

Hume

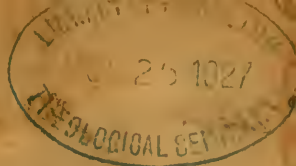
Concise and Genuine
Account

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David Hume



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CONCISE AND GENUINE

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OF THE

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D I S P U T E

BETWEEN

Mr. HUME and Mr. ROUSSEAU:

WITH THE

L E T T E R S

That passed between them during their
CONTROVERSY.

AS ALSO,

The LETTERS of the Hon. Mr. WALPOLE,
and Mr. D'ALEMBERT, relative to this extra-
ordinary Affair.

Translated from the French.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT,
near Surry-street, in the Strand.

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ADVERTISEMENT

Of the French Editors.

THE name and writings of Mr. Hume have been long since well known throughout Europe. At the same time, his personal acquaintance have remarked, in the candour and simplicity of his manners, that impartiality and ingenuousness of disposition which distinguishes his character, and is sufficiently indicated in his writings.

He hath exerted those great talents he received from nature, and the acquisitions he made by study, in the search of truth; and promoting the good of mankind: never wasting his time, or sacrificing his repose, in literary or personal disputes. He hath seen his writings frequently censured with bitterness, by fanaticism, ignorance, and the spirit of party, without ever giving an answer to his adversaries.

Even those who have attacked his works with the greatest violence, have always respected his personal character. His love of peace is so well known, that the criticisms written against his pieces, have been often

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brought him by their respective authors, for him to revise and correct them. At one time, in particular, a performance of this kind was shewn to him; in which he had been treated in a very rude and even injurious manner; on remarking which to the author, the latter struck out the exceptionable passages; blushing, and wondering at the force of that *polemic spirit* which had carried him imperceptibly away beyond the bounds of truth and decency.

It was with great reluctance that a man possessed of such pacific dispositions, could be brought to consent to the publication of the following piece. He was very sensible that the quarrels among men of letters are a scandal to philosophy; nor was any person in the world less formed for giving occasion to a scandal, so consolatory to blockheads. But the circumstances were such as to draw him into it, in spite of his inclinations.

All the world knows that Mr. Rousseau, proscribed in almost every country where he resided, determined at length to take refuge in England; and that Mr. Hume, affected by his situation, and his misfortunes, undertook to bring him over, and to provide for him a peaceful, safe, and convenient asylum. But very few persons are privy to the zeal, activity, and even delicacy, with which Mr. Hume conferred this act of benevolence; what an affectionate

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attachment he had contracted for this new friend, which humanity had given him; with what address he endeavoured to anticipate his desires, without offending his pride; in short, with what address he strove to justify, in the eyes of others, the singularities of Mr. Rousseau, and to defend his character against those who were not disposed to think so favourably of him as he did himself.

Even at the time when Mr. Hume was employed in doing Mr. Rousseau the most essential service, he received from him the most insolent and abusive letter. The more such a stroke was unexpected, the more it was cruel and affecting. Mr. Hume wrote an account of this extraordinary adventure to his friends at Paris; and expressed himself in his letters with all that indignation which so strange a proceeding must excite. He thought himself under no obligation to keep terms with a man, who, after having received from him the most certain and constant marks of friendship, could reproach him, without any reason, as false, treacherous, and as the most wicked of mankind.

In the mean time, the dispute between these two celebrated personages did not fail to make a noise. The complaints of Mr. Hume soon came to the knowledge of the public; which at first hardly believed it possible

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fible that Mr. Rousseau could be guilty of that excessive ingratitude laid to his charge. Even Mr. Hume's friends were fearful, lest, in the first effusions of sensibility, he was not carried too far, and had not mistaken for wilful crimes of the heart, the vagaries of the imagination, or the deceptions of the understanding. He judged it necessary, therefore, to explain the affair, by writing a precise narrative of all that passed between him and Mr. Rousseau, from their first connection to their rupture. This narrative he sent to his friends; some of whom advised him to print it; alledging, that as Mr. Rousseau's accusations were become public, the proofs of his justification ought to be so too. Mr. Hume did not give into these arguments, choosing rather to run the risk of being unjustly censured, than to resolve on making himself a public party in an affair, so contrary to his disposition and character. A new incident, however, at length overcame his reluctance. Mr. Rousseau had addressed a letter to a bookseller at Paris; in which he directly accuses Mr. Hume of having entered into a league with his enemies, to betray and defame him; and in which he boldly defies Mr. Hume to print the papers he had in his hands. This letter was communicated to several persons in Paris, was translated into English, and the
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translation printed in the public papers in London. An accusation and defiance so very public could not be suffered to pass without reply; while any long silence on the part of Mr. Hume might have been interpreted little in his favour.

Besides, the news of this dispute had spread itself over Europe, and the opinions entertained of it were various. It had doubtless been much happier, if the whole affair had been buried in oblivion, and remained a profound secret: but as it was impossible to prevent the public interesting itself in the controversy, it became necessary at least that the truth of the matter should be known. Mr. Hume's friends unitedly represented to him all these reasons; the force of which he was at length convinced of; and seeing the necessity, consented, though with reluctance, to the printing of his memorial.

The narrative, and notes, are translated from the English*. The letters of Mr. Rousseau, which serve as authentic proofs of the facts, are exact copies of the originals †.

This

* And are now re-translated, for the most part, from the French; the French editors having taken some liberties, not without Mr. Hume's consent, with the English original. *English translator.*

† In the present edition Mr. Hume's letters are printed *verbatim*; and to Mr. Rousseau's the translator hath

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This pamphlet contains many strange instances of singularity, that will appear extraordinary enough to those who will give themselves the trouble to peruse it. Those who do not chuse to take that trouble, however, may possibly do better; as its contents are of little importance, except to those who are immediately interested.

On the whole, Mr. Hume, in offering to the public the genuine pieces of his *vial* has authorised us to declare, that he *will* never take up the pen again on the subject. Mr. Rousseau indeed may return to the charge; he may produce suppositions, misconstructions, inferences, and new declamations; he may create and realize new phantoms, and envelop them in the clouds of his rhetoric; he will meet with no more contradiction. The facts are all laid before the public*: and Mr. Hume submits his cause to the determination of every man of sense and probity.

both endeavoured to do justice, as well with regard to the sense as the expression. Not that he can flatter himself with having always succeeded in the latter. He has taken the liberty also to add a note or two, regarding some particular circumstances which had come to his knowlege.

* The original letters of both parties will be lodged in the British Museum; on account of the above mentioned defiance of Mr. Rousseau, and his subsequent insinuation that if they should be published, they would be falsified,

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
CONTROVERSY
BETWEEN

Mr. HUME and Mr. ROUSSEAU.

August 1, 1766.

MY connection with Mr. Rousseau began in 1762, when the Parliament of Paris had issued an arret for apprehending him, on account of his *Emilius*. I was at that time at Edinburgh. A person of great worth wrote to me from Paris, that Mr. Rousseau intended to seek an asylum in England, and desired I would do him all the good offices in my power. As I conceived Mr. Rousseau had actually put his design in execution, I wrote to several of my friends in London, recommending this celebrated exile to their favour. I wrote also immediately to Mr. Rousseau himself; assuring

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him

him of my desire to oblige, and readiness to serve him. At the same time, I invited him to come to Edinburgh, if the situation would be agreeable, and offered him a retreat in my own house, so long as he should please to partake of it. There needed no other motive to excite me to this act of humanity than the idea given me of Mr. Rousseau's personal character, by the friend who had recommended him, his well-known genius and abilities, and above all, his misfortunes; the very cause of which was an additional reason to interest me in his favour. The following is the answer I received.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Motiers-Travers, Feb. 19, 1763.

S I R,

I DID not receive till lately, and at this place, the letter you did me the honour to direct to me at London, the 2d of July last, on the supposition that I was then arrived at that capital. I should doubtless have made choice of a retreat in your country, and as near as possible to yourself, if I had foreseen what a reception I was to meet with in my own. No other nation could claim a preference to England. And this

prepossession, for which I have dearly suffered, was at that time too natural not to be very excusable ; but to my great astonishment, as well as that of the public, I have met with nothing but affronts and insults, where I hoped to have found consolation at least, if not gratitude. How many reasons have I not to regret the want of that asylum and philosophical hospitality I should have found with you ! My misfortunes indeed have constantly seemed to lead me in a manner that way. The protection and kindness of my Lord Marshal, your worthy and illustrious countryman, hath brought Scotland home to me, if I may so express myself, in the midst of Switzerland ; he hath made you so often bear a part in our conversation, hath brought me so well acquainted with your virtues, which I before was only with your talents, that he inspired me with the most tender friendship for you, and the most ardent desire of obtaining yours, before I even knew you were disposed to grant it. Judge then of the pleasure I feel, at finding this inclination reciprocal. No, Sir, I should pay your merit but half its due, if it were the subject only of my admiration. Your great impartiality, together with your amazing penetration and genius, would lift you far above the rest of mankind, if you were less attached to them by the goodness

of your heart. My Lord Marshal, in acquainting me that the amiableness of your disposition was still greater than the sublimity of your genius, rendered a correspondence with you every day more desirable, and cherished in me those wishes which he inspired, of ending my days near you. Oh, Sir, that a better state of health, and more convenient circumstances, would but enable me to take such a journey in the manner I could like! Could I but hope to see you and my Lord Marshal one day settled in your own country; which should for ever after be mine; I should be thankful, in such a society, for the very misfortunes that led me into it, and should account the day of its commencement as the first of my life. Would to Heaven I might live to see that happy day, though now more to be desired than expected! With what transports should I not exclaim, on setting foot in that happy country which gave birth to David Hume and the Lord Marshal of Scotland!

Salve, facis mihi debita tellus!

Hæc domus, hæc patria est.

J. J. R.

This letter is not published from a motive of vanity; as will be seen presently, when I give the reader a recantation of all the eulogies it contains; but only to compleat the course

course of our correspondence, and to shew that I have been long since disposed to Mr. Rousseau's service.

From this time our correspondence entirely ceased, till about the middle of last autumn (1765;) when it was renewed by the following accident. A certain lady of Mr. Rousseau's acquaintance, being on a journey to one of the French provinces, bordering on Switzerland, had taken that opportunity of paying a visit to our solitary philosopher, in his retreat at Motiers-Travers. To this lady he complained, that his situation in Newfchatel was become extremely disagreeable, as well on account of the superstition of the people, as the resentment of the clergy; and that he was afraid he should shortly be under the necessity of seeking an asylum elsewhere; in which case, England appeared to him, from the nature of its laws and government, to be the only place to which he could retire with perfect security; adding, that my Lord Marshal, his former protector, had advised him to put himself under my protection (that was the term he was pleased to make use of) and that he would accordingly address himself to me, if he thought it would not be giving me too much trouble.

I was at that time charged with the affairs of England at the court of France;

But as I had the prospect of soon returning to London, I could not reject a proposal made to me under such circumstances, by a man so celebrated for his genius and misfortunes. As soon as I was thus informed, therefore, of the situation and intentions of Mr. Rousseau, I wrote to him, making him an offer of my services; to which he returned the following answer.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Strasbourg, Dec. 4, 1765.

SIR,

YOUR goodness affects me as much as it does me honour. The best reply I can make to your offers is to accept them, which I do. I shall set out in five or six days to throw myself into your arms. Such is the advice of my Lord Marshal, my protector, friend and father; it is the advice also of Madam *** † whose good sense and benevolence serve equally for my direction

† The person here mentioned desired her name might be suppressed. *French Editor.*

As the motive to the suppression of the lady's name can hardly be supposed to extend to this country, the *English translator* takes the liberty to mention the name of the Marchioness de Verdelin.

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and consolation ; in fine, I may say it is the advice of my own heart, which takes a pleasure in being indebted to the most illustrious of my contemporaries, to a man whose goodness surpasses his glory. I sigh after a solitary and free retirement, wherein I might finish my days in peace. If this be procured me by means of your benevolent sollicitude, I shall then enjoy at once the pleasure of the only blessing my heart desires, and also that of being indebted for it to you. I am, Sir, with all my heart, &c.

J. J. R.

Not that I had deferred till this time my endeavours to be useful to Mr. Rousseau. The following letter was communicated to me by Mr. Clairaut, some weeks before his death.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. CLAIRAUT.

Motiers-Travers, March 3, 1765.

