THE PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF DAVID HUME.

INCLUDING ALL THE ESSAYS, AND EXHIBITING THE MORE IMPORTANT ALTERATIONS AND CORRECTIONS IN THE SUCCESSIVE EDITIONS PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ADAM BLACK AND WILLIAM TAIT;
AND CHARLES TAIT, 63, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.
MDCCCXXVI.

710372

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Philosophical Writings of Mr Hume are here for the first time collected in a uniform edition. The Essays are reprinted from the Edition of 1777, in two octavo volumes, corrected by the Author for the press, a short time before his death, and which he desired might be regarded as containing his philosophical principles. The text of that Edition has been faithfully adhered to in the present; but as it has been thought an interesting object of curiosity, to trace the successive variations of sentiment and taste in a mind like that of Hume, and to mark the gradual and most observable increase of caution in his expression of those sentiments, it has been the care of the present Editor to compare the former Editions, of which a List is here subjoined, and where any alterations were discovered, not merely verbal, but illustrative of the philosophical opinions of the author, to add these as Notes to the passages where they occur.

The Essays contained in the early Editions, but which were omitted in that of 1777, will be found at the end of the last volume of the present Collection of his Works, together with the Two Essays, on Suicide, and the Immortality of the Soul.

In addition to the Author's Life, written by himself, the Account of the Controversy with M. Rousseau has also been prefixed. It was originally printed in French, and shortly afterwards in English, in the year 1766. The English translation was superintended by Mr Hume; and as it relates to an extraordinary occurrence in the Lives of these eminent philosophers, has been thought a suitable appendage to the short Memoir of himself.

Edinburgh,
June 1825.

EDITIONS OF THE ESSAYS COLLATED AND REFERRED TO.

Essays, Moral and Political. Edinburgh, Kincaid, 1741. 12mo. (A)

Essays, Moral and Political, Vol. II. Edinburgh, Kincaid, 1742. 12mo. pp. 105. (B)

Essays, Moral and Political, 2d Edition, corrected. Edinburgh, Kincaid, 1742. 12mo. pp. 189. (C)

Essays, Moral and Political. By D. Hume, Esq. 3d Edition, corrected, with additions. London, Millar, 1748. 12mo. (D)

Three Essays, Moral and Political, never before published, which completes the former Edition, in two volumes octavo. By D. Hume, Esq. London, Millar, 1748. 12mo. (E)

Political Discourses. By D. Hume, Esq. Edinburgh, Kincaid, 1752. Small 8vo. *To this Edition there is sometimes added 'a List of Scotticisms.'* (F)

Political Discourses. By D. Hume, Esq. 2d Edition. Edinburgh, Kincaid, 1752. 12mo. *Merely a reprint of the preceding.* (G)

Essays and Treatises on several Subjects. By D. Hume, Esq. Vol. IV. containing Political Discourses. 3d Edition, with Additions and Corrections. London, Millar, 1754. (H)

Four Dissertations: 1st, Natural History of Religion: 2d, of the Passions: 3d, of Tragedy: 4th,

of the Standard of Taste. By D. Hume, Esq. London, Millar, 1757. 12mo. (I)

Philosophical Essays concerning Human Understanding. By the Author of the Essays Moral and Political. London, Millar, 1748. 12mo. (K)

Philosophical Essays concerning Human Understanding. By D. Hume, Esq. 2d Edition, with Additions and Corrections. London, Millar, 1750. 12mo. (L)

An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals. By D. Hume, Esq. London, Millar, 1751. (M)

Essays and Treatises on several Subjects. By D. Hume, Esq. London, Millar, 1768. 2 vols. 4to. (N)

Essays and Treatises on several Subjects. By D. Hume, Esq. London, Cadell, 1777. 2 vols 8vo. (O)

The above List comprehends all the Editions which vary materially from each other. Those which have been found on examination to be mere reprints, are not included.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

	Page
Life of the Author	i
Letter from Adam Smith, LL.D. to William Strachan Esq., and Latter-will and Testament of Mr Hume	xvi
Account of the Controversy between Hume and Rousseau	xxvii
List of Scotticisms	cxxiii

TREATISE OF HUMAN NATURE.

Introduction	5

BOOK I.—OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

PART I.

OF IDEAS, THEIR ORIGIN, COMPOSITION, CONNEXION, ABSTRACTION, &c.

Of the Origin of our Ideas	15
Division of the Subject	22
Of the Ideas of the Memory and Imagination	23
Of the Connexion or Association of Ideas	26
Of Relations	30
Of Modes and Substances	32
Of Abstract Ideas	34

PART II.

OF THE IDEAS OF SPACE AND TIME.

Of the infinite Divisibility of our Ideas of Space and Time	46
Of the infinite Divisibility of Space and Time	49
Of the other Qualities of our Ideas of Space and Time	54
Objections answered	62
The same Subject continued	89
Of the Idea of Existence, and of external Existence	95

PART III.

OF KNOWLEDGE AND PROBABILITY.

	Page
Of Knowledge	98
Of Probability, and of the Idea of Cause and Effect	103
Why a Cause is always necessary	110
Of the component parts of our Reasonings concerning Cause and effect	115
Of the Impressions of the Senses and Memory	117
Of the Inference from the Impression to the Idea	120
Of the Nature of the Idea or Belief	129
Of the Causes of Belief	136
Of the Effects of other Relations and other Habits	146
Of the Influence of Belief	160
Of the Probability of Chances	169
Of the Probability of Causes	176
Of unphilosophical Probability	191
Of the Idea of Necessary Connexion	206
Rules by which to judge of Causes and Effects	228
Of the Reason of Animals	232

PART IV.

OF THE SCEPTICAL AND OTHER SYSTEMS OF PHILOSOPHY.

Of Scepticism with regard to Reason	236
Of Scepticism with regard to the Senses	245
Of the Ancient Philosophy	282
Of the Modern Philosophy	289
Of the Immateriality of the Soul	297
Of Personal Identity	319
Conclusion of this Book	334

perfectly friendly and affectionate. As I had written to my mother that she might expect me in Scotland, I was under the necessity of continuing my journey. His disease seemed to yield to exercise and change of air, and when he arrived in London, he was apparently in much better health than when he left Edinburgh. He was advised to go to Bath to drink the waters, which appeared for some time to have so good an effect upon him, that even he himself began to entertain, what he was not apt to do, a better opinion of his own health. His symptoms, however, soon returned with their usual violence, and from that moment he gave up all thoughts of recovery, but submitted with the utmost cheerfulness, and the most perfect complacency and resignation. Upon his return to Edinburgh, though he found himself much weaker, yet his cheerfulness never abated, and he continued to divert himself, as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends; and, sometimes in the evening, with a party at his favourite game of whist. His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements run so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. " I shall tell your friend, Colonel Edmondstone," said Doctor Dundas to him one day, " that I

left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery." "Doctor," said he, "as I believe you would not choose to tell any thing but the truth, you had better tell him, that I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." Colonel Edmondstone soon afterwards came to see him, and take leave of him; and on his way home, he could not forbear writing him a letter bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him, as to a dying man, the beautiful French verses in which the Abbé Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend, the Marquis de la Fare. Mr Hume's magnanimity and firmness were such, that his most affectionate friends knew that they hazarded nothing in talking or writing to him as to a dying man, and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by it. I happened to come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received, and which he immediately showed me. I told him, that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, "Your hopes are groundless. An

habitual diarrhœa of more than a year's standing, would be a very bad disease at any age: at my age it is a mortal one. When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning, weaker than when I lay down in the evening. I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must soon die." "Well," said I, "if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity." He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him; he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. "I could not well imagine," said he, "what excuse I could make to Charon in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do; and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I therefore have all reason to die contented." He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with ima-

gining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. "Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receives the alterations." But Charon would answer, "When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest friend, please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon; I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfal of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. "You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue."

But, though Mr Hume always talked of his approaching dissolution with great cheerfulness, he never affected to make any parade of his magnanimity. He never mentioned the subject but when the conversation naturally led to it, and never dwelt longer upon it than the course of the conversation happened to re-

quire: it was a subject, indeed, which occurred pretty frequently, in consequence of the inquiries which his friends, who came to see him, naturally made concerning the state of his health. The conversation which I mentioned above, and which passed on Thursday the 8th of August, was the last, except one, that I ever had with him. He had now become so very weak, that the company of his most intimate friends fatigued him; for his cheerfulness was still so great, his complaisance and social disposition were still so entire, that when any friend was with him, he could not help talking more, and with greater exertion, than suited the weakness of his body. At his own desire, therefore, I agreed to leave Edinburgh, where I was staying partly upon his account, and returned to my mother's house here, at Kirkaldy, upon condition that he would send for me whenever he wished to see me; the physician who saw him most frequently, Dr Black, undertaking, in the mean time, to write me occasionally an account of the state of his health.

On the 22d of August, the Doctor wrote me the following letter:

"Since my last, Mr Hume has passed his time pretty easily, but is much weaker. He sits up, goes down stairs once a day, and amuses himself with reading, but seldom sees any body. He finds that even the conversation of his most

intimate friends fatigues and oppresses him; and it is happy that he does not need it, for he is quite free from anxiety, impatience, or low spirits, and passes his time very well with the assistance of amusing books."

I received the day after a letter from Mr Hume himself, of which the following is an extract.

"*Edinburgh, 23d August*, 1776.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"I am obliged to make use of my nephew's hand in writing to you, as I do not rise to-day. . . . . . .

. . . .

"I go very fast to decline, and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness, but unluckily it has, in a great measure, gone off. I cannot submit to your coming over here on my account, as it is possible for me to see you so small a part of the day, but Doctor Black can better inform you concerning the degree of strength which may from time to time remain with me. Adieu," &c.

Three days after I received the following letter from Doctor Black.

"*Edinburgh, Monday, 26th August,* 1776.

"DEAR SIR,

"Yesterday about four o'clock afternoon, Mr Hume expired. The near approach of his death became evident in the night between Thursday and Friday, when his disease became excessive, and soon weakened him so much, that he could no longer rise out of his bed. He continued to the last perfectly sensible, and free from much pain or feelings of distress. He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness. I thought it improper to write to bring you over, especially as I heard that he had dictated a letter to you desiring you not to come. When he became very weak, it cost him an effort to speak, and he died in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it."

Thus died our most excellent, and never to be forgotten friend; concerning whose philosophical opinions men will, no doubt, judge variously, every one approving, or condemning them, according as they happen to coincide or disagree with his own; but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion. His temper, indeed, seem-

ed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded, not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind, or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify; and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight, even those who were the objects of it. To his friends, who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities, which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the

most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit.

I ever am, dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

HUME'S MONUMENT, CALTON HILL.

THE

LATTER-WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

DAVID HUME.

I, DAVID HUME, second lawful son of Joseph Home of Ninewells, advocate, for the love and affection I bear to John Home of Ninewells, my brother, and for other causes, DO, by these presents, under the reservations and burdens after-mentioned, GIVE and DISPOSE to the said John Home, or, if he die before me, to David Home, his second son, his heirs and assigns whatsomever, all lands, heritages, debts, and sums of money, as well heritable as moveable, which shall belong to me at the time of my decease, as also my whole effects in general, real and personal, with and under the burden of the following legacies, viz. to my sister Catherine Home, the sum of twelve hundred pounds sterling, payable the first term of Whitsunday or Martinmas after my decease, together with all my English books, and the life-

rent of my house in St James's Court, or in case that house be sold at the time of my decease, twenty pounds a year during the whole course of her life: To my friend Adam Ferguson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh, two hundred pounds sterling: To my friend M. d'Alembert, member of the French Academy, and of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, two hundred pounds: To my friend Dr Adam Smith, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow, I leave all my manuscripts without exception, desiring him to publish my *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, which are comprehended in this present bequest; but to publish no other papers which he suspects not to have been written within these five years, but to destroy them all at his leisure: And I even leave him full power over all my papers, except the Dialogues above mentioned; and though I can trust to that intimate and sincere friendship, which has ever subsisted between us, for his faithful execution of this part of my will, yet, as a small recompense of his pains in correcting and publishing this work, I leave him two hundred pounds, to be paid immediately after the publication of it: I also leave to Mrs Anne and Mrs Janet Hepburn, daughters of Mr James Hepburn of Keith, one hundred pounds a piece: To my cousin David Campbell, son of Mr Campbell, minister of

Lillysleaf, one hundred pounds: To the Infirmary of Edinburgh, fifty pounds: To all the servants who shall be in my family at the time of my decease, one year's wages; and to my housekeeper, Margaret Irvine, three year's wages: And I also ordain, that my brother, or nephew, or executor, whoever he be, shall not pay up to the said Margaret Irvine, without her own consent, any sum of money which I shall owe her at the time of my decease, whether by bill, bond, or for wages, but shall retain in his hand, and pay her the legal interest upon it, till she demand the principal: And in case my brother above-mentioned shall survive me, I leave to his son David, the sum of a thousand pounds to assist him in his education: But in case that by my brother's death before me, the succession of my estate and effects shall devolve to the aforesaid David, I hereby burden him, over and above the payment of the aforesaid legacies, with the payment of the sums following: To his brothers Joseph and John, a thousand pounds a piece: To his sisters Catherine and Agnes, five hundred pounds a piece: all which sums, as well as every sum contained in the present disposition (except that to Dr Smith, to be payable the first term of Whitsunday and Martinmas, after my decease; and all of them, without exception, in sterling money. And I do hereby nominate and appoint the

said John Home, my brother, and failing of him by decease, the said David Home, to be my sole executor and universal legatee, with and under the burdens above mentioned; reserving always full power and liberty to me, at any time of my life, even in deathbed, to alter and innovate these presents, in whole or in part, and to burden the same with such other legacies as I shall think fit. And I do hereby declare these presents to be a good, valid, and sufficient evidence, albeit found in my custody, or in the custody of any other person at the time of my death, &c. (*in common style.*) Signed 4 January 1776, before these witnesses, the Right Honourable the Earl of Home, and Mr John M'Gowan, Clerk to the Signet.

DAVID HUME.

