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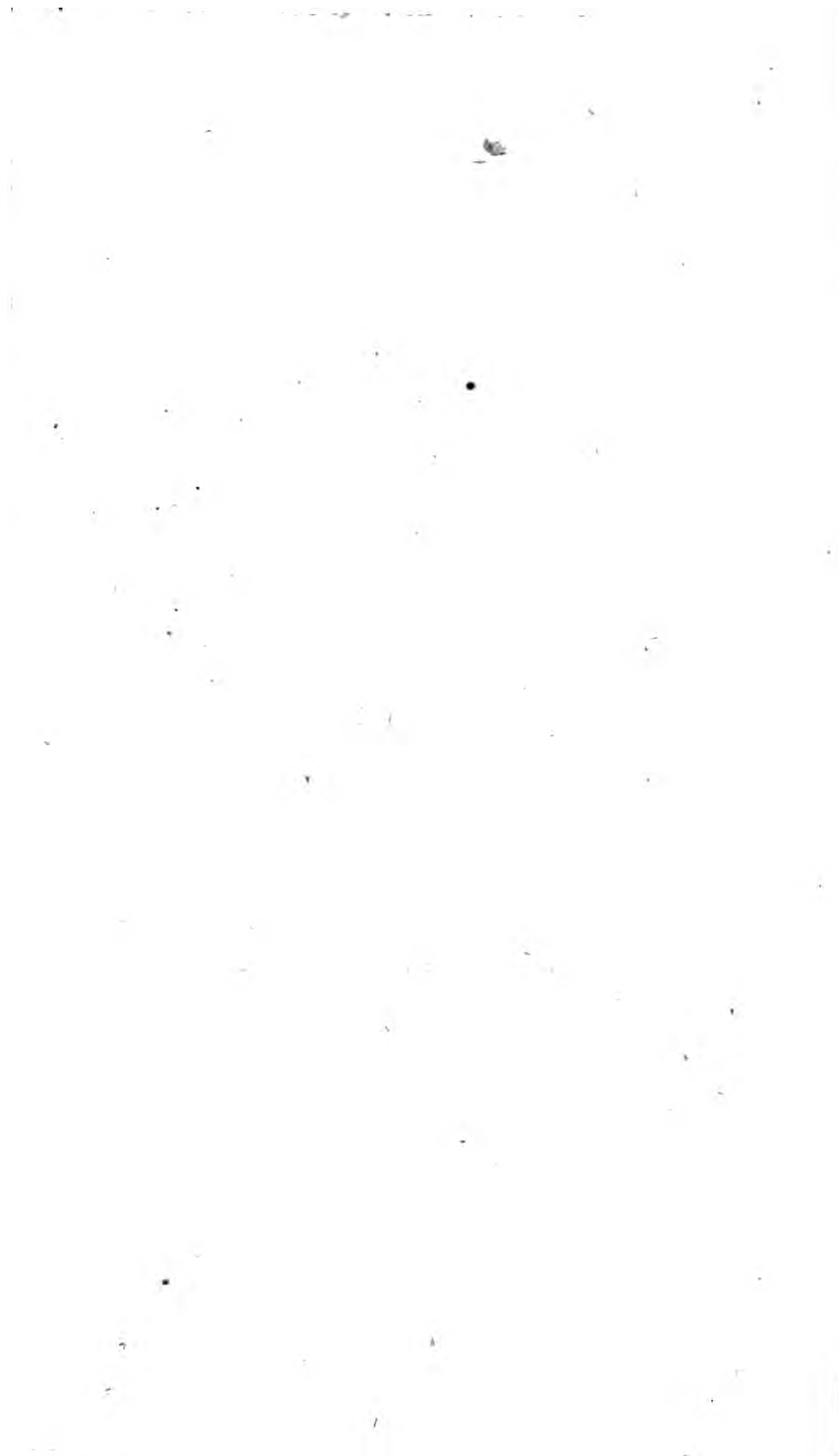
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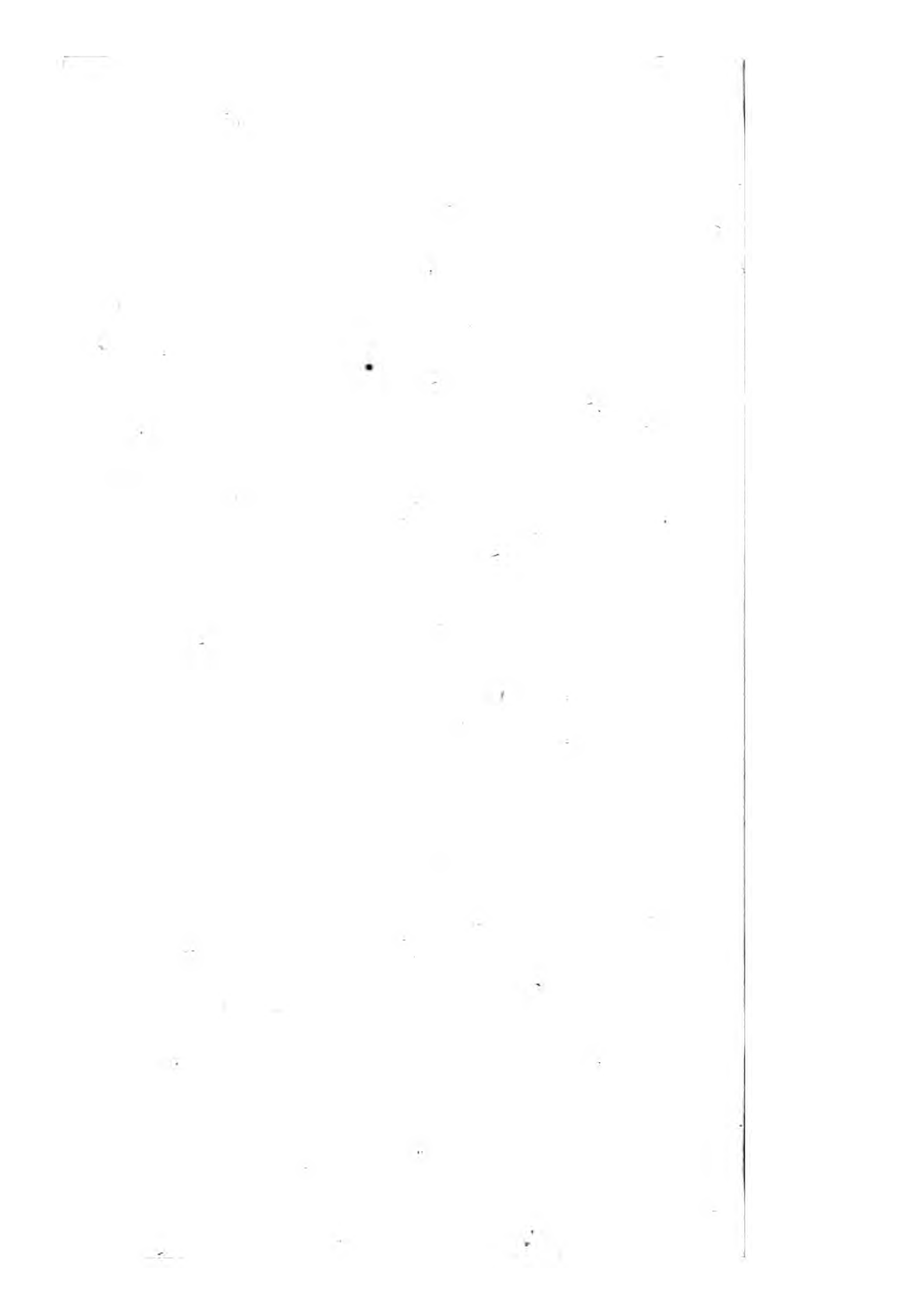
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OF
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THE
WORKS
OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH.

WITH
Notes, Historical and Critical.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and OTHERS.

VOLUME THE EIGHTEENTH.

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THE

AMERICAN

STATISTICAL

YEAR

BOOK

OF THE

UNITED STATES

FOR THE YEAR

1901

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THE
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 OF THE
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CANDID:

C A N D I D * :
O R, T H E
O P T I M I S T .
P A R T I .

C H A P. I.

How Candid was brought up in a magnificent castle ; and how he was driven from thence.

IN the country of Westphalia, in the castle of the most noble baron of Thunder-ten tronckh, lived a youth, whom Nature had endowed with a most sweet disposition. His face was the true index of his mind. He had a solid judgment joined to the most unaffected simplicity ; and hence I presume he had his name of Candid. The old servants of the

* The principal design of this performance, (if the author had any other design but that of amusing his readers) is to ridicule that maxim in Ethics, that every thing which happens, is the best calculated to answer the wise ends of Providence : but it likewise contains a very severe satire on the morals, manners, and customs of mankind.

house suspected him to have been the son of the baron's sister, by a mighty good sort of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom that young lady refused to marry, because he could produce no more than seventy-one quarterings in his arms ; the rest of the genealogical tree belonging to the family having been lost through the injuries of time.

The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia; for his castle had not only a gate, but even windows, and his great hall was hung with tapestry. He used to hunt with his mastiffs and spaniels instead of grey-hounds; his groom served him for huntsman; and the parson of the parish officiated as his grand almoner. He was called my lord by all his people, and he never told a story, but every one laughed at it.

My lady baroness weighed about forty stone and an half, and consequently was a person of no small consideration; and then she did the honours of the house with a dignity that commanded universal respect. Her daughter was about seventeen years of age, fresh coloured, comely, plump, and desirable. The baron's son seemed to be a youth in every respect worthy of the father he sprung from. Pangloss the preceptor was the oracle of the family, and little Candid listened to his instructions with all the simplicity natural to his age and disposition.

Master Pangloss taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology. He could prove to admiration, that there is no effect without a cause; and, that in this best of all possible worlds,

worlds; the baron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.

It is demonstrable, said he, that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for as all things have been created for some end, they must necessarily be created for the best end. Observe, for instance, the nose is formed for spectacles, therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, accordingly we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles, therefore my lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were intended to be eaten; therefore we eat pork all the year round: and they, who assert that every thing is *right*, do not express themselves correctly; they should say that every thing is *best* *.

Candid listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded that next to the happiness of being baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the next was that of being miss Cunegund, the next that of seeing her every day, and the last that of hearing the doctrine of master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day that miss Cunegund went to take a walk in a little neighbouring wood, which

* Thus the tutor makes his doctrine of optimism subservient to his interest in flattering the pride of the petty German princes, which is indeed ridiculous enough.

was called a park, she saw, through the bushes, the sage doctor Pangloss giving a lecture in experimental philosophy to her mother's chambermaid, a little brown wench, very pretty, and very tractable. As miss Cunegund had a great disposition for the sciences, she observed with the utmost attention the experiments, which were repeated before her eyes; she perfectly well understood the force of the doctor's reasoning upon causes and effects. She retired greatly flurried, quite pensive, and filled with the desire of knowledge, imagining that she might be a *sufficient reason* for young Candid, and he for her.

In her way back she happened to meet the young man; she blushed, he blushed also, she wished him a good morning in a flattering tone, he returned the salute, without knowing what he said. The next day, as they were rising from dinner, Cunegund and Candid slipped behind the screen, miss dropped her handkerchief, the young man picked it up. She innocently took hold of his hand, and he as innocently kissed hers with a warmth, a sensibility, a grace.—All very particular, their lips met; their eyes sparkled; their knees trembled; their hands strayed.—The baron chanced to come by; he beholds the cause and effect, and, without hesitation, salutes our young Candid with a kick on the breech, and drove him out of doors. Miss Cunegund, the tender, the lovely miss Cunegund fainted away, and, as soon as she came to herself, the baroness boxed her ears. Thus a general consternation was spread over this most magnificent and most agreeable of all possible castles.

C H A P. II.

What befel Candid among the Bulgarians.

CANDID, thus driven out of this terrestrial paradise, rambled a long time, without knowing where he was; sometimes he raised his eyes all bedewed with tears, towards heaven, and sometimes he cast a melancholy look towards the magnificent castle, where dwelt the fairest of young baronesses. He laid himself down to sleep in a furrow, heart-broken and supperless. The snow fell in great flakes, and, in the morning when he awoke, he was almost frozen to death; however, he made shift to crawl to the next town, which was called Wald-berghoff-trarbk-dekdorff; without a penny in his pocket, and half dead with hunger and fatigue. He took up his stand at the door of an inn. He had not been long there, before two men drest in blue fixed their eyes stedfastly upon him. Faith, comrade, said one of them to the other, yonder is a well-made young fellow, and of the right size: upon which they made up to Candid, and with the greatest civility and politeness invited him to dine with them. Gentlemen, replied Candid, with a most engaging modesty, you do me much honour, but upon my word I have no money. Money, Sir! said one of the blues to him, young persons of your appearance and merit never pay any thing; why are not you five feet five inches high? Yes, gentlemen, that is really my size, replied he, with a low
B 3. bow.

bow. Come then, fir, fit down along with us ; we'll not only pay your reckoning, but will never suffer such a clever young fellow as you to want money. Mankind were born to assist one another. You are perfectly right, gentlemen, said Candid, this is precisely the doctrine of master Panglo's ; and I am convinced that every thing is for the best. His generous companions next entreat him to accept of a few crowns, which he readily complies with, at the same time offering them his note for the payment, which they refuse, and sit down to table. Have you not a great affection for—
O yes ! I have a great affection for the lovely miss Cunegund. May be so, replied one of the blues, but that is not the question ! we ask you whether you have not a great affection for the king of the Bulgarians ? For the king of the Bulgarians ? said Candid, oh Lord ! not at all, why I never saw him in my life. Is it possible ! oh he is a most charming king ! come we must drink his health. With all my heart, gentlemen, says Candid, and off he tosses his glass, Bravo ! cry the blues ; you are now the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians ; your fortune is made ; you are in the high road to glory. So saying they handcuff him, and carry him away to the regiment. There he is made to wheel about to the right, and to the left, to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to present, to fire, to march, and they give him thirty blows with a cane ; the next day, he performs his exercise a little better, and they give him but twenty ; the day following he comes off with ten, and
is.

is looked upon as a young fellow of surprising genius by all his comrades*.

Candid was struck with amazement, and could not for the soul of him conceive how he came to be a hero. One fine spring morning, he took it into his head to take a walk, and he marched straight forward, conceiving it to be a privilege of the human species, as well as of the brute creation, to make use of their legs, how and when they pleased. He had not gone above two leagues, when he was overtaken by four other heroes, six feet high, who bound him neck and heels, and carried him to a dungeon. A court-martial sat upon him, and he was asked which he liked best, either to run the gauntlet six and thirty times through the whole regiment, or to have his brains blown out with a dozen of musket balls. In vain did he remonstrate to them that the human will is free, and that he chose neither; they obliged him to make a choice, and he determined, in virtue of that divine gift called free-will, to run the gauntlet six and thirty times. He had gone through his discipline twice, and the regiment being composed of 2000 men, they composed for him exactly 4000 strokes, which laid bare all his muscles and nerves from the nape of his neck to his rump. As they were preparing to make him set out the third time, our young hero unable to support it any longer, begged as a favour they would be so obliging as to shoot him through the

* Is not this an arrow glanced at the k— of P— a, and the methods his officers are supposed to have taken in recruiting his armies?

head: the favour being granted, a bandage was tied over his eyes, and he was made to kneel down. At that very instant, his Bulgarian majesty happening to pass by made a stop, and enquired into the delinquent's crime, and being a prince of great penetration, he found from what he heard of Candid, that he was a young metaphysician, entirely ignorant of the world; and therefore, out of his great clemency, he condescended to pardon him, for which his name will be celebrated in every journal*, and in every age. A skilful surgeon made a cure of the flagellated Candid, in three weeks by means of emollient unguents, prescribed by Dioscorides. His sores were now skinned over, and he was able to march, when the king of the Bulgarians gave battle to the king of the Abares.



C H A P. III.

How Candid escaped from the Bulgarians, and what befel him afterwards.

NEVER was any thing so gallant, so well accoutred, so brilliant, and so finely disposed as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon made such harmony as never was heard in hell itself. The entertainment began by a discharge of cannon, which, in the twinkling of an eye, laid flat about 6000 men on each side. The musquet

* Wormwood to a certain prince, suspected of having hired journalists to trumpet forth his praise.

bullets swept away, out of the best of all possible worlds, nine or ten thousand scoundrels that infected its surface. The bayonet was next the *sufficient reason* of the deaths of several thousands. The whole might amount to 30000 souls. Candid trembled like a philosopher, and concealed himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

At length, while the two kings were causing *Te Deum* to be sung in each of their camps, Candid took a resolution to go and reason somewhere else upon causes and effects. After passing over heaps of dead or dying men, the first place he came to was a neighbouring village, in the Abarian territories, which had been burnt to the ground by the Bulgarians, agreeable to the laws of war. Here lay a number of old men covered with wounds, who beheld their wives dying with their throats cut, and hugging their children to their breasts all stained with blood. There several young virgins, whose bellies had been ripped open, after they had satisfied the natural necessities of Bulgarian heroes, breathed their last; while others, half burnt in the flames, begged to be dispatched out of the world. The ground about them was covered with the brains, arms, and legs of dead men.

Candid made all the haste he could to another village, which belonged to the Bulgarians, and there he found that the heroic Abares had acted the same tragedy *. From thence, continuing to walk over palpitating limbs, or

* A picture which we would recommend to the perusal and consideration of those who are such sanguine advocates for the continuation of war.

through ruined buildings, at length, he arrived beyond the theatre of war, with a little provision in his budget, and miss Cunegund's image in his heart. When he arrived in Holland his provision failed him; but having heard that the inhabitants of that country were all rich and christians, he made himself sure of being treated by them in the same manner, as at the baron's castle, before he had been driven from thence through the power of miss Cunegund's bright eyes.

He asked charity of several grave looking people, who one and all answered him, that if he continued to follow this trade, they would have him sent to the house of correction, where he should be taught to get his bread.

He next addressed himself to a person, who was just come from haranguing a numerous assembly for a whole hour on the subject of charity. The orator, squinting at him under his broad brimmed hat, asked him sternly, what brought him thither? and whether he was for the good old cause? Sir, said Candid in a submissive manner, I conceive there can be no effect without a cause; every thing is necessarily concatenated and arranged for the best. It was necessary that I should be banished the presence of miss Cunegund; that I should afterwards run the gauntlet; and it is necessary I should beg my bread, till I am able to get it: all this could not have been otherwise. Hark ye, friend, says the orator, do you hold the pope to be antichrist? Truly I never heard any thing about it, said Candid, but whether he is or not, I am in want of something to eat. Thou deservest not to eat or to drink, replied the

The OPTIMIST. M

the orator, wretch, monster that thou art! hence! avoid my sight, nor ever come near me again while thou livest. The orator's wife happened to put her head out of the window at that instant, when seeing a man, who doubted whether the pope was antichrist, she discharged upon his head a chamber-pot full of——*. Good heavens, to what excess does religious zeal transport the fair!

A man who had never been christened, an honest anabaptist, named James, was witness to the cruel and ignominious treatment shewed to one of his brethren, to a rational two footed unfledged being †. Moved with pity he carried him to his own house, caused him to be cleaned, gave him meat and drink, and made him a present of two florins, at the same time proposing to instruct him in his own trade of weaving Persian silks, which are fabricated in Holland. Candid, penetrated with so much goodness, threw himself at his feet, crying, Now I am convinced that my master Pangloss told me truth, when he said that every thing was for the best in this world; for I am infinitely more affected with your extraordinary generosity, than with the inhumanity of that gentleman in the black cloak and his wife. The next day, as Candid was walking out, he met a beggar, all covered with scabs, his eyes were sunk in his head, the end of his nose eaten

* A keen-sarcasm on want of charity in speculative points of religion, even among the most phlegmatic protestants.

† Aristotle's definition of a man; to shew the absurdity of which, another philosopher caused a cock to be stripped of its feathers, and placing it before him, asked if that was a man also?

off, his mouth drawn on one side, his teeth as black as a cloak, snuffing and coughing most violently, and, every time he attempted to spit, out dropt a tooth.



C H A P. IV.

How Candid found his old Master Pangloss again, and what happened to them.

CANDID, divided between compassion and horror, but giving way to the former, bestowed on this shocking figure the two florins which the honest anabaptist James had just before given to him. The spectre looked at him very earnestly, shed tears, and threw his arms about his neck. Candid started back aghast; Alas! said 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 I behold in this piteous plight? What dreadful misfortune has befallen you? What has made you leave the most magnificent and delightful of all castles? What is become of miss Cunegund, the mirror of young ladies, and nature's master-piece? Oh Lord! cried Pangloss, I am so weak I cannot stand, upon which Candid instantly led him to the anabaptist's stable, and procured him something to eat. As soon as Pangloss had a little refreshed himself, Candid began to repeat his enquiries concerning miss Cunegund. She is dead, replied the other. Dead! cried Candid, and immediately fainted away: his friend recovered him by the help of a little bad vinegar, which he found by chance
in

in the stable. Candid opened his eyes, and again repeated dead! is miss Cunegund dead? Ah where is the best of worlds now? But of what illness did she die? Was it for grief upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle? No, replied Pangloss, her belly was ripped open by the Bulgarian soldiers, after they had ravished her as much as it was possible for damsel to be ravished; they knocked the baron her father on the head for attempting to defend her; my lady her mother was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was served just in the same manner as his sister, and as for the castle, they have not left one stone upon another; they have destroyed all the ducks, and the sheep, the barns, and the trees: but we have had our revenge, for the Abares have done the very same thing in a neighbouring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord.

At hearing this, Candid fainted away a second time, but, having come to himself again, he said all that it became him to say; he enquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the *sufficing reason* that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a condition. Alas, replied the preceptor, it was love; love, the comfort of the human species; love, the preserver of the universe; the soul of all sensible beings; love! tender love! Alas, replied Candid, I have had some knowledge of love myself, this sovereign of hearts, this souls of souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss and a kick on the backside. But how could this beautiful cause produce in you so hideous an effect?

Pangloss made answer in these terms: O my dear Candid, you must remember Pacquette,

that pretty wench, who waited on our noble baroness ; in her arms I tasted the pleasures of paradise, which produced these hell-torments with which you see me devoured. She was infected with the disease, and perhaps is since dead of it ; she received this present of a learned cordelier, who derived it from the fountain head ; he was indebted for it to an old countess, who had it of a captain of horse, who had it of a marchioness, who had it of a page ; the page had it of a jesuit, who, during his noviciate, had it in a direct line from one of the fellow-adventurers of Christopher Columbus ; for my part I shall give it to no body, I am a dying man*.

O sage Pangloss, cried Candid, what a strange genealogy is this ! Is not the devil the root of it. Not at all, replied the great man, it was a thing unavoidable, a necessary ingredient in the best of worlds ; for if Columbus had not caught in an island in America this disease, which contaminates the source of generation, and frequently impedes propagation itself, and is evidently opposite to the great end of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It is also to be observed, that, even to the present time, in this

* Alluding to the first importation of the venereal disease, which was brought from Hispaniola, in the West-Indies, by some of the followers of Columbus, who were afterwards employed in the siege of Naples, among the troops of Ferdinand, king of Arragon. Hence the distemper acquired the name of the Neapolitan Disease, as the mercurial ointment, used for raising a salivation, obtained the name of unguentem Neapolitanum, which it still retains.

continent of ours, this malady, like our religious controversies, is peculiar to ourselves. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Japanese are entirely unacquainted with it; but there is a *sufficing reason* for them to know it in a few centuries. In the mean time, it is making prodigious havock among us, especially in those armies composed of well disciplined hirelings, who determine the fate of nations; for we may safely affirm, that, when an army of 30000 men fights another equal in number, there are about 20000 of them poxed on each side.

Very surprizing, indeed, said Candid, but you must get cured. Lord help me, how can I? said Pangloss: my dear friend, I have not a penny in the world; and you know one cannot be bled or have a glister without a fee.

This last speech had its effect on Candid; he flew to the charitable anabaptist James, he flung himself at his feet, and gave him so striking a picture of the miserable situation of his friend, that the good man, without any farther hesitation, agreed to take Dr. Pangloss into his house, and to pay for his cure. The cure was effected with only the loss of one eye and an ear*. As he wrote a good hand, and under-

* The author seems to be but indifferently acquainted with the effects of this distemper, otherwise he would have mentioned his nose and his palate, among the particulars of his loss, rather than the ear, which is seldom, if ever affected in this disorder.—Pangloss was in much greater danger of losing his ear in the pillory, as an impostor and corruptor of youth.

stood accounts tolerably well, the anabaptist made him his book-keeper. At the expiration of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon, about some mercantile affairs, he took the two philosophers with him in the same ship; Pangloss, during the course of the voyage, explained to him how every thing was so constituted that it could not be better. James did not quite agree with him in this point: Mankind, said he, must, in some things, have deviated from their original innocence; for they were not born wolves, and yet they worry one another like those beasts of prey. God never gave them twenty-four pounders nor bayonets, and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. To this account, I might add not only bankruptcies, but the law which seizes on the effects of bankrupts, only to cheat the creditors. All this was indispensibly necessary, replied the one-eyed doctor; for private misfortunes are public benefits; so that the more private misfortunes there are, the greater is the general good. While he was arguing in this manner, the sky was overcast, the winds blew from the four quarters of the compass, and the ship was assailed by a most terrible tempest, within sight of the port of Lisbon.

C H A P. V.

A tempest, a shipwreck, an earthquake; and what else befel Dr. Pangloss, Candid, and James the Anabaptist.

ONE half of the passengers, weakened and half-dead with the inconceivable anxiety and sickness, which the rolling of a vessel at sea occasions through the whole human frame, were lost to all sense of the danger that surrounded them. The other made loud outcries, or betook themselves to their prayers; the sails were blown into shivers, and the masts were brought by the board. The vessel was a perfect wreck. Every one was busily employed, but no-body could be either heard or obeyed. The anabaptist, being upon deck, lent a helping hand as well as the rest, when a brutish sailor gave him a blow, and laid him speechless; but, with the violence of the blow, the tar himself tumbled head-foremost over-board, and fell upon a piece of the broken mast, which he immediately grasped. Honest James, forgetting the injury he had so lately received from him, flew to his assistance, and, with great difficulty, hauled him in again, but, in the attempt, was, by a sudden jerk of the ship, thrown overboard himself, in sight of the very fellow, whom he had risked his life to save, and who took not the least notice of him in this distress. Candid, who beheld all that past, and saw his benefactor one moment rising above water, and the next swallowed up by the merciless waves, was preparing to jump after him;

him ; but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him, that the coast of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the anabaptist to be drowned there. While he was proving his argument *à priori*, the ship foundered, and the whole crew perished, except Pangloss, Candid, and the sailor who had been the means of drowning the good anabaptist *. The villain swam ashore ; but Pangloss and Candid got to land upon a plank.

As soon as they had recovered themselves from their surprize and fatigue, they walked towards Lisbon ; with what little money they had left, they thought to save themselves from starving after having escaped drowning.

Scarce had they done lamenting the loss of their benefactor and set foot in the city, when they perceived the earth to tremble under their feet, and the sea, swelling and foaming in the harbour, dash in pieces the vessels that were riding at an anchor. Large sheets of flames and cinders covered the streets and publick places ; the houses tottered, and were tumbled topsy-turvy even to their foundations, which were themselves destroyed, and thirty thousand inhabitants of both sexes, young and old, were buried beneath the ruins. The sailor, whistling and swearing, cried, Damn it there's something to be got here. What can be the *sufficing reason* of this phœnomenon ? said Pangloss. It is certainly the day of judgment, said Can-

* We never heard before, that the anabaptists were more virtuous than their neighbours. Indeed they make great pretensions to sanctity, and oftentimes to illumination ; but these have been generally found to be the effects of hypocrisy and fanaticism.

did. The sailor, defying death in the pursuit of plunder, rushed into the midst of the ruin, where he found some money, with which he got drunk, and, after he had slept himself sober, he purchased the favours of the first good-natured wench that came in his way, amidst the ruins of demolished houses, and the groans of half-buried and expiring persons. Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve; Friend, said he, this is not right, you trespass against the *universal reason*, and have mistaken your time. Death and wounds! answered the other, I am a sailor and born at Batavia, and have trampled * four times upon the crucifix in as many voyages to Japan; you are come to a good hand with your *universal reason*.

In the mean time, Candid, who had been wounded by some pieces of stone that fell from the houses, lay stretched in the street, almost covered with rubbish: for God's sake, said he to Pangloss, get me a little wine and oil, I am dying. This concussion of the earth is no new thing, replied Pangloss, the city of Lima in America experienced the same last year; the same cause the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulphur all the way underground from Lima to Lisbon. Nothing more probable, said Candid; but for the love of God a little oil and wine. Probable! replied the philosopher, I maintain that the thing is demonstrable; Candid fainted away, and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighbouring spring.

* The Dutch traders to Japan are actually obliged to trample upon a crucifix, in token of their aversion to the Christian religion, which the Japanese abhor.

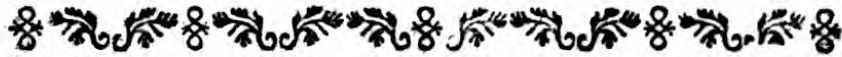
The next day, in searching amongst the ruins, they found some eatables, with which they repaired their exhausted strength. After this, they assisted the inhabitants in relieving the distressed and wounded. Some, whom they had humanely assisted, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected under such terrible circumstances. The repast, indeed, was mournful, and the company moistened their bread with their tears; but Pangloss endeavoured to comfort them under this affliction by affirming that things could not be otherwise than they were: for, said he, all this is for the very best end, for if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could be in no other spot; for it is impossible but things should be as they are, for every thing is for the best.

By the side of the preceptor sat a little man dressed in black, who was one of the *familiars* of the inquisition. This person, taking him up with great complaisance, said, Possibly, my good sir, you do not believe in original sin; for, if every thing is best, there could have been no such thing as the fall or punishment of men.

I humbly ask your excellency's pardon, answered Pangloss, still more politely; for the fall of man, and the curse consequent thereupon, necessarily entered into the system of the best of worlds. That is as much as to say, sir, rejoined the familiar, you do not believe in free-will. Your excellency will be so good as to excuse me, said Pangloss, free-will is consistent with absolute necessity; for it was necessary we should be free, for in that the will—

Pangloss.

Pangloss was in the midst of his proposition, when the inquisitor beckoned to his attendant to help him to a glass of port wine.



CHAP. VI.

How the Portuguese made a superb Auto-da-fé to prevent any future earthquakes, and how Candid underwent public flagellation.

AFTER the earthquake, which had destroyed three fourths of the city of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effectual to preserve the kingdom from utter ruin, than to entertain the people with an Auto da fé*, it having been decided by the university of Coimbra, that the burning a few people alive by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible secret to prevent earthquakes.

In consequence thereof, they had seized on a Biscayner for marrying his godmother, and on two Portuguese for taking out the bacon of a larded pullet they were eating; after dinner, they came and secured doctor Pangloss, and his pupil Candid, the one for speaking his mind, and the other for seeming to approve what he had said. They were conducted to separate

* An Auto-da-fé was actually to have been celebrated the very day on which the earthquake destroyed Lisbon. Every body knows that an Auto da-fé is a general gaol delivery from the prisons of the inquisition, when the wretches condemned by that tribunal, are brought to the stake, or otherwise stigmatized in public.

apartments, extremely cool, where they were never incommoded with the sun. Eight days afterwards they were each dressed in a fan-benito*, and their heads were adorned with paper mitres. The mitre and fan-benito wore by Candid were painted with flames reversed, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but doctor Pangloss's devils had both tails and claws, and his flames were upright. In these habits they marched in procession, and heard a very pathetic sermon, which was followed by an anthem, accompanied by bagpipes. Candid was jerked in cadence; while the anthem was singing, the Biscayner and the two men, who would not eat bacon, were burnt, and Pangloss was hanged, which is not a common custom at these solemnities. The same day there was another earthquake, which made most dreadful havock.

Candid, amazed, terrified, confounded, astonished, all bloody, and trembling from head to foot, said to himself, if this is the best of all possible worlds, what are the others? If I had only been whipped, I could have put up with it, as I did among the Bulgarians; but, oh my dear Pangloss! my beloved master! thou greatest of philosophers! that ever I should live to see you hanged, without knowing for what! O my dear anabaptist, thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbour! O miss Cunegund, thou mirrour of young ladies! that it should be your fate to have your belly ript open!

* A kind of garment worn by the criminals of the inquisition; we have explained it in another volume.

He was making the best of his way from the place where he had been preached to, whipt, absolved, and received benediction, when he was accosted by an old woman, who said to him, Take courage, child, and follow me.



CHAP. VII.

How the old woman took care of Candid, and how he found the object of his love.

CANDID followed the old woman, though without taking courage, to a decayed house, where she gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint his sores, shewed him a very neat bed, with a suit of cloaths hanging up by it; and set victuals and drink before him. There, said she, eat, drink, and sleep, and may our blessed lady of Apacha, and the great St. Anthony of Padua, and the illustrious St. James of Compostella, take you under their protection. I shall be back to-morrow. Candid struck with amazement at what he had seen, at what he had suffered, and still more with the charity of the old woman, would have shewn his acknowledgment by kissing her hand. It is not my hand you ought to kiss, said the old woman, I shall be back to-morrow. Anoint your back, eat, and take your rest.

Candid, notwithstanding so many disasters, eat and slept. The next morning, the old woman brought him his breakfast; examined his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment. She returned at the proper time,

and brought him his dinner ; and at night, she visited him again with his supper. The next day she observed the same ceremonies. Who are you ? said Candid to her, What God has inspired you with so much goodness ? What return can I make you for this charitable assistance ? The good old beldame kept a profound silence. In the evening she returned, but without his supper ; Come along with me, said she, but do not speak a word. She took him under her arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country, till they came to a lonely house surrounded with moats and gardens. The old conductress knocked at a little door, which was immediately opened, and she shewed him up a pair of back-stairs, into a small, but richly furnished, apartment. There she made him sit down on a brocaded sofa, shut the door upon him, and left him. Candid thought himself in a trance ; he looked upon his whole life, hitherto, as a frightful dream, and the present moment as a very agreeable one.

The old woman soon returned, supporting, with great difficulty, a young lady, who appeared scarce able to stand. She was of a majestic mien and stature, her dress was rich, and glittering with diamonds, and her face was covered with a veil. Take off that veil, said the old woman to Candid. The young man approaches, and, with a trembling hand, takes off her veil. What a happy moment ! What surprize ! He thought he beheld miss Cunegund, he did behold her, it was she herself. His strength fails him, he cannot utter a word, he falls at her feet. Cunegund faints upon the
sofa.

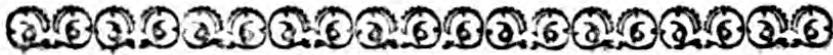
sofa. The old woman bedews them with spirits ; they recover ; they begin to speak. At first they could express themselves only in broken accents ; their questions and answers were alternately interrupted with sighs, tears, and exclamations. The old woman desired them to make less noise, and after this prudent admonition left them together. Good heavens ! cried Candid, is it you ? Is it miss Cunegund I behold, and alive ? Do I find you again in Portugal ? then you have not been ravished ? they did not rip open your belly, as the philosopher Pangloss informed me ? Indeed but they did, replied miss Cunegund ; but these two accidents do not always prove mortal. But were your father and mother killed ? Alas ! answered she, it is but too true ! and she wept. And your brother ? And my brother also. And how came you into Portugal ? And how did you know of my being here ? And by what strange adventure did you contrive to have me brought into this house ? And how — I will tell you all, replied the lady, but first you must acquaint me with all that has befallen you, since the innocent kiss you gave me, and the rude kicking you received in consequence of it.

Candid, with the greatest submission, prepared to obey the commands of his fair mistress, and though he was still wrapt in amazement, though his voice was low and tremulous, though his back pained him ; yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of every thing that had befallen him, since the moment of their separation. Cunegund, with her eyes uplifted to heaven, shed tears when he related the death of the good anabaptist James, and of Pangloss ;

C

after

after which she thus related her adventures to Candid, who lost not one syllable she uttered, and seemed to devour her with his eyes, all the time she was speaking.



C H A P. VIII.

The history of Cunegund.

I Was in bed, and fast asleep, when it pleased heaven to send the Bulgarians to our delightful castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh, where they murdered my father and brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A tall Bulgarian soldier, six feet high, perceiving that I had fainted away at this sight, attempted to ravish me; the operation brought me to my senses. I cried, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I would have torn the tall Bulgarian's eyes out, not knowing that what had happened at my father's castle was a customary thing. The brutal soldier, enraged at my resistance, gave me a cut in the left groin with his hanger, the mark of which I still carry. Methinks I long to see it, said Candid, with all imaginable simplicity. You shall, said Cunegund, but let me proceed. Pray do, replied Candid.

She continued. A Bulgarian captain came in, and saw me weltering in my blood, and the soldier still as busy as if no one had been present. The officer, enraged at the fellow's want of respect to him, killed him with one stroke of his sabre as he lay upon me. This captain took care of me, had me cured, and

carried me prisoner of war to his quarters. I washed what little linen he was master of, and dressed his victuals ; he was very fond of me, that was certain ; neither can I deny that he was well made, and had a white soft skin, but he was very stupid, and knew nothing of philosophy : it might plainly be perceived that he had not been educated under doctor Pangloss. In three months time, having gamed away all his money, and being grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew, named Don Issachar, who traded to Holland and Portugal, and was passionately fond of women. This Jew shewed me great kindness, in hopes to gain my favours ; but he never could prevail on me. A modest woman may be once ravished ; but her virtue is greatly strengthened thereby. In order to make sure of me, he brought me to this country-house you now see. I had hitherto believed that nothing could equal the beauty of the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh ; but I found I was mistaken.

The grand inquisitor saw me one day at mass, ogled me all the time of service, and, when it was over, sent to let me know he wanted to speak with me about some private business. I was conducted to his palace, where I told him all my story : he represented to me how much it was beneath a person of my birth, to belong to a circumcised Israelite. He caused a proposal to be made to Don Issachar, that he should resign me to his lordship. Don Issachar, being the court banker, and a man of credit, was not easy to be prevailed upon. His lordship threatened him with an Auto-da-fé ; in short, my Jew was frightened into a composition, and it

was agreed between them, that the house and myself should belong to both in common ; that the Jew should have Monday, Wednesday, and the Sabbath to himself ; and the inquisitor the other four days of the week. This agreement has subsisted almost six months ; but not without several contests, whether the space from Saturday night to Sunday morning belonged to the old or the new law. For my part, I have hitherto withstood them both, and truly I believe this is the very reason why they are both so fond of me.