S I R,

THE remembrance of your former kindness, induces me to be again importunate. It is to desire you will be so good, for the second time, to be the censor of one of my performances. It is a very paltry rhapsody,

fody, which I compiled many years ago, under the title of *A Musical Dictionary*, and am now obliged to republifh it for fubfiftence. Amidft the torrent of misfortunes that overwhelm me, I am not in a fituation to review the work ; which, I know, is full of overfights and miftakes. If any intereft you may take in the lot of the moft unfortunate of mankind, fhould induce you to beftow a little more attention on his work than on that of another, I fhould be extremely obliged to you, if you would take the trouble to correct fuch errors as you may meet with in the perufal. To point them out, without correcting them, would be doing nothing, for I am abfolutely incapable of paying the leaft attention to fuch a work ; fo that if you would but condefcend to alter, add, retrench, and in fhort ufe it as you would do your own, you would do a very great charity, for which I fhould be extremely thankful. Accept, Sir, my moft humble excufes and falutations.

J. J. R.

It is with reluctance I fay it, but I am compelled to it ; I now know of a certainty that this affectation of extreme poverty and diftrefs was a mere pretence, a petty kind of impofture which Mr. Rouffeau fuccefffully employed to excite the compaffion of the public ;

public; but I was then very far from suspecting any such artifice. I must own, I felt on this occasion an emotion of pity, mixed with indignation, to think a man of letters of such eminent merit, should be reduced, in spite of the simplicity of his manner of living, to such extreme indigence; and that this unhappy state should be rendered more intolerable by sickness, by the approach of old age, and the implacable rage of persecution. I knew that many persons imputed the wretchedness of Mr. Rousseau to his excessive pride, which induced him to refuse the assistance of his friends; but I thought this fault, if it were a fault, was a very respectable one. Too many men of letters have debased their character in stooping so low as to solicit the assistance of persons of wealth or power, unworthy of affording them protection; and I conceived that a noble pride, even though carried to excess, merited some indulgence in a man of genius, who, borne up by a sense of his own superiority and a love of independence, should have braved the storms of fortune and the insults of mankind. I proposed, therefore, to serve Mr. Rousseau in his own way. I desired Mr. Clairaut, accordingly, to give me his letter; which I shewed to several of Mr. Rousseau's friends and patrons in Paris. At the same time, I proposed to them a scheme,

scheme, by which he might be relieved, without suspecting any thing of the matter. This was to engage the bookseller, who was to publish his *dictionary*, to give Mr. Rousseau a greater sum for the copy than he had offered, and to indemnify him by paying him the difference. But this project, which could not be executed without the assistance of Mr. Clairaut, fell to the ground, at the unexpected decease of that learned and respectable academician.

Retaining, however, still the same idea of Mr. Rousseau's excessive poverty, I constantly retained the same inclination to oblige him; and when I was informed of his intention to go to England under my conduct, I formed a scheme much of the same kind with that I could not execute at Paris. I wrote immediately to my friend, Mr. John Stewart, of Buckingham street, that I had an affair to communicate to him of so secret and delicate a nature, that I should not venture even to commit it to paper, but that he might learn the particulars of Mr. Elliot (now Sir Gilbert Elliot) who would soon return from Paris to London. The plan was this, and was really communicated by Mr. Elliot some time after to Mr. Stewart; who was at the same time enjoined to the greatest secrecy.

Mr.

Mr. Stewart was to look out for some honest discreet farmer in his neighbourhood in the country, who might be willing to lodge and board Mr. Rousseau and his Gouvernante, in a very decent and plentiful manner, at a pension which Mr. Stewart might settle at fifty or sixty pounds a year; the farmer engaging to keep such agreement a profound secret, and to receive from Mr. Rousseau only twenty or twenty five pounds a year; I engaging to supply the difference.

It was not long before Mr. Stewart wrote me word he had found a situation which he conceived might be agreeable; on which I desired he would get the apartment furnished in a proper and convenient manner at my expence. But this scheme, in which there could not possibly enter any motive of vanity on my part, secrecy being a necessary condition of its execution, did not take place; other designs presenting themselves more convenient and agreeable. The fact, however, is well known both to Mr. Stewart and Sir Gilbert Elliot.

It will not be improper here to mention another plan concerted with the same intentions. I had accompanied Mr. Rousseau into a very pleasant part of the county of Surry, where he spent two days at Colonel Webb's; Mr. Rousseau seeming to me highly delighted with the natural and solitary beauties

ties of the place. Through the means of Mr. Stewart, therefore, I entered into treaty with Colonel Webb for the purchasing the house, with a little estate adjoining, in order to make a settlement for Mr. Rousseau. If after what has passed, Mr. Rousseau's testimony be of any validity, I may appeal to himself for the truth of what I advance. But be this as it will, these facts are well known to Mr. Stewart, to General Clarke, and in part to Colonel Webb.

But to proceed in my narrative. Mr. Rousseau came to Paris, provided with a passport, which his friends had obtained for him. I conducted him to England. For upwards of two months after our arrival, I employed myself, and my friends, in looking out for some agreeable situation for him. We gave way to all his caprices; excused all his singularities; indulged him in all his humours; in short, neither time nor trouble was spared to procure him what he desired ||;
and,

|| It is probably to this excessive and ill-judged complaisance Mr. H. may in a great degree impute the disagreeable consequences that have followed. There is no end in indulging caprice, nor any prudence in doing it, when it is known to be such. It may be thought humane to indulge the weak of body or mind, the decrepitude of age and imbecility of childhood; but even here it too often proves cruelty to the very parties indulged. How much more inexcusable therefore is it to cherish
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and, notwithstanding he rejected several of the projects which I had laid out for him, yet I thought myself sufficiently recompensed for my trouble, by the gratitude and even affection with which he appeared to repay my solicitude.

At length his present settlement was proposed and approved. Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of family, fortune, and worth, offered him his house at Wooton, in the county of Derby, where he himself seldom resides, and at which Mr. Rousseau and his housekeeper are boarded, at a very moderate expence.

When Mr. Rousseau arrived at Wooton, he wrote me the following letter.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wooton, March 22, 1766.

YOU see already, my dear patron, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived at the place of my destination ; but

the absurdities of whim and singularity in men of genius and abilities? How is it possible to make a man easy or happy in a world, to whose customs and maxims he is determined to run retrograde! No. Capricious men, like froward children, should be left to kick against the pricks, and vent their spleen unnoticed. To humour, is only to spoil them. *English translator.*

you cannot see all the charms which I find in it; to do this, you should be acquainted with the situation, and be able to read my heart. You ought, however, to read at least those of my sentiments with respect to you, and which you have so well deserved. If I live in this agreeable asylum as happy as I hope to do, one of the greatest pleasures of my life will be, to reflect that I owe it to you. To make another happy, is to deserve to be happy one's self. May you therefore find in yourself the reward of all you have done for me! Had I been alone, I might perhaps have met with hospitality, but I should have never relished it so highly as I now do, in owing it to your friendship. Retain still that friendship for me, my dear patron; love me for my sake, who am so much indebted to you; love me for your own, for the good you have done me. I am sensible of the full value of your sincere friendship; it is the object of my ardent wishes; I am ready to repay it with all mine, and feel something in my heart which may one day convince you that it is not without its value. As, for the reasons agreed on between us, I shall receive nothing by the post, you will be pleased, when you have the goodness to write to me, to send your letters to Mr. Davenport. The affair of the carriage is not yet adjusted, because I
 know

know I was imposed on: it is a trifling fault, however, which may be only the effect of an obliging vanity, unless it should happen to be repeated. If you were concerned in it, I would advise you to give up, once for all, these little impositions, which cannot proceed from any good motive, when converted into snares for simplicity. I embrace you, my dear patron, with the same cordiality which I hope to find in you.

J. J. R.

Some few days after, I received from him another letter; of which the following is a copy.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wootton, March 29, 1766.

YOU will see, my dear patron, by the letter Mr. Davenport will have transmitted you, how agreeably I find myself situated in this place. I might, perhaps, be more at my ease if I were less noticed; but the sollicitude of so polite an host as mine is too obliging to give offence; and as there is nothing in life without its inconvenience, that of being too good, is one of those which is the most tolerable. I find a much greater inconvenience in not being able to make the servants understand me,
and

and particularly in my not understanding them. Luckily Mrs. le Vasseur serves me as interpreter, and her fingers speak better than my tongue. There is one advantage however attending my ignorance, which is a kind of compensation; it serves to tire and keep at a distance impertinent visitors. The minister of the parish came to see me yesterday, who, finding that I spoke to him only in French, would not speak to me in English, so that our interview was almost a silent one. I have taken a great fancy to this expedient, and shall make use of it with all my neighbours, if I have any. Nay, should I even learn to speak English, I would converse with them only in French, especially if I were so happy as to find they did not understand a word of that language. An artifice this, much of the same kind with that which the Negroes pretend is practised by the monkeys, who, they say, are capable of speech, but cannot be prevailed upon to talk, lest they should be set to work.

It is not true in any sense, that I agreed to accept of a model from Mr. Goffet as a present. On the contrary, I asked him the price, which he told me was a guinea and half, adding that he intended to present me with it; an offer I did not accept. I desire you therefore to pay him for it, and Mr. Davenport will be so good as repay you the money.

money. And if Mr. Goffet does not consent to be paid for it, it must be returned to him, and purchased by some other hand. It is designed for Mr. du Peyrou, who desired long since to have my portrait, and caused one to be painted in miniature, which is not at all like me. You were more fortunate in this respect than he, but I am sorry that, by your assiduity to serve me, you deprived me of the pleasure of discharging the same friendly obligation with regard to yourself. Be so good, my dear patron, as to order the model to be sent to Messrs. Guinand and Hankey, Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, in order to be transmitted to Mr. du Peyrou by the first safe conveyance. It hath been a frost ever since I have been here: the snow falls daily; and the wind is cutting and severe: notwithstanding all which, I had rather lodge in the hollow trunk of an old tree, in this country, than in the most superb apartment in London. Good day, my dear patron. I embrace you with all my heart.

J. J. R.

Mr. Rousseau and I having agreed not to lay each other under any restraint by a continued correspondence, the only subject of our future letters was the obtaining a pension for him from the king of England; which

was then in agitation; and of which affair the following is a concise and faithful relation.

As we were conversing together one evening at Calais, where we were detained by contrary winds, I asked Mr. Rousseau if he would not accept of a pension from the king of England, in case his majesty should be pleased to grant him one. To this he replied, it was a matter of some difficulty to resolve on; but that he should be entirely directed by the advice of my Lord Marshall. Encouraged by this answer, I no sooner arrived in London, than I addressed myself to his majesty's ministers, and particularly to General Conway, Secretary of State, and General Græme, Secretary and Chamberlain to the queen. Application was accordingly made to their majesties, who with their usual goodness consented, on condition only that the affair should not be made publick. Mr. Rousseau and I both wrote to my Lord Marshall; and Mr. Rousseau expressly observed in his letter, that the circumstance of the affair's being to be kept secret, was very agreeable to him. The consent of my Lord Marshall arrived, as may readily be imagined; soon after which Mr. Rousseau set out for Wooton; while the business remained

some time in suspense, on account of the indisposition of General Conway.

In the mean time, I began to be afraid, from what I had observed of Mr. Rousseau's disposition and character, that his natural restlessness of mind would prevent his enjoyment of that repose, to which the hospitality and security he found in England, invited him. I saw, with infinite regret, that he was born for storms and tumults, and that the disgust which might succeed the peaceful enjoyment of solitude and tranquillity, would soon render him a burthen to himself and every body about him*. But, as I lived at the distance of an hundred and fifty miles from the place of his residence, and was constantly employed in doing him good offices, I did not expect that I myself should be the victim of this unhappy disposition.

* In forming the opinion of Mr. Rousseau's disposition, Mr. Hume was by no means singular: the striking features of Mr. Rousseau's extraordinary character having been strongly marked in the criticisms on his several writings, in the Monthly Review, particularly in the account of his Letters from the mountains, in the appendix to the 31st vol. of that work; where this celebrated genius is described, merely from the general tenour of his writings and the outlines of his publick conduct, to be exactly such a kind of person as Mr. Hume hath discovered him from intimate and personal acquaintance. *English translator.*

It is necessary to introduce here a letter, which was written last winter, at Paris, in the name of the king of Prussia.