I also ORDAIN, that if I shall die any where in Scotland, I shall be buried in a private manner in the Calton churchyard, the south side of it, and a monument to be built over my body, at an expense not exceeding a hundred pounds, with an inscription containing only my name, with the year of my birth and death, leaving it to posterity to add the rest.

At Edinburgh, 15*th April*, 1776. DAVID HUME.

I also leave for rebuilding the bridge of Churnside the sum of a hundred pounds; but on con-

dition that the managers of the bridge shall take none of the stones for building the bridge from the quarry of Ninewells, except from that part of the quarry which has been already opened. I leave to my nephew Joseph, the sum of fifty pounds to enable him to make a good sufficient drain and sewer round the house of Ninewells, but on condition that, if that drain and sewer be not made, from whatever cause, within a year after my death, the said fifty pounds shall be paid to the poor of the parish of Churnside: To my sister, instead of all my English books, I leave her a hundred volumes at her choice: To David Waite, servant to my brother, I leave the sum of ten pounds, payable the first term after my death.

DAVID HUME.

MY OWN

LIFE.

It is difficult for a man to speak long of himself without vanity; therefore, I shall be short. It may be thought an instance of vanity that I pretend at all to write my life; but this Narrative shall contain little more than the History of my Writings; as, indeed, almost all my life has been spent in literary pursuits and occupations. The first success of most of my writings was not such as to be an object of vanity.

I was born the 26th of April 1711, old style, at Edinburgh. I was of a good family, both by father and mother. My father's family is a branch of the Earl of Home's or Hume's; and my ancestors had been proprietors of the estate, which my brother possesses, for several generations. My mother was daughter of Sir David Falconer, President of the College of Justice; the title of Lord Halkerton came by succession to her brother.

My family, however, was not rich; and, being myself a younger brother, my patrimony, according to the mode of my country, was of course very slender. My father, who passed for a man of parts, died when I was an infant, leaving me, with an elder brother and a sister, under the care of our mother, a woman of singular merit, who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and educating of her children. I passed through the ordinary course of education with success, and was seized very early with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life, and the great source of my enjoyments. My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me; but I found an unsurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and while they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring.

My very slender fortune, however, being unsuitable to this plan of life, and my health being a little broken by my ardent application, I was tempted, or rather forced, to make a very feeble trial for entering into a more active scene of life. In 1734, I went to Bristol, with some recommendations to eminent merchants, but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to

me. I went over to France, with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat; and I there laid that plan of life, which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature.

During my retreat in France, first at Rheims, but chiefly at La Fleche, in Anjou, I composed my *Treatise of Human Nature.* After passing three years very agreeably in that country, I came over to London in 1737. In the end of 1738, I published my Treatise, and immediately went down to my mother and my brother, who lived at his country-house, and was employing himself very judiciously and successfully in the improvement of his fortune.

Never literary attempt was more unfortunate than my Treatise of Human Nature. It fell *dead-born from the press,* without reaching such distinction, as even to excite a murmur among the zealots. But being naturally of a cheerful and sanguine temper, I very soon recovered the blow, and prosecuted with great ardour my studies in the country. In 1742, I printed at Edinburgh the first part of my Essays: the work was favourably received, and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment. I continued

with my mother and brother in the country, and in that time recovered the knowledge of the Greek language, which I had too much neglected in my early youth.

In 1745, I received a letter from the Marquis of Annandale, inviting me to come and live with him in England; I found also, that the friends and family of that young nobleman were desirous of putting him under my care and direction, for the state of his mind and health required it. I lived with him a twelvemonth. My appointments during that time made a considerable accession to my small fortune. I then received an invitation from General St Clair to attend him as a secretary to his expedition, which was at first meant against Canada, but ended in an incursion on the coast of France. Next year, to wit, 1747, I received an invitation from the General to attend him in the same station in his military embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. I then wore the uniform of an officer, and was introduced at these courts as aid-de-camp to the General, along with Sir Harry Erskine and Captain Grant, now General Grant. These two years were almost the only interruptions which my studies have received during the course of my life; I passed them agreeably, and in good company; and my appointments, with my frugality, had made me reach a fortune, which I called independent, though most of my friends were inclin-

ed to smile when I said so; in short, I was now master of near a thousand pounds.

I had always entertained a notion, that my want of success in publishing the Treatise of Human Nature, had proceeded more from the manner than the matter, and that I had been guilty of a very usual indiscretion, in going to the press too early. I, therefore, cast the first part of that work anew in the Inquiry concerning Human Understanding, which was published while I was at Turin. But this piece was at first little more successful than the Treatise of Human Nature. On my return from Italy, I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment, on account of Dr Middleton's Free Inquiry, while my performance was entirely overlooked and neglected. A new edition, which had been published at London, of my Essays, Moral and Political, met not with a much better reception.

Such is the force of natural temper, that these disappointments made little or no impression on me. I went down in 1749, and lived two years with my brother at his country-house, for my mother was now dead. I there composed the second part of my Essays, which I called Political Discourses, and also my Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals, which is another part of my Treatise that I cast anew. Meanwhile, my bookseller A. Millar informed me, that

my former publications (all but the unfortunate Treatise) were beginning to be the subject of conversation; that the sale of them was gradually increasing, and that new editions were demanded. Answers by Reverends, and Right Reverends, came out two or three in a year; and I found, by Dr Warburton's railing, that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good company. However, I had fixed a resolution, which I inflexibly maintained, never to reply to any body; and not being very irascible in my temper, I have easily kept myself clear of all literary squabbles. These symptoms of a rising reputation gave me encouragement, as I was ever more disposed to see the favourable than unfavourable side of things; a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year.

In 1751, I removed from the country to the town, the true scene for a man of letters. In 1752, were published at Edinburgh, where I then lived, my Political Discourses, the only work of mine that was successful on the first publication. It was well received abroad and at home. In the same year was published at London, my Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals; which, in my own opinion (who ought not to judge on that subject), is of all my writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world.

In 1752, the Faculty of Advocates chose me their Librarian, an office from which I received little or no emolument, but which gave me the command of a large library. I then formed the plan of writing the History of England; but being frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of 1700 years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when, I thought, the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place. I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment: I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation; English, Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, Churchman and Sectary, Freethinker and Religionist, Patriot and Courtier, united in their rage against the man, who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr Millar told me, that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it. I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book. I must only except the primate of England, Dr Herring, and the prim-

ate of Ireland, Dr Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

I was however, I confess, discouraged; and had not the war been at that time breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country. But as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage, and to persevere.

In this interval, I published at London my Natural History of Religion, along with some other small pieces. Its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr Hurd wrote a pamphlet against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance and scurrility, which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance.

In 1756, two years after the fall of the first volume, was published the second volume of my History, containing the period from the death of Charles I. till the Revolution. This performance happened to give less displeasure to the Whigs, and was better received. It not only rose itself, but helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother.

But though I had been taught, by experience, that the Whig party were in possession of bestowing all places, both in the state and in literature, I was so little inclined to yield to their senseless clamour, that in above a hundred alterations, which farther study, reading or reflection, engaged me to make in the reigns of the two first Stuarts, I have made all of them invariably to the Tory side. It is ridiculous to consider the English constitution before that period as a regular plan of liberty.

In 1759, I published my History of the House of Tudor. The clamour against this performance was almost equal to that against the History of the two first Stuarts. The reign of Elizabeth was particularly obnoxious. But I was now callous against the impressions of public folly, and continued very peaceably and contentedly in my retreat at Edinburgh, to finish, in two volumes, the more early part of the English History, which I gave to the public in 1761, with tolerable, and but tolerable success.

But, notwithstanding this variety of winds and seasons, to which my writings had been exposed, they had still been making such advances, that the copy-money given me by the booksellers, much exceeded any thing formerly known in England; I was become not only independent, but opulent. I retired to my native country of

Scotland, determined never more to set my foot out of it; and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them. As I was now turned of fifty, I thought of passing all the rest of my life in this philosophical manner, when I received, in 1763, an invitation from the Earl of Hertford, with whom I was not in the least acquainted, to attend him on his embassy to Paris, with a near prospect of being appointed secretary to the embassy, and, in the meanwhile, of performing the functions of that office. This offer, however inviting, I at first declined, both because I was reluctant to begin connexions with the great, and because I was afraid that the civilities and gay company of Paris, would prove disagreeable to a person of my age and humour: but on his Lordship's repeating the invitation, I accepted of it. I have every reason, both of pleasure and interest, to think myself happy in my connexions with that nobleman, as well as afterwards with his brother, General Conway.

Those who have not seen the strange effects of Modes, will never imagine the reception I met with at Paris, from men and women of all ranks and stations. The more I resiled from their excessive civilities, the more I was loaded with them. There is, however, a real satisfaction in living at Paris, from the great number of sen-

sible, knowing, and polite company with which that city abounds above all places in the universe. I thought once of settling there for life.

I was appointed secretary to the embassy; and, in summer 1765, Lord Hertford left me, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I was *chargé d'affaires* till the arrival of the Duke of Richmond, towards the end of the year. In the beginning of 1766, I left Paris, and next summer went to Edinburgh, with the same view as formerly, of burying myself in a philosophical retreat. I returned to that place, not richer, but with much more money, and a much larger income, by means of Lord Hertford's friendship, than I left it; and I was desirous of trying what superfluity could produce, as I had formerly made an experiment of a competency. But, in 1767, I received from Mr Conway an invitation to be Under-secretary; and this invitation, both the character of the person, and my connexions with Lord Hertford, prevented me from declining. I returned to Edinburgh in 1769, very opulent (for I possessed a revenue of 1000*l.* a year), healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation.

In spring 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal

and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits; insomuch, that were I to name the period of my life, which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre, I knew that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

To conclude historically with my own character. I am, or rather was (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments); I was, I say, a man of mild dispositions, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I

took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men any wise eminent, have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her baleful tooth: and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct: not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.

APRIL 18. 1776.

LETTER FROM ADAM SMITH, LL.D.

TO

WILLIAM STRACHAN, Esq.

Kirkaldy, Fifeshire, Nov. 9, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

It is with a real, though a very melancholy pleasure, that I sit down to give you some account of the behaviour of our late excellent friend, Mr Hume, during his last illness.

Though, in his own judgment, his disease was mortal and incurable, yet he allowed himself to be prevailed upon, by the entreaty of his friends, to try what might be the effects of a long journey. A few days before he set out, he wrote that account of his own life, which, together with his other papers, he has left to your care. My account, therefore, shall begin where his ends.

He set out for London towards the end of April, and at Morpeth met with Mr John Home and myself, who had both come down from London on purpose to see him, expecting to have found him at Edinburgh. Mr Home returned with him, and attended him during the whole of his stay in England, with that care and attention which might be expected from a temper so

ACCOUNT

OF THE CONTROVERSY

BETWEEN

HUME AND ROUSSEAU.

LONDON. M.D.CC.LXVI.

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 a-

gainst his pieces, have been often brought him by their respective authors, for him to revise and correct them. At one time, in particular, a performance of this kind was shown 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, undertoook 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 at-

tachment 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 that Mr Rousseau could be guilty of that excessive ingrati-

tude 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, alleging, 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 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 pamphlet contains many strange instances of singularity, that will appear extraordinary enough to those who will give themselves

* 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 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 knowledge.

the trouble to peruse it. Those who do not choose to take the 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 trial, has authorized 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.

* 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 connexion 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 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.

Sir,

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 Marshall, 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 complete the course of our correspondence, and to show 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 Neufchatel 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 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 solicitude, I

---

† 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.

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.

SIR,

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, which I compiled many years ago, under the title of *A Musical Dictionary*, and am now obliged to republish it for subsistence. Amidst the torrent of misfortunes that overwhelm me, I am not in a situation to review the work; which, I know, is full of oversights and mistakes. If any interest you may take in the lot of the most unfortunate of mankind, should induce you to bestow a little more attention on his work than

on that of another, I should be extremely obliged to you, if you would take the trouble to correct such errors as you may meet with in the perusal. To point them out, without correcting them, would be doing nothing, for I am absolutely incapable of paying the least attention to such a work; so that if you would but condescend to alter, add, retrench, and, in short, use it as you would do your own, you would do a great charity, for which I should be extremely thankful. Accept, Sir, my most humble excuses and salutations.

J. J. R.

It is with reluctance I say it, but I am compelled to it; I now know of a certainty that this affectation of extreme poverty and distress was a mere pretence, a petty kind of imposture which Mr Rousseau successfully employed to excite the compassion of the 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 showed to several of Mr Rousseau's friends and patrons in Paris. At the same time I proposed to them a 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 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 expense.

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 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, 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 expense.

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

---

* It is probably to this excessive and ill-judged complaisance Mr Hume 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 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.*

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 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 with-

out 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 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.

Wooton, 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 solicitude of so polite an host as mine is too obliging to give offence; and as there is nothing in life without its in-

convenience, 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 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 Gosset 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. And if Mr Gosset 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 me; 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 etters 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 public. 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 the 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.

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 Swit-

* 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 public conduct, to be exactly such a kind of person as Mr Hume hath discovered him from intimate and personal acquaintance.—*English translator.*

zerland, 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 peaceable 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, choose 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 cease to persecute you, when you are no longer vain of persecution.

Your sincere friend,

FREDERICK.

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 showed 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 suprised to find the following piece in the same paper.

MR ROUSSEAU TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ST JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

Wooton, April 7th, 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

* That of the 29th of March.

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 inquiry 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 malignity 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 con-

sent 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 ROUSSEAU TO GENERAL CONWAY.

May 12th, 1766.

SIR,

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

MR HUME TO MR ROUSSEAU.

Lisle-street, Leicester-fields, 19*th 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 entreat 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 23d, 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 myself. You know with what horror my heart rejected the 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 26th, 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 knowledge 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 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.

MR ROUSSEAU TO MR HUME.

Wooton, July 10, 1766.

Sir,

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 igno-

rant 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 advisable 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 a 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 celebrated 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 countrymen. 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 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 a 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

---

* 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 March, and in converting it into ridicule here.—Mr Hume.

