



Foreword to “Hume’s Manuscript Account of the Extraordinary Affair Between Him and Rousseau”

Daniel B. Klein¹, Jason Briggeman², and Jacob R. Hall³

[LINK TO ABSTRACT](#)

In 1762, David Hume learned that Jean-Jacques Rousseau was interested in relocating to Britain and proceeded to help make that happen. The two men began to correspond in 1762 and first met in Paris in 1765. They traveled together from Paris to England in January 1766. Hume arranged lodging for Rousseau, otherwise tended to him, and successfully procured a pension for him from King George III.

Within a few months, however, things turned very sour. In June and July Rousseau wrote hateful letters to Hume accusing him of having plotted for his disgrace and humiliation by way of petty torments. Rousseau’s long letter of July 10, 1766 was a complete and irrevocable declaration of enmity toward Hume, and was written in a manner of a memorial, as though for publication.⁴

Even after the blowup, Hume continued to work to maintain the plan of a royal pension, and to keep Rousseau settled in England. Rousseau remained in England until May 21, 1767, but never accepted a single payment of the pension. A timeline is shown in Table 1.

1. George Mason University, Fairfax, VA 22030. We are grateful to librarians at the National Library of Scotland for their assistance in our procuring a PDF scan of the original Hume manuscript and for clarifying the conditions for its posting online. We thank Luc Marest for translating a footnote, inserted by Hume, of French text from D’Alembert.

2. Austin Community College, Austin, TX 78752.

3. Graduate student, George Mason University, Fairfax, VA 22030.

4. The 1766 French version of the account is the Hume 1766a item in the reference list here. The 1766 English version is the Hume 1766b item. The new presentation is listed as Hume 2021/1766.

TABLE 1. Timeline of Hume-Rousseau affair

2 July 1762	Hume's first letter to Rousseau
4–5 January 1766	"Je tiens J. J. Rousseau" would have occurred in Senlis, France ⁵
10–11 January 1766	Crossing the Channel together from Calais to Dover
22 March 1766	Rousseau arrives and moves into Wootton in Staffordshire, a little-used residence owned by Richard Davenport
12 May 1766	Rousseau's equivocal letter to Conway, not accepting (nor conclusively refusing) the pension
23 June 1766	Rousseau's first open declaration to Hume of enmity
10 July 1766	Rousseau's mammoth memorial/letter, the last to Hume
15 July 1766	Hume encourages Davenport to continue his accommodating of Rousseau
22 July 1766	Hume's last letter to Rousseau
2 September 1766	Hume reiterates to Davenport to continue his accommodating of Rousseau
21 October 1766	<i>Exposé succinct</i> published in Paris
November 1766	<i>Concise and Genuine Account</i> published in London
1 May 1767	Rousseau vacates Wootton
21–22 May 1767	Rousseau crosses from England to Calais
February–July 1767	Hume advises officials (successfully) to sustain/rehabilitate the offer of the pension

Immediately after the blowup of July 1766, Hume was unsure whether to give the public an account of the affair, so as to contest Rousseau's version and defend himself against accusation and besmirchment. Adam Smith was among those who advised him not to. But Hume decided otherwise. The result was a pamphlet, most being correspondence between Hume and Rousseau. The account was published in French in Paris in October 1766 (Hume 1766a), and in English in London in November 1766 (Hume 1766b). The English version was about 23,700 words.⁶

The blowup between two of Europe's most illustrious intellectuals was bound to be an *affaire célèbre*. Today, it remains of interest to readers of Rousseau and Hume. The spectator feels divided sympathies with each of the two men, whose interpretations disagree wildly. Was Hume innocent in the matter? Was Rousseau? English-language treatments include Dena Goodman (1991), Ernest

5. In the 10 July letter, Rousseau writes of "*Je tiens*" having happened "the first night after our departure from Paris" (see Hume 2021/1766, 318), which would be Senlis, but elsewhere he says, twice, Roye, France. Evidently, as Mossner (2001, 516 n.2) explains, it could not have happened there because they did not sleep in the same chamber.

6. The version from manuscript presented here (Hume 2021), exclusive of our own endnotes, is about 20,000 words, the approximately 3,500-word difference from *CGA* (Hume 1766b) coming chiefly because not included are the French editors' 1766 Advertisement, the Latin motto from Seneca, the declaration of D'Alembert, the erratum, the 1766 footnotes deriving from editors and translators, and some footnotes presented as being of Hume's composing but, as far as the manuscript testifies, are not in fact. Some of these differences are noted in our endnotes but not reproduced there.

Mossner (2001, 512–532), Leo Damrosch (2005, 403–433), David Edmonds and John Eidinow (2006), Robert Zaretsky and John Scott (2009), James Harris (2015, 416–421), and Dennis Rasmussen (2017, 133–145); also, Klein (2021) speculates that among Hume’s motives was an aim to diminish Rousseau’s legacy.

The remainder of this Foreword is devoted to the lineage of the present text, its relation to other versions, and its editorial apparatus.

A valuable piece on Hume’s account is Paul Meyer (1952), “The Manuscript of Hume’s Account of His Dispute with Rousseau,” published in *Comparative Literature*, which is cited by Mossner (2001, 530 n.1) but few others.⁷ In August 1766, Hume assembled the account and made three copies, sending one to his friend Jean de Rond D’Alembert in Paris. Meyer writes: “All of these copies seemed to be lost, until I recently discovered the one belonging to D’Alembert in Paris. . . . These papers are now in the National Library of Scotland” (1952, 342).

In April 2021, Klein wrote to the National Library of Scotland (NLS) and acquired a PDF containing photos of the original manuscript pages, grateful to NLS. We make that PDF available online [here \(191 MB file\)](#), with NLS’s assent.⁸ Its 85 pages contain images of the manuscript told of by Meyer. “This manuscript. . . is in the hand of a copyist, but the marginal notes. . . are in Hume’s hand” (Meyer 1952, 343).

Before explaining the present use of that manuscript, we now turn to its relation to what was published in 1766. Readers of the *Concise and Genuine Account (CGA)* may not know it, but the connective narrative between the letters is a re-translation of a translation. Hume’s connective narrative (and some of the footnotes) from Hume’s original manuscript were translated into French (by Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Suard), and then the French pamphlet was retranslated into English (by an unidentified translator in London, coordinating with William Strahan).

About the time he sent a copy of the manuscript to D’Alembert, Hume wrote to Adam Smith, then in Paris: “Tell D’alembert I make him absolute Master to retrench or alter what he thinks proper, in order to suit it to the Latitude of Paris” (II:83).⁹ Meyer writes: “The eventual outcome of these instructions was a translation entitled *Exposé succinct de la contestation qui s’est élevée entre M. Hume et M. Rousseau, avec les pièces justificatives*, completed by Suard under the direction of D’Alembert and Baron d’Holbach prior to October 6, and published in Paris later that month” (1952, 342). The *Exposé succinct* appeared in Paris on October 21, 1766.

7. As of 28 September 2021, Meyer 1952 showed just three Google Scholar citations.

8. Klein asked NLS whether posting the PDF of the Hume manuscript was allowed. They said that in this situation the determination was up to him and pointed him to posted guidelines ([here](#) and [here](#)), and we found no barrier to posting the PDF. We hope that open and free access to the material will prove useful to scholars working on Rousseau and Hume.

9. We refer to the two volumes of Hume’s letters (Hume 1932) with this style of citation.

Meyer then writes something key to understanding what happens: “Only at that point did Hume, who had previously considered publication in England unnecessary, take steps to have an English account of the dispute published” (1952, 342). Had Hume been resolved in August to publish also in English, he would have provided a copy of the manuscript also to Strahan, his publishing agent in London, for that purpose, and conferred directly with him and perhaps the translator, as he was then in London himself. But by October, when he finally resolves to proceed in English—without yet having seen the French version—he was in Edinburgh. Whether from a breakdown in communication with Strahan or from failures on the part of Strahan or the translator, Hume ends up writing an indignant letter to Strahan after all is said and done: “I have scarce met with anything that has given me more Displeasure” (II:112).

Extant letters from Hume to Strahan from October–November 1766 number five. In the first, of an unspecified day in October (II:95), Hume issues his first instruction. He did not include the manuscript itself with the letter—perhaps Hume did not have it immediately at hand as he dashed off his letter to Strahan. Rather, he tells Strahan he “shall immediately send you up a Copy of the original Manuscript” (II:96). Perhaps there was a delay in Strahan’s receiving the manuscript. In the same letter, Hume tells Strahan to make use of both the manuscript and the French version, still unseen by Hume, a copy of which would be sent from Paris to Strahan:

Get a discreet and careful Translator:¹⁰ Let him compare exactly the French Narration with my English: Where they agree, let him insert my English: Where they differ, let him follow the French and translate it: The Reason of this is, that I allowd my Friends at Paris to make what alterations they thought proper; and I am desirous of following exactly the Paris Edition. All my letters must be printed verbatim, conformable to the Manuscript I [will] send you. (II:96)

On November 4, Hume, still in Edinburgh and not having heard anything from Strahan, gets hold of the French version and, unhappy with it, reverses his instructions to Strahan: “Contrary to my former Directions, I now desire you *not* to follow the Paris Edition in my Narrative; but exactly the English Copy which I sent you in Manuscript” (II:99–100, italics added). (Hume also requested two changes, evidently entirely new, one a minor change to the narrative, which was not made, and one, a footnote about Hume’s combing of Rousseau’s incoming mail, which was made.) The third letter (II:106–107) speaks of Andrew Millar’s

10. As J. Y. T. Grieg, the editor of Hume’s letters, aptly notes: “[t]he translator was neither discreet nor careful” (II:96 n.4).

complaint about not being included in the project and a minor insertion that was included as an erratum on the last page of *CGA*. In the fourth letter of November 13 (II:361–362), Hume notes that he had not heard from Strahan, repeats the revised instructions, and clarifies that he should include three items that were not in his manuscript, namely, the Paris editor’s Preface, the declaration of D’Alembert, and the Latin motto from Seneca; all were included in *CGA*.

CGA was published shortly thereafter, in November 1766. After seeing it, Hume, still in Edinburgh, wrote on November 25 to Strahan:

Nothing could more surprise me, Dear Strahan, than your Negligence with regard to this silly Pamphlet I sent you. You have never been at the Pains once to answer one of my Letters with regard to it; tho’ certainly I intended you a Friendship by sending it to you: You never informed me, that [Thomas] Becket [a bookseller] had got over a Copy from Paris; You have never conveyd any of my Directions to the English Translator... (II:112)

The letter then becomes more indignant over “printing the Name of two Ladies, who had expressly forbid it” and did not appear in the French version (namely, the Comtesse de Boufflers-Rouverel and the Marquise de Verdelin).

We have not examined the materials so as to determine whether Hume is right that all of his instructions, even the initial instructions, were basically disregarded. But Meyer (1952, 343) seems to think that, particularly in the earlier portion, the English translator in the main simply translated the connective narrative and notes. Hume’s concluding paragraphs in *CGA*, however, appear to match the manuscript quite exactly. On the whole, the presentation that follows here differs from *CGA* in ways thought important by Hume.

Before moving on, there is one more letter, from December 1766, about *CGA* to be noted, but it is to Becket,¹¹ not Strahan. Hume writes: “I cannot imagine that a Piece wrote on so silly a Subject as mine will ever come to a second Edition; but if it shoud, please order the following Corrections to be made” (II:116). Hume lists twelve changes. One, alluding to Themistocles in Persia, pertains to how one might understand “*Je tiens J. J. Rousseau*” and is treated in Klein (2021). *CGA* never appeared in a second edition, however.

As for the differences between Hume’s manuscript account and *CGA*, there is “a decided discrepancy in tone” (Meyer 1952, 350). Hume’s original version has the tone of “a man sitting down in a rage immediately after a violent quarrel and giving his version of it” (ibid.). Hume “is plainly beside himself at Rousseau’s behavior, and expresses himself bluntly and forcibly” (ibid., 345). *CGA*, by contrast—and by way of the French editors, remember—gives a voice to Hume that

11. *CGA*’s imprint is “Printed for T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt.”

is more detached, sometimes even circumlocutive. “Certain of Hume’s indignant and spontaneous exclamations on reproducing Rousseau’s charges against him are not given in the published texts at all” (347). Hume’s original has him enumerating a dozen lies (“lyes”) as footnotes to Rousseau’s mammoth letter of July 10, 1766; such enumerating of points is absent from *CGA*. Also, “[t]he glowing terms in which Hume speaks of his own conduct towards Rousseau have been toned down” (345). The original is stouter and more authentic.