My dear JOHN JAMES,

YOU have renounced Geneva, your native soil. You have been driven from Switzerland, a country of which you have made such boast in your writings. In France you are outlawed: come then to me. I admire your talents, and amuse myself with your reveries; on which however, by the way, you bestow too much time and attention. It is high time to grow prudent and happy; you have made yourself sufficiently talked of for singularities little becoming a truly great man: show your enemies that you have sometimes common sense: this will vex them without hurting you. My dominions afford you a peaceful retreat: I am desirous to do you good, and will do it, if you can but think it such. But if you are determined to refuse my assistance, you may expect that I shall say not a word about it to any one. If you persist in perplexing your brains to find out new misfortunes, chuse such as you like best; I am a king and can make you as miserable as you can wish; at the same time, I will engage to do that which your enemies never will, I
will

will cease to persecute you, when you are no longer vain of persecution.

Your sincere friend,

F R E D E R I C.

This letter was written by Mr. Horace Walpole, about three weeks before I left Paris; but though we lodged in the same hotel, and were often together, Mr. Walpole, out of regard to me, carefully concealed this piece of pleasantry till after my departure. He then shewed it to some friends, who took copies; and those of course presently multiplied: so that this little piece had been spread with rapidity all over Europe, and was in every body's hands when I saw it, for the first time, in London.

I believe every one will allow, who knows any thing of the liberty of this country, that such a piece of raillery could not, even by the utmost influence of kings, lords and commons, by all the authority ecclesiastical, civil and military, be kept from finding its way to the press. It was accordingly published in the St. James's Chronicle, and a few days after I was very much surprized to find the following piece in the same paper.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to the AUTHOR
of the St. James's Chronicle.

Wooton, April 7, 1766.

SIR,

YOU have been wanting in that respect which every private person owes to crowned heads, in publickly ascribing to the king of Prussia, a letter full of baseness and extravagance; by which circumstance alone you might be very well assured he could not be the author. You have even dared to subscribe his name, as if you had seen him write it with his own hand. I inform you, Sir, that this letter was fabricated at Paris, and, what rends and afflicts my heart, that the impostor hath his accomplices in England.

In justice to the king of Prussia, to truth, and to myself, you ought therefore to print the letter I am now writing, and to which I set my name; by way of reparation for a fault, which you would undoubtedly reproach yourself for, if you knew of what atrociousness you have been made the instrument. Sir, I make you my sincere salutations.

J. J. R.

I was sorry to see Mr. Rousseau display such an excess of sensibility, on account of so simple and unavoidable an incident; as the publication of this pretended letter from the King of Prussia. But I should have accused myself of a most black and malevolent disposition, if I had imagined Mr. Rousseau could have suspected me to have been the editor of it; or that he had intentionally directed his resentment against me. He now informs me, however, that this was really the case. Just eight days before, I had received a letter, written in the most amicable terms imaginable *. I am, surely, the last man in the world, who, in common sense ought to be suspected; yet, without even the pretence of the smallest proof or probability, I am, of a sudden, the first man not only suspected, but certainly concluded to be the publisher; I am, without further enquiry or explication, intentionally insulted in a public paper; I am, from the dearest friend, converted into a treacherous and malignant enemy; and all my present and past services are at one stroke very artfully cancelled. Were it not ridiculous to employ reasoning on such a subject, and with such a man, I might ask Mr. Rousseau, “ Why I am supposed to have any malig-

* That of the 29th of March.

nity against him?" My actions, in a hundred instances, had sufficiently demonstrated the contrary; and it is not usual for favours conferred to beget ill-will in the person who confers them. But supposing I had secretly entertained an animosity towards him, would I run the risk of a discovery, by so silly a vengeance, and by sending this piece to the press, when I knew, from the usual avidity of the news-writers to find articles of intelligence, that it must necessarily in a few days be laid hold of?

But not imagining that I was the object of so black and ridiculous a suspicion, I pursued my usual train, by serving my friend in the least doubtful manner. I renewed my applications to General Conway, as soon as the state of that gentleman's health permitted it; the General applies again to his Majesty: his Majesty's consent is renewed: the Marquis of Rockingham, first commissioner of the Treasury, is also applied to: the whole affair is happily finished; and full of joy, I conveyed the intelligence to my friend. On which Mr. Conway soon after received the following letter.

Mr,

Mr. ROUSSEAU to General CONWAY.

May 12, 1766.

S I R,

AFFECTED with a most lively sense of the favour his Majesty hath honoured me with, and with that of your goodness, which procured it me; it affords me the most pleasing sensation to reflect, that the best of Kings, and the Minister most worthy of his confidence, are pleased to interest themselves in my fortune. This, Sir, is an advantage of which I am justly tenacious, and which I will never deserve to lose. But it is necessary I should speak to you with that frankness you admire. After the many misfortunes that have befallen me, I thought myself armed against all possible events: there have happened to me some, however, which I did not foresee; and which indeed an ingenuous mind ought not to have foreseen: hence it is that they affect me by so much the more severely. The trouble in which they involve me, indeed, deprives me of the ease and presence of mind necessary to direct my conduct: all I can reasonably do, under so distressed a situation, is to suspend my resolutions about every affair of such importance as is that in agitation. So far

from refusing the beneficence of the King from pride, as is imputed to me, I am proud of acknowledging it, and am only sorry I cannot do it more publicly. But when I actually receive it, I would be able to give up myself entirely to those sentiments which it would naturally inspire, and to have an heart replete with gratitude for his Majesty's goodness, and yours. I am not at all afraid this manner of thinking will make any alteration in yours towards me. Deign, therefore, Sir, to preserve that goodness for me; till a more happy opportunity; when you will be satisfied that I defer taking the advantage of it, only to render myself more worthy of it. I beg of you, Sir, to accept of my most humble and respectful salutations.

J. J. R.

This letter appeared both to General Conway and to me a plain refusal, as long as the article of secrecy was insisted on; but as I knew that Mr. Rousseau had been acquainted with that condition from the beginning, I was the less surprized at his silence towards me. I thought, that my friend, conscious of having treated me ill in this affair, was ashamed to write to me; and having prevailed on General Conway to keep the matter still open, I wrote a very friendly letter
to

to Mr. Rousseau, exhorting him to return to his former way of thinking, and to accept of the pension.

As to the deep distress which he mentions to General Conway, and which, he says, deprives him even of the use of his reason, I was set very much at ease on that head, by receiving a letter from Mr. Davenport; who told me, that his guest was at that very time extremely happy, easy, chearful, and even sociable. I saw plainly, in this event, the usual infirmity of my friend, who wishes to interest the world in his favour, by passing for sickly, and persecuted, and distressed, and unfortunate, beyond all measure, even while he is the most happy and contented. His pretences of an extreme sensibility had been too frequently repeated, to have any effect on a man who was so well acquainted with them.

I waited three weeks in vain for an answer: I thought this a little strange, and I even wrote so to Mr. Davenport; but having to do with a very odd sort of a man, and still accounting for his silence, by supposing him ashamed to write to me, I was resolved not to be discouraged, nor to lose the opportunity of doing him an essential service, on account of a vain ceremonial. I accordingly renewed my applications to the Ministers, and was so happy as to be enabled to write
the

the following letter to Mr. Rousseau, the only one of so old a date of which I have a copy.

Mr. HUME to Mr. ROUSSEAU.

Liste-street, Leicester-fields, 19 June, 1766.

AS I have not received any answer from you, I conclude, that you persevere in the same resolution of refusing all marks of his Majesty's goodness, as long as they must remain a secret. I have therefore applied to General Conway to have this condition removed; and I was so fortunate as to obtain his promise that he would speak to the King for that purpose. It will only be requisite, said he, that we know previously from Mr. Rousseau, whether he would accept of a pension publicly granted him, that his Majesty may not be exposed to a second refusal. He gave me authority to write to you on that subject; and I beg to hear your resolution as soon as possible. If you give your consent, which I earnestly intreat you to do, I know, that I could depend on the good offices of the Duke of Richmond, to second General Conway's application; so that I have no doubt of success. I am, my Dear Sir,

Yours, with great sincerity,

D. H.

In five days I received the following answer.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wooton, June 23, 1766.

I Imagined, Sir, that my silence, truly interpreted by your own conscience, had said enough; but since you have some design in not understanding me, I shall speak. You have but ill disguised yourself. I know you, and you are not ignorant of it. Before we had any personal connections, quarrels, or disputes; while we knew each other only by literary reputation, you affectionately made me the offer of the good offices of yourself and friends. Affected by this generosity, I threw myself into your arms; you brought me to England, apparently to procure me an asylum, but in fact to bring me to dishonour. You applied to this noble work, with a zeal worthy of your heart, and a success worthy of your abilities. You needed not have taken so much pains: you live and converse with the world; I with myself in solitude. The public love to be deceived, and you were formed to deceive them. I know one man, however, whom you can not deceive; I mean yourself. You know with what horror my heart rejected the
first

first suspicion of your designs. You know I embraced you with tears in my eyes, and told you, if you were not the best of men, you must be the blackest of mankind. In reflecting on your private conduct, you must say to yourself sometimes, you are not the best of men: under which conviction, I doubt much if ever you will be the happiest.

I leave your friends and you to carry on your schemes as you please; giving up to you, without regret, my reputation during life; certain that sooner or later justice will be done to that of both. As to your good offices in matters of interest, which you have made use of as a mask, I thank you for them, and shall dispense with profiting by them. I ought not to hold a correspondence with you any longer, or to accept of it to my advantage in any affair in which you are to be the mediator. Adieu, Sir, I wish you the truest happiness; but as we ought not to have any thing to say to each other for the future, this is the last letter you will receive from me.

J. J. R.

To this I immediately sent the following reply.

Mr. HUME to Mr. ROUSSEAU.

June 26, 1766.

AS I am conscious of having ever acted towards you the most friendly part, of having always given the most tender, the most active proofs of sincere affection; you may judge of my extreme surprize on perusing your epistle. Such violent accusations, confined altogether to generals, it is as impossible to answer, as it is impossible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, must not remain on that footing. I shall charitably suppose, that some infamous calumniator has belied me to you. But in that case, it is your duty, and I am persuaded it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him, and of justifying myself; which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars of which I am accused. You say, that I myself know that I have been false to you; but I say it loudly, and will say it to the whole world, that I know the contrary, that I know my friendship towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted, and that though instances of it have been very generally remarked both in France and England, the smallest part of it only has as yet come to the knowlege
of

of the public. I demand, that you will produce me the man who will assert the contrary; and above all, I demand, that he will mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you. You owe this to me; you owe it to yourself; you owe it to truth, and honour, and justice, and to every thing that can be deemed sacred among men. As an innocent man; I will not say, as your friend; I will not say, as your benefactor; but, I repeat it, as an innocent man, I claim the privilege of proving my innocence, and of refuting any scandalous lie which may have been invented against me. Mr. Davenport, to whom I have sent a copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, I am confident, will second my demand, and will tell you, that nothing possibly can be more equitable. Happily I have preserved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wooton; and you there express in the strongest terms, indeed in terms too strong, your satisfaction in my poor endeavours to serve you: the little epistolary intercourse which afterwards passed between us, has been all employed on my side to the most friendly purposes. Tell me, what has since given you offence? Tell me of what I am accused. Tell me the man who accuses me. Even after you have fulfilled all these conditions, to my satisfaction, and to
 that

that of Mr. Davenport, you will have great difficulty to justify the employing such outrageous terms towards a man, with whom you have been so intimately connected, and whom, on many accounts, you ought to have treated with some regard and decency.

Mr. Davenport knows the whole transaction about your pension, because I thought it necessary that the person who had undertaken your settlement, should be fully acquainted with your circumstances; lest he should be tempted to perform towards you concealed acts of generosity, which, if they accidentally came to your knowledge, might give you some grounds of offence. I am,
Sir,

D. H.

Mr. Davenport's authority procured me, in three weeks, the following enormous letter; which however has this advantage, that it confirms all the material circumstances of the foregoing narrative. I have subjoined a few notes relative to some facts which Mr. Rousseau hath not truly represented, and leave my readers to judge which of us deserves the greatest confidence.

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Mr.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wooton, July 10, 1766.

S I R,

I AM indisposed, and little in a situation to write; but you require an explanation, and it must be given you: it was your own fault you had it not long since; but you did not desire it, and I was therefore silent: at present you do, and I have sent it. It will be a long one, for which I am very sorry; but I have much to say, and would put an end to the subject at once.