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 attached, 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 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, independent; 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 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;

* 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.

but the evil would not have been done me at all; for 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 in England, there was not a nation in Europe in which I

* 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.

had a greater reputation, I will venture to say, or 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 newspapers 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 was known any thing more surprising. The signal was given in a certain *Magazine*, equally full of follies and falsehoods, 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

* 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 newspapers, 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.*

† 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.

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 surprised 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 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

---

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.*

* So then I find I am to answer for every article of every Magazine and newspaper printed in England. I assure Mr Rousseau I would rather answer for every robbery committed on the highway; and I am entirely as innocent of the one as the other.—Mr Hume.

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 show 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 expense. 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 showing me the same respect, particularly the gentleman at whose house we alighted 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,

* 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 acknowledgments, and just expressions of gratitude. What Mr Rousseau adds, regarding the brother of Mr Stewart, is neither civil nor true.—Mr HUME.

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 flatterers 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,

* 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.

sometimes the language of a friend; but I never found any thing in his, which savoured 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 surprised at the rude turn he 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

* I do'nt 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.

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 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 surprise that it was one Mr Walpole, a 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

---

* I conceive Mr Rousseau hints here at two or three dinners, that were sent him from the house of Mr Stewart, when he chose to dine at his own lodgings; this was not done, however, to save him the expense 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.

engage him 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 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

* We have not been authorised 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 about the young Tronchin was, that he had not the same prejudices against him as his father.—Mr HUME.

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 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. †

* 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 about 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 reiterates in his letter to me dated the 22d of March. When he went to Chiswick, near London, the postman 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 expense, 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.

† 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 anxious to know what I had been writing, and hardly able to contain himself from desiring to read it. I closed my letter, however, without showing 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

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 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

---

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 to 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.

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 surprising; 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

* 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.

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 preserve 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 preceding 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

† 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.

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 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 in-

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

† 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.

genuous 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 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 impression. 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? *

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 surprised me; not then knowing they stood so well with each other, and that it was his own cause he defended.

The perusal of the letter above mentioned

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

† 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.

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 I ever felt, did not arise from the danger to which I was personally exposed. I have 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 showed 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 Peyron, containing a relation of the treatment I had met 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 sup-

* 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.

† 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.

positititious letter of the King of Prussia, and its translation, had no sooner made their appearance, than I immediately apprehended why the other pieces had been suppressed, * and I wrote as much to the booksellers. † I wrote several o-

* 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, that 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 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 seven or eight 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*.

* 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.

ther 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 in open day, and act without disguise. Nothing more is necessary, in our behaviour towards 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 prostestation to

* 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.

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 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

† 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.

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 reception 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 showing 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

* I know nothing of this pretended libel.—Mr Hume.

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 accepting 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 negociator 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 impoliticly 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. 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 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

* 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 shown to the *Translator* before its publication, and many absurd liberties 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 the least hand in, or could have known any thing of the edition.—*English Translator.*

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 nobody. 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 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.

* 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 *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*.

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 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 incapa-

* 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.

ble 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.

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 show 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 strike the blow he was preparing to give me with greater eclat. He knew he had nothing more to do than 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 show 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 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 masterpiece. 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 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,

* 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.

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 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 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 completely 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, rerecalled 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 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 these 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 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 my mind; and indeed recall them every moment.

These words, the tone of which dwells on my heart, as if I had but just heard them;

* 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.

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, *Rousseau, 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 which you have conducted me; and where, being without friends, and an utter stranger to every body, I lie almost entirely at your mercy. The sensible part of mankind, however, will

comprehend that I must be so far from seeking this affair, that nothing more disagreeable or terrible could possibly have happened to me in my present situation. They will perceive that nothing but my invincible aversion to all kind of falsehood, and the possibility of my professing a regard for a person who had forfeited it, could have prevented my dissimulation, at a time when it was on so many accounts my interest. But the sensible part of mankind are few; nor do they make the greatest noise in the world.

Yes, Mr Hume, you *have me* by all the ties of this life; but you have no power over my probity or my fortitude, which, being independent either of you or of mankind, I will preserve in spite of you. Think not to frighten me with the fortune that awaits me. I know the opinions of mankind; I am accustomed to their injustice, and have learned to care little about it. If you have taken your resolution, as I have reason to believe you have, be assured mine is taken also. I am feeble indeed in body, but never possessed greater strength of mind.

Mankind may say and do what they will, it is of little consequence to me. What is of 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 mean-

ness 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 surprised 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 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 does it depend on an *if*, after all Mr R's positive conviction, and absolute demonstrations?—*English Translator.*

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 Mr Rousseau the following letter.

MR HUME TO MR ROUSSEAU.

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

SIR,

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 was only to save you some expenses 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, 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 numberless instances of friendship you have given me, here I reward you with this ill humour and sullenness. But your forgiveness of me will be a new instance of your friendship; and I hope you will find at bottom, that my heart is not unworthy 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 un-

happy 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 am 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 disadvantage, whichever 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

* 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.

here. I even wrote it to Mde. de Boufflers at Paris. I believe no one will imagine, that I was preparing beforehand 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 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 repose, fortune, and honour: I cannot be surprised 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, 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 26th, 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 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 exces-

sive 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 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 osten-

tation 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 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 surprise 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 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 friend 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 nobody who could tell the story, or justify my memory. In the latter, my apology, wrote in opposition to

* 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.

a dead person, 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; etiam si male respondit, bene collatum. Non est ille qualem speravimus; simus nos quales fuimus, ei dissimiles.*'

SENECA DE BENEFICIIS, LIB. VII. CAP. 29.

DECLARATION OF MR D'ALEMBERT, RELATING TO MR WALPOLE'S LETTER.

(Addressed to the French Editors.)

It is with the greatest surprise 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 style, 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 a 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. 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, though 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.

SCOTTICISMS.

SCOTTICISMS.

Will, in the first person, as *I will walk*, *we will walk*, expresses the intention or resolution of the person, along with the future event: In the second and third person, as, *you will*, *he will*, *they will*, it expresses the future action or event, without comprehending or excluding the volition.

Shall, in the first person, whether singular or plural, expressess the future action or event, without excluding or comprehending the intention or resolution: But in the *second* or *third* person, it marks a necessity, and commonly a necessity proceeding from the person who speaks; as, *he shall walk*, *you shall repent it*.

These variations seem to have proceeded from a politeness in the *English*, who, in speaking to others, or of others, made use of the term *will*, which implies volition, even where the event may be the subject of necessity and constraint. And in speaking of themselves, made use of the term *shall*, which implies constraint, even though the event may be the object of choice.

Wou'd and *shou'd* are conjunctive moods, subject to the same rule; only, we may observe, that in a sentence, where there is a condition exprest, and a consequence of that condition, the former always requires *shou'd*, and the latter *wou'd*, in the second and third persons; as, *if he shou'd fall*, *he wou'd break his leg*, &c.

These is the plural of *this*; *those* of *that*. The former, therefore, expresses what is near: the latter, what is more remote. As, in these lines of the Duke of Buckingham,

> "Philosophers and poets vainly strove,
> "In every age, the lumpish mass to move.
> "But THOSE were pedants if compared with THESE,
> "Who knew not only to instruct, but please."

Where a relative is to follow, and the subject has not been mentioned immediately before, *those* is always required. *Those observations which he made. Those kingdoms which Alexander conquered.*

In the verbs, which end in *t*, or *te*, we frequently omit *ed* in the preterperfect and in the participle; as, *he operate, it was cultivate. Milton* says, *in thought more elevate*; but he is the only author who uses that expression.

Notice shou'd not be used as a verb. The proper phrase is *take notice*. Yet I find Lord Shaftesbury uses *notic'd*, the participle: And *unnotic'd* is very common.

Hinder to do, is *Scotch*. The *English* phrase is, *hinder from doing*. Yet *Milton* says, *Hindered not Satan to pervert the mind.* Book IX.

SCOTCH.	ENGLISH.
Conform to	Conformable to
Friends and acquaintances	Friends and acquaintance
Maltreat	Abuse
Advert to	Attend to
Proven, improven, approven	Prov'd, improv'd, approv'd
Pled	Pleaded
Incarcerate	Imprison

SCOTCH.	ENGLISH.
Tear to pieces	Tear in pieces
Drunk, run	Drank, ran
Fresh weather	Open weather
Tender	Sickly
In the long run	At long run
Notwithstanding of that	Notwithstanding that
Contented himself to do	Contented himself with doing
'Tis a question if	'Tis a question whether
Discretion	Civility
With child to a man	With child by a man
Out of hand	Presently
Simply impossible	Absolutely impossible
A park	An enclosure
In time coming	In time to come
Nothing else	No other thing
Mind it	Remember it
Denuded	Divested
Severals	Several
Some better	Something better
Anent	With regard to
Allenarly	Solely
Alongst. Yet the *English* say both amid, amidst, among, and amongst	Along
Evenly	Even
As I shall answer	I protest or declare
Cause him do it. Yet 'tis good *English* to say, make him do it	Cause him to do it
Marry upon	Marry to
Learn	Teach
There, where	Thither, whither
Effectuate. This word in *English* means to effect with pains and difficulty.	Effect

SCOTCH.	ENGLISH.
A wright. Yet 'tis good *English* to say, a wheelwright	A Carpenter
Defunct	Deceast
Evite	Avoid
Part with child	Miscarry
Notour	Notorious
To want it	To be without a thing, even though it be not desirable
To be difficulted	To be puzzled
Rebuted	Discouraged by repulses
For ordinary	Usually
Think shame	Asham'd
In favours of	In favour of
Dubiety	Doubtfulness
Prejudge	Hurt
Compete	Enter into competition
Heritable	Hereditary
To remeed	To remedy
Bankier	Banker
Adduce a proof	Produce a proof
Superplus	Surplus
Forfaulture	Forfeiture
In no event	In no case
Common soldiers	Private men
Big with a man	Great with a man
Bygone	Past
Debitor	Debtor
Exeemed	Exempted
Yesternight	Last night
Big coat	Great coat
A chimney	A grate
Annualrent	Interest
Tenible argument	Good argument
Amissing	Missing
To condescend upon	To specify

SCOTCH.	ENGLISH.
To discharge	To forbid
To extinguish an obligation	To cancel an obligation
To depone	To depose
A compliment	A present
To inquire at a man	To inquire of a man
To be angry at a man	To be angry with a man
To send an errand	To send off an errand
To furnish goods to him	To furnish him with goods
To open up	To open, or lay open
Thucydide, *Herodot*, *Sueton*,	*Thucydides*, *Herodotus*, *Suetonius*
Butter and bread	Bread and butter
Pepper and vinegar	Vinegar and pepper
Paper, pen and ink	Pen, ink and paper
Readily.	Probably
On a sudden	Of a sudden
As ever I saw	As I ever saw
For my share	For my part
Misgive	Fail
Rather chuse to buy as sell	Rather chuse to buy than sell
Deduce	Deduct
Look't over the window	Look't out at the window
A pretty enough girl	A pretty girl enough
'Tis a week since he left this	'Tis a week since he left this place
Come in to the fire	Come near the fire
To take off a new coat	To make up a new suit
Alwise	Always
Cut out his hair	Cut off his hair
Cry him	Call him
To crave	To dun, to ask payment
To get a stomach	To get an appetite
Vacance	Vacation

A
TREATISE
OF HUMAN NATURE.

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE THE
EXPERIMENTAL METHOD OF
REASONING INTO

MORAL SUBJECTS.

RARA TEMPORUM FELICITAS, UBI SENTIRE, QUÆ VELIS;
ET QUÆ SENTIAS, DICERE LICET.

TACITUS.

BOOK I.

OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

My design in the present Work is sufficiently explained in the Introduction. The reader must only observe, that all the subjects I have there planned out to myself are not treated in these two volumes. The subjects of the Understanding and Passions make a complete chain of reasoning by themselves; and I was willing to take advantage of this natural division, in order to try the taste of the Public. If I have the good fortune to meet with success, I shall proceed to the examination of Morals, Politics, and Criticism, which will complete this Treatise of Human Nature. The approbation of the Public I consider as the greatest reward of my labours; but am determined to regard its judgment, whatever it be, as my best instruction.

INTRODUCTION.

NOTHING is more usual and more natural for those, who pretend to discover any thing new to the world in philosophy and the sciences, than to insinuate the praises of their own systems, by decrying all those which have been advanced before them. And indeed were they content with lamenting that ignorance, which we still lie under in the most important questions that can come before the tribunal of human reason, there are few, who have an acquaintance with the sciences, that would not readily agree with them. 'Tis easy for one of judgment and learning, to perceive the weak foundation even of those systems, which have obtained the greatest credit, and have carried their pretensions highest to accurate and profound reasoning. Principles taken upon trust, consequences lamely deduced from them, want of coherence in the parts, and of evidence in the whole, these are every where to be met with in the systems of the most eminent philosophers, and seem to have drawn disgrace upon philosophy itself.

Nor is there required such profound knowledge to discover the present imperfect condition of the sciences, but even the rabble without doors may judge from the

noise and clamour which they hear, that all goes not well within. There is nothing which is not the subject of debate, and in which men of learning are not of contrary opinions. The most trivial question escapes not our controversy, and in the most momentous we are not able to give any certain decision. Disputes are multiplied, as if every thing was uncertain. Amidst all this bustle, 'tis not reason which carries the prize, but eloquence; and no man needs ever despair of gaining proselytes to the most extravagant hypothesis, who has art enough to represent it in any favourable colours. The victory is not gained by the men at arms, who manage the pike and the sword, but by the trumpeters, drummers, and musicians of the army.

From hence, in my opinion, arises that common prejudice against metaphysical reasonings of all kinds, even amongst those who profess themselves scholars, and have a just value for every other part of literature. By metaphysical reasonings, they do not understand those on any particular branch of science, but every kind of argument which is any way abstruse, and requires some attention to be comprehended. We have so often lost our labour in such researches, that we commonly reject them without hesitation, and resolve, if we must for ever be a prey to errors and delusions, that they shall at least be natural and entertaining. And, indeed, nothing but the most determined scepticism, along with a great degree of indolence, can justify this aversion to metaphysics. For, if truth be at all within the reach of human capacity, 'tis certain it must lie very deep and abstruse; and to hope we shall arrive at it without pains, while the greatest geniuses have failed with the utmost pains, must certainly be esteemed sufficiently vain and presumptuous. I pre-

tend to no such advantage in the philosophy I am going to unfold, and would esteem it a strong presumption against it, were it so very easy and obvious.