At length, to turn aside the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Isachar, my lord inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an Auto-da-fé. He did me the honour to invite me to the ceremony. I had a very good seat ; and refreshments of all kinds were offered the ladies between mass and the execution. I was dreadfully shocked at the burning the two Jews, and the honest Biscayner, who married his god-mother ; but how great was my surprize, my consternation, and concern, when I beheld a figure so like Pangloss, dressed in a san-benito and mitre ! I rubbed my eyes, I looked at him attentively. I saw him hanged, and I fainted away : scarce had I recovered my senses, when I beheld you stark-naked ; this was the height of horror, grief, and despair. I must confess to you for a truth, that your skin is far whiter and more blooming, than that of the Bulgarian captain. This spectacle worked me up to a pitch of distraction. I screamed out, and would have said, hold barbarians ! but my voice failed me ; and indeed my cries would have signified nothing. After you had been severely whipped,

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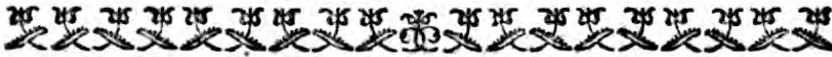
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how is it possible, said I to myself, that the lovely Candid and the sage Pangloss should be at Lisbon, the one to receive an hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of my lord inquisitor, of whom I am so great a favourite? Pangloss deceived me most cruelly, in saying that every thing is fittest and best.

Thus agitated and perplexed, now distracted and lost, now half dead with grief, I revolved in my mind the murder of my father, mother, and brother, committed before my eyes; the insolence of the rascally Bulgarian soldier; the wound he gave me in the groin; my servitude; my being a cook wench to my Bulgarian captain; my subjection to the dirty Jew, and my cruel inquisitor; the hanging of Doctor Pangloss; the *miserere* sung while you was whipping; and particularly the kiss I gave you behind the screen, the last day I ever beheld you. I returned thanks to God for having brought you to the place where I was, after so many trials. I charged the old woman, who attends me to bring you hither, as soon as was convenient. She has punctually executed my orders, and I now enjoy the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing you, hearing you, and speaking to you. But you must certainly be half-dead with hunger; I myself have a great inclination to eat, and so let us sit down to supper.

Upon this the two lovers immediately placed themselves at table, and, after having supped, they returned to seat themselves again on the magnificent sofa already mentioned, where they were in amorous dalliance, when Signor

Don Iffachar, one of the masters of the house, entered unexpectedly ; it was the sabbath day, and he came to enjoy his privilege, and sigh forth his passion at the feet of the fair Cunegund.



C H A P. IX.

What happened to Cunegund, Candid, the grand Inquisitor, and the Jew.

THIS same Iffachar was the most choleric little Hebrew, that had ever been in Israel, since the captivity of Babylon. What then, said he, you Galilean B—h ! the inquisitor was not enough for thee, but this rascal must come in for a share with me ? In uttering these words, he drew out a long poinard, which he always carried about him, and never dreaming that his adversary had any arms, he attacked him most furiously ; but our honest Westphalian had received a handsome sword of the old woman with the suit of cloaths. Candid draws his rapier, and though he was the most gentle sweet-tempered young man breathing, he whips it into the Israelite, and laid him sprawling on the floor at the fair Cunegund's feet.

Holy Virgin ! cried she, what will become of us ? A man killed in my apartment ! If the peace-officers come, we are undone. Had not Panglo's been hanged, replied Candid, he would have given us most excellent advice, in this emergency ; for he was a profound philosopher.

But,

But, since he is not here, let us consult the old woman. She was very understanding, and was beginning to give her advice, when another door opened on a sudden. It was now one o'clock in the morning, and of course the beginning of Sunday, which, by agreement, fell to the lot of my lord inquisitor. Entering he discovers the flagellated Candid with his drawn sword in his hand, a dead body stretched on the floor, Cunegund frightened out of her wits, and the old woman giving advice.

At that very moment, a sudden thought came into Candid's head. If this holy man, thought he, should call assistance, I shall most undoubtedly be consigned to the flames, and miss Cunegund may perhaps meet with no better treatment: besides, he was the cause of my being so cruelly whipped; he is my rival; and as I have now begun to dip my hands in blood, I will kill away, for there is no time to hesitate. This whole train of reasoning was clear and instantaneous; so that, without giving time to the inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he ran him through the body, and laid him by the side of the Jew. Good God! cries Cunegund, here's another fine piece of work! now there can be no mercy for us, we are excommunicated to all the devils in hell; our last hour is come. But how in the name of wonder could you, who are of so mild a temper, dispatch a Jew and an Inquisitor in two minutes time? Beautiful miss, answered Candid, when a man is in love, is jealous, and has been flogged by the inquisition, he becomes lost to all reflection.

The old woman then put in her word; there

are three Andalusian horses in the stable, said she, with as many bridles and saddles ; let the brave Candid get them ready : madam has a parcel of moidores and jewels, let us mount immediately, though I have only one buttock to sit upon ; let us set out for Cadiz ; it is the finest weather in the world, and there is great pleasure in travelling in the cool of the night.

Candid, without any farther hesitation, saddles the three horses ; and miss Cunegund, the old woman, and he, set out, and travelled thirty miles without once bating. While they were making the best of their way, the Holy Brotherhood enter the house. My lord the inquisitor is interred in a magnificent manner, and master Isflachar's body is thrown upon a dung-hill.

Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, had by this time reached the little town of Avacena, in the midst of the mountains of Sierra Morena, and were engaged in the following conversation in an inn, where they had taken up their quarters.



C H A P. X.

In what distress Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman arrive at Cadiz ; and of their embarkation.

WH O could it be that has robbed me of my moidores and jewels ? exclaimed miss Cunegund, all bathed in tears. How shall we live ? What shall we do ? Where shall I find inquisitors and Jews who can give me more ?
Alas !

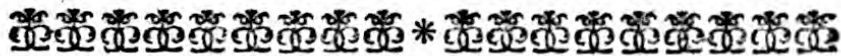
Alas! said the old woman, I have a shrewd suspicion of a reverend father Cordelier, who lay last night in the same inn with us at Badajoz; God forbid I should condemn any one wrongfully, but he came into our room twice, and he set off in the morning long before us. Alas! said Candid, Pangloss has often demonstrated to me that the goods of this world are common to all men, and that every one has an equal right to the enjoyment of them; but, according to these principles, the cordelier ought to have left us enough to carry us to the end of our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear miss Cunegund? Not a soufe, replied she. What is to be done then, said Candid. Sell one of the horses, replied the old woman, I will get behind miss Cunegund, though I have only one buttock to ride on, and we shall reach Cadiz never fear.

In the same inn there was a Benedictine friar, who bought the horse very cheap. Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, after passing through Lucina, Chellas, and Letrixa, arrived at length at Cadiz. A fleet was then getting ready, and troops were assembling in order to reduce the reverend father Jesuits of Paraguay, who were accused of having excited one of the Indian tribes in the neighbourhood of the town of the Holy Sacrament, to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candid, having been in the Bulgarian service, performed the military exercise of that nation before the general of this little army with so intrepid an air, and with such agility and expedition, that he gave him the command of a company of foot. Being now made a captain, he embarks with

miss Cunegund, the old woman, two valets and the two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to the grand inquisitor of Portugal.

During their voyage they amused themselves with many profound reasonings on poor Pangloss's philosophy. We are now going into another world, and surely it must be there that every thing is best; for I must confess that we have had some little reason to complain of what passes in ours, both as to the physical and moral part. Though I have a sincere love for you, said miss Cunegund, yet I still shudder at the reflection of what I have seen and experienced. All will be well, replied Candid, the sea of this new world is already better than our European seas; it is smoother, and the winds blow more regularly. God grant it, said Cunegund; but I have met with such terrible treatment in this, that I have almost lost all hopes of a better. What murmuring and complaining is here indeed! cried the old woman: If you had suffered half what I have done, there might be some reason for it. Miss Cunegund could scarce refrain laughing at the good old woman, and thought it droll enough to pretend to a greater share of misfortunes than herself. Alas! my good dame, said she, unless you had been ravished by two Bulgarians, had received two deep wounds in your belly, had seen two of your own castles demolished, had lost two fathers, and two mothers, and seen both of them barbarously murdered before your eyes, and to sum up all, had two lovers whipped at an Auto-da-fe, I cannot see how you could be more unfortunate than me. Add to this, though born a batoness, and bearing seventy-two quarterings,

ings, I have been reduced to be a cook-wench. Miss, replied the old woman, you do not know my family as yet ; but if I was to shew you my backside, you would not talk in this manner, but suspend your judgment. This speech raised a high curiosity in Candid and Cunegund ; and the old woman continued as follows.



C H A P. XI.

The History of the Old Woman.

I Have not always been blear-eyed. My nose did not always touch my chin, nor was I always a servant. You must know that I am the daughter of pope Urban X. *, and of the princess of Palestrina. To the age of fourteen I was brought up in a castle, to which all the castles of the German barons would not have been fit for stabling, and one of my robes would have bought half the province of Westphalia. I grew up, and improved in beauty, wit, and every graceful accomplishment ; and in the midst of pleasures, homage, and the highest expectations. I already began to inspire the men with love. My breast began to take its right form, and such a breast ! white, firm, and formed like that of Venus of Medicis ; my eye-brows were as black as jet, and as for my eyes, they darted flames and eclipsed the lustre of the stars, as I was told by the poets of our part of

* There never was a tenth pope of that name ; so that this number is mentioned to avoid scandal,

the world. My maids, when they dressed and undressed me, used to fall into an ecstasy in viewing me before and behind: and all the men longed to be in their places.

I was contracted to a sovereign prince of Massa Carara. Such a prince! as handsome as myself, sweet-tempered, agreeable, witty, and in love with me over head and ears. I loved him too, as our sex generally do for the first time, with rapture, transport, and idolatry. The nuptials were prepared with surprising pomp and magnificence; the ceremony was attended with feasts, carousals and burlettas: all Italy composed sonnets in my praise, tho' not one of them was tolerable. I was on the point of reaching the summit of bliss, when an old marchioness, who had been mistress to the prince my husband, invited him to drink chocolate. In less than two hours after he returned from the visit, he died of most terrible convulsions. But this is a mere trifle. My mother distracted to the highest degree, and yet less afflicted than me, determined to absent herself for some time from so fatal a place. As she had a very fine estate in the neighbourhood of Gaieta we embarked on board a galley, which was gilded like the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. In our passage we were boarded by a Sallee rover. Our men defended themselves like true pope's soldiers; they flung themselves upon their knees, laid down their arms, and begged the corsair to give them absolution *in articulo mortis*.

The Moors presently stripped us as bare as ever we were born. My mother, my maids of honour, and myself, were served all in the same manner. It is amazing how quick these gen-
try

try are at undressing people. But what surprised me most was, that they thrust their fingers into that part of our bodies where we women seldom admit any thing but—pipes to enter. I thought it a very strange kind of ceremony ; for thus we are generally apt to judge of things when we have not seen the world. I afterwards learnt that it was to discover if we had no diamonds concealed. This practice has been established time immemorial among those civilized nations that scour the seas. I was informed that the religious knights of Malta never fail to make this search whenever any Moors of either sex fall into their hands. It is a part of the law of nations, from which they never deviate.

I need not tell you how great a hardship it was for a young princess and her mother to be made slaves and carried to Morocco. You may easily imagine what we must have suffered on board a corsair. My mother was still extremely handsome, our maids of honour, and even our common waiting women, had more charms than were to be found in all Africa. As to myself, I was enchanting ; I was beauty itself, and then I had my virginity. But, alas ! I did not retain it long ; this precious flower, which was reserved for the lovely prince of Massa Carrara, was cropt by the captain of the Moorish vessel, who was a hideous negro, and thought he did me infinite honour. Indeed both the princess of Palestrina and myself must have had very strong constitutions to undergo all the hardships and violences we suffered till our arrival at Morocco. But I will not detain you any longer with such common things ; they are hardly worth mentioning. Upon

Upon our arrival at Morocco we found that kingdom bathed in blood. Fifty sons of the emperor Muley Ishmael were each at the head of a party. This produced fifty civil wars * of blacks against blacks, of tawnies against tawnies, and of mulattoes against mulattoes. In short the whole empire was one continued scene of carcases.

No sooner were we landed than a party of blacks, of a contrary faction to that of my captain, came to rob him of his booty. Next to the money and jewels we were the most valuable things he had. I was witness on this occasion to such a battle as you never beheld in your cold European climates. The northern nations have not that fermentation in their blood, nor that raging lust for women that is so common in Africa. The natives of Europe seem to have their veins filled with milk only; but fire and vitriol circulate in those of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighbouring provinces. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of their country, to know who should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; another Moor laid hold of her by the right leg, and one of our corsairs held her by the other. In this manner were almost every one of our women dragged between four soldiers. My captain kept me concealed behind him, and with his drawn scymetar cut down every one who opposed him; at length I saw all our Italian wo-

* If there were only fifty competitors, one would have expected no more than five and twenty civil wars.

men and my mother mangled and torn in pieces by the monsters who contended for them. The captives, my companions, the Moors who took us, the soldiers, the sailors, the blacks, the whites, the mulattoes, and lastly, my captain himself, were all slain, and I remained alone expiring upon a heap of dead bodies. The like barbarous scenes were transacted every day over the whole country, which is an extent of three hundred leagues; and yet they never missed the five stated times of prayer enjoined by their prophet Mahomet.

I disengaged myself with great difficulty from such a heap of slaughtered bodies, and made a shift to crawl to a large orange tree that stood on the bank of a neighbouring rivulet, where I fell down exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with horror, despair, and hunger. My senses being overpowered, I fell asleep, or rather seemed to be in a trance. Thus I lay in a state of weakness and insensibility between life and death, when I felt myself pressed by something that moved up and down upon my body. This brought me to myself, I opened my eyes, and saw a pretty fair-faced man, who sighed and muttered these words between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

C H A P. XII.

The Adventures of the old woman continued.

A S T O N I S H E D and delighted to hear my native language, and no less surpris'd at the young man's words, I told him that there were far greater misfortunes in the world than what he complain'd of. And to convince him of it, I gave him a short history of the horrible disasters that had befallen me; and as soon as I had finish'd, fell into a swoon again. He carried me in his arms to a neighbouring cottage, where he had me put to bed, procur'd me something to eat, wait'd on me with the greatest attention, comforted me, caress'd me, told me that he had never seen any thing so perfectly beautiful as myself, and that he had never so much regretted the loss of what no one could restore to him. I was born at Naples, said he, where they *caponize* two or three thousand children every year; several die of the operation; some acquire voices far beyond the most tuneful of your ladies; and others are sent to govern states and empires. I underwent this operation very happily; and was one of the singers in the princess of Palestrina's chapel. How, cried I, in my mother's chapel! The princess of Palestrina, your mother, cried he, bursting into a flood of tears! is it possible you should be the beautiful young princess whom I had the care of bringing up till she was six years old; and who at that tender age promis'd to be as fair as I now behold you? I am the same, replied I. My mother lies about a hundred.

dred yards from hence cut in pieces, and buried under a heap of dead bodies.

I then related to him all that had befallen me, and he in return acquainted me with all his adventures, and how he had been sent to the court of the king of Morocco by a Christian prince to conclude a treaty with that monarch; in consequence of which he was to be furnished with military stores, and ships to enable him to destroy the commerce of other Christian governments*. I have executed my commission, said the eunuch; I am going to take shipping at Ceuta, and I'll take you along with me to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

I thanked him with tears of joy, and, instead of taking me with him into Italy, he carried me to Algiers, and sold me to the dey of that province. I had not been long a slave when the plague, which had made the tour of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out at Algiers with redoubled fury. You have seen an earthquake; but tell me, Miss, had you ever the plague? Never, answered the young baroness.

If you ever had, continued the old woman, you would own an earthquake was a trifle to it. It is very common in Africa; I was seized with it. Figure to yourself the distressed situation of the daughter of a pope, only fifteen years old, and who in less than three months had felt the miseries of poverty and slavery; had

* This is too just a reproach upon those Christian powers, who, for the thirst of lucre, shamefully patronize, and supply the barbarians of Africa with the means of gratifying their rapacity, and of exercising cruelties which are a disgrace to human nature.

been ravished almost every day; had beheld her mother cut into four quarters; had experienced the scourges of famine and war; and was now dying of the plague at Algiers. I did not, however, die of it; but my eunuch, and the dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers, were swept off.

As soon as the first fury of this dreadful pestilence was over, a sale was made of the dey's slaves. I was purchased by a merchant who carried me to Tunis. This man sold me to another merchant, who sold me again to another at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was sold to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople. After many changes, I at length became the property of an aga of the janissaries, who, soon after I came into his possession, was ordered away to the defence of Asoph, then besieged by the Russians.

The aga, being very fond of women, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a small fort with two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers for our guard. Our army made a great slaughter among the Russians; but they soon returned us the compliment. Asoph was taken by storm, and the enemy spared neither age, sex, nor condition, but put all to the sword, and laid the city in ashes. Our little fort alone held out; they resolved to reduce us by famine. The twenty janissaries, who were left to defend it, had bound themselves by an oath never to surrender the place. Being reduced to the extremity of famine, they found themselves obliged to kill our two eunuchs, and eat them rather than violate their oath. But this horrible repast soon failing them, they next determined to
support

support the remains of life by devouring the women.

We had a very pious and humane iman, who made them a most excellent sermon on this occasion, exhorting them not to kill us all at once ; “ Only cut off one of the buttocks of each of those ladies, said he, and you’ll fare extremely well ; if you are still under the necessity of having recourse to the same expedient again, you will find the like supply a few days hence. Heaven will approve of so charitable an action, and work your deliverance.”

By the force of this eloquence he easily persuaded them, and all underwent the operation. The iman applied the same balsam as they do to children after circumcision. We were all ready to give up the ghost.

The janissaries had scarcely time to finish the repast with which we had supplied them, when the Russians attacked the place by means of flat-bottomed boats, and not a single janissary escaped. The Russians paid no regard to the condition we were in ; but as there are French surgeons in all parts of the world, a skilful operator took us under his care, and made a cure of us ; and I shall never forget, while I live, that as soon as my wounds were perfectly healed he made me certain proposals. In general, he desired us all to have a good heart, assuring us that the like had happened in many sieges ; and that it was perfectly agreeable to the laws of war.

As soon as my companions were in a condition to walk, they were sent to Moscow. As for me, I fell to the lot of a boyard, who put me to work in his garden, and gave me twenty
lashes

lashes a day. But this nobleman having ~~in~~ about two years afterwards been broke alive upon the wheel with about thirty others, for some court intrigues, I took advantage of the event and made my escape. I travelled over great part of Ruffia. I was a long time an inn-keeper's servant at Riga; then at Rostock, Wismar, Leipfick, Caffel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague and Rotterdam: I have grown old in misery and disgrace, living with only one buttock, and in the perpetual remembrance that I was a pope's daughter. I have been an hundred times upon the point of killing myself, but still was fond of life. This ridiculous weakness is, perhaps, one of the dangerous principles implanted in our nature. For what can be more absurd than to persist in carrying a burthen of which we wish to be eased? to detest, and yet to strive to preserve our existence? In a word, to caress the serpent that devours us, and hug him close to our bosoms till he has gnawed into our hearts?

In the different countries which it has been my fate to traverse, and the many inns where I have been a servant, I have observed a prodigious number of people who held their existence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew more than twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery; namely, three Negroes, four Englishmen*, as many Genoese, and a German

* The company with which our author joins the English suicides is a keen stroke of satire upon this nation—Perhaps by the greater number of the English, he meant to shew that suicide was oftner the effect of whim and caprice, than owing to a sense of insupportable misery.

professor,

professor, named Robek. My last place was with the Jew, Don Issachar, who placed me near your person, my fair lady; to whose fortunes I have attached myself, and have been more affected with your misfortunes than my own. I should never have even mentioned the latter to you, had you not a little piqued me on the head of sufferings; and if it was not customary to tell stories on board a ship, in order to pass away the time. In short, my dear Miss, I have a great deal of knowledge and experience in the world, therefore take my advice; divert yourself, and prevail upon each passenger to tell his story, and if there is one of them all that has not cursed his existence many times, and said to himself over and over again; that he was the most wretched of mortals, I give you leave to throw me head-foremost into the sea.



C H A P. XIII.

How Candid was obliged to leave the fair Cunegund and the old woman.

THE fair Cunegund, being thus made acquainted with the history of the old woman's life and adventures, paid her all the respect and civility due to a person of her rank and merit. She very readily came into her proposal of engaging every one of the passengers to relate their adventures in their turns, and was at length, as well as Candid, compelled to acknowledge that the old woman was in the right.

right. It is a thousand pities, said Candid, that the sage Pangloss should have been hanged contrary to the custom of an *Auto-da-fé*, for he would have read us a most admirable lecture on the moral and physical evil which overspread the earth and sea; and I think I should have courage enough to presume to offer (with all due respect) some few objections.

While every one was reciting his adventures, the ship continued her way, and at length arrived at Buenos Ayres, where Cunegund, Captain Candid, and the old woman, landed and went to wait upon the governor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman carried himself with a haughtiness suitable to a person who bore so many names. He spoke with the most noble disdain to every one, carried his nose so high, strained his voice to such a pitch, assumed so imperious an air, and stalked with so much loftiness and pride, that every one who had the honour of conversing with him were violently tempted to bastinado his excellency. He was immoderately fond of women, and Miss Cunegund appeared in his eyes a paragon of beauty. The first thing he did was to ask her if she was not the Captain's wife. The air with which he made this demand alarmed Candid, who did not dare to say he was married to her, because indeed he was not; neither durst he say she was his sister, because she was not: and tho' a lye of this nature proved of great service to one of the antients, and might possibly be useful to some of the moderns, yet the purity of his heart would not permit him to violate the truth. Miss
Cunegund,

Cunegund, replied he, is to do me the honour to marry me, and we humbly beseech your excellency to condescend to grace the ceremony with your presence.

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, twirling his mustachio, and putting on a sarcastic smile, ordered captain Candid to go and review his company. The gentle Candid obeyed, and the governor was left with Miss Cunegund. He made her a strong declaration of love, protesting that he was ready to give her his hand in the face of the church, or otherwise, as should appear most agreeable to a young lady of her prodigious beauty. Cunegund desired leave to retire a quarter of an hour to consult the old woman, and determine how she should proceed.

The old woman gave her the following counsel. Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings in your arms, it is true, but you have not a penny to bless yourself with: it is your own fault if you are not wife to one of the greatest noblemen in South-America, with an exceeding fine mustachio. What business have you to pride yourself upon an unshaken constancy? You have been ravished by a Bulgarian soldier; a Jew and an inquisitor have both tasted of your favours. People take advantage of misfortunes. I must confess, were I in your place, I should, without the least scruple, give my hand to the governor, and thereby make the fortune of the brave captain Candid. While the old woman was thus haranguing, with all the prudence that old age and experience furnish, a small bark entered the harbour, in which was an alcaide and his alguazils. Matters had fallen out as follows: The

The old woman rightly guessed that the cordelier with the long sleeves, was the person who had taken Miss Cunegund's money and jewels, while they and Candid were at Badajox, in their flight from Lisbon. This same friar attempted to sell some of the diamonds to a jeweller, who presently knew them to have belonged to the grand inquisitor, and stopped them. The cordelier, before he was hanged, acknowledged that he had stolen them, and described the persons, and the road they had taken. The flight of Cunegund and Candid was already the town-talk. They sent in pursuit of them to Cadiz; and the vessel which had been sent to make the greater dispatch, had now reached the port of Buenos Ayres. A report was spread that an alcaide was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my lord the inquisitor. The sage old woman immediately saw what was to be done. You cannot run away, said she to Cunegund; but you have nothing to fear; it was not you who killed my lord inquisitor: besides, as the governor is in love with you, he will not suffer you to be ill treated; therefore don't stir. Then hurrying away to Candid, Be gone, said she, from hence this instant, or you will be burnt alive. Candid found there was no time to be lost; but how could he part from Cunegund, and whither must he fly for shelter?

C H A P. XIV.

The reception Candid and Cacambo met with among the Jesuits in Paraguay.

CANDID had brought with him from Cadiz such a footman as one often meets with on the coasts of Spain and in the colonies. He was the fourth part of a Spaniard, of a mungrel bred, and born in Tucuman. He had successively gone thro' the profession of a singing boy, sexton, sailor, monk, pedlar, soldier and lacquey. His name was Cacambo; he had a great affection for his master, because his master was a mighty good man. He immediately saddled the two Andalusian horses. Come, my good master, let us follow the old woman's advice, and make all the haste we can from this place without staying to look behind us. Candid burst into a flood of tears: O, my dear Cunegund, must I then be compelled to quit you just as the governor was going to honour us with his presence at our wedding! Cunegund, so long lost and found again, what will now become of you? Lord! said Cacambo, she must do as well as she can; women are never at a loss. God takes care of them, and so let us make the best of our way. But whither would'st thou carry me? where can we go? what can we do without Cunegund, cried the disconsolate Candid. By St. James of Compostella, said Cacambo, you was going to fight against the Jesuits of Paraguay; now let us e'en go and fight for them; I know the road perfectly well; I'll conduct you to their kingdom; they will be delighted with a captain that understands

the Bulgarian exercise; you will certainly make a prodigious fortune. If we cannot find our account in this world we may in another. It is a great pleasure to see new objects and perform new exploits.

Then you have been in Paraguay? said Candid. Ay, marry, have I, replied Cacambo; I was a scout in the college of the Assumption, and am as well acquainted with the new government of Los Padres as I am with the streets of Cadiz. Oh it is an admirable government that is most certain! The kingdom is at present upwards of three hundred leagues in diameter, and divided into thirty provinces; the fathers are there masters of every thing, and the people have no money at all; this you must allow is the master-piece of justice* and reason. For my part, I see nothing so divine as the good fathers, who wage war in this part of world against the troops of Spain and Portugal, at the same time that they hear the confessions of those very princes in Europe; who kill Spaniards in America and send them to heaven at Madrid. This pleases me exceedingly, but let us push forward; you are going to see the happiest and most fortunate of all mortals. How charmed will those fathers be to hear that a captain who understands the Bulgarian exercise is coming amongst them.

As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo called to the advance-guard, and told them that a captain wanted to speak to

* Our author is more satirical than just to this institution, which, according to the best accounts we have received, is the most perfect commonwealth that ever existed.

my lord the general. Notice was given to the main-guard, and immediately a Paraguayan officer ran to throw himself at the feet of the commandant to impart this news to him. Candid and Cacambo were immediately disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses were seized. The two strangers are now conducted between two files of musqueteers, the commandant was at the further end with a three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword by his side, and a half pike in his hand; he made a sign, and instantly four and twenty soldiers drew up round the new comers. A serjeant told them that they must wait, the commandant could not speak to them; and that the reverend father provincial did not suffer any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his presence, or to stay above three hours in the province. And where is the revered father provincial? said Cacambo. He is just come from mass, and is at the parade, replied the serjeant, and in about three hours time you may possibly have the honour to kiss his spurs. But, said Cacambo, the captain, who, as well as myself, is perishing with hunger, is no Spaniard, but a German; therefore, pray, might we not be permitted to break our fast till we can be introduced to his reverence?

The serjeant immediately went and acquainted the commandant with what he heard. God be praised, said the reverend commandant, since he is a German; I will hear what he has to say; let him be brought to my harbour. Immediately they conducted Candid to a beautiful pavilion adorned with a colonade of green marble, spotted with yellow, and with an

intertexture of vines, which served as a kind of cage for parrots, humming birds, fly birds, Guinea hens, and all other curious kinds of birds. An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating coarse Indian corn out of wooden dishes in the open air, and exposed to the burning heat of the sun, the reverend father commandant retired to his cool arbour.

He was a very handsome young man, round-faced, fair, and fresh-coloured, his eye-brows were finely arched, he had a piercing eye, the tips of his ears were red, his lips vermillion, and he had a bold and commanding air; but such a boldness as neither resembled that of a Spaniard nor of a Jesuit. He ordered Candid and Cacambo to have their arms restored to them, together with their two Andalusian horses. Cacambo gave the poor beasts some oats to eat close by the arbour, keeping a strict eye upon them all the while for fear of surprize.

Candid having kissed the hem of the commandant's robe, they sat down to table. It seems you are a German, says the Jesuit to him in that language? Yes, reverend father, answered Candid. As they pronounced these words, they looked at each other with great amazement, and with an emotion that neither could conceal. From what part of Germany do you come, said the Jesuit? From the dirty province of Westphalia, answered Candid: I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. Oh heavens! is it possible, said the Commandant? What a miracle! cried Candid. Can it be you, said the commandant? On this they both retired a few steps backwards, then running

ning into each other's arms, embraced, and let fall a shower of tears. Is it you then, reverend father? You are the brother of the fair Miss Cunegund? you that was slain by the Bulgarians! you the baron's son! you a Jesuit in Paraguay! I must confess this is a strange world we live in. O Pangloss! Pangloss! Pangloss! what joy would this have given you if you had not been hanged?

The commandant dismissed the negro slaves, and the Paraguayans who presented them with liquor in crystal goblets. He returned thanks to God and St. Ignatius a thousand times; he clasped Candid in his arms, and both their faces were bathed in tears. You will be more surprised, more affected, more transported, said Candid, when I tell you that Miss Cunegund your sister, whose belly was supposed to have been ript open, is in perfect health. Where? In your neighbourhood with the governor of Buenos Ayres; and I myself was going to fight against you. Every word they uttered during this long conversation, was productive of some new matter of astonishment. Their souls fluttered on their tongues, listened in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. Like true Germans they continued a long while at table, waiting for the reverend father; and the commandant spoke to his dear Candid as follows:

C H A P. XV.

How Candid killed the brother of his dear Cunegund.

NEVER while I live shall I lose the remembrance of that horrible day on which I saw my father and brother barbarously butchered before my eyes, and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians retired we searched in vain for my dear sister. She was no where to be found; but the bodies of my father, mother, and myself, with two servant maids and three little boys, all of whom had been murdered by the remorseless enemy, were thrown into a cart to be buried in a chapel belonging to the Jesuits, within two leagues of our family-seat. A Jesuit sprinkled us with some holy water, which was confounded salt, and a few drops of it went into my eyes; the father perceived that my eyelids stirred a little: he put his hand upon my breast, and felt my heart beat; upon which he gave me proper assistance, and at the end of three week I was perfectly recovered. You know, my dear Candid, I was very handsome; I became still more so, and the reverend father Croust, superior of that house, took a great fancy to me; he gave me the habit of the order, and some years afterwards I was sent to Rome. Our general stood in need of new levies of young German Jesuits*. The sovereigns of Paraguay admit of as few Spanish Jesuits as possible; they prefer those of other nations, as being more

* This is an oblique shaft levelled at that infamous passion, which is supposed to prevail in this society.

obedient

obedient to command. The reverend father general looked upon me as a proper person to work in that vineyard. I set out in company with a Polander and a Tyrolese. Upon my arrival, I was honoured with a subdeaconship and a lieutenancy. Now I am colonel and priest. We shall give a warm reception to the king of Spain's troops; I can assure you they will be well excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent you hither to assist us. But is it true that my dear sister Cunegund is in the neighbourhood with the governor of Buenos Ayres? Candid swore that nothing could be more true: and the tears began again to trickle down their cheeks.

The baron knew no end of embracing Candid: he called him his brother, his deliverer. Perhaps, said he, my dear Candid, we shall be fortunate enough to enter the town sword in hand, and recover my sister Cunegund. Ah! that would crown my wishes, replied Candid; for I intended to marry her; and I hope I shall still be able to effect it. Insolent fellow! replied the baron. You! you have the impudence to marry my sister, who bears seventy-two quarterings! really I think you have an insufferable degree of assurance to dare so much as to mention such an audacious design to me. Candid, thunder-struck at the oddness of this speech, answered, Reverend father, all the quarterings in the world are of no signification. I have delivered your sister from a Jew and an inquisitor; she is under many obligations to me, and she is resolved to give me her hand. My master Pangloss always told me that mankind are by nature equal. Therefore you may

depend upon it, that I will marry your *sister*. We shall see that, villain ! said the Jesuit baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, and struck him across the face with the flat side of his sword. Candid, in an instant, draws his rapier, and plunges it up to the hilt in the Jesuit's body ; but, in pulling it out reeking hot, he burst into tears, Good God ! cried he, I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law ; I am the best man in the world, and yet I have already killed three men ; and of these three two were priests.

Cacambo, who was standing sentry near the door of the harbour, instantly ran up. Nothing remains, said his master, but to sell our lives as dear as possible ; they will undoubtedly look into the harbour ; we must die sword in hand. Cacambo, who had seen many of these kind of adventures, was not discouraged ; he stripped the baron of his Jesuit's habit, and put it upon Candid, then gave him the dead man's three-cornered cap, and made him mount on horseback. All this was done as quick as thought. Gallop, master ; gallop, cried Cacambo ; every body will take you for a Jesuit going to give orders ; and we shall have passed the frontiers before they will be able to overtake us. He flew as he spoke these words, crying out aloud in Spanish, Make way ; make way for the reverend father colonel.

C H A P. XVI.

What happened to our two travellers with two girls, two monkeys, and the savages, called Oreillons.

CANDID and his valet had already passed the frontiers before it was known that the German Jesuit was dead. The wary Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, some ham, some fruit, and a few bottles of wine. They penetrated with their Andalusian horses into a strange country, where they could discover no beaten path. At length, a beautiful meadow intersected with purling rills opened to their view. Cacambo proposed to his master to take some nourishment, and he set him an example. How can you to ask me to feast upon ham, when I have killed the baron's son, and am doomed never more to see the beautiful Cunegund? what will it avail me to prolong a wretched life that might be spent far from her in remorse and despair? and then, and then what will the journal of Trevoux say*?

While he was making these reflections, he still continued eating. The sun was now on the point of setting when the ears of our two wanderers were assailed with cries which seemed to be uttered by a female voice. They could not tell whether these were cries of grief or

* A periodical *Critique* on the works of the learned, executed by Jesuits.

joy: however, they instantly started up, full of that inquietude and apprehension which a strange place naturally inspires. The cries proceeded from two young women who were tripping stark naked along the mead, while two monkeys followed close at their heels biting their buttocks. Candid was touched with compassion; he had learned to shoot while he was among the Bulgarians, and he would hit a filbert in a hedge without touching a leaf. Accordingly he takes up his double barrel Spanish fusil, pulls the trigger, and lays the two monkeys lifeless on the ground. God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have rescued two poor girls from a most perilous situation: if I have committed a sin in killing an inquisitor and a Jesuit, I made ample amends by saving the lives of these two distressed damsels. Who knows but they may be young ladies of a good family, and that this assistance I have been so happy to give them may procure us great advantage in this country.

He was about to continue when he felt himself struck speechless at seeing the two girls embracing the dead bodies of the monkeys in the tenderest manner, bathing their wounds with their tears, and rending the air with the most doleful lamentations. Really, said he to Cacambo, I should not have expected to see such a prodigious share of good nature. Master, master, replied the knowing valet, you have made a precious piece of work of it; do you know that you have killed the lovers of these two ladies! Their lovers! Cacambo? you are jesting! it cannot be! I can never believe it. Dear sir, replied Cacambo, you are
surprised:

surprised at every thing; why should you think it so strange that there should be a country where monkeys insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies; they are the fourth part of a man as I am the fourth part of a Spaniard? Alas! replied Candid, I remember to have heard my master Pangloss say, that such accidents as these frequently came to pass in former times, and that these commixtures are productive of centaurs, fauns, and satyrs; and that many of the ancients had seen such monsters: but I looked upon the whole as fabulous. Now you are convinced, said Cacambo, that it is very true, and you see what use is made of those creatures by persons that have not had a proper education: all I am afraid of is, that these same ladies will play us some ugly trick.

These judicious reflections operated so far on Candid as to make him quit the meadow, and strike into a thicket. There he and Cacambo supped, and, after heartily cursing the grand inquisitor, the governor of Buenos Ayres, and the baron, they fell asleep on the ground. When they awoke, they were surprised to find that they could not move; the reason was, that the *Oreillons* who inhabit that country, and to whom the ladies had given information of these two strangers, had bound them with cords made of the bark of trees. They saw themselves surrounded by fifty naked *Oreillons* armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and hatchets of flint; some were making a fire under a large cauldron; and others were preparing spits, crying out one and all, A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged; we shall have excellent chear; let us eat this Jesuit; let us eat him up.

D. 6.

I told



I told you master, cried Cacambo mournfully, that these two wenches would play us some scurvy trick. Candid seeing the cauldron and the spits cried out, I suppose they are going either to boil or roast us. Ah! what would Pangloss say if he was to see how pure nature is formed? Every thing is right: it may be so: but I must confess it is something hard to be bereft of dear miss Cunegund, and to be spitted like a rabbit by these barbarous Oreillons. Cacambo, who never lost his presence of mind in distress, said to the disconsolate Candid, Do not despair; I understand a little of the jargon of these people; I will speak to them. Ay, pray do, said Candid, and be sure you make them sensible of the horrid barbarity of boiling and roasting human creatures, and how little of Christianity there is in such practices.

Gentlemen, said Cacambo, you think perhaps you are going to feast upon a Jesuit; if so, it is mighty well; nothing can be more agreeable to justice than thus to treat your enemies. Indeed the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and accordingly we find this practised all over the world; and if we do not indulge ourselves in eating human flesh, it is because we have much better fare; but for your parts, who have not such resources as we, it is certainly much better judged to feast upon your enemies than to throw their bodies to the fowls of the air; and thus lose all the fruits of their victory. But surely, gentlemen, you would not chuse to eat your friends. You imagine you are going to roast a Jesuit, whereas my master is your friend, your defender, and you are going to spit the very man who has
been

been destroying your enemies: as to myself, I am your countryman; this gentleman is my master, and so far from being a Jesuit, give me leave to tell you he has very lately killed one of that order, whose spoils he now wears, and which have probably occasioned your mistake. To convince you of the truth of what I say, take the habit he has now on, and carry it to the first barrier of the Jesuit's kingdom and enquire whether my master did not kill one of their officers. There will be little or no time lost by this, and you may still reserve our bodies in your power to feast on, if you should find what we have told you to be false. But, on the contrary, if you find it to be true. I am persuaded you are too well acquainted with the principles of the laws of society, humanity, and justice, not to use us courteously, and suffer us to depart unhurt.

This speech appeared very reasonable to the Oreillons; they deputed two of their people with all expedition to enquire into the truth of this affair, who acquitted themselves of their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good tidings for our distressed adventurers. Upon this, they were both loosed, and those who were so lately going to roast and boil them, now shewed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and reconducted them to the confines of their country, crying before them all the way in token of joy, He is no Jesuit, he is no Jesuit.

Candid could not help admiring the cause of his deliverance. What men! what manners! cried he: if I had not fortunately run my sword up to the hilt in the body of miss Cunegund's brother, I should have infallibly been eaten
alive.

alive. But, after all, pure nature is an excellent thing; since these people, instead of eating me shewed me a thousand civilities, as soon as they knew I was not a Jesuit.



