

ÆNEAS,

AND

His Two SONS

A TRUE PORTRAIT.

-Hominem pagina nostra Sapit.

MART.



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INTRODUCTION.

WHILE Party-Zeal, in these crazy Times, and in this hair-brained Nation, is madly fermenting and boiling up to the highest Summit of Bigotry; while the flaming Zealots of two adverse Parties, each as void of Candour as of Moderation, abandon themselves to all the Extremes of mutual Slander and abusive Misrepresentation; while every Man who has the Capacity or Opportunity of exhibiting his Thoughts to the Publick (whether as a Speaker or Writer, whether in the Senate, the Pulpit, or Coffee house, whether in the fleeting Pamphlet or yet more transitory News-paper) is ever representing Persons and Things not as they are, but as he would have them to be; while Truth is thus generally disregarded, and Justice, and Candour, and Honour, and Honesty so universally kick'd out of Doors; when Things are in this Situation, it well becomes the generous-hearted Man to draw the impartial Pen, and, far as his Power extends, dispel the Mists of Falshood, Prejudice, and Defamation.

What Pity is it that the wise, just, old preceptive Apothegm, *Give the Devil his due*; is now-a-Days so little thought of, or of so small Authority among us?

Our honest Forefathers thought that no Man ought to depreciate even the Devil's Character; and how much less ought we then to defame and vilify our Fellow-Creatures? Yet all Parties do it; all are alike culpable in the nefarious Practice. Not but that there are a few moderate, a few sensible Men among our Partizans, but, alas! they are *very* few, and contribute but little towards stemming the furious Torrent of vulgar Prejudices, Bigotry, and Detraction. The Generality seem to want that glorious Particle of, that blessed Emanation from the Deity, *universal Benevolence*; and *Publick* is swallowed up in *Party-Spirit*.—What Pity is it that so few, if any Attempts have been made to undeceive the misinform'd, to open the Eyes of the Blind, to cool the Rage of the Zealot, to lead Mankind into the peaceful Paths of rational Enquiry, to make them acquainted with the true Reasons, the fundamental Grounds of Things, to enable every Man to give a better Reason for his being of this or t'other Party, than that usually urged, *viz.* "I was born of Parents who thought so, brought me up to think so, and I hope to die so; God forbid that I should be a Turn-coat!"—That is, in other Words, "God forbid that, tho' I am in an Error, I should be convinced of it, that I should be put to the Shame of letting the World see that I am wiser to Day than I was Yesterday, and that I have been so base, so mean as to forsake a bad Cause, to espouse a better!"—Shocking Absurdity! Yet how many Thousands live and die in it?

Would the Tory but listen impartially to the

Arguments of the Whig, the Whig to those of the Tory; would each fully acquaint himself with the true fundamental Principles of the opposite Party, and fairly state, weigh, and compare them with his own, what Harmony would this produce, even in Discord itself! This would not only tend to the Preservation of Order and Decency in all Party Disputes, by banishing every personal Reflection, every little scandalous Aspersion, every idle Tale, every malicious Insinuation, concerning *Persons* not *Things*, and Matters entirely foreign to the original and intrinsick Merits of any *Cause*; it would not only produce this agreeable Effect, but also greatly contribute to the Re-union of Mankind, under one System both of Religion and Politicks. It is very certain that a Man cannot at the same Time be both in the Right and the Wrong for maintaining or denying any one Principle or Axiom, for Instance, that *two* and *two* make *four*; for the Assertion is either true or false, and no one can demonstrate it to be both; yet while the Tory stands up for its Truth, the Whig as stifly denies it. Now one of them must be Right, the other Wrong. However the Whig, like a wise Man, is inclined to be convinced of his Mistake, upon the other's demonstrating that he is mistaken; accordingly the Tory calmly and quietly sets himself to prove that *two* and *two* actually do, when put together, make up the Number *four*, and no other Number whatever; this he makes plainly appear, and the Whig and he are then of one Mind.—Now is not this a wise and more Christian-like Proceeding, than the

two Disputants had commenced a Quarrel for Life, and engaged all their Neighbours in it, without ever coming to a right Understanding and Conclusion of the Matter: Better than if they had fallen to reviling and calling one another a thousand hard Names, not one of which had the least Tendency to clear up the Point in Dispute?

As the above Controversy, so should all Party Disputes be managed; and then as all Men, if they will afford themselves Leisure to examine, may easily distinguish between Truth and Falshood, Right and Wrong, so it would first or last appear which was the true, the just, the reasonable, which the wrong, unjust, unreasonable Cause: And this once made manifest to the World, a Coalition of the Contending Parties must be the Consequence: For as the one prevails, the other must give Way, till at length Conviction becoming general, produces a general Reformation. And such a Reformation may reasonably be expected, as the natural Consequence of keeping the Attention of both Parties fixed on this one great and fundamental Point, instead of diverting and misleading them by such foolish unprofitable Controversy, as can only tend to strengthen their Prejudices, and, if they are already in an Error, to confirm them in it: But this, I take it for granted, is what no honest Party-Man, satisfied of the Goodness of his Cause, is desirous of; for while both Sides remain blindly and obstinately attach'd to the Principles they have once espoused, neither can hope to gain a Proselyte.

Alas! what can be expected from each Party's

vying with the other only in Misrepresentation, Aspersion, Lyes, and personal Defamation? What Effect can this produce, but that each will remain in its Errors and Prejudices to the End of the World, neither ever confuted, nor ever confuting; neither gaining the least Advantage over the other, but, on the contrary, both rendering themselves contemptible and infamous in the Eye and Judgment of each impartial By-Stander? 'Tis true, downright Force may put an End to the scandalous Controversy, by the absolute Subjection of the weaker Party to the stronger; but in this Way, indeed, the word Cause may happen to prevail over the best.

To do Evil that Good may come of it, seems to be a Maxim in high Repute among some Sort of Men of all Parties. But as Calumny seldom succeeds, so, failing, it generally brings Infamy and Contempt on the Calumniators themselves, by exposing their Malice and Rancour of Heart. He, therefore, who would subserve the Interests or promote the Reputation of one Person or Party, by abusing and defaming another, seldom, if ever, will gain his Point; and, by missing it, is sure to scandalize himself. And, probably, his Friends also, in Proportion to the Nature, Magnitude, or Importance of his invidious Attempts. For the having Recourse to such wretched Methods, plainly implies a want of better; and what honest Man will espouse or own a Cause which must be thus supported; what Man of Honour will fight with such unwarrantable Weapons, and so weak too,

that meer Prudence could not trust to them; of Metal so base, as must infallibly melt away at the Appearance of Truth, like Wax before the Rays of the Sun?

How often shall we see the Whig and the Jacobite hotly disputing the Right of Succession in this or that Family; but neither endeavouring to prove his Point by the Nature of the Question, considered in the Abstract; by the fundamental Laws of Government in general, or of this Nation in particular; by the essential Qualifications of a King; whether this or that Man can be depended on as to such Qualifications, and what Consequences we may reasonably expect from the Exaltation of the one, or the Downfal of the other? The splenetick Whig, instead of insisting upon the great Principles of natural Liberty, the mutual Obligations between Prince and People, and the peculiar original Nature and Constitution of the Government in Question; (Topics which ought to be impartially canvassed, thoroughly determind and settled, and on which a Man may rationally, and with Gravity and Dignity deliver his Sentiments) instead of this, I say, he screws his Face into a malicious Sneer, and tells some idle Story of the *Stuarts*; tho' perhaps all that his Railings turn upon are only such Foibles and Failings as are common among Men, but from which, for ought that he can prove, the Persons he charges with them are entirely exempt; or, it may be, his Choler breaks out into Passion, he calls a whole Family hard Names, swears every Soul belonging to it must be a Tyrant, a Debauchee, a

Bigot, &c. and insists upon it that nothing good can come out of GALILEE.

On the other hand, the zealous Jacobite, instead of employing his Rhetorick to prove that the Crown of *England* does, by the ancient Laws and original Constitution of the Kingdom, descend from Father to Son by an indefeasible Right of Succession, and from Heir to Heir, without admitting the Intervention of any earthly Power whatever; and that none but God hath Authority to controll the Actions of Kings: That, consequently, the Expulsion of the *Stuarts* was a wicked Thing, and that the Nation yet lies under an indispensable Obligation to right and restore that exiled Family. Instead of calmly going about to prove these Points (upon which his whole political System depends) instead of this, I say, he falls into personal Reflexions on the House of *Hanover*, tells a few silly Stories of ——— and of ——— and musters up all the National Grievances, roundly charges them all on the Government, and concludes with insisting that no other Remedy remains, but to restore the excluded *Stuarts*.

But what is all this Nonsense on both Sides to the Purpose, even supposing the Allegations to be true? These ill-judging Disputants would do well to consider, that personal Invectives and Calumny have nothing to do in the Case; they only tend to inflame and increase Prejudices: Nor can either Party, by such Means, ever arrive at the Knowledge of the real Strength or Weakness of either his own Cause, or that of his Opponent.

But as general Reflections are not so striking as those elucidated by apposite Instances, I will give the Reader (from my own Knowledge of the Facts) a Specimen of our modern political Disputes, in which will be shewn how the Spirit of Party operates both in *Whig* and *Tory*. By the way I must inform the Reader, that to the ensuing Instances this Treatise partly owes its Birth; but more particularly to the weak and scandalous Stories, the idle Misrepresentations, the ridiculous false Aspersion call upon the unfortunate old *Æneas* and his Family; all which my own Ears have heard, within these twenty Months, in almost all Companies: These tingling Ears, which never yet could bear the Voice of Calumny, not even when my word Enemy was the Object of her Spite and Venom.—But, disagreeable as it was to me to hear these Things, my Reprehensions of them have been no less so to my hot-headed Countrymen, and often have I drawn on myself the Resentment of both Whigs and Jacobites, for blaming their Party-Follies. Nay, what is odder still, in one Company I have been marked out by the Whigs as a Jacobite, because I found Fault with the mad overflowing of their Zeal, into the dirty Channels of personal Scandal, and malicious Defamation; and among Jacobites, for the very same Reason, I have been looked on as a bigoted Whig, and therefore treated with great Scurrility.

I come now to the instances I promised. During the young Pretender's late Irruption into *England*, I happen'd into a Coffee-house near *Ludgate*, in

which a moderate, well-meaning Citizen, whom I knew, was turning over the Papers. After reading some Accounts of the indefatigable Vigilance of that young Adventurer, his marching on Foot at the Head of his Infantry, and voluntarily sharing all Hardships with the meanest of his Followers, the honest Cit observed to a Friend that sat by, “That, *adad!* these Mad-cap Highlanders have an active young Fellow at their Head; *-fore George!* If these Accounts are true, we have no despicable Enemy to deal with, and our People had best look sharp.”—Hereupon a middle-aged, fierce looking Officer, who stood with his Back to the Fire, cry’d out, loud enough to be heard by the Citizen, who still continued looking over his Paper, “‘Tis a sad Thing, by G—d! that, go where one will we find some Jacobite or other crying up a pitiful effeminate *Italian* Stripling, who, G—d damn me! knows no more what he’s about, than the Pope of *Rome* that sent him.—But we shall soon see an End of *this* Mushroom Hero: I fancy by this Time he’d give Two-pence half-penny, and that’s ten Farthings more than he’s worth, to see himself once more safe and sound on t’other Side the Water.”

Here the Cit, perceiving who the Captain’s Shot was aimed at, replied, “I know not, Sir, by what Authority you insinuate that I am a Jacobite. Sir, I’d have you to know that I’m as good a Subject as yourself, and would as soon, should there be Occasion, venture my Life in Defence of his Majesty’s Person and Government.”