'Tis evident, that all the sciences have a relation, greater or less, to human nature; and that, however wide any of them may seem to run from it, they still return back by one passage or another. Even *Mathematics*, *Natural Philosophy*, and *Natural Religion*, are in some measure dependant on the science of MAN; since they lie under the cognizance of men, and are judged of by their powers and faculties. 'Tis impossible to tell what changes and improvements we might make in these sciences were we thoroughly acquainted with the extent and force of human understanding, and could explain the nature of the ideas we employ, and of the operations we perform in our reasonings. And these improvements are the more to be hoped for in natural religion, as it is not content with instructing us in the nature of superior powers, but carries its views farther, to their disposition towards us, and our duties towards them; and consequently, we ourselves are not only the beings that reason, but also one of the objects concerning which we reason.

If, therefore, the sciences of mathematics, natural philosophy, and natural religion, have such a dependence on the knowledge of man, what may be expected in the other sciences, whose connexion with human nature is more close and intimate? The sole end of logic is to explain the principles and operations of our reasoning faculty, and the nature of our ideas; morals and criticism regard our tastes and sentiments; and politics consider men as united in society, and dependent on each other. In these four sciences of *Logic*, *Morals*, *Criticism*, and *Politics*, is comprehended al-

most every thing which it can any way import us to be acquainted with, or which can tend either to the improvement or ornament of the human mind.

Here then is the only expedient, from which we can hope for success in our philosophical researches, to leave the tedious lingering method, which we have hitherto followed, and, instead of taking now and then a castle or village on the frontier, to march up directly to the capital or centre of these sciences, to human nature itself; which being once masters of, we may every where else hope for an easy victory. From this station we may extend our conquests over all those sciences, which more intimately concern human life, and may afterwards proceed at leisure, to discover more fully those which are the objects of pure curiosity. There is no question of importance, whose decision is not comprised in the science of man; and there is none, which can be decided with any certainty, before we become acquainted with that science. In pretending, therefore, to explain the principles of human nature, we in effect propose a complete system of the sciences, built on a foundation almost entirely new, and the only one upon which they can stand with any security.

And, as the science of man is the only solid foundation for the other sciences, so, the only solid foundation we can give to this science itself must be laid on experience and observation. 'Tis no astonishing reflection to consider, that the application of experimental philosophy to moral subjects should come after that to natural, at the distance of above a whole century; since we find in fact, that there was about the same interval betwixt the origins of these sciences; and that, reckoning from Thales to Socrates, the space of time is nearly equal to that betwixt my Lord Bacon and some late

philosophers * in England, who have begun to put the science of man on a new footing, and have engaged the attention, and excited the curiosity of the public. So true it is, that however other nations may rival us in poetry, and excel us in some other agreeable arts, the improvements in reason and philosophy can only be owing to a land of toleration and of liberty.

Nor ought we to think, that this latter improvement in the science of man will do less honour to our native country than the former in natural philosophy, but ought rather to esteem it a greater glory, upon account of the greater importance of that science, as well as the necessity it lay under of such a reformation. For to me it seems evident, that the essence of the mind being equally unknown to us with that of external bodies, it must be equally impossible to form any notion of its powers and qualities otherwise than from careful and exact experiments, and the observation of those particular effects, which result from its different circumstances and situations. And though we must endeavour to render all our principles as universal as possible, by tracing up our experiments to the utmost, and explaining all effects from the simplest and fewest causes, 'tis still certain we cannot go beyond experience; and any hypothesis, that pretends to discover the ultimate original qualities of human nature, ought at first to be rejected as presumptuous and chimerical.

I do not think a philosopher, who would apply himself so earnestly to the explaining the ultimate principles of the soul, would show himself a great master in that very science of human nature, which he pretends

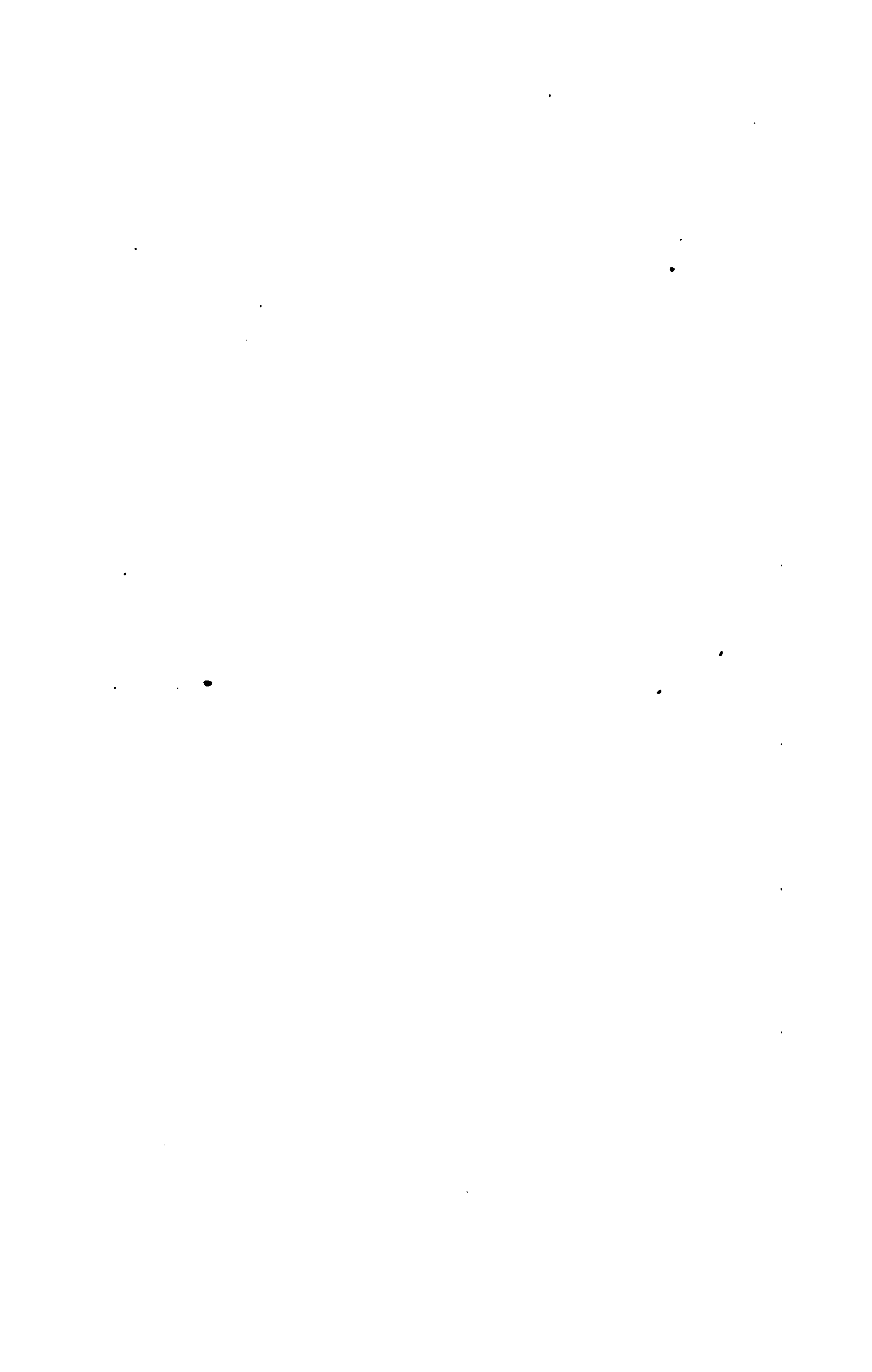
---

* Mr Locke, my Lord Shaftsbury, Dr Mandeville, Mr Hutchinson, Dr Butler, &c.

to explain, or very knowing in what is naturally satisfactory to the mind of man. For nothing is more certain, than that despair has almost the same effect upon us with enjoyment, and that we are no sooner acquainted with the impossibility of satisfying any desire, than the desire itself vanishes. When we see, that we have arrived at the utmost extent of human reason, we sit down contented; though we be perfectly satisfied in the main of our ignorance, and perceive that we can give no reason for our most general and most refined principles, beside our experience of their reality; which is the reason of the mere vulgar, and what it required no study at first to have discovered for the most particular and most extraordinary phenomenon. And as this impossibility of making any farther progress is enough to satisfy the reader, so the writer may derive a more delicate satisfaction from the free confession of his ignorance, and from his prudence in avoiding that error, into which so many have fallen, of imposing their conjectures and hypotheses on the world for the most certain principles. When this mutual contentment and satisfaction can be obtained betwixt the master and scholar, I know not what more we can require of our philosophy.

But if this impossibility of explaining ultimate principles should be esteemed a defect in the science of man, I will venture to affirm, that it is a defect common to it with all the sciences, and all the arts, in which we can employ ourselves, whether they be such as are cultivated in the schools of the philosophers, or practised in the shops of the meanest artisans. None of them can go beyond experience, or establish any principles which are not founded on that authority. Moral philosophy has, indeed, this peculiar disadvantage,

which is not found in natural, that in collecting its experiments, it cannot make them purposely, with premeditation, and after such a manner as to satisfy itself concerning every particular difficulty which may arise. When I am at a loss to know the effects of one body upon another in any situation, I need only put them in that situation, and observe what results from it. But should I endeavour to clear up after the same manner any doubt in moral philosophy, by placing myself in the same case with that which I consider, 'tis evident this reflection and premeditation would so disturb the operation of my natural principles, as must render it impossible to form any just conclusion from the phenomenon. We must, therefore, glean up our experiments in this science from a cautious observation of human life, and take them as they appear in the common course of the world, by men's behaviour in company, in affairs, and in their pleasures. Where experiments of this kind are judiciously collected and compared, we may hope to establish on them a science which will not be inferior in certainty, and will be much superior in utility, to any other of human comprehension.



BOOK I.

OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

PART I.

OF IDEAS, THEIR ORIGIN, COMPOSITION, CONNEXION, AND ABSTRACTION.

SECTION I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS.

SECT. I. Of the origin of our ideas.

All the perceptions of the human mind resolve themselves into two distinct kinds, which I shall call *impressions* and *ideas*. The difference betwixt these consists in the degrees of force and liveliness, with which they strike upon the mind, and make their way into our thought or consciousness. Those perceptions which enter with most force and violence, we may name *impressions*; and, under this name, I comprehend all our sensations, passions, and emotions, as they make their first appearance in the soul. By *ideas*, I mean the faint images of these in thinking and reasoning; such as, for instance, are all the perceptions excited by the present discourse, excepting only those which arise from the sight and touch, and excepting the immediate pleasure or uneasiness it may occasion. I believe it will not be very necessary to employ many words in explaining this distinction. Every one of himself will readily perceive the difference betwixt feeling and thinking. The common degrees of these are easily distinguished; though it is not impossible but, in particular instances, they may very nearly approach to each other. Thus, in sleep, in a fever, in madness, or in any very violent emotions of soul, our ideas may approach to our impressions: as, on the other hand, it

PART. I. Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

sometimes happens, that our impressions are so faint and low, that we cannot distinguish them from our ideas. But, notwithstanding this near resemblance in a few instances, they are in general so very different, that no one can make a scruple to rank them under distinct heads, and assign to each a peculiar name to mark the difference. *

There is another division of our perceptions, which it will be convenient to observe, and which extends itself both to our impressions and ideas. This division is into *simple* and *complex*. Simple perceptions, or impressions and ideas, are such as admit of no distinction nor separation. The complex are the contrary to these, and may be distinguished into parts. Though a particular colour, taste and smell, are qualities all united together in this apple, 'tis easy to perceive they are not the same, but are at least distinguishable from each other.

Having, by these divisions, given an order and arrangement to our objects, we may now apply ourselves to consider, with the more accuracy, their qualities and relations. The first circumstance that strikes my eye, is the great resemblance betwixt our impressions and ideas in every other particular, except their degree of force and vivacity. The one seem to be, in a manner, the reflection of the other; so that all the perceptions of the mind are double, and appear

* I here make use of these terms, *impression* and *idea*, in a sense different from what is usual, and I hope this liberty will be allowed me. Perhaps I rather restore the word idea to its original sense, from which Mr Locke had perverted it, in making it stand for all our perceptions. By the term of impression, I would not be understood to express the manner in which our lively perceptions are produced in the soul, but merely the perceptions themselves; for which there is no particular name, either in the English or any other language that I know of.

SECT. I. Of the origin of our ideas.

both as impressions and ideas. When I shut my eyes, and think of my chamber, the ideas I form are exact representations of the impressions I felt; nor is there any circumstance of the one, which is not to be found in the other. In running over my other perceptions, I find still the same resemblance and representation. Ideas and impressions appear always to correspond to each other. This circumstance seems to me remarkable, and engages my attention for a moment.

Upon a more accurate survey I find I have been carried away too far by the first appearance, and that I must make use of the distinction of perceptions into *simple* and *complex*, to limit this general decision, *that all our ideas and impressions are resembling*. I observe that many of our complex ideas never had impressions that corresponded to them, and that many of our complex impressions never are exactly copied in ideas. I can imagine to myself such a city as the New Jerusalem, whose pavement is gold, and walls are rubies, though I never saw any such. I have seen Paris; but shall I affirm I can form such an idea of that city, as will perfectly represent all its streets and houses in their real and just proportions?

I perceive, therefore, that though there is, in general, a great resemblance betwixt our *complex* impressions and ideas, yet the rule is not universally true, that they are exact copies of each other. We may next consider, how the case stands with our *simple* perceptions. After the most accurate examination of which I am capable, I venture to affirm, that the rule here holds without any exception, and that every simple idea has a simple impression, which resembles it, and every simple impression a correspondent idea. That idea of red, which we form in the dark, and that

PART I.

Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

impression, which strikes our eyes in sunshine, differ only in degree, not in nature. That the case is the same with all our simple impressions and ideas, 'tis impossible to prove by a particular enumeration of them. Every one may satisfy himself in this point by running over as many as he pleases. But if any one should deny this universal resemblance, I know no way of convincing him, but by desiring him to show a simple impression that has not a correspondent idea, or a simple idea that has not a correspondent impression. If he does not answer this challenge, as 'tis certain he cannot, we may, from his silence and our own observation, establish our conclusion.