CHAPTER XVII.

Candid and his valet arrive in the country of El Dorado. What they saw there.

WHEN they got to the frontiers of the Oreillons, You see, said Cacambo to Candid, this hemisphere is not better than the other: e'en take my advice, and let us return to Europe by the shortest way possible. But how can we get back? said Candid; and whether shall we go? To my own country? the Bulgarians and the Abares are laying that waste with fire and sword; or shall we go to Portugal? there I shall be burnt; and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I bring myself to quit that part of the world where my dear miss Cunegund has her residence?

Let us turn towards Cayenne, said Cacambo; there we shall meet with some Frenchmen; for you know those gentry ramble all over the world; perhaps they will assist us, and God will look with pity on our distress.

It was not so easy to get to Cayenne. They knew pretty nearly whereabouts it lay; but the mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, were dreadful obstacles in the way. Their horses died with fatigue, and their provisions were at an end. They subsisted a whole month upon

upon wild fruit, till at length they came to a little river bordered with cocoa trees; the sight of which at once revived their drooping spirits, and furnished nourishment for their enfeebled bodies.

Cacambo, who was always giving as good advice as the old woman herself, said to Candid, You see there is no holding out any longer; we have travelled enough on foot. I spy an empty canoe near the river side; let us fill it with cocoa nuts, get into it, and go down with the stream; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not meet with agreeable things, we shall at least meet with something new. Agreed, replied Candid; let us recommend ourselves to providence.

They rowed a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in some places covered with flowers; in others barren; in some parts smooth and level, and in others steep and rugged. The stream widened as they went further on, till at length it passed under one of the frightful rocks, whose summits seemed to reach the clouds. Here our two travellers had the courage to commit themselves to the stream, which contracting in this part, hurried them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four and twenty hours they saw daylight again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks. They were obliged to creep along, from rock to rock, for the space of a league, till at length a spacious plain presented itself to their sight. This place was bounded by a chain of inaccessible hills. The country appeared cultivated equally for pleasure, and to produce the necessaries of life.

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The *utile* & *dulce* were here equally blended. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages formed of glittering materials, in which were men and women of a surprising beauty, drawn with great rapidity by red sheep of a very large size; which far surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mecquinez.

Here is a country, however, said Candid, preferable to Westphalia. He and Cacambo landed near the first village they saw, at the entrance of which they perceived some children covered with tattered garments of the richest brocade, playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the other hemisphere amused themselves greatly with what they saw. The quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a most glorious lustre. Our travellers picked some of them up, and they proved to be gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; the least of which would have been the greatest ornament to the superb throne of the great mogul. Without doubt, said Cacambo, those children must be the king's sons, that are playing at quoits. As he was uttering these words the school-master of the village appeared, who came to call them to school. There, said Candid, is the preceptor of the royal family.

The little raggamuffins immediately quitted their diversion, leaving the quoits on the ground with all their other play-things. Candid gathers them up, runs to the schoolmaster, and, with a most respectful bow, presents them to him, giving him to understand by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgot their gold and precious stones. The school-master, with a smile,

smile, flung them upon the ground, then examining Candid from head to foot, with an air of admiration, he turned his back and went on his way.

Our travellers took care, however, to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. Where are we, cried Candid. The king's children in this country must have an excellent education, since they are taught to shew such a contempt for gold and precious stones. Cacambo was as much surpris'd as his master. They then drew near the first house in the village, which was built after the manner of an European Palace. There was a crowd of people about the door, and a still greater number in the house. The sound of the most delightful instruments of music were heard, and the most agreeable smell came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard those within talking in the Peruvian language, which was his mother tongue; for every one knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman, where no other language is spoken. I will be your interpreter here, said he to Candid, let us go in; this is an eating-house.

Immediately two waiters, and two servant-girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair braided with ribbands of tiffue, accost the strangers, and invite them to sit down to the ordinary. Their dinner consisted of four dishes of different soups, each garnished with two young paroquets, a large dish of bouillé, that weighed two hundred weight, two roasted monkeys of a delicious flavour, three hundred humming birds in one dish, and six hundred fly birds in another; some excellent ragouts,
delicate

delicate tarts, and the whole served up in dishes of rock-crystal. Several sorts of liquors, extracted from the sugar-cane, were handed about by the servants who attended.

Most of the company were chapmen and waggoners, all extremely polite; they asked Cacambo a few questions, with the utmost discretion and circumspection; and replied to him in a most obliging and satisfactory manner.

As soon as dinner was over, both Candid and Cacambo thought they should pay very handsomely for their entertainment by laying down two of those large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burst into a fit of laughing, and held their sides for some time. When the fit was over: Gentlemen, said the landlord, I plainly perceive you are strangers, and such we are not accustomed to see; pardon us therefore for laughing when you offered us the common pebbles of our highways for payment of your reckoning. To be sure, you have none of the coin of this kingdom; but there is no necessity of having any money at all to dine in this house. All the inns, which are established for the conveniency of those who carry on the trade of this nation, are maintained by the government. You have found but very indifferent entertainment here, because this is only a poor village; but in almost every other of these public houses you will meet with a reception worthy of persons of your merit. Cacambo explained the whole of this speech of the landlord to Candid, who listened to it with the same astonishment with which his friend communicated it. What sort of a country is this, said
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the one to the other, that is unknown to all the world; and in which Nature has everywhere so different an appearance to what she has in ours? Possibly this is that part of the globe where every thing is right, for there must certainly be some such place. And, for all that master Pangloss could say, I often perceived that things went very ill in Westphalia.



C H A P. XVIII.

What they saw in the country of El Dorado.

CACAMBO vented all his curiosity upon his landlord by a thousand different questions: the honest man answered him thus. I am very ignorant, sir, but I am contented with my ignorance; however, we have in this neighbourhood an old man retired from court, who is the most learned and communicative person in the whole kingdom. He then carried Cacambo to the old man; Candid acted now only a second character, and attended his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was nothing but silver, and the ceiling was only of beaten gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste as to vie with the richest. The antichamber, indeed, was only incrusted with rubies and emeralds; but the order in which every thing was disposed made amends for this great simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming bird's feathers; and ordered his servants to present them

them with liquors in golden goblets, after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms.

I am now one hundred and seventy-two years old; and I learnt of my late father, who was equerry to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, to which he had been an eye-witness. This kingdom is the ancient patrimony of the incas, who very imprudently quitted it to conquer another part of the world, and were at length conquered and destroyed themselves by the Spaniards.

Those princes of their family, who remained in their native country, acted more wisely. They ordained, with the consent of their whole nation, that none of the inhabitants of our little kingdom should ever quit it; and to this wise ordinance, we owe the preservation of our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had some confused notion of this country, to which they gave the name of *El Dorado*; and Sir Walter Raleigh*, an Englishman, actually came very near it, about three hundred years ago: but the inaccessible rocks and precipices, with which our country is surrounded on all sides, has hitherto secured us from the rapacious fury of the people of Europe, who have an un-

* It is very certain that Sir Walter Rawleigh, for the purposes of imposture in the account of his first voyage to Guiana, describes such an empire of the Inca, with the city called *El Dorado*, or *Manoa*, two days journey in length, shining with gold and silver---He adds many other circumstances of Peruvian prophecies in favour of the English; of the Amazons, or republic of women; and of immense riches, which he pretended to have seen on that continent: but the whole was an ill invented fable calculated to mislead mankind.

accountable

accountable fondness for the pebbles and dirt of our land, for the sake of which they would murder us all to the very last man.

The conversation lasted some time, and turned chiefly on the form of government, their manners, their women, their public diversions, and the arts. At length, Candid, who had always had a taste for metaphysics, asked whether the people of that country had any religion?

The old man reddened a little at this question: Can you doubt it? said he; do you take us for wretches lost to all sense of gratitude? Cacambo asked in a respectful manner what was the established religion of El Dorado? The old man blushed again, and said, Can there be two religions then? Our's, I apprehend, is the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night. Do you worship but one God? said Cacambo, who still acted as the interpreter of Candid's doubts. Certainly, said the old man; there are not two nor three nor four Gods. I must confess the people of your world ask very extraordinary questions. However, Candid could not refrain from making many more enquiries of the old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in El Dorado. We do not pray to him at all, said the reverend sage; we have nothing to ask of him, he has given us all we want, and we give him thanks incessantly. Candid had a curiosity to see some of their priests, and desired Cacambo to ask the old man where they were? At which, he smiling said, My friends, we are all of us priests; the king and all the heads of families sing solemn hymns

hymns of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians. What! says Cacambo, have you no monks among you, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue, and to burn people who are not of the same opinion with themselves? Do you take us for fools? said the old man, here we are all of one opinion, and know not what you mean by your monks. During the whole of this discourse, Candid was in raptures, and he said to himself, What a prodigious difference is there between this place and Westphalia; and this house and the baron's castle. Ah, Master Pangloss! had you ever seen El Dorado, you would no longer have maintained that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the finest of all possible edifices: there is nothing like seeing the world, that's certain*.

This long conversation being ended, the old man ordered six sheep to be harnessed and put to the coach †, and sent twelve of his servants to escort the travellers to court. Excuse me, said he, for not waiting on you in person, my age deprives me of that honour. The king will receive you in such a manner, that you will have no reason to complain; and doubtless you will make a proper allowance for the customs of the country, if they should not happen altogether to please you.

* The reader will plainly perceive that these are satirical hints thrown out against certain articles of faith common to all the professors of Christianity, and against particular rules and institutions peculiar to the church of Rome.

† Meaning Peruvian sheep, a kind of beast of burthen, native of Peru, very different from the sheep of Europe.

Candid and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, they arrived at the king's palace, which was situated at the further end of the capital. At the entrance was a portal two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but it is impossible for words to express the materials of which it was built. The reader however will readily conceive they must have a prodigious superiority over the pebbles and sand, which we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful young virgins in waiting received Candid and Cacambo, at their alighting from the coach, conducted them to the bath, and clad them in robes wove of the down of humming birds; after which they were introduced by the great officers of the crown of both sexes to the king's apartment, between two files of musicians, each file consisting of a thousand, agreeable to the custom of the country. When they drew near to the presence-chamber, Cacambo asked one of the officers in what manner they were to pay their obeisance to his majesty; whether it was the custom to fall upon their knees, or to prostrate themselves upon the ground? whether they were to put their hands upon their heads, or behind their backs? whether they were to lick the dust off the floor? in short, what was the ceremony usual on such occasions? The custom, said the great officer, is to embrace the king and kiss him on each cheek. Candid and Cacambo accordingly threw their arms round his majesty's neck, who received them in the most gracious manner imaginable, and very politely asked them to sup with him.

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While supper was preparing, orders were given to shew them the city, where they saw public structures, that reared their lofty heads to the clouds; the market-places decorated with a thousand columns; fountains of spring water, besides others of rose water, and of liquors drawn from the sugar-cane, incessantly flowing in the great squares; which were paved with a kind of precious stones that emitted an odour like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candid asked to see the high court of justice, the parliament; but was answered, that they have none in that country, being utter strangers to law-suits. He then enquired if they had any prisons; they replied none. But what gave him at once the greatest surprise and pleasure was, the Palace of Sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, filled with the various apparatus in mathematics and natural philosophy.

After having spent the whole afternoon in seeing only about the thousandth part of the city, they were brought back to the king's palace. Candid sat down at the table with his master, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies of the court. Never was entertainment more elegant, nor could any one possibly shew more wit than his majesty displayed while they were at supper. Cacambo explained all the king's *bons mots* to Candid, and, although they were translated, they still appeared to be *bons mots*. Of all the things that surprised Candid this was not the least. They spent a whole month in this hospitable place, during which time Candid was continually saying to Cacambo, I own my friend once more that the castle where I was born is a mere nothing, in comparison of the place where
we

we now are; but still miss Cunegund is not here, and you yourself have doubtless some fair one for whom you sigh in Europe. If we remain here, we shall only be as others are; whereas, if we return to our old world with only a dozen of Eldorado sheep, loaded with the pebbles of this country, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe; we shall no longer need to stand in awe of the inquisitors; and we may easily recover Miss Cunegund.

This speech was perfectly agreeable to Cambo. A fondness for roving, for making a figure in their own country, and for boasting of what they had seen in their travels, was so prevalent in our two wanderers, that they resolved to be no longer happy; and demanded permission of the king to quit the country.

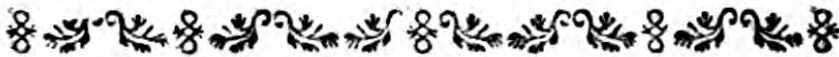
You are about to do a rash and silly action, said the king; I am sensible my kingdom is an inconsiderable spot; but when people are tolerably at their ease in any place, I should think it would be their interest to remain there. Most assuredly, I have no right to detain you or any strangers against your wills; this is an act of tyranny to which our manners and our laws are equally repugnant: all men are by nature free; you have therefore an undoubted liberty to depart whenever you please; but you will have many and great difficulties to encounter in passing the frontiers. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river which runs under high and vaulted rocks, and by which you were conveyed hither by a kind of miracle. The mountains by which my kingdom is hemmed in on all sides, are ten thousand feet high, and perfectly perpendicular; they are above ten leagues over
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each, and the descent from them is one continued precipice. However, since you are determined to leave us, I will immediately give orders to the superintendant of my carriages to cause one to be made that will convey you very safe. When they have conducted you to the back of the mountains, no body can attend you farther ; for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too prudent to break it. Ask me whatever else you please. All we shall ask of your majesty, said Cacambo, is only a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles, and the clay of your country. The king smiled at the request, and said, I cannot imagine what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay ; but take away as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you.

He immediately gave orders to his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good mathematicians went to work, and finished it in about fifteen days ; and it did not cost more than twenty millions sterling of that country money. Candid and Cacambo were placed on this machine, and they took with them two large red sheep, bridled and saddled, to ride upon when they got on the other side of the mountains : twenty others to serve as sumpters for carrying provisions ; thirty laden with presents of whatever was most curious in the country ; and fifty with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones. The king, at parting with our two adventurers, embraced them with the greatest cordiality.

It was a curious sight to behold the manner of their setting off, and the ingenious method
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by which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The mathematicians and engineers took leave of them as soon as they had conveyed them to a place of safety, and Candid was wholly occupied with the thoughts of presenting his sheep to Miss Cunegund. Now, says he, thanks to heaven, we have more than sufficient to pay the governor of Buenos Ayres for Miss Cunegund, if she is redeemable. Let us make the best of our way to Cayenne, where we will take shipping, and then we may at leisure think of what kingdom we shall purchase with our riches.



C H A P. XIX.

What happened to them at Surinam; and how Candid came acquainted with Martin.

OUR travellers first day's journey was very pleasant; they were elated with the prospect of possessing more riches than were to be found in Europe, Asia, and Africa together. Candid, in amorous transports, cut the name of Miss Cunegund on almost every tree he came to. The second day, two of their sheep sunk in a morass, and were swallowed up with their lading; two more died of fatigue; some few days afterwards, seven or eight perished with hunger, in a desert; and others, at different times, tumbled down precipices, or were otherwise lost; so that, after travelling about an hundred days, they had only two sheep left of the hundred and two they brought with them

from Eldorado. Said Candid to Cacambo, You see, my dear friend, how perishable the riches of this world are; there is nothing solid but virtue. Very true, said Cacambo; but we have still two sheep remaining, with more treasure than ever the king of Spain will be possessed of; and I espy a town at a distance, which I take to be Surinam, a town belonging to the Dutch. We are now at the end of our troubles, and at the beginning of happiness.

As they drew near the town, they saw a negro stretched on the ground, with only one half of his habit, which was a kind of linen-frock; for the poor man had lost his left leg and his right hand. Good God! said Candid in Dutch, what dost thou here, friend, in this deplorable condition? I am waiting for my master Mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous trader, answered the negro. Was it Mynheer Vanderdendur that used you in this cruel manner? Yes, Sir, said the negro; it is the custom here. They give a linen-garment twice a year; and that is all our covering. When we labour in the sugar-works, and the mill happens to snatch hold of a finger, they instantly chop off our hand; and when we attempt to run away, they cut off a leg. Both these cases have happened to me, and it is at this expence that you eat sugar in Europe; and yet when my mother sold me for ten patacoons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me, My dear child, bless our fetiches; adore them for ever; they will make thee live happy; thou hast the honour to be a slave to our lords the Whites, by which thou wilt make the fortune of us thy parents. Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortunes; but they

they have not made mine : dogs, monkeys, and parrots, are a thousand times less wretched than me. The Dutch fetiches who converted me tell me every Sunday, that the blacks and whites are all children of one father, whom they call Adam. As for me, I do not understand any thing of genealogies ; but if what these preachers say is true, we are all second cousins ; and you must allow that it is impossible to be worse treated by our relations than we are.

O Pangloss! cried out Candid, such horrid doings never entered thy imagination. Here is an end of the matter ; I find myself, after all, obliged to renounce thy Optimism. Optimism, said Cacambo, what is that? Alas! replied Candid, it is the obstinacy of maintaining that every thing is best when it is worst ; and so saying, he turned his eyes towards the poor negro and shed a flood of tears ; and in this weeping mood he entered the town of Surinam.

Immediately upon their arrival, our travellers enquired if there was any vessel in the harbour, which they might send to Buenos Ayres. The person they addressed themselves to happened to be the master of a Spanish bark, who offered to agree with them on moderate terms, and appointed them a meeting at a public house. Thither Candid and his faithful Cacambo went to wait for him, taking with them their two sheep.

Candid, who was all frankness and sincerity, made an ingenuous recital of his adventures to the Spaniard, declaring to him at the same time his resolution of carrying off Miss Cune-

gund from the governor of Buenos Ayres. O ho! said the ship-master, if that is the case, get whom you please to carry you to Buenos Ayres; for my part, I wash my hands of the affair. It would prove a hanging matter to us all. The fair Cunegund is the governor's favourite mistress. These words were like a clap of thunder to Candid; he wept bitterly for a long time, and, taking Cacambo aside, he says to him, I'll tell you, my dear friend, what you must do. We have each of us in our pockets to the value of five or six millions in diamonds; you are cleverer at these matters than I; you must go to Buenos Ayres and bring off Miss Cunegund. If the governor makes any difficulty, give him a million; if he holds out, give him two; as you have not killed an inquisitor, they will have no suspicion of you: I'll fit out another ship and go to Venice, where I will wait for you. Venice is a free country, where we shall have nothing to fear from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews, or Inquisitors. Cacambo greatly applauded this wise resolution. He was inconsolable at the thoughts of parting with so good a master, who treated him more like an intimate friend than a servant; but the pleasure of being able to do him a service soon got the better of his sorrow. They embraced each other with a flood of tears. Candid charged him not to forget the old woman. Cacambo set out the same day. This Cacambo was a very honest fellow.

Candid continued some days longer at Surinam, waiting for any captain to carry him and his two remaining sheep to Italy. He hired domestics,

restics, and purchased many things necessary for a long voyage; at length, one Mynheer Vanderdendur, skipper of a large Dutch vessel, came and offered his service. What will you have, said Candid, to carry me, my servants, my baggage, and these two sheep you see here, directly to Venice? The skipper asked ten thousand piaftres; and Candid agreed to his demand without hesitation.

Ho, ho! said the cunning Vanderdendur to himself, this stranger must be very rich; he agrees to give me ten thousand piaftres without hesitation. Returning a little while after, he tells Candid, that upon second consideration he could not undertake the voyage for less than twenty thousand. Very well; you shall have them, said Candid.

Zounds! said the skipper to himself, this man agrees to pay twenty thousand piaftres with as much ease as ten. Accordingly he goes back again, and tells him roundly that he will not carry him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piaftres. Then you shall have thirty thousand, said Candid.

Odso! said the Dutchman once more to himself, thirty thousand piaftres seem a trifle to this man. Those sheep must certainly be laden with an immense treasure. I'll e'en stop here and ask no more; but make him pay down the thirty thousand piaftres, and then we may see what is to be done further. Candid sold two small diamonds, the least of which was worth more than all the skipper asked. He paid him before-hand, the two sheep were put on board, and Candid followed in a small boat to join the vessel in the road. The skipper

takes his opportunity, hoists sail, and puts out to sea with a favourable wind. Candid, confounded and amazed, soon lost sight of the ship. Alas! said he, this is a trick like those in our old world! He returns back to the shore overwhelmed with grief; and, indeed, he had lost what would have made the fortune of twenty monarchs.

Immediately upon his landing, he applied to the Dutch magistrate: being transported with passion, he thunders at the door, which being opened, he goes in, tells his case, and talks a little louder than was necessary. The magistrate began with fining him ten thousand piastres for his petulance, and then listened very patiently to what he had to say, promised to examine into the affair at the skipper's return, and ordered him to pay ten thousand piastres more for the fees of the court*.

This treatment put Candid out of all patience: it is true, he had suffered misfortunes a thousand times more grievous; but the cool insolence of the judge, and the villainy of the skipper, raised his choler and threw him into a deep melancholy. The villainy of mankind presented itself to his mind in all its deformity, and his soul was a prey to the most gloomy ideas. After some time, hearing that the cap-

* There is a species of probability or verisimilitude adapted for every sort of narration, the neglect of which renders a performance disagreeable and disgusting to readers who have any justness of taste or apprehension. These accounts of *Eldorado*, of Candid's wealth and simplicity, of the skipper's villainy, and the magistrate's extortion, are, in our opinion, such extravagances as rather shock, than entertain the imagination.

tain of a French ship was ready to set sail for Bourdeaux, as he had no more sheep loaded with diamonds to put on board, he hired the cabin at the usual price; and made it known in the town that he would pay the passage and board of any honest man who would give him his company during the voyage; besides making him a present of ten thousand piastres, on condition that such person was the most dissatisfied with his condition, and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Upon this, there appeared such a crowd of candidates, that a large fleet could not have contained them. Candid, willing to chuse from amongst those who appeared most likely to answer his intention, selected twenty, who seemed to him the most sociable, and who all pretended to merit the preference. He invited them to his inn, and promised to treat them with a supper, on condition that every man should bind himself by an oath to relate his own history; declaring at the same time, that he would make choice of that person who should appear to him the most deserving of compassion, and the most justly dissatisfied with his condition of life; and that he would make a present to the rest.

This extraordinary assembly continued sitting till four in the morning. Candid, while he was listening to their adventures, called to mind what the old woman had said to him in their voyage to Buenos Ayres, and the wager she had laid, that there was not a person on board the ship but had met with some great misfortunes. Every story he heard put him in mind of Pangloss. My old master, said he, would be confoundedly put to it to demonstrate his fa-

avourite system. Would he were here ! Certainly if every thing is for the best, it is in Eldorado, and not in the other parts of the world. At length he determined in favour of a poor scholar, who had laboured ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam : being of opinion, that no employment could be more detestable *.

This scholar, who was, in fact, a very honest man, had been robbed by his wife, beat by his son, and forsaken by his daughter, who had run away with a Portuguese. He had been likewise deprived of a small employment on which he subsisted, and he was persecuted by the clergy of Surinam, who took him for a Socinian. It must be acknowledged that the other competitors were, at least, as wretched as he ; but Candid was in hopes that the company of a man of letters would relieve the tediousness of the voyage. All the other candidates complained that Candid had done them great injustice ; but he stopped their mouths by a present of an hundred piastres to each,



C H A P. XX.

* *What befel Candid and Martin on their passage.*

THE old philosopher, whose name was Martin, took shipping with Candid for Bourdeaux. They both had seen and suffered a great deal ; and had the ship been to go from Surinam to Japan round the cape of Good Hope, they

* Except that of drudging for the booksellers of London.
could

could have found sufficient entertainment for each other during the whole voyage, in discoursing upon moral and natural evil.

Candid, however, had one advantage over Martin: he lived in the pleasing hopes of seeing Miss Cunegund once more; whereas the poor philosopher had nothing to hope for: besides, Candid had money and jewels, and, notwithstanding he had lost an hundred red sheep laden with the greatest treasure on the earth, and tho' he still smarted from the reflection of the Dutch skipper's knavery, yet when he considered what he had still left, and repeated the name of Cunegund, especially after meal-time, he inclined to Pangloss's doctrine.

And pray, said he to Martin, what is your opinion of the whole of this system? what notion have you of moral and natural evil? Sir, replied Martin, our priest accused me of being a Socinian; but the real truth is, I am a Manichæan. Nay, now you are jesting, said Candid; there are no Manichæans existing at present in the world. And yet I am one, said Martin; but I cannot help it, I cannot for the soul of me think otherwise. Surely the devil must be in you, said Candid. He concerns himself so much, replied Martin, in the affairs of this world, that it is very probable he may be in me as well as every where else; but I must confess, when I cast my eye on this globe, or rather globule, I cannot help thinking that God has abandoned it to some malignant being. I always except Eldorado. I scarce ever knew a city that did not wish the destruction of its neighbouring city; nor a family that did not desire to exterminate some other family. The

poor in all parts of the world bear an inveterate hatred to the rich, even while they creep and cringe to them ; and the rich treat the poor like sheep, whose wool and flesh they barter for money : a million of regimented assassins traverse Europe from one end to the other, to get their bread by regular depredation and murder, because it is the most gentleman-like profession. Even in those cities which seem to enjoy the blessings of peace, and where the arts flourish, the inhabitants are devoured with envy, care, and inquietudes, which are greater plagues than any experienced in a town besieged. Private chagrins are still more dreadful than public calamities. In a word, concluded the philosopher, I have seen and suffered so much, that I am a Manichæan.

And yet there is some good in the world, replied Candid. May be so, said Martin ; but it has escaped my knowledge.

While they were deeply engaged in this dispute, they heard the report of cannon, which redoubled every moment. Each takes out his glass, and they espy two ships warmly engaged at the distance of about three miles. The wind brought them both so near the French ship, that those on board her had the pleasure of seeing the fight with great ease. After several smart broadsides the one gave the other a shot between wind and water, which sunk her outright. Then could Candid and Martin plainly perceive an hundred men on the deck of the vessel which was sinking, who, with hands uplifted to heaven, sent forth piercing cries, and were in a moment swallowed up by the waves.

Well,

Well, said Martin, you now see in what manner mankind treat each other. It is certain, said Candid, that there is something diabolical in this affair. As he was speaking thus, he espied something of a shining red hue, which swam close to the vessel. The boat was hoisted out to see what it might be, when it proved to be one of his sheep. Candid felt more joy at the recovery of this one animal than he did grief, when he lost the other hundred, tho' laden with the large diamonds of Eldorado.

The French captain quickly perceived that the victorious ship belonged to the crown of Spain; that the other was a Dutch pirate, and the very same captain who had robbed Candid. The immense riches which this villain had amassed, were buried with him in the deep, and only this one sheep saved out of the whole. You see, said Candid to Martin, that vice is sometimes punished: this villain the Dutch skipper, has met with the fate he deserved. Very true, said Martin; but why should the passengers be doomed also to destruction? God has punished the knave, and the devil has drowned the rest.

The French and Spanish ships continued their course, and Candid and Martin their conversation. They disputed fourteen days successively, at the end of which they were just as far advanced as the first moment they began. However, they had the satisfaction of disputing, of communicating their ideas, and of mutually comforting each other. Candid embraced his sheep with transport: Since I have found thee again, said he, I may possibly find my Cune-gund once more.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

Candid and Martin, while thus reasoning with each other, draw near to the coast of France.

AT length they descried the coast of France, when Candid said to Martin, Pray, Mr. Martin, was you ever in France? Yes, Sir, said Martin, I have been in several provinces of that kingdom. In some, one half of the people are fools and madmen; in some, they are too artful; in others, again, they are, in general, either very good-natured or very brutal; while in others, they affect to be witty, and in all, their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the last is to talk nonsense. But pray, Mr. Martin, was you ever in Paris? Yes, Sir, I have been in that city, and it is a place that contains the several species just described; it is a chaos, a confused multitude, where every one seeks for pleasure without being able to find it: at least, as far as I have observed during my short stay in that city. At my arrival I was robbed of all I had in the world by pick-pockets and sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken up myself for a robber, and confined in prison a whole week; after which I hired myself as corrector to a press, in order to get a little money towards defraying my expences back to Holland on foot. I knew the whole tribe of scribblers, malcontents, and fanatics. It is said the people of that city are very polite; I believe they may.

For my part, I have no curiosity to see France, said Candid; you may easily conceive, my friend,

friend, that after spending a month at Eldorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but Miss Cunegund; I am going to wait for her at Venice? I intend to pass thro' France, in my way to Italy; will you not bear me company? With all my heart, said Martin; they say Venice is agreeable to none but noble Venetians; but that, nevertheless, strangers are well received there when they have plenty of money; now I have none, but you have, therefore I will attend you whither you please. Now we are upon this subject, said Candid, do you think that the earth was originally sea, as we read in that great book which belongs to the captain of the ship? I believe nothing of it, replied Martin, any more than I do of the many other chimeras which have been related to us for some time past. But then, to what end, said Candid, was the world formed? To make us mad, said Martin. Are you not surprised, continued Candid, at the love which the two girls in the country of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys?—You know I have told you the story. Surprised! replied Martin, not in the least; I see nothing strange in this passion. I have seen so many extraordinary things, that there is nothing extraordinary to me now. Do you think, said Candid, that mankind always massacred each other as they do now? were they always guilty of lies, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, inconstancy, envy, ambition, and cruelty? were they always thieves, fools, cowards, gluttons, drunkards, misers, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites? Do you believe, said Martin, that hawks have always been accustomed to eat
pigeons

pigeons when they came in their way? Doubtless, said Candid. Well then, replied Martin, if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you pretend that mankind change theirs? Oh! said Candid, there is a great deal of difference; for free will—and reasoning thus they arrived at Bourdeaux.



C H A P. XXII.

What happened to Candid and Martin in France.

CANDID staid no longer at Bourdeaux, than was necessary to dispose of a few of the pebbles he had brought from Eldorado, and to provide himself with a post-chaise for two persons, for he could no longer stir a step without his philosopher Martin. The only thing that gave him concern, was the being obliged to leave his sheep behind him, which he intrusted to the care of the academy of sciences at Bourdeaux, who proposed, as a prize-subject for the year, to prove why the wool of this sheep was red; and the prize was adjudged to a northern sage, who demonstrated by *A plus B, minus C, divided by Z*, that the sheep must necessarily be red, and die of the mange.

In the mean time, all the travellers whom Candid met with in the inns, or the road, told him to a man, that they were going to Paris. This general eagerness gave him likewise a great desire to see this capital; and it was not much out of his way to Venice,

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He entered the city by the suburbs of St. Marceau, and thought himself in one of the vilest hamlets in all Westphalia.

Candid had not been long at his inn, before he was seized with a slight disorder, owing to the fatigue he had undergone. As he wore a diamond of an enormous size on his finger, and had among the rest of his equipage a strong box that seemed very weighty, he soon found himself between two physicians, whom he had not sent for, a number of intimate friends whom he had never seen, and who would not quit his bedside, and two female devotees, who were very careful in providing him hot suppers.

I remember, said Martin to him, that the first time I came to Paris I was likewise taken ill; I was very poor, and accordingly I had neither friends, nurses, nor physicians, and yet I did very well.

However, by dint of purging and bleeding, Candid's disorder became very serious. The priest of the parish came with all imaginable politeness, to desire a note of him, payable to the bearer in the other world*. Candid refused to comply with his request; but the two devotees assured him that it was a new fashion. Candid replied, that he was not one that followed the fashion. Martin was for throwing the priest out of the window. The clerk swore Candid should not have Christian burial. Martin swore in his turn, that he would bury the clerk

* This probably alludes to the present disputes in France about subscribing to the bull Unigenitus, without which ceremony a man is refused the sacraments in *articulo mortis*.

alive, if he continued to plague them any longer. The dispute grew warm; Martin took him by the shoulders, and turned him out of the room, which gave great scandal, and occasioned a verbal process.

Candid recovered; and till he was in a condition to go abroad, had a great deal of very good company to pass the evenings with him in his chamber. They played deep. Candid was surpris'd to find he could never turn a trick; and Martin was not at all surpris'd at the matter.

Among those who did him the honours of the place, was a little spruce abbé of Perigord, one of those insinuating, busy, fawning, impudent, necessary fellows, that lay wait for strangers at their arrival, tell them all the scandal of the town, and offer to minister to their pleasures at various prices. This man conducted Candid and Martin to the play-house: they were acting a new tragedy. Candid found himself placed near a cluster of wits: this, however, did not prevent him from shedding tears at some parts of the piece which were most affecting, and best acted. One of these talkers said to him between the acts, You are greatly to blame to shed tears; that actress plays horribly, and the man who plays with her still worse, and the piece itself is still more execrable than the representation. The author does not understand a word of Arabic, and yet he has laid his scene in Arabia; and, what is more, he is a fellow who does not believe in innate ideas. To-morrow I'll bring you a score of pamphlets, that have been wrote against him. Pray, sir, said Candid to the abbé, how many theatrical pieces have you in France? Five or six thousand,

land, replied the other. Indeed! that is a great number, said Candid; but how many good ones may there be? About fifteen or sixteen. Oh! that is a great number, said Martin.

Candid was greatly taken with an actress, who performed the part of queen Elizabeth in a dull kind of tragedy that is played sometimes. That actress, said he to Martin, pleases me greatly; she has some sort of resemblance to miss Cunegund. I should be very glad to pay my respects to her. The abbé of Perigord offered his service to introduce him to her at her own house. Candid, who was brought up in Germany, desired to know what might be the ceremonial used on those occasions, and how a queen of England was treated in France. There is a necessary distinction to be observed in these matters, said the abbé. In a country town we take them to a tavern; here in Paris, they are treated with great respect during their life-time, provided they are handsome, and when they die we throw their bodies upon a dunghill. How, said Candid, throw a queen's body upon a dunghill! The gentleman is quite right, said Martin; he tells you nothing but the truth. I happened to be at Paris, when Miss Monimia made her exit, as one may say, out of this world into another. She was refused what they call here the rights of sepulture; that is to say, she was denied the privilege of rotting in a church-yard by the side of all the beggars in the parish. They buried her at the corner of Burgundy-street, which must certainly have shocked her extremely, as she had very exalted notions of things. This is acting very unpolitely,

lately, said Candid. Lord! said Martin, what can be said to it; it is the way of these people. Figure to yourself all the contradictions, all the inconsistencies possible, and you may meet with them in the government, the courts of justice, the churches, and the public spectacles of this odd nation. Is it true, said Candid, that the people of Paris are always laughing? Yes, replied the abbé, but it is with anger in their hearts; they express all their complaints by loud bursts of laughter, and commit the most detestable crimes with a smile on their faces.

Who was that great overgrown beast, said Candid, who spoke so ill to me of the piece with which I was so much affected? and of the players who gave me so much pleasure? A very good for nothing sort of a man I assure you, answered the abbé, one who gets his livelihood by abusing every new book and play that is written or performed; he abominates to see any one meet with success, like eunuchs, who detest every one that possesses those powers they are deprived of; he is one of those vipers in literature who nourish themselves with their own venom; a pamphlet-monger, a—— A pamphlet monger! said Candid, what is that? Why a pamphlet-monger, replied the abbé, is a a writer of pamphlets, a f——.

Candid, Martin, and the abbé of Perigord, argued thus on the stair-case, while they stood to see the people go out of the play-house. Though I am very earnest to see Miss Cunegund again, said Candid, yet I have a great inclination to sup with Miss Clairon, for I am really much taken with her——.

— The

The abbé was not a person to shew his face at this lady's house, which was frequented by none but the best company. She is engaged this evening, said he; but I will do myself the honour to introduce you to a lady of quality of my acquaintance, at whose house you will see as much of the manners of Paris, as if you had lived here for forty years.

Candid, who was naturally curious, suffered himself to be conducted to this lady's house, which was in the suburbs of St. Honoré. The company were engaged at basset; twelve melancholy punters held each in his hand a small pack of cards, the corners of which doubled down, were so many registers of their ill fortune. A profound silence reigned through the assembly, a palid dread had taken possession of the countenances of the punters, and restless inquietude stretched every muscle of the face of him who kept the bank; and the lady of the house, who was seated next to him, observed with lynx's eyes every parole, and *sept-le-va* as they were going, as likewise those who tallied, and made them undouble their cards with a severe exactness, though mixed with a politeness, which she thought necessary not to frighten away her customers. This lady assumed the title of marchioness of Parolignac. Her daughter, a girl of about fifteen years of age, was one of the punters, and took care to give her mama an item, by signs, when any one of them attempted to repair the rigour of their ill fortune by a little innocent deception. The company were thus occupied, when Candid, Martin, and the abbé, made their entrance: not a creature rose to salute them, or indeed

took the least notice of them, being wholly intent upon the business in hand. Ah! said Candid, my lady baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh, would have behaved more civilly.

However, the abbé whispered the marchioness in the ear, who half raising herself from her seat, honoured Candid with a gracious smile, and gave Martin a nod of her head, with an air of inexpressible dignity. She then ordered a seat for Candid, and desired him to make one at their party of play: he did so, and in a few deals lost near a thousand pieces; after which they supped very elegantly, and every one was surpris'd at seeing Candid lose so much money, without appearing to be the least disturb'd at it. The servants in waiting said to each other, This is certainly some English lord.

The supper was like most others of this kind at Paris. At first every one was silent; then followed a few confus'd murmurs, and afterwards several insipid jokes pass'd and re-pass'd, with false reports, false reasonings, a little politics, and a great deal of scandal. The conversation then turned upon the new productions in literature. Pray, said the abbé, good folks, have you seen the romance wrote by the sieur Gauchat, doctor of divinity? Yes, answered one of the company, but I had not patience to go through it. The town is pester'd with a swarm of impertinent productions, but this of Dr. Gauchat's outdoes them all. In short, I was so cursedly tired of reading this vile stuff, that I even resolv'd to come here, and make a party at basset.—But what say you to the archdeacon T——'s miscellaneous collection, said the abbé. Oh my God! cry'd
the

the marchioness of Parolignac, never mention the tedious creature! Only think what pains he is at to tell one things that all the world knows, and how he labours an argument that is hardly worth the slightest consideration! how absurdly he makes use of other people's wit! how miserably he mangles what he has pilfered from them! The man makes me quite sick! A few pages of the good archdeacon is enough in conscience to satisfy any one.

