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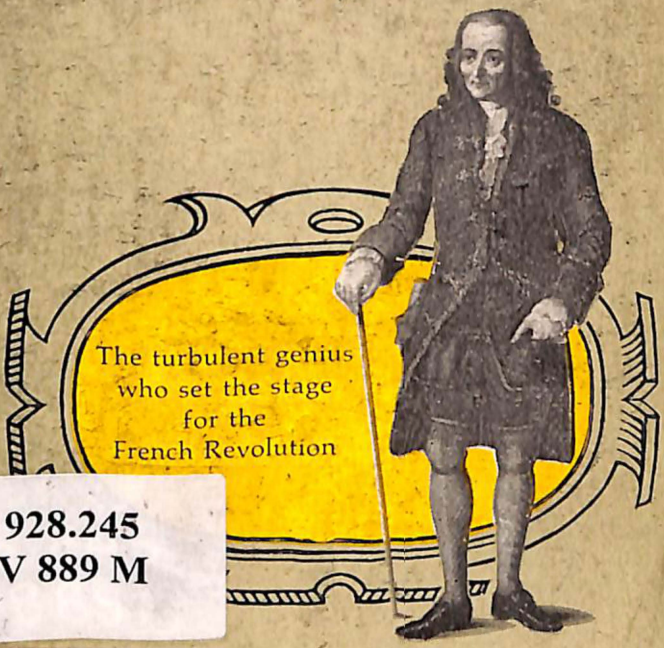

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ANDRÉ MAUROIS

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THE LIVING THOUGHTS

OF

Voltaire

TRANSLATION OF THE INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY

BARROWS MUSSEY

A Premier Book

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VOLTAIRE

François-Marie Arouet, who called himself Voltaire, was born in 1694, during the reign of Louis XIV. He was educated by the Jesuits and experienced all the great classical influences. But, bourgeois by birth, he suffered from the insolence of the privileged classes. He was exiled to England, where he became a liberal, although he remained at the same time a conservative. Voltaire wanted to give to France the political institutions and the religious liberty of the English. He succeeded in his design and contributed a decisive share to bringing on a revolution of whose violence he would have certainly disapproved. His irony and tolerance won many disciples, among them Lytton Strachey and Anatole France. Voltaire died in 1778, the symbol of superior, witty keenness. No philosopher by profession, his supremacy as an all-around writer gave him a greater influence upon his time and all of Europe than any philosopher had.

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Presenting

VOLTAIRE

It has been said that if the seventeenth century was the century of Louis XIV, the eighteenth was the century of Voltaire; and it is true that no mind better represents that lively and glittering epoch. It was in the eighteenth century that the bourgeoisie awoke and grew rich, and Voltaire was a rich bourgeois; it was in that century that the natural sciences developed, following a new method, and Voltaire was avid for all the sciences; finally, this was the century when religious, monarchical and aristocratic institutions underwent a complete transformation, and Voltaire was a great reformer. Add to this the fact that he defended the new doctrines with diabolical brilliance, and that he expressed the favorite ideas of his time in the clearest and most entertaining of fashions. That is enough to explain his literary fame. To explain his political and popular greatness it is essential to supplement the study of his works by a short account of his life.

I

In 1694 there was born into the family of a Parisian notary a puny child who was baptized François-Marie Arouet, and who later rechristened himself Monsieur de Voltaire. We must remember that Voltaire's physical weakness was always yoked to a marvelously ardent and active temperament. For more than eighty years he said he was dying, but his ills never prevented him from working, from battling, from writing, or from mocking. It was an age when the English bourgeoisie were turning to

Puritanism, while the French bourgeoisie were being tempted by Jansenism. Voltaire was brought up with a fanatical brother by a devout father. In reaction he acquired a horror of religious practices. Nevertheless his father had him educated by the Jesuits; but if they succeeded admirably in teaching him a love of the classics, they certainly did not manage to inspire him with a respect for religion.

What was to be done with this gifted child? Monsieur Arouet tried to make a lawyer of him, but the son had other ambitions. He knew some great lords. He wished to become an ambassador's page, and he left for Holland. There he committed a thousand follies, tried to carry off a girl with whom he was in love, and was sent back to France.

This was under the Regency, a weak and discredited government. It rained pamphlets and songs. Voltaire wrote some; it was known. In those days a *lettre de cachet* was enough to put a man in prison; suddenly Voltaire found himself condemned to the Bastille for a year. It was a severe lesson, and one which made him ponder the dangers of despotism. As a matter of fact, the regime at the Bastille was very mild. The prisoners were allowed freedom to work. While he was there Voltaire composed poems and tragedies; when he came out he had his *Œdipe* performed, and became famous.

Fame at thirty is a delightful thing. He enjoyed it, lived among the great, made love to actresses, and became a man of the world; then a rude incident awoke him from his dream, and flung him on thornier paths. In revenge for a bold riposte a certain Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot had Voltaire thrashed by his lackeys. Voltaire tried to get justice, and attempted to fight the offender; but he was a mere commoner, and the Rohans had him thrown into the Bastille. When he came out he had declared war on a society which tolerated such injustice.

A new Voltaire was born. He left for England. His stay there quite transformed his thinking. He saw that there the bourgeois could aspire to any dignity, that liberty did not seem incompatible with order, that religion was tolerant of philosophy. The multiplicity of Protestant sects increased his skepticism. From reading Locke he took a philosophy, from Swift a model, from Newton a

scientific doctrine. The Bastille had made him wish for a new society; England showed him what that society might be.

Returning to France in 1729, he soon regained fame and fortune. His tragedies were triumphs; his business undertakings prospered. But his whole conception of the world had changed, and he soon surreptitiously set it forth in his *Lettres Philosophiques sur les Anglais.* By describing English institutions he undertook to make the French reconsider their religious and political ideas. Thus roundabout he gave a preliminary sketch of his doctrine: civil and religious liberty, the importance of trade, the value of science. This book made him the champion of the middle classes in the struggle ahead. The police realized it, and prosecuted the book, which was burned by parliamentary decree in the court of the Palais de Justice. As for the author, he had to flee; he soon found asylum at the château of Cirey, which belonged to his friend and admirer the Marquise du Châtelet. She was a scholar herself. During a liaison of sixteen years she and Voltaire together studied astronomy, mechanics, chemistry, and even history; it was for her that he wrote a universal history which he called *L'Essai sur les Mœurs.*

Mme. du Châtelet, like all women who love great men, wanted to see hers recognized by the world. She tried to reconcile him with the Court, succeeded in getting him into the Académie Française in 1746, and shone at his side in the miniature court of the Duchesse du Maine. It was for her that he began to write such stories as *Micromegas* and *Zadig.* They were tales written for fun, and he attached little importance to them, yet they added much to his fame.

Another little court, at Luneville, where Stanislas Lesczinski, former King of Poland, reigned over a mistress and a professor, saw the great tragedy in Voltaire's life. Mme. du Châtelet was led astray by young St.-Lambert, handsome and sensitive. She was surprised by Voltaire, who stormed, and then, like a true philosopher, forgave. But the lady conceived, and died in child-bed. Voltaire's grief was unfeigned.

Deprived of his refuge at Cirey, he sought shelter with the King of Prussia, Frederick II, with whom he had long maintained a friendly correspondence. All his life Voltaire dreamed of the "enlightened despot"; he thought he had

found one in Frederick, as later in Catherine of Russia. A stay at Potsdam soon showed him that the ways of philosopher kings were devilishly like those of tyrant kings. Where could he escape from both? He took the road for Switzerland; in that republican land he would be safe from the royal police (1754). But he soon learned that fanaticism was a menace in Geneva or Lausanne, just as at Paris. Protestant pastors preached against him. One could not be entirely secure in either France or Switzerland, and the safe thing was to have a foot in each country. With two houses on the shore of the lake and two along the frontier, he was able to flee at the slightest alarm, and wait for the storm to pass. In France he had the château of Ferney and the estate (*comté*) of Tournai; in Switzerland, a fine house at Lausanne and the Ermitage des Délices in Geneva territory. "Thus crawling from one lair to the other, I escape from kings and armies."

It was his long old age at Ferney which gave Voltaire's fame a chance to spread both wide and deep. Feeling himself in safety and free at last to say whatever he thought on the affairs of the world, he became the greatest journalist of his time, perhaps of all time. From Ferney a rain of pamphlets, of tracts, of facetiæ poured over Europe, now seriously attacking abuses, now turning them to ridicule. Several times Voltaire was led to take sides against official justice for accused persons whom he thought innocent. By winning the rehabilitation of Calas, an unfortunate Protestant who had been tortured and put to death for a crime he did not commit, by defending another Protestant, Sirven, and the unhappy Chevalier de la Barre, victim of the judges of Abbeville, Voltaire won and deserved a reputation for courage and humanity that made him renowned in thousands of homes which his writings had never reached.

Soon he became a legend. All Europe knew the emaciated old man with the keen eyes, wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown, always dying and always the most active of the living; as eager to cultivate his garden as to compose tragedies; making clocks and silk stockings, casually tossing off a masterpiece like *Candide;* defending a victim as adroitly as he attacked an enemy; turning his château into a theatre, a tribunal, and a philosophers' council; corresponding with four kings, and wrangling with his

neighbors; dangerous, amusing, and apparently immortal. This superhuman existence came to an end after all, but it came, as was fitting, by deification. On his last journey to Paris he was acclaimed by an immense crowd shouting: "Room for Voltaire! Long live Voltaire! Glory to the defender of Calas!" On the stage of the Comédie Française he saw his bust crowned by the actors to the plaudits of the spectators who stood in a body to do him honor. A few weeks later he died (May 30, 1778). He had had a happy life and a triumphant end.

II

Voltaire's life, his personal adventures and his position in the world allow us to predict pretty nearly what his philosophy will be. Because he had suffered intolerance, *lettres de cachet,* and the insolence of grandees, and because he had imagination and a heart, he would be a stubborn opponent of all fanaticism and all despotism. Because he was a bourgeois and an excellent business man, he would admire the constitution adopted in England by "a nation of shopkeepers." Because by intelligence, shrewdness and talent he had amassed a great fortune, this reformer would never be a revolutionary. Finally, because he was at once admirably intelligent, interested in all the sciences from theology to politics and from astronomy to history, and able to explain the most obscure questions with simple lucidity, he would exercise on the men of his time and even on those of the following century a greater influence than any other writer.

We might well give to his complete works the celebrated title, *"De omni re scibili et de quibusdam aliis,"* but though he does indeed speak "of all things knowable and even of some others," he is famous chiefly for his philosophy of religion, or rather of irreligion. His name has given us a substantive, *voltairianism,* which dictionaries define as "an attitude of mocking incredulity toward religion." Throughout the nineteenth century adversaries of Christianity and skeptics of all religions invoked Voltaire. Monsieur Homais, Flaubert's anti-clerical pharmacist, believed he was drawing on Voltaire for his witti-

cisms and his ideas. It is not certain, however, that Voltaire would have approved of M. Homais. If he made sport of the superstitions of established religion, he was so much preoccupied with religious problems that he devoted a great part of his works to them. If we are to study Voltaire's philosophy we must begin by indicating his answers to the principal metaphysical questions posed by religion.

In the first place, does God exist? No doubt of it: Voltaire believes that a divine mechanic planned, built, and regulated the universe. His grand proof is the order in the world, "the simple and sublime laws by which the celestial globes march in the abyss of space." The clock proves the existence of the clock-maker, the marvelous work which is our universe shows a workman, and all the constant laws show a legislator.

There have, however, been thinkers who maintained that these regular laws of nature might be due to chance. Nature exists to all eternity; everything in it changes continually. But if everything is forever changing, all possible combinations are bound to occur. Thus in the infinity of centuries such a combination as the present order of the universe is not impossible.

This explanation of the world as chance Voltaire finds prodigiously illusory, "in the first place because intelligent beings exist in the universe, and you cannot prove it possible for mere motion to produce intelligence; secondly because by your own reasoning the odds are infinity to one that an intelligent cause animates the universe. A man alone facing infinity is poor indeed. When we see a fine machine, we say that there is a machinist, and that the machinist has an admirable understanding. The world is certainly an admirable machine; hence there is in the world an admirable intelligence, wherever it may be. This argument is an old one, and none the worse for that. . ."

Objection: This world is not such a great success. We have said it is an admirable machine whose perfection proves the existence of a God, but fundamentally is this true? And has not the machine tremendous defects which prove the very opposite of this doctrine? Voltaire never tires of painting the fearful ills to which poor man is heir. From the ulcers that ate the face of Pangloss to the Lisbon earthquake, from the slaughter of the battle-fields to

the furnace of the auto-da-fé, he takes pleasure in showing the horror of man's fate. Is it thinkable that a lord and father would invent such tortures to crush a few miserable little creatures? "We are absolutely imperceptible animals, and yet we are borne down by everything that surrounds us. After all the countless cities destroyed, rebuilt, destroyed again like ant-hills, what shall we say of the seas of sand, of plagues, of inundations, of volcanoes, of earthquakes, of diseases, wars, and crimes?"

Voltaire sees the force of the objection, but he answers that God created the world by universal laws, that he does not concern himself with individual destinies, and that in any case there is in favor of God's existence an argument of an entirely different nature, and an irrefutable one—the moral argument.

"Belief in a God who rewards good deeds and punishes bad ones," Voltaire asserts, "is the belief most useful to mankind. It is the only curb on powerful men; it is the only curb on men who skilfully commit secret crimes. Fifteenth-century Italy swarmed with atheists. What happened? It was as common to poison a man as to give him supper, and to sink a stiletto in your friend's heart as to embrace him. . . I do not ask you to mingle with this necessary faith the superstitions which dishonor it. The atheist is a monster; the victim of superstition is another monster. . . The narrow zone of virtue lies between atheism and fanaticism. Believe in a good God, and be good . . . I should hate to deal with an atheist prince who found it to his interest to have me pounded in a mortar; I am very sure I should be pounded. If I were a sovereign I should hate to deal with atheist courtiers. It is necessary to princes and peoples that the idea of a Supreme Being should be deeply engraved in their minds. . ."

It cannot be said that this proof of God's existence is a very solid one, for it proves equally well the necessity of believing, with certain Oriental peoples, in the divinity of the sovereign. "If you cease to believe that the King is a God, what will become of the State?" But it was not for himself that Voltaire liked this argument; it was for the people. What would become of the lord of Ferney if his servants ceased to believe in the punishments and recompenses of the other world?

III

Agreed, then, that we believe in God, that is, in marvelously powerful mind which has built the wonderful machine of the universe, and which has imposed moral laws upon us. But we will not wring from our arguments more than is in them, and we will recognize that i the existence of the world proves the existence of a God it by no means proves the existence of the God of Jews and Christians, any more than of any other particular God. Our deist is also an agnostic.

"What is the nature of God? Is he corporeal or spiritual? How," replies Voltaire, "do you expect me to know?" We see that each people has created its gods in its own image. Before arguing the nature of God we must meditate on the following story: "One day," says Voltaire, "I heard a mole arguing with a May-beetle in front of a summerhouse which I had just put up at the bottom of my garden. 'That is a fine structure,' said the mole; 'it must have been a powerful mole indeed that produced such a work.' 'You're joking,' said the May-beetle. 'A May-beetle replete with genius was the architect of that building.' Since then I have resolved never to argue the matter." We believe, then, in a God, but not in the God of the religions, and we will talk freely and quite gaily of the absurd tales they have made up. Voltaire's whole *Dictionnaire Philosophique* is one long string of pleasantries about Moses, Abraham, and the biblical heroes.

What is man's position before God? Does Voltaire believe in free will? Like his friends the scientists, he admits that the world is subject to fixed laws. These laws are immutable: "Bodies fall toward the centre of the earth. . . Pear trees can never bear pineapples. . . The instinct of a spaniel cannot be the instinct of an ostrich . . . Everything is arranged, interlocked, limited. . . Man can have but a certain number of teeth, of hairs, and of ideas. A time is bound to come when he loses teeth, hair, and ideas. . . If one could interfere in the destiny of a fly, one could shape the destiny of all flies, of all men, of all Nature. Only imbeciles say, 'My doctor pulled my aunt through a mortal illness. He added ten years to her life.'

Your doctor saved your aunt. But by so doing he certainly did not defy the order of nature; he followed it. It is plain that your aunt could not avoid being born in such-and-such a city, having such-and-such a disease at such-and-such a time, that the doctor could not be elsewhere than in the city where he was, that your aunt was bound to call him, that he was bound to prescribe the drugs which cured her. Hence the order of nature was not disturbed by the cure of your aunt. The man who called us 'puppets of Providence' seems to have aptly described us."

But could not God himself, by means of miracles, modify his own laws in favor of those who deserve it? No. God is the slave of his own will, of his wisdom, of his inherent nature. He cannot violate the laws of nature because he cannot be fickle and inconstant like us. The Eternal Being cannot become a weathercock.

If God can make no changes in the laws of this world, what is the use of addressing prayers to him? This is, as a matter of fact, perfectly vain, and Voltaire would not have us pray. "A fine thing, your prayers and petitions to God! One praises a man because one thinks him vain, weak, and because one hopes to make him change his mind. Let us do our duty to God: let us be just. That is the only true prayer."

Voltaire, then, is a determinist. But he finds himself led to reestablish free will, as he reestablishes God, for moral reasons; for want of belief in free will we would fall back into social chaos. To deny liberty is to destroy all the bonds of human society. "What is to be gained by regarding ourselves as turn-spits, when we act like free beings?" Liberty is but the illusion we have of it, but this illusion is necessary to keep us in a state where we can believe and act. "The welfare of society demands that man should believe himself a free agent. I begin to think more of happiness than of a truth." Here he finds an argument which reconciles everything: "We are wheels in an immense machine, but everything goes on in our minds as if we were free agents, because this feeling of freedom is itself one of the wheels of the machine."

Does Voltaire believe in the existence of the soul and in immortality? He believes there is a force distinct from matter, subtler than matter, which, if you like, might be called the soul; but he does not believe in immortality at all. "About the soul we know nothing. Everyone should

say to himself: Who are you? Whence do you come? What are you doing? You are a thinking and feeling something, and if you feel and think for a thousand million years you will never know more than this by your own lights. God gave you understanding to do right, and not to penetrate to the essence of things which he created. Besides, what would immortality mean, and what could a soul be which felt with no body, heard without ears, smelled without a nose, and touched without hands?"

Here we are on dangerous ground again. If souls are not immortal, how can they be punished or rewarded after death? What becomes of the belief in Hell and Paradise? There Voltaire is not far from agreeing with a Catholic priest whose story he tells. The priest said to a too-indulgent Huguenot minister, "My friend, I don't believe in eternal hell any more than you do, but it is a good thing for your maid, your tailor, and even your lawyer to believe in it."

In short, Voltaire entirely subordinates metaphysics to morals, that is to daily practice. There you have the whole sense of that admirable little novel, *Candide*. *Candide* is a most pessimistic picture of the universe as we know it. We are exposed to fearful ills; we are condemned without having done anything very wrong, or, on the contrary, are pardoned despite our faults. Men are massacred by the Bulgars or burned by the Inquisition; women are violated by pirates or by the grand inquisitors. It is all absurd, and the world as it is resembles the nightmare of a madman. Let us not try to understand, and "let us cultivate our garden." This phrase, with which *Candide* ends, must be taken in a very general sense. It is an engineer's morality. Cultivating our garden means: let us build clean cities, let us try to improve the production of the goods necessary to mankind, let us till the soil; in short, let us live as Voltaire himself lived at Ferney, and not trouble about the rest. Life is neither good nor bad. It is what it is. We must accept it, and try to improve it to the extent of our poor abilities. How? By work, by moderation, by patience. The arguments of metaphysicians are useless; the gardener's spade-strokes are more effective. *We must cultivate our garden.*

The only weakness of this so reasonable Voltairian pragmatism is that it takes no account of spiritual needs. It is easy enough to tell men, "Believe in God, or your

morality will collapse." But it is almost impossible to maintain a real belief in that fashion. It is easy enough to tell them, "Believe in liberty and in the immortality of the soul, or no civilized society will be possible." But that is the surest way of turning them from those two beliefs. Finally, it is easy enough to say, "Cultivate your garden," and even to do it. But it is impossible to dispel metaphysical doubts by this mechanical labor alone. Voltaire's doctrine does not explain why religion is. Why, when one religion loses its authority, do men always rebuild it under nearly similar forms? Voltaire does not even set himself this historical problem.

IV

Nevertheless he is a historian, and undoubtedly the greatest historian of his century. Not only did he write the history of Louis XIV and that of Charles XII, but above all he was among the first, with his *Essai sur les Mœurs,* to attempt a universal history, or as we would say today an Outline of History. Bossuet had been before him in daring to undertake a *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle.* But the intentions of the two works are diametrically opposed. Bossuet wanted to show that history is the result of the will of Providence which interferes unceasingly to regulate the fate of empires; Voltaire, on the contrary, strives to push the supernatural out of history. He takes pleasure in showing that great events come from small causes—for example that if the Duchess of Marlborough had been more receptive to the Queen of England's fondness for her, the fate of Europe would have been changed. Voltaire believes that historical events are but results of chance, and that the march of destiny is occasionally turned aside only by men of genius.

He was the first to include in universal history the history of the great peoples of Asia—India, Japan, China. His idea was to show the unimportance of the small Jewish-Christian adventure, and of the sacred scriptures, in the history of our planet. His *Essai sur les Mœurs* is above all else a pamphlet against supernatural history. For the prejudices of the sacred historians he merely substitutes his own no less dangerous prejudices. In the

whole history of the Middle Ages, he sees but "a mass of crimes, follies and misfortunes." He understood the nature of feudalism extremely ill. He makes of modern history one long struggle between secular and clerical powers, between Church and State; and he rashly believes that the victory of the State will be beyond a doubt the end of all persecution. That is indeed but slight understanding of human nature; and the State, having triumphed over the Church, was to persecute its adversaries in the name of a doctrine as savagely as, and sometimes more savagely than, the Church had done in the name of a faith.

But Voltaire is admirable when he discovers behind the variety of customs and beliefs the profound identity of institutions. Everywhere he sees laws established to preserve what is essential to the human species, what prevents its total ruin: family life, property, security, and a curb imposed upon arbitrary power by law, or at least by custom. "Asiatic ceremonies are bizarre. Asiatic beliefs are absurd, but their precepts are just. . . Dervish, fakir, Buddhist, and priest all say, Be just and kind." "From this picture we see that everything belonging intimately to human nature is alike from one end of the universe to the other, while everything depending on custom is different. Custom produces variety; nature, unity. The soil is everywhere the same, and cultivation produces different fruits."

This conclusion was quite new at the time, and Voltaire drew from his historical studies a political credo which amounts to a very wise liberalism. What Voltaire passionately admired in his youth, and continued to admire all his life, was the England of the Whigs: liberty of thought and expression, toleration, supremacy of civil over religious authority; a chance for men of an inferior class to rise to a higher class, constitutional and limited monarchy—such is the political theory of Voltaire. If he had lived to see the Revolution he would have advocated maintaining Louis XVI, but setting an English-style parliament to watch over him.

To sum up, what he wants is to make our poor race as little unhappy as possible. He does not believe it can be preserved from inequality, and he expresses himself on the subject with a certain harshness. "On our unhappy globe it is impossible for men living in society not

to be divided into two classes, one of oppressors, the other of the oppressed. The human species as it is cannot subsist without an infinite number of useful men who have nothing, for a man at his ease will not quit his own land to till yours, and if you need a pair of boots no 'Royal Master of Requests' will make them for you. Equality, the most natural of ideas, is at the same time also the most illusory. . ."

He has a horror of war. He describes it a hundred times, with harsh and realistic imagery, in the manner of Goya. He hates cruelty in every form, and torture in particular. He believes we must struggle against it, but that man is a dangerous animal, and that it will always be difficult to keep him from fighting. He believes in the possibility not of making men good but of so governing them that their wickedness shall do the least possible harm. We cannot change the laws of nature, but we can try to command nature by obeying it, just as a skilful engineer does not destroy the torrent, but succeeds in damming it.

One day as he was writing the article on *Civil and Ecclesiastical Law* for his *Dictionnaire Philosophique,* he asked himself what were the essential rules of free government, and he came to wish "that no ecclesiastical law should be valid without the express sanction of the government; that all ecclesiastics should always be subject to the government, since they are subjects of the State; that there should be but one weight, one measure, one tax; that all law should be clear, uniform, and precise; that nothing should be held infamous but vice; that all imposts should be proportional." These desires were to figure in almost all the *cahiers* of demands presented by the Third Estate in 1789, and almost all have passed into law among the best governed nations.

It has been said that this political theory of Voltaire's was predominantly negative; but all government must begin by being negative, since it is essentially a control and a limit imposed on human passions. The good which Voltaire did at Ferney proves that he was also capable of imagining the constructive and positive task of government. He had good sense, wit, admirable intelligence, pity for the unfortunate, all mixed with a great hatred of oppressors and a great fear of the mob. Those are ex-

cellent ingredients for a liberal and prudent statesman, which is just what he was.