Thus we find, that all simple ideas and impressions resemble each other; and, as the complex are formed from them, we may affirm in general, that these two species of perception are exactly correspondent. Having discovered this relation, which requires no farther examination, I am curious to find some other of their qualities. Let us consider, how they stand with regard to their existence, and which of the impressions and ideas are causes, and which effects.

The full examination of this question is the subject of the present treatise; and, therefore, we shall here content ourselves with establishing one general proposition, *That all our simple ideas in their first appearance, are derived from simple impressions, which are correspondent to them, and which they exactly represent.*

In seeking for phenomena to prove this proposition, I find only those of two kinds; but, in each kind the phenomena are obvious, numerous, and conclusive. I first make myself certain, by a new review, of what I have already asserted, that every simple impression

is attended with a correspondent idea, and every simple idea with a correspondent impression. From this constant conjunction of resembling perceptions I immediately conclude, that there is a great connexion betwixt our correspondent impressions and ideas, and that the existence of the one has a considerable influence upon that of the other. Such a constant conjunction, in such an infinite number of instances, can never arise from chance; but clearly proves a dependence of the impressions on the ideas, or of the ideas on the impressions. That I may know on which side this dependence lies, I consider the order of their *first appearance*; and find, by constant experience, that the simple impressions always take the precedence of their correspondent ideas, but never appear in the contrary order. To give a child an idea of scarlet or orange, of sweet or bitter, I present the objects, or, in other words, convey to him these impressions; but proceed not so absurdly, as to endeavour to produce the impressions by exciting the ideas. Our ideas, upon their appearance, produce not their correspondent impressions, nor do we perceive any colour, or feel any sensation merely upon thinking of them. On the other hand we find, that any impression, either of the mind or body, is constantly followed by an idea, which resembles it, and is only different in the degrees of force and liveliness. The constant conjunction of our resembling perceptions, is a convincing proof, that the one are the causes of the other; and this priority of the impressions is an equal proof, that our impressions are the causes of our ideas, not our ideas of our impressions.

SECT. I. Of the origin of our ideas.

To confirm this, I consider another plain and convincing phenomenon; which is, that wherever, by any

Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

accident, the faculties which give rise to any impressions are obstructed in their operations, as when one is born blind or deaf, not only the impressions are lost, but also their correspondent ideas; so that there never appear in the mind the least traces of either of them. Nor is this only true, where the organs of sensation are entirely destroyed, but likewise where they have never been put in action to produce a particular impression. We cannot form to ourselves a just idea of the taste of a pine-apple, without having actually tasted it.

There is, however, one contradictory phenomenon, which may prove, that 'tis not absolutely impossible for ideas to go before their correspondent impressions. I believe it will readily be allowed, that the several distinct ideas of colours, which enter by the eyes, or those of sounds, which are conveyed by the hearing, are really different from each other, though, at the same time, resembling. Now, if this be true of different colours, it must be no less so of the different shades of the same colour, that each of them produces a distinct idea, independent of the rest. For if this should be denied, 'tis possible, by the continual gradation of shades, to run a colour insensibly into what is most remote from it; and, if you will not allow any of the means to be different, you cannot, without absurdity, deny the extremes to be the same. Suppose, therefore, a person to have enjoyed his sight for thirty years, and to have become perfectly well acquainted with colours of all kinds, excepting one particular shade of blue, for instance, which it never has been his fortune to meet with. Let all the different shades of that colour, except that single one, be placed before him, descending gradually from the deepest to the lightest;

SECT. I.

Of the origin of our ideas.

'tis plain, that he will perceive a blank, where that shade is wanting, and will be sensible that there is a greater distance in that place, betwixt the contiguous colours, than in any other. Now I ask, whether 'tis possible for him, from his own imagination, to supply this deficiency, and raise up to himself the idea of that particular shade, though it had never been conveyed to him by his senses? I believe there are few but will be of opinion that he can; and this may serve as a proof, that the simple ideas are not always derived from the correspondent impressions; though the instance is so particular and singular, that 'tis scarce worth our observing, and does not merit that, for it alone, we should alter our general maxim.

But, besides this exception, it may not be amiss to remark, on this head, that the principle of the priority of impressions to ideas, must be understood with another limitation, viz. that as our ideas are images of our impressions, so we can form secondary ideas, which are images of the primary, as appears from this very reasoning concerning them. This is not, properly speaking, an exception to the rule so much as an explanation of it. Ideas produce the images of themselves in new ideas; but as the first ideas are supposed to be derived from impressions, it still remains true, that all our simple ideas proceed, either mediately or immediately, from their correspondent impressions.

This, then, is the first principle I establish in the science of human nature; nor ought we to despise it because of the simplicity of its appearance. For 'tis remarkable, that the present question concerning the precedency of our impressions or ideas, is the same with what has made so much noise in other terms, when it has been disputed whether there be any *innate*

PART I.

Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

ideas, or whether all ideas be derived from sensation and reflection. We may observe, that in order to prove the ideas of extension and colour not to be innate, philosophers do nothing but show, that they are conveyed by our senses. To prove the ideas of passion and desire not to be innate, they observe, that we have a preceding experience of these emotions in ourselves. Now, if we carefully examine these arguments, we shall find that they prove nothing but that ideas are preceded by other more lively perceptions, from which they are derived, and which they represent. I hope this clear stating of the question will remove all disputes concerning it, and will render this principle of more use in our reasonings, than it seems hitherto to have been.

SECTION II.

DIVISION OF THE SUBJECT.

SINCE it appears, that our simple impressions are prior to their correspondent ideas, and that the exceptions are very rare, method seems to require we should examine our impressions before we consider our ideas. Impressions may be divided into two kinds, those of *sensation*, and those of *reflection*. The first kind arises in the soul originally, from unknown causes. The second is derived, in a great measure, from our ideas, and that in the following order. An impression first strikes upon the senses, and makes us perceive heat or cold, thirst or hunger, pleasure or pain, of some kind or other. Of this impression there is a copy taken by

Division of the subject.

the mind, which remains after the impression ceases; and this we call an idea. This idea of pleasure or pain, when it returns upon the soul, produces the new impressions of desire and aversion, hope and fear, which may properly be called impressions of reflection, because derived from it. These again are copied by the memory and imagination, and become ideas; which, perhaps, in their turn, give rise to other impressions and ideas: so that the impressions of reflection are only antecedent to their correspondent ideas, but posterior to those of sensation, and derived from them. The examination of our sensations belongs more to anatomists and natural philosophers than to moral; and, therefore, shall not at present be entered upon. And, as the impressions of reflection, viz. passions, desires, and emotions, which principally deserve our attention, arise mostly from ideas, 'twill be necessary to reverse that method, which at first sight seems most natural; and, in order to explain the nature and principles of the human mind, give a particular account of ideas, before we proceed to impressions. For this reason, I have here chosen to begin with ideas,

SECTION III.

OF THE IDEAS OF THE MEMORY AND IMAGINATION.

We find, by experience, that when any impression has been present with the mind, it again makes its appearance there as an idea; and this it may do after two different ways: either when, in its new appear-

ance, it retains a considerable degree of its first vivacity, and is somewhat intermediate betwixt an impression and an idea; or when it entirely loses that vivacity, and is a perfect idea. The faculty by which we repeat our impressions in the first manner, is called the *memory*, and the other the *imagination*. 'Tis evident, at first sight, that the ideas of the memory are much more lively and strong than those of the imagination, and that the former faculty paints its objects in more distinct colours, than any which are employed by the latter. When we remember any past event, the idea of it flows in upon the mind in a forcible manner; whereas, in the imagination, the perception is faint and languid, and cannot, without difficulty, be preserved by the mind steady and uniform for any considerable time. Here, then, is a sensible difference betwixt one species of ideas and another. But of this more fully hereafter. *

There is another difference betwixt these two kinds of ideas, which is no less evident, namely, that though neither the ideas of the memory nor imagination, neither the lively nor faint ideas, can make their appearance in the mind, unless their correspondent impressions have gone before to prepare the way for them, yet the imagination is not restrained to the same order and form with the original impressions; while the memory is in a manner tied down in that respect, without any power of variation.

'Tis evident, that the memory preserves the original form, in which its objects were presented, and that wherever we depart from it in recollecting any thing, it proceeds from some defect or imperfection in that

* Part III. Sect. 5.

SECT. III.

Of the ideas of the memory and imagination.

faculty. An historian may, perhaps, for the more convenient carrying on of his narration, relate an event before another to which it was in fact posterior; but then, he takes notice of this disorder, if he be exact; and, by that means, replaces the idea in its due position. 'Tis the same case in our recollection of those places and persons, with which we were formerly acquainted. The chief exercise of the memory is not to preserve the simple ideas, but their order and position. In short, this principle is supported by such a number of common and vulgar phenomena, that we may spare ourselves the trouble of insisting on it any farther.

The same evidence follows us in our second principle, *of the liberty of the imagination to transpose and change its ideas.* The fables we meet with in poems and romances put this entirely out of question. Nature there is totally confounded, and nothing mentioned but winged horses, fiery dragons, and monstrous giants. Nor will this liberty of the fancy appear strange, when we consider, that all our ideas are copied from our impressions, and that there are not any two impressions which are perfectly inseparable. Not to mention, that this is an evident consequence of the division of ideas into simple and complex. Wherever the imagination perceives a difference among ideas, it can easily produce a separation.

SECTION IV.

OF THE CONNEXION OR ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

PART I. Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

As all simple ideas may be separated by the imagination, and may be united again in what form it pleases, nothing would be more unaccountable than the operations of that faculty, were it not guided by some universal principles, which render it, in some measure, uniform with itself in all times and places. Were ideas entirely loose and unconnected, chance alone would join them; and 'tis impossible the same simple ideas should fall regularly into complex ones (as they commonly do), without some bond of union among them, some associating quality, by which one idea naturally introduces another. This uniting principle among ideas is not to be considered as an inseparable connexion; for that has been already excluded from the imagination: nor yet are we to conclude, that without it the mind cannot join two ideas; for nothing is more free than that faculty: but we are only to regard it as a gentle force, which commonly prevails, and is the cause why, among other things, languages so nearly correspond to each other; Nature, in a manner, pointing out to every one those simple ideas, which are most proper to be united into a complex one. The qualities, from which this association arises, and by which the mind is, after this manner, conveyed from one idea to another, are three,

SECT. IV.

Of the connexion or association of ideas.

viz. *resemblance*, *contiguity* in time or place, and *cause* and *effect*.

I believe it will not be very necessary to prove, that these qualities produce an association among ideas, and, upon the appearance of one idea, naturally introduce another. 'Tis plain, that, in the course of our thinking, and in the constant revolution of our ideas, our imagination runs easily from one idea to any other that *resembles* it, and that this quality alone is to the fancy a sufficient bond and association. 'Tis likewise evident, that as the senses, in changing their objects, are necessitated to change them regularly, and take them as they lie *contiguous* to each other, the imagination must, by long custom, acquire the same method of thinking, and run along the parts of space and time in conceiving its objects. As to the connexion that is made by the relation of *cause and effect*, we shall have occasion afterwards to examine it to the bottom, and therefore shall not at present insist upon it. 'Tis sufficient to observe, that there is no relation, which produces a stronger connexion in the fancy, and makes one idea more readily recall another, than the relation of cause and effect betwixt their objects.

That we may understand the full extent of these relations, we must consider, that two objects are connected together in the imagination, not only when the one is immediately resembling, contiguous to, or the cause of the other, but also when there is interposed betwixt them a third object, which bears to both of them any of these relations. This may be carried on to a great length; though, at the same time we may observe, that each remove considerably weakens the relation. Cousins in the fourth degree are connected by *causation*, if I may be allowed to use that term; but not so

closely as brothers, much less as child and parent. In general, we may observe, that all the relations of blood depend upon cause and effect, and are esteemed near or remote, according to the number of connecting causes interposed betwixt the persons.

Of the three relations above mentioned this of causation is the most extensive. Two objects may be considered as placed in this relation, as well when one is the cause of any of the actions or motions of the other, as when the former is the cause of the existence of the latter. For as that action or motion is nothing but the object itself, considered in a certain light, and as the object continues the same in all its different situations, 'tis easy to imagine how such an influence of objects upon one another may connect them in the imagination.

We may carry this farther, and remark, not only that two objects are connected by the relation of cause and effect, when the one produces a motion or any action in the other, but also when it has a power of producing it. And this we may observe to be the source of all the relations of interest and duty, by which men influence each other in society, and are placed in the ties of government and subordination. A master is such a one as, by his situation, arising either from force or agreement, has a power of directing in certain particulars the actions of another, whom we call servant. A judge is one, who, in all disputed cases, can fix by his opinion the possession or property of any thing betwixt any members of the society. When a person is possessed of any power, there is no more required to convert it into action, but the exertion of the will; and *that* in every case is considered as possible, and in many as probable; especially in the case of authority,

where the obedience of the subject is a pleasure and advantage to the superior.

SECT. IV.

Of the connexion or association of ideas.

These are, therefore, the principles of union or cohesion among our simple ideas, and in the imagination supply the place of that inseparable connexion, by which they are united in our memory. Here is a kind of *attraction*, which in the mental world will be found to have as extraordinary effects as in the natural, and to show itself in as many and as various forms. Its effects are every where conspicuous; but, as to its causes, they are mostly unknown, and must be resolved into *original* qualities of human nature, which I pretend not to explain. Nothing is more requisite for a true philosopher, than to restrain the intemperate desire of searching into causes; and, having established any doctrine upon a sufficient number of experiments, rest contented with that, when he sees a farther examination would lead him into obscure and uncertain speculations. In that case his inquiry would be much better employed in examining the effects than the causes of his principle.

Amongst the effects of this union or association of ideas, there are none more remarkable than those complex ideas, which are the common subjects of our thoughts and reasoning, and generally arise from some principle of union among our simple ideas. These complex ideas may be divided into *relations*, *modes*, and *substances*. We shall briefly examine each of these in order, and shall subjoin some considerations concerning our *general* and *particular* ideas, before we leave the present subject, which may be considered as the elements of this philosophy.