Our approach in “Hume’s Manuscript Account...”

Our approach here is to provide the manuscript itself. It is *not* to use it, along with all other records, notably Hume’s letters, to construct a version of the account that approximates what he would have wished for in *CGA*.

That said, we do insert a small number of editorial notes, appearing as endnotes, and a few of them speak to Hume’s preferences as expressed in his letters.

How we produced “Hume’s Manuscript Account...”

The 85-page PDF scan of Hume’s manuscript from NLS was handed off to Briggeman, who produced the version presented here (Hume 2021), with the aid of Klein and Hall.

The words composed by Hume, original to the manuscript itself, including his narration and notes, were typed up by Briggeman. As for the words in the manuscript reproduced by Hume directly from Rousseau’s letters—written in French and left in French in the manuscript—Briggeman lifted the English text found at Project Gutenberg ([here](#)). That Project Gutenberg page reproduces the text of the 1826 edition of volume 1 (of 4) of *The Philosophical Works of David Hume* (published in Edinburgh and London). It contains what appears to be a direct reproduction of *Concise and Accurate Account* (Hume 1766b). Though we have noticed the slightest of differences, we believe that the 1826 version, and hence the online Gutenberg version, basically matches *CGA*. Thus, Briggeman lifted the English translation of Rousseau’s letters from Project Gutenberg, and drew everything else from the manuscript.

Editorial apparatus of “Hume’s Manuscript Account...”

- The numbers in braces, such as {1}, indicate the start of the manuscript page (a 191 MB file of the manuscript images is available [here](#)).
- Words in brackets [like this] are our insertions into the text.
- All footnotes are Hume’s and Rousseau’s, and only from the manuscript. In his mammoth letter of July 10, Rousseau made four footnotes. In the entire manuscript, Hume made 33 footnotes (including the one presented as by D’Alembert). Hume did not use numbering for his notes but rather symbols, chiefly the symbol +, with the corresponding note provided in the margin of the page.
- The lettered, bracketed superscripts indicate our own notes, which appear at the end. In the endnotes, we call attention to a few of the more significant features of *CGA* not in the manuscript. Also, we speak of Hume’s preferences as expressed in the six October–December letters to Strahan or Becket, when thought highly noteworthy.
- The text [in blue](#) is that of Rousseau’s letters.

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About the Authors



Daniel Klein is the chief editor of *Econ Journal Watch* and professor of economics at George Mason University, where he and Erik Matson lead a program in Adam Smith. He has published numerous scholarly works on David Hume, including, with Matson, “Mere-Liberty in David Hume,” in *A Companion to David Hume*, edited by Moris Polanco. His email address is dklein@gmu.edu.



Jason Briggeman is the managing editor of *Econ Journal Watch*, an adjunct associate professor of economics at Austin Community College, an associate editor for *Liberal Currents*, and an adjunct fellow of the Niskanen Center. His email address is jason@briggeman.org.



Jacob Hall is an economics Ph.D. student at George Mason University. He is a Ph.D. fellow at the Mercatus Center and a fellow of the Adam Smith Program at George Mason University. His academic research is in economic history. He also does work on the writings of David Hume, especially the *History of England*. His email address is jhall26@gmu.edu.

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David Hume

edited by Daniel B. Klein¹, Jason Briggeman², and Jacob R. Hall³

Quick guide:

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- The numeric footnotes are Hume's or Jean-Jacques Rousseau's, from the manuscript.
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- The text in blue is that of Rousseau's letters.

For further detail, see the Foreword. —EJW Editors

{1}^[a] The beginning of my connexions with M. Rousseau was in 1762, when he was outlaw'd (decreté) in France by a Sentence of the Parliament. I then received a letter from a Person of merit at Paris [Comtesse de Boufflers-Rouverel],^[b] informing me that M. Rousseau intended to go over to England for Protection, and recommending him to my good Offices. I lived at that time in Edinburgh; But supposing that he had arrived in London according to his intentions, I wrote in the warmest terms to several of my friends in that City, bespeaking their favours for that Exile, and I wrote also to M. Rousseau himself, assuring him of my utmost Zeal in his service; inviting him to Edinburgh, if that Place could suit him; and

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3. Graduate student, George Mason University, Fairfax, VA 22030.

offering him a Retreat in my House, {2} as long as he would deign to share it with me. There needed no other motive for this Act of Beneficence than the personal character given of him by the Person who recommended him, and his well known Genius and Talents, joined to his misfortunes, misfortunes which seemed entirely to proceed from the freedom of his phylosophic spirit, and the Jealousy of Persons in authority; I received the following answer.

M. Rousseau to M. Hume
Motiers-Travers, 19 February 1763

Sir, I did not receive till lately, and at this place, the letter you did me the honour to direct to me at London, the 2d of July last, on the supposition that I was then arrived at that capital. I should doubtless have made choice of a retreat in your country, and as near as possible to yourself, if I had foreseen what a reception I was to meet with in my own. No other nation could claim a preference to England. And this prepossession, for which I have dearly suffered, was at that time too natural not to be very excusable; but, to my great astonishment, as well as that of the public, I have met with nothing but affronts and insults, where I hoped to have found consolation at least, if not gratitude. {3} How many reasons have I not to regret the want of that asylum and philosophical hospitality I should have found with you! My misfortunes, indeed, have constantly seemed to lead me in a manner that way. The protection and kindness of my Lord Mareschal [George Keith], your worthy and illustrious countryman, hath brought Scotland home to me, if I may so express myself, in the midst of Switzerland; he hath made you so often bear a part in our conversation, hath brought me so well acquainted with your virtues, which I before was only with your talents, that he inspired me with the most tender friendship for you, and the most ardent desire of obtaining yours, before I even knew you were disposed to grant it. Judge then of the pleasure I feel, at finding this inclination reciprocal. No, Sir, I should pay your merit but half its due, if it were the subject only of my admiration. Your great impartiality, together with your amazing penetration and genius, would lift you far above the rest of mankind, if you were less attached to them by the goodness of your heart. My Lord Mareschal, in acquainting me that the amiableness of your disposition was still greater than the sublimity of your genius, rendered a correspondence with you every day more desirable, and cherished in me those wishes which he inspired, of ending my days near you. {4} Oh, Sir, that a better state of health, and more convenient circumstances, would but enable me to take such a journey in the manner I could like! Could I but hope to see you and my Lord Mareschal one day settled in your own country, which should for ever after be mine, I should be thankful, in such a

society, for the very misfortunes that led me into it, and should account the day of its commencement as the first of my life. Would to Heaven I might live to see that happy day, though now more to be desired than expected! With what transports should I not exclaim, on setting foot in that happy country which gave birth to David Hume and the Lord Mareschal of Scotland!

Salve, facis mihi debita tellus!

Hæc domus, hæc patria est.^[c]

J. J. R.

I insert this letter, not from vanity; for I shall soon insert a Retraction of all this esteem; but to make the train of correspondence complete and to show that of a long time I had been disposed to render service to M. Rousseau.

I had no further correspondence with him, till about the middle of last Summer, when the following accident renewed it. {5} M.^{de} la Marquise de Verdelin, an antient acquaintance of M. Rousseau's, having occasion to be in some of the Provinces of France bordering on Switzerland, seized the opportunity of paying a visit to the solitary Philosopher in his Retreat. He then told her that he found great difficulty to live in Neufchatel, by reason of the bigotry of the People, and the rage of the Priests against him; that he apprehended he would soon lie under the necessity of quitting it and of seeking shelter elsewhere, that England appeared, from its laws and Government, the only place which promised him a secure retreat; that Lord Mareschal, his antient Patron, advised him to throw himself entirely under my Protection, as he was pleased to term it; and that accordingly he had an intention of applying to me, if she thought that I would submit to the Burthen.

I was at that time charged with the Affairs of England at the Court of France: But having a prospect of soon returning home, I did not reject an application made in those circumstances {6} from a Man so celebrated for his genius and his misfortunes. As soon as M.^{de} de Verdelin informed me of M. Rousseau's situation and intentions, I made him a proffer of my services and good Offices, I received the following Answer,

M. Rousseau to M. Hume

In Strasbourg 4 Dec. 1765.

Sir, your goodness affects me as much as it does me honour. The best reply I can make to your offers is to accept them, which I do. I shall set out in five or six days to throw myself into your arms. Such is the advice of my Lord Mareschal, my protector, friend and father; it is the advice also of M.^{de} de Verdelin whose good sense and benevolence serve equally for my direction and consolation; in fine, I may say it is the advice of my own heart, which takes

a pleasure in being indebted to the most illustrious of my contemporaries, to a man whose goodness surpasses his glory. I sigh after a solitary and free retirement, wherein I might finish my days in peace. If this be procured me by means of your benevolent solicitude, I {7} shall then enjoy at once the pleasure of the only blessing my heart desires, and also that of being indebted for it to you. I am, Sir, with all my heart, &c.

J. J. R.

But, besides the intention of employing my time and care in M. Rousseau's establishment, I had beforehand been contriving methods of serving him in the most effectual manner. M. Clairaut, a few weeks before his death, had shown me the following letter of M. Rousseau.

M. Rousseau to M. Clairaut
In Mortiers-Travers 3 March, 1765.

Sir, the remembrance of your former kindness, induces me to be again importunate. It is to desire you will be so good, for the second time, to be the censor of one of my performances. It is a very paltry rhapsody, which I compiled many years ago, under the title of *A Musical Dictionary*, and am now obliged to republish it for subsistence. Amidst the torrent of misfortunes that overwhelm me, {8} I am not in a situation to review the work; which, I know, is full of oversights and mistakes. If any interest you may take in the lot of the most unfortunate of mankind, should induce you to bestow a little more attention on his work than on that of another, I should be extremely obliged to you, if you would take the trouble to correct such errors as you may meet with in the perusal. To point them out, without correcting them, would be doing nothing, for I am absolutely incapable of paying the least attention to such a work; so that if you would but condescend to alter, add, retrench, and, in short, use it as you would do your own, you would do a great charity, for which I should be extremely thankful. Accept, Sir, my most humble excuses and salutations.

J. J. R.

I know at present with certainty, that this pretence of extreme poverty and distress was entirely groundless in M. Rousseau, and was nothing but an instance of Quackery, of a piece with many others of the same kind practiced by him, in order to render himself remarkable and interesting, and to excite the commiseration of the public. But being at that time wholly ignorant {9} of this artifice, I was struck with compassion, and a liberal indignation, that a Man of letters, and one so eminent, should be reduced, notwithstanding his frugal method of living, to the

utmost extremity of want, and that this calamity was aggravated by sickness, by the approaches of old age, and by the unrelenting rage of Persecutors. I was sensible, that many People ascribed this Distress to the pride of M. Rousseau, which made him refuse all supply from his friends; but I considered, that this fault, if it was one, was a fault of the better side; that too many learned Men had prostituted their character by unworthy Applications to the Great; and that such pride, even tho' excessive, merited indulgence in a man of Genius, who, being conscious of an internal superiority, and enamoured of Independence, scorned to submit to the Assaults of Fortune, or expose himself to the insolence of Men. I endeavour'd therefore to serve him in his own way. I begged M. Clairaut to give me the letter: I carry'd it to several of M. Rousseau's Friends and Patrons at Paris: I proposed a scheme, to which I myself intended {10} to contribute, and by which M. Rousseau should be assisted without knowing it: It was to persuade him, that the Booksellers would give a larger Sum for his work than they really could be engaged to do; and to make up the difference. But this scheme, to which M. Clairaut's assistance was requisite, was frustrated by the sudden death of that profound Geometer and amiable Man.