V

"Despite the faults with which one may reproach Voltaire," writes the Duchess of Choiseul, "he will always be the author whom I shall read and reread with most pleasure, because of his taste and his universality. What is it to me that he tells me nothing new, if he develops what I have thought, and if he tells me better than anyone else what others have already said? I do not need to have him teach me more than anyone else knows, and what author can tell me so passing well as he what everyone knows?" Here Mme. de Choiseul translates to perfection the feeling which Voltaire's contemporaries had for his clarity and his universality. This man who knew everything, who talked competently of science, of economics, of politics, of history and of religion, who illuminated the most recondite questions and gave his readers the feeling that like him they were qualified to understand everything—this man wielded a tremendous influence over the nobility and the cultivated bourgeoisie of his time. He imbued them with a liberalism healthy in itself, but bound to lead to the excesses of the Revolution because it too soon broke down barriers in whose necessity Voltaire after all believed more than anyone else.

After the Revolution, when France returned to her old traditions, when she found her kings and her religion again, the new philosophers, Bonald, Joseph de Maistre considered Voltaire one of the powers of darkness. The liberal opposition to the new regime, on the contrary, adopted him as their inspiration, and between 1815 and 1830 he was read more than during his lifetime. This was the period when his writings created the French anti-clerical petty bourgeoisie of which M. Homais is one type, and which toward the end of the century made up the radical party. His influence on literature was also great, but was exercised chiefly by the best part of his work, namely by his novels. The spirit of *Candide* inspired Renan, Anatole France, and even such Rightist authors as Charles Maurras and Jacques Bainville, while Voltaire's

style, swift, brilliant, clear, and simple, remained the ideal of a whole clan of French writers—those who did not adopt the master of the rival school, Chateaubriand. Even abroad such writers as Byron owned much to Voltaire's irony. Bernard Shaw's great ambition was later to be that of playing in England the role played by Voltaire in France, and close to our own day Lytton Strachey was to offer the odd spectacle of an English humorist seated in Voltaire's reclining arm-chair.

We must set against the judgment just quoted from Mme. de Choiseul that of another woman, Empress Eugénie. "Voltaire . . ." she said. "I shall never forgive him for having made me understand things which I shall never understand." This is an admirable *mot*, for it finds the one chink in the armor of the Voltairian spirit. That in human nature and in the universe there is an immense share of mystery, that men have feelings and cling to beliefs which words are powerless to describe, that nations live as much by traditions and memories as by clear ideas—this Voltaire never recognized. And that is why, after his nineteenth-century triumphs (which were triumphs of opposition), he has lost favor, at least so far as his dogmatic works go, with many cultivated people. But human thought is condemned to swing for ever to and fro between excess of credulity and excess of skepticism. A Voltaire, with his brilliant, lucid mockery, was necessary to reduce to impotence the fanatics of his age; a reaction was necessary in its turn to calm and subdue the fanatics of Voltairianism; soon a new Voltaire must write a new *Candide* about fanatics of a kind unknown to Ferney, who are hatching misery for man today, snatching him from the cultivation of his garden.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

CANDIDE

*Or Optimism**

HOW CANDIDE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A FINE CASTLE, AND HOW HE WAS EXPELLED FROM THENCE

There lived in Westphalia, in the castle of my Lord the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, a young man, on whom nature had bestowed the most agreeable manners. His face was the index to his mind. He had an upright heart, with an easy frankness; which, I believe, was the reason he got the name of *Candide.* He was suspected, by the old servants of the family, to be the son of my Lord the Baron's sister, by a very honest gentleman of the neighborhood, whom the young lady declined to marry, because he could only produce seventy-one armorial quarterings; the rest of his genealogical tree having been destroyed through the injuries of time.

The Baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia; his castle had both a gate and windows; and his great hall was even adorned with tapestry. The dogs of his outer yard composed his hunting pack upon occasion, his grooms were his huntsmen, and the vicar of the parish was his chief almoner. He was called My Lord by everybody, and everyone laughed when he told his stories.

My Lady the Baroness, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, attracted, by that means, very great attention, and did the honors of the house with a dignity that rendered her still more respectable. Her daughter Cunegonde, aged about seventeen years, was of

* *Editor's Note:* Voltaire gave this novel the fictitious subtitle: "Translated from the German of Dr. Ralph, with the additions found in the doctor's pocket when he died at Minden, in the year of grace 1759."

a ruddy complexion, fresh, plump, and well calculated to excite the passions. The Baron's son appeared to be in every respect worthy of his father. The preceptor, Pangloss, was the oracle of the house, and little Candide listened to his lectures with all the simplicity that was suitable to his age and character.

Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolon-igology. He proved most admirably, that there could not be an effect without a cause; that, in this best of possible worlds, my Lord the Baron's castle was the most magnificent of castles, and my Lady the best of Baronesses that possibly could be.

"It is demonstrable," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are: for all things having been made for some end, they must necessarily be for the best end. Observe well, that the nose has been made for carrying spectacles; therefore we have spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, and therefore we have stockings. Stones have been formed to be hewn, and make castles; therefore my Lord has a very fine castle; the greatest baron of the province ought to be the best accommodated. Swine were made to be eaten; therefore we eat pork all the year round: consequently, those who have merely asserted that all is good, have said a very foolish thing; they should have said all is the best possible."

Candide listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought Miss Cunegonde extremely handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that next to the good fortune of being Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was that of being Miss Cunegonde, the third to see her every day, and the fourth to listen to the teachings of Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day Cunegonde having taken a walk in the environs of the castle, in a little wood, which they called a park, espied Doctor Pangloss giving a lesson in experimental philosophy to her mother's chambermaid; a little brown wench, very handsome, and very docile. As Miss Cunegonde had a strong inclination for the sciences, she observed, without making any noise, the reiterated experiments that were going on before her eyes; she saw very clearly the sufficient reason of the Doctor, the ef-

fects and the causes; and she returned greatly flurried, quite pensive, and full of desire to be learned; imagining that she might be a sufficient reason for young Candide, who also, might be the same to her.

On her return to the castle, she met Candide, and blushed; Candide also blushed; she wished him good morrow with a faltering voice, and Candide answered her, hardly knowing what he said. The next day, after dinner, as they arose from table, Cunegonde and Candide happened to get behind the screen. Cunegonde dropped her handkerchief, and Candide picked it up; she, not thinking any harm, took hold of his hand; and the young man, not thinking any harm either, kissed the hand of the young lady, with an eagerness, a sensibility, and grace, very particular; their lips met, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands strayed. The Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh happening to pass close by the screen, and observing this cause and effect, thrust Candide out of the castle, with lusty kicks. Cunegonde fell into a swoon and as soon as she came to herself, was heartily cuffed on the ears by my Lady the Baroness. Thus all was thrown into confusion in the finest and most agreeable castle possible.

WHAT BECAME OF CANDIDE AMONG THE BULGARIANS

Candide being expelled from the terrestrial paradise, rambled a long while without knowing where, weeping, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, and sometimes turning them towards the finest of castles, which contained the handsomest of baronesses. He laid himself down, without his supper, in the open fields, between two furrows, while the snow fell in great flakes. Candide, almost frozen to death, crawled next morning to the neighboring village, which was called Waldberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff. Having no money, and almost dying with hunger and fatigue, he stopped in a dejected posture before the gate of an inn. Two men, dressed in blue, observing him in such a situation, "Brother," says one of them to the other, "there is a young fellow well built, and of a proper height." They accosted Candide, and invited him very civilly to dinner.

"Gentlemen," replied Candide, with an agreeable modesty, "you do me much honor, but I have no money to pay my shot."

"O sir," said one of the blues, "persons of your appearance and merit never pay anything; are you not five feet five inches high?"

"Yes, gentlemen, that is my height," returned he, making a bow.

"Come, sir, sit down at table; we will not only treat you, but we will never let such a man as you want money; men are made to assist one another."

"You are in the right," said Candide; "that is what Pangloss always told me, and I see plainly that everything is for the best."

They entreated him to take a few crowns, which he accepted, and would have given them his note; but they refused it, and sat down to table.

"Do not you tenderly love—?"

"O yes," replied he, "I tenderly love Miss Cunegonde."

"No," said one of the gentlemen; "we ask you if you do tenderly love the King of the Bulgarians?"

"Not at all," said he, "for I never saw him."

"How! he is the most charming of kings, and you must drink his health."

"O, with all my heart, gentlemen," and drinks.

"That is enough," said they to him; "you are now the bulwark, the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made, and you are certain of glory." Instantly they put him in irons, and carried him to the regiment. They made him turn to the right, to the left, draw the rammer, return the rammer, present, fire, step double; and they gave him thirty blows with a cudgel. The next day, he performed his exercises not quite so badly, and received but twenty blows; the third day the blows were restricted to ten, and he was looked upon by his fellow-soldiers, as a kind of prodigy.

Candide, quite stupefied, could not well conceive how he had become a hero. One fine Spring day he took it into his head to walk out, going straight forward, imagining that the human, as well as the animal species, were entitled to make whatever use they pleased of their limbs. He had not travelled two leagues, when four other heroes, six feet high, came up to him, bound him, and put him into a dungeon. He is asked by a Court-

martial whether he chooses to be whipped six and thirty times through the whole regiment, or receive at once twelve bullets through the forehead? He in vain argued that the will is free, and that he chose neither the one nor the other; he was obliged to make a choice; he therefore resolved, in virtue of God's gift called *free-will*, to run the gauntlet six and thirty times. He underwent this discipline twice. The regiment being composed of two thousand men, he received four thousand lashes, which laid open all his muscles and nerves, from the nape of the neck to the back. As they were proceeding to a third course, Candide, being quite spent, begged as a favor that they would be so kind as to shoot him; he obtained his request; they hood-winked him, and made him kneel; the King of the Bulgarians passing by, inquired into the crime of the delinquent; and as this prince was a person of great penetration, he discovered from what he heard of Candide, that he was a young metaphysician, entirely ignorant of the things of this world; and he granted him his pardon, with a clemency which will be extolled in all histories, and throughout all ages. An experienced surgeon cured Candide in three weeks, with emollients prescribed by no less a master than Dioscorides. His skin had already begun to grow again, and he was able to walk, when the King of the Bulgarians gave battle to the King of the Abares.

HOW CANDIDE MADE HIS ESCAPE FROM THE BULGARIANS, AND WHAT AFTERWARDS BEFELL HIM

Nothing could be so fine, so neat, so brilliant, so well ordered, as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon, formed an harmony superior to what hell itself could invent. The cannon swept off at first about six thousand men on each side; afterwards, the musketry carried away from the best of worlds, about nine or ten thousand rascals that infected its surface. The bayonet was likewise the sufficient reason of the death of some thousands of men. The whole number might amount to about thirty thousand souls. Candide, who trembled like a philosopher, hid himself as well as he could, during this heroic butchery.

At last, while the two kings were causing *Te Deums* —glory to God—to be sung in their respective camps, he resolved to go somewhere else, to reason upon the effects and causes. He walked over heaps of the dead and dying; he came at first to a neighboring village belonging to the Abares, but found it in ashes; for it had been burnt by the Bulgarians, according to the law of nations. Here were to be seen old men full of wounds, casting their eyes on their murdered wives, who were holding their infants to their bloody breasts. You might see in another place virgins, outraged after they had satisfied the natural desires of some of those heroes, breathing out their last sighs. Others, half-burnt, praying earnestly for instant death. The whole field was covered with brains, and with legs and arms lopped off.

Candide betook himself with all speed to another village. It belonged to the Bulgarians, and had met with the same treatment from the Abarian heroes. Candide, walking still forward over quivering limbs, or through rubbish of houses, got at last out of the theatre of war, having some small quantity of provisions in his knapsack, and never forgetting Miss Cunegonde. His provisions failed him when he arrived in Holland; but having heard that everyone was rich in that country, and that they were Christians, he did not doubt but he should be as well treated there as he had been in my Lord the Baron's castle, before he had been expelled thence on account of Miss Cunegonde's sparkling eyes.

He asked alms from several grave looking persons, who all replied, that if he continued that trade, they would confine him in a house of correction, where he should learn to earn his bread.

He applied afterwards to a man, who for a whole hour had been discoursing on the subject of charity, before a large assembly. This orator, looking at him askance, said to him:

"What are you doing here? are you for the good cause?"

"There is no effect without a cause," replied Candide, modestly; "all is necessarily linked, and ordered for the best. A necessity banished me from Miss Cunegonde; a necessity forced me to run the gauntlet; another necessity makes me beg my bread, till I can get into some busi-

ness by which to earn it. All this could not be otherwise."

"My friend," said the orator to him, "do you believe that the Anti-Christ is alive?"

"I never heard whether he is or not," replied Candide; "but whether he is, or is not, I want bread!"

"You do not deserve to eat any," said the other; "get you gone, you rogue; get you gone, you wretch; never in thy life come near me again!"

The orator's wife, having popped her head out of the chamber window, and seeing a man who doubted whether Anti-Christ was alive, poured on his head a full vessel of dirty water. Oh heavens! to what excess does religious zeal transport the fair sex!

A man who had not been baptized, a good Anabaptist, named *James,* saw the barbarous and ignominious manner with which they treated one of his brethren, a being with two feet, without feathers, and endowed with a rational soul. He took him home with him, cleaned him, gave him bread and beer, made him a present of two florins, and offered to teach him the method of working in his manufactories of Persian stuffs, which are fabricated in Holland. Candide, prostrating himself almost to the ground, cried out, "Master Pangloss argued well when he said, that everything is for the best in this world; for I am infinitely more affected with your very great generosity, than by the hard-heartedness of that gentleman with the cloak, and the lady his wife."

Next day, as he was taking a walk, he met a beggar, all covered over with sores, his eyes half dead, the *tip of his nose* eaten off, his mouth turned to one side *of his face,* his teeth black, speaking through his throat, tormented with a violent cough, with gums so rotten, that his teeth came near falling out every time he spit.

HOW CANDIDE MET HIS OLD MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY, DR. PANGLOSS, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM

Candide, moved still more with compassion than with horror, gave this frightful mendicant the two florins which he had received of his honest Anabaptist James. The spectre fixed his eyes attentively upon him, dropt

some tears, and was going to fall upon his neck. Candide, affrighted, drew back.

"Alas!" said the one wretch to the other, "don't you know your dear Pangloss?"

"What do I hear! Is it you, my dear master! you in this dreadful condition! What misfortune has befallen you? Why are you no longer in the most magnificent of castles? What has become of Miss Cunegonde, the nonpareil of the fair sex, the master-piece of nature?"

"I have no more strength," said Pangloss.

Candide immediately carried him to the Anabaptist's stable, where he gave him a little bread to eat. When Pangloss was refreshed a little, "Well," said Candide, "what has become of Cunegonde?"

"She is dead," replied the other.

Candide fainted away at this word; but his friend recovered his senses, with a little bad vinegar which he found by chance in the stable.

Candide opening his eyes, cried out, "Cunegonde is dead! Ah, best of worlds, where art thou now? But of what distemper did she die? Was not the cause, her seeing me driven out of the castle by my Lord, her father, with such hard kicks on the breech?"

"No," said Pangloss, "she was gutted by some Bulgarian soldiers, after having been barbarously ravished. They knocked my Lord the Baron on the head, for attempting to protect her; my Lady the Baroness was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was treated like his sister; and as for the castle, there is not one stone left upon another, nor a barn, nor a sheep, nor a duck, nor a tree. But we have been sufficiently revenged; for the Abarians have done the very same thing to a neighboring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian Lord."

At this discourse, Candide fainted away a second time; but coming to himself, and having said all that he ought to say, he enquired into the cause and the effect, and into the sufficient reason that had reduced Pangloss to so deplorable a condition. "Alas," said the other, "it was love; love, the comforter of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensible beings, tender love." "Alas!" said Candide, "I know this love, the sovereign of hearts, the soul of our soul; yet it never cost me more than a kiss, and twenty kicks. But how

could this charming cause produce in you so abominable an effect?"

Pangloss made answer as follows: "Oh my dear Candide, you knew Paquetta, the pretty attendant on our noble Baroness; I tasted in her arms the delights of Paradise, which produced those torments of hell with which you see me devoured. She was infected, and perhaps she is dead. Paquetta received this present from a very learned monk, who had it from an old countess, who received it from a captain of horse, who was indebted for it to a marchioness, who got it from a Spaniard. For my part, I shall give it to nobody, for I am dying."

"Oh Pangloss!" cried Candide, "what a strange genealogy! Was not the devil at the head of it?" "Not at all," replied the great man; "it was a thing indispensable; a necessary ingredient in the best of worlds; for if the Spaniard had not caught, in an island of America, this distemper, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It may also be observed, that to this day upon our continent, this malady is as peculiar to us, as is religious controversy. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Japanese, know nothing of it yet. But there is sufficient reason why they, in their turn, should become acquainted with it, a few centuries hence. In the meantime, it has made marvellous progress among us, and especially in those great armies composed of honest hirelings, well disciplined, who decide the fate of states; for we may rest assured, that when thirty thousand men in a pitched battle fight against troops equal to them in number, there are about twenty thousand of them on each side who have the pox."

"That is admirable," said Candide; "but you must be cured." "Ah! how can I?" said Pangloss; "I have not a penny, my friend; and throughout the whole extent of this globe, we cannot get anyone to bleed us, or give us a glister, without paying for it, or getting some other person to pay for us."

This last speech determined Candide. He went and threw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist James, and gave him so touching a description of the state his friend was reduced to, that the good man did not hesitate to entertain Dr. Pangloss, and he had him cured at his own expense. During the cure, Pangloss

lost only an eye and an ear. As he wrote well, and understood arithmetic perfectly, the Anabaptist made him his bookkeeper. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon on account of his business, he took the two philosophers along with him, in his ship. Pangloss explained to him how everything was such as it could not be better; but James was not of this opinion. "Mankind," said he, "must have somewhat corrupted their nature; for they were not born wolves, and yet they have become wolves; God has given them neither cannon of twenty-four pounds, nor bayonets; and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another, I might throw into the account bankrupts; and the law which seizes on the effects of bankrupts only to bilk the creditors." "All this was indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and private misfortunes constitute the general good; so that the more private misfortunes there are, the whole is the better." While he was thus reasoning, the air grew dark, the winds blew from the four quarters of the world, and the ship was attacked by a dreadful storm, within sight of the harbor of Lisbon.

TEMPEST, SHIPWRECK, EARTHQUAKE AND WHAT BECAME OF DR. PANGLOSS, CANDIDE AND JAMES THE ANABAPTIST

One half of the passengers being weakened, and ready to breathe their last, with the inconceivable anguish which the rolling of the ship conveyed through the nerves and all the humors of the body, which were quite disordered, were not capable of being alarmed at the danger they were in. The other half uttered cries and made prayers; the sails were rent, the masts broken, and the ship became leaky. Everyone worked that was able, nobody cared for anything, and no order was kept. The Anabaptist contributed his assistance to work the ship. As he was upon deck, a furious sailor rudely struck him, and laid him sprawling on the planks; but with the blow he gave him, he himself was so violently jolted, that he tumbled overboard with his head foremost, and remained suspended by a piece of a broken mast. Honest James ran to his assistance, and helped him on deck again; but in the attempt, he fell into the sea, in the sight of the sailor, who suffered him to perish, without deigning

to look upon him. Candide drew near and saw his benefactor, one moment emerging, and the next swallowed up for ever. He was just going to throw himself into the sea after him, when the philosopher Pangloss hindered him, by demonstrating to him, that the road to Lisbon had been made on purpose for this Anabaptist to be drowned in. While he was proving this, *a priori,* the vessel foundered, and all perished except Pangloss, Candide, and the brutal sailor, who drowned the virtuous Anabaptist. The villain luckily swam ashore, whither Pangloss and Candide were carried on a plank.

When they had recovered themselves a little, they walked towards Lisbon. They had some money left, with which they hoped to save themselves from hunger, after having escaped from the storm.

Scarce had they set foot in the city, bewailing the death of their benefactor, when they perceived the earth to tremble under their feet, and saw the sea swell in the harbor, and dash to pieces the ships that were at anchor. The whirling flames and ashes covered the streets and public places, the houses tottered, and their roofs fell to the foundations, and the foundations were scattered; thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and sexes were crushed to death in the ruins. The sailor, whistling and swearing, said "There is some booty to be got here." "What can be the sufficient reason of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss. "This is certainly the last day of the world," cried Candide. The sailor ran quickly into the midst of the ruins, encountered death to find money, found it, laid hold of it, got drunk, and having slept himself sober, purchased the favors of the first willing girl he met with, among the ruins of the demolished houses, and in the midst of the dying and the dead. While he was thus engaged, Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve; "My friend," said he, "this is not right; you trespass against universal reason, you choose your time badly." "Brains and blood!" answered the other; "I am a sailor, and was born at Batavia; you have mistaken your man, this time, with your universal reason."

Some pieces of stone having wounded Candide, he lay sprawling in the street, and covered with rubbish. "Alas!" said he to Pangloss, "get me a little wine and oil; I am dying." "This trembling of the earth is no new thing," answered Pangloss. "The City of Lima, in Amer-

ica, experienced the same concussions last year; the same cause has the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulphur under the earth, from Lima to Lisbon." "Nothing is more probable," said Candide; "but, for God's sake, a little oil and wine." "How probable?" replied the philosopher; "I maintain that the thing is demonstrable." Candide lost all sense, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a neighboring fountain.

The day following, having found some provisions, in rummaging through the rubbish, they recruited their strength a little. Afterwards, they employed themselves like others, in administering relief to the inhabitants that had escaped from death. Some citizens that had been relieved by them, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected amidst such a disaster. It is true that the repast was mournful, and the guests watered their bread with their tears. But Pangloss consoled them by the assurance that things could not be otherwise; "For," said he, "all this must necessarily be for the best. For if this volcano is at Lisbon, it could not be elsewhere; for it is impossible that things should not be where they are, for all is good."

A little man clad in black, who belonged to the inquisition, and sat at his side, took him up very politely, and said: "It seems, sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if all is for the best, then there has been neither fall nor punishment."

"I most humbly ask your excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss, still more politely; "for the fall of man and the curse necessarily entered into the best of worlds possible." "Then, sir, you do not believe there is liberty," said the inquisitor. "Your Excellency will excuse me," said Pangloss; "liberty can consist with absolute necessity; for it was necessary we should be free; because, in short, the determinate will—"

Pangloss was in the middle of his proposition, when the inquisitor made a signal with his head to the tall armed footman in a cloak, who waited upon him, to bring him a glass of port wine.

HOW A FINE INQUISITION WAS CELEBRATED TO PREVENT EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW CANDIDE WAS WHIPPED

After the earthquake, which had destroyed three-fourths of Lisbon, the sages of the country could not find any means more effectual to prevent a total destruction, than to give the people a splendid inquisition. It had been decided by the university of Coimbra, that the spectacle of some persons burnt to death by a slow fire, with great ceremony, was an infallible antidote for earthquakes.

In consequence of this resolution, they had seized a Biscayan, convicted of having married his godmother, and two Portuguese, who, in eating a pullet, had stripped off the lard. After dinner, they came and secured Dr. Pangloss, and his disciple Candide; the one for having spoke too freely, and the other for having heard with an air of approbation. They were both conducted to separate apartments, extremely damp, and never incommoded with the sun. Eight days after, they were both clothed with a gown and had their heads adorned with paper crowns. Candide's crown and gown were painted with inverted flames, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Pangloss' devils had claws and tails, and the flames were pointed upwards. Being thus dressed, they marched in procession, and heard a very pathetic speech followed by fine music on a squeaking organ. Candide was whipped on the back in cadence, while they were singing; the Biscayan, and the two men who would not eat lard, were burnt; and Pangloss, though it was contrary to custom, was hanged. The same day, the earth shook anew, with a most dreadful noise.

Candide, affrighted, interdicted, astonished, all bloody, all panting, said to himself: "If this is the best of possible worlds, what then are the rest? Supposing I had not been whipped now, I have been so, among the Bulgarians; but, Oh, my dear Pangloss; thou greatest of philosophers, that it should be my fate to see thee hanged without knowing for what! Oh! my dear Anabaptist! thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the harbor! Oh! Miss Cunegonde! the jewel of ladies, that it

should be thy fate to have been outraged and slain!"

He returned, with difficulty, supporting himself, after being lectured, whipped, absolved, and blessed, when an old woman accosted him, and said: "Child, take courage, and follow me."

HOW AN OLD WOMAN TOOK CARE OF CANDIDE, AND HOW HE FOUND THE OBJECT HE LOVED

Candide did not take courage, but he followed the old woman to a ruinated house. She gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint himself, left him something to eat and drink, and showed him a very neat little bed, near which was a complete suit of clothes. "Eat, drink, and sleep," said she to him, "and may God take care of you. I will be back tomorrow." Candide, astonished at all he had seen, at all he had suffered, and still more at the charity of the old woman, offered to kiss her hand. "You must not kiss my hand," said the old woman, "I will be back tomorrow. Rub yourself with the pomatum, eat and take rest."