SECTION V.

OF RELATIONS.

PART I. Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

The word *relation* is commonly used in two senses considerably different from each other. Either for that quality, by which two ideas are connected together in the imagination, and the one naturally introduces the other, after the manner above explained; or for that particular circumstance, in which, even upon the arbitrary union of two ideas in the fancy, we may think proper to compare them. In common language, the former is always the sense in which we use the word relation; and 'tis only in philosophy that we extend it to mean any particular subject of comparison, without a connecting principle. Thus, distance will be allowed by philosophers to be a true relation, because we acquire an idea of it by the comparing of objects: but in a common way we say, *that nothing can be more distant than such or such things from each other, nothing can have less relation;* as if distance and relation were incompatible.

It may, perhaps, be esteemed an endless task to enumerate all those qualities, which make objects admit of comparison, and by which the ideas of *philosophical* relation are produced. But if we diligently consider them we shall find, that without difficulty they may be comprised under seven general heads, which may be considered as the sources of all philosophical relation.

1. The first is *resemblance:* and this is a relation,

SECT. V. Of Relations.

without which no philosophical relation can exist, since no objects will admit of comparison, but what have some degree of resemblance. But though resemblance be necessary to all philosophical relation, it does not follow that it always produces a connexion or association of ideas. When a quality becomes very general, and is common to a great many individuals, it leads not the mind directly to any one of them; but, by presenting at once too great a choice, does thereby prevent the imagination from fixing on any single object.

2. *Identity* may be esteemed a second species of relation. This relation I here consider as applied in its strictest sense to constant and unchangeable objects; without examining the nature and foundation of personal identity, which shall find its place afterwards. Of all relations the most universal is that of identity, being common to every being, whose existence has any duration.

3. After identity the most universal and comprehensive relations are those of *space* and *time*, which are the sources of an infinite number of comparisons, such as *distant*, *contiguous*, *above*, *below*, *before*, *after*, *&c.*

4. All those objects, which admit of *quantity* or *number*, may be compared in that particular, which is another very fertile source of relation.

5. When any two objects possess the same *quality* in common, the *degrees* in which they possess it form a fifth species of relation. Thus, of two objects which are both heavy, the one may be either of greater or less weight than the other. Two colours, that are of the same kind, may yet be of different shades, and in that respect admit of comparison.

6. The relation of *contrariety* may at first sight be regarded as an exception to the rule, *that no relation*

of any kind can subsist without some degree of resemblance. But let us consider, that no two ideas are in themselves contrary, except those of existence and non-existence, which are plainly resembling, as implying both of them an idea of the object; though the latter excludes the object from all times and places, in which it is supposed not to exist.

7. All other objects, such as fire and water, heat and cold, are only found to be contrary from experience, and from the contrariety of their *causes* or *effects*; which relation of cause and effect is a seventh philosophical relation, as well as a natural one. The resemblance implied in this relation shall be explained afterwards.

It might naturally be expected that I should join *difference* to the other relations; but that I consider rather as a negation of relation than as any thing real or positive. Difference is of two kinds, as opposed either to identity or resemblance. The first is called a difference of *number*; the other of *kind*.

SECTION VI.

OF MODES AND SUBSTANCES.

I WOULD fain ask those philosophers, who found so much of their reasonings on the distinction of substance and accident, and imagine we have clear ideas of each, whether the idea of *substance* be derived from the impressions of sensation or reflection? If it be conveyed to us by our senses, I ask, which of them, and after what manner? If it be perceived by the eyes, it must

SECT. VI.

Of modes and substances.

be a colour; if by the ears, a sound; if by the palate, a taste; and so of the other senses. But I believe none will assert, that substance is either a colour, or sound, or a taste. The idea of substance must therefore be derived from an impression of reflection, if it really exist. But the impressions of reflection resolve themselves into our passions and emotions; none of which can possibly represent a substance. We have, therefore, no idea of substance, distinct from that of a collection of particular qualities, nor have we any other meaning when we either talk or reason concerning it.

The idea of a substance as well as that of a mode, is nothing but a collection of simple ideas, that are united by the imagination, and have a particular name assigned them, by which we are able to recal, either to ourselves or others, that collection. But the difference betwixt these ideas consists in this, that the particular qualities, which form a substance, are commonly referred to an unknown *something*, in which they are supposed to inhere; or granting this fiction should not take place, are at least supposed to be closely and inseparably connected by the relations of contiguity and causation. The effect of this is, that whatever new simple quality we discover to have the same connexion with the rest, we immediately comprehend it among them, even though it did not enter into the first conception of the substance. Thus our idea of gold may at first be a yellow colour, weight, malleableness, fusibility; but upon the discovery of its dissolubility in *aqua regia*, we join that to the other qualities, and suppose it to belong to the substance as much as if its idea had from the beginning made a part of the compound one. The principle of union being regarded as the chief part of the complex idea, gives entrance to what-

ever quality afterwards occurs, and is equally comprehended by it, as are the others, which first presented themselves.

That this cannot take place in modes, is evident from considering their nature. The simple ideas of which modes are formed, either represent qualities, which are not united by contiguity and causation, but are dispersed in different subjects; or if they be all united together, the uniting principle is not regarded as the foundation of the complex idea. The idea of a dance is an instance of the first kind of modes; that of beauty of the second. The reason is obvious, why such complex ideas cannot receive any new idea, without changing the name, which distinguishes the mode.

SECTION VII.

OF ABSTRACT IDEAS.

A very material question has been started concerning *abstract* or *general* ideas, *whether they be general or particular in the mind's conception of them.* A great philosopher * has disputed the received opinion in this particular, and has asserted, that all general ideas are nothing but particular ones annexed to a certain term, which gives them a more extensive signification, and makes them recal upon occasion other individuals, which are similar to them. As I look upon this to be one of the greatest and most valuable discoveries that has been made of late years in the republic of let-

* Dr Berkeley.

ters, I shall here endeavour to confirm it by some arguments, which I hope will put it beyond all doubt and controversy.

Of abstract ideas.

'Tis evident, that, in forming most of our general ideas, if not all of them, we abstract from every particular degree of quantity and quality, and that an object ceases not to be of any particular species on account of every small alteration in its extension, duration, and other properties. It may therefore be thought, that here is a plain dilemma, that decides concerning the nature of those abstract ideas, which have afforded so much speculation to philosophers. The abstract idea of a man represents men of all sizes and all qualities, which 'tis concluded it cannot do, but either by representing at once all possible sizes and all possible qualities, or by representing no particular one at all. Now, it having been esteemed absurd to defend the former proposition, as implying an infinite capacity in the mind, it has been commonly inferred in favour of the latter; and our abstract ideas have been supposed to represent no particular degree either of quantity or quality. But that this inference is erroneous, I shall endeavour to make appear, *first*, by proving, that 'tis utterly impossible to conceive any quantity or quality, without forming a precise notion of its degrees; and, *secondly*, by showing, that though the capacity of the mind be not infinite, yet we can at once form a notion of all possible degrees of quantity and quality, in such a manner at least, as, however imperfect, may serve all the purposes of reflection and conversation.

To begin with the first proposition, *that the mind cannot form any notion of quantity or quality without forming a precise notion of degrees of each*, we may prove this by the three following arguments. First,

PART I. Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

that of a particular object, though the application of it in our reasoning be the same as if it were universal.

This application of ideas, beyond their nature, proceeds from our collecting all their possible degrees of quantity and quality in such an imperfect manner as may serve the purposes of life, which is the second proposition I proposed to explain. When we have found a resemblance* among several objects, that often occur to us, we apply the same name to all of them, whatever differences we may observe in the degrees of their quantity and quality, and whatever other differences may appear among them. After we have acquired a custom of this kind, the hearing of that name revives the idea of one of these objects, and makes the imagination conceive it with all its particular circumstances and proportions. But as the same word is supposed to have been frequently applied to other individuals, that are different in many respects from that idea, which is immediately present to the mind; the word not being able to revive the idea of all these in-

* 'Tis evident, that even different simple ideas may have a similarity or resemblance to each other; nor is it necessary, that the point or circumstance of resemblance should be distinct or separable from that in which they differ. *Blue* and *green* are different simple ideas, but are more resembling than *blue* and *scarlet*; though their perfect simplicity excludes all possibility of separation or distinction. 'Tis the same case with particular sounds, and tastes, and smells. These admit of infinite resemblances upon the general appearance and comparison, without having any common circumstance the same. And of this we may be certain, even from the very abstract terms *simple idea*. They comprehend all simple ideas under them. These resemble each other in their simplicity. And yet from their very nature, which excludes all composition, this circumstance, in which they resemble, is not distinguishable or separable from the rest. 'Tis the same case with all the degrees in any quality. They are all resembling, and yet the quality, in any individual, is not distinct from the degree.

Of abstract ideas.

dividuals, only touches the soul, if I may be allowed so to speak, and revives that custom, which we have acquired by surveying them. They are not really and in fact present to the mind, but only in power; nor do we draw them all out distinctly in the imagination, but keep ourselves in a readiness to survey any of them, as we may be prompted by a present design or necessity. The word raises up an individual idea, along with a certain custom, and that custom produces any other individual one, for which we may have occasion. But as the production of all the ideas, to which the name may be applied, is in most cases impossible, we abridge that work by a more partial consideration, and find but few inconveniences to arise in our reasoning from that abridgment.

For this is one of the most extraordinary circumstances in the present affair, that after the mind has produced an individual idea, upon which we reason, the attendant custom, revived by the general or abstract term, readily suggests any other individual, if by chance we form any reasoning that agrees not with it. Thus, should we mention the word triangle, and form the idea of a particular equilateral one to correspond to it, and should we afterwards assert, *that the three angles of a triangle are equal to each other*, the other individuals of a scalenum and isosceles, which we overlooked at first, immediately crowd in upon us, and make us perceive the falsehood of this proposition, though it be true with relation to that idea which we had formed. If the mind suggests not always these ideas upon occasion, it proceeds from some imperfection in its faculties; and such a one as is often the source of false reasoning and sophistry. But this is principally the case with those ideas which are ab-

PART I.
Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

struse and compounded. On other occasions the custom is more entire, and 'tis seldom we run into such errors.

Nay so entire is the custom, that the very same idea may be annexed to several different words, and may be employed in different reasonings, without any danger of mistake. Thus the idea of an equilateral triangle of an inch perpendicular may serve us in talking of a figure, of a rectilineal figure, of a regular figure, of a triangle, and of an equilateral triangle. All these terms, therefore, are in this case attended with the same idea; but as they are wont to be applied in a greater or lesser compass, they excite their particular habits, and thereby keep the mind in a readiness to observe, that no conclusion be formed contrary to any ideas, which are usually comprised under them.

Before those habits have become entirely perfect, perhaps the mind may not be content with forming the idea of only one individual, but may run over several, in order to make itself comprehend its own meaning, and the compass of that collection, which it intends to express by the general term. That we may fix the meaning of the word, figure, we may revolve in our mind the ideas of circles, squares, parallelograms, triangles of different sizes and proportions, and may not rest on one image or idea. However this may be, 'tis certain *that* we form the idea of individuals whenever we use any general term; *that* we seldom or never can exhaust these individuals; and *that* those which remain, are only represented by means of that habit by which we recal them, whenever any present occasion requires it. This then is the nature of our abstract ideas and general terms; and 'tis after this manner we account for the foregoing paradox, *that some ideas are*

particular in their nature, but general in their representation. A particular idea becomes general by being annexed to a general term; that is, to a term which, from a customary conjunction, has a relation to many other particular ideas, and readily recals them in the imagination.

The only difficulty that can remain on this subject, must be with regard to that custom, which so readily recals every particular idea for which we may have occasion, and is excited by any word or sound to which we commonly annex it. The most proper method, in my opinion, of giving a satisfactory explication of this act of the mind, is by producing other instances which are analogous to it, and other principles which facilitate its operation. To explain the ultimate causes of our mental actions is impossible. 'Tis sufficient if we can give any satisfactory account of them from experience and analogy.

First, then, I observe, that when we mention any great number, such as a thousand, the mind has generally no adequate idea of it, but only a power of producing such an idea, by its adequate idea of the decimals under which the number is comprehended. This imperfection, however, in our ideas, is never felt in our reasonings, which seems to be an instance parallel to the present one of universal ideas.

Secondly, we have several instances of habits which may be revived by one single word; as when a person who has, by rote, any periods of a discourse, or any number of verses, will be put in remembrance of the whole, which he is at a loss to recollect, by that single word or expression with which they begin.

Thirdly, I believe every one who examines the situation of his mind in reasoning, will agree with me,

PART I. Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

that we do not annex distinct and complete ideas to every term we make use of, and that in talking of *government*, *church*, *negociation*, *conquest*, we seldom spread out in our minds all the simple ideas of which these complex ones are composed. 'Tis however observable, that notwithstanding this imperfection, we may avoid talking nonsense on these subjects, and may perceive any repugnance among the ideas as well as if we had a full comprehension of them. Thus, if instead of saying, *that in war the weaker have always recourse to negociation*, we should say, *that they have always recourse to conquest*, the custom which we have acquired of attributing certain relations to ideas, still follows the words, and makes us immediately perceive the absurdity of that proposition; in the same manner as one particular idea may serve us in reasoning concerning other ideas, however different from it in several circumstances.

Fourthly, as the individuals are collected together, and placed under a general term with a view to that resemblance which they bear to each other, this relation must facilitate their entrance in the imagination, and make them be suggested more readily upon occasion. And, indeed, if we consider the common progress of the thought, either in reflection or conversation, we shall find great reason to be satisfied in this particular. Nothing is more admirable than the readiness with which the imagination suggests its ideas, and presents them at the very instant in which they become necessary or useful. The fancy runs from one end of the universe to the other, in collecting those ideas which belong to any subject. One would think the whole intellectual world of ideas was at once subjected to our view, and that we did nothing but pick

out such as were most proper for our purpose. There may not, however, be any present, beside those very ideas, that are thus collected by a kind of magical faculty in the soul, which, though it be always most perfect in the greatest geniuses, and is properly what we call a genius, is however inexplicable by the utmost efforts of human understanding.