Not discouraged, and still entertaining the same idea of M. Rousseau's extreme poverty, I was no sooner assured of his intention of retiring into England under my care, than I formed a Plan of executing a like artifice in his favour. I immediately wrote to my friend M. John Stewart of Buckingham street, that I had an affair to mention to him of so delicate and secret a nature, that I did not even care to commit it to paper, but that it should be told him by M. Elliot (now Sir Gilbert Elliot) as soon as that Gentleman returned from Paris. The Plan, which M. Elliot communicated under the strictest secrecy was, that M. Stewart should find out some discreet Farmer in the neighbourhood of his Country Seat, and make a bargain with him for the {11} board of M. Rousseau and his Gouvernante. Should take care that they had every convenience of life plentifully supply'd them, should limit himself to no Sum, tho' it might amount to 50 or 60 pounds a year, and should engage the farmer to keep the secret and pretend to M. Rousseau that he was contented with 20 or 25 pounds: I engaged to pay the difference. Soon after, upon M. Stewart's writing that he had found a Place which, he believed, would answer, I desired him to furnish the Rooms genteely and neatly at my Expence. But these Plans, which can not be suspected of any vanity, as secrecy was an essential part of them, were set aside, by the Offer of others more convenient and more agreable. They were however known to M. Stewart and to the Right Hon.^{ble} Sir Gilbert Elliot.

It may not perhaps be amiss on this occasion to mention another Plan of a like kind. I attended M. Rousseau to an agreable Country Place in Surrey, where we lived two days with Collonel Web. M. Rousseau was much taken with the privacy and natural beauties of the place: Upon which I, by means of M. Stewart,

entered into Terms with the Collonel, for purchasing the House with a small Estate belonging to {12} it, in order to accommodate M. Rousseau. If it were safe, after what is past, to appeal to himself for any Fact, I would here venture to cite him: But however, the Story is also known to M. Stewart and to General Clark, and in part to Collonel Web.

But to take up the narration where it broke off, M. Rousseau's friends procured for him the king of France's Passport. He came to Paris: I conducted him to England, and employed my-self and many of my friends, for above two months, in discovering and adjusting Plans for his settlement. Every Humour of his was complied with: Every Caprice studied; No complaisance was wanting; no time was spared; and tho' many plans were frustrated and rejected, I deemed my-self sufficiently rewarded for all my pains by the amicable, grateful and even fond manner, in which he seemed to receive all my good Offices. At last, the present Scheme was settled: M. Davenport, a Gentleman of Fortune and distinction, as well as of merit, supply'd him with a House called Wotton, in which he himself {13} seldom resides, and he takes from his Guest a small board for himself and his Gouvernante. Immediately on M. Rousseau's arrival at the place, he wrote me the following letter;

Mr. Rousseau to Mr. Hume;
In Wootton 22, March, 1766.

You see already, my dear patron, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived at the place of my destination; but you cannot see all the charms which I find in it. To do this, you should be acquainted with the situation, and be able to read my heart. You ought, however, to read at least those of my sentiments with respect to you, and which you have so well deserved. If I live in this agreeable asylum as happy as I hope to do, one of the greatest pleasures of my life will be, to reflect that I owe it to you. To make another happy, is to deserve to be happy one's self. May you therefore find in yourself the reward of all you have done for me! Had I been alone, I might perhaps have met with hospitality; but I should have never relished it so highly as I now do in owing it to your friendship. Retain still that friendship for me, my dear patron; love me for my sake, who am so much indebted to you; love me for your own, for the good you have done me. {14} I am sensible of the full value of your sincere friendship: it is the object of my ardent wishes: I am ready to repay it with all mine, and feel something in my heart which may one day convince you that it is not without its value. As, for the reasons agreed on between us, I shall receive nothing by the post, you will be pleased, when you have the goodness to write to me, to send your letters to Mr Davenport. The affair of the carriage is not yet adjusted, because I know I was imposed on. It is a trifling

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

J. J. R.

A few days after I received the following letter from him.

M. Rousseau to M. Hume
In Wootton, 29th March, 1766.

You will see, my dear patron, by the {15} letter Mr Davenport will have transmitted you, how agreeably I find myself situated in this place. I might perhaps be more at my ease if I were less noticed; but the solicitude of so polite an host as mine is too obliging to give offence; and as there is nothing in life without its inconvenience, that of being too good is one of those which is the most tolerable. I find a much greater inconvenience in not being able to make the servants understand me, and particularly in my not understanding them. Luckily Mrs le Vasseur serves me as interpreter, and her fingers speak better than my tongue. There is one advantage, however, attending my ignorance, which is a kind of compensation; it serves to tire and keep at a distance impertinent visitors. The minister of the parish came to see me yesterday, who, finding that I spoke to him only in French, would not speak to me in English, so that our interview was almost a silent one. I have taken a great fancy to this expedient, and shall make use of it with all my neighbours, if I have any. Nay, should I even learn to speak English, I would converse with them only in French, especially if I were so happy as to find they did not understand a word of that language; an artifice this, much of the same kind with that which the Negroes pretend is practised by the monkeys, {16} who, they say, are capable of speech, but cannot be prevailed upon to talk, lest they should be set to work.

It is not true in any sense that I agreed to accept of a model from Mr Gosset as a present. On the contrary, I asked him the price, which he told me was a guinea and half, adding that he intended to present me with it; an offer I did not accept. I desire you therefore to pay him for it, and Mr Davenport will be so good as repay you the money. And if Mr Gosset does not consent to be paid for it, it must be returned to him, and purchased by some other hand. It is designed for Mr du Peyrou, who desired long since to have my portrait, and caused one to be painted in miniature, which is not at all like me. You were more fortunate in this respect than me; but I am sorry that, by your

assiduity to serve me, you deprived me of the pleasure of discharging the same friendly obligation with regard to yourself. Be so good, my dear patron, as to order the model to be sent to Messrs Guinand and Hankey, Little St Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, in order to be transmitted to Mr du Peyrou by the first {17} safe conveyance. It hath been a frost ever since I have been here; the snow falls daily; and the wind is cutting and severe; notwithstanding all which, I had rather lodge in the hollow trunk of an old tree, in this country, than in the most superb apartment in London. Good day, my dear patron. I embrace you with all my heart.

J. J. R.

As M. Rousseau and I, had agreed not to be troublesome to each other by a regular commerce of letters, there remained no other subject of correspondence between us, but that of his Pension. The following is a succinct account of that Affair. One evening at Calais where we were detained by contrary winds, I asked M. Rousseau, whether, in case the king of England shou'd honour him with a Pension, he wou'd accept of it. He replied, that there were some difficulties; but that he shou'd be entirely governed, in that affair, by the advice of Lord Mareschal. Upon this encouragement, I applyed, on my arrival in London, to the English Ministers, particularly to General Conway, Secretary of State, and to General Greene, Secretary {18} and Chamberlain to the Queen. They apply'd to their Majesties, who graciously yielded to the Proposal, desiring only that the Pension shou'd be a sort of secret, for fear of giving offence. M. Rousseau and I, both wrote to Lord Mareschal, and he said, that the secrecy was the Circumstance the most agreeable to him. Lord Mareschal's consent arrived, as might easily be imagined; M. Rousseau a few days after, went to the Country; and General Conway's bad state of Health prevented for some time, the Affair, from being terminated.

Meanwhile I was very uneasy to find, that the inquietude of my friend's temper kept him from enjoying that repose, which the security and Hospitality of England so much invited him to indulge: I saw with infinite regret that he was born to live in tempests and tumults; and that the disgust, ensuing on absolute ease, safety and retreat, wou'd soon make him a torment to himself, and to all about him: But I little expected, at the distance of 150, Miles, and employing my-self constantly in his service, to be the victim of his rage and malevolence. There had been a feigned {19} letter of the King of Prussia's wrote last winter at Paris: It was as follows

The King of Prussia to M. Rousseau,

My Dear John James,

You have renounced Geneva, your native soil. You have been driven

from Switzerland, a country of which you have made such boast in your writings. In France you are outlawed: come then to me. I admire your talents, and amuse myself with your reveries; on which, however, by the way, you bestow too much time and attention. It is high time to grow prudent and happy; you have made yourself sufficiently talked of for singularities little becoming a truly great man: show your enemies that you have sometimes common sense: this will vex them without hurting you. My dominions afford you a peaceable retreat: I am desirous to do you good, and will do it, if you can but think it such. But if you are determined to refuse my assistance, you may expect that I shall say not a word about it to any one. If you persist in perplexing your brains to find out new misfortunes, choose such as you like best; I am a king, and can make you as miserable as you can wish; at the same time, I will engage to do that which {20} your enemies never will, I will cease to persecute you, when you are no longer vain of persecution.

Your sincere friend, Frederick.

This letter was wrote by the Hon.^{ble} Horace Walpole, above three weeks before my departure from Paris, but M. Walpole tho' he lived in the same inn with me, and tho' we saw one another often, yet from a delicacy to me, very suitable to his usual humanity and politeness, had entirely suppressed the Piece. After my departure, he showed it to some of his friends; A copy was stolen: The poignancy of the satyre, and the justness of the application pleased every body: It had great success at Paris: Copies were multiplyed; and dispersed all over Europe. I saw it for the first time at London, where it was in every body's hands.

I believe every one will allow, who knows the liberty of England that such a piece of pleasantry, wrote by a man of distinction and reputation of the country, directed against a man of reputation lately arrived; that such {21} a piece, I say, cou'd not, by the utmost influence of King, Lords and Commons, by all the Authority Eccle'siastical, civil and military, be kept from finding its way to the Press. It was accordingly published in the S.^t James's Chronicle; and a few days after I was very much surprised to find the following Piece in the same Chronicle.

M. Rousseau to the Printer of S.^t James's Chronicle.
In Wootton, 7 April, 1766.

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

heart, that the impostor hath his accomplices in England.

In justice to the King of Prussia, to truth, and to myself, you ought therefore to print the letter I am now {22} writing, and to which I set my name, by way of reparation for a fault, which you would undoubtedly reproach yourself for if you knew of what atrociousness you have been made the instrument. Sir, I make you my sincere salutations.

J. J. R.

I was sorry to see such extreme Rage on account of so unavoidable an Incident as the Publication of the King of Prussia's letter; but I shou'd have accused my-self of the blackest and most malevolent disposition if I had ever imagined, that M. Rousseau suspected me for the Publisher, and had in his intentions directed all this rage against me. Yet M. Rousseau now informs me, that this is the case. Just eight days before I had received a letter wrote in the most amicable terms imaginable.⁴ I am surely the last Man in the world, who, in common sense, ought to be suspected; yet without even the pretence of the smallest proof or probability, I am, of a sudden, the first Man, not only suspected, but certainly concluded, to be the publisher. I am {23} without further Enquiry or Explication intentionally insulted in a public Paper; I am, from the dearest friend, converted into a treacherous and malignant Enemy; and all my present and past services are at one stroke very artfully cancelled. Were it not ridiculous to employ reasoning on such a subject and with such a man, I might ask of M. Rousseau, why, I am supposed to have any malignity against him? My Actions in a hundred instances had sufficiently demonstrated the contrary; and it is not usual for Favours conferred to beget Ill will in the Person who confers them. But supposing I had secretly entertained an animosity toward him, would I run the risque of a discovery by so silly a vengeance, and by sending this Piece to the Press; when I knew, from the usual avidity of the News Writers to find Articles of Intelligence, that it must necessarily, in a few days, be laid hold of?

But not imagining that I was the object of so black and ridiculous a Suspicion, I pursued my usual train, {24} by serving my friend in the least doubtfull manner. I renew my Application to General Conway, as soon as the state of that Gentleman's health permitted it: The General applies again to His Majesty. His Majesty's consent is renewed: The Marquiss of Rockingham, first Commissioner of the Treasury, is also applied to: The whole Affair is happily finished; and full of Joy, I now convey the intelligence to my friend. M. Conway received from him the following letter in a few days.

