must answer, that Mr. Pinkerton seems one of the children of those heroes, whose race is almost extinct; that hard assiduous study is the sole amusement of his independent leisure; that his warm inclination will be quickened by the sense of a duty resting solely on himself; and that he is now in the vigor of age and health; and that the most voluminous of our historical collections was the most speedily finished by the diligence of Muratori alone. I must add, that I know not where to seek an associate; that the operations of a society are often perplexed by the division of sentiments and characters, and often retarded by the degrees of talent and application; and that the editor will be always ready to receive the advice of judicious counsellors, and to employ the hand of subordinate workmen.

Two questions will immediately arise, concerning the title of our historical collection, and the period of time in which it may be circumscribed. The first of these questions, whether it should be styled the *Scriptores Rerum Britannicarum*, or the *Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum*, will be productive of more than a verbal difference: the former imposes the duty of publishing

all original documents that relate to the history and antiquities of the British islands; the latter is satisfied with the spacious, though less ample, field of England. The ambition of a conqueror might prompt him to grasp the whole British world, and to think, with Cæsar, that nothing was done while any thing remained undone.

Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.

But prudence soon discerns the inconvenience of increasing a labor already sufficiently arduous, and of multiplying the volumes of a work, which must unavoidably swell to a very respectable size. The extraneous appendages of Scotland, Ireland, and even Wales, would impede our progress, violate the unity of design, and introduce into a Latin text a strange mixture of savage and unknown idioms. For the sake of the Saxon Chronicle, the editor of the *Scriptores Regum Anglicarum* will probably improve his knowledge of our mother-tongue; nor will he be at a loss in the recent and occasional use of some French and English memorials. But if he attempts to hunt the old Britons among the islands of Scotland, in the bogs of Ireland, and over the mountains of Wales, he must devote himself to the study of the Celtic dialects, without being assured that his time and toil will be compensated by any adequate reward. It seems to be almost confessed, that the Highland Scots do not possess any writing of a remote date; and the claims of the Welsh are faint and uncertain. The Irish alone

boast of whole libraries, which they sometimes hide in the fastnesses of their country, and sometimes transport to their colleges abroad: but the vain and credulous obstinacy with which, amidst the light of science, they cherish the Milesian fables of their infancy, may teach us to suspect the existence, the age, and the value of these manuscripts, till they shall be fairly exposed to the eye of profane criticism. This exclusion, however, of the countries which have since been united to the crown of England must be understood with some latitude: the Chronicle of Melros is common to the borderers of both kingdoms: the *Expugnatio Hibernie* of Giraldus Cambrensis contains the interesting story of our settlement in the western isle; and it may be judged proper to insert the Latin Chronicle of Caradoc, (which is yet unpublished,) and the code of native laws which were abolished by the conqueror of Wales. Even the English transactions in peace and war with our independent neighbours, especially those of Scotland, will be best illustrated by a fair comparison of the hostile narratives. The second question of the period of time which this Collection should embrace, admits of an easier decision; nor can we act more prudently, than by adopting the plan of Muratori, and the French Benedictines, who confine themselves within the limits of ten centuries, from the year five hundred to the year fifteen hundred of the Christian æra. The former of these dates coincides with the most ancient of our national writers; the latter approaches within nine years of the accession of Henry VIII.

which Mr Hume considers as the true and perfect æra of modern history. From that time we are enriched, and even oppressed, with such treasures of contemporary and authentic documents in our own language, that the historian of the present or a future age will be only perplexed by the choice of facts, and the difficulties of arrangement. *Exorietur aliquis* — a man of genius, at once eloquent and philosophic, who should accomplish, in the maturity of age, the immortal work which he had conceived in the ardor of youth.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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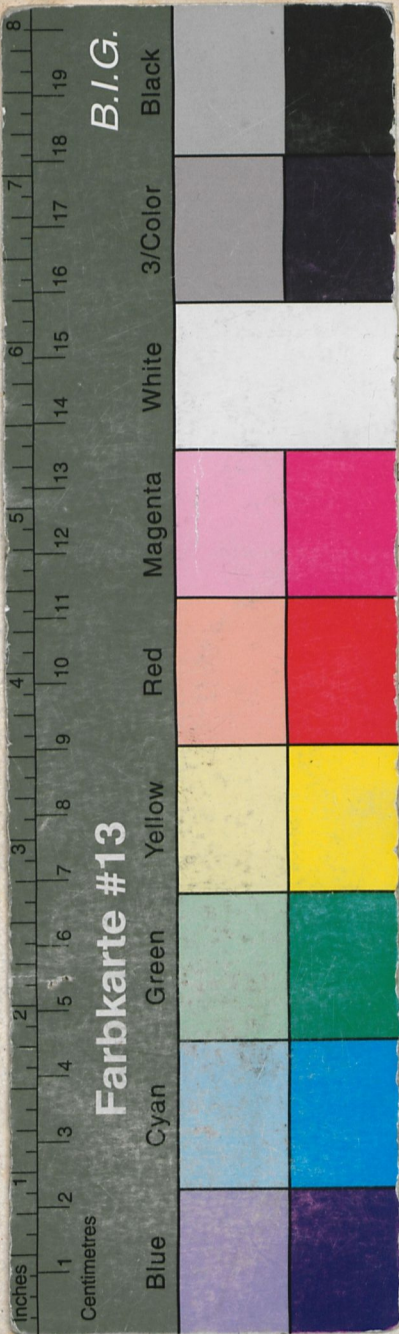
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