Perhaps these four reflections may help to remove all difficulties to the hypothesis I have proposed concerning abstract ideas, so contrary to that which has hitherto prevailed in philosophy. But to tell the truth, I place my chief confidence in what I have already proved concerning the impossibility of general ideas, according to the common method of explaining them. We must certainly seek some new system on this head, and there plainly is none beside what I have proposed. If ideas be particular in their nature, and at the same time finite in their number, 'tis only by custom they can become general in their representation, and contain an infinite number of other ideas under them.

Before I leave this subject, I shall employ the same principles to explain that *distinction of reason*, which is so much talked of, and is so little understood in the schools. Of this kind is the distinction betwixt figure and the body figured; motion and the body moved. The difficulty of explaining this distinction arises from the principle above explained, *that all ideas which are different are separable*. For it follows from thence, that if the figure be different from the body, their ideas must be separable as well as distinguishable; if they be not different, their ideas can neither be separable nor distinguishable. What then is meant by a dis-

PART I. Of ideas, their origin, composition, &c.

tinction of reason, since it implies neither a difference nor separation?

To remove this difficulty, we must have recourse to the foregoing explication of abstract ideas. 'Tis certain that the mind would never have dreamed of distinguishing a figure from the body figured, as being in reality neither distinguishable, nor different, nor separable, did it not observe, that even in this simplicity there might be contained many different resemblances and relations. Thus, when a globe of white marble is presented, we receive only the impression of a white colour disposed in a certain form, nor are we able to separate and distinguish the colour from the form. But observing afterwards a globe of black marble and a cube of white, and comparing them with our former object, we find two separate resemblances, in what formerly seemed, and really is, perfectly inseparable. After a little more practice of this kind, we begin to distinguish the figure from the colour by a *distinction of reason*; that is, we consider the figure and colour together, since they are, in effect, the same and undistinguishable; but still view them in different aspects, according to the resemblances of which they are susceptible. When we would consider only the figure of the globe of white marble, we form in reality an idea both of the figure and colour, but tacitly carry our eye to its resemblance with the globe of black marble: and in the same manner, when we would consider its colour only, we turn our view to its resemblance with the cube of white marble. By this means we accompany our ideas with a kind of reflection, of which custom renders us, in a great measure, insensible. A person who desires us to consider the figure of a globe

of white marble without thinking on its colour, desires an impossibility; but his meaning is, that we should consider the colour and figure together, but still keep in our eye the resemblance to the globe of black marble, or that to any other globe of whatever colour or substance.

Of abstract ideas.

PART II.

OF THE IDEAS OF SPACE AND TIME.

SECTION I.

OF THE INFINITE DIVISIBILITY OF OUR IDEAS OF SPACE AND TIME.

PART II. Of the ideas of space and time.

WHATEVER has the air of a paradox, and is contrary to the first and most unprejudiced notions of mankind, is often greedily embraced by philosophers, as showing the superiority of their science, which could discover opinions so remote from vulgar conception. On the other hand, any thing proposed to us, which causes surprise and admiration, gives such a satisfaction to the mind, that it indulges itself in those agreeable emotions, and will never be persuaded that its pleasure is entirely without foundation. From these dispositions in philosophers and their disciples, arises that mutual complaisance betwixt them; while the former furnish such plenty of strange and unaccountable opinions, and the latter so readily believe them. Of this mutual complaisance I cannot give a more evident instance than in the doctrine of infinite divisibility, with the examination of which I shall begin this subject of the ideas of space and time.

SECT. I.

Of the infinite divisibility of our ideas of space and time.

'Tis universally allowed, that the capacity of the mind is limited, and can never attain a full and adequate conception of infinity: and though it were not allowed, 'twould be sufficiently evident from the plainest observation and experience. 'Tis also obvious, that whatever is capable of being divided *in infinitum*, must consist of an infinite number of parts, and that 'tis impossible to set any bounds to the number of parts without setting bounds at the same time to the division. It requires scarce any induction to conclude from hence, that the *idea*, which we form of any finite quality, is not infinitely divisible, but that by proper distinctions and separations we may run up this idea to inferior ones, which will be perfectly simple and indivisible. In rejecting the infinite capacity of the mind, we suppose it may arrive at an end in the division of its ideas; nor are there any possible means of evading the evidence of this conclusion.

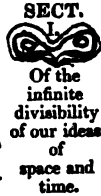
'Tis therefore certain, that the imagination reaches a *minimum*, and may raise up to itself an idea, of which it cannot conceive any subdivision, and which cannot be diminished without a total annihilation. When you tell me of the thousandth and ten thousandth part of a grain of sand, I have a distinct idea of these numbers and of their different proportions; but the images which I form in my mind to represent the things themselves, are nothing different from each other, nor inferior to that image, by which I represent the grain of sand itself, which is supposed so vastly to exceed them. What consists of parts is distinguishable into them, and what is distinguishable is separable. But, whatever we may imagine of the thing, the idea of a grain of sand is not distinguishable nor separable into twenty, much less into a thousand, ten thousand, or an infinite number of different ideas.

PART II. Of the ideas of space and time.

'Tis the same case with the impressions of the senses as with the ideas of the imagination. Put a spot of ink upon paper, fix your eye upon that spot, and retire to such a distance that at last you lose sight of it; 'tis plain, that the moment before it vanished, the image, or impression, was perfectly indivisible. 'Tis not for want of rays of light striking on our eyes, that the minute parts of distant bodies convey not any sensible impression; but because they are removed beyond that distance, at which their impressions were reduced to a *minimum*, and were incapable of any farther diminution. A microscope or telescope, which renders them visible, produces not any new rays of light, but only spreads those which always flowed from them; and, by that means, both gives parts to impressions, which to the naked eye appear simple and uncompounded, and advances to a *minimum* what was formerly imperceptible.

We may hence discover the error of the common opinion, that the capacity of the mind is limited on both sides, and that 'tis impossible for the imagination to form an adequate idea of what goes beyond a certain degree of minuteness as well as of greatness. Nothing can be more minute than some ideas which we form in the fancy, and images which appear to the senses; since there are ideas and images perfectly simple and indivisible. The only defect of our senses is, that they give us disproportioned images of things, and represent as minute and uncompounded what is really great and composed of a vast number of parts. This mistake we are not sensible of; but, taking the impressions of those minute objects, which appear to the senses to be equal, or nearly equal to the objects, and finding, by reason, that there are other objects vastly more minute, we too hastily conclude, that these are

SECT. I.



Of the infinite divisibility of our ideas of space and time.

inferior to any idea of our imagination or impression of our senses. This, however, is certain, that we can form ideas, which shall be no greater than the smallest atom of the animal spirits of an insect a thousand times less than a mite: and we ought rather to conclude, that the difficulty lies in enlarging our conceptions so much as to form a just notion of a mite, or even of an insect a thousand times less than a mite. For, in order to form a just notion of these animals, we must have a distinct idea representing every part of them; which, according to the system of infinite divisibility, is utterly impossible, and according to that of indivisible parts or atoms, is extremely difficult, by reason of the vast number and multiplicity of these parts.

SECTION II.

OF THE INFINITE DIVISIBILITY OF SPACE AND TIME.

WHEREVER ideas are adequate representations of objects, the relations, contradictions, and agreements of the ideas are all applicable to the objects; and this we may, in general, observe to be the foundation of all human knowledge. But our ideas are adequate representations of the most minute parts of extension; and, through whatever divisions and subdivisions we may suppose these parts to be arrived at, they can never become inferior to some ideas which we form. The plain consequence is, that whatever *appears* impossible and contradictory upon the comparison of these ideas, must be *really* impossible and contradictory, without any farther excuse or evasion.

PART II. Of the ideas of space and time.

Every thing capable of being infinitely divided contains an infinite number of parts; otherwise the division would be stopped short by the indivisible parts, which we should immediately arrive at. If therefore any finite extension be infinitely divisible, it can be no contradiction to suppose, that a finite extension contains an infinite number of parts: and *vice versa*, if it be a contradiction to suppose, that a finite extension contains an infinite number of parts, no finite extension can be infinitely divisible. But that this latter supposition is absurd, I easily convince myself by the consideration of my clear ideas. I first take the least idea I can form of a part of extension, and being certain that there is nothing more minute than this idea, I conclude, that whatever I discover by its means, must be a real quality of extension. I then repeat this idea once, twice, thrice, &c. and find the compound idea of extension, arising from its repetition, always to augment, and become double, triple, quadruple, &c. till at last it swells up to a considerable bulk, greater or smaller, in proportion as I repeat more or less the same idea. When I stop in the addition of parts, the idea of extension ceases to augment; and were I to carry on the addition *in infinitum*, I clearly perceive, that the idea of extension must also become infinite. Upon the whole, I conclude, that the idea of an infinite number of parts is individually the same idea with that of an infinite extension; that no finite extension is capable of containing an infinite number of parts; and, consequently, that no finite extension is infinitely divisible.*

* It has been objected to me, that infinite divisibility supposes only an infinite number of *proportional* not of *aliquot* parts, and that an infinite number of proportional parts does not form an infinite extension. But this distinction is entirely frivolous. Whether these parts be called *aliquot* or *proportional*, they cannot be inferior to those minute parts we conceive; and therefore, cannot form a less extension by their conjunction.

SECT. II. Of the infinite divisibility of space and time.

I may subjoin another argument proposed by a noted author, * which seems to me very strong and beautiful. 'Tis evident, that existence in itself belongs only to unity, and is never applicable to number, but on account of the unites of which the number is composed. Twenty men may be said to exist; but 'tis only because one, two, three, four, &c. are existent; and if you deny the existence of the latter, that of the former falls of course. 'Tis therefore utterly absurd to suppose any number to exist, and yet deny the existence of unites; and as extension is always a number, according to the common sentiment of metaphysicians, and never resolves itself into any unite or indivisible quantity, it follows that extension can never at all exist. 'Tis in vain to reply, that any determinate quantity of extension is an unite; but such a one as admits of an infinite number of fractions, and is inexhaustible in its subdivisions. For by the same rule, these twenty men *may be considered as an unite*. The whole globe of the earth, nay, the whole universe *may be considered as an unite*. That term of unity is merely a fictitious denomination, which the mind may apply to any quantity of objects it collects together; nor can such an unity any more exist alone than number can, as being in reality a true number. But the unity, which can exist alone, and whose existence is necessary to that of all number, is of another kind, and must be perfectly indivisible, and incapable of being resolved into any lesser unity.

All this reasoning takes place with regard to time; along with an additional argument, which it may be proper to take notice of. 'Tis a property inseparable from time, and which in a manner constitutes its es-

* Mons. Malezieu.

PART II. Of the ideas of space and time.

sence, that each of its parts succeeds another, and that none of them, however contiguous, can ever be co-existent. For the same reason that the year 1737 cannot concur with the present year 1738, every moment must be distinct from, and posterior or antecedent to another. 'Tis certain then, that time, as it exists, must be composed of indivisible moments. For if in time we could never arrive at an end of division, and if each moment, as it succeeds another, were not perfectly single and indivisible, there would be an infinite number of co-existent moments, or parts of time; which I believe will be allowed to be an arrant contradiction.

The infinite divisibility of space implies that of time, as is evident from the nature of motion. If the latter, therefore, be impossible, the former must be equally so.

I doubt not but it will readily be allowed by the most obstinate defender of the doctrine of infinite divisibility, that these arguments are difficulties, and that 'tis impossible to give any answer to them which will be perfectly clear and satisfactory. But here we may observe, that nothing can be more absurd than this custom of calling a *difficulty* what pretends to be a *demonstration*, and endeavouring by that means to elude its force and evidence. 'Tis not in demonstrations, as in probabilities, that difficulties can take place, and one argument counterbalance another, and diminish its authority. A demonstration, if just, admits of no opposite difficulty; and if not just, 'tis a mere sophism, and consequently can never be a difficulty. 'Tis either irresistible, or has no manner of force. To talk therefore of objections and replies, and balancing of arguments in such a question as this, is to confess, either

Of the infinite divisibility of space and time.

that human reason is nothing but a play of words, or that the person himself, who talks so, has not a capacity equal to such subjects. Demonstrations may be difficult to be comprehended, because of the abstractedness of the subject; but can never have any such difficulties as will weaken their authority, when once they are comprehended.

'Tis true, mathematicians are wont to say, that there are here equally strong arguments on the other side of the question, and that the doctrine of indivisible points is also liable to unanswerable objections. Before I examine these arguments and objections in detail, I will here take them in a body, and endeavour, by a short and decisive reason, to prove, at once, that 'tis utterly impossible they can have any just foundation.

'Tis an established maxim in metaphysics, *That whatever the mind clearly conceives includes the idea of possible existence*, or, in other words, *that nothing we imagine is absolutely impossible.* We can form the idea of a golden mountain, and from thence conclude, that such a mountain may actually exist. We can form no idea of a mountain without a valley, and therefore regard it as impossible.

Now 'tis certain we have an idea of extension; for otherwise, why do we talk and reason concerning it? 'Tis likewise certain, that this idea, as conceived by the imagination, though divisible into parts or inferior ideas, is not infinitely divisible, nor consists of an infinite number of parts: for that exceeds the comprehension of our limited capacities. Here then is an idea of extension, which consists of parts or inferior ideas, that are perfectly indivisible: consequently this idea implies no contradiction: consequently 'tis possible for extension really to exist conformable to it: and con-

PART II. Of the ideas of space and time.

sequently, all the arguments employed against the possibility of mathematical points are mere scholastic quibbles, and unworthy of our attention.

These consequences we may carry one step farther, and conclude that all the pretended demonstrations for the infinite divisibility of extension are equally sophistical; since 'tis certain these demonstrations cannot be just without proving the impossibility of mathematical points; which 'tis an evident absurdity to pretend to.

SECTION III.

OF THE OTHER QUALITIES OF OUR IDEAS OF SPACE AND TIME.