As I live retired from the world, I am ignorant of what passes in it. I have no party, no associates, no intrigues; I am told nothing, and I know only what I feel. But as care hath been taken to make me severely feel; that I well know. The first concern of those who engage in bad designs is to secure themselves from legal proofs of detection: it would not be very adviseable to seek a remedy against them at law. The innate conviction of the heart admits of another kind of proof, which influences the sentiments of honest men. You well know the basis of mine.

You ask me, with great confidence, to name your accuser. That accuser, Sir, is

the only man in the world whose testimony I should admit against you ; it is yourself. I shall give myself up without fear or reserve to the natural frankness of my disposition ; being an enemy to every kind of artifice, I shall speak with the same freedom as if you were an indifferent person, on whom I placed all that confidence which I no longer have in you. I will give you an history of the emotions of my heart, and of what produced them ; while, speaking of Mr. Hume in the third person, I shall make yourself the judge of what I ought to think of him. Notwithstanding the length of my letter, I shall pursue no other order than that of my ideas, beginning with the premises, and ending with the demonstration.

I quitted Switzerland, wearied out by the barbarous treatment I had undergone ; but which affected only my personal security, while my honour was safe. I was going, as my heart directed me, to join my Lord Marshal ; when I received at Strasburg a most affectionate invitation from Mr. Hume, to go over with him to England ; where he promised me the most agreeable reception, and more tranquillity than I have met with. I hesitated some time between my old friend and my new one ; in this I was wrong. I preferred the latter, and in this was still more so. But the desire of visiting in person a ce-

lebrated nation, of which I had heard both so much good and so much ill, prevailed. Assured I could not lose George Keith, I was flattered with the acquisition of David Hume. His great merit, extraordinary abilities, and established probity of character, made me desirous of annexing his friendship to that with which I was honoured by his illustrious countryman. Besides, I gloried not a little in setting an example to men of letters, in a sincere union between two men so different in their principles.

Before I had received an invitation from the King of Prussia, and my Lord Marshal, undetermined about the place of my retreat, I had desired, and obtained by the interest of my friends, a passport from the Court of France. I made use of this, and went to Paris to join Mr. Hume. He saw, and perhaps saw too much of, the favourable reception I met with from a great Prince, and I will venture to say, of the public. I yielded, as it was my duty, though with reluctance, to that eclat; concluding how far it must excite the envy of my enemies. At the same time, I saw with pleasure the regard which the public entertained for Mr. Hume, sensibly increasing throughout Paris, on account of the good work he had undertaken with respect to me. Doubtless he was affected

fected too; but I know not if it was in the same manner as I was.

We set out with one of my friends, who came to England almost entirely on my account. When we were landed at Dover, transported with the thoughts of having set foot in this land of liberty, under the conduct of so celebrated a person, I threw my arms round his neck, and pressed him to my heart, without speaking a syllable; bathing his cheeks, as I kissed them, with tears sufficiently expressive. This was not the only, nor the most remarkable instance I have given him of the effusions of an heart full of sensibility. I know not what he does with the recollection of them, when that happens; but I have a notion they must be sometimes troublesome to him.

At our arrival in London, we were mightily caressed and entertained: all ranks of people eagerly pressing to give me marks of their benevolence and esteem. Mr. Hume presented me politely to every body; and it was natural for me to ascribe to him, as I did, the best part of my good reception. My heart was full of him. I spoke in his praise to every one, I wrote to the same purpose to all my friends; my attachment to him gathering every day new strength, while his appeared the most affectionate to me; of which he frequently gave me instances that touched me extremely. That of causing my

portrait to be painted, however, was not of the number. This seemed to me to carry with it too much the affectation of popularity, and had an air of ostentation which by no means pleased me. All this, however, might have been easily excusable, had Mr. Hume been a man apt to throw away his money, or had a gallery of pictures with the portraits of his friends. After all, I freely confess, that, on this head, I may be in the wrong*.

But what appears to me an act of friendship and generosity the most undoubted and estimable, in a word, the most worthy of Mr. Hume, was the care he took to solicit for me, of his own accord, a pension from the King; to which most assuredly I had no right to aspire. As I was a witness to the zeal he exerted in that affair, I was greatly affected with it. Nothing could flatter me more than a piece of service of that nature; not merely for the sake of interest; for, too much at-

* The fact was this. My friend, Mr. Ramsay, a painter of eminence, and a man of merit, proposed to draw Mr. Rousseau's picture; and when he had begun it, told me he intended to make me a present of it. Thus the design of having Mr. Rousseau's picture drawn did not come from me, nor did it cost me any thing. Mr. Rousseau, therefore, is equally contemptible in paying me a compliment for this pretended gallantry, in his letter of the 29th of March, and in converting it into ridicule here.

Mr. HUME.

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tached, perhaps, to what I actually possess, I am not capable of desiring what I have not, and as I am able to subsist on my labour and the assistance of my friends, I covet nothing more. But the honour of receiving testimonies of the goodness, I will not say of so great a monarch, but of so good a father, so good a husband, so good a master, so good a friend, and above all, so worthy a man, was sensibly affecting: and when I considered farther, that the minister who had obtained for me this favour, was a living instance of that probity which of all others is the most important to mankind, and at the same time hardly ever met with in the only character wherein it can be useful, I could not check the emotions of my pride, at having for my benefactors three men, who of all the world I could most desire to have my friends. Thus, so far from refusing the pension offered me, I only made one condition necessary for my acceptance; this was the consent of a person, whom I could not, without neglecting my duty, fail to consult.

Being honoured with the civilities of all the world, I endeavoured to make a proper return. In the mean time, my bad state of health, and being accustomed to live in the country, made my residence in town very disagreeable. Immediately country houses presented themselves in plenty; I had my

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choice

choice of all the counties of England. Mr. Hume took the trouble to receive these proposals, and to represent them to me; accompanying me to two or three in the neighbouring counties. I hesitated a good while in my choice, and he increased the difficulty of determination. At length, I fixed on this place, and immediately Mr. Hume settled the affair; all difficulties vanished, and I departed; arriving presently at this solitary, convenient, and agreeable habitation; where the owner of the house provides every thing, and nothing is wanting. I became tranquil, independant; and this seemed to be the wished for moment, when all my misfortunes should have an end. On the contrary, it was now they began; misfortunes more cruel than any I had yet experienced.

Hitherto I have spoken in the fulness of my heart, and to do justice, with the greatest pleasure, to the good offices of Mr. Hume. Would to Heaven that what remains for me to say were of the same nature! It would never give me pain to speak what would redound to his honour; nor is it proper to set a value on benefits till one is accused of ingratitude; which is the case at present. I will venture to make one observation, therefore, which renders it necessary. In estimating the services of Mr. Hume, by the time and the pains they took him up, they were

were of an infinite value, and that still more from the good-will displayed in their performance; but for the actual service they were of to me, it was much more in appearance than reality. I did not come over to beg my bread in England; I brought the means of subsistence with me. I came merely to seek an asylum in a country which is open to every stranger without distinction. I was, besides, not so totally unknown as that, if I had arrived alone, I should have wanted either assistance or service. If some persons have sought my acquaintance for the sake of Mr. Hume, others have sought it for my own. Thus when Mr. Davenport, for example, was so kind as to offer my present retreat, it was not for the sake of Mr. Hume, whom he did not know, and whom he saw only in order to desire him to make me his obliging proposal. So that when Mr. Hume endeavours to alienate from me this worthy man, he takes that from me which he did not give me*. All the good that hath been done me, would have been done me nearly the same without him, and perhaps better; but the evil would not have been done me at all: for

* Mr. Rousseau forms a wrong judgment of me, and ought to know me better. I have written to Mr. Davenport, even since our rupture, to engage him to continue his kindness to his unhappy guest.

Mr. HUME.

why

why should I have enemies in England? Why are those enemies all the friends of Mr. Hume? Who could have excited their enmity against me? It certainly was not I; who knew nothing of them, nor ever saw them in my life: I should not have had a single enemy had I come to England alone*.

I have hitherto dwelt upon public and notorious facts; which from their own nature, and my acknowledgment, have made the greatest eclat. Those which are to follow are particular and secret, at least in their cause, and all possible measures have been taken to keep the knowledge of them from the public; but as they are well known to the person interested, they will not have the less influence toward his own conviction.

A very short time after our arrival in London, I observed an absurd change in the minds of the people regarding me, which soon became very apparent. Before I arrived

* How strange are the effects of a disordered imagination! Mr. Rousseau tells us he is ignorant of what passes in the world, and yet talks of the enemies he has in England. How does he know this? Where did he see them? He hath received nothing but marks of beneficence and hospitality. Mr. Walpole is the only person who hath thrown out a little piece of raillery against him; but is not therefore his enemy. If Mr. Rousseau could have seen things exactly as they are, he would have seen that he had no other friend in England but me, and no other enemy but himself. Mr. HUME.

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in England, there was not a nation in Europe in which I had a greater reputation, I will venture to say, was held in greater estimation. The public papers were full of encomiums on me, and a general outcry prevailed on my persecutors*. This was the case at my arrival, which was published in the news papers with triumph; England prided itself in affording me refuge, and justly gloried on that occasion in its laws and government: when, all of a sudden, without the least assignable cause, the tone was changed; and that so speedily and totally, that of all the caprices of the public, never

* That a general outcry should prevail against Mr. Rousseau's persecutors in England is no wonder: such an outcry would have prevailed from sentiments of humanity, had he been a person of much less note; so that this is no proof of his being esteemed: and as to the encomiums on him inserted in the public news papers, the value of such kind of puffs is well known in England. I have already observed that the authors of more respectable works were at no loss what to think of Mr. Rousseau; but had formed a proper judgment of him long before his arrival in England. The genius which displayed itself in his writings, did, by no means, blind the eyes of the more sensible part of mankind to the absurdity and inconsistency of his opinions and conduct. In exclaiming against Mr. Rousseau's fanatical persecutors, they did not think him the more possessed of the true spirit of martyrdom. The general opinion indeed, was, that he had too much philosophy to be very devout, and had too much devotion to have much philosophy.

English translator.

was

was known any thing more surprizing. The signal was given in a certain *Magazine*, equally full of follies and falshoods, in which the author, being well informed, or pretending to be so, gives me out for the son of a musician. From this time *, I was constantly spoken of in print in a very equivocal or slighting manner. Every thing that had been published concerning my misfortunes was misrepresented, altered, or placed in a wrong light, and always as much as possible to my disadvantage. So far was any body from speaking of the reception I met with at Paris, and which had made but too much noise, it was not generally supposed that I durst have appeared in that city; even one of Mr. Hume's friends being very much surprized when I told him I came through it.

Accustomed as I had been too much to the inconstancy of the public, to be affected by this instance of it, I could not help being astonished, however, at a change, so very

* Mr. Rousseau knows very little of the public judgment in England, if he thinks it is to be influenced by any story told in a certain *Magazine*. But, as I have before said, it was not from this time that Mr. Rousseau was slightingly spoke of, but long before; and that in a more consequential manner. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Rousseau ought in justice to impute great part of those civilities he met with on his arrival, rather to vanity and curiosity than to respect and esteem.

English translator.

sudden

sudden and general, that not one of those who had so much praised me in my absence, appeared, now I was present, to think even of my existence. I thought it something very odd that, immediately after the return of Mr. Hume, who had so much credit in London, with so much influence over the booksellers and men of letters, and such great connections with them, his presence should produce an effect so contrary to what might have been expected; that among so many writers of every kind, not one of his friends should shew himself to be mine; while it was easy to be seen, that those who spoke of him were not his enemies, since, in noticing his public character, they reported that I had come through France under his protection, and by favour of a passport which he had obtained of the court; nay, they almost went so far as to insinuate, that I came over in his retinue, and at his expence. All this was of little signification, and was only singular; but what was much more so, was, that his friends changed their tone with me as much as the public. I shall always take a pleasure in saying that they were still equally solicitous to serve me, and that they exerted themselves greatly in my favour; but so far were they from shewing me the same respect, particularly the gentleman at whose house we alighted
on

on our arrival, that he accompanied all his actions with discourse so rude, and sometimes so insulting, that one would have thought he had taken an occasion to oblige me, merely to have a right to express his contempt*. His brother, who was at first very polite and obliging, altered his behaviour with so little reserve, that he would hardly deign to speak a single word to me even in their own house, in return to a civil salutation, or to pay any of those civilities which are usually paid in like circumstances to strangers. Nothing new had happened, however, except the arrival of J. J. Rousseau and David Hume: and certainly the cause of these alterations did not come from me, unless indeed too great a portion of simplicity, discretion, and modesty, be the cause of offence in England. As to Mr. Hume, he was so far from assuming such a disgusting tone, that he gave into the other extreme. I have always looked upon flat-

* This relates to my friend Mr. John Stewart, who entertained Mr. Rousseau at his house, and did him all the good offices in his power. Mr. Rousseau, in complaining of this gentleman's behaviour, forgets that he wrote Mr. Stewart a letter from Wooton, full of acknowledgements, and just expressions of gratitude. What Mr. Rousseau adds, regarding the brother of Mr. Stewart, is neither civil nor true.