“Sir, replied the Officer, I don’t pretend to say

what you are; but, Zounds! will any good Subject to King *George* speak well of his Enemies?" This formidable Question of the Captain's quite silenced his Antagonist, who, tho' really an honest Whig, was no Conjuror. I would have replied for him, and was going to observe to the Captain that the Gentleman did not speak well of the Pretender's *Undertaking*, nor offer the least Insinuation in favour of the Jacobite Cause; but my Attention was diverted by the rising up of a noted Non-Juror, who advanced to the Bar, laid down his Two-pence, and walked out of the Room, giving the Officer, as he withdrew, a Look of the most hearty Contempt, a scornful Smile, which I the better understood by over-hearing him say to himself, as he passed the Door, *a thick-scall'd Fop!* But the Captain saw nothing of this; he was too much busied in pushing his Advantage over the poor Citizen. "Damn me, said he, for that Matter the Fellows that print the News-Papers are most to blame: By G—d the Rascals deserve hanging for putting in such Articles: What do they tend to, but to alarm ignorant People, and serve the Pretender's Cause?" Observing that the wise Sayings of this noisy Orator made a great Impression on some of his Audience, who with responsive Approbation cried, *Very true! Very true!* I could hold out no longer, but resolving to take up the Cudgels, I laid down my Pipe, and beg'd the Military Champion's Leave to make a short Remark on what he had been saying, both with Regard to my Friend in the opposite Box, and to the News-Printers. "By all Means, Sir," replied

he, with an affected sneer at the grave Countenance I had put on, “if you have a mind to hold forth, I will give you the Hearing, to End of the Chapter.”—*Well then, Sir, resumed I,* that Gentleman you have so severely roasted, I have known these several Years, and dare affirm he never spoke a disrespectful Word of the Royal House of *Hanover* in his Life, nor of any Branch of it, nor has ever avowed one Jacobite Sentiment; for, in short, he is a staunch Whig: Yet he is Master of so much Moderation, as not to vilify any Man’s Character meerly because of some Opposition in Point of Interest, or Party Principles.

“As to the News-Writers, or Printers, as every *Englishman* has the Liberty of speaking to any Fact, either in private or publick Convention, so ought the News-Papers. ‘Tis fit, Sir, that we Should be acquainted with the true State of our own Affairs; but how can this be done, if both our own Strength and that of our Enemies are either hid from or misrepresented to us? If the young Pretender is an able Man, and if his Party be strong, no Matter how soon we know it, that so we may have Time to make a proportionable Opposition to his Undertaking; that if the Government is not already strong enough to defend itself and us, we may the more vigorously exert ourselves, instead of being lull’d into a dangerous Security by Misinformation, and a too contemptible Opinion of the Enemy. Besides, there is something very mean and unjustifiable in misrepresenting even our Enemies. What Nature has given them, and they

have retained or improved, we cannot take from them: Nor ought we to speak ill of them further than we are naturally authorised by their Enmity to us. And even here we are to remember, that when Men differ one with another, both Parties generally think themselves in the Right, and therefore neither can properly be Judge for both: Each ought moderately and candidly to carry on the Dispute, and, in their mutual Accusations, to stick close to the *Merits of the Cause*, and not deviate from *that*, for the Sake of calling one another Rogue, Rascal, Coward, Poltroon, Liar, and Son of a Whore.

“I remember when *John a Nokes* was elected Member of Parliament for * * * * *, which fairly and by a regular Majority rejected *Tom a Styles*; *Tom* nevertheless took it into his Head to think the Election *undue*, and resolved to bring the Affair before the House of Commons; yet *John* had ever too much Generosity and Regard to Truth, to derogate from the Character of *Tom*, in such Respects as had no Relation to the Dispute betwixt them. He never insisted upon it, that because *Tom* might be in the Wrong with Regard to this Quarrel, he must therefore be a Rogue, a Drunkard, a Fornicator, a Fool, or a Coward: Nay, even tho’ he had been culpable in these Points, *John* would have scorned to trouble himself about the Matter: For what were these Things to him? What have they to do with the Affair in Dispute betwixt him and *Tom*? or how can they affect the Litigation of it, or influence the Judgment of the Commons, (when it should come to a Hearing before the House) which

would only be determined by the Evidence on both Sides, as to that particular Case, and only that?—A Friend of *Tom's* once happening into *John's* Company, chanced to observe what a clever Fellow the former was upon a Bowling-Green; what a fine Ear he had for Musick; how well he understood to break a Setting-Dog, what an excellent Fox-hunter, how admirable his Courage, which not the highest Gate could appall, no Hedge, Ditch, or Precipice daunt; how well he understood the History of *England*, its Laws, and the Constitution of its Government!—Why all this was perhaps very true, and *John* as freely allow'd *Tom* his Excellencies as any body; but, however, *John* knew when and wherein 'twas allowable to animadvert on and censure his Antagonist's Conduct, as well as to acknowledge whatever made for his Honour. Thus, when it was said that *Tom* was a Man of the nicest Discernment in the World, of the strictest Integrity, the most scrupulous Honour, the most disinterested Impartiality; that he never did, and was incapable of doing a wrong, rash, or foolish Thing; and that consequently every honest Man ought to wish well to every Thing that *Tom* might undertake.”—*Hold*, says *John*, *my Interest and Reputation are here concerned; and therefore I must make it appear that in his Dispute with me, your Friend has not, in any one of these Respects, acted agreeably to the Character you have given him.*—Here *John* opens the Case, and plainly makes it appear that *Tom* not only was in the wrong, but must necessarily know himself to be so: “And

therefore, continues *John*, 'tis Malice and Revenge that prompts him to give me all this Trouble: So that I have the greatest Reason to call his Integrity, Honour, Impartiality, Justice, Prudence, and Wisdom in Question; and can, from my own Experience of the Man, deny that he possesses these great Qualities, at least not so fully as you have represented. Consequently, all who bear a strict Regard to Justice, instead of wishing well to *Tom*, as to his Dispute with me, must, in this Instance, join with me in pronouncing him an unreasonable, rash, foolish Man."

"Thus, continued I, it is that a Man's Character is treated by an honest generous Enemy! You, Sir, vainly think to subserve the Interest or Reputation of yourself or Party, by meanly defaming the private Characters of those who happen not, in some Respects, to think as you do. Is it not as probable, that they act with Integrity as that you do? that they have as much the Approbation of their own Consciences? Can you support such Defamations by well-attested Evidence? or are they merely derived from political Enmity? If this be the Case, you only betray your own Weakness, and scandalize your own Party, which wants not to be supported by such unelligible Means: Means which make those who use them appear little in the Eyes of their Adversaries, confirming their Prejudices, and inducing them to retort upon you a Charge of Envy and Malice; both which generally proceed from a Consciousness of being in a poor Cause.— But if your Party does not stand in need of such

Arts, it follows that you, for using them, will be despised, even by your own Party, ashamed to own you, unless in the same Degree that yourself will own the Sutlers as a Part of the Army.”—Here the Captain interrupted me with a terrible *G—d damn me, Sir! would you insinuate that I am a Sutler?* “By no Means in the World, noble Captain, I replied; I would only hint to you the Difference betwixt the Dignity your Commission obliges you to support, and the Rank of a Sutler.” *By G—d!* rejoin’d my yet more irritated Antagonist, *I know not what you would be at; but I can tell you one Thing, you are obliged to your advanced Age, which alone deters me from making so nice a Scrutiny into your Meaning as possibly I might if you were as young as myself. However, to tell you another Thing too, by the Arguments contained in the Preachment you have so obligingly favoured me with, I suspect you to be some Irish Popish Priest, and, G-d damn me, a staunch Jacobite by Consequence. But that you are a Jacobite, at least, is evident by the Zeal you have expressed for the Reformation of us wicked Whigs, who do not think ourselves obliged to speak with all the Reverence of your pitiful Saints and Heroes the Stuarts, and their spurious Brood of Pretenders, that you would have us.—Tell me now, old Simeon, how long hast thou been waiting for the Consolation of Israel? I warrant ever since the Pretender’s Son was big enough to button his Breeches.—Well, you had e’en as good rest yourselves content, for your Hour is not come, nor do I believe it ever will: but I fancy*

the Day is not far off, when you and your reverend Brethren in Iniquity will be glad to scamper out of the Kingdom, faster than you came into it.—But, G—d damn my Blood, if I had the Power, I would treat you all in another Manner; you should have an Heart-aching Consolation of it, by G—d: The Devil fetch me, if one of your Cloth, or one of your Kidney either, should draw ten Day's Breath more in England, except what flow'd to you through Jail Windows and Grates, till proper Measures could be taken for packing you off, some to your old Friend the Devil, with Jack Ketch for your Guide, others to the Plantations, and the rest no Matter whither, by G—d!*

Here I would have replied, in order to convince my Man of Mettle that he was much mistaken in his Notions of both my Nation, Function, and Principles but, having sufficiently mauled me, as he thought, he determined to prevent my Answer, by marching of with flying Colours, which he did, with some Precipitation.—Thus, Courteous Reader, have I shewn thee by what Means the most impartial Man alive may acquire the Reputation of a zealous Jacobite; and now I will tell thee how he may also, by the very same Means get himself deemed as zealous a Whig.

Soon after the Battle of *Culloden*, an Acquaintance of mine, a Fellow of a College in *Oxford*, and myself, fell into Conversation on the

* Alluding to the King's Proclamation against Papists and Popish Priests, at that Time expected, and soon after published.

Medals struck in Honour of his Royal Highness the Duke. He ingeniously owned, (conscious that I knew him to be a hearty Jacobite) that as he never paid any Compliments to the House of *Hanover*, so he could not approve these generally made by others. "But from what I have said, continued he, or from what I am going to say, look not upon my Judgment as bias'd by Prejudice. I think the most impartial Person in the World may agree with me in disapproving all these Medals of the Duke, as the Result of too much Precipitation. The Government's Friends are I think too hasty in their complimentary Adorations of this young Commander. They ought to be further acquainted with him before they proceed to give a definitive Judgment, and pronou.es him as qualified for a Series of great Actions confirmed and ascertained the Actor's Character, e'er they ranked him among the mighty Sons of *Fame*. I am not fond of these sudden Tides of popular Applause. They are acquired by little or nothing, and are as easily lost. The fluctuating *English* have almost a daily Succession of Heroes, who in continual Rotation, rise upon the Ruins of one another's Fame. Each like a Comet blazes for a while, then disappears, and in Oblivion only is secure from Vicissitude. Where are now our *Haddocks*, *Vernons*, *Lestocks*, *Ansons*, *Hawleys*, *Wades*, and many others, once the Heroes of this life, for Deeds which puzzled Posterity in vain shall search for? No longer now the darling Subjects of our Medals and Metzotinto's, their very Names are only found in *Cave's*

and *Alley's** Annals.—In short, our Heroes, as they are generally raised up on a Foundation neither solid nor rational, so they are as lightly cast down, and then treated with as much Contempt and Hatred as they were revered and honoured before.—No wise Man would, therefore, covet Popularity in *England*.—Indeed we have sometimes as much Reason on our Side when we pull down a Hero, as when we but just before set him up; and I would fain know what his Royal Highness has yet done for us?—I don't say but he may come to be the greatest General in *Europe*, but in other Countries he will not be considered as such, till he has done some greater Thing than gaining a single Victory over an Enemy inferior to him, both in the Number and Condition of his Troops. What has the Duke done, that his Forces might not have done under any other General? 'Tis not very extraordinary, sure, to see a strong Man overcome a weak one!