Candide, notwithstanding so many misfortunes, ate, and went to sleep. Next morning, the old woman brought him his breakfast, looked at his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment; she afterwards brought him his dinner; and she returned at night and brought him his supper. The day following she performed the same ceremonies. "Who are you," would Candide always say to her; "Who has inspired you with so much goodness? What thanks can I render you?" The good woman made no answer; she returned in the evening, but brought him no supper. "Come along with me," said she, "and say not a word." She took him by the arm, and walked with him into the country about a quarter of a mile; they arrived at a house that stood by itself, surrounded with gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door, which being opened, she conducted Candide by a private stair-case into a gilded closet, and leaving him on a brocade couch, shut the door and went her way. Candide thought he was in a revery, and looked upon all his life as an unlucky dream, but at the present moment, a very agreeable vision.

The old woman returned very soon, supporting with difficulty a woman trembling, of a majestic port, glittering with jewels, and covered with a veil. "Take off that veil," said the old woman to Candide. The young man approached and took off the veil with a trembling hand. What joy! what surprise! he thought he saw Miss Cunegonde; he saw her indeed! it was she herself. His strength failed him, he could not utter a word, but fell down at her feet. Cunegonde fell upon the carpet. The old woman applied aromatic waters; they recovered their senses, and spoke to one another. At first, their words were broken, their questions and answers crossed each other, amidst sighs, tears and cries. The old woman recommended them to make less noise, and then left them to themselves. "How! is it you?" said Candide; "are you still alive? do I find you again in Portugal? You were not ravished then, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?" "Yes, all this was so," said the lovely Cunegonde; "but death does not always follow from these two accidents." "But your father and mother! were they not killed?" "It is but too true," answered Cunegonde, weeping. "And your brother?" "My brother was killed too." "And why are you in Portugal? and how did you know that I was here? and by what strange adventure did you contrive to bring me to this house?" "I will tell you all that, presently," replied the lady; "but first you must inform me of all that has happened to you, since the harmless kiss you gave me, and the rude kicking which you received for it."

Candide obeyed her with the most profound respect; and though he was forbidden to speak, though his voice was weak and faltering, and though his back still pained him, yet he related to her, in the most artless manner, everything that had befallen him since the moment of their separation.

[*Voltaire relates here how Candide lost Cunegonde a second time; how he had to flee to America, where, with his valet Cacambo, he visited the country of Eldorado; how he carried away from this country many sparkling gems which brought him some good luck; how he attached to his retinue the philosopher Martin, as pessimistic a man as Pangloss was optimistic; and how, accompanied by Martin, Candide visited Europe, searching everywhere for his Cunegonde.*]

THE VISIT TO SEIGNIOR POCOCURANTE, THE NOBLE VENETIAN

Candide and Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococurante. His gardens were very spacious and ornamented with fine statues of marble, and the palace itself was a piece of excellent architecture. The master of the house, a very rich man, of about threescore, received our two inquisitives very politely, but with very little heartiness; which, though it confused Candide, did not give the least uneasiness to Martin.

At first, two young girls, handsome, and very neatly dressed, served them with chocolate, which was frothed extremely well. Candide could not help dropping them a compliment on their beauty, their politeness, and their address. "The creatures are well enough," said the senator Pococurante: "I sometimes make them sleep with me; for I am quite disgusted with the ladies of the town; their coquetry, their jealousies, quarrels, humors, monkey-tricks, pride, follies, and the sonnets one is obliged to make, or hire others to make for them; but, after all, these two girls begin to grow tiresome to me."

After breakfast, Candide, taking a walk in a long gallery, was charmed with the beauty of the pictures. He asked by what master were the two first. "They are by Raphael," said the senator; "I bought them at a very high price, merely out of vanity, some years ago. They are said to be the finest paintings in Italy: but they do not please me at all; the colors are dead, the figures not finished, and do not appear with *relief* enough; the drapery is very bad. In short, let people say what they will, I do not find there a true imitation of nature. I do not like a piece, unless it makes me think I see nature itself; but there are no such pieces to be met with. I have, indeed, a great many pictures, but I do not value them at all."

While they were waiting for dinner, Pococurante entertained them with a concert; Candide was quite charmed with the music. "This *noise*," said Pococurante, "might divert one for half an hour, or so; but if it were to last

any longer, it would grow tiresome to everybody, though no soul durst own it. Music is, now-a-days, nothing else but the art of executing difficulties; and what has nothing but difficulty to recommend it, does not please in the long run.

"I might, perhaps, take more pleasure in the opera, if they had not found out the secret of making such a monster of it as shocks me. Let those go that will to see wretched tragedies set to music, where the scenes are composed for no other end than to lug in by the head and ears two or three ridiculous songs, in order to show off the throat of an actress to advantage. Let who will, or can, swoon away with pleasure, at hearing a eunuch trill out the part of Cæsar and Cato, while strutting upon the stage with a ridiculous and affected air. For my part, I have long ago bid adieu to those paltry entertainments, which constitute the glory of Italy, and are purchased so extravagantly dear." Candide disputed the point a little, but with great discretion. Martin was entirely of the same sentiments with the senator. They sat down to table, and after an excellent dinner, went into the library. Candide, casting his eyes upon a Homer very handsomely bound, praised his High Mightiness for the goodness of his taste. "There," said he, "is a book that was the delight of the good Pangloss, the greatest philosopher in Germany." "It doesn't delight me," said Pococurante, with utter indifference; "I was made to believe formerly, that I took a pleasure in reading Homer. But his continued repetition of battles that resemble each other; his gods, who are always very busy without bringing anything to a decision; his Helen, who is the subject of the war, and has scarce anything to do in the whole piece; I say all these defects give me the greatest disgust. I have asked some learned men, if they perused him with as little pleasure as I did. Those who were candid confessed to me, that they could not bear to touch the book, but that they were obliged to give it a place in their libraries, as a monument of antiquity, as they do old rusty medals, which are of no use in commerce."

"Your Excellence does not entertain the same opinion of Virgil?" said Candide. "I confess," replied Pococurante, "that the second, the fourth, and the sixth book of his Æneid are excellent; but as for his pious Æneas, his brave Cloanthus, his friend Achates, the little Ascanius,

the infirm King Latinus, the burgess Amata, and the insipid Lavinia, I do not think anything can be more frigid or more disagreeable. I prefer Tasso, and Ariosto's soporiferous tales far before him."

"Shall I presume to ask you, sir," said Candide, "whether you do not enjoy a great deal of pleasure in perusing Horace?" "He has some maxims," said Pococurante, "which may be of a little service to a man who knows the world, and being delivered in expressive numbers, are imprinted more easily on the memory. But I set little value on his voyage to Brundisium, his description of his bad dinner, and the Billingsgate squabble between one Pupillus, whose speech, he said, was full of filthy stuff, and another whose words were as sharp as vinegar. I never could read without great disgust, his indelicate lines against old women and witches; and I cannot see any merit in his telling his friend Mæcenas, that if he should be ranked by him amongst the lyric poets, he would strike the stars with his sublime brow. Some fools admire everything in an author of reputation; for my part, I read only for myself; I approve nothing but what suits my own taste." Candide, having been taught to judge of nothing for himself, was very much surprised at what he heard; but Martin looked upon the sentiment of Pococurante as very rational.

"Oh, there's Cicero," said Candide; "this great man, I fancy, you are never tired of reading." "I never read him at all," replied the Venetian. "What is it to me, whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I have trials enough of my own. I might, indeed, have been a greater friend to his philosophical works, but when I found he doubted of everything, I concluded I knew as much as he did, and that I had no need of a tutor to learn ignorance."

"Well! here are four and twenty volumes of the Academy of Sciences," cried Martin; "it is possible there may be something valuable in them." "There might be," said Pococurante, "if a single one of the authors of this hodgepodge had been even the inventor of the art of making pins; but there is nothing in all those volumes but chimerical systems, and scarce a single article of real use."

"What a prodigious number of theatrical pieces you have got here," said Candide, "in Italian, Spanish, and French!" "Yes," said the senator, "there are about three thousand, and not three dozen good ones among them

all. As for that collection of sermons, which all together are not worth one page of Seneca, and all those huge volumes of divinity, you may be sure they are never opened either by me or anybody else."

Martin perceiving some of the shelves filled with English books; "I fancy," said he, "a republican, as you are, must certainly be pleased with compositions that are writ with so great a degree of freedom." "Yes," said Pococurante, "it is commendable to write what one thinks; it is the privilege of man. But all over our Italy they write nothing but what they don't think. Those who now inhabit the country of the Cæsars and Antonines, dare not have a single idea, without taking out a license from a Jacobin. I should be very well satisfied with the freedom that breathes in the English writers, if passion and the spirit of party did not corrupt all that was valuable in it."

Candide discovering a Milton, asked him if he did not look upon that author as a great genius. "What!" said Pococurante, "that blockhead, that has made a long commentary in ten books of rough verse, on the first chapter of Genesis? that gross imitator of the Greeks, who has disfigured the creation, and who, when Moses has represented the Eternal producing the world by a word, makes the Messiah take a large pair of compasses from the armory of God, to mark out his work? How can I have any esteem for one who has spoiled the hell and devils of Tasso; who turns Lucifer sometimes into a toad, and sometimes into a pigmy; makes him deliver the same speech a hundred times over; represents him disputing on divinity; and who, by a serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of firearms, represents the devils letting off their cannon in heaven? Neither myself, nor anyone else in Italy, can be pleased at these outrages against common sense; but the marriage of Sin and Death, and the adders of which Sin was brought to bed, are enough to make every person of the least delicacy or taste vomit. This obscure, fantastical, and disgusting poem was despised at its first publication; and I only treat the author now in the same manner as he was treated in his own country by his contemporaries. By the by, I speak what I think; and I give myself no uneasiness whether other people think as I do, or not."

Candide was vexed at this discourse; for he respected Homer, and was fond of Milton. "Ah!" said he, whis-

pering to Martin, "I am very much afraid that this strange man has a sovereign contempt for our German poets." "There would be no great harm in that," said Martin. "Oh, what an extraordinary man!" said Candide, muttering to himself. "What a great genius is this Pococurante! nothing can please him."

After having thus reviewed all the books, they went down into the garden. Candide expatiated upon its beauties. "I never knew anything laid out in such bad taste," said the master; "we have nothing but trifles here; but a day or two hence, I shall have one laid out upon a more noble plan."

When our two inquisitives had taken their leave of his Excellency, "Now, surely," said Candide to Martin, "you will confess that he is one of the happiest men upon earth, for he is above everything that he has." "Do not you see," said Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything that he has? Plato has said a long time ago, that the best stomachs are not those which cast up all sorts of victuals." "But," said Candide, "is not there pleasure in criticizing everything? in perceiving defects where other people fancy they see beauties?" "That is to say," replied Martin, "that there is pleasure in having no pleasure." "Ah, well," said Candide, "no person will be so happy as myself, when I see Miss Cunegonde again." "It is always best to hope," said Martin.

In the mean time, days and weeks passed away, but no Cacambo was to be found. And Candide was so immersed in grief, that he did not recollect that Paquetta and Giroflee never so much as once came to return him thanks.

OF CANDIDE AND MARTIN SUPPING WITH SIX STRANGERS, AND WHO THEY WERE

One night as Candide, followed by Martin, was going to seat himself at table with some strangers who lodged in the same hotel, a man with a face black as soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Get ready to start with us immediately; don't fail!" He turned his head and saw Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Cunegonde could have surprised or pleased him more. He was ready to run mad for joy. Embracing his dear friend,

"Cunegonde is here," said he, "without doubt; where is she? Carry me to her, that I may die with joy in her company!" "Cunegonde is not here," said Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople." "Oh, Heavens! at Constantinople? But, if she was in China, I would fly thither; let us begone." "We will go after supper," replied Cacambo; "I can tell you no more; I am a slave; my master expects me, and I must go and wait at table; say not a word; go to supper and hold yourself in readiness."

Candide, distracted between joy and grief, charmed at having seen his trusty agent, astonished at beholding him a slave, full of the idea of finding his mistress again, his heart palpitating, and his understanding confused, set himself down at the table with Martin (who looked on all these adventures without the least emotion), and with six strangers that were come to spend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo, who poured out wine for one of the six strangers, drew near to his master, towards the end of the repast, and whispered in his ear, "Sire, your Majesty may set out when you think proper, the ship is ready." On saying these words, he went out. The guests looked at each other in surprise, without speaking a word; when another servant approaching his master, said to him, "Sire, your Majesty's chaise is at Padua, and the yacht is ready." The master gave a nod, and the domestic retired. All the guests stared at one another again, and their mutual surprise was increased. A third servant approaching the third stranger, said to him, "Sire, believe me, your Majesty must not stay here any longer; I am going to get everything ready"; and immediately he disappeared.

Candide and Martin had by this time concluded that this was a masquerade of the carnival. A fourth domestic said to the fourth master: "Your Majesty may depart whenever you please"; and went out as the others had done. The fifth servant said the same to the fifth master; but the sixth servant spoke in a different manner to the sixth stranger, who sat near Candide; " 'Faith, Sire," said he, "no one will trust your Majesty any longer, nor myself either: and we may both be sent to jail this very night; I shall, however, take care of myself. Adieu."

All the domestics having disappeared, the six strangers, with Candide and Martin, remained in a profound silence.

At last Candide broke the silence; "Gentlemen," said he, "this is something very droll; but why should you be all Kings? For my part, I own to you, that I am not, neither is Martin."

Cacambo's master answered very gravely in Italian, "I assure you that I am not in jest; I am Achmet III. I was Grand Sultan for several years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me; my viziers were beheaded; I pass my life in the old seraglio. But my nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahmoud, permits me to take a voyage sometimes for the benefit of my health, and I have come to pass the carnival at Venice."

A young man who sat near Achmet, spoke next; "My name is *Ivan*; I was Emperor of all the Russians; I was dethroned in my cradle; my father and mother were imprisoned; I was brought up in prison. I have sometimes permission to travel, accompanied by two persons as guards; I am also come to pass the carnival at Venice."

The third said, "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father ceded his rights to the throne to me. I have sought to defend them; eight hundred of my adherents had their hearts torn out alive, and their heads struck off. I myself have been in prison; I am going to Rome, to pay a visit to my father, who has been dethroned, as well as myself and my grandfather, and am come to Venice to celebrate the carnival."

The fourth then said, "I was King of Poland; the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary dominions; my father experienced the same reverse; I resign myself to providence, like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to pass the carnival at Venice."

The fifth said, "I was King of Poland; I lost my kingdom twice; but providence has given me another government, in which I have done more good than all the kings of the Sarmatians put together, have been able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I resign myself to providence, and am come to pass the carnival at Venice."

It was now the sixth monarch's turn to speak. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am not so great a prince as any of you; but for all that, I have been a King, as well as the best of you. I am Theodore; I was elected King of Corsica; I was once called *Your Majesty*, but at present am scarce allowed the title of *Sir*. I have caused money

to be coined, but am not master at present of a farthing. I have had two secretaries of state, but now have scarce a single servant. I have been myself on a throne, and have for some time lain upon straw in a common jail in London. I am afraid I shall meet with the same treatment here, although I came hither, like your Majesties, to pass the carnival at Venice."

The five other kings heard this speech with a noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy him some clothes and shirts, and Candide made him a present of a diamond worth two thousand sequins. "Who," said the five kings, "can this person be, who is able to give, and really has given an hundred times as much as any of us?" "Sir, are you also a king?" "No, gentlemen," said Candide, "nor have I any desire to be one."

At the instant they rose from the table, there arrived at the same inn four Serene Highnesses, who had also lost their dominions by the fortune of war, and were come to pass the carnival at Venice. But Candide took no notice of these new comers, his thoughts being wholly taken up with going to Constantinople in search of his dear Cunegonde.

CANDIDE'S VOYAGE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

The faithful Cacambo had already prevailed on the Turkish captain who was going to carry Sultan Achmet back again to Constantinople, to receive Candide and Martin on board. They both of them embarked, after they had prostrated themselves before his miserable Highness. As Candide was on his way, he said to Martin, "There were six dethroned kings that we supped with; and what is still more, among these six kings, there was one that I gave alms to. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes more unfortunate still. For my own part, I have lost only one hundred sheep, and am flying to the arms of Cunegonde. My dear Martin, I must still say, Pangloss was in the right; all things are for the best." "I wish they were," said Martin. "But," said Candide, "the adventure we met with at Venice is something romantic. Such a thing was never before either seen

or heard of, that six dethroned kings should sup together at a common inn." "This is not more extraordinary," replied Martin, "than most of the things that have happened to us. It is a common thing for kings to be dethroned; and with respect to the honor that we had of supping with them, it is a trifle that does not merit our attention."

Scarce had Candide got on board, when he fell on the neck of his old servant and friend Cacambo. "Well," said he, "what news of Cunegonde? is she still a miracle of beauty? does she love me still? how does she do? No doubt but you have bought a palace for her at Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Cunegonde washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, for a prince who has very few to wash; she is a slave in the house of an ancient sovereign named *Ragotsky,* to whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day to support him in his asylum; but, what is worse than all, she has lost her beauty, and is become shockingly ugly." "Well, handsome or ugly," replied Candide, "I am a man of honor, and it is my duty to love her still. But how came she to be reduced to so abject a condition, with the five or six millions that you carried her?" "Well," said Cacambo, "was I not to give two millions to Signor Don Fernandes d'Obaraa, y Figuero, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, and the governor of Buenos-Ayres, for permission to take Miss Cunegonde back again? and did not a pirate rob us of all the rest? Did not this pirate carry us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegonde and the old woman are servants to the prince I told you of, and I am a slave of the dethroned sultan." "What a chain of shocking calamities!" said Candide. "But, after all, I have some diamonds, I shall easily purchase Cunegonde's liberty. It is a pity that she is grown so ugly."

Then, turning himself to Martin, "Who do you think," says he, "is most to be pitied; the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or myself?" "I cannot tell," said Martin, "I must look into your hearts to be able to tell." "Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here, he would know and tell us." "I know not," replied Martin, "in what sort of scales your Pangloss would weigh the

misfortunes of mankind, and how he would appraise their sorrows. All that I can venture to say is, that there are millions of men upon earth a hundred times more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Achmet."

"That may be so," said Candide.

In a few days they reached the Black Sea. Candide began with ransoming Cacambo at an extravagant price; and, without loss of time, he got into a galley with his companions, to go to the banks of the Propontis, in search of Cunegonde, however ugly she might have become.

Among the crew, there were two slaves that rowed very badly, to whose bare shoulders the Levant trader would now and then apply severe strokes with a bull's pizzle. Candide, by a natural sympathy, looked at them more attentively than at the rest of the galley-slaves, and went up to them with a heart full of pity. The features of two of their faces, though very much disfigured, seemed to bear some resemblance to those of Pangloss, and the unfortunate Baron, the brother of Miss Cunegonde. This fancy made him feel very sad. He looked at them again more attentively. "Really," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen the good Pangloss hanged, and had not had the misfortune to kill the Baron myself, I should think it was they who are rowing in this galley."

At the names of the Baron and Pangloss, the two galley-slaves gave a loud shriek, became as if petrified in their seats, and let their oars drop. The master of the Levanter ran up to them, and redoubled the lashes of the bull's pizzle upon them. "Hold! hold! Signior," cried Candide, "I will give you what money you please." "What! it is Candide!" said one of the galley-slaves; "Oh! it is Candide!" said the other. "Do I dream?" said Candide; "am I awake? am I in this galley? is that Master Baron whom I killed? is that Master Pangloss whom I saw hanged?"

"It is ourselves! It is our very selves!" they exclaimed. "What! is that the great philosopher?" said Martin. "Harkee, Master Levant Captain," said Candide, "what will you take for the ransom of Monsieur Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the first Barons of the empire, together with Master Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician of Germany?" "You Christian dog," said the Levant cap-

tain, "since these two dogs of Christian slaves are a baron and a metaphysician, which, without doubt, are high dignities in their own country, you shall give me fifty thousand sequins." "You shall have the money, sir; carry me back again, like lightning, to Constantinople, and you shall be paid directly. But stop, carry me to Miss Cunegonde first." The Levant captain, on the first offer of Candide, had turned the head of the vessel towards the city, and made the other slaves row faster than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times. "How happened it that I did not kill you, my dear Baron? and, my dear Pangloss, how came you to life again, after being hanged? and how came both of you to be galley-slaves in Turkey?" "Is it true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron. "Yes," replied Cacambo. "Then I see my dear Candide once more," said Pangloss.

Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them; the whole party mutually embraced, and all spoke at the same time. The galley flew like lightning, and they were already in the port. A Jew was sent for, to whom Candide sold a diamond for fifty thousand sequins, which was worth a hundred thousand, the Israelite swearing by Abraham that he could not give any more. He immediately paid the ransom of the Baron and Pangloss. The latter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed them with his tears; as for the other, he thanked him with a nod, and promised to repay him the money the first opportunity. "But is it possible that my sister is in Turkey?" said he. "Nothing is more possible," replied Cacambo; "for she scours dishes in the house of a prince of Transylvania!" Two more Jews were instantly sent for, to whom Candide sold some more diamonds; and he and his party all set out again, in another galley, to go and deliver Cunegonde.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE, CUNEGONDE, PANGLOSS, MARTIN, ETC.

"I ask your pardon once more," said Candide to the Baron. "I ask pardon for having thrust my sword

through your body." "Don't let us say any more about it," said the Baron; "I was a little too hasty, I must confess. But since you desire to know by what fatality I came to be a galley-slave, I will inform you. After I was cured of my wound, by a brother who was an apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spaniards, who confined me in prison at Buenos-Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I demanded leave to return to Europe. I was nominated to go as almoner to Constantinople, with the French ambassador. I had not been eight days engaged in this employment, when one day I met with a young, well-made Icoglan. It was then very hot; the young man went to bathe himself, and I took the opportunity to bathe myself too. I did not know that it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found naked with a young Mussulman. A cadi ordered me to receive a hundred strokes of the bastinado on the soles of my feet, and condemned me to the galleys. I do not think there ever was a greater act of injustice. But I should be glad to know how it comes about, that my sister is dish-washer in the kitchen of a Transylvania prince, who is a refugee among the Turks."

"But you, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how came I ever to set eyes on you again!" "It is true, indeed," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; I ought naturally to have been burnt; but you may remember, that it rained prodigiously when they were going to roast me; the storm was so violent that they despaired of lighting the fire. I was therefore hanged because they could do no better. A surgeon bought my body, carried it home with him, and began to dissect me. He first made a crucial incision. No one could have been more slovenly hanged than I was. The executioner of the inquisition burnt people marvellously well, but he was not used to the art of hanging them. The cord being wet did not slip properly, and the noose was badly tied: in short, I still drew my breath. The crucial incision made me give such a dreadful shriek, that my surgeon fell down backwards, and fancying he was dissecting the devil, he ran away, ready to die with the fright, and fell down a second time on the stair-case, as he was making off. His wife ran out of an adjacent closet, on hearing the noise, saw me extended on the table with my crucial incision, and being more frightened than her husband, fled also,

and tumbled over him. When they were come to themselves a little, I heard the surgeon's wife say to him, My dear, how came you to be so foolish as to venture to dissect a heretic? Don't you know that the devil always takes possession of the bodies of such people? I will go immediately and fetch a priest to exorcise him. I shuddered at this proposal, and mustered up what little strength I had left to cry out, Oh! have pity upon me! At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my skin, and his wife nursed me so well, that I was upon my feet again in about fifteen days. The barber got me a place, to be footman to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but my master not being able to pay me my wages, I engaged in the service of a Venetian merchant, and went along with him to Constantinople.

"One day I took a fancy to go into a mosque. There was nobody there but an old imam, and a very handsome young devotee saying her prayers. Her throat was uncovered; she had in her bosom a beautiful nosegay of tulips, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas; she let her nosegay fall; I took it up, and presented it to her with the most profound reverence. However, I was so long in handing it to her, that the imam fell into a passion, and seeing I was a Christian, called out for help. They carried me before the cadi, who ordered me a hundred bastinadoes, and to be sent to the galleys. I was chained to the same galley and the same bench with the Baron. There were on board this galley, four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The Baron pretended that he had suffered more injustice than I; and I insisted that it was far more innocent to put a nosegay into a young woman's bosom, than to be found stark naked with an Icoglan. We were perpetually disputing, and we received twenty lashes every day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of events in this universe brought you to our galley, and you ransomed us."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "when you were hanged, dissected, severely beaten, and tugging at the oar in the galley, did you always think, that things in this world were all for the best?" "I am still as I always have been, of my first opinion," answered Pan-

gloss; "for as I am a philosopher, it would be inconsistent with my character to contradict myself; especially as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong; and his pre-established harmony is certainly the finest system in the world, as well as his gross and subtle matter."