Mr. HUME.

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terers with an eye of suspicion : and he was so full of all kinds † of flattery, that he even obliged me, when I could bear it no longer ‡, to tell him my sentiments on that head. His behaviour was such as to render few words necessary, yet I could have wished he had substituted, in the room of such gross encomiums, sometimes the language of a friend ; but I never found any thing in his, which favoured of true friendship, not even in his manner of speaking of me to others in my presence. One would have thought that, in endeavouring to procure me patrons, he strove to deprive me of their good-will ; that he sought rather to have me assisted than loved ; and I have been sometimes surprized at the rude turn he

† I shall mention only one, that made me smile ; this was, his attention to have, every time I came to see him, a volume of *Eloisa* upon his table ; as if I did not know enough of Mr. Hume's taste for reading, as to be well assured, that of all books in the world, *Eloisa* must be one of the most tiresome to him.

Mr. ROUSSEAU.

‡ The reader may judge from the two first letters of Mr. Rousseau, which I published with that view, on which side the flatteries commenced. As for the rest, I loved and esteemed Mr. Rousseau, and took a pleasure in giving him to understand so. I might perhaps be too lavish in my praises ; but I can assure the reader he never once complained of it.

Mr. HUME.

hath

hath given to my behaviour before people who might not unreasonably have taken offence at it. I shall give an example of what I mean. Mr. Pennick of the Museum, a friend of my Lord Marshal's, and minister of a parish where I was solicited to reside, came to see me. Mr. Hume made my excuses, while I myself was present, for not having paid him a visit. Doctor Matty, said he, invited us on Thursday to the Museum, where Mr. Rousseau should have seen you; but he chose rather to go with Mrs. Garrick to the play: we could not do both the same day*. You will confess, Sir, this was a strange method of recommending me to Mr. Pennick.

I know not what Mr. Hume might say in private of me to his acquaintance, but nothing was more extraordinary than their behaviour to me, even by his own confession, and even often through his own means. Although my purse was not empty, and I needed not that of any other person; which he very well knew; yet any one would have thought I was come over to subsist on the

* I don't recollect a single circumstance of this history; but what makes me give very little credit to it, is, that I remember very well we had settled two different days for the purposes mentioned, that is, one to go to the Museum, and another to the play.

MR. HUME.

charity of the public, and that nothing more was to be done than to give me alms in such a manner as to save me a little confusion †. I must own, this constant and insolent piece of affectation was one of those things which made me averse to reside in London. This certainly was not the footing on which any man should have been introduced in England, had there been a design of procuring him ever so little respect. This display of charity, however, may admit of a more favourable interpretation, and I consent it should. To proceed.

At Paris was published a fictitious letter from the King of Prussia, addressed to me, and replete with the most cruel malignity. I learned with surprize that it was one Mr. Walpole, a friend of Mr. Hume's, who was the editor; I asked him if it were true; in answer to which question, he only asked me, of whom I had the information. A moment before he had given me a card for this same Mr. Walpole, written to engage him

† I conceive Mr. Rousseau hints here at two or three dinners, that were sent him from the house of Mr. Steward, when he chose to dine at his own lodgings; this was not done, however, to save him the expence of a meal, but because there was no convenient tavern or chop-house in the neighbourhood. I beg the reader's pardon for descending to such trivial particulars.

Mr. HUME.

to bring over such papers as related to me from Paris, and which I wanted to have by a safe hand.

I was informed that the son of that quack * Tronchin, my most mortal enemy, was not only the friend of Mr. Hume, and under his protection, but that they both lodged in the same house together; and when Mr. Hume found that I knew it, he imparted it in confidence; assuring me at the same time, that the son was by no means like the father. I lodged a few nights myself, together with my governante, in the same house; and by the air and manner with which we were received by the landladies, who are his friends, I judged in what manner either Mr. Hume, or that man, who, as he said, was by no means like his father, must have spoken to them both of her and me †.

All

* We have not been authorized to suppress this affronting term; but it is too gross and groundless to do any injury to the celebrated and respectable physician to whose name it is annexed.

FRENCH EDITORS.

† Thus am I accused of treachery, because I am a friend of Mr. Walpole, who hath thrown out a little raillery on Mr. Rousseau; and because the son of a man whom Mr. Rousseau does not like, lodges by accident in the same house; because my landladies, who do not understand a syllable of French, received Mr. Rousseau coldly. As to the rest, all that I said to Mr. Rousseau

All these facts put together, added to a certain appearance of things on the whole, insensibly gave me an uneasiness, which I rejected with horror. In the mean time, I found the letters I wrote did not come to hand; those I received had often been opened; and all went through the hands of Mr. Hume †. If at any time any one escaped

seau about the young Tronchin was, that he had not the same prejudices against him as his father. Mr. HUME.

† The story of Mr. Rousseau's letters is as follows. He had often been complaining to me, and with reason, that he was ruined by postage at Neuf-chatel, which commonly cost him 25 or 26 louis d'ors a year; and all for letters which were of no significance, being wrote, some of them by people who took that opportunity of abusing him, and most of them by persons unknown to him: he was therefore resolved, he said, in England to receive no letters which came by the post; and the same resolution he re-iterates in his letter to me dated the 22d of March. When he went to Chiswick; near London, the post-man brought his letters to me. I carried him out a cargo of them: he exclaimed, desired me to return the letters, and recover the price of postage: I told him, that in that case, the clerks of the post-office were entire masters of his letters: he said, he was indifferent; they might do with them what they pleased. I added, that he would by that means be cut off from all correspondence with all his friends: he replied; that he would give a particular direction to such as he desired to correspond with. But till his instructions for that purpose could arrive, what could I do more friendly, than to save, at my own expence, his letters from the curiosity and indiscretion of the clerks of the post-office? I am indeed ashamed to find myself obliged to discover such petty circumstances.

Mr. HUME.

him, he could not conceal his eagerness to see it. One evening in particular I remember a very remarkable circumstance of this kind, that greatly struck me †. As we were sitting one evening, after supper, silent by the fire-side, I caught his eyes intently fixed on mine, as indeed happened very

† It is necessary to explain this circumstance. I had been writing on Mr. Hume's table, during his absence, an answer to a letter I had just received. He came in, very curious to know what I had been writing, and hardly able to contain himself from desiring to read it. I closed my letter, however, without shewing it him; when, as I was putting it into my pocket, he asked me for it eagerly, saying, he would send it away on the morrow, being post-day. The letter lay on the table. Lord Newnham came in. Mr. Hume went out of the room for a moment; on which I took the letter up again, saying I should find time to send it the next day. Lord Newnham offered to get it inclosed in the French ambassador's packet; which I accepted. Mr. Hume re-entered the moment his lordship had inclosed it, and was pulling out his seal. Mr. Hume officiously offered his own seal, and that with so much earnestness, that it could not well be refused. The bell was rung, and Lord Newnham gave the letter to Mr. Hume's servant, to give it his own, who waited below with the chariot, in order to have it sent to the ambassador. Mr. Hume's servant was hardly got out of the room, but I said to myself, I'll lay a wager the master follows. He did not fail to do as I expected. Not knowing how to leave Lord Newnham alone, I staid some time, before I followed Mr. Hume. I said nothing; but he must perceive that I was uneasy. Thus, although I have received no answer to my letter, I doubt not of its going to hand; but I confess, I cannot help suspecting it was read first.

Mr. ROUSSEAU.

often ; and that in a manner of which it is very difficult to give an idea ; at that time he gave me a stedfast, piercing look, mixed with a sneer, which greatly disturbed me. To get rid of the embarrassment I lay under, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn ; but, in fixing my eyes against his, I felt the most inexpressible terror, and was obliged soon to turn them away. The speech and physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man ; but where, great God ! did this good man borrow those eyes he fixes so sternly and unaccountably on those of his friends !

The impression of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneasiness. My trouble increased even to a degree of fainting ; and if I had not been relieved by an effusion of tears, I had been suffocated. Presently after this I was seized with the most violent remorse ; I even despised myself ; till at length, in a transport, which I still remember with delight, I sprang on his neck, embraced him eagerly ; while almost choked with sobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, *No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous ; if he be not the best of men, he must be the basest of mankind.* David Hume politely returned my embraces, and gently tapping me on the back, repeated several times, in a good-natured and easy

tone, *Why, what my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh! my dear Sir!* He said nothing more. I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I set out the next day for the country.

Arrived at this agreeable asylum, to which I have travelled so far in search of repose, I ought to find it in a retired, convenient, and pleasant habitation; the master of which, a man of understanding and worth, spares for nothing to render it agreeable to me. But what repose can be tasted in life, when the heart is agitated? Afflicted with the most cruel uncertainty, and ignorant what to think of a man whom I ought to love and esteem, I endeavoured to get rid of that fatal doubt, in placing confidence in my benefactor. For, wherefore, from what unaccountable caprice should he display so much apparent zeal for my happiness, and at the same time entertain secret designs against my honour. Among the several observations that disturbed me, each fact was in itself of no great moment; it was their concurrence that was surprizing; yet I thought, perhaps, that Mr. Hume, informed of other facts, of which I was ignorant, could have given me a satisfactory solution of them, had we come to an explanation. The only thing that was inexplicable, was, that he refused to come to such

an explanation; which both his honour and his friendship rendered equally necessary. I saw very well there was something in the affair which I did not comprehend, and which I earnestly wished to know. Before I came to an absolute determination, therefore, with regard to him, I was desirous of making another effort, and to try to recover him, if he had permitted himself to be seduced by my enemies, or, in short to prevail on him to explain himself one way or other. Accordingly I wrote him a letter, which he ought to have found very natural *, if he were guilty; but very extraordinary, if he were innocent. For what could be more extraordinary than a letter full of gratitude for his services, and at the same time, of distrust of his sentiments; and in which, placing in a manner his actions on one side, and his sentiments on the other, instead of speaking of the proofs of friendship he had given me, I desired him to love me, for the good he had done me †? I did not take the precaution to pre-

* It appears from what he wrote to me afterwards, that he was very well satisfied with this letter, and that he thought of it very well. Mr. ROUSSEAU.

† My answer to this is contained in Mr. Rousseau's own letter of the 22d of March; wherein he expresses himself with the utmost cordiality, without any reserve, and without the least appearance of suspicion.

Mr. HUME.

serve a copy of this letter; but as he hath done it, let him produce it: and whoever shall read it, and see therein a man labouring under a secret trouble, which he is desirous of expressing, and is afraid to do it, will, I am persuaded, be curious to know what kind of eclaircissement it produced, especially after the preceeding scene. None. Absolutely none at all. Mr. Hume contented himself, in his answer, with only speaking of the obliging offices Mr. Davenport proposed to do for me. As for the rest, he said not a word of the principal subject of my letter, nor of the situation of my heart, of whose distress he could not be ignorant. I was more struck with this silence, than I had been with his phlegm during our last conversation. In this I was wrong; this silence was very natural after the other, and was no more than I ought to have expected. For when one hath ventured to declare to a man's face, *I am tempted to believe you a traitor*, and he hath not the curiosity to ask you *for what* *, it may be depended on he will never have any such curiosity as long as he lives; and it is easy to judge of him from these slight indications.

After the receipt of his letter, which was long delayed, I determined at length to write

* All this hangs upon the fable he had so artfully worked up, as I before observed. Mr. HUME.

to him no more. Soon after, every thing served to confirm me in the resolution to break off all farther correspondence with him. Curious to the last degree concerning the minutest circumstance of my affairs, he was not content to learn them of me, in our frequent conversations; but, as I learned, never let slip an opportunity of being alone with my governante †, to interrogate her even importunately concerning my occupations, my resources, my friends, acquaintances, their names, situations, place of abode, and all this after setting out with telling her he was well acquainted with the whole of my connections; nay, with the most jesuitical address, he would ask the same questions of us separately. One ought undoubtedly to interest one's self in the affairs of a friend; but one ought to be satisfied with what he thinks proper to let us know of them, particularly when people are so frank and ingenuous as I am. Indeed all this petty inquisitiveness is very little becoming a philosopher.