4. That of the 29th of March

M. Rousseau to General Conway
12 of May 1766.

Sir, affected with a most lively sense of the favour his Majesty hath honoured me with, and with that of your goodness, which procured it me, it affords me the most pleasing sensation to reflect, that the best of Kings, and the Minister most worthy of his confidence, are pleased to interest themselves in my fortune. This, Sir, is an advantage of which I am justly tenacious, and which I will never deserve to lose. {25} But it is necessary I should speak to you with that frankness you admire. After the many misfortunes that have befallen me, I thought myself armed against all possible events. There have happened to me some, however, which I did not foresee, and which indeed an ingenuous mind ought not to have foreseen: hence it is that they affect me by so much the more severely. The trouble in which they involve me, indeed, deprives me of the ease and presence of mind necessary to direct my conduct: all I can reasonably do, under so distressed a situation, is to suspend my resolutions about every affair of such importance as is that in agitation. So far from refusing the beneficence of the King from pride, as is imputed to me, I am proud of acknowledging it, and am only sorry I cannot do it more publicly. But when I actually receive it, I would be able to give up myself entirely to those sentiments which it would naturally inspire, and to have an heart replete with gratitude for his Majesty's goodness and yours. I am not at all afraid this manner of thinking will make any alteration in yours towards me. Deign, therefore, Sir, to preserve that goodness for me, till a more happy opportunity, {26} when you will be satisfied that I defer taking the advantage of it, only to render myself more worthy of it. I beg of you, Sir, to accept of my most humble and respectful salutations.

J. J. R.

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

As to the deep distress which he mentions to General Conway and which he says deprives him even of the use of his reason, I was set very much at my ease on that head, by receiving a {27} letter from M. Davenport, who told me that his Guest was at that very time, extremely happy, chearful, and even sociable. I saw plainly, in this event, the usual infirmity of my friend, who wishes to interest the

world, by passing for sickly and persecuted and distressed and unfortunate, beyond all measure, even while he is the most happy and contented. His pretences of an extreme sensibility had been too frequently repeated, to have any effect on a man who was so well acquainted with them.

I waited three weeks in vain for an answer; I thought this a little odd, and even wrote so to M. Davenport, but having to do with a very odd sort of man, and still accounting for his silence, by supposing him ashamed to write to me, I was resolved not to be discouraged, nor to lose an essential service on account of a vain ceremonial. I accordingly renewed my Applications to the Ministers, and was so happy as to be enabled to write the following letter to M. Rousseau, the {28} only one of so old a date, of which I have a Copy,

M. Hume to M. Rousseau
Lisle street Leicester-fields 19. of June, 1766.

As I have not received any answer from you, I conclude that you persevere in the same resolution of refusing all marks of His Majesty's Goodness, as long as they must remain a secret. I have therefore apply'd to General Conway to have this condition removed, and I was so fortunate as to obtain his promise, that he wou'd speak to the king for that purpose. It will only be requisite, said he, that we know previously from M. Rousseau, whether he wou'd accept of a Pension publickly granted him, that his Majesty may not be exposed to a second refusal. He gave me authority to write to you on that subject; and I beg to hear your resolution as soon as possible. If you give your consent, which I earnestly entreat you to do, I know, that I cou'd depend on the good Offices of the Duke {29} of Richmond, to second General Conway's application; so that I have no doubt of success. I am, my Dear Sir,

Yours with great sincerity,

D. H.

In five days I receiv'd that following Answer;

M. Rousseau to M. Hume
In Wootton 23 June 1766.

I imagined, Sir, that my silence, truly interpreted by your own conscience, had said enough; but since you have some design in not understanding me, I shall speak. You have but ill disguised yourself. I know you, and you are not ignorant of it. Before we had any personal connections, quarrels, or disputes; while we knew each other only by literary reputation, you affectionately made me the offer of the good offices of yourself and friends.

Affected by this generosity, I threw myself into your arms; you brought me to England, apparently to procure me an asylum, but in fact to bring me to dishonour. You applied to this noble work, with a zeal worthy of your heart, and a success worthy of your abilities. You needed not have taken so much pains: you live and converse with the world; I with myself in solitude. The public love to be deceived, and you were formed {30} to deceive them. I know one man, however, whom you can not deceive; I mean yourself. You know with what horror my heart rejected the first suspicion of your designs. You know I embraced you with tears in my eyes, and told you, if you were not the best of men, you must be the blackest of mankind. In reflecting on your private conduct, you must say to yourself sometimes, you are not the best of men: under which conviction, I doubt much if ever you will be the happiest.

I leave your friends and you to carry on your schemes as you please; giving up to you, without regret, my reputation during life; certain that, sooner or later, justice will be done to that of both. As to your good offices in matters of interest, which you have made use of as a mask, I thank you for them, and shall dispense with profiting by them. I ought not to hold a correspondence with you any longer, or to accept of it to my advantage in any affair in which you are to be the mediator. Adieu, Sir, I wish you the truest happiness; but as we ought not to have any thing to say to each other for the future, {31} this is the last letter you will receive from me.

J. J. R.

I immediately sent the following Reply:

M. Hume to M. Rousseau
June 26 1766.

As I am conscious of having ever acted towards you, the most friendly part, of having always given the most tender, the most active proofs of sincere affection; you may judge of my extreme surprize on perusing your Epistle: Such violent accusations, confined altogether to generals, it is as impossible to answer, as it is impossible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, must not remain on that footing. I shall charitably suppose, that some infamous Calumniator has belyed me to you: But in that case, it is your duty, and I am persuaded it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him and of justifying my-self, which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars, of which I am accused. You say, that I {32} my-self know that I have been false to you; but I say it loudly, and will say it to the whole world, that I know the contrary, that I know my friendship towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted, and that tho' instances of it have been

generally remarked both in France and England the smallest part of it only has as yet come to the knowledge of the public. I demand, that you will produce me the man who will assert the contrary; and above all, I demand, that he will mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you; You owe this to me, you owe it to yourself, you owe it to truth and honour and justice, and to every thing that can be deemed sacred among men. As an innocent man, I will not say as your friend, I will not say as your Benefactor; but I repeat it, as an innocent man, I claim the Privilege of proving my innocence, and of refuting any scandalous lye which may have been invented against me. M. Davenport, to whom I have sent a Copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, I am confident will second my demand, and will tell you, that nothing possibly {33} can be more equitable. Happily, I have preserved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wotton; and you there express in the strongest terms, indeed in terms too strong, your satisfaction in my poor endeavours to serve you: The little epistolary intercourse which afterwards passed between us has been all employed on my side to the most friendly purposes; Tell me, what has since given you offence: Tell me of what I am accused: Tell me the man who accuses me. Even after you have fulfilled all these conditions to my satisfaction and to that of M. Davenport, you will have great difficulty to justify the employing such outrageous terms towards a Man, with whom you have been so intimately connected, and whom on many accounts you ought to have treated with some regard and decency.

M. Davenport knows the whole transaction about your Pension, because I thought it necessary, that the Person, who had undertaken your settlement shou'd be fully acquainted with your circumstances; lest he shoud be tempted {34} to perform towards you concealed acts of generosity, which if they accidentally came to your knowledge, might give you some grounds of Offence. I am, Sir,

D. H.

M. Davenport's Authority procured me in three weecks the following enormous letter; which however has this advantage, that it confirms all the material Circumstances of the foregoing Narrative.

{35} {36} {37}
M^r Rousseau to M^r Hume
In Wootton 10, July, 1766.

Sir, I am indisposed, and little in a situation to write; but you require an explanation, and it must be given you: it was your own fault you had it not long

since;⁵ but you did not desire it, and I was therefore silent: at present you do, and I have sent it. It will be a long one, for which I am very sorry; but I have much to say, and would put an end to the subject at once.

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

You ask me, with great confidence, to name your accuser. That accuser, Sir, is the only man in the world whose testimony I should admit against you; it is yourself. I shall give myself up, without fear or reserve, {38} to the natural frankness of my disposition; being an enemy to every kind of artifice, I shall speak with the same freedom as if you were an indifferent person, on whom I placed all that confidence which I no longer have in you. I will give you a history of the emotions of my heart, and of what produced them; while speaking of Mr Hume in the third person, I shall make yourself the judge of what I ought to think of him. Notwithstanding the length of my letter, I shall pursue no other order than that of my ideas, beginning with the premises, and ending with the demonstration.

I quitted Switzerland, wearied out by the barbarous treatment I had undergone; but which affected only my personal security, while my honour was safe. I was going, as my heart directed me, to join my Lord Mareschal; when I received at Strasburg, a most affectionate invitation from Mr Hume, to go over with him to England, where he promised me the most agreeable reception, and more tranquillity than I have met with. I hesitated some time between my old friend and my new one; in this I was wrong. I preferred the latter, and in this was still more so. But the desire of visiting in person a celebrated nation, of which I had heard both so much good and so much ill, prevailed. Assured I could not lose George Keith, I was flattered with the acquisition of David Hume. His great merit, extraordinary abilities, and established probity of character, made me desirous of annexing his friendship to that with which I was honoured by his illustrious countrymen. {39} Be-

5. First Lye: M^r Rousseau never gave me an Opportunity of demanding an Explication. If he ever entertained any of those black and absurd Suspicions, of which this Letter is so full, he always kept them to himself, as long as we lived together.

sides, I gloried not a little in setting an example to men of letters, in a sincere union between two men so different in their principles.

Before I had received an invitation from the King of Prussia, and my Lord Mareschal, undetermined about the place of my retreat, I had desired, and obtained by the interest of my friends, a passport from the Court of France. I made use of this, and went to Paris to join Mr Hume. He saw, and perhaps saw too much of, the favourable reception I met with from a great Prince, and I will venture to say, of the public. I yielded, as it was my duty, though with reluctance, to that eclat; concluding how far it must excite the envy of my enemies. At the same time, I saw with pleasure, the regard which the public entertained for Mr Hume, sensibly increasing throughout Paris, on account of the good work he had undertaken with respect to me. Doubtless he was affected too; but I know not if it was in the same manner as I was.

We set out with one of my friends, who came to England almost entirely on my account. When we were landed at Dover, transported with the thoughts of having set foot in this land of liberty, under the conduct of so celebrated a person, I threw my arms round his neck, and pressed him to my heart, without speaking a syllable; bathing his cheeks, as I kissed them, with tears sufficiently expressive. This was not the only, nor the most remarkable instance I have given him of the {40} effusions of a heart full of sensibility. I know not what he does with the recollection of them, when that happens; but I have a notion they must be sometimes troublesome to him.

At our arrival in London, we were mightily caressed and entertained: all ranks of people eagerly pressing to give me marks of their benevolence and esteem. Mr Hume presented me politely to every body; and it was natural for me to ascribe to him, as I did, the best part of my good reception. My heart was full of him, I spoke in his praise to every one, I wrote to the same purpose to all my friends; my attachment to him gathering every day new strength, while his appeared the most affectionate to me, of which he frequently gave me instances that touched me extremely. That of causing my portrait to be painted, however, was not of the number. This seemed to me to carry with it too much the affectation of popularity, and had an air of ostentation which by no means pleased me. All this, however, might have been easily excusable, had Mr Hume been a man apt to throw away his money, or had a gallery of pictures with the portraits of his friends. After all, I freely confess, that, on this head, I may be in the wrong.⁶

6. The Story was this: My Friend, M^r Ramsay, a Man of Merit, as well as a distinguished Painter, proposed to me to draw M^r Rousseau's Picture. After it was begun, he told me, that he intended it as a Present to me.

But what appears to me an act of friendship and generosity the most undoubted and estimable, in a word, the most worthy of Mr {41} Hume, was the care he took to solicit for me, of his own accord, a pension from the King, to which most assuredly I had no right to aspire. As I was a witness to the zeal he exerted in that affair, I was greatly affected with it. Nothing could flatter me more than a piece of service of that nature; not merely for the sake of interest; for, too much attached, perhaps, to what I actually possess, I am not capable of desiring what I have not, and, as I am able to subsist on my labour, and the assistance of my friends, I covet nothing more. But the honour of receiving testimonies of the goodness, I will not say of so great a monarch, but of so good a father, so good a husband, so good a master, so good a friend, and, above all, so worthy a man, was sensibly affecting: and when I considered farther, that the minister who had obtained for me this favour, was a living instance of that probity which of all others is the most important to mankind, and at the same time hardly ever met with in the only character wherein it can be useful, I could not check the emotions of my pride, at having for my benefactors three men, who of all the world I could most desire to have my friends. Thus, so far from refusing the pension offered me, I only made one condition necessary for my acceptance; this was the consent of a person, whom I could not, without neglecting my duty, fail to consult.