There was at the table a person of learning and taste, who supported what the marchioness had advanced. They next began to talk of tragedies. The lady desired to know, how it came about that there were several tragedies, which still continued to be played, which there was no reading? The man of taste explained very clearly, how a piece may be in some manner interesting, without having a grain of merit. He shewed, in a few words, that it is not sufficient to throw together a few incidents that are to be met with in every romance, and that dazzle the spectator; the thoughts should be new, without being far-fetched; frequently sublime, but always natural: the author should have a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and make it speak properly; he should be a compleat poet, without shewing an affectation of it in any of the characters of his piece; he should be a perfect master of his language, speak it with all its purity, and with the utmost harmony, and yet so as not to make the sense a slave to the rhyme. Whoever, added he, neglects any one of these rules, though he may write two or three tragedies with tolerable success, will never be reckoned in the number of
good

good authors. There are very few good tragedies; some are idylliums, in well written and harmonious dialogue; and others a chain of political reasonings that set one asleep, or else pompous and high-flown amplifications, that disgust rather than please. Others again are the ravings of a madman, in an uncouth stile, unmeaning flights, or long apostrophes to the deities, for want of knowing how to address mankind: in a word, a collection of false maxims, and dull common-place.

Candid listened to this discourse with great attention, and conceived an high opinion of the person who delivered it; and as the marchioness had taken care to place him near her side, he took the liberty to whisper her softly in the ear, and ask who this person was that spoke so well. It is a man of letters, replied her ladyship, who never plays, and whom the abbé brings with him to my house sometimes to spend an evening. He is a great judge of writing, especially in tragedy: he has composed one himself, which was damned, and has written a book that was never seen out of his bookseller's shop, excepting only one copy, which he sent me with a dedication, to which he had prefixed my name. Oh the great man! cried Candid, he is a second Pangloss.

Then turning towards him, Sir, said he, you are doubtless of opinion that every thing is for the best in the physical and moral world, and that nothing could be otherwise than it is? Me, sir! replied the man of letters, I think no such thing, I assure you; I find that all in this world is set the wrong end uppermost. No one knows what is his rank, his office, nor what
he

he does, nor what he should do; and that except our evenings, which we generally pass tolerably merrily, the rest of our time is spent in idle disputes and quarrels, Jansenists against Molinists, the parliament against the church, and one armed body of men against another; courtier against courtier, husband against wife, and relations against relations. In short, this world is nothing but one continued scene of civil war.

Yes, said Candid, and I have seen worse than all that; and yet a learned man, who had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that every thing was marvelously well, and that these evils you are speaking of, were only so many shades in a beautiful picture. Your hempen sage, said Martin, laughed at you; these shades, as you call them, are most horrible blemishes. It is men who make these blemishes, rejoined Candid, and they cannot do otherwise. Then it is not their fault, added Martin. The greatest part of the gamesters, who did not understand a syllable of this discourse, amused themselves with drinking, while Martin reasoned with the learned gentleman; and Candid entertained the lady of the house with a part of his adventures.

After supper the marchioness conducted Candid into her dressing-room, and made him set down under a canopy, Well, said she, are you still so violently fond of Miss Cunegund of Thunder-ten-tronckh? Yes, madam, replied Candid. The marchioness says to him with a tender smile, you answer me like a young man born in Westphalia; a Frenchman would have said, It is true, Madam, I had a

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great

great passion for Miss Cunegund ; but since I have seen you, I fear I can no longer love her as I did. Alas! madam, replied Candid, I'll make you what answer you please. You fell in love with her, I find, in stooping to pick up her handkerchief which she had dropped ; you shall pick up my garter. With all my heart madam, said Candid, and he picked it up. But you must tie it on again, said the lady. Candid tied it on again. Lookye young man, said the marchioness, you are a stranger, I make some of my lovers here in Paris languish for me a whole fortnight ; but I surrender to you the first night, because I am willing to do the honours of my country to a young Westphalian. The fair one having cast her eye on two very large diamonds that were upon the young stranger's finger, praised them in so earnest a manner, that they were in an instant transferred from his finger to hers.

As Candid was going home with the abbé he felt some qualms of conscience, for having been guilty of infidelity to Miss Cunegund. The abbé took part with him in his uneasiness ; he had but an inconsiderable share in the thousand pieces Candid had lost at play, and the two diamonds which had been in a manner extorted from him ; and therefore very prudently designed to make the most that he could of his new acquaintance, which chance had thrown in his way. He talked much of Miss Cunegund ; and Candid assured him, that he would heartily ask pardon of that fair one for his infidelity to her, when he saw her at Venice.

The abbé redoubled his civilities, and seemed to interest himself warmly in every thing that

that Candid said, did, or seemed inclined to do.

And so, Sir, you have an engagement at Venice? Yes, monsieur l'abbé, answered Candid, I must absolutely wait upon Miss Cunegund: and then the pleasure he took in talking about the object he loved, led him insensibly to relate, according to custom, part of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian beauty.

I fancy, said the abbé, Miss Cunegund has a great deal of wit, and that her letters must be very entertaining. I never received any from her, said Candid; for you are to consider, that being expelled the castle upon her account, I could not write to her, especially as soon after my departure I heard she was dead; but thank God I found afterwards she was living. I left her again after this, and now I have sent a messenger to her near two thousand leagues from hence, and wait here for his return with an answer from her.

The artful abbé let not a word of all this escape him, though he seemed to be musing upon something else. He soon took his leave of the two adventurers, after having embraced them with the greatest cordiality. The next morning almost as soon as his eyes were open, Candid received the following billet:

“ My dearest lover,—I have been ill in this city these eight days. I have heard of your arrival, and should fly to your arms, were I able to move a limb of me. I was informed of your being on the way hither at Bourdeaux, where I left the faithful Cacambo, and the old woman, who will soon follow me. The governor Buenos-Ayres, has taken every thing

from me but your heart, which I still retain. Come to me immediately on the receipt of this. Your presence will either give me new life, or kill me with the pleasure."

At the receipt of this charming, this unexpected letter, Candid felt the utmost transports of joy; though, on the other hand, the indisposition of his beloved Miss Cunegund, overwhelmed him with grief. Distracted between these two passions, he takes his gold and his diamonds, and procured a person to conduct him and Martin to the house where Miss Cunegund lodged. Upon entering the room, he felt his limbs tremble, his heart flutter, his tongue falter: he attempted to undraw the curtain, and calls for a light to the bedside. Lord, Sir, cried a maid servant, who was waiting in the room, take care what you do, Miss cannot bear the least light; and so saying, she pulls the curtain close again. Cunegund! my dear Cunegund! cried Candid, bathed in tears, how do you do? If you cannot bear the light, speak to me at least. Alas! she cannot speak, said the maid. The sick lady then puts a plump hand out of the bed, and Candid first bathes it with his tears, then fills it with diamonds, leaving a purse of gold upon the easy chair.

In the midst of his transports comes an officer into the room, followed by the abbé, and a file of musqueteers. There, said he, are the two suspected foreigners, at the same time he orders them to be seized, and carried to prison. Travellers are not treated in this manner in the country of Eldorado, said Candid. I am more of a Manichean now than ever, said Martin. But pray, good Sir, where are you going to
carry

carry us? said Candid. To a dungeon, my dear Sir, replied the officer.

When Martin had a little recovered himself, so as to form a cool judgment of what had passed, he plainly perceived that the person who had acted the part of Miss Cunegund, was a cheat; that the abbé of Perigord, was a sharper, who had imposed upon the honest simplicity of Candid, and that the officer was a knave, whom they might easily get rid of.

Candid, following the advice of his friend Martin, and burning with impatience to see the real Miss Cunegund, rather than be obliged to appear at a court of justice, proposes to the officer to make him a present of three small diamonds, each of them worth three thousand pistoles. Ah, Sir! said this understrapper of justice, had you committed ever so much villainy, this would render you the honestest man living, in my eyes. Three diamonds, worth three thousand pistoles! why, my dear Sir, so far from carrying you to jail, I would lose my life to serve you. There are orders for stopping all strangers; but leave it to me, I have a brother at Dieppe, in Normandy; I myself will conduct you thither, and if you have a diamond left to give him, he will take as much care of you as I myself should.

But why, said Candid, do they stop all strangers? The abbé of Perigord made answer, that it was because a poor devil of the country of Atrebatra, heard some body tell foolish stories, and this induced him to commit a parricide; not such a one as that in the month of May; 1610, but such as that in the month of December, in the year 1594, and such as many

that have perpetrated in other months and years, by other poor devils, who had heard foolish stories.

The officer then explained to them what the abbé meant. Horrid monsters, exclaimed Candid, is it possible that such scenes should pass amongst a people who are perpetually singing and dancing? Is there no flying this abominable country immediately, this execrable kingdom, where monkeys provoke tygers? I have seen bears in my country, but men I have beheld no where but in Eldorado. In the name of God, Sr, said he to the officer, do me the kindness to conduct me to Venice, where I am to wait for Miss Cunegund. Really, Sir, replied the officer, I cannot possibly wait on you further than Lower Normandy. So saying, he orders Candid's irons to be struck off, acknowledged himself mistaken, and sent his followers about their business; after which he conducts Candid and Martin to Dieppe, and leaves them in the care of his brother. There happened just then to be a small Dutch ship in the road. The Norman, whom the other three diamonds had converted into the most obliging serviceable being that ever breathed, took care to see Candid and his attendants safe on board this vessel, that was just ready to sail for Portsmouth in England. This was not the nearest way to Venice indeed; but Candid thought himself escaped out of hell, and did not, in the least, doubt but he should quickly find an opportunity of resuming his voyage to Venice.

C H A P. XXIII.

*Candid and Martin touch upon the English coast;
what they see there.*

AH Pangloss! Pangloss! ah Martin! Martin! ah my dear Miss Cunegund, what sort of a world is this? Thus exclaimed Candid as soon as he had got on board the Dutchship. Why something very foolish, and very abominable, said Martin. You are acquainted with England, said Candid; are they as great fools in that country as in France? Yes, but in a different manner, answered Martin. You know that these two nations are at war about a few acres of barren land in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they have expended much greater sums in the contest, than all Canada is worth. To say exactly whether there are a greater number fit to be inhabitants of a madhouse in the one country than the other, exceeds the limits of my imperfect capacity; I know in general, that the people we are going to visit, are of a very dark and gloomy disposition.

As they were chatting thus together, they arrived at Portsmouth. The shore on each side the harbour, was lined with a multitude of people, whose eyes were stedfastly fixed on a lusty man, who was kneeling down on the deck of one of the men of war, with something tied before his eyes. Opposite to this personage stood four soldiers, each of whom shot three bullets into his skull, with all the composure imaginable; and when it was done, the whole

company went away perfectly well satisfied. What the devil is all this for? said Candid; and what dæmon, or foe to mankind, lords it thus tyrannically over the world? He then asked, who was that lusty man who had been sent out of the world with so much ceremony? when he received for answer, that it was an admiral. And pray why do you put your admiral to death? Because he did not put a sufficient number of his fellow creatures to death. You must know, he had an engagement with a French admiral, and it has been proved against him, that he was not near enough to his antagonist. But, replied Candid, the French admiral must have been as far from him. There is no doubt of that; but in this country it is found requisite, now and then, to put one admiral to death, in order to spirit up the others to fight*.

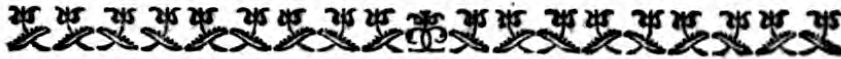
Candid was so shocked at what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (were he even to rob him like the captain of Surinam) to carry him directly to Venice.

The skipper was ready in two days. They sailed along the coast of France, and passed within sight of Lisbon, at which Candid trembled. From thence they proceeded to the Streights, entered the Mediterranean, and at length arrived at Venice. God be praised,

* We need not inform the reader, that our author alludes to the fate of admiral Byng.—His remark upon it, is precisely what we have heard repeated in twenty different companies, and implies a severe reflection both upon the G—t, and the officers of G—t B—n.

said

said Candid, embracing Martin, this is the place where I am to behold my beloved Cunegund once again. I can confide in Cacambo like another self. All is well, all very well; all as well as possible.



C H A P. XXIV.

Of Paquette and friar Giroflée.

UPON their arrival at Venice, he went in search of Cacambo at every inn and coffee-house, and among all the ladies of pleasure; but could hear nothing of him. He sent every day to enquire what ships were come in, still no news of Cacambo. It is strange! said he to Martin, very strange! that I should have had time to sail from Surinam to Bourdeaux; to travel from thence to Paris, to Dieppe, to Portsmouth; to sail along the coast of Portugal and Spain, and up the Mediterranean to spend some months at Venice; and that my lovely Cunegund should not be arrived. Instead of her I only met with a Parisian bite, and a rascally abbé of Perigord. Cunegund is actually dead, and I have nothing to do but to follow her. Alas! how much better would it have been for me to have remained in the paradise of Eldorado than to have returned to this cursed Europe! You are in the right, my dear Martin; you are certainly in the right; all is misery and deceit.

He fell into a deep melancholy, and neither went to the opera in vogue, nor partook of any

of the diversions of the carnival: nay, he even flighted the fair sex. Martin said to him, Upon my word, I think you are very simple to imagine that a rascally valet, with five or six millions in his pocket, would go in search of your mistress to the further end of the world, and bring her to Venice to meet you. If he finds her he will take her for himself; if he does not, he will take another. Let me advise you to forget your valet Cacambo, and your mistress Cunegund. Martin's speech was not the most consolatory to the dejected Candid. His melancholy encreased, and Martin never left proving to him that there is very little virtue or happiness in this world; except, perhaps, in Eldorado, where hardly any body can gain admittance.

While they were disputing on this important subject, and still expecting Miss Cunegund, Candid perceived a young Theatin friar in St. Mark's place, with a girl under his arm. The Theatin looked fresh-coloured, plump, and vigorous; his eyes sparkled; his air and gait were bold and lofty. The girl was very pretty, and was singing a song; and every now and then gave her Theatin an amorous ogle, and wantonly pinched his ruddy cheeks. You will at least allow, said Candid to Martin, that these too are happy hitherto. I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in Eldorado; but, as to this couple, I would venture to lay a wager they are happy. Done! said Martin; they are not for what you will. Well, we have only to ask them to dine with us, said Candid, and you will see whether I am mistaken or not. There-

Thereupon he accosts them, and with great politeness invites them to his inn to eat some macaroni, with Lombard partridges and caviare, and to drink a bottle of Montepulciano, Lacryma-Christi, Cyprus or Samos wine. The girl blushed; the Theatin accepted the invitation, and she followed him, eying Candid every now and then with a mixture of surprize and confusion, while the tears stole down her cheeks. No sooner did she enter his apartment than she cried out, How Mr. Candid, have you quite forgot your Pacquette? do you not know her again? Candid, who had not regarded her with any degree of attention before, being wholly occupied with the thoughts of his dear Cunegund, Ah! is it you, child? was it you that reduced Doctor Pangloss to that fine condition I saw him in?

Alas! Sir, answered Pacquette, it was I, indeed. I find you are acquainted with everything; and I have been informed of all the misfortunes that happened to the whole family of my lady baroness and the fair Cunegund. But I can safely swear to you that my lot was no less deplorable; I was innocence itself when you saw me last. A Cordelier, who was my confessor, easily seduced me; the consequences proved terrible. I was obliged to leave the castle some time after the baron kicked you out from thence; and if a famous surgeon had not taken compassion on me, I had been a dead woman. Gratitude obliged me to live with him for some time as a mistress: his wife, who was a very devil for jealousy, beat me unmercifully every day. Oh! she was a perfect fury. The doctor himself was the most ugly

of all mortals, and I the most wretched creature existing, to be continually beat for a man whom I did not love. You are sensible, Sir, how dangerous it was for an ill-natured woman to be married to a physician. Incensed at the behaviour of his wife, he one day gave her so affectionate a remedy for a slight cold she had caught, that she died in less than two hours in most dreadful convulsions. Her relations prosecuted the husband, who was obliged to fly, and I was sent to prison. My innocence would not have saved me if I had not been tolerably handsome. The judge gave me my liberty, on condition he should succeed the doctor. However, I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned off without a farthing, and obliged to continue the abominable trade which you men think so pleasing; but which to us unhappy creatures, is the most dreadful of all sufferings. At length I came to follow the business at Venice. Ah! Sir, did you but know what it is to be obliged to lie with every fellow; with old tradesmen, with counsellors, with monks, watermen, and abbés; to be exposed to all their insolence and abuse; to be often necessitated to borrow a petticoat only that it may be taken up by some disagreeable wretch; to be robbed by one gallant of what we get from another; to be subject to the extortions of civil magistrates; and to have for ever before one's eyes the prospect of old age, an hospital or a dunghill, you would conclude that I am one of the most unhappy wretches breathing.

Thus did Pacquette unbosom himself to honest Candid in his closet, in the presence of
Martin,

Martin, who took occasion to say to him, You see I have half won the wager already.

Friar Giroflée was all this time in the parlour refreshing himself with a glass or two of wine till dinner was ready. But, said Candid to Pacquette, you looked so gay and content, when I met you, you sung and caressed the Theatin with so much fondness, that I absolutely thought you as happy as you say you are now miserable. Ah! dear Sir, said Pacquette, this is one of the miseries of the trade; yesterday I was stript and beat by an officer; yet to-day I must appear good-humoured and gay to please a friar.

Candid was convinced, and acknowledged that Martin was in the right. They sat down to table with Pacquette and the Theatin; the entertainment was very agreeable, and towards the end they began to converse together with some freedom. Father, said Candid to the friar, you seem to me to enjoy a state of happiness that even kings might envy; joy and health are painted in your countenance. You have a tight pretty wench to divert you; and you seem to be perfectly well contented with your condition, as a Theatin.

Faith Sir, said friar Giroflée, I wish with all my soul the Theatins were every one of them at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a thousand times to set fire to the convent, and go and turn Turk. My parents obliged me, at the age of fifteen, to put on this detestable habit only to encrease the fortune of an elder brother of mine, whom, God confound! Jealousy, discord, and fury, reside in our convent. It is true I have preached of-

ten

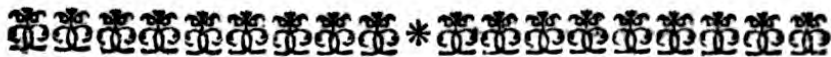
ten paltry sermons, by which I have got a little money, part of which the prior robs me of, and the remainder helps to pay my girls; but, at night, when I go hence to my convent, I am ready to dash my brains against the walls of the dormitory; and this is the case with all the rest of our fraternity.

Martin, turning towards Candid with his usual indifference, said, Well, what think you now; have I won the wager entirely? Candid gave two thousand piastres to Pacquette, and a thousand to friar Giroflée, saying, I'll answer that this will make them happy. I am not of your opinion, said Martin; perhaps this money will only make them wretched. Be that as it may, said Candid, one thing comforts me; I see that one often meets with those whom we expected never to see again; so that, perhaps, as I have found my red sheep and Pacquette, I may be lucky enough to find Miss Cunegund also. I wish, said Martin, she one day may make you happy; but I doubt it much. You are very hard of belief, said Candid. It is because, said Martin, I have seen the world.

Observe those gondoliers, said Candid, are they not perpetually singing? You do not see them, answered Martin, at home with their wives and brats. The doge has his chagrin, gondoliers theirs. Nevertheless, in the main, I look upon the gondolier's life as preferable to that of the doge; but the difference is so trifling; that it is not worth the trouble of examining into.

I have heard great talk, said Candid, of the senator Pococurante, who lives in that fine house at the Brenta, where they say he entertains

tertains foreigners in the most polite manner. They pretend this man is a perfect stranger to uneasiness. I should be glad to see so extraordinary a being, said Martin. Candid thereupon sent a messenger to seignor Pococurante, desiring permission to wait on him the next day.



C H A P. XXV.

Candid and Martin pay a visit to seignor Pococurante, a noble Venetian.

CANDID and his friend Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the Palace of the noble Pococurante; the gardens were laid out in an elegant taste, and adorned with fine marble statues; his palace was built after the most approved rules in architecture. The master of the house, who was a man of sixty, and very rich, received our two travellers with great politeness, but without much ceremony; which somewhat disconcerted Candid, but was not at all displeasing to Martin.

As soon as they were seated two very pretty girls, neatly dressed, brought in chocolate, which was extremely well frothed. Candid could not help making encomiums upon their beauty and graceful carriage. The creatures are well enough, said the senator; I make them lie with me sometimes, for I am heartily tired of the women of the town, their coquetry, their jealousy, their quarrels, their humours, their meanesses, their pride, and their folly; I am weary
 6 of

of making sonnets, or of paying for sonnets to be made on them; but, after all, these two girls begin to grow very indifferent to me.

After having refreshed himself, Candid walked into a large gallery, where he was struck with the sight of a fine collection of paintings. Pray, said Candid, by what master are the two first of these? They are Raphael's, answered the senator. I gave an horrid deal of money for them seven years ago, purely out of curiosity, as they were said to be the finest pieces in Italy; but I cannot say they please me: the colouring is dark and heavy: the figures do not swell nor come out enough; and the drapery is very bad. In short, notwithstanding the encomiums lavished upon them, they are not, in my opinion, a true representation of nature. I approve of no picture but where I think I behold nature herself; and there are very few, if any, of that kind to be met with. I have what is called a fine collection, but I take no manner of delight in them.

While dinner was getting ready, Pococurante ordered a concert. Candid praised the music to the skies. This noise, said the noble Venetian, may amuse one for a little time; but if it was to last above half an hour, it would grow tiresome to every body, tho' perhaps no one would care to own it. Music is become the art of executing what is difficult; now whatever is difficult cannot be long pleasing.

I believe I might take more pleasure in an opera, if they had not made such a monster of that species of dramatic entertainment as perfectly shocks me; and I am amazed how people can bear to see wretched tragedies set to music; where

where the scenes are contrived for no other purpose than to lug in, as it were by the ears, three or four ridiculous songs to give a favourite actress an opportunity of shewing her pipe. Let who will or can die away in raptures at the trills of an eunuch quavering the majestic part of Cæsar or Cato, and skipingly struts along the stage. For my part, I have long ago renounced these paltry entertainments, which constitute the glory of modern Italy, and are so dearly purchased by crowned heads. Candid opposed these sentiments; but he did it in a discreet manner: as for Martin, he was entirely of the old senator's opinion.

Dinner being served up they sat down to table, and, after a very hearty repast, returned to the library. Candid observing a Homer richly bound commended the noble Venetian's taste. This, said he, is a book that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany. Homer is no favourite of mine, answered Pococurante, very coolly; I was made to believe once that I took a pleasure in reading him; but his continual repetitions of battles must have all such a resemblance with each other; his gods that are for ever in a hurry and bustle, without ever doing any thing; his Helen, that is the cause of the war; and yet hardly acts in the whole performance; his Troy, that holds out so long, without being taken: in short, all these things together, make the poem very insipid to me. I have asked some learned men, whether they are not in reality as much tired as myself with reading this poet: those who spoke ingenuously, assured me that he had made them
fall

fall asleep ; and yet, that they could not dispense with giving him a place in their libraries ; but that it was merely as they would do an antique, or those rusty medals which are kept only for curiosity, and are of no manner of use in commerce.

But your excellency does not surely form the same opinion of Virgil ? said Candid. Why, I grant, replied Pococurante, that the second, third, fourth and sixth book of his *Æneid* are excellent ; but, as for his pious Eneas, his strong Cloanthus, his friendly Achates, his boy Ascanius, his silly king Latinus, his ill-bred Amata, his insipid Lavinia ; and some other characters much in the same strain ; I think there cannot in nature be any thing more flat and disagreeable. I must confess I prefer Tasso far beyond him ; nay, even that sleepy tale-teller Ariosto.

May I take the liberty to ask if you do not receive great pleasure from reading Horace ? said Candid. There are maxims in this writer, said Pococurante, from whence a man of the world may reap some benefit ; and the short measure of the verse makes them more easily to be retained in the memory. But I see nothing extraordinary in his journey to Brundisium, and his account of his bad dinner ; nor in his dirty low quarrel between one Rupilius, whose words, as he expresses it, were full of poisonous filth ; and another, whose language was dipped in vinegar. His indelicate verses against old women and witches have frequently given me great offence ; nor can I discover the great merit of his telling his friend Mæcenas, that if he will but rank him in the class
of

of Lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Ignorant readers are apt to advance every thing by the lump in a writer of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself. I like nothing but what makes for my purpose. Candid, who had been brought up with a notion of never making use of his own judgment, was astonished at what he heard; but Martin found there was a good deal of reason in the senator's remarks.

O! here is a Tully, said Candid: this great man, I fancy you are never tired of reading? Indeed I never read him at all, replied Pococurante. What a deuce is it to me whether he pleads for Raberius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself. I had once some liking to his philosophical works; but when I found he doubted of every thing, I thought I knew as much as himself, and had no need of a guide to learn ignorance.

Ha! cried Martin, here are fourscore volumes of the Memoirs of the academy of sciences; perhaps there may be something curious and valuable in this collection. Yes, answered Pococurante; so there might if any one of these compilers of this rubbish had only invented the art of pen-making: but all these volumes are filled with mere chimerical systems, without one single article conducive to real utility.

I see a prodigious number of plays, said Candid in Italian, Spanish, and French. Yes, replied the Venetian; there are I think three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for any thing. As to those huge volumes of divinity, and those enormous collections of sermons, they are not
altogether

altogether worth one single page in Seneca ; and I fancy you will readily believe that neither myself nor any one else ever looks into them.

Martin, perceiving some shelves filled with English books, said to the senator, I fancy that a republican must be highly delighted with those books, which are most of them written with a noble spirit of freedom. It is noble to write as we think, said Pococurante ; it is the privilege of humanity. Throughout Italy we write only what we do not think ; and the present inhabitants of the country of the Cæsars and Antoninus's dare not acquire a single idea without the permission of a father Dominican. I should be enamoured of the spirit of the English nation, did it not utterly frustrate the good effects it would produce, by passion and the spirit of party.

Candid, seeing a Milton, asked the senator if he did not think that author a great man ? Who ? said Pococurante sharply ; that barbarian who writes a tedious commentary in ten books of rumbling verse, on the first chapter of Genesis ? that slovenly imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation, by making the Messiah take a pair of compasses from heaven's armoury to plan the world ; whereas Moses represented the Deity as producing the whole universe by his *fiat* ? Can I think you have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's Hell and the Devil ; who transforms Lucifer sometimes into a toad, and, at others, into a pigmy ; who makes him say the same thing over again an hundred times ; who metamorphoses him into a school-divine ; and who, by an absurdly serious imitation of Ariosto's comic

comic invention of fire-arms, represents the devils and angels, commanding each other in heaven? Neither I nor any other Italian can possibly take pleasure in such melancholy reveries; but the marriage of sin and death, and snakes issuing from the womb of the former, are enough to make any person sick that is not lost to all sense of delicacy. This obscene, whimsical, and disagreeable poem met with the neglect it deserved at its first publication; and I only treat the author now as he was treated in his own country by his cotemporaries.

Candid was sensibly grieved at this speech, as he had a great respect for Homer, and was very fond of Milton. Alas! said he softly to Martin, I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt. There would be no such great harm in that, said Martin. O what a surprising man! said Candid still to himself; what a prodigious genius is this Pococurante*! nothing can please him.

* Pococurante is a right modern Aristarchus. Prompted by spleen and envy to poach for faults, he has just perception enough to discover a few blemishes, or seeming blemishes, without having taste to feel, or candour to acknowledge the numberless beauties which those performances contain. With the same justice, a man being asked his opinion of a celebrated beauty, enumerates a small mole on one cheek, a little wart on the other, an inconsiderable scar on the chin, and an uneven tooth, and passing over a sublime forehead, a pair of brilliant eyes, a delicious mouth with coral lips, a delicate complexion, an elegant contour of the face, and ravishing harmony of features, exclaims with marks of disgust; "What a shocking creature it is!" A fair critic does not vindicate little imperfections, but excuses them, in consideration of the excellencies in which they are intermingled.

*Verum ubi plura intent, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis*—————

After finishing their survey of the library, they went down into the garden, when Candid commended the several beauties that offered themselves to his view. I know nothing upon earth laid out in such bad taste, said Pococurante; every thing about it is childish and trifling; but I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan.

As soon as our two travellers had taken leave of his excellency, Well, said Candid to Martin, I hope you will own, that this man is the happiest of all mortals, for he is above every thing he possesses. But do not you see, answered Martin, that he likewise dislikes every thing he possesses? It was an observation of Plato, long since, that those are not the best stomachs that reject, without distinction, all sorts of aliments. True, said Candid, but still there must certainly be a pleasure in criticising every thing, and in perceiving faults where others think they see beauties. That is, replied Martin, there is a pleasure in having no pleasure. Well, well, said Candid, I find that I shall be the only happy man at last, when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cunegund. It is good to hope, said Martin.

In the mean while, days and weeks passed away, and no news of Cacambo. Candid was so overwhelmed with grief, that he did not reflect on the behaviour of Pacquette and friar Giroflée, who never staid to return him thanks for the presents he had so generously made them.

C H A P. XXVI.

Candid and Martin sup with six sharpers; who they were.

ONE evening that Candid, with his attendant Martin, were going to set down to supper with some foreigners, who lodged in the same inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the colour of soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, hold yourself in readiness to go along with us, be sure you do not fail. Upon, this turning about to see from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Miss Cunegund could have given greater joy and surprize. He was almost beside himself. After embracing this dear friend, Miss Cunegund! said he, Miss Cunegund is come with you doubtless! Where, where is she? Carry me to her this instant, that I may die with joy in her presence. Miss Cunegund is not here, answered Cacambo; she is at Constantinople. Good heaven, at Constantinople! But no matter if she was in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, dear Cacambo, let us be gone. Soft and fair, said Cacambo, stay till you have supped. I cannot at present stay to say any thing more to you; I am a slave, and my master waits for me; I must go and attend him at table: but mum! say not a word, only get your supper, and hold yourself in readiness.

Candid, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and surprised to hear he was a
 slave,

slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confused, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, sat down to table with Martin, who beheld all these scenes with great unconcern, and with six strangers, who were come to spend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers. When supper was nearly over, he drew near to his master, and whispered him in the ear, Sire, your majesty may go when you please, the ship is ready; and so saying he left the room. The guests, surprized at what they had heard, looked at each other without speaking a word; when another servant drawing near to his master, in like manner said, Sire, your majesty's post-chaise is at Padua, and the bark is ready. The master made him a sign, and he instantly withdrew. The company all stared at each other again, and the general astonishment was increased. A third servant then approached another of the strangers, and said, Sire, if your majesty will be advised by me, you will not make any longer stay in this place. I will go and get every thing ready; and instantly disappeared.

Candid and Martin then took it for granted, that this was some of the diversions of the carnival, and that these were characters in masquerade. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth stranger, Your majesty may set off when you please; saying this, he went away like the rest. A fifth valet said the same to a fifth master. But the sixth domestic spoke in a different stile to the person on whom he waited, and who sat near to Candid. Troth, Sir, said he, they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself

neither, and we may both of us be chance to be sent to gaol this very night; and therefore I shall e'en take care of myself, and so good night to you. The servants being all gone, the six strangers, with Candid and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candid broke it, by saying, Gentlemen, this is a very singular joke upon my word, why how came you all to be kings? For my part I own frankly, that neither my friend Martin here, nor myself, have any claim to royalty.

Cacambo's master then began, with great gravity, to deliver himself thus in Italian. I am not joking in the least, my name is Achmet III. I was grand seignor for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers lost their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the grand sultan Mahomet, gives me permission to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice*.

A young man who sat by Achmet, spoke next, and said, My name is Ivan. I was once emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a prison, yet I am some-

* It is very extraordinary indeed, that the sultan should grant this indulgence to the prince whom he had dethroned. But to represent Achmet voluntarily returning from a free country to his prison at Constantinople, where he knew he should be very much exposed to the bow-string, is a most violent and unnatural outrage on probability. This accidental meeting of the other princes, is not ill imagined, excepting still the emperor John of Russia, a country where dethroned princes were never treated with such tenderness and respect.

times allowed to travel, though always with persons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The third said, I am Charles-Edward, king of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favour. I have fought in defence of my rights, and near a thousand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown in their faces. I have myself been confined in a prison*. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself; and my grandfather and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The fourth spoke thus, I am the king of Poland †; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the same vicissitudes of fate. I resign myself to the will of providence, in the same manner as sultan Achmet, the emperor Ivan, and king Charles-Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to pass the carnival at Venice.

The fifth said, I am king of Poland also. I have twice lost my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good, than all the Sarmatian kings put together, were ever able to do on the banks

* Alluding to his being arrested by the French king at Paris, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, because he would not quietly withdraw himself from the dominions of France.

† Augustus, king of Poland, elector of Saxony, driven from his hereditary dominions, by his neighbour the king of Prussia.

of the Vistula*. I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to pass the carnival at Venice.

It now came to the sixth monarch's turn to speak. Gentlemen, said he, I am not so great a prince as the rest of you, it is true, but I am however a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica. I have had the title of majesty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a single ducat. I have had two secretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that have lain upon a truss of straw, in a common gaol in London †, and I very much fear I shall meet with the same fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majesties, to divert myself at the carnival.

The other five kings listened to this speech with great attention; it excited their compassion; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a present of twenty sequins, and Candid gave him a diamond, worth just an hundred times that sum. Who can this private person be, said the five princes to one another, who is able

* Stanislaus Lecinzki, formerly king of Poland, now possessor of Lorraine, and father to the queen of France.

† This remarkable personage, after having lain in the common prison of the king's bench, for a paucity debt, was cleared by an act of parliament, passed for the relief of insolvent debtors; and the schedule of his effects, delivered for the benefit of his creditors, contained his right and pretensions to the crown of Corsica. He died a few years ago at London, in extreme misery, to the reproach of the English nation, which had at one time acknowledged him as a sovereign prince, and their ally.



to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses *, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the carnival at Venice. Candid took no manner of notice of them; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Constantinople, whither he intended to go in search of his lovely Miss Cunegund.



C H A P. XXVII.

Candid's voyage to Constantinople.

THE trusty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkish ship, that was to carry sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candid and Martin on board. Accordingly they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As they were going on board, Candid said to Martin, you see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part I have lost only an hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miss Cunegund.—My dear Martin, I must in-

* Probably he means the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, the dukes of Brunswic, Saxe-Gotha, and Mecklembourg-Schwerin.

rest on it, that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best. I wish it may said, Martin.— But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an instance before, of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn. This is not more extraordinary, said Martin, than most of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for our having the honour to sup with six of them, it is a mere accident, not deserving our attention.

As soon as Candid set his foot on board the vessel, he flew to his old friend and valet Cacambo; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. Well, said he, what news of Miss Cunegund? Does she still continue the paragon of beauties? Does she love me still? How does she do? You have, doubtless, purchased a superb palace for her at Constantinople.

My dear master, replied Cacambo, Miss Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign named Ragozky, whom the grand Turk allows three crowns a day to maintain him in his exile; but the most melancholy circumstance of all is, that she is turned horribly ugly. Ugly or handsome, said Candid, I am a man of honour; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition, when I sent five or six millions to her by you? Lord bless me, said Cacambo, was not I obliged to give two mil-

lions to feignor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenas, y Lampourdos, y Soufa, the governor of Buenos-Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me? and then did not a brave fellow of a pyrate very gallantly strip us of all the rest? And then did not this same pyrate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Miss Cunegund and the old woman are now servants to the prince I have told you of; and I myself am slave to the dethroned sultan. What a chain of shocking accidents! exclaimed Candid. But after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity though she is grown so very ugly.

Then turning to Martin, What think you friend, said he, whose condition is most to be pitied, the emperor Achmet's, the emperor Ivan's, king Charles-Edward's, or mine? Faith I cannot resolve your question, said Martin, unless I had been in the breasts of you all. Ah, cried Candid, was Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me at once. I know not, said Martin, in what ballance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings. All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than those of king Charles-Edward, the emperor Ivan, or sultan Achmet. Why that may be, answered Candid.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus; and the first thing Candid did, was to pay a
very

very high ransom for Cacambo: then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to search for his Cunegund, on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whose bare back the master of the vessel frequently applied a bull's pizzle. Candid, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to bear a strong resemblance with those of Pangloss, and the unhappy baron Jesuit, Miss Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion: he examined them more attentively than before. In troth, said he, turning to Martin, if I had not seen my master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were them.

No sooner had Candid uttered the names of the baron and Pangloss, than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel, seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bull's pizzle. Hold, hold, cried Candid, I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons. Good heavens! it is Candid, said one of the men. Candid! cried the other. Do I dream, said Candid, or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my lord baron

whom I killed? and that my master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?

It is me! it is me! cried they both together. What is this your great philosopher? said Martin. My dear Sir, said Candid to the master of the galley, how much do you ask for the ransom of the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, who is one of the first barons of the empire, and of Mr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany? Why then, Christian cur, replied the Turkish captain, since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins. You shall have them, Sir; carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money immediately. No! carry me first to Miss Cunegund. The captain, upon Candid's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars so effectually, that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candid bestowed a thousand embraces on the baron and Pangloss. And so then, my dear baron, I did not kill you? and you, my dear Pangloss, are come to life again after your hanging. But how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley? And is it true that my dear sister is in this country? said the baron. Yes, said Cacambo. And do I once again behold my dear Candid? said Pangloss. Candid presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning; and now they were
got

got back to the port. Candid instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond, richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time by father Abraham, that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He no sooner got the money into his hands, than he paid it down for the ransom of the baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears: the former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. But is it possible, said he, that my sister should be in Turkey? Nothing is more possible, answered Cacambo, for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince. Candid sent directly for two Jews, and sold more diamonds to them; and then he set out with his companions in another galley to deliver Miss Cunegund from slavery.



C H A P. XXVIII.

What befel Candid, Cunegund, Pangloss, Martin, &c.

PARDON, said Candid, to the baron; once more let me intreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body. Say no more about it, replied the baron, I was a little too hasty I must own; but as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had been cured

of the wound you gave me, by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos-Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office, when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome, and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found naked in company with a young Turk. A *cadi* ordered me to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I do not believe that there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be scullion to a Transylvanian prince, who has taken refuge among the Turks?

But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss? said Candid. It is true, answered Pangloss, you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember, that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent, that they found it impossible to light the fire; so they e'en hanged me, because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of
the

the holy inquisition was a sub-deacon, and knew how to burn people very well, but as for hanging, he was a novice at, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me scream to such a degree, that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled down stairs. His wife hearing the noise flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, My dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always in them? I'll run directly to a priest to come and drive the evil spirit out. I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, Have mercy on me! At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me; and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be lacquey to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old Iman and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tu-

lips, roses, anemonies, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas; she let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and presented it to her with a most respectful bow. I was so long in delivering it that the iman began to be angry; and, perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes, and sent me to the gallies. I was chained in the very galley, and to the very same bench with the baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to 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 been worse used than myself; and I insisted that there was far less harm in taking up a nosegay and putting it into a woman's bosom than to be found stark naked with a young Icoglan. We were continually whipt, and received twenty lashes a day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery.