HOW CANDIDE FOUND CUNEGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN AGAIN

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo, were relating their adventures to each other, and disputing about the contingent and noncontingent events of this world, and while they were arguing upon effects and causes, on moral and physical evil, on liberty and necessity, and on the consolations a person may experience in the galleys in Turkey, they arrived on the banks of the Propontis, at the house of the Prince of Transylvania. The first objects which presented themselves were Cunegonde and the old woman, hanging out some table-linen on the line to dry.

The Baron grew pale at this sight. Even Candide, the affectionate lover, on seeing his fair Cunegonde awfully tanned, with her eye-lids reversed, her neck withered, her cheeks wrinkled, her arms red and rough, was seized with horror, jumped near three yards backwards, but afterwards advanced to her, but with more politeness than passion. She embraced Candide and her brother, who, each of them, embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a little farm in the neighborhood, which the old woman advised Candide to hire, till they could meet with better accommodations for their whole company. As Cunegonde did not know that she had grown ugly, nobody having told her of it, she put Candide in mind of his promise to marry her, in so peremptory a manner, that he durst not refuse her. But when this thing was intimated to the Baron, he said, "I will never suffer such meanness on her part, nor such insolence on yours. With this infamy I will never be reproached. The children of my sister could never be enrolled in the chapters of Germany. No; my sister shall never marry any but a Baron of the empire." Cunegonde threw her-

self at her brother's feet, and bathed them with her tears, but he remained inflexible. "You ungrateful puppy, you," said Candide to him, "I have delivered you from the galleys; I have paid your ransom; I have also paid that of your sister, who was a scullion here, and is very homely; I have the goodness, however, to make her my wife, and you are fool enough to oppose it; I have a good mind to kill you again, you make me so angry." "You may indeed kill me again," said the Baron; "but you shall never marry my sister, while I have breath."

CONCLUSION

Candide had no great desire, at the bottom of his heart, to marry Cunegonde. But the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match, and Cunegonde pressed it so earnestly, that he could not retract. He advised with Pangloss, Martin, and the trusty Cacambo. Pangloss drew up an excellent memoir, in which he proved, that the Baron had no right over his sister, and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, espouse Candide with her left hand. Martin was for throwing the Baron into the sea: Cacambo was of opinion that it would be best to send him back again to the Levant captain, and make him work at the galleys. This advice was thought good; the old woman approved it, and nothing was said to his sister about it. The scheme was put in execution for a little money, and so they had the pleasure of punishing the pride of a German Baron.

It is natural to imagine that Candide, after so many disasters, married to his sweetheart, living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the discreet Cacambo, and the old woman, and especially as he had brought so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, must live the most agreeable life of any man in the whole world. But he had been so cheated by the Jews, that he had nothing left but the small farm; and his wife, growing still more ugly, turned peevish and insupportable. The old woman was very infirm, and worse humored than Cunegonde herself. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and went to Constantinople to sell its

productions, was worn out with labor, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was ready to despair, because he did not shine at the head of some university in Germany. As for Martin, as he was firmly persuaded that all was equally bad throughout, he bore things with patience. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss, disputed sometimes about metaphysics and ethics. They often saw passing under the windows of the farm-house boats full of effendis, bashaws, and cadis, who were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitylene, and Erzerum. They observed that other cadis, other bashaws, and other effendis, succeeded in the posts of those who were exiled, only to be banished themselves in turn. They saw heads nicely impaled, to be presented to the Sublime Porte. These spectacles increased the number of their disputations; and when they were not disputing, their *ennui* was so tiresome that the old woman would often say to them, "I want to know which is the worst;—to be ravished an hundred times by Negro pirates, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged, to be dissected, to row in the galleys; in a word, to have suffered all the miseries we have undergone, or to stay here, without doing anything?" "That is a great question," said Candide.

This discourse gave rise to new reflections, and Martin concluded upon the whole, that mankind were born to live either in the distractions of inquietude, or in the lethargy of disgust. Candide did not agree with that opinion, but remained in a state of suspense. Pangloss confessed, that he had always suffered dreadfully; but having once maintained that all things went wonderfully well, he still kept firm to his hypothesis, though it was quite opposed to his real feelings.

There lived in the neighborhood a very famous dervish, who passed for the greatest philosopher in Turkey. They went to consult him. Pangloss was chosen speaker, and said to him, "Master, we are come to desire you would tell us, why so strange an animal as man was created."

"What's that to you?" said the dervish; "is it any business of thine?" "But, my reverend father," said Candide, "there is a horrible amount of evil in the world." "What signifies," said the dervish, "whether there be good or evil? When his Sublime Highness sends a vessel to Egypt, does it trouble him, whether the mice on board are at

their ease or not?" "What would you have one do then?" said Pangloss. "Hold your tongue," said the dervish. "I promised myself the pleasure," said Pangloss, "of reasoning with you upon effects and causes, the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established harmony."—The dervish, at these words, shut the door in their faces.

During this conference, news was brought that two viziers and a mufti were strangled at Constantinople, and a great many of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for several hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, on their way back to the little farm, met a good-looking old man, taking the air at his door, under an arbor of orange trees. Pangloss, who had as much curiosity as philosophy, asked him the name of the mufti who was lately strangled. "I know nothing at all about it," said the good man; "and what's more, I never knew the name of a single mufti, or a single vizier, in my life. I am an entire stranger to the story you mention; and presume that, generally speaking, they who trouble their heads with state affairs, sometimes die shocking deaths, not without deserving it. But I never trouble my head about what is doing at Constantinople; I content myself with sending my fruits thither, the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands!" Having said these words, he introduced the strangers into his house. His two daughters and two sons served them with several kinds of sherbet, which they made themselves, besides caymac, enriched with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, bananas, pistachio nuts, and Mocha coffee, unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia and the isles. After which, the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must certainly," said Candide to the Turk, "have a very large and very opulent estate!" "I have only twenty acres," said the Turk; "which I, with my children, cultivate. Labor keeps us free from three of the greatest evils: tiresomeness, vice, and want."

As Candide returned to his farm, he made deep reflections on the discourse of the Turk. Said he to Pangloss and Martin, "The condition of this good old man seems to me preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor to sup." "The grandeurs of

royalty," said Pangloss, "are very precarious, in the opinion of all philosophers. For, in short, Eglon, king of the Moabites, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hung by the hair of his head, and pierced through with three darts; King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiadah; the kings Joachim, Jechonias, and Zedekias, were carried into captivity. You know the fates of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jurgurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I of England, the three Henrys of France, and the Emperor Henry IV. You know—" "I know very well," said Candide, "that we ought to look after our garden." "You are in the right," said Pangloss, "for when man was placed in the garden of Eden, he was placed there, *ut operatur eum*, to cultivate it; which proves that mankind are not created to be idle." "Let us work," said Martin, "without disputing; it is the only way to render life supportable."

All their little society entered into this laudable design, according to their different abilities. Their little piece of ground produced a plentiful crop. Cunegonde was indeed very homely, but she became an excellent pastry cook. Paquetta worked at embroidery, and the old woman took care of the linen. There was no idle person in the company, not excepting even Giroflee; he made a very good carpenter, and became a very honest man.

As to Pangloss, he evidently had a lurking consciousness that his theory required unceasing exertions, and all his ingenuity, to sustain it. Yet he stuck to it to the last; his thinking and talking faculties could hardly be diverted from it for a moment. He seized every occasion to say to Candide, "All the events in this best of possible worlds are admirably connected. If a single link in the great chain were omitted, the harmony of the entire universe would be destroyed. If you had not been expelled from that beautiful castle, with those cruel kicks, for your love to Miss Cunegonde; if you had not been imprisoned by the inquisition; if you had not travelled over a great portion of America on foot; if you had not plunged your sword through the Baron; if you had not lost all the sheep you brought from that fine country, Eldorado, together with the riches with

which they were laden, you would not be here today, eating preserved citrons, and pistachio nuts."

"That's very well said, and may all be true," said Candide; "but let's cultivate our garden."

THE WORLD AS IT IS:

*Babouc's Vision**

Among the genii who preside over the empires of the earth, Ithuriel held one of the first ranks, and had the department of Upper Asia. He one morning descended into the abode of Babouc, the Scythian, who dwelt on the banks of the Oxus, and said to him:

"Babouc, the follies and vices of the Persians have drawn upon them our indignation. Yesterday an assembly of the genii of Upper Asia was held, to consider whether we would chastise Persepolis or destroy it entirely. Go to that city; examine everything; return and give me a faithful account; and, according to thy report, I will then determine whether to correct or extirpate the inhabitants."

"But, my lord," said Babouc with great humility, "I have never been in Persia, nor do I know a single person in that country."

"So much the better," said the angel, "thou wilt be the more impartial: thou hast received from heaven the spirit of discernment, to which I now add the power of inspiring confidence. Go, see, hear, observe, and fear nothing. Thou shalt everywhere meet with a favorable reception."

Babouc mounted his camel, and set out with his servants. After having traveled some days, he met, near the plains of Senaar, the Persian army, which was going to attack the forces of India. He first addressed himself to a

* *Editor's Note: Babouc's Vision* is, so to speak, a first sketch of *Candide*, valuable for us for its very conciseness, and because we find in it, in compact form, all of Voltaire's philosophy. "If all is not well, all is passable." We must take the world "as it is."

soldier, whom he found at a distance from the main army, and asked him what was the occasion of the war.

"By all the gods," said the soldier, "I know nothing of the matter. It is none of my business. My trade is to kill and to be killed, to get a livelihood. It is of no consequence to me whom I serve. Tomorrow, perhaps, I may go over to the Indian camp; for it is said that they give their soldiers nearly half a copper drachma a day more than we have in this cursed service of Persia. If thou desirest to know why we fight, speak to my captain."

Babouc, having given the soldier a small present, entered the camp. He soon became acquainted with the captain, and asked him the cause of the war.

"How canst thou imagine that I should know it?" said the captain, "or of what importance is it to me? I live about two hundred leagues from Persepolis: I hear that war is declared: I instantly leave my family, and, having nothing else to do, go, according to our custom, to make my fortune, or to fall by a glorious death."

"But are not thy companions," said Babouc, "a little better informed than thee?"

"No," said the officer, "there are none but our principal satraps that know the true cause of our cutting one another's throats."

Babouc, struck with astonishment, introduced himself to the generals, and soon became familiarly acquainted with them. At last one of them said:

"The cause of this war, which for twenty years past hath desolated Asia, sprang originally from a quarrel between a eunuch belonging to one of the concubines of the great king of Persia, and the clerk of a factory belonging to the great king of India. The dispute was about a claim which amounted nearly to the thirtieth part of a daric. Our first minister, and the representative of India, maintained the rights of their respective masters with becoming dignity. The dispute grew warm. Both parties sent into the field an army of a million of soldiers. This army must be recruited every year with upwards of four hundred thousand men. Massacres, burning of houses, ruin and devastation, are daily multiplied; the universe suffers; and their mutual animosity still continues. The first ministers of the two nations frequently protest that they have nothing in view but the happiness of mankind; and every

protestation is attended with the destruction of a town, or the desolation of a province."

Next day, on a report being spread that peace was going to be concluded, the Persian and Indian generals made haste to come to an engagement. The battle was long and bloody. Babouc beheld every crime, and every abomination. He was witness to the arts and stratagems of the principal satraps, who did all that lay in their power to expose their general to the disgrace of a defeat. He saw officers killed by their own troops, and soldiers stabbing their already expiring comrades in order to strip them of a few bloody garments torn and covered with dirt. He entered the hospitals to which they were conveying the wounded, most of whom died through the inhuman negligence of those who were well paid by the king of Persia to assist these unhappy men.

"Are these men," cried Babouc, "or are they wild beasts? Ah! I plainly see that Persepolis will be destroyed."

Full of this thought, he went over to the camp of the Indians, where, according to the prediction of the genii, he was as well received as in that of the Persians; but he saw there the same crimes which had already filled him with horror.

"Oh!" said he to himself, "if the angel Ithuriel should exterminate the Persians, the angel of India must certainly destroy the Indians."

But being afterward more particularly informed of all that passed in both armies, he heard of such acts of generosity, humanity, and greatness of soul, as at once surprised and charmed him:

"Unaccountable mortals! as ye are," cried he, "how can you thus unite so much baseness and so much grandeur, so many virtues and so many vices?"

Meanwhile the peace was proclaimed; and the generals of the two armies, neither of whom had gained a complete victory, but who, for their own private interest, had shed the blood of so many of their fellow-creatures, went to solicit their courts for rewards. The peace was celebrated in public writings which announced the return of virtue and happiness to the earth.

"God be praised," said Babouc, "Persepolis will now be the abode of spotless innocence, and will not be de-

stroyed, as the cruel genii intended. Let us haste without delay to this capital of Asia."

He entered that immense city by the ancient gate, which was entirely barbarous, and offended the eye by its disagreeable rusticity. All that part of the town savored of the time when it was built; for, notwithstanding the obstinacy of men in praising ancient at the expense of modern times, it must be owned that the first essays in every art are rude and unfinished.

Babouc mingled in a crowd of people composed of the most ignorant, dirty and deformed of both sexes, who were thronging with a stupid air into a large and gloomy inclosure. By the constant hum; by the gestures of the people; by the money which some persons gave to others for the liberty of sitting down, he imagined that he was in a market, where chairs were sold; but observing several women fall down on their knees with an appearance of looking directly before them, while in reality they were leering at the men by their sides, he was soon convinced that he was in a temple. Shrill, hoarse, savage and discordant voices made the vault re-echo with ill articulated sounds, that produced the same effect as the braying of asses, when, in the plains of Pictavia, they answer the cornet that calls them together. He stopped his ears; but he was ready to shut his mouth and hold his nose, when he saw several laborers enter into the temple with picks and spades, who removed a large stone, and threw up the earth on both sides, from whence exhaled a pestilential vapor. At last some others approached, deposited a dead body in the opening, and replaced the stone upon it.

"What!" cried Babouc, "do these people bury their dead in the place where they adore the deity? What! are their temples paved with carcasses? I am no longer surprised at those pestilential diseases that frequently depopulate Persepolis. The putrefaction of the dead, and the infected breath of such numbers of the living, assembled and crowded together in the same place, are sufficient to poison the whole terrestrial globe. Oh! What an abominable city is Persepolis! The angels probably intend to destroy it in order to build a more beautiful one in its place, and to people it with inhabitants who are more virtuous and better singers. Providence may have its rea-

sons for so doing; to its disposal let us leave all future events."

Meanwhile the sun approached his meridian height. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the city with a lady for whom her husband, an officer in the army, had given him some letters: but he first took several turns in Persepolis, where he saw other temples, better built and more richly adorned, filled with a polite audience, and resounding with harmonious music. He beheld public fountains, which, though ill-placed, struck the eye by their beauty; squares where the best kings that had governed Persia seemed to breathe in bronze, and others where he heard the people crying out:

"When shall we see our beloved master?"

He admired the magnificent bridges built over the river; the superb and commodious quays; the palaces raised on both sides; and an immense house, where thousands of old soldiers, covered with scars and crowned with victory, offered their daily praises to the god of armies. At last he entered the house of the lady, who, with a set of fashionable people, waited his company to dinner. The house was neat and elegant; the repast delicious; the lady, young, beautiful, witty, and engaging; and the company worthy of her; and Babouc every moment said to himself:

"The angel Ithuriel has little regard for the world, or he would never think of destroying such a charming city."

In the meantime he observed that the lady, who had begun by tenderly asking news about her husband, spoke more tenderly to a young magi, toward the conclusion of the repast. He saw a magistrate, who, in presence of his wife, paid his court with great vivacity to a widow, while the indulgent widow had one hand round the magistrate's neck while she held out the other to a very handsome and very modest young citizen. The magistrate's wife was the first to leave the table in order to converse in the neighboring room with her spiritual director who arrived very late after having been expected for dinner; and the eloquent spiritual director exhorted her in the neighboring room with so much vehemence and unction that when the lady returned her eyes were swimming, her cheeks inflamed, her walk uncertain and her speech trembling.

Babouc then began to fear that the geni Ithuriel had

but too much reason for destroying Persepolis. The talent he possessed of gaining confidence let him that same day into all the secrets of the lady. She confessed to him her affection for the young magi, and assured him that in all the houses in Persepolis he would meet with similar examples of attachment. Babouc concluded that such a society could not possibly survive: that jealousy, discord, and vengeance must desolate every house; that tears and blood must be daily shed; that husbands would certainly kill their wives' lovers or be killed by them; and, in fine, that Ithuriel would do well to destroy immediately a city abandoned to continual disasters.

Such were the gloomy ideas that possessed his mind, when a grave man in a black gown appeared at the gate and humbly begged to speak to the young magistrate. This stripling, without rising or taking the least notice of the old gentleman, gave him some papers with a haughty and careless air, and then dismissed him. Babouc asked who this man was. The mistress of the house said to him in a low voice:

"He is one of the best advocates in the city, and hath studied the law these fifty years. The other, who is but twenty-five years of age, and has only been a satrap of the law for two days, hath ordered him to make an extract of a process he is going to determine, though he has not as yet examined it."

"This giddy youth acts wisely," said Babouc, "in asking counsel of an old man. But why is not the old man himself the judge?"

"Thou art surely in jest," said they; "those who have grown old in laborious and inferior posts are never raised to places of dignity. This young man has a great post, because his father is rich; and the right of dispensing justice is purchased here like a farm."

"O unhappy city!" cried Babouc, "this is surely the height of anarchy and confusion. Those who have thus purchased the right of judging will doubtless sell their judgments; nothing do I see here but an abyss of iniquity!"

While he was thus expressing his grief and surprise, a young warrior, who that very day had returned from the army, said to him:

"Why wouldst thou not have seats in the courts of justice offered for sale? I myself purchased the right of braving death at the head of two thousand men who

are under my command. It has this year cost me forty darics of gold to lie on the earth thirty nights successively in a red dress, and at last to receive two wounds with an arrow, of which I still feel the smart. If I ruin myself to serve the emperor of Persia, whom I never saw, the satrap of the law may well pay something for enjoying the pleasure of giving audience to pleaders."

Babouc was filled with indignation, and could not help condemning a country, where the highest posts in the army and the law were exposed for sale. He at once concluded that the inhabitants must be entirely ignorant of the art of war, and the laws of equity; and that, though Ithuriel should not destroy them, they must soon be ruined by their detestable administration.

He was still further confirmed in his bad opinion by the arrival of a fat man, who, after saluting all the company with great familiarity, went up to the young officer and said:

"I can only lend thee fifty thousand darics of gold; for indeed the taxes of the empire have this year brought me in but three hundred thousand."

Babouc inquired into the character of this man who complained of having gained so little, and was informed that in Persepolis there were forty plebeian kings who held the empire of Persia by lease, and paid a small tribute to the monarch.

After dinner he went into one of the most superb temples in the city, and seated himself amidst a crowd of men and women, who had come thither to pass away the time. A magi appeared in a machine elevated above the heads of the people, and talked a long time of vice and virtue. He divided into several parts what needed no division at all: he proved methodically what was sufficiently clear, and he taught what everybody knew. He threw himself into a passion with great composure, and went away perspiring and out of breath. The assembly then awoke and imagined they had been present at a very instructive discourse. Babouc said:

"This man had done his best to tire two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens; but his intention was good, and there is nothing in this that should occasion the destruction of Persepolis."

Upon leaving the assembly he was conducted to a public entertainment, which was exhibited every day in the

year. It was in a kind of great hall, at the end of which appeared a palace. The most beautiful women of Persepolis and the most considerable satraps were ranged in order, and formed so fine a spectacle that Babouc at first believed that this was all the entertainment. Two or three persons, who seemed to be kings and queens, soon appeared in the vestibule of their palace. Their language was very different from that of their people; it was measured, harmonious, and sublime. Nobody slept. The audience kept a profound silence which was only interrupted by expressions of sensibility and admiration. The duty of kings, the love of virtue, and the dangers arising from unbridled passions, were all described by such lively and affecting strokes, that Babouc shed tears. He doubted not but that these heroes and heroines, these kings and queens whom he had just heard, were the preachers of the empire; he even purposed to engage Ithuriel to come and hear them, being confident that such a spectacle would forever reconcile him to the city.

As soon as the entertainment was finished, he resolved to visit the principal queen, who had recommended such pure and noble morals in the palace. He desired to be introduced to her majesty, and was led up a narrow staircase to an ill-furnished apartment in the second story, where he found a woman in a mean dress, who said to him with a noble and pathetic air:

"This employment does not afford me a sufficient maintenance; one of the princes you saw has left me with child; I must soon lie in. I have no money and without money one cannot lie in."

Babouc gave her an hundred darics of gold, saying:

"Had there been no other evil in the city but this, Ithuriel would have been to blame for being so much offended."

From thence he went to spend the evening at the house of a tradesman who dealt in magnificent trifles. He was conducted thither by a man of sense, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. He bought whatever pleased his fancy; and the toy man with great politeness sold him everything for more than it was worth. On his return home his friends showed him how much he had been cheated. Babouc set down the name of the tradesman in his pocketbook, in order to point him out to Ithuriel as an object of peculiar vengeance on the day

when the city should be punished. As he was writing, he heard somebody knock at the door: this was the toy man himself, who came to restore him his purse, which he had left by mistake on the counter.

"How canst thou," cried Babouc, "be so generous and faithful, when thou hast had the assurance to sell me these trifles for four times their value?"

"There is not a tradesman," replied the merchant, "of ever so little note in the city, that would not have returned thee thy purse; but whoever said that I sold thee these trifles for four times their value is greatly mistaken: I sold them for ten times their value; and this is so true, that wert thou to sell them again in a month hence, thou wouldst not get even this tenth part. But nothing is more just. It is the variable fancies of men that set a value on these baubles; it is this fancy that maintains an hundred workmen whom I employ; it is this that gives me a fine house and a handsome chariot and horses; it is this, in fine, that excites industry, encourages taste, promotes circulation, and produces abundance.

"I sell the same trifles to the neighboring nation at a much higher rate than I have sold them to thee, and by these means I am useful to the empire."

Babouc, after having reflected a moment, erased the tradesman's name from his tablets.

Babouc, not knowing as yet what to think of Persepolis, resolved to visit the magi and the men of letters; for, as the one studied wisdom and the other religion, he hoped that they in conjunction would obtain mercy for the rest of the people. Accordingly, he went next morning into a college of magi. The archimandrite confessed to him, that he had an hundred thousand crowns a year for having taken the vow of poverty, and that he enjoyed a very extensive empire in virtue of his vow of humility; after which he left him with an inferior brother, who did him the honors of the place.

While the brother was showing him the magnificence of this house of penitence, a report was spread abroad that Babouc was come to reform all these houses. He immediately received petitions from each of them, the substance of which was, "Preserve us and destroy all the rest." On hearing their apologies, all these societies were absolutely necessary: on hearing their mutual accusations, they all deserved to be abolished.

He was surprised to find that all the members of these societies were so extremely desirous of edifying the world, that they wished to have it entirely under their dominion.

Soon after a little man appeared, who was a demi-magi, and who said to him:

"I plainly see that the work is going to be accomplished: for Zerdust is returned to earth; and the little girls prophesy, pinching and whipping themselves. We therefore implore thy protection against the great lama."

"What!" said Babouc, "against the royal pontiff, who resides at Tibet?"

"Yes, against him, himself."

"What! you are then making war upon him, and raising armies!"

"No, but he says that man is a free agent, and we deny it. We have written several pamphlets against him, which he never read. Hardly has he heard our name mentioned. He has only condemned us in the same manner as a man orders the trees in his garden to be cleared from caterpillars."

Babouc was incensed at the folly of these men who made profession of wisdom; and at the intrigues of those who had renounced the world; and at the ambition, pride and avarice of such as taught humility and a disinterested spirit: from all which he concluded that Ithuriel had good reason to destroy the whole race.

On his return home, he sent for some new books to alleviate his grief, and in order to exhilarate his spirits, invited some men of letters to dine with him; when, like wasps attracted by a pot of honey, there came twice as many as he desired. These parasites were equally eager to eat and to speak; they praised two sorts of persons, the dead and themselves; but none of their contemporaries, except the master of the house. If any of them happened to drop a smart and witty expression, the rest cast down their eyes and bit their lips out of mere vexation that it had not been said by themselves. They had less dissimulation than the magi, because they had not such grand objects of ambition. Each of them behaved at once with all the meanness of a valet and all the dignity of a great man. They said to each other's face the most insulting things, which they took for strokes of wit. They had some knowledge of the design of Babouc's com-

mission; one of them entreated him in a low voice to extirpate an author who had not praised him sufficiently about five years before; another requested the ruin of a citizen who had never laughed at his comedies; and the third demanded the destruction of the academy because he had not been able to get admitted into it. The repast being ended, each of them departed by himself; for in the whole crowd there were not two men that could endure the company or conversation of each other, except at the houses of the rich, who invited them to their tables. Babouc thought that it would be no great loss to the public if all these vermin were destroyed in the general catastrophe.