Being honoured with the civilities of all the world, I endeavoured to make a proper return. In the mean time, my bad state of health, and being accustomed to live in the country, made my residence {42} in town very disagreeable. Immediately country houses presented themselves in plenty; I had my choice of all the counties of England. Mr Hume took the trouble to receive these proposals, and to represent them to me; accompanying me to two or three in the neighbouring counties. I hesitated a good while in my choice, and he increased the difficulty of determination. At length I fixed on this place, and immediately Mr Hume settled the affair; all difficulties vanished, and I departed; arriving presently at this solitary, convenient, and agreeable habitation, where the owner of the house provides every thing, and nothing is wanting. I became tranquil, independent; and this seemed to be the wished-for moment when all my misfortunes should have an end. On the contrary, it was now they began; misfortunes more cruel than any I had yet experienced.

So that neither did the first Idea come into my head, nor did the Picture cost me a farthing. M^r Rousseau was equally mistaken, when he payed me a Compliment on that Civility in his Letter of the 29^o of March, and at present when he cavils at it.

Hitherto I have spoken in the fulness of my heart, and to do justice, with the greatest pleasure, to the good offices of Mr Hume. Would to Heaven that what remains for me to say were of the same nature! It would never give me pain to speak what would redound to his honour; nor is it proper to set a value on benefits till one is accused of ingratitude, which is the case at present. I will venture to make one observation, therefore, which renders it necessary. In estimating the services of Mr Hume, by the time and the pains they took him up, they were of an infinite value, and that still more from the good will displayed in their performance; but for the actual service they were of to me, it was much more in appearance than reality. I did not come over to beg my bread in England; {43} I brought the means of subsistence with me. I came merely to seek an asylum in a country which is open to every stranger without distinction. I was, besides, not so totally unknown as that, if I had arrived alone, I should have wanted either assistance or service. If some persons have sought my acquaintance for the sake of Mr Hume, others have sought it for my own. Thus, when Mr Davenport, for example, was so kind as to offer my present retreat, it was not for the sake of Mr Hume, whom he did not know, and whom he saw only in order to desire him to make me his obliging proposal; so that, when Mr Hume endeavours to alienate from me this worthy man, he takes that from me which he did not give me.⁷ All the good that hath been done me, would have been done me nearly the same without him, and perhaps better; but the evil would not have been done me at all; for why should I have enemies in England? Why are those enemies all the friends of Mr Hume? Who could have excited their enmity against me? It certainly was not I, who knew nothing of them, nor ever saw them in my life. I should not have had a single enemy had I come to England alone.⁸

I have hitherto dwelt upon public and notorious facts, which, from their own nature, and my acknowledgment, have made the greatest eclat. Those which are to follow are particular and secret, at least in their cause; and all possible measures have been taken to keep the knowledge of them from the public; but as they are well known {44} to the person interested, they will not have the less influence toward his own conviction.

A very short time after our arrival in London, I observed an absurd change in the minds of the people regarding me, which soon became very apparent. Before I arrived in England, there was not a nation in Europe in

7. Even since M Rousseau's Rupture with me, I have employed my good Offices with M^r Davenport to continue the same charitable Care of his unhappy Guest.

8. Such Effects of a diseased Imagination! For, as he confesses, that he has no Connexions nor Commerce with any body, all this comes from his own Imagination.

which I had a greater reputation, I will venture to say, or was held in greater estimation. The public papers were full of encomiums on me, and a general outcry prevailed on my persecutors. This was the case at my arrival, which was published in the newspapers with triumph; England prided itself in affording me refuge, and justly gloried on that occasion in its laws and government; when all of a sudden, without the least assignable cause, the tone was changed, and that so speedily and totally, that, of all the caprices of the public, never was known any thing more surprising. The signal was given in a certain *Magazine*, equally full of follies and falsehoods, in which the author, being well informed, or pretending to be so, gives me out for the son of a musician. From this time I was constantly spoken of in print in a very equivocal or slighting manner.^[d] Every thing that had been published concerning my misfortunes was misrepresented, altered, or placed in a wrong light, and always as much as possible to my disadvantage. So far was any body from speaking of the reception I met with at Paris, and which had made but too much noise, it was not generally supposed that I durst have appeared in that {45} city, even one of Mr Hume's friends being very much surprised when I told him I came through it.

Accustomed as I had been too much to the inconstancy of the public, to be affected by this instance of it, I could not help being astonished, however, at a change, so very sudden and general, that not one of those who had so much praised me in my absence, appeared, now I was present, to think even of my existence. I thought it something very odd that, immediately after the return of Mr Hume, who had so much credit in London, with so much influence over the booksellers and men of letters, and such great connections with them, his presence should produce an effect so contrary to what might have been expected; that among so many writers of every kind, not one of his friends should show himself to be mine; while it was easy to be seen, that those who spoke of him were not his enemies, since, in noticing his public character, they reported that I had come through France under his protection, and by favour of a passport which he had obtained of the court; nay, they almost went so far as to insinuate, that I came over in his retinue, and at his expense. All this was of little signification, and was only singular; but what was much more so, was, that his friends changed their tone with me as much as the public. {46} I shall always take a pleasure in saying that they were still equally solicitous to serve me, and that they exerted themselves greatly in my favour; but so far were they from showing me the same respect, particularly the gentleman at whose house we alighted on our arrival, that he accompanied all his actions with discourse so rude, and sometimes so insulting, that one would have thought he had taken an occasion to oblige me, merely to have

a right to express his contempt.⁹ His brother, who was at first very polite and obliging, altered his behaviour with so little reserve, that he would hardly deign to speak a single word to me, even in their own house, in return to a civil salutation, or to pay any of those civilities which are usually paid in like circumstances to strangers.¹⁰ Nothing new had happened, however, except the arrival of J. J. Rousseau and David Hume: and certainly the cause of these alterations did not come from me, unless, indeed, too great a portion of simplicity, discretion, and modesty, be the cause of offence in England. As to Mr Hume, he was so far from assuming such a disgusting tone, that he gave into the other extreme. I have always looked upon flatterers with an eye of suspicion: and he was so full of all kinds¹¹ of flattery, that he even {47} obliged me, when I could bear it no longer, to tell him my sentiments on that head.¹² His behaviour was such as to render few words necessary, yet I could have wished he had substituted, in the room of such gross encomiums, sometimes the language of a friend; but I never found any thing in his, which savoured of true friendship, not even in his manner of speaking of me to others in my presence. One would have thought that, in endeavouring to procure me patrons, he strove to deprive me of their good will; that he sought rather to have me assisted than loved; and I have been sometimes surprised at the rude turn he hath given to my behaviour before people who might not unreasonably have taken offence at it. I shall give an example of what I mean. Mr Pennick of the Museum, a friend of my Lord Mareschal's, and minister of a parish where I was solicited to reside, came to see me. Mr Hume made my excuses, while I myself was present, for not having paid him a visit. Doctor Matty, said he, invited us on Thursday to the Museum, where Mr Rousseau should have seen you; but he chose rather to go with Mrs Garrick to the play: we could not do both the same day. You will confess, Sir, this was a strange method of recommending me to Mr Pennick.¹³

9. Second Lye, to be proved such from M. Rousseau himself, who wrote to M^r Stewart, the Person here meant, a Letter from the Country, full of the strongest and justest Acknowledgements of all his Civilities and Services.

10. Third Lye: The Person here meant is the most inoffensive Man in the World.

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

12. M^r Rousseau's two first Letters, which I have inserted, on purpose, show on what Side the Compliments were most payed. This is also a Lye, which I shall throw into the dozen: He never objected to any Civilities, which I payed him; and he expressed indeed a general Satisfaction in every part of my Conduct.

13. I do not remember any thing of this silly Story; but it must be false, because I remember, that we had chosen different days for going to the Museum and to the Comedy.

I know not what Mr Hume might say in private of me to his acquaintance, but nothing was more {48} extraordinary than their behaviour to me, even by his own confession, and even often through his own means. Although my purse was not empty, and I needed not that of any other person, which he very well knew, yet any one would have thought I was come over to subsist on the charity of the public, and that nothing more was to be done than to give me alms in such a manner as to save me a little confusion.¹⁴ I must own, this constant and insolent piece of affectation was one of those things which made me averse to reside in London. This certainly was not the footing on which any man should have been introduced in England, had there been a design of procuring him ever so little respect. This display of charity, however, may admit of a more favourable interpretation, and I consent it should. To proceed.

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

I was informed that the son of that quack Tronchin, my most mortal enemy, was not only the friend {49} of Mr Hume, and under his protection, but that they both lodged in the same house together; and when Mr Hume found that I knew it, he imparted it in confidence; assuring me at the same time that the son was by no means like the father. I lodged a few nights myself, together with my governante, in the same house; and by the air and manner with which we were received by the landladies, who are his friends, I judged in what manner either Mr Hume, or that man, who, as he said, was by no means like his father, must have spoken to them both of her and me.¹⁵

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

14. This alludes, I suppose, to two or three Dinners sent him from M Stewart's house, when he chose to dine at home: Which proceeded from the Accident that there was no *Traiteur* in the Neighbourhood.

15. What a black Mind! to entertain Suspicions against me, because I live in Friendship with M^r Walpole, or because the Son of his Enemy happens to take Lodgings in the same House with me, or because he fancies, that my Landladies, who cannot speak a Word of French, looked coldly on him one day. I only said, that young Tronchin did not entertain the same Prejudices as his Father against him.

Hume.¹⁶ If at any time any one escaped him, he could not conceal his eagerness to see it. One evening, in particular, I remember a very remarkable circumstance of this kind that greatly struck me.¹⁶

As we were sitting one evening, after supper, silent by the fire-side, I caught his eyes intently fixed on mine, as indeed happened very often; and that in a manner of which it is very difficult to give an idea. At that time he gave me a steadfast, piercing look, mixed with a sneer, which greatly disturbed me. To get rid of the embarrassment I lay under, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn; but, in {50} fixing my eyes against his, I felt the most inexpressible terror, and was obliged soon to turn them away. The speech and physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man; but where, great God! did this good man borrow those eyes he fixes so sternly and unaccountably on those of his friends?

The impression of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneasiness. My trouble increased even to a degree of fainting; and if I had not been relieved by an effusion of tears, I had been suffocated. Presently after this I was seized with the most violent remorse; I even despised myself; till at length, in a transport which I still remember with delight, I sprang on his neck, embraced him eagerly; while almost choked with sobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, *No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous. If he be not the best of men, he must be the basest of mankind.*¹⁸ David Hume politely returned my embraces, and, gently, tapping me on the back, repeated several times, in a good-natured and easy tone, *Why, what, my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh, my dear*

16. It is necessary to explain this circumstance. I had been writing on Mr Hume's table, during his absence, an answer to a letter I had just received. He came in, very anxious to know what I had been writing, and hardly able to contain himself from desiring to read it. I closed my letter, however, without showing it him; when, as I was putting it into my pocket, he asked me for it eagerly, {50} saying he would send it away on the morrow, being post-day. The letter lay on the table. Lord Newnham came in. Mr Hume went out of the room for a moment, on which I took the letter up again, saying I should find time to send it the next day. Lord Newnham offered to get it inclosed in the French ambassador's packet, which I accepted. Mr Hume re-entered the moment his Lordship had inclosed it, and was pulling out his seal. Mr Hume officiously offered his own seal, and that with so much earnestness, that it could not well be refused. The bell was rung, and Lord Newnham gave the letter to Mr Hume's servant, to give it to his own, who waited below with the chariot, in order to have it sent to the ambassador. Mr Hume's servant was hardly got out of the room, but I said to myself, I'll lay a wager the master follows. He did not fail to do as I expected. Not knowing how to leave Lord Newnham alone, I staid some time before I followed Mr Hume. I said nothing; but he must perceive that I was uneasy. Thus, although I have received no answer to my letter, I doubt not of its going to hand; but I confess, I cannot help suspecting it was read first.¹⁷

17. These infamous and black Suspicions are built on such a silly Foundation, that every Circumstance of this Story may be either true or false without being of any Consequence.

18. This is a fourth Lye the most studied and most premeditated of the whole. See my subsequent Letter to M^r Rousseau page 74.

Sir! He said nothing more. {51} I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I set out the next day for the country.