Well, my dear Pangloss, said Candid to them, when you was hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you continue to think that every thing in this world happens for the best? I have always abided by my first opinion, answered Pangloss; for, after all, I am a philosopher, and it would not become me to retract my sentiments; especially, as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong; and that pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as *plenum* and the *materia subtilis*.

C H A P. XXIX.

*In what manner Candid found Miss Cunegund
and the old woman again.*

WHILE Candid, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin and Cacambo, were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world ; on causes and effects ; on moral and physical evil ; on free-will and necessity ; and on the consolation that may be felt by a person, when a slave and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coasts of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there, was Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some table-cloths on a line to dry.

The baron turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candid, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sun burnt, with blear-eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face and arms, all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror ; but, recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candid and her brother ; they embraced the old woman, and Candid ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighbourhood which the old woman proposed to Candid to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favourable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candid of his promise in so peremptory a manner,

ner, that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her; he then acquainted the baron that he was going to marry his sister. I will never suffer, said the baron, my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this insolence on your part: no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire. Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears; but he still continued inflexible. Thou foolish fellow, said Candid, have I not delivered thee from the galleys, paid thy ransom, and thy sister's too, who was a scullion, and is very ugly, and yet condescend to marry her? and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match! If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger, I should kill thee again. Thou mayest kill me, again, said the baron; but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living*.



C H A P. XXX.

Conclusion.

CANDID had, in truth, no great inclination to marry Miss Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund

* A very ludicrous illustration of German pride.

pressed him so warmly, that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine memorial, by which he proved that the baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candid with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the baron into the sea; Cacambo decided, that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys; after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the father-general at Rome. The advice was found to be very good; the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister; the business was executed for a little money; and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine, that, after undergoing so many disasters, Candid married to his mistress and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews, that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill-natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labour, and cursed his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German

man universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded, that a person is equally ill situated every where. He took things with patience. Candid, Martin, and Pangloss, disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitilene, and Erzerum. And other cadis, bashaws, and effendis, were seen coming back to succeed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. Thy saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carrying as presents to the sublime porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive, that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, I would be glad to know, which is worst, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pyrates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipt and hanged at an *auto-de fe*, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley; and, in short, to experience all the miseries thro' which every one of us hath passed, or to remain here doing of nothing? This, said Candid, is a grand question?

This discourse gave birth to new reflexions, and Martin especially concluded, that man was born to live in the convulsions of disquiet, or in the lethargy of idleness. Tho' Candid did not absolutely agree to this; yet he did not determine any thing on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that every

thing went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which, more than ever confirmed Martin in his detestable principle, made Candid hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss, which was the arrival of Pacquette and brother Giroflée one day to their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarrelled again, thrown into prison; had made their escape, and, at last brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. I foresaw very well, says Martin, to Candid, that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than brother Giroflée and Pacquette. Ah! says Pangloss to Pacquette, It is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, one eye and one ear? What a handsome shape is here! and what is this world! This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighbourhood lived a very famous dervise who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult; Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus: Master Doctor, we come to intreat you to tell us, why so strange an animal as man has been formed?

Why

Why do you trouble your head about it? said the dervise; is it any business of yours? But my reverend father, says Candid, there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth. What signifies it, says the dervise, whether there is evil or good. When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head, whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not? What must then be done, says Pangloss? Be silent, answers the dervise. I flattered myself, replied Pangloss, to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a pre-established harmony: At these words the dervise shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation, news was spread abroad, that two vizirs of the bench and the musti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends empaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours: Pangloss, Candid, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange-trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the Musti, who was lately strangled. I cannot tell, answered the good old man; I never knew the name of any musti or vizir breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume, that in general, such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end; and that they deserve it: but I never enquire what is doing at
Con-

Constantinople; I am contented with sending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands. After saying these words, he made the strangers come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with diverse sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac, heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, pistachio-nuts, and Moccha-coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good musliman perfumed the beards of Candid, Pangloss, and Martin.

You must certainly have a vast estate, said Candid to the Turk; who replied, I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children; and our labour keeps off from us three great evils, idleness, vice, and want.

Candid, as he was returning home, made profound reflexions on the Turk's discourse. This good old man, said Pangloss and Martin, appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour to sup. Human grandeur, said Pangloss, is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers; for we find Eglon, king of Moab was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hanged by the hair of his head, and run thro' with three darts; king Nadab son of Jeroboam was slain by Baaza; king Ela by Zimri; Okofias by Jehu; Athalia by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity: I need not tell you what was the
fate

fate of Crœsus, Aſtyages, Darius, Dionyſius of Syracuſe, Pyrrhus, Perſeus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Arioviſtus, Cæſar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II. Henry VI. Richard III. Mary Stuart, Charles I. the three Henrys of France, and the emperor Henry IV. Neither need you tell me, ſaid Candid, that we muſt take care of our garden. You are in the right, ſays Pangloſs; for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dreſs it: and this proves that man was not born to be idle. Work then without diſputing, ſaid Martin; it is the only way to render life ſupportable.

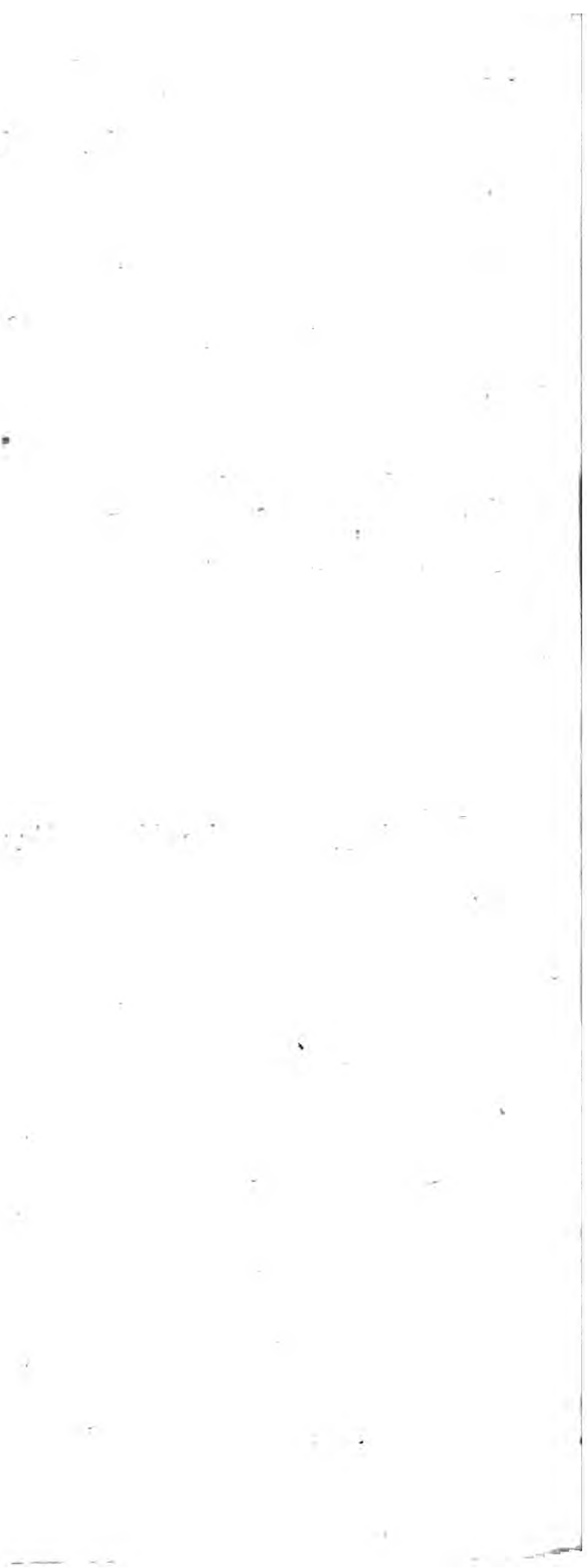
The little ſociety, one and all, entered into this laudable deſign; and ſet themſelves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund, indeed was very ugly, but ſhe became an excellent hand at paſtry-work; Pacquette embroidered; the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none down to brother Giroflée but did ſome ſervice; he was a very good carpenter, and became an honeſt man. Pangloſs uſed now and then to ſay to Candid, There is a concatenation of all events in the beſt of poſſible worlds; for, in ſhort, had you not been kicked out of a fine caſtle for the love of Miſs Cunegund; had you not been put into the Inquiſition; had you not travelled over America on foot; had you not run the baron thro' the body; and had you not loſt all your ſheep, which you brought from the good country of Eldorado, you would not have been here

to eat preserved citrons and pistachio-nuts. Excellently observed, answered Candid; but we must mind our garden *.

* The moral of this piece then seems to be, that nothing is more absurd than to believe that Providence hath ordered every thing for the best; that nothing is more ridiculous than the exercise of reason; that nothing is more futile and frivolous than the cultivation of philosophy: that mankind is a species of savages, who devour one another; and that true contentment is no where to be found, but in possessing and cultivating a few acres of ground in Turkey—where the most brutal despotism reigns, and where there is no sort of security either for property or for life.

END of the FIRST PART.





C A N D I D :

OR, THE

O P T I M I S T.

PART SECOND.

IT was thought that Dr. Ralph had no intention to carry on his treatise of Optimism any further; and therefore it was translated and published as a complete piece; but Dr. Ralph, spirited up by the little cabals of the German universities, added a second part, which we have caused to be translated with all possible expedition, to satisfy the impatience of the public; and, especially, of such who are diverted with the witticisms of Master Alibron, who know what a Merry Andrew is, and who never read the JOURNAL of TREVoux.

C A N D I D :

O R, T H E

O P T I M I S T.

P A R T II*.

C H A P. I.

How Candid quitted his companions, and what happened to him.

WE soon become tired of every thing in life: riches fatigue the possessor; ambition, when satisfied, leaves only remorse behind it; the joys of love are joys but for a while; and Candid, made to experience all the vicissitudes of fortune, was soon disgusted with cultivating his garden. Mr. Pangloss, said he, if we are in the best of possible worlds, you will own to me, at least, that this is not

* In this second part our author proceeds to shew, by a great variety of adventures, the folly of that philosophy which is called *Optimism*, or a thorough persuasion that every thing is disposed for the best. One would imagine that in the prosecution of this plan, he should have ended the days of his hero in misery and distress; whereas he leaves him in actual possession of such happiness as could not fail to confirm him in the first principles he had imbibed under Pangloss.

H

enjoying

enjoying that portion of possible happiness; but living obscure in a little corner of the Pro-pontis, having no other resource than that of my own manual labour, which may fail me one day; no other pleasures than what Mrs. Cunegund gives me, who is very ugly; and, which is worse, is my wife; no other company than yours, which is sometimes irksome to me; or that of Martin, which makes me melancholy; or that of Giroflée, who is but very lately become an honest man; or that of Pacquette, the danger of whose correspondence you have so fully experienced; or that of the hag who has but one hip, and is constantly repeating old wives tales.

To this Pangloss made the following reply: Philosophy teaches us, that Monads * divisible *in infinitum*, arrange themselves with wonderful sagacity in order to compose the different bodies which we observe in nature. The heavenly bodies are what they ought to be; they are placed where they should be; they describe the circles which they ought to do: man follows the bent he ought to follow; he is what he ought to be; he does what he ought to do. You bemoan yourself, O Candid, because the Monad of your soul is disgusted: but disgust is a modification of the soul; and this does not hinder, but every thing is for the best, both for you and others. When you beheld me covered with sores, I did not maintain my opinion the less for that; for if Miss Pac-

* From the Greek word *Μονὰς ἄδοσ*, which signifies a point, unity, the beginning of number; and is sometimes used to signify God himself.

quette had not made me taste the pleasures of love and its poison, I should not have met with you in Holland; I should not have given the Anabaptist James an opportunity of performing a meritorious act; I should not have been hanged in Lisbon for the edification of my neighbour; I should not have been here to assist you with my advice, and make you live and die in Leibnitz's opinion. Yes, my dear Candid, every thing is linked in a chain, every thing is necessary in the best of possible worlds. There is a necessity that the burgher of Montauban should instruct kings; that the worm of Quimper-Corentin should carp, carp, carp; that the declaimer against philosophers should occasion his own crucifixion in St. Dennis-street; that a rascally Recollet, and the arch-deacon of St. Malo should diffuse their gall and calumny thro' their Christian journals; that philosophy should be accused at the tribunal of Melpomene; and that philosophers should continue to enlighten human nature, notwithstanding the croakings of ridiculous animals that flounder in the marshes of learning*; and should you be once more driven by a hearty kicking from the finest of all castles, to learn again your exercise among the Bulgarians; should you again suffer the dirty effects of a Dutchwoman's zeal; be half drowned again before Lisbon; to be unmercifully whipped again by order of the most holy inquisi-

* This is by way of reprisal upon the authors of some French journals, in which our author's works have been severely censured, and his principles maliciously misrepresented.

tion ; should you run the same risks again among Los Padres, the Oreillons, and the French ; should you in short suffer every possible calamity, and never understand Leibnitz better than I myself do, you will still maintain that all is well ; that all is for the best ; that a *plenum*, the *materia subtilis*, a pre-established harmony, and Monads, are the finest things in the world ; and that Leibnitz is a great man, even to those who do not comprehend him.

To this fine speech, Candid, the mildest being in nature, tho' he had killed three men, two of whom were priests, answered not a word : but weary of the doctor and his society, next morning at break of day, taking a white staff in his hand, he marched off, without knowing whither he was going, but in quest of a place where one does not become disgusted, and where men are not men, as in the good country of Eldorado.

Candid, so much the less unhappy as he had no longer a love for Miss Cunegund, living upon the bounty of different people, who are not Christians, but yet give alms *, arrived after a very long and very tiresome journey at Tauris † upon the frontiers of Persia, a city

† The Turks are very charitable ; and their charity is bestowed, without distinction, upon Mussulmans, Christians, Jews, and all their fellow-creatures in general.

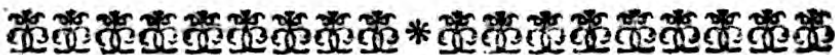
* Tauris, once the capital of Persia, is situated in the province of Adirbeitzan, at the foot of a mountain, supposed by some to be mount Orontes, and watered by the little river of Spingicha. It was said to contain six hundred thousand inhabitants, and was formerly called *Cba-Hassen*, which signifies *the royal Residence*. It has been often the theatre of war between the Turk and Persians, who have ravaged it by turns, and even filled it with blood and desolation.

noted for the cruelties which the Turks and Persians have by turns exercised therein.

Half dead with fatigue, having hardly more cloaths than what were necessary to cover that part which constitutes the man, and which men call shameful, Candid could not well relish Pangloss's opinion, when a Persian accosted him, in the most polite manner, beseeching him to ennoble his house with his presence. You make a jest of me, says Candid to him; I am a poor devil who have left a miserable dwelling I had in Propontis, because I had married Miss Cunegund; because she is grown very ugly, and because I was disgusted: I am not, indeed, made to ennoble any body's house; I am not noble myself, thank God: If I had the honour of being so, baron Thunder-ten-tronckh should have paid very dearly for the kicks on the backside with which he favoured me, or I should have died of shame for it, which would have been pretty philosophical: besides, I have been whipt very ignominiously by the executioners of the most holy inquisition, and by two thousand heroes at three pence halfpenny a day. Give me what you please, but do not insult my distress with taunts which would deprive you of the whole value of your beneficence. My lord, replied the Persian, you may be a beggar, and this appears pretty plainly; but my religion obliges me to use hospitality: it is sufficient that you are a man and under misfortunes; that the apple of my eye should be the path for your feet; vouchsafe to ennoble my house with your radiant presence*.

* The Persians deal much in hyperbolical compliment and professions of friendship, which are generally insincere.

I will, since you desire it, answered Candid. Come then, enter, says the Persian. They went in accordingly, and Candid could not forbear admiring the respectful treatment shewn him by his host. The slaves prevented his desires; the whole house seemed to be busied in nothing but contributing to his satisfaction. Should this last, said Candid to himself, all does not go so badly in this country. Three days were past, during which time the kind proceedings of the Persian were all of a piece; and Candid already cried out, Master Pangloss, I always imagined you were in the right; for you are a great philosopher.



C H A P. II.

What befel Candid in this House; and how he got out of it.

CANDID being well fed, well cloathed, and free from chagrin, soon became again as ruddy, as fresh, and as gay as he had been in Westphalia. His host, Ismael Raab, was pleased to see this change: he was a man six feet high, high, adorned with two small eyes extremely red, and a large nose full of pimples, which sufficiently declared his infraction of Mahomet's law: his whiskers were the most famous in the country, and mothers wished their sons nothing so much as a like pair. Raab had wives, because he was rich; but he thought in a manner that is but too common in the east, and in some of our colleges in Europe. Your
excellence

excellence is brighter than the stars, says one day the cunning Persian to the brisk Candid, half smiling and half suppressing his words: you must have captivated a great many hearts: you are formed to give and receive happiness. Alas! answered our hero, I was happy only by halves, behind a screen, where I was but so so at my ease. Mademoiselle Cunegund was handsome then — Mademoiselle Cunegund; poor innocent thing! Follow me, my lord, says the Persian. And Candid followed accordingly. They came to a very agreeable retreat, where silence and pleasure reigned. There, Ismael Raab tenderly embraced Candid, and in a few words made a declaration of love like that which the beautiful Alexis expresses with so much pleasure in Virgil's Eclogues. Candid could not recover from his astonishment. No, cried he, I can never suffer such infamy! what cause and what horrible effect! I had rather die. So you shall, says Ismael enraged; how, thou Christian dog! because I would politely give you pleasure — resolve directly to satisfy me, or to suffer the most cruel death. Candid did not long hesitate. The cogent reason of the Persian made him tremble; for he feared death like a philosopher.

We accustom ourselves to every thing in time. Candid, well-fed; well taken care of, but closely watched, was not absolutely disgusted with his condition. Good cheer, and the different diversions performed by Ismael's slaves gave some respite to his chagrin: he was unhappy only when he thought; and thus it is with the greatest part of mankind.

At that time, one of the most staunch supporters of the monkish crew in Persia, the most learned of the Mahometan doctors, who understood Arabic perfectly, and even Greek, as spoken at this day in the country of Demosthenes and Sophocles, the reverend Ed-Ivan-baal-Denk, returned from Constantinople, where he had conversed with the reverend Mamoud-Abram on a very delicate point of doctrine ; namely, whether the prophet had plucked from the angel Gabriel's wing the pen which he used for the writing of the Alcoran ; or, if Gabriel had made him a present of it. They had disputed for three days and three nights with a warmth worthy of the noblest ages of controversy : and the doctor returned home persuaded, like all the disciples of Ali, that Mahomet had plucked the quill ; while Mamoud-Abram remained convinced, like the rest of Omar's followers, that the prophet was incapable of committing any such rudeness, and that the angel had very politely made him a present of this quill for his pen.

It is said that there was at Constantinople a certain free-thinker who insinuated, that it was necessary to examine first whether the Alcoran was really writ with a pen taken from the wing of the angel Gabriel ; but he was stoned.

Candid's arrival had made a noise in Tauris : many who had heard him speak of contingent and non-contingent effects, imagined he was a philosopher. The reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk was told of him : he had the curiosity to come and see him ; and Raab, who could hardly refuse a person of such consequence, sent for Candid to make his appearance. He seemed to be very
well

well pleased with the manner in which Candid spoke of bad physics, bad morals *, of agent and actuated. I understand that you are a philosopher and that's all. But 'tis enough, Candid, says the venerable recluse: it is not right that so great a man as you are should be treated with such indignity, as I am told, in the world. You are a stranger, Ismael Raab has no right over you. I propose to conduct you to court, there you shall meet with a favourable reception: the sopher loves the sciences. Ismael, you must put this young philosopher into my hands, or dread incurring the displeasure [of the prince, and drawing upon yourself the vengeance of heaven; but especially of the monks. These last words frightened the otherwise undaunted Persian, and he consented to every thing: Candid, blessing heaven and the monks, went the same day out of Tauris with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Ispahan, where they arrived loaded with the blessings and favours of the people.

* Nothing surely can be more ridiculous, or have less tendency to the improvement of real philosophy, than the disputes that have arisen about natural and moral evil.

C H A P. III.¹

Candid's reception at court, and what followed.

THE reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk made no delay in presenting Candid to the king. His majesty took a particular pleasure in hearing him: he made him dispute with several learned men of his court, and those looked upon him as a fool, an ignoramus, and idiot; which very much contributed to persuade his majesty, that he was a great man. Because, said he to them, you do not comprehend Candid's reasonings; you abuse him; but I, who also comprehend nothing at all of them, assure you that he is a great philosopher, and I swear to it by my whisker. Upon these words, the literati were struck dumb.

Candid had apartments assigned him in the palace; he had slaves to wait on him; he was dressed in magnificent cloaths, and the sopher commanded that whatever he should say, no one should dare to assert that he was wrong. His majesty did not * stop here. The venerable monk was continually soliciting him in favour of his guest, and his majesty, at length, resolved to rank him among the number of his most intimate favourites.

* If this would induce philosophers who lose their time in barking in Procopius's cottage, to take a short trip into Persia, this frivolous work would be of pretty great service to messieurs the Parisians. This note by Mr. Ralph.

God be praised and our holy prophet, says the iman, addressing himself to Candid ; I am come to tell you a very agreeable piece of news, that you are happy, my dear Candid ; that you are going to raise the envy of the world : you shall swim in opulence ; you may aspire to the most splendid posts in the empire. But do not forget me, my friend : think that it is me who have procured you the favour you are just upon the point of enjoying : let gaiety reign over the horizon of your countenance. The king grants you a favour which has been sought by many, and you will soon exhibit a sight which the court has not enjoyed these two years past. And what are these favours, demanded Candid, with which the prince intends to honour me ? This very day, answered the monk quite overjoyed, this very day you are to receive fifty strokes with a bull's-pizzle on the soles of your feet, in the presence of his majesty. The eunuchs named for perfuming you for the occasion, are to be here directly ; prepare yourself to go chearfully thro' this little trial, and thereby render yourself worthy of the King of Kings. Let the King of Kings, 'cried Candid in a rage, keep his favour to himself, if I must receive fifty blows with a bull's-pizzle in order to merit them. It is thus, replied the doctor coldly, that he deals with those on whom he means to pour down his benefits. I love you too much to regard the little pet which you shew on the occasion, and I will make you happy in spite of yourself

He had not done speaking, when the eunuchs arrived, preceded by the executor of his majesty's private pleasures, who was one of the

greatest and most robust lords of the court. Candid in vain remonstrated against their proceedings. They perfumed his legs and feet, according to custom. Four eunuchs carried him to the place appointed for the ceremony thro' the midst of a double file of soldiers, while the trumpets sounded, the cannon fired, and the bells of all the mosques * of Ispahan jingled: the sopher † was already there, accompanied with his principal officers and most distinguished personages of his court. In an instant they stretched out Candid upon a little form finely gilt, and the executor of the private pleasures put himself in a posture for entering upon his office. O! master Pangloss, master Pangloss, were you but here!—said Candid weeping and roaring out with all his force; a circumstance which would have been thought very indecent, if the monk had not given the people to understand, that his guest had put himself into such violent agitations, only the better to divert his majesty. This great king, it is true, laughed like a fool: he even took such delight in the affair, that after the fifty blows had been given, he ordered fifty more to be added. But

* There never was a bell in any mosque since the beginning of the world.—This little impropriety puts us in mind of the puppet-show in Don Quixote, in which the shewman having introduced bells on the city of Saragossa, while it was in possession of the Moors, the knight very gravely assures master Peter he must be mistaken: *porque entre Moros no se usan campanas*. For bells are never used among the Moors.

† I make use of the word *Sopher*, because it is more universally known than that of *Sesewy*, which is the proper name, according to Mr. Petit de la Croix, who says that *Sopher* signifies *Capuchin Emperor*; but this is of very little signification. A note of the translator's.

his first minister having represented to him with a firmness not very common, that such an unheard of favour with regard to a stranger, might alienate the hearts of his subjects, he revoked that order, and Candid was carried back to his apartments.

They put him to bed, after having bathed his feet with vinegar. The grandees came round him in order to congratulate him on his good fortune. The sopher then came to assist him in person, and not only gave him his hand to kiss, according to the custom, but likewise honoured him with a great blow of his fist on his mouth. From whence the politicians conjectured, that Candid would arrive at extraordinary preferment ; and what is very uncommon, tho' politicians, they were not deceived.



C H A P. IV.

Fresh favours conferred on Candid ; his great advancement.

AS soon as our hero was cured, he was introduced to the king, to return him his thanks. The monarch received him very graciously. He gave him two or three hearty boxes on the ear during their conversation, and conducted him back as far as the guard-room, with several sound kicks on the posteriors ; at which the courtiers were ready to burst for envy. Since his majesty had been in a drubbing humour, no person had ever received such signal marks of his majesty's favour in this way as Candid. Three

Three days after this interview, our philosopher, who was enraged at the favours he had received, and thought that every thing went very bad, was nominated governor of Chufistan, with an absolute power. He was decorated with a fur-cap, which is a grand mark of distinction in Persia. He took his leave of the sopher, and departed for Sus, the capital of his province. From the moment that Candid made his appearance at court, the grantees had conspired his destruction. The excessive favours which the Sopher had heaped on him, served but to increase the storm ready to burst upon his head. He however applauded himself on his good fortune ; and, especially, his removal from court : he enjoyed in prospect the pleasures of supreme rank, and he said from the bottom of his heart,

How blest the subject from his lord removed.

He had not gone quite twenty miles from Ispahan, before five hundred horsemen, armed cap-a-pee, came up with him and his attendants, and discharged a volley of fire-arms upon them. Candid imagined at first, that this was intended to do him an honour ; but the ball which broke his leg, soon gave him to know what was going on. His people laid down their arms, and Candid, more dead than alive, was carried to a castle remote from any other dwelling. His baggage, camels, slaves, white and black eunuchs, with thirty-six women which the Sopher had given him for his use, all became the prey of the conqueror. Our hero's leg was cut off for fear of a mortification ; and care was taken of his life, that a more cruel death might be inflicted on him.

O Pan-

O Pangloss! Pangloss! what would now become of your Optimism, if you saw me short of one leg in the hands of my cruellest enemies; just as I was entering upon the path of happiness, and was governor, or king, as one may say, of one of the most considerable provinces of the empire of ancient Media; when I had camels, slaves, black and white eunuchs, and thirty-six women for my own use, and of which I had not made any. Thus Candid spoke as soon as he was able to speak.

But while he was thus bemoaning himself, every thing was going for the best for him. The ministry, informed of the outrages committed against him, had detached a body of well-disciplined troops in pursuit of the mutineers, and the monk Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk, took care to publish by means of others of his fraternity, that Candid being the work of the monks, was consequently the work of God. Such as had any knowledge of this atrocious attempt were so much the more ready to discover it, as the ministers of religion gave assurance on the part of Mahomet, that every one who had eaten pork, drank wine, omitted bathing for any number of days, together; or had conversed with women at the time of their impurity, against the express prohibitions of the Alcoran, should be *ipso facto*, absolved, upon declaring what they knew concerning the conspiracy. They soon discovered the place of Candid's confinement, which they broke open; and, as it was a religious affair, the party worsted were exterminated to a man agreeable to custom in that case. Candid, marching over a heap of dead bodies, made his escape, triumphed over
the

the greatest peril he had hitherto encountered, and with his attendants resumed the road to his government. He was received there as a favourite who had been honoured with fifty blows of a bull's pizzle on the soles of his feet, in the presence of the king of kings.



C H A P. V.

How Candid becomes a very great man, and yet is not contented.

THE good of philosophy, is its inspiring us with a love for our fellow creatures. Paschal * is the almost only philosopher who seems desirous to make us hate our neighbours. Luckily Candid had not read Paschal, and he loved the poor human race very cordially. This was soon perceived by the upright part of the people. They had always kept at a distance from the pretended legates of heaven, but made no scruple of visiting Candid, and assisting him with their counsels. He made several wise regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce, and the arts. He rewarded those who had made any useful experiments; and even encouraged such as had produced some essays on literature. When the

* This is not doing strict justice to Paschal; but if he had really been such a philosopher, our author would seem to have adopted his maxims in this performance; for it is impossible to love or regard humanity, such as it is represented in the adventures of Candid,

people

people in my province are in general content, said he, with a charming candor, possibly I shall be so myself. Candid was a stranger to mankind: he saw himself torn to pieces in seditious libels, and calumniated in a work entituled, *the Friend to Mankind* *. He found that while he was labouring to make people happy, he had only made them ungrateful. Ah, cried Candid, how hard it is to govern these beings without feathers, which vegetate on the earth! Why am I not still in Propontis, in the company of master Pangloss, miss Cunegund, the daughter of pope Urban X. with only one buttock, brother Girofleé, and the most luscious Paquette.



C H A P. VI.

The pleasures of Candid.

CANDID, in the bitterness of his grief, wrote a very pathetick letter to the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk. He painted to him in such lively colours the present state of his soul, that Ed-Ivan, greatly affected with it, obtained permission of the Sophi, that Candid should resign his employments. His majesty, in recompense of his services, granted him a very considerable pension. Eased from the weight of grandeur, our philosopher immediately sought after Pangloss's optimism, in the pleasures of a

* A performance which lately made its appearance in the French language.

private life. He till then had lived for the benefit of others, and seemed to have forgotten that he had a seraglio.

He now called it to remembrance with that emotion which the very name inspires. Let every thing be got ready, says he to his first eunuch, for my visiting my women. My lord, answered the shrill-piped slave, it is now that your excellency deserves the title of wife. The men for whom you have done so much, were not worthy of employing your thought; but the women—— That may be, said Candid modestly.

At the bottom of a garden, where art had assisted nature to unfold her beauties, stood a little house, of simple and elegant structure; and by that means alone, very different from those which are to be seen in the suburbs of the finest city in Europe. Candid could not approach it without blushing: the air round this charming retreat diffused a delicious perfume; the flowers, amorously interlaced, seemed here to be guided by the instinct of pleasure, and preserved, for a long time, their various beauties. Here the rose never lost its lovely hue: the view of a rock, from which the waters precipitated themselves with a murmuring and confused noise, invited the soul to that soft melancholy, which is ever the forerunner of pleasure. Candid enters trembling into a saloon, where taste and magnificence were united: his senses are drawn by a secret charm: he casts his eyes on young Telemachus, who breathes on the canvas in the midst of the nymphs of Calypso's court. He next turns them to Diana, half naked, who flies into the arms of the tender Endymion:
his

his agitation increases at the sight of a Venus, faithfully copied from that of Medicis * : his ears on a sudden are struck with a divine harmony ; a company of young Circassian females appear covered with their veils ; they form round him a sort of dance, agreeably designed, and more just than those trifling jigs that are performed on as trifling stages, after the representation of the death of Cæsar and Pompey.

At a signal given they throw off their veils, and discover faces full of expression, that lend new life to the diversion. These beauties studied the most seducing attitudes, without appearing to intend it : one expressed in her looks a passion without bounds ; another a soft languor, which waits for pleasures without seeking them : this fair stoops and raises herself precipitately, to give leave to a cursory view of those enchanting charms, which the fair sex display in such full scope at Paris ; and that other throws aside a part of her fimarre to shew a leg, which alone is capable of enflaming a mortal of any delicacy. The dance ceases, and they remain in profound silence.

This pause recalls Candid to himself. The fire of love takes possession of his breast : he darts the most ardent looks on all around him ; imprints warm kisses on lips as warm, and eyes that swim in liquid fire : he passes his hand over globes whiter than alabaster, whose palpitating motion repels the touch ; admires

* The author seems to have forgot, that there are as few pictures as bells, in any place where the religion of Mahomet is professed.

their proportion; perceives little vermilion protuberances, like those rose buds which only wait the genial rays of the sun to unfold them: he kisses them with rapture, and his lips for some time remained glued thereon.

Our philosopher next admires, for a while, a majestic figure, of a fine and delicate shape. Burning with desires, he at length throws the handkerchief to a young person, whose eyes he had observed to be always fixed upon him, and which seemed to say, Teach me the meaning of a trouble I am ignorant of; and who, blushing at the secret avowal, became a thousand times more charming. The eunuch then opened the door of a private chamber, consecrated to the mysteries of love, into which the lovers enter; and the eunuch addressing his master, said, Here it is, my lord, you are going to be truly happy. Oh! answered Candid, I am in great hopes of it.

The ceiling and walls of this little retreat, were covered with looking-glasses: in the midst was placed a couch of black satin, on which Candid threw the young Circassian, and undressed her with incredible haste. The fair one gave him no other interruption, but to imprint kisses, full of fire, on his lips. My lord, said she to him in the Turkish language, which she spoke perfectly, how fortunate is your slave, to be thus honoured with your transports! An energy of sentiment can be expressed in every language, by those who truly feel it. These few words enchanted our philosopher: he was no longer himself; all he saw, all he heard, was new to him. What difference between Miss Cunegund, grown ugly, and violated by
Bulga-

Bulgarian freebooters, and a Circassian girl of eighteen, till then a stranger to man. This was the first time of the wise Candid's enjoying her. The objects which he devoured, were repeated in the glasses; on what side soever he cast his eyes, he saw upon the black fatten the most beautiful and fairest body possible, and the contrast of colours lent it new lustre, with round, firm, and plump thighs, an admirable fall of loins, a——— but I am obliged to have a regard to the false delicacy of our language. It is sufficient for me to say, that our philosopher tasted, by frequent repetitions, of that portion of happiness he was capable of receiving; and that the young Circassian in a little time proved his *sufficing reason*.

O master, my dear master! cried Candid, almost beside himself, every thing here is as well as in Eldorado; a fine woman can alone complete the wishes of man. I am as happy as it is possible to be. Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philosopher. For instance; I engage that you, my lovely girl, have always had a bias towards optimism, because you have always been happy. Alas! No, answered she, I do not know what optimism is; but I swear to you, that your slave has not known happiness till to-day. If my lord is pleased to give me leave, I will convince him of it, by a succinct recital of my adventures. I am very willing, said Candid; I am in a pretty calm situation for hearing an historical detail. Upon which the fair slave begun as follows.

C H A P. VII.

The history of Zirza.

MY father was a Christian, and so likewise am I, as far as I have been told. He had a little hermitage near Cotatis, where, by his fervent devotion, and practising austerities shocking to human nature, he acquired the veneration of the faithful. Crowds of women came to pay him their homage, and took a particular satisfaction in bathing his posteriors, which he lashed every day with several smart strokes of a discipline: doubtless it was to one of the most devout of these visitants, that I owe my being. I was brought up in a cave, in the neighbourhood of my father's little cell. I was twelve years of age, and had not yet left this kind of grave, when the earth shook with a dreadful noise; the arch of the vault fell in, and I was drawn out from under the rubbish half dead, when light struck my eyes for the first time. My father took me into his hermitage as a predestinated child. The whole of this adventure appeared strange to the people; my father cried it up as a miracle, and so did they.

I was called Zirza, which in Persian, signifies *Child of Providence*. Notice was soon taken of my poor charms: the women already came but seldom to the hermitage, and the men much oftener. One of them tells me that he loved me. Villain, says my father to him, hast thou substance sufficient to love her? This is a deposit which God has entrusted to me: he has made his appearance to me this night,
under

under the shape of a venerable hermit, and forbid me to give up the possession thereof out of my hands, for less than a thousand sequins. Get thee gone, poor devil, lest thine impure breath should blast her charms. I have, answered he, only a heart to offer her. But say, barbarian, dost thou not blush to make sport of the deity, for the gratifying thine avarice? With what front, vile wretch, darest thou pretend that God hath spoken to thee? This is throwing the greatest contempt upon the author of beings, to represent him conversing with such men as thou art. O blasphemy! cried my father in a rage, God himself has commanded to stone blasphemers. As he spoke these words, he fell upon my lover, and with repeated blows laid him dead to the ground, and his blood flew in my face. Though I had not yet known what love is, this man had given me concern, and his death threw me into an affliction, so much the greater, as it rendered the sight of my father insupportable to me. I took a resolution to leave him: he perceived it. Ungrateful, says he to me, it is to me thou owest thy being. Thou art my daughter,—and thou hatest me: but I am going to deserve thy hatred, by the most rigorous treatment. He kept his word but too well with me, cruel man! During five years, which I spent in tears and groans, neither my youth, nor my clouded beauty, could in the least abate his wrath. Sometimes he stuck a thousand pins into all the parts of my body: at other times, with his discipline, he made the blood trickle down my thighs.—This, says Candid, gave you less pain than the pins. True, my lord, answers Zirza. At

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a crew of black and white monsters, still preserving that which I have saved from the fury of an awkward tyger; and, cursing my fate, I have passed three months in this seraglio; where I should have died of the jaundice, had not your excellency honoured me at last with your embraces. O heavens! cried Candid, is it possible that you have experienced such sensible misfortunes at so tender an age? What would Pangloss say could he hear you? But your misfortunes are at end, as well as mine. Everything does not go badly now; is not this true? Upon that Candid resumed his careffes, and was more than ever confirmed in the belief of Pangloss's system.



C H A P. VIII.

Candid's disgusts. An unexpected meeting.

OUR philosopher in the midst of his seraglio, dispensed his favours equally. He tasted the pleasures of variety, and always returned to the *Child of Providence* with fresh ardour. But this did not last long; he soon felt violent pains in his loins, and excruciating colicks. He dried up, as he grew happy. Then Zirza's breast appeared no longer so white, or so well placed; her thighs not so hard, nor so plump; her eyes lost all their vivacity in those of Candid; her complexion its lustre; and her lips that pure vermilion which had enchanted him at first sight. He now perceived that she walked badly, and had an offensive smell: he
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saw,

saw, with the greatest disgust, a spot upon the mount of Venus, which he had never observed before to be tainted with any blemish: the vehement ardour of Zirza became burthensome to him: he could see, with great coolness, the faults of his other women, which had escaped him in his first transports of passion: he saw nothing in them but a bare-faced impudence: he was ashamed to have walked in the steps of the wisest of men; and *he found women more bitter than death.*

Candid, always cherishing these Christian sentiments, spent his leisure time in walking over the streets of Sus; when one day a cavalier, in a superb dress, came up to him suddenly and called him by his name. Is it possible! cried Candid, my lord, that you are——it is not possible; otherwise you are so very like——the abbé of Perigord—— I am the very man, answered the abbé. Upon this Candid started back, and, with his usual ingenuousness, said, Are you happy Mr. Abbé? A fine question, replied the abbé; the little deceit which I have put upon you has contributed not a little to gain me credit. The police had employed me for some time; but, having fallen out with them, I quitted the ecclesiastical habit, which was no longer of any service to me. I went over into England, where persons of my profession are better paid. I said all I knew, and all I did not know, about the strength and weakness of the country I had lately left. I especially gave bold assurances, that the French were the dregs of the world, and that good sense dwelt no where but in London. In short, I made a splendid fortune, and have just concluded a
treaty

treaty at the court of Persia, which tends to exterminate all the Europeans, who come for cotton and silk into the Sophi's dominions, to the detriment of the English *. The object of your mission is very commendable, says our philosopher; but, Mr. Abbé, you are a cheat; I don't like cheats, and I have some credit at court. Tremble now your happiness has arrived at its utmost limits; you are just upon the point of suffering the fate you deserve. My lord Candid, cried the abbé, throwing himself on his knees, have pity on me: I feel myself drawn to evil by an irresistible force, as you find yourself necessitated to the practice of virtue. This fatal propensity I have perceived, from the moment I became acquainted with Mr. Wasp, and worked at the *Feuilles*. What do you call *Feuilles* †, says Candid? Feuilles, answers the abbé, are sheets of seventy-two pages in print, in which the public are entertained in the strain of calumny, satire, and dullness. An honest man who can read and write, and not being able to continue among the Jesuits so long as he chose, has set himself to compose this pretty little work, that he may have wherewithal to give his wife some lace, and bring

* This is a severe, though seasonable sarcasm, upon an illiberal spirit of monopoly, and national prejudice, which seems to characterize the present times.