Here a certain Jacobite Member of Parliament, a Country Gentleman, who came to Town with my Friend the Collegian, but to whom I was an utter Stranger, seconded the latter, and observed that People made a great Rout and Ado about the Duke, as if he were a second *Marlborough* but, said he, *What is it he has done? For my Part, I see nothing in't. Fortune does not always attend the best Measures; she sometimes favours those whose*

* Two Monthly Collectors of News and Politicks, whose Labours for sixteen Years past are yet preserved in their respective Shops or Habitations.

Conduct could never have gained her Approbation, had she been able to see into their Merits: You know, Gentlemen, she is always painted hood-wink'd or blind.

“Right, Sir, replied I; but you know this fictitious Goddess has but little Sway in a Christian Country. Sir, if we talk seriously upon a Subject, we are to REASON, to deduce Effects from their natural Causes. We know, that as a corrupt Tree cannot, bring forth good Fruit, so a little Genius cannot form and execute great and wise Projects. No body will deny that the great *Marlborough's* Successes were, under God, owing to the vast Abilities of that excellent Commander. A bad General never yet acquired the Reputation of a good one; never yet did the former prove a Match for the latter in the Field. All the Officers in our Army agree, that the most distinguishing Properties of a good Commander have already appeared in the Conduct of his Royal Highness; that the Specimen he has given of his Abilities, is sufficient to convince every Connoisseur that he will one Day acquire a Reputation every Way answerable to the highest Hopes and Expectations of his most sanguine Admirers. He has already succeeded where older and more experienced Generals have failed; and no one can produce a single Instance of an improper Step taken by him, since a General's Command was given him. Phoo! Phoo! replied my Friend the *Oxonian*, Mr. * * * * * we must give you Leave to talk as you are bias'd. You have 'Money in the Funds, and you wisely consider that Government

Securities are strongest when the Government is most secure; and as it can never be more secure than when those in whom the Power is lodged have a high Reputation, so you are in the Right to puff. But I have no Money in the Funds, Sir: I am neither biass'd by Interest nor Affection."

"Sir, answered I, no unbiass'd Person can undervalue the Duke's Abilities; and, in short, as you are a Party-man, so you are not a luke-warm one. Come, come, 'tis in vain to think of disguising yourself to one that has known you so long: But, by the Way, 'tis a sad Thing that a Man should suffer himself to be so blinded by an Excess of Zeal, when at the same Time it lies in his Power to be as zealous with his Eyes open. In short, you are a meer *English-man*, and one of *Daniel de Foe's true-born* Sort; but, thank God, I have divested myself of this our National Weakness, this Narrowness of Mind for which Foreigners so justly ridicule us. Sir, I can look upon all Parties with a benevolent Eye, yet would not be wanting to assist that which I think the most just and reasonable, for I am no Admirer of your *Atticus's*."

Here my Friend, somewhat nettled at the Freedom I took with him, and the more so, perhaps, because the Gentleman his Companion, was a Witness, retorted upon me the Charge of Immoderation, "Sir, said he, for that Matter, you are yourself as meer an *Englishman* as any in the Kingdom. The DUKE is an *Englishman*, and therefore your Favourite; nay, I have e'er now heard you speak of a certain exiled Family with the

more Contempt, as being Foreigners: But who made them so? How often have we heard even from the Pulpit the Word *Stranger*, applied to a certain young Adventurer, and assigned as a sufficient Inducement to the whole Nation to take Arms against him; yet the late King *George* was once as great a *Stranger* in *England*. Therefore if being a *Stranger* is a Disqualification now, why not then?— But I wave that Point as nonsensical; and freely own with you, that the Prejudices of the *English* in Favour of their own Nation, as superior to all others, are really ridiculous and despicable, as proceeding from Pride, Ignorance, Selfishness, and a mean Narrowness of Spirit; a Ray of which, excuse my Freedom, Sir, has, I am very certain, found a Passage into a Corner of even your Breast; you that pretend to so much Impartiality!”

To this dogmatical Recrimination, I replied, “You cannot, Sir, make it appear that I have the least Spark of Party or National Prejudice about me; no, Sir, I have travelled too much for that; but you have just now owned yourself a prejudiced Person; you have avowed your Disaffection to the *Hanover* Family, without being able to assign one solid Reason for it. Your Remark on the young Adventurer’s being disliked as a *Stranger*, is not worthy the Judgment I always thought you Master of. The same Objection signifies nothing in the Case of his late Majesty; for then there was an absolute Necessity for having Recourse to a Stranger; but *England* is under no such Necessity at present. Your recriminated Charge of National Prejudice, I

absolutely deny: But suppose I admit it, 'tis better, Sir, to be somewhat prepossess'd in Favour of my own Countrymen, than violently prejudiced against them, as one Party-Zealot is against another. I wish, Sir, that in this Respect you were no more culpable than I am in the other. Are the, *English* prejudiced against Foreigners? 'Tis no wonder; for they are still more unsocial among themselves. No sooner does a Party-Spirit take Possession of an *Englishman*, than he conceives as mean Opinion of such of his own Countrymen as are possessed with any other Spirit, as if they were even Foreigners, and is as much prejudiced against them; that is, he does not think it possible for such a one to be a wise, honest, or good-natur'd Man: Nay, perhaps, hardly allows him to be as handsome, tall, strong, or to have as good an Ear for Musick, as himself and his Friends; and all because not of the same Party. However, not to be behind hand with this Bigot, those of the other Party, whom he has in so much Contempt; they, as *true Britons* as himself, look upon him with the very same Eyes, and will allow him and his Friends as little Wisdom, Honesty, Beauty, Strength, Good-nature, &c. as he is pleased to allow them.—Hence it is that a Whig pays no Regard to the Sentiments of a Tory, be they never so wise, just and impartial; while the latter, in return, conceives the same of every Whig: In short, Demonstration itself loses its Force, when opposed to Party-Prejudice. Thus, Sir, you are unwilling to acknowledge any Excellencies, either natural or acquired, in a Man who happens to be of a Party

opposite to yours, and who has the greatest Reason in the World to be so. Pray does not this proceed from the very same Spirit that we are reproached with as a *National Failing*? Certainly it does: Nay, I might have called it a *National Immorality!*—Your Intimation of my being biass'd by any Considerations beneath a just Regard to Reason, Truth, and Conscience, is disingenuous, if you intended it as any Thing more than Raillery: But as only such, indeed, I look upon it; for I know you cannot gravely go about to support what you said.— I shall only further observe, that I am not myself the Bigot I exclaim against. I will readily grant that your young *Hero* (you know who) is Master of every good Quality, every Accomplishment, every native or acquired Excellence which his Actions or his general Conduct have as plainly discovered, and which amount to as much Evidence in his Favour, as the Duke's Exploits most certainly do in his Behalf. I look upon the former as a brave, indefatigable Youth, whose Accomplishments are no way compatible with those low groundless Aspersions cast upon him, during his Stay on this Island, by silly ungenerous Zealots. Nay, further, if you can make it even but probably appear that he is possessed of as many Excellencies as ever center'd in a human Individual, I will chearfully assent to it; but this will neither strengthen his or his Father's Pretensions here, nor weaken the Obligation which the *British* Nation lies under (according to the Principles of the Revolution which brought in *William III.*) of opposing such Pretensions; and 'tis

only upon the Principles of the Revolution, and the Act of Succession, that the *Hanover* Family desires to stand or fall.—Here a Gentleman coming in to speak with my *Oxonian* Antagonist, he withdrew for a few Minutes, leaving his Friend the Senator to take up the Cudgels, which he (whole Zeal for his Party by far exceeded his Understanding) seemed very eager to do, being more especially moved by what I had said concerning Revolution Principles. He imagined that I had been particularly decrying his Principles, not perceiving that I had equally charged all Parties with the Folly I exclaimed against, *viz.* Bigotry, blind Attachments, and Prejudices, not fundamental Principles. Full of the same Folly, and insensible of all that I had said, except what was impartially urged in Favour of the Duke, which he could not think impartial, my fresh Antagonist began to animadvert on me as follows.

“Sir, said he, I very well understand what you have been saying. A Man with half an Eye may see what you would be driving at. No Wonder that what I said a little while ago should provoke a Man of your Principles to rail. You pretend, Sir, to shoot at *Things*, but I perceive you aim at *Persons*: I know who you mean by zealous *Tory*, bigoted *Jacobite*, and so forth; but I am no such Bigot as you imagine; not so great a Bigot as somebody else, Sir: First pull the Beam out of your own Eye, and then.”—Here, begging his Pardon, I interrupted and told him, *that Christian Charity would not let me see him running away with so many Mistakes at once, without stopping him, in order to set him*

right.—"O Sir, replied the Senator, you may spare yourself the Trouble; you have taken it for granted that I am a bigoted *Tory*, and is it likely that I shall be set right by as bigoted a *Whig*?"

Sir, answered I, *you are fundamentally wrong, in concluding from what I have said, that I am of any Party whatever, which I can make appear!*—"Nay, replied my Antagonist, I perceive you can make what you will appear. You can talk very well, it must be allowed; but, Sir, I am a plain Man, and your fine-spun Arguments and specious Turns would be lost upon me. As for your pretended Moderation, I can easily see through it; however, you are in the main very much in the Right on't, Sir; you have Authority on your Side: Your Hero is the Son of the reigning King, and therefore he must be a Hero: Your Party has all the Power, and therefore your Doctrines must be Orthodox.—But, hang it. I hate this sly Way of coming over one, this pretending to be of no Party, yet at the same Time artfully insinuating what you can in Behalf of one, and against another: This is coming against one with a Flag of Truce and a Broad-side at the same Time, Give me the Man who openly avows his Principles. Pox on't, I can't endure this Trimming: No Man can serve two Masters whose Interests are opposite, and who are necessarily at Enmity with each other: He must cleave to the one, and despise the other: If you love the *Hanover* Family, you must hate those who wish its Destruction; and if I love the *Stuarts*, I must hate their Enemies. This is my Principle, Sir, and I believe I shall never renounce it: You have

discovered yours by your Commendations of a certain Person, of whom it may not be safe for, me plainly and fully to speak my Sentiments, else I would not in the least hide or disguise them.”— Here my Friend the *Collegian* returning with a strange Gentleman in Company, I was happily disengaged from my strange dogmatical Disputant.

And now tell me, O Reader, if any Thing so much blinds the Eyes of a Man’s Understanding, as Prejudice, or Prepossession? It disables him from perceiving the Force of Truth, from listening to the Voice of Reason: It not only degrades him from his native Dignity as a rational Creature, but links him below even the Brute, whose honest Instinct prompts him to nothing unbecoming his own Nature, nothing inconsistent with the Purposes for which he was created. Man was made for Society; but what Society without Justice, what Justice without Impartiality? And, alas! where shall we now find an impartial Man? Produce him, ye Virtuosi, ye curious Searchers after Rarities; but the World shall treat him as an Importer.

*Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars rnagna fui.*

As I have exemplified in the last preceding Page; wherein my Antagonist treated me as a Bigot, because I found Fault with his Bigotry. Indeed he might well suspect my Impartiality, because, perhaps, he never before met with so much.

Instead of the mild Influence of clear-sighted *Moderation*, this infatuated Island now maddens

under that of hot-brain'd *Bigotry*, who reigns triumphant over us, enthron'd, with her two darkling Sisters blind *Ignorance* and hood-wink'd *Calumny*; the one on her Right-hand, the other on her Left: Horrid Triumvirate! beneath whose Eyeless Rule and Tyrant Sway, this wretched Nation must, sooner or later, be involved in irrecoverable Ruin.