Arrived at this agreeable asylum, to which I have travelled so far in search of repose, I ought to find it in a retired, convenient, and pleasant habitation; the master of which, a man of understanding and worth, spares for nothing to render it agreeable to me. But what repose can be tasted in life, when the heart is agitated? Afflicted with the most cruel uncertainty, and ignorant what to think of a man whom I ought to love and esteem, I endeavoured to get rid of that fatal doubt, in placing confidence in my benefactor. For, wherefore, from what unaccountable caprice should he display so much apparent zeal for my happiness, and at the same time entertain secret designs against my honour. Among the several observations that disturbed me, each fact was in itself of no great moment; it was their concurrence that was surprising; yet I thought, perhaps, that Mr Hume, informed of other facts, of which I was ignorant, could have given me a satisfactory solution of them, had we come to an explanation. The only thing that was inexplicable, was, that he refused to come to such an explanation; which both his honour and his friendship rendered equally necessary. I saw very well there was something in the affair which I did not comprehend, and which I earnestly wished to know. Before I came to an absolute determination, therefore, with regard to him, I was desirous of making another effort, and to try to recover him, if he had permitted himself to be seduced by my enemies, {52} {53} or, in short, to prevail on him to explain himself one way or other. Accordingly I wrote him a letter, which he ought to have found very natural,¹⁹ if he were guilty; but very extraordinary, if he were innocent. For what could be more extraordinary than a letter full of gratitude for his services, and at the same time, of distrust of his sentiments; and in which, placing in a manner his actions on one side, and his sentiments on the other, instead of speaking of the proofs of friendship he had given me, I desired him to love me, for the good he had done me!²⁰ I did not take the precaution to preserve a copy of this letter; but as he hath done it, let him produce it: and whoever shall read it, and see therein a man labouring under a secret trouble, which he is desirous of expressing, and is afraid to do it, will, I am persuaded, be curious to know what kind of *éclaircissement* it produced, especially after the preceding scene. None. Absolutely none at all. Mr Hume

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

20. A fifth Lye: See the Letter itself, dated the 22^d of March, page 13, where there is a most unreserved Cordiality; not the least Appearance of Suspicion.

contented himself, in his answer, with only speaking of the obliging offices Mr Davenport proposed to do for me. As for the rest, he said not a word of the principal subject of my letter, nor of the situation of my heart, of whose distress he could not be ignorant. I was more struck with this silence, than I had been with his phlegm during our last conversation. In this I was wrong; this silence was very natural after the other, and was no more than I ought to have expected. For when one hath ventured to declare to a man's face, *I am tempted to believe you a traitor*, {54} and he hath not the curiosity to ask you *for what*,²¹ it may be depended on he will never have any such curiosity as long as he lives; and it is easy to judge of him from these slight indications.

After the receipt of his letter, which was long delayed, I determined at length to write to him no more. Soon after, every thing served to confirm me in the resolution to break off all farther correspondence with him. Curious to the last degree concerning the minutest circumstance of my affairs, he was not content to learn them of me, in our frequent conversations; but, as I learned, never let slip an opportunity of being alone with my governante,²² to interrogate her even importunately concerning my occupations, my resources, my friends, acquaintances, their names, situations, place of abode, and all this after setting out with telling her he was well acquainted with the whole of my connections; nay, with the most jesuitical address, he would ask the same questions of us separately. One ought undoubtedly to interest one's self in the affairs of a friend; but one ought to be satisfied with what he thinks proper to let us know of them, particularly when people are so frank and ingenuous as I am. Indeed all this petty inquisitiveness is very little becoming a philosopher.

About the same time I received two other letters which had been opened. The one from Mr Boswell, the seal of which was so loose and disfigured, that Mr Davenport, when he received it, remarked the same to Mr Hume's servant. The other was from Mr d'Ivernois, {55} in Mr Hume's packet, and which had been sealed up again by means of a hot iron, which, awkwardly applied, had burnt the paper round the impression. On this I wrote to Mr Davenport to desire him to take charge of all the letters which might be sent for me, and to trust none of them in any body's hands, under any pretext whatever. I know not whether Mr Davenport, who certainly was far from thinking that precaution was to be observed with regard to Mr Hume,

21. A Repetition of the fourth Lye, and consequently equivalent to a sixth.

22. Seventh Lye: I never had but one *tete a tete* with his Gouvernante. It was about half an hour on her first Arrival. It was not likely I cou'd have any other Subject of Conversation with her but about him.

showed him my letter or not; but this I know, that the latter had all the reason in the world to think he had forfeited my confidence, and that he proceeded nevertheless in his usual manner, without troubling himself about the recovery of it.

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

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

Mr d'Alembert, another intimate friend of Mr Hume's, had been long since my secret enemy, and lay in watch for opportunities to injure me without exposing himself. He was the only person, among the men {56} of letters, of my old acquaintance, who did not come to see me, or send their civilities during my last passage through Paris.²³ I knew his secret disposition, but I gave myself very little trouble about it, contenting myself with advising my friends of it occasionally. I remember that being asked about him one day by Mr Hume, who afterwards asked my governante the same question, I told him that Mr d'Alembert was a cunning, artful man. He contradicted me with a warmth that surprised me; not then knowing they stood so well with each other, and that it was his own cause he defended.

The perusal of the letter above mentioned alarmed me a good deal, when, perceiving that I had been brought over to England in consequence of a project which began to be put in execution, but of the end of which I was ignorant, I felt the danger without knowing what to guard against, or on whom to rely. I then recollected four terrifying words Mr Hume had made use of, and of which I shall speak hereafter.²⁴ What could be thought of a paper

23. [A note presented in French by Hume in the manuscript, as though written by D'Alembert himself:] Here is the truth. I [D'Alembert] knew that M. Rousseau had received in a very cold fashion one of my friends, M. Watelet; by the way I got from him something about me, from what I understand, without knowing why, that he did not like me. However, I begged M. Hume to ask him if he would accept to see me. After a few days, M. Hume told me that he had not be able to convince him, because M. Rousseau was such in a bad mood as he seemed unnerved by the visits he got. I did not do anything then, and I did not say anything to M. Rousseau. *Note de Mr. D'Alembert.*^[1]

24. This is a Preparation to his twelfth Lye: But we shall be indulgent to him: We shall not count it for a Lye apart.

in which my misfortunes were imputed to me as a crime, which tended, in the midst of my distress, to deprive me of all compassion, and, to render its effects still more cruel, pretended to have been written by a Prince who had afforded me protection? What could I divine would be the consequence of such a beginning? The people in England read the public papers, and are in no wise prepossessed in favour of foreigners. {57} Even a coat, cut in a different fashion from their own, is sufficient to excite a prejudice against them. What then had not a poor stranger to expect in his rural walks, the only pleasures of his life, when the good people in the neighbourhood were once thoroughly persuaded he was fond of being persecuted and pelted? Doubtless they would be ready enough to contribute to his favourite amusement. But my concern, my profound and cruel concern, the bitterest indeed I ever felt, did not arise from the danger to which I was personally exposed. I have braved too many others to be much moved with that. The treachery of a false friend,²⁵ to which I had fallen a prey, was the circumstance that filled my too susceptible heart with deadly sorrow. In the impetuosity of its first emotions, of which I never yet was master, and of which my enemies have artfully taken the advantage, I wrote several letters full of disorder, in which I did not disguise either my anxiety or indignation.

I have, Sir, so many things to mention, that I forget half of them by the way. For instance, a certain narrative in form of a letter, concerning my manner of living at Montmorency, was given by the booksellers to Mr Hume, who showed it me. I agreed to its being printed, and Mr Hume undertook the care of its edition; but it never appeared. Again, I had brought over with me a copy of the letters of Mr du Peyrou, containing a relation of the treatment I had met with at Neufchâtel. I gave them into the hands of the same bookseller to have them translated and reprinted. {58} Mr Hume charged himself with the care of them; but they never appeared.²⁶ The supposititious letter of the King of Prussia, and its translation, had no sooner made their appearance, than I immediately apprehended why the other pieces had been suppressed,²⁷ and I wrote as much to the booksellers. I wrote several other letters also,

25. How innocent I am of every thing that regards this feigned Letter of the King of Prussia appears from M^r Walpole's Letter annexed. The Publication of the King of Prussia's Letter was unavoidable after Copies had been dispersed in Paris and in London.

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

27. Eighth Lye: M^r Rousseau was told above two Months ago by M^r Becket, the Bookseller, that the Reason why this Publication was retarded, was the Sickness of the Translator. I never promised to have any Care or Inspection over this Edition, as is well known to M^r Becket. M. Rousseau is therefore here guilty of a ninth Lye.

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

Hitherto Mr Hume seems to have walked in darkness. You will soon see him appear in open day, and act without disguise. Nothing more is necessary, in our behaviour towards cunning people, than to act ingenuously; sooner or later they will infallibly betray themselves.

When this pretended letter from the King of Prussia was first published in London, Mr Hume, who certainly knew that it was fictitious, as I had told him so, yet said nothing of the matter, did not write to me, but was totally silent; and did not even think of making any declaration of the truth, in favour of his absent friend.²⁸ It answered his purpose better to let the report take its course, as he did.

Mr Hume having been my conductor into England, he was of course in a manner my patron and protector. If it were but natural in him to undertake my defence, it was no less so that, {59} when I had a public protestation to make, I should have addressed myself to him. Having already ceased writing to him, however, I had no mind to renew our correspondence.²⁹ I addressed myself therefore to another person. The first slap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

In saying the letter was fabricated at Paris, it was of very little consequence to me whether it was understood particularly of Mr d'Alembert, or of Mr Walpole,³⁰ whose name he borrowed on the occasion. But in adding that, what afflicted and tore my heart was, the impostor had got his accomplices in England; I expressed myself very clearly to their friend, who was in London, and was desirous of passing for mine. For certainly he was the only person in England, whose hatred could afflict and rend my heart. This was the second slap of the face I gave my patron. He did not feel, however, yet.

On the contrary, he maliciously pretended that my affliction arose solely from the publication of the above letter, in order to make me pass for a man who was excessively affected by satire. Whether I am vain or not, certain it is I was mortally afflicted; he knew it, and yet wrote me not a word. This

28. The King of Prussia's Letter was known by all the World to be feigned and to be wrote by M^r Walpole.

29. M^r Rousseau had wrote me only eight days before a very cordial Letter, that of the 29th of March: But as this may only be a Defect of Memory, we shall not put it in the Class of his Lies.

30. M^r Walpole assures me, that he never was more than once in Company with M Dalembert, and never exchanged three Words with him in his Life.

affectionate friend, who had so much at heart the filling of my purse, gave himself no trouble to think my heart was bleeding with sorrow.

Another piece appeared soon after, in the same papers, by the author of the former, and still if possible more cruel, in which the writer could not disguise his rage at the reception I met with at Paris.³¹ This however did not affect me; it told me nothing new. Mere libels may take their course without giving me any emotion; and {60} the inconstant public may amuse themselves as long as they please with the subject. It is not an affair of conspirators, who, bent on the destruction of my honest fame, are determined by some means or other to effect it. It was necessary to change the battery.

The affair of the pension was not determined. It was not difficult, however, for Mr Hume to obtain, from the humanity of the minister, and the generosity of the King, the favour of its determination. He was required to inform me of it, which he did. This, I must confess, was one of the critical moments of my life. How much did it cost me to do my duty! My preceding engagements, the necessity of showing a due respect for the goodness of the King, and for that of his minister, together with the desire of displaying how far I was sensible of both; add to these the advantage of being made a little more easy in circumstances in the decline of life, surrounded as I was by enemies and evils; in fine, the embarrassment I was under to find a decent excuse for not accepting a benefit already half accepted; all these together made the necessity of that refusal very difficult and cruel: for necessary it was, or I should have been one of the meanest and basest of mankind to have voluntarily laid myself under an obligation to a man who had betrayed me.³²

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

Now, Mr Hume had been the only {61} negociator of this affair, nay the only person who had spoke of it. Yet I not only did not give him any answer, though it was he who wrote to me on the subject, but did not even so much as mention him in my letter to General Conway. This was the third slap of the face I gave my patron, which if he does not feel, it is certainly his own fault, he can feel nothing.

31. I never saw this pretended Libel in my Life.^[6]

32. It appears, however, that the only preceding Proofs of my Treachery, are my unlucky Countenance and the Publication of the King of Prussia's Letter by the Printer of the S^t James's Chronicle.