About the same time I received two other letters which had been opened. The one from Mr. Boswell, the seal of which was so

† I had only one such opportunity with his governante, which was on their arrival in London. I must own it never entered into my head to talk to her upon any other subject than the concerns of Mr. Rousseau.

Mr. HUME.

loose

loose and disfigured, that Mr. Davenport, when he received it, remarked the same to Mr. Hume's servant. The other was from Mr. d'Ivernois, in Mr. Hume's packet, and which had been sealed up again by means of a hot iron, which, awkwardly applied, had burnt the paper round the impresson. On this, I wrote to Mr. Davenport to desire him to take charge of all the letters which might be sent for me, and to trust none of them in any body's hands, under any pretext whatever. I know not whether Mr. Davenport, who certainly was far from thinking that precaution was to be observed with regard to Mr. Hume, showed him my letter or not; but this I know, that the latter had all the reason in the world to think he had forfeited my confidence, and that he proceeded nevertheless in his usual manner, without troubling himself about the recovery of it.

But what was to become of me, when I saw, in the public papers, the pretended letter of the King of Prussia, which I had never before seen, that fictitious letter, printed in French and English, given for genuine, even with the signature of the King, and in which I knew the pen of Mr. d'Alembert as certainly as if I had seen him write it * ?

* See Mr. d'Alembert's declaration on this head, annexed to this narrative,

In a moment a ray of light discovered to me the secret cause of that touching and sudden change, which I had observed in the public respecting me; and I saw the plot which was put in execution at London, had been laid in Paris.

Mr. d'Alembert, another intimate friend of Mr. Hume's, had been long since my secret enemy, and lay in watch for opportunities to injure me without exposing himself. He was the only person, among the men of letters, of my old acquaintance, who did not come to see me †, or send their civilities during my last passage through Paris. I knew his secret disposition, but I gave myself very little trouble about it, contenting myself with advising my friends of it occasionally. I remember that being asked about him one day by Mr. Hume, who afterwards asked my governante the same question, I told him that Mr. d'Alembert was a cunning, artful man. He contradicted me with a warmth that surprized me; not then knowing they stood so well with each other, and that it was his own cause he defended.

† Mr. Rousseau declares himself to have been fatigued with the visits he received; ought he therefore to complain that Mr. d'Alembert, whom he did not like, did not importune him with his? Mr. HUME.

The

The perusal of the letter above mentioned alarmed me a good deal, when, perceiving that I had been brought over to England in consequence of a project which began to be put in execution, but of the end of which I was ignorant, I felt the danger without knowing what to guard against, or on whom to rely. I then recollected four terrifying words Mr. Hume had made use of, and of which I shall speak hereafter. What could be thought of a paper in which my misfortunes were imputed to me as a crime, which tended, in the midst of my distress, to deprive me of all compassion, and, to render its effects still more cruel, pretended to have been written by a Prince who had afforded me protection? What could I divine would be the consequence of such a beginning? The people in England read the public papers, and are in no wise prepossessed in favour of foreigners. Even a coat, cut in a different fashion from their own, is sufficient to excite a prejudice against them. What then had not a poor stranger to expect in his rural walks, the only pleasures of his life, when the good people in the neighbourhood were once thoroughly persuaded he was fond of being persecuted and pelted? Doubtless they would be ready enough to contribute to his favourite amusement. But my concern, my profound and cruel concern, the bitterest indeed

deed I ever felt, did not arise from the danger to which I was personally exposed. I had braved too many others to be much moved with that. The treachery of a false friend * to which I had fallen a prey, was the circumstance that filled my too susceptible heart with deadly sorrow. In the impetuosity of its first emotions, of which I never yet was master, and of which my enemies have artfully taken the advantage, I wrote several letters full of disorder, in which I did not disguise either my anxiety or indignation.

I have, Sir, so many things to mention, that I forget half of them by the way. For instance, a certain narrative in form of a letter, concerning my manner of living at Montmorency, was given by the booksellers to Mr. Hume, who shewed it me. I agreed to its being printed, and Mr. Hume undertook the care of its edition; but it never appeared. Again, I had brought over with me a copy of the letters of Mr. du Peyrou, containing a relation of the treatment I had met

* This *false friend*, is, undoubtedly, myself. But what is the treachery? What harm have I done, or could I do to Mr. Rousseau? On the supposition of my entering into a project to ruin him, how could I think to bring it about by the services I did him? If Mr. Rousseau should gain credit, I must be thought still more weak than wicked. Mr. HUME.

with

with at Neufchatel. I gave them into the hands of the same bookseller to have them translated and reprinted. Mr. Hume charged himself with the care of them; but they never appeared †. The supposititious letter of the King of Prussia, and its translation, had no sooner made their appearance, than I immediately comprehended why the other pieces had been suppressed ‡, and I wrote as much to the booksellers ||. I wrote several other

† The booksellers have lately informed me that the edition is finished, and will shortly be published. This may be; but it is too late, and what is still worse, it is too opportune for the purpose intended to be served.

Mr. ROUSSEAU.

‡ It is about four months since Mr. Becket, the bookseller, told Mr. Rousseau that the publication of these pieces was delayed on account of the indisposition of the translator. As for any thing else, I never promised to take any charge at all of the edition, as Mr. Becket can testify. Mr. HUME.

|| As to Mr. Rousseau's suspicions of the cause of the *suppression*, as he calls it, of the Narrative and Letters above mentioned, the translator thinks it incumbent on him to affirm, they were entirely groundless. It is true, as Mr. Becket told Mr. Hume, that the translator of the letters was indisposed about that time. But the principal cause of the delay was, that he was of his own mere motion, no less indisposed to those pieces making their appearance in English at * all; and this not out of ill

* For, so far were the booksellers from intending to *suppress* these pieces, that they actually reprinted the French edition of Peyrou's letters, and published it in London.

other letters also, which probably were handed about London ; till at length I employed the credit of a man of quality and merit, to insert a declaration of the imposture in the public papers. In this declaration, I concealed no part of my extreme concern ; nor did I in the least disguise the cause.

Hitherto Mr. Hume seems to have walked in darkness. You will soon see him appear

ill will to Mr. Rousseau, or good will to Mr. Hume, neither of which he ever saw, or spoke to, in his life ; but really out of regard to the character and reputation of a man, whose genius he admired, and whose works he had translated : well knowing the publication of such squabbles could do Mr. Rousseau no good in the opinion of the more judicious and sensible part of mankind. With regard to the translation of the Narrative of his manner of living at Montmorency, I never saw it till it was actually printed ; when Mr. Becket put it into my hands, and I frankly told him that I thought it a very unseasonable, puerile affair, and could by no means serve to advance Mr. Rousseau's estimation in the eyes of the public. It was certainly of great importance to the good people of England, to know how Mr. Rousseau amused himself 7 or 8 years ago at Montmorency, that he cooked his own broth, and did not leave it to the management of his nurse, for fear she should have a better dinner than himself ! Yet this is one of the most remarkable circumstances contained in that narrative, except indeed that we are told, Mr. Rousseau is a most passionate admirer of virtue, and that his eyes always sparkle at the bare mention of that word — O Virtue ! how greatly is thy name prostituted ! And how fair, from the teeth outward, are thy nominal votaries !

English translator.

in open day, and act without disguise. Nothing more is necessary, in our behaviour toward cunning people, than to act ingenuously; sooner or later they will infallibly betray themselves.

When this pretended letter from the King of Prussia was first published in London, Mr. Hume, who certainly knew that it was fictitious, as I had told him so, yet said nothing of the matter, did not write to me, but was totally silent; and did not even think of making any declaration of the truth, in favour of his absent friend*. It answered his purpose better to let the report take its course, as he did.

Mr. Hume having been my conductor into England, he was of course in a manner my patron and protector. If it were but natural in him to undertake my defence, it was no less so that, when I had a public protestation to make, I should have addressed myself to him. Having already ceased writing to him †, however, I had no mind to renew our correspondence. I addressed myself therefore to another person. The first

* No body could possibly be mistaken with regard to the letter's being fictitious; besides it was well known that Mr. Walpole was the author of it. MR. HUME.

† Mr. Rousseau forgets himself here. It was but a week before that he wrote me a very friendly letter. See his letter of the 29th of March. MR. HUME.

slap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

In saying the letter was fabricated at Paris, it was of very little consequence to me whether it was understood particularly of Mr. d'Alembert, or of Mr. Walpole, whose name he borrowed on the occasion. But in adding that, what afflicted and tore my heart was, the impostor had got his accomplices in England; I expressed myself very clearly to their friend, who was in London, and was desirous of passing for mine. For certainly he was the only person in England, whose hatred could afflict and rend my heart. This was the second slap of the face I gave my patron. He did not feel, however, yet.

On the contrary, he maliciously pretended that my affliction arose solely from the publication of the above letter, in order to make me pass for a man who was excessively affected by satire. Whether I am vain or not, certain it is I was mortally afflicted; he knew it, and yet wrote me not a word. This affectionate friend, who had so much at heart the filling of my purse, gave himself no trouble to think my heart was bleeding with sorrow.

Another piece appeared soon after, in the same papers, by the author of the former, and still if possible more cruel; in which the writer could not disguise his rage at the recep-

tion I met with at Paris *. This however did not affect me ; it told me nothing new. Mere libels may take their course without giving me any emotion ; and the inconstant public may amuse themselves as long as they please with the subject. It is not an affair of conspirators, who, bent on the destruction of my honest fame, are determined by some means or other to effect it. It was necessary to change the battery.

The affair of the pension was not determined. It was not difficult, however, for Mr. Hume to obtain, from the humanity of the minister, and the generosity of the King, the favour of its determination. He was required to inform me of it, which he did. This, I must confess, was one of the critical moments of my life. How much did it cost me to do my duty ! My preceding engagements, the necessity of shewing a due respect for the goodness of the King, and for that of his minister, together with the desire of displaying how far I was sensible of both ; add to these the advantage of being made a little more easy in circumstances in the decline of life, surrounded as I was by enemies and evils ; in fine, the embarrassment I was under to find a decent excuse for not accept-

* I know nothing of this pretended libel.

Mr. HUME.

ing a benefit already half accepted; all these together made the necessity of that refusal very difficult and cruel: for necessary it was, or I should have been one of the meanest and basest of mankind to have voluntarily laid myself under an obligation to a man who had betrayed me.

I did my duty, though not without reluctance. I wrote immediately to General Conway, and in the most civil and respectful manner possible, without giving an absolute refusal, excusing myself from accepting the pension for the present.

Now, Mr. Hume had been the only negotiator of this affair, nay the only person who had spoke of it. Yet I not only did not give him any answer, though it was he who wrote to me on the subject, but did not even so much as mention him in my letter to General Conway. This was the third slap of the face I gave my patron; which if he does not feel, it is certainly his own fault, he can feel nothing.

My letter was not clear, nor could it be so to General Conway, who did not know the motives of my refusal; but it was very plain to Mr. Hume, who knew them but too well. He pretended nevertheless to be deceived as well with regard to the cause of my discontent, as to that of my declining the pension; and, in a letter he wrote me on the occasion,

gave me to understand that the king's goodness might be continued towards me, if I should reconsider the affair of the pension. In a word he seemed determined, at all events, to remain still my patron, in spite of my teeth. You will imagine, Sir, he did not expect my answer; and he had none. Much about this time, for I do not know exactly the date, nor is such precision necessary, appeared a letter, from Mr. de Voltaire to me, with an English translation, which still improved on the original. The noble object of this ingenious performance, was to draw on me the hatred and contempt of the people, among whom I was come to reside. I made not the least doubt that my dear patron was one of the instruments of its publication; particularly when I saw that the writer, in endeavouring to alienate from me those who might render my life agreeable, had omitted the name of him who brought me over. He doubtless knew that it was superfluous, and that with regard to him, nothing more was necessary to be said. The omission of his name, so impolitically forgot in this letter, recalled to my mind what Tacitus says of the picture of Brutus, omitted in a funeral solemnity, viz. that every body took notice of it, particularly because it was not there.