† *Feuilles* is one of the thirty or forty journals printed at Paris; and known only in France, where it is pretty current among the people of all ranks. Besides, this detached piece of seventy-two pages must not be confounded with others of the same number of pages, which the author himself respects, and which philosophers highly value. *This is a note of Dr. Ralph's.*

up his children in the fear of God; and there are certain honest people, who for a few pence, and some bottles of bad wine, assist the man in carrying on his scheme. This Mr. Wasp is besides a member of a curious club, who divert themselves with making poor ignorant people drunk, and setting them to blaspheme; or in bullying a poor simple devil, and breaking his furniture, and afterwards challenging him. Such little pretty amusements these gentry call mistifications, and richly deserve the attention of the police. In fine, this very honest man, Mr. Wasp, who boasts he never was in the galleys, is troubled with a lethargy, which renders him insensible to the clearest truths; and out of which he can be drawn only by certain violent means, which he sustains with a resignation and courage above conception. I have worked for some time under this celebrated genius; I am become an eminent writer in my turn, and I had but just quitted Mr. Wasp, to do a little for myself, when I had the honour of paying you a visit at Paris. Though you are a very great cheat, Mr. Abbé, yet your sincerity in this point makes some impression upon me. Go to court; ask for the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk; I shall write to him in your behalf, but upon express condition, that you promise me to become an honest man; and that you will not be the occasion of some thousands having their throats cut, for the sake of a little silk and cotton. The abbé promised all that Candid required, and they parted pretty good friends.

C H A P. IX.

Candid's disgraces, travels, and adventures.

NO sooner had the abbé gotten access to court, than he employed all his skill in order to ingratiate himself with the minister, and ruin his benefactor. He spread a report, that Candid was a traitor, and that he had spoke disrespectfully of the hallowed whiskers of the king of kings. All the courtiers condemned him to be burnt in a slow fire; but the Sophi, more favourable, only sentenced him to perpetual banishment, after having previously kissed the sole of his accuser's foot, according to the usage among the Persians. The abbé went in person to put the sentence in execution: he found our philosopher in pretty good health, and disposed to become again happy. My friend, says the English ambassador to him, I come with regret to let you know, that you must quit this kingdom with all expedition, and kiss my feet, with a true repentance for your horrid crimes.—Kiss your feet, Mr. Abbé! certainly you are not in earnest, and I do not understand joking. Upon which some mutes, who had attended the abbé, entered and took off his shoes, letting poor Candid know, by signs, that he must submit to this piece of humiliation, or else expect to be empaled. Candid, by virtue of his free-will, kissed the abbé's feet. They put him on a sorry linen-robe, and the executioner drove him out of the town, crying all the time, Behold a traitor! who has spoken irreverently of the Sophi's whiskers! irreverently of the imperial whiskers!

What did the officious monk, whilst his friend, whom he protected, was treated thus? I know nothing of that. It is probable, that he was tired of protecting Candid. Who can depend on the favour of kings, and especially that of monks!

In the mean time our hero went melancholy on. I never spoke, said he to himself, about the king of Persia's whiskers. I am cast in an instant from the pinnacle of happiness, into the abyss of misery; because a wretch, who has violated all laws, accuses me of a pretended crime which I have never committed; and this wretch, this monster, this persecutor of virtue — he is happy.

Candid, after travelling for some days, found himself upon the frontiers of Turkey. He directed his course towards the Propontis, with a design to settle there again, and pass the rest of his days in the cultivation of his garden. He saw, as he entered a little village, a great multitude of people tumultuously assembled: he inquired into the cause of it. This, says an old man to him, is an accident pretty singular. 'Tis some time ago, since the wealthy Mahomet demanded in marriage the daughter of the janissary Zamoud: he found her not to be a virgin; and in pursuance of a principle quite natural, and authorized by the laws, he sent her home to her father, after having branded her in the face. Zamoud, exasperated at the disgrace brought on his family, in the first transports of a fury that is very natural, with one stroke of his scymetar clove the disfigured visage of his daughter. His eldest son, who loved his sister passionately, and this is very fre-

frequent in nature, flew upon his father, and plunged, quite naturally too, a very sharp poignard to his heart. Afterwards, like a lion who grows more enraged at seeing his own blood flow, the furious Zamoud ran to Mahomet's house; and after striking to the ground some slaves who opposed his passage, murdered Mahomet, his wives, and two children then in the cradle; all which was very natural, considering the violent situation he then was in. At last, to crown all, he killed himself with the same poignard, reeking with the blood of his father, and his enemies, which is also very natural. What a scene of horrors! cried Candid. What would you have said, master Pangloss, had you found such barbarities in nature? Would not you acknowledge that nature is corrupted, that all is not—No, says the old man, for the pre-established harmony—O heavens! do ye not deceive me? Is this Pangloss, says Candid, whom I again see? The very same, answered the old man: I knew you, but I was willing to find out your sentiments, before I would discover myself. Come, let us discourse a little on contingent effects, and see if you have made any progress in the art of wisdom. Alas! says Candid, you chuse your time improperly; rather let me know what is become of Miss Cunegund; tell me where are brother Giroflée, Pacquette, and pope Urban's daughter. I know nothing of them, says Pangloss; it is now two years since I left our habitation, in order to find you out. I have travelled over almost all Turkey: I was upon the point of setting out for the court of Persia, where I heard you made a great figure, and I only tarried in

this little village, among these good people, till I had gathered strength for continuing my journey. What is this I see, answered Candid, quite surpris'd? You want an arm, my dear doctor. That is nothing, says the one-handed and the one-eyed doctor: nothing is more common in the best of worlds, than to see persons who want one eye and one arm. This accident besel me in a journey from Mecca. Our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs: our guard attempted to make resistance; and, according to the rules of war, the Arabs, who found themselves to be the strongest side, massacred us all without mercy. There perished about five hundred persons in this attack, among whom was about a dozen of big-bellied women. For my part I had only my skull split, and an arm cut off; I did not die for all this, and I still found that every thing went for the best. But as to yourself, my dear Candid, whence is it that you have a wooden leg? Upon this Candid began, and gave an account of his adventures. Our philosophers turned together towards the Propontis, and enlivened their journey by discoursing on physical and moral evil, free-will and predestination, monads and pre-established harmony.

C H A P. X.

Candid and Pangloss arrive in the Propontis; what they saw there; and what became of them.

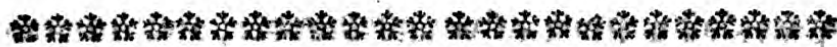
O Candid! said Pangloss, why was you tired of cultivating your garden? Why did we not still continue to eat citrons and pistachio-nuts? Why was you weary of your happiness? Because every thing is necessary in the best of worlds, there was a necessity that you should undergo the bastinado, in the presence of the king of Persia; have your leg cut off, in order to make Chulistan happy; experience the ingratitude of men, and draw down upon the heads of some atrocious villains the punishment which they had deserved. With such talk as this, they arrived at their old habitation. The first objects that presented themselves, were Martin and Pacquette, in the habit of slaves. Whence, says Candid to them, is this metamorphosis? after embracing them tenderly. Alas! answered they sobbing, You have no more a habitation; another has undertaken the labour of cultivating your garden; he eats your preserved citrons and pistachios, and we are treated like negroes. Who, says Candid, is this other? The high admiral, answered they, a mortal the least humane of all mortals. The sultan, willing to recompense his services without putting himself to any expence, has confiscated all your goods, under pretext that you had gone over to his enemies, and condemned us to slavery. Be advised by me, Candid, added Martin, and continue your journey. I always

told you every thing is for the worst; the sum of evil exceeds by much that of good. Be gone, and I do not despair but you may become a Manichean, if you are not so already. Pangloss would have begun an argument in form; but Candid interrupted him, to ask about Miss Cunegund, the old woman, brother Giroflée and Cacambo. Cacambo, answered Martin, is here; he is at present employed about emptying a house of office. The old woman is dead, from a kick given her by an eunuch in the breast. Brother Giroflée has entered among the Janissaries. Miss Cunegund has recovered her plumpness, and former beauty; she is in our master's seraglio *. What a chain of misfortunes, says Candid! Was there a necessity for Miss Cunegund to become handsome, only to make me a cuckold? It matters little, says Pangloss, whether Miss Cunegund be beautiful or ugly in your arms or those of another, that is nothing to the general system: for my part, I wish her a numerous progeny. Philosophers do not perplex themselves by whom women have children, provided they have them. Population — Alas! says Martin, philosophers ought much rather to employ themselves in rendering a few individuals happy, than engaging them to multiply the number of sufferers. Whilst they were thus arguing, a great noise was heard on a sudden; it was the admiral diverting himself, by causing a dozen slaves to be whipped. Pangloss and Candid, both frightened, with tears in

* This one of the most surprising revolutions we meet with in the whole performance, that beauty once vanished with youth should return.

their eyes parted from their friends, and in all haste took the road to Constantinople.

There they found all the people in a great stir. A fire had broke out in the suburb of Pera; five or six hundred houses were already consumed, and two or three thousand persons perished in the flames. What a horrible disaster, cried Candid! All is well, says Pangloss, these little accidents happen every year. It is intirely natural for the fire to catch houses built of wood, and for those who are in them to be burnt. Besides, this procures some resources to honest people, who languish in misery.— What is this I hear, says an officer of the sublime porte? How, wretch, darest thou say that all is well, when half Constantinople is in flames. Dog, be cursed of our prophet, receive the punishment due to thy impudence! And as he uttered these words, he took Pangloss by the middle, and flung him head long into the flames. Candid, half dead with fright, crept on all fours, as well as he could, to a neighbouring quarter, where all was more quiet; and we shall see what became of him in the next chapter.



C H A P. XI.

Candid continues his travels, and in what quality.

I Have nothing left, said our philosopher, but to make myself either a slave or a Turk. Happiness has forsaken me for ever. A turban would corrupt all my pleasures. I shall be in-
 16 capable

capable of tasting tranquility of soul, in a religion full of imposture, into which I enter merely from a motive of vile interest. No, I shall never be content, if I cease to be an honest man: let me make myself then a slave. Candid had no sooner taken this resolution than he set about putting it into execution. He chose an Armenian merchant for his master, who was a man of a very good character, and passed for virtuous, as much as an Armenian can be. He gave Candid two hundred sequins, as the price of his liberty. The Armenian was upon the point of departing for Norway: he took Candid with him, in hopes that a philosopher would be of use to him in his traffic. They embarked, and the wind was so favourable for them, that they were not above half the usual time in their passage. They even had no occasion for buying a wind from the Lapland witches, and contented themselves with giving them some stock-fish, that they might not disturb their good fortune with their enchantments; which sometimes happens, if we may believe Moreri's Dictionary on this head.

The Armenian, no sooner landed than he provided a stock of whale-blubber, and ordered our philosopher to go over all the country to buy him some dried salt-fish: he acquitted himself of his commission in the best manner he could, returned with several rein-deers loaded with this merchandize, and made profound reflections on the astonishing difference which is to be found between the Laplanders and other men. A very diminutive female Laplander, whose head was a little bigger than her

body ; her eyes red and full of fire, a flat nose, and mouth as wide as possible, wished him a good day, with an infinite grace. My little lord, says this being (a foot and ten inches high) to him *, I think you very handsome ; do me the favour to love me a little. So saying, she flew to him and caught him round the neck. Candid pushed her way with horror. She cries out, when in comes her husband with several other Laplanders. What is the meaning of all this uproar, say they ? It answers the little being, that this stranger—— Alas ! I am choaked with grief ; he despises me. So then, says the Lapland husband, thou unpolite, dishonest, brutal, infamous, cowardly rascal ; thou bringest disgrace upon my house ; thou dost me the most sensible injury ; thou refusest to lie with my wife. Lo ! here's the good of our neighbour, cried our hero : what would you have said then, if I had lain with her ? I would have wished thee all sort of prosperity, says the Laplander to him in wrath ; but thou only deserveest my indignation. At uttering this he discharged on Candid's back a volley of blows with a cudgel. The rein-deer were seized by the relations of the offended husband, and Candid, for fear of worse, was forced to betake himself to flight, and renounce for ever his good master ; for how dared he present himself before him without money, whale-blubber, or rein-deer ?

* This must have been Lilliput, not Lapland.

C H A P. XII.

Candid still continues his travels. New adventures.

CANDID travelled a long time without knowing whither he was going: at length he resolved to go to Denmark, where he had heard that every thing went pretty well. He had few pieces of money about him, which the Armenian had made him a present of; and this sum, tho' inconsiderable, he hoped would carry him to the end of his journey. Hope rendered his misery supportable to him, and he still passed some happy moments. He found himself one day in an inn with three travellers, who talked to him with great warmth about a *plenum* and the *materia subtilis*. Might well, says Candid to himself, these are philosophers. Gentlemen, says he to them, a *plenum* is incontestible: there is no vacuum in nature, and the *materia subtilis* is a well-imagined hypothesis. You are then a Cartesian, says the three travellers: yes, answers Candid, and a Leibnitzian, which is more. So much the worse for you, replied the philosophers. Des Cartes and Leibnitz had not common sense. We are Newtonians, and we glory in it; if we dispute, 'tis only the better to confirm ourselves in our opinions, and we all think the same. We search for truth in Newton's track, because we are persuaded that Newton is a great man— And Des Cartes too, and Leibnitz and Pangloss
5
likewise,

likewise, says Candid: these great men are worth a thousand of yours. You are a fool, friend, answered the philosophers: do you know the laws of refraction, attraction, and motion? Have you read the truths which Dr. Clarke has published, in answer to the reveries of your Leibnitz? Do you know what centrifugal and centripetal force is? and that colours depend on their density? Have you any notion of the theory of light and gravitation? Do you know the period of twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty years which unluckily does not agree with chronology? No, undoubtedly, you have but false ideas of all these things: peace then, thou contemptible Monad, and beware how you insult giants, by comparing them to pygmies*. Gentlemen, answered Candid, were Pangloss here, he would tell you very fine things; for he is a great philosopher: he has a sovereign contempt for your Newton; and, as I am his disciple, I likewise make no great account of him. The philosophers enraged beyond measure, fell upon poor Candid, and drubbed him most philosophically.

Their wrath subsiding, they asked our hero's pardon for their too great warmth. Upon this, one of them began a very fine harangue on mildness and moderation.

* If this satire is levelled only at a set of wrong-headed coxcombs and ignorant pretenders, who profess themselves disciples and partizans of certain great men, the merit of whose writings they have not sense enough to know, the author's aim is laudable; but if he means it as ridicule on the character of Sir Isaac Newton, the satire must retort upon himself, in the opinion of every candid and intelligent reader.

While

While they were talking, they saw a grand burial pass by: our philosophers from thence took occasion to descant on the foolish vanity of man. Would it not be more reasonable, says one of them, that the relations and friends of the deceased should, without pomp and noise, carry the bier themselves? would not this funeral act, by presenting to them the idea of death, produce an effect the most salutary, the most philosophical? This reflexion, which would offer of itself, namely, *the body I carry is that of my friend, my relation; he is no more; and, like him, I must cease to be in this world:* would not this, I say, be a means of lessening the number of crimes in this vile world, and of bringing back to virtue beings who believe the immortality of the soul? Men are too much inclined to remove from them the thoughts of death, for fear of presenting too strong images of it. Whence is it that people keep at a distance from such a spectacle as a mother and a wife in tears? The plaintive accents of nature, the piercing cries of despair, would do much greater honour to the ashes of the dead, than all these individuals clad in black from head to foot, together with useless female mourners, and that crowd of ministers, who sing in a gay air funeral orations, which the deceased do not hear.

This is extremely well spoken, says Candid; and did you always speak thus well, without thinking proper to thresh people, you would be a great philosopher.

Our travellers parted with expressions of mutual confidence and friendship. Candid still continued travelling towards Denmark. He plunged into the woods; where, musing deeply

ly on all the misfortunes which had happened to him in the best of worlds, he turned aside from the road and lost himself. The day began to draw towards the evening, when he perceived his mistake; he was seized with dismay, and raising in a melancholy manner his eyes to heaven, and leaning against the trunk of a tree, our hero spoke in the following terms: I have gone over half the world; seen fraud and calumny triumphant; have only sought to do service to mankind, and I have been persecuted. A great king honours me with his favour and fifty blows of a bull's pizzle. I arrive with a wooden-leg in a very fine province; there I taste pleasures after having drank deep of mortifications. An abbé comes; I protect him: he insinuates himself at court thro' my means, and I am obliged to kiss his feet—I meet with my poor Pangloss only to see him burnt. I find myself in company with philosophers, the mildest and most sociable of all the species of animals that are spread over the face of the earth, and they give me an unmerciful drubbing—All must necessarily be for the best, since Pangloss has said it; but nevertheless I am the most wretched of all possible beings. Here Candid stopt short to listen to cries of distress, which seemed to come from a place near him. He stepped forward out of curiosity, when he beheld a young woman who was tearing her hair with all the signs of the greatest despair. Whoever you are, says she to him, if you have a heart, follow me. He went with her; but they had not gone many paces before Candid perceived a man and a woman stretched out on the grass; their faces declared the nobleness

bleness of their souls and origin; their features, tho' distorted by pain, had something so interesting, that Candid could not forbear bemoaning them, and informing himself with a lively eagerness about the cause which reduced them to so miserable a situation. 'Tis my father and mother, whom you see, says the young woman: yes, these are the authors of my wretched being, continued she, throwing herself into their arms. They fled to avoid the rigour of an unjust sentence: I accompanied them in their flight, happy to share in their misfortune! from a thought that in the deserts where we were going to hide ourselves, my feeble hands might procure them a necessary subsistence. We have stopped here to take some rest; I discovered that tree which you see, whose fruit has deceived me—Alas! Sir, I am a wretch to be detested by the world and myself. Arm your hand to avenge offended virtue and to punish the parricide! Strike—this fruit—I presented it to my father and mother; they eat of it with pleasure: I rejoiced to have found the means of quenching the thirst with which they were tormented—Unhappy wretch! 'twas death I presented to them: this fruit is poison.

This tale made Candid shudder; his hair stood on end, and a cold sweat ran over all his body. He was eager, as much as his present condition could permit, to give some relief to this unfortunate family; but the poison had already made too much progress; and the most efficacious remedies would not have been able to stop its fatal effect.

Dear

Dear child, our only hope! cried the two unhappy parents, God pardon thee as we pardon thee; it was the excess of thy tenderness which has robbed us of our lives.—Generous stranger, vouchsafe to take care of her; her heart is noble and formed to virtue; she is a deposit which we leave in your hands, that is infinitely more precious to us than our past fortune—Dear Zenoida, receive our last embraces; mingle thy tears with ours. Heavens! how happy are these moments to us! Thou hast opened to us the dreary cave in which we languished for forty years past. Tender Zenoida, we bless thee; mayest thou never forget the lessons which our prudence hath dictated to thee; and may they preserve thee from the abyss which we see ready to swallow thee.

They expired as they pronounced these words. Candid had great difficulty to bring Zenoida to herself. The moon enlightened the affecting scene; the day appeared, and Zenoida, plunged in sad affliction, had not as yet recovered the use of her senses. As soon as she opened her eyes, she entreated Candid to dig a hole in the ground in order to inter the bodies: she assisted in the work, with an astonishing courage. This duty fulfilled, she gave free scope to her tears. Our philosopher drew her from this fatal place: they travelled a long time without observing any certain route. At length, they perceived a little cottage; two persons in the decline of life dwelt in this desert, who were always ready to give every assistance in their power to their fellow-creatures in distress. These old people were such as Philemon and Baucis are described to us. For fifty years they had tasted the soft endearments

endearments of marriage, without ever experiencing its bitterness; an unimpaired health, the fruit of temperance and tranquility of mind; mild and simple manners; a fund of unexhaustible candour in their character; all the virtues which man owes to himself, formed the glorious, and only fortune which heaven had granted them. They were held in veneration in the neighbouring villages, the inhabitants of which, full of an happy rusticity, might have passed for honest people, had they been catholics. They looked upon it as a duty not to suffer Agaton and Suname (for so the old couple were called) to want for any thing. Their charity extended to the new-comers. Alas! said Candid, 'tis a great loss, my dear Pangloss, that you were burnt: you was master of sound reason; but yet in all the parts of Europe and Asia, which I have travelled over in your company, every thing is not for the best: it is only in Eldorado, whither no one can go, and in a little cottage situated in the coldest, most barren, and frightful region in the world. What pleasure should I have to hear you harangue about the pre-established harmony and monads! I should be very willing to pass my days among these honest Lutherans; but I must renounce going to mass, and resolve to be torn to pieces in the *Journal Chretien*.

Candid was very inquisitive to learn the adventures of Zenoida, but complaisance withheld him from speaking to her about it; she perceived the respectful constraint he put upon himself, and satisfied his impatience in the following terms.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

The History of Zenoida. How Candid fell in love with her; and what followed.

I Am come of one of the most ancient families in Denmark; one of my ancestors perished at that horrid feast which the wicked Christiern prepared for the destruction of so many senators. The riches and dignities with which our family has been distinguished, have hitherto served only to make them more eminently unfortunate. My father had the presumption to displease a great man in power by boldly telling him the truth; he was presently accused by suborned witnesses of a number of crimes which had no foundation. His judges were deceived. Alas! where is that judge who can always discover those snares which envy and treachery lay for unguarded innocence? My father was sentenced to be beheaded. He had no way left to avoid his fate but by flight: accordingly he withdrew to the house of an old friend, whom he thought deserving of that truly noble appellation: we remained some time concealed in a castle belonging to him on the sea-side; and we might have continued there to this day, had not the base wretch with whom we had taken refuge, attempted to repay himself for the services he did us, in a manner that gave us all reason to detest him. This infamous monster had conceived a most unnatural passion for my mother and myself at the same time; he attempted our virtue by methods the most unworthy of a man of honour; and we were obliged to expose

pose ourselves to the most dreadful dangers to avoid the effects of his brutal passion. In a word, we took to flight a second time, and you know the rest.

In finishing this short narrative, Zenoida burst into tears afresh. Candid wiped them from her eyes, and said to her, by way of consolation, Madam, every thing is for the best; if your father had not died by poison, he would infallibly have been discovered, and then his head would have been cut off. The good lady, your mother, would, in all probability have died of grief, and we should not have been in this poor hut, where every thing is as well as in the finest of all possible castles. Alas! Sir, replied Zenoida, my father never told me that every thing was for the best; but he has often said, We are all children of the same divine father, who loves us, but who has not exempted us from the most callous sorrows, the most grievous maladies, and an innumerable tribe of miseries that afflict the human race. Poison grows by the side of the salutiferous quinquina, in America. The happiest of all mortals has some time or other shed tears. What we call life is a compound of pleasure and pain; it is the passing away of a certain stated portion of time that always appears too long in the sight of the wise man, and which every one ought to employ in doing good to the community in which he is placed; in the enjoyment of the works of Providence, without idly seeking after hidden causes; in squaring his conduct by the rules of conscience; and, above all, in shewing a due respect to religion. Happy is he who can follow this unerringly!

These

These things my ever-respected father has frequently inculcated to me. Ill betide those wretched scribblers, he would often say, who attempt to pry into the hidden ways of Providence. From the principle, that God will be honoured from thousands of atoms, mankind have blended the most absurd chimeras with respectable truths. The Turkish dervise, the Persian bramin, the Chinese bonza, and the Indian talapoin, all worship the Deity in a different manner: but they enjoy a tranquility of soul amidst the darkness in which they are plunged; and he who would endeavour to enlighten them, does them but ill service. It is not loving mankind to tear the bandage of prejudice from their eyes.

Why, you talk like a philosopher, said Candid; may I ask you, my pretty young lady, of what religion you are? I was brought up in the Lutheran profession, answered Zenoida. Every word you have spoke, said Candid, has been like a ray of light that has penetrated to my heart, and I find a sort of esteem and admiration for you, that—But how, in the name of wonder, came so bright an understanding to be lodged in so beautiful a form? Upon my word, miss, I esteem and admire you, as I said before, so much that—Candid stammered out a few words more, when Zenoida, perceiving his confusion, quitted him, and from that moment carefully avoided all occasions of being alone with him; and Candid, on his part, sought every opportunity of being alone with her, or else being by himself. He was buried in a melancholy that to him had charms; he was deeply enamoured of Zenoida; but
endeavoured

endeavoured to conceal his passion from himself: his looks, however, too plainly evinced the feelings of his heart. Alas! would he often say to himself, if master Pangloss was here, he would give me good advice; for he was a great philosopher.



C H A P. XIV.

Continuation of the loves of Candid.

THE only consolation that Candid felt, was in conversing with Zenoida in the presence of their hosts. How happens it, said he to her one day, that the monarch to whom you have access, has suffered such injustice to be done to your family? Assuredly you have sufficient reason to hate him? How! said Zenoida, who can hate their king? who can do otherwise than love that person to whose hand is consigned the keen-edged sword of the laws? Kings are the living images of the Deity, and we ought never to arraign their conduct; obedience and respect is the duty of a subject. I admire you more and more, said Candid; indeed, madam, I do: pray, do you know the great Leibnitz, and the great Pangloss, who was burnt after having escaped an hanging bout? are you acquainted with the monads, the *materia subtilis*, and the *vortices*? No, Sir, replied Zenoida; I never heard my father mention any of these; he only gave me a slight tincture of experimental philosophy, and taught me to hold in contempt all those kinds of philosophy

osophy that do not directly tend to make mankind happy ; that give him false notions of his duty to himself and his neighbour ; that do not teach him to regulate his conduct, and fill his mind only with uncouth terms, or ill-founded conjectures ; that do not give him a clearer idea of the author of nature than what he may acquire from his works, and the wonders that are every day passing before our sight. Once again, miss, you enchant me ; you ravish me ; you are an angel that heaven has sent to remove from before my eyes the mist of master Pangloss's sophistical arguments. Poor wretch that I was ! After having been so heartily kicked, flogged, and bastinadoed ; after having been in an earthquake ; having seen doctor Pangloss once hanged, and very lately burnt ; after having been ravished by a villainous Persian, who put me to the most excruciating torture ; after having been robbed by a decree of the divan, and soundly drubbed by the philosophers : after all these things, I say to think that every thing was for the best ! but now, thank heaven ! I am disabused. But, truly speaking, nature never appeared half so charming to me as since I have been blessed with the sight of you. The melody of the rural choiristers charms my ears with an harmony, to which they were till now utter strangers ; I breathe a new soul, and the glow of sentiment that enchants me seems imprinted on every object ; I do not feel that effeminate languor, which I did in the gardens of Sus ; the sensation with which you inspire me is wholly different. Let us stop here, said Zenonida ; you seem to be running to lengths that may, perhaps, offend my delicacy, which you

K

ought

ought to respect. I will be silent, then, said Candid; but my passion will only burn with the more force. On saying these words, he looked stedfastly at Zenoida; he perceived her to blush, and, as a man who was taught by experience, conceived the most flattering hopes from those appearances.

The beautiful Dane continued a long time to shun the pursuits of Candid. One day, as he was walking hastily to and fro in the garden, he cried out in an amorous extasy, Ah! why have I not now my Eldorado sheep! why have I it not in my power to purchase a small kingdom! ah! was I but a king—What should I be to you? said a voice, which pierced the heart of our philosopher. Is it you, lovely Zenoida, cried he, falling on his knees? I thought myself alone. The few words I heard you just now utter seem to promise me, the felicity to which my soul aspires. I shall, in all probability, never be a king, nor ever possessed of a fortune; but if you love me—Do not turn from me those lovely eyes, but suffer me to read in them a declaration which is alone capable of confirming my happiness. Beauteous Zenoida, I adore you; let your heart be open to compassion—what do I see! you weep! ah! my happiness is too great. Yes, you are happy, said Zenoida; nothing can oblige me to disguise my tenderness for a pe son I think deserving of it: hitherto you have been attached to my destiny only by the bands of humanity; it is now time to strengthen those by ties more sacred; I have consulted my heart, reflect maturely in your turn; but remember, that if you marry me, you become obliged to

be my protector; to share with me those misfortunes that fate may yet have in store for me, and to sooth my sorrows. Marry you! said Candid; those words have shewn me all the folly of my conduct. Alas! dear idol of my soul, I am not deserving of the goodness you shew towards me. Cunegund is still living—Cunegund! who is that? It is my wife, answered Candid, with his usual frankness.

Our two lovers remained some moments without uttering a word; they attempted to speak, but the accents died away on their lips; their eyes were bathed in tears. Candid held the fair Zenoida's hands in his; he prest them to his breast, and devoured them with kisses; he had even the boldness to carry his, to the bosom of his mistress; he found her breath grew short; his soul flew to his lips, and fixing his mouth with ardour to that of Zenoida, he brought the fair one back to those senses which she had nearly lost. Candid thought he read his pardon in her eyes. Dearest lover, said she to him, anger would but ill suit with the liberty which I myself have given. Yet hold, you will ruin me in the opinion of the world; and you yourself would soon cease to have an affection for me when once I was become the object of contempt. Forbear, therefore, and spare my weakness. How! cried Candid, because the ill-judging vulgar say, that a woman loses her honour, by bestowing happiness on a being whom she loves, by following the tender bent of nature, that in the first happy ages of the world—But I will forbear to relate the whole of the interesting conversation, and content myself with saying that the eloquence

of Candid, heightened by the warmth of amorous expression, had all the effect that may be imagined on a young sensible female philosopher.

The lovers, who till then had passed their days in tedious melancholy, now counted every hour by a fresh succession of amorous joys. Pleasure flowed thro' their veins in an uninterrupted current. The gloomy woods, the barren mountains, surrounded by horrid precipices, the icy plains, and dreary fields, covered with snow on all sides, were so many continual mementos to them of the necessity of loving *. They determined never to quit that dreadful solitude; but fate was yet weary of persecuting them, as we shall see in the ensuing chapter.

* We should be glad to know what charms Candid possessed, that should induce the sensible, the philosophic, the virtuous, and the amiable Zenoida to trample upon the laws of chastity, and live in adultery with the husband of another woman—Was it his philosophy, which was truly ridiculous? was it his person adorned with a wooden leg? was it the importance of the parts he had acted in life, including that of a prostituted pathic? or was his success in this amour, intended to illustrate the caprice of the female sex, conspicuous even in the most respectable characters.

CHAP. XV.

The arrival of Wolhall. A journey to Copenhagen.

CANDID and Zenoida amused themselves with discoursing on the works of the Deity ; the worship which mankind ought to pay him ; the mutual duties they owe to each other ; especially that of charity, the most useful of all virtues. They did not confine themselves to frivolous declamations. Candid taught the young men the respect due to the sacred curb of the laws ; Zenoida instructed the young women in the duties they owed their parents ; both joined their endeavours to sow the hopeful seeds of religion in their young hearts. One day, as they were busied in those pious offices, Sunama came to tell Zenoida that an old gentleman several servants was just alighted at their house ; and that, by the description he had given her of a person of whom he was in search, she was certain it could be no other than Zenoida herself. This stranger had followed Sunama close at her heels, and entered before she had done speaking, into the room where were Candid and Zenoida.

At sight of him Zenoida instantly fainted away ; but Wolhall, not in the least affected with the situation he saw her in, took hold of her hand, and pulling her to him with violence, brought her to her senses ; which she had no sooner recovered, than she burst into a flood of tears. So, niece, said he, with a sarcastic smile, I find you in very good company. I do not wonder you prefer this habitation to

capital, to my house, and the company of your family. Yes, Sir, replied Zenoida, I do prefer this place, where dwell simplicity and truth, to the mansions of treason and imposture. I can never behold but with horror that place where first began my misfortunes; where I have had so many proofs of your black actions, and where I have no other relations but yourself. Come, Madam, said Wolhall, follow me, if you please; for you must along, even if you should faint again. Saying this, he dragged her to the door of the house, and made her get into a post-chaise, which was waiting for him. She had only time to tell Candid to follow, and to bestow her blessing on her hosts, with promises of rewarding them amply for their generous cares.

A domestic of Wolhall was moved with pity at the grief in which he saw Candid plunged; he imagined that he felt no other concern for the fair Dane than what unfortunate virtue inspires: he proposed to him taking a journey to Copenhagen, and he facilitated the means for his doing it. He did more; he insinuated to him that he might be admitted as one of Wolhall's domestics, if he had no other resources than going to service. Candid liked his proposal; and no sooner arrived than his future fellow-servant presented him as one of his relations, for whom he would be answerable. Rascal, says Wolhall to him, I consent to grant you the honour of approaching a person of such rank as I am: never forget the profound respect which you owe to my commands; prevent them if you have sufficient sagacity for it: think that a man like me degrades himself in speaking to
a wretch

a wretch such as you. Our philosopher answered with great humility to this impertinent discourse; and from that day he was clad in his master's livery.

It is easy to imagine the joy and surprize that Zenoida felt when she recollected her lover among her uncle's servants: she threw several opportunities in the way of Candid, who knew how to profit by them: they swore eternal constancy. Zenoida had some unhappy moments; she sometimes reproached herself on account of her love for Candid; she vexed him sometimes by a few caprices: but Candid idolized her; he knew that perfection is not the portion of man, and still less so of woman. Zenoida resumed her good humour. The kind of constraint under which they lay, rendered their pleasures the more lively: they were still happy.



C H A P. XVI.

How Candid found his wife again, and lost his mistress.

OUR hero had only to bear with the haughty humours of his master, and that was purchasing his mistress's favours at no dear rate. Happy love is not so easily concealed, as many imagine. Our lovers betrayed themselves. Their connexion was no longer a mystery, but to the short-sighted eyes of Wolhall; all the domesticks knew it. Candid received congratulations on that head which made him tremble;

he expected the storm ready to burst upon his head, and did not doubt but a person who had been dear to him was upon the point of accelerating his misfortune. He had for some days before perceived a face resembling Miss Cunegund; he again saw the same face in Wolhali's court-yard: the object which struck him was very poorly cloathed, and there was no likelihood that a favourite of a great Mahometan should be found in the court-yard of a house at Copenhagen. This disagreeable object, however, looked at Candid very attentively: when coming up to him, and seizing him by the hair, she gave him the smartest blow on the face with her open hand that he had received for some time. I am not deceived, cried our philosopher! O, heavens! who would have thought it? what do you do here, after having suffered yourself to be violated by a follower of Mahomet? Go, perfidious spouse, I know you not. Thou shalt know me, replied Cunegund, by my outrageous fury: I know the life thou leadeest, thy love for thy master's niece, and thy contempt for me. Alas! 'tis now three months since I quitted the seraglio, because I was there good for nothing further. A merchant has bought me to mend his linen, he takes me along with him when he makes a voyage to this country*; Martin,

* One would imagine there must be a great trade carried on between Constantinople and Norway, that these two persons should meet so seasonably for the accomplishment of the author's design--would it not have redounded more to the honour of his invention, if he had laid the scene in some part of the world where there was a real probability of their meeting?

Cacambo,

Cacambo, and Pacquette, whom he has also bought, are with me; Doctor Pangloss, thro' the greatest chance in the world, is in the same vessel as a passenger; we were shipwrecked some miles from hence; I escaped the danger with the faithful Cacambo, who, I swear to thee, has a skin as firm as thy own: I behold thee again, and find thee false. Tremble then, and fear every thing from a provoked wife.

Candid was quite stupified at this affecting scene; he had suffered Cunegund to depart, without thinking of the proper measures which are always to be kept with those who know our secrets, when Cacambo presented himself to his sight: they embraced each other with tenderness. Candid informed him of the conversation he had just had; he was very much afflicted for the loss of the great Pangloss, who, after having been hanged and burnt, was at last unhappily drowned. They spoke with that free effusion of heart which friendship inspires. A little billet thrown in at the window by Zenoida, put an end to the conversation. Candid opened it, and found in it these words:

“ Fly, my dear lover, all is discovered. An
 “ innocent propensity which nature authorizes,
 “ and which hurts no one, is a crime in the eyes
 “ of credulous and cruel men. Wolhall has just
 “ left my chamber, and has treated me with
 “ the utmost inhumanity: he is gone to ob-
 “ tain an order for you to be clapt into a dun-
 “ geon, there to perish. Fly, my ever dear
 “ lover; preserve a life which thou canst not
 “ pass any longer near me. Those happy mo-
 “ ments are no more, in which we gave proofs
 “ of our reciprocal tenderness.—Ah! sad

“ Zenoida, how hast thou offended heaven, to
 “ merit so rigorous a fate? But I wander from
 “ the purpose : remember always thy precious
 “ dear Zenoida, and you, my dear lover, shalt
 “ live eternally within my heart—thou hast
 “ never thoroughly understood how much I
 “ loved thee—canst thou receive upon my en-
 “ flamed lips my last adieu! I find myself
 “ ready to join my unhappy father in the grave;
 “ the light is hateful to me; it serves only to
 “ reveal crimes.”

Cacambo, always wise and prudent, drew
 Candid, who no longer was himself, along with
 him; they made the best of their way out of
 the city. Candid opened not his mouth, and
 they were already a good way from Copen-
 hagen, before he was roused out of that
 lethargy in which he was buried. At last,
 he looked at his faithful Cacambo, and spoke
 in these terms.



C H A P. XVII.