Having now got rid of these men of letters, he began to read some new books, where he discovered the true spirit by which his guests had been actuated. He observed with particular indignation those slanderous gazettes, those archives of bad taste, dictated by envy, baseness, and hunger; those ungenerous satires, where the vulture is treated with lenity, and the dove torn in pieces; and those dry and insipid romances, filled with characters of women to whom the author was an utter stranger.

All these detestable writings he committed to the flames, and went to pass the evening in walking. In this excursion he was introduced to an old man possessed of great learning, who had not come to increase the number of his parasites. This man of letters always fled from crowds; he understood human nature, availed himself of his knowledge, and imparted it to others with great discretion. Babouc told him how much he was grieved at what he had seen and read.

"Thou hast read very despicable performances," said the man of letters; "but in all times, in all countries, and in all kinds of literature, the bad swarm and the good are rare. Thou hast received into thy house the very dregs of pedantry. In all professions, those who are least worthy of appearing are always sure to present themselves with the greatest impudence. The truly wise live among themselves in retirement and tranquillity; and we have still some men and some books worthy of thy attention."

While he was thus speaking, they were joined by another man of letters; and the conversation became so

entertaining and instructive, so elevated above vulgar prejudices, and so conformable to virtue, that Babouc acknowledged he had never heard the like.

"These are men," said he to himself, "whom the angel Ithuriel will not presume to touch, or he must be a merciless being indeed."

Though reconciled to men of letters, he was still enraged against the rest of the nation.

"Thou art a stranger," said the judicious person who was talking to him; "abuses present themselves to thy eyes in crowds, while the good, which lies concealed, and which is even sometimes the result of these very abuses, escapes thy observation."

He then learned that among men of letters there were some who were free from envy; and that even among the magi themselves there were some men of virtue. In fine, he concluded that these great bodies, which by their mutual shocks seemed to threaten their common ruin, were at bottom very salutary institutions; that each society of magi was a check upon its rivals; and that though these rivals might differ in some speculative points, they all taught the same morals, instructed the people, and lived in subjection to the laws; not unlike to those preceptors who watch over the heir of a family while the master of the house watches over them. He conversed with several of these magi, and found them possessed of exalted souls. He likewise learned that even among the fools who pretended to make war on the great lama there had been some men of distinguished merit; and from all these particulars he conjectured that it might be with the manners of Persepolis as it was with the buildings; some of which moved his pity, while others filled him with admiration.

He said to the man of letters:

"I plainly see that these magi, whom I at first imagined to be so dangerous, are in reality extremely useful; especially when a wise government hinders them from rendering themselves too necessary; but thou wilt at least acknowledge that your young magistrates, who purchase the office of a judge as soon as they can mount a horse, must display in their tribunals the most ridiculous impertinence and the most iniquitous perverseness. It would doubtless be better to give these places

gratuitously to those old civilians who have spent their lives in the study of the law."

The man of letters replied:

"Thou hast seen our army before thy arrival at Persepolis; thou knowest that our young officers fight with great bravery, though they buy their posts; perhaps thou wilt find that our young magistrates do not give wrong decisions, though they purchase the right of dispensing justice."

He led him next day to the grand tribunal, where an affair of great importance was to be decided. The cause was known to all the world. All the old advocates that spoke on the subject were wavering and unsettled in their opinions. They quoted a hundred laws, none of which was applicable to the question. They considered the matter in a hundred different lights, but never in its true point of view. The judges were more quick in their decisions than the advocates in raising doubts. They were unanimous in their sentiments. They decided justly, because they followed the light of reason. The others reasoned falsely because they only consulted their books.

Babouc concluded that the best things frequently arose from abuses. He saw the same day that the riches of the receivers of the public revenue, at which he had been so much offended, were capable of producing an excellent effect; for the emperor having occasion for money, he found in an hour by their means what he could not have procured in six months by the ordinary methods. He saw that those great clouds, swelled with the dews of the earth, restored in plentiful showers what they had thence derived. Besides, the children of these new gentlemen, who were frequently better educated than those of the most ancient families, were sometimes more useful members of society; for he whose father hath been a good accountant may easily become a good judge, a brave warrior, and an able statesman.

Babouc was insensibly brought to excuse the avarice of the farmer of the revenues, who in reality was not more avaricious than other men, and besides was extremely necessary. He overlooked the folly of those who ruined themselves in order to obtain a post in the law or army; a folly that produces great magistrates and heroes. He forgave the envy of men of letters, among whom there were some that enlightened the world; and

he was reconciled to the ambitious and intriguing magi, who were possessed of more great virtues than little vices. But he had still many causes of complaint. The gallantries of the ladies especially, and the fatal effects which these must necessarily produce, filled him with fear and terror.

As he was desirous of prying into the characters of men of every condition, he went to wait on a minister of state; but trembled all the way, lest some wife should be assassinated by her husband in his presence. Having arrived at the statesman's, he was obliged to remain two hours in the antechamber before his name was sent in, and two hours more after that was done. In this interval, he resolved to recommend to the angel Ithuriel both the minister and his insolent porters. The antechamber was filled with ladies of every rank, magi of all colors, judges, merchants, officers, and pedants; and all of them complained of the minister. The miser and the usurer said:

"Doubtless this man plunders the provinces."

The capricious reproached him with fickleness; the voluptuary said:

"He thinks of nothing but his pleasure."

The factious hoped to see him soon ruined by a cabal; and the women flattered themselves that they should soon have a younger minister.

Babouc heard their conversation, and could not help saying:

"This is surely a happy man; he hath all his enemies in his antechamber; he crushes with his power those that envy his grandeur; he beholds those who detest him groveling at his feet."

At length he was admitted into the presence-chamber where he saw a little old man bending under the weight of years and business, but still lively and full of spirits.

The minister was pleased with Babouc, and to Babouc he appeared a man of great merit. The conversation became interesting. The minister confessed that he was very unhappy; that he passed for rich, while in reality he was poor; that he was believed to be all-powerful, and yet was constantly contradicted; that he had obliged none but a parcel of ungrateful wretches; and that, in the course of forty years' labor, he had hardly enjoyed a moment's rest. Babouc was moved with his misfortunes; and

thought that if this man had been guilty of some faults, and Ithuriel had a mind to banish him, he ought not to cut him off, but to leave him in possession of his place.

While Babouc was talking to the minister, the beautiful lady with whom he had dined entered hastily, her eyes and countenance showing all the symptoms of grief and indignation. She burst into reproaches against the statesman; she shed tears; she complained bitterly that her husband had been refused a place to which his birth allowed him to aspire, and which he had fully merited by his wounds and his service. She expressed herself with such force; she uttered her complaints with such a graceful air; she overthrew objections with so much address, and enforced her arguments with so much eloquence, that she did not leave the chamber till she had made her husband's fortune.

Babouc gave her his hand, and said: "Is it possible, madam, that thou canst take so much pains to serve a man whom thou dost not love, and from whom thou hast everything to fear?"

"A man whom I do not love!" cried she; "know, sir, that my husband is the best friend I have in the world; and there is nothing I would not sacrifice for him, except my lover; and he would do anything for me except leave his mistress. I should like you to meet her; she is a charming women, full of wit, of the most agreeable character; we are supping together this evening, with my husband and my little mage; come and share our joy."

The lady conducted Babouc to her own house. The husband, who had at last arrived overwhelmed with grief, received his wife with transports of joy and gratitude. He embraced by turns his wife, his mistress, the little mage, and Babouc. Wit, harmony, cheerfulness, and all the graces, embellished the repast.

"Those who are sometimes called unvirtuous women," said the fair lady with whom he was supping, "almost always have the merits of a virtuous man. To convince you of this, come and dine with me tomorrow with the fair Teone. She is torn to pieces by a few old vestals but she does more good than all of them together. She would not do a slight injustice to further her greatest interest; she gives her lover none but generous advice; she is concerned only for his fame; he would blush before her if he missed an occasion of doing good, for

nothing encourages virtuous actions more than to have a mistress whose esteem one desires as witness and judge of one's conduct."

Babouc kept the appointment. He found a house devoted to all the pleasures. Teone reigned over them; she could speak to every one in his own language. Her natural intelligence set every one at ease; she pleased almost without wishing it, she was as amiable as she was benevolent, and the value of all her good qualities was increased by the fact that she was beautiful.

Babouc, though a Scythian, and sent by a genie, found, that should he continue much longer in Persepolis, he would forget even the angel Ithuriel. He began to grow fond of a city, the inhabitants of which were polite, affable, and beneficent, though fickle, slanderous, and vain. He was much afraid that Persepolis would be condemned. He was even afraid to give in his account.

This, however, he did in the following manner. He caused a little statue, composed of different metals, of earth, and stones, the most precious and the most vile, to be cast by one of the best founders in the city, and carried it to Ithuriel.

"Wilt thou break," said he, "this pretty statue, because it is not wholly composed of gold and diamonds?"

Ithuriel immediately understood his meaning, and resolved to think no more of punishing Persepolis, but to leave "the world as it is."

"For," said he, "if all is not well, all is passable."

Thus Persepolis was suffered to remain; nor did Babouc complain like Jonah, who was highly incensed at the preservation of Nineveh. But when a man has been in the belly of a whale for three days, he is not so good-tempered as when he has been to the opera, to the theatre, and has supped in pleasant company.

MICROMEGAS:

*Philosophical History**

A VOYAGE TO THE PLANET SATURN BY A NATIVE OF SIRIUS

In one of the planets that revolve round the star known by the name of Sirius, was a certain young gentleman of promising parts, whom I had the honor to be acquainted with in his last voyage to this our little ant-hill. His name was Micromegas, an appellation admirably suited to all great men, and his stature amounted to eight leagues in height, that is, twenty-four thousand geometrical paces of five feet each.

Some of your mathematicians, a set of people always useful to the public, will, perhaps, instantly seize the pen, and calculate that Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, being from head to foot four and twenty thousand paces in length, making one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet, that we, denizens of this earth, being at a medium little more than five feet high, and our globe nine thousand leagues in circumference: these things being premised, they will then conclude that the periphery of the globe which produced him must be exactly one and twenty million six hundred thousand times greater than that of this our tiny ball. Nothing in nature is more simple and common. The dominions of some sovereigns of Germany or Italy, which may be compassed in half an hour, when compared with

* *Editor's Note:* Micromegas owes much to Swift and to *Gulliver's Travels,* but the humor of the Frenchman is more personal and less stolid than that of the Englishman. In effect, the traveler from Sirius is none other than Voltaire himself, that is, the spirit which looks down from on high upon the stupidities and follies of man.

the empires of Ottoman, Russia, or China, are no other than faint instances of the prodigious difference that nature hath made in the scale of beings. The stature of his excellency being of these extraordinary dimensions, all our artists will agree that the measure around his body might amount to fifty thousand royal feet,—a very agreeable and just proportion.

His nose being equal in length to one-third of his face, and his jolly countenance engrossing one-seventh part of his height, it must be owned that the nose of this same Sirian was six thousand three hundred and thirty-three royal feet to a hair, which was to be demonstrated. With regard to his understanding, it is one of the best cultivated I have known. He is perfectly well acquainted with abundance of things, some of which are of his own invention; for, when his age did not exceed two hundred and fifty years, he studied, according to the custom of the country, at the most celebrated university of the whole planet, and by the force of his genius discovered upwards of fifty propositions of Euclid, having the advantage by more than eighteen of Blaise Pascal, who (as we are told by his own sister), demonstrated two and thirty for his amusement and then left off, choosing rather to be an indifferent philosopher than a great mathematician.

About the four hundred and fiftieth year of his age, or latter end of his childhood, he dissected a great number of small insects not more than one hundred feet in diameter, which are not perceivable by ordinary microscopes, on which he composed a very curious treatise, which involved him in some trouble. The mufti of the nation, though very old and very ignorant, made shift to discover in his book certain lemmas that were suspicious, unseemly, rash, heretic, and unsound, and prosecuted him with great animosity; for the subject of the author's inquiry was whether, in the world of Sirius, there was any difference between the substantial forms of a flea and a snail.

Micromegas defended his philosophy with such spirit as made all the female sex his proselytes; and the process lasted two hundred and twenty years; at the end of which time, in consequence of the mufti's interest, the book was condemned by judges who had never read it,

and the author expelled from court for the term of eight hundred years.

Not much affected at his banishment from a court that teemed with nothing but turmoils and trifles, he made a very humorous song upon the mufti, gave himself no trouble about the matter, and set out on his travels from planet to planet, in order (as the saying is) to improve his mind and finish his education. Those who never travel but in a post-chaise or berlin, will, doubtless, be astonished at the equipages used above; for we that strut upon this little mole hill are at a loss to conceive anything that surpasses our own customs. But our traveler was a wonderful adept in the laws of gravitation, together with the whole force of attraction and repulsion, and made such seasonable use of his knowledge, that sometimes by the help of a sunbeam, and sometimes by the convenience of a comet, he and his retinue glided from sphere to sphere, as the bird hops from one bough to another. He in a very little time posted through the milky way, and I am obliged to own he saw not a twinkle of those stars supposed to adorn that fair empyrean, which the illustrious Dr. Derham brags to have observed through his telescope. Not that I pretend to say the doctor was mistaken. God forbid! But Micromegas was upon the spot, an exceeding good observer, and I have no mind to contradict any man. Be that as it may, after many windings and turnings, he arrived at the planet Saturn; and, accustomed as he was to the sight of novelties, he could not for his life repress a supercilious and conceited smile, which often escapes the wisest philosopher, when he perceived the smallness of that globe, and the diminutive size of its inhabitants; for really Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than this our earth, and the people of that country mere dwarfs, about a thousand fathoms high. In short, he at first derided those poor pigmies, just as an Indian fiddler laughs at the music of Lully, at his first arrival in Paris: but as this Sirian was a person of good sense, he soon perceived that a thinking being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite six thousand feet high; and therefore he became familiar with them, after they had ceased to wonder at his extraordinary appearance. In particular, he contracted an intimate friendship with the secretary of the Academy of Saturn, a man of good un-

derstanding, who, though in truth he had invented nothing of his own, gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and enjoyed in peace the reputation of a little poet and great calculator. And here, for the edification of the reader, I will repeat a very singular conversation that one day passed between Mr. Secretary and Micromegas.

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MICROMEGAS AND THE INHABITANT OF SATURN

His excellency having laid himself down, and the secretary approached his nose:

"It must be confessed," said Micromegas, "that nature is full of variety."

"Yes," replied the Saturnian, "nature is like a parterre, whose flowers—"

"Pshaw!" cried the other, "a truce with your parterres."

"It is," resumed the secretary, "like an assembly of fair and brown women, whose dresses—"

"What a plague have I to do with your brunettes?" said our traveler.

"Then it is like a gallery of pictures, the strokes of which—"

"Not at all," answered Micromegas, "I tell you once for all, nature is like nature, and comparisons are odious."

"Well, to please you," said the secretary—

"I won't be pleased," replied the Sirian, "I want to be instructed; begin, therefore, without further preamble, and tell me how many senses the people of this world enjoy."

"We have seventy and two," said the academician, "but we are daily complaining of the small number, as our imagination transcends our wants, for, with the seventy-two senses, our five moons and ring, we find ourselves very much restricted; and notwithstanding our curiosity, and the no small number of those passions that result from these few senses, we have still time enough to be tired of idleness."

"I sincerely believe what you say," cried Micromegas.

"for, though we Sirians have near a thousand different senses, there still remains a certain vague desire, an unaccountable inquietude incessantly admonishing us of our own unimportance, and giving us to understand that there are other beings who are much our superiors in point of perfection. I have traveled a little, and seen mortals both above and below myself in the scale of being, but I have met with none who had not more desire than necessity, and more want than gratification. Perhaps I shall one day arrive in some country where naught is wanting, but hitherto I have had no certain information of such a happy land."

The Saturnian and his guest exhausted themselves in conjectures upon this subject, and after abundance of argumentation equally ingenious and uncertain, were fain to return to matter of fact.

"To what age do you commonly live?" said the Sirian.

"Lack-a-day! a mere trifle," replied the little gentleman.

"It is the very same case with us," resumed the other, "the shortness of life is our daily complaint, so that this must be an universal law in nature."

"Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "few, very few on this globe outlive five hundred great revolutions of the sun (these, according to our way of reckoning, amount to about fifteen thousand years). So, you see, we in a manner begin to die the very moment we are born: our existence is no more than a point, our duration an instant, and our globe an atom. Scarce do we begin to learn a little, when death intervenes before we can profit by experience. For my own part, I am deterred from laying schemes when I consider myself as a single drop in the midst of an immense ocean. I am particularly ashamed, in your presence, of the ridiculous figure I make among my fellow-creatures."

To this declaration, Micromegas replied:

"If you were not a philosopher, I should be afraid of mortifying your pride by telling you that the term of our lives is seven hundred times longer than the date of your existence: but you are very sensible that when the texture of the body is resolved, in order to reanimate nature in another form, which is the consequence of what we call death—when that moment of change arrives, there is not the least difference betwixt having

lived a whole eternity, or a single day. I have been in some countries where the people live a thousand times longer than with us, and yet they murmured at the shortness of their time. But one will find everywhere some few persons of good sense, who know how to make the best of their portion, and thank the author of nature for his bounty. There is a profusion of variety scattered through the universe, and yet there is an admirable vein of uniformity that runs through the whole: for example, all thinking beings are different among themselves, though at bottom they resemble one another in the powers and passions of the soul. Matter, though interminable, hath different properties in every sphere. How many principal attributes do you reckon in the matter of this world?"

"If you mean those properties," said the Saturnian, "without which we believe this our globe could not subsist, we reckon in all three hundred, such as extent, impenetrability, motion, gravitation, divisibility, et cætera."

"That small number," replied the traveler, "probably answers the views of the creator on this your narrow sphere. I adore his wisdom in all his works. I see infinite variety, but everywhere proportion. Your globe is small: so are the inhabitants. You have few sensations; because your matter is endued with few properties. These are the works of unerring providence. Of what color does your sun appear when accurately examined?"

"Of a yellowish white," answered the Saturnian, "and in separating one of his rays we find it contains seven colors."

"Our sun," said the Sirian, "is of a reddish hue, and we have no less than thirty-nine original colors. Among all the suns I have seen there is no sort of resemblance, and in this sphere of yours there is not one face like another."

After divers questions of this nature, he asked how many substances, essentially different, they counted in the world of Saturn; and understood that they numbered but thirty: such as God; space; matter; beings endowed with sense and extension; beings that have extension, sense, and reflection; thinking beings who have no extension; those that are penetrable; those that are impenetrable, and also all others. But this Saturnian phi-

losopher was prodigiously astonished when the Sirian told him they had no less than three hundred, and that he himself had discovered three thousand more in the course of his travels. In short, after having communicated to each other what they knew, and even what they did not know, and argued during a complete revolution of the sun, they resolved to set out together on a small philosophical tour.

THE VOYAGE OF THESE INHABITANTS OF OTHER WORLDS

Our two philosophers were just ready to embark for the atmosphere of Saturn, with a large provision of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress, having got an inkling of their design, came all in tears to make her protests. She was a handsome brunette, though not above six hundred and threescore fathoms high; but her agreeable attractions made amends for the smallness of her stature.

"Ah! cruel man," cried she, "after a courtship of fifteen hundred years, when at length I surrendered, and became your wife, and scarce have passed two hundred more in thy embraces, to leave me thus, before the honeymoon is over, and go a rambling with a giant of another world! Go, go, thou art a mere virtuoso, devoid of tenderness and love! If thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldst be faithful and invariable. Ah! whither art thou going? what is thy design? Our five moons are not so inconstant, nor our ring so changeable as thee! But take this along with thee, henceforth I ne'er shall love another man."

The little gentleman embraced and wept over her, notwithstanding his philosophy; and the lady, after having swooned with great decency, went to console herself with more agreeable company.

Meanwhile our two virtuosi set out, and at one jump leaped upon the ring, which they found pretty flat, according to the ingenious guess of an illustrious inhabitant of this our little earth. From thence they easily slipped from moon to moon; and a comet chancing to pass, they sprang upon it with all their servants and apparatus. Thus carried about one hundred and fifty million of leagues, they met with the satellites of Jupiter, and arrived upon

the body of the planet itself, where they continued a whole year; during which they learned some very curious secrets, which would actually be sent to the press, were it not for fear of the gentlemen inquisitors, who have found among them some corollaries very hard of digestion.

But to return to our travelers. When they took leave of Jupiter, they traversed a space of about one hundred millions of leagues, and coasting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times smaller than our little earth, they descried two moons subservient to that orb, which have escaped the observation of all our astronomers. I know Castel will write, and that pleasantly enough, against the existence of these two moons; but I entirely refer myself to those who reason by analogy. Those worthy philosophers are very sensible that Mars, which is at such a distance from the sun, must be in a very uncomfortable situation, without the benefit of a couple of moons. Be that as it may, our gentlemen found the planet so small, that they were afraid they should not find room to take a little repose; so that they pursued their journey like two travelers who despise the paltry accommodation of a village, and push forward to the next market town. But the Sirian and his companion soon repented of their delicacy; for they journeyed a long time without finding a resting place, till at length they discerned a small speck, which was the Earth. Coming from Jupiter, they could not but be moved with compassion at the sight of this miserable spot, upon which, however, they resolved to land, lest they should be a second time disappointed. They accordingly moved toward the tail of the comet, where, finding an Aurora Borealis ready to set sail, they embarked, and arrived on the northern coast of the Baltic on the fifth day of July, new style, in the year 1737.

WHAT BEFELL THEM UPON THIS OUR GLOBE

Having taken some repose, and being desirous of reconnoitering the narrow field in which they were, they traversed it at once from north to south. Every step of the Sirian and his attendants measured about thirty thou-

sand royal feet: whereas, the dwarf of Saturn, whose stature did not exceed a thousand fathoms, followed at a distance quite out of breath; because, for every single stride of his companion, he was obliged to take twelve good steps at least. The reader may figure to himself (if we are allowed to make such comparisons) a very little rough spaniel dodging after a captain of the Prussian grenadiers.

As those strangers walked at a good pace, they compassed the globe in six and thirty hours; the sun, it is true, or rather the earth, describes the same space in the course of one day; but it must be observed that it is much easier to turn upon an axis than to walk a-foot. Behold them then returned to the spot from whence they had set out, after having discovered that almost imperceptible sea, which is called the Mediterranean; and the other narrow pond that surrounds this mole hill, under the denomination of the great ocean; in wading through which the dwarf had never wet his mid-leg, while the other scarce moistened his heel. In going and coming through both hemispheres, they did all that lay in their power to discover whether or not the globe was inhabited. They stooped, they lay down, they groped in every corner; but their eyes and hands were not at all proportioned to the small beings that crawl upon this earth; and, therefore, they could not find the smallest reason to suspect that we and our fellow-citizens of this globe had the honor to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged too hastily, concluded at once that there was no living creature upon earth; and his chief reason was, that he had seen nobody. But Micromegas, in a polite manner, made him sensible of the unjust conclusion:

"For," said he, "with your diminutive eyes you cannot see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I easily perceive; and do you take it for granted that no such stars exist?"

"But I have groped with great care," replied the dwarf.

"Then your sense of feeling must be bad," said the other.

"But this globe," said the dwarf, "is ill contrived; and so irregular in its form as to be quite ridiculous. The whole together looks like a chaos. Do but observe these

little rivulets; not one of them runs in a straight line: and these ponds which are neither round, square, nor oval, nor indeed of any regular figure; together with these little sharp pebbles (meaning the mountains) that roughen the whole surface of the globe, and have torn all the skin from my feet. Besides, pray take notice of the shape of the whole, how it flattens at the poles, and turns round the sun in an awkward oblique manner, so as that the polar circles cannot possibly be cultivated. Truly, what makes me believe there is no inhabitant on this sphere, is a full persuasion that no sensible being would live in such a disagreeable place."

"What then?" said Micromegas, "perhaps the beings that inhabit it come not under that denomination; but, to all appearance, it was not made for nothing. Everything here seems to you irregular; because you fetch all your comparisons from Jupiter or Saturn. Perhaps this is the very reason of the seeming confusion which you condemn; have I not told you, that in the course of my travels I have always met with variety?"