However, as the preaching of *Jonas* made the *Ninevites* repent, and thereby suspended the Fate of their City, and saved at least that Generation of its Inhabitants from Destruction; so possibly my beloved Countrymen may in Time be preached out of the destructive Medley of Vice and Folly I have been exclaiming against. Not that I have the Vanity to set myself up as a second *Jonas*, but what I can but faintly begin, others may happily compleat: I have broke the Ice, singly attacked the horrid Monster PREJUDICE, hoping that abler Pens will second me, and happily compleat the Work. Myself perhaps, who, tho' but weak and unskill'd in Arms, thus rashly dare to lead the Van, am doom'd to fall, to perish in the generous Undertaking; but welcome my Fate, I am prepared to meet it: For, alas! I fear our unrelenting *Britons* have hardly so much Grace as the repenting *Ninevites*; and if so, what can I expect but that, like the *Jewish* Prophets who reprov'd their wicked Countrymen, I shall be truss'd up for telling People of their Faults, who, 'tis likely, may not be prevailed on to think so ill of themselves as I think of 'em. But, whether I succeed or not, the impartial Reader, if this little Work

should have the great Luck to fall into the Hands of such, will acknowledge my Design to be good; and that such a Work might have been useful; but it may fail of working any good Effect, as will the best Physick in the World, if the Patient cannot be brought to take it; however, the Untowardliness of the Patient cannot in the smallest Degree lessen the Value of the Medicine, or the Merit of the Physician.

I will conclude this Introduction, with a Caution to the Reader, that he bear in Mind, while perusing the following Pages, that as in the preceding, *Things*, not *Persons*, were treated on, so in the ensuing, *Persons*, not any *Party* whatever, will be mention'd or, at most, not in Terms either advantageous or disadvantageous to the Party mentioned. I intend to serve no *Cause*, no *Party*, but to inform all; to relate impartially such Truths as are come to my Knowledge, with the sole View of doing Justice to the Characters of *Æneas* and his Family, in Opposition to both the Misrepresentations of their Enemies, and the Hyperbolical Romantic Panegyrics of their over-zealous Friends. If, for this, the Whig should find himself inclined to pronounce me a Jacobite, to ask "why else did I not, if I had a mind to encounter the Bigots, chuse rather to vindicate the illustrious House of *Hanover*, which has equally suffered by the poisonous Breath of Detraction; or, if not so well furnished with Materials on this Side the Question, why I did not, like a good Subject, rather let my Pen rest in the Stand-dish, than employ it in

vindicating his Majesty's Enemies?" To this I answer, that I have resolved to shew my Impartially, by doing the same Justice to both Parties; therefore let the Objector suspend his Judgment, till the True Portrait of GERMANICUS and *his Two Sons* shall appear; it is already begun, and will be published as soon as the Author can form a Judgment, by the Reception this Piece meets with, whether or not the World is worthy of the other.

ÆNEAS

Æ N E A S,
AND
His Two SONS.

BOOK I.

Of Æ N E A S,

NEVER hath any Character Suffered more by Misrepresentation, than that of the far-fam'd *Æneas*, to the great Scandal of the *English* Nation in general, and particularly of that Party* which had not the least Occasion to make use of such mean Arts. The Family, the Interests of *Æneas*, are, and have been for these forty Years, too much depress'd in the World to inspire his Enemies with any great and reasonable Apprehensions from so low a Quarter. His Enemies, therefore, have the less Excuse for their Defamations. As the stronger Party, they cannot plead the least Necessity for taking *all Sorts* of Advantages, *all* Opportunities for strengthening themselves and weakening their

* The Whigs.

Opposers. They value themselves much on the Merits, the Justice, the Reasonableness of their Cause; let us, for Argument's Sake, acknowledge this. We must also grant (what is in Fact indisputable) that they have all the Power, Strength and Authority of a Government, with the Majority of the People of three Kingdoms, on their Side. If then they have all these Advantages, what can they fear from the low Estate of an unfortunate Exile and his Friends? Not their Power, surely? Nor any Thing they can urge as to the Merits of their Pretensions, and the Goodness of their Cause? These the Exile's Enemies ridicule, as unworthy one Moment's serious Attention.—In short, it cannot be pretended that they have any Thing to fear which, can warrant such ungenerous Proceedings. Force they can oppose with Force, and that with such Advantages, as can leave no Room for Fears on that Head. Leave then, O ye strong and righteous Men, the little Arts of Scandal, false Aspersion, and personal Defamation; leave them to the Weak, and those that have neither Justice, nor Reason, nor Truth on their Side! Let those who have nothing else to depend on, catch at every mean Advantage; let such defend a foul Cause with fouler Arts, and on them alone let the Infamy fall. If such attack you with vile unseemly Weapons, do ye, more generous, disdain the dirty Warfare. Strike ye only at the *Cause*; if that be bad, it must fall, and its Abettors perish with it, let their personal Qualities be what they will.—And ye foolish Zealots, ye Friends of *Æneas*, who have no less injured that unfortunate

Exile by your idle Attempts to serve him, than his Enemies have by foul Aspersion, give o'er your silly Boastings, your groundless Praises of him, in Instances wherein ye ought rather to have been for ever silent; your lying Panegyrics, by which ye have (by endeavouring to elevate him above the Bounds of human Perfection) given his Enemies but too much Occasion to call in Question every good Quality he might possess, and even to deny him such as he really as, and which, unmagnified, they would readily have granted. Give o'er, I fay, ye mistaken Bigots, and listen to the impartial Voice of Truth, while she alike clears the injured CHARACTER from the foul Detraction of his Enemies, and your still fouler Praises.

The unfortunate *Aeneas* has been represented as a Person endowed with few or none of even the ordinary human Accomplishments, either of Body or Mind; *Viz.* as homely, ungraceful, and sluggish; as of weak Understanding, a Bigot in Religious Matters; of a little, ungenerous, timid Soul; of a dull Genius, gloomy Temper, and an exceeding Coward.—What more can a Man's Enemies say of him, to make his Character despicable, even to Abomination?—Especially when the Birth, Fortune, or other Circumstances of such a one have placed him on an Eminence from whence he is conspicuous to the Eye of the World; when great Things are expected from him, and great natural Endowments to sustain the Dignity of the high Character in which he is or desires to be fixed: In fine, in what more odious Colours could the

Portrait have been drawn? What more need be added to represent him as miserably disqualified to rule over a great People; nay, would such an one be accepted even as a menial Servant in Thousands of Families among this very People? I believe I know many in which he would not.

On the other hand, among the well-affected to *Æneas*, the most zealous (from very slight Grounds, or perhaps from none at all) have not scrupled to characterize him as the most amiable Man alive: As the most cordial Friend; the kindest, best of Husbands; the tenderest Parent; the most humane indulgent Master; the most generous Patron; in Religion a Saint; yet not more devout in the Closet than intrepid in the Field; severely virtuous in his Conduct, yet easy and chearful in Conversation; his Person graceful, his Air noble, his Countenance majestick and grave, yet temper'd with Meekness, Humility, Condescension! These, and yet more fine Things have I heard of this famous *Exile*: And what more can we look for in the created Hero that ever lived?

But let me ask whence it happens that we never hear any but the warmest, the most partial of the *Exile*'s Friends launch out so far in his Praises? That the more moderate of them are so shy in asserting all these his pretended Excellencies; and that so few of these Excellencies are granted by even the most impartial of his Enemies.—When eminent Persons are really possess'd of great Virtues and Accomplishments, they soon become too well known to the World to afford their

Enemies much Room for contesting them: For it would be Folly in a few Bigots to deny what is publicly known, generally admitted, and may be easily proved. For Example; Where (in *England*) shall we find a Papist, who (tho' ever so much prejudiced against the late Archbishop *Tillotson*, that great Enemy to Popery) would be guilty of such Absurdity as to deny that famous Prelate those Virtues and Excellencies that so visibly shone thro' his Life, and do still so gloriously shine thro' his Works? Every Papist may dispute this Prelate's Principles, as a Member of the Church of *England*, but none will call in Question the native Goodness of his Heart, nor the extraordinary Embellishments and Improvements of his Mind.—What *Dissenter* so rigid, so lost to all Sense of Truth and Justice, as not to acknowledge the honed Integrity, Simplicity, and true Christian Life of the learned and worthy *Sancroft*, *Tillotson's* Predecessor in the Archbishoprick of *Canterbury*? The *Dissenters* and Whigs of all Denominations may in some Respects dislike both his religious and political Principles; but I never heard one of them detract from his Character, as a moral and conscientious Man.—What Church of *England-Man*, tho' ever so averse to Dissentions in Religion, will charge the blameless Life of the excellent *Poster*, with ought unbecoming the Character of the Philosopher, Gentleman, and Christian? Many may quarrel with him about Doctrinal Points, which ever have been, and perhaps ever will be, Subjects of meer Controversy, independant of the Practice of

Religion; but all acknowledge the native and acquired Virtues and Excellencies of the Man.—In short, such exemplary Characters shine forth with too diffusive, as well as too glaring a Lustre, to admit of much Dispute as to the Reality, of their Brightness. Being the Subjects of publick Conversation, they are publickly known; and therefore the Calumniator fears to vilify a great Character, because Thousands, perhaps, are able to refute him, not only from the Probabilities resulting from what they have every where heard of such Character, but from their own personal Acquaintance therewith.—Is it then possible that the far-fam'd *Æneas* should be Master of so many Virtues, and yet the World be so long ignorant of 'em? Could all Parties (one only excepted) be so little assured of 'em? Surely not!

The World, indeed, abounds too much in *Extremes*. Moderation is swallowed up by *Zeal*; but *Experience* is ever at Hand to point out to cautious Travellers the nearest Way to Truth: She bids us slight the two Extremes, and chuse the Golden Mean. And by her Directions indeed any Stranger might almost arrive at the real Character of the EXILE. His Friends tell us, he is all Perfection; his Enemies assert that his Character is despicable. From hence it is natural enough to suppose, if we have any Charity at all, that there is nothing striking either in his Mind or Person: That he is equally free from great Vices and eminent Virtues. This is indeed the Case; and this I shall make appear, not by meet Conjectures and Probabilities,

but from the best Evidence that can be procured. I shall exhibit both his real good and bad Qualities, without straining the one, or aggravating the other, but representing them as they have come to my Knowledge, by such Hands as may be entirely depended on, inserting nothing on the Testimony of any who were not themselves Eye and Ear-Witnesses of what they have communicated, and whose Veracity is in the least questionable.

If it be asked, how the Publick will be able to judge of the Portrait I have drawn, whether it be a just Copy of the Original, whether the Semblance be exact, and whether no Feature be misrepresented? I reply, that there are many Gentlemen now in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, who have been in *Italy*; many who have had Opportunities of being personally acquainted with *Æneas* and his Family; many who have conversed much with others who have long known the *Exile* and his Court. Of these some are doubtless well others ill affected to the *Exile's* Person, Family, and Pretentions in *Britain*: To both these, to both his *Friends* and *Enemies*, I submit my Performance. If I have been too severe upon my Original, the *former* will think it their Duty to undeceive the Publick; if I have been partial on the other hand, the *latter* will doubtless be eager to detect me, as they will also have an Opportunity of gratifying their Spleen against the unhappy *Exile*, by falling upon what the World is here presented with as his *true* Portrait: As Witches plague those they have a Spite to, by flicking their Pictures full of Pins and rusty Nails, or by roasting their Images

before a slow Fire.*

A noble *Prussian*,† who is at this present Time in great Favour at the Court of *Berlin*, and who travelling to *Rome*, became very well acquainted with *Æneas* and his Family, gives us a Description of that *Exile's* Person and Character, in a letter to a noble Lady, dated at *Rome*, *March 10, 1731*, written in *French*, printed at *Amsterdam*, and since translated into *English*, with his other Letters; from this Letter I shall make the following Extract.