*How Candid had a mind to kill himself, and did
 not do it. What happened to him at an inn.*

DEAR Cacambo, formerly my valet, now
 my equal, and always my friend, thou
 hast borne a share in my misfortunes; thou
 hast given me salutary advice; and thou hast
 been witness to my love for Miss Cunegund—
 Alas! my old master, says Cacambo, 'tis she
 who has served you this scurvy trick; it is she,
 who, after having learned from your fellow-
 servants, that your love for Zenoida as much as
 hers

hers for you, revealed the whole to the barbarous Wolhall. If this is so, says Candid, I have nothing further to do but die. Our philosopher pulled out of his pocket a little knife, and began whetting it with a coolness worthy of an ancient Roman or an Englishman. What do you mean to do? says Cacambo. To cut my throat, answers Candid. That's a very good thought, replied Cacambo; but the philosopher ought not to take any resolution but upon reflexion: you will always have it in your power to kill yourself, if your mind does not alter. Be advised by me, my dear master; defer your resolution till to-morrow; the longer you delay it, the more courageous will the action be. I perceive the strength of thy reasoning, says Candid: besides, if I should cut my throat immediately, the Gazetteer of Trevoux would insult my memory: I am determined therefore, that I will not kill myself till two or three days hence. As they talked thus, they arrived at Elseneur, a pretty considerable town, not far from Copenhagen; there they lay that night, and Cacambo hugged himself for the good effect which sleep had produced upon Candid. They left the town at day-break. Candid still the philosopher, (for the prejudices of childhood are never effaced,) entertained his friend Cacambo on the subject of physical good and evil, the discourses of the sage Zenoida, and the striking truths which he had learnt from her conversation. Had not Pangloss been dead, said he, I should combat his system in a victorious manner. God keep me from becoming a Manichean. My mistress taught me to respect the impenetrable veil with which the Deity en-

velops his manner of operating upon us. 'Tis perhaps man who precipitates himself into the abyss of misfortunes under which he groans. Of a frugivorous animal he has made himself a carnivorous one. The savages which we have seen, eat only Jesuits, and do not live upon bad terms among themselves. These savages, if there be one scattered here and there in the woods, only subsisting by acorns and herbs, are, without doubt, still more happy. Society has given birth to the greatest crimes. There are men in society, who are necessitated by their condition to wish the death of others. The shipwreck of a vessel, the burning of a house, and the loss of a battle, cause sadness in one part of society, and give joy to another. All is very bad! my dear Cacambo, and there is nothing left for a philosopher, but to cut his own throat with all imaginable calmness. You are in the right, says Cacambo: but I perceive an inn, you must be very dry. Come, my old master! let us drink one draught, and we will after that continue our philosophical disquisitions.

When they entered the inn, they saw a company of country lads and lasses dancing in the midst of the yard, to the sound of some wretched instruments. Gaiety and mirth sat in every countenance; it was a scene worthy the pencil of Vatau. As soon as Candid appeared, a young woman took him by the hand, and intreated him to dance. My pretty maid, answered Candid, when a person has lost his mistress, found his wife again, and heard that the great Pangloss is dead, he can have little or inclination to cut capers. Moreover, I am to kill myself to-morrow morning; and
you

you know that a man who has but a few hours to live, ought not to lose them in dancing. Cacambo, hearing Candid talk thus, addressed him in these terms: A thirst for glory has always been the characteristic of great philosophers. Cato of Utica killed himself, after having taken a sound nap. Socrates drank the hemlock potion, after discoursing familiarly with his friends. Many of the English have blown their brains out with a pistol, after coming from an entertainment. But I never yet heard of a great man, who cut his own throat after a dancing-bout. It is for you, my dear master, that this honour is reserved. Take my advice, let us dance our fill, and we will kill ourselves to-morrow. Have you not remarked, answered Candid, this young country girl? Is she not a very pretty brunette? She has somewhat very taking in her countenance, says Cacambo. She has squeezed my hand, replied the philosopher. Did you mind, says Cacambo, how that in the hurry of the dance, her handkerchief falling aside, discovered two little admirable bubbies? I took particular notice of them. Look you, said Candid, had I not my heart filled with Miss Zenoida——The little brunette interrupted him, by begging him to go down with a dance with her. Our hero at length consented, and danced with the best grace in the world*. The dance finished, he kissed his smart country girl, and retired to his seat, without calling out the queen of the ring. Upon this a murmuring arose; every one, as well performers as spectators, appeared greatly incensed at so flagrant a piece of disrespect. Candid never

* With his wooden leg.

dreamed he had been guilty of any fault, and consequently did not attempt to make any reparation. A rude clown came up to him, and gave him a blow with his fist upon the nose. Cacambo returns it to the peasant with a kick in the belly. In an instant the musical instruments are all broken; the girls lose their caps; Candid and Cacambo fight like heroes, but at length are obliged to take to their heels, after a very hearty drubbing.

Every thing is embittered to me, said Candid, giving his arm to his friend Cacambo; I have experienced a great many misfortunes, but I did not expect to be thus bruised to a mummy, for my dancing with a country girl at her own request.



C H A P. XVIII.

Candid and Cacambo go into an hospital; and whom they meet with there.

CACAMBO, and his old master, were quite dispirited. They began to fall into that sort of malady of the mind, which extinguishes all the faculties: they fell into a depression of spirits and despair, when they perceived an hospital, which was built for strangers. Cacambo proposed going into it; Candid followed him. There they met with the most obliging reception, and charitable treatment. In a little time they were cured of their wounds, but they caught the itch. The cure of this malady did not appear to be the work of a day, the idea of which filled the eyes of our philosopher with tears;

tears; and he said, scratching himself, Thou wouldst not let me cut my throat, my dear Cacambo; thy misplaced counsels have brought me again into disgrace and misfortune; and yet, should I cut my throat now, it will be published in the journal of *Trevoux* *, and it will be said this man was a poltroon, who killed himself only for having the itch. See what thou hast exposed me to, by the mistaken compassion thou hadst for my fate. Our disasters are not without remedy, answered Cacambo. If you will but please to listen to me, let us settle here as friars, I understand a little surgery, and I promise you to alleviate and render supportable our wretched condition.—Ah! says Candid, may all asses perish, and especially asses of surgeons, who are so dangerous to mankind. I will never suffer that thou shouldst give out thyself to be what thou art not: this is a treachery, the consequences of which I dread. Besides, if thou didst but conceive how hard it is, after having been viceroy of a fine province, after having seen one's self rich enough to purchase kingdoms, and after having been the favourite lover of Miss Zenoida, to resolve to serve in quality of friar in an hospital †—I conceive all that you say, replied Cacambo; but I also conceive, that it is very hard to die of hunger. Think, moreover, that the expedient which I propose to you, is

* This harping continually on the string of *le Journal de Trevoux*, denotes our author's being hurt by the criticisms of those journalists; a circumstance that will too much flatter their self-conceit. It is a triumph, which a writer of his merit should not have allowed them to enjoy.

† But there are none such in Denmark, or any other Protestant country.



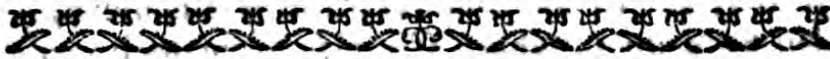
perhaps the only one which you can take, to elude the inquiries of the bloody minded Wolhall, and avoid the punishment which he is preparing for you.

One of the friars was passing along as they talked in this manner; they put some questions to him, to which he gave satisfactory answers: he assured them that the brothers wanted for nothing, and enjoyed a reasonable liberty. Candid thereupon determined to acquiesce with Cacambo's counsels. They took the habit together, which was granted them upon the first application; and our two poor adventurers now became underlings to those whose duty it was to perform the most servile offices.

One day as Candid was serving the patients with some wretched broth, an old man fixed his eye earnestly upon him. The visage of this poor wretch was livid, his lips were covered with froth, his eyes half turned in his head, and the image of death strongly imprinted on his lean and fallen cheeks. Poor man, says Candid to him, I pity you, your sufferings must be horrible. They are very great indeed, answered the old man, with a hollow voice like a ghost; I am told that I am hectical, phthificky, asthmatic, and poxed to the bone. If that be the case, I am indeed very ill; yet all does not go so badly, and this gives me comfort. Ah! says Candid, none but Dr. Pangloss, in a case so deplorable, can maintain the doctrine of *optimism*, when all others besides would preach up *peffim-* Don't pronounce that abominable word, cried the poor man; I am the Pangloss you speak of. Wretch that I am, let me die in peace.—All is well, all is for the best. The effort which he
made

made in pronouncing these words, cost him the last tooth, which he spitted out with a great quantity of corrupted matter, and expired a very few moments after.

Candid lamented him greatly, for he had a good heart. His obstinate perseverance was a source of reflexion to our philosopher; he often called to mind all his adventures. Cunegund remained at Copenhagen; he learned that she exercised there the occupation of a mender of old cloaths, with all possible distinction. The humour of travelling had quite left him. The faithful Cacambo supported him with his counsels and friendship. Candid did not murmur against providence; I know said he at times, that happiness is not the portion of man: happiness dwells only in the good country of Eldorado, where it is impossible for any one to go.



C H A P. XIX.

New discoveries.

CANDID was not so unhappy, as he had a true friend. He found in a mongrel valet what the world vainly look for in our quarter of the globe. Perhaps nature which gives origin to herbs in America, that are proper for the maladies of bodies on our continent, has also placed remedies there for the maladies of our hearts and minds. Possibly there are men in the new world of a quite different conformation from us, who are not slaves to personal interests, and are worthy to burn with the noble
fire

fire of friendship. How desirable would it be, that instead of bales of indigo and cochineal, all covered with blood, some of these men were imported among us! This sort of traffick would be of vast advantage to mankind. Cacambo was of greater value to Candid, than a dozen of red sheep loaded with the pebbles of Eldorado. Our philosopher began again to taste the pleasure of life. It was a comfort to him to watch for the conservation of the human species, and not to be an useless member of society. God blesses such pure intentions, by giving him as well as Cacambo, the enjoyment of health. They had got rid of the itch, and fulfilled with cheerfulness the painful functions of their station; but fortune soon deprived them of the security which they enjoyed. Cunegund, who had set her heart upon tormenting her husband, left Copenhagen to follow his footsteps. Chance brought her to the hospital; she was accompanied by a man, whom Candid knew to be baron Thunder-ton-tronckh. One may easily imagine what must have been his surprise. The baron, who saw him, addressed him thus; I did not tug long at the oar in the Turkish gallies; the Jesuits heard of my misfortune, and redeemed me for the honour of their society. I have made a journey into Germany, where I received some favours from my father's heirs. I omitted nothing to find my sister; and having learned at Constantinople, that she had sailed from thence in a vessel, which was ship-wrecked on the coasts of Denmark, I disguised myself. I took letters of recommendation to Danish merchants, who have correspondence with the society: and in fine, I found
my

my sister, who still loves you, base and unworthy as you are of her regard; and since you have had the impudence to lie with her, I consent to the ratification of the marriage, or rather a new celebration of it, with this express proviso, that my sister shall give you only her left hand; which is very reasonable, since she has seventy-one quarters, and you have never a one. Alas! says Candid, all the quarters of the world without beauty—— Miss Cunegund was very ugly, when I had the imprudence to marry her; she afterwards became handsome again, and another has enjoyed her charms. She is once more grown ugly, and you would have me give her my hand a second time. No, upon my word, my reverend father, send her back to her seraglio at Constantinople; she has done me too much injury in this country. Ungrateful man, says Cunegund, with the most frightful contorsions; be persuaded, and relent in time; do not provoke the baron, who is a priest, to kill us both, to work out his disgrace with our blood. Dost thou believe me capable of having failed in intention, to the fidelity which I owed thee? What wouldst thou have had me done against a man who found me handsome? Neither my tears, nor my cries, could have softened his brutal insensibility. Seeing there was nothing to be done, I disposed myself in such a manner, as to be violated with the least inconveniency possible, and every other woman would have done the same. This is all the crime I have committed, and does not merit thy displeasure. But I know my greatest crime with thee, is having deprived thee of thy mistress; and yet this action ought to convince thee of my love.

Come,

Come, my dear spoufy, if ever I should again become handsome; if ever my breasts, now lank and withered, should recover their roundness and elasticity; if—— it will be only for thee, my dear Candid. We are no longer in Turkey, and I swear faithfully to thee, never to suffer any violation for the future.

This discourse did not make much impression upon Candid; he desired a few hours to take his resolution how to proceed. The baron granted him two hours; during which time, he consulted his friend Cacambo. After having weighed the reasons, *pro* and *contra*, they determined to follow the jesuit and his sister into Germany. They accordingly leave the hospital, and set out together on their travels, not on foot, but on good horses hired by the baron. They arrive on the frontiers of the kingdom. A huge man, of a very villainous aspect, surveys our hero with close attention: it is the very man, says he, casting his eyes at the same time upon a little bit of paper he had in his hand. Sir, if I am not too inquisitive, is not your name Candid? Yes, Sir, so I have always been called. Sir, I flatter myself you are the very same; you have black eye-brows, eyes level with your head, ears not prominent, of a middling size, and a round flesh-coloured visage; to me you plainly appear to be five feet five inches high. Yes, Sir, that is my stature; but what have you to do with my ears and stature? Sir, we cannot use too much circumspection in our office. Permit me further to put one single question more to you: Have not you formerly been a servant to lord Wolhall? Sir, upon my word, answered Candid, quite disconcerted, I know nothing

nothing of what you mean. May be so, Sir, but I know for certain, that you are the person whose description has been sent me. Take the trouble then to go walk into the guard-house, if you please.—Here, soldiers, take care of this gentleman; get the black-hole ready, and let the armourer be sent for, to make him a pretty little set of fetters of about thirty or forty pounds weight. Mr. Candid, you have a good horse there; I am in want of just such a one; and I fancy he will answer my purpose.—I shall make free with him.

The baron was afraid to say the horse was his. They carried off poor Candid, and Miss Cunegund, wept for a whole quarter of an hour. The Jesuit seemed perfectly unconcerned at this accident. I should have been obliged to have killed him, or to have made him marry you over again, says he to his sister; and all things considered what has just happened, is much the best for the honour of our family. Cunegund departed with her brother, and only the faithful Cacambo remained, who would not not forsake his friend.



C H A P. X.

Consequence of Candid's misfortune. How he found his mistress again; and the fortune that happened to him.

O Pangloss, said Candid, what a pity it is you perished so miserably! You have been witness only to a part of my misfortunes; and

I hoped to have prevailed on you, to forsake the ill founded opinion which you maintained to your last breath. No man ever suffered greater calamities than I have done; but there is not a single individual who has not cursed his existence, as the daughter of pope Urban warmly expressed herself. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo? Faith, I cannot tell, said Cacambo; all I know is, that I will not forsake you. But Miss Cunegund has forsaken me, says Candid. Alas! a wife is of far less value than a menial servant who is a true friend.

Candid and Cacambo discoursed thus in the black-hole. From thence they were taken out to be carried back to Copenhagen. It was there that our philosopher was to know his doom: he expected it to be dreadful, and our readers, doubtless, expect so too; but Candid was mistaken, as our readers will be likewise. It was at Copenhagen that happiness waited to crown all his sufferings: he was hardly arrived, when he understood that Wolhall was dead. This barbarian had no one to regret him, while every body interested themselves for Candid. His irons were knocked off, and his enlargement gave him so much the more joy, as it was immediately followed by the sight of his dear Zenoida. He flew to her with the utmost transport; they were a long time without speaking a word; but their silence was infinitely more expressive than words. They wept; they embraced each other; they attempted to speak, but tears stopt their utterance. Cacambo was a pleased spectator of this scene so truly interesting to a sensible being; he shared in the happiness of his friend, and was almost

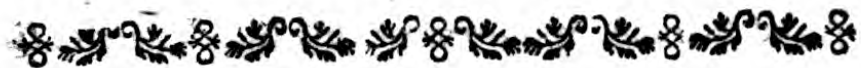
almost as much affected as himself. Dear Cacambo! adorable Zenoida! cried Candid; you efface from my heart the deep traces of my misfortunes. Love and friendship prepare for me future days of serenity and uninterrupted delight. Through what a number of trials have I passed to arrive at this unexpected happiness! But they are all forgot: dear Zenoida; I behold you once more! you love me; every thing is for the best, in regard to me; all is good in nature.

By Wolhall's death, Zenoida was left at her own disposal. The court had given her a pension out of her father's fortune, which had been confiscated; she shared it with Candid and Cacambo; she appointed them apartments in her own house, and gave out that she had received several considerable services from these two strangers, which obliged her to procure them all the comforts and pleasures of life, and to repair the injustice which fortune had done them. There were some who saw thro' the motive of her beneficence; which was no very hard matter to do, considering the great talk her connexion with Candid had formerly occasioned. The greater part blamed her, and her conduct was only approved of by some few who knew how to reflect. Zenoida, who set a proper value on the good opinion even of fools, was nevertheless too happy to repent the loss of it. The news of the death of Miss Cunegund, which was brought by the correspondents of the Jesuit merchants in Copenhagen, procured Zenoida the means of conciliating the minds of people; she ordered a genealogy to be drawn up for Candid. The author, who was a man
of

of abilities in his way, derived his pedigree from one of the most ancient families in Europe; he even pretended his true name was Canute, which was that of one of the former kings of Denmark; which appeared very probable, as *did into ute* is not such a great metamorphosis: and Candid by means of this little change, became a very great lord. He married Zenoida in public; they lived with as much tranquility as it is possible to do. Cacambo was their common friend; and Candid said often, All is not so well as in Eldorado; but all does not go so badly*.

* Our author, in distributing poetical justice among all the personages of his performance, seems to have forgot Martin, one of the most important characters of the whole, whom he had introduced on purpose as a contrast to the character of Pangloss; and in order to profess and inculcate such maxims in philosophy, as the author himself appears to approve.

END of CANDID.



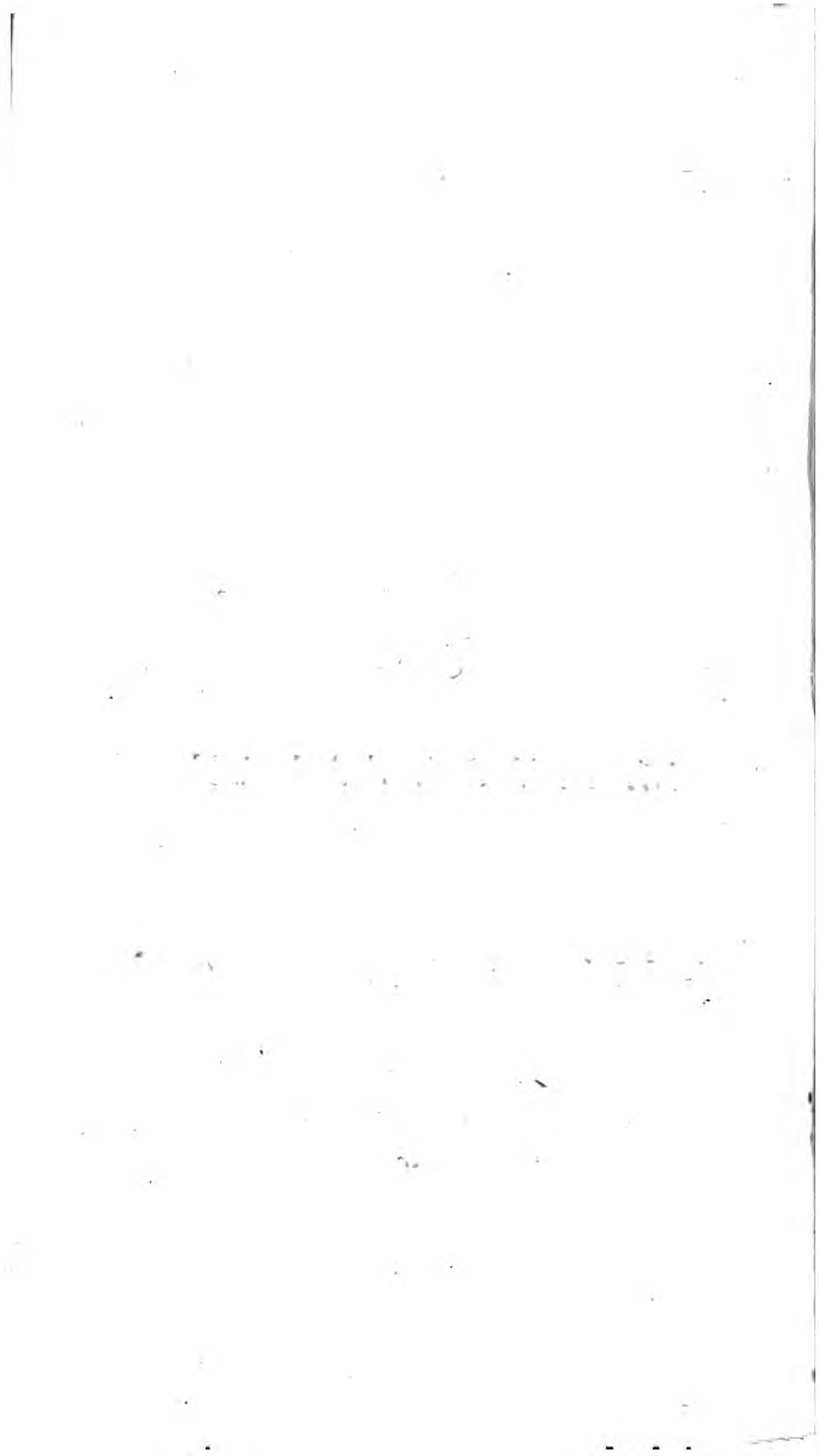
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

O F

M. DE VOLTAIRE.



L



M I S C E L L A N I E S.

P L A T O ' s D R E A M.

PLATO was a great dreamer, as many others have been since his time. He dreamt that mankind were formerly double; and, that as a punishment for their crimes, they were divided into male and female.

He undertook to prove that there can be no more than five perfect worlds, because there are but five regular mathematical bodies. His Republick was one of his principal dreams. He dreamt, moreover, that watching arises from sleep, and sleep from watching; and that a person who should attempt to look at an eclipse, otherwise than in a pail of water, would infallibly lose his sight. Dreams were, at that time, in great reputation.

Here follows one of his dreams, which is not one of the least interesting. He thought that the great Demiurgos, the eternal geometer, having peopled the immensity of space with innumerable globes, was willing to make a tryal of the knowledge of the genii, who had been wit-

nesses of his works. He gave to each of them a small portion of matter to arrange, nearly in the same manner as Phidias and Zeuxis would have given their scholars a statue or a picture to make, if we may be allowed to compare small things to great.

Demogorgon had for his lot the lump of mould, which we call the earth, and having formed it, such as it now appears, he thought he had executed a master-piece. He imagined he had silenced Envy herself, and expected to receive the highest panegyrics, even from his brethren; but how great was his surprise, when, at his next appearing among them, they received him with a general hiss.

One amongst them, more satirical than the rest, accosted him thus: "Truly you have performed mighty feats! you have divided your world into two parts; and, lest the one should have any communication with the other, you have carefully placed a vast collection of waters between the two hemispheres. The inhabitants must perish with cold under both your poles, and be scorched to death under the line. You have, in your great prudence, formed immense deserts of sands, for all who travel over them to die with hunger and thirst. I have no fault to find with your cows, your sheep, your cocks, and your hens; but can never be reconciled to your serpents, and your spiders. Your onions and your artichokes are very good things, but I cannot conceive what whim took you in the head to scatter such an heap of poisonous plants over the face of your earth, unless it was to poison its inhabitants. Moreover, if I am not mistaken, you have created about thirty different kinds of
6
monkeys,

monkeys, a still greater number of dogs, and only four or five species of the human race. It is true indeed you have bestowed on the latter of these animals, a somewhat, by you called Reason; but, in truth, this same reason is a very ridiculous thing, and borders very near upon folly. Besides, you do not seem to have shewn any very great regard to this two-legged creature, seeing you have made him with so few means of defence; subjected him to so many disorders, and provided him with so few remedies; and formed him with such a multitude of passions, and so small a portion of wisdom or prudence to resist them. You certainly was not willing that there should remain any great number of these animals on the earth at once; for, without reckoning the dangers to which you have exposed them, you have so ordered matters, that, taking every day through the year, the small-pox will regularly carry off the tenth part of the species, and its sister malady will taint the springs of life in the nine remaining parts; and then, as if this was not sufficient, you have so disposed things, that one-half of those who survive will be occupied in going to law with each other, or cutting one another's throats. Now, they must doubtless have infinite obligations to you, and it must be owned you have executed a master-piece."

Demogorgon blushed: he was sensible there was much moral and physical evil in this affair; but still he insisted there was more good than ill in it. "It is an easy matter to find fault, good folks!" said the genie; "but do you imagine it is so easy to form an animal, who, having the gift of reason and free-will, shall not sometimes abuse his liberty? Do you think, that, in rear-

ing between nine and ten thousand different plants, it is so easy to prevent some few from having noxious qualities? Do you suppose, that with a certain quantity of water, sand, and mud, you could make a globe that should have neither seas or deserts? As to you, my sneering friend, I think you have just finished the planet Mars. Let us see now what figure you make with your two great belts and your long nights without a moon to enlighten them. Let us examine your world, and see whether the inhabitants you have made are exempt from follies or diseases."

Accordingly the genii fell to examining the planet Mars, when the laugh went strongly against the laugher. The serious genie who had made the planet Saturn, did not escape without his share of censure; and his brother operators, the makers of Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, had each in their turns some reproaches to undergo.

Several large volumes, and a great number of pamphlets, were wrote on this occasion; smart sayings and witty repartees flew about on all sides; they railed against and ridiculed each other; and, in short, the disputes were carried on with all the warmth of party heat, when the eternal Demiurgos thus imposed silence on them all: "In your several performances there is both good and bad, because you have a great share of understanding, but at the same time fall short of perfection. Your works will not endure above an hundred million of years, after which you will acquire more knowledge, and perform better. It belongs to me alone to create things perfect and immortal."

This was the doctrine Plato taught his disciples. One of them, when he had finished his harangue, cried out, *and so then you awoke.*

A LETTER from the AUTHOR to
Mr. S. GRAVESAND, Professor of
Mathematics.

I RETURN you thanks, Sir, for the figure you have been so obliging to send me of the instrument which you make use of to fix the image of the sun. I intend to have one made upon your plan, which will save me much difficulty and trouble, as I am but awkward, and find a great inconvenience in making use of my glasses in my dark apartment. As the sun advances, the colours vanish, and resemble the affairs of this world, which are not an instant together in the same situation. I have given the name of *Sta Sol* to your instrument. You are the only person since Joshua who has been able to fix the sun.

The same packet brought me the book which I desired of you, in which my adversary and that of all philosophers employs about three hundred pages on the subject of some of Pascal's thoughts, that I examined in the compass of little more than a sheet. I still abide by what I there said, viz. that the fault of most books is their being too long. A writer, who has reason on his side, will always be concise; but very little reason, and a great deal of abuse, have swelled his book to above three hundred pages.

I was always of opinion that Pascal threw his thoughts upon paper with an intention to revise them, and reject such as he thought unnecessary. Our critic will not believe any thing of the mat-

ter. He insists that Pascal was fond of all his notions, and that he would not have retrenched a single one. But he would be greatly surpris'd, did he know that the editors themselves suppress'd at least half of them; and still more so, was he to see those which father des Mollets recover'd a few years since, written in Pascal's own hand, and which are to be found in a work entitled *Recueil de Litterature*.

Men of forcible imaginations, like Mr. Pascal, pronounce with a kind of despotic authority; the weak and ignorant listen with a servile admiration, while those of a sound understanding carefully examine.

Mr. Pascal, some time before his death, constantly thought he saw a horrible abyss yawning by the side of his chair. Are we for that reason to imagine the same? As for me, I behold an abyss likewise; but it is in those things which he thought he had explained. You may find in Leibnitz's miscellaneous works, that Pascal's reason was at length totally impaired by a settled melancholy; and this he relates in somewhat too harsh a manner. However, it is nothing extraordinary that a man of so delicate a constitution and serious turn of thinking as Pascal was, should by an improper way of living disorder the organs of reason. This malady is neither more surprisng nor more humiliating than the small-pox or fever. When the great Pascal stooped beneath its attack, he might be compared to Sampson, who had lost his strength. I do not know what name to give to the disease with which our doctor was attacked, who argued against me with so much bitterness; but he is miserably mistaken in

in all points, and more especially in relation to the state of the question.

My trifling remarks on Mr. Pascal's thoughts are all founded on this maxim, that we ought fully to believe in original sin, because faith ordains it; but still more, because our reason is absolutely incapable of demonstrating to us the fall of human nature, revelation alone being able to teach it us. Plato lost himself in this subject. How could he know that mankind were formerly handsomer, bigger, stronger, or more happy, than at present; that they had a pair of beautiful wings, or that they got children without the help of women?

All those who have had recourse to natural philosophy, to prove the decay of this little globe of ours, have had as bad success as Plato. Observe those deformed mountains, cried they, those vast seas, which break in upon the earth in so many parts, and those lakes which have no vent for their waters. These are the ruins of a world accursed. But, upon a nearer examination, it has been found that those mountains were necessary to furnish us with rivers and mines, and are the perfections of a world blessed by its Creator. In like manner, does my censor assert, that our lives are very short in comparison of those of crows and stags; for he has heard his nurse say that a stag lives three hundred years, and a crow nine hundred. Hesiod's nurse, in all probability, had told him the same story; but Mr. Doctor has only to enquire of the first sportsman he meets, and he will tell him that a stag rarely lives above twenty years. He may harangue as long and as learnedly as he pleases; man is the animal of all others to which the Cre-

ator has given the longest life, and I should be very glad if he could shew me a crow an hundred and two years old, as were Mr. St. Aulaire and Mademoiselle de Chaucloy, when they died.

It is an unaccountable whim in those gentlemen, who are for having mankind miserable, right or wrong. I do not like those quack-doctors, who go about to persuade me I am ill, on purpose to make me buy their pills. Keep your drugs, friend, I should say, and leave me my health; but prithee do not abuse me, because I am in good health, and will not take your medicines. This man, however, has abused me in the grossest manner, according to the laudable custom of those people who have not the laugh on their side. He has found out in some journal certain letters on the nature of the soul, which I never wrote, and which were published under my name by the bookseller, as many other things have been that I never read. But as this gentleman does, he might have easily perceived that these letters could never have been mine, and that there are whole pages borrowed word for word from what I formerly wrote upon Locke. It is very plain that some one has robbed me; for my part, I never commit such thefts, poor and indigent as I may be.

The doctor takes infinite pains to prove, that the soul is a spirit. May be so; but really the arguments he brings to prove it are very doubtful. He wants to abuse Locke under my name, because that great writer has said, that God is sufficiently powerful to give matter the power of thinking. The more I read Mr. Locke, the more I wish those gentlemen would study him. He seems to me to have acted like Augustus, who
issued

issued an edict *de coercendo intra fines imperia*. “He has confined the empire of knowledge, to give it the greater strength.” What is the soul? I do not know. What is matter? I do not know. But he will tell me that Joseph Godfrey Leibnitz has lately discovered that matter is an assemblage of monadical particles. Be it so. I understand nothing of the matter, nor he neither. Or, supposing my soul to be a monadical particle, have I gained surprising knowledge? Ay! but I’ll prove to you that you are immortal, quoth my friend the doctor. Upon my word, I shall be very much obliged to you, doctor; for I have as great a desire of immortality as yourself. It was to attain it that I wrote the *Henriad*. But the good man thinks himself much more sure of immortality by his arguments, than I by my *Henriad*.

Vanitas vanitatum metaphysica vanitas.

We are formed to count, measure, and weigh. This Newton has done, and this you and Mr. Muschembroeck do; but as to the first principles of things, we know no more of them than Epistemon, or Master Edituus.

Those philosophers who form systems on the hidden construction of the universe, are like our travellers, who, when they have been at Constantinople, pretend to give a description of the seraglio, and how the sultan and his favourites pass their time there; when, the truth is, they never saw any thing more than the outside of its walls.

Permit me, Sir, to take my leave; if any one has a little insight into these matters, it is yourself; as for the gentleman who has passed censure on me, he is absolutely blind. I have the honour of

so being myself; but then it is not in quite so gross a manner: however, I am not so void of sight but I can perceive all your merit; and you know how truly sensible I am of the pleasure of your friendship.

*At Cirey, June 1,
1741.*

I am, &c.



ANSWER to Mr. MARTIN KAHLE,
Professour and Dean of the Philo-
sophers of Gottingen, in relation
to the above metaphysical Que-
stions.

Mr. DEAN,

IT is with pleasure I take this opportunity of informing the public, that you have wrote a small book against me; in the seventeenth page of which you condemn the proof of the existence of a God drawn from final causes. If you had reasoned in this manner at Rome, the reverend father Jacobin, master of the sacred palace, would have sent you to the inquisition. Had you written against a divine of Paris, he would have caused your proposition to have been censured by the Sacred Faculty; or if against an enthusiast, he would have abused you, &c. &c. But I, who have not the honour to be neither Jacobin, divine, or enthusiast, shall leave you to enjoy your opinion, and abide by my own. I shall always be of opinion, that a clock proves the
existence

existence of a clock-maker, and the universe that of a God. I could wish you rightly understood yourself what you say concerning space and duration, the necessity of matter, monadical particles, and pre-established harmony; and beg leave to refer you to what I have written on this subject in the last new edition of my works, where I have endeavoured to understand myself what I was writing, which, I assure you, is no small matter in metaphysics.

By way of illustrating the doctrine of space and infinity, you quote the Medea of Sophocles, Cicero's Philippics, Ovid's Metamorphoses, some verses of the duke of Buckingham, and of Combaud, Regnier, Rapin, and others. Now, Sir, you must give me leave to tell you, I know as much of poetry as yourself, am as fond of it as you can possibly be, and that, if the business was to cap verses, there would be fine sport between us; but I think they are of very little use in explaining a question in metaphysics, even though written by Lucretius, or the cardinal de Polignac. However, if you can really comprehend any thing of monadical particles, pre-established harmony, and the quoting of verses,

*Si Monsieur le Doyen peut jamais concevoir,
Comment tout étant plein a pû se mouvoir*.*

If you can also discover how absolute necessity admits of free-will in man, you will do me infinite pleasure to communicate it to me: likewise if you will inform me when you shall have demonstrated, either in verse or prose, the reason

* "If Mr. Dean can or conceive or prove,
"How in a plenum aught has power to move."

why mankind cut one another's throats in the best of all possible worlds, I shall be greatly obliged to you.

I impatiently expect your arguments, your verses, and your invectives; and in the mean time protest to you, from the bottom of my soul, that neither you nor I know any thing concerning the matter in question. Nevertheless, I have the honour to be, &c.



A SHORT ANSWER to the LONG DISCOURSES of a GERMAN DOCTOR.

I BETOOK myself to the study of philosophy, in hopes of finding that repose which Sir Isaac Newton calls *rem prorsus substantialem*; but I found that the square root of the cube of the revolutions of the planets, and the squares of their distances, still made me enemies; I perceived that I had drawn upon me the indignation of certain German Doctors, for daring to measure the force of bodies in motion by $m \times v$, and having had the insolence to doubt not only monadical particles, and pre-established harmony, but even of the great principle of the indiscernabilia. How then could I hope for rest, notwithstanding the sincere respect I have for the fine genius of Leibnitz, after having thus attempted to shake the foundations of nature? My antagonists have, in order to convince me, employed an abundance of sophistry, and a still greater abundance of
gros.

gross abuse, agreeable to the laudable custom long introduced into that science, which we call *Philosophy*; that is to say, *the Love of Wisdom*.

It is true that a certain person, infinitely reputable on all accounts, and who has many different kinds of understanding, has been pleased to employ one of them in explaining and embellishing the system of Mr. Leibnitz, and raising a beautiful portico before this vast and confused pile of building. I was surpris'd to find, that, while I admired, I could not believe him; but at length I discovered the reason: it was because he did not believe it himself; and this frequently happens among those who think they have an intention to persuade, and those who strive to be persuaded.

The further I proceed in this matter, the more I am confirm'd in my notion that metaphysical systems are, with regard to philosophers, what romances are to women. They have all their day, and afterwards sink into utter oblivion. A mathematical truth will remain to eternity, while metaphysical phantoms vanish like the dreams of a sick man.

When I was in England, I could not have the satisfaction of seeing the great Newton, who was then drawing near to his end. The famous Samuel Clark, rector of St. James, who was the friend, the pupil, and the commentator of Newton, did me the favour to give me some instructions in that part of philosophy, which aims at heights above calculation and the senses. I did not indeed find that circumspect dissection of the human understanding, that blind man's staff, with which the modest Lock felt out his way, and found it; in a word, that learned timidity
which

which stopped him on the brink of the abyfs. Clark boldly leaped into this abyfs, and I had the presumption to think of following him. One day that we were buſied in theſe deep reſearches, that delight the ſoul by their immenſity, I ſaid to a very worthy and learned member of the Royal Society, then preſent, Mr. Clark is a much greater metaphyſician than Sir Iſaac Newton. May be ſo, replied he coolly, but you might as well ſay, one plays better at foot-ball than the other. This answer made me enter into myſelf. I have ſince ventured to pierce one of theſe metaphyſical balls, and I found that nothing came out but wind. And Mr. S. Graveſand, in answer to my letter, wherein I had this expreſſion, *Vanitas vanitatum, metaphyſica vanitas*; obſerved that he was ſorry to own I was in the right.

Father Mallebranche, in his *Recherche de la Verité*, conceiving that nothing could be more beautiful or uſeful than his ſyſtem, expreſſes himſelf thus. “Man was not made to employ his time in examining gnats and flies, and we cannot approve of the pains that ſome perſons are at to inform us of the make of certain infeſts, the transformation of worms, &c. It is allowable to amuſe ourſelves in this manner, when we have nothing elſe to do, and purely as a paſtime.” And yet, this *amuſement, purely for the ſake of amuſing ourſelves*, hath laid open to us the inexhauſtible ſtores of Nature, by which ſhe can reſtore to ſome animals the members they have loſt; can produce new heads, after the former have been cut off; gives to this infeſt the power of joining itſelf, the inſtant after its head has been ſeparated from its body, and permits others

to multiply their species without the commerce of the sexes. This *kind of amusement* has discovered a new world in miniature, and an infinite variety of wisdom and power ; while father Malbranche, after forty years painful study, has been only able to find out, that “light is a vibration of pressure on the little soft vortices ; and that we see every thing in God.”

I have said that Sir Isaac Newton had his doubts ; upon which my antagonists cry out, Oh ! we have no doubts, we know for certain that the soul is a certain something, destined of necessity to receive some certain ideas ; at the same time, that the body necessarily performs some certain motions, while neither of them have the least influence over each other ; in the same manner, as when one man preaches, and another makes gestures to him, and this is called *pre-established harmony*. We know that matter is composed of beings, which are not matter, and that the foot of a mite contains an infinite number of substances, which have no extent, every one of which has confused ideas ; which altogether compose a concentric mirror of the whole universe, and this is called the system of monadical particles. We also have a perfect and clear conception of the agreement of free-will and absolute necessity ; we also very well understand how all the parts of a plenum can be in motion. Happy geniuses, who can thus comprehend things so little comprehensible, and who perceive a different universe from that which we inhabit !