My letter was not clear, nor could it be so to General Conway, who did not know the motives of my refusal; but it was very plain to Mr Hume, who knew them but too well. He pretended nevertheless to be deceived as well with regard to the cause of my discontent, as to that of my declining the pension; and, in a letter he wrote me on the occasion, gave me to understand that the King's goodness might be continued towards me, if I should reconsider the affair of the pension. In a word, he seemed determined, at all events, to remain still my patron, in spite of my teeth. You will imagine, Sir, he did not expect my answer; and he had none. Much about this time, for I do not know exactly the date, nor is such precision necessary, appeared a letter, from Mr de Voltaire to me, with an English translation, which still improved on the original. The noble object of this ingenious performance, was to draw on me the hatred and contempt of the people, among whom I was come to reside. I made not the least doubt that my dear patron was one of the instruments of its publication; particularly when I saw that the writer, in endeavouring to alienate from me those who {62} might render my life agreeable, had omitted the name of him who brought me over. He doubtless knew that it was superfluous, and that with regard to him, nothing more was necessary to be said. The omission of his name, so impolitically forgot in this letter, recalled to my mind what Tacitus says of the picture of Brutus, omitted in a funeral solemnity, viz. that every body took notice of it, particularly because it was not there.

Mr Hume was not mentioned; but he lives and converses with people that are mentioned. It is well known his friends are all my enemies; there are abroad such people as Tronchin, d'Alembert, and Voltaire; but it is much worse in London; for here I have no enemies but what are his friends. For why, indeed, should I have any other? Why should I have even them? What have I done to Lord Littleton, whom I don't even know?³³ What have I done to Mr Walpole, whom I know full as little? What do they know of me, except that I am unhappy, and a friend to their friend Hume? What can he have said to them, for it is only through him they know any thing of me? I can very well imagine, that, considering the part he has to play, he does not unmask himself to every body; for then he would be disguised to nobody. I can very

33. M^r Rousseau, seeing this Piece of Voltaire advertised in the News-Papers, wrote to M^r Davenport, who was then at London, desiring him to bring it down to him. I told M^r Davenport, that the printed Copy was very incorrect but that I cou'd procure him a correct manuscript Copy from Lord Lyttleton. This Incident suffices for Mr Rousseau to prove Lord Lyttleton his mortal Enemy and my intimate Friend; And that we are in a plot together against him. But he ought at least to infer that the incorrect printed Copy did not come from me.

well imagine that he does not speak of me to General Conway and the Duke of Richmond as he does in his private conversations with Mr Walpole, and his secret correspondence with Mr d'Alembert. But let any one discover the {63} clue that hath been unravelled since my arrival in London, and it will easily be seen whether Mr Hume does not hold the principal thread.

At length the moment arrived in which it was thought proper to strike the great blow, the effect of which was prepared for by a fresh satirical piece put in the papers.³⁴ Had there remained in me the least doubt, it would have been impossible to have harboured it after perusing this piece, as it contained facts unknown to any body but Mr Hume; exaggerated, it is true, in order to render them odious to the public.

It is said in this paper that my door was opened to the rich, and shut to the poor. Pray, who knows when my door was open or shut, except Mr Hume, with whom I lived, and by whom every body was introduced that I saw? I will except one great personage, whom I gladly received without knowing him, and whom I should still have more gladly received if I had known him. It was Mr Hume who told me his name when he was gone; on which information, I was really chagrined, that, as he deigned to mount up two pair of stairs, he was not received in the first floor. As to the poor, I have nothing to say about the matter. I was constantly desirous of seeing less company; but as I was unwilling to displease any one, I suffered myself to be directed in this affair altogether by Mr Hume, and endeavoured to receive every body he introduced as well as I could, without distinction, whether rich or poor. It is said in the same piece that I received my {64} relations very coldly, *not to say any thing worse*. This general charge relates to my having once received, with some indifference, the only relation I have, out of Geneva, and that in the presence of Mr Hume.³⁵ It must necessarily be either Mr Hume or this relation who furnished that piece of intelligence. Now, my cousin, whom I have always known for a friendly relation and a worthy man, is incapable of furnishing materials for public satires against me. Add to this, that his situation in life confining him to the conversation of persons in trade, he has no connection with men of letters or paragraph writers, and still less with satirists and libellers; so that the article could not come from him. At the worst, can I help imagining that Mr Hume must have endeavoured to take advantage of what he said, and construed it in favour of his own purpose? It is

34. I never saw this Piece either before or after its Publication. I am not sure that it ever existed. None of my Acquaintance who I have spoke to, ever saw it or heard of it.^[h]

35. Tenth Lye: I was not present when Mr Rousseau received his Cousins. I afterwards saw them together, and only for a Moment, on the Terrace at Buckingham Street.

not improper to add, that, after my rupture with Mr Hume, I wrote an account of it to my cousin.

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

But let us distinguish facts. I have preserved some very valuable and solid friends for twenty-five to thirty years. I have others whose friendship is of a later date, but no less valuable, and which, if I live, I may preserve still longer. I have not found, indeed, the same security in general {65} among those friendships I have made with men of letters. I have for this reason sometimes changed them, and shall always change them when they appear suspicious; for I am determined never to have friends by way of ceremony; I have them only with a view to show them my affection.

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

But what is still more, I have not only that absolute conviction, but it is very clear to me that Mr Hume intended I should: For how can it be supposed that a man of his subtlety should be so imprudent as to expose himself thus, if he had not intended it? What was his design in it? Nothing is more clear than this. It was to raise my resentment to the highest pitch, that he might strike the blow he was preparing to give me with greater eclat. He knew he had nothing more to do than put me in a passion, and I should be guilty of a number of absurdities. We are now arrived at the critical moment which is to show whether he reasoned well or ill.

It is necessary to have all the presence of mind, all the phlegm and resolution of Mr Hume, to be able to take the part he hath taken, after all that has passed between us. In the embarrassment I was under in writing to General Conway, I could make use only of obscure expressions, to which Mr Hume, in quality of my friend, gave what interpretation he pleased. Supposing, therefore, for he knew very well to the contrary, that it was the circumstance of {66} secrecy which gave me uneasiness, he obtained the promise of the General to endeavour to remove it; but before any thing was done, it was previously necessary to know whether I would accept of the pension without that condition, in order not to expose his Majesty to a second refusal.

This was the decisive moment, the end and object of all his labours. An answer was required: he would have it. To prevent effectually indeed my neglect of it, he sent to Mr Davenport a duplicate of his letter to me; and,

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

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

That last stroke was a masterpiece. He himself proves every thing, and that {67} beyond reply.

I will suppose, though by way of impossibility, that my complaints against Mr Hume never reached his ears; that he knew nothing of them; but was as perfectly ignorant as if he had held no cabal with those who are acquainted with them, but had resided all the while in China.³⁶ Yet the behaviour passing directly between us; the last striking words which I said to him in London; the letter which followed replete with fears and anxiety; my persevering silence still more expressive than words; my public and bitter complaints with regard to the letter of Mr d'Alembert; my letter to the Secretary of State, who did not write to me, in answer to that which Mr Hume wrote to me himself, and in which I did not mention him; and in fine my refusal, without deigning to address myself to him, to acquiesce in an affair which he had managed in my favour, with my own privity, and without any opposition on my part; all this must have spoken in a very forcible manner, I will not say to any person of the least sensibility, but to every man of common sense.

Strange that, after I had ceased to correspond with him for three months, when I had made no answer to any one of his letters, however important the subject of it, surrounded with both public and private marks of that affliction which his infidelity gave me; a man of so enlightened an understanding, {68} of so penetrating a genius by nature, and so dull by design, should see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, be moved at nothing; but, without one word of complaint, justification, or explanation, continue to give me the most pressing marks of his good will to serve me, in spite of myself? He wrote to me affectionately, that he could not stay any longer in London to do me service, as if we had agreed that he should stay there for

36. How should I have known the least of these nonsensical Suspicions? M^r Davenport, the only person of my Acquaintance, who saw M^r Rousseau, assures me, that he was entirely ignorant of them.

that purpose! This blindness, this insensibility, this perseverance, are not in nature; they must be accounted for, therefore, from other motives. Let us set this behaviour in a still clearer light; for this is the decisive point.

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

Could Mr Hume, after so many instances of disdain on my part, have still the astonishing generosity as to persevere sincerely to serve me? He knew it was impossible for me to accept his good offices, so long as I entertained for him such sentiments as I had conceived. He had himself avoided an explanation. So that to serve me without justifying himself,³⁷ would have been to render his services useless; this therefore was no generosity. If he supposed that in such circumstances I should have accepted his services, he must have supposed me to have been an infamous scoundrel. {69} It was then in behalf of a man whom he supposed to be a scoundrel, that he so warmly solicited a pension from his Majesty. Can any thing be supposed more extravagant?

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

If, I say, Mr Hume reasoned with himself in this manner, he did what was consistent with his plan, and in that case very natural; indeed this is the only way in which his conduct in this affair can be explained, for upon any other supposition it is inexplicable: if this be not demonstrable, nothing ever was so. The critical situation to which he had now reduced me, re-recalled strongly to my mind the four words I mentioned above; and which I heard him say and repeat, at a time when I did not comprehend their full force. It was the first night after our departure from Paris. We slept in the same chamber, when, during the night, I heard him several times cry out {70} with great vehemence, in the French language, *Je tiens J. J. Rousseau*. I know not whether he was awake or asleep.^[1]

The expression was remarkable, coming from a man who is too well acquainted with the French language, to be mistaken with regard to the force

37. Eleventh Lye, being a Repetition of the fourth.

or choice of words. I took these words, however, and I could not then take them otherwise than in a favourable sense: notwithstanding the tone of voice in which they were spoken, was still less favourable than the expression. It is indeed impossible for me to give any idea of it; but it corresponds exactly with those terrible looks I have before mentioned. At every repetition of them I was seized with a shuddering, a kind of horror I could not resist, though a moment's recollection restored me, and made me smile at my terror.³⁸ The next day all this was so perfectly obliterated, that I did not even think of it during my stay in London, and its neighbourhood. It was not till my arrival in this place, that so many things have contributed to recall these words to my mind; and indeed recall them every moment.

These words, the tone of which dwells on my heart, as if I had but just heard them; those long and fatal looks so frequently cast on me; the patting me on the back, with the repetition of *O, my dear Sir*, in {71} answer to my suspicions of his being a traitor:³⁹ all this affects me to such a degree, after what preceded, that this recollection, had I no other, would be sufficient to prevent any reconciliation or return of confidence between us; not a night indeed passes over my head, but I think I hear, *Rousseau, I have you*, ring in my ears as if he had just pronounced them.

Yes, Mr Hume, I know you *have me*; but that only by mere externals: you have me in the public opinion and judgment of mankind. You have my reputation, and perhaps my security, to do with as you will. The general prepossession is in your favour; it will be very easy for you to make me pass for the monster you have begun to represent me; and I already see the barbarous exultation of my implacable enemies. The public will no longer spare me. Without any farther examination, every body is on the side of those who have conferred favours; because each is desirous to attract the same good offices, by displaying a sensibility of the obligation. I foresee readily the consequences of all this, particularly in the country to which you have conducted me; and where, being without friends, and an utter stranger to every body, I lie almost entirely at your mercy. The sensible part of mankind, however, will comprehend that I must be so far from seeking {72} this affair, that nothing more disagreeable or terrible could possibly have happened to me in my present situation. They will perceive that nothing but my invincible aversion to all kind of falsehood, and the possibility of my professing a regard for a person

38. Without Scruple, I may set down this as the twelfth Lye; and a swinging one it is.

39. A new Repetition of the fourth Lye; but we shall also give this to the dozen. Yet this Letter was sealed with Mr Rousseau's usual Motto, *Vitam impendere vero* [*Life devoted to the truth*]. Did ever any body yet know a Pretender to superior Virtue, that had common Honesty?

who had forfeited it, could have prevented my dissimulation, at a time when it was on so many accounts my interest. But the sensible part of mankind are few, nor do they make the greatest noise in the world.