The Saturnian replied to all these arguments; and perhaps the dispute would have known no end, if Micromegas, in the heat of the contest, had not luckily broken the string of his diamond necklace, so that the jewels fell to the ground; they consisted of pretty small unequal karats, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest fifty. The dwarf, in helping to pick them up, perceived, as they approached his eye, that every single diamond was cut in such a manner as to answer the purpose of an excellent microscope. He therefore took up a small one, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye, while Micromegas chose another of two thousand five hundred feet. Though they were of excellent powers, the observers could perceive nothing by their assistance, so they were altered and adjusted. At length, the inhabitant of Saturn discerned something almost imperceptible moving between two waves in the Baltic. This was no other than a whale, which, in a dexterous manner, he caught with his little finger, and, placing it on the nail of his thumb, showed it to the Sirian, who laughed heartily at the excessive smallness peculiar to the inhabitants of this our globe. The Saturnian, by this time convinced that our world was inhabited, began to imagine we had no other animals than

whales; and being a mighty debater, he forthwith set about investigating the origin and motion of this small atom, curious to know whether or not it was furnished with ideas, judgment, and free will. Micromegas was very much perplexed upon this subject. He examined the animal with the most patient attention, and the result of his inquiry was, that he could see no reason to believe a soul was lodged in such a body. The two travelers were actually inclined to think there was no such thing as mind in this our habitation, when, by the help of their microscope, they perceived something as large as a whale floating upon the surface of the sea. It is well known that, at this period, a flight of philosophers were upon their return from the polar circle, where they had been making observations, for which nobody has hitherto been the wiser. The gazettes record, that their vessel ran ashore on the coast of Bothnia and that they with great difficulty saved their lives; but in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things. For my own part, I will ingenuously recount the transaction just as it happened, without any addition of my own; and this is no small effort in a modern historian.

THE TRAVELERS CAPTURE A VESSEL

Micromegas stretched out his hand gently toward the place where the object appeared, and advanced two fingers, which he instantly pulled back, for fear of being disappointed, then opening softly and shutting them all at once, he very dexterously seized the ship that contained those gentlemen, and placed it on his nail, avoiding too much pressure, which might have crushed the whole in pieces.

"This," said the Saturnian dwarf, "is a creature very different from the former."

Upon which the Sirian placing the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand, the passengers and crew, who believed themselves thrown by a hurricane upon some rock, began to put themselves in motion. The sailors having hoisted out some casks of wine, jumped after them into the hand of Micromegas: the mathematicians having secured their quadrants, sectors, and Lapland servants,

went overboard at a different place, and made such a bustle in their descent, that the Sirian at length felt his fingers tickled by something that seemed to move. An iron bar chanced to penetrate about a foot deep into his forefinger; and from this prick he concluded that something had issued from the little animal he held in his hand; but at first he suspected nothing more: for the microscope, that scarce rendered a whale and a ship visible, had no effect upon an object so imperceptible as man.

I do not intend to shock the vanity of any person whatever; but here I am obliged to beg your people of importance to consider that, supposing the stature of a man to be about five feet, we mortals make just such a figure upon the earth, as an animal the sixty thousandth part of a foot in height, would exhibit upon a bowl ten feet in circumference. When you reflect upon a being who could hold this whole earth in the palm of his hand, and is provided with organs proportioned to those we possess, you will easily conceive that there must be a great variety of created substances;—and pray, what must such beings think of those battles by which a conqueror gains a small village, to lose it again in the sequel?

I do not at all doubt, but if some captain of grenadiers should chance to read this work, he would add two large feet at least to the caps of his company; but I assure him his labor will be in vain; for, do what he will, he and his soldiers will never be other than infinitely diminutive and inconsiderable.

What wonderful address must have been inherent in our Sirian philosopher, that enabled him to perceive those atoms of which we have been speaking. When Leeuwenhoek and Hartsoecker observed the first rudiments of which we are formed, they did not make such an astonishing discovery. What pleasure, therefore, was the portion of Micromegas, in observing the motion of those little machines, in examining all their pranks, and following them in all their operations! With what joy did he put his microscope into his companion's hand; and with what transport did they both at once exclaim:

"I see them distinctly,—don't you see them carrying burdens, lying down and rising up again?"

So saying, their hands shook with eagerness to see, and apprehension to lose such uncommon objects. The Saturn-

ian, making a sudden transition from the most cautious distrust to the most excessive credulity, imagined he saw them engaged in their devotions and cried aloud in astonishment.

Nevertheless he was deceived by appearances: a case too common, whether we do or do not make use of microscopes.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THEIR INTERCOURSE WITH MEN

Micromegas being a much better observer than the dwarf, perceived distinctly that those atoms spoke; and made the remark to his companion, who was so much ashamed of being mistaken in his first suggestion, that he would not believe such a puny species could possibly communicate their ideas: for, though he had the gift of tongues, as well as his companion, he could not hear those particles speak; and therefore supposed they had no language.

"Besides, how should such imperceptible beings have the organs of speech? and what in the name of Jove can they say to one another? In order to speak, they must have something like thought, and if they think, they must surely have something equivalent to a soul. Now, to attribute anything like a soul to such an insect species appears a mere absurdity."

"But just now," replied the Sirian, "you believed they were engaged in devotional exercises; and do you think this could be done without thinking, without using some sort of language, or at least some way of making themselves understood? Or do you suppose it is more difficult to advance an argument than to engage in physical exercise? For my own part, I look upon all faculties as alike mysterious."

"I will no longer venture to believe or deny," answered the dwarf: "in short I have no opinion at all. Let us endeavor to examine these insects, and we will reason upon them afterward."

"With all my heart," said Micromegas, who, taking out a pair of scissors which he kept for paring his nails, cut off a paring from his thumb nail, of which he immediately formed a large kind of speaking trumpet, like a vast

tunnel, and clapped the pipe to his ear: as the circumference of this machine included the ship and all the crew, the most feeble voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail; so that, thanks to his industry, the philosopher could distinctly hear the buzzing of our insects that were below. In a few hours he distinguished articulate sounds, and at last plainly understood the French language. The dwarf heard the same, though with more difficulty.

The astonishment of our travelers increased every instant. They heard a nest of mites talk in a very sensible strain: and that *Lusus Naturæ* seemed to them inexplicable. You need not doubt but the Sirian and his dwarf glowed with impatience to enter into conversation with such atoms. Micromegas being afraid that his voice, like thunder, would deafen and confound the mites, without being understood by them, saw the necessity of diminishing the sound; each, therefore, put into his mouth a sort of small toothpick, the slender end of which reached to the vessel. The Sirian setting the dwarf upon his knees, and the ship and crew upon his nail, held down his head and spoke softly. In fine, having taken these and a great many more precautions, he addressed himself to them in these words:

"O ye invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator hath deigned to produce in the abyss of infinite littleness! I give praise to his goodness, in that he hath been pleased to disclose unto me those secrets that seemed to be impenetrable."

If ever there was such a thing as astonishment, it seized upon the people who heard this address, and who could not conceive from whence it proceeded. The chaplain of the ship repeated exorcisms, the sailors swore, and the philosophers formed a system: but, notwithstanding all their systems, they could not divine who the person was that spoke to them. Then the dwarf of Saturn, whose voice was softer than that of Micromegas, gave them briefly to understand what species of beings they had to do with. He related the particulars of their voyage from Saturn, made them acquainted with the rank and quality of Monsieur Micromegas; and, after having pitied their smallness, asked if they had always been in that miserable state so near akin to annihilation; and what their business was upon that globe which seemed to be the

property of whales. He also desired to know if they were happy in their situation? if they were inspired with souls? and put a hundred questions of the like nature.

A certain mathematician on board, braver than the rest, and shocked to hear his soul called in question, planted his quadrant, and having taken two observations of this interlocutor, said: "You believe then, Mr. what's your name, that because you measure from head to foot a thousand fathoms—"

"A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf, "good heavens! How should he know the height of my stature? A thousand fathoms! My very dimensions to a hair. What, measured by a mite! This atom, forsooth, is a geometrician, and knows exactly how tall I am: while I, who can scarce perceive him through a microscope, am utterly ignorant of his extent!"

"Yes, I have taken your measure," answered the philosopher, "and I will now do the same by your tall companion."

The proposal was embraced: his excellency reclined upon his side; for, had he stood upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our mathematicians planted a tall tree near him, and then, by a series of triangles joined together, they discovered that the object of their observation was a strapping youth, exactly one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet in length. In consequence of this calculation, Micromegas uttered these words:

"I am now more than ever convinced that we ought to judge of nothing by its external magnitude. O God! who hast bestowed understanding upon such seemingly contemptible substances, thou canst with equal ease produce that which is infinitely small, as that which is incredibly great: and if it be possible, that among thy works there are beings still more diminutive than these, they may nevertheless, be endued with understanding superior to the intelligence of those stupendous animals I have seen in heaven, a single foot of whom is larger than this whole globe on which I have alighted."

One of the philosophers assured him that there were intelligent beings much smaller than men, and recounted not only Virgil's whole fable of the bees; but also described all that Swammerdam hath discovered, and Réaumur dissected. In a word, he informed him that

there are animals which bear the same proportion to bees, that bees bear to man; the same as the Sirian himself compared to those vast beings whom he had mentioned; and as those huge animals as to other substances, before whom they would appear like so many particles of dust. Here the conversation became very interesting, and Micromegas proceeded in these words:

"O ye intelligent atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleased to manifest his omniscience and power, without all doubt your joys on this earth must be pure and exquisite: for, being unencumbered with matter, and, to all appearance, little else than soul, you must spend your lives in the delights of pleasure and reflection, which are the true enjoyments of a perfect spirit. True happiness I have nowhere found; but certainly here it dwells."

At this harangue all the philosophers shook their heads, and one among them, more candid than his brethren, frankly owned, that excepting a very small number of inhabitants who were very little esteemed by their fellows, all the rest were a parcel of knaves, fools, and miserable wretches.

"We have matter enough," said he, "to do abundance of mischief, if mischief comes from matter; and too much understanding, if evil flows from understanding. You must know, for example, that at this very moment, while I am speaking, there are one hundred thousand animals of our own species, covered with hats, slaying an equal number of their fellow-creatures, who wear turbans; at least they are either slaying or being slain; and this hath usually been the case all over the earth from time immemorial."

The Sirian, shuddering at this information, begged to know the cause of those horrible quarrels among such a puny race; and was given to understand that the subject of the dispute was a pitiful mole hill (called Palestine) no larger than his heel. Not that any one of those millions who cut one another's throats pretends to have the least claim to the smallest particle of that clod. The question is, whether it shall belong to a certain person who is known by the name of Sultan, or to another whom (for what reason I know not) they dignify with the appellation of King. Neither the one nor the other has seen or ever will see the pitiful corner in queston; and probably none of these wretches, who so madly destroy each other, ever

beheld the ruler on whose account they are so mercilessly sacrificed!

"Ah, miscreants!" cried the indignant Sirian, "such excess of desperate rage is beyond conception. I have a good mind to take two or three steps, and trample the whole nest of such ridiculous assassins under my feet."

"Don't give yourself the trouble," replied the philosopher, "they are industrious enough in procuring their own destruction. At the end of ten years the hundredth part of those wretches will not survive; for you must know that, though they should not draw a sword in the cause they have espoused, famine, fatigue, and intemperance, would sweep almost all of them from the face of the earth. Besides, the punishment should not be inflicted upon them, but upon those sedentary and slothful barbarians, who, from their palaces, give orders for murdering a million of men and then solemnly thank God for their success."

Our traveler was moved with compassion for the entire human race, in which he discovered such astonishing contrast. "Since you are of the small number of the wise," said he, "and in all likelihood do not engage yourselves in the trade of murder for hire, be so good as to tell me your occupation."

"We anatomize flies," replied the philosopher, "we measure lines, we make calculations, we agree upon two or three points which we understand, and dispute upon two or three thousand that are beyond our comprehension."

"How far," said the Sirian, "do you reckon the distance between the great star of the constellation Gemini and that called Caniculæ?"

To this question all of them answered with one voice: "Thirty-two degrees and a half."

"And what is the distance from hence to the moon?"

"Sixty semi-diameters of the earth."

He then thought to puzzle them by asking the weight of the air; but they answered distinctly, that common air is about nine hundred times specifically lighter than an equal column of the lightest water, and nineteen hundred times lighter than current gold. The little dwarf of Saturn, astonished at their answers, was now tempted to believe those people sorcerers, who, but a quarter of an hour before, he would not allow were inspired with souls.

"Well," said Micromegas, "since you know so well what is without you, doubtless you are still more perfectly acquainted with that which is within. Tell me what is the soul, and how do your ideas originate?"

Here the philosophers spoke altogether as before; but each was of a different opinion. The eldest quoted Aristotle; another pronounced the name of Descartes; a third mentioned Malebranche; a fourth Leibnitz; and a fifth Locke. An old peripatecian lifting up his voice, exclaimed with an air of confidence, "The soul is perfection and reason, having power to be such as it is, as Aristotle expressly declares, page 633, of the Louvre edition:

Ἐντελέχειά τίς ἐστι καὶ λόγος τοῦ δύναμιν ἔχοντος εἶναι τοιοῦτον.

"I am not very well versed in Greek," said the giant.

"Nor I either," replied the philosophical mite.

"Why then do you quote that same Aristotle in Greek?" resumed the Sirian.

"Because," answered the other, "it is but reasonable we should quote what we do not comprehend in a language we do not understand."

Here the Cartesian interposing: "The soul," said he, "is a pure spirit or intelligence, which hath received before birth all the metaphysical ideas; but after that event it is obliged to go to school and learn anew the knowledge which it hath lost."

"So it was necessary," replied the animal of eight leagues, "that thy soul should be learned before birth, in order to be so ignorant when thou hast got a beard upon thy chin. But what dost thou understand by spirit?"

"I have no idea of it," said the philosopher, "indeed it is supposed to be immaterial."

"At least, thou knowest what matter is?" resumed the Sirian.

"Perfectly well," answered the other. "For example: that stone is gray, is of a certain figure, has three dimensions, specific weight, and divisibility."

"I want to know," said the giant, "what that object is, which, according to thy observation, hath a gray color, weight, and divisibility. Thou seest a few qualities, but dost thou know the nature of the thing itself?"

"Not I, truly," answered the Cartesian.

Upon which the Sirian admitted that he also was ig-

norant in regard to this subject. Then addressing himself to another sage, who stood upon his thumb, he asked, "What is the soul? and what are her functions?"

"Nothing at all," replied this disciple of Malebranche; "God hath made everything for my convenience. In him I see everything, by him I act; he is the universal agent, and I never meddle in his work."

"That is being a nonentity indeed," said the Sirian sage; and then, turning to a follower of Leibnitz, he exclaimed: "Hark ye, friend, what is thy opinion of the soul?"

"In my opinion," answered this metaphysician, "the soul is the hand that points at the hour, while my body does the office of the clock; or, if you please, the soul is the clock, and the body is the pointer; or again, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body the frame. All this is clear and uncontrovertible."

A little partisan of Locke who chanced to be present, being asked his opinion on the same subject, said: "I do not know by what power I think; but well I know that I should never have thought without the assistance of my senses. That there are immaterial and intelligent substances I do not at all doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thinking to matter, I doubt very much. I revere the eternal power, to which it would ill become me to prescribe bounds. I affirm nothing, and am contented to believe that many more things are possible than are usually thought so."

The Sirian smiled at this declaration, and did not look upon the author as the least sagacious of the company: and as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would have embraced this adherent of Locke, had it not been for the extreme disproportion in their respective sizes. But unluckily there was another animalcule in a square cap, who, taking the word from all his philosophical brethren, affirmed that he knew the whole secret. He surveyed the two celestial strangers from top to toe, and maintained to their faces that their persons, their fashions, their suns and their stars, were created solely for the use of man. At this wild assertion our two travelers were seized with a fit of that uncontrollable laughter, which (according to Homer) is the portion of the immortal gods: their bellies quivered, their shoulders rose and fell, and, during these convulsions, the vessel fell from the Sirian's nail

into the Saturnian's pocket, where these worthy people searched for it a long time with great diligence. At length, having found the ship and set everything to rights again, the Sirian resumed the discourse with those diminutive mites, and promised to compose for them a choice book of philosophy which would demonstrate the very essence of things. Accordingly, before his departure, he made them a present of the book, which was brought to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, but when the old secretary came to open it he saw nothing but blank paper.

"Ay, ay," said he, "this is just what I suspected."

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S EARS*

Ah! Fate governs irremissibly everything in this world. I judge, as is natural, from my own experience.

Lord Chesterfield, who was very fond of me, had promised to be of help to me. A good living in his nomination fell vacant. I hastened up from the depths of the country to London; I presented myself before his lordship; I reminded him of his promises; he shook me warmly by the hand and said that indeed I did look ill. I replied that my greatest illness was poverty. He said he desired to cure me and immediately gave me a letter for Mr Sidrac, near the Guild-hall.

I had no doubt that Mr Sidrac was the person to hasten the nomination to my living. I hastened to his house. Mr Sidrac, who was his lordship's surgeon, at once began to examine me and assured me that if I had the stone, he would cut me very successfully.

You must know that his lordship had heard I was suffering great pain in the bladder and with his usual generosity had intended I should be cut at his expense. He had gone deaf, like his brother, and I had not been informed of it.

While I was wasting time in defending my bladder against Mr Sidrac, who desired to cut me at all costs, one of the fifty-two competitors who wanted the same living reached his lordship, asked for my vicarage, and obtained it.

* *Editor's Note: Lord Chesterfield's Ears* is a work of Voltaire's old age. It does not reach the poetry of *Candide*. Nevertheless, it deserves a place here because it contains, in a very simple form, the essential of Voltaire's metaphysical ideas, just as the articles from the *Philosophical Dictionary* contain the essential of his moral and political ideas.

I was in love with Miss Fidler whom I was to marry as soon as I became a vicar; my rival had my post and my mistress.

The earl, hearing of my disaster and his mistake, promised to set everything right; but he died two days afterwards.

Mr Sidrac pointed out to me, as clearly as daylight, that my good patron could not live a minute longer owing to the constitution of his organs and proved to me that his deafness only came from the extreme dryness of the cord and drum of his ear. He even offered to harden my two ears with spirits of wine, and to make me deafer than any peer of the realm.

I realized that Mr Sidrac was a very learned man. He inspired me with a taste for the science of Nature. Moreover I saw that he was a charitable man who would cut me for nothing if necessary and who would aid me in every accident which might happen to me towards the neck of my bladder.

So I began to study Nature under his direction, to console myself for the loss of my vicarage and my mistress.

After many observations of Nature, made with my five senses, telescopes and microscopes, I said to Mr Sidrac one day:

"They make fun of us; there is no such thing as Nature, everything is art; it is by an admirable art that all the planets dance regularly around the sun, while the sun turns round upon himself. Obviously someone as learned as the Royal Society of London must have arranged things in such a way that the square of the revolutions of each planet is always proportionate to the cube root of their distance from their centre; and a man must be a sorcerer to guess it.

"The ebb and flow of our Thames seem to me the constant result of an art not less profound and not less difficult to understand.

"Animals, vegetables, minerals, all seem to me arranged with weight, measure, number and movement; everything is a spring, a lever, a pulley, a hydraulic machine, a chemical laboratory, from the blade of grass to the oak, from the flea to man, from a grain of sand to our clouds.

"Certainly, there is nothing but art, and Nature is a delusion."

"You are right," replied Mr Sidrac, "but you are not the first in the field; that has already been said by a dreamer on the other side of the Channel,* but nobody has paid any attention to him."

"What astonishes me and pleases me most of all is that, by means of this incomprehensible art, two machines always produce a third; and I am very sorry not to have made one with Miss Fidler; but I see it was arranged from all eternity that Miss Fidler should make use of another machine than mine."

"What you say," replied Mr Sidrac, "has been said before and said better; which is a probability that you think correctly. Yes, it is most amusing that two beings should produce a third; but it is not true of all beings; two roses do not produce a third rose by kissing each other; two stones, or two metals do not produce a third; and yet a metal and a stone are things which all human industry could not make. The great, the beautiful, continuous miracle is that a boy and a girl should make a child together, that a cock nightingale should make a little nightingale with his hen nightingale, and not with a lark. We ought to spend half our lives in imitating them, and the other half in blessing him who invented this method. In generation there are a thousand vastly curious secrets. Newton says that Nature is everywhere like herself: *Natura est ubique sibi consona.* This is false in love; fish, reptiles and birds do not make love as we do; there is an infinite variety. The making of acting and sapient beings delights me. Vegetables have their value also. I am always amazed that a grain of wheat cast on to the ground should produce several others."

"Ah!" said I, like the fool I then was, "that is because the wheat must die to be born again, as they say in the schools."

Mr Sidrac laughed very circumspectly and replied:

"That was true in the time of the schools, but the meanest laborer today knows that the thing is absurd."

"Ah! Mr Sidrac, I beg your pardon; but I have been a theologian and a man cannot shake off his old habits immediately."

* Voltaire.

Some time after these conversations between poor parson Goodman and the excellent anatomist Sidrac, the surgeon met him in St James's Park, pensive, preoccupied, with a more embarrassed look than a mathematician who has just made a bad mistake in calculation.

"What is the matter with you?" said Sidrac. "Have you a pain in your bladder or your colon?"

"No," said Goodman, "but in the gall-bladder. I have just seen a carriage go by containing the Bishop of Gloucester, who is an insolent and whiffling pedant; I was on foot and it irritated me. I remembered that if I wanted to have a bishopric in this kingdom, 'tis ten thousand to one I should not obtain it, since there are ten thousand parsons in England. Since the death of Lord Chesterfield (who was deaf) I have had no patron. Let us suppose that the ten thousand Anglican parsons each have two patrons; in that event it is twenty thousand to one I shall not be a bishop. That is annoying when one thinks of it.

"I remembered that long ago it was suggested that I should go to India as a cabin-boy; I was assured I should make a great fortune, but I did not feel I was the kind of person to become an admiral. And, after having considered all professions, I have remained a parson without being good for anything."

"Cease to be a priest," said Sidrac, "and make yourself a philosopher. It is an occupation which neither exacts nor gives wealth. What is your income?"

"I have only thirty guineas a year, and after the death of my old aunt, I shall have fifty."

"My dear Goodman, that is enough to live in freedom and to think. Thirty guineas are six hundred and thirty shillings; that makes nearly two shillings a day. Philips only wanted one. With that amount of certain income a man can say everything he thinks about the East India Company, Parliament, the Colonies, the King, being in general, man and God; all of which is a great amusement. Come and dine with me, which will save you money; we will talk, and your thinking faculty will have the pleasure of communicating with mine by means of speech; a marvellous thing which men do not sufficiently admire."

Conversation between Dr Goodman and Sidrac the Anatomist concerning the Soul and Other Matters

Goodman: But, my dear Sidrac, why do you always speak of my thinking faculty? Why not just say my soul? It would be done more quickly and I should understand you just as well.

Sidrac: But I should not understand myself. I feel, I know that God has given me the faculty of thinking and speaking; but I neither feel nor know whether he has given me an entity which is called a soul.

Goodman: Really, when I think about it, I perceive I know nothing more about it and that I have long been rash enough to think I did know. I have noticed that the eastern nations call the soul by a name which means life. Following their example, the Romans first meant the life of the animal by the word *anima*. Among the Greeks they spoke of the respiration of the soul. This respiration is a breath. The Latins translated the word breath by *spiritus;* whence comes the word equivalent to "spirit" among nearly all modern nations. Since nobody has ever seen this breath, this spirit, it has been said to reside in our body without occupying any place there, to move our organs without touching them. What has not been said? It seems to me that all our talk is founded on ambiguities. I see the wise Locke felt that these ambiguities in all languages had plunged human reason into a chaos. He has no chapter on the soul in the only book of reasonable metaphysics ever written. And if he chances to use the word in certain passages, with him it only means our intelligence. Indeed every one feels he has an intelligence, that he receives ideas, that he associates and dissociates them; but nobody feels he has within him another entity which gives him movement, sensations and thoughts. It is ridiculous to use words we do not understand and to admit entities of which we cannot have the slightest idea.

Sidrac: We are agreed then about a matter which has been the subject of dispute for so many centuries.

Goodman: And I am surprised that we are in agreement.

Sidrac: It is not surprising, we are honestly searching for the truth. If we were on the benches of the schools, we should argue like the characters of Rabelais. If we lived in the ages of terrible darkness which so long enveloped England, one of us would perhaps have the other burned. We live in an age of reason; we easily find what seems to us to be the truth and we dare to express it.

Goodman: Yes, but I am afraid this truth is a very paltry affair. In mathematics we have achieved prodigies which would astonish Apollonius and Archimedes, and would make them our pupils; but what have we discovered in metaphysics? Our own ignorance.

Sidrac: And is that nothing? You admit that the great Being has given you the faculty of feeling and thinking, as he has given your feet the faculty of walking, your hands the power of doing a thousand things, your entrails the power of digesting, your heart the power of urging your blood into your arteries. We hold everything from him; we could not give ourselves anything, and we shall always be ignorant of the manner which the Master of the universe makes use of to guide us. For my part, I give him thanks for having taught me that I know nothing of first principles. Men have always inquired how the soul acts upon the body. They ought first of all to have found out whether we have one. Either God has given us this present or he has communicated something which is its equivalent to us. However he went about it, we are under his hand. He is our master, that is all I know.