Speaking of *Æneas*, he calls him *that unfortunate P—e*, “which (says the Author) is a Title I think no body can envy him. He lives a very melancholy Life; and I question whether the Pension which the Pope allows him of twelve thousand Crowns a Year is enough to make him easy under his Afflictions: He is complimented with the Stile of Majesty by his Holiness, and by all that have Access to him.‡ He is of a middling Stature, but a meer Skeleton; and, if I may venture to say it, has nothing of an Imposter in

* Vide *Glanvill's* and other Histories of Witches.

† The Baron *de Polnitz*.

‡ This noble Letter-Writer also tells us, that *Æneas* never goes to an Audience of the Pope in Publick, but always by the Back-Stairs; and that his Holiness not only gives him an Arm-Chair, but all the Honours are paid to him that are due to a King who keeps *incognito*. “When (continues my Author) the Cardinals visit him, he gives them the *Tabouret*, or *Little Stool*; but the Imperial Cardinals never go to see him, nor did they think fit to do it even when the Emperor was very much embroiled with the King of *Great Britain*; nevertheless, the *French* Cardinals go to him every Day, and are always with him in Publick, notwithstanding the strict Alliance between the Crowns of *France* and *Great Britain*.”

his Looks; being prodigiously like the Pictures I have seen of King *James the Second*, his (supposed) Father, only his Aspect is somewhat more melancholy: But he is so far from the Melancholy in his natural Temper, that, being a Lover of Pleasures, he would indulge himself in Gallantry, if he was not so strictly watch'd by the Priests: For, if the scandalous Chronicle does not belye him, Mrs. *Hayes*, alias *Lady Inverness* had for a while the Honour of obliging him. If one may guess at the Heart by external Appearances, he is sincerely attach'd to the Religion he professes, yet without being such a Bigot as some will have him to be; for he causes his Children to be educated by Protestants;* and every *Sunday* a Church of *England* Minister preached in *English*, in the Protestant Chapel of his Palaces.† He is extremely reserved at first to those with whom he is not acquainted; but this Coldness wears off by Degrees, and when once he knows People, he is very courteous and civil to them. I have the Honour to be often at his Table, and am bound to acknowledge his Favours to me.

* Here a material Query very naturally arises, *viz.* whether the Baron *certainly* knew this, or only spoke it by *Hearsay*? I shall enlarge upon this Head, in the Place where it will regularly occur, *viz.* in the Portrait of the Sons of *Aeneas*.

† “He says the Baron, in another Place, in the Palace of the Marquis *Monti*, and has a great Number of Domesticks, but few in his Service that are Persons of Quality. My Lord *Dunbar* is the chief Man at his Court, since Mr. *Hayes* (to whom the Chevalier gave the Title of *Lord Inverness*) retired to *Avignon*.”

“His Table, which is commonly laid for a Dozen Guests, is served with what is grand and delicate. His Q--, as she is here called, eats at her own little Table. People are seated at his (*Æneas's*) Table without any Distinction of Rank, and he himself usually fits between his two Sons. He talks a great deal at his Meals, but the Tone of his Voice is not the most agreeable. His Conversation runs generally upon common Topics, and falls very naturally upon his Misfortunes. All his Time is regularly divided; he rises early, devotes the Morning to his Business, hears Mass before Noon, when he goes to Dinner, and after sitting an Hour and a half, or two Hours at Table, takes a Nap; and then, unless it be a Saint's Day, when he goes to Vespers, he takes the Air in some Garden or another without the City, (*Rome*) where he exercises himself on Horseback, or diverts himself at Mall with his Sons and his Gentlemen. In the Evening he returns to his Palace, and receives Visits from the Cardinals; at Ten o'clock he goes to Supper, and at Midnight to Bed. During the Carnival he was almost every Day at the Opera, where, his Box being very large, he used to sup with the Gentlemen and Ladies of his Court.”

On the Evidence of this noble *Prussian* it appears, that the Person of *Æneas* answers not to either of the foregoing Descriptions: That he is neither so Majestick as his Friends, nor so mean-looking a Man as his Enemies have represented him.

As to his Religion, the Baron tells that he is not so great a Bigot as some would have him to be; but

what he offers as a Proof of this has nothing conclusive in it: For admitting he did suffer or cause his Children to be educated in the Protestant Religion, he might, however, do this from political (*i.e.* from meer worldly) Views. When a Throne is in Prospect, Men will do unaccountable Things, and to obtain it will use such Means as their own Consciences cannot approve, if brought to a strict Examination. All that is dear to a Man in this World, nay even his eternal Happiness in the next has been often risk'd for the Sake of that glittering Gewgaw-Toy a Crown! Therefore we must never expect to discover the true Character of a Man from his Actions under so powerful a Biass. 'Tis rather to be extracted from little Incidents, Occurrences of small Importance, and which may seem to have no immediate striking Consequences: For in these the Heart is disengaged, the Mind expatiates on them freely, and determines naturally. We only see the Genius and innate Disposition of great Men in their most private Conduct, in such of their Actions as are more indifferent to them than those they chuse to set before the Eye of the World; in such of their Resolves as are influenced only by a cool Judgment, nor biass'd by Interest or any Passion, nor hood-winked and stifled by a Sacrifice of any Thing they hold dear, with a view of obtaining something more than an Equivalent.—Thus a Father, tho' a Bigot to one Religion, may possibly suffer his Son to be educated in another, with a View to that Son's obtaining a Crown, which he could not hope to obtain by any other Means: But herein Ambition,

not Moderation, is seen; and the Father may be the same Bigot all the while.

Indeed, in what he mentions of the Religion of *Æneas*, the Baron *de Pollnitz* seems to have been influenced in his Favour; and this, perhaps, by the Civilities which he tells us he received at the Court of the *Exile* whose Character, in this important Point, he probably thought himself obliged by Gratitude to handle very tenderly. This Conjecture is strengthen'd by what he himself had before said, in a Letter wrote in the Year 1715, or 1716, when he was at *Paris*; from which I shall quote the following Particulars, which deserve the more Attention, as it is highly improbable that he was then biass'd by the least Spark of Affection or Partiality, having but newly begun his Travels, and being an entire Stranger to the *Exile* and his Family.

After mentioning certain Commotions then subsisting in *France*, the Baron informs his Correspondent that others of much greater Consequence had risen in *England* "where, (said he) a Revolution was expected in Favour of *Æneas** who having spent some Time at the Prince *de Vaudemont's* House at *Commercy in Lorrain*, set out from thence for *Scotland*; where, as soon as he arrived, he found a considerable Party which declared for him. Every Thing seemed at first to favour him: A great many Persons came to own him for King, and he was served in that Quality. But his Happiness was of no long Duration, and he was

* The Baron calls him the *Chevalier de St. G—e*.

obliged to retire with Precipitation from a Country in which he was in Danger of being ill used.”

“’Twas the Opinion of many People, that this Undertaking would have succeeded, if the *Adventurer* (my Author stiles him *P--e*) had not shewn so much Zeal for the Catholic Religion; for ‘twas only desired of him to preserve the Privileges of *Scotland* in religious Matters, but he would not hear of it. Moreover, he rose one Day from Table, without eating a Morsel, because a Clergyman of the Church of *England* had said the Grace; protesting that he would never eat a Bit of what a Heretick pretended to give a Blessing to. This great Zeal for his Religion (a Zeal perhaps too flaming * in Circumstances wherein he might, without any Crime, have smother’d it) was the Reason that all the Protestants in *Scotland*, many of whom had already declared in his Favour, turned their Backs on him. I happened to be present when all this was told to the Duke of *Orleans*, † *who made Answer*, If all this be true, ‘tis no Wonder that he has not succeeded; and I look upon him as an undone Prince.” ‡

* The Baron himself at that Time a Roman Catholic; but he has since turned Protestant.

† Regent of *France*, *Lewis XV.* being then in his Minority.

‡ The Baron adds, “At the same Time I observed such an Air of Satisfaction in the Countenances of the Duke and Dutchess his Mother, as convinced me that they were not ill pleased to see the Elector of *Hanover* established on the Throne of *England*.—The *English* did all they could to engage the Regent to arrest the Chevalier, who, returning from *Scotland* to *France*, pass’d thro’ the whole Kingdom *incognito*,

Was ever a more flagrant Instance of Bigotry seen than that exhibited by the unfortunate *Æneas* in *Scotland*? Sure nothing was ever so unseasonable, so absurd, as his Refusal to dine upon what a Protestant Clergyman had desired God to bless!— And this at a Time too, when he ought to have used all honest Means to recommend himself to the Protestants. I could never have believed him capable of such a ridiculous Scrupulosity, had not I received very good Assurances of its being true, in every Circumstance related by the Baron *de Pollnitz*. The late Marquis of *Tullibardine* owned it to a Gentleman of *Paris*, of my Acquaintance; but he endeavoured at the same Time to put the best Face upon his Master's Weakness, by urging his Zeal, in the above Instances, as an Indication not of his Want of Judgment or charitable Moderation, but of his Sincerity, and truly pious Veneration for that Religion which he, doubtless, thought was the best, and that it was his Duty to lay hold on every Opportunity for asserting, defending, and shewing his Regard to it, by discountenancing all its Enemies.

The Duke of *Lyria*, Nephew to *Æneas*, in a Letter

and went for Refuge to *Avignon*. They also demanded of the Regent that he would cashier all the *English* and *Irish* Officers in the Service of *France*, that were the Chevalier's Adherents; however, he only satisfied them in Part, by cashiering the Officers: But the Chevalier was, notwithstanding the Government's Connivance at him, hotly pursued by some Persons; and 'tis even said, that a certain Lord was a good while in Chace of him, with a Design to have killed him; but he escaped the Danger by the Haste he made, to *Avignon*."

to his Father the Duke of *Berwick*, * declared that he Verily believed his Uncle's Miscarriage was chiefly owing to his extraordinary Zeal for the Church of *Rome*, in a Country wherein that Church was hated. "If, says the Duke, he could have moderated this devout Flame, it might have been happy for him and his Posterity: Or if he *had* resolved to let it blaze beyond the Bounds of good Policy, after he should have got Possession of the Crown he was venturing his Life for, he ought at least to have smother'd it till he *had* actually gained and secured that Crown."†

I could produce some other authentic Testimonials to prove that *Æneas* was ever so rigidly attach'd to his Religion, as give his Enemies but too much Room for charging him with Bigotry. However what the Baron *de Pollnitz* would have us believe on this Head, *viz. That the Exile was not so great a Bigot as he had been represented*, is certainly very true; for he was much altered at the Time the Baron wrote. Men generally run into Extremes both in their Censures and Praises. Thus they have represented *Æneas* as a blind furious Zealot, who would certainly, if ever he got Possession of the *British* Crown, turn every Thing

* Bastard Brother to *Æneas*. This Nobleman was made a Marshal of *France*, and Grandee of *Spain*; and was killed, in 1734, at the Siege of *Philipsburgh*.