No discovery could have been made more happily for deciding all controversies concerning ideas, than that above mentioned, that impressions always take the precedency of them, and that every idea, with which the imagination is furnished, first makes its appearance in a correspondent impression. These latter perceptions are all so clear and evident, that they admit of no controversy; though many of our ideas are so obscure, that 'tis almost impossible even for the mind, which forms them, to tell exactly their nature and composition. Let us apply this principle, in order to discover farther the nature of our ideas of space and time.

Upon opening my eyes and turning them to the surrounding objects, I perceive many visible bodies; and upon shutting them again, and considering the distance

betwixt these bodies, I acquire the idea of extension. As every idea is derived from some impression which is exactly similar to it, the impressions similar to this idea of extension, must either be some sensations derived from the sight, or some internal impressions arising from these sensations.

SECT. III. Of the other qualities of our ideas of space and time.

Our internal impressions are our passions, emotions, desires, and aversions; none of which, I believe, will ever be asserted to be the model from which the idea of space is derived. There remains, therefore, nothing but the senses which can convey to us this original impression. Now, what impression do our senses here convey to us? This is the principal question, and decides without appeal concerning the nature of the idea.

The table before me is alone sufficient by its view to give me the idea of extension. This idea, then, is borrowed from, and represents some impression which this moment appears to the senses. But my senses convey to me only the impressions of coloured points, disposed in a certain manner. If the eye is sensible of any thing farther, I desire it may be pointed out to me. But, if it be impossible to shew any thing farther, we may conclude with certainty, that the idea of extension is nothing but a copy of these coloured points, and of the manner of their appearance.

Suppose that, in the extended object, or composition of coloured points, from which we first received the idea of extension, the points were of a purple colour; it follows, that in every repetition of that idea we would not only place the points in the same order with respect to each other, but also bestow on them that precise colour with which alone we are acquainted. But afterwards, having experience of the other colours

of violet, green, red, white, black, and of all the different compositions of these, and finding a resemblance in the disposition of coloured points, of which they are composed, we omit the peculiarities of colour, as far as possible, and found an abstract idea merely on that disposition of points, or manner of appearance, in which they agree. Nay, even when the resemblance is carried beyond the objects of one sense, and the impressions of touch are found to be similar to those of sight in the disposition of their parts; this does not hinder the abstract idea from representing both, upon account of their resemblance. All abstract ideas are really nothing but particular ones, considered in a certain light; but being annexed to general terms, they are able to represent a vast variety, and to comprehend objects, which, as they are alike in some particulars, are in others vastly wide of each other.

The idea of time, being derived from the succession of our perceptions of every kind, ideas as well as impressions, and impressions of reflection as well as of sensation, will afford us an instance of an abstract idea, which comprehends a still greater variety than that of space, and yet is represented in the fancy by some particular individual idea of a determined quantity and quality.

As 'tis from the disposition of visible and tangible objects we receive the idea of space, so, from the succession of ideas and impressions we form the idea of time; nor is it possible for time alone ever to make its appearance, or be taken notice of by the mind. A man in a sound sleep, or strongly occupied with one thought, is insensible of time; and according as his perceptions succeed each other with greater or less rapidity, the same duration appears longer or shorter to

SECT. III. Of the other qualities of our ideas of space and time.

his imagination. It has been remarked by a great philosopher,* that our perceptions have certain bounds in this particular, which are fixed by the original nature and constitution of the mind, and beyond which no influence of external objects on the senses is ever able to hasten or retard our thought. If you wheel about a burning coal with rapidity, it will present to the senses an image of a circle of fire; nor will there seem to be any interval of time betwixt its revolutions; merely because 'tis impossible for our perceptions to succeed each other, with the same rapidity that motion may be communicated to external objects. Wherever we have no successive perceptions, we have no notion of time, even though there be a real succession in the objects. From these phenomena, as well as from many others, we may conclude, that time cannot make its appearance to the mind, either alone or attended with a steady unchangeable object, but is always discovered by some *perceivable* succession of changeable objects.

To confirm this we may add the following argument, which to me seems perfectly decisive and convincing. 'Tis evident, that time or duration consists of different parts: for otherwise, we could not conceive a longer or shorter duration. 'Tis also evident, that these parts are not co-existent: for that quality of the co-existence of parts belongs to extension, and is what distinguishes it from duration. Now as time is composed of parts that are not co-existent, an unchangeable object, since it produces none but co-existent impressions, produces none that can give us the idea of time; and, consequently, that idea must be derived from a succession

* Mr Locke.

of changeable objects, and time in its first appearance can never be severed from such a succession.

Of the ideas of space and time.

Having therefore found, that time in its first appearance to the mind is always conjoined with a succession of changeable objects, and that otherwise it can never fall under our notice, we must now examine, whether it can be *conceived* without our conceiving any succession of objects, and whether it can alone form a distinct idea in the imagination.

In order to know whether any objects, which are joined in impression, be separable in idea, we need only consider if they be different from each other; in which case, 'tis plain they may be conceived apart. Every thing that is different is distinguishable, and every thing that is distinguishable may be separated, according to the maxims above explained. If, on the contrary, they be not different, they are not distinguishable; and if they be not distinguishable, they cannot be separated. But this is precisely the case with respect to time, compared with our successive perceptions. The idea of time is not derived from a particular impression mixed up with others, and plainly distinguishable from them, but arises altogether from the manner in which impressions appear to the mind, without making one of the number. Five notes played on a flute give us the impression and idea of time, though time be not a sixth impression which presents itself to the hearing or any other of the senses. Nor is it a sixth impression which the mind by reflection finds in itself. These five sounds making their appearance in this particular manner, excite no emotion in the mind, nor produce an affection of any kind, which being observed by it can give rise to a new idea. For *that* is necessary to produce a new idea of reflection; nor can

the mind, by revolving over a thousand times all its ideas of sensation, ever extract from them any new original idea, unless nature has so framed its faculties, that it feels some new original impression arise from such a contemplation. But here it only takes notice of the *manner* in which the different sounds make their appearance, and that it may afterwards consider without considering these particular sounds, but may conjoin it with any other objects. The ideas of some objects it certainly must have, nor is it possible for it without these ideas ever to arrive at any conception of time; which, since it appears not as any primary distinct impression, can plainly be nothing but different ideas, or impressions, or objects disposed in a certain manner, that is, succeeding each other.

I know there are some who pretend that the idea of duration is applicable in a proper sense to objects which are perfectly unchangeable; and this I take to be the common opinion of philosophers as well as of the vulgar. But to be convinced of its falsehood, we need but reflect on the foregoing conclusion, that the idea of duration is always derived from a succession of changeable objects, and can never be conveyed to the mind by any thing stedfast and unchangeable. For it inevitably follows from thence, that since the idea of duration cannot be derived from such an object, it can never in any propriety or exactness be applied to it, nor can any thing unchangeable be ever said to have duration. Ideas always represent the objects or impressions, from which they are derived, and can never, without a fiction, represent or be applied to any other. By what fiction we apply the idea of time, even to what is unchangeable, and suppose, as is com-

PART II. Of the ideas of space and time.

mon, that duration is a measure of rest as well as of motion, we shall consider afterwards.*

There is another very decisive argument, which establishes the present doctrine concerning our ideas of space and time, and is founded only on that simple principle, *that our ideas of them are compounded of parts, which are indivisible.* This argument may be worth the examining.

Every idea that is distinguishable being also separable, let us take one of those simple indivisible ideas, of which the compound one of *extension* is formed, and separating it from all others, and considering it apart, let us form a judgment of its nature and qualities.

'Tis plain it is not the idea of extension: for the idea of extension consists of parts; and this idea, according to the supposition, is perfectly simple and indivisible. Is it therefore nothing? That is absolutely impossible. For as the compound idea of extension, which is real, is composed of such ideas, were these so many nonentities there would be a real existence composed of nonentities, which is absurd. Here, therefore, I must ask, *What is our idea of a simple and indivisible point?* No wonder if my answer appear somewhat new, since the question itself has scarce ever yet been thought of. We are wont to dispute concerning the nature of mathematical points, but seldom concerning the nature of their ideas.

The idea of space is conveyed to the mind by two senses, the sight and touch; nor does any thing ever appear extended, that is not either visible or tangible. That compound impression, which represents extension, consists of several lesser impressions, that are in-

* Sect. 5.

SECT. III.

Of the other qualities of our ideas of space and time.

divisible to the eye or feeling, and may be called impressions of atoms or corpuscles endowed with colour and solidity. But this is not all. 'Tis not only requisite that these atoms should be coloured or tangible, in order to discover themselves to our senses, 'tis also necessary we should preserve the idea of their colour or tangibility, in order to comprehend them by our imagination. There is nothing but the idea of their colour or tangibility which can render them conceivable by the mind. Upon the removal of the ideas of these sensible qualities they are utterly annihilated to the thought or imagination.

Now, such as the parts are, such is the whole. If a point be not considered as coloured or tangible, it can convey to us no idea; and consequently the idea of extension, which is composed of the ideas of these points, can never possibly exist: but if the idea of extension really can exist, as we are conscious it does, its parts must also exist; and in order to that, must be considered as coloured or tangible. We have therefore no idea of space or extension, but when we regard it as an object either of our sight or feeling.

The same reasoning will prove, that the indivisible moments of time must be filled with some real object or existence, whose succession forms the duration, and makes it be conceivable by the mind.

PART II.

Of the ideas of space and time.

SECTION IV.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

Our system concerning space and time consists of two parts, which are intimately connected together. The first depends on this chain of reasoning. The capacity of the mind is not infinite, consequently no idea of extension or duration consists of an infinite number of parts or inferior ideas, but of a finite number, and these simple and indivisible: 'tis therefore possible for space and time to exist conformable to this idea: and if it be possible, 'tis certain they actually do exist conformable to it, since their infinite divisibility is utterly impossible and contradictory.

The other part of our system is a consequence of this. The parts, into which the ideas of space and time resolve themselves, become at last indivisible; and these indivisible parts, being nothing in themselves, are inconceivable when not filled with something real and existent. The ideas of space and time are therefore no separate or distinct ideas, but merely those of the manner or order in which objects exist; or, in other words, 'tis impossible to conceive either a vacuum and extension without matter, or a time when there was no succession or change in any real existence. The intimate connexion betwixt these parts of our system is the reason why we shall examine together the objections which have been urged against both of them, beginning with those against the finite divisibility of extension.

Objections answered.

I. The first of these objections which I shall take notice of, is more proper to prove this connexion and dependence of the one part upon the other than to destroy either of them. It has often been maintained in the schools, that extension must be divisible, *in infinitum*, because the system of mathematical points is absurd; and that system is absurd, because a mathematical point is a nonentity, and consequently can never, by its conjunction with others, form a real existence. This would be perfectly decisive, were there no medium betwixt the infinite divisibility of matter, and the nonentity of mathematical points. But there is evidently a medium, viz. the bestowing a colour or solidity on these points; and the absurdity of both the extremes is a demonstration of the truth and reality of this medium. The system of *physical* points, which is another medium, is too absurd to need a refutation. A real extension, such as a physical point is supposed to be, can never exist without parts different from each other; and wherever objects are different, they are distinguishable and separable by the imagination.

II. The second objection is derived from the necessity there would be of *penetration*, if extension consisted of mathematical points. A simple and indivisible atom that touches another must necessarily penetrate it; for 'tis impossible it can touch it by its external parts, from the very supposition of its perfect simplicity, which excludes all parts. It must therefore touch it intimately, and in its whole essence, *secundum se, tota, et totaliter;* which is the very definition of penetration. But penetration is impossible: mathematical points are of consequence equally impossible.

I answer this objection by substituting a juster idea of penetration. Suppose two bodies, containing no

PART II. Of the ideas of space and time.

void within their circumference, to approach each other, and to unite in such a manner that the body, which results from their union, is no more extended than either of them; 'tis this we must mean when we talk of penetration. But 'tis evident this penetration is nothing but the annihilation of one of these bodies, and the preservation of the other, without our being able to distinguish particularly which is preserved and which annihilated. Before the approach we have the idea of two bodies; after it we have the idea only of one. 'Tis impossible for the mind to preserve any notion of difference betwixt two bodies of the same nature existing in the same place at the same time.

Taking then penetration in this sense, for the annihilation of one body upon its approach to another, I ask any one if he sees a necessity that a coloured or tangible point should be annihilated upon the approach of another coloured or tangible point? On the contrary, does he not evidently perceive, that, from the union of these points, there results an object which is compounded and divisible, and may be distinguished into two parts, of which each preserves its existence, distinct and separate, notwithstanding its contiguity to the other? Let him aid his fancy by conceiving these points to be of different colours, the better to prevent their coalition and confusion. A blue and a red point may surely lie contiguous without any penetration or annihilation. For if they cannot, what possibly can become of them? Whether shall the red or the blue be annihilated? Or if these colours unite into one, what new colour will they produce by their union?

What chiefly gives rise to these objections, and at the same time renders it so difficult to give a satisfactory answer to them, is the natural infirmity and un-

Objections answered.

steadiness both of our imagination and senses when employed on such minute objects. Put a spot of ink upon paper, and retire to such a distance that the spot becomes altogether invisible, you will find, that, upon your return and nearer approach, the spot first becomes visible by short intervals, and afterwards becomes always visible; and afterwards acquires only a new force in its colouring, without augmenting its bulk; and afterwards, when it has increased to such a degree as to be really extended, 'tis still difficult for the imagination to break it into its component parts, because of the uneasiness it finds in the conception of such a minute object as a single point. This infirmity affects most of our reasonings on the present subject, and makes it almost impossible to answer in an intelligible manner, and in proper expressions, many questions which may arise concerning it.

III. There have been many objections drawn from the *mathematics* against the indivisibility of the parts of extension, though at first sight that science seems rather favourable to the present doctrine; and if it be contrary in its *demonstrations*, 'tis perfectly conformable in its *definitions*. My present business then must be, to defend the definitions and refute the demonstrations.

A surface is *defined* to be length and breadth without depth; a line to be length without breadth or depth; a point to be what has neither length, breadth, nor depth. 'Tis evident that all this is perfectly unintelligible upon any other supposition than that of the composition of extension by indivisible points or atoms. How else could any thing exist without length, without breadth, or without depth?

Two different answers, I find, have been made to