Goodman: But tell me at least what you suspect. You have dissected brains, you have seen embryos and fœtuses; have you discovered any sign of the soul in them?

Sidrac: Not the least, and I have never been able to understand how an immortal, immaterial entity spent nine months uselessly hidden in an evil-smelling membrane between urine and excrement. It is difficult for me to conceive that this pretended simple soul existed before the formation of its body. For, if it were not a human soul, what use could it have been during the ages? And then how can we imagine a simple entity, a

metaphysical entity, which waits during eternity the moment to animate matter for a few minutes? What becomes of this unknown entity, if the fœtus it should animate dies in the belly of its mother? It seemed still more ridiculous to me that God should create a soul at the moment a man lies with a woman. It seems blasphemous that God should await the consummation of an adultery, of an incest, to reward these turpitudes by creating souls in their favor. It is still worse when I am told that God draws immortal souls from nothingness to make them suffer incredible tortures for eternity. What! Burn simple entities, entities which have nothing burnable! How should we go about burning the sound of a voice, a wind which has passed? Even then, this sound and this wind were material during the brief moment of their passage; but a pure spirit, a thought, a doubt? I am all at sea. Whichever way I turn, I find nothing but obscurity, contradiction, impossibility, ridiculousness, dreams, extravagance, fables, absurdity, stupidity, charlatanism.

But I am quite easy when I say: God is the Master. He who causes the innumerable stars to gravitate towards each other, he who made the light, is certainly powerful enough to give us feelings and ideas without our needing a small, foreign, invisible atom called soul. God has certainly given feeling, memory and industry to all animals. He has given them life and it is as noble to give life as to give a soul. It is generally agreed that animals live; it is proved that they have feeling, since they have organs of feeling. And if they have all that without having a soul, why must we wish to have one at all costs?

Goodman: Perhaps from vanity. I am convinced that if a peacock could speak, he would boast of having a soul and he would say his soul is in his tail. I am very much inclined to suspect with you that God made us to eat, to drink, to walk, to sleep, to feel, to think, to be full of passions, pride and misery, without telling us one word of his secret. We do not know any more about this topic than the peacock I speak of; and he who said that we are born, live and die without knowing how, expressed a great truth.

He who calls us the puppets of Providence seems to me to have well defined us; since after all, for us to exist, there needs must be an infinity of movements. We

did not make the movement; we did not establish its laws. There is someone who, having made the light, makes it move from the sun to our eyes and reach us in seven minutes. It is only through movement that my five senses are stirred; it is only through my five senses that I have ideas; therefore it is the Author of movement who gives me ideas. And when he tells me how he gives them to me, I shall render him very humble thanks. Already I give him great thanks for having allowed me to contemplate for a few years the magnificent spectacle of this world, as Epictetus says. It is true he might make me happier and let me have a good living and my mistress, Miss Fidler; but after all, even as I am, with my income of six hundred and thirty shillings, I am still greatly indebted to him.

Sidrac: You say that God might have given you a good living and that he could make you happier than you are. There are some people who would not allow you to make such an assertion. Do you not remember that you yourself complained of Fate? A man who wished to be a parson must not contradict himself. Do you not see that, if you had had the parsonage and the woman you asked for, it would have been you who made Miss Fidler's child and not your rival? The child she would have had might have been a cabin-boy, have become an admiral, have won a naval battle at the mouth of the Ganges, and completed the dethronement of the Great Mogul. That alone would have changed the constitution of the universe. A world entirely different from ours would have been needed in order that your competitor should not have the living, should not marry Miss Fidler, and that you should not have been reduced to six hundred and thirty shillings while expecting the death of your aunt. Everything is linked up: and God will not break the eternal chain for the sake of my friend Goodman.

Goodman: I did not expect this line of reasoning when I spoke of Fate; but after all, if this is so, God is as much a slave as I am?

Sidrac: He is the slave of his will, of his wisdom, of the laws he made himself, of his necessary nature. He cannot infringe them, because he cannot be weak, inconstant, and flighty as we are, and the necessarily Eternal Being cannot be a weathercock.

Goodman: Mr Sidrac, that leads straight to irreligion; for if God can change nothing in the affairs of this world, what is the use of singing his praises and addressing prayers to him?

Sidrac: And who told you to pray God, and praise him? Much he cares for your praise and petitions! We praise a man because we think him vain; we pray him when we think him weak and hope to make him change his opinion. Let us do our duty to God, adore him, act justly; that is true praise and true prayer.

Goodman: Mr Sidrac, we have covered a lot of ground; for, without counting Miss Fidler, we have inquired whether we have a soul, whether there is a God, whether he can change, whether we are destined to two lives, whether . . . These are profound studies and perhaps I should never have thought of them if I had been a parson. I must go deeper into these necessary and sublime matters, since I have nothing else to do.

Sidrac: Well, Dr Grou is coming to dine with me tomorrow; he is a very well-informed doctor; he went round the world with Banks and Solander. He must certainly understand God and the soul, the true and the false, the just and the unjust, far better than those who have never left Covent Garden. Moreover, Dr Grou saw almost the whole of Europe in his youth; he witnessed five or six revolutions in Russia; he frequented the pasha Comte de Bonneval, who, as you know, became a complete Mohammedan at Constantinople. He was intimate with the Papist priest MacCarthy, the Irishman, who had his prepuce cut off in honor of Mohammed and with our Scotch Presbyterian, Ramsay, who did the same, and afterwards served in Russia and was killed in a battle against the Swedes in Finland. He has conversed with the reverend Father Malagrida, who has since been burned at Lisbon, because the Holy Virgin revealed to him everything she did when she was in the womb of her mother, Saint Anne. You can see that a man like Dr Grou, who has seen so much, must be the greatest metaphysician in the world. Tomorrow then, at my house for dinner.

Goodman: And the day after tomorrow, also, my dear Sidrac, for more than one dinner is needed to grow well informed.

Next day the three thinkers dined together; and as

they became a little gayer towards the end of the meal, according to the custom of philosophers at dinner, they amused themselves by talking of all the miseries, all the follies, all the horrors which afflict the animal race from Australia to the Arctic Pole, and from Lima to Macao. This diversity of abominations is nevertheless very amusing. It is a pleasure unknown to stay-at-home burgesses and parish curates, who know nothing beyond their own church spire and who think that all the rest of the universe is like Exchange Alley in London, or like the Rue de la Huchette at Paris.

"I have noticed," said Dr Grou, "that in spite of the infinite variety of this globe, all the men I have seen, whether blacks with woolly hair, blacks with straight hair, the browns, the reds, the swarthy who are called whites, all have alike two legs, two eyes, and a head on their shoulders, despite St Augustine, who asserts in his thirty-seventh sermon that he had seen acephalous men, that is headless men, monoculous men with only one eye and monopeds who have only one leg. As to anthropophagi, I admit there are swarms of them and that every one was once like them.

"I have often been asked if the inhabitants of the immense country called New Zealand, who are today the most barbarous of all barbarians, were baptised. I always reply that I do not know, but that it might be so; that the Jews, who were more barbarous than they, had two baptisms instead of one, the baptism of justice and the baptism of domicile."

"I know them well," said Mr Goodman, "and I have had long disputes with those who think we invented baptism. No, gentlemen, we have invented nothing; we have only introduced contractions. But pray tell me, Dr Grou, among the eighty or hundred religions you saw in your travels, which seemed the most pleasant, that of the New Zealanders, or that of the Hottentots?"

Dr Grou: That of the Island of Otaiti, without any doubt. I have travelled through the two hemispheres; I never saw anything like Otaiti and its religious queen. It is in Otaiti that Nature dwells. Elsewhere I saw nothing but masks; I saw only scoundrels deceiving fools, charlatans cheating others of their money to obtain authority, and cheating authority to have money with impunity; who sell you spiders' webs in order to eat your par-

tridges; who sell you riches and pleasures when there is none, so that you will turn the spit while they exist.

By Heaven! It is not like that in the Island of Aiti, or of Otaiti. The island is much more civilized than New Zealand and the country of the Kafirs, and I dare to say, than our own England, because Nature has granted it a more fertile soil; she has given it the bread-fruit tree, a present as useful as it is wonderful, which she has only bestowed upon a few islands of the Southern Sea. Moreover, Otaiti possesses numerous edible birds, vegetables and fruits. In such a country it is not necessary to eat one's neighbor; but there is a more natural, gentler, more universal necessity which the religion of Otaiti commands shall be satisfied in public. It is certainly the most respectable of all religious ceremonies; I have been an eye-witness of it, as well as the whole crew of our ship. These are not missionaries' fables, such as are to be found sometimes in the Edifying and Curious Letters of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers. Dr John Hawkesworth is now completing the publication of our discoveries in the southern hemisphere. I have constantly accompanied that worthy young man, Banks, who has devoted his time and money to the observation of Nature, in the regions of the Antarctic Pole, while Dawkins and Wood returned from the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbek where they had excavated the most ancient monuments of the arts, and Hamilton taught the amazed Neapolitans the natural history of their Mount Vesuvius. With Banks, Solander, Cook and a hundred others, I have seen what I am about to tell you.

The Princess Obeira, Queen of the Island of Otaiti . . .

At that moment the coffee was brought, and as soon as it was taken, Dr Grou went on with his story as follows:

"The Princess Obeira," I say, "after having heaped us with presents with a politeness worthy of a queen of England, was curious to be present one morning at our Anglican service. We celebrated it as pompously as we could. In the afternoon she invited us to hers; it was on the 14th May 1769. We found her surrounded by about one thousand persons of both sexes arranged in a semicircle and respectfully silent. A very pretty girl, simply dressed in light clothes, was lying on a platform which

served as an altar. Queen Obeira ordered a fine young man of about twenty to make the sacrifice. He repeated a sort of prayer and got on to the altar. The two sacrificers were half naked. The Queen, with a majestic air, showed the young victim the most convenient method of consummating the sacrifice. All the Otaitians were so attentive and so respectful that not one of our sailors dared to trouble the ceremony by an indecent laugh. That is what I have seen, I tell you; that is what our whole crew saw; it is for you to make deductions."

"This sacred festival does not surprise me," said Dr Goodman. "I am convinced that this is the first festival men have ever celebrated, and I do not see why we should not pray God when we are about to make a being in his image, as we pray to him before the meals which sustain our bodies. To labor to bring to life a reasonable creature is the most noble and holy action. Thus thought the early Indians, who revered the Lingam, the symbol of generation; the ancient Egyptians who carried the phallus in procession; the Greeks who erected temples to Priapus. If one may quote the miserable little Jewish nation, the clumsy imitator of all its neighbors, it is said in its books that this nation adored Priapus and that the queen-mother of the Jewish King Asa was the high priestess.

"However this may be, it is very probable that no race ever established or could establish a cult from libertinism. Debauchery sometimes slips in through the lapse of time; but the institution itself is always innocent and pure. Our earliest love-feasts, where boys and girls kissed each other innocently on the mouth, did not generate into rendezvous and infidelities until much later; and would to God I might sacrifice with Miss Fidler under Queen Obeira in all honor! It would assuredly be the finest day and the best action of my life."

Mr Sidrac, who had hitherto kept silence because Goodman and Grou had been talking, at last abandoned his reserve and said:

"What I have just heard ravishes me with admiration. Queen Obeira seems to me the greatest queen in the southern hemisphere; I dare not say of both hemispheres; but among so much fame and happiness, there is one thing which makes me tremble and which Mr Goodman mentioned without your replying. Is it true,

Dr Grou, that Captain Wallace, who anchored off that fortunate Island before you, brought to it the two most terrible scourges of the whole earth, the two poxes?"

"Alas!" replied Dr Grou, "the French accuse us and we accuse the French. Mr Bougainville says that the accursed English gave the pox to Queen Obeira; and Mr Cook asserts that the Queen obtained it from Mr Bougainville himself. However this may be, the pox is like the fine arts, nobody knows who invented them, but eventually they ran through Europe, Asia, Africa and America."

"I have been a surgeon for a long time," said Sidrac, "and I confess I owe the greater part of my fortune to this pox; yet I do not detest it any the less. Mrs Sidrac communicated it to me on the first night of her wedding; and, as she is an excessively delicate woman in all matters touching her honor, she published in all the London newspapers the statement that she was indeed attacked by an infamous disease but that she had contracted it in her mother's womb and that it was an old family habit.

"What was 'Nature' thinking of when she poured this poison in the very source of life? It has been said, and I repeat it, that this is the most enormous and detestable of all contradictions. What! Man, they say, was made in God's image. Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum, and it is in the spermatic vessels of this image that pain, infection and death are placed! What becomes of Lord Rochester's fine verse:

'Love, in a land of infidels,
Would lead to God.' "

"Alas!" said the excellent Goodman, "perhaps I have to thank Providence that I did not marry my dear Miss Fidler; for who knows what might have happened? We are never sure of anything in this world. In any case, Mr Sidrac, you have promised me your help in everything concerning my bladder."

"I am entirely at your service," replied Sidrac, "but you must get rid of these gloomy thoughts."

Goodman, speaking in this way, seemed to foresee his fate.

As Mr Sidrac spoke these wise words a servant came

in to inform Mr Goodman that the late Lord Chesterfield's steward was at the door in his carriage and wished to speak to him about a very urgent affair. Goodman ran down to receive the information and the steward invited him into the carriage and said:

"No doubt you know, sir, what happened to Mr Sidrac on their wedding-night?"

"Yes, sir, he told me the story of that little adventure just now."

"Well, the same thing occurred to the fair Miss Fidler and her parson husband. The morning after they fought; the day after they separated and the parson has been deprived of his living. I am in love with Miss Fidler, I know that she loves you, but she does not hate me. I can rise superior to the little accident which was the cause of her divorce; I am in love and fearless. Give up Miss Fidler to me and I will see that you get the living, which is worth over a hundred and fifty guineas a year. You have only ten minutes to make up your mind."

"This is a delicate proposition, sir; I must consult my philosophers Sidrac and Grou; I shall return to you immediately."

He ran back to his two advisers.

"I see," he said, "that the affairs of this world are not decided by digestion alone, and that love, ambition and money play a large part."

He told them how he was situated, and begged them to decide at once. They both decided that with an income of a hundred and fifty guineas he could have all the girls in his parish and Miss Fidler as well.

Goodman felt the wisdom of this decision; he had the parsonage, he had Miss Fidler in secret, which was much more agreeable than having her as a wife. Mr Sidrac was prodigal of good offices when they were needed; he became one of the most terrible priests in England and was more convinced than ever that fatality governs everything in this world.

PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY

DESTINY: Of all the books written in the western climes of the world, which have reached our times, Homer is the most ancient. In his works we find the manners of profane antiquity, coarse heroes, and material gods, made after the image of man, but mixed up with reveries and absurdities; we also find the seeds of philosophy, and more particularly the idea of destiny, or necessity, who is the dominatrix of the gods, as the gods are of the world.

When the magnanimous Hector determines to fight the magnanimous Achilles, and runs away with all possible speed, making the circuit of the city three times, in order to increase his vigor; when Homer compares the light-footed Achilles, who pursues him, to a man that is asleep! and when Madame Dacier breaks into a rapture of admiration at the art and meaning exhibited in this passage, it is precisely then that Jupiter, desirous of saving the great Hector who has offered up to him so many sacrifices, bethinks him of consulting the destinies, upon weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles in a balance. He finds that the Trojan must inevitably be killed by the Greek, and is not only unable to oppose it, but from that moment Apollo, the guardian genius of Hector, is compelled to abandon him. It is not to be denied that Homer is frequently extravagant, and even on this very occasion displays a contradictory flow of ideas, according to the privilege of antiquity; but yet he is the first in whom we meet with the notion of destiny. It may be concluded, then, that in his days it was a prevalent one.

The Pharisees, among the small nation of Jews, did not adopt the idea of a destiny till many ages after. For

these Pharisees themselves, who were the most learned class among the Jews, were but of very recent date. They mixed up, in Alexandria, a portion of the dogmas of the Stoics with their ancient Jewish ideas. St. Jerome goes so far as to state that their sect is but a little anterior to our vulgar era.

Philosophers would never have required the aid of Homer, or of the Pharisees, to be convinced that everything is performed according to immutable laws, that everything is ordained, that everything is, in fact, *necessary*. The manner in which they reason is as follows:

Either the world subsists by its own nature, by its own physical laws, or a Supreme Being has formed it according to His supreme laws: in both cases these laws are immovable; in both cases everything is necessary; heavy bodies tend towards the center of the earth without having any power or tendency to rest in the air. Pear-trees cannot produce pineapples. The instinct of a spaniel cannot be the instinct of an ostrich; everything is arranged, adjusted, and fixed.

Man can have only a certain number of teeth, hairs, and ideas; and a period arrives when he necessarily loses his teeth, hair, and ideas.

It is contradictory to say that yesterday should not have been; or that today does not exist; it is just as contradictory to assert that that which is to come will not inevitably be.

Could you derange the destiny of a single fly there would be no possible reason why you should not control the destiny of all other flies, of all other animals, of all men, of all nature. You would find, in fact, that you were more powerful than God.

Weak-minded persons say: "My physician has brought my aunt safely through a mortal disease; he has added ten years to my aunt's life." Others of more judgment say, the prudent man makes his own destiny.

Nullum numen abest, si sit Prudentia, sed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus.
—JUVENAL, *Sat.* x. v. 365

We call on Fortune, and her aid implore,
While Prudence is the goddess to adore.

But frequently the prudent man succumbs under his

destiny instead of making it; it is destiny which makes men prudent. Profound politicians assure us that if Cromwell, Ludlow, Ireton, and a dozen other parliamentary leaders, had been assassinated eight days before Charles I had his head cut off, that king would have continued alive and have died in his bed; they are right; and they may add, that if all England had been swallowed up in the sea, that king would not have perished on a scaffold before Whitehall. But things were so arranged that Charles was to have his head cut off.

Cardinal d'Ossat was unquestionably more clever than an idiot of the *petites maisons*; but is it not evident that the organs of the wise d'Ossat were differently formed from those of that idiot?—Just as the organs of a fox are different from those of a crane or a lark.

Your physician saved your aunt, but in so doing he certainly did not contradict the order of nature, but followed it. It is clear that your aunt could not prevent her birth in a certain place, that she could not help being affected by a certain malady, at a certain time; that the physician could be in no other place than where he was, that your aunt could not but apply to him, that he could not but prescribe medicines which cured her, or were thought to cure her, while nature was the sole physician.

A peasant thinks that it hailed upon his field by chance; but the philosopher knows that there was no chance, and that it was absolutely impossible, according to the constitution of the world, for it not to have hailed at that very time and place.

There are some who, being shocked by this truth, concede only half of it, like debtors who offer one moiety of their property to their creditors, and ask remission for the other. There are, they say, some events which are necessary, and others which are not so. It would be curious for one part of the world to be changed and the other not; that one part of what happens should happen inevitably, and another fortuitously. When we examine the question closely, we see that the doctrine opposed to that of destiny is absurd; but many men are destined to be bad reasoners, others not to reason at all, and others to persecute those who reason well or ill.

Some caution us by saying, "Do not believe in fatalism, for, if you do, everything appearing to you unavoidable,

you will exert yourself for nothing; you will sink down in indifference; you will regard neither wealth, nor honors, nor praise; you will be careless about acquiring anything whatever; you will consider yourself meritless and powerless; no talent will be cultivated, and all will be overwhelmed in apathy."

Do not be afraid, gentlemen; we shall always have passions and prejudices, since it is our destiny to be subjected to prejudices and passions. We shall very well know that it no more depends upon us to have great merit or superior talents than to have a fine head of hair, or a beautiful hand; we shall be convinced that we ought to be vain of nothing, and yet vain we shall always be. . . .

I have necessarily the passion for writing as I now do; and, as for you, you have the passion for censuring me; we are both equally fools, both equally the sport of destiny. Your nature is to do ill, mine is to love truth, and publish it in spite of you.

The owl, while supping upon mice in his ruined tower, said to the nightingale, "Stop your singing there in your beautiful arbor, and come to my hole that I may eat you." The nightingale replied, "I am born to sing where I am, and to laugh at you."

You ask me what is to become of liberty: I do not understand you; I do not know what the liberty you speak of really is. You have been so long disputing about the nature of it that you do not understand it. If you are willing, or rather, if you are able to examine with me coolly what it is, turn to the letter L.

ENVY: We all know what the ancients said of this disgraceful passion and what the moderns have repeated. Hesiod is the first classic author who has spoken of it.

"The potter envies the potter, the artisan the artisan, the poor even the poor, the musician the musician—or, if any one chooses to give a different meaning to the word *avidos*—the poet the poet."

Long before Hesiod, Job had remarked, "Envy destroys the little-minded."

I believe Mandeville, the author of the "Fable of the Bees," is the first who has endeavored to prove that envy is a good thing, a very useful passion. His first reason is that envy was as natural to man as hunger and thirst;

that it may be observed in all children, as well as in horses and dogs. If you wish your children to hate one another, caress one more than the other; the prescription is infallible.

He asserts that the first thing two young women do when they meet together is to discover matter for ridicule, and the second to flatter each other.

He thinks that without envy the arts would be only moderately cultivated, and that Raphael would never have been a great painter if he had not been jealous of Michael Angelo.

Mandeville, perhaps, mistook emulation for envy; perhaps, also, emulation is nothing but envy restricted within the bounds of decency.

Michael Angelo might say to Raphael, your envy has only induced you to study and execute still better than I do; you have not depreciated me, you have not caballed against me before the pope, you have not endeavored to get me excommunicated for placing in my picture of the Last Judgment one-eyed and lame persons in paradise, and pampered cardinals with beautiful women perfectly naked in hell! No! your envy is a laudable feeling; you are brave as well as envious; let us be good friends.

But if the envious person is an unhappy being without talents, jealous of merit as the poor are of the rich; if under the pressure at once of indigence and baseness he writes "News from Parnassus," "Letters from a Celebrated Countess," or "Literary Annals," the creature displays an envy which is in fact absolutely good for nothing, and for which even Mandeville could make no apology.

Descartes said: "Envy forces up the yellow bile from the lower part of the liver, and the black bile that comes from the spleen, which diffuses itself from the heart by the arteries." But as no sort of bile is formed in the spleen, Descartes, when he spoke thus, deserved not to be envied for his physiology.

A person of the name of Poet or Poetius, a theological blackguard, who accused Descartes of atheism, was exceedingly affected by the black bile. But he knew still less than Descartes how his detestable bile circulated through his blood.

Madame Pernelle is perfectly right: "*Les envieux*

mourront, mais non jamais l'envie."—The envious will die, but envy never. (*Tartuffe*, Act V, Scene 3.)

That it is better to excite envy than pity is a good proverb. Let us, then, make men envy us as much as we are able.

EQUALITY. What does a dog owe to a dog and a horse to a horse? Nothing. No animal depends on his equal. But, man having received from God that which is called *reason*, what is the result? That almost everywhere on earth he is a slave.

If the earth were in fact what it might be supposed it should be—if men found upon it everywhere an easy and certain subsistence, and a climate congenial to their nature, it would be evidently impossible for one man to subjugate another. Let the globe be covered with wholesome fruits; let the air on which we depend for life convey to us no diseases and premature death; let man require no other lodging than the deer or roebuck, in that case the Genghis Khans and the Tamerlanes will have no other attendants than their own children, who will be very worthy persons, and assist them affectionately in their old age.

In that state of nature enjoyed by all undomesticated quadrupeds, and by birds and reptiles, men would be just as happy as they are. Domination would be a mere chimera—an absurdity which no one would think of, for why should servants be sought for when no service is required?

If it should enter the mind of any individual of a tyrannical disposition and nervous arm to subjugate his less powerful neighbor, his success would be impossible; the oppressed would be on the Danube before the oppressor had completed his preparations on the Volga.

All men, then, would necessarily have been equal had they been without wants; it is the misery attached to our species which places one man in subjection to another; inequality is not the real grievance, but dependence. It is of little consequence for one man to be called his highness and another his holiness, but it is hard for me to be the servant of another.

A numerous family has cultivated a good soil, two small neighboring families live on lands unproductive and barren. It will therefore be necessary for the two poor

families to serve the rich one, or to destroy it. This is easily accomplished. One of the two indigent families goes and offers its services to the rich one in exchange for bread, the other makes an attack upon it and is conquered. The serving family is the origin of domestics and laborers, the one conquered is the origin of slaves.

It is impossible in our melancholy world to prevent men living in society from being divided into two classes, one of the rich who command, the other of the poor who obey, and these two are subdivided into various others, which have also their respective shades of difference.

All the poor are not unhappy. The greater number are born in that state, and constant labor prevents them from too sensibly feeling their situation; but when they do strongly feel it, then follow wars such as those of the popular party against the senate in Rome, and those of the peasantry in Germany, England, and France. All these wars ended sooner or later in the subjection of the people, because the great have money, and money in a state commands everything; I say in a state, for the case is different between nation and nation. That nation which makes the best use of iron will always subjugate another that has more gold but less courage.