† A Copy of this Letter falling into the Hands of the Dutchess of *Berry*, became very publick at *Paris*. The Duke of *Lyrria* was with *Æneas* in *Scotland*; where his Uncle left him, when he fled out of that Kingdom.

upside down, both in Church and State, nay also, perhaps, revive those bloody Persecutions of the Protestants, which have render'd the Church of *Rome* so odious and horrid, not only in the *British Dominions*, but in all other Protestant Countries. But all who have had Opportunities of being well acquainted with the *Exile's* Character, agree that he is not so justly chargeable with this unchristian as well as impolitic Excess of Zeal, as his Enemies pretend. That very honest Man the Duke of *Berwick*, has frequently declared* that, to his certain Knowledge, his Brother *Æneas* sincerely abhorred "the Thoughts of persecuting Hereticks; though, at the same Time, his Conscience would never suffer him to countenance or give them any Encouragement to continue in their Heresies. That he has frequently protested *he thought it better to leave them to their own Consciences, and the Arguments of the Catholic Clergy, than to force them to an insincere Conformity. That he saw very plainly the Rock upon which his poor Father had split, and, therefore, if ever it should please God to restore to him what that unhappy Prince had lost, he was determin'd to observe a strict Neutrality in all Religious Disputes that yiizht *• happen among bis Subject. 5. leaving those Affairs* ⁴⁴ *to the entire Management of such Lawful Assemblies of the*

* In the presence of several *French* Officers who served under him; and who have repeated the lame to certain of our *British* Military Gentlemen, who have been Prisoners in *France*. For some of these, whose Honour and Veracity I can fully depend on, I received this Information.

Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, as by ancient Establishment have taken Care of such Matters.”

That the above, and other Declarations of the like Import, have often fallen from the *Exile's* Lips, I have received good Assurances; but it must be confessed that few Persons, if any one, discovered such Sentiments in him till after his unfortunate Expedition into *Scotland*; since which, grown wiser by the Examples of both his Fathers and his own Misconduct and Misfortunes, he has learnt to consider many Things in Lights very different from those he might perhaps view them in when but an unexperienced Youth.—In fine, it must, upon the Whole, be allowed, that the Enemies of *Æneas* have a larger Basis whereon to found the Charge of Bigotry they have brought against: him, than for any other Imperfection imputed to him; but then, as they have in other Instances proceeded to monstrous Lengths without any Foundation at all, so, in this, they have but their Super-structure beyond all Proportion too large for their Basis, or the Ground they had to build upon.—I proceed now to the other Parts of this controverted Character.

That *Æneas* is a Coward, is as warmly denied by those of his Party, as asserted by many of his Enemies. But the former indeed are so far right, for no Proof of his being a Coward has ever yet appeared; unless we take for Demonstrations the dogmatical, groundless Aspersion of giddy Zealots; Men but little scrupulous of inventing and propagating any Scandal they think will help to

support their own Party, without the least Regard to Truth.—But it must, however, be allowed that those are equally in the Wrong who give out that he is not more devout in the Closet than brave or intrepid in the Field. If, in his Behalf, it be urged that he has never yet done any thing so mean as to merit the despicable Appellation of Coward; it may, on the other hand, with equal Truth be asserted that he has never yet given the World any signal Proof of his military Genius or personal Courage: And it must be owned that he has had Opportunities of exerting his Courage, or betraying his Timidity; but neither the one or the other ever appeared from the Use he made of such Opportunities. In 1708, he made the Campaign under the Dukes of *Burgundy* and *Vendosme*, and was present in the famous Battle of *Oudenarde*, gained by the Allies over the *French* In this memorable Action, *Æneas*, who served as a Volunteer, without any Command, had not the good Fortune to be distinguish'd among the many Thousands of brave Men who at Night were forced to fly the Field after the bloody Toils of a well-fought Day. The Allies neither observed him, nor his Companion the Duke of *Berry*, in the Fight; and from thence, therefore, the *English* took Occasion to report that neither of them ventured into the Field. As it was no easy Matter to confute this Report in *England*, it gained Ground and Credit every Day; till at last it was publickly and positively given out that both *Æneas* and the Duke were safe Spectators of the Battle of *Oudenarde* from the Top

of an adjacent Steeple. Nay, these Story-tellers were so very circumstantial as to let us know that the former had the Levity *to* laugh heartily (amidst that awful Scene of Death and Slaughter) upon seeing, when the Prince of *Hanover's** Horse was shot under him, both the Beast and his gallant Rider fall to the Ground. Some yet more intelligent Persons have further informed us, that some body who flood by this laughing Spectator of as deep a Tragedy† as ever was acted, was so moved with Indignation at so flagrant an Instance of the mean Spiritedness of *Æneas* that he threatned to throw him over the Battlements of the Steeple. This Sequel to the Story crowns the whole!—But it might be asked who this Bystander was? It was not, surely, the Duke of *Berry* the only Person of equal Rank‡ with *Æneas* that is said to have been present. For, according to this Story, it would have been out of Character for the Duke to talk so terribly, since he himself must have been the greater Coward of the two, he having a Command under his Brother the Duke of *Burgundy*; which made his Presence in the Fight somewhat necessary; whereas *Æneas* was under no Necessity of running himself into Danger, as he only accompanied the *French* Princes out of meer Curiosity, and the Desire of seeing a Battle. If it was not the Duke of *Berry*, what inferior Person

* The present King of *Great Britain*.

† The Loss of the *French* in this Battle, Wounded and Prisoners included, was computed at 19400 Men; that of the Allies at 14000.

‡ The Duke of *Berry* was Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*: Both were Sons to the Dauphin of *France*, and Grandsons to *Lewis XIV*.

durst express himself in such familiar Terms to one whom every Man in the *French* King's Armies considered as the Prince Royal of *England*?—But this Particular is too ridiculous for a serious Examination; and so, in Truth, is the whole Story.—But it may be worth while, however, to enquire whereabouts this convenient Steeple stood: For it must have been admirably situated to afford so clear a View of both Armies, as that the Persons upon it could distinguish the Prince of *Hanover* so as to know him from the Officers about him? Perhaps, indeed, the Prince came with his Detachment to attack this same Steeple, and being known upon his near Approach, was dismounted by the Fire from the Battlements: But, upon second Thoughts, I can hardly think that this was the Case, because none of our Historians mention it. Besides, we may reasonably suppose that the *French* Army was drawn up betwixt the Spot on which this Steeple stood and the Enemy, other wise the *Exile* and the *French* Prince would hardly have ventured their Persons (which it seems they were so sollicitous to preserve) upon it. Now if they had the *French* Army in Front, they could see very little of the Enemy, unless they kept their Post till the Vanquished fled the Field, which we can hardly suppose; for 'tis highly probable they would provide for their own Safety, upon the first Symptoms of a Defeat on their Side: Besides it was Night before the *French* retreated, so that the Prince of *Hanover* could hardly have advanced near enough to this same Steeple both before it was too dark for the

Gentlemen on the Top to see him, and before they had Time to abandon so dangerous a Post. But admitting this Story of the Steeple to be true, how shall we do to know who it was that could relate the Circumstances of it to our People; and whether the Person or Persons who first divulged them were so worthy of Credit, as it is requisite they should be, in order to merit our Belief in an Affair of this Nature? I am afraid it would be very difficult to procure Satisfaction on this Head.

But the Truth is, that every Word of the foregoing Story is false: At least I have the greatest Reason in the World to believe so, not only from the palpable Marks of Malice and Fiction which it carries with it, but from the better Information I have had, in the first Place, to sneak out of the Battle was not at all consistent with the Duke of *Berry's* Character, who was never reckoned a Coward but, on the contrary, tho' he died very young, he lived to give the World convincing Proofs of his Courage. Moreover, in Fact, the Duke was in the Action at *Oudenarde*, and assisted the Duke *de Vendosme* in rallying the Houshold Troops three Times. This all the *French* Writers agree in asserting; and I have had it confirmed by Eye-witnesses. It is now also confessed, even by the *Dutch*, who first propagated the foregoing silly Story of the Steeple in Print, that *Æneas* also was in the Battle till it was almost over, when he was advised to retire to *Ghent* and that he stuck by the Duke of *Berry* for some Hours, till an Accident separated them. Many saw him on Horseback, and very busily riding up and down

with the Duke; but being attended by few Persons, and his Habit very plain, he was, perhaps, on this Account taken the less Notice of; especially as he was continually eclipsed by Multitudes of Officers who made a splendid Appearance. In fine, it appears that as he neither shewed any Ardour for Fighting, by thrusting himself into the Heat of the Battle, nor expressed any Signs of Fear by quitting the Field before many brave Men were obliged to quit it also; so it cannot be inferred, from his Conduct in this Affair, that he is a Coward. As he had no Command in the Army, he could be of little or no Service to his Friends the *French* in that Day's Action; nor had he the least Occasion for risking in it a Life which it may be prefaced he was not then weary of; but which, however, it appears that he was not more sollicitously careful to preserve, than became a Man of common Sense and common Resolution. For soon after the Battle of *Oudenarde*, when the *French* Army marched to the Relief of *Lisle*, which the Allies had invested, *Æneas* accompanied the Princes of *France* and the Duke *de Vendosme*, who, advancing before the Army, went to reconnoitre the Enemy's Camp. They had drawn out their Troops in Order of Battle, and the Allies were ready, expecting the Onset; but the *French* Generals were desirous of first taking a View of the Situation and Dispositions of the Enemy; and accordingly they advanced as I said, accompanied by several General Officers of less Note, almost close up to the Duke of *Marlborough's* Entrenchments. This Boldness provoked the *British*

Troops to fire their Cannon at the *French* Princes and Generals; whereupon the Duke *de Vendosme* told *Æneas* that his Countrymen were very unpolite, in shewing so little Respect to Persons of their Dignity; “But, I believe, added the Duke, they know your Highness, and I would pray you to retire, for they certainly aim at your Life.” *No*, replied the EXILE, gaily, *I shall never think my Life worth preserving at the Expence of quitting, tho’ but for an Hour, the agreeable Company I am now in; especially if I must leave such valuable Friends in a Situation too dangerous for myself.—If Heaven has destined me to wear a Crown, I cannot be killed here; if not, I may as well die before these Trenches as at St. Germain.* Hearing this, the Duke of *Burgundy* turned his Horse, and wheeled off, followed by the others, to another Quarter of the Enemy’s Camp, in which the *Prussian* Troops lay; and these also sent them a few Balls, one of which killed the Duke of *Burgundy’s* Aid de Camp, which very much startled that Prince, and he thereupon proposed to his Brother to retire, which they all did, but *Æneas* was the last Man that turned about to regain the Army; nor did he, tho’ a raw Soldier, seem in the least daunted by the great and small Shot, which every now and then flew whizzing by his Ears. This Story has been frequently repeated by the Duke *de Vendosme* himself, who ever spoke very respectfully of *Æneas’s* Behaviour in an Instance which plainly shewed that he was not the Coward he has been represented.

As to his Behaviour in *Scotland*, in the Year 1715, which hath furnished his Enemies with so much Room for Satire, I do not see in it any certain Indications of his being a coward; nor will I pretend to infer from it that he acted with so much Courage and Revolution as would have become a Soldier. There are several Degrees between a Man of Courage and a Coward. The first fears hardly any Thing, the second is afraid of almost every Thing that may hurt his Person. But there are Men of a Constitution betwixt these two; who are of a tender Disposition, and have an Aversion to War and Blood-shed: Yet they have more Generosity than the Coward, and would be above doing a mean Thing, even tho' it were necessary for their own Welfare or Preservation. Of such a Make is the Soul of *Æneas*. He has no Genius for War; nor ever desired to be thought a Soldier; yet he is a Lover of brave Men and brave Actions, and ever hated a Coward. It was not Cowardice that prompted him to avoid a Battle with the Duke of *Argyle* in the Year Fifteen; or induced him soon after to retreat privately out of *Scotland*, leaving his Followers to shift for themselves. In the first Instance, his own Foresight, and the concurring Opinions of the Chiefs about him, pronounced it downright Rashness and Cruelty to fight, when the Enemy were so greatly superior both in Number, Discipline, and Condition, as afforded him no Room to expect any better Consequences of a Battle, than Ruin and Slaughter to himself and his Adherents, He saw also that *Scotland* had made the

greatest Efforts for him it could make; and which had proved vastly inefficient for maintaining the Ground he at first gained there: That *France* was not to be depended on for further Succours: He knew not what his Friends were doing in *England*; but he saw no Appearance of their being successful, by the Face of the Government's Affairs in *Scotland*: In fine, he discovered, tho' late, that he had embarked too hastily in a desperate Undertaking: And that he had no better Course left than to make the safest Retreat he could; and that the sooner this was done, the better it might be both for himself and those who had unfortunately embarked with him.

