

Mahomet, at a time, when he threatened and seemed likely to overrun, and destroy the faith of Christ, in Spain, Italy, and throughout Christendom. His Reverence having made no reply, the last speaker added, in a soft and soothing tone—let me now, sir, give you a word of friendly advice. You are aware that three hundred years ago your religion was without a name or an existence. Be cautious then, in raising your voice against that church for which the Saviour died, and pledged his infallible word to protect and preserve to the end of time. You know that the veil which covers and screens you from exposure is a light and flimsy one. If you cast it off, you will stand like the mole emerging into light, blind and naked. Allow the true Priest of God, daily and reverently to approach the altar, and piously offer up the unbloody sacrifice of the New Law, in which Christ declares that he is truly present, while you enjoy the sweets of wedded bliss, and declare like the unbelieving Jews, that ‘the saying is hard and you will not believe it.’ Thus ended a dialogue which engrossed the attention of all who heard it. Should it happen to please or interest you, even half as much as it gratified me, it will easily obtain a place in the Journal.

SENEX.

General Intelligence.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

For the edification of the *Puritan* and sceptics of its class, we have reprinted the following letter, written by an illustrious Pope, to a literary lady of Venice. The writer is Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), and, as the letter explains, he is acknowledging a copy of an Italian translation of John Locke's writings :

TO MADAM B***, A VENETIAN.

Madam,—You do me too much honor when you ask my opinion of your admirable translation of Locke. Is it possible, that in a town plunged as deep in pleasures as it is in water, a person of your rank should apply herself to the depths of Metaphysics? It is an eminent proof, that our soul disengages itself from the senses, when it would contemplate intellectual objects ; and, consequently, must be incorporeal.

I have read over and over again, with the strictest attention, the inestimable manuscript where you have so nobly displayed the beauties of our language, and with so much elegance changed the parched field of Philosophy into an agreeable pasture. The English Philosopher would be vain, if he could see himself in his elegant Italian dress.

I wish, if it had been possible, that your Ladyship had suppressed that part of the work, where Locke hints that matter may have a power of thinking. It is not like the reflection of a Philosopher who has thought deeply. The faculty of thinking cannot be exercised but by a Being ne-

cessarily endowed with spiritual and intellectual powers. Matter can never have the privilege of thinking, any more than darkness can have the power of giving light ; both the one and the other imply a contradiction ; but men rather choose to speak absurdly than not to say uncommen things.

I congratulate my country more than ever, on its being honored with a continued succession of learned ladies. It would be very proper to make a collection of those works which display their singular abilities. The translation of Locke will hold one of the first places ; especially as you have found the secret of frequently employing the poetic style to soothe the wrinkles of philosophy, which contract the brow, and whose expression is necessarily hard and dry.

I entreat you, Madam, to print this work, if it be only to convince Foreigners, that science is still honored among us, and that your sex are not so trifling as they are pleased to imagine.

How could you single me out in that crowd, where my small share of merit has placed me ? There are a number of Academicians, especially at Bologna, whose judgment would have been more to be depended on than mine. A man does not commence Philosopher by the possession of Philosophy, and especially that of *Scotus*, whose captious subtlety is nothing but a continual wrangling.

There is more substance in one page of our Metaphysicians of the last age, than in all the books of *Aristotle* and *Scotus*. The same censure, however, cannot be cast on *Plato*, who in these days would have been an excellent Philosopher, and probably a true Christian.

I find him full of matter and great views. His researches, without being obscured by the clouds which surrounded the Ancients, extend to the Deity himself.

I could have wished, Madam, you had spared that play of words which disgraces the last leaves of your translation. Trivial decorations are improper in a work of itself majestic. Had Cicero written like Seneca, he never would have been so highly esteemed. Pardon my freedom, but you love truth ; and that quality is greater in my eyes, than all the others by which you are adorned.

You will work a great miracle, if you excite a relish for philosophy at Venice. It is a country where there is a great share of genius, even among the mechanics ; but, pleasure is there, a fifth element, which is a bar to emulation. If we except the order of Senators, who are so much employed that they may be called the slaves of the nation, the people sacrifice to it their time and their rest. They are always in gaiety even while they are at work. But I perceive that I am insensibly speaking of government, and that my letter will very