Every man is born with an eager inclination for power, wealth, and pleasure, and also with a great taste for indolence. Every man, consequently, would wish to possess the fortunes and the wives or daughters of others, to be their master, to retain them in subjection to his caprices, and to do nothing, or at least nothing but what is perfectly agreeable. You clearly perceive that which such amiable dispositions, it is as impossible for men to be equal as for two preachers or divinity professors not to be jealous of each other.

The human race, constituted as it is, cannot exist unless there be an infinite number of useful individuals possessed of no property at all, for most certainly a man in easy circumstances will not leave his own land to come and cultivate yours; and if you want a pair of shoes you will not get a lawyer to make them for you. Equality, then, is at the same time the most natural and the most chimerical thing possible.

As men carry everything to excess if they have it in their power to do so, this inequality has been pushed too far; it has been maintained in many countries that no citi-

zen has a right to quit that in which he was born. The meaning of such a law must evidently be: "This country is so wretched and ill-governed we prohibit every man from quitting it, under an apprehension that otherwise all would leave it." Do better; excite in all your subjects a desire to stay with you, and in foreigners a desire to come and settle among you.

Every man has a right to entertain a private opinion of his own equality to other men, but it follows not that a cardinal's cook should take it upon him to order his master to prepare his dinner. The cook, however, may say: "I am a man as well as my master; I was born like him in tears, and shall like him die in anguish, attended by the same common ceremonies. We both perform the same animal functions. If the Turks get possession of Rome, and I then become a cardinal and my master a cook, I will take him into my service." This language is perfectly reasonable and just, but, while waiting for the Grand Turk to get possession of Rome, the cook is bound to do his duty, or all human society is subverted.

With respect to a man who is neither a cardinal's cook nor invested with any office whatever in the state—with respect to an individual who has no connections, and is disgusted at being everywhere received with an air of protection or contempt, who sees quite clearly that many men of quality and title have not more knowledge, wit, or virtue than himself, and is wearied by being occasionally in their antechambers—what ought such a man to do? He ought to stay away.

LIBERTY:

A. A battery of cannon is discharged at our ears; have you the liberty to hear it, or not to hear it, as you please?

B. Undoubtedly I cannot hinder myself from hearing it.

A. Are you willing that these cannon shall take off your head and those of your wife and daughter who walk with you?

B. What a question! I cannot, at least while I am in my right senses, wish such a thing; it is impossible.

A. Good; you necessarily hear these cannon, and you necessarily wish not for the death of yourself and your family by a discharge from them. You have neither the

power of not hearing it, nor the power of wishing to remain here.

B. That is clear.

A. You have, I perceive, advanced thirty paces to be out of the reach of the cannon; you have had the power of walking these few steps with me.

B. That is also very clear.

A. And if you had been paralytic, you could not have avoided being exposed to this battery; you would necessarily have heard, and received a wound from the cannon; and you would have as necessarily died.

B. Nothing is more true.

A. In what then consists your liberty, if not in the power that your body has acquired of performing that which from absolute necessity your will requires?

B. You embarrass me. Liberty then is nothing more than the power of doing what I wish?

A. Reflect; and see whether liberty can be understood otherwise.

B. In this case, my hunting dog is as free as myself; he has necessarily the will to run when he sees a hare; and the power of running, if there is nothing the matter with his legs. I have therefore nothing above my dog; you reduce me to the state of the beasts.

A. These are poor sophisms, and they are poor sophists who have instructed you. You are unwilling to be free like your dog. Do you not eat, sleep, and propagate like him, and nearly in the same attitudes? Would you smell otherwise than by your nose? Why would you possess liberty differently from your dog?

B. But I have a soul which reasons and my dog scarcely reasons at all. He has nothing beyond simple ideas, while I have a thousand metaphysical ideas.

A. Well, you are a thousand times more free than he is; you have a thousand times more power of thinking than he has; but still you are not free in any other manner than your dog is free.

B. What! am I not free to will what I like?

A. What do you understand by that?

B. I understand what all the world understands. Is it not every day said that the will is free?

A. An adage is not a reason; explain yourself better.

B. I understand that I am free to will as I please.

A. With your permission, that is nonsense; see you not

that it is ridiculous to say—I will will? Consequently, you necessarily will the ideas only which are presented to you. Will you be married, yes or no?

B. Suppose I answer that I will neither the one nor the other.

A. In that case you would answer like him who said: Some believe Cardinal Mazarin dead, others believe him living; I believe neither the one nor the other.

B. Well, I will marry!

A. Aye, that is an answer. Why will you marry?

B. Because I am in love with a young, beautiful, sweet, well-educated, rich girl, who sings very well, whose parents are very honest people, and I flatter myself that I am beloved by her and welcome to the family.

A. There is a reason. You see that you cannot will without a motive. I declare to you that you are free to marry, that is to say, that you have the power of signing the contract.

B. How! I cannot will without a motive? Then what will become of the other proverb—*"Sit pro ratione voluntas"*—my will is my reason—I will because I will?

A. It is an absurd one, my dear friend; you would then have an effect without a cause.

B. What! when I play at odd or even, have I a reason for choosing even rather than odd?

A. Undoubtedly.

B. And what is the reason, if you please?

A. It is, that the idea of even is presented to your mind rather than the opposite idea. It would be extraordinary if there were cases in which we will because there is a motive, and others in which we will without one. When you would marry, you evidently perceive the predominant reason for it; you perceive it not when you play at odd or even, and yet there must be one.

B. Therefore, once more, I am not free.

A. Your will is not free, but your actions are. You are free to act when you have the power of acting.

B. But all the books that I have read on the liberty of indifference—

A. Are nonsense: there is no liberty of indifference; it is a word devoid of sense, invented by men who never had any.

LOVE. (*"Amor omnibus idem."*): It is the embroidery of

imagination on the stuff of nature. If you wish to form an idea of love, look at the sparrows in your garden; behold your doves; contemplate the bull when introduced to the heifer; look at that powerful and spirited horse which two of your grooms are conducting to the mare that quietly awaits him, and is evidently pleased at his approach; observe the flashing of his eyes, notice the strength and loudness of his neighings, the boundings, the curvetings, the ears erect, the mouth opening with convulsive gaspings, the distended nostrils, the breath of fire, the raised and waving mane, and the impetuous movement with which he rushes towards the object which nature has destined for him; do not, however, be jealous of his happiness; but reflect on the advantages of the human species; they afford ample compensation in love for all those which nature has conferred on mere animals—strength, beauty, lightness, and rapidity.

There are some classes, however, even of animals totally unacquainted with sexual association. Fishes are destitute of this enjoyment. The female deposits her millions of eggs on the slime of the waters, and the male that meets them passes over them and communicates the vital principle, never consorting with, or perhaps even perceiving the female to whom they belong.

The greater part of those animals which copulate are sensible of the enjoyment only by a single sense; and when appetite is satisfied, the whole is over. No animal, besides man, is acquainted with embraces; his whole frame is susceptible; his lips particularly experience a delight which never wearies, and which is exclusively the portion of his species; finally, he can surrender himself at all seasons to the endearments of love, while mere animals possess only limited periods. If you reflect on these high preeminences, you will readily join in the Earl of Rochester's remark, that love would impel a whole nation of atheists to worship the divinity.

As men have been endowed with the talent of perfecting whatever nature has bestowed upon them, they have accordingly perfected the gift of love. Cleanliness, personal attention, and regard to health render the frame more sensitive, and consequently increase its capacity of gratification. All the other amiable and valuable sentiments enter afterwards into that of love, like the metals which amalgamate with gold; friendship and esteem readi-

ly fly to its support; and talents both of body and of mind are new and strengthening bonds.

Self-love, above all, draws closer all these various ties. Men pride themselves in the choice they have made; and the numberless illusions that crowd around constitute the ornament of the work, of which the foundation is so firmly laid by nature.

Such are the advantages possessed by man above the various tribes of animals. But, if he enjoys delights of which they are ignorant, how many vexations and disgusts, on the other hand, is he exposed to, from which they are free! The most dreadful of these is occasioned by nature's having poisoned the pleasures of love and sources of life over three-quarters of the world by a terrible disease, to which man alone is subject; nor is it with this pestilence as with various other maladies, which are the natural consequences of excess. It was not introduced into the world by debauchery. The Phrynes and Laises, the Floras and Messalinas, were never attacked by it. It originated in islands where mankind dwelt together in innocence, and has thence been spread throughout the Old World.

If nature could in any instance be accused of despising her own work, thwarting her own plan, and counteracting her own views, it would be in this detestable scourge. And can this, then, be the best of all possible worlds? What! if Cæsar and Antony and Octavius never had this disease, was it not possible to prevent Francis the First from dying of it? No, it is said; things were so ordered all for the best; I want to believe it, but it is difficult.

MAN. (*Is Man Born Wicked?*): Is it not demonstrated that man is *not* born perverse and the child of the devil? If such was his nature, he would commit enormous crimes and barbarities as soon as he could walk; he would use the first knife he could find, to wound whoever displeased him. He would necessarily resemble little wolves and foxes, who bite as soon as they can.

On the contrary, throughout the world, he partakes of the nature of the lamb, while he is an infant. Why, therefore, and how is it, that he so often becomes a wolf and fox? Is it not that, being born neither good nor wicked, education, example, the government into which

he is thrown—in short, occasion of every kind—determines him to virtue or vice?

Perhaps human nature could not be otherwise. Man could not always have false thoughts, nor always true affections; be always sweet, or always cruel.

It is demonstrable that woman is elevated beyond men in the scale of goodness. We see a hundred brothers enemies to each other, to one Clytemnestra.

There are professions which necessarily render the soul pitiless—those of the soldier, the butcher, the officer of justice, and the jailer; and all trades which are founded on the annoyance of others.

Whoever has been able to descend to the subaltern detail of the bar; whoever has only heard lawyers reason familiarly among themselves, and applaud themselves for the miseries of their clients, must have a very poor opinion of human nature.

Women, incessantly occupied with the education of their children, are everywhere less barbarous than men.

Physics join with morals to prevent them from great crimes; their blood is milder; they are less addicted to strong liquors, which inspire ferocity. An evident proof is, that of a thousand victims of justice in a thousand executed assassins, we scarcely reckon four women. It is also proved elsewhere, I believe, that in Asia there are not two examples of women condemned to a public punishment. It appears, therefore, that our customs and habits have rendered the male species very wicked.

If this truth was general and without exceptions, the species would be more horrible than spiders, wolves, and polecats are to our eyes. But happily, professions which harden the heart and fill it with odious passions, are very rare. Observe, that in a nation of twenty millions, there are at most two hundred thousand soldiers. This is but one soldier to two hundred individuals.

The number of other trades which are dangerous to manners, is but small. Laborers, artisans, and artists are too much occupied often to deliver themselves up to crime. The earth will always bear detestable wretches, and books will always exaggerate the number, which, rather than being greater, is less than we say.

If mankind had been under the empire of the devil, there would be no longer any person upon earth. Let us console ourselves: we have seen, and we shall always

see, fine minds from Pekin to la Rochelle; and whatever licentiates and bachelors may say, the Tituses, Trajans, Antoninuses, and Peter Bayles were very honest men.

MARRIAGE: I once met with a reasoner who said: "Induce your subjects to marry as early as possible. Let them be exempt from taxes the first year; and let their portion be assessed on those who at the same age are in a state of celibacy.

"The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendars; you will there find a hundred youths executed for one father of a family.

"Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children; he is afraid to make shame their inheritance.

"Let your soldiers marry, and they will no longer desert. Bound to their families, they will be bound to their country. An unmarried soldier is frequently nothing but a vagabond, to whom it matters not whether he serves the king of Naples or the king of Morocco."

The Roman warriors were married: they fought for their wives and their children; and they made slaves of the wives and the children of other nations.

A great Italian politician, who was, besides, learned in the Eastern tongues, a thing rare among our politicians, said to me in my youth: *"Caro figlio,* remember that the Jews never had but one good institution—that of abhorring virginity. If that little nation had not regarded marriage as the first of the human obligations—if there had been among them convents of nuns—they would have been inevitably lost."

MATTER. (*A Polite Dialogue Between a Demoniac and a Philosopher)*:

Demoniac: Yes, thou enemy of God and man, who believest that God is all-powerful, and is at liberty to confer the gift of thought on every being whom He shall vouchsafe to choose, I will go and denounce thee to the inquisitor; I will have thee burned. Beware, I warn thee for the last time.

Philosopher: Are these your arguments? Is it thus you teach mankind? I admire your mildness.

Demoniac: Come, I will be patient for a moment

while the fagots are preparing. Answer me: What is spirit?

Philosopher: I know not.

Demoniac: What is matter?

Philosopher: I scarcely know. I believe it to have extent, solidity, resistance, gravity, divisibility, mobility. God may have given it a thousand other qualities of which I am ignorant.

Demoniac: A thousand other qualities, traitor! I see what thou wouldst be at; thou wouldst tell me that God can animate matter, that He has given instinct to animals, that He is the Master of all.

Philosopher: But it may very well be, that He has granted to this matter many properties which you cannot comprehend.

Demoniac: Which I cannot comprehend, villain!

Philosopher: Yes. His power goes much further than your understanding.

Demoniac: His power! His power! thou talkest like a true atheist.

Philosopher: However, I have the testimony of many holy fathers on my side.

Demoniac: Go to, go to: neither God nor they shall prevent us from burning thee alive—the death inflicted on parricides and on philosophers who are not of our opinion.

Philosopher: Was it the devil or yourself that invented this method of arguing?

Demoniac: Vile wretch! darest thou to couple my name with the devil's?

(Here the demoniac strikes the philosopher, who returns him the blow with interest.)

Philosopher: Help! philosophers!

Demoniac: Holy brotherhood! help!

(Here half a dozen philosophers arrive on one side, and on the other rush in a hundred Dominicans, with a hundred Familiars of the Inquisition, and a hundred alguazils. The contest is too unequal.)

MIRACLES: A miracle, according to the true meaning of the word, is something admirable; and agreeable to this, all is miracle. The stupendous order of nature, the revolution of a hundred millions of worlds around a million of suns, the activity of light, the life of animals, all are grand and perpetual miracles.

According to common acceptation, we call a miracle the violation of these divine and eternal laws. A solar eclipse at the time of the full moon, or a dead man walking two leagues and carrying his head in his arms, we denominate a miracle.

Many natural philosophers maintain, that in this sense there are no miracles; and advance the following arguments:

A miracle is the violation of mathematical, divine, immutable, eternal laws. By the very exposition itself, a miracle is a contradiction in terms: a law cannot at the same time be immutable and violated. But they are asked, cannot a law, established by God Himself, be suspended by its author?

They have the hardihood to reply that it cannot; and that it is impossible a being infinitely wise can have made laws to violate them. He could not, they say, derange the machine but with a view of making it work better; but it is evident that God, all-wise and omnipotent, originally made this immense machine, the universe, as good and perfect as He was able; if He saw that some imperfections would arise from the nature of matter, He provided for that in the beginning; and, accordingly, He will never change anything in it. Moreover, God can do nothing without reason; but what reason could induce Him to disfigure for a time His own work?

It is done, they are told, in favor of mankind. They reply: We must presume, then, that it is in favor of all mankind; for it is impossible to conceive that the divine nature should occupy itself only about a few men in particular, and not for the whole human race; and even the whole human race itself is a very small concern; it is less than a small ant-hill, in comparison with all the beings inhabiting immensity. But is it not the most absurd of all extravagances to imagine that the Infinite Supreme should, in favor of three or four hundred emmets on this little heap of earth, derange the operation of the vast machinery that moves the universe?

But, admitting that God chose to distinguish a small number of men by particular favors, is there any necessity that, in order to accomplish this object, He should change what He established for all periods and for all places? He certainly can have no need of this inconstancy in order to bestow favors on any of His creatures: His favors

consist in His laws themselves: He has foreseen all and arranged all, with a view to them. All invariably obey the force which He has impressed forever on nature.

For what purpose would God perform a miracle? To accomplish some particular design upon living beings? He would then, in reality, be supposed to say: "I have not been able to effect by my construction of the universe, by my divine decrees, by my eternal laws, a particular object; I am now going to change my eternal ideas and immutable laws, to endeavor to accomplish what I have not been able to do by means of them." This would be an avowal of His weakness, not of His power; it would appear in such a Being an inconceivable contradiction. Accordingly, therefore, to dare to ascribe miracles to God is, if man can in reality insult God, actually offering Him that insult. It is saying to Him: "You are a weak and inconsistent Being." It is, therefore, absurd to believe in miracles; it is, in fact, dishonoring the divinity.

These philosophers, however, are not suffered thus to declaim without opposition. You may extol, it is replied, as much as you please, the immutability of the Supreme Being, the eternity of His laws, and the regularity of His infinitude of worlds; but our little heap of earth has, notwithstanding all that you have advanced, been completely covered over with miracles in every part and time. Histories relate as many prodigies as natural events. The daughters of the high priest Anius changed whatever they pleased to corn, wine, and oil; Athalide, the daughter of Mercury, revived again several times; Æsculapius resuscitated Hippolytus; Hercules rescued Alcestis from the hand of death; and Heres returned to the world after having passed fifteen days in hell. Romulus and Remus were the offspring of a god and a vestal. The Palladium descended from heaven on the city of Troy; the hair of Berenice was changed into a constellation; the cot of Baucis and Philemon was converted into a superb temple; the head of Orpheus delivered oracles after his death; the walls of Thebes spontaneously constructed themselves to the sound of a flute, in the presence of the Greeks; the cures effected in the temple of Æsculapius were absolutely innumerable, and we have monuments still existing containing the very names of persons who were eye-witnesses of his miracles.

Mention to me a single nation in which the most in-

credible prodigies have not been performed, and especially in those periods in which the people scarcely knew how to write or read.

The philosophers make no answer to these objections, but by slightly raising their shoulders and by a smile; but the Christian philosophers say: "We are believers in the miracles of our holy religion; we believe them by faith and not by our reason, which we are very cautious how we listen to; for when faith speaks, it is well known that reason ought to be silent. We have a firm and entire faith in the miracles of Jesus Christ and the apostles, but permit us to entertain some doubt about many others: permit us, for example, to suspend our judgment on what is related by a very simple man, although he has obtained the title of great. He assures us, that a certain monk was so much in the habit of performing miracles, that the prior at length forbade him to exercise his talent in that line. The monk obeyed; but seeing a poor tiler fall from the top of a house, he hesitated for a moment between the desire to save the unfortunate man's life, and the sacred duty of obedience to his superior. He merely ordered the tiler to stay in the air till he should receive further instructions, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to communicate the urgency of the circumstances to the prior. The prior absolved him from the sin he had committed in beginning the miracle without permission, and gave him leave to finish it, provided he stopped with the same, and never again repeated his fault." The philosophers may certainly be excused for entertaining a little doubt of this legend.

But how can you deny, they are asked, that St. Gervais and St. Protais appeared in a dream to St. Ambrose, and informed him of the spot in which were deposited their relics? that St. Ambrose had them disinterred? and that they restored sight to a man that was blind? St. Augustine was at Milan at the very time, and it is he who relates the miracle, using the expression, in the twenty-second book of his work called the "City of God," "*immenso populo teste*"—in the presence of an immense number of people. Here is one of the very best attested and established miracles. The philosophers, however, say that they do not believe one word about Gervais and Protais appearing to any person whatever; that it is a matter of very little consequence to mankind where the

remains of their carcasses lie; that they have no more faith in this blind man than in Vespasian's; that it is a useless miracle, and that God does nothing that is useless; and they adhere to the principles they began with. My respect for St. Gervais and St. Protais prevents me from being of the same opinion as these philosophers: I merely state their incredulity. They lay great stress on the well-known passage of Lucian, to be found in the death of Peregrinus: "When an expert juggler turns Christian, he is sure to make his fortune." But as Lucian is a profane author, we ought surely to set him aside as of no authority.

These philosophers cannot even make up their minds to believe the miracles performed in the second century. Even eye-witnesses to the facts may write and attest till the day of doom, that after the bishop of Smyrna, St. Polycarp, was condemned to be burned, and actually in the midst of the flames, they heard a voice from heaven exclaiming: "Courage, Polycarp! be strong, and show yourself a man"; that, at the very instant, the flames quitted his body, and formed a pavilion of fire above his head, and from the midst of the pile there flew out a dove; when, at length, Polycarp's enemies ended his life by cutting off his head. All these facts and attestations are in vain. For what good, say these unimpressible and incredulous men, for what good was this miracle? Why did the flames lose their nature, and the axe of the executioner retain all its power of destruction? Whence comes it that so many martyrs escaped unhurt out of boiling oil, but were unable to resist the edge of the sword? It is answered, such was the will of God. But the philosophers would wish to see all this themselves, before they believe it.

TOLERANCE: What is tolerance? It is the consequence of humanity. We are all formed of frailty and error; let us pardon reciprocally each other's folly—that is the first law of nature.

It is clear that the individual who persecutes a man, his brother, because he is not of the same opinion, is a monster. That admits of no difficulty. But the government! but the magistrates! but the princes! how do they treat those who have another worship than theirs?

Madmen, who have never been able to give worship to

the God who made you! Miscreants, whom the example of the Noachides, the learned Chinese, the Parsees and all the sages, has never been able to lead! Monsters, who need superstitions as crows' gizzards need carrion! you have been told it already, and there is nothing else to tell you—if you have two religions in your countries, they will cut each other's throat; if you have thirty religions, they will dwell in peace. Look at the great Turk, he governs Guebres, Banians, Greek Christians, Nestorians, Romans. The first who tried to stir up tumult would be impaled; and everyone is tranquil.

Of all religions, the Christian is without doubt the one which should inspire tolerance most, although up to now the Christians have been the most intolerant of all men. The Christian Church was divided in its cradle, and was divided even in the persecutions which under the first emperors it sometimes endured. Often the martyr was regarded as an apostate by his brethren, and the Carpocratian Christian expired beneath the sword of the Roman executioner, excommunicated by the Ebionite Christian, the which Ebionite was anathema to the Sabellian.

This horrible discord, which has lasted for so many centuries, is a very striking lesson that we should pardon each other's errors; discord is the great ill of mankind; and tolerance is the only remedy for it.

There is nobody who is not in agreement with this truth, whether he meditates soberly in his study, or peaceably examines the truth with his friends. Why then do the same men who admit in private indulgence, kindness, justice, rise in public with so much fury against these virtues?

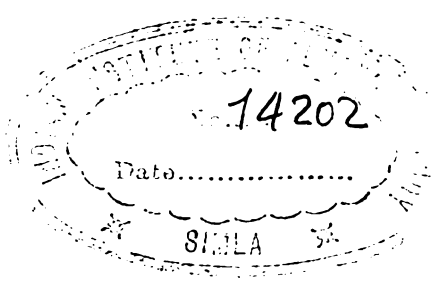
I possess a dignity and a power founded on ignorance and credulity; I walk on the heads of the men who lie prostrate at my feet; if they should rise and look me in the face, I am lost; I must bind them to the ground, therefore, with iron chains.

Thus have reasoned the men whom centuries of bigotry have made powerful. They have other powerful men beneath them, and these have still others, who all enrich themselves with the spoils of the poor, grow fat on their blood, and laugh at their stupidity. They all detest tolerance, as partisans grown rich at the public expense fear to render their accounts, and as tyrants dread the word

liberty. And then, to crown everything, they hire fanatics to cry at the top of their voices: "Respect my master's absurdities, tremble, pay, and keep your mouths shut."

It is thus that a great part of the world long was treated; but today when so many sects make a balance of power, what course to take with them? Every sect, as one knows, is a ground of error; there are no sects of geometers, algebraists, arithmeticians, because all the propositions of geometry, algebra and arithmetic are true. In every other science one may be deceived.

If it were permitted to reason consistently in religious matters, it is clear that we all ought to become Jews, because Jesus Christ our Saviour was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew, and that he said expressly that he was accomplishing, that he was fulfilling the Jewish religion. But it is clearer still that we ought to be tolerant of one another, because we are all weak, inconsistent, liable to fickleness and error. Shall a reed laid low in the mud by the wind say to a fellow reed fallen in the opposite direction: "Crawl as I crawl, wretch, or I shall petition that you be torn up by the roots and burned"?



"They who assert that all is well have said a foolish thing, they should have said all is for the best."

"Labor preserves us from three great evils—weariness, vice, and want."

"History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes."

"Liberty of thought is the life of the soul."—*Voltaire*

The eighteenth century was the century of Voltaire. No mind better represents that lively and glittering epoch than this savage champion of reason, tolerance and progress, whose merciless wit devastated kings and won him a place among the immortals of literature.

"His greatest achievement was that [illegible] dusty windows of men's [illegible] and showed them the po[illegible] public power." —*Pe[illegible] and Cha[illegible]*