As to what the Enemies of *Æneas* tell us of his being homely, ungraceful, sluggish, of a dull Genius, gloomy Temper, and weak Understanding; 'tis for the most Part entirely false: 'Tis true his Person is somewhat homely, but he is neither ungraceful nor sluggish: Many very great Princes have had far more despicable Persons. The Exercises he has ever been fond of and much practised in, are very inconsistent with both the Sluggishness and Gloominess of Temper imputed to him; and it is hardly to be imagined how these disagreeable Qualities can be very predominant in one who walks, and talks, and rides, and frequents publick Diversions so much as *Æneas* does. As to his Genius and Understanding, if we may form a Judgment of the Talents requisite for a King, by what we see of most of the Crowned Heads in *Europe*, *Æneas* is at least qualified to weild the

Scepter of *Corsica*; nay, And might, for ought I know, as well have been elected King of *Poland*, or even Emperor, of *Germany* forty Years ago: *i.e.* it might have been as happy for the People of those Countries.—Yet I have no Objection to either of the illustrious Heads that now wear, or those that have for these forty Years past, worn the *Polish* and *Imperial* Crowns. As to the Proportion of Generosity he may have in the Composition of his Temper, this is a nice Point, and cannot be so fully handled here: If by Generosity those who charge him with being a total Stranger to it, mean either Liberality, or the Reverse of what we call Stinginess or Covetousness, they would do well to consider what Opportunities *Æneas* can have had for shewing himself generous in this Sense of the Word; Allowances must be made for his adverse Fortune and narrow Circumstances. But if by *Generosity* the Railers aforesaid mean *Candour*, *Openness of Heart*, *Benevolence of Mind*, y a *Charitable Way of Judging* others, and the like; if this be the Generosity they mean, I must assure them they do that unhappy *Exile* great Injustice: For really he is not so destitute of these Virtues as they would insinuate: Every body at *Rome*, where he is best known, considers him a very honest, good-natur'd, harmless Man: This is what every body there says of him, and what every one that knows him will bear witness of.

I will now close these Remarks on the Party Altercations concerning *Æneas*, with a brief Summary or Extract from them, which will exhibit

a real Portrait, and an impartial View of his Person and Manners, *viz.* He is of a middling Stature, has a swarthy Complexion, black Eyes, a contemplative Countenance, and a sedate, or rather somewhat dejected Air. He is exceeding lean, and inclines his Head forward as he walks; yet he fits a Horse very well, and loves Riding above all other Exercises. Tho' by his Looks one would take him to be of a melancholy Temper, yet he generally speaks with so much Cheerfulness as diffuses an Air of Vivacity all over him. When he likes his Company he talks a great deal; and 'tis then only that he seems to forget his Family Misfortunes, unless when the Convocation happens to turn upon that Subject. Had he been born to better Fortune than he has yet experienced, 'tis probable he would have been a great Lover of such Pleasures as we usually see Persons of the first Rank give into, to (often the Fatigues to which Power and Grandeur are necessarily subject; for even as his Affairs now stand,* he keeps himself generally in pretty good Spirits, by sharing, as often as he conveniently can, in such Diversions as come in his Way.

His Temper is remarkable for nothing, except a certain Coldness, which makes him very reserved, and slow to speak his real Sentiments on Affairs of Importance, especially if any way interested in the Subject. He is so distrustful of all Men, that he puts

* What alteration may have happened in his Manner of passing his Time, since his Son's late unfortunate Undertaking, is not yet known in *England*: But, doubtless, it must have made a great Impression upon him.

as little Confidence in them as he can help; and was never known to have contracted a strict Friendship in his Life.* He has been extolled by inconsiderate Zealots as a perfect Pattern of conjugal Affection;† but they had better have kept Silence on this Head, than, by their Forwardness to praise, right or wrong, to have given the World Occasion to search into a Particular which may not so well bear Examination, as what they tell us of his being a tender Parent, which is incontestibly true; as well as that he hath ever been esteemed a very good Master.‡ ‘Tis universally known that he did not for some Years before her Death, live mighty happily with the Princess *Sobieski* his Wife; tho’ it is not very certainly known on which Side the Fault lay, but all the World had an extraordinary good Opinion of the Princess.

The Humility|| of *Æneas* must likewise be confessed: And, indeed, it would have been more absurd for one in his Circumstances to have been without this Virtue, than in one puffed up by Prosperity. But whether this Virtue was implanted by Nature in the EXILE, or only the Gift of Adversity, is a Question that has been a Subject of Controversy among some Persons who had Opportunities of knowing him very well.

He never studied much, never was inclined to travel far into the Regions of Learning;

* This is quite Reverse of what is said of him as a most cordial Friend, in Page 58. To this Page also the Reader is referred by the Marks following the above Asterisk, viz. †,‡, ||.

consequently is but little acquainted with the Sciences. Divinity is his favourite Branch, and to this, indeed, he devotes more of his Time than is by some thought necessary for one who would be considered as a Temporal Prince. The Fathers are his chief Oracles, and except theirs, he hardly looks into any Books: However, 'tis the practical Part of Religion that engrosses most of his Time, and therefore he is the less liable to censure for indulging this devout Turn of Mind to a more than ordinary Degree. However, upon the Whole, it must be owned that Nature seems rather to have intended him for a Priest than a K—. —In short, the Sum Total of his Character amounts only to what I have already said of him; *viz.* That he is an honest, good-natur'd Man. A Man possessed of no great, some good, and very few bad Qualities: By Nature neither capable of doing much Good, or much Hurt to any; beloved by few, esteemed by some, hated by none that know him. 'Tis true he could never have been greatly admired for his Abilities in any Station: Yet he does not want for Sense; but even what was born with him, has not been so happily cultivated as Nature might have admitted. In fine, taken altogether, Body and Mind, we may, with Shakespeare, pronounce him a *Medium in the Composition of the Human Nature.*

BOOK II.
The PORTRAITS of ASCANIUS and
 BENEDICTUS.

NEVER has any Character (not even his Father's) been so variously delineated as that of Ascanius; none, surely, so much the Subject of Panegyric, and at the same Time treated with so much Contempt. But 'tis not uncommon, in these Times, to see the Reputation of an eminent Person so strangely handled: For Party-Prejudice knows no Bounds, and whoever is the Hero of one Party, is infallibly the Devil of another.

This Youth is the eldest Son of *Æneas*, by the Princess Sobieski* his Wife; and so much is he the Darling of a certain Set of Britons, that they have launched out most excessively in Praise of him, A noted Author,† who is looked on as the Mouth of the Party, gives us the following Description of this Favourite, viz. "He is, says this Author, tall, his Limbs are cast in the most exact Mold, his Complexion has in it somewhat of an uncommon Delicacy; all his Features are perfectly regular and well turned, and his Eyes the finest I ever saw; but

* Daughter to the late Prince James Sobieski, eldest Son to the famous John Sobieski King of Poland. This Princess died in the Year 1735.

† In a Pamphlet entitled, Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq;

that which shines most in him, and renders him <c without Exception the most surprizingly handsome Person of the Age, is the Dignity that accompanies his every Gesture; there is indeed such an unspeakable Majesty diffused through his whole Mien and Air, as it is impossible to have an Idea of without seeing, and strikes those that do see with such an Awe as will not suffer them to look upon him for any Time, unless he emboldens them to it by his excessive Affability. His is no less worthy of Admiration than his Person: He appears to have all the good Nature of the *Stuarts*, blended with the Spirit of the *Sobieskis*.— He seems to me to be equally capable of presiding in Peace and War: As for his Learning, it is extensive beyond what could be expected from double the Number of his Years.— He speaks most of the *European* Languages with the same Ease and Fluency as if each of them were the only one he knew; is a perfect Master of all the different Kinds of *Latin*, understands *Greek* very well, and is not altogether ignorant of *Hebrew*.— Hiftory and Philosophy are his darling Entertainments, in both which he is well versed; the one he says will instruct him how to govern others, the other how to govern himself, whether in prosperous or adverse Fortune.—Then for his Courage, that was sufficiently proved at the Siege of Gaita,* at which, tho' scarce arrived at the Age of

* A Town in the Kingdom of *Naples*, taken from the *Austrians* in the Year 1734, by *Don Carlos*, now King of the *Two Sicilies*.

fifteen, he performed such Things, as in attempting made his Friends and Enemies alike tremble, tho' from different Motives.—What he is ordained for we must leave to the Almighty, who alone disposes all Things; but he appears to be born and endowed for something very extraordinary.”

This Author also tells us, that Ascanius and his Brother were both educated in the Protestant Religion, by the *Indulgence* of the Pope, who strained this Point meerly with a View towards the Re-establishment of this Family on a Throne which the *Stuarts* might perhaps have sat on till now had none of them been Papists. But, as it hath already been observed, in a certain Answer to this Author, what Evidence hath been yet produced in Support of this Fact? None but the bare Assertions of a Writer who is most certainly either misled by the false Informations of others, (perhaps only from the Baron *de Pollnitz*, quoted before) or he takes the Liberty to say whatever he thinks proper for the Good of the Cause, without the least Regard to Truth. If it was the Result of his Holiness's saving Policy to suffer Heresy to be propagated under his Nose, the same Policy required that the News should have been propagated as fast as possible through every Corner of the *British* Dominions: And yet in the very Declarations which were of late issued in *Æneas* and his Son's Names, and which were calculated to reclaim a stray'd People, not the least Mention is made of a Circumstance which is held to be of such Importance to their Cause. This

Omission is alone sufficient to demonstrate that the Report is no better than a downright Forgery.

But, further, the Authors and Spreaders of this Report ought to consider the Injury they hereby do the Character of *Æneas* while they make him prostitute Religion to Ambition. 'Tis universally allowed that he is most strictly attach'd to the Church of *Rome*; and is it possible that a sincere Member of that Church, who cannot but look on the Principles of the Protestants as damnable, can suffer his darling Child to be educated in those Principles? What a Monster must the Wretch be who is capable of acting thus? He must either be the most wicked of Hypocrites, the most inhumane Brute of a Parent, or he must be an Atheist; for who that believes the Being of a God, would dare to make Religion subservient to such vile Purposes? What Father would risque the Salvation of his own Child?—But the very Supposition that this Report can possibly be true, is absurd, and I will no longer detain the Reader on so trifling a Subject, than just to make a short Remark on the Baron *de Pollnitz's* Evidence on this Head.