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

Mankind may say and do what they will, it is of little consequence to me. What is of consequence, however, is, that I should end as I have {73} begun; that I should continue to preserve my ingenuousness and integrity to the end, whatever may happen; and that I should have no cause to reproach myself either with meanness in adversity, or insolence in prosperity. Whatever disgrace attends, or misfortune threatens me, I am ready to meet them. Though I am to be pitied, I am much less so than you, and all the revenge I shall take on you is, to leave you the tormenting consciousness of being obliged, in spite of yourself, to have a respect for the unfortunate person you have oppressed.

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

If you are guilty, I am the most unfortunate of mankind; if you are innocent, I am the most culpable. You even make me desire to be that contemptible object. Yes, the situation to which you see me reduced, prostrate at your feet, crying out for mercy, and doing every thing to obtain it; {74} publishing aloud my own unworthiness, and paying the most explicit homage to your virtues, would be a state of joy and cordial effusion, after the grievous state of restraint and mortification into which you have plunged me. I have but a word more to say. If you are guilty, write to me no more; it would be superfluous, for certainly you could not deceive me. If you are innocent, justify yourself. I know my duty; I love, and shall always love it, however difficult and severe. There is no state of abjection that a heart, not formed for

it, may not recover from. Once again, I say, if you are innocent, deign to justify yourself; if you are not, adieu for ever.

J. J. R.

I hesitated sometime whether I should make any reply at all. But at last I wrote to M. Rousseau the following concise letter,

M. Hume to M. Rousseau
Lisle street Leicester-fields 22. July, 1766

Sir, I shall only answer one Article of your {75} long letter: It is that which regards the conversation between us the evening before your departure. M. Davenport had imagined a good natured Artifice, to make you believe that a Retour Chaise had cast up for Wootton, and I believe he made an advertisement to that purpose be put into the Papers, in order the better to deceive you. His intention was to save you some expences in the journey, which I thought a laudable project, tho' I had no hand, either in contriving or conducting it. You entertained however, suspicions of his design, while we were sitting alone by my fireside; and you reproched me with concurring in it. I endeavour'd to pacify you, and to divert the discourse, but to no purpose. You sat sullen, and was either silent or made me very peevish answers. At last you rose up, and took a turn or two about the room; when all of a sudden and to my great surprise, you claped yourself on my knee, threw your arms about my neck, kissed me with seeming ardour, and bedew'd my face with tears. You exclaimed, "My dear Friend, can you ever pardon this folly? After all the pains you {76} have taken to serve me, after the numberless instances of friendship you have given me, here I reward you with this ill humour and sullenness: But your forgiveness of me will be a new instance of your friendship, and I hope you will find at bottom that my heart is not unworthy of it." I was very much affected; and I believe there passed a very tender scene between us. You added, by way of compliment, that, tho' I had many better titles to recommend me to Posterity yet perhaps my uncommon attachement and friendship to a poor unhappy persecuted man would not altogether be overlooked.

This incident, Sir, was somewhat remarkable; and it is impossible that either you or I could so soon have forgot it. But you have had the Assurance to tell me the Story twice in a manner so different or rather so opposite, that when I persist, as I do, in this account, it necessarily follows, that either you or I are a liar. You imagine perhaps, that, because the incident passed {77} privately, without a witness, the Question will lie between the credibility of your assertion or of mine. But you shall not have this advantage or

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

First: You are not aware, that I have a letter under your hand, which is totally irreconcilable with your account and confirms mine.⁴⁰

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

Thirdly: As I thought the Story much to your honour, I told it to several of my friends here: I even wrote it to M.^{de} Boufflers at Paris. I believe, no one will imagine, that I was at that time preparing before hand an Apology, in case of a rupture with you; which of all human events, I should then have {78} thought the most incredible, especially as we were separated almost for ever; and I still continued to render you the most essential services.

Fourthly: The Story, as I tell it, is consistent and rational: There is not common sense in your account. What! because sometimes when absent in thought, I have fixed a look or stare, you suspect me to be a traitor, and you have the assurance to tell me of such black and ridiculous suspicions! Are not most studious Men (and many of them more than I) subject to such reveries or fits of absence, without being exposed to such suspicions? You do not even pretend, that before you left London, you had any other solid grounds of suspicion against me.

I shall enter into no detail with regard to your letter: The other Articles of it are as much without foundation as you yourself know this to be. I shall only add in general, that I enjoy'd about a month ago, an uncommon pleasure, when I reflected, that, thro' many difficulties, and by most assiduous care and pains, I had, {79} beyond my most sanguine expectations, provided for your Repose, Honour, and Fortune. But I soon felt a very sensible uneasiness, when I found that you had, wantonly and voluntarily, thrown away all these advantages, and was become the declared Enemy of your own repose, fortune, and honour: I can not be surprized after this; that you are my enemy. Adieu and for ever.

D. H.

To all these papers I need only subjoin the following letter of M. Walpole to

40. That of the 22 of March; which is entirely cordial; and proves, that M. Rousseau had never expressed any of those black Suspicions of Treachery, on which he now insists: This letter also contains a peevish Paragraph about the hire of his Chaise.

me, which proves how ignorant and innocent I am of this whole affair of the king of Prussia's Letter.

M. Walpole to M. Hume
Arlington street, July, 26 1766.

I can not be precise as to the time of my writting the King of Prussia's letter, but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof: {80} for I not only suppressed the letter while you staid there, out of delicacy to you; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to my-self, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me; thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, Dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your Justification, either to Rousseau, or any body else. I shou'd be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what any body thinks of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a Mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungratefull heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your Sentence to such, who are as respectable Judges, as any that have pored over ten thousand and more volumes

Y.^{rs} most sincerely

H. W.

{81} Thus, I have given a narrative, as concise as possible, of this extraordinary Affair, which I am told, has much attracted the attention of the public, and which contains more unexpected incidents than any other, in which I was ever engaged. The persons to whom I have shown these original papers, which authenticate the whole, have differed very much in their opinion, as well of the use I should make of them as of M. Rousseau's present sentiments as state of mind. Some of them have maintained, that he is altogether insincere in his quarrel with me and his opinion of my guilt, and that the whole proceeds from that excessive pride, which forms the basis of his character, and which leads him both to seek the Eclat of refusing the king of England's bounty and to shake off the intolerable burthen of an obligation to me, by every sacrifice of honour, truth and friendship, as well as of interest. They found their sentiments on the absurdity of that first supposition on which he grounds his anger, viz, that M. Walpole's letter, which he knew had been every where dispersed both in Paris and London, was given to the Press by me; and {82} as this supposition is contrary to common sense on the one

hand, and not supported even by the pretence of the smallest probability on the other, they conclude, that it never had any weight even with the person himself who lays hold of it. They confirm their sentiments by the number of fictions and lyes which he employs to justify his anger; Fictions with regard to points, in which it is impossible for him to be mistaken. They also remark his real cheerfulness and gaiety, amidst the deep melancholy, with which he pretended to be oppressed. Not to mention, the absurd reasoning which runs thro' the whole and on which it is impossible for any man to rest his conviction; and tho' a very important interest is here abandoned, yet money is not universally the chief object with mankind; Vanity weighs further with some men, particularly with this philosopher; and the very ostentation of refusing a pension from the king of England, an ostentation which with regard to other Princes he has often sought, were alone a sufficient motive for his present criminal conduct.

There are others of my Friends who regard {83} the whole affair in a more compassionate light, and consider M. Rousseau as an object rather of pity than of anger. They suppose the same domineering pride and ingratitude to be the basis of his character; but they are also willing to believe, that his brain has received a sensible shake, and that his judgement, set afloat, is carried to every side, as it is pushed by the current of his humours and of his passions. The absurdity of his belief is no proof of its insincerity: He imagines himself the sole important being in the Universe: He fancies all mankind to be in a combination against him: His greatest benefactor, as hurting him most, is the chief object of his animosity: and tho' he supports all his Whimsies by lyes and fictions, this is so frequent a case with such wicked men, as are in that middle state between sober reason and total frenzy, that it needs give no surprize to any body.

I own, that I am somewhat inclined to this latter opinion; tho' at the same time, I much question, whether, in any period of his life, M. Rousseau was ever more in his {84} senses than he is at present. The former brilliancy of his genius and his great talent for writing are no proof of the contrary. It is an old remark, that great Wits are near allyed to madness; and even in those frantic letters, which he has wrote to me, there are evidently strong traces of his wonted genius and eloquence. He has frequently told me, that he was composing his Memoirs, in which Justice shou'd be done to his own character, to that of his friends and to that of his enemies; and as M. Davenport informs me, that, since his retreat into the Country, he has been much employed in writing, I have reason to conclude, that he is at present finishing that undertaking. Nothing could be more unexpected to me than my passing so suddenly from the class of his friends to that of his enemies; but his transition being made, I must expect to be treated accordingly; and I own, that this reflection gave me some Anxiety. A Work of this nature, both from the celebrity of the person and the strokes of eloquence interspersed, would certainly

attract the attention of the public; and it might be published either after my death or after that of the author. In the former case, there wou'd be nobody who {85} could tell the story or justify my memory. In the latter, my Apology, wrote in opposition to a dead person, wou'd lose a great deal of its authenticity. For this reason, I have at present collected the whole story into one narrative, that I may show it to my friends and at any time have it in my power to make whatever use of it, they and I should think proper. I am and always have been such a lover of peace, that nothing but necessity or strong reasons shall oblige me to give it to the public.^[i]

Editors' notes

[a]. "Advertisement of the French Editors" appears in *Concise and Genuine Account* prior to Hume's voice. Hume did want that included in *Concise and Genuine Account*.

[b]. In the *Concise and Genuine Account*, the makers of the pamphlet in London introduced into the narrative the names of both the Comtesse de Boufflers and the Marquise de Verdelin, contrary to Hume's instructions to suppress their names. Hume was incensed, as expressed in his letter to William Strahan of 25 November 1766.

[c]. In his December 1766 letter to Thomas Becket about changes to make to *Concise and Genuine Account*, should there be a second edition, Hume says that the second line of Latin here should read instead *Hic domus, hac patria est*.

[d]. Hume provided Strahan with a note to be inserted here. Instead it was given as an erratum at the end of *Concise and Genuine Account*. It is not of consequence.

[e]. Here, Hume successfully had inserted into *Concise and Genuine Account* (p. 51) a footnote in which he explains why he combed a load of Rousseau's mail he carried to Rousseau. Rousseau paid fees for receiving incoming mail, most of which was from admirers, abusers, and so on. When Hume presented the load of mail to him, he told Hume to return the whole load and recover the postage fees. But what of letters from friends and associates trying to reach him? Rousseau responded that he would send them instructions about how to reach him. Hume explains: "But till his instructions for that purpose could arrive, what could I do more friendly, than to save, at my own expence, his letters from the curiosity and indiscretion of the clerks of the post-office?" (p. 51 n. of *Concise and Genuine Account*).

[f]. The English translation of this note is by Luc Marest, of the manuscript text as transcribed by Raymond Troussons (1994), "Querelles de philosophes: Rousseau et d'Alembert," *Romanische Forschungen* 106(1–4), p. 156 n.23.

[g]. The true author of the two subsequent articles in *St. James's Chronicle*, George de Yverdum, came forward when he heard about Rousseau accusing Hume of having produced them.

[h]. Rousseau was presumably referring to one of the two articles in *St. James's Chronicle* soon discovered to have been written by George de Yverdum.

[i]. Regarding "*Je tiens J. J. Rousseau*": The French editors fabricated a note as though it were Hume's, and it is translated and included in *Concise and Genuine Account* (p. 79). When Hume, in December 1766, wrote out a few corrections and additions in the event of a second

edition, which never happened, he provided an insertion to be added to that fabricated note. Hume's would-be insertion alludes to Themistocles in Persia, and is treated in the article by Daniel Klein that appears in this issue of this journal.

[j]. Following Hume's final words, *Concise and Genuine Account* has two items (plus an erratum), both used in the French version and both of which Hume wanted retained. The first is a motto in Latin by Seneca; the second is "Declaration of Mr. D'Alembert, relating to Mr. Walpole's Letter."

About the Author



David Hume (1711–1776) was a Scottish political theorist, moral philosopher, historian, and essayist. Adam Smith wrote of him as a “never to be forgotten friend.”

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