Mr. Hume was not mentioned; but he lives and converses with people that are mentioned.

tioned. It is well known his friends are all my enemies ; there are abroad such people as Tronchin, d'Alembert, and Voltaire * ; but it is much worse in London ; for here I have no enemies but what are his friends. For why, indeed, should I have any other ! Why should I have even them † ? What have I done to Lord Littleton ‡, whom I don't

* I have never been so happy as to meet with Mr. de Voltaire ; he only did me the honour to write me a letter about three years ago. As to Mr. Tronchin, I never saw him in my life, nor ever had any correspondence with him. Of Mr. d'Alembert's friendship, indeed, I am proud to make a boast.

Mr. HUME.

† Why indeed ? except that sensible people in England are averse to affectation and quackery. Those who see and despise these most in Mr. Rousseau, are not, however, his *enemies* ; perhaps, if he could be brought to think so, they are his best and truest friends.

English translator.

‡ Mr. Rousseau, seeing the letter addressed to him in the name of Voltaire advertised in the public papers, wrote to Mr. Davenport, who was then in London, to desire he would bring it him. I told Mr. Davenport that the printed copy was very faulty, but that I would ask of Lord Littleton a manuscript copy, which was correct. This is sufficient to make Mr. Rousseau conclude that Lord Littleton is his mortal enemy, and my intimate friend ; and that we are in a conspiracy against him. He ought rather to have concluded that the printed copy could not come from me.

Mr. HUME.

The piece above mentioned was shewn to the *Translator* before its publication, and many absurd liberties

don't even know? What have I done to Mr. Walpole, whom I know full as little? What do they know of me, except that I am unhappy, and a friend to their friend Hume? What can he have said to them, for it is only through him they know any thing of me? I can very well imagine that, considering the part he has to play, he does not unmask himself to every body; for then he would be disguised to no body. I can very well imagine, that he does not speak of me to General Conway and the Duke of Richmond, as he does in his private conversations with Mr. Walpole, and his secret correspondence with Mr. d'Alembert; but let any one discover the clue that hath been unravelled since my arrival in London, and it will easily be seen whether Mr. Hume does not hold the principal thread.

At length the moment arrived in which it was thought proper to strike the great blow; the effect of which was prepared for, by a fresh, satirical piece, put in the papers*.

Had

taken with the original pointed out and censured. At which time there did not appear, from the parties concerned in it, that Mr. Hume could have had the least hand in, or could have known any thing of the edition.

English translator.

* I have never seen this piece, neither before nor after its publication; nor has it come to the knowledge of any body to whom I have spoken of it.

Mr. HUME.

The

Had there remained in me the least doubt, it would have been impossible to have harboured it after perusing this piece ; as it contained facts unknown to any body but Mr. Hume ; exaggerated, it is true, in order to render them odious to the public.

It is said, in this paper, that my door was opened to the rich, and shut to the poor. Pray who knows when my door was open or shut, except Mr. Hume, with whom I lived, and by whom every body was introduced that I saw ? I will except one great personage, whom I gladly received without knowing him, and whom I should still have more gladly received if I had known him. It was Mr. Hume who told me his name, when he was gone ; on which information, I was really chagrined that, as he deigned to mount up two pair of stairs, he was not received in the first floor. As to the poor, I have nothing to say about the matter. I was constantly desirous of seeing less company ; but as I was unwilling to displease any one, I suffered myself to be directed in this affair altogether by Mr. Hume, and endeavoured to receive every body he introduced

The *translator*, who has been attentive to every thing that has come out from, or about Mr. Rousseau, knows also nothing of this piece. Why did not Mr. Rousseau mention particularly in what paper, and when it appeared ?

English translator.

as well as I could, without distinction, whether rich or poor. It is said in the same piece, that I received my relations very coldly, *not to say any thing worse*. This general charge relates to my having once received with some indifference the only relation I have, out of Geneva, and that in the presence of Mr. Hume *. It must necessarily be either Mr. Hume or this relation who furnished that piece of intelligence. Now, my cousin, whom I have always known for a friendly relation, and a worthy man, is incapable of furnishing materials for public satires against me. Add to this, that his situation in life confining him to the conversation of persons in trade, he has no connection with men of letters, or paragraph-writers, and still less with satirists and libellers. So that the article could not come from him. At the worst, can I help imagining that Mr. Hume must have endeavoured to take advantage of what he said, and construed it in favour of his own purpose? It is not improper to add, that after my rupture with Mr. Hume, I wrote an account of it to my cousin.

* I was not present when Mr. Rousseau received his cousin: I only just saw them afterwards together for about a minute on the terrace in Buckingham-street.

Mr. HUME.

In

In fine, it is said in the same paper, that I am apt to change my friends. No great subtlety is necessary to comprehend what this reflection is preparative to.

But let us distinguish facts. I have preserved some very valuable and solid friends for twenty-five to thirty years. I have others whose friendship is of a later date, but no less valuable, and which if I live, I may preserve still longer. I have not found, indeed, the same security in general among those friendships I have made with men of letters. I have for this reason sometimes changed them, and shall always change them, when they appear suspicious; for I am determined never to have friends by way of ceremony; I have them only with a view to shew them my affection.

If ever I was fully and clearly convinced of any thing, I am so convinced that Mr. Hume furnished the materials for the above paper.

But what is still more, I have not only that absolute conviction, but it is very clear to me that Mr. Hume intended I should: For how can it be supposed that a man of his subtlety should be so imprudent as to expose himself thus, if he had not intended it? What was his design in it? Nothing is more clear than this. It was to raise my resentment to the highest pitch, that he
might

might strike the blow he was preparing to give me with greater eclat. He knew he had nothing more to do than to put me in a passion, and I should be guilty of a number of absurdities. We are now arrived at the critical moment which is to shew whether he reasoned well or ill.

It is necessary to have all the presence of mind, all the phlegm and resolution of Mr. Hume, to be able to take the part he hath taken, after all that has passed between us. In the embarrassment I was under, in writing to General Conway, I could make use only of obscure expressions; to which Mr. Hume, in quality of my friend, gave what interpretation he pleased. Supposing therefore, for he knew very well to the contrary, that it was the circumstance of secrecy which gave me uneasiness, he obtained the promise of the General to endeavour to remove it: but before any thing was done, it was previously necessary to know whether I would accept of the pension without that condition, in order not to expose his Majesty to a second refusal.

This was the decisive moment, the end and object of all his labours. An answer was required; he would have it. To prevent effectually indeed my neglect of it, he sent to Mr. Davenport a duplicate of his letter to me; and, not content with this pre-

precaution, wrote me word, in another billet, that he could not possibly stay any longer in London to serve me. I was giddy with amazement, on reading this note. Never in my life did I meet with any thing so unaccountable.

At length he obtained from me the so much desired answer, and began presently to triumph. In writing to Mr. Davenport, he treated me as a monster of brutality and ingratitude. But he wanted to do still more. He thinks his measures well taken; no proof can be made to appear against him. He demands an explanation; he shall have it, and here it is.

That last stroke was a master-piece. He himself proves every thing, and that beyond reply.

I will suppose, though by way of impossibility, that my complaints against Mr. Hume never reached his ears; that he knew nothing of them; but was as perfectly ignorant as if he had held no cabal with those who are acquainted with them, but had resided all the while in China *. Yet the behaviour passing directly between us; the

* How was it possible for me to guess at such chimerical suspicions? Mr. Davenport, the only person of my acquaintance who then saw Mr. Rousseau, assures me, that he was perfectly ignorant of them himself.

Mr. HUME.

last

last striking words, which I said to him in London; the letter which followed replete with fears and anxiety; my persevering silence still more expressive than words; my public and bitter complaints with regard to the letter of Mr. d'Alembert; my letter to the Secretary of State, who did not write to me, in answer to that which Mr. Hume wrote to me himself, and in which I did not mention him; and in fine my refusal, without deigning to address myself to him, to acquiesce in an affair which he had managed in my favour, with my own privity, and without any opposition on my part: all this must have spoken in a very forcible manner, I will not say to any person of the least sensibility, but to every man of common sense.

Strange that, after I had ceased to correspond with him for three months, when I had made no answer to any one of his letters, however important the subject of it, surrounded with both public and private marks of that affliction which his infidelity gave me; a man of so enlightened an understanding, of so penetrating a genius by nature, and so dull by design, should see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, be moved at nothing; but, without one word of complaint, justification, or explanation, continue to give me the most pressing marks of his good will to serve me; in spite of myself! He wrote to
me

me affectionately, that he could not stay any longer in London to do me service, as if we had agreed that he should stay there for that purpose! This blindness, this insensibility, this perseverance, are not in nature; they must be accounted for, therefore, from other motives. Let us set this behaviour in a still clearer light; for this is the decisive point.

Mr. Hume must necessarily have acted in this affair, either as one of the first or last of mankind. There is no medium. It remains to determine which of the two it hath been.

Could Mr. Hume, after so many instances of disdain on my part, have still the astonishing generosity as to persevere sincerely to serve me? He knew it was impossible for me to accept his good offices, so long as I entertained for him such sentiments as I had conceived. He had himself avoided an explanation. So that to serve me without justifying himself, would have been to render his services useless; this therefore was no generosity. If he supposed that in such circumstances I should have accepted his services, he must have supposed me to have been an infamous scoundrel. It was then in behalf of a man whom he supposed to be a scoundrel, that he so warmly solicited a pension from his Majesty. Can any thing be supposed more extravagant?

But

But let it be supposed that Mr. Hume, constantly pursuing his plan, should only have said to himself, This is the moment for its execution; for, by pressing Rousseau to accept the pension, he will be reduced either to accept or refuse it. If he accepts it, with the proofs I have in hand against him, I shall be able compleatly to disgrace him: if he refuses, after having accepted it, he will have no pretext, but must give a reason for such refusal. This is what I expect; if he accuses me he is ruined.

If, I say, Mr. Hume reasoned with himself in this manner, he did what was consistent with his plan, and in that case very natural; indeed this is the only way in which his conduct in this affair can be explained, for upon any other supposition it is inexplicable: if this be not demonstrable, nothing ever was so. The critical situation to which he had now reduced me, recalled strongly to my mind the four words I mentioned above; and which I heard him say and repeat, at a time when I did not comprehend their full force. It was the first night after our departure from Paris. We slept in the same chamber, when, during the night, I heard him several times cry out with great vehemence, in the French language, *Je tiens J. J. Rousseau.* [I have you, Rousseau.]
I know

I know not whether he was awake or asleep*.

The expression was remarkable, coming from a man who is too well acquainted with the French language, to be mistaken with regard to the force or choice of words. I took those words however, and I could not then take them otherwise than in a favourable sense: notwithstanding the tone of voice in which they were spoken, was still less favourable than the expression. It is indeed impossible for me to give any idea of it; but it corresponds exactly with those terrible looks I have before mentioned. At every repetition of them I was seized with a shuddering, a kind of horror I could not resist; though a moment's recollection restored me, and made me smile at my terror. The next day all this was so perfectly obliterated, that I did not even once think of it during my stay in London, and its neighbourhood. It was not till my arrival in this place, that so many things have contributed to recall these words to mind; and indeed recall them every moment.

* I cannot answer for every thing I may say in my sleep, and much less am I conscious whether or not I dream in French. But pray, as Mr. Rousseau did not know whether I was asleep or awake, when I pronounced those terrible words, with such a terrible voice, how is he certain that he himself was well awake when he heard them?

Mr. HUME.

These

These words, the tone of which dwells on my heart, as if I had but just heard them; those long and fatal looks so frequently cast on me; the patting me on the back, with the repetition of *O, my dear Sir*, in answer to my suspicions of his being a traitor: all this affects me to such a degree, after what preceded, that this recollection, had I no other, would be sufficient to prevent any reconciliation or return of confidence between us; not a night indeed passes over my head, but I think I hear, *Roussseau, I have you*, ring in my ears as if he had just pronounced them.

Yes, Mr. Hume, I know you *have me*; but that only by mere externals: you have me in the public opinion and judgment of mankind. You have my reputation, and perhaps my security, to do with as you will. The general prepossession is in your favour; it will be very easy for you to make me pass for the monster you have begun to represent me; and I already see the barbarous exultation of my implacable enemies. The public will no longer spare me. Without any farther examination, every body is on the side of those who have conferred favours; because each is desirous to attract the same good offices, by displaying a sensibility of the obligation. I foresee readily the consequences of all this, particularly in the country to
 4 which

consequence, however, is, that I should end as I have begun ; that I should continue to preserve my ingenuouſness and integrity to the end, whatever may happen ; and that I should have no cause to reproach myself either with meanness in adversity, or insolence in prosperity. Whatever disgrace attends, or misfortune threatens me, I am ready to meet them. Though I am to be pitied, I am much less so than you, and all the revenge I shall take on you, is, to leave you the tormenting consciousness of being obliged, in spite of yourself, to have a respect for the unfortunate person you have oppressed.