It was impossible for the Baron, supposing him to have been ever so circumspect and impartial, among the Multitude of Characters he has drawn,* to tell every Circumstance relating to them with the

* *Viz.* Of all the Persons of Note at most of the *European* Courts.

utmost Exactness. He could hardly, in such a Variety of Personages of both Sexes, take the true Likeness of every one, nor be perfectly sure of every Particular that he mentions; since he should not be an Eye-witness of every Thing, and must be obliged for Information to many Persons, among whom 'tis no Wonder if some were prejudiced, and others less knowing than they pretended to be,—In fine, 'tis not to be doubted but that the Baron was imposed on by some ill-judging Friend to the Family of *Æneas*, who weakly fancied that the Report of his Sons being Protestants would greatly facilitate any Efforts they might one Day make for regaining the Confidence of the Britons. 'Tis highly improbable that the Baron should invent and propagate a Falsity, because it was impossible for him to be any way interested in it; and yet not only I, but many Hundreds besides, know that what he tells us on this Head has not the least Foundation in Fact.

As to the Portrait of *Ascanius*, as drawn by the above quoted Author, 'tis indeed somewhat like the Original, but no farther than what some Connoisseurs mean by an over-handsome Likeness: Every Feature has more than Justice done to it, and, if I may be allowed the Expression, the Piece is too perfect; for the Original is represented as possessed of more external and internal Excellencies than are usually found to center in one Man. That his Person is handsome cannot be denied, and the foregoing Description of it is pretty just, till it becomes almost ridiculous by the

hyperbolical Strokes of *unspeakable* MAJESTY which it diffuses through his whole Mien and Air, with such amazing Bounty, as dazzles the Eyes of the Beholder, and renders him incapable of taking a second View, till encouraged in the excessive Affability of the Majestick Object—But I appeal to every impartial Man among the Thousands of my Countrymen, who have seen this Son of *Æneas*, either in *Italy*, *France*, or *Great Britain*, whether the following Representation does not give a juster Idea of the Original tho' drawn in less glaring Colours, *viz.*

Ascanius is a pretty genteel young Gentleman; but his features are rather too delicate, and give his Face an Air of Effeminacy, to which his Constitution is indeed a Stranger; for he is active, robust, and vigorous: Not so, perhaps, by Birth, but from his early and continued Application to the proper Exercises, particularly Walking, Riding, Hunting, &c. His Stature is somewhat above the middle Heighth, his Gait easy yet quick, and his Air remarkably free. Tho' very slender, he is strong; and, as it has incontestably appeared, as able to bear the Hardships and Fatigues of War as most Men. His Countenance has not that Majesty in it that some have pretended, and which indeed is seldom found in Persons of his Age, for he is not quite Twenty-seven, and does not look to be above Twenty. Neither could I ever see so much of that extraordinary Dignity which, 'tis said, *accompanies his every Gesture*: Indeed he does every Thing in a

Manner that bespeaks him good-natured and affable enough; but really I have seen, perhaps, fifty young Captains, &c. in the *British* Regiments, with, according to my Judgment, as much Nobility and Grandeur about them: Yet *Ascanius* looks very well, and, it may be, better than if he were to give himself Airs that would ill agree with the Circumstances he ever has and is ever like to be in.

As to what his Panegyrist tells us of his prodigious Learning, I could never discover that it extended further than a compleat Knowledge of the *French*, *English*, and *Italian* Languages, with a Smattering of the *Spanish*. Philosophy, I am Very well assured, he never troubled his Head much about, nor is he a great Reader of any Sort of Books: History is his only Study, and even that he has but sparingly applied himself to of late Years. It does not yet appear that he has a Jot more Religion than the Generality of young Soldiers, but while at *Rome* he used constantly to attend Mass with his Father.— Many fine Things have been said of his personal Courage; of which indeed most Men have now a pretty high Opinion; but, with Submission to those who may have had better Information than I am able to procure, I think we may as well suspend our Judgments till his past Actions are better understood, and his future shall give us some additional Lights into this Part of his Character. For ought I have hitherto been able to perceive, he hath not yet done any Thing to merit the Reputation of a more than ordinary Valour. His Expedition to

Scotland, and his Irruption into *England*, are far from being conclusive Arguments of his Courage; for what Coward would not thus far have hazarded his Person for the Chance of a Crown? Animated by so many brave Men about him, and invited by so tempting a Prospect, the most timid Soul might have pushed as far into the Paths of Danger. His Defeat of *Cope* was solely owing to the Valour of his Men, and the bad Conduct of his Enemies. His March into *England* was not so much the Effect of his daring Courage, as of the eager Inclination of his Followers to take that Step, tempted by the Hopes that had been given them of great Assistance from the *English* Jacobites. The easy Reduction of *Carlisle* derives little Reputation either to him or his Troops, for it is now evident that had they never come within Cannon-shot of the City, the Poltroons, to whom the Defence of it was committed, would have betrayed their Trust at any Rate.

If then he gave the World no certain Proofs of his personal Courage, from his Landing in *Scotland* to his Arrival with his Forces at *Derby*, what did he afterwards to support that Part of his Reputation? His Retreat out of *England* was the next Step he took, and this contrary to the Desire of his Highlanders, who would have continued their March to *London*, whither they had a Chance of arriving before the Duke of *Cumberland*, and which if they had done, would have flung that Capital into such a Consternation, as might probably have

decided the Fate of the *British* Crown. But if he had not the least Prospect of gaining *London* before the Duke's Army, he ought rather (and he would have done it, had he been a Man of such desperate Courage as some would have us believe) to have hazarded All upon the Success of a Battle with the Duke; by which he might possibly have gained All, and at the worst could but have ruined his Affairs here, which he might have easily foreseen he should infallibly do by a Retreat.

As to the Battle of Falkirk, the Event of it was glorious to neither Party, nor does the Behaviour of *Ascanius* in it give us any remarkable Proof of his Bravery. 'Tis true he acted the Part of a General in that Affair, but did not distinguish himself above the other Chiefs that were under him: Every Step he took in it was by the Advice of others; he knew how they *would*, he saw how they *did* act, and he could not, with such Examples about him, and so little annoyed by the Enemy, behave with less Spirit than he did, unless he had been a meer Coward, which I am far from supposing: All I contend for, being only to make it apparent that we have not yet received any satisfactory Proofs of his having more than a common Share of Courage and Intrepidity. Indeed his second Flight before the Duke of *Cumberland*, when the latter marched to raise the Siege of *Stirling*, is almost enough to make us suspect his being somewhat deficient in this principal Characteristic of a Soldier. It is well known that his Followers never once refused to fight; and I am very

well assured that *Ascanius* might easily have prevailed on them to abide the Duke's coming: But he very readily gave into the Opinion of those whose Cowardice* prompted them to advise the Removal of the War into the *Highlands*, tho' the Hurry and Confusion with which this must necessarily be done, could not fail of precipitating that Ruin which then visibly enough hung over their Heads.

BENEDICTUS;† the younger Son of *Æneas* is the formidable Rival of his Brother in the Affections and Praises of the same Party. The Author of *Murray's* Memoirs tells us that he also has a very fine Person, tho' of a Stature somewhat lower than his Brother, and his Complexion not altogether so delicate. "He is, however, says this Writer, extremely well made, has a certain agreeable Robustness in his Mien, and a more than common Sparkle in his Eyes.—Many of those Perfections I have, tho' faintly, described, as appertaining to the one, are equally the Due of the other; 'tis hard, indeed, to say which of them has most applied himself to all the Branches of those Kinds of Learning which enable a Man to be useful to his Fellow-Creatures. The Difference I make between their Tempers is this, that the one has the agreeable Mixture of the *Stuart* and *Sobieski*, as I have

* The Lowlanders and the *French*.

† *Henry Benedict*.

already said, and the other seems actuated more entirely by the Spirit of the latter. All the Fire of his great Ancestors on that Side seems collected in him; and I dare affirm, that should his Arm ever be employed in so warrantable a Cause as that which warmed the Breast of his glorious Progenitor,* when 150,000 Turks owed their Defeat† to the Bravery of a Handful of Christians led on by him to Victory, this warlike young P-- would have the same Success. His martial Spirit discovered itself when being no more than nine Years old, at the Time his Brother accompanied the young King of Naples to enforce the Possession of his Dominions, he was so much discontented at being refused the Partnership of that Glory and Danger, that he would not put on his Sword, till his Father threaten'd to take away his G--r too; saying it did not become him to wear the one without the other."

I shall not trouble the Reader with many Remarks on the Extravaganzas of this Author, both in the Particulars he relates and the Manner in which he relates them: His Point is to mend the Work of Nature; and where she has given but five Degrees of Excellency, he gives five and twenty. 'Tis true the Baron *de Pollnitz*, who frequently saw the Sons of *Æneas*, when the eldest was not eleven Years old, declares that he never saw finer Children, which is

* At the Siege of Vienna.

† *John King of Poland.*

what Thousands besides, and I myself have said; but tho' *Benedictus* was indisputably a fine Boy ten Years ago, he is greatly alter'd since he grew up to Manhood. He has not now half the Gentility of his Brother, and wants a great deal of his Beauty. His Features are indeed regular, but his Complexion is black and swarthy, his Limbs, Shape, and Air, are rather too heavy, and his whole Deportment too grave for his Years. His Shoulders are broad, and every Way his Make and Constitution are stronger than his Brothers, and what Nature has given him he has improved, like *Ascanius*, by such Exercises as become a Person of his Rank. He is a great Enemy to the Effeminacy of the *Italians*, whom he seldom scruples to treat with Contempt, as oft as Occasion offers. He is very passionate, and where he is forced to curb it, his Resentment usually evaporates in a sullen Fit, which will last him for several Days;* but to those that please him he is very obliging, and will overlook many Things if he thinks the Offender is only such through Inadvertency. His Capacity is thought to exceed his Brother's, but like him he cares for no Study but History, which he reads in *English, Latin, French, and Italian*. He is very Haughty, Austere, a severe Censurer of the irregularities of others, and takes great Care of his own Conduct: Yet he is pretty much addicted to Gallantry among the Ladies, but

* This Particular I had from a Gentleman who has been extremely intimate with Mr. *Hayes*, to whom the Education of *Benedictus* and his Brother were committed.

lets the World see as few Instances of it as possible. He certainly appears to have a large Share of Courage, and probably would make a good Soldier, were he well instructed in the Military Art: Those who know him best are, however, a little apprehensive that his positive hasty Temper would incapacitate him for becoming a great General. He is, in Truth, somewhat of an untractable Disposition, vain of his own Understanding, and rarely alters his Opinion. Indeed his Abilities are not inconsiderable, and might enable him to make a Figure in the Military Way (which Nature seems chiefly to have designed him for) but then it must rather consist in the Execution of what others might dictate to, him, than in dictating to others: As a Commander in Chief, 'tis to be feared he would be too apt to slight the Opinions and Advice of others, unless tallying with his own Conception. If he inherits the Valour of his great Grand-Grandfather,* so does he, likewise, his Frugality, being an extraordinary OEconomist, spending but little of what is allow'd him to purchase the usual Diversions of Youth, but reserving it, as he says, to make himself a Purse for more important Occasions. He cares little for Plays, Balls, Musick, or any of the common Gratification of youthful Gaiety; Ambition seems to have usurped the Place of these, and his Thoughts are generally taken up

* *John Sobieski*, King of *Poland*, was remarkable for his Avarice.

with the Figure, which he hopes one Day to make in the World; and he is very impatient of the unactive Life he is oblig'd to lead.—What his Fortune will yet be, God only knows. His Father once designed him for the Church, but was other ways persuaded, of which 'tis said he now repents, despairing of getting him any Establishment suitable to his Birth.—But, whatever shall be the Fate of the Sons of *Æneas*, 'tis of no further Importance to these Kingdoms, than as they may (which God forbid) be concerned in any future Attempts to disturb us in the peaceable Enjoyment of those Blessings we have so long experienced under the mild and just Government of that Family which Heaven has destined to make us the happiest the most envied People in the World.

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TER. ANDR. Act. I. Sc. I.