I am highly delighted to hear a doctor saying with a magisterial and ironical tone of voice, “You are all mistaken, you do not know that
it

it has been lately discovered, that, 'what is possible to be, and that every thing that is possible to be, does not actually exist; and that every thing that does actually exist is possible, and that the essence of things never change.' Would to God the essence of doctors would change! And so then you inform us that there are essences; well, and I inform you that neither you nor I have the honour of knowing them: I also inform you that there never was, nor never will be, a man upon earth, who either has known or will know what matter is, what is the principle of life and sensation, what the soul of man is; whether there are souls, whose nature it is to feel only without reasoning, or to reason only without feeling, or to do neither the one nor the other; whether what is called matter has sensation, in the same manner as it has gravitation, with a multitude of other *ifs* and *wheretters*.

As to the controversy about measuring the impetus of moving bodies, it appears to me to be only a dispute about words, and I am sorry there should be such things in the science of mathematics. Whether we reckon by $m \times v$, or by $m \times v^2$, it will make no alteration in the mechanical part, the same number of horses will always be necessary for such weight, the same charge of powder for guns of such a caliber, so that this dispute is in fact the opprobrium of geometry.

And yet would to heaven there were no other disputes amongst mankind, we should be angels upon earth. But do we not somewhat resemble the devils in Milton, who, though tormented with rage, envy, hatred, yet employ themselves

felves in reasoning upon metaphysical subjects in the midst of their torments.

— — — and reason'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end—



A L E T T E R,
C O N C E R N I N G
R O G E R B A C O N.

YOU are of opinion, Sir, that Roger Bacon, (or, as he is commonly called, friar Bacon) the famous monk, who lived in the 13th century, was a very great man, and was possessed of the true knowledge, because he was persecuted and imprisoned at Rome, by a set of ignorant people. This is a great presumption in his favour, I must allow. But do we not every day see one quack gravely condemned by his brother quack; and one fool imposing fines and punishments on another? This world of ours, my friend, has long been a kind of mad-house, in which one who thinks himself God the Father, anathematizes him who thinks himself God the Holy Ghost, and these instances are far from being very scarce now-a-days.

Amongst other things, which rendered him justly estimable, we must first reckon his sufferings, and then the noble boldness with which he declared,

declared, that all Aristotle's writings were fit only to be burnt, and this at a time when the scholjasts revered Aristotle more than even the Jansenists do St. Augustin. Yet after all Bacon has in none of his performances excelled the Art of Poetry, the Rhetoric, and the Logic of Aristotle. These three immortal works prove beyond contradiction that Aristotle had a very noble and extensive, penetrating and methodical genius; and that he was a bad natural philosopher from no other reason, but that it was impossible to dive into the depths of natural philosophy without the assistance of instruments.

Does Bacon in his best work, wherewith he treats of light and vision, express himself in a much clearer manner, than Aristotle, where he says, "Light generates its luminous species by way of multiplication; and this action is called repurcussion, and conformable to the acting force, there is another multiplication, which is equivocal, and by which light begets heat, and heat putrefaction."

In another place, he tells you that a man may prolong his life by the use of sperma-ceti, aloes, and the flesh of a dragon; but he can give himself immortality, by means of the philosopher's stone. You may easily imagine that he, who was possessed of these curious secrets, could not but be well acquainted with every arcana in judicial astrology, without exception. Accordingly, we find him positively asserting in his *Opus Majus*, that the head is under the influence of the ram, the neck is governed by the bull, and the arms are under the power of the twins, &c. He even pretends to prove these curious matters from experience, and bestows many encomiums on a great and learned astrologer of Paris,

Paris, who, as he says, hindered a physician from applying a plaister to the leg of his patient, because the sun was then in the sign Aquarius, and that sign is particularly fatal to the legs, when plaisters are put upon them.

It is a common received opinion that this Bacon was the inventor of gunpowder. It is certain, that, in his time, they had made large steps towards this horrible discovery; for I have made it my constant observation that the spirit of invention is of all ages, and that, however stupid or ignorant those doctors may be who have the direction of our minds and bodies, however industriously they may labour to establish the most senseless prejudices, or to banish common sense from amongst them, there will always be found some obscure personages, some artists endued with a superior degree of instinct, who invent admirable things, on which the learned afterwards reason.

Here follows word for word the famous passage in Bacon touching gunpowder: it is in the London edition of his *Opus Majus*, page 474. "Wild-fire cannot without great difficulty be extinguished; for water will not do it, &c."

Here it plainly appears that Bacon was acquainted only with this common experiment of putting a hollow globe filled with saltpetre on the fire. But there is a great distance between that and gunpowder, of which Bacon never makes the least mention in any of his works, but which was invented soon after his time.

I am however more surpris'd, that he did not know the direction of the compass-needle, which in his time began to be known in Italy: but to make amends he was well acquainted with the
nature

nature of the hazel-wand, and other matters of the same stamp, of which he treats in his *Dignity of Experimental Philosophy*.

But, notwithstanding the astonishing number of absurdities and chimeras, with which his writings abound, it must be confessed that Bacon was a wonderful genius for the age he lived in. The age he lived in! you will say, why was it not that of the feudal government, and of scholiasts? Figure to yourself a set of savages reading Aristotle and Avicen: such were we at that time.

Bacon knew something of geometry and optics, and this made him pass for a necromancer at Rome and at Paris. And yet his knowledge went no farther than what was found in the Arabian writer Alazer; for, in those days, we knew nothing but what we learnt from those people. They were physicians and astrologers to all the crowned heads in Christendom. The king's fool was always of his own nation; but his doctor must necessarily be an Arabian or a Jew.

Was Bacon to appear amongst us, even in this enlightened age, he would still be a great man. He was a lump of gold, defiled with all the dross of the times he lived in, and this gold is now cleansed and purified.

Poor mortals that we are! how many ages have we taken to acquire a little knowledge and reason!

O N T H E
A N T I - L U C R E T I U S
O F
C A R D I N A L d e P O L I G N A C .

AF T E R reading the whole of the late cardinal de Polignac's poem, I was confirmed in the opinion I had entertained of it, when his excellency did me the honour to read me the first canto. It is matter of great surprize how any one, in the midst of so many and so troublesome avocations, should have had either leisure or inclination to compose so long a work in verse, and in a foreign language, when, at the same time, he was not capable of writing four good lines of poetry in his own tongue. He appears to me to have united the fire of Lucretius with the elegance of Virgil; I especially admire in him that extreme ease, with which he always expresses the most difficult things.

His Anti-Lucretius may perhaps be somewhat too loose, and want that variety which generally pleases; but in this place I examine it as a philosopher not as a poet. I cannot but think that so noble a soul as his ought to have done more justice to the morals of Epicurus, who, though undoubtedly a very bad natural philosopher, was nevertheless a good man, and carefully taught the principles of benignity, temperance, and moderation; virtues which he rendered still more amiable by his example than his precepts.

And yet we find this great man thus called upon in the Anti-Lucretius,

Si virtutis eras avidus, &c.

But Epicurus might, with great justice, have made the cardinal the following reply: Had it been my happy lot, as it was yours, to have known the true God; had I, like you, been born in a pure and holy faith; I should certainly never have rejected the revelation of this God, to whose doctrine, though my understanding was a stranger, my heart avowed its moral principles. I never could admit a belief of the deities, such as they were revealed to me by the pagan religion. I had too enlightened a reason to adore deities, who were born of a father and mother, like mortals, and made war against each other. I was too much a lover of virtue, not to detest a religion, that, at one time, encouraged the commission of sin by the example of the gods themselves, and at another sold for money the remission of the most flagrant and unnatural crimes. On the one hand, I beheld mankind in general deformed with vice, and endeavouring to render themselves pure in the sight of deities as impure as themselves; while, on the other, I beheld a designing set of men, who boasted in justifying the most wicked actions, either by initiating those who committed them into the holy mysteries, or by dropping on them the blood of heifers, or by plunging them in the waters of the Ganges. I saw the most unjust wars undertaken with a shew of religion. If the liver of a victim happened to be without a blemish, or that a woman with dishevelled hair and a distracted countenance, uttered certain words which
neither

neither herself nor any of the bye-standers understood. In a word, I saw the whole earth stained with the blood of human victims, that the inhuman high-priests poured out in sacrifices to their inhuman deities. I glory in the abhorrence I shewed to such a religion. Mine was that of virtue: I invited my disciples to withdraw themselves from any commerce with a world that was so badly governed. A true Epicurian was a mild, moderate, just, and amiable being, who gave offence to no community of people, and who never kept executioners in pay to murder, in the face of the world, those who did not happen to think as he did. How inconsiderable then is the difference between your religion and mine? I overturned the worship of false gods; and, had I lived when you did, I should have acknowledged the true one."

Nearly in this manner might Epicurus have endeavoured to justify his errors: he might even claim a right to pardon for having opposed the immortality of the soul, by saying, I am to be pitied, rather than condemned, for having opposed a truth which God did not think proper to reveal till five hundred years after my death. I thought in the same manner with all the law-givers of the heathen world, who were equally ignorant of the truth with myself.

I could therefore have wished that cardinal de Polignac had lamented Epicurus for his error, at the same time that he condemned him; and such a turn of thought was by no means incompatible with the beauties of poetry.

With regard to natural philosophy, I think the author has wasted much time, and many good verses, in refuting the declension of atoms, and

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other

other absurdities with which Lucretius's poem swarms. This is like levelling a cannon against an ant-hill. Besides, what reason could he have for combating the dreams of Lucretius, only to substitute those of Descartes in their place?

Cardinal de Polignac has, in the course of his poem, introduced some very beautiful verses upon the discoveries of the great Newton; but, unhappily for him, he there opposes demonstrated truths. The Newtonian philosophy is not to be discussed in verse; we can hardly investigate it in prose. It is founded wholly on geometry, which eludes the grasp of a poetical genius. Poetry may, indeed, embellish the outside of the system; but those who mean to dive into the truths it contains, must have recourse to calculations, and not to verse.

A DISSERTATION

On the Changes that have happened in our Globe, and on the Petrifications which are alledged as Proofs thereof; written originally in Italian, and sent by the Author to the Academy of Bologna, and since translated by him into French.

THERE are certain errors which belong alone to the common people; there are others which are confined to philosophers. In this latter class we may perhaps rank the notion which prevails amongst the generality of natural philosophers, that the earth almost every-where affords proofs of a once total subversion. In the mountains of Hesse, there has been found a stone which had the impression of a turbot, and a petrified pike-fish was found in one of the Alps. From hence it has been taken for granted, that the mountains we now see have been formerly covered with seas and rivers; whereas it is much more natural to suppose, that these fish had been brought thither by some traveller, who, finding them spoiled, threw them away, and, in process of time, they became petrified; but this notion would have been too simple, and not have left sufficient room for hypothesis. Ay! but a ship's anchor has been found upon one of the moun-

tains of Switzerland ! Indeed ! and might it not have been brought there like many other heavy burdens, and even as cannon have been, by hand, and afterwards used to stop some very weighty load from sliding down the declivity of the rock ; or might not this very anchor have been brought from the little sea-port in the lake of Geneva ? or, after all, may not the story itself of the anchor be false ? Undoubtedly ; but then it has been thought more proper to affirm, that this was the anchor of some vessel that had been moored in Switzerland before the Deluge.

There is some resemblance between the tongue of a sea-dog and a stone called *Glossopetra*. This is enough to persuade a naturalist that these stones have been all tongues of sea-dogs left in the Apennines in Noah's time. Why do they not, at the same time, affirm, that the shells called *Conchæ Veneris* are the very thing whose name they bear ?

Almost all reptiles are of a spiral form when not in motion ; and it is nothing wonderful, that, when they are petrified, they should retain the same uncooth figure ; and it is altogether natural for stones themselves to be formed in this shape : the Alps and the Vorgian mountains are full of such. Now, it has pleased naturalists to give the name of *Cornu Ammonis*, or Ammon Horn, to these stones ; and they pretend to discover therein the fish called *Nautilus*, which they never saw, and which is said to be bred in the Indian seas ; and, without the trouble of examining whether this petrified body is a *Nautilus* or an eel, they conclude that the Indian sea has formerly overflowed the mountains of Europe.

There

There have been also found, in some of the provinces of France and Italy, certain small shells that are positively said to be natives of the Syrian sea. I am in no disposition to contest their origin; but why may it not be remembered, that the innumerable crouds of pilgrims and crusaders, who carried money into the Holy Land, brought back with them a number of shells? or is it more eligible to believe, that the seas of Joppa and Sidon came and covered the whole country of Burgundy and the Milanese?

We might, indeed, chuse whether we would credit either of these hypotheses; and rather think, with many naturalists, that these shells, that are supposed to have been transferred from such a distance, are fossils, which are produced by the earth in these climates. Again; we might, with an equal degree of probability, conjecture, that the places where these shells are found were formerly covered with lakes or collections of water: but whichever opinion or error we may adopt, these shells are by no means a proof that the whole universe has been turned upside down.

The hills about Calais and Dover are rocks of chalk; therefore these hills have been formerly undivided by water. The soil about Gibraltar and Tangiers is nearly of the same nature; therefore Afric and Europe were formerly joined, and there was no Mediterranean Sea. The Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Appennines, have been thought by several philosophers to be the ruins of a world that has undergone a number of changes. This opinion was strongly maintained by the whole Pythagorian school, as well as by many others. They likewise affirm,

that the earth we at present inhabit was formerly a sea, and that the sea was for a long time dry land.

Ovid is well known to have spoke the opinions of the naturalists of the East, in the lines he puts into the mouth of Pythagoras.

This was in fact the opinion of Pythagoras and the Indians, and it is doing him no injustice to relate it in verse. This opinion has gained particular credit by those heaps or beds of shells that are found under-ground in Calabria, Touraine, and other places at a considerable distance from the sea; and there is some reason to believe that they have been deposited there in a long succession of years.

The sea, which has retired several leagues from its antient shores in some places, has in others made considerable encroachments upon the land. But from this almost imperceptible loss, many have thought they had a right to conclude that the sea did for a long time cover the rest of the globe. Frejus, Narbonne, Ferrara, and some others, are no longer sea-ports; one half of the country of East-Friesland was overflowed by the ocean; therefore it follows, that for several ages whales have sported upon Mount Taurus and the Alps, and man inhabited the bed of the ocean.

This hypothesis of the natural revolutions that have happened in this world, has been strengthened in the minds of some philosophers by the discovery made by the chevalier de Louville, a famous astronomer, who, as is well known, in the year 1714, set out from Marseilles on purpose to discover by observations whether an angle
of

of the ecliptic with the equator was the same as it had been fixed by Pitheas about two thousand years before. He found it less by twenty minutes; that is to say, the ecliptic had, according to his observations, in the space of two thousand years, approached nearer to the equator by one third of a degree; which proves, that in six thousand years it will be nearer by a whole degree.

This supposed, it is evident that the earth, besides its known motions, must have another, by which it is made to revolve round itself from one pole to another. It will be found, that, in the space of 23,000 years, the sun will continue for a great length of time on the equator; and, in a period of two millions of years, all the climates in the world will have been in their turns under the torrid and the frigid zones. But what occasion, you will say, to alarm one's-self about what is to happen two millions of years hence? There is probably a much longer period between the positions of the planets, with regard to each other. We already know the earth has a motion which is completed in 25,000 years, called the precession of the equinoxes. Revolutions of thousands of millions of years are infinitely less in the sight of the Great Architect of Nature, than to us that of a wheel which compleats its round in the twinkling of an eye. This new period, invented by the chevalier de Louville, which has been corrected and supported by several astronomers, has occasioned search to be made after the antient Babylonish observations transmitted to the Greeks by Alexander, and preserved to posterity by Ptolomy in his *Almagestes*.

The Babylonians in Alexander's time pretended to have astronomical observations for upwards of 400,300 years. It was endeavoured to reconcile these Babylonish calculations with the hypothesis of the revolution of two millions of years. At length, some philosophers concluded, that, all the climates having been each in their turn the Pole, and the Equinoctial Line, all the seas must likewise have changed places.

Extraordinary and great changes in nature are objects, which will always please the imaginations of the wisest men. Philosophers are as fond of a change of scene in the universe, as the common people are of those on the stage. Our imagination, taking its flight from the point of existence and duration, launches into millions of ages, to contemplate with a secret pleasure Canada under the Equator, and the seas of Nova Zembla covering the top of mount Atlas.

A certain author in his theory of the earth, a work more famous than instructive, pretends that the deluge subverted our whole globe, and from its ruins made the rocks and mountains we now see, and threw every thing into a state of irreparable confusion: in short, he looks upon the universe as one great heap of ruins. The author of another theory, no less famous, sees nothing therein but the utmost order, and affirms, that, without the deluge, such noble harmony could never have subsisted: both writers allow the mountains to be the consequences of an universal inundation.

Burnet, the first of these authors, tells us for certain in his fifth chapter, that before the deluge the earth was compact, regular, uniform,
and

and without hills, vallies, or seas. According to him, the deluge caused all these; and this is a reason why we find the Cornea Ammonics in the Appennine mountains.

Woodward, the other theorist, condescends to allow that there were mountains before the deluge; but it is very certain that it dissolved all the different metals, and formed others, and that this is the reason, why in this new earth of ours, we so frequently find flints, that were softened by the water, and appear now full of petrified animals. Woodward might have been convinced, if he pleased, that water will not dissolve marble, flint, or the like substances; and that the rocks which are constantly washed by the sea, still retain their hardness; but no matter. His hypothesis required that the water should have a power of dissolving, in the space of one hundred and fifty days, all the stones and minerals in the world, to lodge a few oysters and perriwinkles in them.

It would require more time than the waters continued upon the face of the earth to read all the authors who have formed hypotheses on this subject. Every one of them destroys and new-moulds the earth, in the same manner as Descartes has created his after his own fancy; for the greatest part of your philosophers put themselves without any ceremony in the place of the deity, and imagine they can create a world by their bidding.

Far be it from me to think of copying their example; I have not the vanity to think I shall ever be able to discover the means made use of by the creator to form the world, to drown, or to preserve it. I confine myself to the scripture-

word, without attempting to explain it, or admitting of what it does not say. I only desire to be permitted to examine, according to the rules of probability, whether this globe either has been, or will one day be, entirely different from what it now is. And here we have nothing more to do, than make use of our eyesight.

In the first place, I shall examine those mountains, which doctor Burnet, and many others, look upon as the ruins of the old world scattered up and down, without order or design, like those ruins of a city bombarded by an enemy. And here I, on the contrary, perceive them to be disposed with infinite regularity, from one end of the world to the other. They are in fact a chain of high inexhaustible aqueducts, which, by dividing in several places, make room for the entrance of rivers, and arms of the sea to moisten the earth.

From the Cape of Good-Hope there runs a continued chain of rocks, which stoop to give passage to the Niger and the Zair, and then rise again under the name of Mount Atlas, whilst the Nile falls down from another branch of those mountains. A narrow arm of the sea separates Mount Atlas from the promontory of Gibraltar, and it is afterwards joined to the Sierra Morena; this latter joins to the Pyrenees, these to the Cevennes, the Cevennes to the Alps, and the Alps to the Apennines, which run as far as the kingdom of Naples; over against them are the mountains of Epirus and Theffaly. As soon as you have passed the straits of Gallipoli, you meet with Mount Taurus, whose branches, under the names of Caucasus, Immaus, &c. stretch

to the extremities of the globe. Thus the earth is crowned in every sense of the word, with these reservoirs of water, which furnish, without exception, all the rivers, that bedew and fertilize it; nor does the sea furnish a single brook of its salt fluid to any one of its shores.

Burnet caused a map of the earth to be engraved, divided into mountains, instead of provinces. By this, and his representations, he endeavours all he can to give us an idea of the most terrible confusion; but, both his own map and his own words, do, in spite of himself, give us to understand the utmost harmony and utility. "The Andes, says he, in America are a thousand leagues, (3000 miles) the Taurus divides Asia into two parts, &c. could any man take in these at one view, he would be perfectly convinced that the globe of the earth is more deformed than can be imagined." On the contrary, it is certain, that could any reasonable man at one view behold both hemispheres crossed by a regular chain of mountains, serving as reservoirs to the rains, and sources to the rivers; he must acknowledge, in all this pretended confusion, the wisdom and paternal care of a divine Being.

There is not one climate on the earth, without a mountain and a river springing from it. This chain of hills is an essential part in the great machine of the world. Without them no terrestrial animal could live, for want of the water they furnish, which is drawn up out of the sea, and purified by a perpetual exhalation; this vapour is carried by the wind to the tops of the hills, from whence it falls down again in rivers, and it is demonstrable that this exhalation

is so great as to suffice both for forming rivers, and furnishing rain.

Another hypothesis, which supposes that in the before-mentioned period of two millions of years, the axis of the earth, by continually rising upwards, and revolving round itself, has forced the ocean out of its bed ; this hypothesis, I say, is equally contrary to natural philosophy with the others. A motion by which the axis of the earth is elevated only ten minutes in a thousand years, does not appear sufficiently violent to destroy the globe. This motion, supposing it really to exist, would certainly leave the mountains in their places ; and, to say the truth, I do not see any appearance of the Alps or Mount Caucasus having been brought to the places where they now are, either by degrees, or instantly from the coasts of Cafraria.

But if, leaving the examination of the mountains, we consider the ocean alone, it will equally overturn this system. The bed of the ocean is hollow, and this vast basin grows deeper, in proportion to its distance from the shores. There is not a single rock in the main sea, if we except a few islands ; now, if there was a time, when the ocean covered our mountains, and man and beast inhabited the bed of the sea, how was it possible for them to have subsisted ? What mountains had they then to furnish them with rivers ? This requires a globe of quite a different nature from ours. And again, how could this globe have, at that time, revolved round itself, seeing that it was one half hollow, and the other prominent ; and this prominence loaded over and above with the whole weight of the ocean ? How could the laws of gravity and hydrostatics

droftatics be accomplished? or how could the ocean keep itself upon the mountains without fliding into that immense bed, which nature had formed for it? A world of a philofophical creation is generally a very ridiculous one.

I will fuppose for an instant with thofe who admit the period of two millions of years, that we arrived at the point of time, when the ecliptic falls in with the equator. I then fuppose Italy, France, and Germany, to form the torrid zone; but we muft not imagine that either then, or at any other time, the ocean can change its place: no motion of the earth can ever refift the laws of gravity, and in whatever manner our globe may turn, every thing will prefs equally upon the centre. The univerfal fyftem of mechanics is invariably the fame.

No fyftem, no hypothefis, then can give the leaft degree of probability to the general received notion, that our globe has changed its appearance; that the ocean did for a long time cover the earth which we now inhabit; and that mankind formerly dwelt in thofe places that now ferve as habitations for porpoifes and whales. Nothing has been changed of the animal or vegetable world; the fpecies have all remained unalterably the fame, and it would be very ftrange that a grain of millet fhould retain its nature for ever, and yet the whole globe fubject to fuch changes.

What I have here faid of the ocean may be faid likewise of the Mediterranean, and the great lake called the Cafpian Sea. If thefe lakes have not been always the fame that they now are, the nature of this globe muft abfolutely have

have been altogether different from what it is at present.

A great number of authors tell us, that, an earthquake having one day swallowed up the mountains that joined the two continents of Europe and Africa, the ocean made itself a passage between Calpe and Abila, and formed the Mediterranean Sea, which runs as far as the Palus Mæotis, which is five hundred leagues distant from thence; so that a tract of fifteen hundred miles was hollowed in an instant to receive the ocean. It is to be observed, at the same time, that in that part of the sea opposite to Gibraltar no bottom can be found, which makes the adventure of the mountains still more marvellous.

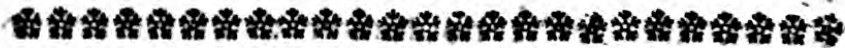
If it was only to be considered how many rivers of Europe and Asia fall into the Mediterranean, we should see that their waters must necessarily form a great lake there. The Don, the Boristhenes, the Danube, the Po, the Rhone, &c. could not empty themselves into the ocean, unless we chuse to amuse ourselves with the imagination, that there was a time, when the Don and Boristhenes came over the Pyrenees to visit Biscay.

Philosophers, nevertheless, have insisted, that the Mediterranean was produced by some accident. They ask, what becomes of the waters, that so many rivers are continually pouring into it? Or where the Caspian sea can empty itself? They have supposed a vast subterraneous cavity to have been formed, in the general subversion of the system of the earth, that threw out these seas; and that they have
a com-

a communication with each other, and with the ocean, by means of this imaginary gulph. It has likewise been affirmed, that fish have been thrown into the Caspian sea with a ring in their nose, and taken out afterwards in the Mediterranean. In this manner has history and philosophy been treated for a long time; but since true history has taken away the fiction, and real natural philosophy that of airy hypotheses, we ought no longer to give credit to such idle tales. It is demonstrable, that exhalation alone will sufficiently account for the reason why these seas do not overflow their shores, and that there is no necessity for them to disembogue themselves into the ocean. And it is highly probable, that the Mediterranean sea has always occupied its present place; and that the fundamental constitution of this universe has never suffered a change.

I am very sensible, that there will always be a set of people, upon whose minds a petrified pike, found upon mount Cenis, or a turbot in the country of Hesse, will have greater weight than all the arguments of sound philosophy. They will still be fond of imagining, that the summit of the mountains have heretofore served as a bed to the ocean, notwithstanding the impossibility of the thing from the laws of nature; while others again will think, from finding some few Syrian shells in Germany, that the Syrian sea came to Frankfort. A taste for the wonderful, is the parent of hypotheses; but nature appears to delight as much in uniformity and unchangeableness, as our imaginations do in surprising revolutions: and, to use the words of the
great

great Newton; *Natura est sibi consona*. We are told by the scripture, that there has been a deluge; but there remains no other monument on the earth (at least that I can perceive) but the remembrance of so dreadful a prodigy, which in vain admonishes us to amend our lives.



A DIGRESSION

ON THE

Manner in which our GLOBE might
have been overflowed.

WHEN I say that the universal deluge, which raised the waters fifteen cubits above the top of the highest mountains, is a miracle not to be performed by any of the laws of nature with which we are acquainted, I say no more than the strict truth. Those who have gone about to find physical reasons for this extraordinary prodigy, have been as unlucky as those who would endeavour to explain, by the laws of mechanics, how four thousand persons were fed with five loaves and three fishes.

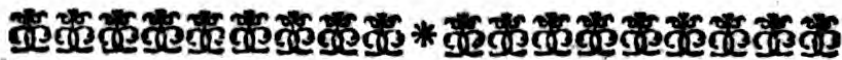
Some have imagined, that the clouds above were sufficient to deluge the earth; but the clouds are only the waters of the sea, drawn continually up from its surface, and rarefied by the atmosphere of the air. The more this atmosphere is loaded with waters, the greater de-
crease

crease of them there is in our globe. Thus the same quantity of water still subsists; and if the clouds were to empty themselves equally upon the whole globe, there would not be an inch of earth over-flowed. If they happen to be driven in a heap by the wind into any one climate, and empty themselves upon a square league of ground, while other places round about have no rain at all, then only that square league of ground will be deluged.

Others have made the ocean quit its bed, and cover the whole face of the earth. Now we reckon at present, that the sea, taking all those parts where there are soundings, and those where there are none, (at least to be found) taking these together, I say the depth of the sea may be about a thousand feet. It is not above fifty feet in many places, and not near so much near the land: however, if we put it at a thousand feet we shall not be very wide of the truth.

Now, the mountains of Quito rise more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; therefore it would have required ten oceans to one, raised above another, upon the aqueous part of the globe, and ten other oceans upon the other part: and as the sphere would then have been of a greater circumference, there must have been four oceans more to have covered its increased surface; so that it would have taken twenty-four oceans at least to overflow the top of the mountains of Quito; or if it would only take four, as doctor Burnet affirms, a naturalist would be strangely put to it with these four oceans. Who would imagine that Burnet, could ever have thought of making
them

them boil to augment their bulk? Besides, he might have known, that water in boiling never swells more than a fourth above its ordinary volume. To what shifts are those reduced, who attempt to explain what it is their business only to reverence!



D I A L O G U E S

B E T W E E N

A SAVAGE and a BATCHELOR of
ARTS.

A Governor of Cayenne, having brought over with him a Savage from Guiana*, who had a great share of good natural understanding, and spoke French tolerably well, a Batchelor of Arts at Paris had the honour of entering into the following conversation with him.

BATCHELOR.

I suppose, Mr. Savage, you have seen a number of your country people who pass their lives all alone; for it is said that this is the true way of living natural to man, and that society is only an artificial depravity.

† Guiana, or Caribbiana, is the south-east division of Terra Firma, in South America, in which are included Surinam and Cayenne, or equinoctial France, extending from the mouth of the river Oroonoke, or that of the Amazons.

SAVAGE.

Indeed I never did see any of those people you speak of. Man appears to me to be born for society, as well as several other species of animals. Each species follows the dictates of their nature; as for us, we live all together in a community.

BATCHELOR.

How! in community? Why then you have fine towns, and cities with walls, and kings who keep a court. You have shows, convents, universities, libraries, and taverns, have you?

SAVAGE.

No; but have I not frequently heard it said, that in your continent you have Arabians, Scythians, who never knew any thing of these matters, and yet form considerable nations? Now we live like these people; neighbouring families assist each other. We inhabit a warm climate, and so have very few necessities; we can easily procure ourselves food; we marry; we get children; we bring them up, and then we die. You see this is just the same as amongst you; some few ceremonies excepted.

BATCHELOR.

Why, my good Sir, then you are not a savage?

SAVAGE.

I do not know what you mean by that word.

BATCHELOR.

Nor, to tell you the truth, do I myself,—stay — let me consider a little— Oh! — a savage? — Why—a savage is— what we call a savage, is a man of a morose unfociable disposition, who flies all company.

SAVAGE.

SAVAGE.

I have told you already that we live together in families.

BATCHELOR.

We also give the name of Savage, to those beasts who are not tamed, but roam wild about the forests; and from hence we have transferred that appellation to men who inhabit the woods.

SAVAGE.

I go into the woods sometimes, as well as you do to hunt.

BATCHELOR.

Pray now, do you think sometimes.

SAVAGE.

It is impossible to be without some sort of ideas.

BATCHELOR.

I have a great curiosity to know what your ideas are. What think you of man?

SAVAGE.

Think of him! Why, that he is a two-footed animal, who has the faculty of reasoning, speaking, and who uses his hands much more dexterously than the monkey. I have seen several kinds of men, some white like you, others copper-coloured, like me, and others black, like those that wait upon the governor of Cayenne. You have a beard, we have none; the negroes have wool, you and I have hair. They say, that in your more northerly climates the inhabitants have white hair, whereas that of the Americans is black. This is all I know about man.

BATCH-

BATCHELOR.

But your soul, my dear Sir? your soul? what notion have you of that? whence comes it? what is it? what does it do? how does it act? where does it go?

SAVAGE.

I know nothing about all this, indeed; for I never saw the soul.

BATCHELOR.

Apropos; do you think that brutes are machines?

SAVAGE.

They appear to me to be organized machines, that have sentiment and memory.

BATCHELOR.

Well; and pray now, Mr. Savage, what do you think that you, you yourself, I say, possess above those brutes?

SAVAGE.

The gifts of an infinitely superior memory; a much greater share of ideas; and, as I have already told you, a tongue capable of forming many more sounds than those of brutes; with hands more ready at executing; and the faculty of laughing, which a long-winded argu-mentator always makes me exercise.

BATCHELOR.

But tell me, if you please, how came you by all this? what is the nature of your mind? how does your soul animate your body? do you always think? is your will free?

SAVAGE.

Here are a great number of questions: you ask me, How I came to possess what God has given to man? You might as well ask me how I was born? For certainly, since I am
born

born a man, I must possess the things that constitute a man in the same manner as a tree has its bark, roots, and leaves. You would have me to know what is the nature of my mind. I did not give it to myself, and therefore I cannot know what it is; and as to how my soul animates my body, I am as much a stranger to that too; and, in my opinion, you must first have seen the springs that put your watch in motion before you can tell how it shows the hour. You ask me if I always think? No, for sometimes I have half-formed ideas, in the same manner as I see objects at a distance, confusedly; sometimes my ideas are much stronger, as I can distinguish an object better when it is nearer to me; sometimes I have no ideas at all, as when I shut my eyes I can see nothing. Lastly, you ask me, if my will is free? Here I do not understand you; these are things you are perfectly well acquainted with, no doubt; therefore I shall be glad you will explain them to me.

BATCHELOR.

Yes, yes, I have studied all these matters thoroughly; I could talk to you about them for a month together without ceasing, in such a manner as would surpass your understanding. But tell me, do you know good and evil, right and wrong? do you know which is the best form of government? which the best worship? what is the law of nations? the common law? the civil law? the canon law? Do you know the names of the first man and woman who peopled America? Do you know the reason why rain falls into the sea; and why you have no beard?

SAVAGE.

Upon my word, Sir, you take rather too great advantage of the confession I made just now, that man has a superior memory to the brutes; for I can hardly recollect the many questions you have asked me: you talk of good and evil; right and wrong; how I think that whatever gives you pleasure, and does injury to no one, is very good and very right; that what injures our fellow creatures, and gives us no pleasure, is abominable; and what gives us pleasure, but, at the same time, hurts others, may be good with respect to us for the time; but is in itself both dangerous to us, and very wrong with regard to others.

BATCHELOR.

And do you live in society with these maxims?

SAVAGE.

Yes, with our relations and neighbours; and without much pain or vexation, we quietly attain our hundredth year; some indeed reach to an hundred and twenty; after which our bodies serve to fertilize the earth that has nourished us.

BATCHELOR.

You seem to me to have a clear understanding; I would very fain puzzle it. Let us dine together, after which we will philosophize methodically.

SECOND DIALOGUE.

SAVAGE.

I Find that I have swallowed foods that are not made for me; notwithstanding I have a good stomach, you have made me eat after my
hunger

stomach was satisfied, and drink when I was no longer dry. My legs are not so firm under me as they were before dinner; my head feels heavy, and my ideas are confused. I never felt this diminution of my faculties in my own country. For my part, I think the more a man puts into his body here, the more he takes away from his understanding. Pray tell me, what is the reason of all this damage and disorder?

BATCHELOR.

I'll tell you. In the first place, as to what passes in your legs, I know nothing about the matter; you must consult the physicians about that; they'll satisfy you in a trice. But I am perfectly well acquainted with how things go in your head. You must know then, that the soul being confined to no place, has fixed her seat either in the pineal gland, or the callous body in the middle of the brain. The animal spirits that rise from the stomach fly up to the soul, which they cannot affect, they being matter, and she immaterial. Now, as neither can act upon the other, therefore the soul takes their impression; and, as she is a simple principle, and consequently subject to no change, therefore she suffers a change, and becomes heavy and dull when we eat too much; and this is the reason that so many great men sleep after dinner.

SAVAGE.

What you tell me appears very ingenuous and profound; but I should take it as a favour if you would explain it to me in such a manner as I might comprehend.

BATCHELOR.

Why, I have told you every thing that can
be

be said upon this weighty affair ; but, to satisfy you, I will be a little more explicit. Let us go step by step. First, then, do you know that this is the best of all possible worlds ?

SAVAGE.

How ! is it impossible for the infinite Being to create any thing better than what we now see ?

BATCHELOR.

Undoubtedly ; for nothing can be better than what we see. It is true, indeed, that mankind rob and murder each other ; but they all the while extol equity and moderation. Several years ago they massacred about twelve millions of your Americans ; but then it was to make the rest more reasonable. A famous calculator has proved, that from a certain war of Troy, which you know nothing of, to the last war in North America, which you do know something of, there have been killed in pitched battles no less than 555650000 men, without reckoning young children and women buried under the ruins of cities and towns which have been set on fire ; but this was all for the good of community : four or five thousand dreadful maladies, to which mankind are subject, teach us the true value of health ; and the crimes that cover the face of the earth, greatly enhance the merit of religious men, of which I am one ; you see that every thing goes in the best manner possible, at least as to me.

Now things could never be in this state of perfection, if the soul was not placed in the pineal gland. For——But let me take you along with me in the argument. Let us go step by step. What notion have you of laws,

N

and

and of the rule of right and wrong; of the *Kalon*, as Plato calls it?

SAVAGE.

Well, but my good Sir, while you talk of going step by step, you speak to me of an hundred different things at a time.

BATCHELOR.

Every one converses in this manner. But tell me who made the laws in your country?

SAVAGE.

The Public good.

BATCHELOR.

That word *public good*, means a great deal. We have not any so expressive; pray, in what sense do you understand it?

SAVAGE.

I understand by it, that those who have a plantation of cocoa trees or maize, have forbidden others to meddle with them; and that those who had them not, are obliged to work, in order to have a right to eat part of them. Every thing that I have seen, either in your country or my own, teaches me that there can be no other spirit of the laws.

BATCHELOR.

But as to women, Mr. Savage, women?

SAVAGE.

As to women, they please me when they are handsome and sweet-tempered: I prize them even before our cocoa-trees; they are a fruit which we are not willing to have plucked by any but ourselves. A man has no more right to take my wife from me than to take my child. However, I have heard it said, that there are people who will suffer this; they have it certainly in their will; every one may do what he pleases with his own property.

BATCHELOR.

But as to successors, legatees, heirs, and collateral kindred?

SAVAGE.

Every one must have a successor. I can no longer possess my field, when I am buried in it; I leave it to my son; if I have two, I divide it equally between them. I hear that among you Europeans, there are several nations where the law gives the whole to the eldest child, and nothing to the younger. It must have been sordid interest that dedicated such unequal and ridiculous laws: I suppose either the elder children made it themselves, or their fathers, who were willing they should have the preheminance.

BATCHELOR.

What body of laws appear to you the best?

SAVAGE.

Those in which the interests of mankind, my fellow-creatures, have been most consulted.

BATCHELOR.

And where are such laws to be found?

SAVAGE.

In no place that I have ever heard of.

BATCHELOR.

You must tell me from whence the inhabitants of your country first came? who do you think first peopled America?

SAVAGE.

God—whom else should we think?

BATCHELOR.

That is no answer. I ask you from what country your people first came?

SAVAGE.

From the same country where our trees came;
really

really the Europeans appear to me a very pleasant kind of people, to pretend that we can have nothing without them: we have just as much reason to suppose ourselves your ancestors, as you have to imagine yourselves ours.

BATCHELOR.

You are an obstinate little savage!

SAVAGE.

You a very babbling batchelor.

BATCHELOR.

But hearkye, Mr. Savage, one word more with you, if you please. Do you think it right in Guiana to put those to death who are not of the same opinion with yourselves?

SAVAGE.

Undoubtedly, provided you eat them afterwards.

BATCHELOR.

Now you are joking. What do you think of the constitution?

SAVAGE.

Your servant.

The END of VOL. XVIII.



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