In closing this letter, I am surprized at my having been able to write it. If it were possible to die with grief, every line was sufficient to kill me with sorrow. Every circumstance of the affair is equally incomprehensible. Such conduct as yours hath been, is not in nature : it is contradictory to itself, and yet it is demonstrable to me that it has been such as I conceive. On each side of me there is a bottomless abyss ! and I am lost in one or the other.

If you are guilty, I am the most unfortunate of mankind ; if you are innocent, I am the most culpable *. You even make

* And does it depend on an *if*, after all Mr. R's positive conviction, and absolute demonstrations? *English trans.*

me desire to be that contemptible object. Yes, the situation to which you see me reduced, prostrate at your feet, crying out for mercy, and doing every thing to obtain it; publishing aloud my own unworthiness, and paying the most explicit homage to your virtues, would be a state of joy and cordial effusion, after the grievous state of restraint and mortification into which you have plunged me. I have but a word more to say. If you are guilty, write to me no more; it would be superfluous, for certainly you could not deceive me. If you are innocent, justify yourself. I know my duty, I love, and shall always love it, however difficult and severe. There is no state of abjection that a heart, not formed for it, may not recover from. Once again, I say, if you are innocent, deign to justify yourself; if you are not, adieu for ever.

J. J. R.

I hesitated some time whether I should make any reply to this strange memorial. At length I determined to write to Mr. Rousseau the following letter.

G 2

Mr.

Mr. HUME to Mr. ROUSSEAU.

Lisle-street, Leicester-fields, July 22, 1766.

S I R,

I SHALL only answer one article of your long letter : it is that which regards the conversation between us the evening before your departure. Mr. Davenport had imagined a good natured artifice, to make you believe that a retour chaise had offered for Wooton ; and I believe he made an advertisement be put in the papers, in order the better to deceive you. His purpose only was to save you some expences in the journey, which I thought a laudable project ; though I had no hand either in contriving or conducting it. You entertained, however, suspicions of his design, while we were sitting alone by my fire-side ; and you reproached me with concurring in it. I endeavoured to pacify you, and to divert the discourse ; but to no purpose. You sat sullen, and was either silent, or made me very peevish answers. At last you rose up, and took a turn or two about the room ; when all of a sudden, and to my great surprise, you clapped yourself on my knee, threw your arms about my neck, kissed me with seeming ardour,

I

and

and bedewed my face with tears. You exclaimed, " My dear friend, can you ever
 " pardon this folly ! After all the pains you
 " have taken to serve me, after the num-
 " berless instances of friendship you have
 " given me, here I reward you with this ill
 " humour and fullness. But your for-
 " giveness of me will be a new instance of
 " your friendship ; and I hope you will find
 " at bottom, that my heart is not unwor-
 " thy of it."

I was very much affected, I own ; and, I believe, there passed a very tender scene between us. You added, by way of compliment, that though I had many better titles to recommend me to posterity, yet perhaps my uncommon attachment and friendship to a poor unhappy persecuted man, would not altogether be overlooked.

This incident, Sir, was somewhat remarkable ; and it is impossible that either you or I could so soon have forgot it. But you have had the assurance to tell me the story twice in a manner so different, or rather so opposite, that when I persist, as I do, in this account, it necessarily follows, that either you or I are a liar. You imagine, perhaps, that because the incident passed privately without a witness, the question will lie between the credibility of your assertion and of mine. But you shall not have this advantage or disad-

vantage, which ever you are pleased to term it. I shall produce against you other proofs, which will put the matter beyond controversy.

First, You are not aware, that I have a letter under your hand, which is totally irreconcilable with your account, and confirms mine*.

Secondly, I told the story the next day, or the day after, to Mr. Davenport, with a friendly view of preventing any such good natured artifices for the future. He surely remembers it.

Thirdly, As I thought the story much to your honour, I told it to several of my friends here. I even wrote it to Mde. de Boufflers at Paris. I believe no one will imagine, that I was preparing before-hand an apology, in case of a rupture with you; which, of all human events, I should then have thought the most incredible, especially as we were separated almost for ever, and I still continued to render you the most essential services.

Fourthly, The story, as I tell it, is consistent and rational: there is not common sense in your account. What! because

* That of the 22d of March, which is entirely cordial; and proves that Mr. Rousseau had never, till that moment, entertained, or at least discovered, the smallest suspicion against me. There is also in the same letter, a peevish passage about the hire of a chaise.

Mr. HUME.

sometimes,

sometimes, when absent in thought, I have a fixed look or stare, you suspect me to be a traitor, and you have the assurance to tell me of such black and ridiculous suspicions! Are not most studious men (and many of them more than I) subject to such reveries or fits of absence, without being exposed to such suspicions? You do not even pretend that, before you left London, you had any other solid grounds of suspicion against me.

I shall enter into no detail with regard to your letter: the other articles of it are as much without foundation as you yourself know this to be. I shall only add, in general, that I enjoyed about a month ago an uncommon pleasure, when I reflected, that through many difficulties, and by most assiduous care and pains, I had, beyond my most sanguine expectations, provided for your repose, honour and fortune. But I soon felt a very sensible uneasiness when I found that you had wantonly and voluntarily thrown away all these advantages, and was become the declared enemy of your own repose, fortune, and honour: I cannot be surprized after this that you are my enemy. Adieu, and for ever. I am, Sir, yours,

D. H.

To all these papers, I need only subjoin the following letter of Mr. Walpole to me,

G 4

which

which proves how ignorant and innocent I am of the whole matter of the King of Prussia's letter.

Mr. WALPOLE to Mr. HUME.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1766.

I CANNOT be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter, but I do assure you, with the utmost truth, that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you staid there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me; thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account: I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what any body thinks of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he
is

is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,

H. W.

Thus I have given a narrative, as concise as possible, of this extraordinary affair, which I am told has very much attracted the attention of the public, and which contains more unexpected incidents than any other in which I was ever engaged. The persons to whom I have shown the original papers which authenticate the whole, have differed very much in their opinion, as well of the use I ought to make of them as of Mr. Rousseau's present sentiments and state of mind. Some of them have maintained, that he is altogether insincere in his quarrel with me, and his opinion of my guilt, and that the whole proceeds from that excessive pride which forms the basis of his character, and which leads him both to seek the eclat of refusing the King of England's bounty, and to shake off the intolerable burthen of an obligation to me, by every sacrifice of honour, truth, and friendship, as well as of interest. They
found

found their sentiments on the absurdity of that first supposition on which he grounds his anger, viz. that Mr. Walpole's letter, which he knew had been every where dispersed both in Paris and London, was given to the press by me; and as this supposition is contrary to common sense on the one hand, and not supported even by the pretence of the slightest probability on the other, they conclude, that it never had any weight even with the person himself who lays hold of it. They confirm their sentiments by the number of fictions and lies, which he employs to justify his anger; fictions with regard to points, in which it is impossible for him to be mistaken. They also remark his real cheerfulness and gaiety, amidst the deep melancholy with which he pretended to be oppressed. Not to mention the absurd reasoning which runs through the whole, and on which it is impossible for any man to rest his conviction; and though a very important interest is here abandoned, yet money is not universally the chief object with mankind; vanity weighs farther with some men, particularly with this philosopher; and the very ostentation of refusing a pension from the King of England, an ostentation which, with regard to other Princes, he has often sought, might be of itself a sufficient motive for his present conduct.

There

There are others of my friends, who regard this whole affair in a more compassionate light, and consider Mr. Rousseau as an object rather of pity than of anger. They suppose the same domineering pride and ingratitude to be the basis of his character; but they are also willing to believe, that his brain has received a sensible shock, and that his judgment, set afloat, is carried to every side, as it is pushed by the current of his humours and of his passions. The absurdity of his belief is no proof of its insincerity. He imagines himself the sole important being in the universe: he fancies all mankind to be in a combination against him: his greatest benefactor, as hurting him most, is the chief object of his animosity: and though he supports all his whimsies by lies and fictions, this is so frequent a case with wicked men, who are in that middle state between sober reason and total frenzy, that it needs give no surprize to any body.

I own that I am much inclined to this latter opinion; though, at the same time, I question whether, in any period of his life, Mr. Rousseau was ever more in his senses than he is at present. The former brilliancy of his genius, and his great talents for writing, are no proof of the contrary. It is an old remark, that great wits are near allied to madness; and even in those frantic
 letters

letters which he has wrote to me, there are evidently strong traces of his wonted genius and eloquence. He has frequently told me, that he was composing his memoirs, in which justice should be done to his own character, to that of his friends, and to that of his enemies; and as Mr. Davenport informs me that since his retreat into the country, he has been much employed in writing, I have reason to conclude that he is at present finishing that undertaking. Nothing could be more unexpected to me than my passing so suddenly from the class of his friends to that of his enemies; but this transition being made, I must expect to be treated accordingly; and I own that this reflection gave me some anxiety *. A work of this nature, both from the celebrity of the person, and the strokes of eloquence interspersed, would certainly attract the attention of the world; and it might be published either after my death, or after that of the author. In the former case, there would be no body who could tell the story, or justify my memory. In the latter, my apology, wrote in opposition to a dead per-

* In his letter of the 22d of March, he flatters me indirectly with the figure I am to make in his Memoirs; in that of the 23d of June, he threatens me. These are proofs how much he is in earnest.

son, would lose a great deal of its authenticity. For this reason, I have at present collected the whole story into one Narrative, that I may show it to my friends, and at any time have it in my power to make whatever use of it they and I should think proper. I am, and always have been, such a lover of peace, that nothing but necessity, or very forcible reasons, could have obliged me to give it to the public.

Perdidi beneficium. Numquid quæ consecravimus perdidisse nos dicimus? Inter consecrata beneficium est; etiamsi male respondit, benè collocatum. Non est ille qualem speravimus; simus nos quales fuimus, ei dissimiles.

Seneca de beneficiis, lib. vii. cap. 19.

DECLARATION of Mr. D'ALEMBERT,
relating to Mr. Walpole's Letter.

Addressed to the French Editors.

IT is with the greatest surprize I learn, from Mr. Hume, that Mr. Rousseau accuses me of being the author of the ironical letter addressed to him, in the public papers, under the name of the King of Prussia. Every body knows, both at Paris and London, that such letter was written by Mr. Walpole; nor does he disown it. He acknowledges only that he was a little assisted in regard to the stile, by a person he does not name, and whom perhaps he ought to name. As to my part, on whom the public suspicions have fallen in this affair, I am not at all acquainted with Mr. Walpole: I don't even believe I ever spoke to him; having only happened to meet once occasionally on a visit.—I have not only had not the least to do, either directly or indirectly, with the letter in question, but could mention above an hundred persons, among the friends as well as enemies of Mr. Rousseau, who have heard me greatly disapprove of it; because, as I said, we ought not to ridicule the unfortunate, especially when they do us no harm.

harm. Besides, my respect for the King of Prussia, and the acknowledgments I owe him, might, I should have thought, have persuaded Mr. Rousseau, that I should not have taken such a liberty with the name of that prince, even tho' in pleasantry.

To this I shall add, that I never was an enemy to Mr. Rousseau, either open or secret, as he pretends; and I defy him to produce the least proof of my having endeavoured to injure him in any shape whatever. I can prove to the contrary, by the most respectable witnesses, that I have always endeavoured to oblige him, whenever it lay in my power.

As to my pretended *secret correspondence* with Mr. Hume, it is very certain, that we did not begin to write to each other till about five or six months after his departure, on occasion of the quarrel arisen between him and Mr. Rousseau, and into which the latter thought proper unnecessarily to introduce me.

I thought this declaration necessary, for my own sake, as well as for the sake of truth, and in regard to the situation of Mr. Rousseau: I sincerely lament his having so little confidence in the probity of mankind, and particularly in that of Mr. Hume.

D'ALEMBERT.

THE END.

E R R A T U M.

The following Note should have been inserted in, page 44, line 6, after the words, *I was instantly spoken of in print, in a very equivocal or slighting manner* *.

* So then, I find I am to answer for every article of every Magazine and News-paper printed in England: I assure Mr. Rousseau, I would rather answer for every robbery committed on the high-way; and I am entirely as innocent of the one as the other.

Mr. HUME.

